The Post.

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THE POST.

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READING RAILROAD—Summer Arrangement, Monday May 16, 1870.

Great Trunk Line from the North and North west for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Ashland, Shamokin, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, Ephrata, Litiz, Lancaster, Columbia &c.

Trains leave Hrrisburg for New York, as follows: at 5.35, 8.10 11.25 forenoon, and 2.50 p. m., connecting with similar trains on the the Pennsylvania Railroad, and arriving at New York at 12.10 noon, 3.50 6,05, and 10,00 p. m., respectively. Sleeping cars accompany the 5.35 a m. and 11.25 a. m. trains, without change.

Returning: Leave New York at 9.00a m, 12,00 Noon, and 5,00 p m. Philadelphia at 8,15 a m and 3,30 p m; Sleeping cars accompany the 9,00 p m, and 5,00 p m trains from New York, without change.

Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville Tamaqua, Minersville, Ashland, Shamokin, Pinegrove, Allentown and Philadelphia, at 8,10 a m, 2,50 and 4.10 p m, stopping at Lebanon and principal way stations; the 4,10 p m train connecting for Philadelphia, Pottsville and Columbia only. For Pottsville, Schuylkill Haven and Auburn, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, Leave Harrisburg at 3,40 p m.

East Pennsylvania Railroad trins leave Reading for Allentown, Easton and New York at 7.23, 10.30 a. m., 1.27 and 4.45 p. m. Returnig, leave New York at 9.00 a. m., 12.00 noon and 5.00 p. m. and Allentown at 7.20 a. m. 12.25 Noon 4.20 and 8.45 p. m.

Way passenger train leaves Philadelphia at 7,30 a m, connecting with similar train on East Penna. Railroad, returning from Reading at 6,35 p m, stopping at all stations

Leave Pottsville at 5,40 and 9,00 a m and 2,50 p. m.; Herndon at 9,30 a m; Shamokin at 5,40 and 10,40 a. m.; Ashland at 7,05 a m, and 12,30 noon, Mahanoy City at 7.51 a. m and 1.07 p. m., Tamaqua at 8,33 a m, and 2,20 p m for Philadelphia and New York.

Leave Pottsville, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna R R at 8,15 a m for Harrisburg, and 12.05 noon for Pinegrove and Tremont.

Reading Accommodation train: Leaves Pottsville at 5,40 a m, passes Reading at m.a m, arriving at Philadelphia at 10,20 7,30 Returning, leaves Philadelphia at 5,15 p m, passing Reading at 8,00 p m, arriving at Pottsville at 9,40 p m.

Pottstown Accommodation Train Leaves Pottstown at 6,25 a m, returning leaves Philadelphia at 4,00 p m.

Columbia Railroad Trains leave Reading at 7,20 a m, and 6,15 p m for Ephrata, Litiz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c;

Perkiomen Railroad Trains leave Perkiomen Junction at 9,00 a m, 3,00 & 5,30 p m; returning leave Schwenksville at 8, 05 a m, 12,45 Noon, and 4,15 p m, connecting with similar trains on Reading Railroad.

Colebrookdale Railroad trains leave Pottstown at 9,40 a m, and 6,20 p m, returning leave Mount Pleasant at 7,00 and 11,25 a m, connecting with similar trains on Reading railroad.

Chester Valley Railroad trains leave Bridesport at 8,30 a m, and 2,05 and 5,02 p m, returning, leave Downingtown at 6,20 a m, 12.45 noon and 5,15 p m, connecting with similar trains on Reading railroad.

On Sundays: Leave New York at 5,00 p m, Philadelphia 8,00 a m and 3,15 p m, the 8,00 a m train running only to Reading; leave Pottsville 8,00 a m; Harrisburg 5,55 a m and 4,10 p m, leave Allentown at 7.25 a. m. and and 8.40 p. m.; leave Reading at 7,15 a m, and 10,05 p m for Harrisburg, at 7,25 a m for New York, at 4,45 p m for Allentown, and 4,25 p m for Philadelphia.

Commutation, Mileage, Season, School and excursion tickets, to and from all points at reduced rates.

Baggage checked through; 100 pounds [illegible]

SELECT POETRY.

The German Rhine.

BY NIKOLAUS BECKER.

It never shall be France's
The free, the German Rhine,
Tho' raven-like she glances
And croaks her foul design.

So long as calmly gliding
It wears its mantle green,
So long as oar dividing
Its mirrored wave is seen,

It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
So long as youth enhances
His fervor with its wine.

So long as sentry keeping
The rocks its margin stud;
So long as spires are steeping
Their image in its flood.

It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
So long as festive dances
Its lover-groups combine;

So long as angler bringeth
Its lusty trout to shore,
So long as minstrel singeth
Its praise from doorto d oor.

It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
Until its broad expanse is
Its last defender's shrine.

The Story of the Good Little Boy Who did not Prosper.

BY MARK TWAIN.

Once there was a good little boy by the name of Jacob Blivens. He always obeyed his parents, no matter how absurd and unreasonable their demands were; and he always learned his book, and never was late at Sabbath school. He would not play hookey, even when his sober judgement told him it was the most profitable thing he could do.—None of the other boys could ever make that boy out, he acted so strangely. He would'n't lie no matter how convenient it was. He just said it was wrong to lie, and that was sufficient for him. And he was so honest that he was simply ridiculous. The curious ways that Jacob had surpassed everything He wouldn't play marbles on Sunday, he wouldn't rob birds' nests, he wouldn't give hot pennies to organ grinders' monkeys; he didn't seem to take any interest in any kind of rational amusement So the other boys used to try to reason it out and come to an understanding with him, but they couldn't arrive at any satisfactory conclusion; as I said before, they could only figure out a sort of vague idea that he was "afflicted" and so they took him under their protection, and never allowed any harm to come to him.

This good little boy read all the Sunday school books; they were his greatest delight. This was the whole secret of it. He believed in the good little boys they put in the Sunday school books; he had every confidence in them. He longed to come across one of them alive, once; but he never did. They all died before his time, may be. When he read about a particular good one, he turned over quickly to see what became of him, because he wanted to travel thousands of miles and gaze on him; but it wasn't any use; that good little boy always died in the last chapter, and there was a picture of a funeral, with all his relations and the Sunday school children standing around the grave in pantaloons that were too short, and bonnets that were too large, and everybody crying into handkerchiefs that had as much as a yard and a half of stuff in them. He always headed off in this way. He never could see one of those little boys, on account of his dying in the last chapter.

Jacob had a noble ambition to be put in a Sunday school book. He wanted to be put in, with pictures representing his gloriously declining to lie to his mother and she weeping for joy about it; and pictures representing him standing on the doorstep giving a penny to a poor begar woman with six children, and telling her to spend it freely, but not to be extravigant, because extravigance is a sin; and pictures of him magnanimously refusing to tell on the bad boy who always lay in wait for him around the corner, as he came from school, and welted him over the head with a lath, and then chased him home saying, "Hi! Hi!" as he proceeded. This was the ambition of young Jacob Blivens. He wished to be put in a Sunday school book. It made him feel a little uncomfortable sometimes when he reflected that the good little boys always died. He loved to live, you know, and this was the most unpleasant feature about being a Sunday school book boy. He knew it was unhealthy to be good. He knew that it was more fatal than consumption to be so supernaturally good as the boys in the books were; he knew that none of them had ever been able to stand it long, and it pained him to think that if they put him in a book he wouldn't ever see it, or even if they did get the book out before he died, it wouldn't be popular without any picture of his funeral in the back part of it. It couldn't be much of a Sunday school book that couldn't tell about the advise he gave to the community when he was dying. So, at last, of course, he had to make up his mind to do the best he could under the circumstances—to live right, and hang on as long as he could, and have his dying speech all ready when his time came

But somehow nothing ever went right with this good little boy; noth- [illegible] in the books. They always had a good time, and the bad boys had the broken legs; but in his case there was a screw loose somewhere, and it all happened just the other way. When he found Jim Blake stealing apples, and when under the tree to read to him about the bad little boy who fell out of the neighbor's apple tree and broke his arm, Jim fell out of the tree too, but he fell on *him* and broke *his* arm, and Jim wasn't hurt at all. Jacob couldn't understand that. There wasn't anything in the books like it.

And once, when some bad boys pushed a blind man over in the mud, and Jacob ran to help him up and receive his blessings, the blind man didn't give him any blessings at all, but whacked him over the head with his stick and said he would like to catch him shoving him again and then pretending to help him up. This was not in accordance with any of the books. Jacob looked them over to see.

One thing that Jacob wanted to do was to find a lame dog that hadn't any place to stay, and was hungry and persecuted, and bring him home and pet him, and have the dog's imperishable gratitude. And at last he found one, and was happy; and he brought him home and fed him, but when he was going to pet him, the dog flew at him and tore all the clothes off him except those that were in front and made a spectacle of him that was astonishing He examined authorities, but could not understand the matter. It was of the same breed of dogs that was in the books, but it acted very differently. Whatever this boy did, he got into trouble. The very things the boys in the books got rewarded for turned out to be the most unprofitable things he could invest in.

Once when he was on the way to Sunday school he saw some boys starting off pleasuring in a sail-boat. He was filled with consternation, because he knew from reading that boys who went sailing on Sunday invariably got drowned. So he ran out on a raft to warn them, but a log turned with him and slid him into the river. a man got him out pretty soon, and the doctor pumpted the water out of him and gave him a fresh start with his bellows, but he cought cold and lay sick abed nine weeks. But the most unaccountable thing about it was that the bad boys in the boat had a good time all day, and then reached home alive and well, in the most surprising manner. Jacob Blivens said there was nothing like these things in the books. He was perfectly dumbfounded.

When he got well he was a little discouraged, but he resolved to keep on trying anyhow. He knew that so far his experience wouldn't do to go in a book, but he hadn't yet reached the alloted term of life for good little boys, and he hoped to be able to make a record yet, if he could hold on until his time was fully up. If everything else failed, he had is dying speech to fall back on.

He examined his authorities, and found it was now time to go to sea as a cabin boy. He called on a ship captain and made application, and when the captain asked for his recommendation he proudly drew out a tract and pointed to the words: "To Jacob Blivens, from his affectionate teacher." But the captain was a coarse, vulgar man, and he said, "Oh, that be blowed; that wasn't any proof, that he knew how to wash dishes or handle a slush bucket, and he guessd he didn't want him." This was altogether the most extraordinary thing that had ever happened to Jacob in all his life. A compliment from a teacher, on a tract, had never failed to move the tenderest emotion of ship captains and open the way to all officers of honor and profit in their gift—it never had in any book that he had read. He could hardly believe his senses

This boy always had a nice time of it. Nothing ever came out according to the authorities with him. At last one day, when he was around hunting up bad little boys to admonish, he found a lot of them in the old iron foundry, fixing up a little joke on fourteen or fifteen dogs which they had tied together in long procession, and were going to ornament with empty nitro-glycereine cans made fast to their tails. Jacob's heart was touched. He sat down on one of those cans—for he never minded grease when duty was before him—and he took hold of the foremost dog by the colar and turned his reproving eye upon Tom Jones. But just at that moment Alderman McWelter, full of rath stepped in. All the bad boys ran away; but Jacob Blivens rose in conscious innocense, and began one of those stately Sunday school book speeches, which always commence with "Oh, sir!" in dead opposition to the fact that no boy, good or bad, ever starts a remark with "Oh, sir!" But the Alderman never waited to hear the rest. He took Jacob Blivens by the ear, and turned him around, and hit him a whack in the rear with the flat of his hand; and in an instant the good little boy shot out through the roof and soared away towards the sun, with the fragments of those fifteen dogs stringing after him like the tail of a kite. And there wasn't a sign of that Alderman or that old iron foundry left on the face of the earth; and as for young Jacob Blivens, he never got a chance to make his last dying speech after all his trouble fixing it up, unless he made it to the birds; because, although the bulk of him came down all right in a tree-top in an adjoining county, the rest of him was apportioned in four townships, and so had to hold five in- [illegible] dead or not, and how it occured. You ne er saw a boy scattered so.

Thus perished the good little boy who did the best he could, but did not come out according to the books. Every boy who did as he did prospered except him. His case is truly remarkable. It will probably never be accounted for.—*The Galaxy.*

An Unparalleled Crime.

During the past year, it has recently been developed, circumstances have transpired in the Yellowstone country which will create indignation and alarm throughout the whole Union.—A crime has been committed which excels in diabolism anything which the history of the world has produced, and which places Probst and his compeers in the light of moderate offenders. A few men for the purpose of accumulating fortunes, have attempted to scatter throughout the United States robes which are known to be infected with small pox! This has been done premeditated and knowingly, and with the full knowledge that in doing so they have been the means of spreading a loathsome disease from one end of the country to the other, and sacrifice human lives in unknown numbers.

During last summer, the steamboat Utah plied, we believe, between Sioux City and Fort Benton. During one of her trips the small pox broke out among the passengers and crew, and one death occurred on the trip; the boat landed a short distance below Milk river, and there the corpse was buried. The burial was witnessed by a number of Indians, of the Gros Ventres tribe, and as soon as the boat resumed its course, the body was disinterred, the clothing stripped from the remains, and distributed among the party who had perpetrated the act of desecration. The consequence may be imagined. In the proper course of time, the dreadful contagion broke out in its most virulent form among the savages. The devastation was so terrible that out of 1,900 members of the tribe, 750 died.

In removing the Indians it is a custom, without deviation, to lay the dead upon the ground, in the robe which encased them while living, and cover up the body with brush. There are speculators in the Indian country, whose sole object in life seems to be to make money without the slightest regard for the manner in which they do it. The robes which enclosed the dead bodies were valuable. The speculators, aware of this, determined to profit by it, and did not hesitate to roam the country in quest of infected robes, and convey them for storage to a warehouse in Fort Benton. It was but a short time before nearly every house in Fort Benton was a small pox hospital. In the face of this terrible visitation, those who engaged in the unholy traffic did not desist. They asserted that the place was alive with small pox, and that, as it could be no worse, the arrival and storage of robes could make no difference. And thus, in the very midst of death, desolation and despair, these human vultures continued their pestilence-breeding death-dealing corruption!

One white fiend added greatly to the suffering. While suffering with the disease, he obtained two yeast cans, and filled them both with scabs As soon as he was able to do so, he took an old shirt, rubbed it thoroughly with the contents of the boxes, and then placed the infected garment on the trail of the Piegans, on Highwood creek, where the Indians would be sure to find it. They did so, and in a short time afterwards the most frightful of calamities was visited upon the tribe It spread with wonderful rapidity among the Blackfeet, Bloods, and River Crows, until the whole country within a radius of one hundred miles from Fort Benton, and extending along the river a much greater distance, was infected with the disease, and deaths occurred by the thousand.

In this frightful manner thousands of buffalo robes, all infected with the disease that had killed their savage owners, were collected, and the shipment of them down the Missouri river for sale in the East began. The Government becoming informed of the matter, Gen. Hancock was ordered to prevent the shipment of any robes that could not be proved free of infection. This diverted the business to the Pacific Railroad, the authorities of which are using every exertion to prevent the carrying of any robes not known to be all right. But, having gone thus far in the nefarious business, its wretched authors will, if in the least possible, get at some way to pay their expenses by selling these robes in the East.—*Omaha Herald.*

"You pull teeth here, I suppose?" inquired a vegetable looking customer, who dropped into a dental office for information.

"Yes, sir, take a chair," replied the proprietor, "our charge is only fifty cents, and I can do it instantly."

"Well, I guess I'll wait until I get home, for I can't pay that price, because our doctor only charges a quarter, and it takes him two hours, besides he pulls you all around the room, and you get the worth of your money. So good day."

A Frenchman owed a man eight hundred francs, and he made a proposition to give him eight notes, payable monthly, for one hundred francs each. The first note was protested. The creditor demanded an explanation. "I didn't want you to lose eight hundred francs all at at once, so I divided it up that your loss might fall upon [illegible]

"The Map of Europe."

The map of Europe will probably undergo a number of importatant alterations before the present war is ended. It has been altered very frequently, and in several ways, and in many places, during the last ten or twelve years. The map of Europe was changed in 1859, when Napoleon, after breaking the power of Austria tore from her Lombardy, and delivered the province over to Victor Emanuel It was still further altered at the same time, when Napoleon, in return for his ervices to Italy, demanded from her Nice and Savoy, which immediately ceased to belong to the Italian Kingdom, and became a part of the territory of France. It was altered soon afterward, by the revolutionary movements through which the seperate political existence of the Duchies of Tuscany, Parma, and Modena, and most of the States of the Church was obliterated, and their allegiance transferred to the King of Italy. It was again altered by Garibaldi in 1860, when the Kingdom of Naples was blotted out; and when, finally, Italy which has previously been merely a "geographical expression," became almost entirely united under one government, the sovereign of which was the former King of Sardina. The map of Europe was again changed in another quarter in 1865, when the armies of Austria and Prussia made war upon Denmark, and tore from that ancient kingdom the Duchess of Schleswig and Holstien, which were finally annexed to the territory of Prussia. It suffered still another change in 1866, when, at the close of the Prusso-Austrian war, Prussia obliterated the Kingdom of Hanover, seized the City of Frankfort, and established the North German Confederation in its present shape; while Italy acquired Venetia and the small portion of Lombardy which remained to Austria after the war of 1859.

By these extensive alternations in the map of Europe, two important Kingdoms (Naples and Hanover) beside numerous minor States, have been blotted out. Italy has gained territory which Austria has lost, beside her other gains on the Italian Peninsula itself. France has gained territory which Italy has lost Prussia has gained territory which Denmark has lost, beside her own gains in Germany itself. A map of Europe ten or twelve years old, is quite worthless now; and it is not impossible that the map of the present day may be altered so as to be "out of date" before the close of the year. If, for example France should overthrow Prussia—an event which seems extremely unlikely—the French Emperor will undoubtedly seize the Prussian territory west of the Rhine, and annex to his own Empire. It appears also by the "proposed treaty," lately published, that he would then also make an attempt to "acquire" the Duchy of Luxembourg and "absorb" the Kingdom of Belgium. We may also suppose that, in order to cripple his prostrate Prussian adversary, he would permit Denmark to get back Schleswig-Holstein, and would re-establish the independence of Hanover.

But if, on the other hand, Prussia were triumphant over France, King William might siege and annex to his dominions the French provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, might take the province of Jutland from Denmark, and might consolidate the Confederations of North and South Germany into one great Confederated Empire. If Austria were to take part in hostilities, it is probable that before their close we should see alterations in her map of a very serious character. If France suffer defeat, we shall certainly see another Alteration in the map of Italy that will render further changes of it necessary. We shall see the temporal sovereignity of the Pope abolished, and Rome become an integral part (doubtless the capitol) of the United Kingdom of Italy. It is useless, however to indulge in further conjectures or speculations as to the probable alterations of the European map, which has been altered so frequently and extensively during the last few years.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

ALWAYS BE CIVIL.—"My young friend," said a gentleman on horseback, one day, to a lad who was standing near a well, "will you do me a favor to draw a pail of water for my horse, as I find it rather difficult to get off."

Instead of giving a gruff reply, as many boys would do, the boy drew the water and gave it to the horse. His manner was so pleasant and cheerful, that the stranger delighted with his spirit, asked him his name and residence, and after thanking him, rode on.

The good-natured lad thought no more about the act of civility, till some months later, he recived a letter from the gentleman, offering him a clerkship in his store. The offer was accepted. The lad prospered, and finally became chief magistrate of a large city.

Thus you see that a little act of civility to a stranger was the first round in the ladder by which the boy climed to honor and wealth. Now I do not say that civility will always lead to such honor. But I say that it always raises its possessor in the opinion of others and in his own self-respect. Be civil, therefore, my boys and girls. Civility is an ornament all should possess.

There is a farmer in Yorkshire who has a mile of children. His name is Furlong, and he has four boys and four [illegible]

A Romance of the War.

The Kansas City *Times* relate this story: Ten, yes fifteen years ago, there lived in St. Joseph a family by the name of Adams, the head of which was a stern tough kind old gentleman whom fifty winters had touched lightly. He was wealthy, but what he prized far above all was the pride of his old age—two noble boys, George and Frank, aged respectively eighteen and twenty. The war came on, the terrible strife in which brother was arrayed against brother, and father against son. Mr. Adams was an uncompromising Union man, and his eldest son George espoused his father's cause. Frank joined the forces in defence of the sunny South under William Y. Slack. When his father learned of the course taken by the younger son his rage knew no bounds He sent him word to return, or he was no longer heir to his broad acres or a recipient of his love. His son replied that no inducement would cause him to surrender his principles. The old gentleman drew up his will, leaving his youngest son penniless. The war continued, each of the brothers fighting valiantly in defence of their different banners. Peace once more blessed the land, and the eldest son returned home, while the younger located in this city, and by his courteous bearing and close attention to business gained hosts of friends. His whereabouts was unknown to either father or brother, and though he loved them both, his pride would not permit him to return to a home from which he had been cut off in a moment of passion. The old gentleman was gathered to his fathers, and his eldest son became sole heir to his wealth. George was no sooner in possession of his property than he made a diligent search for his brother and after a time traced him to this city. The meeting between the brothers occurred only last week, and was both cordial and effecting. The eldest caused a deed of half his estate to be made out in favor of his younger brother and forced the acceptance upon him. Such a spirit is noble, grand and magnanimous, therefore we give St. Joe the credit as stated above. This incident is true, as persons in both cities can testify.

Bad for France.

The Paris correspondence of the New York *World* says: "France is now isolated. She has not an ally; for I do not reckon Austria as an ally. Let her budge, and she falls to pieces. Were Austria weak enough to go to war she would disappear from the map of Europe. Her German population would become Prussians; the kingdom of Hungary would absorb the others. It is almost certain Russia would join Prussia, and they might induce Italy, by promising all the possessions Austria still hold in Italy and Rome, to enter the alliance. Obliged to keep a large army in Algeria, another on the Spanish frontier, something of an army at Rome, strong forces near all the manufacturing centers, France would enter the war overweighted. She might win Italy to her side by promising Rome and Austria's Adriatic possessions, recompensing Austria with Prussian territory. These measures would, however, make the Catholic clergy hostile to the Empire, and unite the Germans with Prussia. Even were France successful in this war, hated by Spain, Italy, Prussia and Russia, you would see these powers—Europe, as I might say—wait for an opportunity to overwhelm France."

A HUGE TREE.—Mr. Charles Albright, in a letter to "The Grand Army," dated Mariposa, California, July 4, relates that he had visited the Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa and Calevaras groves of big trees. Of the latter he says: "In regard to these monsters of the forest I can only say this, that yesterday I was in a hollow tree, yet standing with two other gentlemen on horseback. Our horses were abreast, and there was room for three horses more Some of these trees are 30 feet, and upwards, in diameter, and over 100 feet in circumference. The bark is from 18 inches to 4 feet in thickness, and some of these trees grow 350 high, and would grow higher yet if the wind did not break the tops. The statement of these things is almost incredible, and if my eyes had not seen them I would not write about them. The wood of these trees is red and very enduring, and polishes very finely, so that it looks like rosewood."

"Almost incredible," indeed! yet others have told the same story of these giant trees, and we are not disposed to doubt the fact.

A FRIEND IN NEED.—On one occasion two ladies were introduced to Mr. Lincoln, bringing introductions from a Kentucky friend. "So you known B.," said the President, after shaking hands with them; "did he ever tell you I helped him to his wife?" The ladies knew nothing of it, so the match-maker proceeded to give a detailed account of the affair in his livelliest manner. "You see," he said, "B. could never get a chance to pop the question, because the lady's father was always in the room; so at last I told him I'd manage it for him, and the next time he called I went with him. I knew the old man, and often talked politics with him, but as both of us were Whigs, the talk was never very lively. That time, to help B., I turned Democrat, and the old man got so excited that B. and the daughter managed to slip out on the back porch and do the thing up at once."