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# The Post.

VOL. 17. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., APRIL 22, 1880. NO. 43

**Poetry.**

### Woman's Work.

Darning little stockings
For restless little feet;
Washing little faces
To keep them clean and sweet;
Hearing Bible lessons;
Teaching catechism;
Praying for salvation
From heresy and schism—
Woman's work.

Sewing on buttons;
Overseeing rations;
Soothing with a kind word
Others' lamentations.
Guiding clumsy Bridgets,
And coaxing sullen cooks;
Entertaining company,
And reading recent books—
Woman's work.

Burying out of sight
Her own unchanging smarts;
Letting in the sunshine
On other clouded hearts;
Binding up the wounded,
And healing of the sick;
Bravely marching onward,
Through dangers dark and thick—
Woman's work.

Leading little children
And blessing manhood's years;
Showing to the sinful
How *God's* forgiveness cheers;
Scattering sweet roses
Along another's path,
Sailing by the wayside,
Content with what she hath—
Woman's work.

Letting fall her own tears
Where only God can see,
Wiping off another's
With tender sympathy,
Learning by experience;
Teaching by example;
Yearning for the gateway,
Golden, pearly, ample—
Woman's work.

Lastly cometh silence,
A day of deep repose—
Her locks smoothly braided,
Upon her breast a rose,
Lashed resting gently
Upon the marble cheeks;
A look of blessed peace
Upon the forehead meek!

Pale hands softly folded,
The kindly pulse is still;
The noble heart no thrill;
Her couch needs no soothing,
She craveth for no care;
Love's tenderest entreaty
Wakes no response there.

Fresh grave in the valley,
Tears, bitter sobs, regrets;
One more solemn lesson
That life may not forget,
Face forever hidden,
Race forever run—
"Dust to dust" a voice hath said,
And woman's work is done.

### I Didn't Mean to tell.

Yes, my lips to-night have spoken
Words I said they should not speak!
And I would I could recall them—
Would I had not been so weak.
Oh, that one unguarded moment!
Were it mine to live again,
All the strength of its temptation
Would appeal to me in vain.

True my lips have only uttered
What is ever in my heart,
I am happy when beside you,
Wretched when we are apart;
Though I listen to your praises
Always longer than I should,
Yet my heart can never hear them
Half as often as it would!

And I would not, could not pain you;
Would not for the world offend;
I would have you know I like you
As a brother, as a friend;
But I meant to keep one secret
In my bosom always hid;
For I never meant to tell you
That I loved you—but I did.

**Select Tale.**

## Dolly and I.

When I first started in life it was in the very small establishment of Mr. Brusle, stationer.

It was not a very remunerative situation, but old Mr. Brusle was a kind old man, Mrs. Brusle a nice, talkative old lady, and Dolly Brusle often came into the shop and stood behind the counter beside me.

Dear little Dolly; she had brown eyes, and a dimple on her chin, and sang like a prima donna,

Old Mr. Brusle and my father had been friends, and I was not a servant only, but a privileged friend as well, and all the excuse I needed for staying every night was given in the words, "I want to hear the singing."

"Well, any one might have wanted to hear it for that matter—not merely a boy who was in love.

Things went on in this way for three years, when, one afternoon, old Mr. Brusle, shutting the drawers of his desk with a bang, said:

"It's no use, Tom, I may as well give in. I'm not making a penny, and I shall break up the business. The old woman and I can manage on what we have, with only one child, and I rest and stop fidgeting. I suppose Dolly can teach a little, too, and she can have some finery in that way. But the old shop is a mockery, and I've known it a good while."

So that was the end of that Arcadian time.

The stock and fixtures were sold out, and the shop was altered into a parlor, and I wrote to my uncle in London, who had promised to take me into his business if I wished it, and he telegraphed:

"Come next week."

And then one day I asked Dolly to walk down into the meadows and see if the blackberries were ripe.

We took two little baskets, and the berries were hanging plump and large, and purple-black; but before we picked one I drew her to a quiet place under a great chestnut and put my arms about her waist, and said:

"Dolly, you know just how I feel to you, don't you? You know I love you."

She nestled up to me a little closer, and I took both her hands in mine.

"Will you wait for me a little while, Dolly?" I said. "Will you think that I am doing my best all the time to bring the day nearer when I can ask your father to give you to me?"

"Yes, Tom, I'll wait."

And then we picked the blackberries and went home again through the meadows.

"We'll not speak of it yet, Tom," said Dolly. "At home, I mean; they think me such a child yet I don't want to break the charm. In time they'll guess that I'm a woman, and they like you, Tom."

The evening passed swiftly. I arose to go.

"God bless you!" said the old man.

I pressed my lips to Dolly's forehead.

In that moment of parting the old folks thought it only natural.

And then I was gone.

My trunk had been at the station for hours.

I heard the whistle of the train; I saw the red glare of the monster's eye; I heard the snort and the tramp.

*He* was ready for me, and the city and its whirl awaited me.

For awhile I was bewildered in the city, then very busy, then flushed with the prospect of being rapidly advanced and of being able to ask Dolly to be my wife sooner than I expected.

I wrote her joyous letters.

She wrote pleasant ones back to me.

We did not make them open love letters, but both understood the love at the bottom of them.

And so the months glided on.

For the first half year I had no holiday.

Then a grudgingly given week was granted me, and I visited my friends and had a glorious time.

Dolly was lovlier than ever.

She walked over to the station with me when I left, leaning on my arm.

The train had not come in yet—the one for London, but the other had set down some passengers from the city.

One, a stout gentleman of 35, dressed in fine style, having given his portmanteau to porter, advanced to Dolly.

"*How* do you do, Miss Brusle?" said he.

She held out her hand shyly.

"How do you do, Mr. Holly? Tom, this is Mr. Holly, Mr. Holly, Mr. Hearn.

He bowed; so did I. But the fellow had such an air with him that I hated him.

How did she know him?

I had never seen him before.

"Who is he?" asked I in a whisper, as the porter called Mr. Holly back for directions.

"He has something to do with the opera, I think," said Dolly.

Then came the shriek of the whistle at the station.

On thundered the train.

"All in for London!" yelled a voice,

"Good-bye, Tom," said Dolly.

"Good-bye," said *I*, but I stared at Mr. Holly.

"You'll be left, Tom," said Dolly.

*I* hurried away.

I found a seat.

I thrust my head out of the window.

Dolly was walking away on Mr. Holly's arm, and his head was very close to her's—very.

I made a fool of myself next day.

I wrote Dolly an indignant letter.

She wrote me a spirited answer.

I demanded an explanation as to how she came to know Holly in the next letter; and before any answer came to this, old Mrs. Brusle walked into our place, with her shopping bag in hand one morning.

"I want you to take me to some nice shop. Tom." she said, "if you can spare an hour or so. I am going to buy a black dress or Dolly and she told me to tell you all about it, as you seemed to be upset."

I asked the permission necessary, and called a cab.

Once within it, the old lady began.

"You see, Dolly will need to be dressed handsomely. She starts next month. It's settled, you know, between her and Mr Holly."

"Settled?" I said.

"Yes," said the old lady, "I knew you'd be pleased with the good news. She was singing in the choir and he happened to go to their church, and he asked an introduction and got it, and called the next day."

"It's very sudden; but she would not engage herself to him without our consent: and it's such a fine thing that we can't refuse. And so we consented."

"She'll feel homesick, no doubt, away from us; but we mustn't think of that. I'll try not to," and then the old lady put her 'kerchief to her eyes.

"She told you to tell me?" I said.

"Oh, yes," said the old lady.

My heart was on fire and my blood was boiling; but I made no sign.

"You stay in the city to-night, don't you?" I asked.

She said she would, and gave me the number of her stopping place.

After the shopping was over I went home and took from my trunk a little pack of letters, a lock of hair, a ribbon—heaven knows what trashy bits of love treasure—put them in a large business envelope and went over to the old lady with them.

"Tell Dolly that I sent that, and wish her all the happiness she deserves," said I.

The old lady heard no sarcasm in my voice.

"I will, Tom," she said, "and do come and see us soon. We'll be lonely without her."

So it was over, and the thing that was most terrible to dream of had fallen on me.

And Dolly wrote no letter and made no sign.

It was thought she was dead; and she was dead to me.

*I* made no confidants, and I worked as hard as ever.

The work of a wholesale woolen house does not slacken because a clerk is crossed in love or jilted.

Bales and boxes and bundles went out and came in just the same; and what did it matter if I looked pale and lost my appetite so that I did my figuring and writing correctly?

But one day as I looked up from a box I had been marking I saw a sight that made me sick with rage.

Holly, and no one else, with his light side whiskers and glossy hat and marvelously square shoulders.

*He* was talking to my uncle and appeared to be on intimate terms with him.

I stood still and stared at him.

In a few minutes he saw me, and putting up his eye-glass he bowed.

I made no bow in return.

Then he came across the room.

"I don't think it's a mistake," said he. "I met you at the station with Miss Brusle."

"I remember," I said.

"She's very well, and in a flutter, of course," said he. "I suppose you have had letters?"

"Excuse me, I'm needed elsewhere," I said and dashed away.

An hour after, my uncle coming across me said: "Do you know Holly, Tom? He's not a bad fellow though a bit of a puppy. He's made a good bit of money in the theatrical line—manager and all that, you know. Married a sort of a cousin of my wife's two years ago, so we're a little social."

"Is he a married man?"

"Yes; why not?"

"Uncle Harold, you must let me run up to Hamilton to-night. It's a life and death matter. I must go."

"What's the matter, Tom?" said my uncle.

"*I* can't tell you, but I must go," *I* replied.

"Then you must. Don't be longer than you can help," he said.

If he had not known how long every moment seemed to me he might have spared me the warning.

I traveled on the night train and reached the dear little brown cottage when its windows were crimson with the sunrise.

"Why, Tom?" cried the old lady, "so you thought you'd see your old girl off, after all? You know she starts to-morrow."

Dolly did not look at me but I saw her face flush crimson.

"*I'm* sorry to say that I have come down to bring bad news," said I.

"Bad news? I'm sorry for that What is it, my boy?" asked old Mr. Brusle.

"It affects you. sir," said I, "not me. Yes, Dolly, it is true and ill as you have used me my heart bleeds for you *I* come only because worse would happen if I were silent, and I beg you to believe that I am actuated by no spirit of revenge. You may not credit me, but I wish that any other man had this to do. Mr Holly is and has been for two years a married man."

I turned my face away from Dolly as *I* uttered these words, and dropped it upon the hand the rested on the vine trellis.

I expected to hear her scream or to see her faint.

But my news did not seem to produce as great an effect as I expected.

I looked up again.

All eyes were fixed upon me.

"Ah?" said the old man.

"Well?" said the old lady.

"His wife is a cousin of the lady my uncle married. If you don't believe me *I* can offer proof of the fact. He is married."

"Of course, I know that his wife is quite a celebrated contralto," said Dolly.

"Knew that he was a married man?" said I. "I don't understand you. What can this mean?"

"And it's a great deal nicer for Dolly," said *Mrs.* Brusle. "Mrs. Holly and she can travel together."

I stared from one to the other.

"*Mrs.* Brusle," said I, "what did you tell me when you came to London? *I* understood you that Dolly was engaged to Mr. Holly, and that you were buying the wedding dresses."

"Gracious me! Nothing of the sort," cried the old lady.

"Did you think that, Tom?" said Dolly.

I asked her to explain.

"Why, I have engaged to travel with him as one of a quartette company he has just formed. A foreign gentleman and our tenor at church, Mr. Motley, and Mrs. Holly and I shall make a great deal of money, and—oh, Tom! that's why you sent back my letters?"

*I* opened my arms and Dolly ran into them without thinking of the old folks.

"What a miserable wretch *I* have been the last five weeks," said I.

And Dolly began to cry upon my shoulder.

"You see how it is," I said to Mr. Brusle. "I'm not rich, but I love her dearly, and if she'll take me as I am I shall be the happiest fellow under the sun. And for heaven's sake, Dolly, don't mind breaking your engagement. Stay at home and sing to us. I don't want you running about the country no matter how much money you make by it."

So the engagement was broken, and though my uncle said it was imprudent we were married that winter.

### SHE CURED HIM.

*But He got very Mad at the Means She Employed.*

There is a man up in the Seventh Ward that hasn't spoken to his wife in over a week. He is so mad that he will not go home to his meals and the other day his wife went to his office to get $3 to pay for some shoes, and he told the clerk to pay her off and let her go. He grates his teeth when he goes home at nights, and comes out of the house every morning swearing. She came a joke on him, that was all. *He* has for years been telling her that he was sure he had got the heart disease, and that he would go off suddenly, some time in the night. She had got sick of such talk, after hearing it thirteen years, when she knew he was as healthy as a yearling. Why, he didn't even know where his heart was, and couldn't point out the location of any internal improvements. But he kept talking about death every little while, and she said she would break up that little game as soon as she could think of any way to do so. A spell ago she bought one of those India rubber water bags for keeping hot water at the feet, instead of using bottles. It would hold about three quarts, and her husband didn't know anything about it. One night after she had had the water bag to her feet a couple of hours, until they were about as warm as a piece of zinc, and her husband was snoring away by note, she thought what a good joke it would be to put it on his stomach and wake him up. She burst right out laughing at midnight thinking of it. So she took up the rubber bag of hot water and placed it on his stomach. The bag was about as big as a cow's liver and about as warm as a piece of shingle on a boy. It hadn't been on his chest or other baggage over two minutes before he slowly opened his eyes. She stuffed the upper works of her nightgown in her mouth to keep her from laughing. He raised up his head and said: "*Harriet* my end has come."

"Which end, Josiah?" said she, as she rolled over; "your head or your feet?" And then she pulled a pillow in her mouth, and reached over to him and unscrewed the nozzle that holds the water in the bag.

"I am dying, Egypt, dying," said he. "My heart is enlarged to three times its natural size, and oh, I am bleeding to death.' She had opened the nozzle, and the three quarts of hot water were pouring over him, saturating him from head to heels. She had not meant to let out more than half a pint of water on him, but when it got to flowing she could not stop it, so she got out of bed and told him to save himself. He attempted to stop the flow of blood and she struck a light and asked him if his life preserver had not sprung a leak, and then he looked at the rubber bag, went and run himself through a clothes wringer, and he slept on the lounge the rest of the night and he says his wife is the meanest woman that ever drawed the breath of life. She tells her friends that Josiah has been miraculously cured of heart disease.

---

The school attendance in Japan is now thirty-six millions.

Who is that lady whose visits no body desires? *Miss Fortune*.

But few men can handle a hot lamp-chimney and say there is no place like home at the same time.

"Well. you'll own that she has a pretty foot, won't you?" "Yes, I'll admit that. But it never made half so much impression on me as the old man's."

### The Fate of The Apostles.

All the Apostles were assaulted by the enemies of their Master. They were called to seal their doctrines with their blood, and nobly did they bear the trial. Schumacher says:

"St. Matthew suffered martyrdom by being slain with a sword at a distant city of Ethiopia.

St Mark expired at Alexandria, after having been cruelly dragged through the streets of that city.

St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in that classic land of Greece.

St. John was put in a cauldron of boiling oil, but escaped death in a miraculous manner, and was afterward banished to Patmos.

St Peter was crucified at Rome with his head downwards.

St. James, the Greater, was beheaded at Jerusalem

S. James, the Less, was thrown from a lofty pinnacle of the Temple, and then beaten to death by a fuller's club.

St. Bartholomew was flayed alive.

St. Andrew was bound to a cross whence he preached to his persecutors until he died.

St. Thomas was run through the body with a lance, at Coromandel, in the East Indies.

St. Jude was shot to death with arrows.

St. Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded.

St. Barnabas, of the Gentiles was stoned to death by the Jews, at Salonica.

St Paul, after various tortures and persecutions, was at length beheaded, at Rome, by the Emperor Nero."

Such was the fate of the Apostles, according to traditional statements: and though we cannot authenticate them all, we at least know that the hatred of the world to these men and their teachings were sufficient to render the accounts very improbable.

### The Necessary Qualifications.

An old lady walked into a lawyers office in Detroit lately, when the following conversation took place:

Lady—Squire, I called to see if you would to take this boy and make a lawyer of him.

Lawyer—The boy appears to be rather young, madam; how old is he?

Lady—Seven years, sir.

Lawyer—He is too young, decidedly too young. *Have* you no older boys?

Lady—Oh! yes; I have several, but we have concluded to make farmers of the others. I told the old man I thought this little fellow would make a first-rate lawyer, so I called to see if you would take him.

Lawyer—No, madam; he is too young yet to commence the study of the profession. But why do you think this boy is better calculated for a lawyer than your other sons?

Lady—Why you see, sir, he is just 7 years old to-day. When he was only 5 he'd lie like all nature; when he got to be 6 he was saucy and impudent as any critter could be, and now he'll steal anything he can lay his hands on.

### How to Spoil Girls.

A girl that is never allowed to sew, all of whose clothes are made for her and put on her until she is ten, fifteen or eighteen years of age, is spoiled The mother has spoiled her by doing everything for her. The true idea of self-restrained is to let the child venture A child's mistakes are often better than its no mistakes—because when a child makes mistakes and has to correct them, it is then on the way to knowing something. A child that is waked up every morning, and never wakes itself up; and is dressed, and never makes mistakes in dressing itself; and is washed, and never makes mistakes about being clean; and is fed, and never has anything to do with its food; and is watched and never watches itself; and is cared for, kept all day from doing wrong—such a child might as well be out of existence.

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A Rival of the Mammoth Cave has been discovered near Hopkinsville, Kentucky. A perfect museum of geological curiosities is described as existing in it. A beautiful forest of lapidendrons forty feet high, tree ferns, mosses and other cryptogamic flora exist in abundance Marine shells and the fossil remains of animals resembling monkeys have been found by the explorers of this cave. Three different routes have been gone over to a distance of eleven miles, The main avenue has an average width of sixty feet with a height of forty.

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A well known lawyer of this State being perplexed over a point of law, called at the office of a brother attorney to consult him upon it. The latter remarked with dignity, that he usually had pay for his advice. "Then,' said lawyer number one extending fifty cents. "tell me all you know, and give me back the change."

---

Eve was the first and only woman who did not gather up her dress in both hands and yell at the sight of a snake.

---

The young man who wants to get up with the son must not sit up too late with the daughter.

### Children.

Bless their hearts, how dirty they get their faces.

A child with a clean face hasn't been absent from its mother's washrag five minutes.

How pretty the hair of a child looks just after it has been pasted down where it belongs by a couple quarts of soapsuds.

The little aprons of childhood—ain't they sweet with their checks of blue and big spots of gawm?

The childeren's shoes, how cunning, with holes in the toes, run over at the heel, and every button gone off on a fly.

But their stockings, wadgeted in a little wrinkled bunch between plump ankles and grimy knees, with "this little pig went to market" wiggling through the raveled tip; ain't they cute?

Their little pudgy fists, half the time grinding grief out from their eyes and the rest—well who doesn't like to be pounded by a child's weak fist?

What royal little cooks children are. Mud pies take on more flavor from the loving pats of childhood than any veteran can produce with the spices of the Indies;

What questions a child can hurl at the head of wisdom. It can upset the theology of the world with one effort.

How sweet the rosy lips of childern; girl children sometimes retain this sweetness.

What an indescribable conglomeration of sounds a child's voice can produce, playing the most heart-rending havoc with the nerve-cords of grown up humanity.

The glories of children's laughter. It is infectious as the measles breaking in spots all through the neighborhood.

The wounderland all children dwell in; wouldn't you like to live it over again, and have perennial freshness constantly with you? Perhaps it is.

Those childhood dreams, rooted in overplaying and overheating, but blossoming under the guardianship of angels. These celestial beings must have curious full crowding comical fancies into little brains.

How wopsical a child can get the bedclothes. Alexander himself never could have cut the Gordian knot if it had been a twisted sheet around a sleeping child's curled from.

No diamond ever dug from the deepest mine can show the lustre in a child's eye; that round, wondering, opal of brighiness. Perhaps children's eyes are peeping through the cracks of the "pearly gates."

How lovingly the little arms of childhood twine about your neck and leave a nice bit of bread and butter on your coat collar.

### Large Timber Exports.

The forests of fir, pine and cedar both in Oregon and Washington are nemerous. Trees 200 and 250 feet high and six feet in diameter are never out of view; 8 and 10 feet in diameter and 300 feet high are not uncommon, generally two thirds free of limbs. Fifty and sixty good timber trees grow on an acre, as a rule, and yield seldom less than 300,000 feet, and instances are on record of 1,000,000 feet fom an acre. No acre is worked for profit which cannot yield 300,000 feet at least, and even this yield is rare. Logs are seldom hauled half a mile to a river. The manufacture and shipment of timber is the leading industry of westren Washington, employed large numbers of workmen and an immense number of lareg sawmills, going by steam and water power, and a large fleet of ships and some small steamers exporting the timber to San Francisco, East *India*, Europe Australia, Egypt, South America Japan and China.

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A sad-eyed stranger in poor clothes stopped a citizen on the street the other day and said: "Excuse me, but I understand Cincinnati is the largest tobacco market in the world, Is my information correct?" "It is, sir," replied the citizen, an enthusiast on Cincinnati's greatness; it is, decidedly. Last year our shipments and receipts—" "I'll not trouble you for the statistics," said the sad-eyed man, interrupting, "I am satisfied of the magnitude of the business, and on the strength of it will make bold to ask you for a chaw.' The citizen gave him his plug and passed on.

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A three-year-old little girl was taught to close her evening prayer, during the temporary absence of her father, with "please watch over my papa." It sounded very sweet, but the mother's amazement may be imagined when the child added. "And you'd better keep an eye on mamma too."

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The man who is bringing up a family on an income of siz dollars a week will be happy to learn from the fashion prediction "that the spring and summer fashions, in elegance and style, will surpass any thing ever seen in America.

An English writer tinks the American early potatoes will come to an end before long, for as each new variety is claimed to ripen about ten days earlier than any other, the time between planting and digging will soon be used up.

**THE POST.**

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