

LOCAL INTEREST

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Gen. Sherman says the "eleventh commandment is, 'mind your own business.'" Up to date only one man in a million has found out that this injunction is in his catechism.

The board-walk to Franklin which was carried away by the June flood has nearly all been recovered and only needs to be put in place. Let the town council now act in the matter of putting it up.

Game in this section promises to be plenty this year. The light winter was favorable to rabbits, quail and pheasants and "the woods is full of 'em." Deer are also reported plenty and in good condition.

J. G. Chesnut has been too busy since the flood to write special advertisements for the Post but we copy one of his Lewistown ads. This week to show our people that though he has been silent for some time he is by no means dead.

MUSICAL COLLEGE.—The 36th Session of Six Weeks, opens Monday evening, July 29, for the Teaching of Young Ladies in Vocal and Instrumental Music. Address, F. C. MOYER, Director, Freeburg, Pa.

FOR SALE.—The undersigned will sell at private sale her house and lot situate near Kramer, Pa., lately occupied by Dr. Seip. For particulars call on or address MRS. MARY LAUDENSLAGER, July 10, 41. Selinsgrove, Pa.

The advertisement of the St. Elmo Hotel, Philadelphia, appears in another column, and we take pleasure in calling attention to the House as first class, with liberal accommodations and cheap in price. Our people stopping in Philadelphia will find in Col. Feger, the proprietor, a typical host, one with whom they will always find pleasure in meeting.

Our farmers have just gathered in one of the most bountiful harvests for years. The hay crop was excellent, but some difficulty was experienced in getting it in prime condition, owing to the recent rainy weather. Potatoes look fine and the corn is promising. Fruit of all kinds was damaged by the wet weather and the crop will be light.

C. F. Mensch, agent for the Harrisburg Sunday Telegram, desires to announce to his patrons that besides the general attraction of the paper every subscriber will receive a magnificently engraved photographic view of Johnstown, representing the stricken city before and after the flood, free of charge with each copy of the paper every week for two months. Price five cents per paper. For sale in Middleburgh every Saturday afternoon.

BRIDGE LETTINGS.—The following is a list of contracts awarded to bridge builders by the Snyder County Commissioners at their letting on Monday and Tuesday, July 1st and 2nd:

In Middleburgh, on June 30, 1889, Harriet, wife of Frederick Walter, aged 66 years, 7 months and 29 days. Mrs. Walter suffered long and patiently for nearly a year when death came to her relief. She was the beloved mother of a family of seven children, all of whom survive her but one, Howard, who was killed in the army. The living are Mary, intermarried with J.S. Boob of Millinburg, Elmira intermarried with Calvin Stetler, Middleburgh, Theodore and William of Akron, Ohio, and Sarah and Charles of Middleburgh. The community deeply sympathize with the bereaved husband and children and hope that the mother's virtues as a Christian lady will enable her to meet them all in a grand reunion in Heaven.

Houtz's famous Glen Rock Ice cream is growing in popularity and all who have tried it pronounce it the ne plus ultra in frozen dishes.

R. Gunberger offers extraordinary bargains in Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c., for the next 30 days in order to make room for fall goods.

What's the matter with the grocery men who canvassed the county a few weeks ago and offered such extraordinary bargains to our farmers? Strange, that men having such extraordinary advantages over our home merchants should be scared off by a little back-woods paper like the Post. Men who own sugar refineries, coffee plantations, and represent half the merchantile interests of the world should not be so chicken-hearted. They have gone South. Ah, there, boys! Stay there; or we'll give you a local with a crack-er to it.

Benjamin Steindling's house, two miles west of Middleburgh, in what is known as "Doodletown," caught fire on Saturday afternoon during the absence of the family and was burned to the ground with all its contents. Loss about \$500. No insurance. It is most unfortunate for Mr. Steindling. Everything was burned up but the clothing they had on their bodies and nothing is left him but the lot on which the house stood. A subscription is being circulated and we hope the contributions for the relief of the family will come in liberally.

John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain the champion bruisers of the world, fought for \$20,000 stakes and the champion belt in Louisiana on Monday, which resulted in the defeat of Kilrain in 75 rounds, during which he was knocked down twenty-eight times. Sullivan is again King. Kilrain was a usurper. Kilrain is called "Gentleman Jake" and is evidently more of a gentleman than a fighter, and his defeat goes to prove that a gentleman has no business in the 24-foot ring. Our sympathies were with Kilrain, for Sullivan is a brute, but as it required a brute to win the fight Sullivan is entitled to the belt for evermore.

The Sterling Comedy Company which has been re-organized with new people and brass band, will give a benefit for Capt. Ryan Post, G. A. R. of Middleburgh in Seebold's Hall on Saturday evening, July 13, when they will produce the beautiful comedy of life in North Carolina Hills entitled "Esmeralda." The Post donated all its "clarity" fund to the Johnstown sufferers, and this will afford our people an opportunity to show their appreciation of the Grand Army men's liberality and at the same time reimburse their treasury. The company is better than ever, and the play will be doubly worth the price of admission.

It is always well for a business man to have good credit, but to do this he should avoid using it any more than is necessary. Practically pay as you go is as good policy for the buyer as any one can see it is for the seller. Few people realize how much their credit costs them. It is by far the dearest luxury they keep, and is what keeps more men poor than anybody else. It is mainly the credit which the country store expects to, and is, perhaps, obliged to give that makes it a dearer place to trade than the city where for casual customers credit is impossible. Much more than the legal rate of interest is added to the price of the article where credit is given. In reality the honest man who intends to pay his debts cannot afford to be trusted. He is saddled with a part of the losses of those who are dishonest in addition to interest. It is better to borrow money on a lump and pay interest on it and buy only for cash, than to buy on credit. Better still to do without things until money is earned to pay for them. The grocery bill is in thousands of homes the secret of lack of thrifts.

Quill-Drivers by the Sea

The 17th Annual Excursion of the Pennsylvania State Editorial Association.

On Monday morning June 24, the editor of the Post turned the paper upon the tender mercies of the boys and in company with his wife bade our pleasant little hamlet a week's adieu to join the editors of Pennsylvania in a visit to the Sea. Cape May being the objective point, we proceeded to Harrisburg and from there to Philadelphia over the Pennsylvania railroad. Arriving at Philadelphia we put up with Col. Feger, of the St. Elmo Hotel, where liberal provisions were made for our comfort. The next morning at 7:30 we proceeded to Race Street Wharf where the palatial steamer "Republic" lay to convey us to Cape May Point. The steamer "hoove anchor" a little before 8 o'clock and was soon steaming down the Bay, loaded with probably the most patient, forgiving and long-suffering body of humanity that ever freighted a craft. After a most delightful trip of nearly six hours we landed at the Point and from there were conveyed by rail to Cape May City—and then

"Behold the sea! The opaline, the plentiful, the strong, Yet beautiful as is the rose of June, Fresh as is the trickling rainbow of July, Sea fall or foot, the nourisher of kinds, Sea full or foot, the nourisher of kinds, Purger of earth and nourisher of turn, Creating a sweet climate by its breath, Washing out harms and griefs from man's And in its mathematically and flow giving a hint of that which changes not."

But there was no time for contemplation. Dinner at the Mammoth Stockton Hotel was waiting, and the trip down the Bay having had an effervescent effect upon some, the Association made a bee line for the Hotel which we found a magnificent structure. Everything on the magnificent plan, and we thought of Sam Jones when he said that some fellows when they get to Heaven the first they will do when looking at the Great White Throne will be to ask: "How much did that cost?" Led by this inborn curiosity, we hunted up the proprietor, Mr. T. F. Walton, probably better known as "Plunger" Walton, who informed us that the first cost of the house was eight hundred thousand dollars, and that he had spent eighty thousand dollars this spring in repairing and refurbishing the same. It will entertain 1000 guests at a time. "Eight hundred thousand dollars for a house" we thought. How in thunder will he get his money out? We were not long in pondering over so ponderous a problem, for when we had washed and started for dinner our eyes met the following card on our room door:

THIS ROOM WITH BOARDING FOR TWO, 1 WEEK, \$75.00.

This evening matters a little and to some extent restored our appetite. Lost in wonder, we had almost forgotten our jolly companions, Messrs. Trout of the Lewistown Free Press and Leshar of the Selinsgrove Times, until we found ourselves sweating over a bill of fare, half French and the balance Scandinavian, we heard Leshar calling to the colored waiter "Give me the whole scheme!" That meant "all on the bill" we presume, and the next seen of Bro. Leshar he was heaving his way through a land slide of victuals, while Trout would look suspiciously at a dish and then look at us appealingly and remark: "Say, Taum, what in the all-fration is this?" By the end of the week however we became familiar with our bills of fare for probably learned more French in that time than we ever knew before—which isn't saying much. Our accommodations were first-class. Good boarding, good beds, obliging attendants and all for \$2.50 a day.

On Thursday we were invited by Colonel Charles K. Landis, founder of Sea Isle City, to accept of a lunch at his magnificent Continental Hotel, Col. Duffy, proprietor. The As-

sociation was conveyed to this delightful and growing summer resort by special train over the West Jersey railroad. It was the first fair glimpse we had of New Jersey as a farming country and looking at it in this light we thought of it as Ben Butler said of Texas, viz: "I may go to hell, but Texas never," and any man who says that New Jersey is a delightful country, simply illustrates what Talleyrand said, "men speak to conceal their ideas." But desolate and uninviting as are the inland towns compared to ours just so much more delightful are their cities at the Sea. The country is the bitter and the sea is the sweet. You must take one with the other to appreciate both. Sea Isle City is one of the most delightful places along the coast, with probably the finest beach in the world. The city is clean and healthful and its people are generous. The lunch prepared at the Continental for the Association was one of the most stupendous affairs ever called by that name. The members of the Association, their wives, daughters, or sweet-hearts, were directed into the mammoth dining room where stood a table probably one hundred feet long, loaded to a point with every conceivable dainty in the line of eatables, drinkables, and smokables. The ladies were requested to take seats at the small tables and the gentlemen to wait on them. It worked like a fire-alarm; some one remarked something about "pigs in clover" but the rest frowned him down. Oh, what a time! And then the beach. Battling with the gigantic waves, knocked down, rolled over and then see the old veterans of the Quill come up smiling as a boy on a Sunday after-noon's bath in the mill-pond. The weather had been cool up to this time, but now the sun began to feel uncomfortable and we recalled Longfellow's beautiful lines:

The panting city cried to the sea, I am faint with heat; oh, breathe on me! So, the city, hot with flame, Of the pitiless sun, the East wind came. It came from the heaving breast of the deep, Silent as dreams are and sudden sleep.

A delightful return trip to the Cape and a banquet with music and dancing at the Stockton and the members of the Association retired to sleep in their luxurious quarters while the "deep sea rolled down below."

Friday morning was all hustle and bustle, paying off bills, checking trunks and getting ready for the return trip home on a special train over the West Shore railway which left about noon and made the distance to Philadelphia—81 miles—in 105 minutes, including several stops.

We returned home Saturday morning delighted with our trip, but at the same time realizing that

"Home, home, sweet, sweet, home, There's no place like home, There's no place like home."

The thanks of the Pennsylvania State Editorial Association are due to J. R. Wood, Esq., General Passenger Agent, and G. W. Boyd, Esq., Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, for the courtesy of free transportation from our respective home stations to Philadelphia and return; to W. F. Russell, Esq., General Manager, and other officers of the Cape May and Delaware Bay Navigation Company, and to Captain Lackey, of the Steamer Republic, for the pleasure of our ride on that magnificent steamer down the Delaware Bay to Cape May Point; to Charles K. Landis, founder of Sea Isle City, who entertained us so sumptuously at lunch at the Continental Hotel, of which the renowned host, Col. Duffy, is proprietor; to Mayor Ludlaw, and his council of Sea Isle City; General W. J. Sewell, Vice President of the West Jersey Railway, all of whom contributed so greatly to our pleasure and comfort on Thursday, June 27th; and made it the Red Letter day of our trip to the Sea Shore, and to T. F. Walton, proprietor of the Stockton Hotel, Cape May, whose regular rates are from \$4 to \$8 per day, charged us a rate of but \$2.50 per day and gave us the best accommodations his house contained.

BEAVERTOWN.—The Fourth was passed with little or no observance. James, a son of John Wiand, while recklessly handling a revolver one day last week shot himself in the leg above the knee. The ball did not get far below the surface and lodged about two inches from where it entered. He was himself able to get it back again.

Rev. O. E. Pfeuger has resigned the pastorate of the Beavertown charge and has secured a charge at Lykens, Pa. He moved last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Middlenburgh, of East Lynn, Mo., natives of this township, are visiting friends here. It is the first time they were home since the Centennial.

A. H. Bowersox has been appointed postmaster. The office was moved on Saturday.

Mrs. James S. Smith is seriously sick with dropsy.

Frederick Smith, of near Williamsport, who attained to his majority in Beavertown, is visiting his parents. His wife and three children accompany him.

The Lutheran Sunday school held a children's service on Sunday evening. It was well attended.

Farmers are very busy with their harvests. Some have finished cutting and are hauling it into the barns. The crops are excellent. Hay has been made under great inconvenience on account of the rainy weather.

An abundance of whortle berries are brought from Shade mountain by our citizens.

Two of Millard Kern's horses, hitched to a wagon, started and ran home from town at the top of their speed without injuring anything, one day last week. Fortunately they did not meet any vehicle on the road. CITIZEN.

TROXELVILLE.—The unfavorable weather was a great drawback to hay making—scores of tons spoiled altogether, and as much more greatly damaged. Some of our farmers are done cutting grain, others are almost done, and still others have just got a good start. Quite a number of our farmers say that wheat will not yield as well as was expected.

Children's Day was observed in the St. Luke's Sunday school last Sunday which was well attended, addresses were made by Revs. Stover and Hassinger.

Quite a number of visitors were in town over Sunday, among whom was the most handsome grand-pap of Adamsburg.

Mrs. Laura Walter, (nee Bolender) of Akron, Ohio, was the guest of her uncle, Dr. J. C. Shuman a few days last week.

Isaac C. Swartz's new house is almost ready for the slate. If funny Dave keeps on improving as he has thus far, he will soon be the boss carpenter, and Philip will have to ask the questions.

Lizzie, the pretty daughter of our county surveyor, who has been living in Akron, Ohio for the last twenty-one months, returned home last Friday evening, looking hale, hearty and handsome as ever. CALIFORNIA JOE.

WEST BEAVER.—Thinking U No the Lowell scribe could not get the news of the day all together I feel like helping him along.

West Beaver can boast of a man that dispises to pay twenty-five cts. for a good square meal on special occasions. Perhaps it would have surprised his stomach and caused sickness.

The prohibitions are now drinking their whiskey out of tin cans in our township. Good idea.

It is reported that butter milk ice cream has been on top at some of the ice cream gardens in West Beaver.

Boys you should report if huckleberries are plenty so we can all take a trip. But, bear in mind, "Six days thou shall labor and the seventh, rest."

PSEUDONYME.