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The Post.

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Poetry.

What the Choir Sang About the New Bonnet.

A foolish little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,
With a ribbon and a feather and a bit of lace upon it;
And, that the other maidens of the little town might know it,
She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday just to show it.

But, though the little bonnet was scarcely larger than a dime,
She getting of it settled proved to be a work of time;
So when 'twas fairly tried, all the bells had stopped their ringing,
And when she came to meeting, sure enough, the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door,
And she shook her ruffles out behind and smoothed them down before;
"Hallelujah! hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head;
"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very, very cross,
That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little head a toss;
For she thought the very hymn they sang was all about her bonnet,
With the ribbon and the feather and a bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon or the prayer
But pattered down the silent street and hurried up the stair,
Till she reached her little bureau, and in a band box on it,
Had hidden safe from critic's eye her foolish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maiden, that each of you will find
In every Sabbath service but an echo of your mind;
And that little head that is filled with silly little airs,
Will never get a blessing from sermon or from prayers.

Select Tale

A FUNNY ELOPEMENT.

How It Was Planned and Executed.

"I'll tell you what it is, wife," said Peter Smith, and he emphasized the remark by a wise shake of the forefinger, "things have got into a very bad way. The farm is mortgaged to the very last cent it is worth, and I owe a heap of money beside—more by a long shot than I know how to pay. What is to be done?"

"I am sure I don't know, Peter," replied the bothered wife, "but it seems too awful bad to be turned out of house and home at our time of life. Now if our son John would only marry Jonas Brown's daughter Sally, it would help us out amazingly. The Browns, you see, are well off, and the connection would be a perfect gold mine to us. Of course they'd give Sally the hundred acres of land and things that they've always said they would."

"That's a good idea, wife," said Peter, brightening up amazingly. "You always were a cute woman, and the notion does credit. But do you think the young folks would take to it?"

"I don't know, but it seems to me that they've taken a great notion to each other ever since they were children—been more like brother and sister that anything else."

"But suppose the Browns would object, as most likely they would? You know we aint on good terms—thick as the young folks have been."

"I'll tell you what, Peter, is just the thing for us to do—put up John to elope with Sally."

"Agreed. I'll leave it all to you to manage."

Thus the matter was settled, and the scheming couple went to bed to dream of a speedy release from their financial embarrassments.

Coincidents are sometimes of the most curious character—almost surpassing belief in some instances.

About the time of the above conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Smith, their neighbors, Jonas Brown and wife held an important conference.

"Do you remember that note for six hundred dollars I gave for stock last spring?" asked Jonas.

"Yes," replied his wife.

"Well, it's coming due in about a month, and how under the sun we're going to pay it I don't know."

"Mortgage the farm."

"We've done that till it can't be mortgaged another cent. I'm clean discouraged, and there is Sally wanting a piano. Where the money is to come from is a mystery to me We're on the verge of bankruptcy."

"I wish Sally would marry John Smith—gracious knows they're together enough to take a notion that way."

"Yes, but I don't see how that would help us any."

"You, don't, eh? Well, I do. Ain't his folks rich? and wouldn't they set him up handsomely? Then we could stand some chance of help through Sally."

"That's a good plan, was Jonas' conclusion, after profound meditation; "but the difficulty is, that the Smiths are not on good terms with us, and would be likely to oppose the match.

"Then the best plan is to set the young folks up to an elopement."

So it chanced that the Browns and Smiths planned to dispose of their children to their own pecuniary advantage. The next step in each case was to mould the young ones to the proper shape.

John Smith was a handsome, brawny country fellow, with plenty of good sense, and an ocean of love for Sally Brown. When his parents proposed his marrying her, he informed them that he would gladly do so, but he feared her parents would object. Then his father slyly suggested an elopement, and offered to aid in carrying out such an exploit. John said he would think about it.

Sally was a rustic maiden with much redness of cheeks, and rejoicing in the possession of the lasting comeliness which is derived from a bright smile, a sweet temper, a pair of clear earnest eyes, made none the less expressive by the near neighborhood of a saucy Grecian nose. Her wavy brown hair had not a ripple out of place, and her plump little figure was encased in a well fitting dress, which was neatness itself. When her parents spoke to her about John, she blushed becomingly, and, after close questioning, admitted that she would be "tickled to death" to marry him. She further stated that they were running over with love for each other; that they had long ago settled the great question of ultimate union, but they had feared parental objection.

"Now, I'll tell you what, Sally," said Mrs. Brown, "you know pa and I dote on you, and would do anything to make you happy.

"Yes we would do anything to make you happy," echoed the old man.

"And if you were to hint to John the idea of an eleopement, we would not lift our fingers to prevent it."

"No," repeated the old man "we would not lift our fingers to prevent it."

In thus instructing their children the Smith and Browns displayed very little knowledge of human nature. They should have known that John and Sally would, upon the first occasion possible, unbosom themselves; for how could true lovers keep a secret, and such a secret? And they did not. At the next meeting each told the other all he or she had been told by parental lips, but neither could conceive the object of the old folks. However they were not over disposed to question the matter. They were too glad that the consummation so devotedly wished seemed so near at hand, to question how it had been brought about. Conscious that their progenitors were up to some kind of trickery, they resolved at once to avail themselves of the opportunity to elope before any change in the aspect of affairs should occur. Having thus concluded, they proceeded to lead their parents astray.

"I've been talking to John," said Sally, demurely, to the old folks, "and we have concluded to elope—it is all settled, and we're ready just as soon as it can be arranged.

"I saw Sally last night," said John to his parents, "and she agreed to elope with me; so I think the thing had better be hurried right along."

One week from this time all the preliminaries hed been arranged. Sally had been supplied with a bran new dress and all the other fixings, and John had been given enough money to buy a suit of wedding toggery. The respective parents were laughing in their respective sleeves at their own cunning. The Browns were everjoyed at outwitting the Smiths, the Smiths were happy at fooling the Browns, and both chuckled over a speedy relief from financial embarrassment.

The eventful night came, and John hitched up one of his father's horses and drove over to Sally's domicil. When within a dozen rods of the house he gave a signal whistle, and Sally came out. Under the circumstances they feared no interference, and did not deem it necessary to exercise any great amount of caution. John gave Sally a resounding kiss, helped her in the wagon, and away they went.

Shortly after they departed, two scenes transpired which must be here recorded.

Jonas Brown returned from the village store, and entered his house in a state of great mental and bodily excitement. The latter was caused by fast walking, and the former by—but the conversation that ensued will best explain.

"They're gone!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown exultingly, "and they'll be hitched in an hour or less."

"The duce they have! I hoped to get here in time enough to stop 'em."

"To stop'em?"

"Yes; that's what I said."

"What for?"

"Just this: Old Smith hain't worth a cent—can't pay what he owes—will be sold out within a month—it's the talk of the whole village."

"Goodness gracious!" gasped the old lady, "what shall we do?"

"I'll tell you what I'll do. Sally shan't marry the beggar; I'll follow them to Squire Jones,' and get there before the ceremony."

With this he hurriedly hitched up a horse, and spun away towards the Squire's house, about five miles distant.

The other important scene mentioned was at the Smith residence, and was opened by the precipitate entrance of Mrs, with the breathless exclamation,

"Has he gone?"

"Who?" inquired the husband.

"John."

"Yes," and Smith rubbed his hands, "he went all of an hour ago."

"Don't stand there rubbing your hands," screamed the lady, "but harness up the old mare just as quick as you can, and follow 'em .The Browns aint worth a cent in this world; Kate Robinson just told me so—and a mortgage on their farm is going to be foreclosed. So Sally won't get a cent."

Smith hurried the old mare into the harness, and rattled away toward Squire Jones' residence.

John and Sally had proceeded leisurely about four miles, the former driving with one arm, and holding Sally on the seat with the other, when they heard the sound of wheels a short distance in the rear. They had just passed a long bend in the road, and looking across they saw, revealed by the moonlight, the pursuing Brown.

"Why, that's pa!" exclaimed Sally.

"Yes, and he means mischeif I'll bet," said John.

"What shall we do?" squealed Sally

"I'll show you," said, John.

Jumping from the wagon, he removed a long rail from the fence, and placed across the roadway. Then he drove on again at a rate that made the horse steam like a boiler.

Brown came on at a fearful rate, only to be summarily checked by the rail. The horse jumped the rail, but the front wheels collapsed under the collision. Brown was tumbled out, and the frightened horse ran away with the wreck of the vehicle.

Just as Brown was picking himself up from the ditch, he saw the accident repeated; this time Smith being the leading actor, and his mare galloping away with the fore wheels.

Brown and Smith were inveterate enemies, and neither would speak; but both started on a rapid run forthe Squire's about a mile off, where they arrived very much out of breath. They burst into the house like a whirlwind just in time to hear the words:

"I now pronounce you man and wife."

"Hold on!" yelled Brown, "I object."

"So do I," screamed Smith.

"You are a little too late," remarked the Squire. "Nothing but a divorce can fix it now."

The parents fumed and glared at each other.

"I am sure, pa," pleaded the daughter, "that you and ma both said——"

"Daughter," hurriedly interposed old Brown, turning very red but striving to appear very dignified, "I am not disposed to be tyrannical; now that you are married I shall not refuse my blessing."

"And you father," said John, "we would not have eloped if you and mother hadn't said——"

"Never mind, my son," interrupted Smith, "I will not be hard with you—I forgive you both."

Brown and Smith thereupon became reconciled, and all rode home in the eloper's wagon

A HAIRY FAMILY.—The medical press are just now interested in the description of a hairy family at Mandala, whom the king will not permit to leave his country, for fear, likely, that they may fall into the hands of Darwin, and perhaps never be allowed to return. We have seen the following description of them, taken from a correspondence to the *London Times*: "When I was at Mandalay in '49, *I* saw the same woman and three of her children. The eldest and youngest were hairy, like their mother, while the second, like their father, presented no such peculiarity. The husband was a man who, report said, had been induced to wed this woman to become pessessed of the marriage portion which thr King of Burmah had promised to bestow upon her on her bridal day.—The bridegroom was a plucky fellow, at any rate, though his motives may have been somewhat mercenary. The hairy woman had a pleasant intelligent face,—there was nothing whatever repulsive in it. The hair on the face and brest was several inches long; on the forehead it was parted in the middle and blended with that of her head. Of a light brown color on her cheeks, it paled gradually toward the bridge of her nose and the centre of her lips, chin and neck."

ORANGE GROWING.—In a letter from Mrs. Stowe in the *Christian Union*, we learn some things about oranges that are new to us. After stating that the fruit was protected on the tree by great pointed spears, which prevent access to the branches—that the oranges have to be gathered by a person standing on a ladder, and placed in a sack round his neck—she adds: The oranges as taken from the tree is hard and heavy, the skin brittle and crisp, breaking if one tries to press it. A fresh orange can not be sucked—its rind is too brittle. The capability of the orange is wholly the result of the half-wilted state in which it generally comes into market.

Could we possibly get them into New York as we have them from the trees, they would forever drive out all fruits that now bear the name. But very few can reach the north in this condition, and those generally are special orders or presents to friends. We have had oranges for our friends weighing a pound apiece, and we have put up a barrel averaging three-fourths of a pound through. We confess to parting from them with regret, and feeling as an artist does about selling his pictures as if money were no equivalent for anything so pretty and nice. Then the terrible could at the North. They must run an ice and snow blockade in entering a Northern port; and tumbled out upon a wharf, with the thermometer 26 degrees below zero—what would remain of them. A frozen orange is better than nothing, but certainly very unlike an unfrozen one. Yet half the Havana oranges eaten in New York have been eaten frozen."

Rattlesnakes and their Habits

Ordinarily, the rattlesnake is extremely sluggish, and unless molested there is but little to fear from it during the greater portion of the year. Just before and just after its winter sleep, however, it is more active, and often assumes the offensive. In order to strike, it must lie in a close coil, with its head and neck erect. In this position it throws itself forward about three-fourth its length, supporting its weight entirely upon the remaining fourth. When molested or alarmed, or when about to attack, the rattle is violently shaken; but practically this serves little purpose as a warning, since when excited the creature strikes at the intruder with the quickness of lightning, and almost simultaneously with the sound of the rattle. The statement that the noise of the rattle is peculiar, and once heard will never after be mistaken, is emphatically denied, the writer averring that he has known the opinions of those who had frequently heard the sound "divided as to whether a certain ominous clicking arose from the grasshoppers, which were in great numbers, or a rattlesnake." Contrary to the common belief, the reptile also often leaves its hole and moves, about after sundown, not seldom crawling into tents, and even into beds, during the night. The notion that venomous snakes do not bite twice in succession is also pronounced erronious, the writer mentioning a case where he saw the rattlesnake strike three times with electric quickness, each time leaving the marks of its fangs on the trousers of the person attacked.

But with all its quickness and irritability the snake frequently refuses to bite, even when crowded to the closest quarters. It is related that often when trod on it fails to retaliate; and one remarkable instance is given where a gentleman on coming out of the river Platte after a bath, and entirely naked, sat down upon a rattlesnake, and discovering his mistake suddenly resumed his legs, without auffering any harm beyond a severe fright. The peculiar odor of the rattlesnake is vouched for, and we are told that when one irritated and made to bite the rake or hoe with which it is intent to kill him, the implement will retain the same unpleasant smell for months. Once known, the odor is always recognizable.

The bite of the rattlesnake, according, to this observer's experience, is neither so rapidly fatal nor so incurable as most people suppose. Of thirty persons bitten by the rattlesnake, he states that all recovered but one, and he lived twelve days after the accident. Of the whole thirty, this was the only case which received surgical advice; but whether it was the bite or the advice that killed the patient we are not informed

Whiskey the writer regards as a specific for the bite of the rattlesnake, and relates numerous instances which illustrate the wonderful power of this agent when administered in sufficient quantity. It is well known to physicians that persons suffering from diseases attended with severe pain will often tolerate much larger doses of opium or other narcotic than could otherwise be borne. Persons poisoned by the bite of a rattlesnake manifest a similar tolerance for immense doses of whiskey, quantities sufficient to make a well person stupidly drunk, and even to destroy life, often producing no visible effect upon the sufferer from snakebite. Yet, to be of any service to the patient, it is asserted that he must be made thoroughly drunk before it is safe to suspend the administration of the remedy. A quart or more of raw whiskey is fequently required to bring about this condition; but when once it is attained, no further danger need be apprehended.

While the rattlesnake is found spread over a large portion of North America, it is much more abundant in some localities than in others, Texas probably holds an infinitely larger proportion of these reptiles than any other State in the Union. The district lying between the Rio Grande and the Nueces, two streams which flow in the same direction and some sixty or seventy miles apart, is a desert region, literally swarming with poisonous serpents. "In summer," says the writer, "one cannot go fifty yards in this locality without seeing a rattlesnake. In other parts of the State the mocasin is the prevalent snake; while centipedes, scorpions, tarantulas and alligators infest various localities, and are each a terrible scourge.

All writers have hitherto concurred in saying that rattlesnakes are never met with at an elevation of more than 6,000 feet above the sea level. The surveying party of Mr. Morley killed numbers of them last year at an elevation af about 8,000 feet; it is added however, that they were never found so high before. The mountain snakes possess more vivid colors than their brethren of prairies, and of the two are more dreaded on account of their supposed ferocity.—*Scientific Miscellany from April Galaxy.*

MEETING OF PA. RESERVE ASSOCIATION.—The next anniversary meeting of the Association will be held at Gettisburg on Tuesday, May 31st, on which occasion all those formerly connected with the Old division are cordially invited to attend.

Outwitting his Neighbor.

Not a great while ago, an Irishman was employed in a village, where he was well knewn, to dig a well, *pro bono publico.*

The contract was that he was to be paid a certain sum per foot and warrant a free supply of water.

At it he went with a will and his daily progress was intently watched by interested parties. Early and late he delved down faithfully, deep down into the earth, full of confidence in the speedy completion of his labors. He had reached the depth of about twenty-five feet and soon to "strike water."

Early one morning Pat repaired to the scene of his labor, and, horible to tell, it had caved in and was nearly full. He gazed with rueful visage upon the wreck, and thought of the additional labor the accident would cause him.

After a moment's reflection he looked earnestly around, and saw that no one was stirring; then quickly divesting himself of hat and coat he carefully hung them on the windlass, and speedily made tracks for a neighboring eminence which overloked the village. Here, hiding amid the undergrowth, he quietly awaited the progress of events.

As the morning wore on, the inhabitants began to arouse and stir out. Several were attracted to the well, thinking that as Pat's hat and coat were there, he was of course, below at work.

Soon the alarm was raised that the well had caved, and Pat was in it. A crowd collected, and stood horrified at the fate of poor Pat.

A brief consulation was held, and soon spades and other implement were brought to dig out the unfortunate man. To work they went with a will. When one set became wearied with the unusual labor, a dozen ready hands grasped the implements and dug lustily.

Pat quietly looked on from his retreat on the eminence, while the whole village stood around the well and watched with breathless suspense the work go bravely on.

As the diggers approached the bottom, the excitement of the bystanders grew intense, and they collected as near as safety would admit, gazing fearfully down the well. With great care and precaution the dirt was dug away, and, when the bottom was at length reached, no Pat was to be found.

The crowd, before so anxious, gradually relapsed into a broad grin, which broke forth in uproarious merriment when the veritable Pat walked up, with a smiling countenance, and addressed the crestfallen diggers, who now stood weary and soiled with their labor.

"Be jabers, gentlemen, and it's Patrick Fagan sure that is much obleeged to yees for doin' of that nice little job of work!"

The fact can be better imagined than described, as the most active of the young men slunk off; several low breathed mutterings broke forth that sounded very much like *sold.*

Through the kindly aid of his fellow citizens, Pat soon finished his well, and it remains among the monuments of his genius to this day.

A HINT FOR GIRLS.—Dio Lewis, who has made domestic life a study, thinks he has discovered one of the most prolific sources of wedded infelicity. Here him: "Thousands and thousands of men are turned back in their love by finding that, instead of the sweet perfect being they had fancied, there is deficiency and disease. The new husband finds that the beautifully moulded form he has admired so long, is only a trick of the dress-maker; and the body which had seemed so sweet and pure is the victim of displacement and disease. Thousands of husbands turn away in bitter disappointment." There, girls, you have the opinion of one who knows all about such matters. We agree with him. Look to your bodily health. Eschew tight-lacing thin-soled shoes and low-necked dresses; take exercise in the open air, avoid night dissipations eat substantial food, throw exciting novels to the mind aside, and take to more substantial reading. Be assured that Dio Lewis is right. Nothing will sooner change a young husband's love to disgust than finding out after marriage that he has been deceived in regard to the health of the woman to whom he has united his fate.—*Lancaster Express.*

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.—Medical men advise that salt be taken with nuts especially when eaten at night. "One time," says a writer, "whilst enjoying a visit from an Englishman, hickory nuts were served in the evening when my English friend asked for salt stating that he knew of the case of a woman eating heartily of nuts in the evening, who was taken violently ill. The celebrated Dr. Abernethy was sent for, but it was after he had become rather fond of his cups. *He* muttered 'Salt, salt,' of which no notice was taken. Next morning he went to the place and she was a corpse. He said that had they given her salt it would have relieved her.—If they would allow him to make an examination he would convince them. On opening the stomach the nuts were found in a mass. *He* sprinkled salt over this, and immediately it dissolved. I have known of a sudden death myself which appeared have been from the same cause. I generally set salt with nuts, and think it improves them."