The Post.

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Poetry.

THE following beautiful lines were written by Sankey, the great musician, and there is music even in the poetry without any time:

"Hark! the voice of Jesus crying—
Who will go and work today?
Fields are white and harvest waiting;
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers thee:
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I; send me! send me?"

"If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for JESUS,
Will be precious in his sight.

If you cannot speak like angels,
If you can not preach like PAUL,
You can tell the love of JESUS,
You can say He died for all,
You can not rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead little children
To the savior's waiting arms.

"If you cannot be a watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the road to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all,
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what heaven demands;
You can be like faithful AARON,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

"If among the older people
You may not be apt to teach,
'Feed my lambs' said Christ our Shepherd,
Place the feet within their reach;'
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.

"Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I; send me! send me?"

Select Tale.

A Wife's Jealousy.

"What were you reading when I came upon you just now?" Mrs Crawford asked her husband. "You looked very much interested."

Mr. Crawford looked at her oddly.

"Really, I don't know," he said. "Was I reading anything?"

"I'm sure I'm not inquisitive," said Mrs. Crawford, and sat down to the coffee urn with a flounce; "only I always show you my letters, William."

"I've only received one letter this morning," said Mr. Crawford. "If you would like to share the pleasure of reading it, you can."

He tossed her an envelope, within which lay a little folded paper—the butcher's monthly account.

Mrs. Crawford poked the bill back into its envelope. It was a yellow one. That which she had seen her husband reading had, she felt sure, a delicate pink tinge.

In all their married life Mrs. Crawford had never had a suspicion of her husband before, but there was no chat over the breakfast table that morning. The children were neglected and grew fretful; the mother scolded them. The father gave no good-bye kiss to his wife; and when early morning duties were over and the children off to school, Mrs. Crawford ascended to the sitting room, she carried as wretched a heart thither as could well beat in any woman's breast.

"But it was a pale pink note, and a lady's hand," said Mrs. Crawford to herself; "and he hid it from me." The horror she felt at opening his desk secretly, and as a burglar might, quite passed away. She wiped her eyes with her handkerchief and plunged into a certain box, which was a receptacle of odds and ends. From thence she brought forth a jingling chain, with keys strung upon it, little and big, iron and brass, new and rusty, keys of closets, and drawers, and trunks and boxes; keys her grandmother had for her store-room; keys that belonged to her own doll's bureau. Gathering them up in her hand she sat down before the desk and began trying one after another in the lock. At last she found one that fitted. She lifted the lid, and her eyes, red with tears, saw the interior of the desk. There was a book, one her husband had been reading the night before, from the end of which protruded something pinklike. Mrs. Crawford pounced upon it with a low cry. It was a little envelope; from it she bore a note. This was what she read:

'MY DEAR WILLIAM:—I've longed so to see you, all day. Be sure that you come to-night. With a kiss, yours, always."

Mrs. Crawford gave a little scream, but she thought of the servants and restrained herself. White as death she put the note back into the book, locked the desk, and dropped the great chain of keys into its box. Then she sat in her rocking chair, and swayed herself backward and forward, and asked herself what she should do. What, indeed! Fifteen years she had been married and all that while she had been happy. And now trouble worse than death had come. There was no explaining this away. Her husband had no sisters, no mother, no female friend or relative who could write such a thing.

No, there was no explanation but this dreadful one—he had been making love to some one. Perhaps he had even two wives. When men began to be bad, no one could tell where they would stop.

When her husband came home he had no suspicion of the discovery she had made. He looked at her much as usual, and he spoke.

"What's the [illegible]

jam and I, too, I should be glad,' said the wife. 'I had rather be dead, than feel as I feel to-night."

'My dear, I never saw you this way before,' he said. 'Are you ill? I'm afraid you are.'

He came to her side and bent over her. She repulsed him. Then he, astonished and angry, stood looking at her.

'What am I to understand from this?' he said.

'You *know*, William,' she answered. 'Look into your heart and ask yourself. Ah! William, I have been a true wife to you and a good mother to your children for fifteen years, and now you turn from me to some younger, prettier woman. You see I know all William. That note excited my suspicion this morning. I know women don't reason things out like men; they know the truth by instinct. I opened your desk, and I read the note you had hidden inside the book of poems, and I don't know who she is, and I don't care; but you love another woman.'

Still the husband stood looking at his wife—the strangest look. He did not approach her, nor did he answer her by any word. After awhile he said softly, and quite to himself:

'The little pink note in the book! Well! to be sure! Yes, yes! and she is jealous.'

'Jealous!' cried poor Mrs. Crawford. 'That ga light word to me, and you use it lightly. 'It's nothing that you have been so false to me that you—

'Emma,' said the man, interrupting, 'you make your accusations very coolly. Why do you declare that I have been false to you?'

A little ray of hope shot into the wife's heart

'At least you must have made love to a woman before she could write so to you.'

He shook his head softly

Yes, I confess that, he said.

'This is more than I can bear,' sobbed the wife. 'I am an idiot to talk to you; but you must know my resolution. We must part. Papa will take me home. I will go with him with my children, and you—you can go to her, whoever she is. I will not share the heart that once was all my own.'

'I don't think you were right to open my desk as you did,' he said, 'but since you have found the letter, I'll make a clean breast of it. Love is something that comes and goes at will. I love that woman and she poor girl, loves me. I suppose if you feel anxious about your father, I must let you go. I'll write to the old gentleman and explain. Good night, Emma.'

Next day a carriage stopped at the door, and a white haired old farmer stepped from it. It was Emma's father. Mr Crawford had been as good as his word, and had written to him.

'Oh, father!' cried the wretched woman, as she clung to his arm "this is a sad ending of all my hopes.'

'Yes, Emma,' said the old man. 'Crawford has told me all. It is very dreadful, but you can't regret leaving him—a man that gets love letters from other women, Emma.'

Her mother took her in her arms at the door; that was something; but after all she could not forget her long, long wifehood. That night Mrs. Crawford lay awake and not likely to sleep.

'Awake, daughter?' said a voice.

She answered: 'Yes father, and likely to be.'

Then the door opened, and the old man came in.

"I came to bring you this. Your husband gave me this to give to you. It's about that note, and I'd read it to-night if I were you. I'll set the candle over here. Might as well get over it at once. Good night.'

The same queer look that she had seen in all their faces startled Emma Crawford again; but it passed from her mind as she took up the thick letter that had been laid on her pillow, and breaking the seal, found within two small pink notes—one numbered one' and the other 'two,' in black lead pencil; and another in her husband's hand writing:

'MY DEAR EMMA:—I think that by this time you will have grown anxious to know more about the woman that wrote to me. She's a very nice little soul, though troubled with jealousy, and I married her fifteen years ago. I lived very near her during courting days, and we wrote not much to each other. I had two letters only. Those I kept. The one number 'two,' was written on her return from a short visit. The other number 'one,' while she was absent. The number 'two' is the one you read. I came across it that morning you spied me reading it. I should have told you, had you not been so cross. But when I was soft with the memory of old courting days, you snapped at me. Emma, my dear, you have forgotten your own little notes; but if instinct had only prompted you to look at the dates, it would have been better. Instinct always guides a woman, you know. Perhaps on the whole you'll not care to stay always with your parents, but some day forgive your husband and return to him

Yours, as ever

idiot!'

'I don't know, I'm sure, my dear,' said the old man: and then he opened the parlor door and some one standing within it, stretched out his arms, and Emma Crawford rushed into them. Her first fit of jealousy was over, and it was her last.

A SHORT LECTURE.—He stood on the Campus Martius in the dusk of the evening, and as a crowd gathered around, he began:

'Wine is a, mocker—strong drink is raging. The Lord made cold water—Satan made whiskey."

(Pause.)

"Let me tell you what I saw. Last night I saw a white headed old man at the bar. I pleaded with him to come away, but he was deaf to my words. He filled a glass with deadly poison, and as it went gurgling down his throat, I said to him—Old man, then art doomed! He laughed a cynical laugh, he cursed me—cursed a man who sought to save him!"

(Commotion in the crowd)

"This morning," continued the man, 'I was at the Morgue, where the unknown dead rest on the marble slabs. I did not think that my words of the night before would come back to me with such awful significance."

(The crowd drew nearer.)

"I looked through the glass door and, my hearers, what do you think I saw on the cold slabs before me?

"The old man," shouted twenty voices in a chorus.

"No, my friends" he continued as he stepped down, "I didn't see a blasted thing."

Several men chased him, but he made his escape.

A WARNING TO BOYS.—We are deeply pained to learn from a Frankford paper of an accident to a little boy in that place quite recently. It appears that he went into the pantry to help himself to some cakes which his mother had purposely put out of his way. They were upon the top shelf, and he had to climb up on the lower shelf to get them. But just as he had reached the cakes the shelf gave way, he was precipitated to the floor, and his leg was broken. What a solemn and impressive warning does this accident convey to the young! It is to be hoped that the boys who read this story, and see how this wicked child was punished for trying to commit a grievous sin, will learn a deep lesson from his fate. Let them study well the dreadful consequences of this one crime; let them remember that this boy now lies upon a bed of suffering, from which he will probably rise a cripple for life, and let them firmly resolve that the moral of his terrible fate will not be lost upon them, but that when they feel as if they would like to steal cakes from the top shelf of the pantry, they will go and get the step-ladder and walk up, take all they want, riot among the preserves, and charge around among the stewed gooseberries, without running any risk. There is always something to be learned from the errors of others, if we will take the trouble to hunt it out.

TO CLEAN A RUSTY PLOW.—Take a quart of water and pour slowly into it half a pint of sulphuric acid. The mixture will become quite warm from chemical action, and this is the reason why the acid should be poured slowly into the water, rather than the water into the acid, and let it remain on the iron till it evaporates. Then wash it again. The object is to give the acid time to dissolve the rust. Then wash with water and you will perceive where the worst spots are. Apply some more acid, and rub on these spots with a brick. The acid and the scouring will remove most of the rust. Then wash the mould board thoroughly with water to remove all the acid, and rub it dry. Brush it over with petroleum, or other oil, and let it be till spring. When you go to plowing, take a bottle of the acid water to the field with you and apply it every bout to any spot of rust that may remain. The acid and the scouring of the earth will soon make it perfectly bright and smooth. If all iron work be washed off with petroleum as soon as we put our implements, and machines aside for the Winter, it will keep them from rusting, and save a great deal of trouble and annoyance to say nothing of depreciation and loss.

A GREAT MORAL LESSON.—A long chap, with a piping voice, entered a saloon and gaining the attention of half dozen loafers therein congregated, he said:

'Gentlemen, how many of you will drink at my expense?'

'I will,' was repeated by seven in chorus.

'This proves to you, gentlemen,' continued the vagrant, putting down a nickle for his own beer, 'how little can be depended on first impressions. You love me now, filled with anticipations of a square drink. Your anticipations will be blasted, and then you will hate me. Let this be a good moral lesson to you.'

They put him out in a hurry, but the great moral lesson was there just the same.

Six bridesmaids is the number now,

Silver Regions of the World

In 1850 Nevada was not reckoned among the silver producing regions. Mexico and South America in that year produced $3,500,000 worth—nearly five times the amount obtained in the same year from Europe, Asia and Africa. The production of Peru in that year was greater than that of any other section of the eastern continent, and was about $1,500,000. Austria was represented by about $1,000,000, while Russia, Norway, Saxony, Spain, and the Hartz Mountains, and Devonshire and Cornwall, in England, produces the remainder. India has often been represented as destitute of silver, but we have statements from Sir Roderick Murchison and other travelers that the Kulu Valley is so rich in ore and metalic silver that it might be made to yield enormous revenues for ages to come. What was once known as the silver country of the Vazars in Kulu comprise the mountainous country lying between the Beas, Sainji, and Parbatti rivers. The mines, although in the palmy days of India worked to a considerable extent, are now almost forgotten, save by the inhabitants of the region itself. The Mashikara mines in the same valley are known to be incalculably rich but are now unworked. The Indian authorities, and even the people themselves, lay every obstacle in the way of developing them for fear of impoverishing the country.

In the first three centuries after the discovery of America, it has been computed that 190,000 tons of pure silver were exported from Peru and Mexico alone. This would be sufficent to form a globe of solid silver one hundred feet in diameter. Considering the rude manner of working ores at that day, this is no trifle. The difference between running in Peru and mining in Mexico is only in the climate of the silver regions. The Potosi mine, which has yielded enormous quantities of silver, is at an elevation as great as that of the summit of Mont Blanc, in a region of perpetual snow. The mines of Mexico are on the middle lands, where neither frost nor great heat is felt. The vast mineral wealth of Peru has been developed by the patient industry of the native Indians. They live almost entirely on cocoa. Their wages per week average about $1.50 in our money.

A very romantic story is told of the Salcedo mine, which has been lost for a hundred years. Salcedo was a young Spaniard who fell in love with and married an Indian girl whereupon she revealed to him the location of a silver mine of fabulous richness, and as yet unworked. Salcedo with the aid of his wife found the mine and making friends with the Indians he commenced work upon it. In a few years he was enormously rich. The Spanish Governor learning of his prosperity, and designing to secure the mine himself, caused a charge of conspiracy to be made against him, under which he was arrested, tried and condemned, although the charge was entirely fictitious. When awaiting execution he promised the Governor, De Lemos, that if he would allow the proofs to be sent to Madrid, and be inspected by the King, there should be paid to him a hundred pounds of silver every day until the vessel should go to Spain and return. As the voyage one way in those days consumed about sixteen months, it is readily seen that the ransom offered was enormous. Salcedo was executed. The avaricious Governor hastened to the mine but the mine was gone. It has never been found. The widow and her devoted Indians had determined that the murderer should never be rewarded for his crime, and they had flooded the mine, and buried it in such a manner that discovery was impossible.

The richest silver mine in the world probably is the Pottochi, or, in our vernacular, Potsi—the Cholar-Potosi being named from it. It is near La Plata, and was discovered in 1845. It has always been worked in a rude manner, but yet is said to have already produced $15,000,000 worth of the precious metal. For many years sixteen hundred Indians were employed in it, and being slaves, so cruelly were they worked that they decimated rapidly, and their places were immediately filled by others. At the present time two thousand paid men are employed, and the mine yields well and shows no signs of exhaustion.

The total silver production in the world from the year 1850 to 1875 has been estimated to be $1,025,000,000, the United States producing one tenth of the entire amount. The yield of Mexico is at present at the rate of $20,000,000, annually. Peru is falling gradually behind, the yield for the year 1874 being but little over $3,000,000.—The mines of Chili and Bolivia are being rapidly developed, and will soon furnish a material item in the annual production. In 1867 Nevada proudly pointed to a yield of $12,500,000. In 1869 the production was nearly half as much. The production for the present year will probably exceed $25,000,000. The annual production of the Idaho mines is about $3,000,000, or as much as the famous mines of Peru Colorado, in 1875 is estimated to have produced bullion to the amount of $1,000,000.

Snakes in Missouri.

The sons of Mr Jason Smith, who live a dozen miles from Fayette, Mo. in the Moniteau township, in exploring a ravine near his house, discovered a snake den, in which there were 147 blacksnakes all knotted together one garter snake, two horse snakes and two moccasins. When the snakes were first dug out they were torpid, but the sun soon enlivened the mass of blacksnakes, and the farmers who had gathered to see them were forced to use hoes, hatchets, axes, etc. to put an end to them.

Another snake story comes from Mr. Lee Wright, a farmer, who lives a few miles east of Fayette. Last fall he hired a man to clean out a well which had not been used for some time. He had lowered the man to the bottom of the well in a tub, and was turning away when he heard a piercing yell. Looking into the well he saw a multitude of snakes along the rocky walls reaching out their long heads. The man from below could see their glistening eyes. He screamed and raved, and flopped around in the tub, and asked to be drawn up. Mr. Wright began to turn the windlass, and the man was pulled up through the middle of protruding snake heads. In his excitement he shook the rope, which swayed the tub to and fro, so that he was thrown uncomfortably near the reptiles. When he jumped out he was covered with cold perspiration, and his body trembled like a leaf. He spread the story of his adventure, and no one could be hired to clean the well. Mr. Wright concluded to remove the rock and fill it up, and when the work began the snakes began to show themselves. Before ten feet of rock had been removed seventy-four black snakes, from two to six feet long had been killed. When the well caved in and the rest were buried.

A Puzzle for Medical Men.

A Young Girl Saved from Death by the Laying on of Hands.

The astonishing cure of a supposed fatal disease by the manipulation of hands on the body of the patient is reported in the family of Charles H. Benson, one of the editors of the Jersey City *Evening Journal*. The patient was the eldest child of Mr. Benson, a girl of 9 years. Her recovery from a dangerous illness, and her complete restoration to health, as described by her parents, may be considered by some as a manifestation of spiritualistic power, and by others as the result of animal magnetism. Mr. and Mrs. Benson say that their daughter was presented by acute bronchial affection in the early part of last August. She had all the symptoms of consumption. Her cheeks showed the hectic flush of disease, and the pulse was quick and irregular, and night sweats and daily fevers reduced her body to a skeleton. A hard, racking cough at night, and constant expectoration in the day marked the case. Three physicians said that she could not possibly live.

Early in January, when the girl's death was daily looked for, Mr William Walter Bennet, a next door neighbor of Mr. Benson's and an avowed believer in spiritualistic manifestations, called at Mr. Benson's house at 352 Fifth street, Jersey City, and said that the little girl's cough kept him awake at night, and he desired to have it stopped. He said that he could hear her coughing in the room where he slept. Mr Benson told him that the noise of the coughing would not trouble him much longer. Mr Bennet replied that he had come to cure the child through the aid of the spirits, and he asked the parent's permission to lay his hands on the invalid. Not having any faith in spiritualism they refused to consent to this mode of treatment.

Mr. Bennett renewed his offer with such persistency that both Mr. and Mrs Benson decided to let him try his powers. He at once went to work. He first bathed his hands in salt and water. The child was placed on his lap, after being closed in a loose garment which would admit of the manipulations over the flesh. Said the medium, 'I will not move my hands, but will await the action of spirits who are present.'

In a few minutes his hand began to move around the throat of the sufferer. That night her throat was not so bad as it had been.

Mr. Bennet continued his laying on of hands every night for 3 months. He began his operations regularly at 9 o'clock. One evening he was twenty minutes late, and he said that he could not move his hands, as the spirits were not in the room.

Mr. Benson says that his daughter is entirely well.

It is said that Mr Bennett has made other equally astonishing cures. One being that of ex Congressman Lawrence of Ohio, who had pneumonia.

"Pete," said a merchant to a gentleman of colored persuasion, "what will you put that load of wood in the cellar for? In de fuss place my name isn't Peter, sir; secondly I's a perfeshnal carpet cleaner and whitewasher; and furdermo', I don't compute for sich jobs, sah!"

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Where [illegible] Song and Cho. Stewart's Song Book. 25c.
Take me with you, my darling. Song and Cho. Stewart's Song Book. 25c.

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ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW &
District Attorney,
Middleburg, Snyder County Penn'a
Office a few doors West of the Court House on Main street. Consultation in English and German languages. Sep.'67.

WM. VAN GEZELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewisburg Pa.,
Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other Professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

J. P. CRONMILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Middleburg, Pa.,
Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. [Jan 3, '67tf

H. H. GRIMM,
Attorney & Counselor
AT-LAW,
Office N. E. Cor Market & Water St's
Freeburg, Penn'a.
Consultation in both English and German languages. Dec. 19, '72tf.

J. M. LINN, A. H. DILL.
(Successors to J. F. & J. M. Linn.)
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lewisburg, Pa.
Offer their professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67tf

F. J. R. ZELLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Centreville, Snyder County, Penna.
All business entrusted to his care will be well and faithfully attended to. Will practice at the several courts of Snyder and adjoining counties. Can be consulted in the English or German language. Oct. 30, '73tf

CHARLES HOWER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Selinsgrove Pa.,
Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office two doors north of the Keystone Hotel. [Jan 5, '67

JOHN H. ARNOLD,
Attorney at Law,
MIDDLEBURG, PA.
Professional business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. [Feb 9, '74

J. THOMPSON BAKER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, Union Co., Pa.
☞Can be consulted in the English and German language. '73
OFFICE—Market Street, opposite Wells Smith & Dye's store. 4 6y

A. W. POTTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Selinsgrove, Pa.,
Offers his professional services to the public. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office one door above the New Lutheran Church. July, 4th '72.

B. T. PARKE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SELINSGROVE, SNYDER COUNTY, Pa
[Sept. 15, '67tf

A. C. SIMPSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Northumberland, Pa.
Offers his professional service to the public. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.
[Jan. 17, '67tf

A. J. PETERS,
Justice of the Peace,
Middleburg, Snyder county, Penn'a
Conveyancing done, and Collections made. Everything intrusted to his care, will receive prompt attention. June 14, '74.

DR. J. F. KANAWEL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Centreville, Snyder Co., Pa,
Offers his professional services to the public. 6-3tif

DR. A. M. SMITH,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Adamsburg and vicinity. [Sept. 7, 74

DR. J. Y. SHINDEL,
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,
Middleburg Pa.,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity.
[March 21, '67

I. I. MONBECK,
Justice of the Peace
Adamsburg, Snyder Co., Pa.
Will be in his office at the above mentioned place, on MONDAY and SATURDAY of each week, when all kinds of business relating to his office, will be attended to June 26 '73tf

B. F. VAN BUSKIRK,
SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST
Selinsgrove Penn'a

S. A. WETZEL,
Justice of the Peace.
Beaverdale
All kinds of [illegible] forms. Prompt [illegible]