

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



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ITEMS of LOCAL INTEREST

Mrs. Theodore Walter, of Akron, Ohio, is here on a visit.

Communications must reach us on Tuesday to insure publication.

Miss Mabel Wittenmyer returned home from Lewisburg on Saturday.

Quite a number of our people are suffering from attacks of scarlet rash.

Dr. I. Grier Barber and his little son Miles, of Danville, were in town last week.

A most graphic account of the inauguration ceremonies will be found on our inside pages.

County Superintendent Herman had a whole quarter of beef stolen from his summer house last week.

The largest invoice of gentlemen's shirts ever opened in this county just received at Oppenheimer's, Selingsgrove.

Whiskey and Tobacco Habit cured or no pay. Don't fail to correspond. J. L. COCHRANE, Greensburg, Pa.

A fine line of hats just received at H. Oppenheimer's, Selingsgrove, comprising all the latest styles. Come and see them.

If you wish to save money go to Wetzel's Cheap Cash Store, Franklin. All kinds of produce taken in exchange for goods.

FOR SALE.—A six-year-old Jack and 2 White Horses, 7 and 8 years old. For particulars call on or address 4w. I. C. SMITH, Beaver Springs.

Peter Corman, of Mt. Pleasant Mills, is still doing mending business and is closing out his winter stock at greatly reduced prices to make room for his spring goods.

Teachers and parents should not permit their children to eat snow, as physicians claim that germs of some of the most malignant fevers are conveyed into the system through it.

NOTICE.—Persons having sale this Spring can make arrangements to have their notes discounted at the First National Bank, Middleburgh. The Bank will furnish the notes free of charge.

The gold watch belonging to Chas. Sheaffer, which was found missing on the morning of the burning of Joseph Musser's house, appeared last week as mysteriously as it had disappeared.

John L. Bowersox, who spent the winter with his parents in Middleburgh, left this week for Coldwater, Mich., where he has secured a position as salesman in a store. He takes with him "bag and baggage," but leaves his heart behind.

The report in circulation concerning and affecting John G. Chesnut has been investigated and it affords us pleasure to state there is not one word of truth in the whole story. John is still on top and has had an accession to his family in the shape of a big boy.—Leviator Free Press.

The present winter stands unprecedented for having afforded a long and continuous season of sleighing. From the last week in December—a period of nearly twelve weeks—we have heard the jingle of the bells, and when the time comes we will be loathe to exchange their merry music for the dull "rattle of the gig."

Letters uncalled for in the Middleburgh post office, March 9, 1893: Isaac Blank, H. H. Schrauder, Mrs. Susan R. Brady, Rev. M. F. Keiter, Bishop H. T. Barnaby, Miss Alice Walter, Edwin S. McKeim, Miss Ella Spangler, Miss Annie Arbogast, Miss Eva Berger.

J. W. SWARTZ, P. M. The Ladies Mite Society of the Middleburgh, U. B. church, hereby expresses its thanks for the liberal patronage they received at their festival during court week. To the Grand Army for the loan of their flags and to the Sons of America for the use of their chairs.

Chas. W. Dreese, the efficient and obliging clerk in Wittenmyer's store, and Ammon Spangler, one of Snyder county's successful teachers, have gone to Philadelphia to stand examinations for the departmental service in Washington.

Have you lost a tooth, or perhaps several, where the loss shows, and prefer to have the ill looking space rather than wear a plate? Do you know that Dr. Voelker, of Selingsgrove can insert substitutes to your satisfaction without obliging you to wear a plate, whether you have the roots left or not? Ask him about it.

FOR SALE.—A new two-story dwelling house, good stable, and all other necessary outbuildings, good water, good fruit, on about 1 acre of land situated two miles west of Middleburgh, on the public road to Troxleville. Will be sold reasonable and on easy terms. For particulars address JOHN WALTER, Middleburgh, Pa.

Owing to a misunderstanding we were lead into the error of stating last week that Col. A. E. Reed had resigned the Superintendency of the S. & L. R. R. and that G. W. Creighton late of the Shamokin Div. had been appointed in his stead. Mr. Reed is still at the head of our division, likes it, and has no desire for a change.

A Nittany Valley farmer says the wild turkeys are starving on account of the deep snows having covered the ground for so many weeks. The turkeys enter the farmers' orchards, fly upon the apple trees and with their wings hammer the limbs of the trees until the frozen snows fall. They eat to appease their hunger. Centre Democrat.

John Lawver and Harrison Keister are now boarding with Sheriff Bolender. It is reported that the boys always had chickens to sell when the huckster came around, while those who made a business of chicken raising missed theirs when they wanted a pot-pie. And thereby hangs a tale which needs explanation from the boys.

A fellow is now traveling through the country trying to swindle parties with a contract for wire fences. He offers to give enough wire to fence a ten-acre field if the party will sign a contract to take the agency for the wire. The contract is where the swindle comes in, for it reads closely it turns out to be a promissory note for \$450 after a few words have been erased with oxalic acid. Look out for him.

The poor quail, pheasants, rabbits, turkeys and other small game are having a hard time of it. Many farmers are feeding the poor creatures, but despite their help, the birds disappear in whole covey lots. One farmer in Jackson township informs us that a flock of quail that daily came to his barn for feed was missing one morning and a few days after the crows were seen digging them out of the snow drifts and devouring them.

Those in this county who usually at this time of the year engage in the shooting and trapping of fur bearing animals will be interested in learning the prices that are being paid for skins, to wit: Otter, \$5 to \$8; mink, 75c. to \$2; red fox, \$1 to \$1.50; grey fox, 50c.; raccoon, 25c. to \$1; skunk, \$1 to \$1.50; skunk, half striped, 55 and 70 cents; skunk, striped, 20 to 35 cents; skunk, white, 12 to 15 cents; opossum, 10 to 40 cents; muskrat, 5 to 18.

Greengoods men keep sending their circulars into our county offering to sell counterfeit money that looks like the genuine for about \$50 on the \$1000. We have heard of none green enough to bite—at least we have heard of no one being bitten. If some wag, or a set of outrageous wags could lay a plan to beat these green goods chaps at their own game, it would be interesting reading, to find the chaps had been scooped in by some of their country cousins.

MARCH.

We have entered the month of March, the first of Spring in name at least. Ordinarily it is the most disagreeable of all the months—cold, snowy and stormy, but we imagine we need have no anticipation of any lengthened interval of Arctic visitations, since, having had snow continuously since the latter part of December, the fields covered with the fleecy material to a depth of several feet, and roads blocked fence high, it is likely the supply in cloud-land is pretty well exhausted. February was indeed a wintry month. Its snow storms were frequent, and its temperature clung close to zero. The several months which old Winter has kept mantled in robes of spotless white were hard upon the homeless, while the severe and sudden changes which have shadowed the season have left their mementoes in many a caught and cold, and are marked by grief which garlands many a grave. Still the season breathed a recompense in smiles—gladness to the growing grain, and joy to many a happy heart which to the answering melody and brilliance of music and moonlight gaily glided over the sparkling snow. March is a blustery, windy, fickle month. Rough, cold and boisterous as he usually is, March is nevertheless welcome. Rude and blustering, with whirlwinds and fierce storms in his train, he clears the atmosphere, dispels the snow and brooding miasma, dries up stagnant pools fraught with death, and rushes into the forest arches and chases away the vapors that rest in dark agency, making Powder is always a blusterer. A March wind is proverbially a drying one, and it takes up the moisture left by melting snows with an astonishing rapidity. And these winds also fertilize the farmer's fields. As they rapidly remove the water from the surface more comes up from below by capillary attraction, bringing with it the plant food it holds in solution. As this in turn is evaporated, whatever it contains is left in the soil within reach of the roots of the crops. It is therefore very foolish to fret about March weather. However disagreeable it may be, if we look with believing eyes we can see that every dispensation of nature is ever working for our good. The origin of March is traceable to the Romans, who regarded it as the first month of the year until the style was changed in 1752.

Reuben Kremer, who tried the curative powers of the Arkansas hot springs for rheumatism, has returned. We have not heard what effect the water produced on him. J. H. Rhoads has received his spring stock of stoves. They are of the latest designs and cheap. He also has a number of second-hand stoves which he will sell at a bargain. The Republican Standing Committee last week decided to hold the primary on Saturday, March 25th, and the candidates whose names appear elsewhere in this issue, are out in their war-paint. The campaign promises to be short, sharp, and decisive.

Wm. J. Long, father of Mrs. Ellen Aurd and former resident of this place died at his home in Vicksburg, Mich., on March 3d. Mr. Long had received a paralytic stroke several years ago from which he never fully recovered, when finally dropsy set in and death was the result.

Sarah Jane Kreichbaum, sister of our townsman, Jacob Gilbert, Esq., died at her home in Youngstown, O., on Monday, March 6, aged about 47 years. Mrs. Kreichbaum had been separated from her relatives and lost for nearly forty years, and her whereabouts became known only about two years ago. Since that time she twice visited her relatives East, spending several weeks with her brother and family here, where she met and made friends of many people who still hold her in fond remembrance.

Important Cases.

There were two cases of importance tried in the February court. The first one was The Millin County Nat. Bank vs. Jacob D. Miller. This was termed in law a "Feigned Issue," being as near as the writer could ascertain, a wager; in other words, the Bank wagered that they had a note against the defendant, Jacob D. Miller, in the sum of \$5,000. The defendant wagered that the Bank didn't have any such paper of his, hence the trial, which was hotly contested from beginning to end. The Bank offered the note in question in evidence as a genuine instrument, and called a great many witnesses to support it. Mr. W. B. Baum testified that Jacob D. Miller signed the note, and that others were present when the defendant signed similar notes. The Bank called as an expert Dr. Persifer Frazer, who had a scientific theory for the detection of feigned or forged signatures, who, by taking a number and superimposing them and then photographing the different signatures, claimed in this case that the signatures did not vary materially, therefore the one in question was pronounced genuine. Mr. Passmore Williamson, of Philadelphia, an expert, testified that the signature of Jacob D. Miller was genuine. This, however, was offset by the defendant calling Mr. E. H. Rauch, of Mauch Chunk, an acknowledged expert, who said that the signature in his opinion was a feigned one. The defendant and his sons denied that he had ever made or signed such a note as the one in question. The jury, however, rendered a verdict in favor of the Bank.

The other case was Wagner vs. Spring Township. The history of this case briefly stated is as follows: Some time in the summer of 1890, the plaintiff in this case was moving his traction engine and thresher to the farm of Mr. Mitchell. In going there the plaintiff was compelled to pass over a wooden bridge. The plaintiff went ahead and directed the way over it, but when the engine got on to it the bridge broke down and the engine fell to the bottom of the creek, doing considerable damage. For this the plaintiff sued the Township of Spring. The Township claimed that the plaintiff was guilty of negligence, that he should have examined the bridge, &c., but since the traction engine has its rights upon the highway, the township supervisors must afford them as much protection as other vehicles, and it becomes the duty of the supervisors to examine their bridges thoroughly and completely if they wish to escape damages. The jury in this case rendered a verdict in favor of Mr. Wagner.

Rev. J. Shambach of York is here on a visit.

Mrs. Laura Walter returned to her home in Akron, Tuesday.

MUSICAL COLLEGE.—The Spring Term opens May 1st, in vocal and instrumental music. For catalogues address Henry B. Moyer, Freeburg, Pa. 3-23

"MISTAKEN SOULS WHO DREAM OF BLISS."—The following marriage licenses have been granted since our last publication: Wm. F. Roush, Kantz, Lizzie M. Norhood, Mahontongo, Alice Goodling, Oriental.

Frank, the third child of Dr. Barber of Danville, aged about three, died of diphtheria on Saturday, and Blanch, the oldest, is also down with the dreaded disease. Miss Amanda Wittenmyer left on Monday to assist her sister in taking care of the little ones.

Spring may be backward, but a person entering Oppenheimer's store, Selingsgrove, would not think so from the piles of summer clothing exhibited there. Mr. O., is preparing for a booming trade this spring, his styles and prices are bound to bring trade whether spring comes or not.

Capturing a Wild-Cat.

CHARLES ROUSH, THE VETERAN HUNTER, CAPTURES TWO SINGLE-HANDED.

Charles Roush, of Freeburg, aged 72 years, and oldest son of Simeon Roush, dec'd, now has in captivity two large, vicious-looking wild-cats captured by his own hands. Notwithstanding his advanced age he is a man that can still stand a wonderful amount of fatigue, and although he has the physique of a pioneer, one would hardly believe that behind his mild countenance lurked the craftiness, courage and determination that makes him a remarkable man. We have all heard of Simeon Roush, the great hunter; how he was able to follow his hounds a whole day on foot, and be with them at the death of the deer or fox that had lead them a hard chase. Chas. Roush, the hero of this article, is a man who inherited all his father's traits in this respect, and, armed with his old rusty, flint-lock musket, (which he still carries and claims to be the best gun in the world) he is a man, who in his prime would have been a typical pioneer and a leader among men like Boone, Brady, Crockett and Kenton.

We drove to Freeburg on Friday of last week for the express purpose of renewing our acquaintance with the old gentleman, see his "pets" and learn the story of their capture. Unfortunately we found him away from home, but upon application we were conducted to his private apartment, which bore all the earmarks of a hunters paradise of a man who is too much interested in

direct to the size from a twenty pound bear trap to the common rat trap. Piles of fat pine, skins, hatchets, knapsacks, nets, &c., ornamented the room. Upon entering his sleeping apartment we found the objects of our search, viz., two monstrous, lean, lank, vicious-looking wild-cats, striking and blowing like adders at every move we made. Their prison-house consisted of a common store box with iron bars in front and a petition in the middle. On top of the box lay three guns. The one an army carbine and the other two old flint-lock muskets with muzzles like meat stands. One of them much resembled the gun used by Joe Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle. We picked it up, and removing the leather cap, opened the fire-pan and found it full of powder. "It isn't loaded is it?" we remarked. "O, yes, he never shoots except to kill," was the response. We replaced the leather cap over the breach and carefully laid it down while fond memories of our childhood days, when we too carried such a weapon to kill the wild pigeon crowded each other in their pace. But alas, and sad to say, that royal game with the gun of that period has passed away.

The story of the capture of the animals is most interesting, and especially the last one was a most dangerous undertaking single handed. This cat is the largest and most savage he ever owned, for she is utterly unapproachable and must be fed with a stick. Her meat is fastened to the end of the stick and passed through the bars. Without the slightest movement of her blazing eyes which are constantly riveted on the visitor, her foot comes up like a flash of lightning and the meat disappears under her haunches. Even this friendly act seems to anger the beast and her appearance is simply terrible. Mr. Roush captured her about two weeks ago. The hard winter had driven her out of her lair and the hounds came across her track on Shade Mountain. The cat becoming hard pressed took to a hole in the rocks. Mr. Roush, who is always prepared for such emergencies, sent one of his dogs to the hole after the cat and then set his net over the opening.

minutes, and soon the dog had enough of it and started to come out. Mr. Roush removed the net to let the dog out when "pop" comes the cat after. Not having his net ready, he put his foot in the hole to keep her in until he could arrange his net. A few rips from her terrible claws tore his strong leather boot into smithereens, but he hastily placed his net and she darted out and into it. An ordinary wild-cat would have been safe, but not so with this one. One or two rips with her claws and the net began to give way. She was fighting viciously, and Mr. Roush finding his prize about to escape he deliberately threw himself on her and dexterously slipped another net over her, then throwing her across his shoulder he started for home. Arriving there late and being tired, he dropped the cat into a wash-boiler which he covered with a board and set it aside of his bed. During the night he heard a commotion in the boiler, and, looking up, he found that the animal had again freed herself from the net, had pushed the board aside and was about to spring out at him. A tap on her head with his hand sent her back. The lid was fastened and the animal retained until he had his iron cage prepared for her reception which still remains her prison-house. Mr. Roush occasionally removes the partition and allows the animals to exchange courtesies, but he keeps a constant watch over them for fear they do each other injury.

Friends of the Post. The following names are on the list of subscribers to the Post. Each one is entitled to a copy of the Post for one month. If you wish to be on the list, please notify us: (continued from last week) Jacob Shenory, Sept. 1, '92; Geo. S. Kline, March 1, '93; G. C. Walter, April 1, '93; Willis Schambach, April 1, '93; Judge Middlewarth, Jan. 1, '93; Ner B. Middlewarth, Sept. 1, '93; Howard A. Ush, March 1, '93; John Hilbert, May 1, '93; Wm. P. Beaver, June 1, '91; Jacob Jarret, Dec. 1, '92; H. Laudenslager, Feb. 1, '91; H. S. Bilger, April 1, '93; W. H. Kline, Aug. 20, '93; Henry Holtzapfel, Feb. 10, '93; Frank Dock, March 15, '93; W. D. Garman, Jan. 1, '93; Josiah Bingham, March 1, '93; Reuben Dreese, Jan. 1, '93; Prof. D. S. Boyer, Jan. 1, '94; Lewis Mengel, March 3, '94; Irvin H. Walter, Oct. 1, '93; Miss Emma Bowersox, Dec. 1, '93; Valentine Walter, Dec. 1, '93; James Aigler, March 1, '94; Frank Ettinger, Jan. 1, '93; Aaron C. Walter, June 1, '93; Solomon Yetter, Nov. 1, '91; John S. Hummel, March 1, '91; Isaac Krebs, May 1, '93; W. F. Kaufman, May 1, '93; Samuel Strawser, April 1, '92; Albert Dreese, May 1, '93; Isaac Napp, March 1, '93; Calvin O. Bowersox, April 1, '94; J. W. Stiver, March 1, '93; Jacob Middlewarth, Jan. 1, '92; John D. Kessler, May 1, '91; Z. T. Gemberling, March 20, '93; Henry P. Beaver, Jan. 1, '93; J. S. Gandy, April 1, '93; Y. H. Wagner, Jan. 1, '94; W. M. Benfer, Oct. 1, '93; Arthur C. Row, Mar. 4, '94; Clyde O. Smith, Apr. 1, '93; E. Hummel, Apr. 1, '94; Jacob Kramer, May 1, '93; Rev. J. Schambach, March 1, '94; James W. Klingler, Aug. 1, '92.

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STROUBTOWN. Flittings are on the program and many people are changing homes this spring. E. S. Stroub will move to Meiserville in the near future where he intends to keep store. Sleighing is about gone and people are wishing for come. ARE YOU PRETTY? Am you happy and healthy? That is the question you should ask. If you are not, you are not pretty. You can be made so by using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It will give you a new life, a new vigor, a new beauty. It will cure all kinds of weakness, all kinds of disease, all kinds of suffering. It will make you feel like a new man, a new woman. It will make you love life, love your work, love your friends. It will make you a blessing to the world. It will make you a hero, a heroine. It will make you a saint, a saintess. It will make you a god, a goddess. It will make you a king, a queen. It will make you a prince, a princess. It will make you a noble, a noblewoman. It will make you a knight, a knightess. It will make you a lord, a lady. It will make you a duke, a duchess. It will make you a count, a countess. It will make you a baron, a baroness. It will make you a viscount, a viscountess. It will make you a marquis, a marquess. It will make you a duke, a duchess. It will make you a prince, a princess. It will make you a king, a queen. It will make you a god, a goddess. It will make you a saint, a saintess. It will make you a hero, a heroine. It will make you a blessing to the world. It will make you a hero, a heroine. It will make you a blessing to the world.