The Post.

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Poetry.

Finding Fault.

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember those with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
Then talk of those who sin
'Tis better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried,
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide;
Some may have faults, and who has not?
The old as well as young,
Perhaps we may, for all we know;
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works full well,
To try your own defects to cure,
Ere other's faults you tell.
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own short comings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Now let us all when we begin
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know,
Remember, curses, chicken like,
Sometimes to roost come home;
Don't speak of others faults until
You have none of your own.

Select Tale.

FOUND WANTING.

"And you really fancy yourself in love with this fair-haired little shop-girl?"

Mr. Meredith, a tall, noble featured man of fifty, looked rather sadly at his enthusiastic young nephew.

"Fancy, uncle? That is hardly an appropriate word to use. I am quite certain of the fact.'

"I consider you will consider me a very bad judge of the human character if I tell you that I like her little cousin's demure face best. Believe me, Harry, there is more real stamina in Ruth Durr than in her pretty cousin Rachel.'

"There, sir,' answered *Harry*, resolutely, 'is where I must beg leave to differ with you.'

"Well, my boy, you must choose for yourself. Remember, it is no question of a partner for a waltz, or a pair of bright eyes whose glitter is to amuse you for one or two evenings. The woman whom you select for your wife must necessarily exert a more or less potent influence over your whole life,'

"I know it, sir,' and Harry's mirthful face became for the moment almost grave.

"That she earns her own living behind the counter of a fancy store that they both do, is no drawback in my eyes. Independence and self-reliance are to me cardinal virtues, and even though your wife will be raised into an atmosphere of comparative wealth, a few lessons taken before hand in the impartial school of worldly experience will be of incalculable use to her.'

Harry Meredith sat long, that night, before the snug bright fire in his snug little bachelor apartment, musing over his uncle's words.

He had met the two cousins, Rachel and Ruth Durr at a quiet little birthday gathering at the house of a friend, and had instantaneously felt drawn toward the elder by eighteen months. She was a beautiful blonde while the other was rather of the brunette type.

During the three months which had followed upon his first introduction Harry Meredith had contrived to see the cousins several times a week, and consequently felt deeper in love with the gold-haired lassie every while he was quite conscious of Ruth's deeper character and stronger intellect.

Sometimes he was almost tempted to waver in his allegiance toward the elder, and then betook himself with very unnecessary sternness to task.

To-night, however, he passed the whole of the last few weeks in review before his memory, and decided that inaction was the very worst policy in the world.

"This suspence must be put an end to, ejaculated our hero half aloud, and then he smiled mischievously to himself, as an idea came into his head.

"I'll do it,' he thought, biting his lip. "Of course it's merely for the sake of the thing. I have not the shadow of a doubt that she is all she seems, but still—'

He was silent for a few minutes, and then arose to prepare for slumber.

"They are polite enough to me as the favored child of luxury. Now I will take measures to learn whether this courtesy is genuinely from the heart, or merely born of empty form and education to wealth.

Up our hero, laying his head on the pillow, of private masquerade parties all night long.

Rachel Durr and her cousin Ruth were shop-girls in Savery & St. Clair's great fancy store.

"Oh, dear!' sighed Rachel, one morning as she took off her bonnet in the little dressing-room at the back of the store and shook down her golden curls, "how the time drags!"

"Hush!" said Ruth, blushingly hush, "he will hear you."

"Let him hear," with a laugh.

Haunt hopes of matrimony to light up the monotony of my daily toil.

Rachel shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't see how you bear it so patiently. I should die with vexation and 'ennui' if I did not hope for something better.'

"Hush!' said Ruth, "there is Mrs. Wickes, the forewoman calling us.'

"How I hate the old vixen!' Rachel ejaculated, slowly following Ruth into the store.'

"Really, Miss Rachel Durr, you must be a little more punctual,' said Mrs. Wickes, pursing up her mouth primly. You are full five minutes behind time, and it was just so yesterday.'

Rachel pouted, and went to work labeling a box of newly-arrived ribbons. She and Mrs. Wickes had never agreed very harmoniously, nor did she affiliate with the shop girls. "A stuck up, impertinent thing,' they called her; while she, from the serene heights of possibility of her one day becoming Mrs. Harry Meredith, treated them with disdain, which was anything in the world but agreeable.

In vain were Ruth's remonstrances. Rachael had always been wilful and inclined to superciliousness, nor would she listen to her cousin's mildly proffered advice now.

"It's all very well for you, Ruth, you've got to spend all your days, but,' she said curling her pretty lips, "but I shall soon be lifted out of this groveling atmosphere.'

"It is by no means a certainty,'

"Yes, it is,' laughingly answered, Rachel, blushing like a damask rose.

And Ruth would sigh softly, and think how brightly the future was unrolling its vast map before her pretty little cousin.

Rachel Durr waited rather languidly upon one or two customers that morning. Evidently her heart was not in her work, and Mrs. Wickes, from her lurking place behind the cash box, cast several envenomed glances toward her premonitory of a coming storm.

Presently a new customer hobbled in bent and crooked, and made his way directly to the counter where Rachel and Ruth were standing. A huge cotton umbrella protruded in a war like manner from beneath his arm, and mended cotton gloves covered his hands, while a rusty red wig was half hidden by his bent and battered hat.

"My goodness! Ruth, what a figure!' ejaculated Rachel, in a very audible voice. "What can that old bundle of second-hand clothes want here?'

"Hush!" said Ruth, almost sternly, 'he will hear you.'

"And what if he does! What do I care.'

"He is old and infirm, Rachel, and his age should render him sacred in your eyes.'

Rachel tossed her head sneeringly.

"Ruth you are too absurd for anything. I won't wait on him.'

But the old man steered resolutely for Rachel herself.

"I wan't to buy some gloves, Miss,' he said, in a feeble, croaking voice.

"You'd better go somewhere else,' said the young lady, superciliously, 'our store dosn't keep cheap goods.'

"Please let me see the articles.'

Rachel tossed a box down on the counter the old man bent his spectacled eyes down to survey the goods.

"How much are these?'

"A dollar a pair.'

"But I am a poor man, Miss; have you nothing cheaper?'

"No!' snapped Rachel, 'I told you to go elsewhere. I've no patience with paupers.'

"I beg your pardon, Miss, said the old man; "I am not a pauper.'

"Well,' observed the girl, scornfully, 'you look like one!'

"Appearances are often deceitful. Did you tell me you had cheaper gloves?'

"I didn't tell you any such thing!'

Rachel! Rachel!' remonstrated her cousin. 'Let me show you what you want, sir,' she said softly, turning to the old customer. "We have some very nice gloves at seventy-five cents.'

"Seventy-five cents is a great deal of money to pay for a pair of gloves said the old man looking sorrowfully down on the mended fingers of those he wore, "but the weather is getting frosty, and I am not as young as I was.

"I should think that was quite evident,' said Rachel, with a heartless titter.

Ruth bent toward the old man, saying in low sweet voice.

"Take the warm worsted gloves, sir. The price is seventy five cents, but you shall have them for fifty. I myself will make up the difference to the store. You are an old gentleman, and I am young and able to work.

"But I am nothing to you, Miss.'

Ruth folded the gloves neatly in a piece of paper, and handed them to him.

"For the sake of the dear father who died a year ago, old age can never be nothing to me, sir. Please don't thank me; indeed I deserve no credit.

"Ruth blushingly hush, "he will hear you."

"Let him hear," with a laugh.

"Well, I don't care if he does. I wish he did, I wish everybody did. I wish I had married a rich man and could have everything I want instead of being a poor shop-girl with my way to make in the world. I don't see why we should not have our share of the good things of life. We are as good as those we see about us, and I feel that we are better than many who are rolling in wealth. It is hard, very hard, that we should be poor and have so little pleasure when others have so much. I don't see why I should not have married a rich man and have had my own carriage and servants to wait on me instead of being a poor shop-girl. It is hard, very hard, and I feel that it is partly your fault, Ruth, that I am not married and out of this horrid place forever, for you might have married a rich man if you would have taken your chances as I have mine, and then you could have given him anything? Why doesn't he go to the poor house?'

The days crept on and one day Mr. Harry Meredith astonished little Ruth Durr very much by asking her to be his wife.

It was as if the gates of Paridise had been suddenly opened to her—the modest little girl, secretly worship Harry Meredith in her heart of hearts had never dreamed of the possibility of such good luck being in store for her.

That evening she told her cousin. Rachel listened in silence. The prize had been very near her grasp once, but it had slipped away.

"I think you are mistaken, Ruth,' she said acrimoniously. 'I think Mr. Meredith never would—'

She checked herself, for at that instant the door opened, and Harry Meredith was announced.

"Well Rachel,' he said, pleasantly, 'are you ready to congratulate me upon the sweet little wife I have won!'

Rachel muttered one or two formal sentences, but she was very pale. Meredith observed her with a smile.

"Ruth,' he said, turning with a smile. 'I have something to show you.'

He put a tiny parcel in her hand. She opened it, and out fell a pair of worsted gloves.

She looked wistfully into his face then the whole tide of memory came back upon her heart.

"Harry! were you the old man?'

"I was the old man, my dearest!'

And then Rachel knew why it was that the ship freighted with all her hopes had drifted away, when it was so near the haven.

The Champion Love Letter.

Harrisburg Telegraph.

There are champions and champions, but the following can fly higher, get over more ground, and do it quicker than any love letter ever published. It is a whole dictionary of loving terms and enderments boiled down, and what is more it is a true bill. It was picked up along the river road between Harrisburg and Fort Hunter, and our only object in publishing it is to add one more to the valuable contribution in the 'Complete Letter Writer.' The average young man should cut this out and paste it in his hat:

FORT HUNTER Apl 29 78

MY DARLING it almost broke my herat when you did not meet me when you said you were going to meet me darling I know it is not your hearts wish that I cant come to see you for my heart longs to be with you for more than ten thousand thoughts came in my mind in one day about you if you will please only please darling answer me that question that I asked you so often I will be more satisfied for my heart is troubled night and day about you my darling and I will always be kind to you for you know that I have always treated you kindly and lovingly you know darling you have my heart fairest sweetest dearest darling and tell me that your heart shall be mine and let your answer be a kiss and seal it with the same.

From your ever true and loving friend

YOURS UNTIL DEATH

Round is the ring that has no end so is my love to you dear friend. of all the treasures this world contains I would give my life and all for you if i cannot git you i am a ruined man forever for if i can not get you no one in this world shal win my heart agin for you darling I would not give your little finger for all the girls in this wide world that ever I saw or talked with please meet me at the post office this evening for my heart wishes to meet you oh love you know you have my heart and if you will only please answer that question that I ask you I will be more satisfied in my daily thoughts for my nightly dreams and daily thoughts are all about you I will close this by sending you 10,000 kisses all sweet ones darling I will meet you with a kiss

"Your ever true friend SAMUEL

I will write you more next time

It is to be hoped that all-important 'question' has been answered by this time and sealed with a kiss; and that his 'heart,' which the same was 'troubled night and day,' is now at ease. The 'ruined man,' if he prosecuted his suit as vigorously when in his 'darling's' company as he did by letter, may even now be enjoying that sweet matrimonial bliss that is only marred by flat irons and broomsticks and rolling pins and cold dinners and visits from the mother-in law, etc. As for those '10,000 kisses, all sweet ones,' we hope he let up before he got half through and gave the girl a chance to catch her breath.

You can always tell whether a bean saw is going or not by simply feeling of it but it generally takes about as long to find the end of your fingers as it would to have gone and asked the foreman of the shop if the thing was in motion.

AN Irish girl was ordered to hang the wash clothes on the horse [illegible] Kitchen to dry. She [illegible] the horse [illegible] the kitchen door, [illegible] the horse [illegible] the door [illegible] the horse [illegible] the door [illegible] the horse [illegible] the door