The Post.

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Poetry.

BEWARE.

Keep wakeful eye and ear, my friend,
For all mankind;
Thou canst not know nor tell, my friend
What lurks behind
The flattering speech, the gracious smile
How little treth, how much of guile,
Is hid within the heart the while,
Beware!

Remember, e'en thyself, my friend,
Has crafty grown;
Consider how deceit, my friend,
Erst deeply sown
Within thy breast, slow fed upon
Its kindlier nature, until won
The victory o'er thy peace undone,
Beware!

Ah, life's a losing game, my friend,
A taunting blank—
When love itself is tricked, my friend,
By wealth and rank;
Take council of thy wit, and seek
No favors that thy feelings pique—
Of both the fawning and the meek,
Beware!

Trust him who makes thee pay, my friend,
And squarely, too,
For all he grants; 'tis he, my friend,
Alone that's true,
He hath no subterfuge, no plan
To cheat or cozen; such a man
Thou canst respect, and waive this ban:
"Beware!"

Select Tale.

A STORY SUCCESSFULLY TOLD.

Pretty, plump *Mrs.* Archibald Steele wrote the following paragraph in one of her letters to her husband the other day:

"John must come down here at once, whether you can spare him or not. Our dear little Laura is greatly taken with a tall, young man, with a hooked nose and thin lips, called Stuyvesant. It is whispered about the hotel that he is a very good match, and Laura's eyes—as, indeed all the other pretty eyes about—are perpetually beseeching him for attention. In the daytime he is always with a long black horse, that covers more ground with its legs while it is going than any other animal I ever saw. When Laura goes out to drive behind it, and vanishes out of sight with the bony creature, I tremble to think how dreadful it would be if our dear little girl would ever be part and parcel of this wretched man and his beast. So I think John had better come down at once. I quite long to see his handsome face and hear his honest voice, and I think it is about time that John should tell his little story to Laura and have things settled comfortably.'

Mr. Archibald Steele smiled when he put the letter of his wife in his waistcoat pocket, and picking up the morning paper, scanned through his gold-rimmed spectacles the news of the day. Finding nothing therein to refine the exceeding satisfactory condition of his affairs, he put it down smiling as only a prosperous, contented down-town merchant can smile. He stopped to the door of his office and beckoned to a young man with strip of commercial paper in his hand and a pencil behind his ear, with the general air of briskness and shrewdness about him that betokened a successful down-town merchant empryo. Mr. Steele smiled the third time, with the air of one who was not at all afraid of any blue-blooded obstacle that might be thrown in the path of domestic happiness.

"John,' said *Mr.* Steele, closing the door of his private office, and looking upon his young clerk benevolently, "I've got an order from Mrs. Steele which I wish you would attend to.'

"Certainly, sir,' said John; 'shall I go out and get the articles myself?'

"Why the fact is, John,' said the merchant, enjoying his joke more and more, 'it's only one article—a rather bulky one. It was bargained for a long time ago. I think you will have to go down with it, John.'

"Down to the seashore!' said John, getting a little hot and flustered; "is it a very valuable parcle, sir?'

"Well, perhaps your natural modesty may depreciate its worth, John. Mrs. Steele and I think a good deal of it, and Laura, too, I am sure does. The commodity is yourself, John. Mrs. Steele wants you to go down and take a little holiday there.'

When the name of Laura was mentioned the young man's face grew more flustered and hot than before.

"You are very kind, sir," he said, "and Mrs. Steele is more like an angel than a woman."

"Rather solid and plump for that,' interposed Mr. Steele, but liking the phrase nevertheless.

"But it is a simple madness," pursued John, "to dream of further happiness than I enjoy now—your affection and that of your wife—my position here; *I* don't dare, I can't hope for anything more. Oh, Mr. Steele, I can't tell her my story. She would turn from me with horror and aversion. She is so young, so beautiful. Let me at least enjoy the present."

"And in the meantime some cadaverous, blue-blooded scoundre will carry her off from us all.'

Then John's face grew pale and stern. 'If there is the slightest feeling upon her part for—for any one else, then, indeed, Mr. Steele, my case is hopeless.'

The commercial paper flattered from his hand, the pencil fell from his ear, and he leaned his head against the desk and trembled.

"Why, who would suppose you could be such a coward!' said Mr. Steele, impetuously. "You shall go down with me this very day.'

All the way to the seashore John's face wore the look of one who had resolved to storm a deadly breach, but who did not hope to survive the attempt.

Even the ocean, when it confronted them, wore a threatening look. Upon the horizon a pile of clouds formed a background wan and gloomy, a great black mist lay in the zenith, and a dense red vapor almost touched the water.

"A very nasty sea,' said Mr. Steele.

A tramp on the hard, wet sand, and like a meteor a long black horse shot by, disappearing in the mist, leaving for John the memory of a charming head, crowned with blonde curling hair, two kind eyes bent upon his own, and a white waving hand extended in salutation.

"John," said Mr. Steele, 'did you see the face of that man? I count upon your saving Laura. Did you see his thin, cruel lips and treacherous eyes?'

"I only saw Laura, sir,'said John, simply.

Later on Mr. Archibald Steele and his plump, pretty wife were alone together in their private parlor. Her dimpled hand lay lovingly in his, and her shapely head, fresh from the hands of the coiffeur, rested recklessly on his shoulder.

Suddenly the door opened, and there was heard the rustle of silken drapery. A still shaplier little head, and fresher from the hands of the coiffeur, all unrumpled by the audacious hands of mortal, peeped in at the door. Laura was pale; her little white hands were clasped together and her musical voice trembled.

"Oh, papa, mamma,come directly! Mr. Stuyvesant ventured too far, and—and—'

"Was drowned?' said Mr. Steele, with a queer combination in his voice of pity and relief.

"No, no; how can you suppose so dreadful a thing? He was rescued but is very weak and ill. He has asked for me, and may I go? Will you not come with me, mamma? Oh, do, I beg of you. Can't she, papa!'

Her blue eyes filled with tears; her little feet seemed wanting to fly through the corridors.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Steele. 'Let him wait till he is able to come to you or me. Either the man was drowned or he isn't. Because he was imbecile enough to risk his life, that is no reason for you being the talk of the hotel.'

Laura raised her eyes proudly.

"No danger of that, papa; and besides, every one is occupied now with the one that rescued him.'

"And what madman was that?' said poor Mr. Steele, who could not reconcile himself to the present condition of affairs.

"I don't know—a stranger, I believe. I was so interested in Mr. Stuyvesant I forgot to ask.'

"Bah!" said Mr. Steele, getting upon his feet and walking to the door. "I'll go and find out all about it. Do you stay here till I return.

Before he had gone far, Mr. Steele heard from the excited guests several different versions of the affair; but one and all agreed that the rescuer could be nothing less than a champion swimmer,

"A regular water-dog!' said one gentleman to Mr. Steele; and as the merchant had heard this epithet but once before in his life, and that on an occasion of vital interest to himself he sought out the hero of the hour, and found to his unbounded astonishment, it was John Waters himself! He was quite enveloped in the flounces and fur-belows of pretty and sympathetic women, who insisted upon knowing every half second if he was sure he felt strong and well, and how in the world could he buffet those dreadful waves in that grand, heroic way, and how did he manage to drag poor Mr. Stuyvesant in to shore?

John, like any other hero of the hour, enjoyed this adulation, but looked anxiously at Mr Steele when he approached.

"Hum,' growled that worthy merchant; "a pretty fellow, you to interfere with other people's plans! How do you know he wanted to be rescued?'

"He appeared anxious that way, sir,' said John, 'He wrapped himself about me like a devil fish, I thought at one time we'd both go down together. There ought to be a school for teaching people how to be saved. It's the easiest thing in the world; the water itself is an accessory, if you manage it right.'

"Oh, do tell us how, Mr. Waters please,' chorused the pretty and sympathetic women; and as John began his lesson Mr. Steele slipped away across the American desert to California, and back again by another route, your mother had never been up the East river as far as Morrisania. It seemed so absurd to have neglected this home excursion, that we determined upon it at once. The morning was wet, but we didn't mind it. Your mother looked prettier in a waterproof and rubbers, with a shovel hat tied down over her chin, than most women would in a ball dress. She wasn't a bit afraid of rain or mud. She was a little too reckless; for, getting ashore to see the institution for vagrant boys, her foot slipped off the plank, and she disappeared.'

Mr. Steele stopped a minute; his voice faltered; the plump little hand of his wife slipped into his own; he clutched it, and went on again:

"One minute I saw her as neat and trim a little figure as ever graced a waterproof and shovel hat, and the next she was gone.

"Gone!" cried Laura. "Gone where?'

"Into the water, child; into the hungry green waves that surged up to take her away from the fondest heart in the universe; and if it had not been for one of those very vagabond boys, who had been lurking there for a chance to escape from the island, you would have lost us both, my dear; for I made an agonized plunge after her, though I am ashamed to say I cannot swim a stroke, and should have gone to the bottom like a plummet of lead; but an official standing by caught and held me, and cried out that Johnny Waters had her, safe as a trivet; and presently that vagabond boy came up with your sweet mother on the other side of the boat, and the officer cried out; 'He's a regular water dog, that Johnny Waters!' and these were the very words a guest here used in relation to John a minute or so ago.'

"John!' cried poor bewildered Laura, 'our John, mamma? Was John the boy? And is it John, our John, that saved poor Mr. Stuyvesant?'

"The very same darling John, our John; he is always on hand when there is any trouble or danger.'

"Oh, mamma! mamma!' cried Laura, forgetting all the years that had passed since the accident, and crumbling both the coiffeured heads in the most reckless manner.

"Papa,' she then said, 'we must go and find John; I want to tell him how much—I—'

'Yes, dear; said *Mr.* Archibald Steele and all the way through the corridor and into the parlors of the hotel, with his plump and pretty wife on one arm and his daughter on the other, he sailed.

But John was still surrounded by the pretty and sympathetic women, who had cruelly deserted the blue-blooded descendant of the old Dutch Governor, lying in his most graceful and languid of attitudes on a neighboring lounge—the descendant not the Governor—and had flocked, one and all, to the handsome and heroic founder of the new school for teaching people the way to be rescued from drowning.

John was almost hidden in flounces and laces; but when his eyes met Laura's he plunged out of those costly billows with his usual ease and rrapidity. There was something in Laura's eyes that he had never seen there before—a tempting languor, a bewitching shyness, a bewildering splendor that steeped his soul in a mad, sweet hope.

Laura stopped one moment to whisper to her mamma, and John gasped out to Mr. Steele:

"If I dared—if I only dared to tell her—'

"I have told her myself!' said the merchant.

"That *I* was a pauper, without home or friends?'

"I told the story in my own way John,' continued Mr. Steele, 'and I flatter myself I told it successfully; do not spoil it, if you please. I have managed the past and the present; do you look out for the future, John.'

And John did. Laura walked through the parlor that night the envied of all the pretty and sympathetic women and brave and appreciative men that congregated there.

The Beauty of Neatness.

A woman may be handsome, or remarkably attractive in various ways; but if she is not personally neat, she cannot hope to win admiration. Fine clothes will not conceal the slattern. A young woman with her hair always in disorder, and her clothes hanging about her as if suspended from a prop, is always repulsive. Slattern is written upon her person from the crown of her head to the soles of feet, and if she wins a husband he turns out, in all probability, either to be an idle fool or a drunken ruffian. The bringing up of daughters to be able to work, talk and act like honest, sensible young women, is the special task of all mothers, and in the industrial ranks there is imposed also the prime obligation of learning to respect household work for its own sake, and the comfort and happiness it will bring in the future. Housework is drudgery; but it must be done by somebody, and had better be well done than ill done.

A wife costs ten cows in Zululand. What can be the matter with the cows?—*Boston Post.*

Maxims For Everybody.

Every dog has his day.

Eat no more than you earn.

Every winter hath its spring.

Earn money before you spent it.

Extravagance often leads to villainy.

Endear yourself to all by worthy acts.

Excel in whatever you may undertake.

Every wrong brings its own vengeance.

Every tub must stand on its own bottom.

Easy chairs sometimes hold uneasy people.

Evil communications corrupt good manners.

Everybody's business is nobody's business.

Every man is the architect of his own fortune.

Eaves-droppers never hear any good of themselves.

Every person should be bland courteous and affable to all.

Experience is a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.

Effective preachers always hit people who sit in other pews.

Experiences are more necessary to some persons than others.

Every person is sure of at least one good friend if he will not abuse himself.

Every man is bound to tolerate the act of which he himself set the example.

Embark in no enterprise requiring capital until you shall possess the capital necessary for success.

Every act of dissipation and every spree of drunkenness robs the mental part of some portion of its growth.

Epidemics are not providential, but they proceed from causes as natural as are those of tornadoes and earthquakes.

Reliability.

If you are fortunate enough to know a truly reliable man, make him your friend at once, if you can. You can only do so, however, by assimilating his character. The reliable man is a man of good judgment. He does not jump at conclusions. *He* is not a frivolous man. He is thoughtful. He turns a subject over in his mind, and looks at it all round. He is not a partial or one-sided man. He sees through a thing. He is apt to be a very reticent man. He does not have to talk a great deal. He is a moderate man, not only in habits of body, but also of mind. He is not a passionate man: if so by nature, he has overcome it by grace. He is a sincere man, not a plotter or schemer. What he says may be relied on. He is a trustworthy man. You feel safe with your property or the administration of affairs in his hands. He is a brave man, for his conclusions are logically deduced from the sure basis of truth, and he does not fear to maintain them. He is a good man, for no one can be thoroughly honest and truthful without being good. Is such a quality attainable? Most assuredly so. It is not born—it is made. Character may be formed; of course, then, its component parts may be moulded to that formation. To gain a spotless reputation is a prize worth trying for.

The Sabbath.

The fifty-two Sabbaths of rest, with which the year is interspersed, are like patches of verdure watered by ever-springing fountains, that dot the inhospitable wilderness, and invite its travellers to exhilaration and repose. Oh, precious day! the workman's jubilee—the shield of servitude—the antidote of weariness. How it smoothes the brow of care.

Companions of labor! Have you ever attempted to compute the value of the Sabbath, even in its lowest of uses, as a provision of rest for the body? Oh, glorious Sabbath, almoner and nurse of health. We, the children of toil, flee to the shadow of thy protection. Thou standest beside us like some guardian spirit, casting over us the shield of thine excellency enfolding our jaded bowers in thy sustaining arms, and saying to the encroaching tide of human selfishness: "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shalt thy proud waves be stayed." May thy bulwarks, notwithstanding all the hostile assaults, stand strong among us everlasting ages for refuge and covert to the refuge of men.

A really sanctified Sabbath throughout the world would be one of the most interesting spectacles that could be witnessed on earth.

The way in which a fool and his money are soon parted was well shown at a recent sale of the contents of Gunnergate Hall near Middleborough, England, where Thomas Vaughan had run through a fortune of $2,500,000 in eight years. The furnishing of the billiard room alone cost between $150,000 and $200,000; in the smoking room the spittoons cost $100 dollars each; in some of the rooms the leather coverings of the seats cost $90 a yard; single fireplace cost $10,000, and the owner's bestead $7,500.

Probably there is nothing in the world that a man resents so quickly and so deeply, as to find you awfully busy when he is perfectly at leisure.

A Place that will Draw.

The Detroit *Free Press* has discovered a new summer resort, and allows the would be host thus to describe its attractions: He came to this office to see about getting out an illustrated catalogue. He was a nice old man, and honest in his conviections. He lives out from the city about eight miles on Napoleon Creek, and it suddenly occurred to him the other day that his place was a beautiful summer resort, and that his facilities for taking a few boarders should be published. "Fust,' he began, as he removed his ancient tile, "Napoleon Creek flows right by the door, and there's allus at least a foot of water in it all summer long. Nicest place in the world for women to learn to swim. No sharks, alligators or snakes to bother 'em, and they kin splash around in harmless glee."

"Any fish in it?"

"Yes, six-e-o, there be. They are small, to be sure, but all you've got to do is to catch more of 'em in a day. Napoleon Creek can't be beat, sir, for an attraction, and it furnishes the best kind of water for washing clothes. We save six bars of soap every week by using this water."

"Well?'

"Wall, then there's a hill in the distance—over on Squar' Fuller's arm. *I* tell you that hill looks lovely to a boarder sitting on the back verandy! It's kinder bold and defiant, and kinder soft and pleadin', and the sight makes a man feel sort o' awed and humbled. The hill's a big thing, sir and it's going to draw.

"Yes.'

"Then there's the medder and a white schoolhouse beyond. Then on 'tother side is the big stub that was struck with lightning. Boarders can take home all the splinters they want to, and the boy Dan can tell em all about how the pieces flew. This stub is goin' to get 'em, sir—can't help it. It combines romance and the power of lightning together, and boarders will stand around thar with their mouths open and tongues hanging out."

"Anything else?"

"Anything else?', he repeated, in an injured tone. 'Well, I should say there was! There's sheep gambling o'er the lea, and they are going to draw; therr's cows wading through Napoleon Creek, and that will fetch 'em; there's an old fanning mill which the children kin turn, and they'll cry to sit up all night; there's a grove with more'n forty birds in it, and the boarders kin take the kitchen chairs right out thar; then *I* m going to break two colts this summer and have a lightning rod put up, and 'tween me'n the old woman we'll make it a perfect paradise around thar."

"And your prices?"

"Wall, bein' that this is the fast year, we shan't b'ar down very heavy. I want to git folks in the habit of comin out there, and kinder advertise her up, and bimeby we kin make sumthin' Don't forget to say that we have family prayers twice a day. That'll be another big draw, you see. Dan he sings bass, my wife sings a sort of soprano, I sing awlto, and Sophia Jane she accompanies us on the melodeon, and I tell you it's sweet. That'll git em bard; and on extra occasions I kin prevail on the Edson boys to come over and help us. One plays the bass-drum and the other a mouth organ, and they can't help but draw. You jest orter hear 'em play 'Baby Mine' once!"

"Beautiful, is it?"

"Beautiful! Why, it just melts you right down, and you don't care whether there's flies in the milk or not! Wall, good-by. Work'er up strong, and don't forget Napoleon Creek and the woman in swimming."

Is The Earth A Vast Furnace.

While engaged last May in watching the transit of Mercury, Professor Proctor and his assistant observed an intensely bright spot in the centre of the planet as it crossed the sun's disc It is reported that seen through their powerful refracting telescope, it appeared as a mere vivid point of light, central in the planet, like a hole pierced in the middle of a piece of round black cardboard. It was permanent from the time the planet's centre touched the one limb of the sun until it left the other limb—a period of seven hours. "If the observation was reliable," says a commentator, "it proves that that plants has a hollow axis. There are hypothesists like John Cleves Symmes, who have long held that the axis of the other planet spheres of our solar system, is similarly hallow, with a clear tubular passage from the North to South Pole." If such is the fact, it is thought that should any of the balloonists of Cheyne's expedition reach the Pole they will be rather warmly received, the theory being that if the earth is a hollow cylinder, each of the Poles is the mouth of a vast furnace. In this way a German specialist accounts for the Aurora Borealis, attributing the mysterious "Northern Lights" to the glowing crater at the Pole.

The man who stuck to his colors was the painter who sat down in one of his paint pots.

The Love For Home.

It is only shallow minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in this country but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by the published rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. I did not happen to be born in a log cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised among the snow drifts of New Hampshire at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hill, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist; I make an annual visit. I carry my children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generation which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inherited it are now among the living; and if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and through the fire and flood of seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice to serve his country and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of man.—*Dan. Webster.*

Advice to Married Persons.

Marry in your own religion.

Never taunt with a past mistake.

Never allow a request be repeated.

Let a kiss be the prelude of a rebuke.

Let self-abnegation be the habit of both.

"I forgot" is never an acceptable excuse.

If you must criticise, let it be done lovingly.

Make marriage a matter of moral judgment.

Marry in a family which you have long known.

Never make a remark at the expense of another,

A good wife is the greatest of earthly blessings.

Give your warmest sympathies for each other's trials.

If one is angry, let the other part the lips only for a kiss.

Never talk of one another either at home or in company.

Marry into different blood and temperament from your own.

Always leave home with loving words for they may be the last

Never find fault unless perfectly certain a fault has been committed.

Neglect the whole world beside, rather than differ with one another.

Never deceive, for the heart once misled can never trust wholly again.

It is the mother who moulds the character and fixes the destiny of the child.

Do not herald the sacrinces you make to each other's taste, habit or preference.

A hesitating or grim yielding to the wishes of the other always grates upon a loving heart.

Those who marry for physical characteristics or external consideration will fail of happiness.

Consult one another in all that comes within the experience observation, or sphere of the other.

Those who marry for traits of mind and heart will seldom fail of perennial springs of perennial springs of domestic enjoyment.

Important to Pensioners.

Department of the Interior. Pension Office, Washington, D. C, July 1, 1879, the biennial examination of invalid pensioners is abolished from that date. Following is the provision, to wit:

"That sections forty-seven hundred and seventy-four, forty-seven hundred and seventy-two, forty-seven hundred and seventy-three, of the revised statutes of the United States, providing for biennial examinations of pensioners, are hereby repealed.

(Signed) J. A. BANTER,
Commissioner."

The effect of the above is to dispense with the medical examinations of pensioners that were heretofore required at the September payment of each odd year, as 1877, 1879, 1881, etc.

Heretofore the biennial examination has been the cause of much delay in the payment of pensioners at such times, more especially those in the city, as they were required to appear before the board of surgeons.

In a Bombay cotton factory a man receives eight dollars a month a woman four dollars and a child two dollars and a half.

It is perfectly surprising how much some men know about a thing they know no thing about.

Pennsylvania people paid $26,000,000 in portage last year.

THE POST.

Published every Thursday Evening.
JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r

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