THE POST.

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WHOLESALE BOOK SELLERS
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# The Post.

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## SELECT POETRY.

### THEY DIDN'T THINK.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

Once a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese;
It tickled so a little mouse
It almost made him sneeze:
An old rat said, 'There's danger,
Becareful where you go!"
"Nonsense!" said the other,
"I don't think you know!"
So he walked in boldly—
Nobody in sight:
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite.
Close the trap together
Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching mousey fast there,
'Cause he didn't think.

Once a little turkey,
Fond of her own way,
Wouldn't ask the old ones
Where to go or stay;
She said, "I'm not a baby,
Here I am half grown;
Surely I am big enough
To run about alone!"
Off she went, but somebody
Hiding saw her pass;
Soon like snow her feathers
Covered all the grass.
So she made a supper
For a sly young mink,
'Cause she was so head-strong
That she wouldn't think.

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor,
"No, no," said the mother,
"You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting on a tree."
"I don't care," said robbin,
And gave his tail a fling,
"I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything."
Down he flew, and kitty seized him
Before he'd time to blink.
"Oh," he cried, "I'm sorry,
But I didn't think."

Now, my little children,
You who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble
Comes of thinking wrong?
And can't you take a warning
From their dreadful fate,
Who began their thinking
When it was too late?
Don't think there's always safety
Where no danger shows,
Don't suppose you know more
Than anybody knows;
But when you're warned of ruin,
Pause upon the brink,
And don't go under headlong,
'Cause you didn't think.

## A THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"You will dine with me on Thanksgivind Day, will you not? It is but a poor table I can offer you, nowadays; not what I once spread."

"I will come."

So they parted at the street corner; an old gentleman and one who if not old, was past the period of middle age Old cronies they were, who for twenty-five years had not seen each other's faces, and who, meeting by what is called accident, made the engagement just recorded. Barton Wolverton, nearly eighty years of age, and Clement Layberg, some twenty years younger, had been in the same house of business for fourteen years, then their paths it life diverged, and this was their first handgrasp for a quarter of a century.

The Thanksgiving dinner had been cleared from the table; and the two drew their chairs closer to the fire for a confidential after-dinner-chat, in which so often heart speaks to heart, and long-buried secrets often are brought up for friendly discussion.

"Tell me, now, Barton, how the world has used you," said the younger man, after a recital of a life experience that has no connection with my story.

"How the world has served me! It is rather a sad story for Thanksgiving Day These anniversaries press hard upon sore hearts, old friend, and this one is painful beyond expression to me Yet, God be thanked for all His mercies!" he added reverently, "I have been rich, I am very poor, I am lonely, childless, widowed, and fast hurrying to the grave; but I can still kneel down on this day, truly thankful for what is still spared to me."

"Will it pain you to tell me how it is you are poor and lonely? When I last heard from you, your wealth was large, and—Emma"—

"When you and I parted, I was, as you say, wealthy; a wife I loved sat at my table, and two brave sons shared our love. They all died, one after another, but there was still money left me. It was on Thanksgiving Day, twenty-four years ago, before Emma, my wife died, when we were mourning for our last child, that we were invited to spend the day with a friend some twenty miles from the city. Among the guests there was a widow lady who was a schoolmate of Emma's, with one child, a little girl, about four years old. Her name was Mattie Haines; indeed, mother and child bore the same name. Before the day was over, Emma had won from her old schoolmate a story of poverty and distress that moved her to beg me to offer her a home, until such time as she could find employment. We were very lonely in our great house, and were only too glad to hear the voice of a child ringing again through the rooms. Some light employment of sewing satisfied Mrs Haines' scruples about dependence, and she remained with us until she died, leaving little Mattie, then ten years old, to our care. Two years later Emma too died.

"I can never tell you, Clement, what my adopted child was to me, filling heart, and repaid my love by the affection and tenderness of a daughter. I cannot tell you if she was beautiful to other eyes than mine; but to me her face was lovely beyond all description and her gentleness and sweetness such as I can never describe.

"I have said that Thanksgiving Day is now the most painful of anniversaries to me, but it was then our great yearly festival. Not a day for company, but the day we spent together; the day we celebrated as the one which we first met, the day when most sincerely we gave thanks that we were first thrown together, each in the future to save the other from utter loneliness. It was again to become a day of association. Mattie was eighteen years old when the day appointed for Thanksgiving fell also upon her birthday. This was a double event that called for some extra rejoicing, so my darling and I had a dinner party. I have now to tell you of a third person, a son of an old friend, who had risen from an unimportant position in my employ to to that of confidential clerk. Charles Garrett was ten years older than Mattie, but they were fast friends, and much together; so I was not surprised, nor indeed grieved, when our birthday festival and Thanksgiving party proved also the occasion for some whispered vows between my clerk and my child, which they came to me to sanction and bless.

"I did bless them, Clement. I trusted Charles Garrett with the care of my dearest treasure, and just before the wedding day I made him my partner in business. Many, later blamed me, because I soon after began to exercise an old man's privilege, and gradually left my business cares more and more in my partner's control. Could I have given Mattie to him, if I had not believed him honorable and true to the heart's core? They lived with me, my children. It was not long before I saw that Mattie was drooping—Cheerful and sweet as ever, she was growing pale, with a look in her soft eyes that was something like fear. Fear, Clement! It *was* fear. He began by neglect, sometimes a harsh word to the young wife, who had never known any but the most loving of words and looks. Four years later the crash came. He had speculated in the name of the firm till we were ruined. Then came scenes of despair and remorse that were heartrending to witness. We gave up everything—house, furniture, business—and started anew in life. But the bitterest trial was yet to come. Charles was offered a position at the West by a gentleman who probably knew nothing of the cause of our failure."

"Did you not publish that?"

"He was Mattie's husband, old friend. He went to his new home, and his wife accompanied him. If they were only happy, I could bear my own share of the poverty and loneliness; but a demon had entered their new home, the demon that is most powerful to create misery—intemperance. What Mattie suffers I can only guess or glean from hearsay. All her letters are cheerful and loving, and from her own hard earnings she sends often trifles to her old father, sometimes a delicacy of her own cooking or preserving, sometimes a little piece of needlework. My darling! my darling! where are you this Thanksgiving Day?"

There was a moment of silence in the room, now fast gathering the glooms of a winter twilight The old friends grasped hands in silence.

A stir near the door passed unheeded for a moment, and then a black robed figure came near to where Barton Wolverton was seated. His bowed head was gathered gently into loving arms, and a voice, low and sweet, full of tender love, said "Father may I come home?"

So much was she in his heart, so near always in spirit, that he was not even startled. Only folding her closely in his arms, he said: "Charles?"

"Dead, father, a few weeks since. He died peacefully and penitent. We can give thanks for him, my father. I can find some employment"—

"Hush! hush! dear one. We are not so poor as that. You are mine again; come home to me once more upon Thanksgiving Day."—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

## What Breaks Down Young Men.

It is the commonly received notion that hard study is the unhealthy element of a college life. But from the tables of Harvard University, collected by Prof. Pierce from the last triennial catalogue, it is clearly demonstrated that the excess of death for the first ten years after graduation is found in that portion of each class of inferior scholorship Every one who has seen the curriculum knows that where Eschylus and political economy injure one, late hours and rum punches use up a dozen, and their two little fingers are heavier than the loins of Euclid. Dissipation is a sure destroyer, and every young man who follows it is as the early flower exposed to untimely frosts. Those who have been inveigled in the path of vice are named Legion. A few hours' sleep each night, high living and plenty of "smashes" make war on every portion of the body. The brain, the heart, the lungs the liver, the spine, limbs, the bones, the flesh, every part and faculty overtasked and weakened by the terrific energy of passion loosened from restraint, until, like a dilapidated mansion, the "earthly house of

## The Latest Horror.

It has been known for some time that a dirty wretched old man lived outside the city, about a mile or so, in a filthy little cabin, entirely alone, and that he was a hermit. No one ever went near him, for it was said that he was a magician. His only companion was a skeleton-looking dog. He came into the city sometimes to beg, and would piteously implore for mercy, stating that he was starving. Sometimes he would gather rags or scraps of paper and sell them. Every one supposed him to be wretchedly poor. He had an evil look, and mothers would remove their children when they saw him coming. One day last week however, a child, the son of Mr. Abraham Skinner, went out alone to fish in the stream, and happened to wander on until, before he knew it, he came to the hovel of the old man. At first he was frightened, but, seeing no one around, he plucked up courage and went nearer. Everything was silent He went and peeped through a crack in the side of the hut. He almost screamed at what he saw, for he beheld the old man bending over a bag of money that he was counting. There were other bags beside him containing large quantities of money. Mr. Skinner's son was so terrified that, when he attempted to move he stumbled. Like lightening the old man rushed out and seized him. "Ha!" he screamed, "I've caught you, have I? You saw me, did you? Well now you'll pay for it." And before the boy could say a word, the old monster, with an awful laugh, drew out a knife and (oh, horror!) cut the child's tongue out! Then he chopped off his fingers "Now," he said, "now you can go, for you can't tell." The poor boy ran off, overcome with agony, and ran to his father's house, only to fill them with consternation. What was the matter with their child? He could not speak to tell them. He could not write for his finger's were cut off. Still the poor boy, after efforts of the most horrible pain, managed to fix a pencil between his bloody stumps of fingers and wrote the awful tale. A party was immediately organized and hastened to the miser's den. He was at the door as they approached, and fired a revolver six times at them, wounding two of the party seriously. —Mr. Skinner returned the fire, and the aged villain fell with a piercing yell, mortally wounded. "My money! —my money!" he moaned, "my beautiful money!" and he crawled to his bags of gold and sank upon them —a corpse. Over $10,000 was discovered, which was presented to the poor house and other charitable institutions. The event will never be forgotten by our citizens. The child is slowly recovering The miser was burried the day after, and the hut was torn down.—*Saginaw Republican.*

## Our Boys.

The dream of every boy, and especially every poor boy, is "When I am a man." There are croakers everywhere, who are always ready to say, "Ah! boy, your dreams are vain; your golden days are now; you will never be so happy as while you are a boy!" Don't believe them boys. There is a beautiful, golden dreamland, full of grand possibilities—dreamland now, but all to be real to you by and by—that land is manhood. It is well for you to dream of "When I am a man." But be sure to remember that when any boy, be he poor or rich, wastes his time in dreaming, and fails to prepare himself for manhood, he is standing in his own light, and will be certain to have to suffer for his failure.

We know, by experience, what it is for a boy of fourteen to be thrown entirely upon his own resources, with no hope of ever obtaining a dollar or a favor in the world, except by the favor of God, and "by squarely earning it." We know what it means to "work at a trade" for three years, for board and thirty dollars for the first year, forty dollars for the second, and fifty dollars for the third year; in all, one hundred and twenty dollars for clothing and spending money, for three long years We have not forgotten, and we have no desire to forget the rough road from fourteen to twenty one, and if any words or acts of ours can help to make smooth or more pleasant the same path for other poor and aspiring boys we are fully repaid.

Where there are hundreds of boys whose boyish days are golden and joyous, and full of happiness and ease, there are thousands to whom the path of boyhood is a rough and rocky road, full of toil, trials and temptations. Many stumble and fall in the way. Many years for some one to give them just a little help, just a little good council, just a few kind words of encouragement; having these reinforcements they conquer, when without them they would fail. Thousands of brave boys are to-day fighting single handed a more terrible battle than Napoleon ever knew; while every one of them, whether poor or rich, is all the time looking forward into his glorious dreamland, and saying "When I am a man"

Work on boys; fight on. Manhood is worth working for. It is worth waiting for. It is worth preparing for. See that you do prepare for it.

NEAR Saratoga, a horse aged thirty three years died the other day, in the service of his owners who had worked him faithfully since he was four years old. This horse, as well as one aged forty-three years, belonging to the same

## Home Etiquette.

Beyond a doubt, a true understanding and faithful observance of the requisite of good manners at home, are more important than all acquaintance and compliance with the demands of etiquette elsewhere. Indeed, good home-manners are the foundation and the superstructure, too, of good manners everywhere else. The idea that it is of little moment how we behave at home, provided we are courteous and polite in company, is a very mistaken and radically wrong one. Persons often allow themselves to be ill-bred at home, thinking that they can put on good manners, when they choose, and appear as well abroad as others; but, unconsciously, they are continually betraying themselves. Few things are so subservient on habit as those ever occurring little proprieties, graces and amenities of social life which go to make up the well bred man or woman. The expression, tone, carriage, manner and language of years, cannot be changed, in a day, for some special occasion. The requisites of good manners are so multitudinous it is impossible to give them all; and each, like the snow-flakes which form the avalanche, though important, is so minute in itself that it is difficult to select any as "most essential."

Good manners at home, and elsewhere, are but the outward manifestation, in the best way, of love and that spirit "which suffereth long and is kind; which envieth not; vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not its own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity; beareth all things; believeth all things; hopeth all things; endureth all things."

The well bred man and woman express by their manner that they regard the judgment, feelings, taste, wishes, conveniences and pleasures of others as highly as their own. They strive to avoid all habits which offend the tastes, all expressions which shock the sensibilities or wound the feelings of those about them; and all needless violations of the customs and conventionalities of society.

The following particulars will fall under and illustrate the above general principles:

1st. Avoid all expressions which tend to irritate, embarrass, mortify, or pain any member of the family.

2d. Never allude to any fault or failing, unless with the purpose to benefit, and then in private.

3d. Avoid sarcasm, bitter words, "sore" subjects, and reference to any personal deformity.

4th. Do not ridicule, nor hold the opinion of others in contempt.

5th. Give attention when addressed, and do not interrupt nor speak when another is talking

6th. Never contradict.

7th. Never scold.

8th. Keep your temper.

9th. Never speak in loud or querulous tones, nor order in an arbitrary or arrogant manner, child or servant.

10th. Use no slang phrases, nor rude, disrespectful, profane, or inaccurate language.

11th. Never omit the "please" and "thank you," "good-night" and "good-morning," nor fail to gracefully acknowledge by some word or look every act of attention and kindness. These little words oil the harsh machinery of life wonderfully.

12th. Do not enter even your nearest relation's private room without knocking.

13th Never slam the doors, sit in the windows, hum, whistle, or sing in the halls or passage; nor scream to persons out of windows and up stairways.

14th Teach children to offer precedence to each other and to their superiors; to avoid awkward positions and movements, and not to indulge in disagreable, or filthy personal habits, such as yawning, scratching the head, picking the nose, hawking, spitting on the floor, cleaning the nails in company, etc., etc.

15th. Hold the person and personal possessions of another sacred.

He who observes this rule will not tickle, nor pinch, nor punch, nor poke his friend or brother; will not, unless he has special permission, open the letters, rummage the drawers, mark his books, finger his clothes, nor use his private property

THE BOY OF THE PERIOD.—A lady walking along Canal street was attracted by the bright eyes and blonde curles of a little urchin seated on the curbing. She approached and asked him if he was a newsboy.

"No, Ma'am; I ain't nothing.'

"Have you a mother?"

"No!"

"Wouldn't you like one?"

"You bet!"

"You should not speak so idly, my son. But come how would you like to have me for a mother?"

The little fellow scanned her from head to foot for a moment and then inquired:

"Would you lick me?"

"Not unless you were bad."

"What do you mean by bad?"

"Why, I mean [illegible] and"—

"Won't you let me [illegible]?"

"No."

"Chew tobacco?"

"No"

"Smoke?"

"No"

"Then go along with you; you don't know anything. I reckon that you'd say a fellow shouldn't cross his legs and sing 'Come Along Josey'"

## Butter.

The long continued high price of butter is satisfactorily explained upon mercantile principles, and it proves to have nothing to do with speculative operations or combination among the farmers. It seems that the increase of cheese factories has been so extraordinary as to have affected nearly all the dairy regions where butter used to be a staple product. These factories buy their milk from farmers and from it manufacture cheese. The farmer instead of bestowing any attention upon the exhaustive labor of butter making, content themselves with selling their milk to the cheese factories for a good price, merely making butter enough to supply their own families, and in many cases, not even that, preferring to buy their butter in the town with part of the money received for the milk

The cheese factory furnishes the farmer with a market near his door for his milk at a good price, while if he makes butter he must find labor and carry the butter to market. The farmer knows by experience that he can make more money by selling his milk to the cheese factory than by making it into butter. The consequence is that these cheese factories have been completely successful wherever they have been established, and butter making as ceased in many districts where it was formerly a great staple. The high prices of butter can not be regarded as an unmixed evil, since all trade experience shows that this is the only process by which the production of a scarce or deficient crop can be stimulated. Temporary high prices will not accomplish this, for in such cases the agriculturist receives little of the profit, the brokers in the large market generally taking most of it. But when the high rates are continued, and the scarcity is thus rendered indisputable, the buyers traverse the rural districts and compete with each other in the prices they offer, so that the farmers then really feel the temptation to go back again to butter making.

We export annually from the United States some $500,000 worth of butter, and nearly $9,000,000 worth of cheese. This tells the story. The milk that goes into that cheese for export is taken away from the production of butter, and we feel it in the prices we have to pay for butter. This cheese making increases rapidly because the foreign demand is large and steady. The factories cause such a demand for milk, that the farmers discontinue making butter and make a larger profit on their milk.—*North American.*

## Origin of the Spices.

Nutmeg is the kernel of a small, smooth, pear-shaped fruit that grows on a tree in the Molluccа Islands and other parts of the East. The trees commence bearing in their seventh year, and continue fruitful until they are seventy or eighty years old Around the nutmeg or kernel is a bright brown shell. This shell has a soft scarlet covering, which when flattened out and dried is known as mace. The best nutmegs are solid and emit oil when pricked with a pin.

Ginger is the root of a shrub first known in Asia, and now cultivated in the West-Indies and Sierra Leone The stem grows three or four feet high, and dies every year. There are two varieties of ginger, the white and black—caused by taking more or less care in selecting and preparing the roots, which are always dug in the winter, when the stems are withered The white is the best.

Cinamon is the inner bark of a beautiful tree, a native of Ceylon, that grows from twenty to thirty feet in height, and lives to be centuries old The United States has imported nearly $19,000 worth of cinnamon in a single year.

Cloves—native to the Molucca Islands, and so called from their resemblance to a nail (*clavis*). The East Indians call them *changkeh*, from the Chinese tchongkia (fragrant nails) They grow on a smooth barked tree about forty feet high. Cloves are not fruits, but blossoms gathered before they are quite unfolded.

Allspice—a berry, so called because it combines the odor of several spices grows abundantly on the beautiful allspice or bayberry tree, natives of South America and West Indies. A single tree has been known to produce one hundred and fifty pound of berries. They are purple when ripe.

Black pepper is made by grinding the dried berry of a climbing vine native to the East Indies. White pepper is obtained from the same berries freed from the husk or rind. Red or Cayenne pepper is obtained by grinding the scarlet pod or seed-vessel of a tropical plant that is now cultivated in almost all parts of the world.—*Hearth and Home.*

THE [illegible] *Middle Union* of November [illegible] "W. R. Densenbraun, [illegible] Spring street, Edgefield, has shown us specimens of apples, in size about the average of a hen's egg, which are the second crop on his trees this year. The trees bore the June apples. He also informed us that some of his cherry trees are in bloom and if the present weather continues, he is looking for a second crop of cherries. Certainly we have a great country—this Middle Tennessee of ours. Many of our farmers are now gathering their second crop of potatoes, and cut

## Discoveries and Inventions.

Violins inventen 1477.

Pumps invented, 1425.

Camera obscura invented, 1515.

Engraving on wood invented, 1460.

Roses first planted in England, 1522.

Paper first made of linen rags, 1417.

Shillings first coined in England, 1504.

Diamons first polished and cut, 1439.

Almanacs first published in Buda, 1470.

Gun locks invented in Nuremburg 1478.

Printing insented, by Faust, Germany, 1441

Watches first made at Nuremburg 1477.

Hats first made in Europe, at Paris, 1501.

Soap first made at London and Bristol, 1524.

Steps and passes first used in literature, 1529.

Theatrical performances first given in England, 1378.

Muskets invented and first used in England, 1421.

Post offices first established in Europe, in France, 1464.

Printing introduced into England, by Caxton, 1474.

Maps and charts first brought to England, 1489.

Fortifications first built in the present style, 1500.

Sugar refining first practiced, by a Venitian, 1503.

Chocolate introduced into England, from Mexico, 1520.

Turkeys introduced into England, from America, 1520.

Engraving on copper invented by Fimiguerre, Italy, 1451.

Canals in modern style, first made in Europe, Italy, 1451

Algebra introduced into Europe by the Sarcens, 1412.

City streets first lighted in modern Europe, Paris, 1523.

Greek language introduced into England, by Grocyn, 1491.

Casts in Plaster, first invented in Florence, by Verichio, 1470.

Copernicus discovered the true theory of the solar system, 1582.

Gardening first introduced into England, from Netherlands, 1509.

Playing cards invented for the amusement of the French King, 1390.

Dice invented 1500 B. C.

Shipping wheels invented at Brunswick, 1530.

Air guns were invented as early as 1645.

Ballans were invented by Gusmac, a Jesuit, 1720.

Guillotin, the inventor of the guillotine, the dreadful instrument of punishment in Fasnce, was born at Saintes 20th of March, 1738. It is a false rumor that he perished by his own device. He died in his bed.

Battering rams were used 441 B. C.

Bellows invented, 554 B. C.

Hats inveated, 1404.

THE Free Masons of Tennessee are at present taking steps with the view of putting in operation a novel plan for providing comfortable homes for the widows and orphans of deceased brothers. "In each grand division of the State," says an exchange, "A thousand or more acres of land are to acquired by gift or purchase, and cut up into small lots of one or two acres, with a small cottage on each. A portion of the land will be reserved for a school house and church; thus making the locality a sort of community by itself. In most cases there will be children old enough to care for the land, raising vegatables and fruits for the market and any deficiency of food and raiment will be supplied from the benevolent fund of the grand division. The seventy two Masonic lodges of the State have already raised nearly $80,000 toward the object to be accomplished."

A PIOUS old gentleman, one of the salt of the earth sort, went out into the field to catch a mare that was wont to bear him to town He moved on the most approved mode. He shook a measure of corn at her to delude her into the belief that she was to get it; but she was not to be deceived by any such specious act. She would come nigh and then dash off again, until the good man was fretted badly. At last he got in a corner among some briars and made a dash at her, when she bounded over the wall and left him sprawling among the bushes His christian fortitude gave way at this, and gathering himself up, he cried, "Oh, hell!" The ejaculation had passed his lips before he thought but immediately conscious of its wickedness, he said "Helujah!" and translated the profane word into a note of triumph.

MILK.—"If you desire to get a large yield of milk, give your cow three times a day, water slightly salted, in which bran has been stirred at the rate of one quart to two gallons of water. You will find that your cow will gain twenty five per cent. immediately under the effects of it, and she will become so attached to the diet as to refuse to drink clear water unless very thirsty, but this mess she will drink almost at any time, and ask for more. The amount of this drink is an ordinary water pailful at each time, morning, noon and night. Your animal will then do her best at discounting the lactoal." So says the *American Farmer.*

PAPER clothing is made in China and Japan. A coat costs ten cents