The Post.

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THE POST.

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JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r

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Poetry.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I.

There are sounds in the sky when the year grows old.
And the winds of the winter blow—
When night and the moon are clear and cold,
And the stars shine on the snow—
Wild is the blast and bitter the sleet
That beats on the frosty hills are the feet
Of the Christmas time again!
Chiming sweet when the night-wind swells,
Blest is the sounds of the Christmas Bells!

II.

Dear are the sounds of the Christmas chimes
In the land of the frost to hers—
And they welcome the dearest of festival time,
In this western world of ours!
Bright on the holly and mistletoe bough
The English firelight falls,
And bright are the wreathed evergreens now
That gladden our own home walls!
And hark! the first sweet note that tells
The welcome of the Christmas Bells!

III.

Low owl that sits'll the ivy's shade.
Remote from the ruined tower
Shall start from his drowsy watch a raid;
When the clock shall strike the hour;
And over the fields in their frosty rime
The cheery sounds shall go,
And chime shall answer unto chime,
Across the moonlit snow!
How sweet the laughing music dwells,
The music of the Christmas Bells!

IV.

Fell not thus in the East afar
When the babe in the manger lay;
The wise men followed their guiding green.
The dawn of a million day;
All the night and the evergreens gathered green,
And the palm trees of Bethlehem rose;
For the strange dear Christmas the world had seen—
And it came not in storms and snows.
Not yet o'er Nazareth's hills and dells
Had floated the sound of Christmas Bells.

V.

The cedars of Lebanon shook in the blast
Of their own cold mountain air,
And naught o'er the sandmary plain had past
To tell that the Lord was there!
The oak and the olive and almond were still
In the night now worn and thin:
The wind of the wintertime roared from the hill
To waken the guests at the inn.
No dream to them the music tells
That is to come from Christmas Bells.

VI.

The years that have fell like the leaves on the gale,
Since the morn of that Miracle-Birth,
Have widened the fame of the marvelous tale
Till the tidings have filled the earth!
Even in the climes of the Icy North,
And the lands of the cane and the palm—
The Alpine hutter's blazing hearth,
And in Tropic bells of calm,
Man list to-night the welcome swells,
Sweet and clear, of Christmas Bells!

VII.

They are ringing to-night thro' the Norway fir,
And across the Swedish fells;
And the Cuban palmtree dreamily stirs
To the sound of those Christmas Bells!
They ring where the Indian Ganges rolls
Its flood through the race fields wide;
The swell the far hymns of the Lapps and Poles
To the praise of the Crucified.
Sweeter than tones of the Ocean's shells
Mingle the chimes of the Christmas Bells.

VIII.

The years come not back that have circled away
With the past of that eastern land,
When He plucked the corn on the Sabbath day,
And healed the withered hand;
But the bells shall join in a joyous chime
For the One who walked the sea,
And ring again for the better time
Of the Christ that is To Be!
Then ring!—for Earth's best promise dwells
In ye, O joyous Prophet Bells!

IX.

Ring out at the meeting of night and morn,
For the dawn of a happier day!
Yea, the stone from our faith's great sepulchre torn.
The angels have rolled away!
And they come to us here in our low abode,
With words like the sunrise gleam—
Come down and ascend by that heavenly road
That Jacob saw in his dream!
Spirit of Love!—that in music dwells—
Open our hearts with the Christmas Bells!

X.

Help us to see that the glad heart prays
As well as the bended knees—
That these are in our own as in ancient days,
The Scribes and the Pharisees;
And the Mount of Transfiguration still
Looks down on these christain lands—
And the glorified ones from that holy hill
Are reaching their helping hands!
These be the words your music tells
Of solemn joy, O Christmas Bells!

Miscellaneous.

Merry Christmas.

How joyfully the sound floats out upon the frosty air; almost at every turn this merry greeting falls upon our ears, from the man upon whose head the sorrows of many Christmas morns sparkle, to the toddling infant whose tongue can scarcely lisp the happy words. In thousands of homes the Christmas morn is ushered in with all the paraphernalia of luxury and display that they possess. Friends gather from far and near around the well-spread board, while every heart is swelling with joy; no, not every heart; for to many the gladsome Christmas morn brings a bitter pang to the sorrow stricken, and makes their hearts and homes more desolate than ever. To the rich it is a day of festivity and pleasure; to the poor, a day of toil and labor; but to the majority of people, Christmas is the happiest, gladest day of all the year; the day upon which the good old year receives and entertains his friends, and bestows upon them his parting benediction, ere he resigns his scepter to the New Year, and gives up his life that has been woven of so many varied threads. But no matter though his deeds may have been more dark than light, the grand festivities and hearty good-will of his closing days wipes out the dark record and he goes to his grave in white. Why should we not be glad and rejoiced? Why should not the earth tremble with the sound of joy and gladness? for down through the vaulted ages of the past there comes to us an echo of angle voices, and golden harps, as the glad anthem of "PEACE ON EARTH GOOD WILL TO MAN," rings out upon the morning air. Then again as we listen, we catch the welcome tidings: "Rejoice, oh earth, for today a child is born, and to us a Son is given, yea, a Son, a King, who shall bring redemption to His people." Ah! fit messengers were they whose spotless purity had ne'er been sullied by contact with the earth to proclaim the coming of our glorious King and Saviour. No wonder that awe stole over the hearts of those good wise men, as they sat watching their flocks, and there came to them the soft rustle of angel wings, and looking up, they beheld the cloud of dazzling brightness and the lovely forms of seraphs, and their listening ears caught the strains of music, even the glad anthems of praise and victory. Methinks no gladder, happier chorus ever reverberated through the courts of heaven, or the kingdoms of earth, than that which rang out that first glorious Christmas morn. No doubt seemed to obscure the minds of those good shepherds, as they listened to the proclamations from those visitants of light; but rising, they fixed their gaze upon the star that was to guide them, and following the track of light that marked its course, they came to the place where the Christ-child lay. But what was it that greeted their astonished gaze? Where was the King whose coming had been heralded in such a glorious manner? Where the pomp and grandeur that should grace the occasion? Where the silken couch upon which the soft fair limbs should repose? Where the gilded canopy to protect from the light and heat? Where the liveried servants gliding in and out upon their royal missions? Ah, no glittering pageant marked the advent of Him, beneath whose tread the earth should tremble, and whose brow should be encircled with a halo of purer light than ever gleamed from monarch's diadem before. But in an humble stall, surrounded by beasts of burden, was His resting-place, no couch but the fragrant hay and such accessories of confort as poverty could provide; and no attendant save the parents who felt that no common honor was bestowed upon them in this being allowed to cherish and protect the One who should become the world's Redeemer. The wise ones bowed low their heads before that lowly manger, and opening their treasures, presented beautifull and costly gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Ah, ye wise men, well may you deposit those treasures there, for the bosom of the earth would be but poor tributes to lay at the feet of Him who speaks them into existence. And thus through all cycles of years that have passed in their solemn march to eternity, nations have commemorated the advent of Christ, by joyful gatherings and gifts of love. And as we bestow upon our loved ones gifts according to our means, let us remember the glorious Gift that came to us over eighteen hundred years ago, and by our deeds of love and kindness to those into whose homes the Christmas morn brings little warmth or gladness, show that not in vain did earth's greatest bow His head and die upon the Cross, not in vain was that precious blood spilled, for even as we receive it into our hearts, so will it cleanse us from all selfishness, and open our hearts to follow in the footsteps of our Lord and Master, "who went about doing good," and from whom no poor, heart-broken one ever turned unblessed.

The Dying Year's Counsel.

Now the year is dying fast,
Many hours he cannot last,
Deathly chills are o'er him cast.

All his children stand around,
Uttering not a word or sound,
As with spells of magic bound.

Twelve there are; I dimly mark
All their figures in the dark,
Hovering near the patriarch;

Like the sons of Jacob of old;
Waiting each one to be told
What the future shall unfold.

Though the father's life is done,
All his children, one by one,
Have fresh races to be run.

Leaning down, I bend my ear
O'er the faint, expiring year,
And these words I seem to hear:

January, let the weight
Of thy charities be great,
For the poor and desolate.

Let thy brother, close behind,
Sheathe his sword of cutting wind,
When he doth the homeless find.

March, when days are getting long,
Let thy growing hours be strong
To set right some wintry wrong.

April, with thy plowed-up earth,
Bid each scented shower give birth
To some seed of deathless worth.

Merry, musicsle ving May,
Let thy life be not too gay
For unselfish work each day.

June, thy beauty is a snare,
To waist time in visions fair;
Of vain dreaming, oh, beware!

July, as thy thunders roll,
Pierce each doubting mortal's soul,
With the truth of God's control.

August, in thy sultry heat,
Teach some lesson, pure and sweet,
To the reapers at thy feet.

Thou, September, scatter wide,
With thy sheaves well satisfied,
Seed corn for heaven's harvest tide.

Sweet October, fill with praise,
Rich and glowing as thy rays,
Every poet's heart-felt lays.

And November sad—a psalm,
Tender, tuneful, full of balm,
Thou must breathe in spirits calm.

Thou, the youngest of them all,
Whom we "dark December" call,
Brightest light on thee shall fall.

Christmas logs blaze on the fires;
Christmas carols clog the choirs;
Christ's own love each heart inspires.

This is all I heard, for now,
Pre sising the year's death cold brow,
I rose up with many a vow.

—*Caroline May.*

The New Year.

Silent and white,
Thro' the dim night,
Fell the soft snow,
Now fast, now slow,
Making the posts
Like sheeted ghosts;
Robing the woods
In finer goods
Than ever was spun by mortal skill,
And bleached on the sunny side of
The hill, where fringes are woven by
Weavers, where the warp is mist,
And the woof is air, the world is
Dressed like a bride in white, althe'
The poor old year died last night.
Drop not a tear
On the cold bier,
Of the brave year,
Whose corpse is here.
His work is done,
And battles won,
And he will be
Named with the free
Through future time
For deeds sublime.
We welcome here
The new born year,
The snow that falls
From the gray walls
Of the thick clouds,
Is not for shrouds
For the days fled,
Or the days dead.
'Tis the white fleece,
Emblem of peace,
Sent down to cheer
The soft young year,
May not red vein
Make a red stain
On the white robe.
Woven last night,
So, ring the soft
Sweet bells aloft,
Ring the true chime
Of the good time,
Ring loud and clear
For this New Year.

"My son," said a stern father, "do you know the reason why I am going to whip you?" "Yes," replied the boy, "I suppose it's because

Baby's Stocki...

Hang up the bab... ;
Be sure yo...
The dear little dimpled ...
She ne'er saw Christmas yet;
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understood it,
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But them, for the baby's Christmas
It will never do at all;
Why, Santa wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small.

I know what I will do for baby,
I've thought of the very best plan—
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,
The longest that ever I can;
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner, so I
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on the toe.

Write "This is the baby's stocking
That hangs in the corner here,
You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year;
But she's just the blessedest baby—
And now, before you go,
Just cram her stockings with goodies,
From the top clean down to the toe."

Christmas in Germany.

BY OLA F. M'CHRISTINE.

In Germany, the celebration of Christmas is the most delightful and interesting of all German festivals. Four weeks previous, a fair is commenced in the principal square of the city, where booths, ornamented with evergreens, are filled with a variety of toys and a perfect wilderness of playthings." On the 5th of December, or St Nicholas evening, the booths are for the first time illuminated, and the place crowded with a joyous, noisy collection of children, accompanied by their parents and nurses, when large numbers of presents are bought for the approaching festival, and also branches of evergreen to be used for Christmas trees. Night after night additions are made to the booths in the square until it resembles an illuminated garden of evergreens, and the same scenes are each evening acted over.

Finally, the preceding day arrives; and, when the sun sinks in the west the long anxiously hoped for Christmas eve has come.

In the principal room of the house is a table, on which, amid flowers and wreaths, the presents are most attractively spread out. In the centre the Christmas tree lifts its beautiful boughs, covered with illuminated wax tapers of every hue, while sweetmeats and gilded nuts of every variety hang from its branches. Around the table caper the little ones in wildest glee, hunting the presents which the Christ-kindechen has given them. As each one discovers his present, the suspected giver is embraced in turn, thus calling forth the finest emotions.

This old custom is beautiful, renewing and strengthening the attachment and sympathy between families and friends, and, best of all leaving beautiful impressions on the mind of the child which time can never destroy. Many men and women, now advanced in years, love to look back and think over and talk of the merry times of their childhood at Christmastide. It is ever to be regretted that we are allowing many of those old, beautiful customs to become so changed and modernized by our now advanced ideas that they can scarcely be recognized as the same holidays which our ancestors celebrated.

A Western landlord writes his own bills of fare, in order to save a printer's bill. The last one announces: "Coffey, supe, roste befe, fride hamm, boyled and bakt pertaters, fride could pudden, mins pyes, mutting chops, veels culverts hasch and crucified chickens."

A fashionable Galveston young lady at a social gathering remarked, jestingly, to Gilhooly: "I wonder how much I would bring if I was put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder?" "Just about $3,000." "Why, my jewelry alone is worth that." "Yes, that's what *I* put it down at in my estimate."

A Western woman who married the next day after her husband's death excused herself on the ground that there was a whole ham in the cellar, and she was afraid it would spoil if she didn't get some one to

The Spy's Story.

"Well, now, tell us, old friend, when scouting inside the enemy's lines, did anybody ever detect you as a Confederate spy?"

"Never. But I was mighty near being caught up once, and the only way I escaped was by being mistook for my brother Jim." Here the smile on his face spread into a broad grin, and he chuckled as his mind went back to the serio comical adventure. Tom Wood, or "Uncle Tommy," as he was known in General Lee's camp, had never been with the army in Flanders, but he had learned their habits all the same, and was perhaps as wicked a hunter as ever shouldered a rifle.

"But I'll tell you about how I liked to have been caught. It was late in December, and it occurred to me that I would take my Christmas frolic by making a little scout out to my home in Randolph county. We were camped at the Warm Springs, and had nothing to do in camp and I felt lonesome like. As Christmas drew on, I got to thinking about my old woman and the Children at home. They were away inside the lines of the enemy, and I thought that Christmas would be more like Christmas to them if I could unexpectedly drop down among. So I shouldered my old gun and away I went, out through Pocahontas and down into Randolph. I got along first rate on my way out; saw no Federals; slipped around their pickets, saw my family, and after enjoying myself for a season, started back.

"Of course I kept out of the way of all the settlements and stuck to the mountains. I stopped at nobody's house unless I knew them to be true-blue Southerners. One night I came to the Greenbriar, and just as dark came on a heavy sleet set in. I was cold, tired and hungry, and the only house where I could find shelter was the home of old Billy Johnson, whom I knew to be the most ultra Union man in all the region. I had no personal acquaintance with him, and didn't think that he had ever seen me, so I concluded to risk myself under his roof that night anyway. It was my purpose to give him a fictitious name, for I felt pretty sure that if he discovered that I was Tom Wood, the rebel scout, I would not live to see daylight. Mustering up courage, and helped along by the wet and cold, I sought refuge under Johnson's roof and was hospitably received. While sitting by the fire warming myself, Johnson kept looking in to my face earnestly, when all at once he rose from his seat, approached, and standing directly in front of me, says: "Ain't your name Wood?"

"Here was a poser, and I thought I was caught. I knew that if he recognized me it would do no good to lie about it, so I owned up and said that was my name. "Well," said he, "this is Brother Jimmy Wood, ain't it?"

"This relieved me. You see he mistook me for brother Jim, and seeing how it was, *I* humored the mistake, though Jim is a blasted sight uglier man than me. You see, Jim is a Methodist and a leader in the church, and so is Johnson, and that's how he called me 'Brother Wood.' And then he sat down and talked over old times and the camp-meeting in the hills, and I was willing he should most do of the talking.

"I got along very well until we sat up to supper, when Johnson called on me to say grace. I had done many a hard days work; had been on many a long scout, have been in some mighty hard fights; but I tell you honestly, boys, the hardest and hottest work *I* ever done was to get out that blessing in a genteel way. At bed time Brother Johnson put the Bible on the stand, snuffed the candle and asked me to lead in family worship. I read a chapter in the book, and kneeling down offered up the first prayer of my life, not forgetting to pray for the restoration of the Union and the distruction of its enemies. Maybe it was answered. I had a good night's rest, and when I left in the morning felt better than I ever felt in my life. In fact, boys, I believe it does a man good to pray a little once in a while, even if he forced to it. *I* mean to do more of it hereafter."

Marriages in Chicago are getting to be

Christmas Carol.

Pile on the Christmas logs
Higher and higher;
Cheerily, cheerily
Crackles the fire.

Now let the bells ring out,
Merrily, merrily;
Now let the children shout
Cheerily, cheerily.

Let no harsh voices sound
Drearily, drearily;
Let naught but joy abound
Merrily, merrily.

Now let home voices sound
Brimful of meaning;
Now let bright eyes abound,
Radiantly beaming.

Let not a note be heard
Breathing of sorrow;
Let not a soul bring here a
Care for the morrow.

Pile on the Christmas logs
Higher and higher;
Cheerily, cheerily
Crackles the fire.

Herald of future bliss
Joyously dawning;
Hail to thee, hail to thee,
Bright Christmas morning.

Chrisfmas.

'Tis Christmas—the accredited birthday of "the Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief"—the Saviour of the world.

In an obscure place of an ancient city He was born. His parentage was humble, and *He* was accouchied in a stable. His father was a carpenter, and He is believed to have followed that occupation for thirty years, occasionally startling His hearers with the novelty of His doctrines. At the age of thirty He enters upon his appointed mission—an event unnoticed, except incidentally, by any secular historian—and later dies a felon's death!

Now mark the sequel: His life and mission—how dwarfed any comparison?—is the inspiring thought and hope of the day. Every civilized government of the world owes devotion to Him, and gratitude—the Man once mocked by a crown of thorns, spit upon and reviled. Every legal document bears the legend "In the year of our Lord," and almost every witness in court pledges his fealty to truth in His name. The emblem of His death and torture are the highest of symbols, outlive the corrosion which crumbles all else into oblivion, and become the favorite ornament of all phases of fashion. The despised Nazarene is King of the World, and Christianity finds its home wherever intelligence gets sway. His natal day is the day of days of all the years—the day through all Christendom—when men, if ever, are happy, and give up selfishness and all else that mars happiness, to good cheer, good words, and good works.

Imagine this Man standing at the uncurtained window of a Christian home on a Christmas eve.

"For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid in JESUS CHRIST."

A Curious Fact.

Bands of music are borbidden to play on most of the large bridges of the world. A constant succession of sound waves, especially such as come from the playing of a band, will excite the wires to vibration. At first the vibrations are very slight, but soon they will increase as the sound waves continue to come. The principle reason why bands are not allowed to play when crossing bridges—the suspension bridge at Niagara for instance—is that if followed by processions of any kind they will keep step with the music, and this regular-step would cause the wires to vibrate. At suspension bridges military companies are not allowed to march across in regular steps, but break ranks. The regular trotting gait of a large dog across a suspension bridge is more dangerous to the bridge than a heavily-loaded wagon drawn by a team of large horses.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next, good sense; the third, good humor; the fourth, wit.

Christianity means to the merchant that he shall be honest; to the judge that he shall be just; to the servant, that he shall be diligent.

"Riches take wings." So do the

DRUGS

A full line of DRUGS and CLOTHING at

B. S. HARVEY'S DRUG STORE,

BEAVERTOWN, PA.

—o—

Men's and Youth's Suits, $4.50 to $12.00.

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Paper Collars 15 and 16 cts. a Box.

A large stock of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS at lowest CASH PRICES.

Call and examine our stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

Respectfully,
B. S. HARVEY.

Nov. 25, '80-3m.

CLOTHING

TRY
THE
New York Observer
THIS YEAR.

The Largest and Best Family Paper in the World.

Send For Sample Copy-Free

NEW YORK OBSERVER.
37 Park Row, N. Y.

1853. '71. 1873.

CENTENNIAL!

Having adopted the motto of the "NINETY SIXPENCE," the subscriber would call the attention of the public to the fact that he has adopted the

CASH SYSTEM,

and hereafter, will sell goods entirely for CASH or PRODUCE, being satisfied that it is the true system of doing business.

He continues to keep on hand a very full and well-selected stock of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
CROCKERY, BOOTS & SHOES,
HARDWARE,
CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS,
WALL PAPER,
SHOE FINDINGS, LEATHER,
FISH, OILS,
PAINTS, &C., &C., &C.,

which he offers to the public at very greatly reduced CASH PRICES.

With thanks to my old customers for their liberal patronage for many years of the past, I would solicit their custom for the future, hoping, they will be benefitted by the change, as well as

Your humble servant,
W. F. ECKBERT.

Selinsgrove, Sept. 23, '78.

YOU!

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST.

—o—

Every man or woman will buy Goods where they can do the best. It is natural. It is human nature. The best goods for the least money

RULE THE DAY.

That is just our Motto, and if you want to secure Bargains in

HARDWARE,
GROCERIES, DRUGS,
FISH, SALT, PLASTER,
LEATHER, SHOE FINDINGS,
TOBACCO AND CIGARS, IRON,
HORSE AND MULE SHOES, NAIL RODS, STEEL, ROCK POWDER, SAFTY FUSE, S. T. SUITS PURE RYE WHISKEY MADE EXPRESSLY FOR MEDICAL USE, AT ONLY $3.50 PER GALLON or $1.00 PER QUART, THE BEST WHISKEY YOU EVER DRANK, &c.
TRY IT.

I respectfully ask of the citizens of Snyder county a share of their patronage. Having purchased my Goods for CASH, I am able to sell at very LOW PRICES.

Country Produce taken in Exchange for Goods.

Yours Respectfully,
S. M. SHULER,
Feb. 5, '80. Liverpool, Perry Co., Pa.

Auctioneer.—George H. Hackenburg, of Middlecreek, P. O., would announce to the people of Snyder county, that he will cry sales of real or personal property, at short notice and on the most reasonable terms. [illegible]