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The Post.

VOL. 17. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., SEPTEMBER 25, 1879. NO. 15

Poetry.

HOME.

[H]ome will be just what we make it,
[...]el in sorrow or in joy ;
[I]f pure—no power can break it,
[...]s peaceful life annoy.

[...]s always gathers strongest
[...] love's power is little known ;
[...]s shadow dwells the longest,
[...] tyrant on the throne.

[...]arret or the palace,
[...]e is home where'er it be,
[...]hould rule it free from malice,
[...]aling peace and harmony.

[...]t words at home returning,
[...]g kind answers back again ;
[...]om each be ever bearing—
[...]s its bright golden chain.

[...]r grand, arrayed in beauty,
[...]o love's power guides all at home ;
[...]entinel on duty,
[...]emains—whate'er may come.

[...]g hearts are ever ready
[...]ll pleasures every day ;
[...]ir life power, firm and steady,
[...]ing all within their way.

[...]re's sun be ever shining,
[...]ach home o'er all the land ;
[...] mystic grace entwining
[...]rt to heart and hand to hand.

[...]g onward as a river,
[...]n silent majesty ;
[...] true presence to deliver
[...]rts and homes from misery.

[S]elect Tale.

THE ROAD AGENT.

[M]y route, which was the only road [betw]een the towns of Ireton and [...]ster, lay for thirty miles through [an] almost unbroken wilderness, [the] track had been badly cut to [piec]es by recent rains, and my pro[gres]s was much slower than was [eith]er safe or pleasant. Sunset [foun]d me still many miles away from [my] destination, and I began to re[flec]t on the probability of a night's [lodg]ing in the woods in no comfort[able] frame of mind.

My horse stumbled so constantly [in] the increasing darkness that I was [forc]ed at length to allow him to [pic]k his way at a slow walk. I had [arri]ved at the roughest part of the [ro]ad and halted to make sure that [no] pitfall lay hidden in the obscuri[ty] beyond, when a form sprang out [from] the bushes and stood beside me. [By] the dull light I could perceive [th]at it was a small, slightly built [ma]n clad in shabby garments, with [a b]road slouched hat concealing his [fac]e, and that he held a pistol in a [som]ewhat unpleasant proximity to [m]y head.

"What do you want ?" I asked, [wi]th what composure I could mus[ter].

"Your money," was the answer. [Fli]ng it down in the road and ride [on]."

The voice was singularly sweet [fo]r a man—a ruffian at that—and [the]re was a tremor in it that belied [hi]s threatening air.

"The man is a coward," I said to [m]yself ; then aloud, "Suppose I re[fu]se to comply with your very rea[so]nable request, what then ?"

"I shall blow your brains out," [wa]s the reply. "Throw me your [pu]rse, and be quick about it."

I raised my hand from my side as [i]f to comply with his demand ; but [in]stead of doing so I lifted my rid[in]g whip and brought it down upon [th]e temple of my robber. The [bl]ow was a powerful one, and he [ro]lled under my horse's feet with[ou]t a sound.

Springing from the saddle to grapple with him, I found him pros[tr]ate and insensible, with the blood [fl]owing copiously from an ugly wound in the forehead.

In the act of lifting his head upon my arm, his hat fell off, and a coil of luxuriant brown hair fell over my arm. Much astonished at this, I bent over the lifeless being and be[h]eld a pale beautiful face, with small, delicate features, whose ex[p]ression, even in unconsciousness, was that of mingled sadness and de[s]pair. My assailant was a woman, young and bearing traces of refine[m]ent about her, despite her rough male attire.

After a little search I discovered the weapon with which she had threatened me. It was an old pistol, broken and unloaded. With an im[p]ulse that I did not stop to question I thrust it in my pocket. Then I examined the wound I had inflicted. It was a slight one, but would leave a life long scar upon her temple.

What should such a woman be doing in this desolate region ? What crisis of fortune had driven her to an act so dangerous and unwoman[l]y ? There was not time to reflect upon the matter for she stirred slightly, and a faint moan of pain came through her pale lips.

With a sense of deep remorse for the violence I had done the poor girl, I bound up her wound with my handkerchief and slipped a good portion of the money I had about me into the pocket of her coat, I felt that her need of it must be desper[a]te indeed.

After a moment her eyes opened and she looked wildly around.

"What has happened ?" she said, confusedly. "Where is my father ?"

She gazed at me wonderingly.

"Oh, I remembered, she cried, in a heartrending accent. "Oh, sir, if you knew why I did it ! Let me go [t]o my father—pray, let me go !"

"You shall," said I, soothingly ; "I will take you to him, for you are not able to walk alone. Poor child, it was a mistake and I was brutal. Talk no more but lean on me."

She obeyed in silence, and slinging my horse's bridle over my arm, I led her down the road until she paused before a miserable hut, whose battered aspect and unlighted windows gave sorrowful evidence of the poverty of the inmates.

As I released her she seized my hand, and gazing up into my face appealingly, broke into a passion of tears.

"I understand you," I said. "No one shall ever know what has occurred to-night from my lips. No wrong has been done except through my violence ; and I hope that you will forgive. Now go to your father."

Waving my hand in farewell, I sprang upon my horse and rode off.

Cautious inquiry in the next town elicited the fact that the hut I had seen was occupied by an old man of the name of Windsor and his daughter Julia. They had come from the East some three years, and had seen better times. Even now, poor as they were, they preserved an aristocratic seclusion, so that their neighbors knew little about them and cared less. How they lived my informant could not guess. The father had been in feeble health for a long time, but the daughter, a fragile, delicate girl, had found the means to support him.

I had learned one of these 'means,' and I went away from the town with a deeper respect for Julia Windsor than I had ever felt for a woman.

Two years later found me established in New York. I had almost forgotten the adventure with the road agent, and should have forgotten it altogether but for the old pistol, which I still retained.

One evening, during a reception at the house of a friend, I observed among the guests a lady whose face seemed familiar to me. Where I had met her before I could not remember ; but there was something in her appearance that I recognized rather by the heart than by the mind.

On inquiring who she was I learned that she had lately returned from the West with her father, who had experienced severe reverses of fortune some years before, but had recently regained his wealth. Her name, it was told me, was Miss Lee.

I had never known any one of the name, but I certainly knew her. While I was puzzling for a solution of this enigma, one of her dark braids which covered her forehead fell aside, and I saw a small red scar upon her temple. Then I knew her. It was my would be robber, Miss Lee or Julia Windsor. I could not be mistaken in her identity.

As may be imagined, I was not long in seeking an introduction to her. If, on her part, she recognized me, she maintained her composure admirably. A small red spot, rising in her cheek and fading instantly, was the only sign of agitation that I could detect.

If I had thought her beautiful in her ragged male attire, two years before, I found her more so now. The expressions of care and grief had passed from her face, but it had left its traces in her soft eye and in the tremulous outline of her mouth. An air of quiet thoughtfulness—the repose of a soul heavily chastened with sorrow—had a supreme charm for me.

I had not been sitting near her ten minutes before it became painfully apparent to me that my life was a cold and selfish one. This beautiful girl had lived and suffered for another. If her experience had been a sad one, it had likewise been noble. Somehow my adventure with her that memorable night seemed to give me right to her regard. Perhaps it was because I had never forgotten her, and that the simple memory of her had kept her close to me.

When I left her that night it was in an unhappy state of mind. Emotions had been aroused in me that would not be put to sleep again. For the first time in my life I knew what love meant—love for a large-hearted, noble woman.

I had hoped that I had secured the means of a familiar intercourse with Miss Lee, by which I might be enabled to enlarge my acquaintance with her. But I soon found that I was mistaken. Converse with her I might, but never freely. Enter her house when and so often as I chose, but her sympathy not at all. She seemed to hold me firmly at a distance. With all my efforts, I could not even establish a cool friendship between us.

Did she remember me, then, and hate me for my knowledge of that one dark event in her past life ? It seemed so, indeed. Yet, was she blind ? Could she not see that I loved her ? Or was it because while sacrificing herself for her father's sake, I had inflicted the wound whose scar she would carry to her grave ?

Six months had elapsed before I summoned up the courage to put her feelings toward me to the test. One afternoon I entered her presence resolved to declare my love for her and abide the result. I could not be more wretched than I was, and my love for her might teach her to respect me.

She was alone when I entered. Something in my face must have alarmed her, for she arose, and would have left the room had I not called her back.

"Julia Windsor," I said, "will you not hear me ?"

'That is not my name,' she faltered, turning white.

"No ; but it was your name that night, in the far West, when you pointed a pistol at me and demanded my purse ?" Do you remember that night ?"

She made no answer for a moment but stood with her face averted ; then she turned and confronted me with a gesture of contempt.

"Yes, I do remember, she answered, passionately. "Am I likely to forget it while this remains ?" She pushed back her hair and laid her hand upon the scar upon her temple. "You struck me down, but to pay me for my wound you left your money in my pocket. It saved my father's life—for that I thank you. But you can cancel all. Go tell the world what you know. Wake the tongue of slander against me. Say that once upon a time I lived in abject poverty, under an assumed name and that to succor a perishing father I robbed passengers upon the road in mail attire. I do not fear you."

"You need fear nothing," I answered, "except that I shall love you too much for your noble sacrifice."

"Love me !" she echoed, looking at me with filling eyes. "I thought that you despised me for that act."

"Then you wronged me deeply," I returned, approaching and taking her hand. "My remembrance of that night is full of admiration and respect. Since I have known you intimately I have learned to love you—how much I have no words to express."

"Do you remember the handkerchief with which you bound my head ?" she asked. "More faithful to the spirit of that night than you I have always kept it near me. I have it now."

"Julia," said I, earnestly, "answer me, why ?"

"Because," she returned, lifting her soft eyes to mine, "I loved you from that hour. When I saw you again my love took new strength, and, though I felt that you despised me, it remained unshaken, as it shall to my dying hour.

"My darling," stooping to kiss her upturned face, "on that night you robbed me of more than my purse. You made wholly yours—my heart, life and future happiness."

Employment

The following was uttered by Daniel Webster, in a speech in the Senate of the United States. It should be an everlasting remembrance : "Sir, I say it is employment that makes the people happy. Sir, this great truth ought never to be forgotten ; it ought to be placed upon the title page of every book on political economy intended for America. It ought to be placed in every farmer's magazine and mechanic's magazine. It should be proclaimed everywhere, notwithstanding what we hear of the usefulness—and I admit the high usefulness of cheap food—notwithstanding that the great truth should be proclaimed everywhere, should be made into a proverb, if it could—that where there is work for the hands of men there will be work for their teeth. Where there is employment there will be bread. And in a country like our own, above all others, will this truth hold good—a country like ours, where, with a good deal of spirit and activity among the masses, if they can find employment, there is always great willingness for labor. If they can obtain fair compensation for their labor, they will have good houses—good clothing—good food, and the means of educating their families ; and if they have good houses, and good clothing, and good food, and means of educating their children from their labor, that labor will be cheerful, and they will be a contented and happy people.

The San Francisco *News Letter* thus refers to some to some of the latest slang : "When the young man of the period, the masher, the cigarette-puffer, desires to faintly express his emasculated sense of love or admiration, he no longer rips out a string of United States linguistic lightning rods, but faintly ejaculates, 'Say, look at her ; isn't she a daisy ? She breaks me all up, paralyzes me, and makes me tired !' The durndest clodhoppers will concede that this is infinitely more elegant than the old style : 'Gosh ! ain't she some punkins ? Knocks me stiffer than a corpse, by golly—busts the wind clean out of me !' It does not require the evidence of statistics to assert a rapid mental improvement of our youth."

One day you will be pleased with a friend, and the next disappointed in him. It will be so to the end ; and you must make up your mind to it, and not quarrel, unless for very grave causes. Your friend, you have found out, is not perfect. Nor are you ; and you cannot expect to get much more than you give. You must look for weakness, foolishness and vanity in human nature ; it is unhappy if you are too sharp in seeing them.

Couldn't Game Him.

There was a strapping big young fellow from the interior at the foot of Woodward avenue yesterday, to see the shipping. Several boot blacks had tackled him for a job in vain, and they finally got together behind some bunches of shingles and went into committee of the whole to concoct a scheme for revenge. As a result, an innocent looking sinner sidled up to the stranger and said :

"See here, Johnnie, I've made a bet with the boys."

"Wail, I don't keer," was the cold hearted answer.

I've made a bet that I kin shine one o' them shoes o' your'n in less'n four minits," continued the boy. "The bet is a quarter, and I know you'll gin me a chance to win it. Jist stick out yer foot here, and the job won't cost ye a cent."

The stranger slowly consented, and held his watch to time the work. The lad worked fast, and he had a good polish on the shoe in about three minutes. When through he rose up packed away his brushes, and the stranger found himself in just the fix the boys had planed. They expected an offer to complete the job, but it did not come. After a moment devoted to thought the young man descended the steps to the Harbor Master's boat, reached out his leg for the water, and 'souse' went the shiny shoe below the surface.

"I reckon," said the stranger, as he pulled in his leg and let half a gallon of water run out of his shoe—"I reckon you boys think you're smart, but none of our family ever mistook saleratus for salsody, and I didn't come to town to have my hair cut with a buzz saw.

The other evening, at 9 o'clock, a policeman found a family of five persons and two trunks under a shed near the foot of Second street, waiting to go up the river on a wood barge which wouldn't leave until the next forenoon. The man had both hands pressed to his face, the woman was wiping her eyes on a handkerchief, and all the children were squalling.

"What seems to be the matter ?" inquired the officer as he halted among them.

"Oh, nothing much," answered the man, "I've got the jumpin' toothache, but it allus slacks up on me about midnight."

"What ails your wife ?"

"Oh, she's kinder tired out and nervous, but as soon as she gets a good rest for her back again the woodpile she'll go to sleep and forget all about it. She's all right, she is."

"But the children are crying," continued the officer.

"Yaas, kinder crying," replied the man, "but that's nothing. That boy Augustus Cæsar, he wants a stick of gum, but he'll soon chew himself to sleep on a sliver. The next one, Charles Henry, he's howlin' 'cause I won't buy him a rockin' horse, but soon's I get time to spank him he'll curl down and go to dreamin' of angels. That gal, Minerva, has got her mouth made up for a fried cake and milk, but I'll give her a bite o' pork and bread from the trunk and she'll never know the difference. We are kinder sprawled out here, and we seem to be kinder afflicted, but we are a reg'lar happy family."—*Free Press.*

"Got 'Em."—The proprietor of a Front street saloon had a fine live turtle which he was going to have made into soup for his guests. It was under the ice box, waiting for his time to come. On Wednesday night Mr. Turtle meandered out into the bar-room, and waddled along up to where two soakers were sitting by a table taking in sustenance of a liquid nature. The turtle quietly passed under the table, and found an obstruction in the shape of a schooner made of leather, with a man's foot in the "hold." The turtle hadn't time to go round the foot so he started to climb over it. The man who owned the foot felt something and looked down. The turtle saw him and looked up with an appealing look. The man turned pale and said, "boys, take me home and send for a doctor. I've got 'em !"

Sober Thoughts.—Praise to an old man is an empty sound.

It is better to bear an injustice than to do one.

The memory of mischief is no desirable fame.

To him that lives well every form of life is good.

The torment of envy is like a grain of sand in the eye.

Those who hope for no other life are dead even for this.

Do not suffer life to stagnate ; it will grow muddy for want of motion.

To the blessed eternity itself there is no other handle than this instant.

Let us not imagine evils we do not feel, nor injure life by misapprehensions.

Talk of the bravery of the stronger sex. Do you remember the first time you asked her, "Will you take my arm ?" While you trembled all over like the aspen of a [illegible], and experienced the sensation of having swallowed your Adam's apple, what did she do ? Why, she took your arm as coolly as she would eat a pickle.

Don't Be Editors.

Boys of my audience bright-faced, aspiring youths, longing for the shortest and quickest route to fame and fortune, hear a solemn adjuration, and be warned in time: Never be editors—everybody's pecking blocks, creation's scapegoats and sway-backed, pack-mules. Deadhead tickets to circuses, dogshows and strawberry festivals—(paid for at the rate of a five dollar notice for a twenty-five cent ticket)—all are very well in their way; and daily boquets from girls who want to get their names in the papers with the stereotyped "beautiful and accomplished" formula swung to them, are "just too charming for anything," but do not let them lead you into that dingy den of inky horror, treadmill labor and squandered opportunities burlesquingly known as the editorial sanctum. Stand back. Keep out. Be bootblacks' chimney-sweeps, penitentiary birds, or members of the maniac menagerie that meets in the gorgeous whited sepulchre of a capitol at Washington. Be mud clerks on a coal barge, deck hands in a trip-factory, engineers of a one donkey power canal boat, dairy maid with an aged ox and two he goats as the stock in trade, servant girl in a poor house or orphan asylum. Be stock gamblers, railroad directors, presidents of a sausage-stuffing machine, rag venders, charcoal brawlers, or idiocy-spouting senators. But never, no never, be editors ! Never even be one editor, for a half one is three-quarters too much for any well-regulated family to have about the house.

A Very Large Envelope.

The earth—this big round earth on which we live—is provided with two envelopes. The first, which it must be confessed, does not fit very well, is made of water ; the water on our oceans, seas, lakes and rivers. The outer envelope which is a perfect fit, for it leaves not the smallest needle point of the earth's surface without its protection, is air. The earth's inner or water envelope is in places very thick ; for there are portions of the oceans that have sounded to a depth of four miles. To help us to know how deep this is we may think of some place that is just four miles distant from the place where we live, and then imagine that the distance, instead of stretching out before us over hill and valley, is just going down, down, only straight down, and then think of the number of stairs or rounds in a ladder which it would require to enable us to descent that distance. In this way we may form some faint idea of the ocean's depth. But whenever we try to think of the height of the air that is above us such comparison becomes impossible, for the height of the air straight up, and up above us, is more than nine times as great as the depth of the deepest measured part of the ocean.

Hoof Hints.—Nature's marvelous hand-work is nowhere shown to a better advantage than in the human foot. It is a wonderful structure, each bone having its part to do, its portion of the burden to bear, and so perfect is the adjustment that no undue strain can come on any part so long as the foot is kept in the position which nature intended. The instep is an arch. Now an arch, to be strong and stable, must rest on abutments which are level. So nature designed that the arch of the instep should rise from the ball of the foot on one side and from the heel on the other, and that these two resting points should be on a level. But in comes fashion, with short [illegible] as high heels which raise one end of the arch and throw the weight upon the other. Is it strange that the little bones of the feet are forced out of place, that the strain is unevenly distributed, and that pain and suffering ensue ? We call the Chinese custom of pinching and deforming the feet "barbarous." It is not a particle more barbarous than is the growing custom among American women of wearing those monstrously unnatural things called "French heels." Wear broad soles and low heels if you want the blessings of comfort and health.

[illegible]—Long [illegible] long essays, long exhortations and long prayers seldom profit those who have to do them. Life is short. Time is short. Moments are precious. We can bear things that are dull if they are only short. We can endure many an ache and ill if it is over soon, while even pleasure grows insipid and pain intolerable if they are protracted beyond the limits of reason and [illegible]. [illegible] to be short. Top off the [illegible], and be the main fact in your case. If you pray, ask for what you need and get through ; if you speak, tell your message and hold your peace ; boil down two sentences into one and three words into two. Always when practicable, avoid longwindedness—learn to be short.

What is the difference between a champion liar and a lion ? Not any. They are both lion all the time.

Whisky is now made from leather, and this may perhaps explain why so many persons who drink arose after [illegible].

Laps at Picnics.

The lap is unquestionably a most useful and admirable organ. When expanded, the lap will admirably hold fifteen quarts of chestnuts, peaches, apples, or other desirable fruit, and there have been women whose laps would hold the entire supply of hairpins required for their back hair, though, of course, laps of these enormous dimensions are somewhat rare. It is, however, at picnics and tea parties that the splendid capabilities of the female lap are especially displayed. It is an easy matter for a lady, while engaged on a picnic, to hold a plate of salad, another of pickled oysters, a third of ice cream and a fourth of cake, together with a cup of coffee, on her lap at one and the same time. In feats of this kind the female lap is unique. The young man who undertakes to hold food on his knees invariably comes to grief. The utmost he can hope to do is to balance, for a brief period, a plate of salad on the ridge of his legs, from which it sooner or later slips, with the most painful consequences. As for holding a teacup or coffee cup on his knees, he recognizes the utter impossibility of the thing. His only resource is to deposit it on the floor, or on the grass close by his side, after which he usually steps on it, or at least kicks it over. This indicates in the clearest possible manner that man is not by nature a picnicking animal. Without laps, picnics are dangerous to the integrity of trousers and legs, and there is no way in which art can remedy the masculine deficiency of laps. Let women go to picnics if they choose. They can do so without doing violence to their clothing ; but man is flying in the face of nature when he undertakes to sit on the grass and to manage six different kinds of food. It is true that picnics consisting of women alone would not be popular. Young men are needed both to eat the legs of chickens and to go a mile and a half in the sun to bring water for the lemonade.

Gaudy Denizens of the Deep

A naturalist writing from the islands off the coast of southern Florida tells us of some of the strange and brightly and beautifully colored fish and other creatures that inhabit those bright waters. The bright colors of the angel fish when alive, he writes, if they do not exceed the most brilliant plumage of the Brazilian humming bird, the rainbow tints are pale in comparison. They seem to me to have more expression in their countenance than any other fish. I always fancy as they swim towards me that there is almost a smile ; there certainly is an amiable air corresponding with their name. They have a somewhat [illegible] and careful style of swimming, with their long [illegible] fins trailing after them, as they glide in and out among the coral branches with perfect ease and grace, often reminding one of some of the graceful [illegible] tribe—if we could imagine the [illegible] swimming without flapping the plumage.

The angel fish is of a broad [illegible] shape, and remarkable for its [illegible] [illegible] extremity. The fore[head] is very [illegible] and as it approaches one, is to me the greatest attraction. A band of deep [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible], extending backward and along the [illegible] [illegible] gradually emerging into a rich golden—yellow tail in the middle. But what an exquisite tone. Did any one ever see such shade ? It is [illegible] in silk or satin, and many a young lady would be happy to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. One of these beauties I have seen with a crescent—shaped heart marking across its body, and with the same tint time running on the tips of its gill covers.

Caution Against Lightning.

People generally suppose that there is no danger to be apprehended from lightning until there have been sharp reports of thunder quickly following the flash, and indicating a near [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] When the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], of Massachusetts the great [illegible] of the Revolution, was killed, it is said that but a single bolt fell from the cloud during the shower. He had often expressed a wish for a sudden death, and had remarked that when his time should come, he should prefer to be struck dead instantaneously by lightning. During he was standing in his front door watching a small cloud which had arisen and from which rain drops had begun to fall. There was a single flash and he lay lifeless on the floor in accordance with his [illegible] expressed preference. Numerous other cases could be cited showing it is not safe at any time during a thunder shower to stand by an open window or door.

Though he has no choice of occupations the laborer [illegible] takes his pick.

No sensible woman uses high-heeled shoes on her children. She uses a slipper.

Round waists are coming into fashion again. This is as [illegible] of fashion [illegible] [illegible] to say.

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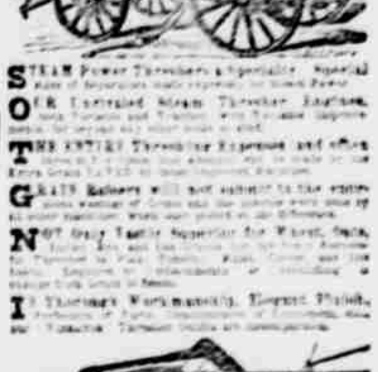

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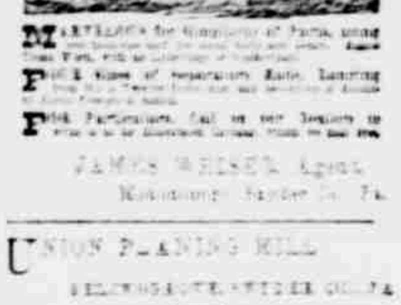

MARVELOUS for Simplicity of Parts, using [illegible]

FOUR Sizes of Separators Made, Ranging [illegible]

FOR Particulars, Call on our Dealers or [illegible]

JAMES WEISER, Agent
Middleburg, Snyder Co., Pa.

UNION PLANING MILL
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Doors, Door Frames, Windows, Shutters, Window Frames, Blinds, Sash, Stair Fixtures, Hand Railings, Brackets, Mouldings, Flooring, SCROLL SAWING & GENERAL TURNING, Shingles, Lath, &c., &c.

[illegible]

The Purest Perfume

[illegible]

OH! MY BACK!

HUNT'S REMEDY [illegible] Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, [illegible] HUNT'S REMEDY [illegible]

[illegible]

Respectfully Yours, [illegible]

HUNT'S REMEDY

[illegible]

Sold by all Druggists.

W[E] keep on hand all kinds of Goods such as [illegible]

[illegible]