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THE POST

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Select Poetry.

Sorrow.

Upon my lips she laid her touch divine,
And merry speech and careless laughter died;
She fixed her melancholy eyes on mine,
And would not be denied.

I saw the west wind loose its cloudlets white,
In flocks careering through the April sky;
I could not sing, though joy was at its height
For she stood silent by.

I watched the lovely evening fade away,
A mist was lightly drawn across the stars,
She broke my quiet dream—I heard her say,
"Behold your prison bars!

"Earth's gladness shall not satisfy your soul,
This beauty of the earth in which you live;
The crowning grace that sanctifies the whole,
That I alone can give."

I heard, and shrunk away from her afraid:
But still she held me, and would still abide.
Youth's bounding pulses slackened and obeyed.
With slowly ebbing tide.

"Look thou beyond the evening star," she said,
"Beyond the changing splendors of the day,
Accept the pain, the weariness, the dread,
Accept, and bid me stay."

I turned and clasped her close with sudden strength,
And slowly, sweetly, I became aware,
Within my arms God's angels stood at length,
White-robed and calm and fair.

And now I look beyond the evening star
Beyond the changing splendors of the day,
Knowing the pain He sends more precious far
More beautiful than they.

The Hidden Talent.

In a napkin smooth and white,
Hidden from all mortal sight,
My one talent lies to night.

Mine to hoard, or mine to use;
Mine to keep, or mine to lose;
May I not do what I choose?

Ah! the gift was only lent,
With the Giver's own intent,
That it should be wisely spent.

And I know He will demand
Every farthing at my hand,
When I in his presence stand.

What will be my grief and shame,
When I hear my humble name,
And cannot repay His claim!

One poor talent—nothing more!
All the years that have gone o'er
Have not added to the store.

Some will double what they hold,
Others add to it ten fold,
And pay back the shining gold.

Would that I had toiled like them!
All my sloth I now condemn;
Guilty fears my soul o'erwhelm.

Lord, oh teach me what to do!
Make me faithful, make me true,
And the sacred trust renew.

Help me, ere too late it be,
Something yet to do for Thee,
Thou who hast done all for me.

THE CORN THIEF.

BY MATTHEW MIDDLETON.

"Its getting most to bad mother!" exclaimed Farmer Penson, coming in from the barn, one afternoon late in the autumn.

"What's the matter now?" asked good-natured Mrs. Penson, looking up from her sewing.

"Matter! Why this makes the fourth time somebody has robbed me of corn! You know I put forty bushels in one bin, in the corn shed, and thirty in the other; and for at least four nights past I'm sure some one has been in, stealing it, for the heaps don't begin to be as large as they were. I'll keep a watch to night and if I catch the scamp, woe betide him! that's all I've got to say!"

At that instant, the door flew open, and it skipped Laura Penson, the farmer's pretty daughter, as merry-eyed, rosy-cheeked a country girl as you could wish to see.

"A letter, father!" she exclaimed as she entered; "read it—do! I'm almost beside myself to know who it can be from!"

A letter was by no means a thing of common occurrence in the Penson household; so the farmer deliberately took out his glasses, and opening it, slowly persued its contents, a satisfied smile overspreading his countenance as he did so.

"Who is it from?" inquired Mrs. Penson, every bit as curious as her daughter.

"It's from Cousin David Stockrich, whom we haven't seen this twenty years," replied the farmer; "and, what's more, he's coming down here to stay a week, to try the country air."

"Goodness!" exclaimed Laura; he's worth half a million, at least! ain't he father?"

"And over sixty," added Mrs. Penson. "Try to please him, Laura; he may leave you something in his will."

"And he's to arrive to-morrow night," continued the farmer. "Be sure you have the best room ready, mother."

"Oh, we'll take care of that," answered Mrs. Penson and Laura, in chorus.

True to his resolution, Farmer Penson, shortly after supper, betook himself to the corn shed, to watch for the thief, whom he believed to be making free with his stores.

Now this corn shed has been, in former days a kitchen; but the house being enlarged, it was no longer used for that purpose, but for the one before mentioned.

Over the door of this shed was a window, without sashes—being closed by a shutter, which, when open, gave light to a small loft over the corn bins.

Upon this loft Farmer Penson took his station, horsewhip in hand, and with a large bucket of water by his side, to watch for the despoiler of his goods.

"It's played out, this is!" he muttered to himself, as he opened the shutter a little way, so as to afford a peephole—"and whoever I catch here to-night will just get particular fits!"

"Why," he continued, as he lit his pipe and sat himself down to watch, "I've lost heaps of things this year. There were my strawberries—the boys got more'n half of them; the cherries went the same way; then that scarecrow I put up to keep the birds off the peas wasn't no manner, of use for they just came and sat on the old hat, and ate the peas they couldn't reach from below. That's all the good that thing did; and now to have the corn go, is something I won't stand!"

For about an hour, the farmer remained placidly smoking, and ruminating on the prospective visit from Cousin David, without experiencing any cause of alarm.

As the village clock struck nine, however, he saw a man coming slowly up the road.

Watching him, Mr Penson saw him turn into the lane leading toward his house.

"He's coming here," thought he "I wonder who it is? It surely can't be the corn thief; he'd never come so early as this; and yet—why, he's coming toward the shed door! It's the fellow, sure enough! Come on, old boy—I'm ready!"

And grasping the bucket of water, he watched intently the movements of the intruder.

He came slowly along, looking carefully about him—now toward the house, and toward the barn. At length, seeming satisfied that all was right he approached the door of the corn shed, and put his hand upon the latch.

Down came the contents of the bucket upon his head, and down jumped Farmer Penson from over the low door, flourishing his horse whip and shouting:

"Ah! ha! my fine fellow! I've got you at last, have I? Take that! and that! You will rob my cornerib, will you?"

And thick and fast fell the blows upon the head and shoulders of the unhappy stranger.

"What's all this?" he cried. "Don't you know me? I'm—"

"A miserable thief!" roared his assailant, interrupting his speech by a shower of blows, that the man started off into a heavy run, puffing and blowing as he went, for he was very stout, and evidently past middle age.

He was followed for some distance by the exasperated farmer, showing imprecautions upon him as he ran, until, at last, thinking him sufficiently punished, he gave up the chase and returned to the house.

At the door he encountered a rough looking man, just bringing up a small trunk.

"Is Mr. Stockrich here?" he inquired, of the farmer as he approached.

"No," was the reply; "he is not expected till to-morrow night."

"He started twenty minutes before me, from the station," said the man; "and he ordered me to bring the trunk up to Mr. Penson's."

"This is the place," gasped the farmer, a sickening thought coming over him; "put it down, he'll be along soon."

And dismissing the man, he hurried into the house, where his wife and daughter, who had remained up late to bake a batch of pies for Cousin David were hard at work.

"What is the matter father?" exclaimed Laura, as the farmer sank into a chair.

"I've been horsewhipping a man, whom I thought was trying to steal my corn, and I verrily believe it was Cousin David," answered her father faintly.

"Cousin David!" screamed both the ladies together; "why he's not coming till to-morrow!"

"But his trunk has come," persisted the farmer; "and the man who brought it said that Mr. Stockrich started twenty minutes before him It must have been Cousin David Not much chance of a legacy now!"

And he related the whole occurrence to his astonished editors.

"Take a lantern and hurry out, husband!" exclaimed Mrs. Penson, when he had concluded. "I believe it was Cousin David, sure enough; but perhaps you can find him, and make it all right yet."

Mr. Penson hastened to obey, while his wife and Laura awaited his return with anxious hearts.

At the end of half an hour, his step was heard at the door. They hastened to open it, and ushered in the farmer and a stout old gentleman with clothing rumpled and splashed with mud.

"Cousin David, my dears!" said the farmer, in a husky voice.

The ladies flew to welcome him.

"I've been trying to explain to Cousin David this very disagreeable" began Mr. Penson, but he broke completely down, and stood looking confused and ashamed, when Laura came to the rescue.

"You'll forgive father, won't you cousin?" she said, putting her gentle hand upon the old gentleman's arm. "He didn't know it was you."

"For your sake, Laura, I will," responded Cousin David, evidently charmed with his fair young cousin. "Indeed, I had forgiven him already," he added, for he made me ample apology, although I must say that a horsewhipping, at my time of life is by no means a pleasant reception."

"It was all my foolish mistake," put in the farmer.

"No, it was partily my fault," returned Cousin David, "for coming a day earlier than I wrote; but I was only looking for the kitchen door, which used to be out that way the last time I was here, twenty years ago."

And so the matter was settled; and Cousin David's visit did not prove such an entire failure after all; for so fond of Laura did the old gentleman become, that he altered his will, leaving her a handsome legacy, immediately upon his return home.

As to the corn, Farmer Penson came to the conclusion that the thief must have been the rats, assisted, no doubt, by his own imagination.

New Developments in the Wharton Case.

A Washington correspondence of the Chicago *Tribune* says: The Wharton social quarrel extends to Washington, and as much has been said about the Van Ness family, it is now alleged that they propose to reverse their former decision and press the State authorities of Maryland to try Mrs. Wharton for the attempt to poison young Van Ness. If convicted on this charge, a term of imprisonment, and not death, would be the penalty. The testimony upon the Van Ness case is said to be more startling and definite than in the Ketchum tragedy. Van Ness says that he had never been asked, in all his acquaintance with Mrs. Wharton, to drink anything until the particular time when she asked him to have some claret. He drank but little of this, and cried out that it was bad, and then started to go home, only a short distance away; he was seized with blindness, and experienced a sensation as if the back of his neck had been pinched in a vice and then lifted up. Groping along like a drunken man, he was able to reach his doorstep and pull the bell. As the door opened he fell forward in his hall, and knew no more for several days. The first thought on recovery was to send word to Mrs. Wharton not to give any of that claret to anybody, because it must have been that which made him sick. When Van Ness got out again his relatives had the idea that he had been sun struck, but immediately after repairing to Mrs. Wharton's she invited him to drink of another beverage. He felt the same pain coming on him as before and almost immediately started for the front door, to rush home before the attack should come on. "Where are you going?" cried Mrs. Wharton. "Don't stop me," said Van Ness, "that thing is coming on me again." He groped his way along the hall, but before he could put his hand on the front door knob he reeled and fell into the hall, and was dragged into the parlor where he laid for a week, suffering nausea, vomiting, and the agonies of internal fire during the whole period of Ketchum's sickness, who meantime died above-stairs During this sickness, it is alleged that Mrs. Wharton frequently prepared his medicine, and every time he drank of her preparations his agonies returned; while, fed by his own family, he recovered at last. It was at this time the milk punch was tendered him which, when thrown out, contained the sediments of tartar-emetic all around the bottom.

Disappearance of a Young Lady.

In the month of December last, this vicinity was startled by the sudden disappearance of a young lady named Anna Roys, the daughter of Maurice Roys, who lives about six miles from Wurtsboro, Sullivan county. She was a beautiful young lady, and had always borne a good reputation in the community in which she lived, and no cause could be assigned for her mysterious disappearance. Recent developments would seem to indicate that one of those horrible crimes for which the wretch Rotenzwig is now paying a slight penalty, has been committed in this case, by parties as yet unknown On Thursday last, there arrived at Wurtsboro a coffin encased in a pine box, upon which was the address of the missing young lady. The box was sent to the home of her father, and upon it being opened, it was found to contain the remains of Miss Roys. Report of the affair soon became general, and the humble residence of Mr. Roys was soon surrounded by the curious of the community, and the sad affair discussed in all its bearings. The great grief of the family hardly acted as a restraint upon the extraordinary occasion. The body of the unfortunate girl was buried on Friday, but on Saturday, public opinion being such that an investigation was a necessity, the coroner had the remains taken up and an inquest was ordered, which is now being held.

A circumstance not thought of before is now related by one of the Shawangunk transfer coach drivers. He says that about the time that Miss Roys disappeared, one night in December, as he was driving over the mountain, he was overtaken by a man driving in a carriage. He stopped the coach and a young lady got out of the carriage and entered the coach The man then drove rapidly toward Wurtsboro, and the driver of the coach proceeded on his way. The lady never spoke a word, and he did not recognize either of the persons.

The affair, as may be well expected, has created a furore in the entire community. That parties will be implicated in the disappearance and subsequent death of the young lady, who move in respectable circles, is the opinion of many. A day or two will show.—*N. Y. Times.*

A Strange Realization.

Mr. Frank Canfield, who was killed on Friday last, was betrothed to a young lady of this town and was to have married in two months. On Fri. when the train passed here on its way west, the young lady saw him and had some conversation with him, and that evening was in unusually light spirits. The next morning at the breakfast table her appearance was so much the reverse of the evening previous that it attracted the attention of her mother, who asked her the cause of her apparant trouble. The young lady thereupon related to her mother that she had dreamed that her lover had fallen under the cars and had been so seriously injured that he died in about two hours. She told the circumstances as she had seen in her dream, how he had fallen and the car wheel had terribly mangled his left leg and his left arm, and that he had lived in great agony for about two hours. Her story was generally discredited by her mother, who endeavored to persuade her that there was nothing in a dream, but to no purpose—she could not drive it from her mind.

About noon a sister of the young man who had met so terrible a death came to the house of the young lady and said she had bad news for her. She then related the circumstances of her brother's death, corresponding in detail with the dream as told by the young lady some hours before.

Never before has such a remarkable case of premonition come under our personal knowledge, and all the circumstances can be vouched for.—*Jamestown* (N. Y.) *Journal.*

Josh Billings says: "I don't recolleckt now ov ever hearing ov two dogs fighting, unless there was a man or two around."

A Man with Three Arms.

The Williamsport (Pa.) "Gazette and Bulletin" is responsible for the following:

Among the passengers on the train bound south last evening was a man born and raised in the county of Oswego, N. Y. His name is William Jacobs. He prides himself on three well-developed arms and hands, the member extraordinary have grown above the right shoulder blade It hangs suspended down the back, and can be raised and lowered at will. In length it is shorter than the arm proper, but possesses extraordinary muscle, which he displays whenever occasion demands it. No person passing through a railroad car or meeting him upon the street would observe any deformity, but after becoming cognizant of this singular case would perceive a peculiar fit of his coat. He states that he has often been questioned as to why he does not place himself on exhibition. His invariable reply is that he is averse to public exhibitions. His father being a wealthy farmer, he always preferred to remain at home.

On one occasion, when about eighteen, the village boys thought they would have a little sport at "three arms'" expense and commenced a system of blackguardism, followed by bold attacks upon his person. Forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and throwing off his loose garments he went at them in true pugilistic style, arm No. 3 performing its duty nobly and apparantly outrivaling Nos. 1 and 2. At the end of the skirmish, six prostrate villagers told what a fierce opponent they had met.

What I have Noticed.

I have noticed that all men speak well of all men's virtues when they are dead; and tomb stones are marked with epitaphs of "goodness and virtues." Is there any particular cemetery where the bad men are buried?

I have noticed that the prayers of every selfish man is "forgive our debts," but he makes every body pay who owes him to the last uttermost farthing.

I have noticed that death is a merciless judge, though not impartial.—Every man owes a debt—Death summons the debtor to lay down his dust in the currency of mortality.

I have noticed that he who thinks every man to be a rogue is very certain to see one when he shaves himself, and he ought in mercy to his neighbors to surrender the rascal to justice.

I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the wise man's jewel, the rich man's trouble, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the idiot of all.

I have noticed that whatever is, is right, with few exceptions—the left eye, the left leg, and the left side of the plum pudding.

I have noticed that merit is always measured in the world by its success.

The Boy the Father of the Man.

Solomon said, many centuries ago, "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."

Some people seem to think that children have no character at all. On the contrary, any observing eye sees in these young creatures the signs of what they are likely to be for life.

When I see a boy in haste to spend every penny as soon as he gets it, I think it a sign that he will be a spendthrift.

When I see a boy hoarding up his pennies and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose, I think it a sign that he will be a miser.

When I see a boy or girl always looking out for him or herself, and disliking to share good things with others, I think it a sign that the child will grow up a selfish person.

When I see boys and girls of ten quarreling, I think it a sign that they will be violent men and women.

When I see a little boy willing to taste strong drink, I think it a sign that he will be a drunkard.

When I see a boy who never attends to religion, I think it a sign that he will be a profane and profligate man.

When I see a child obedient to his parents, I think it a sign of great future blessings from the Heavenly Parent.

And though great changes some time take place in the character, yet, as general rule, these signs do not fail.

The Three Coachmen.

I heard the story a long time ago, and think it good enough to tell,—and not only good, but pointing a life lesson which the wise may heed.

A certain gentleman advertised for a coachman, and among the numerous applicants who answered the call he found three who evinced a sufficient knowledge of their business to suit him, and from these three he would select his man. For the final test he took them to a point on his premises where a broad table of rock overlooked a deep chasm.

"How near," said he, to Sawny McLean, "could you drive a coach and four to the edge of that precipice without the danger of going off?"

Sawny measured the table with his eye, and looked down into the deep chasm undaunted.

"I could drive within a foot of it, sir" was his emphatic answer.

He next put the question to John York.

John looked, and answered, with prompt assurance.—

"I could drive within ten inches of it, sir."

Next came Barney O'Toole, and he was asked how near he could drive a steady double-span to the edge of the precipice with assurance of safety.

"Bedad, yer honor," said Barney, after due consideration, "them fellers bate me fathirsty. I should kape me horses as far from such a place as possible!"

It may be needless to all that Barney O'Toole was the chosen coachman.

A Secret.

"How do you do, Mrs Tone—have you heard that story about Mrs. Lady?"

"Why, no, Mrs. Gal—do tell?

"Oh, I promised not to tell for all the world; no must never tell on't, I am afraid it will git out."

"Why, I'll never tell on't as long as I live, jest as true as the world; wha is it; come tell"

"Now you won't say anything about it, will you?"

"No I'll never open my head about it, never. Hope to die this minit."

"Well, if you'll believe me, Mrs. Family told me last night, that Mrs. Trot told her that her sister's husband was told by a person who dreamed it, that Mrs Trouble's oldest daughter told Mrs Nelson's that her grandmother heard by a letter that she got from her third sister's second husband's oldest brother's step-daughter, that it was reported by the captain of a clamboat arrived from thee Feejee Islands, that the mermaids about that section wore sharkskin bustles, stuffed with pickled eels' toes!"

Couldn't See It.

A day or two since, a man not over and above familiar with the dark ways of telegraphing, went into one of the offices with a despatch, which he insisted upon having sent off immediately. The operator accommodated him, and then hung the dispatch on a hook—The man hung around some time, evidently unsatisfied. At last his patience was exhausted, and he belched out:

"Ain't you going to send that dispatch?"

The operator politely informed him that he had sent it.

"No yer ain't" replied the indignant man; "there it is now on the hook."

And now they tell us Gen. Washington, to while away the tedious winter hours at Valley Forge, played "penny anty" with the chaplain. Thus little by little they are chipping off the perfections of our great model. How sad to be convinced that G. W. was only a man after all!

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—A long nosed, thin shanked, old maid appeared at the door of a farmer's house in Iowa the other day, and wanted the farmer's wife to subscribe to some woman's newspaper and sign a petition for woman's suffrage.

The wife called:

"Charles, Tom, Jane, Richard, Lucy;" and was soon surrounded by a crowd of rosy-cheeked children. She turned to her visitor and said:

"Have you any of these?"

"No," was the sharp reply.

"Then," repliedt he buxom wife, "go and get a few, and afterwards come to me about woman's rights if you feel like it."

"I will consent to all you desire," said a young lady to her lover, "on condition that you will give me what you have not, what you never can have, and yet what you can give." What did she ask for? A husband.