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Poetry.

ONLY A BRAKEMAN.

Only a brakeman! killed by the train;
Only a brakeman! by accident slain.
Only a brakeman! whose life is paid,
Only a brakeman! whose life is paid.
Only a brakeman! who's set his last brake.
Only a brakeman! is flashed through the air;
Only a brakeman! for his body prepare;
Only a brakeman! 's shipped as poor common freight—
Only a brakeman! who's gone to his fate.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear it matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.
Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where heart-tires glow.
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.
Beautiful lips are those whose words leap from the heart like songs of birds.
Yet whose utterance prudence girls.
Beautiful hands are those that do work that is earnest and brave and true.
Moment by moment the long day through.

REBEL PRISONS.

Among the occupations of the prison was that of baker. The ovens were made of clay, kneaded and formed into bricks. The foundation was laid with those bricks while they were in a damp condition, being allowed to dry in the sun for two or three days, and they were ready as a basis for the oven. Sand was first carefully heaped upon the centre of the foundation, in shape of the interior of it, when done, over this mould the bricks were laid, and dried until the stuff making the mould bare removal, which was carefully done by the use of sticks, at the opening which was left for a door. A fire was then built inside, after which it was ready for use. There were only a favored few who got wood enough to consume, and carry on Johnny-cake, and and sometimes wheat biscuit. It was convenience to be able to get rations cooked for three or four at halves. Thus our scanty rations often had to be diminished by one half, or eaten raw. There were others who followed the trade of bucket-makers, and

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very fair wooden buckets were made with no other tools than twine and a jack knife. As all water, with exceptional cases of those who owned wells, had to be brought from the brook,—often quite a distance for weak men to travel in the sun,—these were very desirable.

There were several kettle-makers, who found material, somehow, of sheet tin and iron from the top of rail cars, smuggled into prison by the rebels, who were fond of Yankee greenbacks. These were also a convenience to those who formed a mess, and made a saving of wood by cooking together. These kettles were made with no other implements than a common railroad spike. They were made in the manner government camp-kettles are made, by ingeniously bending the iron together in seams, in this manner rendering them water-tight without solder.

Thus Yankee ingenuity developed resources where, at first sight, there seemed nothing but barrenness and misery. I never saw a friction-match in the stockade; I doubt if there were any yet there were always fires somewhere in camp,—how procured I could never understand, except on the supposition that they never went out. In the morning, noon, or evening, you could see the smoke rising into the air, from thousands of fires kindled throughout camp. Everyone seemed to be busy cooking, the Lord only knows what.

I have entered thus minutely upon a description of these trades and occupations in prison, from the fact that it explains many apparently conflicting statements made by prisoners. While those thus engaged often got the means of subsistence, they were the exceptions of one to a thousand of the great mass of prisoners, who were daily perishing for want of food and from exposure.

There was quite a sum of money circulating in camp, in the aggregate; but eventually it got into the hands of the Scotch, who raid for the possession of greenbacks. The rebels were constantly coming into the prison to trade, having obtained permission from Wirz, the commandant of the "interior" of the prison, as he was termed.

They were fond of buying Yankee boots, watches, and buttons. All superfluous things, such as good caps, boots &c., were freely traded in exchange for anything valuable, or for wood. One fact was quite noticeable—that when the Johnnies came in to trade the second time, they were sharper than they were at their first visit. The process of cutting their eyeteeth was rather gradual, but after sometime they would become a match at drawing a sharp bargain with the sharpest kind of "Yanks," and they prided themselves on what they termed Yankee tricks. Buttons were in great demand by them, especially New York and staff buttons, for which large prices were paid, and eagerly traded for.

On one occasion a Johnny came in to trade, who was evidently as unsophisticated and green as the vegetables he had for sale. He traded in the first place for a pair of army shoes, laid them down beside himself, and while busy seeing to his "fixings," one of the boys passed the shoes around to a companion, who straightway appeared in front, and before the Johnny had time to think of anything else, challenged his attention for a trade. A trade was agreed upon, and the price paid, before the Johnny found out that though making rapid progress in trade, he had but one pair of shoes. So, for safety of those precious decorations, he picked up the shoes, and holding them in his arms, indignantly declared, "Darned if I can trade with your yanks in that sort or way, no how." We were, according to his exposition of the matter, "rather considerable right-smart at picking up traps what warrant their own." He was thus entertaining the boys with these original views, when one of our fellows, just to clinch what had been so aptly stated by the chivalrous representative, stepped up behind him, and cut off four staff buttons, which adorned the rear of a long, swallow-tailed, buttoned—colored, short-waisted coat. After executing this feat, he appeared in the crowd at the front, and offered the buttons for sale. The Johnny took the buttons and started off brightly,

pleased; and so were the boys. On the way out of prison our Scotch friend met a companion, whose attention he called to the buttons, "like um he had on the tail" of his coat, whereupon his comrade looked behind, and informed him that "thar were not a darned button thar," when our trading Johnny loudly declared, with a rich sprinkling of oaths, that "these yore darning yanks had or ter have their ears buttoned back and be swallowed by some darned Alogator."

An Ohio boy at one time set himself up in the provision business by altering a greenback of one dollar into one hundred dollars. We considered it fair to take every advantage of the rebels we could contrive, and it amused us to hear them gravely charge us with want of honesty. Says one of them to me one day, "I've heard that your Yanks, down thar whar you live, make wooden pumpkin seeds, and wooden nutmegs, and I'll be d-d if I don't believe I got some, of um and planted, a year afore this war, for not a darned one cam'd up 'cept what the pesky nins scratched up."

The last of June the rations became less in quantity, and worse in quality; which, together with the fact that the prison, originally intended for but ten thousand men, was now crowded with over thirty thousand souls, with the inclement rains of the month, made our situation anything but pleasant and comfortable.

During this month it rained twenty one days, almost without intermission. This stirred up the refuse garbage and filth buried by those who were feeble and sick beneath the surface of the ground one or two feet. And while at night, when we lay down or in the morning, when we sat upon our only bed and seat (the ground), it was miserably wet, dirty and disagreeable with unpleasant odors. Neither could one get accustomed to, or be able to blunt the senses to, the existence of so much misery.

A great portion of my time from the last of May to the last of June was spent in unavailing attempts at escape by means of tunnels. I was engaged in six tunnels, which were all discovered by the prison authorities before their completion. Hunger is a great demoralizer, and there were men in prison who for an extra ration would inform the authorities of the prison, of plots and plans in which they themselves were actively engaged. There, no doubt, was a struggle with hunger before it obtained mastery over them. But there were also mean dirty scoundrels in camp, who wished to gain notoriety by their mean tricks.

Starve a man, and you stunt the growth of all his finer qualities, if you do not crush them out entirely. It changes the expression of his face, his mode of walking becomes loose, undecided; his intelligence is dimmed. Hunger blunts the keenest intelligence, and deadens susceptibility to wrong doing, and mere moral wrongs look small, or seem over-balanced, when placed by the side of food. If you narrow down a man's purpose to sustaining his body—let his be a continual struggle for a foot hold upon life, with uncertainty as to its results—give a man in fact, crime with bread, on the one hand, and on the other, integrity and truth with death—the thousand recollections of the old home, with the arms of a dear mother or wife or children that once encircled his neck—all these recollections bid him live. Consequently, it was difficult to trust men with secrets which might be sold for bread.

Again, an impediment existed in digging tunnels in disposing of the earth excavated, in such a manner as not to attract suspicion and consequent detection. These were the potent causes of failure in all our tunneling plans. The authorities were continually on the lookout for any trace of tunneling. "Py tam," said Captain Wirz, to some fellow who had been detected tunneling, "ey don't some of you Yanks get out? mine togs are getting 'ngray to pite you."

To be Continued. In trade what article is readily considered as occupying the most most rank? Strong, Laffey.

A Little Damp.

"Have we had any rain in Indiana this spring?" he asked, as he turned in his seat.
"Yes."
"Wall, it's been a little damp out here," he softly answered. "Tau day before leaving home I had to hang up 23 of my doaks. They had become so water soaked that they could no longer swim. During the month of April it rained 23 different days."

"What about the other day?"
"Oh, that was the day on which it snowed 22 straight hours."
"How is corn?"
"Wall, I planted mine in two feet of water, and 'tween you and me I don't expect over thirty bushels to the acre."

"What about the other day?"
"Shouldn't wonder, but can't say. When I got back I'm going down in a diving bell to see."

Mild as Grass.

A woman who seemed to be full of confidence in her cause recently halted a pedestrian with whom she had a slight acquaintance, on Congress street, Detroit, and asked him if he knew anything about the law of divorce, and told that her husband had threatened to file a bill to procure one from her.

"Are you mild-tempered?" asked the gentleman.
"Mill as grass," she replied.
"Have you ever clubbed him—thrown tomatoes—waved the butcher-knife—lugged the axe around or made threats?"
"Never."
"Have you cold feet?"
"No."
"Do you drink or swear?"
"Neither one."

"Do you try to make home happy?"
"I do."
"Do you seek to boss him?"
"Not at all."
"Are you choice of you company and economical with his money?"
"I am."

"Did you ever maliciously annoy him?"
"I never did."
"Did you ever talk against him to the neighbors?"
"Never."
"Wall, while I am not a lawyer and therefore not posted, I don't see how he is to secure a divorce from you."

"That's just what I say! He can't do it! He may scold and threaten and tell what he's going to do, but he can't do nothing! I'm glad I met you, for you've lifted a great load off my mind, and if William comes storming around again tonight as he did last night, I'll give him another choking! If I hadn't been able to handle him he'd have made my life miserable for a whole ten years past!"

The longest line of fence in the world will be the wire fence extending from the Indian Territory west across the Texas Panhandle, and thirty-five miles into New Mexico. We are informed that eighty-five miles of this fence is already under contract. Its course will be in the line of the Canadian river, and its purpose is to stop the drift of the northern cattle. It is a bold and splendid enterprise and will pay a large percentage on the investment. The fence will be over 200 miles long.

No Cure for Liar.

A Michigan man who took in the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia on a recent trip, one day approached an aged negro who was loitering on the street and confidentially informed him that he had come to the springs to be cured of the habit of lying, and he asked the old man's opinion of the chances of a cure.

"How long have you been in the habit of lying, sah?" was the honest query.
"About fifty years."
"Lyin' all de time?"
"Right along, day after day."
"Big lie?"
"Yas—the worst old whoppers you ever heard. Give me your honest opinion, now, as to whether a course of baths will help me."

"Wall, sah," said the old negro, as he scratched his head, "poor to me dat if you kin git de water hot noff it might help you some, but de trouble is dat in sweatin' out de lies you may cook de body, and my experience wid white men am dat I kin git long better wid a well man who lies dat wid a parbilled man who tells de truth."

John Gynabar the Hungarian who was prostrated sixteen years ago, in the Lehigh county almshouse, attracted the interest of the medical profession, and who has been working in a rolling mill the past six months earning money, has been taken again, and has been removed to his old quarters at the Almshouse, Barren, in May, aged 62, and 25 a week to travel with his show, but the Hungarian did not want to be looked at as a curiosity.

The Lies of the Season.

"What is the style of spring lies this season?" asked a one-eyed man as he dropped down by the exchange editors table. "Have they returned to the interconvertible snake that breaks up into products and comes together at the call of the presiding ink?"

"Haven't seen anything of it," replied the exchange editor, plunging his shears into the throat of a torpidly snoring man. "I always seemed far-fetched and unwholesome; besides, you couldn't help thinking that a frog might swallow a quorum of the snake and not leave enough to transact business. Do you see anything of a lie about

The Dragon in Illinois, with wings like a corn patch and a snail of belatedness? Is the dragon current this season?"

"Haven't struck him yet," said the editor, eliminating the profanity from a far western account of a mine explosion, in which forty men were blown through the side of a mountain seven miles thick. "If he's around he's flying very low."

"That pleases me, too," smiled the one-eyed man, stroking his chin. "The only objection I ever had to that dragon was the smell. It never sounded reasonable. If they had said he smelled of brimstone and molasses it might have worked in a girl's board-house as fair spring lie, but they couldn't fix it to do for men unless they perfumed him with blue pills. It was a great mistake. Have you struck any fresh particulars about the sea-serpent since the thaw?"

Advanced Age of 101? Ain't they dying this season?

"Not that I have heard of," rejoined the exchange editor, printing down an article on a boy who was out in half length also by a steam gristlestone and whose recovery was confidently anticipated by the eminent local physicians.

"I hope they haven't quit the business," observed the one-eyed man with anxiety. "I've kind to warmed up to these two old cusses. There was something mysterious about 'em that caught me, and I count on getting around to 'em regularly if I am going to keep my health. May be the backward season has been against 'em. What's the news about the skeleton found in the tree with a bag of money tied to his spine. Let's see, he's a ring product, ain't he?"

"No, 'tall," replied the editor glancing over a report of a man who had just been

Relieved of a Life Guard that had fed on blackbirds for forty years. "Hell come around about the 3d of Octal er."

"Just so, just so, I was misled on him. He's an old friend of mine, seems like one of the family, and if they should go over the season with out fixin' him, appears. Hough, should I care money to die. As there's anything new this spring, say we visit girls making Good parties in their sleep, any five frogs found in a Philadelphia paper, and spring eight feet in the air after an imprisonment of eighteen thousand years? Anything of that sort?"

"Nothing," signed the exchange editor, putting his hands into the pocket of a whole cloth as the top of Almon's hillhouse to a horse's match. "Nothing fresh except about the payment of a church mortgage out in Wisconsin, but that won't be popular among the Christians."

"I suppose not, I suppose not," murmured the one-eyed man. "Well, can much oblige I. So long. It warms me up to see the old come around. A man of my age would miss 'em if they let up, and I began to feel a little fishish about the expert and his skeleton until you explained the dates."

And as he went out the exchange editor turned over an article on an old woman of 99 who was waiting for eighth set of false teeth and fourth head of hair.

Words of Wisdom. Myself always magnifies danger as the fog magnifies the sun. Consultations outside only those who are willing to be consulted. We are never ruined by what we want, but by what we think we want.

NOTED MEN!

DR. JOHN F. HANCOCK,
Late President of the National Pharmaceutical Association of the United States, says:
"Brown's Iron Bitters has a heavy sale, it is considered the standard of the character of the manufacturer is a voucher for its purity and medicinal excellence."

DR. JOSEPH ROBERTS,
President Baltimore Pharmaceutical College, says:
"I endorse it as a fine medicine, reliable as a strengthening tonic, free from alcoholic poison."

DR. J. FARIS MOORE, Ph.D.,
Professor of Pharmacy, Baltimore Pharmaceutical College, says:
"Brown's Iron Bitters is a safe and reliable medicine, positively free from alcoholic poison, and can be recommended as a tonic for use among those who oppose alcohol."

DR. EDWARD EARICKSON,
Secretary Baltimore College of Pharmacy, says:
"I believe it as an excellent medicine, a good digestive agent, and a stimulant in the fullest sense."

DR. RICHARD SAMPSON,
one of Baltimore's oldest and most reliable physicians, says:
"Brown's Iron Bitters is a safe and reliable medicine, positively free from alcoholic poison, and can be recommended as a tonic for use among those who oppose alcohol."

A Druggist Cured.
Baltimore, Md., Oct. 18, 1881.
Gentlemen: Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of a bad case of Indigestion and biliousness, and I feel perfectly well. I have been using it for some time, and I feel perfectly well. I have been using it for some time, and I feel perfectly well. I have been using it for some time, and I feel perfectly well.

Ask your Druggist for Brown's Iron Bitters, and take no other. One trial will convince you that it is just what you need.

THE SUN SHINES ON THE CARPENTER URGAN. THE WORLD LIVES.

The Carpenter Urgan.
New York, London, Madrid, St. Petersburg, City of Mexico, Berlin, Barcelona.
We are never ruined by what we want, but by what we think we want.

ROBBED.
GERMAN INVENTOR.
I believe we cannot live better than in seeking to become better, nor more agreeably than having a clear conscience.

PIMPLES.
TO CONSUMPTIVES.
ERRORS OF YOUTH.

W. K. Lippincott & Co.
Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.