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### Poetry.

Let the Cloth be White.

BY WILL CARLTON.

Go set the table, Mary, an' let the cloth be white!  
The hungry city children are comin' here to-night;  
The children from the city, with features pinched an' spare,  
Are comin' here to get the breath of God's untainted air.  
They come from out the dungeons where they with want were chain'd; From places dark an' dismal, by tears of sorrow stained:  
From where a thousand shadows are murkering all the light;  
Set well the table, Mary dear, an' let the cloth be white!

They ha' not seen the daisies made for the heart's behoof;  
They never heard the rain drops upon a cottage roof!  
They do not know the kisses of zephyr an' of breeze;  
They never gambled wild and free beneath the forest trees.

The food that they ha' eaten was spoilt by others' greed;  
The very air their lungs breathed was full o' poison seeds;

The very air their souls breathed was full o' wrong an' spite;  
Go set the table, Mary dear, an' let the cloth be white!

The fragrant water-lilies ha' never smil'd at them;  
They never picked a wild flower from off its dewy stem;  
They never saw a greensward that they could safely pass  
Unless they heeded well the sign that says, "Keep off the grass."

God bless the men and women of noble brain and heart  
Who go down in the folk-squaws and take the children's part!  
Those hungry, cheery children that keep us in their debt,  
And never fail to give us mors' of pleasure than they get!

Set well the table, Mary; let naught be scant or small;  
The little ones are coming; have plenty for 'em all.  
There's nothing we should furnish except the very best  
To those that Jesus looked upon and called to him an blessed.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

For the Post.

### REBEL PRISONS.

BY DR. R. ROTHROCK.

The sutler's store of goods contained but few varieties—black pepper, unground, turnips, sweet potatoes, and bakers bread. Ten dollars in confederate money for one dollar in greenback was the general rate of exchange; and this was obtained through the sisters of charity, who visited us, doing acts of kindness to the suffering, bringing clothes and food, carrying mow gees to our officers, prisoners in the city, and bringing the reply.

To people so cleanly we must have been objects of disgust. The vermin, visible upon all prisoners, could not have been pleasant to find persons, unaccustomed to such misery. Our diri begrimed, half-naked persons must have been revolting, yet no word or look from those heaven sent sisters showed shrinking or disgust.

I have seen them bending in prayer or in offices of mercy over almost naked creatures, whom disease and filth had rendered indescribably loathsome, never, by word or look, showing other feeling than pity, and never making the object of their care feel humiliation or shame. Their kindly address of "My poor child" fell pleasantly on the ear.

No importunities could vex them, and I do not remember of having heard an utterance of impatience from their lips. I may have been prejudiced, at first, against those sisters of charity, but certainly their acts were truly christian, worthy of imitation by all on like occasions.

As I have said, gangrene, diarrhea, and soury raged terribly in camp, notwithstanding our improved condition.

It was about the third week of my stay at Charleston, I was told at corporal Thomas, of my company, whom I have mentioned in preceding pages, lay dying. I found his brave man lying in the hot sun, with no shelter or attendant.

Said he, I could have lived to get out of the hands of any savages but you; they are too cruel for me to live.

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NO. 8



The untold sufferings this man endured,—who once had refused to purchase freedom and life as the price of treason,—retaining clearness of mind until the moment of death, was but one instance among the daily occurring in prison.

A young soldier, who at one time had been clerk of company I, 78th Regt., P. V. died during the same week at Charleston. In his last moments he continually said, "I should be willing to die if I could have enough to eat, and die at home."

Those who had been captured during the summer in the vicinity of Richmond underwent strict searches, and were robbed of their money, watches, and other valuables by the authorities, who pretended, that they would again be restored when their imprisonment was over.

Whatever may have been their intentions at the time, I never knew of but one instance where such promises were fulfilled, and that was in the case of Colonel Iverson, who had taken away greenbacks to the amount of many hundred dollars, and when the prisoners were released he restored the money.

The great majority of prisoners had not a cent in their pockets, nor a pocket to put it in if they had a cent. To such the sale of the delicacies mentioned was nothing but an aggravation.

If potatoes had sold for five cents bushel, not more than one man in a hundred of the prisoners could have purchased a peck.

After giving us hard-tack for a few day, raw rations were issued in prison in very small quantities, in which the rebels seemed to have adopted a plan to make variety take the place of quantity.

They longings for home and food and thoughts of death were often bitterly crowded together.

For convenience in issuing rations, the prisoners were divided into detachments of thousands, and then subdivided into hundreds. There were sergeants of thousands and sergeants of hundreds, and a chief sergeant over the whole. These divisions were to facilitate the issue of rations, and the sergeants were selected from among the prisoners, and were often chosen by the prisoners themselves.

Much trouble, first and last, occurred in prison from the rebels never being able to count the prisoners correctly. We were often counted, but with no satisfactory results. There were, throughout the prison, so many hungry men—who were seemed to sharpen in proportion to their hunger continually devising ways to get "extra food," that it was not strange that the rebels frequently found themselves issuing more rations than there were men in prison.

To be Continued.

### A Shivering World.

The last startling novelty in the way of surprise which scientists have invented is a machine for measuring the shivering of the world, and thus another bold of our innocent youth has been remorselessly shattered.

Instead of the world being a great, bulky, robust sphere—a man-moth cricket-ball swung off through space from the bat of time in one huge, compact, dense mass—the earth is of a sort of jolly-dish imposture.

Its skin of soil—like a plate of blanmange in the hands of a gentleman who loves Bacchus not wisely but too well,—shakes incessantly. The earth, in fact, has got the ague, and nobody yet knows the cause.

So gingerly susceptible, is the world to motion, that if a man standing firmly planted on a gravel bed, upon two feet, only places his weight first on one log and then on the other, taking care not to disturb his pedal extremities, he causes a perceptible vibration through a radius of thirty-two feet.

Some days the earth is comparatively speaking, quiet. It does not shiver so much. Suddenly the fit comes on again, and it shakes away, as if it had got cold in its very bones.

So far, therefore, from their being any wonder when the shivering gets worse, as in the case of earthquake, that buildings fall down, the marvel is that they stand up at all.

In the course of a few decades, when science becomes more advanced, we may learn that the streets and edifices which we deem to be fixtures are tearing at the rate of a million or so of miles a minute, and that all that we deem to be materialized solids is imperceptible gas ourselves among the number.

Why are the Germans like quinine and gentian? Because they are two tonics.

The latest style of butter has frizzles over the forehead and real bugs in its hat.

Fruit jams are manufactured in large quantities. Jam jams are self-made in small lots.

About this time Colonel Iverson detected the sutler in two offences: first, of receiving greenbacks in payment for goods, a criminal offence in the Confederacy, and second, charging the prisoners exorbitant prices in trading.

Whereupon he confiscated the greenbacks, to be used to obtain comforts for our sick, and forced him to conform to the schedule of prices in the city. The following were, with little variation, the prices charged in Confederate money: Bread, one dollar per loaf; Sweet potatoes, ten dollars per bushel. Three flat turnips, one dollar; black pepper, ten dollars per ounce. Taking into consideration the cost of one dollar in greenbacks, and

the cost of one dollar in gold, the sutler was compelled to charge a dollar for each loaf of bread, and a dollar for each bushel of sweet potatoes, and a dollar for each ounce of black pepper. This is making expenses for stamp to be ap-

proved.

### Georgia Hospitality.

As I got beyond Roseville, in riding out to the battle-field of Chickamauga, it began to rain, and the way the thunder roared and the lightning flashed, and the flood-gates opened, was appalling. A farmer just over the Georgia line beckoned me in out of the wet, and there I struck, from one o'clock up to dark. It was a steady storm, without a break for a minute, and as there were no signs of its clearing up before midnight, the man said I'd better stay all night. It looked that way to me, too; but it was a log-house with only one room and only two beds for the twelve of us. There were six children, some half-grown, the farmer and his wife, an old woman, a son-in-law, a young woman and myself. It looked as if some of us would have to stand up to sleep, and along about nine o'clock I began to get nervous. Perhaps the man noticed it, for soon after hour he said:

"Stranger, we'll stop out and look at the weather."

We went to the barn, and, after a look at the horses, returned and found all the women in one bed, and the light out.

"Shake off, and jump into 'other bed," whispered the man.

I followed directions, and I was no sooner in than he followed. Then came the young man, then the old one, and then three boys lay across our feet—the upper one resting from the shoulders! The clergyman modestly replied that he thought that was their usual way of going to bed. I heard the old clock strike eleven, twelve, one and two, and was finally dozing off when some one opened the door, walked in, and began to undress. The noise he made aroused the farmer, who carefully called out:

"Who's that?"  
"Me."  
"Who's me?"

"Jim Baker."  
"Oh, Jim, oh! Want to stay all night?"

"I rockon."  
"Well, strip off and pile in between the fast two on the front—there's only four of us lying lon'thwise."

Jim piled in without another word being said, and was soon asleep, and, as I was sliding silently out to finish the night on the floor, the farmer sleepily queried:

"Is that you, Tom? Pull off your bates, and slip in here—lots of room left, yet!"

Weather Wisdom.

Some time ago a New Jersey man of science gave the New York Farmers' Club the following weather facts and probabilities:

1. When the temperature falls suddenly, there is a storm forming south of you.

2. When the temperature rises suddenly, there is a storm forming north of you.

3. The wind always blows from a region of fair weather towards a region where a storm is forming.

4. Cirrus clouds always move from a region where a storm is in progress towards a region of fair weather.

5. Cumulous clouds always move from a region of fair weather towards a region where a storm is forming.

6. When cirrus clouds are moving rapidly from the north or northwest, there will be rain in less than twenty-four hours no matter how cold it may be.

7. When cirrus clouds are moving rapidly from the south or southeast, there will be a cold rain storm on the morrow, if it be summer; and if it be winter, there will be a snow storm.

8. The wind always blows in circles around a storm, and, when it blows from the north, the heaviest rain is east of you; if it blows from the east, the heaviest rain is south; if it blows from the west, the heaviest rain is north of you.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company is about to construct in the city of Baltimore a new general passenger station, at a cost of \$2,000,000, similar in architecture and internal arrangements to the Elkhorn street station in Philadelphia, which is believed to be the best in the country. The Baltimore station will receive and accommodate one hundred and twenty-five daily trains of cars.

At a restaurant on a Virginia rail-road a traveler threw a piece of paper out of the window and had to pay \$300 for breaking three ribs of a boy.

### The Power of Affection.

Most men are easily led by their wives if affection—not hardness—is manifested towards them. They cannot bear the least appearance of slight or dictation, but are touched and soothed by the appearance of submission and affection; and it is thus that, strong in her very weakness, woman literally conquers by stooping. Her strongest hold upon her husband is her love for him, and by its means she may subdue him to her will and pleasure. But, though we thus strongly recommend the reality and the manifestation of affection, though we place it first among the duties of a married woman, and among the chief requisites to matrimonial felicity, let us not be misunderstood. Affection cannot be too warmly displayed by a wife, but she must display it to him, not at him. Good breeding and delicacy alone would require that fondness should be suppressed before witnesses; and ostentations of tenderness is usually thought to be anything but genuine. It not only causes her who lavishes it to be disliked, but makes him upon whom it is lavished ridiculous. A woman of tact, or a truly modest woman, will never make the mistake of parading her love in public.

When the boys of Poker Valley, Nov., sent one of the boys up to Nebraska to find and hire a preacher, he had his instructions, and he asked:

"Can you give sinners — right from the shoulder?" The clergyman modestly replied that he thought that was their usual way of going to bed. "And do you play a fair game of seven-up?" "Mere, no!" He was horrified at the thought. "Well, I didn't know," replied the delegate. "The boys said how if you played poker or seven-up or wanted to run a sweat-board the salary would be only \$500, but if you was one of the sort who squared off at salvation and had a claim in heaven all staked off and a shaft going down they'd make it \$800 and throw in the rent of a cabin. It's a matter of business with us, you see. We are bound to get hold 'o some who can outlast and outpreach that fellow at Davis' Hill if we have to go up to \$1,000 a year and furnish him a mule and a bar'l of whiskey."

Abundant hair is not a sign of bodily or mental strength, the story of Samson having given rise to the notion that hairy men are strong physically, while, the fact is that the Chinese, who are most enduring of all races, are mostly bald; and as to the supposition that long and thick hair is the sign and token of intellectual ability, all antiquity, all mad-houses, and all common observation are against it. The easily-wheeled East was hairy. The mighty Cesar was bald. Long-haired men are generally weak and fatuous, and men with scant hair are the philosophes and soldiers and statesmen of the world—London Lancet.

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Hotels.

The Bumgardner House Harrisburg, Pa.

D. S. MASSER, Proprietor.

This house has been re-furnished and will keep the best Pennsylvania style. Moderate.

March 9, 1882.

BOARDING HOUSE.

The Undersigned would respectfully inform the travelling public, business men, and others in attendance at our hotel that he has made arrangements for their accommodation and will endeavor to secure him patrons in good style at the most reasonable rates. Boarding House a few doors west of the Court House.

GABRIEL BEAVER, Proprietor.

Aug. 21, 1882.

Marble Works.

located at Mifflinburg, Pa. All persons engaged in the manufacture of marble works, in fact, anything in the shape of stone, should call on Mr. Schrader and see what he can do for them.

JOSEPH WALTER, Mifflinburg, Pa.

Aug. 21, 1882.

ITALIAN AND AMERICAN MARBLE MONUMENTS.

Tombstones, Statuary, Urns, Vases, LAMPS for Children's Graves, etc.

PETER HARTMAN, Proprietor.

April 6, 1882.

THE NATIONAL HOTEL.

JOHN B. FOOKLER, Proprietor.

Selinsgrove, Pa.

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