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THE POST.
Published every Thursday Evening by JEREMIAH OSBORN, Prop'r.
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Poetry.

Don't Drink To-Night.
I left my mother at the door,
My sister by her side,
They clasped their hands, and loving looks
Perched their doublets to hide.
I fell, and went with comrades gay,
When the moon brought out her light,
And my loving mother whispered me,
Don't drink, my boy, to-night.
Long years have rolled away since then,
My jetty curls are gray,
But oh! those words are with me yet,
And with me, my boy, to-night.
I see a mother's look,
A radiant light,
And her words ring in my ears,
Don't drink, my boy, to-night.
My mother is now resting sweet,
In the graveyard on the hill;
But her kind words came back to me
And banish my memory still.
I've often, often passed the cup,
Oh, then my heart was right;
Because I've heard the warning words,
Don't drink, my boy, to-night.
I've now passed down the road of life,
And soon my race is run,
A mother's warning listened to,
An immortal crown is won.
Oh, methinks, with your blessed smile,
Look on your boy so bright,
And say, as you alone can say,
Don't drink, my boy, to-night.
These words will prove a warning, when,
In the shadowy path of life,
The boy is tempted to the wine,
And warning is the strife.
Till words will stop the morning cup,
And revelry will cease,
Whispering back a mother's voice,
Don't drink, my boy, to-night.

Select Tale.

The Black Wolf Inn.

BY MERO STRONO.
I heard the story when a mere child, and I remember that I covered my head in the quilt that night after I went to bed, for fear I might see a deathly ghost, and mentally vowed that when I grew up I would forever and always avoid hotels, for the story was about an inn. It was in Germany, I think, that the Black Wolf Inn was situated, a little removed from one of those quaint old German towns which are so fruitful of sleep-destroying legends. A lonesome wood of great extent surrounded the house, and a little back of it ran a dark and sluggish stream fringed with a rank growth of reeds and bushes. The place was weird and moony, but it had a good run of custom, for its wines were celebrated the country over, and there was no pleasanter residence in the Fatherland for one to smoke a pipe over a mug of lager than the chimney corner in the bar-room of the Black Wolf Inn. From the moment it had been kept by a man named Fredericks, and on the death of the old man, his son Rudolph assumed the control of affairs. He was a young man of twenty-five or thirty, ugly of countenance, and somewhat celebrated for his unmanageable temper and silliness of disposition. A part of his life had been spent abroad, and rumor said it had been ill-spent; indeed, there were dark whispers to the effect that if the gallows had its due the Black Wolf would be needing a new master. But as Rudolph kept up the wine-cellar, and treated all his regular patrons well, the Wolf flourished under the new regime, and young Fredericks made money twice as rapidly as his father. People who were unfriendly to him fantasized that a Jew peddler who had mysteriously disappeared in this vicinity was murdered at the Black Wolf, and two drovers returning home with a large amount of money about them, from the sale of cattle, were never seen by mortal after entering the gloomy forest which skirted the grounds around the old inn. As years went on there occurred many other mysterious disappearances in the vicinity; but though the authorities were informed, and expert detectives were sent down to watch the place, nothing substantial against Rudolph Fredericks was obtained. One thing took place which seemed to have enraged Rudolph a great deal too much for such an exceedingly trivial circumstance. He owned an immense dog, known as Satan, and this dog was never seen away from the inn. His master set great store by him. One night a rainy, sleety winter night—a traveler came to the Wolf and sought shelter. He engaged his bed and his room, drank his beer, and, when no one saw him, he slipped away, and the same night Satan, also, disappeared. Rudolph believed like a man distracted. He sought over the country far and wide for the dog; he advertised large rewards for his safe return to him; he consulted the walks in town with hand bills, but with temporary promises to any one who would find the missing animal. But it seemed that the dog was irretrievably lost, and two years went by, and not a word had been heard from him. One day a woman came to the inn, and she declared she had seen the dog, and was willing to bet him before he died, that he might give him what a man and a woman could never be known to. The remains of Rudolph's victims were buried, and the old inn was deserted by human beings. Nobody could be found to live there. The bats and owls tenanted its deserted chambers for a couple of years, and then a bolt of lightning descended upon it and burned its ghastly presence from the face of the earth, no one lifting a hand to save it. And this is the story of the Black Wolf Inn as it was told to me.

Correspondence.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 22, 1876.
Bright Prospects in the West for Hayes and Wheeler—Disaffection among the Democrats of New York—What the Southern Democratic Press Say, the Import of the Extracts—Business Looking up—Fishes replies by Deputy to the Charge of Defrauding the Government.
Advice received by the Republican National Committee are most encouraging from all parts of the country. Secretary Chandler returned from New York a few days since, where he had been on business connected with the committee, and reports that the information received from the great West is entirely satisfactory, and that the Democracy has no show whatever in that section including the Pacific States. In New York Hayes' prospects are brightening every day, and there is no longer a reasonable doubt but what that State will give a fair majority for the whole Republican ticket in November. The disadvantages under which the Democracy of New York are laboring, under the leadership of Tilden, who has succeeded in foisting two renegades upon the gubernatorial ticket, is being sorely felt throughout the State. The greatest dissatisfaction prevails in regard to the State ticket, and a very bitter feeling is engendered against Mr. Tilden for dictating their nominations. So great is the feeling that many prominent Democrats are in open hostility to that portion of the State ticket, and the consequence is our most pressing wants. As one by one we have stopped up every avenue through which discomfiture approaches, we have to tax our ingenuity to discover new modes of positive gratification. As the human faculties are limited this becomes difficult or even impossible, except at the price of making ourselves slaves to our wealth. Of course, if a man chooses to gamble, there is no income of which he may not disturb himself. We are simply inquiring how much he can judiciously spend upon his own comfort. The list of physical pleasures is very soon exhausted. A man has but one palate and but one pair of hands. Even if he wore a new coat every day he would soon find that an old coat is far more comfortable; and the most skillful cooks will admit that dishes only become very expensive by being out of season or by useless extravagance. A house of moderate size is as comfortable as a palace; and a few thousands a year will provide the best dwellings in good situations. When a man has as good a house as he cares to inhabit, as good wines, meats and cigars as he cares to consume, as many books as he can read and as many pictures as he can enjoy, as much hunting or fishing or traveling as he can find time for and can see his friends as often and in as much comfort as he chooses, he has all the happiness that wealth can give him even though he be the owner of millions.

Custer and his Grayhound.

A soldier who served three years under General Custer, relates the following incident which was characteristic of his desperate and determined manner: "It was five or six years ago that we had a fight with the Chippewas on the Washita river, the expedition being led by Custer. For a long time the General had with him on the plains three magnificent Scotch grayhounds, by which he sat great store, and for which he would accept no price. Twenty miles from the Chippewas' village we struck the trail. It was in the evening and before proceeding on the march, Custer ordered that the grayhounds be placed in the wagons which were not to accompany the detachment. This was done. We took up our line of march and found the village on the Washita at midnight, the inhabitants being wrapped in slumber and all about the camp silent. Custer concluded to wait until daylight to make the charge, and after commanding silence all along the line, upon his horse like a statue waiting for the first indication of dawn. While sitting thus a slight pawing on the ground attracted his attention, and upon looking down he perceived through the gloom one of his hounds crouching at his horse's feet, the dog having escaped from the wagon and followed his master. The Indian village was swarming with dogs, and Custer knew it. He also knew that if his hound emitted the slightest yelp or bark it would agitate the entire canine force of the camp, put the Indians on their guard, and probably frustrate the object of the expedition. Slipping gently from his horse, he grasped the dog's throat with both hands, and slowly and quietly choked him to death. So silently and quickly was it done that in the gloom that prevailed only a few soldiers, standing in the immediate vicinity perceived the desperate action. With the exception of his last fight, the engagement on the Washita was one of the most desperate ever fought on the plains, and resulted in a grand victory for the 'croaking pathfinder,' the name by which Custer was known among the Indians.

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