Alwmeford

The Post.

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column one year,	$60.00
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Poetry.

Coming Round the Curve.

There is a clever maxim,
Which I would on you impress,
Whether in joy or sorrow,
In pleasure or distress,
To keep your wits about you,
And faithfully observe
To look out for the engine,
When it's coming round the curve.

Should business cares oppress you,
And times seem hard and drear,
An honest heart and sunny smile,
Will all your future cheer.
Put on the breaks, keep a sharp look-out,
The maxim well will serve,
If you blow your whistle lively
When you're coming round the curve.

If a gay coquette should charm you,
With eyes and hair like night,
To make your poor heart flutter,
And telescope it quite,
You bring to mind this maxim,
And then (without reserve)
To hoist the danger signal,
When she's coming round the curve

To do your duty manfully,
To cleave unto the right,
Will make life all the happier
And your joys will be more bright;
If you leave the wrong behind you
And from the right ne'er swerve,
The engine will not harm you
When its coming round the curve.

And when the grim distroyer
Shall stare you in the face,
Remember that the lot of all
Is a final resting place.
Don't let this thought vuman you,
But be a man of nerve,
And look out for the engine
When it's coming round the curve.

Write Often to the Old Folks.

"Write often to the old folks,"
I heard a young man say
Unto the lad who with him walked,
One bright and spring like day;
"I know that my dear parents
Can scarce afford to wait
Until they get that letter long
From me or sister Kate.

"I fancy I am there, Will—
So many miles away—
I see them both, the dear old folks,
With heads so bent and gray,
I see them take the letter out
And scan its pages o'er—
Will write a letter once a week,
If you can do no more.

"Ah! yes, my lads and lasses
From home so many miles—
Away from father's kind advice,
And mother's loving smiles,
Pray don't forget the old folks,
They think so much of you,
And write a letter once a week,
Whatever else you do.

"And let your words be tender—
With fond expressions then—
For well they cherish every line
That comes from your dear pen;
Their days may not be many—
Their journeys almost through—
Write often to the old folks, then;
They think so much of you.

Practicing Law.

At Fort Wayne I heard of a man who had fallen very low in the social scale. The man was up before Judge Foster for illegal voting, and in his cross examination he developed a line of family depravity seldom heard of. I confess I never heard of. I confess I never heard of a family springing from such a depraved moral source,

"What has been your profession previous to your arrest?" asked Lawyer Johnson, one of the proudest lawyers in Fort Wayne.

"I have kept a saloon, sir."

"Anything else?" asked Lawyer Thompson. "You have not kept a saloon for ten years, have you?"

"No sir; I was a negro minstrel for a year, and then I went with Coup's circus."

"Do you not think the life of a negro minstrel and a traveling circus man a very low calling?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir; they are low callings, I will admit, but they are honest. You see my father started very low, and I could not seem to get ahead."

"But your father never occupied a lower position than you, sir. He could not. Impossible," said the lawyer.

"Yes, sir, but he did."

"Well, what?"

"Why, he kept a faro bank. He had bad luck at that and kept going down hill. He ran away from mother just before I was born leaving us children to starve. Then he began to get drunk and sleep on saloon floors. He got lower and lower, and became a low tramp, and next we heard of him over in Kalamazoo, utterly shameless, practicing law."

A Boy's Composition on the Mule.

The mewl is an anermul which was born after Noer built the ark The rhinoserus was in the ark, but there ain't no accounts of the mewl being there, an' I guess in it an made trouble. Noer landed on Mount Arerat, but if the mewl had been in the ark there ain't no telling where Noer would've landed. The chances are he would ve been kilt by the mewl, 'cos a mewl don't like to be cooped up; it ain't in his nater. Mount Arerat is a big hill in the Holy Land, and there Noer turned loose the unerkorn an' the lamb, and the huns roared.

If I ain't wrong, Mount Arerat was the place where the profit Elijer flew up in a blaze of fire. Som boys who go craw fishin' on Sunday call the profit Lige. I've got a dog named Lige. He is a brindle bull dog and won't back down for a cirkular saw. Dad bought him from Jim Jone's unkle. Jim Jone's grandma is hip-shot, an' wears a plum colored glass eye and shouts at camp meetins. Dad bought the dog to keep the niggers outen the water melon patch, an' it's wrong to call the profit Lige. Bad boys ain't got no respect for the profits no how. I'm the head in my Sunday school class. Deadun Smith owned a big roan mewl, an' he had a wart on his leg an' a Romanose. A man named Wilkins who leafes around tryin' to get on karriner's juries tole Deakun Smith to pull a hair outen the mewl's tail, an' tie it round the wart, an' it would cum off in two days. The Deakun pulled the hair outen the mewl's tail. Doctor Jimson sez that Deakun Smith won't be able to pass the contribushin box for two weeks. He was kicked through a board fence in the stummick and fell in a wasp nest bigger'n a door mat.

Dad tole Widder Sprigs that he would rather work in a powder factery than fool with a mewl's tail. Dad has handled mewls. He sez that a mewl and a savings bank won't do to trust no way you can fix it; that a mewl will let you ride him turty years jus to gat a chance to fall off a bridge with you. Never let a mewl with lots of white in his eye point his tail at your head. Dad sez it ain't safe, an' won't miss its aim once in a thousand. The best way to hitch a mewl in a waggun is to hire a nigger. A mewl has got to get up an' dust to get away with a nigger. They are kin, somshow. The Missury mewl is an Amerikin institushun, but the Spanish mewl kin telerskope his hine legs an' is a perfect tornader when he gets mad. You kin tame the mild Bengoil tiger, but keep away from the Spanish mewl.

The goat is next to the mewl for meanness, and the mewl can't be beat.—*New Orleans Times.*

A Safe Off.

A citizen who has been casting around Detroit for a family horse for some weeks past was induced to take a ride behind an animal which was a jerk which made things crack, and the citizen called out:

"What do you call that?"

"That's only his playful way," replied the owner. "He'll settle down in a minute."

While a "settlement" was being looked for the horse made three or four plunges and tried to run, and the citizen exclaimed:

"Is that playfullness too?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "Hang tight to the buggy and don't be afraid."

The horse eased down a bit for the next few rods, but suddenly started up the street on dead run, kicking in the dashboard as a warning of what was coming

"You don't call this playfullness, do you?" cried the citizen, as his hair began to lift his hat off.

"No—not—exactly," granted the other as he pulled on the lines. "This is a little bit serious, this is, and if you think you can climb over that hind wheel and find a soft spot in the pavement, we'll call this sale off."

An editor who speaks with an air of a man who has discovered a new fact by experience, says that the new way to prevent bleeding at the nose is to keep your nose out of other people's business.

Does Farming Pay?

Does farming pay? Is it not the source of all individual wealth; the foundation of our prosperity? It is true farmers do not as a general thing get large salaries; not many of them are millionaires; wealth does not come in upon them like water into a leaky boat. They generally give an equivalent for what they get, and learn the real value of a dollar by the amount of labor they give acquiring it. Sometimes the tide of events turns in their favor.

Like men in other occupations, we hear most about the rich and the successful. It is far better to leave a treasure of kind thoughts, righteous actions and hallowed memories, than to leave a million dollars if they were acquired by taking advantage of the gracious and unsuspecting, who disdain to exchange honor for wealth. Men that amass fabulous fortunes rapidly, by cheating better men than themselves, are not good men to set before our young farmers as examples.

True, lasting and real success is enjoyed where a class of men like farmers do well in the aggregate, and during their whole lives of industry and economy, are safe and solvent, and never need a bankrupt law to protect them. When periods of commercial disaster sweep over the land, and the mercantile establishment and business go down like reeds before the blast, farmers stand like apple trees in their orchard, shaking during all the storm, and gaining strength of root and vigor of fibre, while battling with the breeze.

Keep Them Bright.

Keep your face, your heart and your home bright. Don't let the cobwebs gather in the corners of the pretty sitting room; or dust accumulate on the furniture till you can write your name thereon. No matter what is on hand or how much to do, take time at least once a day to tidy your rooms, and gather fresh flowers. You will never regret it, even though at the close of your life you may not possess quite so much of the world's goods as some of your neighbors. It is the best plan by far to enjoy life as it comes, and thus you can never do in a slovenly, disordered home. Would keep your husband from evil associations, and your children from wayward paths? Remember there is nothing in this world so attractive to a man as a pleasant home, and a smiling face therein; and as for little feet, they will not be apt to wander far, so long as your face beams with the love with the love and solicitude that your heart beams for them. A wife or a mother is a queen, always.—Not of vast domains to be sure, and not of society, but of the most sacred spot on earth to every human heart—home. You never thought of it, perhaps, but it is true, and it is needed true also, that there is no more pitiable sight than one of these "queens" who do not, either from want of judgment, or lack of will govern her subjects aright. Did you ever see a truly happy family without a loving, watchful and affectionate wife and mother at its head? The father may be sour, hard, or cross-grained, but if the mother is all right, there is sure to be happiness in that family.

A Left-handed Lung Tester.

We don't want a Three Springs girl for a lung tester. At a singing school the other night a young man was bragging about the strength of his lungs, and invited a girl in the company to hit him in the breast. She said she was left-handed, had been washing that day, was tired, and didn't feel very active, but at his urgent request let go at him. When his friends went to pick him up, he said he thought he would die easier lying down. He had lost all recollection of having any lungs, but the young woman consoled him by admitting that she didn't hit him as hard as she might have done, because she rather liked him.

Why is fashionable society like a warming pan? Because it is highly polished, but very hollow.

To determine whether a man is drunk or not get him to say, "The scenery is very sweet." If he says, "Sweet cars," you may put him down as drunk.

A General Who was Selfish.

One night in the spring of '62 General Richardson, who then commanded a brigade, took it in his head to inspect the picket line. Coming upon a reserve picket of about 30 men under command of a captain of the Second Michigan infantry, the General saw fit to interrogate as follows:

"Captain, in case of alarm by the advance picket, what would you do?"

"Send off a reinforcement at once."

"And if the firing continued?"

"I should move up with the remainder of my force."

"And suppose a whole company of the enemy should press forward?"

"We'd whip them."

"But if it was a regiment!"

"I'd form a line of battle and check them until I sent back and got orders to charge and capture the whole lot."

"Well, suppose a brigade should move down on you in battle line?"

"I'd order a charge, split the column in two, and whip both halves in detail."

At midnight the brave captain was relieved from further picket duty. He was very indignant and considerably puzzled, but, after thinking the matter over for a while, he said to a brother officer:

"Say I've struck it! Old Rich was afraid my company might gobble up the whole confederate army, and throw him out of a summer's job. If that ain't selfishness, then I'd like to know what is!"

A Cure for Blues.

Generally speaking, if you are troubled with "the blues," and cannot tell why, you may be certain that it springs from a physical weakness. Instead of lying on a sofa and courting painful ideas if you are a despondent lover, a hypochondriac, or a valetudinarian, you should be up and stirring yourself. The blood of a melancholy man is thick and slow creeping sluggishly through his veins, like muddy water in a canal; the blood of your merry, chirping philosopher is clear and quick, brisk as a newly broached champaign. Try, therefore, to set your blood in motion. To effect this don't go to guzzling down brandy smashes, gin cocktails, or any other juggling compounds in which alcohol is disguised, for every artificial stimulant will drag you down two degrees for every one it lifts you up. The devil always beats us at barter. Try, rather, what a smart walk will do for you; set your legs in motion on rough, rocky ground, or hurry them up a steep, craggy hill; build stone walls: swing an axe over a pile of hickory or maple; turn a grind stone; dig ditches; practice "ground and lofty tumbling"—in short, anything that will start the perspiration.

A True Picture.

Now, you will find that liberal people are happy people, and get more enjoyment of what they have than folks of churlish mind. Misers never rest till they have been put to bed with a shovel. They often get so wretched that they would hang themselves, only they grudge the expense of a rope. Generous souls are made happy by the happiness of others. The money they give to the poor affords them more pleasure than any other they lay out. I have seen men of munificent coppers, and they have been coppery to everything. They have carried on a tinpot business, lived like beggars, and died like dogs. I have seen others give to the poor and to the cause of God by shovelfuls, and they have received it back by barrow loads. They made good use of their stewardship, and the great Lord has trusted them with more, while their hearts have rung out merry peals when they have thought of widows who blessed them, and orphan children who smiled into their faces.—*John Ploughman's Pictures.*

An obituary notice in a Western paper contained the touching intelligence that the deceased "had accumulated a little money and ten children."

Michigan has a female typesetter who set up 8,000 ems, made up the paper, took in $50 on subscriptions and sued the editor for breach of promise, all inside a day and a half.

Don't Like the Minister.

"I don't like our minister!" That settles the matter. It you don't like the minister, you have no duties to peform. Not liking the minister absolves you from all responsibility.

If you are an elder, you may balk, or resign, or "object," or do nothing. The fact that you "don't like the minister" releases you from your ordinary vows.

If you are a trustee, you need not take any further interest in the financial affairs of the congregation. The fact that the people entrusted you with certain duties, which you engaged to perform, is neither here nor there if you "don't like the minister."

If you are a Sabbath school teacher you need pay no father attention to your class. A teacher that "does not like the minister" is freed from all responsibility.

Of course you needn't pay anything if you "don't like the minister." Certainly not. The easiest of all ways to get rid of supporting the church and its ordinances is simply to say, "I don't like the minister."

You need not go to communion. "This do in remembrance of me" is not binding on a man who "don't like the minister."

Of course you need not go to the prayer meeting. Why should a man pray if he "doesn't like the minister?"

There are a number of reasons why some people "don't like the minister."

Some of the these reasons are good, no doubt, but many are the reverse. Neither the good nor the bad absolve a hearer from his duty. Perhaps it would be presumption to ask why you "don't like the minister?"—*Canada Presbyterian.*

The Mysterious.

He is a man with a light beaver overcoat on. He drives a white horse and a top buggy, and all of a sudden he stops in the middle of the street and looks fixedly at the horse. In two minutes fifty people line the curbstone.

"What's the matter?"

"Balky."

A man starts to seize the bridle and start the horse, but the driver shakes his head, and motions him away.

"I'll bet he's an ugly brute."

"Of coursy he is. Look at that wicked eye of his!"

The crowd has now been increased by fifty, and several vehicles have stopped.

"Anybody hurt?"

"No; balky horse."

"Why doesn't some one whisper in his ear?"

Four men step out to give advice, but they are hastily motioned back, and a livery stable man in the crowd observes:

"If that horse doesn't kill two or three men here, I shall be much mistaken."

Three minutes more and the crowd numbers two hundred. The man with the gray horse looks up and down the street, braces his feet, takes a firm grip of the lines, and softly says, "Come, Peter." And Peter draws his head, dangles his ears, and moves off as slowly and softly as a river of grease.

"What was it?" calls a man who has run four blocks, and is puffing like a whale.

But there is no one to answer him.

They have all dissolved like a handful of sugar in a barrel of water. It is very mysterious, and the crowd doesn't enjoy the climax at all.

A good story is told of General Butler's sarcastic retort upon a Massachusetts judge, whom he was leasing for a ruling favorable to a cause he was defending in court. The judge got out of patience at last and somewhat testily exclaimed:

"Mr Butler, what do you think I sit here for?"

The General quietly shrugged his shoulder, and replied:

"The Court has got me now."

. . Huntingdon county lawyers want the court room in the remodeled court house placed on the first instead of the second floor, as some of them occasionally find it difficult to ascend the stairs.

When a couple make up their minds to get married it may be called a tie vote.

Wanted.

A fifer and drummer to play the march of intellect.

A pair of snuffers to trim the light of other days.

A ring to fit the finger of scorn.

A new cushion for the seat of government.

A mathematical problem performed by a figure of speech.

Some snow gathered in the winter of our discontent.

A tooth from the jaws of death.

Thread used in making the tracery of sorrow.

A bottle of the mists of ages.

Some cement for the crack of doom.

A chip from the post of honor.

Some earth from the field of fancy.

A shoe made on the Last of the Mohicans.

A ray of the light of other days.

A plank from the ship of State.

Some mud from the Slough of Despond.

Such a Narrow Escape

A native of Flint River township went limping and groaning into the office of the new doctor with the blue and gold sign, and the Latin diploma, and the new buggy, and the chestnut horse with a blaze face.

"It's the rheumetiz, doc," groaned the patient; "my whole back is jest gone with it. I'm one broad ache from the back of my neck clear down to the hips. I'm a suffering the torments of h——."

"Let me see your tongue," said the new doctor. "Ah, yes; I see, I see. That will do. Take this prescription get it filled, and use as directed. Four dollars."

"By hokey," said the afflicted one, as he hobbled away, "cf I ain't the luckiest man in Flint River. Four dollars for looking at my tongue an' I was jest on the bare point of askin' him to look at my whole back." And he breathed hard as he thought by what a narrow escape he had saved his whole farm.

Says the Detroit *Post and Tribune*: "One of the meanest men in existence is a prosperous Kentucky farmer. It has long been his custom, whenever he had a letter to write, to drop in at the bank where he kept his account and borrow a sheet of paper. Having finished the letter, he would ask the cashier to put it in an envelope and direct it for him, and then carry it to the post-office himself. The frequent repetition of the performances seem in itself a trifle small, but the cashier's indignation can be imagined when he learned that the farmer never stamped his letters, knowing that the postmaster, recognizing the cashier's hand-writing and the bank's name on the corner, would courteously prepay them and send the bill to the bank."

A man was arrested a few days ago for having the delirium tremens. He whooped around, frightened a train of cars off the track, and scared a woman into convulsions. As he was a leading member of the church the neighbors pitied him and all sorts of sympathies were fired at him. It was finally ascertained that two bees had got down his back and were trying to bore a new button hole in his vest.

In Australia an enterprising firm built a house of paper, and furnished it throughout with furniture and fixtures also made of paper. In America a great many houses are built with paper, and the unhappy men who go on the paper have the houses to pay for, and that's the gall of it, stranger.

Did you ever notice a poor chap that stands in the first picture of the almanac with the fish and sheep, scorpions and bulls, and twins, etc., around him? Did you ever notice that he was naked and had nothing in his stomach? That poor man used to edit a paper.

A short time ago a party of lynchers down South, postponed the hanging for five minutes to allow the victim time to finish a cigar. This proves that the use of tobacco prolongs life.

A Kansas man and woman have been married to each other once a year for four years, a divorce having separated them after every union except the last one.

THE POST.

Published every Thursday Evening
JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r

Terms of Subscription,
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 lifting and using papers addressed to others become subscribers and are liable for the price of the paper

Know

That BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure the worst case of dyspepsia.

Will insure a hearty appetite and increased digestion.

Cures general debility, and gives a new lease of life.

Dispels nervous depression and low spirits.

Restores an exhausted nursing mother to full strength and gives abundant sustenance for her child.

Strengthens the muscles and nerves, enriches the blood.

Overcomes weakness, wakefulness, and lack of energy

Keeps off all chills, fevers, and other malarial poison.

Will infuse with new life the weakest invalid.

37 Walker St., Baltimore, Dec. 6th, '81. For six years I have been a great sufferer from Blood Disease, Dyspepsia, and Consumption, and became so debilitated that I could not retain anything on my stomach; in fact, life had almost become a burden. Finally, when hope had almost left me, my husband sent Brown's Iron Bitters advertised in the paper, induced me to give it a trial. I am now taking the third bottle and have not felt so well in six years as I do at the present time.
Mrs. L. P. GUERIN.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will have a better tonic effect upon any one who needs "bracing up," than any medicine made.

WHENCE COMES THE UNBOUNDED POPULARITY OF

Allcock's Porous Plaster?

Because they have proved themselves the Best External Remedy ever invented. They will cure asthma, colds, coughs, rheumatism, neuralgia, and any local pains.

Applied to the small of the back they are infallible in Back Ache, Nervous Debility, and all Kidney troubles; to the pit of the stomach they are a sure cure for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are painless, fragrant, and quick to cure. Beware of imitations that blister and burn. Get ALLCOCK'S the only Genuine Porous Plaster.

Jan. 5, 1882, Cm.

ROBBED—Thousands of graves are annually robbed of their victims, lives could be saved, happiness and health restored by the use of the great

GERMAN INVIGORATOR,

which positively and permanently cures Impotency, caused by excesses of any kind, Seminal Weakness, and all diseases that follow as a sequence of self-abuse, as loss of energy, loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption and a premature grave. Send for circulars with testimonials free by mail. The INVIGORATOR is sold at $1 per box, or six boxes for $5, by all druggists, or will be sent by mail, securely sealed, on receipt of price or address.

F. J. CHENEY, Druggist,
18 Superior St. Toledo, Ohio.
Sole Agent for the United States.
March, 30, 1882.

NOTICE IN PARTITION.

In the matter of the estate of Jonas Eisenhart, dec'd.

To Daniel Eisenhart, Shamokin, North'd Co., Pa.; William Eisenhart, Sprunkle Mills, Jefferson Co., Pa.; John Eisenhart, Stillson, Cherokee Co., Kans.; Grabriel Eisenhart, Chapman, Snyder Co., Pa.; Emanuel Eisenhart, Shenandoah, Schuylkill Co., Pa.; Jonathan Eisenhart, Shenandoah, Schuylkill Co., Pa.; Lewis E. Eisenhart, Shamokin, North'd Co., Pa.; Caroline Eyerly, Herndon, North'd Co., Pa.; Mary, intermarried with John Dehl, Beloit Elkhart Co., Ind.; Harriet, intermarried with William S. Snyder, Shenandoah, Schuylkill Co., Pa.; Melinda Shankweiler, intermarried with Geo. Yeager; Hiram Shankweiler, Mark E. Shankweiler, William Shankweiler, Mary Shankweiler, intermarried with Charles Hildebrandt, nevilla Shankweiler, a minor intermarried with Robert Gardner, who has for her guardian Edward Brennan, Shamokin, North'd Co., Pa.; Jacob Shankweiler, a minor who has for his guardian R. G. Eisenhart, of Shamokin, North'd Co., Pa.; Mary Thomas intermarried with Geo. Rohrer; Richard Thomas and William Thomas, both minors and who have for their guardian E. G. Seiler, all of Shamokin, North'd Co., Pa.; Mary Kupper and Agnes Kupper, both minors and have for their guardian R. G. Eisenhart, of Shamokin, North'd Co., Pa.; Lena Smikey, intermarried with Henry Beitel, of Shamandoah Schuylkill Co., Pa.; Heirs and legal representatives of Jonas Eisenhart, late of Chapman twp. Snyder county Pa., dec'd.

You are hereby notified, that by virtue of a writ of inquisition issued out of the Orphans Court of Snyder county, and to me directed that an inquest will be held on the premises of the said Jonas Eisenhart dec'd, in Chapman twp., on MONDAY, MAY 1, 1882, at 8 o'clock A. M., to make partition or valuation of the Real Estate of the said deceased, when and where you may attend if you think proper.

DAVID REICHLEY, Sheriff.
Sheriff's office, Middleburg, March 16, '82.

Caution!

Notice is hereby given that I have purchased one horse, Buggy, Organ, and set of harness which I have left in the possession of Robert Bingaman and all persons are hereby cautioned not to meddle with the same at their

HENRY