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Select Poetry.

THE NEW-MOWN HAY.
BY CHARLES HACKETT.
When swallows come with their wings
And tremble down from the eaves,
When the sun is hot and the air is bright,
And the wind is soft and the grass is green,
And the world is full of life and joy,
And the heart is glad and the soul is free,
Then the new-mown hay is the best,
And the best is the best of all.

THE WIDOW LEEDON'S LAST LOAF.
BY W. E. PROFFER, OF VALLEY FORGE, PA.
It was evening—a beautiful autumn evening,
The red leaves yet danced, rejoicing in the mid-air,
And the soft sunshine yet gilded the hill tops,
And the white clouds were creeping silently up
The valley, as the gentle wind *Leedon*,
With her child in her arms, wended her way
Homeward. She was tired, for she had toiled all day
In Farmer Wood's kitchen, and though it was Saturday
evening, she had not been paid for her labor.
The kind-hearted house maid at Farmer
Wood's had urged her to wait for her supper,
but she thought of her hungry little ones
at home, and she could not stay. She had no money
and no food, and she felt a bitter pang
of hunger, and her sweet tooth, "mamma, mamma,"
She thought only of her expectant little ones,
and the means of obtaining bread for them
to last over Sunday. As she neared the village,
she seemed irresolute whether to enter it or pass
on, but a vision of her lonely, fasting children,
rose up before her in imagination, and she stopped,
her lips moved a moment or two as if in
prayer, and then she quickened her step, and hurrying
on like one who has needed bread for a
sudden resolution, she turned into the main
street, and was soon standing before the counter
of the baker's shop. The baker was an austere
man, but he was not in human nature to resist
the widow's pleading tone and touching expression
as she feebly asked him to trust her to a
loaf of bread for a day or two. The man handed
the loaf reluctantly, and was about to insist
on prompt payment when she, with a
gladly-furnished face and subdued manner,
her detested him. With scarcely audible thanks,
she concealed the loaf under her tattered shawl,
and drawing her babe closer to her bosom,
exclaimed, "Mother's come!" cried a
couple of young, eager voices, as she entered the
gate, and her seven-year old Robert and his little
sister came running to meet her. They were
pretty children. The little Mary inherited her
mother's mild blue eyes and delicate complexion,
and the boy's father's handsome face and curly
brown eyes. Poor children, they were
customed to being left alone, for the widow went
out to work daily, and the night was always
when that brought their mother's loved return.
They had a thousand things to ask and tell which
filled all the time on the car of the and
mother, though she instinctively answered them
yes and no as occasion required. She gave the
loaf to Robert, and taking little Mary's hand,
they entered the house together. The table was
already set out by the little experienced
keeper, but there was nothing on it that would
be construed into anything edible save a nap
of molasses and some salt. The mother cut a
slice of bread for each of her half-famished children,
and sat quietly by nursing the youngest while
they ate, for she had no heart to eat herself.
She was very sorrowful as she looked at those
little dependent beings and thought of falling
strength, and shivering her eyes with her hand,
the mother's already done, and she felt a
fall and fell among the bright rays of the little
unconscious had followed so peacefully on her
bosom. She had been sorely afflicted, the
husband of her youth had been stricken down by
a falling beam, while attempting to raise a sick
child, that had been overlooked in the hurry and
panic, but he who perilled his life for it, the
strangest, brave-hearted man had perished. The
fruit of this union, her eldest born, the pride of
her heart, the noble boy whose every movement
and expression had been so many smiles of his
buried father, was a wanderer she knew not
whither.

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[From the Kalkreuther Magazine.]
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Mrs. Sham's health is delicate, and the little
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Mr. Sham lives up town in a brown-stone front,
with damask and lace at the windows. He is a
respectable man, always courteous and ready to
do you a kindness, or to make an ingenious ex-
cuse if he cannot. Mr. Sham hires his coach
and horses by the year, and his handsome coach-
man, if he spoke of them, he would
tell you, in round terms, that his establishment
cost him a cool two thousand; and he wouldn't
think of keeping so expensive an equipage, only
Mrs. Sham's health is delicate, and the little
Shams, cooped up as they are in the city, need a
daily drive out of town. Mr. Sham sport a
dashing waltz, with heavy seal, and a singular
look very much like gold, owing to a certain
quantity of their own, who use a certain white
powder and a piece of buck-skin on their every
morning; and nobody surmises that Mr. Sham
would wear anything but gold. That worldly
gentleman is constantly talking about his family
across the water, all of whom are dukes and
duchesses, lords and ladies, and squire of high
degree. He is to come into possession of a fabu-
lous fortune when somebody dies, and from be-
cause of this, he is going to buy and sell
country-estate the next summer, if business
will only be kind enough just to slack a little.

THE POST OFFICE.

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Certain it is the Post Office Department has
been, from its organization, a target for editors
—of the opposite party in politics—to shoot at
and to "blow up" on every possible pretext.
That there are official blunders, men without
merit or qualifications, appointed through polit-
ical favoritism, we all know; while, on the other
hand, hundreds and thousands who use the mails,
except as it is connected with some of the new
religious ideas, which are now preached through-
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