

**THE POST.**  
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# The Post

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NO. 17.

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Selinsgrove Pa.

Offers his professional services to the public. All legal business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office on the corner of the New Lutheran Church, July, 4th '72.

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All professional business and collecting entrusted to their care will be promptly attended to. Can be consulted in English or German. Office, Market Square.

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Office N.E. Cor Market & Water Sts  
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SEWING MACHINE,  
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SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST  
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Oil Cans, Window Shades, Brooms, Mats,  
Straw Hat Cases, Lawn Bags, Fly  
Baits, Buckets, Twines, Wicks, &c.  
No. 427 Market Street, Philadelphia,  
Pa. T. '67

**B. T. PARKS,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW &  
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,  
MIDDLETOWN, SNYDER COUNTY, PA.  
Office Court House, [Sept. 15, '67]

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DEALER IN  
**HARDWARE,**  
Iron, nails,  
Steel, Leather,  
Paints, Oils,  
Coach & Saddlery Ware  
AND MANUFACTURER OF  
Stoves & Tinware,  
MAINT STREET,  
Selinsgrove, Penna.

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### Post Office Address.

**PRESIDENT JUDGE**—Hon. Jos. C. Bucher, Lewisburg, Union county.  
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**TREASURER**—Jacob Gross, Beaver Springs.  
**CORONER**—John S. Hastings, Middletown, Samuel A. Weitzel, Beaverstown, D. Dieffenbach, Salem.  
**COMMISSIONERS CLERK**—Andrew Peters, Middletown.  
**MERCANTILE APPRAISER**—W. C. O. Holmes, Selinsgrove.  
**COMMISSIONER**—John S. Hastings, Middletown, Samuel A. Weitzel, Beaverstown, D. Dieffenbach, Salem.  
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**COUNTY SHERIFF**—Aaron K. Gibb, Middletown.

### TERMS OF COURT

Fourth Mondays in February, May and September and Second Monday of December of each year.

### FAIRMOUNT HOUSE,

NEAR THE DEPOT,  
Middletown, Pa.

GEORGE GUYER, Proprietor.

This house is in close proximity to the depot and has lately been rebuilt and refitted. Rooms commodious—the table well supplied with the best market affords—and terms moderate.

### BROWN HOUSE,

PAXTONVILLE, (former station),  
HENRY BENFER, Proprietor.

The undersigned adapts the method of informing the public that he has opened a hotel at the above named place, on the road from Middletown to Beaverstown, and that he is prepared to entertain the public with first class accommodations.

HENRY BENFER,  
April 6, 1871.

### WALKER HOUSE,

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NICHOLAS SIMON, Proprietor.

This is a new house, newly furnished and is now open to the travelling public. It is located near the depot. No effort will be spared by the proprietor to make the stay of his guests pleasant and agreeable.

### DAVIS HOUSE,

At the Millin, Centre, Snyder & Lewistown  
R. R. Depot, corner of Water and Doris Sts.,  
Lewistown Pa.

George Flory & Son, Proprietors.

Open Day and Night for the accommodation of travellers. A first class restaurant is attached to the hotel, where meals at all hours can be had. Terms reasonable. [9-31-67]

### BUMHARDNER HOUSE,

(opposite Reading Railroad Depot),  
Harrisburg, Pa.

A. H. LANDIS, Proprietor.

Every effort necessary to insure the comfort of guests will be made. The house has been newly refitted. [June 18, 1871]

### UNION HOUSE,

Middletown Pa.

DAVID HERSHETZ, Prop'r.

Accommodations good and charges moderate. Special accommodations for drivers. A number of the public parlours is situated. [D. KERSTETER  
April 6, 1871]

### ALLEGHENY HOUSE,

Nos. 312 & 314 Market Street,  
(above Eighth),  
PHILADELPHIA.

A. Beck, Proprietor.

Terms \$2.00 Per Day. [10-9-73]

### T. J. SMITH,

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MIDDLETOWN, SNYDER CO., PA.

Offers his professional services to the public. Consultation in English and German.

### JOHN H. ARNOLD,

Attorney at Law,  
MIDDLETOWN, PA.

Professional business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. [Feb. 9, '71]

### J. THOMPSON BAKER,

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Can be consulted in the English and German languages. [6-24  
OFFICE—Market Street, opposite Walls  
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### SAMUEL H. ORWIG,

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Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middletown and vicinity. [June 1-11]

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Conveyancing, Collecting and all other business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.

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Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middletown and vicinity. [June 1-11]

### JACOB P. HOGAR,

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### FISH, PROVISIONS, &c.

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### B. J. WILLIAMS, JR.,

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**VENETIAN BLINDS,**  
AND  
Window Shades,  
For Stores Churches, Private Dwellings, Offices, &c.  
No. 10 N. Sixth Street,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
B. J. Williams promptly attended to.

## Poetry.

### LIFE.

Did you ask me what is life, my boy?  
Life is an apple red,  
Round and mellow, and fair to see!  
So you bite through the skin with boyish glee  
But your mouth you fill  
With a bitter pill,  
For the soul of the apple is dead,  
Dust and ashes the old refrain,  
Rings in your ears like autumn rain,  
And the morning joy is dead.

Did you ask me what is life, my girl?  
Life is a gorgeous flower,  
Its colors are rich, and its form is rare,  
So you run to pluck it with anxious care,  
But the sharp thorns wound,  
As you grasp it round,  
And its petals fall in a shower,  
Ah! much I fear me, my little friend,  
Least your heart on its heavy should depend.

For it blooms but a single hour,  
Did you ask me what is life, my boy?  
Life is a chestnut burr,  
Rough and prickly, and hard to hold,  
But watch it close as the nut grows cold,  
And some morning bright  
'Twill disclose to sight  
Its nut-like taste of far,  
A little more patience, and you shall eat  
From the open shell the sweet white meat,  
With no ugly thorns to deter.

Did you ask me what is life, my girl?  
Life is a bulb of snow-white,  
You must plant it deep, and tend it with care  
Fill the soil with the dew and the summer air,  
Their part have done,  
And under the sun  
Your measure stands revealed,  
But how, my girl, could I ever divine  
The fair, white life of fragrance fine,  
So long in its cell concealed.

But, after all, my boy and my girl,  
This thing which we call life,  
You may make a blessing or make a curse,  
Make good grow better or bad grow worse,  
For the thorns that bear,  
And the blossoms fair,  
Grow up in the midst of strife,  
The faint hearts all go down in the fray,  
But the strength of purpose shall win the day,  
And shall gain the prize of life.

### Select Tale

#### Determined to Win.

"Over all the things this is the worst!  
If I ever in my life expected to hear  
such news! Why, our George has  
gone and got married. Do you hear?"  
Good Mrs. Clements pushed her  
steeled brows spectacles off her bright  
eyes, and dropped her letter in her  
lap, and she turned around to her  
husband, the stout clever old farmer,  
who was contentedly stroking the  
old white cat.

"Dear old, dear old!"  
This time, when she asked the  
question, there was sharpness in her  
voice.

"Yes—what if he is married? I'm  
sure it's natural enough. It kind of  
runs in the family, 'poars to me.'"  
But Mrs. Clements would take no  
notice of this little pleasantry.

"Well, if you like it, I can tell you  
I don't. He needn't think he's com-  
ing here with his fine city bred lady,  
all airs and graces, and 'dresses and  
flutters ruffles. I do declare, I think  
George is a fool!"

A graceful, dainty little lady, in a  
garnet poplin and ruffled apron, with  
a small pointed beard, covered  
with short, dusky curls, and a pair of  
dark blue eyes, so wistful and tender,  
a tiny rose-bud of a mouth, and a  
dimple in one pink cheek.

That was Mrs. Mary Clements—  
Was it any wonder that George had  
fallen in love with her?

She sat in her bright little parlor,  
close beside the lace colored window,  
watching for her loved husband's re-  
turn; and then when she heard the  
click of the latch key in the hall, flew  
for the welcome kiss.

"Haven't you got the letter this  
time, George? I've felt sure of that  
all day. Indeed, I've quite decided  
what dresses to take with me."  
He smiled and shook his head.  
A cloud passed over her pretty  
face.

"O, George, isn't it too bad? And  
I do believe—oh! I don't believe  
they will write, because they are so  
sorry you married me!"

He put his arm around her neck.  
"And supposing such to be the  
case, do you think it would make any  
difference to me?"

Oh, no, only it would grieve me  
so if I had alienated your parents  
from you."

"And a one-sided alienation it  
would be, too. They have never  
seen you! And when they know you,  
they can't help loving you!"

"Oh, George!"  
And the exclamation was caused  
by the kiss accompanying his loving  
flattery.

"That's true as preaching. By the  
by, my dear, what would you say if  
the firm sent me off on a traveling  
tour of six weeks?"

A little dismayed cry answered  
him.

"You won't stay here alone, eh?"  
But, Marion, it would be five hun-  
dred dollars clear gain to us."

"What need we care for money?—  
I'd rather have you."

A mischievous smile played on the  
young man's lips; he was more mat-  
ter of fact than this romantic, tender  
little wife of his.

I think, the addition to our balance  
at the banker's, would be consoling  
for the absence. But never mind,  
little pet. Let's go down to dinner.  
I hope we'll get a letter from home  
soon."

And soon it was; for Marion  
matched it from his coat pocket the  
very next night. But her husband's  
face looked very grave and stern,  
and his eyes looked angry, when she

looked gleefully over the envelope.

"My dear, you must remember that  
I care very little for what the letter  
contains. Remember I did not write  
it; that you are dearer to me than  
ever before. Kiss me first while I  
watch you."

A little pang of misgiving troubled  
her, when she glanced over the notes;  
then tears stole from under her lashes,  
and George's tender mouth  
quivered and trembled; then when she  
had finished it, she laid her head  
down on his shoulder and cried.

"It was cruel to let you see it, my  
wonderful little. Let me burn it  
And don't forget, darling, what the  
Bible says, that a man shall love  
his father and his mother, and cleave  
unto them. You are my precious wife,  
Marion, and I will care for all the  
happiness my life shall ever hold."

He dried her tears, and then talk-  
ed it over.

"Just because I am city bred, she  
thinks I am lazy and haughty, and  
dainty, and—"

"Never mind, Marion. She will  
find out some day. My father—"

"Yes, bless the dear old man. He  
has called: 'My love to my daughter  
Marion.' Oh, I love to my daughter  
love him, and your mother, too, if  
she would let me."

"We will write them down when I  
come home. By the way, Marion,  
I will stop at the farm on my way  
home and invite them down, and  
bring them home with me."

"George, dear, I have been think-  
ing about that trip West. I think  
you had better go and leave me at  
home. It would be so very long."

Marion was eating her eggs, while  
she spoke on the cozy little table.

"Spoken like my true little Mar-  
ion, and when I come back I'll bring  
you a present. What shall it be?"

"Your mother and father from the  
farm. It shall be that hope that  
will bring me company when you are  
gone."

A fortnight after that, Marion  
Clements ate her breakfast alone, the  
traces of a tear or so on her pink  
cheek, then dashed them away with  
a merry pious little laugh.

"This will never do, and now that  
George has gone for six weeks, to pre-  
pare for his return. And I pray he  
will bring me such a coming as shall  
delight his very soul."

"I'm sure I don't know what to  
say. The Lord knows I need help  
but I'll try to do my best."

Mrs. Clements looked out of the  
window at the great clouds that were  
piling gloomily up, and then the  
wind gave a great wailing shriek,  
around the corners of the houses.

"You can cook, can you? I'll shake  
up feather-beds—good big ones—  
forty pounds—"

A gleeful little laugh came from  
Mary's lips.

"Indeed I can. I may not cook to  
suit you, but I can learn."

Mrs. Clements walked out to the  
large open fire place in the kitchen  
where the fire was shelling corn.

"What do you say, deacon, keep her  
or not? I kind of like her looks,  
and the dear knows it'd be a good  
bit, while we wait till she couldn't  
more set the table or make mess for  
the bread."

"Take her of course, Hannah. You  
are hard driv' I know. Let her stop  
a week or so, anyhow."

So Mrs. Clements came slowly back  
and set down again.

"You can't get away to-night;  
there is a snow storm here brewing  
these three days and it's on us now,  
sure enough. See them 'ere flocks  
and thick. You may as well take  
your things up stairs to the West  
garret, and then come down and  
help to get supper."

Then followed directions to the  
West garret; and, when she was  
gone, Mrs. Clements turned to the  
deacon: I never saw a girl before I'd  
trust up stairs alone. But such as  
her don't steal, I can tell you if noth-  
ing else."

Directly she came down in a pur-  
ple print dress and white apron, she  
brushed off her face, into a net;  
a narrow linen collar fastened with a  
sailor's loop of narrow black ribbon.  
It seemed as if she had life too, so  
handily she fitted in and out of the  
big pantry and then down the cellar  
flown, after the meal she gathered the  
dishes in a neat, silent way, that was  
perfect bliss to Mrs. Clements' ears.

"She's determined to care her  
bread, anyhow, and like her true too."

And the deacon had taken a shine  
to Mary Smith. One by one the  
days wore; the box killing was over  
and done; long strings of sausages  
hung in fantastic rings, arranged by  
Mary's deft fingers; sweet ham-  
and shoulders were piled away in  
true house-wifely manner, and now  
Mary and Mrs. Clements were sit-  
ting in the sunny dining room, dar-  
ning patching and mending.

"I don't know what I am going to  
do with you, Mary. I dread to see  
you pack up your clothes."

A blush of pleasure overspread Ma-  
ry's face.

"I am so glad that you have been  
satisfied with my work. Indeed, I  
Lava tried."

"It ain't the work altogether,  
though. Goodness knows, you're the  
smartest gal I've seen in many a day.  
As I say, it ain't the work."

Mary. I've got to think of a heap of  
you—me and the deacon."

"Mary's voice trembled at the kind-  
ness of the old lady's tone, but she  
sewed rapidly on.

"It is so an uncommon lonesome since  
the boy left the farm, but it's worse  
since he got married. It seems like  
deserting us altogether."

"Have you a son? You never  
mentioned him."

"No—George has gone his way and  
we must go ours. Yes, he married  
one of those crack-headed boarding  
house people, why can't tell the dif-  
ference between a rolling pin and a  
milk pan."

But, despite her scorn, Mrs. Clem-  
ents dashed her her tears with her  
brown fist.

"Is his wife pretty? I suppose you  
love her dearly?"

"I don't know anything about her,  
and never want to know. He's left  
his for her too. Mary just told them  
exactly around; seems as if they were  
burning."

When Mary had turned the exiles,  
Mrs. Clements was leaning on the  
arm of the chair.

"Mary, suppose you stop on with  
us another month yet, anyhow. The  
deacon will make it all right."

"I can't the money I care for, Mrs.  
Clements. I only wish I might stay  
always. You don't know how much  
I love."

"How do you do you? Bless your  
heart. If poor George had only peeked  
you out what a comfort it would  
be to us all! But it can't be helped  
now."

She sighed wearily, then glancing  
out of the window, looked a moment,  
and then threw down her work.

"Bless my soul, if there ain't our  
son George coming up the line! Deacon,  
deacon, George is coming!"

And her mother's face, rushing to  
her heart, she hurried out to meet  
him. Oh, the welcome, the pro-  
pious, the earnest, the determina-  
tion to have him still, despite the por-  
tinent little Maria! Then, when  
the table had been set in the next  
room by Mary's deft fingers, and she  
had returned to her seat, Mrs.  
Clements opened her heart.

"There's no use talking, George,  
the fine, fancy lady of yours. I never  
saw one. Give me a smart girl like  
Mary Smith, and I'll ask no more  
Come in to supper now, Mary, Mary!"

She raised her voice to call the  
girl, when a low voice near surprised  
her.

"Oh, you dressed up in honor of my  
well. I must confess I never  
knew you had such a handsome  
dress, and you look like a picture  
with your net, and them short, bob-  
bed curls. George, this is Mary  
Smith."

George came through the door, and  
glanced excitedly at the corner where  
the young woman stood. Then, with  
a shy, smile with outstretched arms,  
he took the little figure that sprang