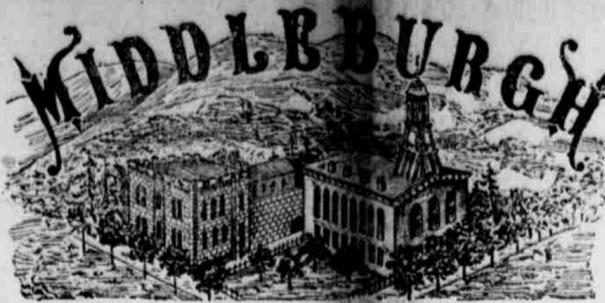


Published weekly a NEWS for the People and its columns always open for discussion of topics of interest to its patrons.



Co. Commissioners. It is run by the editor. It is not an "organ." It wears no "color." It never dodges a issue. And never sold out. Subscription \$2.00 a year.

NEWS of LOCAL INTEREST

Public schools will open September 18, for a term of seven months. The Jewish new year is September 12 and the day of atonement Sept. 13.

Look out for H. Oppenheimer's fall announcement in our edition.

Mabel Wittenmayer and H. Smith left for Bucknell on Tuesday morning.

Francis Gilbert left for Franklin Marshall Academy, Lancaster, on Tuesday morning.

Antzberger's clothing store will close on the Hebrew holidays, September 11 and 20.

Bessie Smith has returned to home after a several weeks' visit to friends in Adamsburg.

Oppenheimer's store, Selinsgrove, will be closed Monday, Sept. 11, being a Hebrew holiday.

Who is wise who takes his money out of the stocking of fear, and deposits it in the bank of confidence.

Little Cohen, Selinsgrove, will have her store closed on September 20. They are Hebrew holidays.

Miss Sallie Roush of Freeburg, and Mrs. Whittier of Williamsport, were guests of Mrs. Frank Reigle on Monday.

We are glad to have the privilege of exchanging with the Huntingdon News. It is full of news from north-east to the south-west corner.

For good, substantial Watches at a full line of extra fine Jewelry at remarkably low prices call at D. J. Zell's Cheap Cash Store, Swine Run, Pa.

The M. E. Sunday School of Littleville will hold a picnic in Yeager's meadow, at Littleville, a short distance from Painterville station, September 9, 1893.

Miss Carrie Noetling, of Millington, Pa., and Mrs. Smith, of Lewisburg, were the guests of the Centennial Hotel over Sunday.

For SALE.—Your choice of 6 lbs. of milk yet, due to calve the first of fall. Call on or address JACOB H. HETRICK, 1 mile west of Beavertown.

Boys (male or female) make \$10 weekly. New invention. Every household must have it. Small outfit, profits. Perfection Mfg. Co., 155 Clair-st., Cleveland, O.

SPECIAL EXAMINATION.—A special examination for teachers' certificates will be held in Middleburgh on the 10th day of September, 1893. F. C. BOWERSOX, Co. Supt.

The Middleburgh Band furnished music for the local castle K. of G. E. Giffenburgh as a reception band at the Knights of the Golden Eagle party in that town on Saturday.

Read J. B. Reed's special reduction in sporting goods on 8th page. You can buy 25 loaded shells for 25 cents the game must be migh-ty small if it isn't worth the powder.

When you get into a tight place, everything goes against you, till you remember that you can't hold on for ever, that's just the place and time when the tide will turn.

Have you a horse, cow, pigs, sheep, or harness, buggy, household goods, house and lot, timber land, or anything else you wish to sell? Or do you wish to buy something? In either case come to this place and we will try to help you out.

The girls belonging to the Crescent Club have all returned to their homes. "Heart whole and fancy free," however, the government has to pay an extra mark every day convey the tender love they receive from young men, which has been hermetically sealed to keep the cases from running out.

I have just received several thousand samples of fall and winter suits for gentlemen, and would be pleased to give prices to persons in need of well-made and stylish suits. N. A. BOWES, Middleburgh, Pa.

"MISTAKEN SOULS WHO DREAM OF BLISS."—The following marriage licenses have been granted since our last publication: (John S. Stahl, Port Trevorton. Mary Heiges, Oakland Mills, Pa. Wm. P. Taylor, Perryville, Md. Mary H. Buyers, Selinsgrove.

Farmers of Snyder Co., before buying your phosphate for fall seeding, send for my prices and conditions. I am selling Walton & Whann Co's. pure bone fertilizers—the best and cheapest ever sold. 9-15, JACOB CRAMER, Middleburgh.

Wm. Stahl, the old, reliable phosphate dealer of Penns township, desires to inform the people that he has now on hand and for sale all kinds of standard phosphate, including the famous Ozilized Dissolved Bone, which has given such good satisfaction of late years.

On Thursday night twenty-one trains loaded with peaches, averaging seventeen cars each, passed through westward. This would make a total of 357 cars, which averaged at 500 baskets each would make a grand total of 178,500 baskets.—*Juniata Herald.*

BECKNELL UNIVERSITY.—The best school is the cheapest. Nearly a million dollars have been invested in fixed and working capital in the five schools of Bucknell University, John Howard Harris, President.

For catalogue, illustrations and other information, address the Registrar, Wm. C. Gretzinger, Lewisburg, Pa.

In Carlisle, when a man gets a pension and knows no other use than to spend it for whiskey, the court has an inquisition made and if they can find that he is an habitual drunkard a committee is appointed to take charge of his affairs and receive his pension and make disposition of it for the benefit of the pensioner and his family.

An experienced teacher used to say that he could tell the children who live unhappily at home. They were much more troublesome at school, and were almost always on the alert for slights and offenses, and far more difficult to control than the children who came from happy and peaceful homes.

The oldest man and woman in Pennsylvania, and probably in the United States, according to their own figures, Mary McDonald, aged one hundred and twenty-eight, and John Gibson, aged one hundred and twenty-one, are both inmates of the Home for Aged and Infirm Colored Persons in Philadelphia.

A Boston Scientist proclaims that "many a young woman is hurt more by eating too much candy than is a young man by smoking too much tobacco." Of course this does not include cigarettes which are made chiefly of paper and have a detestable odor of creosote. They must be more hurtful than any kind of candy.

There are several studies taught in our public schools which are not of any essential benefit to the children of parents who cannot continue them in colleges or seminaries, and hence the time spent in acquiring a smattering of these branches is that much time thrown away or wasted instead of being spent in the study of those more substantial and useful branches which every citizen should be familiar with.

On Friday evening last, Ammon Walter, a tenant on Valentine Walter's farm, 1 mile south-east of Centreville, left a brand new plow stand in one of his fields. In the morning when he came out he found the beam sawed in pieces by some vandal who lives in the neighborhood. The fellow is known and is now under surveillance. There is fun ahead for the Snyder county court unless prompt restitution is made.

The Boonastiel Book.

The first batch of 200 Boonastiel books are now in the hands of the agents and are selling like hot cakes. They are neatly bound in cloth, printed in the most modern style of type and on the very best quality of book paper. The price is \$1.50, postage pre-paid to any part of the United States, and orders addressed to the editor of the Post will be promptly filled. As it is the first book in prose printed in the Pennsylvania German language, the publication was a venture, and we had only one thousand copies printed, over half of which are already contracted for. Orders by mail should be sent by postal or express order, check or draft, as we will not be responsible for remittances sent in currency or stamps.

This is a progressive age. With some it is marriage; with drug dealers it is mullage; with capitalists it is mortgage; the jester is fond of band-a-ge; then there is bond-age, mir-age, pill-age, ton-age and a mass of other ages; but just at the present moment the "age" that is taking the most time and attention, and exciting the greatest amount of conversation, is coin-age. The outcome is as uncertain as the makeup of that other age—saus-age.

The pressure of public opinion was too great for Pension Commissioner Lochren and he has been compelled to issue a new order in regard to the suspensions. The wholesale suspensions will be discontinued hereafter, and will be confined to those cases, few in number, where the pensioner shows on its face that the soldier was not entitled to any pension whatever. There will be no preliminary suspensions except in such cases. This is right. It was the wholesale suspension business, and requiring pensioners to produce new evidence within sixty days that was unfair and unreasonable.

Young man, stop and listen: It pays at all times to be a gentleman in the full meaning of that term. It pays to conduct yourself in such a manner that men will have confidence in you and recognize your ability. It doesn't pay to be a tough, a dude or a booby. Be something and do something useful. No matter whether your talents are commonplace or of a high order the world needs the best work you are capable of doing and it will reward you accordingly. Don't be a sluggard; don't waste the best years of your life; don't sow a harvest in youth that will bring to the reaping of old age nothing but pain and remorse.

Miss Kate Bowersox, who was elected to teach the Middleburgh primary, has been appointed one of the teachers in the Indian school at Carlisle at a salary of \$600 per year, including a vacation of one month each year. She and her brother Rollin intended starting for the World's Fair last Monday, but on receiving the assurance from the faculty that the Indian pupils with their teachers would visit the Fair in a body, she left for Carlisle on Monday morning to take charge of her department at once. Miss Mertie Smith has been elected to fill the vacancy in the primary department caused by the resignation of Miss Bowersox.

Correspondents will please understand that the Post is not a club to hit their enemies with. All personal reflections will be thrown out of communications if discovered, and if repeated too often the author will be politely excused. Where complaint is made to the editor about a correspondent we promptly give the name of the writer, as we endorse fair play and don't believe in one man standing in the dark and pummeling the life out of the other fellow who has no means of retaliation because he can't see his assailant. A newspaper is a sharp instrument and in the hands of a fool or a knave is a dangerous weapon. This is not personal but general.

Wants us "Elevated!"

SELINSGROVE, PA., Sept. 2, 1893. Mr. Tom Harter.—I have just read your article on "The Fish Warden at Work" in this week's issue, and I thank God for one man of influence who is not awed by wealth and power. Why don't you come out for Assembly and give us a chance to elevate you to a position where men of your backbone can be of use to the people? I say this in all candor, and hope you will consider it in the spirit in which it is written. Yours,

If the above were not written by a friend we would consider it burlesque, and in consideration of this friendship we withhold the writer's name for fear of his being lynched. In reply we will say that we have no desire to be elevated in the direction our friend has so recklessly suggested, but would rather enjoy the freedom of an unbridled colt on the boundless prairie than eat hay with the thorough-breds in the stables of the Vanderbilts.

Friends of the Post.

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:

- W. A. Smith, July 10, '93
Enoch Baker, Oct. 1, '93
Baldorf & Enterline, May 1, '94
Wm. Kaister, Jan. 1, '94
Rev. S. Aurand, April 1, '94
Rev. J. W. Strick, June 1, '94
S. C. Weir, Sept. 1, '93
Arlie Middleswarth, Sept. 1, '93
J. O. Herman, June 1, '93
Sarauel Wetzel, July 1, '94
M. G. Reitz, Jan. 1, '94
Cyrus Hummel, March 1, '92
Wm. Charles, Nov. 1, '93
H. A. Bowersox, Aug. 1, '94
C. A. Walter, Dec. 1, '94
J. F. Stroub, Oct. 1, '93
Levi Platt, Sept. 1, '93
Shem Knouse, March 1, '94
John Kerstetter, July 1, '93
Reuben Decker, Sept. 1, '94
Isaiah Bowersox, Aug. 15, '94

To Whip or Not Whip.

It is a vexed question, this of punishing children. On the one hand it seems a cowardly thing for a man to punish a little boy or woman to fall upon a little girl. It is a mystery to the writer how any parent who loves the child can ever raise her hand against it. On the other hand, the child which is not corrected soon becomes forward, peevish, tiresome—in short, spoiled.

What is to be done?

The old iron clad methods of punishment are fast passing away. There is a vast change in public sentiment, since Solomon's day. The "rod is spared" these days by humane parents; so are the dark closets and other horrors. But do the gentle reproofs, the chiding looks, the deprivation of treats, accomplish the much to be desired results? Are the children better behaved than of yore?

There may not be so much outward fear of their elders; there may be less awe and reverence; fewer outward and visible signs of an inward respect for authority, but surely there is less inward, corroding rebellion. While children may not love their parents any more, they are on better terms with them than formerly. The father who is chummy with his boy, who gets down to that eager, inquiring, restless little soul and explains, visits and encourages, does not need to cut a birch gad or buy a horse whip in order to maintain discipline. And the mother who sympathizes, cuddles and plays with her children can keep her slippers on her feet and her hairbrush on the dressing table. The holding off of children is a fruitful source of disobedience. They need love, tenderness and sympathy as much as flowers need air and sunshine.

Make Educated Citizens.

Here and there in the land some start has been made in training up the youthful mind into some proper conception of the duties, privileges and dangers of the citizenship, and it is to be hoped that this subject may attract universal attention this fall term about beginning. There are boys in every town who have a natural taste for politics, who will gravitate in that direction, no matter how ignorantly they may have been brought up, and for whom, as for others, it is of the greatest importance that they shall be rightly instructed in the duties of the citizenship through the public schools. Boys should have some definite idea what government is—its limitations and functions, what liberty consists in, what justice means and what taxation is proper and not tyrannous. On the subjects named adults have vague ideas or no ideas, and they will not have them until the boy who is the coming parent and citizen obtains them where he should—in the school room. The common school has no meaning or excuse for its existence unless its intent and prime motive is the making of intelligent citizens. These schools are established to protect the State from crudeness of general ignorance. Now all of these things concerning which we are most ignorant is the science or true principles of governing. Boys come out of school with considerable grammar, arithmetic, a little useless smattering of history, some mild knowledge of political science, a "little Latin and less Greek" and a few sayings.

Another Warning to the Cold Water Men.

John B. Stoll, formerly editor of the Middleburgh *Folkfriend*, but now editor and proprietor of the South Bend, (Ind.) *Daily Times*, was an inveterate smoker up to June, 1893, when he experienced a remarkable cure through Chicago water and quinine. His paper last week contains the following statement in regard to the matter: "The loss of appetite for tobacco came about in a peculiar way. Despite all good intentions to steer clear of Chicago's abominable lake water during the meeting of the National Editorial Association in that city in June, I drank perhaps half a dozen glasses of that stuff in the form of lemonade, sterilized water, etc. The result was a general diffusion of malaria. Copious doses of quinine had to be resorted to in order to eliminate that poison from the system. From the first day of this treatment dates the aversion to tobacco. Not only has the desire for tobacco been wholly eradicated, but the smell of it in a closed room is positively offensive. One or two attempts, since, at smoking a cigar came near producing nausea. Considering all, it is a remarkable revolt of nature against the weed."

Walter Re-union.

The Walter Family will hold their re-union on Saturday, Sept. 23, 1893, in Bower's grove, about 1 1/2 miles west of Middleburgh. All regular trains on S. & L. R. R. will stop at the grove. All descendants as well as others are cordially invited to attend. Bring your children. Refreshments will be served on the ground. Stetler's cornet band has been engaged for the occasion.

A Week at Williams Grove.

EDITOR POST.—Saturday, August 26, 1893, is a memorable day in the history of the Crescent Club. It was on that day we journeyed to that far-famed spot, Williams Grove, to spend a week in camp. We arrived at our destination on time and found everything full of life and gaiety. We had come to spend a week with the Grangers, the "horny-handed sons of toil," and one might suppose that in order to be in the "swim" it was necessary to have layseed in your hair. We found it, however, quite different. Our journey was crowded with interesting events, and the warm reception we received at Harrisburg, Mechanicsburg and by Colonel Thomas and his assistants upon our arrival at the grove was a happy ending to the first chapter. At headquarters we were directed to tents No. 40 and 41, where we laid down our burdens and proceeded to cleanse ourselves from the dust of travel, after which all hands set to work and in a short time had our camp look home-like and inviting. The week was one of unalloyed pleasure with a few exceptions, where Providence intervened, and which could not be averted by the unstinted hospitality of the many kind-hearted people who took an interest in us. One of these events occurred on the night of August 28, during the terrible storm when the wind and rain defied all precautions of safety against the elements and came down in terrific force on our roof, and from there in gentle pattering on our "beds and bedding. Oh, how we were scared. But every cloud has a silver lining and our's came when the rain had ceased, the winds quailed and we were treated to a midnight lunch which constituted a magnificent bill of fare furnished by a gallant and sympathetic crowd who were also pleasure-seeking on the ground. Among the pleasures that stand out in my memory are the picnic wagon, driven by an express man, for the express purpose of the Club; the hand-organ serenade with its accompaniment—the ever busy monkey; the splendid serenade on Wednesday evening by a colored troupe, picture day, boating, and witnessing the base-ball game. Thursday evening, intelligence of sickness called three of the club home, and we realized that the "beginning of the end" of our pleasures had come, but Friday morning we had arranged to visit the battle-field of Gettysburg, and the day found us up bright and early and ready for the jaunt of twenty-eight miles. It all seemed like a dream. Gettysburg! The place we had read so much about in history was in reality before us. The Waterloo of the Rebellion—the high tide of Secessionism! How familiar the words: Little Round Top, Wheat Field, Devils Den, Picket's Charge, Culp's Hill, Seminary Ridge, and last and greatest the National Cemetery where several thousand of our country's heroes sleep within their windowless palaces of peace—all places of intense historical interest. But we must "speed away," as the darkies sing to the "old camp ground," which we reached at 8 o'clock in the evening after a delightful ride across the beautiful and picturesque Cumberland Valley.

Our itinerary had us leaving for home at 7:15 Saturday morning. Imagine a dozen girls trying to get ready for the same train in a tent where things were, as you may suppose, far from being in apple-pie order, and you may form a faint conception of the confusion that reigned within. To make a long story short—the train left and we were left too.

It did not take us long to come to the conclusion that time, tide, and trains wait for no one, and we sat down "amid the wreck of matter," hiding our disappointment as well as we could until the next train arrived, when we boarded it and soon were speeding northward as fast as steam could carry us—arriving at the staid old county-seat on schedule time, reminded of the truth and beauty of John Howard Payne's couplet:

"Mid pleasures and palaces, where'er we may roam, Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home." CHESCENT.

Misses Elsie Rupp and Carrie Wanamaker, of Mt. Carmel, are the guests of lady friends in Swineford.

Monday evening's west-bound mail on the S. & L. Railroad had on board 150 passengers bound for the World's Fair.

David Ocker, who has been seriously ill for some time but showed signs of recovery some time ago, has had a relapse and is confined to his room again.