The Post.

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THE POST.

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JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r.

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Poetry.

Cometh a Blessing Down.

Not to the man of dollars,
Not to the man of deeds,
Not to the man of cunning,
Nor to the man of creeds;
Not to the one whose passion
Is for the world's renown,
Not in the form of fashion,
Cometh a blessing down.

Not unto land's expansion,
Not to the miser's chest,
Not to the princely mansion,
Not to the blazoned crest,
Not to the sordid worldling,
Not to the knavish clown,
Not to the haughty tyrant,
Cometh a blessing down.

Not to the folly-blinded,
Not the steeped in shame,
Not to the carnal minded,
Not to unholy fame;
Not in neglect of duty,
Not in the monarch's crown,
Not at the smile of beauty,
Cometh a blessing down.

But to one whose spirit
Yearns for the great and good;
Unto the one whose storehouse
Yielded the hungry food;
Unto the one who labors
Fearless of foe or frown;
Unto the kindly-hearted
Cometh a blessing down

Select Tale.

Romance on the Rail.

It was at Jim Larnigan's wedding and the occasion suggested the store. Jim had 'set 'em up handsome for the boys;" and the generous wine had warmed Cap's blood until he felt that every man was a brother; he might have been more reserved about this episode in his checkered life. For Cap seldom spoke of his wife to the boys; and when he did it was with a deferential air unusual in one of his class.

There was a legand current that a "green hand" on the road had once hailed him with:

"Well, Cap, how's the old woman and the babies?"

The story ran that, without deigning an answer in words, Cap struck straight from the shoulder, and his would-be friend went to grass with a shanty over his eye' for his undue familiarity. The chivalrous spirit of the act appealed to those rude natures more forcibly than a volume of sermons could have done; and all along the line Cap Lollard's wife was invested with a sort of halo of romance.

"Wal, gentlemen,' began Cap, in response to the solicitations of the crowd, 'if nothin' else'll do ye, I suppose you must have yer way; so hyer goes.

"In the summer of '65 I was hauling a construction train, though I was put on to a passenger train that fall. There wa'n't much business on the road; an we was ordered to ballast up a long stretch o' track, dodgin' out 'o the grand pit an' back ag'in between the reg'lar trains.

"All along the road thar was some mighty fine farm-houses; an' one allurck my eye in partic'lar. It was the reg'lar old style, low an' spread out over the ground so s to be comfortable an' roomy. A lot o' clamberin' vines 'an half a dozen wide spreadin' oaks made it a mighty cool-lookin' place on a hot summer afternoon; and an old-fashioned well-sweep to one side made you think that water was a pretty choice article after all.

"Wall, hoss, you bet it was mighty slow work sittin' on the box in the sun, with that house in sight, while the Men was unloadin' the crate: an' it didn't take me long to make up my mind that I was powerful thirsty when we got just opposite that particular place So down I jumps, leavin' the fireman in charge and makes for the house, all legs an' no ceremony.

"I was jest fetchin' up at the well, when I turned, an'—Jerusha Jane! thar in the doorway stood about the prettiest bit of female flesh an' blood that I ever sot eyes on—you bet me! Lord love ye! I allow thar couldn't no two-legged man get a better look at her without its makin' a mouth water!

"Fellas, I felt jest like a schoolboy caught in a melon patch! My heart was in my boots; I had only one gallus, no vest, no coat, no collar, and an old felt hat with three quarters of the rim torn away, leavin' the rest stickin' out like the visor of a cap. An' thar she stood, alookin' at me an' larfin' a little, I thought because I was so all struck in a heap! And waltzed up thar as brash as a terrier; but one blink o' her roguish eye, an' you could a' knocked me clean out o' time with a feather. 'Hem! Kin I git a drink, ma'am, if you please? says I, kind o' stammerin.

"'Yes, sir,' says she, as chipper as a bird. 'Just wait, an' I'll bring you one.'

"She skipped into the house and was back before you could toss up a quarter, bringin' a dipper that looked like a silver mine by a deceived jeweler than any three-cornered relic I ever rested my eyes on.

"'Ridin' on a locomotive, ain't it?' says she, as I drank, modest like; but I had taken me in from top to bottom an' all.

"'Yes,' says I, an' for the life of me I couldn't git no further.

"'Wal, I reckon it's better than diggin' taters,' says she, a-laughin' like a silver bell.

"'Wal, it's a sight easier,' says I, a-wishin' I could git my tongue loose