The Post.

VOL. 19. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA, APRIL 20, 1882. NO, 36

THE POST.

Published every Thursday Evening
JEREMIAH OBOUSE, Propr

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.
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Poetry.

Keep a Stiff Upper Lip.

My boy as you travel this mundane sphere,
You will find many things excoeding-ly queer,
That often will cause you to open your eyes
In a manner expressive of great surprise,
When you arouse from a golden dream,
And discover that things are not what they seem;
If fickle misfortune should give you the slip
Look her square in the face with a stiff upper lip.

If folks pass you by with a cynical sneer,
Because in fine clothing you cannot appear,
Never be cast down by trifles like that,
Though ragged your jacket and napless your hat,
If your heart is all right, and level your head,
Suppose that you can't show "nary a red,"
They have dollars, you sense, and that's the best grip,
Meet them square in the face with a stiff upper lip.

If your girl should forsake you for some other fellow,
Don't act like a calf and foolishly bellow,
For girls handle their cards with a gambler's art,
Oft playing the duce with a fellow's own heart,
Let them play a lone hand a while at the game;
If it's diamonds they seek, let them work for the same.
There's as good fish in the sea as ever did nip,
Your luck may yet turn, keep a stiff upper lip.

So my boy, when you buffet the wind and the wave,
Remember life's voyages should ever be brave;
Though tempest may gather and breakers may roll,
Keep your bow int deep water, lookout for the shoal,
When the waves are dark, look aloft to the stars,
If the vessel is wrecked then cling to the spars,
Heed the old maxim, 'Don't give up the ship,'
Whose anchor is hope, keep a stiff upper lip.

Select Tale.

Utah and Nevada—Two Miners Tell Their Stories.

A few evenings since a couple of mining men, both strangers to each other, met in the reading room of the Walker *House* at Salt Lake City, U. T. The conversation turned on the mineral developments of the West, and presently one of the men remarked:

"If you want to see mining on a big scale just go to Southern Utah."

"How big?" said the other quietly.

"Why, the Big Hole Mine, that I am connected with, has the deepest shaft and the biggest workings in the world."

"How deep?" said the little man.

"You can't measure it, because if we stopped work long enough to see how deep the shaft was, it would materially interfere with the bullion product. We dropped a line once and reeled it out until it broke with its own weight. When a boy falls down that shaft he strikes the bottom a grandfather."

"Must have a big pay-roll."

"We need to send the money down to the hands in cases until the workings got so deep that we didn't get the winter account settled until way along in the spring. So we started a bank and telegraphed the money orders. That system saved us an awful wear and tear on the cages. The miners live down there and rear their families. They got an underground city bigger'n Salt Lake, with a regular charter and municipal elections twice a year. They publish two daily papers down there and a literary magazine."

"I never heard of the magazine," said the stranger.

"Of course not, it would be a year old when it got to you. Beside they hold a fair there every year and have horse-racing every Saturday. Finest four-mile track in the world, lit with electric light. No mud, no dust, always in the same condition. Perfect paradise for sport. What do you think of that for a mine?"

Here the stranger, who was a Californian, threw his legs carelessly over the arm of a chair, and lighting a fresh cigar, replied in a deep, earnest tone:

"I don't think much of your mine. You work too much for small results.

When your mine plays out you have a lot of old machinery on your hands, and where are you? You mine after primitive methods, like all new countries. It takes experience and head work to tackle the industry in the proper shape. With your mine you must be on the ground in person, and have any amount of men to look after this department or that. Now I have a bigger mine than yours. It is located in Story County, somewhere in the northren part, I believe, and I run it quite up to the handle with one or two assistants.

"How deep might the shaft be? asked the other.

"It might be pretty deep if I allowed the men to rush forward and overdo the thing, but at present there is no shaft at all."

"Hoisting works up?"

"No, no hoisting works—not if I know it. You can fool away a great deal of good hard coin on hoisting works."

"How in thunder do you run your mine?"

"On the assessment plan, sir. That's the latest and most improved method. We have a big map of the mine hung up in the company's office, made by one of the most competent artists on the coast. Now when we have a good map of the lower workings we don't need any works to speak of. We photograph the Savage hoisting works from the top of the Hale & Norcross trestle work—an entirely new view—and call it by our name, the Bullion Brick. I keep a man in Virginia at $100 a month to superintend the location and write weekly letters, and I stay in San Francisco in my office on Pine Street and levy the assessments every sixty days; that's as often as the law allows, *I* m the President, Board of Trustees, Secretary, Treasurer and everything—more especially the Treasurer. Of course, I draw salary for all the offices, and when I get through drawing salaries I turn the rest over to the agent in Virginia to pay off the hands. By not employing any hands he saves enough to pay himself. My regular income from that mine is $200,000 a year and never a pick struck in the ground. This is what I consider scientific mining, sir. You get the silver out of the pockets of the stockholders and leave the argentiferous and auriferous deposits in your claim for your children, who can go right ahead and develop the mine just as soon as the public quit putting up which isn't at all likely to happen. As soon as a man drops on the game he dies, and the newcomers all have to learn for themselves. As long as people are being born in Nevada and California my mine will run on like a chronometer clock."

"But," said the Utah man, "my style of mining keeps a lot of men at work."

"So does mine," quoth the Golden Gate chap. "Thousands of men are working day and night to pay the assessments. It keeps the country as busy as a beehive, and the speaker sauntered into the telegraph office to order assessment No. 36.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

The Reading Railroad Company has decided to pay off its entire mortgage loan on the 1st of July, amounting to some $19,000,000 This will be the first step towards the reorganization and regeneration of this valuable property. By the measures that are now in progress, the interest charges of the road's indebtedness will be reduced more than three-quarters of a million of dollars, and other great advantages will result that promise a speedy return to the prosperity which this great corporation enjoyed in other days.

The cattle trade of the Kansas prairies, the Indian Territory and and Texas is attracting attention as one of the colossal industries in the country. The drive from Texas and the Indian Territory this season, it is estimated, will not fall short of 300,000 head to Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago markets. The estimate is based on contracts already made, and includes only a limited portion of four-year old cattle. The average price contracted for is $13 for yearlings and $16 for two-year-olds.

The Child on the Doorstep

"Did she leave any children?"

"Yes, this bit of a child."

"And who'll take her?"

"I don't know. We are all very poor around here, sir, but must find her a place somewhere. God help the little girl, for she's all alone now."

The sexton had called at the old tenement house on Lafyette street east, to take a body to the pauper's field—the body of one whose life had been worn out in the treadmill of hunger and dispair. Nobody knew that the mother was dead—hardly suspected that she was ill, until the child appeared at the neighbor's door and said:

"Would you be afraid to come over to my house, for ma is dead and I'm keeping awful still, and I'm afraid to talk to her when she won't answer."

The mother had been dead four hours. Long enough before day came the flame of life had burned low and died out, and that child hardly seven years old, had been with the corpse through the long hours, kissing the face and calling for life to return. When they asked if she had any friends she shook her head. When they told her she was alone in the great world, she looked out of the window on the black November day and answered:

"*I* can make three kinds of dresses for doll babies, build fires and carry in wood, and I'll work ever so hard if somebody will let me live with them."

There was no funeral. There was no need of a sermon there. The lines of sorrow around the dead woman's mouth counted for more in heaven than any eulogy man can deliver. There was no crape. In place of it three or four honest-hearted women let there tears drop on the white face and whispered:

"Poor mother—poor child."

The child's big blue eyes were full of tears, but there was hardly a tremor in her voice, as she nestled her warm cheek against the lips still forever, and said:

"Good-bye ma—you'll come down from heaven every night at dark, won't you, and you'll take me up there just as soon as you can, won't you?"

The landlady locked up the house, and the child went home with one of the women. When night came she stole out of the house and away from those who sought to comfort her, and going back to the old house she sat down on the doorstep, having no company but the darkness. An officer passed that way, and leaning over the gate, he peered through the darkness at something on the step and called out:

"Is anybody there?"

"Nobody but a little girl," came the answer.

"Who is it?"

"It's a little girl whose ma was buried to-day."

He opened the gate and went closer, and as he made out the little bare head and innocent face, he said:

"Why, child, aren't you afraid?"

"I was afraid a little while ago," she said, "but just as soon as I asked ma not to let anybody hurt me I got right over it "Would any one dare to hurt a little girl whose ma is dead? They could be tooken up, couldn't they?"

He offered to go with her to the house where she was to have a home for a few days and taking his hand with the utmost confidence, she walked beside him, and said:

"I aint going to cry much till I go to bed, where the folks can't see me"

"I hope every one will be good to you," he remarked, as he put his hand over her curly head

"If they don't they'll never go to heaven will they?"

"No"

There was a long pause and then she said:

"But I guess they will be. I can make a doll out of a clothes pin and a piece of calico, and I guess somebody will be glad to let me live with 'em. If you see me over on the step some other night you needn't be a bit afraid, for *I* ain't big enough to hurt anybody, even if I didn't want to cry all the time!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

FOR THE POST.

Medical Science—Ancient and Modern

From the Priests of different nations the healing art fell into the hands of a distinct class of men—who, having no other visible occupations exerted themselves to envelope in mystery the simple practice of the Priesthood, so as to derive emolument from their profession.

Human nature in its ordinary state is selfish, and if very much so, human woe and misery are forgotten in the race for fame and competence. The transition of medical science from the hands of the Preisthood to regular Physicians was not, however, abrupt, or sudden. It passed from their hands into those of the Astrologers, presenting a beautiful medly of science, and necromancy. Even at the present day, Preists and Astrologers, contend with scientific men for the laurels of the healing art. To the enlightened people of the 19ty century it sounds a little like fable to relate the superstitions and absurdities of the ancients; but it is yet more startling to announce that there are a million traces of these crudities still lingering like evil spirits over the learned theories of modern times. Though we denounce the influence of the stars upon the laws of Physiological action, and believe not in the fate of constellations glimmering in the heavens at certain times—yet in this last half of the 19th century no Physician writes a prescription, without at the sametime affixing to it a sign originally invented by the Astrologers to represent a certain constellation of stars. The Astrological Physicians administered certain medicines at stated seasons of the year; supposing them capable of removing from the system certain abnormal influences of particular constellations and to this day, we see people being bled in the spring and fall to remove certain conditions of the system induced by the approach of those seasons The articles entering into the Astrological Materia Medica, were gathered under particular signs and at certain stages of the moon's phases—and strange to tell. Furner and Culpepper advise the same thing as late as the 17th century. The ancients recommeded coral to be worn around the necks of infants as a preventative of sore eyes, fits &c., &c. And we can seldom see a child at this day, whose neck is not entangled in a string of coral.

But Medical science in the early ages progressed slowly; the views of one age being transmitted to another without having called in question their correctness, Superstition was soon assisted by credulity, and through the exertions of selfish or ambitious bigots a thousand errors were palmed upon the world for the eradication of which ages were requisite. If we look carefully into the past and present state of society, we shall have little trouble to discover that certain caste have ever prevailed. The world was never purely Democratic—distinct classes have always existed, and always must, untill men shall know no law, but the law of love.

Kings, Priests, Lawyers, Doctors and Soldiers, all exist now as they have ever done, because the masses have forgotten or neglected the immutable laws of nature. If all men were patriots, no Kings could pollute human nature by trampling in the dust the very rights of man. *If* all men were guided by the ever blessed spirit of loved which emanates from the God-head, and which rules high above all moral laws, we should need no priests, If all men were willing to render unto their neighbors that which their neighbors of right should have, we should need no lawyers; if all men would live according to the laws which an all-wise God instituted when he breathed into organic matter the spirit of immortality Surely we should want no physicians, and lastly, if Kings, Priests, Lawyers, and Doctors did not exist as a necessity, and the masses of the human race were properly imbued with the principals of abstract justice, the blood stained banner need not again be unfurled to float in triumph over the fall of nations and the obliteration of nationalities. But the laws of nature have been violated—men have not been governed by love, the world is corrupt, and society so organised that all these professions seem now to be as essential as are husband-men and mechanics. Progression in society and an increase are general diffusion of knowledge and daily lessening the importance of Kings, Priests, Doctors and Soldiers. The spirit of republicanism after breathing the fetid atmosphere of King-craft for near six thousand years, is becoming extensively diffused, and from the grave of Washington a voice has gone forth shaking to their very foundations, the thrones and empires of a thousand years standing. Yes! wherever America is known, Washington and political liberty have become watch-wards grating upon the ears of tyrants, and dictators, with all the terrors which the slave hears in echo of the chains on the prison wall. The glorious doctrines of Nazareth uttered 1800 years ago, now begin to awaken a new pulsation in the hearts of sinful humanity and Laymen have risen and demanded of the Priests by what authority they attempt to think for others. Like results are seen in other connections, but it is my place to follow the medical profession or medical science, to inquire how much it has seperated from the mysteries, the superstitions and incantations of the fathers of art.

Continued

The Old Fireman.

"Yes there was a heap of fun in the old hand-engine days," sighed the fireman as he leaned back and surveyed the handsome "Amoskeag" in the center of the floor.

"*Many* fights?"

"Heaps of 'em. I was foreman of No. 5, for seven years, and once I figured up how many fights we had per year, I think the average was 123. I presume young man, that I have been in 600 firemen's fights."

"Ever get badly hurt."

"Never it was always the other party who got badly hurt. Of course I have had my jaw broken, head cracked, teeth loosened, eyes blacked and fingers broken, but nothing serious. See this ear? Well, one night the foreman of No. 7 chewed on that ear exactly fourteen minutes by the watch, but he was a poor, consumptive foreman and couldn't have bitten through a shingle-nail in three weeks."

"Those old firemen very, reckless."

"Well, yes. We didn't think nothing of trap doors and weak floors in those days. I was counting up my old scars the other Sunday, and I think the figures were thirty seven, not including the big one between the shoulders, where a burning timber held me down."

"Didn't the boys used to start a blaze now and then?"

"Oh, yes."

"And I presume you took a hand in?"

"Certainly—certainly. I was counting up the other day, and as near as I could make out I fired nineteen buildings myself, not counting school houses and churches."

"Did you ever burn any one up?"

"Well, I don't want to appear egotistical, but I can truthfully answer yes. Only yesterday I was trying to recall names and dates, and I counted up seventeen grown people and eleven children who were burned up by my agency."

"Didn't you ever feel any twinges of conscience?"

"Oh, yes. The other Saturday evening I was figuring it up, and I made out the number of stings to be 12,500. There might be a few that I didn't get in, but the figures are mainly correct."

"Were you never suspected?"

"Never, and *I* don't want you to say anything about it now. I am trying to live an upright life, and if I were to be hauled up on these old charges it would utterly discourage me."

"Monster! You are too wicked to live!"

"Yes, I know, but come in some time when I have more time and talk it over. Come in any time—always glad to see you and bring up these fond old reminiscences. La la!"

"See here," said a fault-finding husband to his wife, "we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know just where everything is kept." "With all my heart," she sweetly answered, "and let us begin with your late hours, my love; I should dearly like to know where they are kept." He lets things run on as usual.

Getting Whiskey in Vermont.

A St. Albans gentleman whom I questioned about the working of the liquor law told me, just as I was told in all other parts of the State, that there was no trouble in procuring whiskey. He said: "I am in a very funny secret, which is shared by most of our citizens who like a little stimulant occasionally Come with me."

He took me to a cross street and we entered a room which appeared to be a cigar store, with confectionery, etc. We took seats at the rear and my friend told me to keep my eyes opened.

Within twenty minutes I saw ten or twelve gentlemen come in, some in pairs, some singly, some in little parties, go to the water cooler, take a drink, buy cigars and go out.

My friend finally asked me if I had seen any liquor sold, and I said "no." "Nevertheless," said he "every gentleman who came in here took a good square drink of whiskey and paid for it."

"Well," said I, the drink must have been in the cooler or the cigars. I know it was not in the cigars, for most of them were lighted before the purchaser left. *It* must be in the cooler."

"Well, go and draw some," said he.

I went to the cooler, held the glass under the nozzle and pressed down the button. *I* was rewarded for my exertions by a flow of clear cold water that soon filled the tumbler. I was puzzled, and my friend and the proprietor greatly enjoyed it.

My friend took the empty glass and drew from the same faucet half a glass of whiskey If I was puzzled before I was now thunderstruck and after laughing at me awhile the trick was explained. It was simple: *Press* down the button and water runs; press up with the thumb from below while you appear to press down with the forefinger and get whisky; open the cooler and you will find it full of ice water. The whisky comes from a cask in a hidden closet up stairs and flows through a small pipe which descends in the partition, passes from the well into the bottom of the cooler and connects with the faucet.

A Clincher.

Several powder-begrimmed veterans gathered in a certain English tavern shortly after the Balaklava banquet, to keep out of the rain for a few minutes, and while there discussed the late war. "I remember," said one, "that a bullet passed clear through Gray's body and never killed him." "I recollect," said another, "that a ball lodged in Bill Payson's lung, and never was taken out, but he lived," "I," said the third, "knew well when the doctors thought Henry Hill's life was going up, as a 'minie' lodged within an inch of his heart, but he lived." "Jack Jackson's head was pierced by a ball, and he lived," exclaimed the last man but one. These remarks produced considerable surprise and excited speech from all save a tall, slim, and sleepy individual, who waited till his companions had concluded, and then drawled in piping accents "These fellows were a little tough, I allow; but Jim Jones, who fought aside of me, was shot in the neck so that his head just hung by the skin.'

"Great Heaven! you don't mean to say he lived, do you?" "Oh no; he died," drawled slim and sleepy.

A Coatesville lady found a chicken egg a few days ago that excited her curiosity on account of it being black on one side and white on the other. In order to solve mystery the shell was broken, when a medium-sized sewing needle was found inside of the shell on the dark side. The discovery opened up another and deeper mystery of how the needle found its way int that position, and she is anxious to have it explained.

The occupations and profession of the members of Congress are thus stated. Senate—Lawyers 57, bankers 5, railroad officials 3, professional politicians 3, merchants 3, manufacturers 3, miners 2, general business 2, farmers 1, editors House of Representatives—Lawyers 195, professional politicians 19, mechanics 17, editors 12, farmers 11 manufacturers 10, physicians 5, railroad officials 3, civil engineers 2 miners 2, mechanics 2, clergymen 1, capitalist metallurgist 1.

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.; Gabriel 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 Eyster Herndon, North'd Co., Pa.; Mary Intermarried with John Dehl, Bristol 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 Willibrandt, Savilla Shankweiler, a minor intermarried with Robert Gardner, who has for her guardian Edward Brenman, 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. Hoberer; Richard Thomas and William Thomas, both minors and who have for their guardian R. G. Reiter, 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.; Lana Smiley, intermarried with Henry Belstel, of Shenandoah 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 REICHARD, 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 peril.

HENRY STAUB.