

Emphatically a NEWS-PAPER for the People. Its columns are always open for the discussion of topics of interest to its patrons.



It is not an "Organ." It wears no "Collar." It never dodges a issue, and never sold out. Guaranteed circulation 12000. Subscription \$1.50 a year.

Co. Commissioners.

ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST

Corn and oats taken on subscription for the Post.

Coradoville came too late for this week.

G. C. Gutelius' prices on clothing lower than ever.

Miss Maud Mensch, of Millinburg is visiting her many friends here.

Miss Mary Bilger of Pleasant Gap, Centre county, is visiting relatives in Middleburgh.

Alfred Steining and wife of Locksburg spent Sunday with their many friends hereabout.

Misses Emma, and Kate Stetler, of Selingsgrove, spent Sunday at home in Middleburgh.

Don't forget the Beavertown Musical Convention which commences on Monday of next week.

Mr. Witmer, Att'y-at-law, of Sunbury, spent Tuesday with his brother-in-law, lawyer James G. Crouse.

John Francis returned from Shamokin on Saturday, and on Monday started for the mountains for deer.

Rev. Haskarl will move his family from Herkimer, N. Y., to Adamsburg the first week in December.

We are under obligations to Henry Deitrich for a mess of fine roasting ears sent us last week. Thanks.

FOR SALE—About five tons of good stable manure. For information call on J. M. Steining, Middleburgh.

Joe Schlar, after an absence of several weeks, working at Lewistown, returned to his family on Saturday.

A. Kreeger has received a car-load of Michigan apples. Persons desiring to buy a standard article should call at...

J. G. ... Esq., last week purchased Spangler's farm north of town. Consideration...

A Sil ... Medal Contest will be held at the Lutheran Church on Sunday evening, Nov. 23.

Dr. I ... is building an addition to his house in Middleburgh and to repaint the whole house in addition is completed.

NOTICE—Notice is hereby given that any person found trespassing on any of my land in Franklin township will be dealt with according to law. JONAS P. SMITH.

Rev. Kohler, (Reformed) held communion services in the Union Church, Middleburgh on Sunday afternoon last. The church was beautifully decorated.

Michael Wieand, of Adamsburg last week purchased a house and lot of W. D. Laub for \$400, and A. Blsh has purchased P. F. Reigle's place in the Middlecreek store.

The County Commissioners have a splendid flag-stone pavement about of the Court house, and the constitutional growlers will now attack the Commissioners at some other point.

We are informed that a new schedule will go into effect on the S. R. R. next week. The morning east-bound mail will be earlier and the afternoon west-bound mail one hour later.

PRIMONIAL MARKET. E. Middleburgh, McClure. Annie M. Miller, Freeburg. James H. Roush, Freeburg. Annie C. Berger, New Berlin. Samuel Ulrich, New Berlin. Martha Rippal, Dry Valley X Roads. Very few Republican districts in State kept nearer to their usual majority in the recent election, and one probably poled a more uniform vote than our own. The reason there was considerable hard work done in the county and George M. Witmer, County Chairman, did a good deal of it, and deserves the thanks of the Republican party for his untiring efforts in its behalf.

HENRY BEAVER SHOT!

Yesterday afternoon Henry Beaver, of Franklin, returned home from the Seven Mountains with two buck-shot holes through his right arm. He had accompanied the Middleburgh party of hunters to the mountains on Monday. Tuesday evening while he was making a drive at Black Gap he came to John Francis' station. John told him he had shot at two deer which had run around the knob, and that he would run ahead and Mr. Beaver should follow the course of the deer. When within forty yards of Mr. Francis he stopped and looked at him, but didn't speak. He made another step, facing Mr. Francis, when he heard the report of a gun and at the same time felt a numbness in his right arm. He called out, "My God, John, what are you shooting at me for?" but it was too late. One buck-shot had passed clean through his right wrist, another lodged in his arm near the elbow and two others cut his coat under the right arm.

He was taken to the tram-road in Wolf Swamp, and from there was removed on the "dinky" to Paradise, where he took the morning east-bound train to Millinburg. Dr. Dimm cut out the buck-shot which still remained in the arm. It had struck the bone and chipped off two pieces but didn't break it. He came over on the stage at one o'clock. The wounds are painful but not dangerous.

Mr. Francis evidently mistook Mr. Beaver for a deer, though we cannot understand why he made such a terrible mistake, as he is one of the most careful hunters and best shots in this part of the State. When he returns he can probably tell us more about it.

Lutheran services in Middleburgh next Sunday fore-noon and evening.

Rev. S. P. Orwig, of Montgomery Station, paid his many friends in Middleburgh a pop visit Thursday of last week. The Reverend had come to close out the sale of his house on West Main Street to Curtin Bowersox for \$1,150.

I receive goods every day, hence it is not shelf-worn, but is fresh and new. My prices also correspond with the hard times and I can sell you a suit of clothing twenty per cent. lower than any other house in the County. R. GUNTZBERGER.

The dwelling of William Kreamer, Middlecreek township took fire one day last week, while the family was away, and was entirely destroyed with all the contents. The house was a poor one, yet it afforded shelter to the family and their loss is heavier than would be the destruction of a palace to the millionaire.—Courier.

The coolest joke on record was perpetrated last week upon Rob McClellan, who resides about 14 miles north-west of Adamsburg. Mr. McClellan was absent from home, and during the night some parties deliberately walked a fat steer out of his stable, killed and dressed it behind the barn, and departed with the meat—leaving only the hide to tell the fate of the animal. If there is anything cooler than a west-end thief it must be snow in bed.

On Tuesday upon our return after a momentary absence from our office we found a card lying upon our table bearing the following inscription:

CHARLES S. WOLFE. Came in to have you congratulate me.

Well, Charley, here's our hand. You fought for a man and won, we fought for a man and lost. The world measures a man by his success, and hence you have reasons for congratulations. In 1882 you elected Pattison, and in 1890 you did him great service. You have crossed the Republican Rubicon and are now happy in the camp of "our friends, the enemy." If patriotism prompted the step you are no doubt gratified, if taken for revenge you must be delighted. In either case you must be happy—and we hope you are supremely so.

A DEER HUNT IN WEST VIRGINIA.

Editorial Correspondence.

(Continued.)

I left the readers of the Post at Elkins, West Va., with everything arranged for our eighteen-mile trip into the mountains. The man with whom we had contracted to carry our provisions, clothing and camping equipments to camp had promised to be on hand at seven o'clock in the morning. We waited in silence till eight and then began to get uneasy and inquired as to the probable cause of delay. Our anxiety took a tremendous boom when a man, who is somewhat acquainted with Virginian customs, informed us that we need not look for him before nine, and might expect him at ten, but the probabilities were that he wouldn't come at all. We asked him what in the nation this meant, and he replied: "The obligation of a blooded West Virginian is as uncertain as the east wind." We waited. At nine we were uneasy, at ten disgusted and at eleven desperate. At last reports he hadn't arrived yet. We hurriedly packed the most essential portions of our baggage—consisting of thirteen loaves of bread, ammunition and blankets into grain bags, hired three horses from a livery and mounting one man on each, started for the eighteen mile tramp into the very heart of a dense wilderness. If you could have seen the editor of this paper perched on a pack-horse with bundles in front and behind the saddle almost as high as his head, riding through mud up to the horse's knees you could probably appreciate something I cannot describe. But we jogged along, changing with the foot-men whenever one of them got tired. The mountains rose higher and higher. The mud got deeper and deeper. A little before sun-set we reached Cheat river, a stream about as wide as Penns Creek but so deep and swift that it taxed all the powers of one horse to carry one man across. The animals made five trips for the eleven men—including the teamster and our guide, Mr. Paul Kettle, of Elkins, an honest, conscientious gentleman and a good hunter. Then began the steep ascent of Cheat mountain. The mountains on either side of the Cheat are so high and steep that it requires four complete "switch-backs" to reach their summits. Two miles beyond the Cheat at dark we came upon the plantation of Mr. Flint, a typical Yankee, who was years ago presented with one thousand acres of land, providing he would move upon it and take care of the balance of an 18,000 acre tract of land owned by a syndicate. They seemed not in the least disconcerted at the arrival of so many guests at their "hotel," and the women at once set to work getting supper which consisted of venison and corn-bread. Foot-sore and hungry we sat down to this impoverished meal. You may have heard that "hunger is the best cook." If you haven't heard it, hear it now and believe it. I thought of Bobby Burn's Edenburg grace:

"Some ho meat and canna eat, And some would eat that want it; But we ha' meat and we can eat. So let the Lord be thankit."

After supper we surveyed the house. It is a large log building about 50x30 feet with a 30 foot square kitchen. There are only two rooms below in the main house with a large, old-fashioned fire-place in each, in which heavy birch logs were sending out an intense heat. We never so fully appreciated the comforts of such old-fashioned fire-places. We thought of the days of long ago, when our grand-fathers sat around the hearth and cooed and courted our grand-mothers with as much satisfaction as is now afforded by a fifty-dollar heater. I almost wished I had lived an hundred years ago. This wish grew in strength as did the venison which we were compelled to eat, and at the expiration of two days I almost wished I hadn't lived at all. The

FRIGHTFUL TRAM-ROAD ACCIDENT.

HENRY EICHINGER, OF BEAVERTOWN, KILLED AND SEVERAL OTHER SNYDER COUNTY BOYS HURT.

On Monday evening a frightful accident occurred at Wm. Boyer's lumber camp, near Furney Run, Clinton county, which resulted in the death of two men, and the serious injury of four others. The men, eight in number, were returning to camp on a truck down a three mile stretch of track with an average grade of seven feet to the hundred. They lost control of the truck and it soon attained a tremendous speed. David Spaid, of Beavertown was the first man to jump and he alone escaped without injuries. Then followed Oscar Grogan, of Furney Run, and Wm. Rhamstine and Horace Froed, of Beavertown. They were all badly but it is thought not seriously hurt. Henry Eichinger, of Beavertown, Jack Davis, of Tamaqua, and Israel Boyer, of Lock Haven, remained on the truck until it struck the "dinky" or engine, which was standing three-miles down the track. Eichinger and Davis were instantly killed, and Boyer escaped with a crushed foot. Charles A. Erdley, of Middleburgh, who brought us the intelligence, delivered the remains of Mr. Eichinger, to Beavertown on Tuesday. He was aged about 55 years and unmarried.

Mrs. Swengel, relict of John Swengel, formerly of this county, died at Lewisburg, Saturday, Nov. 8. The Chronicle of the 13th, makes the following comment on the highly respected old lady:

In the death of Mrs. Swengel which took place at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Wm. F. Brown, about 2 o'clock A. M. Saturday, Lewisburg loses one of her valued citizens. Mrs. S. was one of the noblest of women—kind, charitable, cheerful, and a most devoted Christian. The large attendance of neighbors and friends at her funeral Monday proved the fact that she was a general favorite among the better class of people whether rich or poor. Her pastor, Rev. Mr. Irvin, in his sermon extolled her virtues in a feeling and truthful manner. Rev. Messrs. Hunter and Hendricks assisted in the exercises. Mrs. Swengel's age was 70 years and 9 days. Of her family, four are preachers of the gospel.

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:

Table with names and dates: George S. Snyder, Jan. 1, '92; J. F. Snook, June 1, '91; Hurley Fisher, Nov. 1, '90; Miss Ella Gilbert, Nov. 15, '90; Jas. W. Klingler, Aug. 1, '90; John J. Hummel, Oct. 1, '90; John Long, July 29, '91; Mrs. Susan Spencer, Dec. 1, '91; B. F. Row, March 1, '91; Daniel Ripka, Jan. 15, '91; E. S. Crater, Jan. 16, '91; Y. H. Wagner, Jan. 1, '92; R. E. Bingham, Dec. 1, '90; Abraham Kohns, Jan. 1, '91; W. H. Matter, April 1, '91.

The Return Judges of the 18th Congressional District met at Lewistown on the 11th inst., to compute the vote for Congressmen from this district with the following result:

Table with names and vote counts: Franklin, 4943; Fulton, 821; Huntington, 3815; Juniata, 1644; Union, 2152; Millin, 1962; Snyder, 2106; Atkinson's maj., 17443; The Return Judges were: G. A. Harnbaker, Robert A. McDonald, Tobias Fareman, William Hertzler, Nathan Anstadt, William S. Settle and James Middlewarth.

Mrs. J. B. Reed and Mrs. Jeahred Snyder of Sunbury were the guests of the editor's family on Wednesday.

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KRATZERVILLE.—The good old Republican ship is not rotten, as some Democrats suppose, but her timbers are sound. She will weather the storms and sail triumphantly into port in 1892.

The funeral of Henry Bower was held in the Lutheran & Reformed church last Friday. Rev. Ochsenford officiated. He was aged 86 years and 9 months.

Samuel Ulrich and Mollie Rippal were united in the bonds of matrimony last Sunday by Rev. Hans Chas. Herman, our Sullivan attended the wedding.

Abie is making frequent visits to Chestnut Ridge. Hugh Klise says he has a girl on the brain.

Tom made a visit to Northumberland county last Saturday to see his best girl.

Polly A. Beaver disposed of some of her furniture at public sale last Saturday.

The Local Institute held in the Kratzerville School House last Thursday evening was well attended. The exercises were both instructing and entertaining. The Kratzerville band furnished the music. The next meeting of the Institute will be at Beaver's school house next Thursday evening, Nov. 29.

H. S. Beaver and family visited Grand-pa and Grand-ma Glass last Sunday.

Why is the moon like some of our boys? Because it "gets full." Wellington seems to have some attractions at William Walters'.

Where were Regina and Mel after preaching last Sunday evening? Ask Henry.

WANTED.—Somebody who would be loved in return.

John Kline put up the new work of his new straw she last Saturday. LUARA.

MIDDLESWARTH.—Your regular reporter from this place is "up Salt," hence this humble effusion from his substitute.

Daniel Herman has moved to Northumberland county.

Kate Herman of Selingsgrove recently visited her many friends here.

Isaiah Bingham of this place recently shot a fifteen pound turkey-gobbler. It was blind in one eye and couldn't see well out of the other.

The Port Ann hunting party has returned from a week's camp in the Seven Mountains greatly reduced in weight—that is, so far as "back lading" was concerned. Boys, the next time don't eripple so many.

P. E. Hackenberg, teacher of this place, Sundayed with his parents.

W. H. Zimmerman made a business trip to Lewisburg and Milton last week.

Jesie of the Tribune wants to know if we voted the straight Republican ticket at the last election, and wants us to make affidavit to the fact that we voted for Daniel Bolender for Sheriff. Its too thin. Mr. Bolender knows who he can trust, and this low insinuation from Joe Lumbard, the monumental liar, will not effect Mr. Bolender's kindly feelings toward us. But we must now state a fact we have long suppressed. Three years ago Joe Lumbard fought Daniel Bolender tooth and toe-nail. Now why did he support him this time? Was there a radical change in Mr. Bolender's qualifications as an officer within the last three years? Did he join the Church or the Murphys to gain Mr. Lumbard's favor? No, sir; not that. Three years ago Joe Lumbard presented a bill of \$300.00 for services to Reuben Dreese, the present Sheriff, as "legitimate election expenses" to fight Daniel Bolender, and the result is known. The Democratic candidate this year had no money for Joe Lumbard, and Joe Lumbard had to come back and support the man he betrayed three years ago in order to get a share of the county printing? Mr. Lumbard, we don't want your affidavit. Let Reuben Dreese be sworn.

Call and see my \$1.65 boot. W. I. GAEMAN