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Poetry.

The Old Kitchen Fire.

BY G. WESLEY SERVOS.

In the home of my childhood, where tall poplars grow,
 Was a huge kitchen fireplace, homely to view,
 With its old-fashioned crane and its trammels of wire,
 That swung the "cook-pot" o'er the old kitchen fire.

Back-logs were, in winter, piled up to the flue,
 With fore-sticks of hick'ry, or maple in lieu;
 Whence bright, cheerful flames would leap higher and higher,
 Till all was aglow 'round the old kitchen fire.

In spring time the bacon and shoulders and hams
 Were hung up to cure in those ample old-jams,
 And all the home comforts that heart could desire
 Were plenty and free 'round that old kitchen fire.

When the chores were all done and the back-logs in place
 We drew 'round the table, and, bowing for "grace,"
 All joined in thanksgiving, pronounced, ed by the sire,
 For blessings surrounding our old kitchen fire.

Of times was that kitchen the neighbors' resort
 For social enjoyments or juvenile sport,
 And children would cluster around our grandsire
 To hear his war tales by the old kitchen fire.

And mark how he shouldered his crutch as he eyed
 The old flint-lock gun, with a veteran's pride,
 Where it peacefully hung in its green-baize attire
 Upon rude wooden hooks o'er the old kitchen fire.

Each fortnight "the preacher" came 'round on his beat,
 And there in sweet union the faithful would meet;
 Nor envied the church, with its cloud-pleating spire,
 Content to commune 'round the old kitchen fire.

The purest enjoyments I ever have known,
 Were those when I mingled at home with my own—
 With parents and children, and household entire,
 Assembled around the dear old kitchen fire.

One soul was as gentle and sweet as the dove—
 The bond of our circle, its centre of love,
 Whose hands, though oft weary, seemed never to tire
 Of labors of love 'round the old kitchen fire.

As the mother-bird guardeth the nest of her brood,
 Thus watchful was she for our safety and good;
 And often she tolled after all would retire
 Our garments to mend by the old kitchen fire.

Contentment and happiness reigned in our home;
 We dreamed not of sorrow or parting to come;
 Nor thought we how soon our beloved might expire,
 And pass to her rest from the old kitchen fire.

Death entered our fold, yet we mourned not alone;
 Friends kindly commingled their tears with our own;
 Our grief-stricken hearts little cheer could acquire,
 For the gloom that o'ershadowed our old kitchen fire;

Tho' th' lily was plucked from our garden of love,
 To bloom in ambrosial gardens above,
 How could we but murmur at Death's cruel ire,
 As we bore her remains from the old kitchen fire?

We tenderly garnered her ashes away,
 To rest till the dawn of earth's rallying day;
 'Neath low-drooping willows, where mooned the sweet-brier,
 Then, heart-broken, turned toward the old kitchen fire.

Still wended we thither each desolate night;
 Tho' the angel had vanished the hearth was still bright,
 But the charm had departed that once did inspire
 Our longing to meet at the old kitchen fire.

In search of enjoyment I've roved the world 'round,
 'Neath th' grave and the festive, and yet I've not found

In all life's allurements one charm to admire
 Like th' home scenes of yore 'round the old kitchen fire.

The Midnight Train.

Across the dull and brooding night
 A giant flies with demon light,
 And breath of wreathing smoke:
 Around him whirls the reeling plain,
 And with a dash of dim disdain,
 He cleaves the Sundered rock.

In lonely swamps the low wind stirs
 The bell of black funeral fires,
 That murmur to the sky,
 Till, startled by his mad career,
 They seem to keep a hush of fear
 As if a god swept by.

Through many a dark, wild heart of heath,
 O'er booming bridges, where beneath
 A mighty river brawls;
 By ruins, remnants of the past,
 Their ivies trembling in the blast;
 By singing waterfalls;

The slumber on his silent bed
 Turns to the light his lonely head,
 Diverged of his dream;
 Long leagues of gloom are hurried o'er
 Thro' tunnel sheaths, with iron roar,
 And shrill night-rending scream.

Past huddling huts, past flying farms,
 High furnaces flames, whose crimson arms
 Are grappling with the night,
 He tears along reeding lands,
 To where the kingly city stands,
 Wrapt in a robe of light.

Here, round each wide and gushing gate,
 A crowd of eager faces wait,
 And every smile is known,
 We thank thee, O, thou Titan train,
 That in the city once again
 We clasp our loved, our own.

Select Tale.

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE, SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

As a rule detectives do not care to relate incidents in which they have figured unsuccessfully, but the following story illustrates the cleverness with which they often have to deal.

I was in Paris, enjoying a few weeks' vacation. Among the acquaintances which I picked up there was a certain Francois Dalton, a lawyer.

To say how I became acquainted would be rather puzzling. The proffered cigar, and exchange of newspapers or a passing recognition, had ripened under his friendly gaiety into familiarity.

I had passed more than one evening at his snug office in the Rue de Ligne where he received his clients. He remarked one evening with his irresistible smile:

"Ah, monsieur, how would you like a scamper across the Continent?"

"Well enough, said I, but my funds—"

"Do not speak of money. I can offer you a splendid chance to combine business and pleasure."

"Indeed! Nay I ask where and how?"

"Twenty miles beyond Buda—on the Danube—at Kiseobhati, is a beautiful manor."

"Well?"

"You will simply take charge of the only son of a wealthy baron, Emil von Magar," adding, in his bright, bland way: "He is but fifteen, and has been placed in a Paris school; but alas! disease has developed itself, and the father has determined to recall him. It is important that he should seek the quiet of his native valley."

Another questioning brought out the facts that a liberal sum per week and expenses were to be paid, and that it might require some caution to pass through Austria—for Hungary where the baron lived was then under law. The baron, it seems, was already suspected for complicity in plots, and the son had small discretion of speech.

It chimed in well with my inclinations. I desired greatly to see the home of that proud Magyar people of whom Kossuth was so noble an example.

"Really," thought I, "this is lucky. I am to be paid for doing the very thing I long for."

As it was necessary to have a passport, I, in company with Francois Dalton visited the school where Emil was at present.

On entering the department, from the lawyer's description I at once recognized the lad from among some

other forty or fifty youths. There could be no mistaking his sharp features, raven hair and black eyes.

"This is the gentleman, Emil, who has consented to take you home," said the lawyer.

Emil looked into my face with a questioning glance, and then grasping my hand, said with such outspoken sincerity that I felt drawn to him at once:

"Sir, I shall have no fears with you."

It was the hearty expression of an unspontaneous mind. Dalton then spoke:

"He is an American and he will be kind to you. Remember to obey him exactly."

"Then he hates the Austrians. He is one of that nation where all are free; where our grand Kossuth was treated like a prince! This good American shall see how our noble people are treated by the despotic tyrants."

"Hush, hush, Emil; you must not take like this!" then turning to me he said: "The very children of that proud race are filled with the deep sense of wrong."

"Not to be wondered at," said I, as I recalled the accounts which M. Dalton had given me.

"When I'm a man!" exclaimed the handsome lad, "I will kill! Austrians—they are not fit to live!"

"Emil," I soothingly replied, "my dear boy, repress this feeling, or we never shall reach your home alive."

The following day I and my charge started. In due time we reached Vienna. A hundred miles up the Danube and we should be at the baron's castle.

Uneventful days they were. I actually suffered with the emotions of my little friend; I learned to admire his proud spirit, as I watched his flashing eye whenever he spoke of his beloved country, or when he shrank from the questioning of some distrustful official.

I saw his quivering lip and distended nostril when, after some of the close questions of an Austrian officer, he sank back in his seat, muttering:

"I trust all to the good American."

After dinner I stood on the door-step of my hotel, and was accosted by a police officer, asking me about my passport.

"I have never been in Austria before," I said "but in France I have given a gentleman a couple of francs to take my paper to the bureau of police."

"The same may here be done," the official politely answered.

Happy to be rid of the journey, I submitted the document. He hurried off, after comparing the description.

After Emil, who was greatly fatigued retired I started to the Grand Opera House, and gave myself up to the enjoyment of the splendid music.

I presume I had been there for a half hour, when a tap on the shoulder called my attention.

"Your passport!"

I explained matters, but to no purpose. The official was obdurate. I must go to the police bureau and account for myself. Going around with me to the hotel, I learned that the paper had not yet been returned.

"Well," I thought "it will be all right. I can explain matters to the chief."

Vain hope! After exhausting my eloquence, I was superciliously informed:

"Until this passport is found your Zerr must remain in prison!"

In vain I pleaded the unprotected condition of my charge. To prison I must go. Once inside the bars, I felt how often I had been instrumental in sending others there. I was mad as a hornet—mad enough to bite a nail in two. I have often since thought of the proverb: "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," but it did not occur to me then.

When morning came I found my dander rising very high. I demanded to be brought before the American consul.

When we (for the police agent had me still in tow) reached the embassy I began to feel improved in spirits, as I thought of the American eagle, the stars and stripes, and other inspiring thoughts.

I meant to give our proud bird a chance to soar a little, and strike u-

in a second like Austrian chains.

An emaciated, spindly youth, with gold eyeglasses, was present, scanning the *Herold*.

The exquisite never turned a hair at my entrance. He went on reading, giving an occasional yawn. I ventured a delicate little cough, as a signal that I was anxious to inter-view one of the tall feathers of the American eagle!

Not a quiver in the attitude of the dandy.

I was not accustomed to such impertinence, so I let out a little plain Yankee talk.

Down went the newspaper; the gold eyeglasses were directed toward me; a drawing voice informed me that the chief of the embassy was away.

The old Adam in me grew as lig as a circus tent. I yelled:

"You are placed here by the American government to afford protection to American subjects—"

"Lord, my good man, I can't do anything!"

"You were placed here either for use or for ornament, you little whipper-snapper! but you are a dog-gasted failure in either capacity."

The now frightened clerk drew out again:

"Here Sam-muel, show this paw-son the door!"

Out I rushed, followed by the bewildered Austrian.

I need not tell of four hours additional labor, the result of which was my release, however. I was driven to my hotel. My heart was in my mouth when I learned that Emil was not there.

I visited every hospital and police station in Vienna. All in vain. My heart bled for the poor Hungarian boy—the gentle lad who was doubtless languishing down deep in an Austrian prison.

A day or two of fruitless labor and anxiety followed, until I was compelled to confess myself beaten—I, a Yankee detective.

The poor, trusting youth, with his oft-repeated assurance of faith in the "good American," the heart-broken baron, the distracted Dalton—oh, I was in a pretty pickle.

I telegraphed to M. Dalton:

"Emil is lost! For God's sake come on at once."

I received an answer shortly:

"M. Dalton has gone. Left no address."

I censured my carelessness, and dashed to the baron at Kiseobhati:

"Your son has mysteriously disappeared from my charge. Hasten here!"

The answer drove me almost furious:

"Baron von Magar not known; no such place as Kiseobhati."

Was I in a dream? I could not sleep for thinking of those big, pleading eyes, which seemed to follow me wherever I turned.

I grew haggard, and must eventually have fallen into brain fever, had I not been recalled to Paris by a telegram from one of my own agents.

Not knowing what else to do, I returned to that magnificent city. The first person I met, while stepping off the train, was Philander Phog, an old acquaintance.

He was amazed at my condition, for I had grown thin, and anxiety was doubtless painted on my face.

Philander hurried me to his room, and lashing me fast to a bottle of wine wanted to know what was up.

I gave him the history of the case.

"What was the date of your departure from Paris?"

"November, 17—Wednesday."

"Just a month ago," he exclaimed.

With a bound, he had taken down a newspaper file, and was turning over its pages.

Presently, with a gasp that fairly shook the rafters, he fell back into a chair, shouting between his spell:

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! The best detective in America taken in—done for!"

The blood rushed to my face I angrily demanded an explanation; but it was impossible for him to do or say more.

He rolled over the floor and held his sides. I grew mad, as was natural—even madder than when I was superciliously treated by the fop at the American Legation.

I, too, turned to the newspaper. In an instant I saw it all. I had actually smuggled one of the most adroit little thieves and confidence

operators out of Paris—right from under the noses of the police agents. I had immortalized myself by capturing Clara Riehat out of the reach of justice. The police had tracked her, after the most tedious operations, to a certain point.

Emil was the very princess of adventures—spy, thief, forger, and murderer. Her last feat had been to rob the young Comtesse de Blazonis of her jewels.

By the connivance of Francois Dalton, she had been admitted into the school as a Hungarian boy. A that point the French detectives lost her.

The cordon of French and Flemish agents were dying to know how and where she crossed the frontier, for they had made every point secure.

The proprietor of the school was innocent and he declared that Emil had been his most docile, his most intelligent pupil.

M. Dalton, it has since been ascertained, was the man of reference, the "fence," who directed her game. It was believed that he had eloped with the dashing young queen of the criminals.

No wonder, indeed, that Philander ejaculated "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" nor that I beat a hasty retreat from Paris. The story leaves a bad taste in my mouth to this day. I confess.

His Honor and Brijah.

James Fitzpatrick had on excuse for drinking two glasses of whiskey on top of three glasses of beer. It was his mother-in-law's birthday, and he felt it his solemn duty to commemorate the same. But he had no excuse for annoying a Congress.

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Boy's Composition on Fall.

It is a boy's composition on "This is fall, because it falls season of the year. Leaves fall, as well as thermometers and ices of straw hats. Old tops, like the pledge in summer, are to fall when fall cider making, for straws show which way der goes. Hoasting corn is one pleasures of fall, but pleasure ood for boy's I don't think, on want a little fun; let them A husky old man can go with a good deal of corn, some Digging taters is another of all amusements. The way I dig taters is to wait until are baked nicely, and then dig them out of their skins. Most winter schools are open in the fall. The beat winter school I ever went to didn't open until spring, and the first day it opened the teacher took sick and the school house was locked up for the season. Once in a while we have a very severe fall, but nothing like the fall of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. Summer is misnamed. It should be called Pride, for doesn't pride go before a fall?"

Smith's a Liar.

"Father," began a young Detroit the other evening, "were you in the war?"

"Yes, my son."

"Was it awful?"

"Yes."

"Lots of dead and wounded men?"

"Yes."

"Did you kill many?"

"Well, I shouldn't like to answer that question."

"Are you very modest, pa?"

"I hope I am too modest to brag."

"That was what Mr. Smith meant, then, when he was telling the men down at the drug store that you had any war record to brag of."

"He did, eh? Smith is a liar!"

"That's what I thought. He told the men that you run so fast that he couldn't catch you on horseback, and say boy knows that a horse can catch a man with a stiff knee."

The Traveling Terror.

The editor was sitting in his revolving cane-bottomed chair, when Torando Tom the travelling terror of Texas, came in and demanded a retraction of the statement that he had a winded an orphan out of \$4.

"It's a lie clear through," said the Terror, striking the table with his fist, "I'm as good a man as smells the atmosphere in this section."

"Perhaps you are better," said the editor, meekly.

My record'll compare favorably

with yours," said the Terror with a sneer: "perhaps there are a few little back rackets in your life, sir, that wouldn't bear a microscopic investigation."

"Oh, sir," said the editor visibly agitated, "don't recall the past; don't bring up the memories of the tomb; I know I've led a hard life—I don't deny it. I killed Shorty Barnes, the Bowery boy of New York—backed him all to pieces with a knife. I have atoned for it a thousand times. I blew a man's head off at a log roll in Kentucky and bitterly have I repented of my folly. I slew a lot of inoffensive citizens of Omaha over a paltry \$4 pat simply because I got excited. Oh, could I out cheat the tomb of the men I have place in its maw I would be happy. But it was all owing to my high temper and lack of early training. I know that I have been wayward, wicked; and you have a right to come here and recall those unhappy memories, but its d—d mean for all that. Nobody with a heart would treat a man like you have. Don't leave, stranger. I'll tell you all. I saved a man's head off with an old army sabre just for—"

The Texas Terror was down and halfway round the corner, while the editor, taking a fresh chew of rattle-snake twist continued his peaceful avocations as quietly as a law-abiding citizen.

The Arab Boy.

Arab children he found always interesting. In reply to a question as to his ideas of life:

"One little fellow said that he was going to save up his money and buy a few goats, and after that he should keep on saving his money, and buy four cows.

"It will you do then?" I asked.

"I would sell the goats and buy two or three camels after you get your camels all you do!"

"Then," he said thoughtfully "get married."

But that what will you do?"

"I suppose," said he, after a pause, "after that I must get to die."

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