

Advertising Rates.

Table with advertising rates: One column one year, \$100.00; One-half column one year, \$50.00; One-fourth column one year, \$25.00; One square (10 lines) insertion, 75; Every additional insertion, 50; Professional and Business cards of not more than 5 lines, per year, 5.00; Auditor, Executor, Administrator and Assignee Notices, 2.50; Editorial notices per line, 15; All transient advertising less than 3 months 10 cents a line.

The Post

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Poetry.

CAREY OF CARSON.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

The night-mist dim and darkling, As over the roads we pass, Lies in the morning sparkling As dew drops on the grass. Even so the deeds of darkness, Which come like midnight dews, Appear as sparkling items Next morning in the news.

Away in Carson City, Far in the Silver Land, There lives one Justice Carey, A man of head and hand; And as upon this table The Judge a smoking sat There roiled in a trowser Who wore a gallows hat.

He looked upon the Justice, But the Justice did not budge Until the youngster warbled, "Say—don't you know me, Judge?" "I think," said Carey, meekly, "Your face full well I know—I sent you up for stealing A horse a year ago."

"Ay, that is just the hairpin I am, and that's my line; And here is twenty dollars I've brought to pay my fine." "You owe no fine," said Carey, "Your punishment is o'er." "Not yet," replied the rover, "I've come to have some more."

"Fast-rate assault and battery I'm going to commit, And you're the moralist victim That I intend to hit. And give you such a scampin' As never was, now; And so, to save the lawin', I guess I'll settle now."

Up rose the court in splendor; "Young man, your start is fair, Sail in, my son, sail over, And we will call it square!"

Go in upon your chances— Perhaps you may not miss; I like to see young heroes Ambitionin' like this."

The young one at the older Went in with all his left, And, like a flyin' boulder, At once let out his left. The court, in haste, ducked on its head unconcerned spry. Then lifted the intruder With a puncher in the eye—

A regular right hander; And like a cannon ball, The young man, when perous med, Went over to the wall. In just about a second, The Court, with all its vim, Like squash vines o'er the meadow, Went climbing over him.

Yes, as the pumpkin clammers Above an Indian grave, Or as the Mississippi Thunders with its wave, And merrily slops over A town in happy sport, Even so that man was clambere! All over by the Court.

And in about a minute That party was so raw, He would have seemed a stranger Unto his dearest squaw; Till he was soft and tender, This moral one so to igh, And then, in sad surrender, He moaned aloud, "Enough!"

He rose, and Justice Carey Said to him ere he went, "I do not think the fightin' You did was worth a cent; I charge for time two dollars, As lawyers should, 'tis plain; The balance of the twenty I give you back again."

"I like to be obligin' To folks with all my powers, So when you next want fightin' Don't come in office hours; I only make my charges For what's in legal time— Drop in, my son, this evenin' And I will not charge a dime."

The young man took the guerdon, As he had taken the scow; Then took himself awayward To the Glina City cars. 'Tis glorious when heroes Go in to right their wrongs; But if you're only hairpins, Oh, then beware of tongs!

—FROM ST. LOUIS REPUBLICAN.

Select Tale.

Advertising Story.

"Anything over, Ben?" "Not a dollar; I just paid the Journal bill for advertising, which has pretty much cleaned me out." "How much?" "Forty-two dollars and twenty-five cents." "Ben, I don't like to tell you that you are the biggest fool on the street, but you are." "Wait Joe, and see," returned the other, with a confident smile.

Forty-two dollars for advertising!

"Just so, and for three months' advertising." The applicant for "anything over" gave a peculiar whistle to define the length, breadth, and depth of his astonishment.

This conversation occurred in the store of Benjamin Weston, a young and enterprising merchant, who had just commenced business on his own account. The other person, who to see his own classic expression, was "bang up," and wanted to borrow fifty dollars to make up the amount of a note due that day, was Joseph Weston, a cousin of the other. They had been playmates in youth and staunch friends in maturity. Though there was a great diversity of opinion on many topics, a strong sympathy existed between them.

They had commenced business at about the same time, and under nearly the same circumstances, both being obliged for the want of sufficient capital to mortgage the stock in their respective stores.

Thus far they had done well, and the prospect was that both would become wealthy and distinguished merchants.

They had married sisters, and occupied tenements in the same block. Their houses were furnished in substantially the same style, and with no material difference of expenditure. Both had been brought up to business habits, and educated into the principles of a rigid economy.

"Forty-two dollars for advertising," repeated Joe. "And if I had the money to spare, I would spend double that sum," replied Benjamin.

"What benefit do you expect to realize from it?" "You are behind the times, Joe. Benefit! What a question! I expect to make my fortune by it."

"Humbug!" "Look at Brandeth and Swain!" "Both humbugs." "No matter for that; if these fellows have been able to make princely fortunes by advertising humbugs, how much more so will he who deals in substantial realities!"

"All gammon!" "We differ; time will tell who is in the right." "Seriously, Ben, you will ruin yourself if you go on in this manner. Forty-two dollars a quarter for advertising!"

"I shall spend a hundred the quarter." "Don't do it, Ben." "How does it happen, Joe, that you are in the street borrowing money? I never did such a thing since I commenced business."

"How does it happen, Ben, that you haven't got any money to lend?" asked Joe, with a smile. "Because I spend it in advertising."

"Better have spent it for opera and 2-4's." "Wait, Joe, wait." "I spent nothing for advertising; but I will bet you the oysters my sales for the last quarter are as large as yours."

"I will take you up on the next quarter." "Why not the last?" "Advertising is somewhat like planting potatoes; you must wait for the crops."

"Don't believe in it, Ben. When I have a fifty spot that I don't know what to do with, I shall put in into my family. Buy a library, a new sofa, or something of that sort. I should rather go to the white Mountains with it than throw it away upon newspapers."

"You don't know your own interest, Joe." "Don't I? Some kinds of business might thrive on advertising; but ours, never. Do you believe the women look in the newspapers before they go shopping?"

"Well, there was a lady in here just now, who said she saw such and such goods advertised by me." "Pshaw! and on the strength of that you intend to spend fifty dollars more in advertising! Ben, you are crazy," and Joseph Weston turned his heel and left the store, assured in his own mind that his friend was going to ruin.

In his estimation such loose principles would eventually bring him to bankruptcy. But Ben was his friend, and he deeply commiserated him because he clung to such weak and pernicious doctrines.

CHAPTER II.

Business prospered with the young men. By prudent and careful management, each had not only made a living, but had been able to pay a small portion of the mortgage on the stock, at the end of the first year.

Joseph had the advantage of his friend in possessing a better location, and though his rent was somewhat higher, the difference was more than compensated by the increased facilities it afforded him. The prospect was decidedly bright to him. If his business increased as it had done, he would be enabled to clear himself of debt in another year.

Under this encouraging aspect he ventured to expend a hundred dollars in additions to his furniture, which his wife insisted was absolutely necessary for their comfort and happiness. The house had been furnished altogether too plain for this progressive age, in her estimation. She was behind some of her friends, who, she was sure, were doing no better than her husband.

Joseph was a little obstinate at first; but then there was something so decidedly comfortable in a set of stuffed chairs and a lounge, that he did not hold out in his opposition. He was doing well, and the expenditure would not seriously embarrass him.

With a nice new Brussels carpet and the new furniture, Mrs. Weston's little parlor looked exceedingly pleasant and comfortable. Besides, it looked as though her husband was prospering in his business.

It was so very nice that the young wife could not bear the idea of having the parlor shut up, so that no one should see it till the furniture had grown rusty; consequently she made up her mind that they must have a party.

Their friends had parties; why shouldn't they? It looked stingy not to have one. Mrs. Weston was an elegant debater, and she gained the day in this matter. It is true the party was not a very extravagant affair; but it cost Joe some fifty dollars. In the meantime Benjamin had paid quite as much for advertising as his friend had for new furniture and the party. Joseph laughed at him, and finally came to believe that he was insane, and would certainly come to ruin in another year.

Mrs. Ben Weston, too, felt decidedly unpleasant about the improvements which had been going on in her sister's house.

"Why can't we have a rosewood table and a set of stuffed chairs, Benjamin?" asked she, pointing her pretty lips into a very unamiable position.

"Simply, my dear, because I cannot afford it," replied the philosophical merchant.

"How can Joe afford it?" "I presume he knows his own business best."

"He has put over a hundred dollars into his house." "Ben whistled 'T'other side of Jordan," and made no reply.

"Do, Ben, buy some new chairs." "Can't afford it." "Yes, you can." "No, I can't."

"You can afford it as well as Joe." "Perhaps I can." "Do buy some."

"I should be very glad to giftify you, but I cannot take the money from my business. A year hence, if business prospers with me, you shall have them."

"A year hence," pouted the wife. "I must spend a hundred dollars in advertising the next quarter." "How foolish!" "Very foolish, my dear; but it must be done."

The two windows must have drapery curtains, a pier glass was needed, and some pictures were wanted to relieve the walls. Her husband, who had once exceeded the limits of his means, found no great difficulty in doing so again, and things were brought.

But Joe had some scruples about it. His notes began to be troublesome and every day he was in the street borrowing money. His business, too, had not met his expectations. Instead of increasing in the ratio of his first year's experience, it hardly held its own, and the poor fellow began to have some serious misgivings about the future.

Before the year had half expired, he was obliged to introduce a rigid system of retrenchment into his family and business affairs, in order to keep his expenses within his means.

CHAPTER III. Another year had passed away in the business experience of the young merchants. The books had been balanced, and the results stood in black and white before them.

Ben had followed up his system of advertising through the year. He had expended large sums, but had made the outlay with judgment and discretion.

The result exceeded his most sanguine expectations. His store was crowded with customers; with genuine bona fide customers, and with but a small proportion of gaudy and fancy shoppers. The newspapers had borne to the best families in the city and country full descriptions of his stock. His name was as familiar as "household words" in the dwelling of the rich and poor, of the farmer, the mechanic, and the laborer.

Truly, the harvest was abundant, and Ben rubbed his hands with delight as he cast his eyes over the figures which conveyed to him the pleasing results of his year's operations. He had the means, not only of clearing himself of debt, but also of gratifying his wife by giving her all the new furniture she required, besides a handsome surplus with which to increase his business.

The new furniture was bought and set up; every debt was discharged, and the importers and jobbers were eager to give him unlimited credit.

One day, while he was ruminating upon this pleasant state of things, Joe Weston entered the store. For some months past, the intercourse between the young merchants had not been as cordial as formerly. Joe's nice things had rather "set him up;" some of the upper ten had condescended to visit him; and he had attended the "Almack" parties with his wife.

He was getting ahead fast in his own estimation, and cherished a supreme contempt for the slow motion of his friend. But when, in the middle of the year, he found himself running down hill, and discovered that Ben's store was crowded with shoppers, while his own was empty, a feeling of envy took possession of him. Ben must be underselling, he concluded, and sooner or later the consequence would appear.

The prosperous merchant could not but notice the sad and dejected mien of his friend, as he entered the store.

"How are you, Joe? You are almost a stranger, lately. Where do you keep yourself?" said Ben.

"Business, Ben; business!" replied Joe, demurely.

"Good! Business before pleasure." "Anything over to-day?" asked Joe; but the query was not put in that buoyant, elastic tone, which had distinguished him in former times.

"A trifle; how much do you want?" "To tell the truth, I am 'bang up.' I have got a note of four hundred to pay, and I have not yet raised the first dollar towards it."

"You are late, it is half past one," replied Ben, consulting his watch.

"Ben, I am in a tight place," said Joe, in a low, solemn tone.

"Indeed I am sorry to hear it, and Ben's face wore an expression too of sincere sympathy. "Nothing serious I hope?" "I am afraid so."

"What can I do for you?" and the young merchant took down his check book, and examined the state of his bank account.

"I can give you a check for three hundred, if that will do you any good," continued he, taking up the pen to fill out the blank.

"Thank you, Ben; you are very kind; but I don't know as I ought to take it."

"Not take it! Why not?" "If I should pay this note, there is hardly a possibility that I could get through the month."

"So bad as that? 'Pon my soul, I am sorry to hear it."

"Smith and Jones advise me to make an assignment."

"How does it happen? I thought you were doing well?" "Business has been driving with me."

"Well, no; it has been driving with me."

Joe knew it had; indeed, his present visit was not to borrow money, but to prepare his friend for the "smash," which was now unavoidable.

"My sales have been light," continued he; "I can't account for it."

"I can; look here, Joe."

Ben took down his ledger, and pointed to the account "Charges," where the sums paid for advertising had been entered. On a slip of paper he had footed them up.

"Five hundred and sixty-five dollars for advertising, Joe! That's what did the business."

Joe was astonished. It was quite as much as he had paid for fine things for his house, and for parties, and the opera; but the investment had been vastly more profitable, inasmuch as, taken in connection with his careful management of his business and his economical manner of living, it had laid the foundation of his future fortune. It had given him a good start in business, and a good beginning is half the battle.

Joe Weston failed, and paid only twenty cents on a dollar. His fine furniture was all sold, and he was obliged to board out. But in his extremity Ben was his true friend. He received him into his house, and when his business was settled up, took him into partnership.

The firm is now one of the most respectable and prosperous in the city. Joe, ever since he was "bang up," believes in advertising, and any one who opens the Journal, or, indeed, any of the daily papers, cannot fail to notice the conspicuous advertisements of "Weston & Co."—OLIVER OPTIC.

The Use of Short Words.

The following paragraph is attributed to Horatio Seymour, of New York. It practices what is preached therein, since there is no word in it with more than two syllables save such as are quoted for purposes of illustration:

"We must not only think in words, but we must also try to use the best words, and those which in speech will put what is in our minds into the minds of others. This is the great art which those must gain who wish to teach in the school, the church, at the bar, or through the press. To do this in the right way they should use the short words which we learn in early life, and which have the same sense to all classes of men. The English of our Bible is good. Now and then some long words are found, and they always hurt the verse in which you find them. Take that which says, 'Oh, ye generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?' There is one long word which ought not to be in it, namely, 'generation.' In the old version the old word 'brood,' is used. Read the verse again with this term and you feel its full force. 'Oh, ye viper's brood, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?'

Crime sometimes does not look like crime when it is set before us in the many folds of a long word. When a man steals, and we call it a defalcation, we are at a loss to know if it is a blunder or a crime. It he does not tell the truth, and we are told that it is a case of 'prevarication,' it takes us some time to know just what we should think of it. No man will ever cheat himself into wrong doing, nor will he be at a loss to judge of others, if he thinks and speaks of acts in clear, crisp terms. It is a good rule, if one is at a loss to know if an act is right or wrong, to write it down in short, straightforward English."

The Women of Thibet. The respectable woman of Thibet always appear in public with their faces painted black, so as to disguise their charms, and thus prevent frail men from the perils of too great admirations. Before going out of doors they invariably rub their faces with black, glutinous varnish, something like currant jelly in appearance. The object being to render themselves as unattractive as possible, they daub this composition over every feature, so as to render their faces as unlike those of human beings as possible. M. Har, in his travels in the country, ascertained that the singular custom had its origin in the decree of a Lama king, some 200 years ago. This king, being a man of austere habits, was desirous of checking the license which prevailed among the people, and which had even spread to the priests of the Buddhist monasteries to such an extent as to relax their discipline, and issued an edict that no woman should appear in public otherwise than with her face daubed in the manner described. Several temporal and spiritual penalties enforced the decree, among them the terrible wrath of Buddha. Tradition says that the women were perfectly resigned and obedient, and that, far from the edict giving rise to a petticoat rebellion, the practice was cheerfully adopted, and has been faithfully observed down to our own time. Now, it is considered a point of religious creed and evidence of a spirit of devotion, the women who daub their faces most being the most religious. It is only in the large towns that women are seen in the streets with unpainted faces.—N. Y. Mail.

Sitting down on a hornet's nest is stimulating, but not nourishing.

A new line of telegraph is to be constructed from Washington, Pa., to Pittsburgh.

A man named Robert Stuart, over one hundred years of age, won a land suit in the Cambria county court last week, the verdict in his favor amounting to over five thousand dollars.

Kentucky matrimonial quarrels are curiously adjusted. An Allensville wife left her husband, swearing she would never return. He went after her, found her at Bowling Green, promised her a box of prize candy if she would go home with him, and she consented.

A negro was suspected of surreptitiously meddling with a neighbor's fruit, and being caught in the garden by moonlight, nonplussed his detectors by raising his eyes, clasping his hands and piously exclaiming: "Good heavens, dis yer darkey can't go nowhere to pray without bein' disturbed."

Harry Jones, a house painter, married three girls, in McKean county, and then ran away with the wife of a young farmer for whom he worked about a month. The farmer is the fortunate man in the lot.

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S. OPPENHEIMER, Selinsgrove, Pa.

Oct. 18, 81.