

# The Post.

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**THE POST.**  
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### Poetry.

#### AN ODD YOUNG MAN.

He was the most amazing man  
That ever struck the town;  
To-day there are but few who can  
Correctly write him down.

He seemed to be quite guileless and  
A little fresh, mayhap;  
And yet they could not beat his hand,  
Or get him in a trap.

He made remarks that other folks  
Would never dare to make;  
And those who thought his statements  
Jokes, discovered their mistake.

To catch him in some awful lie  
Their deepest arts they used;  
The more to catch him folks did try,  
The more they got confused.

They cannot fathom him at all,  
Which makes them feel quite cheap;  
But every one agrees to call  
The fellow "awful deep."

An actor shrewd, who chose to pass  
For simple, fresh and green;  
And yet, whose like they swear alas,  
Had ne'er before been seen.

But 'twas no mystery about  
This very puzzling youth;  
The secret's in a line let out,  
He simply told the truth.

—BOSTON POST.

#### MARRIED—DIED.

In the columns side by side,  
Stand the captions, Married, Died.  
What fine irony in this  
That shares with death our nuptial  
blessing.

That blends beneath our earnest gaze  
The story of two wondrous days?  
The kiss of death, of blushing bride,  
"Here, she blend in—Married, Died.

Robbing breast of heart that bleeds,  
Arful, bright or dull eye reads  
Whose message is not clear,  
Arred and broken through a tear;  
By fingers, hand of age,  
Trace the line along the page;  
eath and cupid side by side  
port in man with—Married, Died.

He and she, there a song,  
d and roll their notes along,  
age bells that ring or toll  
at a glad or passing soul;  
The chance call the crowd,  
Clad in satin, gown or shroud,  
To the church we twice may ride,  
Heed the bandage—Married, Died.

Hoist the anchor sail away;  
Summer winds of sunlit bay  
Lure thee o'er the outer bar,  
Where the white capped breakers are;  
Staunch thy painted shallow bays,  
Strong to ride life's restless sea,  
God shall rule the surging tide  
That laps the shores of—Married, Died.

Orange blossoms, ripen wheat,  
Springs of rue or lilies sweet,  
Curls of gold or locks of snow,  
Wedding robes or garb of woe,  
Hands in loving hands to rest,  
Or folded lie on pulseless breast;  
Who shall bloom and fruit divide,  
So hear the stories—Married, Died?

#### Death of the Old Wife.

She had lain all day in a stupor,  
breathing with heavily-labored  
breath, but as the sun sank to rest  
in the far-off western sky, and the  
red glow on the wall of the room  
faded into the dense shadows, she  
awoke and called feebly to her aged  
partner who was sitting motionless  
by the bedside; he bent over his  
dying wife and look her wan, wrin-  
kled hand in his.

"In it night?" she asked in tremu-  
lous tones, looked at him with eyes  
that saw not.  
"Yes," he answered, softly. "It  
is growing dark."

"Where are the children?" she  
queried; "are they all in?"  
Poor old man! how could he an-  
swer her; the children who had  
slept for long years in the old  
chamberlain who had outlived child-  
hood and borne the heat and burden  
of the day, and growing old, had  
laid down the cross and gone to  
wear the crown, before the old father  
and mother had finished the so-  
journing.

"The children are safe," answer-  
ed the old man tremulously; "don't  
think of them, Janet, think of your-  
self; does the way seem dark?"  
"My trust is in Thee; let me never  
be confounded. What does it  
matter if the way is dark! I'd rath-  
er walk with God in the dark, than  
walk alone in the light. I'd rather  
walk with Him by faith than walk  
alone by sight. John, where's little  
Charlie?" she asked. Her mind  
was again in the past. The grave

Just of twenty years had lain on  
Charlie's golden hair, but the moth-  
er had never forgotten him! The  
old man patted her cold hands,  
hands that had labored so hard that  
they were seamed and wrinkled and  
calloused with years of toil, and the  
wedding ring was worn to a mere  
thread of gold—and then he pressed  
his thin lips to them and cried. She  
had encouraged and had strengthen-  
ed him in every trial of life! Why,  
what a woman she had been! What  
a worker! What a leader in Israel!  
Always with the gift of prayer or  
service. They had stood at many  
a death-bed together—closed the  
eyes of loved ones, and then sat  
down with the Bible between them  
to read the promises. Now she was  
about to cross the dark river alone.

And it was strange and sad to the  
old man and the yellow-haired  
grand-daughter left them to hear  
her babble of walking in the woods,  
of gathering May flowers and stroll-  
ing with John, of petty household  
cares that she had always put down  
with a strong, resolute hand; of  
wedding feasts and death-bed  
triumphs, and when at midnight  
was heard the bridegroom's voice,  
and the old man, bending over her,  
cried pitifully, and the young grand-  
daughter kissed her pale brow,  
there was a solemn joy in her voice  
as she spoke the names of her child-  
ren one by one, as if she saw them  
with immortal eyes, and with a glad  
smile put on immortality. They led  
the old man sobbing away, and  
when he saw her again the glad  
morning sun was shining, the air  
was jubilant with the song of birds  
and she lay asleep on the couch un-  
der the north window where he had  
so often seen her lie down to rest,  
while waiting for the Sabbath bell  
And she wore the same best silk,  
and the string of gold beads about  
her thin neck, and the folds of white  
tulle. Only now the brooch with its  
miniature was wanting, and in its  
place was a white rose and spray of  
cedar—she had loved cedar, she had  
loved to sing over her work:  
"Oh, may I in his court be seen,  
Like a young cedar fresh and green."

But what strange transformation  
was there? The wrinkles were gone,  
The traces of age, and pain, and  
weariness were all smoothed out:  
the face had grown strangely young,  
and a placid smile was laid on the  
cold lips. The old man was awed  
by this likeness to the bride of his  
youth. He kissed the unresponsive  
lips and said softly:  
"You've found Heaven first, Janet  
but you'll come for me soon! It's  
our first parting in over seventy  
years, but it won't be for long—it  
won't be for long!"

#### Perils of the Deep.

The world-renowned swimmer,  
Capt. Paul Boyton, in an interview  
with a newspaper correspondent at  
the seashore, related the following  
incidents in his experience:  
Reporter:—"Captain Boyton, you  
must have seen a large part of the  
world?"  
Capt. Boyton:—"Yes, sir, by the  
aid of my Rubber Life Saving Dress,  
I have traveled 10,000 miles on the  
rivers of America and Europe; have  
also been presented to the crowned  
heads of England, France, Germany,  
Austria, Belgium Italy, Holland,  
Spain and Portugal, and have in my  
possession forty-two medals and de-  
corations; I have three times re-  
ceived the order of knighthood, and  
been elected honorary member of  
committees, clubs, cordons and soci-  
eties."

Reporter:—"Were your various  
trips accompanied by much dan-  
ger?"  
Capt. Boyton:—"That depends up-  
on what you may call dangerous.  
During my trip down the river  
Tagus in Spain, I had to "shoot"  
one hundred and two waterfalls  
the highest being about eighty-five  
feet, and innumerable rapids. Cross-  
ing the Straits of Messina, I had  
three ribs broken in a fight with  
sharks; and coming down the So-  
ma, a river in France, I received a  
charge of shot from an excited and

started huntsman. Although all  
this was not very pleasant, and  
might be termed dangerous, I fear  
nothing more on my trip than in-  
tense cold; for, as long as my limbs  
are free and easy, and not cramped  
or benumbed, I am all right. Of  
late I carry stock of St. Jacobs Oil  
in my little boat.—(The Captain  
calls it "Baby Mine," and has stored  
therein signal rockets, thermometer,  
compass, provisions, etc.)—and I  
have had but little trouble. Before  
starting out, I rub myself thorough-  
ly with the article, and its action on  
the muscles is wonderful. From  
constant exposure I am somewhat  
subject to rheumatic pains, and  
nothing would ever benefit me, until  
I got hold of this Great German  
Remedy. Why, on my travels I  
have met people who had been suf-  
fering with Rheumatism for years;  
by my advice they tried the Oil, and  
it cured them. I would sooner do  
without for days than be without this  
remedy for one hour. In fact I  
would not attempt a trip without  
it."

The Captain became very enthu-  
siastic on the subject of St. Jacobs  
Oil, and we left him citing instances  
of the curative qualities of the  
Great German Remedy to a party  
around him.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

#### Table Manners.

It is not now the custom, as it  
used to be, to wait until every one  
is helped; haste or impatience are out  
of place, but it is proper to eat  
whenever the food is placed before  
one. One is not expected to ask  
twice for soup, fish, or salad, and is  
selfish helped a second time to dis-  
sert.

Preference for white or dark meat,  
rare or well done, should be ex-  
pressed without hesitation, and all  
food taken or declined promptly and  
in courteous terms. Well-bred peo-  
ple never handle the glass, silver or  
china unnecessarily, or the food;  
they never make bread pills or drink  
or speak with food in their mouths,  
or leave the table while eating or  
complain of the dinner.

When the child is strong enough  
to manage a fork, give him one in-  
stead of a spoon, and when the dig-  
nity of a knife is arrived at, teach  
him the use of it, and also, when  
done with the knife and fork, to lay  
them in close parallel across the  
plate, the handles to the right.

Teach him to use a spoon prop-  
erly; to lay it in the saucer while  
he drinks his tea noiselessly, (hold-  
ing the cup by the handle), to leave  
it in the saucer if the cup is to be  
re-filled, and to place it in the em-  
pty cup when done.

Table manners forbid all unneces-  
sary clattering of knives and forks,  
Salt is taken on the knife, which is  
tapped on the fore finger of the left  
hand, instead of the fork. The  
hand is the proper medium for re-  
moving grape skins and fruit pits  
from the mouth to the plate, and  
the napkin should hide all use of  
the toothpick.

Vegetables are generally eaten  
with a fork or a spoon. Asparagus  
may be taken in the fingers; water-  
cresses, celery radishes and olives  
are always so eaten. Cheese is gen-  
erally taken with a fork.

Economical housewives cover the  
table with a square of baize, Canton  
flannel, or cloth of some kind, over  
which the linen one is spread; this  
improves the appearance, keeps the  
cloth from wearing at the edges of  
the table, and prevents noise.

However one may economize in  
household labor, good taste and  
much pains taking should govern  
the appointments of the table and  
dining room.

An attractive table is a good ap-  
petizer and has something to do  
with good behavior. Human nature  
is easily affected by the atmosphere  
with which it is surrounded; chil-  
dren cannot be expected to behave  
well in an hour given over to fret-  
fulness, disorder and flurry. Table  
matters for the housekeeper begin  
in seeing that her table is neat and  
attractive, and calculated to inspire  
cheerfulness from it she should ban-  
ish as far as possible, all vexations,  
cares and worries.

Faith is simple, it is to believe;  
faith is sublime, it is to be born  
again.

Happiness and unhappiness are  
qualities of mind, not of place or  
position.

#### The Lime-Kiln Club.

"Don't seek to make angels of yers-  
elves," quietly began Brother Gard-  
ner as the meeting opened. "In  
de fact place dis am no sort o' ken-  
try fur angels, an' in de best place  
yer would be mighty lonesome. De  
man or woman who becomes so  
sweet an' soft an' good dat dey ex-  
pect every munit to rise up an' fly  
doan take as much comfort as folks  
who feel dat it will be a clus slave  
to git inter Heaven. A fettle wick-  
edness pickles a man an' makes him  
keep all de better. When I trade  
mules wid a man I prefer dat he  
should suspect me wid an intension  
to make an eben \$25 bid de opera-  
shun. When I deal wid a butcher or  
like to feel dat he will work in fo-  
unces o' bone fur ebery eight oun-  
ces o' meat if I don't watch him. I  
like to have de boot-maker tell me  
dat American cow skin an' French  
caif, an' I am pleased when de sto-  
clerk warrants fo' cent caliker to  
wash like sheet iron. De man who  
am not a little wicked has no chance  
to feel sorry; no use fur prayer;  
no need o' churches. He can't say  
to a fellow man; 'I wronged yer—  
I'm sorry—shake.' De man who  
neber sins makes a poo' nex' doah  
neighbor. De woman who keeps  
follin' her shoulders to see if  
wings have started makes a poo'  
mother an' a wass housewife. If  
you have never injured a man an'  
gone to him an' axed his pardon an'  
made up yer doan' know what real  
happiness am. If yer conscience  
has neber driven you to prayer you  
can't feel de goodness ob de Lawd.  
My advice to you am to be a little  
wicked—not 'nuff to make men fear  
or hate yer, but jist 'nuff to keep  
you convicted dat you must help  
to support churches an' pray chus at-  
tention to what de preachers say or  
you'll be left behin' when de pur-  
cassun starts."

#### When to Stop Advertising.

When nobody else thinks "it pays  
to advertise."

When you want to get out of busi-  
ness with a stock on hand.

When you want to get rid of the  
trouble of waiting on customers.

When you would rather have your  
own way and fail, than take advice  
and win.

When men stop making fortunes  
right in your very sight, solely  
through the—discreet use of this  
mighty agent.

When population ceases to multi-  
ply, and the generations that crowd  
on after you and never heard of you  
stop coming on.

When every man has become so  
thoroughly a creature of habit that  
he will certainly buy this year where  
he bought last.

When you can forget the worlds  
of the shrewdest and most success-  
ful business men concerning the  
cause of their prosperity.

When you have convinced every-  
body whose life will touch yours that  
you have better goods and lower  
prices than they can ever get any-  
where outside of your store.

When you perceive it to be the  
rule that men who never do and never  
did advertise are outstripping  
their neighbors in the same line of  
business.—Ez.

#### Don't Deceive Me.

What! asking me again for mon-  
ey?" replied a Michigan avenue  
merchant as an old woman requested  
him for mercy's sake to give her a  
nickel.  
"If you please, sir."  
"It was only yesterday I gave  
you a dime."  
"I know it."  
"And I'll bet you went right to a  
saloon with it."  
"Oh, no, sir."  
"Don't deceive me."  
"I wouldn't deceive you for the  
world, sir, I'm too much of a lady  
to go into a saloon, and besides that  
I have a trusty boy whom I can send  
with a bottle."  
"Did you buy bread or whiskey  
with that money?"  
"Well, sir, I slipped coppers with  
the old man to see which it should  
be, and the penny fell into a crack  
of the floor and we compromised on  
gin and a riot which sent him to the  
Work House for sixty days. I've  
no one to slip with now, and the  
money shall go for the silk stock-  
ings. I've needed those many  
weeks."

#### Weighing a Hog.

A dog fight sends the pulse of a  
village up to 130, and a foot-race or  
a knockdown will almost restore  
gray hair to their original color;  
but for real excitement let a man  
come along in front of the tavern  
about sundown driving a hog  
"Hay, where are you going?"  
"Going to sell this hog."  
"Hold on a minute! How much  
does he weigh?"  
"Oh! about 225."  
"You're off; he won't go over  
200."

Every chair is vacated on the in-  
stant. Every eye is fastened on the  
hog rooting in the gutter, and every  
man flatters himself that he can  
guess within a pound of the pork-  
er's weight.

"That hog will jist exactly go 195  
pounds," says the blacksmith, after a  
long squint.

"He won't go an ounce over 185,"  
adds the cooper.

"I've got a \$2 bill that says that  
hog will kick at 219," says the hard-  
ware man.

"You must be wild," growls the  
grocer; "I can't see over 150  
pounds of meat there."

Twenty men take a walk around  
the porker, and squint and shake  
their heads and look wise, and the  
owner finally says:

"If he don't go over 220 I shall  
feel that I am no guesser."

"Over 220! If that hog weighs  
200 pounds I'll treat this crowd," ex-  
claims the owner of the "bus line."

"'Junno 'bout that," mused the  
Squire, who is on his way to the  
grocery after butter. "Some hogs  
weigh more and some less. What  
breed is this hog?"

"Berkshire."  
Berkshires that weighed like a load  
o' sand and then agin I've seen 'em  
where they was all skin and bone.  
Has anybody guessed that this hog  
will weigh 609?"

"No."  
"Well, that's a little steep, but  
I've kinder got my idea on 250."

By this time the crowd has in-  
creased to a hundred and the excite-  
ment is intense. The Squire  
lays half a dollar on 250, and the  
owner of the hog takes in several  
bets on "between 220 and 225." The  
porker is driven to the bay scales  
and the silence is almost painful as  
the weighing takes place.

"Two hundred and twenty-five,  
calls the weigher.

Growsls and lamentations smite  
the evening air, and stakeholders  
pass over the wagers to the lucky  
guessers, chief of whom is the own-  
er of the hog.

"Well, I'm clear beat out," says  
the Squire. "I folt deal sars he  
would weigh over 300."  
"Oh, I know you were all way off,"  
explains the guileless owner. "When  
we weighed him here at noon he  
tipped at exactly 223, and I knew he  
couldn't have picked up or lost over  
a pound."

#### The Lower Classes.

Who are they? The toiling mil-  
lions, the laboring man and woman,  
the farmer, the mechanic, the artis-  
an, the inventor, the producer! Far  
from it. These are nature's nobility.  
No matter if they are high or low in  
station, rich or poor in self, con-  
spicuous or humble in position, they  
are surely upper circles in the order  
of Nature, whatever the factitious  
distinction of society, fashionable or  
unfashionable, decrees. It is not  
low, it is the highest duty, privilege  
and pleasure for the great man and  
high-souled woman to earn what  
they possess, to work their own way  
through life, to be architects of their  
own fortunes. Some may rank the  
classes we have alluded to as only  
relatively low, and, in fact, the mid-  
dling classes. We insist they are  
absolutely the very highest. If  
there be a class of human beings on  
earth who may be properly denomi-  
nated low, it is that class who  
spend without earning who consume  
without producing, who dissipate on  
the earnings of their fathers or re-  
latives without being anything in  
and of themselves.—The Mechanic.

"I know," said a little girl to her  
elder sister's young man at the sup-  
per table, "that you will join our  
society for the protection of little birds,  
because mamma says you are very  
fond of larks." Then there was a  
silence and the Limburger cheese  
might have been heard scrambling  
around in its tin box on the cupboard  
shelf,

#### What We May Do.

No human being can be isolated  
and self-sustained. The strongest  
and bravest and most helpful have  
yet, acknowledged or unacknowledg-  
ed to themselves, moments of hun-  
gry soul-yearnings for companionship  
and sympathy. For the want of  
this, what wrecks of humanity lie  
strewn about us! youth wasted for  
making semblance of friendship;  
adrift at the mercy of chance for the  
grasp of a firm hand, and a kindly  
loving heart to counsel. It is this  
yearning, so fatal to its possessor;  
not guided rightly, such a life anchor  
if safely placed. "Friendless!"  
What tragedy there may be hidden  
in that one little word! None to lab-  
or for; none to weep or smile with;  
none to care whether we lose or win  
in life's struggle! A kind word or  
smile, coming to such a one unex-  
pectedly at such a crisis of life, how  
often has it been like the plank to  
the drowning man! Lacking which  
he most surely have perished.  
These, surely, we may bestow as we  
pass those less favored than our-  
selves, whose souls are waiting for  
our sympathetic recognition.

#### As Usual.

The commercial traveler of a  
Philadelphia house while in Ten-  
nessee approached a stranger as the  
train was about to start, and said:  
"Are you going on this train?"  
"I am."  
"Have you any baggage?"  
"No."  
"Well, my friend, you can do me  
a favor, and it won't cost you any-  
thing. You see, I've two rousing  
big trunks, and they always make  
me pay extra for one of them.  
You can get one checked on your  
ticket, and we'll enclose them.  
See?"  
"Yes, I see; but I haven't any  
ticket."  
"But I thought you said you  
were going on this train?"  
"So I am. I'm the conductor."  
"Oh!"  
He paid extra as usual.

#### Grit.

The force of will is a potent ele-  
ment in determining longevity.  
This single point must be granted,  
without argument, that of two men  
every way alike, and similarly cir-  
cumstanced, the one who has the  
greater courage and grit will be the  
longer lived. One does not need to  
practice medicine long to learn that  
men die who might just as well live  
if they resolve to live, and that  
myriads who are invalids could be-  
come strong if they had native or  
acquired will to vow they would do  
so. Those who have no other qual-  
ity favorable to life, whose body or-  
gans are nearly all diseased, to  
whom each day is a day of pain,  
who are best by life-shortening in-  
fluences, yet do live by will alone.—  
Dr. G. M. Beard.

#### Life on the Farm.

In the best at least, of the older  
countries the tradesman, the teacher,  
the mechanic—not to say the com-  
mercial traveller—would congratu-  
late himself on the good fortune that  
promoted him to the standing of a  
freehold farmer, even though his  
acres should be few enough to be  
counted on his fingers. The notion  
that a man stands a little higher  
who wears linen and bends over a  
desk or a counter than the man who  
wears cotton and holds a plow-hand-  
dle is a backwoods notion. If it  
has had any influence—as it doubt-  
less has had—in beguiling young  
men from the farm to the office, it  
will not have it much longer. As a  
new country sentiment it will go  
the way of the log cabins and corduroy  
roads.—Good Company.

#### In Good Hands.

He was a young country fellow, a  
little awkward and bashful, but of  
sterling worth of character. She  
was a Cincinnati belle, and had  
sense enough to appreciate his  
worth, despite his awkwardness and  
bashfulness, and was his fiancée.  
On a very gloomy Sunday evening  
last winter they were standing in  
front of the window in the parlor of  
her home on East Walnut Hill,  
watching the snow-flakes rapidly  
falling outside. He was not up in  
society small talk, and being hard up  
for something to say, remarked, as  
he watched the snow falling: "This  
will be hard on the old man's sheep."  
"Never mind, dear," said she, slip-  
ping her arm around him, "I will  
take care of one of them."

## READ!



### CLOTHING FOR THE Million !!

## Large Stock of FALL AND WINTER Clothing

in Snyder County or  
elsewhere.

## OVERCOATS, OVERCOATS, OVERCOATS.

For Men, Youths and  
Boys.

## Underclothing from 25c's upward.

GENTS  
Furnishing Goods  
A SPECIALTY.

TRUNKS,  
VALISES,  
SATCHELS, & C.

## MEDICATED FLANNELS and a large variety of other goods.

Call and examine my  
stock and be convinced  
that I sell better goods  
and at lower prices  
than they can be had  
elsewhere.

S. OPPENHEIMER,  
Selinsgrove, Pa.

Oct. 1, '81.