# The Post.

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## Poetry.

### Independence.

We depend on one another
For each comfort we enjoy;
There is naught the heart can foster
That the heart may not destroy.
To every mind that ponders,
To every heart that feels,
There is not a day but something
Its hidden truth reveals;
...throughout creation,
The links of life had birth;
We speak of independence,
There is no such thing on earth.

The seed of friendship blooms not—
No leaf can it impart
Until it finds a welcome
In some congenial heart.
The light of love can warm not
Till found some kindred shrine,
And then it springs immortal,
And shows itself divine.
Thus, thus throughout creation,
The links of life had birth;
Ye speak of independence,
There is no such thing on earth.

### Not Forever.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

I do not think all hope and love,
For evermore abide
In that low grave they made for her
Upon the green hill-side!
I do not deem the world less fair,
Because my darling died!

For now some sweeter element
Pervades the round of space;
A rarest tint is on the flowers—
The sun shine hath new grace;
A softer glory haunts the dawn,
Like that upon the face!

A strange mysterious brightness broods
On hill-top, holt and lea—
Soft as the light that never yet
Hath shone on land or sea—
God's welcome smile that touch'd her face
That day—it seems to be!

I love to think that year by year
The grasses greener grow;
That God hath given a tenderer grace
To all the flowers that blow,
Because her gentle feet once trod
These tangled ways below!

I love to think the hills of heaven
Bask in diviner air—
The River of Life, whose every lisp
And murmur is a prayer,
Glides with the gladder harmony,
Because my love is there!

Oh! Love and Hope that cannot tire
Through all the years to be!
Oh! Faith that shines a steadfast star!
Above the crystal sea!
Somewhere in God's Infinite Isles
My darling waits for me!

## Select Tale.

### MRS. HACKER'S CONFESSION.

Mrs Hacker and her daughter sat in the little parlor behind the shop taking tea. It was a frosty winter night, and the brown teapot was kept on the back of the stove that it might not chill. So was the pan of sausages, which tasted all the more crisp and savory in consequence. The door between the store and the room stood open that any chance customer might be seen at once by the tea-drinkers, but the bell had not jingled since they took their seats.

"Trade is dreadful, Emma Jane," said Mrs. Hacker, dipping her bread into the sausage pan and transferring it to her plate by means of the long cooking fork. Trade is dreadful! I should just give up if it got a little worse; but dear me, I never had any luck in anything. There's Mr. Ninnever putting plate glass—whole panes—into his windows, and beginning to talk of hiring the second floor for ready made suits; and my things hang on my hands, though I'm sure I make better selections than he knows how to. Another cup; Emma Jane—what a comfort tea is, to be sure."

"Then give me a cup, won't you, Mrs. Hacker?" said a voice behind them. "I want comfort, I'm sure. Here's grandma gone out and forgot to leave the key, and nothing for me to do but sit on the steps and cool my heels."

"Thomas! la! how you scared me coming in so sudden!" screamed Emma Jane.

"Sit down, do," said Mrs. Hacker. "Take a seat here, Tom, and have supper with us. Your grandma [illegible]

and willing to buy that winter bonnet, and all the other bonnets Emma Jane will want. We've been engaged a year now, and at last I've got to be a foreman in the factory. Why should we put it off any longer? Tell Emma Jane that it's all nonsense. She won't listen to me."

"Well, I don't think long engagements are best," said Mrs. Hacker. "What I should say to Emma Jane would be, 'Have him now.'"

"Oh, well! I suppose I shall be bothered until I do say yes," replied Emma Jane; and then the anxious lover, pleading his cause earnestly, the wedding day was actually set for Christmas Eve, which was at that time about a month off.

This conversation, as well as the evening meal being over, Mrs. Hacker discretely retired to the shop and left the lovers alone. However, she did not stay away long. In a few moments she came running in with her glasses on her nose, and an open letter in her hand

"Read this one of you," she said "I have read it, but I can't understand it. It seems as though I must be crazy. See, here, you read it, Thomas—I have more confidence in you."

Then she put the letter into Thomas Hunt's hand and sat down at the table.

"I found it on the floor," said she. "The postman must have thrown it in at the silt. I don't know whether it is a hoax or not, but it's got the regular stamp on all. My gracious, how queer I do feel."

Meanwhile Thomas Hunt solemnly laid the sheet of paper before him, read it through, and turned back to the first line.

"It isn't a hoax," said he "It's a regular lawyer's-letter, and what it tells you is that your old uncle, Simon Hacker, of London, England, is dead, and you are his heiress to the tune of about one hundred thousand dollars. It's down in pounds, but that's the same in our own money."

"Pinch me, Emma Jane!" cried Mrs Hacker. "I must be it, dear—and if I don't wake up I'll think it's true.

"Oh, pshaw, ma! It's true enough," cried Emma Jane. "How splendid. Oh, when are we to have the money? Oh, isn't it just lovely!"

But Thomas gave a little sigh.

"Mrs. Hacker," he said, "maybe you think a mechanic not rich enough or fine enough for your daughter now you are as well off that. If so, say so, out and out, and I'll bear it as well as I can."

"Why, Thomas, if I was a queen, I'd think you a good son-in-law," said Mrs. Hacker.

"And you, Emma?" said Thomas.

"I shall wait until I get my diamonds on before I take airs," said his lady love.

Nevertheless the fortune made a change in the programme. It was necessary for Mrs. Hacker to go to England, and Emma Jane must go with her, she said; and on the whole it seemed best to postpone the wedding for a while.

"It wouldn't be respectful to Uncle Simon to marry immediately," said the mother.

So Thomas had the unhappiness of seeing his lady love leave the shores of her native land, and went back to the shop with a very heavy heart.

However, he worked hard, and many letters comforted him; and at last his Emma Jane returned gorgeous in the latest London fashions; and there was all the bustle of buying a new house, furnishing it and taking possession of it—and very little time for lovers to be together.

"You see," said Mrs. Hacker to Tom, "you see Emma Jane is all stirred up. She'll settle down after awhile; but you know young people will be young people."

At home Tom got less comfort.

"Emma Jane feels her money. She shows it," said Grandmother Hunt—"and the place is too fine [illegible]

"You see, Tom, somehow I'd rather not be married for a long while. I don't want you to be angry with me, but I never was a rich girl before—and it's so nice. I get so much attention. I don't want to settle down as an old married woman yet."

"I'll wait, Emma," replied Tom.

"Ah, but—but you see it might be no use," said Emma. "Perhaps I never may want to marry, and if you don't mind taking back the ring, why we can be friends all the same."

"Can we?" said Tom, in a strange tone. "Well, I shall never be your enemy, Emma."

And he put the ring in his vest pocket, and shortly after departed. But he didn't trouble the servant to open the door of the big house again.

"What ails Tom, Emma Jane,' asked Mrs. Hacker, one day, some time after. "Why don't he come here any more?"

"It's just as well he shouldn't," answered Emma, "and I wish you'd drop the Jane, ma; I hate it so."

"You didn't formerly hate your poor grandma's name," said Mrs. Hacker; "but money has spoiled you, Emma Jane, if it ever spoiled a woman."

"Don't be cross, ma," coaxed Emma. "Tom is very well, but he is common; and you know how elegant young Mr. Vreeland is, and—and he pays me a great deal of attention, ma."

"Ah, that's it," sighed old Mrs. Hacker. "He's cut Thomas Hunt out. You have jilted the poor boy."

And now Vreeland came often to see Emma Jane; was her escort everywhere, drove her out, walked with her, sang sentimental songs with his eyes fixed on her face, and did all that might be done to show "what his intentions were." And a year from the day on which Mrs. Hacker took possession of the new house, she was not surprised to hear that Mr. Vreeland desired to see her alone.

"Yes, I'll see him, my dear," said Mrs. Hacker, putting on her best cap at the glass; "but I can't help thinking of poor Tom."

Mr. Vreeland sat in the parlor in exactly the proper attitude, wearing the proper dress, and properly excited—no more. He informed the old lady that he had lost his heart to her daughter, and that as he believed he had found favor in that young lady's eyes, desired to have her permission to set the wedding day.

And Mrs. Hacker listened calmly, and answered thus:

"Mr. Vreeland, I think you are what they call a very good match for Emma Jane, and I've nothing against you. It shall be as she chooses. Only it's but fair to tell you this. You must take her for herself, for in a week's time we shall leave this house, and I shall go back to my little shop. I've been speculating, and—well, you know how things go sometimes."

"Yes, I know," replied young Vreeland. He turned pale as death as he spoke, and sat down looking at the carpet.

After a while he said:

"Accept my condolence," and arose and bowed himself out of the front door.

An hour afterwards Emma Jane, to whom her mother had told the same story of speculation and loss, received a note, which the Vreelands black servant had brought to the door. It ran thus:

"MY DARLING EMMA:—You know I adore and must adore you forever; but my habits are extravagant. My father, like your mother, has entered into disastrous speculations, and I will not bind you to marriage which would result in nothing but misery. Yours ever, in deep dispair,
REGINALD VREELAND."

Ah, it was all like a dream to Emma. They went back to the old house, and the shop was opened again. The dirty boxes were brushed, the counter oiled, the pins and buttons, and striped blue elastic, and boxes of cheap thimbles, and the card board mottoes stamped for working in silk, graced the glass case once more.

[illegible]

Grandmother told Mrs. Hacker that she thought Tom was beginning to like Fanny Earle, the hair-dresser's pretty daughter.

Sometimes Tom would pass the window, but he never looked towards it.

Emma used to sit behind the counter thinking of him. What a lover she had had, and she had cast him away for a fortune hunter. Her verdict was that she deserved punishment, and she was very sad and very meek.

She expected nothing now but to die an old maid, living behind that little shop counter, and never having any admiration or attention again.

In this mood she sat beside her mother one winter evening. The table was spread with the thick stone china; the brown tea-pot and the pan of sausages hissed on the stove. The door stood open between the shop and the parlor. All that had happened since might have been a dream, and it might have been the same night, a year before, when the letter had come to them which had made such changes, and Emma had even poured out the second cup of tea for her mother, when the door of the hall creaked, and looking up, she saw Tom standing there. Tom, big and brown as ever, with such a look in his eyes. But it could not be for her; she did not deserve it. And Emma dropped her head upon her hands and burst into tears.

Then she felt Tom kneel down beside her and put his arm around her waist,

"Look at me, Emma," he whispered. "Look at me, my dear. I cannot bear it any more. I never can help loving you, and for all that's come and gone, I believe you do love me a little,"

Then Emma found courage to put her hands upon his shoulders and whisper:

"Oh, Tom, I believe I do."

* * * *

They were married in a very little while, and it was only after the wedding that old Mrs. Hacker, with a very solemn face, informed them that she had a confession to make.

"I haven't lost my money at all, my dears," she said. "I'm half afraid of it, for it seemed to bring unhappiness with it. Yet, still it's comfortable to be rich. And now you are married to an honest man, that chose you when you were poor, my dear, we might as well make the most of it, and all go over together—Granny Hunt and all—to the big house the servants are keeping for us, thinking we're off on a journey. I shall never blame myself, and I don't think any of you will blame me, either."

Tom looked at Emma, but she only threw her arms about his neck, and hid her face in his bosom and said:

"The money cannot make me any happier than I am, Tom."

And even Grandmother Hunt declared: "The house don't seem too fine to me now, for there's love in it and truth in it, and my Tom is as happy as the day."

### A Touching Story.

On a narrow island near the New England coast, where primitive customs still obtain, where the crier goes about the streets by day and the watchman by night, where they dispose of sulpher meat by auction, and the merry maiden and the tar go junketing together in an ancient calash, lives an old lady, Auntie A——. The same roof has sheltered three generations of her family, and it would require little less than an earthquake to dislodge her from her seat by the old fashioned fire-place. There she sits, a picture of peace and contentment. "Haven't you a single regret in your whole life?" we asked her once. She stopped her knitting, and a dreamy look crept over her placid eyes. "Yes," she said at length, "I have. Ten years ago, when my dear dead sister was alive, a man with a hand-organ came to this island by the steamer. Oh! he could play beautifully. He came [illegible] and my sister says [illegible] Well, do [illegible] after all, but I [illegible]

### The Nightingale.

One of the most celebrated of song-birds is the nightingale, or night singer. It is a migratory bird. Do you know what this is? It is a bird that visits its northern home early in the spring, and quits it for the south early in the autumn. It migrates.

This famous bird is common in nearly all parts of Europe. It haunts woods, thickets, and gardens. It migrates into Egypt and Syria. It has been seen among the willows of Jordan and the olive trees of Judea. In no part of Europe is it more common than in Spain or Italy; but even in these southern regions the bird is migratory.

The nightingale is shy in its habits. Its nest is placed low, and hidden from view. Its eggs, five in number, are of an olive brown. Its food consists of insects. In color it is brown, with a reddish tinge on the back and tail.

As a songster, the bird is unsurpassed. Though its notes are heard at intervals during the day, they are poured forth in their greatest perfection on quiet evenings, an hour or two after sunset; and when the moon is nearly full, and the weather is serene, the melodious song of the nightingale may be heard at midnight.

The late Bishop Stanley, of England, gives an account of one that he raised from the nest. It was kept in a cage two years; then the cage was hung open at the door, and the bird was allowed to go out.

At first it returned regularly every evening. As the season advanced, it sometimes stayed out all night in the garden; but if called by some one whose voice it knew, it would return and feed from his hand. In the autumn, as the evenings got cool, it returned to its cage again before nightfall. It was taken as usual into the house, and was kept there for a winter. This is a curious instance of the force of habit over-coming the instinct of a bird.

### Open Outward.

The storm-doors around the *Post*-office, at Detroit, open outwardly. This isn't for fear that a fire will occur and a rush ensue, but it is arranged that way to make a man mad. A man will go singing along the street, smiling all over, and bragging to himself how good-natured he is, when suddenly he remembers that he must mail a letter He is only one man, but the others stand around to give advice.

The first man rushes up the steps and gives the door a push. It is solid as a rock, and his momentum generally carries his knees and nose against the hard wood.

"Push!" yells the extra man.

The other steps back and follows the advice, but with no successful results. By this time his smile has faded, his dyspepsia begins to work up, and there is indignation in his tones as he turns and asks:

"Is this blasted old Postoffice closed for the day?"

"Oh, no, sir. I guess you will get in if you push hard enough. *I* presume the hinges are a little rusty."

Then the man returns to the charge. As a rule he puts his shoulder to the door, his feet slip back, and he comes down in a graceful heap, to be laughed at by all the boys. When he gets up he feels as if he could lick any seven men, but before he has time to pick a fight the other advances and says:

"Mighty curious about that door. Ah! *I* see—opens this way. You might have pushed all day and not got in."

The one goes in is too mad to post his letter. The one who stays shakes all over and keeps his eye out for next.

Dakota is three times as large as the whole of New England. Twenty-eight Connecticuts spread over it would leave unoccupied space. The Black Hills opened four years ago, now have 25,000 white people. Within the past year 1,500 miles of railroad have been projected and 900 finished while nearly 100,000 people have come into the Territory.

[illegible]

### They All Knew.

Once in a lifetime you meet a man who will admit that he doesn't know all about a horse, but he may come around next day and claim to have been temporarily insane when he made the admission. As a rule, every man knows exactly what ails a horse, whether anything ails him or not, and can point out a dozen instances where nature could have improved on her work, no matter how well she did it.

Yesterday, a horse which had been looked over by the Fire department, and rejected on account of size, was tied to a post on Griswold street. He was as sound as a dollar, not even showing a wind-puff. Pretty soon along came two lawyers, and one of them remarked:

"Pity such a fine animal as that is foundered.'

"Yes, and I can see that he is windbroken to boot,' was the ready response.

Then the cashier of a bank halted and took a look at the horse's teeth. He was going away, when a mail carrier asked:

"How old do you call him?'

'Some men might buy him for twelve, but they couldn't fool me; that horse will never see sixteen again.'

The best judges had called him six, and his owner had proofs that he wasn't a mouth older. The mail carrier felt of the animal's ribs, rubbed his spine, and observed:

"*He's* got the botts, or I'm no judge of horses.'

Then a merchant halted and surveyed the horse's legs, lifted its front feet, pinched its knee, and feelingly said:

'Been a pretty good stepper in his day, but he has gone to the crows now.'

The next man was a book-keeper. It took him but five minutes to make up his mind that sweeny was the leading ailment, although poll-evil, heaves and glanders were present in a bad form.

"What is sweeny?" queried an innocent bootblack who had made up his mind that the horse had liver complaint.

"Sweeny!" repeated the book-keeper—"look at the way he carries his tail and learn what sweeny is.'

"Oh, no,' put in another—'sweeny affects the eyes.'

"I guess not,' said an insurance man, "*I* guess sweeny affects the lungs.'

"Lungs!" cried a broker—"you mean the stomach!'

And they were jangling over it when the owner of the horse came and led him away.

### A Matrimonial Establishment.

In the town of West Alexander, Penna., twelve miles from the Ohio and two miles from the West Virginia line, lives a magistrate who is reputed to have married 1,800 couples within two years and to have built a fine house with his wedding fees. His popularity arises from the fact that the laws of Pennsylvania do not require a marriage license, while those of the two neighboring States do. He will marry a couple without their leaving their carriage, or he will allow them to remain all night and take breakfast with him, charging judiciously for board and lodging.—His regular charge for marrying a couple is $3. He sometimes has from three to five couples at a time waiting to be made one, and all in a hurry from fear lest those who pursue will catch up in time to forbid the banns.

### Troubled of a Western Bride.

The bridegroom of a Waukegan wedding was a Baptist and the bride a Methodist. They had agreed that immediately after the ceremony, they would decide by chance which should embrace the other's religion. The officiating clergyman declined to toss up a cent, partly because he would not countenance such a proceeding, and partly because being a Methodist, he might be accused of fraud if the bride won. The bride herself finally threw the coin, and lost, when she went to join the Baptists, however, they rejected her because she did not believe in close communion. That displeased the husband, and he went over with her to the Methodists.


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PAINTS, &C., &C., &C.

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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, '75.

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**LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST.**

—o—

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Auctioneer.—George H. Hockenberry, of Middleburg, P. O. would [illegible]