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Poetry.

Ten Years.

Ten little years ago, dear love,
 Ten little years, no more,
 That happy morning came, like which
 None ever dawned before;
 That blessed morning when the earth
 Wore all her gladder charms;
 That morning when the heavens came
 down
 And clasped us in its arms;
 That morning when upon your head,
 Your hand so white and small,
 I placed the symbol of our love—
 A frail bond, if that were all.
 Some words, I know, were said, a vow
 Was given, a prayer, a kiss,
 And through and over all a strange
 Confused scene of bliss,
 They have been very happy years,
 Happy and glad and true;
 I will not think what life had been
 To me unblest by you;
 And every day I bless that day
 Whose tender, rosy glow
 Has never faded yet dear wife,
 Full well we both do know.
 'Twas not the words the person said
 That made us one; the years,
 With all their many, many joys,
 Their triumphs, losses, tears—
 The years, with all they have desired,
 And all that they have given
 Of good and ill—the little one
 Waiting for us in Heaven—
 Have all been life's true ministers,
 And helped to make us one;
 So may it be until the end—
 Till all our work is done—
 Then, in the perfect summer land,
 The love begun in this
 Shall bloom forever on the high
 Eternal hills of bliss.

Miscellaneous.

Queen of the Sioux.

On Saturday afternoon, the 22nd ult., when the clerks of the Patent office swarmed out of that building after the day's duties, a lady of handsome face and carriage, neatly dressed in black, took her way to the office of the Indian Commission, and asked to be informed of the precise time when the Sioux delegation was to arrive. That evening, as the eastward-bound train rolled into the depot, she stood quietly among the crowd, and as the Indians appeared, stepped forward and saluted one of them in a strangely outlandish tongue for one who seemed to represent so thoroughly the refined type of American civilization. An exclamation of surprise and pleasure, a deep, quick guttural note that called the whole band together, and Mrs. Kelley stood once more among the savages, who had once held her a prisoner, but now surrounded her with an enthusiasm of delight akin to reverence.
 Mrs. Kelley was captured by the Indians near the Black Hills, in 1864. She, with her husband and a little girl of 7, with five men were in camp, and Mr. Kelley had ridden off for some purpose, when the Indians descended upon them, killed the men, and took herself and child prisoners. The scenes following the capture were terrible. Mother and child were compelled to mount a horse that was led by an Indian, and to leave their plundered teams and their dead behind them. As they proceeded, Mrs. Kelley thought of a plan to save her little darling's life. She began dropping bits of letters that she had about her person, and quietly directing the child's attention to them, whispered to her to slide down from behind her, as they were on the same horse, follow the trail guided by the paper, till she came back to the main trail, and there wait for other wagons to arrive. This was done, but the child was captured and killed. Months after, Mrs. Kelley learned the child's fate by recognizing its scalp. She was beaten and suffered almost untold agonies. In several notable instances she was made to stand face to face with death. During one of the rides through the wilderness, becoming utterly worn out with the trials she had with the two horses, she threw away a long and favorite pipe of an old chief. She was bound to a tree, and a fire was kindled, and while they danced around it flourishing knives and blazing brands in the air, one of the number caught a wild horse, and the sentence was that she was to be bound to the horse, shot to death with arrows, and her body to be left to be carried by the horse in his wild flight. Trembling and waiting for the fatal moment to come, she thought herself of some money which she had concealed in her dress. Taking this out, a roll of bills, she offered all to them if they would spare her life. Not knowing what it was, they gathered around her to explain the meaning of the figures and of writing, and in their childish curiosity their vengeance was forgotten. At another time an arrow aimed at her heart by an enraged Indian, was at the last moment thrust aside by another Indian who was friendly to her. And again, a squaw becoming angry with her, would have taken her life with a knife but for the timely interference of others.
 "How is it possible," she was asked, "for you to cherish any feelings but bitter ones for these men?"
 "I loved them kindly because I feel kindly toward them. They treated me kindly toward the last. They grew to regard me with absolute affection, so that they shed tears when they had to let me go as an enemy's captive. And not only so, but

Educational.

For The Post.

COUNTY INSTITUTE.—I.

Monday Afternoon Session.

The Snyder County Teachers' Institute convened in the Court-House, at Middleburg, on Monday, October 22, 1877.
 Prof. Wm. Noelling, County Superintendent, called the Institute to order, and announced the first business, the election of vice president, secretary and treasurer. Nominations for those offices were made, and Wm. P. Scharf was elected vice president, Ira Filson secretary, and H. A. Shuman treasurer. As reporters to the county papers, the president appointed Jacob Gilbert for the Times, Wm. H. Beasler for the Post, Samuel F. Sheary for the Courier, and Millard K. Hassinger for the Tribune.
 After the organization had been completed, the president led the Institute in devotional exercises—singing, reading of scriptures, and prayer. The rain of the morning having considerably diminished the attendance at the opening, most of the first hour was devoted to singing. The singing was followed by an address from Prof. Noelling. He congratulated the teachers on their success in elevating the professional work of the schools, and bringing the latter abreast with the best in the State. It is true that there is yet in some parts of county poor teaching done, especially in some of the dark corners, where the clamor is for cheap teachers. In a few of those benighted nooks, old-fashioned teaching is still demanded, though old-fashioned farming, old-fashioned practicing medicine, and the like, would not be tolerated. To put the schools back to where they were forty or fifty years ago, as some would like to do, would put the county, intellectually, lower than Indian Territory. In a majority of the schools of the county the teaching is intelligently done, and the teachers need not hesitate to invite comparison with the best of other counties. Much however remains yet to be done, and most of it devolves upon the teachers. The live teachers will work and must work, and will accomplish what yet remains, though it is a work of years. Dead teachers should no longer be tolerated. They have no more business among live ones than the dead have among the living.
 The County Institute is one of the leading means of stirring the teachers up to renewed energy. Here they meet to listen to the instructions of men who make it their business to keep themselves informed on all the improvements made in teaching and managing schools. In fact they come to get the best that is known; and, ordinarily, no teacher can afford to lose such an opportunity of learning. Teachers who miss these gatherings generally show it in their schools. Their teaching is no less lame than their ambition is below that of live teachers. Teachers who attend the Institute only a day or two, can say that they were there, but cannot claim that they have benefited as much as those who have attended it the whole session. It is true that the extremely low salaries paid in some townships, keep teachers away. Men of families, receiving such salaries as are paid in several districts, cannot, in justice to their wives and children, afford to spend the money required to attend the Institutes, and yet without improving themselves with those who can avail themselves of these advantages, they must necessarily, in time, abandon teaching, and seek some other occupation; for as the people become more and more intelligent, they will want the best teaching, just as they will want the best in all other respects. The older class of teachers, who cannot improve themselves, will thus have to give way to younger ones, and consequently the teaching will continue to be done by young persons.
 Those who are so unfortunately circumstanced as to be unable to avail themselves of the advantages afforded by county Institutes, have a remedy left them, and that is District, or Township Institutes. Upon the holding of these they should insist, so as to learn all they can from those who have had the means of improving themselves. No township should fail to hold these meetings. When well conducted they show that there is intellectual life and educational spirit in a district. To convince any one of the amount of good they have done where they have been held, let him for the purpose of comparison, visit the schools of two adjoining districts, the one of which has had them, and the other not. Let him, for instance, compare the schools of West Perry with those of Perry, those of Union with those of Washington. It is not denied that there has been improvement in all the townships of the county, but it is far more manifest in those that have had Institutes, than in those that have not had them. To be of the greatest possible benefit, these meetings should be attended by the teachers, the directors, and the citizens, and the best means for the improvement of all, should be the means of improving them.
 No Pennsylvania educator should fail to read the educational journal of his own State. He should, if possible, read where too, but this one he should not do without. It will keep him posted on what is done in his own State. These educational organs both stimulate and encourage those who read them. Teachers who either do not or cannot avail themselves of these means of improvement, cannot expect to keep abreast with the improvements in the teaching and managing of schools, that are constantly being made in this

Where Noah Landed.

The London Spectator, speaking of the recent successful ascension of Mount Ararat by Mr. Bryce, says:

"Mr. Bryce has given to the world a wonderful word-picture of that amazing and awful spectacle, of that landscape which is now what it was before man crept forth on the earth, the mountains which stand about the valley as they stood when the volcanic fires that piled them up were long ago extinguished; but he could not tell us what were his thoughts, his feelings there, what the awe and yearning that came over him in that tremendous solitude, where 'Nature sits enthroned, solemnly calm, and speaks to her children only in the storm and earthquake that level their dwellings in the dust.'
 "His vision ranged over the vast expanse within whose bounds are the chain of the Caucasus, dimly made out, but Kazbek, Elbruz, and the mountains of Daghestan visible, with the line of the Caspian sea upon the horizon; to the north the huge extinct volcano of Ala Gouz, whose three peaks inclose a snow-patched crater; the dim plain of Arivan, with the silver river winding through it; westward, the Taurus ranges; and northwest, the upper valley of the Araxes, to be traced as Ani, the ancient capital of the Armenian kingdom, the great Russian fortress of Alexandropol, and the hill where Kara stands—peaceful enough when the brave climber looked out upon this wonderful spectacle.
 "While it was growing upon him, not indeed in magnificence, but in comprehensibility, while the eye was still unaccustomed with gazing, the mist-entrained dropped onto him and shut him alone with the awful mountains. 'This awe that fell upon me,' he says with the sense of utter loneliness, made time pass unnoticed, and I might have lingered long in a sort of dream, had not the piercing cold that thrilled through every limb called me to a sense of the risks delay might involve.' Only four hours of daylight remained, the thick mist was an added danger, the ice-axe marks were his only guide for the compass is useless on a volcanic mountain like Ararat, with iron in the rocks. The descent was made in safety, but by the time Mr. Bryce came in sight of the spot, yet far off, where his friend had batted the sun, had got behind the southwestern ridge of the mountain, and his gigantic figure had fallen across the great Araxes plain below; while the red mountains of Media, far to the southeast, still grew redder than ever, they turned swiftly to a splendid purple in the dying light.
 "At six o'clock he reached the bivouac and rejoined his friend, who must have looked with strange feeling into the eyes which had looked upon such wondrous sights since sunrise. Three days later Mr. Bryce was at the Armenian monastery of Elehmadzia, near the northern foot of Ararat and was presented to the archbishop who rules the house. 'This Englishman,' said the Armenian gentleman who was acting as interpreter, says he has ascended to the top of Massis (Ararat). The venerable man smiled sweetly, and replied with gentle decisiveness, 'That cannot be. No one has ever been there. It is impossible.'
 "How TO CHOOSE A WIFE.—'A place for everything, and everything in its place,' said a patriarch to his daughter. 'Select a wife, my son, who will never step over a broomstick.' The son was obedient to the lesson. 'Now,' said he pleasantly, on a gay May day to one of his companions 'I appoint that broomstick to choose me a wife. The young lady who will not step over it shall have the offer of my hand.' They passed from the splendid saloon to the broomstick, and others jumped over it. At length a young lady stooped and put it in its place. The promise was fulfilled; she became the wife of an educated and wealthy young man, and he the husband of a prudent, industrious and lovely wife. He brought a fortune to her, and she knew how to save one. It was not easy to decide which was under the greatest obligation, but were

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