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THE POST.

Published every Thursday Evening

JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r

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POETRY.

The Mother's Excuse.

Mother are my eyes so dimly gone,
And when the moonlight fades,
My tears are out my heart is bare—
Why, these look useful but not
Not quite, my soul, the little said,
I have no time to sit and wait,
I thought to dash them to-day;
But then, the baby cried.

Your father's coat needs mending too,
And when he wears it you,
The last time you're played out—
To work there is no rest,
You thought to meet them all here this,
And yeas, I had to sit and wait,
Mother's coat, thread and all—
But then, the baby cried.

Poor Katie needs her lousy dress—
I've got it made, and now,
And you, I taxied myself,
To wear the setting sun,
Not then I had to sit and wait,
And disappoint my mother,
Poor Katie needs her lousy dress—
But then, the baby cried.

New, Johnny Gray, our errand boy,
Who has to wash the stain,
Is putting on his coat,
And coat of many colors,
He thinks a sailor, and a lad of that,
And put him in his coat,
Put other things have no place,
Or work while baby cried.

My place is not the best, I know,
My head & Buttercup,
Travest Blameless on the road,
With a smile on her face,
Take it along within your paces,
And overrun the side,
Would not be hard to come,
Do other baby cried.

"Our breakfast comes a little late,
And late our dinners come,
The house is like the ocean,
Waves roll through,
Breaks are things to overcome,
To understand it's true,
The meal is a little spiced,
But have the baby cry."

"I do not like a duty room,
My kitchen's dirty room,
The boys the carpet have spattered,
I sweep the floor again,
Breakfast comes a little late,
That makes me eat,
That makes me eat, that makes me eat,
Breakfast comes a little late."

Miscellaneous.

Calling the Worth of this Money.

The following good story is told of a landlord who kept a western hotel, and who tried to over power a green looking guest. The stage draw up at his ramble one day with a passenger list so biggally that it reduced the expectant and smiling Beniface to a state of despair, and to an instant calculation of his profit and loss account. Among the few just begrimed passengers that fled in to feast on the good things spread on his hospitable board, was a verandah looking individual, who tightly clinched one of those old-fashioned, spacious mouth-carpets bags with vast bowelled depth that our grandfathers used in their journeys, and that were usually laden with two shirts and a month's provisions. This particular carpet bag was notable only for the apparent extreme paucity of its contents, and when our verdant traveler slung away bushily to the unoccupied end of the long dining-table, and seated himself in one of the chairs he deposited his dusty bag on a vacant chair at his side. Beniface only did the attack the viands before him, when Beniface tapped him on the shoulder several times before he produced a dollar, the usual price of a meal.

"Your bill is two dollars," said Beniface.

"Bill?"

"Two dollars, if you please."

"Gosh all dam it landlord," he exclaimed, "you don't mean to say you tax a fellow two dollars for a meal like this?"

"Our charge is a dollar for every chair occupied at the table. Your bag monopolizes a seat, and the charge for it is the same as for a person."

"But, judge, see here, now, the bag hasn't eaten a durned mouthful."

"Can't help that; there are the viands before it, and if it don't partake of them, it is not my fault. Come, sir, pay over; I haven't time to argue the matter."

"Well, squire, maybe it's all right, but it seems mighty tough on a fellow. Here's your two dollars."

And the owner of the bag sat down and finally finished his meal, amid the audible sniffs of his fellow passengers and the very perceptible grin of exultation on the landlord's face. His meal done, he turned to his bag, opened it, shook out its creases and folds, and with prodding sang frod thus addressed it loud enough for all in the room to hear:

"I beg your pardon Mr. Bag, for obliging you to wait for the second table. Hungry, eh? I should think so, with nothing inside of you but a shirt and pepper cellar, and there isn't much substance in them. Like roast beef, eh? Here's a nice piece, weighing a dozen pounds, I guess. Whew! You took that in one gulp, and it don't seem to distress you either. Try this roast of lamb, you either. Try this roast of lamb, I can recommend it. Sorry the mint sauce is all gone. Biscuit! Yes, here's a half plate full. Biscuits are rather trying on one's digestive machinery, they say so; suppose you try a plateful of bread on top of them. Will you have a spring chick en? Two? Well you are cheeky; but here they are. You don't want to stick them, I see. Some more biscuit? There you have 'em!"

Suiting his actions to these words, the owner of the bag stuffed into its capacious interior everything edible that lay within reach, regardless of the consternation depicted in the face of the landlord, who rushed up to stop him.

"This is robbery, sir; downright

Getting Ready for School.

The Detroit Free Press says: The cause of education be hanged, he muttered as he sat down on the cornerstone on Shady street yesterday.

He was a lad of thirteen. He spit through his front teeth, and he spit often. His pants were supported by a piece of wire clothes line girted about his waist. His hat was ancient and greasy, and his big fat feet seemed to be waiting for a thunder shower to wash them clean.

"That's what am I?" he went on, as he pushed his toes into the wet sand. "I don't believe in aeller divin in and learning all thers is to learn, and not letting other folks have a chance. There's lots of other folks in this world besides me, and I ain't going to be a hog and learn all there is to learn."

After a minute he went on: "Don't I know enough now? Three times two are six, four times five are twenty and four and four are eight. That's all correct as I could get 'em if I went to school a hundred years. And don't I know how to spell? C-a-t is east the world over, and I'll bet on it every time. H-e-s-s spells them, and I know it as well as I weigh a ton."

He rose up to throw a stone at a dog across the street, and then returned to his seat on the ground. "I ain't got no money for jiggergy," he remarked. My Daniels, lighting a fresh cigar: "In 1850 I was mining on the south fork of the Yon- ba, and it came my turn to cook for my gang. We took turns each week, you know. Well, I was going to show how economical I could run the commissary." I went and bought a pack of dried apples; they were all stuck together in a lump, but I got them panned into a pot, poured in some water and started the fire. Presently a few of them began to rise up to the top of the pot, and so I skinned 'em off and put 'em in a pan. Pretty soon some more balanced up, and I skinned 'em off and put 'em in the pan. The first time I knew, after I had skinned that blotted pot awhile, I had to get another pan, and then another, and then another, and by the time I'd got four pans heaped up full, doing my skin if there wasn't more apples in the pans than there was in the pot. That is, I thought so at the time. I kept getting more pans and blankets and cans and all the white things frightened to death for fear some of the boys would come in and see how extravagant I was for I had been blown low cheap I could run too much. The dried apples still kept a count out of the pot. I put some paper cut on the door and covered 'em with feet, and by Jove, the place looked like a Santa Claus fruit store, filling establishment, and the pot was still full."

"What has that got to do with a mile dyin'?" "Wait a minute, I'm comin' to the mile, finally, I got desperate and dumped over twelve bushels of the apples back of the cabin, behind a tree. In about an hour I heard an internal noise and ran out. What do you suppose I found? Why a four hundred dollar mine, kickin' in the stones! The apples were gone; the mile nearly so. He was swelled up like a balloon, and the first thing I knew he bursted the leg, my word, gentlemen, he exploded like a giant powder blast and brought the whole camp to the place. I kept still; they could not find the mile, and it cost them \$10 to advertise a reward for him in the Sacramento Union. About 2 weeks afterward they caught a couple of greasers hanging round and they put it up that they stole the mile so they hung 'em. I was there but did not say a word for fear the boys would find out how extravagant I was for this week. I'd been home in a wheelchair with a big gash in this heel or this toenail not cut off. That will mean four weeks on a crutch, and they don't allow lame boys to go to school and scratch up and down the sides. Or I'll go home with palpitation of the heart! The old lady has had it and I won't never get into bed again. I don't care if I die, but the minute I get into a school again I'll die."

The old folks are making ready to pack me into school, and I've got to make ready to keep out. I can't take to school somehow. I could sit here and study all day, but the minute I get into a school again I'll die. Something's going to happen to me this week. I'd be taken home in a wheelchair with a big gash in this heel or this toenail not cut off. That will mean four weeks on a crutch, and they don't allow lame boys to go to school and scratch up and down the sides. Or I'll go home with palpitation of the heart! The old lady has had it and I won't never get into bed again. I don't care if I die, but the minute I get into a school again I'll die."

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A Furious Riot.

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