



**THE POST.**  
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### Poetry.

#### THE GOAT AND ENGINE.

The goat stood on the railway track  
Whence all his mates had fled,  
And proudly arched his sturdy back  
And beat his horned head.

With feet firm planted, there he stood,  
As bound to hold his own;  
The creature had got up its blood—  
'Twas game clean to the bone.

The train rolled on, 'twas time to go,  
Oh! why did he refuse?  
The engine whistled shrill, but no,  
To leave he did not choose.

He seemed to call, "Say, comrade, say,  
Why have ye turned and run?"  
And wondered that they wouldn't stay  
To see a little fun.

Again he stood, in haughty pride,  
A challenge from each horn;  
The hissing steam around him reeled,  
And fast the train rolled on.

He heard the engine's laboring breath,  
The thunder of the train,  
Yet stubbornly, his post of death,  
Determined to maintain.

Then came a sudden, fearful shock,  
The goat—oh! where was he?  
Ask of the bush or big gray rock  
With fragments scattered free—

Of hoofs, and horns, and things perhaps,  
It were not well to note,  
For naught but discomfited scraps  
Was that poor Billy goat.

#### THE CRIER.

While they sat before the fire,  
Nothing more did he desire,  
Than to get a little nigger,  
If he could;

And his heart beat high and higher,  
And her look grew and shy sayer,  
While he slid up close beside her,  
As he should.

Then he ventured to inquire,  
If her sister, Jane Marlar,  
And her mother and her sibs,  
Were quite still?

And from time to time his eye had,  
As though he would like to buy her,  
And his bashfulness was dire,  
For a spell.

Then his husky throat grew dryer  
When he told her that the "quire  
To himself would gladly tie her  
If she would;

Might he now go ask her sibs?  
And he thought he would expire,  
When she said to his desire,  
That he could.

—BURDETTE.

#### REBEL PRISONS.

BY DR. R. BROTHEROCK.

The dead, that were gathered together during the day were placed in what was known as the dead-house,—a rude shed frame, covered with bushes. From thence, each morning, they were taken, and thrown upon a wagon drawn by three mules, with a negro driver, seated upon the right mule, and were taken to the place of interment.

The dead bodies were loaded upon this wagon, the same way our Northern farmers load cord-wood to haul to market. Sometimes they were piled upon each other, so high that one or more would roll off, often the head, shoulders, and arms of one or more of the bodies protruding over the side and from the rear of the wagon, or from under the dead piled above them,—the drooping jaw, the swaying head, undulating with each motion of the wagon, the whole mass of dead bodies jolting and swaying, as a comrade expressed it,—like so much soft soap.

It was said that from this wagon maggots and vermin of various kinds could be scooped, after such an excursion, by the handful. In this same wagon our rations were hauled into prison for us, shovelled in were the dead bodies had lain; and with flies, which gather, in a climate like Georgia, upon all eatables exposed, gave us food, especially for thought, and when cooked, well mixed with everything which could be offensive and disagreeable. Death in prison, under such circumstances, was not always looked forward to with longing or yearning,—not always preceded by agonizing

trembling joy, as a message of freedom spoken to imprisoned men. Death ended all the untold misery men had to endure, under such fiendish, and inhuman wretches. Death, was the harbinger of peace and joy.

Soon after our arrival in Andersonville prison, we were continually troubled and annoyed by having our scanty clothes, blankets, and cooking utensils stolen from us. There were so many temptations, and so few restrictions thrown in the way of the perpetration of the theft, that it became an evil, at last, that must be checked. Stealing blankets from the boys accustomed to hardships was down-right murder; for if no one intended the corner of his blanket to protect the unfortunate from chilling dews of evening, and from the frequent rains, deprived thus suddenly, he was sure to sicken and die. Stealing cooking utensils seduced from any of the boys, reduced the unfortunates, thus deprived, that they were necessitated to eat their scanty rations without cooking or steal or beg from others.

Begging was as much out of fashion and good standing in prison as at any other place. It was rumored around camp, from time to time, that raiders and flankers were organized, for the purpose of going against the punishment of such acts. Although there was no definite organization among us, it was agreed upon, that these villains should be promptly dealt with; that when any of the Plymouth prisoners could identify a "raider," or was attacked or robbed by one of the raiders, he was to call loudly "Plymouth;" when every one of the boys within hearing were to turn out to his assistance.

In accordance with this agreement, we heard one morning the rallying cry, and captured a fellow, who was caught in the act of stealing a blanket. The boys gathered around him, not knowing what to do with the Tartar now that they had caught him. He sat down, and gnashed his teeth, threatening his captors with vengeance; a band of his stripes, which he said was formed for mutual protection, if they would injure or inflict punishment upon him. Feeling some reluctance to proceeding against him, they were about to release him without punishment, otherwise then a few kicks, when a corporal of Company C. 78th Reg. P. V. familiarly known in prison as "Big Pete," came into the crowd, and taking the raider fearlessly in hand, inflicted summary punishment upon him by shoving half his head and face, giving no heed to the desperates savage gnashing of teeth and threats of vengeance, except to thump his lead at each beginning and repetition of his oaths. After dealing out justice in this off-hand manner, and an administrative reminder (in the rear) from a pair of the heaviest of cow-hide boots, the thief was released with admonitions to sin no more, he was a funny looking specimen of humanity. Thousands of the boys cheered him, asked him whether a shell had busted and knocked the barb off his head and face, he all the while swearing at the "Big fellow," who administered the punishment.

The incident narrated was the beginning of a power in camp to punish offenders, which finally provided us with an effective police organization, Pete was an uneducated Keokuckian—a man of gigantic stature and great good nature and a heart as big as an ox, and had innate ideas of justice, in the carrying out of which, he was as inflexible as iron. A blow from his fist was like that from a sledge hammer, and from first to last he maintained so great a supremacy in camp, that description of the prison at that time would be incomplete, without a sketch of him. His trials were often intensely grotesque and amusing to spectators, but not generally so to the culprit. I took pains to follow some of his trials, and I must say in justice, I never know him to make a wrong decision, though baffled in his purpose by ingenious lies. Through all the intricate lies, he had a talent for detecting them, and sifting out the truth. Thus, at last, by common consent, if any one had complaints to make, he carried them to the "Shetbang" of Big Pete. He either sent himself, or sent some of his adherents, who returned with the

Justice being dealt out in this manner, when one morning it was announced—and to our sorrow we found it carried out, that our rations were to be stopped on account of ten being missing from the stockade—supposed by rebel authorities to have escaped by means of tunnels.

Investigation led to no new discoveries, and after twenty-four hours extra starvation, the rations were again issued as before, it being impossible to discover the missing men, or find out the mode of the escape. About this time, the raiders, under the leadership of one Mosby, became exceedingly bold, they attacked new comers in open daylight, robbing them of blankets, watches, money, and other property of value. Rumors of frightful import were circulated through the camp of men being murdered for their blankets and money. After this, more men missing at the morning roll-call, of whom there could be no reasonable account given. Under Big Pete's company was organized, armed with clubs, who proceeded to the shelter formerly occupied by the missing men. Inquiries being made among those who were living near, no information could be obtained, otherwise than the fact that outeries were heard during the night, and that there was a scuffle near; but scenes of disorder being common during the night, they had taken but little notice of them, since, as peaceable men, they wished to avoid all wrangling. Nothing at first could be found, in the shelter formerly occupied by these men, to excite suspicion. Most of the crowd had dispersed, when one of the men, on his hands and knees at the entrance, looking down into the grave like hole, which formed the principal part of the abandoned dwelling-place, saw a piece of blue cloth, partially covered with dirt. Seeing in this element of a patch for the repairing of his shattered ward-robe, he pulled at it, and found was fastened to the ground. This excited his curiosity, also his desire for possession; and he began to dig and pull, until far progress was arrested, and he started back with horror at the unexpected appearance of a human hand. A crowd soon gathered around, and speedily a dead man was unearthed, whose throat had been cut in a shocking manner, and his head bruised in a terrible manner, no doubt done by a terrible blow of club. In the same space, beneath him, was found another victim, with his throat cut.

The news of these horrible murders which had been discovered, spread through the prison, as if by telegraph, and a large crowd soon assembled around the scene of these horrible atrocities.

The police proceeded to the shelter of several notorious thieves and bad characters of the prison, and arrested them. Through information, or else gained of one of these, they were induced to dig in the shelter of some of those arrested, which resulted in the discovery of money, watches, &c. in many cases identified as the property of the murdered man.

Rapidly after the perpetration of these cold-blooded atrocities, strong police forces were organized, under the leadership of Big Pete, afterwards a judgment was established in prison, and there were two regular punishing Attorneys, who took fees of Indian meal, beans, and small currency in payment for services rendered; and sometimes, it was said, bribed the judge and chief of police. In the case of Staunton, a big brute, and tool of the rebels, killed a man, as mentioned in preceding pages, it was rumored that his money, procured by dicker with prisoners, obtained him a mild sentence and punishment. Not to digress further, the supposed murderers, some fifteen in number, were arrested, and after gaining sufficient evidence, consent was obtained of the prison authorities for their trial. Besides this we obtained the privilege of conducting the trial under guard, in a building outside the prison. The accused were also held in custody through the kindness of Capt. Wirzo, the commandant of the prison. A jury of men was equaled, composed of prisoners just captured, who had never been in any

either side. The trial lasted through a number of weeks. Competent Attorneys were appointed to defend the prisoners by the authorities. Two able lawyers, one an officer of the rebel guard, conducted the defence, afterwards he stated to me, that he had no doubt of the guilt of those who suffered punishment. The prosecution was conducted by men selected from among the prisoners. Six of these men tried, were pronounced by a jury guilty of murder. On the 11th of July, Capt. Wirzo, accompanied by a guard, brought the prisoners into the stockade, where on the south side, near the gate, and the scene of murder, a gallows had been erected.

#### To be Continued.

#### Wholesale Farming.

Newspaper correspondents writing from the new Northwest grow very enthusiastic over the mammoth farms of Dakota. There are single acres there of tens of thousands of acres. One called the Bonanza farm, and owned by Oliver Dalrymple, embraces fifty square miles of contiguous territory. In Cass County there are four farms with a combined extent of 85,000 acres. These big farms are owned in almost every instance by non-residents, often by a syndicate of capitalists, whose sole object is to get as much money out of their investment as possible. Everything is done as far as it can be by machinery and by wholesale. The laborers employed are often imported for the purpose, and leave again after harvest. The wheat is sown, ripens and is harvested and sent East; the railroads receive some benefit in freight, but, as far as the Territory is concerned, the crop might almost as well have been carried off by the grasshoppers or never have been planted.

It is doubtless very interesting to ride through these big farmlands and see the fields of ripening wheat extending without interruption as far as the eye can reach in every direction. It were better, however, if those vast expanses of cereal wealth were broken by fences, hedges, and here and there a home. There are no clustering villages where bonanza farms abound—no churches, school-houses or other incidents of civilization. The soil is worked for all there is in it, without any attempt at rotation of crops or any regard for the future. The profits of each crop are spent elsewhere by the non-resident owners, and the idea is growing that the system is not conducive to the permanent interests of the Territory. The Northern Pacific Railroad is mainly responsible for this state of things, as it adopted the policy of selling its lands in as big lots as it could find purchasers for. It now perceives that actual settlers are more profitable as purchasers of land along its line, as they not only ship their grain by the railroad, but give the road return freights as well. Unquestionably the big farm business will eventually become an issue in Dakota, as it already has, with far less cause, in California. The mammoth farms are bad enough in themselves, but when there is added to this non-resident ownership we have a condition of things which no State can afford to have become a prominent and permanent feature.—Philadelphia Press.

The first law of gravity—never laugh at your own jokes,  
Colorado calls for more women.  
It has scarcely a single one.

The girls of an Illinois seminary amuse themselves by spitting at a mark.

Who is the laziest man? The furniture dealer; he keeps chairs and lounges about all the time.

There is nothing more calculated to weaken a boy's moral character than to get his fishing-hook fastened on rubbish in the creek.

A Chicago editor, who went out for a day's sport with the gun and rod, shot a forty-five dollar cow, and caught an old bat with a stone in it.

When the wife is detected showing unusual affection for her husband it may fairly be expected that she will appear before long in a new bonnet.

A Tennessee man wrote his will on a paper collar, and it passed through the Probate Court as well as any

#### Never Dry to Deceive Your Fader.

A good deal of amusement has been caused in dry goods trade circles during the past few days by the leaving out of a little story at the expense of two young gentlemen who are widely and favorably known in the trade. The father of these young men is a prominent Market street merchant, noted for his large wealth, shrewd business ability and great economy, particularly in the matter of wearing apparel. The sons, who are models of elegance and taste in dress have for a long time borne a particular antipathy to a certain venerable coat which has clung to their respected parent for many years, and often tried by persuasion to induce him to sell it to the ragman and buy a new one, but the old gentleman's invariable reply was, "You boys spend money enough for clothes for you family. Dis coat is good enough for me."

At length, knowing their father's fondness for a bargain, they thought of a ruse by which to induce him to lay off the old garment and get a new one. Taking a coat which their father had worn, they went to their tailor and instructed him to take it as a pattern as to size and fit, and make the finest coat he could.

"We will, said one of them, "get father down here on some pretense or other, and then you must sell him that coat. No matter what he offers, you take it and well pay you the balance."

In due time the sons received word that the coat was finished—price \$80. The next morning, at breakfast, the eldest son casually remarked:

"Father, you will be going near the tailor's to-day, and I wish you would stop and tell him to be sure to send home my new coat to-day, for I have a party to attend to-night."

"Very well, my son, I will do so, but I don't see what you pays want but so many goats."

The old gentleman delivered the message and the tailor's opportunity had come. Fingering the venerable garment, he remarked, persuasively:

You ought to have a new coat, it is a shame for a rich man like you to wear such an old garment as that."

Thank you very much, but this goat is good enough for me."

"I have got something," persisted the tailor, "that I believe will fit you, and it is the greatest bargain that you ever heard of. I made it for a customer, but it was a misfit. The price of that coat," said the tailor, producing the garment, "is eighty dollars, but it won't fit the man I made it for, and I'll let you have it for next to nothing. Try it on."

The coat was tried on and proved a perfect fit.

"You'll never get such a bargain again if you live a hundred years," said the tailor. "You may have that coat for forty dollars."

"I'll give you twenty-five," said the old merchant, who knew cloth when he saw it."

"Take it."

Carrying his old coat in a bundle, the purchaser went out arrayed in the \$80 coat.

At supper that night he appeared in the familiar old coat, and in excellent good humor. To his sons he said: "I made a nice little thing to-day. Ven I was at the tailor's I bought a goat, a nice fine goat. The price was \$80, but I got it for \$25. I put it on, and had not got one square before I met a friend. He noticed my new goat and spoke about it, and I told him about how I got it so cheap. He offered me \$30 for the goat, and I took it—made \$5 in five minutes."

"Yes," said the sons, dolefully, in chorus, "you've made \$5, and we have lost fifty-five."

Then they explained, "My gracious! that is paid!" said the old man when he comprehended the situation; "but let dis be a lesson to you, my children. Never dry to deceive your fader."—Philadelphia Times.

"One word more," said the speaker, "and I am done." And the reporter found, when the word was written down, that it contained fifty hundred syllables.

A St. Louis jury decided that a

#### Interesting Facts Concerning Water

2 cubic feet of water weighs 1 cwt  
One gallon of distilled water weighs 10 lbs.,  
One gallon of sea water weighs 10 3/4 lbs.

One cubic foot contains 6 3/4 gal  
1-100 inch of rain is about one ton weight per acre.

Sixty six cubic feet weighs 1 ton and equal 224 gallons.  
The ordinary speed to run a pump is 80 feet to 100 feet per minute.  
Doubling the diameter of an aperture increases the flow fourfold.  
A nominal horse-power for a boiler requires one cubic foot of water per hour.

Circular apertures are most effective for discharging water, since they have less frictional surface for the same area.  
In pipes the square of the diameter in inches equals pounds weight of water per yard. Example—A three inch pipe holds 9 lbs. per yard.  
The pressure in pounds per square of a column of water is the height of the column in feet multiplied by 4.32, or for an approximation one-half pound pressure per square inch for each foot in height.

Water, in flowing through an aperture, has a velocity equal to that acquired by a heavy body falling freely from the height equal to the distance between the centre of the aperture and the surface of the water.

The approximate time occupied in discharging equal quantities of water under equal heads, through pipes of equal lengths, varies from ninety for a straight line, 100 for a curve, to 140 for a right angle.

A Man who Carried Six Bullets and Still Lives.

As I sat on the hotel steps at Dalton, Ga., talking with a drummer from Cincinnati, the landlord came out and asked us if we wanted to see a man who was carrying six bullets about with him. Of course we did, and we walked down to the other end of the verandah and were introduced to Col. Beach. I was going to approach him slowly and gracefully when the drummer rushed right at him with:

"So you are carrying six bullets about with you eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do they pain you much?"

"Oh, no."

"Lands alive! but I don't see how you lived through it. How many bullets were you in?"

"Eighteen."

"Did you get all those bullets at once?"

"Yes; all at once."

"By George! Well, I never heard the likes of it! Colonel, I don't want to be imprudent, but—"

"You want to know where they are located?"

"Exactly—Exactly."

"I'm carrying 'em in this pocket to-day," was the quiet reply, as he fished down and brought up six old bullets picked up off the battle field.

It was a job put up on me, but the drummer got ahead, and he was so mad about it that he wouldn't eat any supper.

There is a mule in East Wheeling, W. Va., who has kicked the roof off his stable every night for the past week, in addition to knocking the squeal out of a family of pigs.

A New York paper gravely observes that the suicide of a farmer, which it notices, "is singularly strange, inasmuch as he has not been in the habit of doing such things."

A painter being asked to estimate the cost of painting a certain house, drew forth a pencil and paper, and made the following calculation: "A night is a night; three into five twice you can't—I'll paint your house for fifty dollars."

A St. Louis paper had a two-column account of a hotel of The badbags, after read carefully, held a me announced the paper for a them.

Twenty women of repute by remaining hour without speak, the sixtieth minute did

### MALARIA

Malaria is an almost indescribable malady which not even the most talented physicians are able to fathom. Its cause is most frequently ascribed to local surroundings, and there is very little question, but this opinion is substantiated by facts. Malaria does not necessarily mean chills and fever while these troubles usually accompany it. It often affects the sufferer with general lassitude, accompanied by loss of appetite, sleeplessness, a tired feeling and a high fever, the person afflicted growing weaker and weaker, loses flesh day after day, until he becomes a mere skeleton, a shadow of his former self.

Malaria once having laid hold upon the human frame, the door of the system is thrown open to nervous diseases. The body weak and exhausted absorbs no nourishment, but subsists upon itself, the digestive organs no longer perform their functions; the liver becomes torpid, and other organs failing to do their respective work, specially become disordered, and destruction and death are apt to ensue.

In addition to being a certain cure for malaria and chills and fever, Brown's Iron Bitters is highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient tonic, especially indigestion, dyspepsia, intermittent fevers, want of appetite, loss of strength, lack of energy, etc. Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. Acts like a charm on the digestive organs. It is for sale by all respectable dealers in medicines, price, \$1 per bottle.

Be sure and get the genuine BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. Take no other.

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#### PIMPLES.

I will mail (free) the receipt for a simple, vegetable medicine that will remove the Pimples, Pustules and Blotches, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for preparing a vegetable growth of hair for a bald head. It is for sale by every clothing store. Send stamp, BEN VANDELL & CO., 14 Barclay St., N. Y.

#### TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertisement based on the scientific control of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is without parallel known to his fellow-men. He who sends a copy of the prescription book, three of charge, with the directions for preparing and using, our medicine, they will find a sure cure for the Consumption, and...