The Post.

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Poetry.

My Loss.

Day after day, while at my window sitting,
I see the children at their play near by
Like butterflies in summer gardens flitting,
They hover round beneath my watchful eye.

The little girls, with flushed and merry faces,
Glance at me shyly for my answering smile,
And tempt me with their most alluring graces
To put sad thoughts away while they beguile.

Blonde hair and brown in soft confusion blending,
Black eyes and blue upturned to meet my gaze,
Roses both white and pink their contrast lending,
To add new beauty to the wildering maze.

But when they one by one, tired out with playing,
Steal slowly homeward through the sunset light,
Memory goes back beyond the dark years, straying
Among the days of yore that seem so bright.

Picture my head, a radiant, golden splendor
Shines from the west across the pictured wall,
And glorifies a face divinely tender,
With bronze-brown hair waved round it fall on fall;

With violet eyes so winsome in their sweetness,
That mine grow smiling spite of grief and pain,
With curved lips, the seal of love's completeness;
Oh, Heaven, could I but press them once again.

In vain I watch and wait, she will come only
When night has cast her spell on sea and shore;
Then when I sleep and dream, no longer lonely,
She comes to feed my hungry heart once more.

'Tis then and only then that I behold her;
Her dear voice floats around me soft and low:
'Tis then, and only then, my arms enfold her,
The little girl I lost so long ago.

—Boston Transcript.

Select Tale.

THE HEART OF ICE.

The winter's day was drawing to a close, and the black shades of a snowy night were setting in.

In the silent seclusion of a deep and lonely glen, far from any other habitation, and some length from the public road, stood a small cottage, known as the Glen Farmhouse, the property of Ralph Granite, who resided there with his wife, and had done so for thirty years.

He was a cold, hard man—cold and hard as the name he bore.

Mary Granite, his wife, was the exact reverse, with a motherly face and a warm and tender heart.

On this bleak night of December, this night of storm, wind and snow, Granite and his wife were quietly seated in the large, homely kitchen.

At last Mrs. Granite, dropping her knitting in her lap, broke the silence of the room.

"I wonder where Alice is to-night, Ralph?"

"What do you care where she is, eh?" roughly exclaimed the farmer, looking up from his paper with a dark frown.

"A night of storm never comes but I think of my poor girl! It was on such a night as this that she left our home, and to-night I have such a strange feeling at my heart."

"Banish her from your thoughts as *I* have done—the disobedient girl.

"Oh, Ralph, Ralph, it is unfatherly to talk thus! Remember that she is your daughter, my child—the only child God ever gave us."

And tears came rushing to the poor mother's eyes.

"What claim has she on us now? A very dutiful daughter she proved, didn't she?" cried the father, bitterly. "When Alice disobeyed me by marrying that fop, George Conway, I tore her face and memory out of my heart."

"Alice was never a disobedient child—never, never!" wept the mother. "She loved a man who loved her truly. She came to you and told you all; he, too, came and asked your consent, to marry Alice. What was your answer? You refused, insulted him, and thrust him from your house."

"As I'd do again," muttered the farmer between his clenched teeth.

"They were married in the village church," went on Mrs. Granite, "and took the night train for the city two long years ago. From that time to this her fate and whereabouts have been a mystery, and she has never written to me."

"Yes, she wrote," said Ralph Granite, his face growing still harder. "She sent two or three letters after she went away, but I destroyed them the moment I received them."

"And you never told me." Oh, Ralph, Ralph, that was cruel!"

"Not more so than her disobedience to her father's wishes. Come wife, drop the subject."

Some more silence reigned in the farmer's cottage.

[illegible] came and the storm raged with redoubled fury.

[illegible] sat with folded arms [illegible]

their candle, and securely fastening the door, took their way up to their chamber above the kitchen.

They had scarcely entered the apartment when a pitiful cry was wafted to their ears from without.

Mr. Granite raised the window and put his head out.

"Who's there?" he asked, trying to penetrate the darkness.

"A poor woman who has lost her way in the night and storm," said the sorrowful voice.

"Where do you want to go?"

"*I* want to reach the village, but I'm not able to walk any further. Won't you give me shelter. Pray do—only till morning!" spoke the wanderer out in that awful storm.

"Poor thing!" cried Granite's wife. "I'll go down and open the door."

"No you won't,"

And the farmer stayed his wife; then said to the woman:

"You follow the road a couple of miles and you'll reach the village. We don't take in wanderers."

He shut down the window, and his wife fell into a chair weeping.

"Ralph, Ralph!" she cried, thro' her tears, "your heart is ice! The poor woman will perish!"

The farmer made no answer, but retired to bed.

Man without a heart, sleep on, for it is the last night of peaceful slumber that ever will visit your pillow. The morrow's dawn will bring to your house a horror that will blight, darken, and shadow your future on earth; it will rend your icy heart as it was never rent before!

And the poor woman of the storm, where was she? Out on the lonely road, where snow lay in drifts, and the wind tore by. On, on, her step faltered, she stopped, then fell.

Fierce howled the wind, heavier fell the snow, and on the roadside started up a face; white as the snow that surrounded it, the face of the strange woman, rigid in death, in her shroud of snow.

Morning dawned, with a blue sky, a genial sun, and a snow clad country.

Farmer Granite and his wife were eating breakfast.

The farmer's face wore a strange look, and his wife was puzzled.

"Wife," said he, after finishing his breakfast, and pushing back his chair, "do you know what I'm going to do to-day?"

"No."

"Well, then, I'm going to write to the city and ask both Alice and her husband to come out here."

"Are you really in earnest?"

"Yes, wife. I've been a stern father long enough. I'm going to make up with Alice and her husband."

Mrs. Granite's joy was unbounded. The heart of ice was melted at last.

"I wonder what become of that poor woman who came to our door last night?"

"Oh, she's in the village now, in all probability."

A pain, heavy and sharp, seemed to catch his breath.

Why did he start and seize the back of his chair to keep himself from falling?

Four men were coming up the path—four neighbors carrying between them a plank, with something on it.

They entered the farmer's kitchen and laid the burden on the floor.

The farmer and his wife were pale as the dead face before them.

"A woman, Mr. Granite," explained one of the men, "a woman as was found by us four this morning, up yonder on the road. She's quite dead, sir."

"Why—why did you bring her here?" gasped the farmer.

"'Cause I thought as how her face looked like—like—"

A wild shriek came from Mrs. Granite, who dropped on her knees and tore the covering off the face of the dead woman.

A cry of agony and horror came from the farmer, as the dead face, with its open, glassy eyes, stared up at him.

"Good *Heaven*!" he cried, covering his eyes, and staggering back wards.

"It is Alice—our Alice—whom you refused to shelter last night! Oh, Ralph, it is the vengeance of Heaven!"

A moan, and Mrs. Granite fell to the floor in a swoon.

"Our Alice!" moaned the stricken father, kneeling at his dead daughter's side, and parting the frozen hair from the white temple. "Our Alice, whose brightness I have so longed for; and I—I killed her! I was going to write for you to-day, Alice. It's too late now!"

His mind was giving way under the awful shock.

A letter was in the post office, and had lain therefor two weeks past. One day after Alice had been laid in the churchyard, Mrs. Granite received and read it.

It was dated from the city, and from her daughter, telling that her husband had failed in business and died, and that she was coming home—coming back to the place where she was born, for her heart was broken, and prayed that her father might forgive her.

The letter was received too late.

It is evening, and the little churchyard of the village is [illegible]

[illegible]

the earth, and the little slab contains three names—Ralph and Mary Granite, and Alice, their daughter.

Husband, wife and daughter sleep together now, under the shade of the churchyard willow.

Longevity Notes.

John Battle died in Montreal the other day, aged 112.

Robert Kidd, 105 years old, is the oldest man in Texas.

Mary Fernay died in Little Valley N. Y., at the age of 105.

Samuel Losey recently died in Pike township, Pa., aged 107.

Margaret McMahon died in Durham, England, in her 113th year.

Aunt Sarah *Hicks*, in the county hospital in Flatbush, L. I., is 104.

Clara Claire, of New Orleans, was burned to death at the age of 108.

Luke Coerville, 102 years old, hanged himself in a pig-pen on a poor farm.

Thurlow Weed saw the first steamboat and rode in the first steam railway train.

A pupil in the Carsonville (Ga.) school is eighty-two years old. She is a negress.

After living more than a century, a Michigan man committed suicide by hanging.

Andrew Jung, ninety-three years old, of Columbia, Pa., served under the first Napoleon.

Lucy Kurney, of Lansing, *Mich.*, was fifty-five years a slave and over sixty years free.

Rouns Kemp, ninety-six years old of Galloway, Ky., married Mary Bridges, aged sixteen.

Over a century ago Ann Gollins, of Paris, Ky., was born. She remembers Washington.

Diana Dorsey, of Springfield, Florida, was supposed to be 115 years of age when she died.

Mary Donohue, whose grandfather died in his 121st year, recently died in New York aged 112.

Peleg Sprague, of Maine, is ninety years old, and blind. He was a United States Senator in 1823.

James Smith, of Somerset county, N. J., now 109 years old, was sold as a slave thirty years ago for fifty cents.

Thomas Howe, of Barrington, N. H., lately made a marriage proposal to a lady eighty-five years old and fifteen years his junior.

A negro died not long ago in New Haven, Conn., leaving a family of orphans from sixty to eighty years old. The father was 108.

The eleven daughters of the late Robert Johnson, of Middletown, Conn., are alive, the youngest over fifty years old, the oldest over eighty.

Armstrong Porter, of Luzerne, Pa., died last month aged ninety-eight. He voted for Thomas Jefferson for President, and for Samuel J. Tilden for the same office.

Although 103 years of age, Jane Gilbert, who is living at 26 Vine street, Baltimore, is in excellent health. She remembers the bombardment of Fort McHenry and saw George Washington once.

A North Carolina couple, who are each over ninety years of age, desire to die at the same hour. They have completed their funeral outfit even to their tombstones. They live in Iredell county.

Sir Moses Montefiore, the eminent Jewish banker, is in his ninety-seventh year. He served as sheriff of London and Middlesex in 1837, the years of the queen's accession to the throne, and was knighted by her majesty that year.

A Humorist's Dinner.

"Twenty minutes for dinner," shouted the brakeman, as we approached Lathrop.

Arriving there, I entered the dining room and inquired of the waiter: "What do you have for dinner?"

"Twenty minutes," was the hurried reply. I told him I would try half a dozen minutes on the half shell, just to see how they went. Told him to make a minute of it on his books. He scratched his head, trying to comprehend the order, but gave it up and gazed on some one else.

I approached a man who stood near the door with a lot of silver in his hand:

"What do you have for dinner?"

"Half a dollar," says he.

I told him I would take half a dollar well done. I asked him if he couldn't give me, in addition, a boiled pocket book stuffed with greenbacks, and some seven-thirties garnished with postage stamps and ten cent scrip; also a Confederate bond, done brown, with lemon alone. And I would like to wash my dinner down with national bank notes on "draft."

He said they were out of everything but the bank notes, and that as soon as the train left he would order the waiter to "draw" some.

The one unsatisfactory thing about [illegible] to some women will [illegible] they get into their angel [illegible] can't join the dress-[illegible] the fit and say the back [illegible]

He Was in No Hurry.

He was a man who looked as if he took life easy—one of those sort of men who seem to be always half inclined to die to save the trouble of breathing.

He sauntered into a doctor's office the other day, as if time hung with leaden weight upon his hands.

"Doctor in?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the trim maid servant.

"Awake?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right; just tell him I'd like to see him. If he was asleep, I was going to tell you not to disturb him. Is he at breakfast?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll wait till he gets through."

He waited for about half an hour. At the end of that time the doctor appeared, hurriedly wiping his mouth with his handkerchief.

The man was leisurely examining an album on the centre-table.

"Good-day, sir," smiled the doctor.

"Ah, good day; nice day."

"Beautiful."

"Remarkable day for this season of the year."

"Yes, sir."

"Good for crops."

"Probably."

"Sorter looks like rain, though, in the east?"

The doctor assented.

The caller began on another subject and said that grass was better than it had been for many previous years.

What on earth can the fellow want?" reflected the doctor, and he determined to sound him.

"Are you ailing, sir?" he asked.

"Oh, no!"

"Your wife?"

"Bless me, no."

"Then," queried the doctor, in desperation, "what do you want of me?"

"Oh I just called to remark," replied the man, as he got up, "that my mother-in law was taken violently with the fits this morning, and if you could just drop around to the house some time during the day, with out inconvniencing yourself any it might sort of reassure the old lady."

Elimination.

Our bodies are in a state of incessant waste and repair. A countless millions of points old material is being used up and instantly replaced by new material that is as instantly cast aside.

For this reason it is true not only that one's body is wholly changed every year, but that it is not the same at two successive moments. Hence the importance of eliminating organs, to drain off this dead matter.

Arterial blood furnishes all the new material, while the old is brought away in the veins, from which, it having been eliminated, the residue returns to the heart purified for further use.

The eliminating organs are the lungs, liver, kidneys and skin. The lungs eliminate carbonic acid—the most abundant of all the waste; the liver, cholesterine—waste of the brain and nerves; the kidneys, the waste of the muscles, the skin, more or less of carbon, but especially the salts of the system.

If any eliminating organ is inactive or diseased, so as to be unable to perform its office properly, the effete matter is left in the blood, to accumulate in the circulation, except that some one or more of the other eliminating organs come to the help of the former.

The skin often does so much of this vicarious work that a single glance at the diseased man's face will sometimes enable the physician to know what eliminating organ is diseased or torpid. This waste matter left in the system results in various diseases—sometimes in blindness, sometimes in ulcers and various eruptions, and often in death, the system becoming at length fatally poisoned with it.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Nation's Boarding School.

Here are some of the nation's scholars, with their virtues.

Dela Ware—A petite damsel generally talkative, but who last year was peerless.

Mary Land—National. Always with an ocean before her.

Minnie Sota—The flour of the school.

Flori Day—Displays great taste in her arrangements.

Carrie Lina—To memory dear, yet ever for cotton.

Louisa Anna—A sorrowful maiden. Her lasses are found in tierces.

Mrs Ippi—It is her namesake, not herself, which has the big mouth.

MissOuri—Likes company. Misery always likes company.

Ida Ho—A near relative of "Whoa Hama."

Miss Chigan—The "sweet singer."

Allie Bama—A tom boy—she belongs to the sunny clime.

A Middlesex man, on a wager, ate nine pounds of pie. At the Washington hog-killing [illegible] pounds [illegible] pounds [illegible]

Burdette's Advice to a Young Man.

My son, enjoy yourself. Have a good time; pleasure is eminently right and proper, but a good time isn't secured by a headache that lasts all the next day. The simplest pleasures are the most lasting. After you have spent two years in Europe, you will come back and sit down by your own fireside and think of a picnic you went to down at the Cascade one afternoon in June, that cost you just sixty-five cents. The 'good times' that you daren't take your wife to, my son, that you would lie about rather than have your sister know about them, the 'goodness' of them never comes back to refresh you and gladden your heart does the memory of that sixty five cent picnic, when you chattered nonsense with the girl you loved, and laughed just as the leaves rustled, because you couldn't help it. The 'good time' that wakes it, the morning and wonders where it was and who saw it and where all its money is gone; the good time that tails itself off with a headache, there's precious little fun in that. And it only takes a little bitterness of that kind to poison and cloud the memories of her past. It doesn't take many such 'good times' my boy, to mingle tears with your bread and gall with your drink. The sting is the smallest part of the bee, but when you pick him up by it, though the rest of the bee were as large as an omnibus horse, yet would the sting outweigh all the good sweet, harmless honey-laden portion of the bee, and you would think about it oftener and longer.

A Glance at the Algerians.

They are the Yankees of Africa, these Algerians. Full of chatter, suspicion, curiosity, narrowness of nature, poverty of possessions, ingenious, tricky, cute, sharp at swapping, sparse at swearing, and with a capacity for flat dispeptic pies that would arouse the jealousy of an army of "Solon Shingles!" They are, however, a singularly attractive people if you want to paint pictures, but a most repulsive lot if you have to pay bills. Some of the women are pretty and most of them slovenly. French vices and no national virtues of any kind, mark the rising generation of 'young Algeria' particularly the fop of this place. He is lavish in Oriental costume finery, with his stockings hanging down over the heels of his embroidered slippers. He speaks bad French, smokes a species of dried hay called tobacco, and takes to coffee one per cent. above axle grease mixed with muddy molasses. Beyond this he does nothing but gamble away his father's last penny or his mother's pocket-money—if mother or money exist. He is a compound of an incurable Washington loafer mixed with a Fifth avenue second class beau, and both materially uneducated.

Arabian Proverbs.

Without powder a gun is only a rod.

If your stomach is not strong, do not eat roaches.

If one cannot build a house, he builds a shed.

A bald-headed person does not care for a razor.

The thread is quite accustomed to follow the path of the needle.

The sole of the foot is exposed to all the filth of the road.

The pot lid is always badly off; the pot gets the sweat and the lid gets the steam.

He who waits for chance will have to wait a year.

The new Queen of Spain wears no earrings.

Old maids are very numerous in England.

A dentist's sign—Drawing, music and dancing.

Texas has almost stopped horse racing by fixing a tax upon it.

Leadville has two coroners, one for day and one for night work.

The high price of cotton may affect the batting of the base ball clubs next season.

Door bells are not favored in Leadville. If a man is too proud to kick the door in he's too high-toned for that locality.

A starved tramp said he was so thin that when he had a pain he couldn't tell whether it was a stomach ache or a back ache.

A Western editor says one hug is worth a dozen love letters, and they cannot be introduced as evidence in a breach of promise suit.

The preacher who preaches that contentment is better than riches, ought to be contented when his contribution box returns empty.

It is said that Edison's light will burn under water as well as above it and there is no longer any need of feeling around in the dark for fish.

A Bellefonte man's nightmare turned out to be the shadow of his wife's foot on the bedroom wall, instead of an unearthly monster with five horns.

Baron Nathan Rothschild, of London, pays the cook $8,000 a year.

The Four Seasons.

I

In the balmy April weather,
My love, you know,
When the corn began to grow,
What walks we took together,
What sighs we breathed together,
What vows we pledged together,
In the days of long ago!

II

In the golden Summer weather,
My love, you know,
When the mowers went to mow,
What home we built together,
What babes we watched together,
What plans we planned together,
While the skies were all aglow!

III

In the rainy Autumn weather,
My love, you know,
When the winds began to blow,
What tears we shed together,
What mounds we heaped together,
What hopes we lost together,
When we laid our darlings low!

IV

In the wild and Winter Weather,
My love, you know,
With our heads as white as snow,
What prayers we pray together,
What fears we share together,
What heaven we seek together,
For our time has come to go!

—Theodore Tilton.

French Detective Trick.

A few days since a young man dressed in the height of fashion came with all the other travelers, out of the train which had just reached Paris from Brussels. He had scarcely quitted the car when he was accosted courteously: "Do you wish a porter sir?" the very thing I was looking for. Will you take this valise and show me the way to Hotel de la Roumania, Boulevard St. Michel. As this is my first visit to Paris, I prefer going there on foot." At your service, sir," On they trudged. When they had crossed Pont St. Michel the porter, instead of following Boulevard duPalais, turned to the left, went down Quai de l, Horologe and entered the Prefecture of Police. *He* said to the owner of the valise: "I am going to introduce you to the master of the house," as he ushered him into the office of the head detective. The latter no sooner laid eyes on the stranger than he said: "Why, good day, Mons. Vauwater. You have just come from Antwerp. have just come from Antwerp' where you have stolen a large sum of money You have already spent five years in jail for a similar crime. What on earth possessed you to wan't to put up at the Hotel de al Roumania where lodgings are dear, when you knew I had a chamber at your disposal for which I would not charge one cent?" The thief was put in a cell until the legal papers to warrant his extradition reached Paris.

Manna.

All our domestic duties should be regulated by the gospel.

Christians should mutually help one another by instruction and admonition.

If a Christian's cross is heavy he has not to carry it far, as there is one ever willing to take the heavier end.

Happy are they who think seriously of the truths of religion; but far more happy are they who feel and love them.

The only cure for indolence is work; the only cure for selfishness is sacrifice; the only cure for unbelief is to shake off the ague of doubt by *doing* Christ's bidding; the only cure for timidity is to plunge into some dreaded duty before the chill comes on.

He who climbs above the cares of the world and turns his face to his God, has found the sunny side of life. The world's side of the hill is chill and freezing to a spiritual mind, but the Lord's presence gives a warmth of joy which turns winter into summer.—*Spurgeon.*

The monotony of man's life is generally due to the fact that he has no change.

It is too late for a boy to be good and repent of his sins when he finds himself on thin ice.

The difficulties of Scripture destory none who would not have been destroyed without them.

There is nobody so weak of invention that cannot make some little stories to villify his enemy.

Adam means red, and yet it would mad a black-haired girl for you to say that not Adam hair grew on her head.

There is no rational principle by which a man can die contented, but trust in the mercy of God through the merit of Christ.

When a christian goes into the world because he sees it his call, yet while he feels it also his cross, it will not hurt him.

Now that everything is advancing delinquent subscribers will please follow suit. Advance to the office and pay the printer.

A drunken man at Fort Worth, Texas, entered a circus and patted the big lion on the head. The arm he has left will do to turn a hand organ.

John Edgcitt, 12 years old, has been wanted from his home in Altoona, Pa., and his parents are [illegible]

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