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The Post.

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Persons living and using paper addressed to others become subscribers and are liable for the price of the paper.

Poetry.

The Footsteps of Decay.

Oh, let the soul its slumbers break—
Arouse its senses, and awake
To see how soon
Life in its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide,
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Away so fast,
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind,
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day;
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hast'ning streams must be
That into the engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of death, whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's torrid tide,
Alike the humble rivulet's glide
To that sad wave!
Death levels poverty and pride,
The rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting-place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all our glittering toys are bro't,
The path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

See, then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here—
Dreams of a sleep that death must break
Alas! before it bids us wake,
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of death can blight,
The cheek's pale glow of red and white
Has passed away;
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair—
Age came and laid his finger there—
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurred
decey,
The steps that roved so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows wearisome and woe
When age comes on!

REBEL PRISONS.

BY DR. R. ROTHROCK.

There being no Sanitary regulation in Camp, and no proper medical provisions, sickness and death were inevitable accompaniments of our imprisonment. Thousands of prisoners were so affected with scurvy, that caused by want of vegetables, or of nutritious food, that their limbs were ready to drop from their bodies. I have often seen maggots scoop out by the handful from the sores of those thus afflicted. I recollect well a man was brought to the hospital, and a wound in his side, he complained of a severe pain in the wound, and I noticed several maggots make their appearance. I diluted some nitric Acid, poured this into the wound, and horror upon horror one pint of maggots came out of the wound and fell to the ground.

Upon the first attack of scurvy, an enervating weakness creeps over the body, which is followed by a disinclination to exercise; the legs become swollen and weak, and often the tendons contract, drawing the leg out of shape; the color of the skin becomes black and blue, and retains pressure from the fingers as putty does. This is frequently followed by dropsical symptoms, swelling of the legs and feet.

If the patient was subject to throat trouble, the scurvy would attack that part; if afflicted with or predisposed to any disease, there it would seize and develop, or aggravate it in the system.

In cases of this character, persons ignorant of their condition would often be trying to do something for a disease which in reality should have been treated as scurvy, and could have been prevented or cured by proper food.

A common form of scurvy was in the mouth; this was the most horrible in its final results of any that afflicted the prisoners. The teeth would become loosened, the gums rot away, and swallowing the saliva thus tainted with the poison of scurvy, would produce scurvy in the bowels, which often took the form of chronic diarrhoea. Sometimes bleeding of the bowels would take

place, followed by terrible suffering and death.

Often scurvy sores would become gangrenous, and maggots would crawl from the flesh, and pass from the bowels, and, under the tortures of a slow death, the body would become, in part, putrid before death.

In this manner died a corporal, an old, esteemed, and pious man of my squad. Many more died in much the same manner. The corporal especially had his reason and senses clear, after most of his body was in a putrid state. In many other cases, persons wasted to mere skeletons by starvation and disease, unable to help themselves, died by inches the most terrible of deaths, with not a particle of medicine, or a hand lifted by those in charge of the prison for their relief, medical assistance could not be had.

Wirzo often said, he would like to kill every yankoo in his charge.

There was a small brook, which ran almost through the centre of the camp, on each side of this brook there was a swamp. This swamp was used as a sink by the prisoners, and was putrid with corruption of human offal. The stench polluted and pervaded the whole atmosphere of the prison.

When a prisoner was fortunate enough to get a breath of air outside the prison, it seemed like a new development of creation, so different was it from the poisonous vapors inhaled from this cesspool with which the prison air was reeking. During the day the sun drank up the most noxious of these vapors, but in the night the terrible miasm and stench pervaded the atmosphere almost to suffocation.

In July, it became apparent that, unless something was done to abate the horrible nuisance, the whole camp would be swept away by some terrible epidemic engendered by the miasm. Impelled by apprehensions for the safety of themselves and the troops the rebels had stationed around camp, on guard, the rebel authorities of the prison furnished the necessary implements to the prisoners, who filled about half an acre of the worst of the sink with earth excavated from the hill-side. The space thus filled in was occupied, almost to the very verge of the sink, by the prisoners, gathered here for the convenience of the place, and for obtaining water.

Men, reduced by starvation and disease, would drag themselves to this locality, to lie down and unceremoniously die.

I have counted fifteen dead bodies in one morning near this sink, where they had died during the night. I have seen forty or fifty men in a dying condition, who, with their little remaining strength, had dragged themselves to this place for its convenience, and, unable to get back again, were exposed in the sun, often without food, until death relieved them of their untold misery. Frequently, on passing them, some were found reduced to idiocy, and many unable to articulate, would stretch forth their wasted hands in piteous supplication for food and water, or point to their lips, their glazed eyes presenting that staring fixedness which immediately precedes death.

On some the flesh would be dropping from their bones, the effects of scurvy; in others little of humanity remained in their wasted forms, but skin drawn over their bones.

Nothing ever before seen in a civilized country, could give a person an adequate idea of the physical condition to which disease, starvation, and exposure reduced these noble union soldiers.

It was indeed a miracle, that men could retain life so long as to be reduced to the skeleton condition of the great mass who died in these rebel hell-holes, by the brutal and inhuman treatment received by men, who profess to be civilized and Christianized.

O shame you tyrannical brutes in the shape of human beings. I can, and probably will relate, some things the rebels were guilty of, that is almost beyond belief, but nevertheless is the God's truth.

In June prisoners from Sherman's and Grant's armies come in great numbers. After the battles of Spetsylvania and the Wilderness, over two thousand prisoners came in at one time.

Most of those who came through Richmond had their blankets taken

from them, and in many instances were left with a shirt and pantaloons. These lay in groups, often wet through with rain at night, and exposed to the heat of the sun during the day. With such, night and day were alike to be dreaded.

The terrible rains of June were prolific of disease and death. It rained almost incessantly night and day during the whole month.

Those of the prisoners who were not by nature possessed of unyielding courage and iron constitutions broke down under the terrible inflictions of hunger, exposure, and mental torments.

The scenes that met the eye on every side were not calculated to give hopeful tendencies to the mind distressed by physical and mental torture.

Men died at so rapid a rate that one often found himself wondering and speculating when and how his turn would come; for a surety it must come, and that soon, seemed inevitable under the existing circumstances.

No words can express the terrible suffering which hunger and exposure inflicted upon the luckless inmates of Andersonville Prison.

During one week we estimated the deaths at thirteen hundred and eighty-five men. All starved to death.

Death lost all its scanty by reason of its frequent occurrence, and because of the inability of suffering men, liable at any moment to experience a like fate, to help others.

To show funeral honors in the way of our sorrow for the dead, or soothe the last moments of the dying, was impracticable, if not impossible. Those whose natures had not raised them superior to fate, lost their good humor and gaiety, and pined away in hopeless repining—dreaming of home, and giving way to melancholy forebodings, which could be productive of no good results.

Others, of an opposite mould of character, whom nothing could daunt, still retained something of their natural gaiety and humor amid all the wretchedness by which they were surrounded. To such, trials and difficulties were but so many incentives to surmount and overcome. If the prisoner gave way to languor and weakness, and failed to take necessary exercise—if he did not dispose his mind to take cheerful views of his condition, and look upon the bright side of that which seemed to be but darkness and misery—he might as well give up the hope of life at once.

In prison one must adapt himself to the circumstances which threaten to crowd him out of existence, or die. He must look upon filth, dirt, innumerable vermin, and even death, with complacency, and not distress himself about that which is unavoidable—he must never cease battling against all these prison horrors.

No matter if he did know that his cooked beans had been shoveled from a cart in which, a few hours before, the dead had been piled on, and taken to the grave-yard—he could not afford to get disgusted and reject the sustenance on that account. He must eat the food and adapt himself and his appetite to the dose, which is not so difficult to a man when very hungry. There must be a general closing up of the avenues of delicacy and sensibility, and a corresponding opening of all that is cheerful and truly hope in one's nature. I do not mean that hope which buoy one up by unreasonable anticipations, and which, when disappointed, becomes despair.

To be Continued.

Hanging is capital punishment, especially when you're hanging on some good-looking girl's arm.

"Ah, ha," said Mrs. Partington, "it takes all sorts of folks to make a world, and I'm glad I'm not one of 'em."

"What are you blowing about?" said the tree to the tornado. "Blowing about eighty miles an hour," was the reply.

The fact that people are going around buying up old rubber shoes leads us to suspect that there must be a new kind of bologna sausage in the market.

It is estimated that there are 30,000,000 umbrellas in this country, but the great trouble is to find the chap who has gobbled them up.

Perfectly Satisfactory.

The next man was a tall, bow-backed, long-faced chap who had worried through the winter without an overcoat and perhaps without changing his linen.

"No use to ask if this charge of vagrancy is true," remarked his Honor, at Chicago, as he surveyed the prisoner.

"Not a bit of use, Judge; you know it's false," was the ready reply.

"What! Do you deny that you are a vag?"

"Certainly I do!"

"Then what are you?"

"A gentleman and a speculator, sir. If you'll give me a few minutes of your valuable time I'll make the most satisfactory explanations of my present appearance and financial embarrassment."

"Go ahead."

"Well, sir, my name is Rhoderic De Langley. To begin with, no vagrant owned such a name. I am a speculator in grain, bonds, silver stock and other things. When I make a strike I dress like a Prince and live high. When I lose I sleep in the alleys and cut my expenses close. My last speculation was a loss; therefore I am economizing."

"What was your last speculation?"

"Four hundred shares at ten dollars each in an invention to hatch fish by steam. My partner ran away with all the funds and left me flat. In thirty days I shall be on my feet again."

"How?"

"I am after one hundred shares in Union Pacific. They are down to hard-pau and must react. Give me thirty days and I will be in clover again."

"I'll give you sixty," said the Court after a pause.

"Good! I am a thousand times obliged. Everything is perfectly satisfactory."

"Yes—sixty days in the Work House! April showers will be in vigorating the earth when you come out."

"That was a base trick," said the prisoner, as he fell back, and when out of ear-shot of the Court he told Bijah that if he lived to serve out his thirty days he would send his Honor an infernal machine and blow him five hundred feet high.

Dandruff.

What is dandruff? Is it a disease? Is it curable? No, no, no! It is an evidence of a healthy scalp, and as to its cure you might as well attempt to stop your toe nails from growing. It is simply Nature's mode of renewing the scarf skin all over the body, and the reason why it is not shown on other parts is that the friction of clothing removes it as fast as it is loosened, while the hair of the head, if not often brushed or combed, or washed, prevents its escape.

Now if you have any doubt as to the truth of what I have asserted, rub the inside of your lower limbs smartly with black cloth, and you have rubbed off a fine white powder which is of the same material as the dandruff on your scalp, only more finely pulverized. I will offset my advice against the barber's. Mine is: Brush the hair every day, comb thoroughly with comb at least once a week, and wash the whole head in soft water as often as possible. You may put a little soap or soda in the water, but I wouldn't. Do not invest in any of the so-called dandruff cures, but save your dollar to pay for a newspaper and read it.

Guiteau is going to pieces, but it is to be hoped that there will be enough of him left to hang.

The man who has half an hour to spare generally drops in and occupies a half hour that belongs to some other man.

It is getting fashionable to adorn the house with handsome specimens of fancy work. Might we suggest the thought that the family cat nailed by the four claws to the parlor mantel would have a novel and beautiful effect?

There is said to be a family living in Jamaica, West Indies, in which the possession of six fingers has been hereditary for at least four generations. They consider the extra finger a deformity, are ashamed of it, and always amputate it.

The Noise of Cannon.

In an article describing the Confederate charge on the last day of Gettysburg, M. Quad says in the Free Press:

At 2 o'clock while there was almost perfect silence over that great battlefield, the sudden boom of a gun was heard from Lee's center. Its echoes were yet rolling back and forth from hill to hill when there came a crash as if the heavens and earth had met. Lee had opened with nearly 150 pieces of artillery. Meade had massed eighty or more guns in the center to reply, and now 300 cannon began their awful din.

An officer standing within thirty feet of three six-pounders which are being rapidly fired must about his orders. One standing as near as that to a full battery could not hear a thunder clap in the sky above. The roar of twenty pieces of artillery will drown ordinary voices half a mile away. McClellan had sixty or seventy guns massed at Malvern Hill, and dishes were slaken down in houses six miles away. The cannonade at the first Bull Run was nothing compared to subsequent battles, and yet the reverberations were distinctly heard in Washington twenty miles away. The cannonade at Fredericksburg toppled down farm-house chimneys eight miles distant and was heard twenty-five miles. Think, then, of 230 artillery, many of them Parrot guns, massed on the crest of hills and all firing as fast as men could serve them! An earthquake could not thus have shaken the earth. Men became giddy and staggered, and houses seem to lift off their foundation. In ten minutes after the first gun was fired one could no longer distinguish single reports. All reports were consolidated into one terrible roar, which alarmed cattle in the fields fifteen miles away, and was plainly heard by human ears forty miles away.

The Newer Arithmetic.

If a man buys a box of strawberries with the bottom shoved up half-way to the top for twenty-five cents, how many can he buy for \$2?

Bought a horse fourteen years old for \$65 and sold him to an editor for \$120 as a six-year-old stepper. How much did I make?

If it takes eighteen men to do the bossing and four men to do the lifting when a street-car horse falls down, how many bosses and lifters will it take to put five horses on their feet?

Julia has five beaux and Emily has three, while the old maid next door has none. How many beaux in all, and how many would be left if they should give the old maid half the crowd?

How many are \$18 less the \$5 you lent a Congressman's son to help him pay his fair to Iowa?

A certain city has a population of 420,000. The census man can find but 231,580. What is the difference, and where did the remainder hide during the census taking?

A has an overcoat for which he paid \$18, and his wife trades it off for two red clay busts of Andrew Jackson worth thirty cents each. How much money will she get from her husband to buy a fall bonnet?

Six men who talk politics and dispute on biblical questions can build a wall in five days, how long will it take two men who whistle and flirt with the widow on the next corner to do the same work?

A man pays thirty cents for three pounds of evaporated apples and gets a \$14 newspaper puff for sending them to an orphan asylum. Does he gain or lose, and how much?

How many peck peach-baskets, each holding six quarts, will be required to hold seven bushels of peaches, each bushel of which is short four quarts?—Detroit Free Press.

The mind, like the eye, sees all things rather than itself. Ignorance has no light, but error follows as a false one.

A good cause is sometimes injured by one that is weak. The shortest life is long enough if it leads to a better one.

Age without cheerfulness, a Lapland winter without sun.

The enthusiast has been compared to a man walking in a fog.

God Speed.

Fields of untold wealth; mines of unbounded depth; pasturages with out end; health giving climate; sparkling waters; raw materials in abundance for the fiery furnace, the weaver and the spinner, the meta worker and the artistic jeweler, entrancing views for the lover of nature and the beautiful inspiration alike to the artist's soul and house and the mind and pen of the literate; meat for the millions, bread for the toilers of the land; fortune and position for the workers; waiting hearts and hands; such are the advantages Colorado presents to the world at large, and the approaching opening of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad through line to Denver, directly linking Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Peoria, Des Moines, Atchison the progressive cities of the growing West, to the Queen of the Rockies will bring home to the masses, the opportunity, perhaps long sought for to explore the famous region.

From the cotton planes of the South and her seductive sugar fields from the spinning mills of New England, the iron furnaces of Pennsylvania, the marts of commerce of the East and the Old World a new avenue is opened. The manufacturer, the merchant, the tourist, the invalid, the student, the miner, the laborer all have an interest in the new enterprise fostered and brought to successful issue by most admirably managed and most advanced railroad corporation of our time.

To them it means increase of business, increase of pleasure, improved health, new fields and new scenes, fresh opportunities advancement and progress.

And while these steel bands will unite new sections of the world into a closer and more intimate relation as regards business and personal welfare, it will also unite hearts and minds, foster new acquaintances, new relations and create for many a new hearthstone, a home in a land of promise.

We hail with unfeigned pleasure the first trip of the iron horse, that greatest of helpers to advanced civilization, across the virgin soil of that wonderful land and bid God-speed to the projectors while awaiting the formal announcement that the new line is opened for passenger traffic, and the banner of the Great Burlington Route floats at the base of the Rockies.

Licked an Elder.

One summer in the years ago, while a camp meeting was in progress in Eaton county, there arrived on the grounds a bully named Miller, who had made a vow to lick Elder Johnson and break up the whole business. The elder heard news with calm composure, and as soon as at liberty, he hunted up a worldly friend of his own and asked:

"Friend Smith, didn't you used to fight in your younger days?"

"Ah! Elder, I have had many a tussle with the boys."

"And what is the effect of a sudden blow between the eyes?"

"It astonishes and humbles."

"Is there any danger of killing a man by such a blow?"

"Never knew a case of it."

The Elder went his way with a serene smile on his face. Miller had his coat off, and was hunting for him, and they met face to face as they turned a wagon. Miller started to crack his heels and crow, but he never finished. The elder took him one square between the lookers without stopping his pace, and it took twelve rowdies, three dippers of water, and two quarts of whiskey to revive the patient and get him off the grounds. One day, a year afterward, he met the Elder, and seriously asked:

"Elder some of the boys say I was kicked by a mule, and others stick to it that I was struck by lightning, but I've always had a suspicion that you hit me with a provision stand. How was it, anyhow?"

"Where are you going with that big basket?" "To market for a porterbush steak." "But you do not need such a basket as that for a porterbush steak." "Certainly not; the basket is to carry the money in."

The enthusiast has been compared to a man walking in a fog.

SEEK

health and avoid sickness. Instead of feeling tired and worn out, instead of aches and pains, wouldn't you rather feel fresh and strong?

You can continue feeling miserable and good for nothing, and no one but yourself can find fault, but if you are tired of that kind of life, you can change it if you choose.

How? By getting one bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters, and taking it regularly according to directions.

Manufact, Ohio, Nov. 26, 1881.
Gentlemen—I have suffered with pain in my side and back, and great nervousness on my breast, with shooting pains all through my body, attended with great weakness, depression of spirits, and loss of appetite. I have taken several different medicines, and was treated by prominent physicians for my liver, kidneys, and spleen, but I was not relieved. I thought I would try Brown's Iron Bitters; I have now taken one bottle and a half, and am about well—pain in side and back all gone—soreness all out of my head, and I have a good appetite, and am gaining in strength and flesh. It can justly be called the King of Medicines.
JOHN K. ALLEN.

Brown's Iron Bitters is composed of Iron in soluble form; Cinchona the great tonic, together with other standard remedies, making a remarkable non-alcoholic tonic, which will cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Weakness, and relieve all Lung and Kidney diseases.

WHENCE COMES THE UNBOUNDED POPULARITY OF

Alcock'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.

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

Jan. 5, 1882, 60c.

ROBBED

Thousands of persons are an easy prey to thieves and their victims lose property, health and happiness by the use of the great GERMAN INVIGORATOR.

which positively and permanently cures Impotency (caused by excess of any kind), Seminal Weakness, and all other ailments arising from a disordered system, such as loss of memory, nervous debility, pain in the back, dizziness of the head, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption and a premature grave. Send for circulars and full particulars free of cost. The INVIGORATOR is a bottle of \$1.00 per box, or six boxes for \$5.00, by all druggists, or will be sent free to your nearest dealer, on receipt of price of advertising.

F. J. CHENEY, Druggist, 187 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio. Sole Agent for the United States. March, 20, 1882.

PIMPLES.

I will mail (free) the receipt for a simple Vegetable Balm that will remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples and Blemishes, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful, also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or on only thin hair. Address enclosing 10c stamp, BEN VANDELE & CO., 12 Barclay St., N. Y.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertisement having been prominently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to all who suffer from the disease, that he will do what he can to help them. He will send them a copy of the prescription used, free of charge with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. Parties wishing the prescription, will please address, Rev. E. A. WILSON, 104 Fourth St., Williamsburg, N. Y.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Dehydration, and all the effects of youthful indiscretions, will for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and instruction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in printed communication, JOHN B. OGDEN, 42 Cedar St., N. Y. Feb. 16, 17.

W E keep on hand all kinds of

Blanks such as Notes, Summons, Warrants, Leases, Subpoenas, &c., &c.

PAYNE'S FARM ENGINES.

Vertical & Spark-Arresting Engines from 2 to 12 horsepower, mounted on wagons. Best and Cheapest Engines made. \$150 upwards. Send for Illustrated Catalogue and price list to W. W. PAYNE & SONS, Corning, N. Y. Box 846.