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The



Post.

VOL. 13.

MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., APRIL 15 1875.

NO. 1.

LOOK HERE! READ This!

C. C. Seebold, MIDDLEBURG, PA.

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Agents Wanted.

Poetry.

A CHARMING WOMAN.

BY JOHN G. BAKE.

A charming woman, I've heard it said, By other women as light as she.

But all in vain I puzzle my head To find wherein the charm may be.

Her face, indeed, is pretty enough And her form is quite as good as the best.

And her nature has given the bang and And a clever outline all the rest.

intelligent! Yes, in a certain way; With the feminine gift of ready speech.

And her laugh is just what you'd want Whenever the theme transcends her reach.

But turn the topic on things to wear, From an open cloak to a robe de nuit.

Hats, hosiery, or bouquets—twitly make you stare To see how fluent the lady can be.

Her laugh is just a thing to please; For an honest laugh must always start From a gleesome mood, like a sudden breeze.

And her's is purely a matter of art— A muscular motion made to show What nature destined to be beneath.

The finer points; but what can she do, If that is raised to show the teeth?

To her seat in church—a good half mile— When the day is fine she is sure to go.

Arrayed, of course, in the latest style, A la mode de Paris has gone to show;

And she puts her hand on the velvet seat (Can hands so white have a taint of sin?)

And thinks how her prayer-book's tint of rose Must harmonize with her milky skin?

At what shall we say of one who walks In fields of flowers to choose the weeds?

Reads authors of whom she never talks, And talks of authors she never reads?

She's a charming woman, I've heard it said, By other women as light as she.

But all in vain I puzzle my head To find wherein the charm may be.

Her face, indeed, is pretty enough And her form is quite as good as the best.

And her nature has given the bang and And a clever outline all the rest.

bring over three or four dollars, and am not prepared to pay for it to-night.

"I suppose it was foolish in me to give so much for it; but I presumed you wanted it very much."

"I did, sir, and would not value paying double the amount for the bureau, if I were able, rather than not have it."

"So I apprehended. Perhaps it may have belonged to some friend of yours?"

"Yes, sir, that bureau was once my mother's—and I noticed a ten or twelve come in her eye, which she endeavored to conceal—but she is dead now, and I wish to keep it in remembrance of her."

"Thinking the lady might be poor, we told her that she might take the bureau that night if she wished, and pay us for it when she found it convenient."

"I am greatly obliged to you for your kindness, but would rather that you should keep it until it is paid for."

"We urged her to take it, but she refused, saying—'I will see what I can do, and call in a day or two and see you,' and bidding us good evening, she left."

"There is something very mysterious about this woman, thought we. It may be that she is poor, but perhaps she shows an excellent heart, and the warmest attachment to a deceased mother. Her education must have been good, and she evidently seen better days. And we thought the next time she called upon us, we would ascertain something more of her character and circumstances—perhaps her name, which we felt anxious to learn."

"In a day or two the young woman called on us again, and with tears in her eyes she remarked, 'I do not know what you will think of me, but all the money I have in the world is five dollars; this I have brought to you toward the bureau you were so kind as to purchase for me.' So saying she placed the money before us in silver."

"I shall not take money at present," we remarked. "I can do without it. You may take the bureau if you want; and when you are able, at some future time, you may pay me for it."

"She expressed a great deal of gratification, and said, 'I would rather you should take what I have; and nothing that we could say would induce her to take the money again.'

"You appear to have seen some affliction," we remarked as we saw the tears in her eyes.

"Not much, sir; I must confess that I have not always been as I am at present; for I have seen better days. When my parents were living I never knew what it was to want for anything. Now I cannot say so."

"How long have your parents been dead?"

"About six years since my father died; and it was four years ago last Saturday, when my mother was buried."

"At the mention of her mother's name, the tears came fast to her eyes—a tender chord was touched—we saw it and made no more inquiries—when she took her leave."

"It was nearly six weeks before we saw the young lady again. She then called upon us with the remainder of the money that we had paid for the bureau."

"We protested against receiving it at that time, thinking it might have been inconvenient for her to pay for it, but she insisted, 'I am under obligations to you for your kindness. Had it not been for you I should not have the bureau—it was the only relic of my mother for it was then impossible for me to raise the amount you so generously paid. I shall never forget your kindness.'

"Do you wish to take the bureau away?"

"I have spoken to a cartman who will call here in a short time, and have it removed out of the way, for I suppose you will be glad to get rid of it."

"Not at all. I am pleased that I was instrumental of a little service to you, and I never yet need assistance. I shall always be ready to render it."

"I thank you, sir, with all my heart."

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THE CARBONDALE ROBBERY.

William Hafferty, who was arrested in Binghamton, N. Y., by Pinkerton's detective for complicity in the Carbonale Bank robbery of January 14, 1875, has given an account of the way in which he and his confederates tried to conceal the money satisfactorily to all the parties, which shows that they found that a more efficient means than the stealing of it. The system they obtained, they put in an old bar, and they would obtain any more they were frightened away—They left by the back door and had the money in a moderate amount on the bar, two of them went around the bar and one came along by the bank and found the money there, which was the Carbonale Bank robbery.

The Carbonale Bank robbery was a very successful one, and the money was hidden in a safe in the bank. The robbers were William Hafferty, John Kelly, and a man named Decker, who was the driver of the horse-drawn carriage in which they fled from the scene of the robbery.

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