



Co. Commissioners.

ITEMS of LOCAL INTEREST

Deibert's gallery is closed until his return in February.

See list of Jurors for February term of Court in another column.

R. Guntzberger pays the highest price for all kinds of furs in cash or trade.

Try the new 2-fer cigar, "Star of the East," at Garman's. The best in town.

M. T. Orwig, agent for the P. R. at Woodland, Clearfield county, is home on a visit.

Persons having calves to sell will please call on or address Geo. Snyder, McClure, Pa.

All goods sold at five per cent above first cost at R. Guntzberger's, the clothier, Middleburgh, Pa.

The day is raw, and dark, and dreary. I've got the grip and my lungs are weary. My old hands clasp my aching head. And its twelve o'clock and I'm still in bed. And the day is dark and dreary.

Superintendent Herman is among our grip-stricken people, and the schools that miss his visits will know the reason why.

Schoch Brothers, of Selinsgrove, have dissolved partnership and are now selling out their large stock of general merchandise at public auction.

The following is C. K. Sober's pleasant record for the last six years: in 1884 he shot 95, 1885, 87; 1886, 108, 1887, 40; 1888, 117; and 1889, 116—a total, 503.

A certain old maid was recently overheard saying that she wished she were an auctioneer, for then it would be perfectly proper for her to say: "Gentlemen, make me an offer!"

SURE CURE FOR THE GRIP.—Bonset and Hourhoun tea. Bathe the feet two or three times a day in warm lye water, and a wine-glass three times a day of Marks & Ender's all Rye whiskey.

The type made us say last week that M. Specht of Beavertown was seriously ill. We meant to say Elias Specht was ill. We hope the old gentleman will succeed in renewing his mortgage on life.

Lost.—On the public road between Selinsgrove and Paxtonville, on Monday, January 13, a buckskin purse, containing a \$10 gold piece. The finder will please return it to F. H. Shrader, Selinsgrove.

The pension department has upon its rolls the names of twenty-seven widows of revolutionary soldiers who have been regularly paid pensions up to the present time. Three of them are 97 years of age, and two 96. The youngest is 71.

The Grip continues to spread in this place and the faces that are seen on the street to-day are missed to-morrow. It will soon have made its rounds when it must necessarily get it hold for want of material to grip. We have had a number of serious cases in town but none have proven fatal.

The Elk County Democrat is loud in its praise of Professor D. C. Murphy, formerly of this place. He is still Principal of the Ridgeway public schools and is very popular. The Democrat laconically expresses itself thus: "Ridgeway was lucky enough to get him and is plucky enough to hold him." That is what Middleburgh should have done.

The committee on arrangements for the Middleburgh Musical Convention are busy in their endeavor to make it one of the grandest gatherings of the kind. Specialists in all branches of music are being secured, and the class promises to be a very large one, including the best singers of this and neighboring counties. So much and such good talent given into the hands of a competent conductor like Mr. P. Billhardt, and displayed in the Court house—a perfect temple of music, assures a grand success.

MATRIMONIAL MARKET.

Absolom Sharp, Dundore, Pa.
Lizzie Auker, Troxelville.
Geo. S. Kline, Troxelville.
Martha E. Bingaman, Troxelville.
Simon H. Long, Hoffer.
Agnes Marks, Hoffer.
Samuel S. Scholl, Pallas.
Alice Leing, Pallas.
S. K. Gaugler, Pallas.
Kate M. Martin, Pallas.
Jeremiah I. Fisher, Penn twp.
Mary C. Snyder, Penn twp.

We learn that Miss Vickie Erdley intends abandoning the millinery business this spring and move to Selinsgrove. Miss Erdley is a tasty trimmer and moderate in her prices. We hope she may benefit by the change. We are also informed that Miss Libbie Dunkleberger contemplates opening a millinery and fancy Store in Middleburgh in the spring.

Wm. C. Heinle, of Bellefonte, is spoken of as the coming Democratic State Chairman. Republican Chairman Andrews will find him a formidable opponent and one entirely worthy of his steel. The selection of Mr. Heinle as a leader by the Democrats would insure a spirited though honorably conducted campaign—one that will put our party to a strong test.

The editor of the Post has now completed his master-piece of poetry for the use of that Chicago firm in their forth-coming volume on the "Poets of America." It is set to the tune of the old cow died on and runs as follows:

It roars in my head like the devil in harness.
I've got it, I feel it, my every limb aches.
But go it, Old Grippe, I'll prove your harmless—
Wait, hold, till I tell you ere ev'ry bone breaks:
You're a foreign-born tramp—an alien here;
Our native Old Quina, a conquering Seer,
Will knock you out stiff and take in the stake!
So pack up your duds and give us the shake.

Eli Whitaker, of near Elkhart, Ind., recently made a statement of the profits he made out of a crop of Brown Leghorn chickens, numbering sixty-five in the year 1889. The hens in the past year laid 12,889 eggs which he sold and they brought him an average of sixteen cents per dozen, making \$175.85. Besides this he sold \$11.57 worth of young chickens, and still his flock increased forty in number, which he estimates being worth \$40. The expense of keeping the chickens was \$37.31, and subtracting this amount from what they brought him leaves a net gain of \$166.11.

How many of our lady readers know of the origin of the word "calico?" A correspondent asks this question and then answers it as follows: Many centuries ago the first monarch of the province of Malabar gave to one of his chiefs, as a reward for distinguished services, his sword and all the land within the limit of which a cock crowing at a certain temple could be heard. From this circumstance the little town which grew up in the center of this territory was called Calicoada, or the cock crowing. Afterwards it was called Calicut, and from this place the first cotton goods were imported into England, bearing the name calico.

While we are enjoying spring-like weather the worst blizzards known for years go tearing through the North-west—traveling as far East and South as Kansas. Old "Prob" has predicted several cold waves for Pennsylvania. But cold waves run wild and pretty much as they please, like deer in the mountains, and when we think there is one coming straight for us it dives into the brush and the next seen of it is the white tail of the blizzard cutting across the Arctic Regions and striking for the North Pole crossing. It would, however, be unreasonable to expect a continuance of the present mild variety of weather and our readers are advised to look out for a change, one of these days, that will make up in severity for all the time that has been lost. "Nothing pays itself so well as weather," is an old saying, and, probably, true. Hence we refrain from chucking over the discomfiture of the prophets who predicted a severe winter until the season is further advanced—till there is no time any more for a "bad spell."

Sale Bills.

The Post, with its extensive circulation throughout Snyder county, will be an indispensable advertising medium for farmers who contemplate making sale this spring of their personal property. The Post's sale register will be free to every one getting his bills printed with us, and we don't only extend this advantage but pledge our word of honor to do the work as cheap as is offered by any other printing establishment in the State of Pennsylvania. Select your date and send it in that we may reserve the day for your sale by placing it in the sale register free of charge, and print your bills at any time in the future you may select.

ROLL OF HONOR.—The following persons have paid their subscription to the Post to the dates opposite their names. Should any mistakes occur in these credits or on your paper please notify us:

H. Alleman,	Jan. 1, '90
Isaac Shirey,	Feb. 1, '90
Joseph Miller,	Jan. 1, '90
Seebold & Runkle,	Jan. 1, '90
H. A. Sassaman,	Jan. 10, '91
D. Sassaman,	Nov. 1, '90
Robert Foreman,	Jan. 1, '91
J. B. Shannon,	Feb. 20, '90
A. S. Schambach,	Dec. 1, '89
J. F. Reninger,	Jan. 20, '91
S. S. Reitz,	Feb. 1, '91
T. Gemberling,	Sep. 1, '90
Henry Snook, Jr.,	Aug. 1, '90
J. C. Hassinger,	Jan. 1, '91
Peter Harman,	March 1, '90
W. H. Ewing,	Feb. 1, '92
Frank Thomas & Co.,	March 14, '90
G. W. Spittler,	May 1, '89
S. B. Schuck,	Sep. 1, '90
H. E. Miller,	Jan. 1, '91
Ner Middleswarth,	Jan. 1, '91
F. F. Hare,	Jan. 1, '89
Tobias Mitchel,	Aug. 1, '89
F. H. Schaffer,	July 15, '90
M. A. Bolender,	Feb. 1, '90
Henry Walter,	Jan. 1, '90
John A. Deitrich,	Apr. 1, '90
J. C. Hackenberg,	Apr. 1, '90

SHAMOKIN DAM.—I suppose by the time I write you again the people will be planting their onions if the weather holds out. The farmers are mostly through with their spring plowing and are making fence, while the supervisors are working the roads.

Saturday evening some of our young folks spent a very pleasant time at the home of Miss Lillie Kirkpatrick, it being her 21st birth-day anniversary. Among the many valuable presents she received was a beautiful gold watch—a gift from her father.

This new disease, I think they call it La Satchel, is taking hold of most all the people in this place, there being very few who have not had an attack of it.

John Lenhart, aged 79 years, died Monday after-noon. Buried on Wednesday.

Mrs. Mary Springer bought a house and lot of Jonas Aurand for \$950. She will take possession of it in the spring.

Adam Elliott bought a house and lot of Henry Clement for \$500, and Daniel Elliott bought a house and lot of R. C. Fiss for \$1,500.

There will be considerable change around in the spring. There are not near enough houses to accommodate all.

Its bad when a fellow goes to a calithumpian serenade and drinks so much beer that he goes home and wants to shoot his horse.

We see there are plenty of reporters from this place at present. The Selinsgrove "Times" and "Tribune" have each one, but then we think if they have reporters who are not subscribers they should at least be furnished with one copy so they can not only see their efforts in print but preserve them for the edification of generations yet unborn.

The Granger's Hollow debating society is in full blast and they are wrestling with momentous questions.

The schools are now open and things are running along smoothly.

The Pennsylvania Dutch.

(Extract from an article in the New York World.)

The Teutonic immigrant brought with him to Pennsylvania only the limited vocabulary of the German peasant nearly 200 years ago. His pronunciation of the native tongue was often inaccurate, of the English worse, and the deviation from the vernacular has increased with every generation until all semblance of the original is in many cases lost. "Dopper," meaning hurry; "nooner," under; "fartich" done or finished, are a few examples of many words not easily accounted for. Neither a German or an Englishman would make much of "croombeera." The former would say kartoffel, the latter potato. But our Pennsylvania Dutchman examines the tuber, and after much smelling and tasting, decides that it is a berry. "If it isn't a berry was der dihenker is it?" said one of them to me the other day, and "croombeera," he calls it, doubtless led to his word, in spite of my friend's explanation, through a foggy recollection of his remote ancestors, who named it die grundbirne the ground pear. With words denoting hesitancy or doubt the Pennsylvania Dutchman is well provided from over the Rhine, but when he wishes to express the idea of certainty, promptness, quickness, or quickness of perception he is obliged to use the language of his Anglo-Saxon neighbor, from whom he learned about all he knows of these qualities.

To the same source also does he go for his profanity, once he becomes really ugly. But that proves not one way or the other. The English, after all, the only language in which a man can swear and get anything like satisfaction. The proverb which bids us beware the fury of the patient man is a good one to remember in dealing with him, for he is slow to wrath. He is essentially a peasant; in its original and least offensive meaning, a boor. He has no word denoting courtesy. In good will and friendliness he abounds; of the little social amenities and court graces which add so much to the life of all other civilized people he knows nothing. For example: Although it may be stated as a generalization that all of them can speak English, association with them is likely to prove embarrassing if you do not know their language. You may be an invited guest at their house, but all conversation among themselves will be in their own Dutch, without translation or apologies to you. And they are great talkers. It would seem impossible for rudeness to go further; yet no offense has been intended, and they would not comprehend your indignation if expressed.

Of course they do not neglect you, and will talk much to you. But every comment not particularly addressed to you will be in their own language. They will argue and dispute among themselves with great volubility upon the subject in hand, but no matter how deeply you may be interested in the matter you will have to guess at what they are saying. You become indignant and feel like picking up your hat and leaving, but that would be a great mistake if it is at all near a meal time. You will never get a better dinner than they serve to the farm hands every day of the year. Stay to dinner or supper and you will forgive them everything.

Talk about your French cooks—humbug! Leaving out the one item of beef, which they boil, roast or fry until it is as dry, flat and tasteless as a chip, the Pennsylvania Dutch women are the best cooks in the world. If the beef is unsatisfactory you can have a slice of fried ham that would almost convert a vegetarian; potatoes will be whipped into a mountain of savory cream; the big Lima beans will dissolve at the touch of the tongue; the corn, tomatoes, asparagus—all things that ever grew in garden or in field—have lost not one breath of their fresh and dainty flavor. The bread

Some Points About Men.

A man's smile is either his conviction or acquittal.

A man who attempts to flatter you takes you for a fool.

Man, like fire, is apt to torment women by going out at night.

If you want to flatter a man, talk to him about his great reserve force.

A good many men are unable to prove that the world owes them a living.

A wife's royal road to her husband's affections runs through his stomach.

A lucky man—one who marries a widow whose first husband was mean to her.

The poorer a man is the more apt he is to refuse the pennies you give him in change.

There is always something for a man to do; when everything else fails he can worry.

Even though a man does not deserve assistance he feels the need of it just the same.

Some men enjoy the habit so much that they would pick their teeth even if they had nothing but soup for dinner.

LOWELL.—La Grippe has made its appearance in this end of the county. John H. Romig is confined to the house with erysipelas.

Any one in need of a good family horse can find such at Squ're Romig's as he has one for sale.

Al. Wagner, of Huntingdon county, intends moving on Andy Ulsh's farm in the spring—the one vacated by Harden Ulsh.

Calvin Goss is making preparations to move on the farm of Jacob Dreese, (his father-in-law.)

West Beaver has a female that says she is prepared for all thieving rascals that get their living by stealing—two muskets and three cross dogs.

W. G. Smith's name will be on the spring ticket for chief of police in this city.

A big hay wagon is better than no wagon at all in coming home from Troxelville, moving. Some have taken the la grippe from the shak-ing-up.

The soldier boys are busy at this end getting signers to a petition to send to Congress to have their rights and promises fulfilled. It must be done. U. No.

NEW BELLEVILLE.—It seems to be fashionable that every town should be afflicted with the grip. It has taken slightly hold of our people and seems to be taking firm hold in the College. A number of the professors have it now. Typhoid fever seems to be taking hold too.

The winter term of Central Pa. College opened last Wednesday with a fair attendance.

J. D. Winter and his son Wainright are going east to spend a few days in the Quaker City.

M. L. Schoel's store of general merchandise was entirely filled by lady clerks last week. The College students have made it a business to do all their buying there.

Campbell takes the prize to come in late. He can be glad the college dog knows him or he could not "enter college" so late in the morning.

Miss Nicholas, a member of the Senior class, is afflicted with the "grip." Abe seems to have it too—at the heart.

Our public schools are soon to give us another entertainment. We have some very fine performers in our borough schools.

Our town orchestra is doing very well; the college orchestra better, and the Senior chorus is best. So we are not to have a musical convention this year, as we are supplied with good singers.

One of the members of the Senior class came in possession of a very fine animal in December. It has created quite an interest among the scientific professors, and, especially among our female instructors. Up to date no name has been given it.

The Evangelicals began their protracted meeting Thursday evening.

ADAMSBURG.

Many of our people are down with the grip.

Mrs. Horace Haines (nee Woodling) is dangerously ill.

Mrs. Dr. H. I. Smith offers at private sale her house and lot and 18 acres of good farm land.

Rev. W. R. Wicand, wife, and son Harry, spent a few days in town last week. Harry preached an excellent sermon in the Lutheran Church.

A "double-header" jumped the track near here one evening last week and delayed the passenger trains several hours.

The high wind last week rolled a barrel of coal-oil off the station platform on the track where it bursted.

Mr. Felker of Ind. is visiting here.

J. W. Forrester's new house is under roof and the plasterers will commence work in a few days.

Don't forget the Prohibition Co. Conference which will meet at Adamsburg, January 27th.

CENTREVILLE.—Mr. Wm. H. Allen and wife of Three Rivers, Mich., are the guests of J. W. Keister.

Henry Grubb sold a house and lot on Market street to Chas. A. Hendricks. Possession will be given April 1st.

C. M. Showers and Constable Napp were in Winfield on Friday.

"School-marm" Miss Hattie Swartz spent Saturday and Sunday in Mifflintown.

Mrs. John Knauer of Millmont, was in town on Sunday.

Fred. B. Bolig and S. G. Bingaman were seen in Middleburgh one day last week.

Salesman J. T. Church of Laurelton, was in town on Monday last.

Our Sunday Schools were re-organized, and the following are the officers: Evangelical S. S., Supts. S. F. Sheary and B. H. Walter, Sec. Harvey Snook, Libr. Jos. Kerr, Union S. S., Supts. H. C. Sampsel and W. F. Sanders, Sec. C. M. Showers.

SELINSGROVE.—A terrific storm of wind visited this section, driving away the warm spring-like days, breeders of contagion and disease. King Frost gives notice of his near approach. Welcome, overdue King, to this pestilent land!

Every other person whom one meets shows evidences of being acquainted with the "sparer not of persons," la grippe.

Mrs. Col. Hilbish, who has been dangerously ill from having a tooth extracted, is recovering slowly.

The communion services to be held in the Methodist church were postponed owing to the illness of the pastor, Rev. Klepfer.

The match factory which has been in operation for some time has closed for a short time.

Great excitement on the East End! Capt. Andrew Stroh's feather-weight, all-round pig, laughed at pen and bars, escaped to the fields, careered in the waters of the creek and the river, and was caught by its multitude of pursuers only when the staying qualities of the pig had become exhausted. As a result of the chase the Captain's boat-swain, Foster L. Smith, was confined to his bed for a couple of days.

The firm-name of Schoch Bros. will soon no longer be found on the list of merchants. They are now selling their large stock of goods at auction, with a view of retiring from the business.

A crew of painters is engaged upon the newly built part of the river bridge.

Mr. Wm. Holtzworth, proprietor of the National Hotel, is making preparations to build on the Rhorabach lot, front street.

This scribe has'n.