The Post.

OUR COUNTRY.

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THE POST.

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Y. H. WAGNER, Esq., JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Jackson Township, Snyder Co. Pa., Will attend to all business entrusted to his care and on the most reasonable terms. March 12, '68t

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READING RAILROAD — Winter Arrangement, Monday Nov 21 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 Harrisburg for New York, as follows: at 3.10, 8.10, 10.50 a. m., and 2.50 p. m., connecting with similar trains on the the Pennsylvania Railroad, and arriving at New York at 10.10 a. m., 3.50, 5.50 and 10,00 p. m., respectively. Sleeping cars accompany the 3.10 a m., train, 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 5.00 p m trains from New York, without change.

Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville Tamaqua, Minersville, Ashland, Shamokin, Allentown and Philadelphia, at 8.10 a m. 2.50 and 4 05 p m, stopping at Lebanon and principal way stations: the 4,05 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 Pensylvania Railroad trains leave Reading for Allentown, Easton and New York at 5.00, 10.30 a.m., 12.45 noon, & 4.15 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 2.55 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 6.20 p m, stopping at all stations

Leave Pottsville at 9.00 a. m., and 3.10 p. m.; Herndon at 10.15 a m; Shamokin at 5.40 and 11.20 a. m.; Ashland at 7.05 a m, and 12.50 noon, Mahanoy City at 7.51 a. m. and 1.35 p. m., Tamaqua at 8.33 a m, and 2.40 p m for Philadelphia New York, Reading, Harrisburg, &c.

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 7.30 a m, arriving at Philadelphia at 10.20 a. m. Returning, leaves Philadelphia at 4.45 p m, passing Reading at 7.25 p m, arriving at Pottsville at 9.10 p m.

Pottstown Accommodation Train Leaves Pottstown at 7,00 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 7.45, 9.05 a m, 3,00. and 5,30 p m: returning leave Schwenksville at 7,00 and 8,20 a. m. 12,50 Noon, and 4,30 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 Brideport at 8.30 a m, and 2,05 and 5.02 p m, returning, leave Downingtown at 6.55 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 3,10 a m and 4.05 p m, leave Allentown at 8.45 p. m. and 8.45 p. m; leave Reading at 7.15 a m. and 10,05 p m for Harrisburg at 5.00 a m for New York, and 9,40 a. m. 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 allowed each passenger.

G. A. NICOLLS, *General Superintendent.*
Reading, Nov. 21, 1870.

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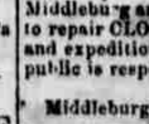

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Middleburg, Nov. 24 1869.

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A THOUSAND POUNDS AND A WIFE.

Mr John Holt was a bahelor, aged thirty years or thereabouts, and possessed of a fortune which yielded an amount at interest not only sufficiently large to enable its owner to maintain himself in comfortable circumstances without work, but also allowed him to add yearly to the principal the sum of a hundred and twenty pounds Thus he was considered to be independently wealthy, and was looked upon as a very handsome and excellent young man by various "disinterested" papas and mammas, whose daughters were of about the right age to begin to think of wedded bliss

Among other peculiarities to which Mr. Holt was attached—or which were attached to him—was the very skeptical idea that there was not, or ever had been, such an improbable thing in existence as love. He believed that in matrimony, as well as all other matters, all people were actuated by motives of self-interest; hence he regarded with suspicion all females who approached him. "For," said he, "they are after my money, and don't much care how they get it They would like to marry me confoundedly well"

One day he was considerably startled by a sudden opening of the door and the unceremoneous entrance of the maid of all work, who bore in her hand a letter which she stated the postman had just that moment left.

"Confound the girl," said he when alone as he broke the seal. She might have given a little warning before she intruded upon the enjoyment of my wine and havana. I had my feet somewhat elevated into the upper regions, and I'm a sinner if she don't report the same to the landlady. However, open seasame, and—"

The completion of this speech was lost by reason of Mr. Holt at this instant becoming deeply absorbed in the contents of his epistle, a verbatim copy of which we take the liberty to make public.

"Dec. 8th, 18—

"COUSIN JOHN.—Christmas will soon be here, and we want you to come and spend the holidays with us. We have invited several friends whom you knew in days gone by, and we shall have an excellen time. There is a very beautiful and accomplished young lady friend of ours, who lives in the second or third village beyond you, who will be sure to be here. We are sure you will be pleased to make her acquaintance. Perhaps you will fal. in love with her. Just think of it, acrusty old bach. like you falling in love! We most humbly beg your pardon if these lines offend you, but you must surely come. With sincerity, your cousins,

JENNIE AND SOPHIA STEWART"

P S.—Father sends his regards and says that bankers here are paying one per cent. higher interest than the bankers with whom you deposit. He says you had better bring some money and invest it here. Yours once more.

JENNIE AND SOPHY."

Mr. Holt carefully perused this letter four distinct times, and then, folding it with great precision, thoughtfully inserted it in the envelope and put both in his pocket.

"The immortal Homer hath asserted in his never-dying Iliad that the best part of a woman' letter is in the postscript," said Mr. Holt half aloud, as he resumed his cigar and scientifically blew a cloud of smoke into the air. "This famous old fellow is quite right. It is certainly very true in this case. Let me see, if I visit my excellent cousins and take with me a thousand pounds, I shall get one per cent, more interest, which is just ten pounds.—Quite a gain! I shall surely have to pass the holidays with my dearly beloved cousins, for whom, of course, I entertain the utmost regard and affection. Oh, I love them dearly—and the ten pounds too! As to the young lady they are going to have there, I'll teach her that she can't get me, in spite of all the beauty she can bring to bear! Well, I will go. I will take my departure immediately. I will pack my valise, take up my bod, draw a thousand, and then take the train, which," said John, consulting his watch, "will leave in exactly two hours from this time."

Now it happened as a very remarkable coincidence, that a young lady was also going to the city to spend the holidays, though with this difference, that it was friends and not relatives whom she intended to visit.

John having reached the cars found the seats all occupied excepting one by the side of this young lady, and seating himself he entered into conversation with her and discovered that their destination was the same.

Having thus established a sort of mutual confidence, though not of a very extensive scale, they got along finely, and by the time they got within twenty miles of the city were far from being strangers

Bless my soul!" cried Mr. Holt, suddenly, as the train stopped at a small station, "if this is not the place where I've got to get out and stay for several hours before I go on to the city."

"What!" exclaimed the lady, "are you not going to the city now? I surely thought you were."

"No, no," said John, hurridly rising from his seat; "I've a friend here whom I very much wish to see, and so I shall have to go. I am very sorry but I hope I shall meet you in the city Adieu!"

And Mr. Holt, seizing his valise, rushed with a precipteus haste out of the car just as the train moved away.

It was about half an hour before dinner time that John, carrying his valise in his hand, walked up the street of the little village, and stopping before his friend's house, rang the door-bell and was admitted.

He was shown into the sitting-room and left alone a few minutes, until his friend came down from up stairs, which he very soon did, and they had a very sociable time together

"Do you know, my dear vagabond," said John, knocking the ashes from his cigar, "that I have a secret to pour into your ear, hoping it will not go out of your mouth? I sat in the train to-day by the side of the loveliest, most divine, fairest angel that never had wings. I could hardly tear myself away, and should not have done so, only I was afraid my heart would have gone astray if I had stayed any longer. By the way, I wish you would keep an eye on my valise. There is a thousand pounds in it that I am going to take to the city."

'A thousand pounds!" exclaimed his friend, starting up. "Why did you not tell me of this before? Where is the valise?"

"In the hall, I suppose. Anyway, I gave it to the servant when I came in."

"You are the most careless fellow I ever knew," said his friend, impatiently, as he hurried out of the room.

He soon returned, bearing the valise in his hand.

"Is this yours?"

"Yes."

"You had better unlock it and see if your money is safe."

Accordingly John took the key out of his pocket, and opening the valise, thrust his hand therein.

"Bless my soul!" said he, suddenly withdrawing his arm.

"What is the matter?

"Why, look here; I don't believe this valies is mine."

And John drew forth a half completed lace collar, some embroidery, a pair of white cotton hose, and other garments belonging to the female wardrobe.

"The thousand pounds are gone!" he gasped, turning pale.

"Sold!" cried his friend, sprining to his feet. "Outwitted by the divine angel you met on the train."

In the meantime, the train containing the lady for whom John had expressed so violent a fancy, whirled onward towards the city, at which in less than half an hour she arrived.—The 'divine angel' gave her valise to the cabman and seating herself in the vehicle, was driven to the most wealthy portion of the metropolis, and finally drew up before a brown-stone front, on the silver door-plate of which was inscribed the name of "Stewart."

Two young ladies rushed out of the hall and affectionately embraced the young lady.

"Oh, Rose Millington, you can't think how glad weare to see you!" exclaimed the one, rapturously.

"We almost thought you were not coming," said the other.

"Did you bring that embroidery work you wrote about?" asked the first, whose name yas Jennie. "Oh, I hope you did! I am almost dying to see it!"

"Well, then you must certainly see it," said Miss Millington. "Its in the valise, and I will go and get it now."

The valise was placed upon a chair, and the "divine angel," producing a key, proceded to open it.

"Oh, gracious me!" exclaimed Miss Millington, as she peered into the valise.

"What is the matter?" asked her two female friends.

"Why, this valise is not mine—at least the contents are not. Just look here!"

And Miss Rose brought to the surface two mammoth silk pocket handkerchiefs, a pair of men's stockings, a neck-tie, five collars and two shirts.

"Why, girls, I don't understand it at all," said Rose, "I must have taken some one else's valise—Oh, I know! It belongs to your cousin John."

And as the true state of the case burst upon her, Miss Millington threw herself upon a chair, and laughed long and heartily.

"Belongs to cousin John!" echoed Jennie. "Why, Rose, what do you mean?"

"Your cousin came into the train and took a seat by me," said Rose, repressing her mirth "I knew him instantly from the description you wrote, and such a flirtation as we carried on exceeds belief. I suppose he took my valise and I took his The mistake was natural, for they are both alike, the key to one fitting the other."

"But where is John now?" asked Sophy.

"I am sure I don't know," said Rose, laughing again. "He got out at the the second station from the city."

"Well, we can soon tell if this belongs to him, for if it does, his name will be on some of the clothes," said said Sophy, examining the shirt bosom. "Yes, here it is—John Holt. Oh, my!" and the three girls burst into a chorus of laughter that rang merrily through the house.

"I wonder if he brought any money along with him to put in the bank," said Sophy, as soon as their merriment had subsided.

"I don't know. I mean to see," said Jennie, jumping up and plunging her hand into the valise. "Why, here is something. Just look here, girls?"

She brought forth a not very large compact package, and, undoing it, found it to contain twenty fifty-pound notes.

"A thousand pounds!" exclaimed Jennie, with eyes wide open. "Why, what a monstrous sum, and how careless he is. Now girls, if you will only do as I say, we'll have lots of fun.—Did he know who you were, Rose?"

"I don't think he did, I did not tell him," said Rose, "though he might have guessed."

"Well, that is good. Let us put the the things back just as we found them, and when he comes, Rose, you must keep out of sight for awhile. He will be here just as soon as he can after discovering his loss."

"Why, here he comes now," exclaimed Sophy, who sat by the window and had been looking out.

A vehicle drew up before the gate as she spoke, and sure enough out got Mr. John Holt, valise in hand, and running furiously up the steps, he rang a violent peal at the front door bell.

"Now, Rose go into the next room, and take he valise along with you," said Jenny, excitedly. "Don't come until we call you. Why, cousin John, how do you do?" she added, opening the door and extending her hand to Mr. Holt with an appearance of great cordiality.

"Do!" said John, as he strode nervously in the hall. "I don't do. I'm done. From this time fourth," continued Mr. Holt, elevating his arm, "I solemnly promise and affirm that I will have nothing to do with Christmas holidays—that I will never look at a pretty girl—that love and affections are great humbugs, and that the world is as selfish as a hog!"

"Why, Cousin John, you appear to be excited," said Jenny. "Pray, what is the matter?"

"Matter!" cried Mr. Holt, depositing his valise in the hall. "I've lost a thousand pounds just by taking a fancy to a—I exchanged valises with somebody that's what's the matter?"

"Why, cousin, how you do talk!" exclaimed his fair compaions. "Is it possible? But surely you are not going away?"

"Yes, I am," said John, moving towards the door, "I'm going to find the chief of police, and see if I can get my money back."

"Stay, cousin," cried Jenny. "You ought to offer a reward for its recovery."

"I'll give a hundred pounds," said Mr. Holt, with his hand on the door-bell.

"Witness that, Sophy," said Jenny. "Come back, John, and sit down. We are good detectives, and will see what we can do for you."

Accordingly Mr. Holt, with much wonderment, complied, and mechanically came back into the room.

"Now, Rose," cried Jenny, "come in. You need not bring anything with you!"

"Mr. Holt, Miss Millington," said Sophy.

"Bless my soul!" cried John, in astonishment, as his "divine angel" of the train stood before him.

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Rose, in well counterfeited surprise.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Holt's cousins, apparantly amaized, and looking from one to another.

"This—this is the lady whom I suppose took my valise," said John, aghast.

"And this is the gentleman whom I saw in the train," cried Rose.

"Here is your baggage John," said Jenny, bringing in the valise. "See if your money is safe!"

"It is," cried Mr. Holt, joyously, as he examined it. "Here is your hundred."

"No, no! We don't want anything!" exclaimed the two girls both together. "Give it to Rose!"

"Give it to Rose?" said John, looking at her thoughtfully. "Well, I will—and I'll speak to her also, if you two girls will leave the room."

They left accordingly.

"Now, Miss Millington," said John, when they were alone, "I did you the injustice to suppose that you captured my property! Will you forgive me?"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Holt!"

"And that the mistake may never occur again I hereby very respectfully invite you to change your name to Holt," said John, with an air of great importance.

"So very sudden, Mr. Holt, that really I—"

She hesitated, blushed very bowitchingly, and looked more lovely than ever.

"So is this very sudden," said John, clasping her in his arms, and stealing a kiss. "Now reply in the affirmative."

"Well—yes!"

"Good! The thousand pounds shall be your bridal present, and I'm blessed if there ain't something in love, after all."

A Reminiscence of Gen. Scott.

One evening after my supper I said to the General, "There is one question I often wished to ask you, but have been restrained by the fear that it might be improper." The General drew himself up, and said in his emphatic manner, "Sir, you are incapable of asking an improper question." I said "You are very kind: but if my inquiry is indiscreet, I am sure you will allow it to pass unanswered." "I hear you, Sir," he replied. "Well, then, General, did anything remarkable happen to you on the morning of the battle of Chippewa?" After a brief but impressive silence he said, "Yes, Sir, something did happen to me—something very remarkable. I will now for the third time in my life relate the story:

"The 4th day of July, 1814, was one of extreme heat. On that day my brigade skirmished with a British force commanded by Gen. Rial from an early hour in the morning till late in the morning till late in the afternoon. We had driven the enemy down the river some twelve miles to Street's Creek, near Chippewa, where we encamped for the night, our army occupying the west, while that of the enemy was encamped on the east side of the Creek. After our tents had been pitched I observed a flag borne by a man in peasant's dress, approaching my marque. He brought a letter from a lady who occupied a large mansion on the opposite side of the Creek, informing me that she was the wife of a member of Parliament who was then at Quebec; that her children, servants and a young lady friend were all alone with her in the house; that Gen. Rial had placed a sentinal before her door; and that she ventured, with great doubt, of the propriety of the request, to ask that I would place a sentinel upon the bridge to protect her againt stragglers from our camp. I assured the messenger that the lady's request should be complied with. Early the next morning the same messenger, bearing a white flag, re-appeared with a note from the same lady, thanking me for the protection she had enjoyed, adding that, in acknowledgment of my civilities, she begged that I would, with such members of my staff as I chose to bring with me, accept the hospitalities of her house at a breakfast which had been prepared with considerable attention, and was quite ready. Acting upon an impulse which I never have been able to analyze or comprehend, I [illegible] two of my aids, Lieuts. Worth and Watts, and returned with the messenger to the mansion already [illegible] us into the dining room, where breakfast was awaiting us, and where the young lady, previously referred to, was already seated at the coffee-urn. Our hostess asking to be excused for a few minutes, retired, and the young lady immediately served our coffee. Before we had broken our fast Lieut. Watt rose from the table to get his bandana (that being before the days of napkins), which he had left in his cap on a side-table by the window, glancing through which he saw Indians approaching the house on one side, and red coats approaching it on the other, with an evident purpose of surrounding us, and instantly exclaimed, "General we are betrayed!" Springing from the table and clearing the house, I saw our danger and, remembering Lord Chesterfield had said, "Whatever is proper to do, it is proper to do well," and as we had to run, and my legs were longer than than those of my companions, I soon outstripped them. As we made our escape we were fired at, but got across the bridge in safety.

"I felt so much shame and mortification at having so nearly fallen into a trap, that I could scarcely fix my mind upon the duties which now demanded my undivided attention. I knew that I had committed a grat indiscretion in accepting that singular invitation, and that if any disaster resulted from it I richly deserved to loose both my commission and my character. I constantly found myself wondering whether the lady really intended to betray us, or whether we had been accidentally observed. The question would recur even amidst the excitement of battle. Fortunately my presence and services in the field were not required until Generals Porter and Ripley had been engaged at intervals for several hours; so when my brigade with Townson's artillery, were orderdered to cross Street's Creek, my nerves and confidence had become measurably quieted and restored. I need not describe the battle of Chippewa. That belongs to and is part of the history of our country. It is sufficient to say that at the close of the day we were masters of the opposition, and that our arms were in no way discredited. The British army had fallen back, leaving their wounded in our possession. The mansion which I had visited in the morning was the largest house near, and so that the wounded officers of both armies were carried for surgical treatment. As soon as I could leave the field I went over to look after my wounded. I found the English officers lying on the first floor, and our own on the floor above. I saw in the lower room the young lady whom I had met in the morning at the breakfast table, her white dress all sprinkled with blood. She had been attending to the British wounded. On the second floor, just as I was turning into the room where our officers were, I met my hostess

"One glance at her was quite sufficient to answer the question I had been asking myself all day. She had intended to betray me, and nothing but the accident of my aid, rising for his handkerchief, saved us from capture.

"Years afterwards, in reflecting upon this incident, I was led to doubt whether I had not misconstrued her startled manner as I suddenly encountered her. That unexpected meeting would have occasioned embarrassment in either contingency; and it is so difficult to believe a lady of culture and refinement capable of such an act, that I am now, nearly a half century after the event, disposed to give my hostess the benefit of that doubt.

"And now, Sir," added the General, "this is the third time in my life I have told this story. I do not remember to have been spoken to before on the subject for many years" He looked at me and seemed to be considering with himself a few moments, and then said: "Remembering your intimacy with Gen. Worth, I need not inquire how you came to a knowledge of our secret."

"Well General," I replied, "I have kept the secret faithfully for more than forty years, always hoping to obtain your own version of what struck me as a most remarkable incident in your military life."

Thurlow Weed, in Harper's Magazine for March.

A STORY is told illustrating how fast cities are built in the west, to the effect that a traveler laid down on a vacant lot in Chicago to sleep, and in the morning found himself in a cellar, with a five-story house [illegible] life. [illegible]

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