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Every additional insertion,	50
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All advertisements for a shorter pe- ad than one year are payable at the me they are ordered, and if not paid e person ordering them will be held sponsible for the money.

Poetry.

Assist Each Other.

Lend a hand to one another
In the daily toil of life;
When we meet a weaker brother,
Let us help him in the strife.
There is none so rich but may,
In his turn, be forced to borrow;
And the poor man's turn to-day
May become our own to-morrow.

Lend a hand to one another:
And when rumor's tongue has thrown
Dark suspicions on your brother,
Be not prompt to cast a stone;
There is none so good but may
Run adrift in shame and sorrow;
And the best of them to-day
May become the worst to-morrow.

Lend a hand to one another
In this race for honor's crown;
Should it fall upon your brother,
Let not envy tear it down!
Lend a hand to all I say,
In their sunshine and their sorrow,
And the prize we've lost to-day
May become our own to-morrow.

Select Tale.

WOULD BE REMEMBERED.

BY PRESLEY W. MORRIS.

There was no moon on that night. Dark clouds overspread the heavens Occasionally the wind swept by with a mournful sound.

Locksley Hall lifted its walls toward the sky amidst a multitude of giant trees. On this night one standing close to it could barely discern the dark sky.

Out at a side door slipped a young girl. She walked away from the house. In a place where the great trees were thickest overhead she paused All was blackness. She shivered, and drew her shawl about her. It was a September night, and cool.

"He should be here,' she murmured.

"He is here,' said a voice. "Dear Katie!'

"Herbert!"

Then a pair of strong arms folded the girl, and kisses were rained up on her face.

"My sweet, my love!"

"Herbert, I did not dream you were so near.'

"No? But you should know, my darling, that I would be punctual to the minute. You are a little late.'

"I could not come sooner. Papa kept me reading to him. I was glad to get away when I did.'

"I was not unbraiding you, Katie.'

"I know you were not.'

Then they were silent for a time, content to hold each others's hands.

"When shall I make all known, Katie?' asked the man presently.

"Oh, I don't know. I dread to tell papa You know the feud between him and your papa has raged for so long and been so high.'

"I can manage my father.'

"I fear it will be different with me. I sometimes feel as if papa will never give us his blessing.'

And so the conversation ran. But lovers' interviews cannot last forever and a length the two separated.

The young man's name was Herbert Fontain. His father owned an estate adjoining that of the owner of Locksley Place.

After parting from Katie, Herbert slowly pursued his way along a dark path. Hearing a rapid step behind him, he turned into another path.

"Fenwick!' called a voice.

Herbert did not answer. He knew the voice well. It was Arthur Locksley's the father of Katie.

"Fenewick!' was called again.

Still the young man was silent. He knew that it would provoke Mr. Locksley's anger to know that he, a Fontain, was a trespasser on his estate at that hour of the night.

Mr. Locksley said no more, but kept on his way in another path. Herbert also continued on. Some words were continually running through his brain. They were. "Kittie, my love! Kittie my love!"

Directly, however, he paused. He was bewildered. He did not know where he was. For a moment he hesitated.

"Pashaw! this is ridiculous, that I should lose my way at the door of my own house, fairly. But the night is terrible dark."

Then he went on. He had proceeded but a short distance when he heard a man say:

"I could not come to Locksley Place after you ordered me not to set foot within your door again, so there was nothing for it but to write you to meet me here."

Herbert saw a building faintly outlined a short distance before him, and discovered where he was. This structure was an old house on the Locksley estate, uninhabited save by bats and owls.

"And I suppose, Mr. Fenwick Locksley, returned the voice of Katie's father, "that something very important must have brought you here. What crime have you committed?

"None that will bring the law on me yet. I only want a few hundred dollars to keep me out of a debt of honor."

"You can't have it, sir!"

"Then I shall do what you so much fear—commit something desperate. I must have money by fair means or foul. I am not particular, but I know that you dread to have the Locksley name stained with crime."

"I give you over to the devil!" cried Arthur Locksley. "You have held that threat over me long enough. Obtain what you want as best you can!'

Then followed a moment's silence. This Fenwick Locksley, a wild and dissipated young man, was Arthur Locksley's nephew.

"Then this is final?' the young man at length asked.

"Yes."

"And the money?

"What money?"

"That I say I must have.'

"Scoundrel! Dissipated wretch! I repeat, get it as best you can.'

Arthur Locksley was a passionate man, and his anger was rising fast.

"Beware!' cried the young man. "You forget that I have your hot blood in my veins.

"Wretch, dare not to threaten me, or—"

Herbert Fontain heard a blow, followed quickly by a sharp report. He rushed toward the old house, found the entrance, and, as he burst in, heard a sound like the falling of a trap-door. It was that, and he concluded that the body of Arthur Locksley had been dropped into a vault beneath the old mansion.

As he rushed in, he encountered the figure of a man. He seized him. There was a blinding flash. Thunders, as of the rending of the universe, rang in his ears. Then he turned and fled madly on, on, till he sank to the earth unconscious.

* * * * *

Herbert Fontain raised himself with a start. The sun streamed in his face through the trees. He was lying in a woodland path.

"What means this? How could I have got here!" he asked himself.

He sought his home. The sun was some hours high when he reached it. As he entered he encountered his brother.

"Well, Herbert, my boy, been taking a morning walk?' he asked

"Yes,' answered Herbert, confusedly.

He went to his room. One thought was puzzling him.

"How came I there in the forest?'

On his temple was a lived mark.

CHAPTER II.

It was 1 o'clock in the afternoon. A slender, girlish figure was hastening up the avenue to the Fontain residence. She was very pretty, with wonderful brown eyes, cherry lips and crimson cheeks, usually, but pale enough now. She raised the heavy brass knocker at the entrance and rapped timidly. A servant answered.

"Mr. Herbert Fontain?' she said, inquiringly.

"Yes, miss. Walk in, and I will speak to him.'

The young girl was ushered into the library. In a few moments a firm tread echoed along the hall, and Herbert entered

"Why, Katie!' he cried, unable to say anything else, in sheer astonishment at seeing her there.

The girl fell on his breast and burst into tears.

"Poor, dear papa!' she sobbed.

"What of him?' asked Herbert.

"He is gone! I feel he is dead!'

"What!'

"He has disappeared and left no trace. I have not seen him since last night.'

"Herbert's hands flew up to his temples.

"Last night!' he muttered; nothing more, however. Memory was seeking to assert herself, but the effort was vain.

"Herbert, what can we do?'

"We can institute a search, at least,' said Herbert. "Darling, I am glad you came to me. I will go over to Locksley place with you.'

"Come, dear, as soon as possible,' said the poor child.

"I will go now,' he said.

On the way they said but few words. Arriving there, the young man dispatched a servant to town for officers. With the assistance of the officers and servants search was made. In vain. Night approached, and still no trace could be found of Arthur Locksley.

"I will go home for a brief space,' said Herbert. 'It is strange father has not been here this afternoon.'

He was alone with Katie when he addressed these words to her.

"Oh, Herbert, it seems like a punishment upon me that papa should disappear while I was with you last night,' she said.

"With me last night!' he said, in astonishment. "I have no recollection of it."

The girl opened her eyes in surprise.

"Why, Herbert!' she cried, "I was.'

This time he did not contradict her.

"Alone in the forest this morning!' he thought. "No recollection of how I came there! There is some dreadful mystery here. I wish my poor mind could clear it.'

Still memory did not aid him.

Going up the avenue to his home half an hour later, he overtook his father. One glance at his face showed that he had not heard the sad news.

"Dear, father, where have you been this afternoon?' asked Herbert.

"I started off in a hurry at 1 o'clock with a geologist, to explore Watkins creek. I just a moment ago returned.'

"Then you have not heard?'

"Heard what, my son?'

"Mr. Locksley has mysteriously disappeared.'

"No!'

"Ay.''

Mr. Fontain was deeply shocked.

"His search been made?'

"Yes.'

"Can no trace be found?'

"None. It is a very mysterious affair.'

The front entrance was reached. At that moment some horsemen rode up to the avenue gate. They dismounted and hurried up to the house. Herbert and his father paused, waiting for them. They soon reached the house.

"Mr. Fontain,' said one, then hesitated.

"Mr. Hilton,' said Herbert's father.

Mr. Hilton was the Sheriff of the county.

"Mr. Fontain,' he continued, while his voice trembled, 'I have a painful duty to perform. Information has been lodged against you, and I am compelled to arrest you upon the charge of murdering Arthur Locksley. Permit me, while discharging my duty, to express my utter disbelief in the charge."

Mr. Fontain paled. He did not utter a word at first, seeming too much astonished to do so. Herbert advanced as though he would strike the officer. Then his father found his tongue.

"My son,' he said, gently. 'Mr. Hilton is blameless in this matter. Wait till you find the accuser.'

He turned suddenly to the Sheriff

"Who is my accuser?'

"Mr. Fenwick Locksley.'

At the mention of that name Herbert's hands again sought his temples.

"Oh, would that I could recollect!' he cried my poor head will burst if I do not.'

The party including Mr. Fontain and his son, reached the country town an hour afterward. Herbert had first seen Katie to tell her where he was going and what for.

"Oh, this dreadful charge is not true.' wept Katie; "Herbert, your father is innocent; I know he is.'

During that ride Mr. Fontain had scarcely spoken, only to say—

"Confront me with my accuser; confront me with my accuser as soon as possible.'

In a magistrate's office that was done. Fenwick Locksley was very pale, but his lips were set firmly. It was a desperate game he was playing but one he considered necessary to his safety

"So you say that I killed Arthur Locksley?' Mr. Fontain said haughtily.

"Yes,' said Fenwick, boldly.

"Have you any other grounds than the feud which existed between us upon which to found your accusations?'

"I have. I saw you do the deed. I rushed upon you. I know all save what disposition you made of the body.

Mr. Fontain's eyes flashed fire.

"Fenewick Locksley, you lie!' he cried, indignantly.

At the beginning of this interview Herbert Fontain's hands flew up to his temples. His features worked painfully. As Fenwick Locksley uttered his last words, he sprung before him and looked upon him with flashing eyes for a moment.

"At last I remember!" he cried. "Fenwick Locksley, you are the murderer of your uncle! You killed him near the old mansion on his own estate. You threw his body into the vault beneath. Murderer! Your hands are stained with innocent blood!'

With a muttered curse Fenwick Locksley sprung toward the door of his room. But half a dozen men sprung upon him. He fought like a madman, but was soon overpowered.

* * * *

Dear reader, when, in as short a time after as possible, Arthur Locksley was taken out of the dark vault, all present expected to behold a mangled corpse. But it was not so, for as he was lifted out, he opened his eyes and groaned. He was badly hurt, but he did not die, and upon the events of that night was founded the reconciliation between the houses of Locksley and Fontain. And Herbert married Katie.

Fenwick Locksley escaped from jail, and was never heard of afterward.

Herbert Fontain had a small scar on his forehead caused by the pistol shot that had deprived him of the power of remembering the events of that fateful evening.

A well-merited repartee was dealt by a smart Midshipman to the daughter of a K. C. B. at a ball given by the latter to the navel officers on the North Pacific station. The middy was bold enough to ask the young lady to accept him for her partner. "Oh dear, no," said the supercilious beauty. "Ma never allows me to dance with Midshipmen!" Somebody let her know the middy was a lord, and she repented, and by and by reminded him he was engaged to her for the next dance. The youngster was not so easily mollified, and remembering that the lady had native blood in her veins, smilingly replied: "Oh, dear, no! Ma never allows me to dance with squaws."—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Post.

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Grains of Gold.

Defer not charities till death.

Let no jest intrude upon good manners.

The best fire does not flare up the soonest.

Rely not on opinions, but cling to your own conscience.

The wild oats of youth change into the briars of manhood.

We hand folks over to God's mercy but show none ourselves.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.

Choose those companions who administer to your improvement.

A man's own safety is a god that sometimes makes very grim commands.

Ambition thinks no face so beautiful as that which looks from under a crown.

Poverty is in the want of much, but avarice demands everything it has not.

The tale of Divine pity was never yet believed from lips that were not felt to be moved by human pity.

Friendship begins with liking or gratitude—roots that can be pulled up. The mother love begins deeper down.

Be on good terms with your own soul, and treat your body with all the respect and reverance that are due the temple of the soul.

Better a wrong will than a wavering; better a steadfast enemy than an uncertain friend: better a false belief than no belief at all.

Hard speech between those who have loved is hideous in the memory, like the sight of greatness and beauty sunk into vice and rags.

For the chief source of peace we all look higher—far above the treetops, the mountains and the bright, sailing clouds—far above earth, even to Heaven.

Men spend their lives in heaping up colossal piles of treasure, which stand at the end like the pyramids in the deserts sands, holding only the dust of kings.

Never witness a tear with apathy or indifference. Words, looks, actions, may be artificial; but a tear is unequivocal; it comes direct from the heart, and speaks at once the langnage of truth, nature and sincerity.

Some lives, like flowers, are fair, but not fragrant. We love to look at them, but do not care to hold them. Others, then, are sweet, gladdening, but with less of outward perfection, yet we would have them near us always.

The truly beatiful and good are those who pursue the path of virtue and justice for the mere love of those attributes, and not because of merit that attaches to such a life, or expecting to reap favors and rewards therefrom.

Men plant the grain and timber of every-day life with their strong hands, which God made for that purpose. Women fill in the hollows and crevices and swelling banks with flowers, ferns and delicate shade trees, which make the vigorous work of the strong hands beautiful.

Eastern and Western Story Telling.

It is no use, says the Boston *Transcript*, for an eastern man to try and tell a big story when there is a western man about. "When I was a young man,' said Colonel B., "we lived in Illinois. The farm had been well-wooded, and the stumps were pretty thick. But we put the corn in among them and managed to raise a fair crop. The next season I did my share of the ploughing. We had a 'sulky' plough, and I sat in the seat and managed the horses, four as hand, some boys as ever man drew reins over. One day I found a stump right in my way. I hated to back out, so I just said a word to the team, and, if you'll believe it, they just walked that plough right through that stump as though it had been cheese.'' Not a soul expressed surprised. But Major S. who had been a quiet listener, remarked quietly, "It's curious, but I had a similar experience myself once. My mother always made our clothes in those days, as well as the cloth they were made of. The old lady was awful proud of her homepun said it was the strongest cloth in the state. One day I had just ploughed through a white-oak stump in the way you speak of, Colonel. But it was a little too quick for me. It came together before I was out of the way, and nipped the seat of my trousers. I felt mean, I can tell you, but I put the string on the ponies, and, if you'll believe it, they just snaked that stump out, roots and all. Something had to give you know."

The flowing reporter who wrote, with reference to a well known belle, "Her dainty feet were encased in shoes that might have been taken for fairy boots," tied his wardrobe up in his handkerchief and left for parts unknown when it appeared the next morning: "Her dirty feet were encased in shoes that might have been taken for ferry-boats."

Jonah wrote to his father after the whale first swallowed him, stating that he thought he had discovered a good opening for a young man going into the oil business, but afterwards wrote for money to bring him home, stating that he had been sucked in.

After a Mouse.

I was quietly reading my newspaper the other morning, when I heard a scream like the whistle of a locomotive, coming from the dining-room.

I rushed to see what was the matter, and found my wife standing on a chair, with her skirts drawn tight around her ankles.

"It's a mouse!' she said wildly.

"Where?' I demanded.

"There—here—no—yes, I don't know! Oh, for pity's sake, kill it! Kill it!'

"Where is it?' I asked again.—"There's no mouse here.'

"Yes, there is, you old fool! Don't you see it? somewhere—anywhere—anywhere—I don't know where! Why don't you kill it?'

Mrs. B. isn't fond of mice. She would rather have a hundred dollars about the house than a single mouse; and the sight of one makes the hair-pins drop out of her head.

"Madam," said I, with an awful calmness, "tell me where that diminutive rodent mammal is, or forever hold your peace.'

"It is in the cupboard,' she gasped. 'I saw it run under the cupboard door.'

"I walked over to the cupboard with the tread of a gladiator, and opened it.

Before I could get my eyes in range to look for the mouse, it jumped out and ran right over my foot.

"I gave an awful kick—a tremendous heart-rending kick. And my foot went clear up to the top of the cupboard, and the back of my head struck the floor so hard that I saw all the planets and comets that were ever invented.

I picked myself up and looked wildly around for the mouse.

'There it is!' shrieked Mrs. B. "There—there! Quick!'

"Where?' I roared.

"Behind the table!'

I sprung to the table, seized one end of it, and gave it a jerk that brought it to the middle of the floor.

The mouse scampered.

I saw him running around the room, and plunged after.

I tried my best to step on him, but only succeeded in stepping on a spool of thread, which my wife had dropped in her excitement.

The spool rolled, and before I had time to shut my eyes I found myself standing on my shoulders, gazing curiously up at my feet, which were trying to scrape a picture of Benjamin Franklin off the wall.

As soon as I got on my legs again, I made another bolt for the mouse

I saw it whizzing across the floor, and I bounded toward it, and gave one furious kick.

And kicked the table.

Then I just grabbed myself up, and carried myself round on one foot howling like a prairie-wolf, and calling for arnica and corn salve, till I heard Mrs. B. screaming:

"Don't let it get away, you fool! Get something and kill it!'

I was desperate.

I snatched the first thing I could lay my hands on, which happened to be a base-ball bat belonging to Lot, and I made one murderous sweep.

But instead of killing the mouse, I upset the chair on which my wife was standing, and the result was that she turned a graceful sommerset over against the pantry door.

She screamed for help, and declared the mouse was eating her up, and refused to be comforted till I had placed her on the chair again.

Then she didn't have breath enough left to call me a brute, though she tried until she was black in the face.

By this time I was thoroughly excited, but I knew I must try another kind of weapon.

I saw something on the table, and I made a grab for it. It proved to be a warm huckelberry pie, but I didn't know it at the time.

I thought I saw the mouse running up the wall, and I hurled the pie at it.

But at that moment my daughter opened the door, and walked into the dining-room, and the pie struck her square in the face and smashed.

She began to shriek, and sputter, and jump up and down, and declare that she was bleeding to death.

And Lot, attracted by the noise, came rushing in just in time to get hit in the mouth with a loaf of bread which I frantically flung at the mouse.

But the mouse darted through the open door, and escaped to the next room.

We all followed it, pell-mell.

The little quadruped took refuge in the clothespress, and my wife, who, by this time, had got a little courage, seized the fire shovel, and cried out:

"You open the door, and I'll kill him as he comes out.'

We planted ourselves in position, and when Mrs. B. gave the word I threw open the clothespress door.

I saw the mouse in an instant: It had climbed upon a shelf, and was sitting there just on a level with my eyes.

'There it is I bawled. 'Hit it quick! It's going to jump over our heads—'

Before I could utter another syllable the end of the earth struck me.

A billion stars danced before my eyes and as I slowly gathered myself up out of the corner, I began to realize that Mrs. B. in aiming a blow at the mouse, had hit me in the head with the fire-shovel.

Then we all set up a yell that in five minutes about thirty neighbors had come in to see what was the matter, and in less than half an hour all the mouse-traps and cats and dogs in the neighborhood were there to make war on that one little mouse; and there was some talk about calling in the police force, and telegraphing the Governor to send us a squad of militia.

But happily this was not found necessary.

The mouse was speedily dispatched by a Scotch terrier, and we finally got the house cleared, though it took Mrs. B. the rest of the day to put things to rights.

As for me, my bump of philoprogenitiveness is so large that it takes a number nine hat to go around it.

What it is Coming to.

If the cause for which persons commit suicide now-a-days increase in triviality, we shall expect to read in a few years from now such newspaper items as the following:

De Gopher Go shot himself dead yesterday with a revolver. A new pair of shoe strings which he bought the day before didn't fit him.

John Smith stubbed his toe as he was going into his house last evening, and the circumstances so worked upon a more than usually sensitive nature that he cut his throat.

"I cannot survive this disgrace," cried a young and handsome stranger, on Fourth street, yesterday, when a lady he had never seen before passed him without speaking. Then he went down and jumped off the Suspension Bridge, and was drowned.

Wives cannot be too careful. A woman on Front street, who takes in washing to support herself and nine little children, incautiously requested her husband, who had dropped in a moment on his way to get a drink, to bring in a few kindlins from the woodshed. He went out without saying a word, but the poor woman says she well never forget till her dying day, the troubled look he wore. Rendered uneasy by his prolonged absence, she went to the woodshed only to find his bleeding and lifeless remains on the floor. He had blown his brains out with the sawbuck.

A Lady's Reasons for not Dancing.

1. Dancing would lead me into crowded rooms and late hours, which are injurious to health and usefulness.

2. Dancing would lead me into very close contact with very pernicious company, and evil communications corrupt good manners.

3. Dancing would require me to use and permit freedom with the other sex of which I should be heartily ashamed, and which I believe to be wrong.

4. My parents and friends would be anxious about me if I were out late, keeping company with, they know not whom.

5. Ministers and good people in general disapprove of dancing, and I think it is not safe to set myself against them. If a thing be even doubtful, I wish to be on the safe side.

6. Dancing has a bad name, and I mean to study things that are pure and lovely and of good report.

7. Dancing is generally accompanied with drinking, and I see drinking produces a great deal of evil.

8. I am told that dancing is a great temptation and snare to young men, and I do not wish to have anything to do with leading them away.

9. Dancing unfits the mind for serious reflections and prayer, and I mean to do nothing that will estrange me from my God and Savior.

10. There are plenty of graceful exercises and cheerful amusements which have none of the objections connected with them that lie against dancing.

Luck and Labor.

Many people complain of their bad luck when they ought to blame their own want of wisdom and action. Cobden, a distinguished writer in England thus wrote about luck and labor:

Luck is always waiting for something to turn up.

Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, turns up something.

Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy.

Labor turns at six o'clock, and with busy pen, or ringing hammer, lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck whines.

Labor whistles.

Luck relies on chance.

Labor on character.

Luck slips down to indigence.

Labor strides upward to independence.

About a year ago, a young man named Charles H. Stilly, who had inherited $20,000, created quite a sensation in Reading by his lavish expenditure of money. On Tuesday he passed through Reading as a tramp, with his clothes ragged and greesey, being utterly penniless. He has no trade and does not choose to work. He was on his way to Philadelphia.

THE POST.

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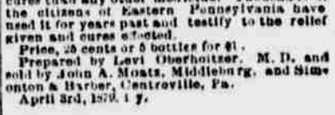

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