The Post.

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THE POST.

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Poetry.

THE DRUM.

BY JAMES W. RILEY.

Oh the drum!
There is some
Intonation in the grum
Monotony of utterance that strikes
the spirit dumb,
As we hear
Through the clear
And unclouded atmosphere.
The rumbling palpitations roll it upon
the ear!

There's a part
Of the art
Of the music throbbing heart,
That thrills a something in us that
awakens with a start.
And in rhyme
With the chime
And exactitude of time
Goes marching on to to glory to thy
melody sublime.

And the guest
Of the breast
That thy rolling robs of rest
Is a patriotic spirit as a Continental
dressed;
And he looms
From the glooms
Of a century of tombs.
And the blood he spilled at Lexington
in living beauty blooms,

And his eyes
Wear the guise
Of a nature pure and wise;
And the love of them is lifted to a
smoothing in the skies
That is bright
Red and white,
With a blur of starry light.
As it laughs in silken ripples to the
breezes day and night.

There are deep
Hushes creep
O'er the pulses as they leap.
And the murmur, fainter growing, on
the silence falls asleep;
While the prayer
Rising there
Wills the sea and earth and air
As a heritage to Freedom's sons and
daughters everywhere.

Then with sound
As profound
As the thunderings resound,
Come thy wild reverberations in a
And lo, that shakes the ground.
Flung on high
Like the big flag it flutters by,
Wings rapturously upward till it nestles in the sky.

MULE OF TEXAS.

Mule of Texas, ere we part,
Tell me why you will not start;
Or if really you must balk,
Pray excuse my wicked talk.
Hear my vow before I go,
I'll be even with you, though.

By your long tail unconfined,
Wooed by every passing wind,
By those heels, so wondrous swift,
Which can mop o'er tree tops lift,
By those ears that droop so low,
I'll be even with you, though.

By those ribs I long to baste,
By your show of d. b. taste,
By the melancholy bray
That alarms folks miles away,
By your stern resolve to whoa,
I'll be even with you, though.

Mule of Texas, I am gone;
Think of me, sweet, when alone,
For I fly to get a club;
Then your blamed old back I'll drub
If I cannot make you go,
I'll be even with you, though.
—BOSTON POST.

GENTLE INFLUENCES.

Violets, in the leafless shade,
By their odors are betrayed;
Soft winds, over flower fields blown,
By their fragrant breath are known,
Dew, by freshened leaves confessed,
Wets unseen earth's slumbering breast;
Rills, from out the bleak hillside,
Swell to rivers, deep and wide;
Rivers flowing fast and free,
Widen to the boundless sea;
All great things that move the earth
To gentle issues owe their birth;
And soft influence still is best,
Bringing comfort, love and rest.
Sweet domestic love is strong—
Leads to right and warns from wrong,
Kindly whispers mightier prove,
And to loftier action move,
Than the fretful voice of scorn,
Of contempt and anger born.

Found in a fit—the man with a new suit of clothes.

Too much smoking is just as injurious to a man as it is to ham.

Sugarcoat a fool with money and the world's people will swallow him.

Candy isn't good for children. A stick in some other form is often more wholesome.

A Cincinnati man tock twenty-seven drinks of whiskey and is expected to die. This should warn all drinkers to stop at the twenty-sixth.

Select Tale.

The Beautiful Singer.

Gustavus Adolphus, Sweden's heroic king, was fond of music. The sweet voice of song, especially from the lips of childhood, often moved him to tears. Once upon a time Gustavus Adolphus, after long and severe fighting, had conquered a strongly fortified town, in which were citizens who had been born within the limits of the Swedish rule but had since found new homes. And all these people he condemned to death. They were marched out from the town at nightfall, to be held in camp until the following morning, when they were to be shot for treason. Several of his officers interceded with the king for the lives of these poor people.

But Gustavus felt that he had already granted enough. First—in the ruddy heat of his passion—he had consigned the whole tribe to death; but since then he had greatly modified the sentence, condemning only those of the former subjects of Sweden who had been taken with arms in their hands; and from this no power of persuasion or argument could move him. All the talk of his old chaplain about these people having only joined their fellows in protecting the homes to their wives and children, moved him not an atom. "They are traitors!" he said, "and as traitors they shall die!"

At a late hour—it was past midnight—Gustavus Adolphus threw on his cloak and drew his slouched hat down over his eyes, and, staff in hand, wandered forth in the darkness. Without thinking whither he went, he slowly walked on, answering the sentinels as they hailed him, until at length his steps were arrested by a strain of music.

"Who is that?" he asked of a sentinel whom he chanced to meet a moment later.

"It is one of the prisoners, sire.—The wife and children of one of their chief men have had premission to [illegible] night with the husband and father."

The king nodded his thanks for his information, and moved on. Slowly he approached the tent from which the music issued, and as he drew near he heard a deep, manly voice:

"Hush! Hush! Weep not. God will provide!"

The king looked in through the open seam in the cloth and saw a gray haired man, with an imposing presence—a grand face and head, and a clear flashing eye, surrounded by his wife and children, who clung to him with passionate tenderness.

"Hush!" he said." "Let us not make these precious moments darker than they need to be. It is but the fortune of war, my loved ones. Come, my Hermions—sing to me, once more, our dear old song of the Fatheland! For, though Gustavus will take my life, yet I love the land that gave birth. God bless dear Sweden, now and ever more! Now Hermions—sing: Come—let thy voice give my poor heart cheer if it may be."

Presently thereafter a beautiful girl of fifteen or sixteen summers, threw back the silken hood from her golden curls, and began to sing. Her song was the Swede's oldest and most cherished piece of music—the words full of love and devotion—love of home and of country,—and the melody was peculiarly sweet and touching. And never had the king heard it sung so grandly. The words fell upon his ears with a new meaning, and the music touched his spirit with a strangely awakening power. As the charming melody swelled to grander and grander tones, and the voice of the singer deepened and strengthened, the listener felt his heart hush with awe.

And finally, when the last rich cadence died away, in mellow, melting echoes upon the upper air, he pressed his hands over his eyes, and burst into tears.

After a time Gustavus lifted his head and looking once more through the aperture in the wall of the tent he saw the family upon their knees, and heard the voice of the old man raised in prayer. He listened for a few seconds and then turned and strode away towards his quarters, where he found two of his attendants sitting up waiting for him. And to one of them he said:

"Colonel I wish you to go to the prisoners' quarters, and in the large tent nearest to the river—it is at the extreme north-western corner of the camp—you will find the family of a prisoner named Hoven; and of that family is a girl named Hermions.—Bring her to me. Assure her that no harm shall befall her."

And when the messengers had gone the king turned to his table and having found the necessary materials he went to work at writing. He wrote rapidly and heavily, like one moved by ponderous ideas; and he just finished his work when the Colonel appeared with him the gentle songstress in company.

"Fear not, my child," the king said, the maiden standing trembling before him, "I have sent for you because I wish to repay you for a great good you unconsciously did me this night. Do you call to mind that you sang the dear old song of the Vasas—the hymn of the fatherland?"

"Yes, your majesty, I sang it for my father, who is to die on the morrow. Though no longer in Sweden, he dearly loves the memory of the land that gave him birth."

"Well, I chanced to hear you sing and you shall ere long know how your song affected me. Here! Take this paper, and go with it to the officer commanding the camp of the prisoners. Colonel Forsby will go with you. And my child, the next time you sing that song, think of Gustavus Adolphus Vassas, and bear witness that his heart was not all hard, nor cold."

The girl looked up into the monarch's face a she held forth the paper and when she saw the genial kindly look that beamed upon her, she obeyed the impulse of the moment, and caught his hand and kissed.

And when she went away she bore with her the royal order for the free pardon and instant release of all the prisoners. The old General to whom the order had been directed for promulgation and execution was one of those who had earnestly pleaded in behalf of the [illegible] readily imagine the joy with which he received it. He fairly caught the beautiful messenger in his arms, and kissed her upon her forehead, and blessed her; and he went with her to the tent where her father was held, and allowed her to publish the joyful tidings.

And with the dawn of day the prisoners—to the number of 200—were mustered into line, many of them believing their hour had come to receive the intelligence of Pardon and Freedom!

What transpired beyond that can be imagined full as well as we can tell. We only add, that Gustavus Adolphus by that act of mercy, secured the friendship which was to be of incalculable value to him in coming time.

And one other thing: In less than a year from that time Col. Ulric Forsby, of the King's staff, gained for a wife the beautiful singer whom sweet notes had melted the heart of Gustavus Adolphus, and given life and liberty and joy to suffering men.

Wisdom.

A clean hand wants no washing.

A bad day never has a good night.

A careless watch invites a vigilant foe.

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

Nothing overcomes passion more than silence.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free.

Good breeding is a letter of credit all over the world.

He who knows not when to be silent knows not when to speak.

He who would be a great soul in future must be a great soul now.

It requires a strong, good man to say, "I was mistaken, and am sorry."

Never run up small debts. Creditors are like children—the smaller they are the more they cry.

Benjamin Franklin says there are three friends who will never deceive or desert you: "A tried wife, an old dog, and ready money.

A Syracuse maiden has promised to marry five different men. The papers refer to her as "a promising society belle."

"HOW."

"How many of our rich yachtmen really care anything for yachting?

How much happier life might be if the mind could be trained to forget past troubles.

How hard it is to avoid listening and liking to listen to a scandal about our neighbor.

How tame life would be without troubles and difficulties to overcome

How few value or cultivate a good pair of legs and lungs.

How the old are forgotten by the young.

How unfortunate that so many of the aged should make themselves unattractive and even repulsive to the young.

How strong we feel when we never have been sick.

How many men and women are there without a weak spot somewhere?

How whisky does bring out a man's true nature and show the make-up and artificial side of his moral character.

How much better is a "dog's life" than that of some women.

How few new brooms, after all, sweep clean unless there's a clean sweeper behind them.

How sorry some people are for faults which they commit again next month.

How awfully awful it would be if everybody without warning told the truth.

How we do love to shut our eyes to what we fear may be reality.

How much good we would do were we only rich.

How little good we do when we are rich.

How contrary and eccentric seems one who thinks for him or herself.

How poor are the medicinal spirits sold by one-third of our druggists.

How very large the book in which might be written all we don't know.

How very small the book in which might be written all we do know.

How few barbers can shave a man without trying on him their conversational powers.

How much more we do know at twenty than at forty.

How useless it is to argue with a woman when she is angry.

Or a man.

How little credit is given to children for what they see, hear and understand.

How much dignity a cigar does put in some men's mouths and bearing.

How charming and beautiful are the green fields and groves—in books.

How hot are the green fields and how the mosquitoes do bite in the groves—out of books.

How difficult it is to tell whose boiler will blow up next.

How sad to think it will be somebody's boiler.

How we do go on nursing our hidden pet sin until it finds us out and blows us up.

How idiotic is to act on the maxim, "Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to day."

How much better is it "Never do anything to-day that can be put off till to-morrow."

How few understand that if too many things be undertaken to-day none of them will be well or thoroughly done.

How much harder is living than dying.

How does she head?

How much more money we spend than we mean to.

How hard it is for the many to make both ends meet, and what poor ends they are when they do meet.

How very poor riches can make men.

How will millionaires get their letters of credit recognized and honored in heaven?

How history does lie.

How many truths are scorned and laughed at and how many fictions are belived and honored.

How quickly a man or woman gets old when they insist on being old, feeling old and acting old.

How little young people care if they are fools, and how angry people are because young people don't care if they are fools.

"Sam, why don't you talk to your master and tell him to lay up treasures in heaven?" "What's de use ob him layin' up treasures up dar? He'll tober see sun agin."

Dying Nations.

Why do nations die? Cultivated Greece, and all-conquering Rome; Vandal, and Goth, and Hun, and Moor, and Pole, and Turk, all dead or dying. Why? Murdered by nations more powerful? Swallowed by earthquakes? Swept away by pestilence or plague, or starved by pitiless famine? Not by any of these. Not by the lightning and thunder; not by the tempest and the storm; not by the poisoned air, or volcanic fires did they die! They perished by moral degradation, the legitimate result of gluttony, intemperance and effeminacy.

When a nation becomes rich, then there is leisure and the means of indulgence in the appetites and passions of our nature, which wear the body and wreck the mind. As with nations, so with families. Wealth takes away the wholesome stimulus of effort, idleness opens the flood-gates of passionate indulgence, and the heir of millions dies heirless and poor, and both name and memory ingloriously rot.

If, then, there is any truth and force in argument, each man owns it to himself, to his country, and more than all, to his Maker, to live a life of temperance, industry and self-denial as to every animal gratification; and with these having an eye to the glory of God, this nation of ours will with increasing prosperity and renown until, with one foot on land and another on sea, the angel of eternity proclaims time no longer.

Eye Flirtation.

Winking right eye—I love you.
Winking left eye—I hate you.
Winking both eyes—No.
Winking both eyes twice—We are watched.
Winking right eye twice—I am engaged.
Winking left eye twice—I am married.
Putting right fore finger to right eye—Do you love me?
Putting right third finger to right eye—whom do you love?
Putting left forefinger to right eye—Can I see you home?
Putting left third finger to right—eye Don't do yet.
Dropping eyelids—Yes.
Raising eye-brows—Give me a kiss.
Winking right eye then left eye—Won't you come?
Winking left eye then right eye—Will you see me home?
Covering right eye with right hand—Will you walk with me?
Covering left eye with left hand—Let me alone.
Covering left eye with right hand—Have I offended you.
Covering right eye with left hand—Wait till another time.
Covering left eye slowly—Try and love me.

A young man who lives in Austin, and whose moustache is like faith, "the evidence of things hoped for, the substance of things not yet seen," called upon his prospective father-in-law, and gave due notice that he intended marrying the old man's daughter at an early date. "It had better take place on some Sunday, so that it will not interfere with your school hours," sarcastically said the old man.

During the burning of the Monticello Wine Company's cellars at Charlottesville, Va., a few days since the flow of wine into Schenck's branch augmented it to such a degree that Cochran's mill was enabled to grind having been suspended before by the drought. This may be recorded, perhaps, as the first instance of a mill wheel turned by wine.

The great Smith family have been holding a grand reunion at Peapack, New Jersey. The reunion was not strictly a failure or a success, as very few of the Smiths were there—only fifteen or twenty thousand, and that included the Schmidts, Smits and Tchmids. It is not known whether there were any John Smith's among them.

A Detroiter dreamed that he had died and was banished to Satan's sultry kingdom, and says he found many earthly customs in vogue there. About every man he met asked: "Is it hot enough for you?"

....Easton has more lager beer saloons than bakeries.

... Throughout Tioga county the crows are very numerous.

....Pennsylvania manufactures more cheese than New York.

....Potatoes sell at the rate of three dollars per bushel at Erie.

....The Schuylkill canal cannot accommodate its coal business.

....Horse thieves are operating extensively in Washington county.

....Dogs are being poisoned in many of the townships of Deleware county.

....Scarlet fever has broken out the second time in Shamokin this summer.

....Chester county is abandoning the raising of hogs to cultivate tobacco.

....The charcoal furnaces of Centre county have more orders than they can fill.

....The cheese factories in Venango county are doing a thriving business.

....Gen. Harrison Allen, of Warren, ex-auditor general, keeps a livery stable.

....The rolling mills and foundries of Crawford county are all running on full time.

....Henry Styers, of Greene county, was gored to death by an infuriated steer in a drove.

....The manufacture of cutlery in Beaver county is to be increased by additional factories.

...Employes of the custom house at Philadelphia work more hours now than ever they did.

....Hon. John W. Killinger, of Lebanon county, owns extensive tracts of land in California.

....Shade trees set out last spring and orchards planted at the same time have died by the drought.

....Bethlehem, Northampton county, is the wool hat manufacturer for the eastern part of the state.

....Three tanneries in Wayne county turn out one thousand sides of leather every twenty-four hours.

....Forty-eight volunteer fire companies have reported to appear at the Reading tournment this month

....There is a blacksmith named Isaac Hirst, in Tunkhannock, who shoes a horse all around in forty minutes.

....Thomas Near, of Clarion Indiana county, is seven feet high, and attends camp meetings to keep order.

....Liquor dealers in Lehigh county say that the fines and costs in the prosecutions to which they are subjected, eats up all their profits and much of their capital.

....The relatives of John Blossing, of Erie, who was drowned at Atlantic City, refuse to fulfill his will, which Directs that his body be reduced to ashes at the Ledoyne over in Washington

....The small pox is spreading in Philadelphia. Sixty-two new cases were reported during the last week and thirty-seven additional cases on Thursday and Friday last.

....A New Jersey widow couldn't earn six dollars a week at the wash-tub. She became a clairvoyant, and her income increased to sixty. It just shows that a man begrudges the quarter he pays for washing his shirt, while he will cheerfully give a dollar to stick his nose into the other world before the show begins.

....One-half the mills within fifty miles of Allentown have stopped operations.

....A number of houses on the block of ground between Fifteenth and Sixteenth Streets and Pennsylvania, avenue and Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, have been purchased by the Reading Railroad Company. They will be torn down and a spacious new depot, it is expected, will be built on the site. The materials of the buildings is now offered for sale.

....Messrs, Moody and Sankey, the revivalists, are about going to England, where they will hold revival meetings; also in Ireland and Scotland. They expect to be gone about two years They go under invitations from prominent religionists there.

Jeff. Davis has reached England, He will find there, no doubt, many persons of high degree who will receive him with heartiness, and give to him distinguished consideration. The holders of the confederate cotton loan will probably not be among the most ardent of his admirers, but they might invite him to join with them in holding a meeting for common consolation.

All bachelors would like to shake hands with the man named Morse who recently got married and four weeks later applied to the Legislature and had his name changed to Re-Morse.

Cuticura

THE GREAT SKIN CURE.
INFALLIBLY CURS

Itching and Scaly Diseases, Scrofulous Humors, Ulcers, Old Sores and Mercurial Affections when all other Human Agencies Fail.

THE CUTICURA TREATMENT, for the cure of Skin, Scalp and Blood Diseases, consists in the internal use of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, and the external use of CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the Great Skin Cures.

For Sunburn, Tan and Greasy Skin use CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite toilet, bath and nursery sanative, fragrant with delicious flower odor and healing balsams.

Salt Rheum.

Will McDonald, 162 Dearborn St., Chicago, gratefully acknowledges a cure of Salt Rheum on head, neck, face, arms and legs for seventeen years; not able to walk except on hands and knees for one year; not able to help himself for eight years; tried hundreds of remedies; doctors pronounced his case hopeless; permanently cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

Psoriasis.

H. E. Carpenter, Esq., Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years' standing, by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. The most wonderful case on record. Cure certified to before a justice of the peace and prominent citizens. All afflicted with Itching and Scaly Disease should send to us for this testimonial in full.

Skin Disease.

F. H. Drake, Esq., Detroit, Mich., suffered beyond all description from a skin disease which appeared on his hands, head and face, and nearly destroyed his eyes. The most careful doctoring failed to help him, and after all had failed he used the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally, CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, and was cured, and has remained perfectly well to this day.

Scrofula.

Hon. Wm. Taylor, Boston, says: "After three months' use of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and 12 years of as constant suffering in my house as the face, neck and scalp as ever endured, I can say that I am cured, and pronounce my case the most remarkable on record. I have been so elated with my success that I have stopped men on the street who were afflicted and told them to get the Cuticura Remedies and they would cure them.

Skin Humors.

Mrs. S. E. Whipple, Decatur, Mich., writes that her face, head and some parts of her body were almost raw. Head covered with scabs and sores. Suffered fearfully and tried everything. Permanently cured by Cuticura Remedies.

Cuticura

Remedies are for sale by all druggists. Price of CUTICURA, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes, 50c.; large boxes, $1; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA MEDICINAL TOILET SOAP, 25c.; CUTICURA MEDICINAL SHAVING SOAP, 15c.; in bars for barbers and large consumers, 50. Principal depot.

WEEKS & POTTER, Boston Mass

☞ All mailed free on receipt of price.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTERS

One COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTER, costing 25 cents, is far superior to every other electrical appliance before the public. They instantly relieve Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Malaria, Fever and Ague and Kidney and Urinary Difficulties, and may be worn over the pit of the stomach, over the kidneys, or any affected part. Price 25 cents. Sold everywhere. WEEKS & POTTER, BOSTON, MASS.

PLAIN & FANCY SEWING.

MRS. ADAM MUSSER, of Centre township would respectfully inform the public that she is prepared to do plain and fancy sewing promptly at short notice. Public patronage respectfully solicited.

Aug. 3, 1881.

NEW FURNITURE ROOMS!

THE undersigned has opened a Furniture Store, near the Middleburg Depot, and keeps constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of

Chamber Suits,
Bedsteads,
Cane-seated Chairs,
Wood-seat Chairs
Extension Tables
Stands,
Lounges,
Tables,

and everything else kept in a first-class Furniture Store.

H. H. RENINGER,
near the Depot,
Apr. 14, 6m. Middleburg, Pa

LEVI KEPLER,

Notary Public Surveyor, Conveyancer Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Deeds, Bonds and Mortgages prepared and a kinds of conveyancing attended to promptly with neatness and accuracy.

Special attention given to buying and selling Real Estate. Office in Freeburg, Snyder Co Pa. P. O. Address, Mt. Pleasant Mills, Snyder Co., Penn'a. Aug. 6, '79