

Advertising Rates.
 One column one year, \$60.00
 One-half column, one year, 30.00
 One-fourth column, one year, 15.00
 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.
 All advertisements for a shorter period than one year are payable at the time they are ordered, and if not paid by the person ordering them will be held responsible for the money.

Poetry.

FOOTPRINTS.

HELEN T. CLARK.

Across the day—across the night—
 Like countless doves in silent flight,
 Floats down the featherly, stainless
 white,
 Unbroken gleams a moment's space
 Without a touch, without a trace,
 Too soon to dark despoil gives place.
 The mire of wheels, the haste of feet
 Gray toil at shivery dawn to meet,
 The thousand soundings of the street,
 Oh, thousand ways the footprints
 lead!
 To shame and dole, to gloom and
 greed,
 To joy, and hope, and Christly deed,
 The whiteness, caught by smirching
 clay,
 In secret mode, in destined day,
 Back to pure snow shall find its way,
 The footsteps lost in doubt and crime,
 In love's own way, in love's own time,
 Shall leave the clinging slough and
 slime.

And up the steps of good be set,
 Oh, help, ye loftier souls, nor let
 One longed for word, withheld as yet,
 Die on your lips!—one reach of hand
 From sunlit levels when you stand,
 Fall the spent strength at love's de-
 mand!

FLORENCE, Dec. 1881.

The Endless Procession.

Down the vista of the ages,
 Saints and sinners, fools and sages,
 Marching onward, slow and solemn,
 Go in never-ending column—
 Here the honest, here the knave—
 With a rhythmic step sublime,
 To the grave.

Like the rolling of the river,
 Going on and on forever,
 Never resting, never staying,
 Never for an instant straying—
 Peer and peasant, lord and slave,
 Equals soon to mix and mingle,
 In the grave.

Duty cannot, nor can pleasure,
 For a moment break the measure;
 They are marching on to doom,
 They are moving to the tomb—
 All the coward, all the brave,
 Soon to level all distinction,
 In the grave.

Since the morning of creation,
 Without break or termination,
 Ever on the line is moving,
 All the loved and all the loving,
 All that mothers ever gave—
 On to silence and to slumber
 In the grave.

Here no bribe the bond can weaken,
 Here no substitute is taken;
 Each one for himself—no other
 Son nor father; no, nor brother;
 Love the purest cannot save;
 Each alone the roll must answer
 In the grave.

Who commands the dread process-
 ion
 That shall know no regression—
 Who can be the great director?
 He! that grim and grisly spectre,
 Him that Sin to Satan gave;
 Death, the mighty King of Terrors,
 In the grave.

Little Foxes.

Among my tender vines I spy
 A little fox named—BY-AND-BY!
 Then set upon him, quick, I say,
 The swift young hunter—RIGHT-AWAY!

Around each tender vine I plant,
 I find the little fox—I CAN'T!
 Then, fast as ever hunter ran,
 Chase him with bold and brave—I CAN!

NO USE IN TRYING—lags and whines
 This fox among my tender vines;
 Then drive him low and drive him high,
 With this good hunter named—I'LL
 TRY!

Among the vines in my small lot
 Creeps the young fox—to his den;
 Then hunt him out and to I den
 With—I WILL NOT FORGET-AGAIN!

The little fox that hiddden there
 Among my vines is—I DON'T CARE!
 Then let I'M SORRY—hunter true—
 Chase him afar from vines and you,
 —CHILDREN'S HOUR.

AT PEACE.

Strew on her grave some
 And never a spray of yew,
 In quiet she reposes;
 Ah! would that I did, too.

Her mirth the world required;
 She bathed it in smiles of glee;
 But her heart was tired, tired,
 But now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
 In mazes of head and sound,
 But for peace her soul was yearning,
 And now peace laps her round.

Her reborn, apple spirit,
 It scattered faded for breath;
 To-night it doth labor
 The vasty hall of death.
 MATHEW ARNOLD.

The Post.

VOL. 19. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., FEBRUARY 2, 1882. NO. 26

Select Tale.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

'Yes, there they go,' said Miss Pamela, lifting the corner of the window curtain to look down the long perspective of the winding road. 'Four of 'em. In two cutters, with two wolf-robots and two sets of sleigh bells. And it's the third time that Ruth and Bessie have been asked out sleigh-riding within the month, and nobody ever thinks of me!'

And it was a little strange, too, when one came to think of it. Miss Pamela Pipely was a plump young woman of three and thirty, with rosy cheeks, snapping black eyes, and a figure as trim and straight as a sapling pine.

She had not Ruth's melting, almond-shaped eyes perhaps, nor the peachy pink of Bessie's radiant complexion, but she was universally acknowledged to be the best hand at pickling and preserving in all the country around.

She couldn't quote Swinburne or Jean Ingelow, but she managed her widowed brother's household with a firm yet gentle hand, and had a chest full of patchwork, bed quilts and crocheted tidies in the big old garret upstairs.

In fact, Miss Pamela Pipely would have made a first-class wife to any man living—if only the bachelors around Gray George could have been brought to perceive a fact which was so manifest to their advantage.

So Miss Pipely sat before the fire of blazing logs, all mused over with silver-gray fringe, as I babbling out their resinous hearts beneath fiery ordeal of the flames, and knitted away at Squire Sam's gray-mixed stockings, as if she were on a wager against old Time and was resolved to conquer at all hazards. And the dragon's head that was carved on the old mahogany chair opposite, and the claw-legs and the queer little brass knobs scattered all over it, seemed to wink soberly at her, in the pleasant light as she worked.

It was an heirloom in the family, that old chair, and the Pipelys were proud of it.

Just then there came the merry jingle of sleigh-bells up the road, like a peal of miniature laughter.

'Some one else out for a sleigh ride,' thought Miss Pamela, without turning her head.

But to her infinite amazement the tiny pearls ceased to chime; the sleigh had stopped.

'Good gracious!' said Miss Pamela, taking a hurried observation from behind the netted fringe of the curtains, 'it's Mr. Hedger. And he's coming here, too!'

Mr. Hedger came in—a stout middle aged man, with light blue eyes shining behind his spectacles, light brown hair just sprinkled with gray, and a seal muffer buttoned up to his very nose.

'Good morning Miss Pamela! said he, pleasantly.

'Good morning!' said Miss Pamela.

'I've called on business,' said Mr. Hedger, who was one of those un-canonized social martyrs, a bashful old bachelor.

Miss Pamela, to be sure, was an old maid, but she wasn't in the least degree bashful, so, perhaps, the two were not evenly mated.

'On business?' repeated the lady, 'I'll call my brother at once.'

'Oh, don't do that, Miss Pamela!' said Mr. Hedger, deprecatingly.

'No!' Miss Pamela raised her jet-black eyes in some surprise.

'Because my business was with you especially,' he explained.

'Oh!'

Miss Pamela sat down again, mechanically crimping the borders of her apron with the finger and thumb of her left hand, while a very pretty blush crept over her face.

'I've been thinking it over for some time, said Mr. Hedger, rather abruptly.

'Have you?' said Miss Pamela.

And the crimping operation went on faster than ever.

'Of course I know it is taking a great liberty,' said the gentleman apologetically.

'Oh, don't speak of it,' said the lady.

'And then, you know, we are almost strangers,' he said.

'Oh, that makes no difference,' said Miss Pamela hurriedly.

'I can hardly muster courage to ask,' said he.

'Don't be afraid,' sweetly smiled the bright-eyed damsel, wondering what Bessie and Ruth would say if they were to come home and find her engaged.

'You will forgive my audacity?' he murmured, moving his chair a trifle nearer.

'Of course!' responded Miss Pipely.

'Well, then,' said Mr. Hedger, plunging headlong into the subject, 'will you sell me that old mahogany dragon's head chair of yours for my collection of antiquities? I am told it has a record for a century and a half, and I have long been anxious to possess it. Expense will be no object to me as my pleasure lies in collecting these valuable articles of virtue.'

Miss Pamela turned red and white—the cords of her apron fell from her hand. Figuratively speaking she froze over at once.

'I prefer to thrive on bargains for family relics,' she said stiffly.

'But—'

'I am sorry to disappoint you, but it is really quite out of the question,' said Pamela.

'Might I continue to hope—'

'You may continue to hope nothing,' severely spoke the lady.

And Mr. Hedger, beginning vaguely to suspect that something was wrong, vaguely stumbled out of the room. While Pamela put her head down in her hands, and began to cry a little.

'I thought he was going to propose,' she said, 'and I did like him—and I was just going to say yes! And to think he only wanted that horrid old dragon's chair, after all!'

In the woodyard outside Mr. Hedger encountered Squire Samuel Pipely, who was splitting wood like a good natured Goliath.

'Oh!' said the Squire. 'Pears to me you made a very short stay, Hedger!'

'I don't think your sister was much pleased,' said Mr. Hedger.

The squire suspended his axe in mid-air.

'Not pleased?' said he. 'Why what on earth did you say to her?'

'I only asked if she would be willing to sell me the old claw-legged mahogany chair for my collection of antiquities.'

'And she said no?'

'She said no, most emphatically.'

The squire struck his axe into a log scratched his nose and chuckled.

'Ah!' said he. 'Well, it ain't her fault; she couldn't say yes.'

'Couldn't say yes?' echoed Hedger.

'My grandfather Pipeley was a queer old soul, said Sam. He left that chair to Pamela, you know.'

'So I have understood,' said Mr. Hedger.

'She never was to part with it unless she married,' added the squire.

'Unless she married?' repeated M. Hedger vaguely.

'But in that case,' said squire Sam, seizing his axe again, 'it was to become the joint property of her and her husband.'

'I never thought of that,' said Mr. Hedger.

'Second thoughts are sometimes best thoughts, said the squire, splitting away as for dear life.

'I've always admired her,' said Mr. Hedger, 'and I believe I'll go back.'

'Just as you please,' observed the squire.

Miss Pamela Pipely was sitting by the fire, with a little flush on her cheek and a little moisture on her eyelashes while her knitting lay unheeded in her lap. She started at his entrance.

'Miss Pipely!' said the bachelor.

'Sir!' she cried brushing away the dew from the lashes, which curved so prettily at their end, and trying to look unconcerned.

'If you won't give me the old chair,' said Mr. Hedger, 'will you give me yourself?'

'I don't know what you mean, said Miss Pamela.

'Don't you?' said Mr. Hedger.

And then he sat down beside Miss Pamela and explained himself.

'I never heard of such a thing in my life!' cried she, hysterically.

'But don't you think it would be a capital idea?' urged Mr. Hedger.

'No—yes—perhaps,' said the lady.

'You'll think of it!' said he.

'Yes, I'll think of it,' said she.

And so they became engaged, and Mr. Hedger added to his social sta-

tus and his collection of antiques at the same time. And they are just as happy as if it had been a case of love at first sight.

When, where, and How to Secure Western Farm Homes.

Under the above caption, David W. Judd, who has just returned from a five-thousand mile inspection tour through the West, North-west, and South-west—gives in the February *American Agriculturist* 13 columns of illustrated advice to those seeking homes in the far West. The article starts off as follows:

Do not go West with a family, unless you have enough money to make a fair start.

Do not borrow money to go West. The majority of those who have met in their Western homes, who have failed, have been those who came on borrowed money, or without enough funds to ensure a seed-off.

After reading this article, select such region as you think you will like best. People generally prefer to keep in the same latitude they have lived in.

Go in the spring and get acclimated.

Take as little baggage and as few heirlooms as possible. They cost money for freight and in addition are apt to be an encumbrance in a new home.

Provide yourself with a small collection of good books for the family; and before going renew your subscription to the *American Agriculturist*. It will be just as serviceable in the new home as in the old.

If you are able to do so, you had better first go out and explore before taking your family with you.

Do not attempt to explore too much. We have met people beyond the Missouri River who had visited nearly all the Land Grants, and the more they had traveled, the more unsettled they were as to where they should locate.

Decide upon your climate and locality, and then select your land. If you wait too long, you are apt to become very much unsettled.

Do not go West if you have a sick family. Change of climate may benefit them, but it is not worth while to take the chances.

Do not go West expecting not to be homesick, for your mountain scenery, your forests and your streams which present such a contrast to the monotony of endless prairies. It may be very lonely at first, but you will soon plant your own trees, have pleasant surroundings, and near neighbors.

Do not go expecting to become rich immediately. Several years of good crops may be required to place you in easy circumstances.

If you are a clerk on a small salary in the city, and have a few hundred dollars ahead, give up your clerkship, and strike for the western lands. There is no very great amount of experience required in cultivating these prairies.

If you have abundance of money, settle on the lands in the near West. If your funds are comparatively limited, go on still further, where as good lands can be purchased at lower figures.

It Was the Coffee.

'Did you burn yourself, dear?'

That was the question Mrs. Simpkins propounded as she looked up and saw her husband spluttering hot coffee from his mouth as oil comes from a flowing well.

'W-wh-ah,' spluttered he.

'I say, did you burn yourself?'

'Now, I didn't burn myself. Do you take me for a crematory or infernal blast? Perhaps you think I'm a great furnace, though goodness knows you do most of the blasting business. Now, Mrs. Simpkins, I did not burn myself; it was that confounded coffee that did the business, and hereafter you needn't get any more coffee at the store that stuff came from.'

The project of the world's fair in Boston has been abandoned. Talk was plenty and money scarce.

The cost of maintaining the convicts in the Eastern Penitentiary last year was less than in any year since the establishment of that institution, fifty years ago. It is expected that two years hence the prison will be self-sustaining.

Love.

A woman's devotion is illustrated by an anecdote which a lady, connected with the Sanitary Commission, during the war, tells, as follows:

On a bleak day in February she was making preparations to visit the army at Young's Point, and was to leave in the night train for Cairo.

A bright-looking woman, leading two handsome little boys, came in, saying:

'I have brought a box for you to take to my husband, and my boys for you to see. When you get to Vicksburg, please had Peter R—, I want you to tell him his boys look well, and his wife, too.'

'Tell him we are all getting along; that I get plenty of work, and the boys are good and obedient, and not to fret about us.'

'I am glad to be the bearer of such good news,' replied the lady; 'and I will see your husband and give it to him.'

Then the lady drew her hands from her coarse mittens, and held them up, cracked and bleeding.

'Don't tell him,' she said, 'that I have worn the skin off my hands washing every day; and don't tell him that I have put the little boys to bed when they come from school to keep them warm, as I have no wood nor lights.'

'Don't tell him that often when I come home after a hard day's scrubbing my garments freeze stiff. It is all true, but still we are well, and keep warm in bed, and are not marring in mud or snow, or sick in hospital. Tell Peter all the good you can, and keep back all the bad.'

As Clear as Mud.

Judge—was noted for the way he got mixed in his charges to the jury.

On one occasion a case was tried before him, the points of which may be briefly stated thus:

Smith brought suit against Jones upon a promissory note given for a horse. Jones' defense was failure of consideration, he averring that at the time of the purchase, the horse had the glanders, of which he died, and that Smith knew it. Smith replied that the horse did not have the glanders, but had the distemper, and that Jones knew it when he bought.

The judge charged the jury: 'Gentlemen of the jury, pay attention to the charge of the Court.—You have already made one mistake of this case because you did not pay attention to the charge of the Court, and I don't want you to do it again. I intend to make it so clear to you this time that you cannot possibly make any mistake.'

This suit is upon a note given for a promissory horse. I hope you understand that. Now, if you find that at the time of the sale Smith had the glanders and Jones knew it Jones cannot recover. That is clear gentlemen. I will state it again. If you find that at the time of the sale Jones had the distemper and Smith knew it, then Smith cannot possibly recover. But, gentlemen, I will state the case a third time, so that you can not possibly make a mistake. If at the time of the sale Smith had the glanders and Jones had the distemper, and the horse knew it, then neither Smith, Jones nor the horse can recover. Let the record be given to the jury.

Those Canes.

In the hands of nine men out of ten on the streets, says an exchange, a cane or an umbrella is an infernal machine. It is carried under the arm, the ends sticking far out front and back. The hand which holds it is stuck in the coat or breeches pocket, throwing out the sharp point half a yard behind the owner. It is laid across the shoulders, making it dangerous to pass on either side of the thoughtless creature; or it is twisted rapidly through the fingers. It is not a trivial thing, and the police should be instructed to order the pretty man with his cane to so manage his pet that he will not endanger the persons of those so unfortunate as to encounter him.

A man in Pittsburg, by the name of Jacob Keep, kept a pet bear that proved to be a dangerous plaything, biting his hand and arm so severely as to render amputation necessary in order to save his life.

A Man for Ten Dollars.

An uptown alderman recently was called upon by a verdant country girl, aged about twenty-two summers, who desired to shuffle off from single blessedness, and asked how much he charged for marrying anybody. He replied: "Well, from three to ten dollars, or as much more as the contracting parties wished to give. The fair damsel remarked: "Well, I will give you ten dollars," and she departed for her home in West Greenc. Yesterday, being market day, the same giddy girl appeared in the office, all spruced up sleek and clean, and accosted the officer with the following remark: "Well, sir, I came in this morning to get married." "Very well," replied the alderman, looking over his spectacles, "Just take a seat, and I will attend to you shortly." After the poor innocent girl had sat on an old hard bench for nearly two hours, she exclaimed: "I haven't much time to stop here; it's getting late and I want to go home." The alderman, with anger in his eye, shouted: "Where in the devil is the man?" and at this juncture an expression of disappointment was seen upon her countenance as she ejaculated: "And don't you furnish the man for the ten dollars." "Most emphatically no," retorted the alderman, and the poor damsel departed wiser than she came.

Her Recommendations.

'Twas a dull, heavy evening; the light of the dozen gas-jets along the streets only served to make the haze and fog visible. The clock just tickled forth the hour of nine, and, with the usual remark that "twas time honest folks were abed," old McGunniggle trundled off up-stairs followed by the aged partner of his sorrows and searcher for his joys.

'Don't you folks set up till the morning paper comes, this time,' shouted she over the banister.

'No—o—o,' replied a sweet voice from the parlor; 'we won't, will we?' said she in an undertone.

'Not if I know it,' was the reply, 'if the old folks are going to be as sour as this I guess y'll skip now,' and he retired for his hat.

'See here!' and the girl's eyes gleamed with earnestness, 'you're the first fellow I've had, and you've got to put down that hat, and sit up, and court me in good shape. I'm homely, I know, but I can build better bread, iron a bosom shirt, knit a pair of stockings quicker, and make \$1.37 go further than any girl in the village. Them's my recommendations.'

'That suits me exactly,' and his hat flew into the corner, and that evening the details of the wedding were all arranged. He depended on a girl as smart as that to get the best of the old folks.

Humping Along.

Last summer a northern man who was looking up land in Alabama was riding along the highway he met a father and son riding at a furious gallop and both armed with shot guns. They drew up as they reached him, and the old man called out:

'Say, stranger, lay ye met a young man and a gal riding the same mule and humping along as if Satan was after them?'

'No.'

'Well, my darter has eloped with Bill Gordog, and Sam and me are trying to git within shooting distance before the knot is tied.'

'Ah! Why, that couple were being married in Blankville as I came through there an hour ago.'

'Did the gal hev on a blue waist?'

'Yes.'

'And it was a tall fellow with a skeered look?'

'It was.'

'That was them, stranger, and I'm much obliged. Sam, we're too late to stop 'em, and the only satisfaction we kin git is to let our hosses jog along into town and shoot the preacher arter we git thar!'

Since the completion of the Pennsylvania Railroad's new depot in the city of Philadelphia the road may be said to be the best appointed railway on this continent. Every possible test of its usefulness demonstrates its superiority over all other routes to the West.

THE POST.
 Published every Thursday Evening
 JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r
 Terms of Subscription,
 TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. Pay-
 able within six months, or \$2.50 if not
 paid within the year. No paper dis-
 continued until all arrearages are
 paid unless at the option of the pub-
 lisher.
 Subscriptions outside of the county
 PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
 Persons lifting and using papers
 addressed to others become subscribers
 and are liable for the price of the paper

READ!



CLOTHING FOR THE Million!!

DEATH TO HIGH PRICES.

THE Largest Stock of FALL AND WINTER Clothing

in Snyder County or elsewhere.

OVERCOATS OVERCOATS, OVERCOATS.

For Men, Youths and Boys.

Und'rclothing from 25cts upward.

GENTS 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.