The Post.

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Poetry.

The Joy of Incompleteness.

If all our lives were one broad glare
Of sunlight, clear unclouded;
If all our paths were smooth and fair,
By no soft gloom enshrouded;
If all life's flowers were fully blown
Without the sweet unfolding,
And happiness were rudely thrown
On hands too weak for holding—
Should we not miss the twilight hours,
The gentle haze and sadness?
Should we not long for storms and showers
To break the constant gladness?

If none were sick and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad
We scarcely could be tender;
Did your beloved never need
Our patient ministration,
Earth would grow cold, and miss, indeed,
Its sweetest consolation.
If sorrow never claimed our heart,
And every wish were granted,
Patience would die, and hope depart—
Life would be disenchanted.

And yet in heaven is no more night,
In heaven is no more sorrow!
Such unimagined new delight
Fresh grace from pain will borrow,
As the poor seed that underground
Seeks its true life about it,
Not knowing what will there be found
When sunbeams kiss and love it;
So we in darkness upward grow,
And look and long for heaven,
But cannot picture it below,
'Till more of light be given.

Select Tale.

BURRYING THE WRONG MAN.

"There's no better fellow than Bob Lindsey,' was the universal voice of his neighbors—'but for one failing' they felt in conscience bound to add.

His one failing, proneness to indulge in strong drink, had been sufficient to counterbalance all Bob's good qualities Active, industrious and energetic, he was a man to make his way in the world. Indeed, many times success seemed within his grasp. But just at the critical moment, and while his friends were hopefully saying, 'if he'll only hold out,'—a sudden relapse would come, and a week's dissipation would squander the fruits of a month of sober industry.

It was a sore trial to Mary Lindsay to see her husband the slave of a lothsome appetite. Her's was a proud as well as a loving heart; and it stung her to note the look of a suppressed triumph visible on the faces of certain friends, in opposition to whose counsels she had married handsome Bob Lindsay, in preference to rich, old and ugly Didymus Dodd.

Whatever of Bob's earnings had escaped the rumseller's grip, had gone to buy a neat little home, which would have been a very happy one but for one great drawback.

Bob had given a mortgage for a portion of the purchase money, and several times he had raked enough together to pay it; but just then his besetting temptation would overcome him, and the money, instead of going to cancel the debt which lay like a load on Mary's heart, and hung like, a shadow over her home would be worse than wasted.

In the course of time and business this mortgage came into the hands of Didmus Dodd. From him Bob knew it would be useless to seek indulgence, even had he felt free to ask a favor of Didymus Dodd—a humiliation at which his own, as well as Mary's pride revolted.

With that will and earnestness which had so often before carried Bob to the verge of success, and needed only perseverance to assure it, the required sum was once more accumulated.

"You may trust me this time, Mary,' said Bob, with a parting kiss, the morning he started to town to carry the money to Didymus Dodd's lawyer, who had possession of the mortgage.

With a fervent prayer that he might not be led into temptation, Mary returned her husband's kiss, and went about her daily cares, filled with anxiety for what the day might bring forth.

Bob felt brave and strong till he came in sight of the cross-roads tavern. Old Roan from force of habit, turned his head toward his accustomed hitching place. Bob urged him on, and in a moment more would have been out of danger. But then demon of irresolution took possession of his soul.

"It's a sultry day,' Bob soliloquized, 'and a glass of something cool, just one, can do no harm.'

Old Roan, given his head, was soon rubbing his nose, in friendly recognition, against the sign-post, while his master was exchanging salutations with the host within.

"A cold whiskey toddy, Mr. Spiggott,' said Bob; a pair of 'em, I mean, for I hope you'll do me the honor of your company; and you, friend,' turning to a seedy-looking stranger in the corner, "won't you join us?'

He of the seedy looks 'didn't care if he did,' and stepped forward into line without more words.

The toddies appeared and disappeared in a twinkling. Then a three handed chat was struck up, and the toddies were repeated—all at Bob's expense, for there wasn't a stingy drop in his blood.

The seedy stranger made himself so pleasant that Bob was glad to learn they were going the same road. He even offered to share old Roan with his new friend, on the old fashioned plan of 'ride and tie;' but the latter declined politely, saying, as they were only going a short way together, he would manage to keep up afoot if Bob didn't ride too fast. Another round of drinks, and Bob and the stranger took their departure in 'right merrie' humor.

"Here,' said the latter, when they had reached the heart of the forest, where a foot-path branched from the main road; 'we must part, for my way is by this path.'

Bob expressed his regret at the enforced separation, and was on the point of reluctantly resuming his journey, when the stranger begged him to alight for a short rest.

"Here's a nice cool place among the bushes,' added the stranger, 'and here is a little something for refreshment,' producing a flat bottle from his pocket; 'our chat has been so pleasant that I would like to enjoy half an hour more of it.'

Bob was in no mood to be unsociable, and he and his companion were soon seated side by side on a log, as cosily as General Marion and the British officer the day they dined on sweet potatoes served on a piece of bark.

The stranger uncorked the bottle and handed it to Bob

"What is it?' inquired the lattler.

"Brandy,' the other answered.

"Health and happiness,' said Bob, by way of preface to a good gulp.

A gurgling groan escaped him. the flask dropped from his hand, His throat burned as though scorched with fire. His temples throbbed. A confused buzzing filled his ears. A sense of numbness prevaded his brain, and he fell to the ground unconscious.

In a trice the stranger dragged him into a thicket, and stripping him of his outer clothing, replaced his own therewith and mounted Roan, and road off into the woods with Bob's clothes and money.

The robber was afraid to venture far till night set in. Then, under cover of the darkness, he hurried, forward, hoping, before daylight to be well out of reach.

Soon a river intercepted his flight. It was swollen by recent rains, and the rapid current made its passage dangerous to those unaccustomed to the ford.

"Surely, this must be the right place,' muttered the robber; 'I observed it closely yesterday; yes, this is the spot'

Poor Roan recoiled and shied, but his rider spurred him on.

A headlong plunge baried horse and rider beneath the surging waters. The two came up again and separated. With a violent struggle the horse clambered up the bank; but the man was swept swiftly down, vainly contending against the dark angry flood!

Days after, the body of a drowned man was found where it had been born by the current. The features were past recognition, but it was identified by the garments as that of Bob Lindsey.

Poor Mary was heart broken. With all Bob's faults—or rather in spite of his one fault—she loved him dearly. And when the funeral was over, she sat down in her desolute home, and mourned and would not be comforted.

* * * * *

When Bob awoke from his stupor and discovered the plight he was in, money, horse and raiment all gone, it is impossible to describe his remorse and shame.

"I can never look Mary in the face again,' he exclaimed. "Dodd will be pitless. Her home which she loves so well, will be sold over her head. No! I can never look her in the face again.'

Clothing himself, perforce, in the rags left by the robber, he wandered on aimlessly, and for many days lived like any other tramp.

But at last a change came over his spirit. It was cowardly to desert Mary thus. He would go back and bear his share of the trouble, and as he would be a man, and this time there should be no slip.

And he turned again towards his home. At length he reached the river, and as he walked along the margin of the river to find the ford, which lay somewhere above, his eyes fell on an object partly imbedded in the mud. He caught it up eagerly and examined it. An exclamation of joy burst from his lips, and he passed forward with redoubled speed.

He soon reached the ford which he passed without difficulty—for the water had fallen considerably—and at nightfall was at his own door. At the sound of words within he paused on the threshold.

"If I could ever love another after poor Bob,' said Mary's broken voice "it would never be you, Didymus Dodd, who ought to be ashamed to choose my hour of sorrow to insult me.

"You shall either marry me or leave this house!' returned the harsh voice of Didymus Dodd.

"She'll do neither, villian!' thundered, Bob, bursting in like a shot.

Didymus started as at the sight of a ghost; but in an instant Mary's arms were around Bob's neck.

"Oh, Bob! Bob!' she cried, "I thought you were dead and buried. First old Roan came without you; then they found a man drowned in your clothes, and we buried him in your clothes."

Bob's story soon dispelled the mystery.

Didymus Dodd ground his teeth with fury.

"I'll sell you out all the same,' he growled, spitefully.

"Not so fast,' answered Bob, "I've got the money to pay your paltry mortgage.'

"Why, I thought you were robbed?'

"So I was, but I found my pocketbook all right to-day where it was washed from the thief's pocket.'

Bob paid off the mortgage and never drank again; and now he and Mary are the happiest couple, and one of the best-to-do in all that country.

"Sa Luting the Bride."

There was a marriage at the upper end of the Detroit, Lansing & Northern Road the other day. A great big chap, almost able to throw a carload of lumber off the track, fell in love with a widow who was cooking for the hands in a saw-mill, and after a week's acquaintance they were married. The boys around the mill lent William three calico shirts, a dress coat and a pair of white pants, and chipped in a purse of about $20, and the couple started to Detroit on a bridal tour after being married.

"This 'ere lady," explained William, as the conductor came along for tickets, "are my bride. Just spliced fifty-six minutes ago. Cost $2, but durn the cost! She's a lily of the valley, Mary is, and I'm the right bower in a new pack of keerds. Conductor sa-lute the bride!"

The conductor hesitated. The widow had freckles and wrinkles and a turn-up nose, and kissing the bride was no gratification.

"Conductor, sa-lute the bride or look out for tornadoes!" continued William, as he rose up and shed his coat.

The conductor sa-luted. It was the best thing he could do just then.

"I never did try to put on style before," muttered William, "but I'm bound to see this thing through if I have to fight all Michigan. These 'ere passengers has got to come to the chalk, they has."

The car was full. William walked down the aisle, waved his hand to command attention, and said:

"I've just been married; over there sots the bride. Anybody who wants to sa-lute the bride kin now do so. Anybody who don't want to will have cause to believe that a tree fell on him!"

One by one the men walked up and kissed the widow, until one was left. He was asleep. William reached over and lifted him into a sitting position at one movement and commanded:

"Ar' ye goin' to dust over thar' an' kiss the bride?"

"Blurst your bride, and you too," growled the passenger.

William drew him over the back of the seat, laid him down in the aisle, tied his legs in a knot, and was making a bundle of him just of a size to go through the window, when the when the man caved and went over and sa-luted.

"Now then," said William, as he put on his coat, "this bridal tour will be resumed as usual, and if Mary and me squeeze hands or git to laying hands on each other's shoulders I shall demand to know who laffed about it, and I'll make him e-magine that I'm a boom full of the biggest kind of saw logs, an' more comin' down on the next rise. Now, Mary, hitch along an' let me git my arm around ye."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Too Close a Calculation.

"Get your tickets at the wagon!' screamed the doorkeeper of the circus to a young man with a girl on his arm, who had a handful of small change. "This is the third time you have come here without tickets when you know I can't take money.' The young man and his girl fell back, and so they did not go near the ticket wagon, and yet seemed very anxious to see the circus, a curious minded citizen edged around and inquired of the young man:

'Why don't you buy tickets if you want to go in?'

"'Cause I'm short!' was the whispered reply. "I didn't low enough for incidentials when I was figgerring on the cost of this thing, but I don't want the gal to know it!'

"How much are you short?'

"Only five cents. I figgered that ten shillings would pay all expenses, but I got left. We spent 10 cents for peanuts, 10 cents on the street cars and 5 in candy. I had just $1 left to pay our way in, when the gal got a peanut shuck in her throat and I had to buy a glass of lemonade to wash it down. Didn't do it, though till I had pounded her on the back more'n 50 times, and tried to pull one of them fire hydrants up by the root.'

"I'll lend you five cents to make up your dollar,' said the citizen.

"You will? By gosh! But that lets me out! I'd made up my mind to tell the gal that the tigars had got loose and the hyenas had run mad, but she's long-headed and might not have believed it. Thankee sir, and the fust time I'm in town I'll pay it back. Hang it, I orter figgered on 11 shillings 'stead of 10, but you've made me happy for life. Come, Bets.'—*Detroit Free Press.*

Bob Ingersoll's Dream.

One night, after speaking in his usual fashion to an audience of many hundred persons, Bob Ingersoll went to his chamber, and laid himself on his bed to rest. He had a dream.

The man dreamed that he stood in space, face to face with a great clock, that slowly beat out the seconds of a miserable existence. The face of the clock was as the ghastly face of death. The hands crawled over the face like the worms of corruption, and crawled slowly on toward the midnight hour. Every tick of the clock was the splash of a great drop of blood in a pool of gore. Every splash of blood sprinkled his bosom with hideous red. He tried vainly to wipe away the stain, and he found that his hands, too, were red like his bosom, and like the pool of blood at the foot of the clock. But the hands of the clock crept on to midnight.

There shut in around him a hot suffocating fog of night. Then the hopes and loves and hates and aspirations within him groaned and gasped and died. The hot suffocating shroud of vapor wrapped him more closely, and he too, groaned and gasped; but death came not to him as it had come to his hopes and affections. He stood there alone in the dying universe, alone with the great clock that splashed blood at the beat of every miserable second while the hands crawled on toward midnight.

To this man every breath was an agony, every throb a century of pain. *He* felt his bones crumbling in decay, and his flesh rotting while it clung to him. *His* tongue was swollen in his mouth. *His* thorat was dry and horribly bitter *He* cared no longer for the stains of red blood, but bathed his brow and eyes in the pool, and moistened his lips with the clotted gore. In the same breath he blasphemed and prayed for the light of morning.

The hands of the clock reached midnight and stopped. There was no growing hours thereafter, no dawn, no morning light, no sun *Even* the blood stopped splashing, and the pool dried away; so that he could no longer moisten his lips or quench the indescribable thirst that consumed him.

In anguish that was terror, and in terror that was agony, he broke the awful silence and cried:

"Is there no sunlight?"

A voice louder, harsher, hoarser, and as sneering as his own, answered out of the silence:

"There is no sunlight for the stirrer up of strife."

After an eternity again he cried:

"Is there no dawn?"

And the voice replied with a bitter sneer:

"There is no dawn for the denier and the liar and blasphemer."

When an eternity of eternities had passed, he cried out once more:

"My God! Is there no morning?"

And the voice came back:

"There is no morning, and you have no God!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Thought.

When the day dawns, and we rise to find the sky clear and the bright hours all before us, how loth we are to lie down upon our pillow again. There are so many things to do—such pleasant things, some of them; our friends are coming, or we are going to visit them; then there is a walk or a drive, or a little feast in prospect—it seems so pleasant to be awake. But when the day has gone and the night has come again, we are generally ready for it. We are at best, tired with our frolic or pleasure. Ten to one, we are disappointed in something; some little unpleasant incident has marred the brightest hour; some skeleton had taken its seat at the feast, or peeped out of a secret closet. It is so delightful to fling off the finery it rejoiced us to put on; to put out the light and lie down, courting slumber.

So, though in the heydey of life, we dread that long, quiet sleep; no doubt those who live to be old hail it as their best friend. The loves and hopes of early life have ended in disappointment; their dear ones have left them alone; the life that at first seemed so sweet has changed to bitterness; and all the sweetness is with death. Just as we wearily climb the bedroom stairs with our tired feet, so we will climb life's last steps. We have danced and toiled alternately; we are as tired of our sorrow, and we hail repose eternal, as we hail the repose of night when life was all before us.

AN INDIANA MARRIAGE SERVICE.—Kankakee has a justice who beats them all in the way of doing up a job of matrimonial splicing with neatness and dispatch. This is his formula:

"Have'er?"

"Yes."

"Have'im?"

"Yes."

"Married; $2."

A countryman who had never paid more than 25 cents to see an exhibition, went to see the "Forty Thieves." The ticket-seller charged him 75 cents. Handing the paste-board back he quietly remarked: "Keep it, Mister, "I don't want to see the other 39," and off he hitched.

The Bashful Poet and the Knowing Young Newspaper Man.

Everybody could tell what he had. Every man in the sanctum knew in a minute. The timid knock at the door gave him clear away at the very start. No man or woman knocks at a sanctum door unless he comes on that fatal errand. Then he came inside and took off his hat and bowed all round the room, when every man on the staff roared out in a terrible chorus, "COME IN!" Then he asked for the editor, and when the underlings, with a fine mingling of truth and grammer, pointed to the youngest and newest man in the office, and yelled, "That's him!" he walked up to the young gentleman designated, and before he could unroll his manuscript we knew the subject of it, and a deep groan entered around the room.'

"Poetry, young man?' asked the editor.

"Yes, sir,' said the poet; a couple of triolets and a sonnet on the marriage of my sister with an old college friend.'

"Old college friend male or female, young man?' asked the editor, severely.

"Male, sir,' said the young man.

"He said 'sir' every time, and every time he said it all the young gentlemen of the staff, save the young gentleman who represented the governor, snickered. He looked severe.

"Anything more, young man?' he asked. "Yes, sir,' replied the infant Tennyson; 'a kind of an ode inscribed "To My Lost Love.'

"Love been lost very long, young man?' asked the journalist, very critically.

'Well, it's immaterial, that is,' stammered the young man; 'it's indefinite—it's—'

"Ever advertised for it?' asked the reporter who was writing a puff for Slab's tombstones, but he was instantly frowned down.

"Anything more?' asked the principal interlocutor, 'anything more, young man?'

'Yes, sir,' was the hopeful response 'a threnody in memory of my departed brother.'

'Brother dead, young man, or only gone to Sagertown?'

"Dead, sir.'

Your own brother?'

"No, sir, I never had a real brother; its only imaginary.'

'Can't take this, then, young man,' was the chilling reply, 'Poetry, to find acceptance with the HAWKEYE must be true. Have to reject this threnody, not because it is very beautiful, but because it is not true. Now, how much do you want for these others?' and he fingered them over like a man buying mink skins.

The poet really didn't know. *He* had never published before; he had barely dared hope to have his verses published at all. A few copies of the papers containing them, he was sure—

'Oh, no,' the editor broke in, 'oh no, no sir, can't do that; we don't do business that way; if a poem or sketch is worth publishing, it is worth paying for. Would $15 pay you for these?'

The poet blushed to the floor with gratitude, and the young journalist grandly wrote out an order and handed it to the poet.

"Take that to the court house,' he said, 'and the auditor's clerk will give you the money.'

The poet bowed and withdrew, and with great merriment the journalists burned his poems and resumed their work.

That wasn't the funny part of it, however. The next day the simple-minded poet presented his order to the clerk designated. And it was so that the clerk owed the paper eighteen dollars for subscription and advertising, and he promptly cashed the order and turned it in when his bill was presented, and the manager just charged it to the salary account of the smart young journalist who signed the order, and the happiest man and the maddest man in America are living in Burlington. One of them is a happy, green, unsophisticated young machine poet, and the other is a wide awake, up-to-snuff know-the-world, get-up and dust young journalist, who is already a rival of *Horace Greely* in some of the verbal departments of journalism.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A True Gentleman.

"I beg your pardon," and with a smile and a touch of his hat *Harry* Edmon handed to an old man against whom he accidentally stumbled the cane which he had knocked from his hand, "I hope I didn't hurt you. We were playing too roughly."

"Not a bit," said the old man, cheerly. "Boys will be boys, and its's best they should be You didn't harm me,"

"I'm glad to hear it;" and raising his hat again, Harry turned to join the playmates with whom he had been frolicking at the time of the accident.

"What did you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked his companion, Charles Gray. "He's only Giles, the huckster."

"That makes no difference," said *Harry*. "The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one."

CHURCH BELLES.

Coming in couples,
Smiling so sweetly,
Up the long aisle,
Tripping so sweetly,

Flutter of feathers,
Bustle of dresses,
Fixing of ribbons,
Shaking of tresses.

Envying bonnets
Envying laces,
Nodding at neighbors,
Peering in faces.

Whispering softly,
Heeding no sermon,
What they go there for
Hard to determine.

On all around them,
Gazing benignly,
Wholly unconscious,
Singing divinely,

Prosy discoursing,
Don't suit their whim,
Plain they assemble
Just for the "MISS".

Effect of Imagintion.

To regain or recover health, persons should be relieved from all anxiety concerning disease. The mind has much influence over the body. For a person to imagine he has a disease may produce that disease. This we see effected when the mind is intensely concentrated on the disease of another. It is found in the hospitals that physicans who make a specialty of certain diseases are liable to die of them themselves; and the mental power is so great that sometimes people die of a disease which they only have in imagination. Persons have been known who have become seasick, in anticipation of a voyage, before reaching the vessel. We have known a person to die from imagining that he had a cancer in his stomach, when he had no cancer nor any other mortal disease. A blindfolded man, slightly pricked in the arm, has fainted and died from believing that he was bleeding to death. Reading a medical book containing descriptions of certain diseases has often produced the symptoms, even among young medical students, while they at last got the disease, unless it was stopped by common-sense treatment. Therefore well persons, to remain well, should be cheerful and happy; and sick persons should have their attention drawn as much as possible from themselves, and directed on subjects cheerful to contemplate. —*Medical Journal*

Friendship.

What is it? Do smiles, words of cheer and kind actions constitute it? Are those who never upbraid, but meet all our deeds with words of praise, who flatter us on every possible occasion, to be considered true friends? Their attentions may be pleasing to our vanity and conceit, and keep us in the best of humor with ourselves, and we may think their company very desirable, yet they will not do to put faith in, for their amiable behavior is often the cloak for self-interest. The person who will tell us our faults—kindly of course—who will try to teach us to see ourselves as others see us, who will show by acts rather than words that he kindly regards us, is more worthy of trust than one who agrees with our sentiments, right or wrong, and who is equally ready to coincide with some one else, even if the subject should happen to be our short-comings. Give me the friend who has the same love for me always, who is ready to "speak up" for me in the midst of enemies, and report what he considers may virtues as an offset to the failings they my rehearse, and who will hold fast to his faith in truth and goodness in spite of defamation. Such friends may be scarce, but when found, are priceless treasures.

Nothing makes a man so in love with purity as purity. Many a man has been lifted out of debasing sins against which he has vainly struggled, by coming to know and love a pure, sweet woman. It is the sight of embodied goodness that makes us want to be good. Many a mother by the quiet usefulness of her life fills her children with a desire to be like her, making them in their turn unselfish. There are obscure men and women who hardly in their lives utter a word of conscious teaching, who by their example, do more to make people around them gentle and truthful and Christian-like than any preacher can do. It is not those who talk about goodness, but those who are good, that are the light of the world.

BEWARE! LADIES—DON'T READ.—

It is proof positive that Noah was not a bald-headed man or he never would have let a fly in the ark.—*Yankee Gazette.*

"Those whom the gods love die young." That's what becomes of all the honest advertising agents.—*Middletown Transcript.*

THE POST.

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JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r

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