

# The Post.

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## Poetry.

**"Faith, Hope, Charity."**  
Path is the violet of the soul,  
Its fragrance cools the human breast;  
In adversity's hour give us aid,  
Without it there is no self-control.  
The solemn sun coult'ring o'er her beads,  
The poor man struggling in the day of  
youth  
Where'er on earth there are human needs  
It serves to do the work of a truth,  
It is a solace in the dying hour,  
When the whole world's glories fade from  
view.  
A secret, silent, potent power,  
That helps us on in whatever we do,  
O! give us faith when dark clouds lower,  
That we may not, Father, turn from you.

**Hope is the brightest flower  
That blooms on earth's plain,  
And, like a dove's wing,  
It leads a charm to the darkest hour,  
From youth to age, from life to death,  
We breathe its incense as we go,  
But seldom do we realize  
The sweet fruition of our hope;  
A sweet perfume, borne on the breath  
Of all the winds that blow,  
Is the morn with joyous heart we rise,  
At eve, disappointment opens  
A different vista to our eyes,  
That the sun sets through our hopes.**

**The divinest plant is Charity,  
We only see it here and there—  
Gold-bud and modest, sweet and fair—  
Blooming in its great rarity,  
We see it oft in the lowly place,  
As in the higher walks of men,  
With its simple, sweet and salutary grace,  
Crowned with love's bright diadem.  
It makes us kind to all our kind;  
And, as the years back from us roll,  
Grow better both in heart and mind,  
It is a chain whose links do bind  
The angels to the human soul.**

## Select Tale.

### TWO FAIR DECEIVERS.

What do young men talk about  
when they sit at the open windows  
smoking on summer evenings? Do  
you suppose it is of love? Indeed,  
I suspect it is of money; or if not  
of money, then at least of something  
that either makes money or spends  
it.

Clevo Sullivan had been spending  
his four years in Europe, and he has  
just been telling his friend John Sel-  
den how he spent them.

John upon his vacation in New  
York—he is inclined to think just  
as profitably. Both stories concluded  
in the same way.

"I have not a thousand dollars  
left, John."

"Nor I, Clevo."

"I thought your cousin died two  
years ago; surely you have not  
spent all the old gentleman's money  
already?"

"I only got \$20,000; I owed half  
of it."

"Gave it to his wife. He married  
a beauty about a year after you went  
away, died a few months afterward,  
and left her his whole fortune. I  
had no claim on him. He educated  
me, gave me a profession and \$20,-  
000. That was very well; he was  
only my mother's cousin."

"And the widow—where is she?"

"Living at his country seat. I  
have never seen her. She was one  
of the St. Marks of Maryland."

"Good family, and all beauties.  
Why don't you marry the widow?"

"Why I never thought of such a  
thing."

"You can't think of anything bet-  
ter. Write her a little note at once;  
say that you and I will soon be  
in her neighborhood, and that gratitude  
to your cousin, and all that kind of  
thing—then beg leave to call and  
pay your respects, etc."

John demurred a good deal to the  
plan, but Clevo was masterful, and  
the note was written. Clevo himself  
putting it in the post office.

That was on Monday night. On  
Wednesday night the widow Clara  
found it with a dozen others on her  
breakfast table. She was a dainty,  
high bred little lady, with

Eyes that shone with dreamy tender,  
Cheeks with rose-leaf tints and  
Lips like fragrant piny.

But this letter could not be an-  
swered with the usual polite formula.  
She was quite aware that John Sel-  
den had regarded himself for many  
years as his cousin's heir, and that  
her marriage with the late Thomas  
Clare had seriously altered his pros-  
pects. Women easily see through  
the best-laid plans of men, and this  
placid woman was no exception. She  
scarcely had liked the half contemptu-  
ous shrug and smile which termi-  
nated her thoughts on the matter.

"Clementine, if you could spare  
a moment from your fashion paper,  
I want to consult you, dear, about a  
visitor."

Clementine raised her blue eyes,  
dropped her paper, and said: "Who  
is it, Fan?"

"It is John Selden. If Mr. Clare  
had not married he would have  
inherited the Clare estate. I think  
he is coming now in order to see if  
it is worth while asking for an inheri-  
tance by his cousin's widow."

"What selfishness! Write and  
tell him you are just leaving for the  
Sea Canal, or for the Sandwich Is-  
lands, or any other inconvenient  
place."

"No! I have a better plan than  
that—Clementine, do stop reading a  
fashion paper. I will take that pretty  
letter to the post office."

The Widow Clare, and I your poor  
friend and companion!  
Good! very good! "The Fair  
Deceivers" an excellent comedy.  
How I shall snub you Fan! And  
for once I shall have the pleasure of  
outdressing you. But has not Mr.  
Selden seen you?"

"No; I was married in Maryland,  
and went immediately to Europe. I  
came back a widower two years ago,  
but Mr. Selden has never remem-  
bered me until now. I wonder who  
his friend is that he proposes to  
bring with him?"

"Oh, men always think in pairs.  
Fan? They never decide on any  
thing until their particular friend  
approves. I dare say they wrote the  
letter together. What is the gen-  
tleman's name?"

The Widow examined the note.  
"My friend, Mr. Clevo Sullivan."  
"Do you know him Clementine?"

"No; I am quite sure I never saw  
Mr. Clevo Sullivan. I don't fall in  
love with the name—do you? But  
pray accept the offer for both gen-  
tlemen, Fan, and write this morning  
dear."

Then Clementine returned to the  
consideration of the lines in *coquilles*  
for her next evening dress.

The plan so easily sketched was  
unhappily and thoroughly discussed,  
and carried out.

The cottage at Raybank was taken  
one evening at the end of June the  
two ladies took possession of it.  
The new Widow Clare had engaged  
a maid in New York, and fell into her  
part with charming ease and a very  
presumptuous assumption of authority;  
and the real widow, in her plain dress  
and pensive, quiet manners, realized  
effectively the ideal of a cultivated  
but dependent companion. They  
had two days in which to rehearse  
their parts and get all the house-  
hold machinery in order, and the  
gentlemen arrived at Raybank.

Fan and Clementine were quite  
ready for their first call; the latter  
in a rich and exquisite morning es-  
timate, the former in a simple dress of  
spotted lawn. Clementine went  
through the introduction with com-  
munate ease of manner, and in half  
an hour they were a very pleasant  
party. John's "consenship" afforded  
an excellent basis for informal com-  
panionship, and Clementine gave it  
full prominence. Indeed in a few  
days John began to find the relation-  
ship tiresome; it had been  
"Consens John did this," "Consens John  
came here," continually; and one  
night when Clevo and he sat down  
to smoke their first cigar, he was ir-  
ritable enough to give his objections  
in full speech.

"Come, to tell you the honest truth  
I do not like Mrs. Clare."  
"I think she is a very lovely wo-  
man, John."

"I say nothing against her beauty,  
Clevo; I don't like her, and I have  
no mind to occupy the place that  
beautiful, ill-used Miss Mart fills.  
The way Consens Clare ignores or  
snubs a woman to whom she is in  
every way inferior makes me angry  
enough, I assure you."

"Don't fall in love with the wrong  
woman, John."

"Your advice is too late, Clevo; I  
am in love. There is no use in us  
denouncing ourselves or each other,  
You seem to like the widow—why  
not marry her? I am quite willing  
you should."

"Thank you, John; I have already  
made some advances that way. They  
have been favorably received, I  
think."

"You are so handsome, a fellow  
has no chance against you. But we  
shall hardly quarrel if you do not  
interfere between lovely little Clevo  
and myself."

"I could not afford to smile on  
her, John; she is too poor. And  
what on earth are you going to do  
with a poor wife? Nothing added  
to nothing will not make a decent  
living."

"I am going to ask her to be my  
wife, and if she does me the honor  
to say 'Yes,' I will make a decent  
living out of my profession."

From this time forth John de-  
voted himself with some ostentation  
to his supposed cousin's companion.  
He determined to let the widow per-  
ceive that he had made his choice,  
and that he could not be bought  
with her money. Mr. Selden and  
Miss Marat were always together,  
and the widow did not interfere be-  
tween her companion and consin.  
Perhaps she was rather glad of their  
close friendship, for the handsome  
Clevo made a much more delightful  
acquaintance. Thus the party fell quite  
naturally into couples, and the two  
weeks that the gentlemen had first  
been as the limit of their stay  
lengthened into two months.

It was noticeable that as the ladies  
became more confidential with their  
lovers, they had less to say to each  
other; and it began at last to be  
quite evident to the real widow that  
the play must end for the present,  
or the denouement would come pre-  
maturely. Circumstances favored  
her determination. One night Clevo  
came with a radiant face, came into  
her friend's room, and said, "Fan, I  
have something to tell you. Clevo  
has asked me to marry him."

"Now, Clevo, you have told him  
all, I suppose you have. He will be  
glad to hear you have."

"Yes. Our little play progresses  
finely, John Selden asked me to be  
his wife to-night."  
"I told you men think and act in  
pairs."  
"John is a noble fellow. I pre-  
tended to think his cousin had ill-  
used him, and he defended him un-  
til I was ashamed of myself; and  
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intended to let the widow per-  
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weeks that the gentlemen had first  
been as the limit of their stay  
lengthened into two months.

"No, thank you. I have promised  
my wife to ride with her this after-  
noon."  
"Your wife! When were you mar-  
ried?"  
"Last month, in Paris."  
"And the happy lady was—"  
"Why, I thought you knew; every-  
one is talking about my good  
fortune. Mrs. Belmer is old Paul  
Marat's only child."  
"What?"  
"Miss Clementine Marat. She  
brings me nearly \$3,000,000 in  
money and real estate, and a heart  
beyond all price."  
"How on earth did you meet  
her?"  
"She was traveling with Mr. and  
Mrs. Selden—you know John Sel-  
den. She has lived with Mrs. Sel-  
den ever since she left school; they  
were friends when they were girls  
together."  
"Clevo gathered up his reins, and,  
nodding to Mr. Frank Belmer,  
drove at a fine rate up the avenue  
and through the Park. He could  
not trust himself to speak to any-  
one, and when he did, the remark  
which he made to himself in strict  
confidence was not flattering. For  
once Mr. Clevo Sullivan told Mr.  
Clevo Sullivan that he had been  
punished, and that he had well de-  
served it."

**For Better or Worse.**  
The old man Bendigo keeps a pretty  
sharp eye on his daughter Mary, and  
may a will be done has taken on a  
walk after a few minutes' conver-  
sation with the half-hearted priest.  
The old chap is stuck this time, how  
ever, and cards are out for a wedding.  
After the lucky young man had  
been sparring Mary for six months,  
the old gentleman topped in a usual  
request a private confab, and led off  
with:

"You seem like a nice young man,  
and perhaps you are in love with  
Mary?"

"Yes, I am," was the honest reply.

"Have you said anything to her yet,  
have you?"

"Well, as that I think she recipi-  
cates my affection?"

"Does, eh? Well, let me tell you  
something. Her mother died a  
lonely old maid, and her father  
Mary has inherited her insanity."

"I'm willing to take the chance,"  
replied the lover.

"Yes, but you see Mary has a ter-  
rible temper. She has hit me with  
a knife on me with intent to commit  
murder."

"I'm used to that—got a sister  
just like her," was the answer.

"And you should know that I have  
sworn a solemn oath not to give Mary  
a cent of my property," continued  
the father.

"Well, I'll not set in your and  
hold up. There's more romance  
in it."

The old man had one more shot  
in his cartridge, and he said:

"Perhaps I ought to tell you that  
Mary's mother ran away from my  
home with a butcher, and what all her  
relations died in the Parsonage.  
These things might be thrown up in  
after years, and now I warn you."

"Mr. Bendigo," replied the lover,  
"I've heard all this before, and also  
that you were on trial for forgery,  
and served a year in State Prison  
for counterfeiting. I'm going to  
marry into your family to give you  
a decent reputation. There's no  
thanks—good-by!"

Mr. Bendigo looked after the  
young man with his mouth wide  
open, and when he could get his  
jaws together he said:

"Some infernal hyena has went  
and given me away on my dudge!"  
—Detroit Free Press.

### A Serious Obstinate.

A young darkey had conceived a  
violent passion for a neighboring  
maiden, and taking her one night  
behind him on an old farm male set  
out for Georgetown to have the  
ceremony of marriage celebrated.  
But in endeavoring to navigate  
a mud hole the mule apparently lost  
his power of locomotion, and the  
darkey got down to examine into  
the cause of it. Unfortunately, he  
got too close to the animal's hind  
legs, and an unexpected convulsion  
of the mule's extremities shot him  
out to the side of the road with a  
violence which resembled the dis-  
charge of a cannon ball.

"What's de matter?" inquired  
the prospective bride, astonished at  
these hurried movements.

"Matter! dar's heep de matter.  
Dis weddin' ain't a couin' off!"

"What's de reason it ain't?"

"De reason 'nuf—dat mule got  
sartin de matter wid his hind legs,  
and I got sartin de matter wid  
my stomach—and dat's reason 'nuf  
to stop a weddin'."

And it did.—*Danger News.*

The words "immortal soul," "death  
less soul," "enduring soul," "deathless  
spirit," "disembodied soul," "disem-  
bodied spirit," "eternal torment,"  
"eternal suffering in conscious mis-  
ery," "ascending torment," "obscuring  
soul," and all their kindred words,  
are words that never in a single in-  
stance are found in the Bible. But  
from the copious material which  
these words are pressed to us from  
theological and literary sources, we

**Grains of Gold.**  
The less men think, the more they  
talk.  
Never pick the teeth or clean the  
nails in company.  
What ought not to be done, do  
not even think of doing.  
Never refer to a gift you have  
received to a civil question.  
Never question a servant or child  
about family matters.  
Death has nothing terrible in it  
but what life has made so.  
Never refer to a gift you have  
made or favor you have rendered.  
One should seek for others the  
happiness one desires for one's self.  
All I have seen teaches me to  
trust the Creator for all I have not  
seen.  
Hasten equity and justice for evil  
doers to you, and pay goodness by  
goodness.  
Be temperate. Liquor has made  
more puppers than all other vices  
combined.  
Actions, looks, words, steps, form  
the steps by which we may spell  
characters.  
We can make our experience into  
bridges, to bear us safely over what  
is before us if we will.  
The way for a man to secure him-  
self from wickedness is, to withdraw  
from the examples of it.  
Many a man bears his own faults  
patiently, and those of his neighbor  
impatiently.  
It is easy to pick flaws in other  
people's work, but more profitable to  
do better work yourself.  
Good resolutions are like horses.  
The first cost is an item of less impor-  
tance than the keeping.  
Keep the horses at arm's length.  
Never turn a blessing around to see  
whether it has a dark side.  
Be anxious, when you relate any-  
thing, to tell it just as it occurred.  
Never vary in the least degree.  
Argument in company is generally  
the worst sort of conversation, and in  
books the worst reading.  
Be punctual; neglect of this dis-  
turbs business arrangements, waste  
time, and sets a bad example to  
others.  
Never deceive for the sake of a  
foolish jest, or to excite the laughter  
of a few companions at the expense  
of a friend.  
Never despise out of our pre-  
ference, and mistress and maid are  
never so much alike as when both  
are in passion.  
Be industrious. Improve each  
day as you expect to die on the  
morning, and disease and disease  
are brothers.  
The first institution vouchersafed to  
our race was the Sabbath; the  
next, marriage. So give your first  
thought to heaven, the next to your  
wife.

**Alphabetical Curiosities.**  
The protean nature of the vowel  
sounds is familiar to all. A few  
amusing examples will show that the  
consonants are nearly as bad:  
B makes a road broad, turns the  
ear to a bear, and Tom into a tomb.  
C makes him climb, and trans-  
ports a lover to clever.  
D turns a bear to beard, a crew  
to crowd, and makes anger danger.  
F turns lower regions into flower  
regions.  
H changed eight to height,  
K makes now know,  
L transforms a pear into pearl,  
N turns a line, into linen, a crew  
to a crown, and makes one none.  
P metamorphoses lumber into  
plumber.  
Q of itself has no significance.  
S turns even to seven, makes love  
shove, and word a sword, a poor  
spare, makes slaughter of laughter,  
and curiously changes having a too  
to shaving a shoo.

**Adapt Shoes to Your Feet.**  
Why it should be desirable to  
have a small, weak foot any more  
than a small and weak brain is not  
easy to conceive. For the purpose  
of having such small feet, not a few  
wear boots one or two sizes too  
small and about two-thirds of the  
width of the foot as it would be  
the ball, if allowed to spread as it  
does when standing without the con-  
finement of the boot. As a natural  
and necessary result of such pinning  
and confinement, the feet be-  
come deformed and larger than they  
would naturally grow, with enlarged  
joints, and toes turned from a line  
parallel with the foot, to say nothing  
of the troublesome corns so annoy-  
ing and crippling to a large class  
of young women. The worst results  
of this crippling system of wearing  
small and narrow boots is felt by  
children when allowed to outgrow  
their boots. It is poor economy to  
allow the young to wear hats  
when the feet have become too large  
for them since deformity of the feet  
is easily produced at this time.  
When the boots are too short for  
the wearer, and the heel is too  
high, the ingrowing of the nails is a  
perfectly natural result.

**Sambo, is your master a good  
farmer?**  
"Oh, yes, massa, first rate farmer  
—he makes two crops in one year."  
"How is that, Sambo?"  
"Why, he sell all his hay in de fall  
and make money, once when de  
spring he sell de hiles ob de cattle  
what die for want ob hay and make  
money twice."

"Forget thee?" wrote a young  
man to his son—forget me? When  
the earth begins to smile; when  
the stars begin to shine; when the  
rain begins to fall; when the flowers  
begin to bloom—then, and not till  
then, will I forget thee." Three  
months later, he was going to see  
another girl with a wart on her nose,  
and \$40,000 in the bank.

**THE ORIGINAL & ONLY GENUINE  
"Vibrator" Threshers,**  
WITH IMPROVED  
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