The Post.

VOL. 17. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., AUGUST 7, 1879. NO. 8

Advertising Rates.

On column one year,	$60.00
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Poetry.

Invocation to Rain in Summer.

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

O gentle, gentle summer rain,
Let not the silver lily pine,
The drooping lily pine in vain
To feel that dewy touch of thine
To drink thy freshness once again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain!

In heat the landscape quivering lies;
The cattle pant beneath the tree;
Through parching air and purple skies
The earth looks up in vain for thee;
For thee—for thee, it looks in vain,
O gentle, gentle summer rain.

Come thou, and bring the meadow stream,
And soften all the hills with mist,
O falling dew! from burning dreams
By thee shall herb and flowers be kissed,
And Earth shall bless thee yet again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain.

Select Tale.

TURNED FROM THE DOOR.

"No tramps here,' said I, and I shut the door in his face, I did. The wind blew so I could hardly do it, and the sleet was beating upon the panes, and the bare trees were groaning and moaning as if they suffered in the storm. 'No tramps here; I'm a lone woman, and I'm afraid of 'em.'

Then the man I hadn't seen yet, for the dark, went away from the door. Champ, champ, champ, came the man back again, and knocked at the door—knocked not half so loud as he did before—and I opened it, hot and angry. This time I saw his face—a pale ghost of a face—with yellow-brown hair, cropped close, and great, staring blue eyes, and he put his hand against the door and held it open.

"How near is the next house, ma' am?' said he.

"Three miles or more,' said I; 'no drinks to be got there; it is Miss Mitten's, and she's as set again tramps as I am.'

"I don't want drink,' said the man, "though I do want food. You needn't be afraid to let me in, ma'am. I've been wounded, and am not able to walk far, and my clothes are thin, and it's bitter cold. I've been trying to get to my parentslat Greenbank, where *I* can rest til I'm better; all my money was stolen from me three days ago. You needn't be afraid; let me lie just before the fire, and only give me a crust, the stalest crust to keep me from starving, and the Lord will bless you for it.'

And then he looked at me with his mild blue eyes in a way that would have made me do it if it hadn't been I'd seen so much of these impostors. The war was just over, and every beggar that came along said he was a soldier and traveling home, and had been wounded and robbed. One that I had been foolish enough to help limped away out of sight, as he thought, and then—for I was at the garret window—shouldered his crutches and tramped with the strongest.

"No doubt your pockets are full of money,' said I, and you only want a chance to rob and murder me. Get away with you.'

Drusilla, that's my niece, was baking cakes in the kitchen. Just then she came to the door and motioned with her mouth to me, 'do let him stay, auntie,' and if I hadn't had good sense I might, but I knew better than a chick of sixteen.

"Go away with you!' says I, louder than before. "I won't have this any longer,"

And he gave a kind of groan, and took his hand from the latch, and went champ, champ, through the frozen snow again; and I thought him gone, when there he was once more, hardly with a knock at all—a faint touch, like a child's now.

And when I opened again he came quite in, and stood leaning on his cane, pale as a ghost, his eyes bigger than ever.

"Well, of all impudence!' said I. He looked at me and said: "*Madam*, I have a mother at Greenbank. I want to like to see her. I shall not if I try to go any further tonight.'

"They all want to see their mothers,' and just then it came to my mind I hoped that my son Charlie, who had been a real soldier, an officer he had come to be, mind you, wanted to see his and would soon.

"I have been wounded, as you see," said he.

"Don't go showing me your hurts,' said I; 'they buy 'em, so they told me, to go a begging with now. I read the papers, I tell ye, and I'm principled, and so is our clergyman, agin giving anything unless it's through some well organized society. Tramps are my abomination. And as to keeping all night, you can't expect that of decent folks—go!'

Drusilla came to the door and said, 'Let him stay, auntie,' with her lips again, but I took no notice.

So he went, and this time he did not come back, and I sat down by the fire, smelt the baking cakes and the apples stewing, and the tea drawing on the kitchen stove, and I ought to have been very comfortable, but I wasn't. Something seemed tugging at my heart all the time.

I gave the fire a poke, and lit another candle to cheer myself up, and I went to the work-basket to get a [illegible] I had been knitting for my [illegible], and as I went to get it I [illegible] something lying on the floor. I picked it up. *It* was an old tobacco pouch, ever so much like the one I gave Charlie with the fringe around it, and written on it in ink, 'From C. F. to R. H.;' and on the inside was a bit of tobacco, and an old pipe, and a letter, a rumpled old letter; and when *I* spread it out I saw on the top, 'My dear son.'

I knew the beggar must have dropped it, and my heart gave one light thump, as though it had been turned into a hammer.

Perhaps the story was true and he had a mother. I shivered all over, and the fire and candles and the nice comfortable smells might as well not have been at all. I was cold and wretched.

And over and over again I had to say to myself what I heard our pastor say often. 'Never give anything to chance beggars, my dear friends; always bestow your alms on worthy persons, through well-organized societies,' before I could get a bit of comfort. And what an old fool I was to cry, I thought, when I found my cheeks wet.

But I did not cry long, for as *I* sat there, dash and crash and jingle came a sleigh over the road, and it stopped at our gate, and I heard my Charlie's voice crying, "Hallo, mother!" And I went to the door, and had him in my arms—my great, tall, handsome brown son. And there he was in his uniform, with his pretty shoulder straps, and as handsome as if he had never been through any hardships. He had to leave me to put the horse up, and then I had by the fire my own son. And Drusilla, who had been up stairs and had been crying—why, I wonder? came down all in a flutter—for they were like brother and sister—and he kissed her and she kissed him, and then she went to set the table and how nice the things smoked on a cloth white as snow; and how Charlie enjoyed them! But once in the midst of all I felt a frightened feeling come over me, and I knew I turned pale, for Druilla said: 'What is the matter, Aunt Fairfax?'

I said nothing; but it was this: Kind o' like the ghost of a step going champ, champ over the frozen snow; kind o' like the ghost of a voice saying: "Let me lie on the floor before your fire, and give me any kind of a crust;' kind o' like some one that had a mother down on the wintry road, freezing and starving to death there. This is what it was. But I put it away, and only thought of Charlie.

We drew up together by the fire when tea was done, and he told us things about the war I never heard before—how the soilders suffered, and what weary marches and short rations they sometimes had. And then he told me his life had been in danger; how he had been set upon by the foe and been badly wounded, and how, at the risk of his own life, a fellow had saved him, and carried him away, fighting his way back to camp.

"I would never have seen you but for him,' says Charlie. 'And if there's a man on earth I love, it's Rob Hadaway—the dearest best fellow! We've shared each other's rations and drank from the same canteen many and many a time; and if I had a brother I could not think more of him.'

"Why didn't you bring him home to see your mother, Charles?' said I. "Why, I'd love him, too, and anything I could do for him, for the man who saved my boy's life, could not be enough. Send for him Charlie.'

But Charlie shook his head and covered his face with his hands.

"Mother,' said he, 'I don't know whether Rob Hadaway is alive or dead to-day. While I was still in the ranks he was taken prisoner. And the military prisons are poor places to live in, mother. *I*'d give my right hand to be able to do him any good; but *I* can find no traces of him. And he has a mother, too, and she is so fond of him! She lives at Greenbank—poor old lady. My dear, good, noble Rob, the preserver of my life!'

And I saw Charley was nearly crying.

Not to let us see the tears he got up and went to the mantal piece. I did not look around until *I* heard a cry:

'Great heaven! what is it?'

And I turned, and Charlie had the tobacco pouch the man had dropped in his hand.

"Where did this come from? I feel as though I had seen a ghost. *I* gave this to Rob Hadaway the day he saved me. We soldiers had not much to give, you know, and he vowed never to part with it while he lived. How did it come here mother?'

And I fell back in my chair, white and cold. Said I:

"A wandering tramp left it here. Never your Rob, my dear, never your Rob. *He* must have been an impostor, I wouldn't turn away a person really in want. Oh, no, no; it's another pouch, child, or he stole it. A tall fellow with blue eyes and yellow brown hair; wounded, he said, and going to his mother at Greenbank. Not your Rob.'

And Charley stood staring at me, with clenched hands; and said he:

"It was my dear old Rob, wounded and starving!—my dear Rob who saved my life, and you have driven him out in such a night as this, mother. My mother to use Rob so!'

"Condemn me, Charlie,' said I, condemn me if you like; *I* am afraid God will. Three times he came back; three times he asked for only a crust and a place to lie, and I drove him away—I, I—and he's lying in the road now. Oh if I had only known!'

And Charlie caught up his hat.

"I'll find him if he's alive,' said he. "Oh, Rob, my dear friend.'

And then—I never saw the girl in such taking. Down went Drusilla on her knees, as if she was saying her prayers and says:

"Thank God, I dard to do it!'

And says she to me:

"Oh, aunt, I have been trembling with fright, not knowing what you'd say to me. I took him in the kitchen way. I couldn't see him go faint and hungry, and wounded, and I put him in the spare chamber over the parlor, and have been so frightened all the while.'

"The Lord bless you, Drusilla,' said Charlie.

"Amen,' said I.

And she, getting bolder, went on

"And I took him some hot shortcakes and apple sass and tea,' says she, 'and *I* took him a candle and a hot brick for his feet, and I told him to eat and go to bed in the best chamber, Aunt Fairfax, with the white counterpane and all, and I locked him in and put the key in my pocket, and I told him that he should have one night's rest, and that no one should turn him out unless they walked over my dead body.'

Drusilla said it like an actress in a tragedy, and went off into hysterics the moment the words were out of her mouth. She'd been expecting to be half murdered, you know the girl, who was sixteen, always before minded me as if I waw her mother.

Never was any old sinner so happy as I was that night, so thankful to the good Lord; and it would have done your heart good if you had gone to see the two meet in the morning—Charlie and his friend Rob. And Charlie who got well, and a mother, who was not so poor either, helped Rob into business. And he got well over his wounds at at last and grew as handsome as a picture, and to day week he is going to marry Drusilla.

"I'd give you anything I have,' said I, 'and I won't refuse you even Drusilla,' when he asked me, telling me that he loved her ever since she was so kind to him on the night I've told you of.

And Charlie is to stand up with him, and I am to give Drusilla away, and Rob's sister from Greenbank is to be bridesmaid, and I have a guess that some day Charlie will bring her home to be in Drusilla's place.

I don't drive beggars from the door now as I used, and no doubt I'm imposed upon; but this is what I say; "Better be imposed upon always than to be cruel to one who really needs help' And I've read my Bible better of late, and I know who says, "Even as you have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me.

Quick Wit Wins.

Years ago, into a wholesale grocery store in Boston, walked a tall, muscular-looking man, evidently a fresh comer from some backwoods town in Maine or New Hampshire. Accosting the first person he met, who happened to be the merchant himself, he asked:

"You don't want to hire a man in your store, do you?'

"Well, said the merchant, '*I* don't know; what can you do?'

"Do?' said the man; "I rather guess I can turn my hand to almost anything—what do you want done?'

"Well if I was to hire a man, it would be one that could lift well, a strong, wiry fellow; one for instance that could shoulder a sack of coffee like that yonader, and carry it across the floor and never lay it down.'

"There, now Capt'in,' said the countryman, 'that's just me. I can lift anything I hitch to; you can't suit me better. What will you give a man that will suit you?'

"I'll tell you,' said the merchant, "If you will shoulder that sack of coffee and carry it across the store twice and never lay it down, I will hire you a year at $100 per month.'

"Done, said the stranger, and by this time every clerk in the store had gathered around and waited to join in the laugh against the man, who walking up to the sack, threw it across his shoulder with perfect ease, though extremely heavy, and walking with it twice across the store went quietly to a large hook which was fastened to the wall, and hanging it up turned to the merchant and said:

"There, now, it may hang there till doomsday. I shall never lay it down. What shall I go about, mister? Just give me plenty to do and $100 per month, and it's all right.'

The clerks broke into a laugh, and the merchant, discomfited yet satisfied, kept his agreement, and to-day the green countryman is the senior partner in the firm, and is worth a million dollars.

He that has really felt the bitterness of sin will fear to commit it; and he that has felt the sweetness of mercy will fear to offend it.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see defects when the weaving of a lifetime is unrolled.

Weeds of Woe.

When the heart is heavy, and all earthly things look dreary to mourners, who would care very little how they appeared to the outside world if left to themselves fashion steps in and dictates how the departed is to be shrouded, what kind of a coffin must be procured: how they are all to be dressed; and how many carriages are to be hired, etc. This often happens when the husband and father has died, and when the widow and orphans are bowed down with grief so as not to look beyond the present sorrow, lot some busy-body who takes upon himself to see everything done according to has own notions. Soon after, when the bereaved family are recovered from the blow that has fallen upon them, and begin to make calculations how they are to provide for the future, as they must be in moderate circumstances now their main stay gone. In the midst of this, one comes in with a bill for coffin, perhaps three times the amount it should be; the livery man for carriage hire, don't was long. Next the bill from the merchant for dry goods, such as black crape, etc. Over each of these there are bitter tears shed, and how to meet all these bills adds to their already burdened hearts. Is there no remedy for this evil; for it certainly is one. That every person should be decently buried is right and proper; but any superfluous display is not only wrong in a temporal sense but to us seems actually sinful. But there is another class, where no outsiders have anything to do with it; but where pride and an inordinate vanity lead the family voluntarily into these extravagances. That what they shall wear at the funeral, and how this will show, and that, seems to occupy the minds of the female part of the family much more than the body of inanimate clay lying in the other room. I have seen these things—have been in the midst of it, and felt grieved to see it, perhaps as much as some of the family who were bereaved.

At such times the less display the better. Let all things be done decently and in order; but for mercy's sake, don't makes a show of pageantry, when laying the body of a relative in his last resting place.—*By a Moralist.*

It is Better.

Better to wear a calico dress without trimming, if it is paid for, than to owe the shopkeeper for the most elegant silk, cut and trimmed in the most bewitching manner.

Better to live in a log cabin all your own than in a brown stone mansion belonging to somebody else.

Better walk forever than run in debt for a horse and carriage.

Better sit by the plain white table for which you paid three dollars some years ago than to send home a new extension black walnut top, and promise to pay for it next week.

Better to use the old cane-seated chairs, and faded two ply carpet, than tremble at the bills sent home from the upholsterer's for the most elegant set ever made.

Better to meet your business acquaintances with a free "don't owe you a cent' smile, than to dodge around the corner to escape a dun.

Better to pay the street organ-grinder two cents for music, if you must have it, than owe for a grand piano.

Better to gaze on bare walls than pictures unpaid for.

Better to eat thin soup from earthen ware, if you owe your butcher nothing, than to dine off lamb and roast beef and know that it does not belong to you.

Better let your wife have a fit of hysterics than to run in debt for nice new furniture, clothes, jewelry or anything that women wish for. A fit of hysterics, properly managed, is often of more real benefit to a woman than anything you can buy.

Underground Curiosities.

At the City of Modica, in Italy, and about four miles around it, wherever the earth is dug, whenever the workmen arrive at a distance of 63 feet they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an auger, five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed and upon its extraction the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills the newly made well, which continues full and is affected by neither rain nor drought. But what is most remarkable in this operation is the layers of earth as we descend. At the depth of 14 feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, floors and different pieces of mason work. Under this is found a soft oozy earth, made up of vegetables, and at 26 feet, large trees entire, such as walnut trees, with the walnuts still sticking to the stem, and leaves and branches in a perfect state of preservation. At 28 feet deep a soft chalk is found mixed with a vast quantity of shells, and the bed is eleven feet thick. Under this, vegetables are found again.

A tiny spider dropped from the ceiling into a sleeping church member's mouth, recently. It went down into the mammoth cavern and pulled its web in after it. Another warning against sleeping in church.

Words of Wisdom.

No honest [illegible] two in- the les by fo a of a [illegible]

anger is not embarrassing on a vessel during a storm.

Those who criticise most severely the works of others seldom can produce any themselves.

Life appears to be too short to be spent in nursing animosities, or in registering wrongs.

A man in the finest suit of clothes is often a shabbier fellow than another dressed in rags.

When you have occasion to utter a rebuke, let your words be soft and your arguments hard.

We ought not to judge men's merits by their qualifications, but of the use they make of them.

All other love is extinguished by self-love; beneficence, humanity, justice, philosophy, sink under it.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; therefore, if a man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed.

What the Girls Like.

To pay a compliment is to tell the truth, and to tell it as though you mean it. And the only way to do that is to mean it. If a girl is pretty or accomplished; if she plays well, or sings well, or dances well, or talks well; if, in a word pleases, why in the name of common sense shouldn't she be told of it? Don't blurt it out before everybody. That will only make her feel uncomfortable and make you appear ridiculous. Say it quietly when opportunity offers, but say it strongly. Convey the idea distinctly and fully, so that there may be no mistake about it. But do not say it "collectively." Formality is about the coldest thing known. More than one maiden has been made happy—say for half an hour—by a man's taking the trouble to say a pleasant thing about a toilet he liked, and many of fashion's follies have been given up by girls when they noticed a discreet silence concerning them on the part of their gentlemen friends. A bewitching little black eyed beauty once said to a gentleman. "I like to have you say sweet things to me, it seems to come so easy and natural." In general terms, it may be said, that it is always better to say an agreeable thing than a disagreeable one—better for all parties. The gallant who, when a young lady stepped on his foot while dancing and asked pardon, said, "Don't mention it; a dainty little foot like that wouldn't hurt a daisy," not only told the truth, but doubtless felt more comfortable than the boor who when his foot was stepped upon, roared out, "That's right; climb all over me with your great clumsy hoofs."

Sharper Than A Lawyer.

A wag of a lawyer was sitting in his office the other day, deeply engaged in unraveling some knotty question, when a gentleman entered and inquired:

"Is this Mr. G.?"

The student of Blackstone, raising his eyes from the legal book before him replied:

"If you owe me anything or have anything in my line, then Z. is my name. If you have a claim to present I am not the man. If you called simply for a social chat, you can call me any name."

"I propose to present you with some business in your line. I have a note of $25, and want you to collect it."

And handing the lawyer a note, departed to call the next day.

As soon as he was gone the lawyer ascertained that it was one of his own promises to pay.

The next day his client appeared and inquired:

"Well, what success?"

"All right; I have collected the money. Here it is, less my fee," and he handed him fifteen dollars.

"Good," said the client, I have made two dollars and a half by this operation."

"How so?" asked the lawyer.

"Well," replied the client, "I tried all over the city to sell your note for twelve dollars and a half, but could not do it."

Some Curious Ways.

Some women have curious ways of hiding their money. The Cincinnati *Commercial* says: "Mrs. Hansen put fifty dollars in the oven of her stove one night to keep it safe. Next morning, after breakfast the national debt had been diminished exactly that much. A student of the curious would find it interesting to note the place in which women hide their money. One excellent and frugal dame used to tuck her little saving away under a corner of her carpet. The tiny roll of greenbacks grew fatter and fatter in the course of a year or two, when the day after it counted $450, the house took fire, burned to the ground, and again the national debt was diminished by a little roll of woman's pin-money. There was that other lady too, who used sometimes to hide her diamond rings between two teacups in the kitchen cupboard, sometimes behind a certain brick in the cellar, and again under the lining of an old hat. She had dozens other places for her jewelry also, the only trouble being that she had so many hiding places she occasionally forgot where she had put her precious things, and about every three months would fancy she had been robbed, and the house would be turned inside out, and all therein be made uncomfortable until the missing gem would be found carefully tucked away in the folds of the bottom towel of the pile in the left-hand corner of the lower drawer in the clothes-press at the east end of the dining-room.

A Horse Trade in Colorado.

An honest miner sat in a contemplative mood before the door of a saloon in one of the crowded thoroughfares of Denver. He had taken sugar in his'n several times, and now cast a wistful look at intervals towards unprospected regions in the foothills where he hoped to strike a tellarium lead, now that 'the placer diggin's was played out.' Slowly down the street came a solitary horseman, ill-mounted, poorly clad meagerly equipped, and stopped in front of the sitter.

"Stranger," said he, 'I want to sell yer a horse."

"Stranger, was the reply, 'I don't want him."

"Stranger," rejoined the wayfarer, 'yer really must buy him. You never see a better horse for the price."

"What is the price, stranger?' asked the contemplative man.

"A hundred and fifty dollars, and dirt cheap at that."

The inquirer meditated for a few moments and then blandly remarked, "Stranger, I'll give yer five."

The equestrian disappeared, saying with earnestness, "Stranger, I won't allow a hundred and forty-five dollars to stand between you and me and a trade. The horse is yours!"

How They Ran.

Oil Skinner is a great lover of war reminiscences, and is not slow to tell of his own exploits in that way. As with most men who pride themselves on a war record, Skinner always gives the best side of his tales to his own army. He was telling one of his grandchildren recently of a famous battle in which he was engaged. His description of the flying balls, bursting of cannon, and charge of the troops was very vivid and the little boy listened with increasing interest. At last, when Skinner stopped to fill his pipe, the little boy said:

"And did the enemy run?"

"Did the enemy run?" said Skinner, "Great Scott, how they did run. My dear boy, they ran so like thunder that we run three miles to keep out of their way, an' if we hadn't thrown our guns away, they'd have run over us sure.

"What intimacy have you ever had with the witness, who has just sworn that he was never offered $200, or any other sum, for his vote for K——?" "Well, I have ate, drank and smoked with him; I have fought with him, got drunk with him, and slept with him; I have robbed hen-roosts, pumpkins and watermelon patches with him; and less than six weeks ago I cowhided him for kissing my wife. You'd better bet I've been intimate with him!"

Vocal Impressions.

"The sweetest voice I ever heard," said the bishop, "was a woman's. It was musical, and soft, and low, but penetrating; musical, but measured in its accents, but not precise. We were on a steamer, and she murmured some commonplace remark about the scenery, I do not remember what she said, but I can never forget the exquisitely tender musical voice.

"The sweetest voice I ever heard," replied the professor, "was a man's I had been out fishing nearly all the day, and got back to the hotel at three o'clock. The man came out on the front stoop, opened his mouth like a sea cavern, and roared, 'DINNUR!!' till it soured the milk in the cellar. I have hear other voices since then, but never—"

But the bishop, with a look of intense disgust all over his face, had already walked away out of hearing, and was lighting a fresh cigar by himself.

THE POST.

Published every Thursday Evening
JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r

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