Advertising Rates:

One column one year,	$60.00
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One-fourth column, one year,	15.00
One square (10 lines) 1 insertion	75
Every additional insertion,	50
Professional and Business cards of not more than 5 lines, per year,	5.00
Auditor, Executor, Administrator and Assignee Notices,	2.50
Editorial notices per line,	15

All transient advertising less than 3 months 10 cents a line.

All advertisements for a shorter period than one year are payable at the time they are ordered, and if not paid the person ordering them will be held responsible for the money.

Poetry.

Not by Creed, But by Faith.

I do not know the step that I shall take,
And all the turns and windings I may make,
To reach the goal that may be near or far;
But in the distance Christ shines like a star.

A bridge, perhaps, may help me o'er a stream,
Or at the test, a ford may safer seem:
This staff, or that, in need my limbs may stay;
I only know that I can see my way.

Your stepping stones though firmly placed they be,
May prove the worst of stumbling blocks to me;
I scorn no aid, refuse no helping hand,
But press right onward to the better land.

Your maps and charts, though well and clearly drawn,
May fain to guide me as I journey on;
Build or remove your landmarks as you may,
I know that straight before me lies the way,

I hunger not for systems and for creeds,
While steadfast faith can satisfy my needs
I tread the path that better men have trod;
And hope, through Christ, to find my God.

God's Rest.

It is the evening hour,
And thankfully,
Father, thy weary child
Has come to thee.
I lean my aching head
Upon thy breast,
And there and only there
I am at rest.
Thou knowest all my life,
Each petty sin;
Nothing is hid from thee,
Without, within;
And that I have or am
Is wholly thine;
So is my soul at peace,
For thou art mine.
To-morrow's dawn may find
Me here or there,
It matters little, since thy love
Is everywhere.

For The Post.

REBEL PRISONS.

BY DR. R. ROTHROCK.

In September my last effort at gaining liberty by tunnelling was made, and at the same time was frustrated. Fifty men commenced a tunnel on a grand scale. It was nearly completed, and was one of the most perfect things of the kind ever devised by the prisoners.

It was commenced at the bottom of an old well, and two men could walk abreast from one end to the other. One of our number betrayed us to the rebel quartermaster for a plug of tobacco.

Another of our companions saw them conversing, and getting behind them, heard him say or propose to tell the quartermaster something important, if he would give him the tobacco. He ran and informed us in season for us to make ourselves scarce.

After the tunnel was discovered, those engaged in it were naturally enraged, and, seizing the traitor, printed on his forehead, with india ink, and needles, indelibly, the letter T. They were proceeding to worse punishment, when a rebel guard came into the stockade and carried him outside.

In spite of evidence to the contrary, *I* have but little doubt he was a rebel spy, who had been sent in with other prisoners to betray us. Diligent inquiries were set on foot to find out who had punished the traitor in the manner described.

To accomplish this, we were threatened with being starved into submission; but the rations, after being stopped for twenty-four hours, were again issued. Rumors of exchange continued to pervade the prison, men, crazy with the idea of freedom, and home, wandered up and down the prison, clinging to every rumor, like drowning men to straws.

The excitement was made worse by the extravagant rumor circulated around camp by the rebel quartermaster and the priest, who was said to be Wirz's confessor! The excitement increased daily, and men were expecting at any moment to be called out.

Many were called but it was to that bourn or home from whence no traveler returns; many were released, but the herald of their freedom was the grim messenger, death: At last, after repeated rumors had prepared the prison for their purpose, orders came for certain of the detachments or nineties, as they were termed, to be ready to leave the prison. We were told that there was a Federal transport fleet off Savannah, waiting for us.

To all in prison this seemed the dawn of freedom, and the most incredulous believed. Kentucky "Joe," who always protested that everything was "dreadful onsarten in Dixie," became a confirmed convert, and he had exchange on the brain. Every one clamored for a chance, and feared to be left out of the exchange. Ninety after ninety went out of prison rejoicing, and faintly cheering.

It was cheering which brought tears to the eyes, so puny and weak did it come from the poor, weak, starved mortals' "but the hollow eye grew bright, and the poor heart almost gay. As they thought of seeing home and friends again."

I never hear that song without recalling that scene. Men, who had been brought by suffering to the very verge of idiocy, or who for months had been smitten with almost hopeless melancholy or dispair, as these sounds earnest last dimly to their ears, like remembrance of a dream, their glorious import; "going home," burst upon them.

They staggered to their feet, and were carried, by the pressure of a dense crowd, outside the prison, feebly cheering, regardless of the presence of the rebels, joined in the chorus of "Rally round the flag boys, rally once again."

My ninety had got orders to be ready, and I was in a tremor of excitement, when one of my comrades sent for me, saying he was dying—My heart sank at thinking of the suffering, dying men who must stay behind and perish. My heart almost reproached me for being glad, when companions who had stood by my side in days of battle and suffering—dying, with none to care for them,—without sisters or mother's hand to soothe them, without food, and with no shelter from the pitiless rain and sun. I went and saw my comrade, he was stretched on the poor remains of his blanket, dying.

How often the poor fellow, true to a stubborn Scotch nature, had rallied, and tried to live! "I am glad you are going home Doc," (His generous heart had room for joy at other's good fortune even in death.

"*I* wish you to send to send word to my mother" tell her I enlisted to fight against rebeldom and slavery—for my adopted country. Tell her all about me! Poor fellow! I understood him; he wished me to tell her, he had done his duty.

Comrades in battle I can testify, that none stood up in fight more manfully than my dying companion—he who so often had sung, with pathetic voice, the song.

"Comrades, will you tell me, truly,
Who shall care for mother now?"

I now understood why he sung that song with so much feeling. He never before had spoken of his mother. Poor fellow! enshrined in the hearts of comrades, you lie in your nameless grave among the victims of Andersonville, and

"Who will care for mother now."

I took his poor, thin hand in mine and pledged him I would do all he wished. I forgot his address for a time, but in the delerium of a fever I recalled it, though many other forgotten things were not again brought to mind.

I was waiting for my turn to come to get out of prison. Every subterfuge was resorted to, to go with the lucky ones.

Those who had means bribed; those who had none "flanked," and were rewarded oftimes with broken heads, for others became desperate at the idea of being cheated out of their chance of going home, and the police exercised any thing but a protecting influence upon the unlucky heads of flankers.

I went at last, rejoicing at what appeared to be the day of deliverance. As I passed rebel headquarters, I saw sergeant Cross, who, it will be remembered, was one of my captors, when I escaped at one time from Andersonville.

Well, Cross, "said I. "There are no blood hounds after me this trip homeward." The sergeant shook his head (it seems to me, sorrowfully when I recall it just now,) to see us thus elated by delusive hopes of "going home," destined, O, in how many cases, never to be realized!

We reached the depot, were divided into squads of sixty, and crowded into box cars. We were full of hope, however, and kept saying, "well, we all will have room anough soon.

Our rations had been previously placed in each car—a piece of corn-cake about the shape and size of a brick. We were told these were our rations for three days' journey. One of my comrades, S. M desperately resolved to preserve a piece of bread to carry home as a curiosity; but hunger got the better of the poor fellow's resolve, and I saw the last crumb disappearing before the afternoon of our second day's journey.

During the first day, three men died in the car where I was. My bread lasted me two days, as I was careful not to eat too much at a time, yet it was considerable trouble to have it about a man's person a continued temptation to myself and to others.

We arrived at *Macon* the afternoon of our first day's travel, the vigilance of the guard was here redoubled, and the fact excited our suspicion, that there was to be no exchange, after all. As we passed through Macon, one of Sherman's men pointed out to me the bullet marks on the buildings, and fences made by our advance just before his capture.

We had been suspicious, that we were going to Alabama, but our hearts rose within us as the cars took the direction for Savannah.

A negro informed us, that "Captain Sherman" had taken Atlanta, and was making for Macon as "tight as he can come." This looked like removing us to a place of security rather than an exchange; still, we were hopeful, that we were to be exchanged to prevent our capture.

As we neared Savannah, and changed our guard, the officer of the new guard came up, and we made inquiries of him as to our destination—if we were to be exchanged. He replied by candidly stating that we were to be placed down on one of the islands, under fire of the Federal guns.

Several men were shot, on our route from Savannah to Charleston, while trying to escape from the cars. We caught sight of our fleet in the distance, as we passed over the bridge leading to Charleston,—and our hearts thrilled with a savage kind of joy, when we heard the shell from our batteries, shrieking over the city. We termed them Gilmore's errand boys, or Gilmore's morning reports on the condition of rebeldom.

At last the cars came to a halt in the streets of Charleston, and citizens negroes, and soldiers, thronging the streets, peered curiously into the cars to get a look at the Yanks. It appeared to me, then, that they wore a haggored, care-worn look.

The only hopeful face of the group was some old negress, who had kept fat and jolly on the idea of Uncle Ab's coming soon. One citizen said to another, my hearing, "They are all foreigners—ain't they?" This riled me not a little, and I replied, saying, you recollect the Plymouth prisoners who passed through these streets in April;" "yes, perfectly, a very fine body of men," said he.

"These are the same men; your government has starved all semblance of men out of us;" "you are a foreigner;" said he, looking sneeringly and critically at my dilapidated wardrobe and dirty face, which had been guiltless of washing for the three days of our journey.

No I belong to Pennsylvania Reg't. I promptly replied. He seemed much shocked, either at the fact of our dirty condition, that any one should not be ashamed to hail from a bordering state of rebeldom. It was just before sundown, when we formed in line, and marched through the back streets of Charleston.

The effects of the siege were visible upon every hand, but we were informed that the damage done was really worse than mere appearances indicated. The shell made only an irregular hole through the exterior walls, whereas the interior of the buildings where shell had exploded was often a mass of ruins.

It was no figure of speech, but a reality, that grass was growing in the streets of the proud but doomed city, which first raised its defiant hand against the Federal government, one of the best governments the sun ever shone upon. The shell and shot from Gilmore's batteries had a civilizing influence over its people, for in no place were we so kindly treated by citizens and soldiers as in Charleston.

Women and children looked pityingly upon us, and such expressions as "Poor Fellows!" "Too bad!" &c showed pity and sympathy for our condition, which we had never before experienced in the Southern confederacy. What the idea was for us in this wise, was quite a mystery to us poor wretches, but it went down on our part with a good grace, only the usage astonished us so much, that this was the commencement of a new era in the annals of the confinement in southern prisons. Our batteries throwed shells and hard shot over into the city, which made the citizens howl like crazy. To us it was good music we did not pity them much, because they too, should realize what it is to be concerned in an unjust war. I noticed that those citizens whose deep betoken that they belonged to the better classes wore often a sober subdued look, which, during my experience in the war, I had observed as the result of much anxiety, mental suffering, and loss of friends.

I addressed one of these as we were waiting on the street—"ain't you folks about sick of all this fighting?" "We are tired of it, dreadful sick of it," said he, while he vainly tried to keep back tears that ran down his face; "but we are going to fight you'un Yanks as long as we kin." Finally, just as the sun was setting in an ocean of beautiful clouds, we arrived at our destination on the "Fair Ground," in the rear of the city, where about five thousand of Andersonvile prisoners were, who had proceeded us.

To be Continued.

Wanted A Job.

Yesterday a man came into the Boomerang office with the air of a man who wants to wing his way to a land of forgetfulness and plunge into the depths of oblivion. After he had taken a seat on the tete-a-tete and hung his hat on the escritoire, he said:

"I'm a newspaper man myself. Didn't know but you might want a good man on the staff, somebody to write up the sad features of life and furnish the tearful wail, as it were. Life is full of woe, and in my estimation every paper should have a woe editor. I am well fitted for that position, as you will see if I may be allowed to go on, and detail my own experience to you. I went down into Kansas and started a paper in a small town on the Santa Fe road, with the assurance that I would meet with the cordial aid and sympathy of the people there. I didn't expect to do a big business, but I just wanted to run a modest paper with patent telegraph news and electrotype editorials in it. The first week my patent inside didn't get there and I had to print that issue on some paper bags that I got from our leading grocer. This was an advantage because his ad. was already printed on the first page and it saved the wear and tear of display type. Still the paper looked meager and did not attract the attention that *I* had hoped for it. It did not influence the administration nor boom up the town as I had anticipation.

"The next week I wrote up a little social party and gave the name of a young man who was drunk and frolicsome and shot out all the lights. He also shot an old man who was "calling off" the dance.

"I thought the press ought to be fearless and outspoken if the occasion required and I thought, fairly, but the young man came around the next day and convinced me that I was wrong. I was writing a scathing article on agnosticism when he came in and knocked me under the job press with a chair. I didn't know him at all and I thought it was rather eccentric for a total stranger, so when I got up again I told him so. Then he jammed me into the wood box and poured a keg of ink and a can of coal oil on me before I could have an understanding with him.

Then he went away.

"That evening he came with some friends and bought the good will of the establishment, and the whole office and subscription list of me. *He* had the advantage of me, and bought it low. I felt that I was making a sacrifice, but I was afraid I might not have another opportunity to sell, so I sold. The price, of course, was nominal, but the inducements held out were not to be ignored.

"Since then I have started three papers, and had three large and hotly contested fights. My collar-bone has been broken in two places, and my doctor's bills have always been bigger than the other expenses of the office. The dentist has been pulling teeth out of my palate ever since I entered the newspaper business. As soon as I entered the newspaper business. As soon as I got so I could see with both eyes one of them has been closed up on me, and my nose has at different times pointed around all over my face.

"What *I* want now is a chance to work on some paper in ca., as I might say, and where I will be by myself. I can take most any current event and tinge it with sadness. I can give an air of hopeless melancholy to the occurrences of everyday life that will make your paper known all over the world. I will admit that this is an innovation in journalism, perhaps, but it will take, I think, and I know that if I can succeed in imbuing into my work that settled air of gloom that I feel, your paper will win for itself in a short time the name of being the most ghastly record of disappointment and grief-stricken, horror-soaked romorse in the known world."

The manager sobbed a few times and then said, while his voice was choked with emotion, that the opaque gloom department was ably filled at present, and the stranger went out into the cold, hard, unsympathizing world, taking with him his leaden burden of woe and a silk umbrella that stood in the hall. —*Bill Nye.*

The Darkey's Baptism.

He is an industrious colored man living in a small cabin down the river; and his wife is a corpulent good-natured, woman, but very deaf.

Some weeks ago, Reuben began to ponder. He had never been a bad darkey; but he had never embraced Christianity, much to the sorrow of Aunt Susan, his wife, who has been prepared for *Heaven*, lo, many years past. The more he pondered, the more he became convinced that he ought to become a Christian; and Aunt Susan encouraged him with tender words and tearful eyes.

The old man came to town several days ago to see about joining a church, and was informed that he would have to be baptized before he could become a member. He didn't relish the idea much; but he informed his wife that he would consent; and she clasped hands, and replied.

"Glory to Richmond! De angels am a-comin'!"

Uncle Reuben got the idea, one day, that he'd like to try the water alone, before being publicly baptized; and while his wife was getting breakfast ready, he slipped down to the river-bank to take a preparatory dip. He removed his hat, and boots, placed them on a log; and as he descended the bank, his broad feet slipped, and the convert came down on the back of the neck.

"What de debbil!"—he commenced, as he picked himself up; but suddenly remembering that he was soon to join the church, he checked himself and remarked,—

"I'm ashamed ob dat; and *I* hope de angels will 'scuse me."

He put one foot into the water, and drew back with a shiver; put in the other, and looked longingly toward the house. At that moment Aunt Susan began singing,—

"We's gwine up to glory,
We's gwine on de cars,"

And old Reuben braced up, and entered the water.

"Yes; we's gwine up to glory!" he remarked as he waded along,—"gwine on de fast express."

At the next step, his foot struck a sunken log; and he pitched over it, under water, head first. As soon as he came to the surface, and blew the water from his mouth, he yelled,—

"Woosh! What in blazes is dis yer performance?"

In raising up, his foot slid over the log, and under a limb, in such a manner, that the old darkey was caught fast. He could hang to a stub of a limb, but he could not pull himself forward enough to slip his foot out of the trap.

"What de angels now?" he yelled out, as he licked the water higher than his head.

Aunt Susan answered with,—

"De angels are a-comin';
I hear the music play."

When the old man realized that he was fast, and must have help from the shore, he yelled out,—

"Ho, dar, old woman! Hi!

She couldn't have heard a cannon fire on the bank of the river, and she went on singing,—

"Dar's a seat for me in heaben;
I'm gwine to jine de band."

"Hi, dare! I'll jine your ole black head off, if ye don't hear me!" yelled old Reuben.

He struggled and kicked, got his head under water, and out, and yelled,—

"Cuss dat ole woman! Why don't she hear me?"

"Uncle Reuben's a-gwine
To be an angel-sho'."

came the song.

"It's a lie, a big debbil lie!" he yelled, pulling his head out of the water again.

"And he'll fly a-mong de angels,
And play upon a harp."

continued the old woman as she turned over the bacon.

"Hi, dare! woosh, whoop!" he yelled, floundering around, pulling at his leg.

"De Lawd has got his name,
And dere is a place for him!"

bowled the old woman.

"Whoa, dar, you old black villum!" yelled Uncle Reuben.

"Dey'll dress him up in white,
Wid a crown upon his brow,"

wailed Aund Susan, as she poured the water off the potatoes.

"If I ebber git out o' dis ribber alive, I'll break her old deaf head. I will!" growled the victim: and then raising his voice he shouted,—

"You dare, old Satan, hi, hi!" As if in direct answer came the song,—

"He struggles wid de evil one;
But he gained the victory shore!"

"Susan, Susan! if I had ye by de wool, I'd barry dat old deaf head agin de cabin till ver eyes couldn't see!" he screamed; and he made another tremendous effort to get loose. It was successful, and just then she sang,—

"Oh! what's de angel now
Send him long; send him long!"

"De angel am a-comin'!" growled Uncle Reuben, as he waded ashore; "and he'll turn dat cabin inside out!"

He limped up to the house. She was placing the meal on the table, and singing,—

"He's gwine to be baptized;
He's gwine—"

when he entered the house, and gave her a cuff on the ear which nearly loosed the roots of her hair.

"Oh, yes! I'ze an angel wid wings on I is!" he yelled, as he brought her another cuff; "and *I'ze* gwine to glory,—and I'ze gwine to jine de band—and you deaf old alligator!—and I'ze gwine up to Reuben—and blame yer old deaf ears!—and de glory am a-comin'!"

People who know Uncle Reuben say that he swears again with relish, and it is certain that he hasn't been up to Vicksburg to be baptized, and become a church member.

Good temper is like a sunny day; it is the sweetener of toil and the smoother of quietude.

A sensual disposition deforms the handsomest features.

A Philadelphia mule has killed a mad dog, but it is still a matter of doubt whether a mule or a mad dog is the safest thing to have around.

At the seashore, as usual, one wave from a woman's handkerchief will continue to attract more attention than hundreds of waves from the ocean.

Friend—"Hello, Jim, you ain't out of work again are you?" Unfaithful employe—"Well, yes; fact is, I'm not able to work: been injured by a premature discharge."

A man gathers wisdom by financial loss. Like a razor, he is sharper for being strapped.

An exchange says: "A man lives in this vicinity who states that he first met his wife in a storm, took her to the first ball in a storm, popped the question in a storm, and has lived in a storm ever since."

The Post.

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THE POST.

Published every Thursday Evening
JERMIAH GROUSE, Propr

Terms of Subscription,

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, Payable within six months, or $2.50 if not paid within the year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the publisher.

Subscriptions outside of the county PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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MALARIA

Malaria is an almost indescribable malady which not even the most talented physicians are able to fathom. Its cause is most frequently ascribed to local surroundings, and there is very little question, but this opinion is substantiated by facts. Malaria does not necessarily mean chills and fever while these troubles usually accompany it. It often affects the sufferer with general lassitude, accompanied by loss of appetite, sleeplessness, a tired feeling and a high fever, the person afflicted growing weaker and weaker, loses flesh day after day, until he becomes a mere skeleton, a shadow of his former self.

Malaria, once having laid its hold upon the human frame, the tone of the system is thrown open to nervous diseases. The body weak and enfeebled absorbs no nourishment, but subsisting upon itself, the digestive organs no longer perform their functions; the liver becomes torpid, and other organs failing to do their healthy work, speedily become disordered, and dissolution and death are apt to ensue.

In addition to being a certain cure for malaria and chills and fever, BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient tonic; especially indigestion, dyspepsia, intermittent fevers, want of appetite, loss of strength, lack of energy, etc. Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. Acts like a charm on the digestive organs. It is for sale by all respectable dealers in medicines, price, $1 per bottle

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108 Acres

of the best lime stone land, whereon are erected a good frame dwelling house, barn, and all necessary outbuildings—well of good water near the door, flowing water on the farm—thriving young orchard of choice fruit trees. Farm in a high state of cultivation. Terms easy. Address,

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Middleburg, Pa

Feb. 23, '82.

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business now before the public. You can do it as well as others. Many are making fortunes at the business. Capital not needed. We will start you. All of either sex, of all ages, can do the work and live at home. Larger earnings than can be made at anything else. Everything new. We have no space to explain here. Send for circulars, free. Don't delay. Now is the time. You can engage in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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All those who desire to purchase Tombstones or anything else manufactured at the above mentioned marble works, should consult the undersigned agent, before purchasing elsewhere.

SAMUEL BOWEN, Agt.
July 15'79-tf Middleburg, Snyder Co., P

PIMPLES.

I will mail (free) the receipt for a simple Vegetable Balm that will remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples and Blotches, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, inclosing 3c. stamp, BEN VANDELF & CO., 14 Barclay St., N. Y.

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Parties wishing the Prescription, will please address, Rev. E. A. WILSON; 194 Penn St Williamsburgh, N. Y.

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