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The Post.

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THE POST.
 Published every Thursday Evening
 JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r.
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 TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. Payable within six months, or \$2.50 in full within the year. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid unless at the option of the publisher.
 Subscriptions outside of the county PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
 Persons offering and using paper addressed to others become subscribers and are liable for the price of the paper.

Poetry.

The Last Hymn.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

The Sabbath day was ending in a village by the sea,
 The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,
 And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing lighted west,
 And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging there;
 A fierce spirit moved above them, the wild spirit of the air,
 And it lashed and shook and tore them, till they thundered, groaned and boomed,
 And alas, for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed!

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of Wales,
 Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be telling awful tales,
 When the sea had spent its passion and should cast along the shore,
 Bits of wreck and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore.

With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave woman strained her eyes,
 And she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise,
 Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be,
 For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged the beach,
 Oh! for power to cross the waters and the perishing reach!
 Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow, tender hearts grew cold with dread,
 And the ship, urged by the tempest to the fatal rock-shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle!" Oh, the half of her goes down!
 God have mercy! Is heaven far to seek for those who drown?
 Lo! when next the white, shocked faces with terror on the sea,
 Only one last clinging figure on the spar was seen to be.

Nearer the trembling watchers came the wreck tossed by the wave,
 And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could save.
 "Could we send him a short message?" Here a trumpet, shout away!
 'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no!
 There was but one thing to utter in the awful hour of woe;
 So he shouted through the trumpet: "Look to Jesus! Can you hear?"
 And "Ay, sir," rang the answer, o'er the waters, loud and clear.

REBEL PRISONS.

BY DR. R. ROTHROCK.

The situation was pleasant; the green grass, to which our sight had been unused for many weary months met the eye with refreshing pleasantness. The situation was better than we had anticipated, though we were disappointed in not being placed down on the islands, where we could see the flash of friendly artillery, or perhaps the dear old flag, for no one who has not had such experience can understand the longing of our hearts for the old flag, and for familiar sights. But our greatest disappointment was in not being put into our transports, and taken to our homes where our wives and little ones were awaiting us with rapturous hearts, and joyful anticipations, and indeed, beyond expression.

The fair ground proper, when seen under favorable circumstances, must have been a beautiful spot. It contained an area of about forty acres, surrounded by dense overhanging trees, interwoven by ivy, laurel, and honeysuckle, forming an almost impenetrable foliage. Aside from a distant view, we were not allowed any of the enjoyments which such shade and beauty could confer.

We were placed in the centre of the Fair Ground, with no shade or habitations, except such as we might construct from our governments or ragged blankets; but there was a cool breeze from the ocean, and the sound of bells and the rattle over pavements came pleasantly to our ears.

The sight of green foliage refreshed the gaze of miserable men, for a long time unused to pleasant sights and sounds. The night of our arrival, three "hard-tack" were issued as rations, for twenty-four hours for each man, and we were in the third heaven in anticipating such luxurious rations each day.

That night, after devouring two of my "hard-tack," I lay down to rest with the remaining one in my tin pail, under my head, for my morning's breakfast. I found it impossible to keep my mind from the hard-tack long enough to get to sleep, supposing some one would steal it while I was slumbering; the thought was maddening. Vainly I endeavored to divert my mind from craving hunger, by repeating the multiplication-table. It was "no go."

That hard tack was so fascinating! Hunger, and fear of losing the hard-tack, got the better of the contest with sleep, and I could bear it no longer. Arousing myself, I devoured that "infantry square," in one time and several motions, not done in the regular order of the tactics. I never remember of enjoying any food, however luxurious, as I did the hard-tack.

but were not allowed to trade over the guard line with the prisoners. Others, actuated by pity, watched for chances, and, when the rigor of the guard was relaxed, throw cakes, potatoes, or some like luxuries, over the guard line among the wretched creatures who gathered waiting for luck to favor them in some manner.

The food thus thrown in was, however, but a drop in that Maelstrom of human miseries, who, actuated by hunger, struggled madly among each other for its possession.

After a time, this feeling of the common prisoners was stopped, and the women were told to confine their manifestations of pity to the hospital, which was situated outside of the prison grounds, in our rear.

Many a poor fellow, who otherwise would have died, lives to bless the women of Charleston.

May those whose hands were thus lifted in pity never be stricken down with that hopeless lunguer which they sought to relieve!

The next evening we received as rations two hard-tack per man, and a rarity of about two ounces of fresh meat—which last was, so far as I observed, eaten raw throughout the camp at one sitting.

er portion of the city, the boys were unconcernedly flying their kites. I counted eighteen kites while one of the heaviest bombardments was going on. Fires were of such frequent occurrence, resulting from shells, that the fire department became almost as important as that of the military. On the first week of my confinement at Charleston, our old enemy, the dead line, was introduced. A negro, superintended by the "irrepressible" white man, was sent around camp, turning a furrow with a plough and its mule attachments. This was the line, to overstep was death to the prisoner.

None but those prisoners in comparatively good health had been sent from Andersonville. For quite a time an effort seemed to be made to relieve our misery; but the great mass had been starved and exposed to sun and rain too long to be benefited by anything short of a most radical change.

Hence men died about as fast, in proportion to their numbers, as at Andersonville. Scurvy, diarrhoea, and fever swept the prisoners off in vast numbers.

The place dignified by being called "the hospital," did not contain a single tent, the only shelter being here and there, blankets raised on sticks, which were inadequate protection from rain and sun.

Col. Iverson, who, I believe, was, for a time in command of the prison, made strenuous efforts for our benefit. A sutler was appointed for the camp, who was not allowed to ask of prisoners higher prices than asked in the city.

This was a convenience to those who had money, but the great majority had none.

A Discreet Young Lady on Her Travels.

"May I open the window for you, Miss?" politely inquired a gentleman of a young lady on the Northern Pacific road, as he saw her tugging away at a cash that had not recovered from the preceding winter.

She glared at him a moment, and gave a reluctant consent.

"Folks can't be too careful who they speak to or accept favors from," she remarked, after a long pause.

"That's very true," replied the gentleman quietly.

"Are you a Boston drummer," she inquired.

"No, I am not," he answered.

Physicians, &c.

J. WINFIELD SAMPSELL,
 PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
 Centreville, Snyder Co., Pa.
 Offers his professional services to the citizens of Centreville and vicinity. Aug. 19, '82.

H. H. BORDNER,
 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
 BRACKERTOWN, PA.
 Offers his professional services to the citizens of Brackertown and vicinity. Apr. 6, '82.

BARBER & HASSINGER,
 PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.
 Offers their professional services to the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity. Office a few doors West of the Court House, in Arnold's Building. Oct. 4, 1881.

DR. J. V. SHINDEL,
 SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,
 Middleburg, Pa.
 Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity. Mar. 27, '82.

DR. MARAND ROTHROCK,
 Fremont, Snyder county, Pa.
 Graduate of Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeons. Offers his professional services to the public. Speaks English and German. March 17, 1881, st.

H. J. SMITH,
 Physician & Surgeon,
 Fremont, Snyder County, Pa.
 Offers his professional services to the citizens of Adamsburg and vicinity. June 12, '82.

DR. J. O. WAGNER,
 Physician and Sur on.
 Offers his professional services to the citizens of Adamsburg and vicinity. Aug. 28, '82.

DR. J. F. KANAWEL,
 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
 Centreville, Snyder Co., Pa.
 Offers his professional services to the citizens of Centreville and vicinity. Aug. 29, '82.

H. J. ECKBERT,
 SURGEON DENTIST.
 ECKBERT'S BLOCK,
 Selingsgrove, Penn'a.
 Professional business promptly attended to. May 24, '82.

PERCIVAL HERMANN,
 PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
 Centreville, Snyder Co., Pa.
 Offers his professional services to the citizens of Centreville and vicinity. Aug. 29, '82.

DR. A. M. SMITH,
 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
 Offers his professional services to the citizens of Adamsburg and vicinity. Sept. 4, '82.

B. F. VAN BUSKIRK,
 SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST
 Selingsgrove, Penn'a.

ISAAC BEAVER,
 Surgeon Dentist!
 Middleburg, Snyder County, Pa.
 OFFICE IN FRANKLIN NEAR THE DEPOT
 Everything belonging to the profession done in the best manner. All work warranted. Terms moderate.
 He will also attend to business every two weeks at Centreville, Frost, Selingsgrove, Adamsburg and Paxtonville.

The Bungalow House
 Harrisburg, Pa.
 D. S. MASSER, Proprietor.

BOARDING HOUSE.
 This Undersigned would respectfully inform the travelling public, business men, widows and juries to attenders at our courts that he has made ample preparations for their accommodation and will endeavor to entertain his patrons in good style at the most reasonable rates. Boarding House a few doors west of the Court House.
 GABRIEL BEAVER, Proprietor.
 Apr. 24 1879. 17.

CENTREVILLE HOTEL
 (Late Mrs. Weaver's)
 Centreville Snyder Co., Pa.
 "PETER HARTMAN, Proprietor."
 This long established and well known hotel has been purchased by the undersigned, having a share of the public patronage.
 PETER HARTMAN
 April 6, 1871.

THE NATIONAL HOTEL.
 JOHN B. FOCKLER, Prop'r.
 Selingsgrove, Pa.
 This Hotel is pleasantly located in the "square," and is a very desirable place for travelers to stop the most of accommodations at low rates. For some sleeping rooms will be used to call again. The best of liquor in the bar.
 A first class Restaurant in connection with the Hotel.
 Aug. 19, '82.

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 C. W. SPAN

J. B. F.
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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, throws the system in through-out to nervous disease. The body weak and debilitated, unable to nourish, but subsisting merely, the digestive organs no longer perform their functions; the liver becomes torpid, and other organs failing in their work, work specially become diseased, and dissolution and death are apt to ensue.

In addition to being a certain cure for malaria and shills 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 medicine, price, \$1 per bottle.

PRIVATE SALES
REAL ESTATE
 THE undersigned offers at private sale, the following described Real Estate: A Farm situated in Franklin township, Snyder Co., Pa. 1/2 mile west of Middleburg, containing 108 Acres
 of the best blue stone land, water are present, a good frame two story house, several outbuildings—well of good water near the door, flowing water on the farm—fencing, young orchard of choice fruit trees. Farm in a high state of cultivation. Terms cash. Address, JOSEPH W. BARKER, Middleburg, Pa. Feb. 22, '82.

A Good Salary!
 and free-lime-ence is what every successful business man will receive who manages and works at home. We will send you, free of charge, a full and complete course of instruction in the art of making and selling goods at home. You can work in spare time only or give your full time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you so well as this. No one can fail to make money by selling goods at home. Cash paid and terms easy. Money made fast, easy, and honorably. Address: THOMAS & CO. Augusta, Maine. Feb. 22, '82.

BEST
 business now before the public. You can make more money at home than any other business. We will send you, free of charge, a full and complete course of instruction in the art of making and selling goods at home. You can work in spare time only or give your full time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you so well as this. No one can fail to make money by selling goods at home. Cash paid and terms easy. Money made fast, easy, and honorably. Address: THOMAS & CO. Augusta, Maine. Feb. 22, '82.

MARBLE WORK
 LEWISBURG, PA.
 ITALIAN AND AMERICAN MARBLE MONUMENTS!
 Tombstones, Sarcophagi, Urns, Vases, LAMBS for Children's Graves, Posts, Tablets, Busts, Marble and Slate Monuments, &c.
 All those who desire to have their monuments and tablets made of the best material, should consult the undersigned, who has the largest stock of Italian and American Marble and Slate Monuments, &c. on hand. Address: J. B. FOCKLER, Middleburg, Pa. July 15, 1871.

PEPPERS
 I will mail free the receipt for a simple Vegetable Balm that will remove every Pimple, Blister, and Itchiness, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful. This is a sure remedy for a permanent growth of hair on a bald head or a thinning hair. Address: J. B. FOCKLER, Middleburg, Pa. July 15, 1871.