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The Post.

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THE POST.
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TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, Payable within six months, or \$2.50 if not paid within the year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the publisher.
Subscriptions outside of the county PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
Persons ordering and using papers addressed to others become subscribers and are liable for the price of the paper.

How to have a Bad School.

1st. Elect the most ignorant, bigoted, close-fisted old fogies for Directors.
2nd. Employ the cheapest teacher you can get, regardless of qualifications, reputation or experience.
3rd. Find all the fault you can with the teacher, and tell everybody; especially let the pupils hear it.
4th. When you hear a bad report about the teacher or the school circulate it as fast as you can.
5th. Never visit the school or encourage the teacher.
6th. Take close notice of what seems to go wrong, (quiz the scholars) and tell everybody about it except the teacher.
7th. Never advise your children to obey the teacher, and when one is punished, rush to the school room before your passion is cooled, and give the teacher a hearing in the matter in the presence of the school, or allow your children to insult the teacher without reproving them.
8th. Be indifferent about sending your children too regularly, and if they make slow progress, blame the teacher.
9th. Never have your children study at home, or inquire about their progress.
10th. Do not be concerned whether they have the necessary books.

In general, contact your school on the cheapest possible plan, and let your chief concern be to find fault and devise ways of retrenchment.
If these rules are faithfully carried out, you are not likely to fail in having a bad school; to see your children grow up vicious and ignorant or look back with bitter censure on their parents for robbing them of birth-right; you will see the morals of your district degenerate, decent and enterprising people move out, taxes increase, property diminish in value, and the whole community on the high road to a devil's paradise.

Where the Drums Come From.

Granville Corner is situated about two miles north of the Connecticut line. A large mill stream runs through the place (a branch of the Westfield River), furnishing a number of privileges most of which are utilized. Messrs. Noble & Cooley are by far the largest manufacturers in the place. They say that in December, 1853, they first made a drum in Mr. Noble's father's kitchen, from a board found in the barn, steamed it with a tea-kettle, and used two hog's bladders for the heads. Next they made a dozen drums, and sent them away in a boot box. They now have a factory 110x40 feet. They have made and sold 79,000 drums. These were made of wood, tin, brass and nickel. They used for the heads of all these drums 30,000 sheepskins, which came from Liverpool, of the kind known as salted fleeces. Let none of your readers wonder where all the toy drums are made hereafter. The firm also made 400 gross of toy pistols, 23,000 boxes tenpins 700 gross rolling hoops and 43,000 boxes wooden toothpicks.

Thoughtful Thoughts.

No man is wise at all times.
Smile with the sword of truth.
A whisper separateth friends.
Charity is the band of perfectness.
Every one must bear his own burden.
Neatness and order are commendable.
The first freedom is the freedom from sin.
Mental gifts often hide bodily defects.
Modesty has more charms than beauty.
We sow a good many seeds to get a few flowers.
There are remedies for all things but death.
Every season of life has its appropriate duties.
Few are the orators who know when to stop talking.
Strong language utterly fails to bolster a weak argument.
No principal is more sober, as there is none more holy, than that of true obedience.
Beware of treacherous friends.
Thieves steal clocks out of North-town school houses.

Religious Drummers.

Religion comes handy in business. The greatest liars, as a rule, are church members, and most "drummers" naturally belong to some church.
One of the travelers for a New York dry goods house recently arrived in an interior State to find that one of his best customers was about to transfer his custom to a Boston firm.
"Didn't we always do well by you?" asked the New Yorker, as he sat down for an explanation.
"Yes, I believe so."
"Didn't we ship goods to you promptly?"
"Yes."
"Did we ever press you in a pinch?"
"No, I can't say that you did."
"We can't understand why you should leave our house all of a sudden, after buying of us several years."
"I suppose I ought to make some explanation, and I will do so," replied the merchant.
"You know that I attend church?"
"Yes; and so do I."
"Do you? I didn't know that. I am looked upon as a Christian."
"And so am I. I have the date of my baptism right here in my note book."
"Is that so? Well, our church is in need of repairs. We were talking it over the other day, when the Boston drummer was in here, and he at once subscribed ten dollars."
"Ten dollars! Why, that's only two kegs of nails! Put me down for \$20 cash, a new silk hat and a suit of clothes for the minister."
"Do you mean it?"
"Of course I do, and if that two-cent Christian from Boston dares to give another \$5, I'll send you down a \$600 church organ and a \$500-a-year man to play on it. We are a house that never make any great display of gospel hymns and religious tracts, but when a Boston drummer bluffs, we show our religious hand, and scoop the pot every time."
And the merchant still continues to deal with the New York firm.

Old Schoolmaster Saws.

In a school of young rascals the schoolmaster is always the principal.
To a curiosity I have to show you to-day, children, is perhaps the most wonderful in the collection he beats all.
The schoolmaster, it is said, trains the young idea how to shoot. He is not, himself, given to shooting, however. He takes more delight in the rod than the gun.
The schoolmaster is not a military man, but his principal assistant is. The name of this assistant is Corporal Punishment. It is to be hoped the corporal will soon be remanded to private life.
The schoolmaster thoroughly understands the rule of three, but always insists upon the rule of one. So you see his understanding is out of all proportion to his role.
Although the schoolmaster is a ruler of the boys, he has his own ruler. If he is no stick himself, his ruler always is.
The schoolmaster is a very inquisitive person. He is always asking questions. His is a questionable calling.

Special Market Report.

Young men—Steady.
Girls—Lively, willing and in demand.
Papas—Firm, but declining.
Mamas—Unsettled, but waiting for higher bids.
Coffee—Considerably mixed.
Fresh fish—Active and slippery.
Wheat—A grain better than barley.
Eggs—Quiet, but will probably open up lively in a short time.
Whiskey—Steadily going down.
Onions—Strong and rising.
Broadstuffs—Heavy.
Boots and shoes—Those in market are "soled" and constantly going up and down.
Hats and caps—Not as high as last winter, except foolscap, which is stationary.
All the school children at Titusville have been vaccinated.
There are fifteen men under sentence of death in the state.
Diphtheria is raging in the northern part of Cambria county.
A man who had a scolding wife, being asked what he did for a living, replied that he kept a hot-house.

Wanted to Please.

There are men always anxious to please. Even if they have only one article, so willing are they to suit you that they will call it by any name you desire. They do this solely to accommodate; they are good men and never tell lies. Blinkum is one of these men.
Blinkum put up a notice recently in our post office advertising a cow for sale. Now on a square trade Blinkum can't be beat. A neighbor of ours wanted to purchase a cow, saw the notice and called on Blinkum.
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What She Called Him.

A well known educationalist vouches for the truth of the following: A teacher in a lower grade of one of our public schools received a new pupil the other day—a little Miss of six or seven years, named Mattie Brown. After taking her name for the school roll according to the custom, the teacher said:
"What is your papa's name, Mattie?"
"Mr. Brown."
"Yes, but what is his first name?"
"Don't know—his name is just Mr. Brown."
"Yes, yes, I know; then a bright idea struck her. "What does your mamma call him?"
"Oh! I know what you mean now, the innocent child replied; "Ma, she calls him a darned old fool!"
It is safe to conclude that the teacher did not register the child's father as D. O. F. Brown.

Good Bye.

It is a hard word to speak. Some may laugh that it should be, but let them. They hearts are never kind. It is a word that has choked many an utterance and started many a tear. The hand is clasped, the word is spoken, we part and are on the great ocean of time—we meet—where? God only knows. It may be soon; it may be never. Take care that your good-bye be not a cold one—it may be the last you may give. Ere you can meet your friend again death's cold hand may have closed his eyes and chained his lips forever. And he may have died thinking that you loved him not. It may be a long separation. Friends crowd onward and give you their hand. How can you detect in each good-bye the love that lingers there, and how you may bear away with you the memory of those words many days. We must often separate. Tear not yourself away with careless boldness that defies all love, but make your last words linger—give the heart full utterance—and if tears fall, what of it? Tears are not unmanly.

The berths on board ship do not necessarily add to the census. The hatchways are not hen's nests. The way of a ship is not the extent of her avoidance. The boatswain does not pipe all hands with a meerschaum. The ship does not have a wake over a dead calm. The swell of a ship's side is not caused by drowsy; nor is the taper of a bowsprit a tallow candle. The hold is not a vessel's grip. The trough of a ship is not dug out of the ship's log. The crest of a wave is not the indication of its rank. The buoy is not the captain's son. Ships are never boarded at hotels. The bow of a ship is not evidence of politeness. A sailor's stockings are never manufactured from yarn of his own spinning. The sails of a ship are not made by an auctioneer; nor are the stays constructed by a milliner.
"Turning points in life" street corners.

Losers of Money.

"Pardon me for troubling you, sir, but did you drop a \$20 gold piece?" asked a man with an earnest look on his face and a memorandum book in his hand, of a well-dressed individual, on the corner of Jefferson and Woodward avenues.
The man addressed ran his hand nervously into various pockets and replied:
"Well, now, I declare! Can it be possible that I was so careless as to drop that coin? Yes, it's gone. I must have lost it right here, near where we stand."
The man opened his memorandum book, took from his vest pocket the stub of a pencil and said:
"Will you favor me with your name and address?"
They were given, and the questioner started on, when the well-dressed man cried:
"Hi, there! Where's the money? Give me my gold piece."
"Oh, I didn't find any money. I took a notion this morning that in a city like this, where thousands and thousands of dollars are handled every hour, there must be great losses, and started out to investigate the matter. Between here and the river I found seven men that had lost twenty dollar gold pieces, and I expect to run the list up to 200 before I reach the City Hall. Good day, sir."

Sleeping Apart.

More quarrels arise between brothers, between sisters, between hired girls, between clerks in stores, between hired men, between husbands, and wives, owing to electrical changes through their systems by lodging together night after night under the same bedclothes than by any other disturbing cause. There is nothing that will so derange the nervous force, as to lie all night in bed with another person who is a sorber in nervous force. The absorber will go to sleep and rest all night, while the eliminator will be tossing and tossing, restless and nervous, and wake up in the morning fretful, peevish, fault finding and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. One will thrive and the other will lose. This is the law.—*Lures of Life.*

Prayer is the great remedy.

Prayer is the great remedy against anger, for it must suppose it in some degree removed before we pray, and then it is more likely it will be finished when the prayer is done. We must lay aside the act of anger as a preparation to prayer; so that if a man, to cure his anger, resolves to address himself to God by prayer, it is first necessary that by his own observation and diligence he lay the anger aside, before his prayer can be fit to be presented; and when we so pray, and so endeavor, we have all the blessing of prayer which God hath promised to it to be our security for success.—*Bishop Jeremy Taylor.*

Oa to Washington and the widowers.

"Yes, dear, of course we're going to Washington this winter; the President's a widower, you know."
"How awfully too utterly sweet!"
"Yes, and the new British Minister's a bachelor."
"How too precociously consummately lovely!"
"I can't marry them both, you know, dear."
"No, dear, leave me just one."
Not noticing some travelers, a Colorado farmer went on loading and discharging a double barreled gun always aiming at some crevice or opening in the rocks which lay in great profusion around. Firmly convinced that he was a lunatic, the travelers determined to treat him as such, and that was, as is carefully explained, "mighty darned civil."
"Good-bye, stranger," they said. The man looked up, but said nothing.
"Plenty of shooting around here, is'pose?" Still no answer. "Why, what do you find to kill there?" was asked, as the man let off another shot. "Kill be darned," said the man. "I'm plantin' wheat. Don't you see that all the soil in this drained section is between the cracks of the rocks, and I have to shoot in the seeds!"
Can a man, with fire in his eyes, commit a cold-blooded crime?

A garden party—Satan in Eden.

Ask a woman how old she is if you want to see her show her rage.
Sermons on the shortness of life should also be short.
How to prevent new boots from squeaking in church—stand in the file.
No woman should borrow the husband of another, because it is not good for man to be a loan.
"It is never too late to mend," which is why the cobbler never has your boot done at the time promised.
The young man who gave up drinking to propitiate his girl, wisely concluded that a miss is as good as a smile.
Patrick on the zebra—"That kind of a beast is that—the mule with his ribs on the outside of his skin entirely!"
Drug stores in Maine and Kansas are closing up for want of custom; it havin' been decided that rock and rye is not a medicine.
One redeeming feature of Mormonism seems to be that it does not throw the burden of the support of a husband on one woman.
What is the difference between banianum and Abraham of old? One is the juice of the poppy and the other the poppy of the Jews.
Geologists are agreed that the earth is millions of years old. The mountain tops have been bald as far back as we can remember.
It is a mean man who will flee by having the wax figure of a bald-headed man in his room to attract them from him.
The first thing that some women will want to do when they get to heaven will be to hunt for a broom, and dust and clean house.
It is said that all fashionable ex-didle horses at Newport have their tails banded. The unfashionable mules have their ribs banded.
It seems a little strange that jams should always be found in a wide-mouthed bottle. Only the jam jars frequent the narrow-necked bottle.
Why is wine that has been bottled for years like an unmarried lady of advanced age? Because it is old made, and none the worse for it.
Jones, on hearing a band of "picked musicians" torturing a tune at a recent concert, said, "Ah, I understand; they were picked before they were ripe!"
Always help those who are able to help themselves. Lightning can reach the earth without any assistance and yet men put up lightning rods for lightning to slide down on.
The only jokes women like to read are those that reflect ridicules on the men. Hence, when a woman picks up a paper, the first thing she looks for is the marriage column.
The girl who was locked in her lover's arms for three long hours, explains that it wasn't her fault. She claims he forgot the combination.
"Do you think you will be able to pull through?" anxiously inquired the needle of the thread. "Eye guess so," was the curt response.
A very sweet breath is said to be an indication of blood poisoning. We fear that blood poisoning is not epidemic in the United States.
Will Edith have some potatoes? said a fond mother to her little daughter. No; was the prompt reply. No what, dear, says mamma. No potatoes was the emphatic reply.
A small boy went to see his grandmother. After looking eagerly around the handsomely furnished room where she sat, he exclaimed, inquiringly: "Oh, grandma, where is the miserable table papa says you keep?"
Wishing to pay his friend a compliment a gentleman remarked,—"I hear you have a very industrious wife." "Yes," replied the friend, with a melancholy smile, "she is never idle. She always finds something for me to do."
A recent advertisement contains the following: "If the gentleman who keeps the shoe store with a red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whalebone ribs and an iron handle to the slate-roofed grocery's shop, he will hear of something to his advantage, as the same is the gift of a deceased mother now no more with the name engraved upon it."

Poetry.

Dolores Prayer.

MARIE BENNETTI.
O! Christ in submission
And humble contrition
I beseech absolution.
In my weakness and grief
Be not to me deaf
Give my soul relief.
May Thy holy permission
Grant this heart remission
From its wretched condition.
To Thy glory and praise
Remove the dark mase
That o'er shadows my days.
If Thy will it be,
Let eternity
Solve the mystery.
Overrule the maligning,
To terror consigning,
Thy wicked designing.
May Thy grace assist
My poor heart to resist
Thoughts it should resist.
Help my heart to rise
From all earthly ties
Unto Thee in the skies.
Approach me when dying
Thy sweet grace applying
Death's terrors defying.
When I cross the dark sea
Holy Christ let it be
That my soul rests in Thee.

A Cry from the Shore.

Come down, ye graybeard mariners,
Unto the wasting shore!
The morning winds are up; the gods
Bid me to dream no more
Come, tell me whether I must sail,
What peril there may be,
Before I take my life in hand
And venture out to sea!
"We may not tell the where to sail,
Nor what the dangers are;
Each sailor soundeth for himself,
Each hath a separate star;
Each sailor soundeth for himself,
And on the awful sea
What we have learned is ours alone;
We may not tell it thee."
Come back, O ghostly mariners,
Ye who have gone before!
I read the dark, impetuous tides;
I read the further shore.
Tell me the secret of the waves;
Say what my fate shall be—
Quick! for the mighty winds are up,
And will not wait for me!
"Hail and farewell, O voyager!
Thyself must read the waves;
What we have learn'd of sun and storm
Lies with us in our graves;
What we have learn'd of sun and storm
Is ours alone to know.
The winds are blowing out to sea;
Take up thy life and go!"

Wrecked.

'Twas thus she fell; and the people
Turned
And coldly spurned.
Old time friends with stifled care,
Passed her by with a stony stare.
All day long in solitude
She brooded o'er the pleasant past,
And from the future shrinkt against.
'Twas a sight, "Her heart was dead,"
The pastor said.
And plended, with a lengthy prayer,
Unto the viewless beings of air
That they should help and comfort her.
Yet, in the driving rain and sleet,
With a heavy heart she walked the
street.
No one to lead. Dreading to meet
Her soul in sleep.
"Charity's" door had passed that night,
And scalding tears obscur'd from sight
The beautiful, embonshod room within.
Theerlessly, hopelessly, up and down,
She walked the streets of the slumbering
town.
Should we but know what Christ's own
hand
Traced on the sand.
No doubt he wrote
Beside the sea! No sweet words of hope,
No "I cannot know—so let it be,
Up and down, with wearying feet,
She traveled the deserted street.
Before the morn her soul had fled,
They found her—dead.
"Oh! toll! toll the sad voiced bell,
But not for such as her, 'Tis well!
'Tis well! against and desolate,
The first blush of womanhood,
Beside the chattering sea she stood."
—CHICAGO TRIBUNE
"The sculptor is the man who 'outs
rotty figure."
"My wife," remarked Fitznoodle,
"nearly 'cray over' the winter
sessions. She's got the delirium
mania."
"My lord," said the foreman of an
jury, when giving in the ver-
dict, "we find the man who stole the
is not guilty."

READ!



CLOTHING
FOR THE
Million!!

DEATH TO
HIGH
PRICES.

THE
Largest
Stock
of
FALL
AND
WINTER
Clothing

in Snyder Coun or elsewhere.

OVERCOATS
OVERCOATS,
OVERCOATS.

For Men, Youths and Boys.

Und'rclothing
from 25cts upward.

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Furnishing Goods
A SPECIALTY.

TRUNKS,
VALICES,
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. 13, 81.