

# The Post.

VOL. 18. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., AUGUST 19, 1880. NO. 7

**Advertising Rates.**  
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One-half column one year, 30.00  
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All advertisements for a shorter period than one year are payable at the time they are ordered, and if not paid the person ordering them will be held responsible for the money.

## Poetry.

**Only Waiting.**  
I am waiting for the morning  
Of the blessed day to draw,  
When the sorrow and the sadness  
Of this weary life are gone.  
I am waiting worn and weary  
With the battle and the strife,  
Hoping when the war has ended  
To receive a crown of life.  
Waiting for the golden city  
Where the many mansions be,  
Listening for the happy welcome  
Of my Saviour calling me.

**Laid By.**  
Laid by in my silent chamber  
I hear them stirring below;  
Voices I love are sounding clear  
And steps I know are in my ear,  
Still passing to and fro.  
And I ask my heart, shall I never more,  
Of mine own will, pass through that door?  
I ask, Oh! is it forever  
That I have ceased to be  
One of the group around the hearth,  
Sharing their sorrow or their mirth?  
Am I from henceforth free  
From all concern with the things of life,  
Done with its sorrow, and toil, and strife?  
Shall they carry me forth in silence,  
With blind and sealed-up eyes?  
Shall they throw the window sashes to the air  
And gather memories here and there,  
As they think, with tears and sighs,  
"This was a part of this she wore,  
But she never shall need them any more."

**The Old Grist Mill.**  
By Willow brook beneath the hill,  
Stands quaint and gray the old grist mill,  
Spring masses on its steep roof grow  
Where the old miller's shadow once did show.  
The pond near by is clear and deep,  
And round its brink the alders sweep;  
The lily pads sprout gay and green,  
The lilies white and gold between,  
While grinds the mill with rumbling sound,  
The wind mill turning round and round.  
Among the reeds the meek rat drows,  
And swift the swallow homeward flies,  
The robin sits in cedars near  
Where Willow brook runs swift and clear.  
The children by the school-house play,  
Where slumberous shadows softly stray,  
And warm and low the summer breeze  
Is whispering thro' the willow leaves,  
While grinds the mill with rumbling sound,  
The wind mill turning round and round.

**Select Tale.**  
**SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.**  
A sober, half discontented face at the window; a bright face in the street. The window is thrown open and a smile goes from the bright face to the sober one, giving it a new and pleasant aspect. Both faces are young—the one at the window the youngest—almost child-like. Yet the window face is the face of a wife, and the street face that of a maiden, "fancy free."  
"How strangely I was deceived," Bella said to the lady in the street.  
"Deceived, how Mary? What do you mean? But come in. You're just the one I wish to see."  
"I was sure I saw you not ten minutes ago, riding out with Harry," said the young friend, as they met and embraced at the door.  
"Oh, dear, no! I haven't been out riding with Harry for a month."  
"Indeed, how's that? I can remember when you rode out together almost every afternoon."  
"Yes, but that was before our marriage," replied the young wife, in a voice that made her friend look in to her face narrowly.  
"The husband has less time for recreation than the lover. He must give more thought for business," remarked her friend.  
The little wife tossed her head and shrugged her shoulders in a doubtful way, saying as she did so, "I don't know about the business; but lovers and husbands are a different species of the genus homo. The explanation lies somewhere in this direction, I presume."  
"Ah, Bella, Bella! That speech doesn't come with a marital soul! I'm sure you'll remark to the friend I saw you with," remarked the friend, laughing.

"Truth is not always melodious," said Bella.  
"How is it as to sweethearts and wives?" asked the friend. "Do they belong to the same class?"  
The question appeared to reach young wife's ears with suggestive force. Her face was a little changed as she answered:  
"I don't know. Perhaps not."  
The friend had been scanning the young wife for some moments from head to foot, in a way that now elicited the question.  
"Do you see anything peculiar about me?"  
"Yes," was answered.  
"What?"  
"A peculiar untidiness that I never observed in the sweetheart."  
Bella glanced down at her soiled ruffled dress.  
"My negligence," she said, with a little, short laugh.  
"So I should think! Now, shall I draw your picture?"  
"Yes, if you have an artist's fancy."  
"Here it is.—Hair lustreless and untidy; skin dull for want of action and feeling; wrapper better conditioned for the wash tub and ironing table than as a garment for the fair person of a young wife; no collar nor ornament of any kind, and a countenance—well, I can't give that as I saw it a little while ago at the window; but I am sure it wasn't the face to charm a lover. Perhaps it might suit a husband. But I have my doubts."  
Bella felt the reproof of her friend as was evident by the spots that began to burn on her cheeks.  
"You wouldn't have me dress as for a party every day?" she said.  
"Oh, no! But I'd have you neat and sweet as a young wife should always be, that is if she cared for the fond eyes of her husband. I vorily believe it was Harry I saw riding out a little while ago."  
Bella threw a quick startled look upon her friend, who already half regretted her closing sentence.  
"Why did you say that? What did you mean?" she asked.  
"I only said it to plague you," answered the friend.  
"To plague me!" There was an expression in Bella's face that Mary had never seen there before. Her eyes had suddenly grown of a darker shade and were eager and questioning. Her lips lay closer together; there were lines on her forehead.  
"You are not really in earnest, Mary, about seeing Harry riding out with a lady, this afternoon?" she said in a voice and with a look that revealed fully her state of mind.  
The color had left her face and her heart shook in her veins.  
"I'm probably mistaken, Bella, replied the friend; though I had not doubted of the fact a moment until I saw you at the window a little while ago."  
"Did you notice the lady particularly?"  
"No; but let the matter pass, dear. No doubt I was mistaken. It is worrying you more than I could have imagined."  
Bella looked at her friend for some moments, in a strange way; then giving a low, suppressed, wailing cry bent forward and laid her face upon her bosom, sobbing and shuddering in such wild turbulence of feeling that her friend became actually alarmed.  
"You have frightened me!" said the young wife, lifting her head at last, as the excitement died away.—"Ah, Mary, if I should lose my husband's love it would kill me."  
"Then, Bella," answered her friend, "see to it that you neglect none of the means required for keeping it—if you would continue to be loved, you must not grow unlovely. The charms that won your husband must not be folded up and kept for holiday occasions and then put on for other eyes than his. You must keep them ever displayed before him; nay, put on new attractions. Is not the husband even dearer than the lover, and his heart better worth the holding? Look back, my dear friend, over the brief moons that have waxed and waned since you were a bride. Put yourself on trial take impartial testimony. How has it been? Has your temper been as sweet as when you sat leaning together in the summer twilight, talking of the love crowned future? Have you been as studious to please as then? as careful of his feelings? as so careful of his tastes? Do you adore yourself for him now as when you dressed for his coming then? As a wife, are you as lovable as when you were a maiden? Love is not a chameleon to feed on air and change in every hue of condition; it must have substantial food. Deprived of this and it languishes and dies. And now, dear I have warned you. Most your husband when he returns home this evening, looking as lovely as when he came to you in your father's house, attracted as the bee is to the flower, and note the manner in which his face will brighten on up. Did he kiss you when he came home yesterday?"  
"Husbands soon lose their inclination for kissing," she answered.  
"If the wife remains as attractive as the maiden, never."  
"Oh, you don't know anything about it," said Bella. "Wait until you are married."  
After the friends said good after noon the young wife went to her room and cried for a good quarter

of an hour. Then she commenced doing as the friend had suggested. Refreshed by a bath, she attired herself in a spotless white wrapper with a delicate blue belt binding her waist. A small lace collar, scarce whiter than her pore neck, edged and tied with narrow azure ribbons was turned away from her swan-like throat, and just below, at the sw of the blossom, was an exquisite oval pin. Her hair, a rich golden brown, had been made glossy the wing of a bird, and it was fald just enough away from the temple to show their delicate cutting. Two open rosebuds—red and white—nestled above and in front of one her pearl tinted ears. She did look lovely and lovable as her mirror told her.  
Harry was left an hour later than usual in coming home. Bella was sitting in the parlor when he came in, waiting for his return with a new feeling in her heart—a feeling of bleeding fear and hope; fear lest he was actually becoming estranged from her and a trembling hope to win him back again. His step was not very light. She noticed that, for her ear had become newly sensitive. He had caught a glimpse of her through the window and knowing, therefore, that she was in the parlor, came to the door and stood there.  
"Bless my!" he exclaimed, after a moment "how charming you look!"  
And he came forward, with a pleased smile on his face, and taking her hand bent down and kissed her.  
"Blossoming as a rose!" he added, holding her away from him, and gazing at her admiringly. How her heart did beat with new delight!  
"Dressed for company?"  
There was just a little shade of coldness in Harry's voice, as he suggested the probable reason for her singularly improved appearance.  
"Yes," replied Bella.  
"Who?"  
"My husband!" There was a tender, heart-flutter in her voice.  
Harry was a little puzzled, but greatly pleased. It was true that he had been riding out that afternoon with a lady—a handsome, attractive woman, who was throwing around his weak, almost boyish spirit a siren's fascination. She put on every charm in her power to seduce him; while the foolish wife was hiding hers away, and taking no pains to hold dominion in the heart she had won, and was now in danger of losing. Five minutes before the companion of his ride appeared to his fancy so charming in comparison with his wife, that he felt no pleasure at the thought of meeting one who, since their marriage, had seemed to grow every day less and less attractive. But now, Bella was his queen of hearts again!  
"And you really dressed to receive me, darling?" he said, as he kissed her again, and then drew his arm lovingly about her waist.  
"Yes, for you. Could a true wife wish to look lovelier to other eyes than her husband's?"  
"I should think not," he answered.  
She understood, in the words, more than he meant to convey.  
There was a rose tint in everything in Bella's home that evening. From the cold, half indifferent husband, Harry was transformed to the warm, attentive lover. How many times, as she turned her eyes upon him, did she catch a look of tender admiration or loving pride!  
"What has made you so charming to-night?" he said, as he kissed her once more. "You look as pure and sweet as a lily."  
"Love for my husband," she answered, and then in a tear, in which joy's sunlight made a rainbow, stole out from the drooping lashes, and lay a crystal drop on her cheek.  
She made no confession of her thoughtless neglect or the means by which hearts are held in thrall to love, though her husband half guessed at the fact that something had awakened her to the truth.  
On the next afternoon Harry rode out with a lady again; but the lady was his wife. He was never afterwards in danger of being won away by faithful love, for Bella grew in his eyes more attractive, more charming, more lovable every day. And she thus saved him, in his younger and less stable years, from being drawn aside from the right way, and both herself and him from years of wretchedness.

**A Cool Darkey.**  
"No sah—not this John."  
"Are you the John Williams who was convicted of arson, and sent to the Baltimore Penitentiary?"  
"No sah."  
"Tired of asking fruitless questions, the district attorney suddenly put a leading one."  
"Have you ever been in any penitentiary?"  
"Yes sah."  
"All eyes were now turned upon the witness. The district attorney smiled complacently, and resumed."  
"How many times have you been in the penitentiary?"  
"Twice sah."  
"Where?"  
"In Baltimore, sah."  
"How long were you there the first time?"  
"About two hours, sah."  
"How long the second time?" asked the attorney rather crest-fallen.  
"An hour, sah. I went there to white-wash a lawyer who had robbed his client."  
The attorney sat down amid the laughter of the spectators.

**A Page of the Czar's Diary.**  
The following is one of the pages of the Czar's diary. He used to have a splendid time looting himself as a shooting target, but he became tired of that kind of fun many years ago. He hanged about 1000 Nihilists, and shot enough of them to make a regiment before he discovered that he was leaving all the fun to himself. Never one disturbs him, and he feels so lonely that he will do anything to get some company. This is the first page, and it isn't half as lively and interesting as some others:  
"Got up at 7 a. m., and ordered my bath, but found four gallons of vitriol in it and did not take it. Went to breakfast, and in going down the stairs found the Nihilists had placed two torpedoes in the passage, but did not tramp on them. The coffee smelt so strongly of prussic acid that I was afraid to drink it. Found a scorpion in my left slipper, but fortunately shook it out before putting it on. Just before stepping into my carriage to take my morning drive it was blown into the air, killing the coachman and the horses instantly. I did not drive. Took a light lunch of hermetically sealed American canned goods. They can't fool me there. Found a poisoned dagger in my favorite chair, with the point sticking out, but did not sit down on it. Had dinner at 6 p. m., and made Baron Luschonowski taste every dish. He died before the soup was cleared away. Consumed some Baltimore oysters and London stout that I have had looked up for over five years. Went to the theatre and was shot at three times in the first act. Had the entire audience hanged. Went home to bed and slept on the roof all night."

**A Boy Again.**  
Sometimes an old man becomes a boy again, although too smart to drop into his second childhood. An illustration of this pleasant tendency was given, not many months since, by an old man, worth several millions.  
He was in the habit of prowling around the office of the insurance company in which he was a director. One morning as he was thus investigating, he happened to come across the dinner kettle of the office boy. His curiosity led him to take off the cover. A slice of home made bread, two doughnuts and a piece of apple pie tempted the millionaire's appetite. He became a boy again, and the dinner pal seemed the one he had carried sixty years ago.  
Just then the office boy came in and surprised the old man eating his pie—he had finished the bread and doughnuts.  
"That's my dinner your eating?" exclaimed the boy, indignantly.  
"Yes, sonny, I suspect it may be; but it's a first rate one, for all that I've not eaten so good a one for sixty years."  
"There," he added, as he finished the pie, "take that and go out and buy yourself a dinner, but you won't get as good a one," and he handed the boy a five dollar bill.  
For days after, the old man kept referring to the first class dinner he had eaten from the boy's pal.  
When a fellow is sparking his girl he smokes ten cent cigars; after he becomes engaged he gets down to five centers; and after marriage he generally contents himself with an old pipe that two years ago he wouldn't have had in the same block. Matrimony is rather demoralizing for the cigar trade, in the long run.

**Burdette on the Blackberry.**  
The greatest enemy the blackberry has is boys. Five boys from town can eat more green blackberries in a day than would ripen in a week. For many years the great desideratum has been a hairy berry that could resist the premature onslaught of boys from town. It is a great desideratum still. The Schneider, a variety that was invented by a low horticulturist, is the nearest approach to it. It is bred from a perfectly green persimmon crossed with a dog wood tree, and still further propagated with a hybrid of worm wood bush and wild crab-apple. It is not a perfect desideratum, but there are very few boys who care to eat more than a quart of them. Nobody else, however, can go past the field where the Schneider is growing without being attacked by Asiatic cholera, and this tends to weaken the partial success this hairy berry has achieved. Then there is a bug—I do not know the name of it—that crawls over the berries now and then. When you eat a berry that has been glorified by a visit from this bug, you lie down, in the briars and pray Heaven to take you home in just about three seconds. And if you live you can wake up in the night, along in the middle of next winter, and shudder as you taste of that berry.  
When your blackberries grow too thickly you will want to thin them out. To this end, you must kill some of them. This can be done by digging a well where the plants stand; then turn the fern upside down and let it dry out thoroughly for a couple of years, then turn it over, upside down, and start a brick yard on the back of it. This will kill off some of the plants. There may be some shorter and cheaper method of killing black-berry vines than this, but I have never heard of it, and it isn't likely that there is any.

**Hands Off.**  
Some men are never happy, unless their hands are in motion. They are eternally straightening the necktie of the men with whom they are talking, or fumbling at his watch chain, or picking specks of lint or dust from his coat, or picking at a button, or pointing out the absence of a button or illustrating how the beard should grow. With ladies these fellows are insufferable. They find a breastpin out of plumb, or a hairpin sticking a sixteenth of an inch further out than it should, or a lock of hair astray, or a gather of a dress has started the stitching, or the flowers in the hat droops a little, or the shawl pin don't hang just so, and they insist upon fixing these matters and keep fumbling and pawing and picking away at a lady until attention is drawn to the performance and an annoyance is the result. One of these young fellows will put his hand under a lady's elbow to lift her over a straw on the walk, or a six inch gutter, and when going up a rise of two or three steps will insist upon putting his hand upon her waist and parli her into a carriage before he will let her get out. If he helps her to alight he makes her jump into his arms, where he holds her as long as he dures. While riding with her he always has his hand upon the seat behind her, ready to seize her waist every time there is a jolt big enough to give an excuse to do so—in fact, he seems to be continually feeling to pry in one way or another, every lady into whose company he is thrown. It may not be improper between people pretty well acquainted with each other, but it don't look well, and ladies, who don't like to be annoyed, still feel so, and wish to belet alone. Galantry is one thing, but samby pambly, unnecessary attentions are all together different, and I should be put down by the ladies who suffer from them.

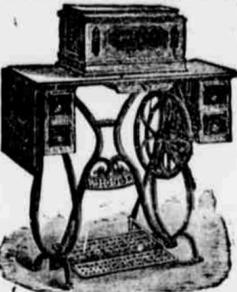
**A Beautiful Tribute is Wound.**  
We have seen many beautiful tributes to women, but the following is one of the finest we have ever read:  
"Place her among the flowers, faster her as a tender plant, and fully-annoyed by a dewdrop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, ready to faint at the sound of a beetle or the rattling of a window pane at night, and she is overpowered by the perfume of the rosebush. But let real calamity come, rouse her affections, enkindle the fire of her heart, and mark her then! How strong in her heart! Place her in the heat of battle—give her a child, a bird, or anything to protect—and see her, in a relative instance, hitting her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimson her upturned forehead, praying for her life to protect the helpless. Transplant her in dark places of the earth, call forth her energies to action, and her breath becomes healing, her presence a blessing. She disputes inch by inch the strides of stinking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, pale and affrighted, shrieks away. Misfortune haunts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance and goes forward with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud full of odors, waiting for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—pure gold, valuable, but unnoticed in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle, a mystery, the centre from which radiates the charm of existence."

**The Latest Dodge in the Thieving Line has Just been Developed.**  
The operators prowled about the back yards of boarding houses, in the still hours of the night, imitating the sleep-disturbing strains of a Thomas cat harassed by the deepest agony of unrequited love, and then go off with the boots, valises, and general chamber furniture projected out of the windows by the enraged boarders.  
The butcher who trusts loose flesh.  
A frog caught in Delaware county was a foot long.  
Tanner believes that more graves are dug by teeth than hands.  
A youth of Rochester was left \$10,000. His first move was to spend \$1,000 on a nose.  
A Colorado girl lost a leg and her gallant lover had a pocketbook made of a piece of tanned skin from the amputated part.  
A Brooklyn mother fed her year old baby on sliced cucumbers and milk and then wanted the prayers of the church because the Lord took it away.  
Do the duty which lies nearest to thee, which thou knowest to be a duty; thy second duty will already have become clearer.  
The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home. If we are not happy there, we cannot be happy elsewhere.  
"Formerly one sermon converted 3,000 sinners," said an Elder Barges, in a sermon recently; "now it takes 3,000 sermons to convert one sinner."  
The moon is just the thing for moon hunting and sleigh-riding, but it isn't worth much for gathering chickens or talking about the ground movement over the front gate with another fellow's girl.  
A Nevada man died in great distress of mind the other day, because he could remember lying to 1,400 different men who had asked him for tobacco. Always had over your box if you want to die happy.  
Flies teach a lesson which should not be unheeded. They never go to sleep in church.  
A Philadelphia doctor has bid farewell to a sick man, and gone to the country for the benefit of his health.  
A cripple with a wife and five children were turned out of a rent tenement house a few days ago in New York because they owed \$8 rent. The tenement is owned by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

**They use guano down in Alabama to coax the crops along, and a man who sells the best guano gets the best trade. There is one kind that is awful soon. A farmer put a sample in his pocket and started for home. There was a carpet tack in his coat pocket when he put the guano in there, and when he got home there was a bar of railroad iron sticking out of his pocket, which almost weighed his horse down. He said he felt something heavy in the last half of the journey. If some papers should tell this story none would believe it.**  
The latest dodge in the thieving line has just been developed. The operators prowled about the back yards of boarding houses, in the still hours of the night, imitating the sleep-disturbing strains of a Thomas cat harassed by the deepest agony of unrequited love, and then go off with the boots, valises, and general chamber furniture projected out of the windows by the enraged boarders.  
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Terms of Subscription,  
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