The Post.

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Poetry.

SCHOOL-DAYS.

Once more by marsh and meadow sills
The merry bells are ringing,
Once more by vale and river wide
The schoolroom doors are swinging;
Forgotten books, with passive looks,
And slates come forth from cover,
For hand in hand to lesson-land
Go little lass and lover.

Vacation hours were full of joy,
Vacation skies were cheery;
Yet days which pleasant tasks employ
Are neither dull nor dreary.
The rythmic beat along the street
Of feet that dance in walking
Give witness that two heads at two
Is better far than talking.

What need of bliss were our, my friend,
If we, like these, were able
Our cares and discontents to spend
In vanquishing a fable—
If we could be so light and free
Amid our garnered pleasures,
As these who sweet the tale repeat
Of runic weights and measures!

Ah! children dear, our later days
Have brought us wise anointing;
We see in all your sunny ways
The Father's kind appointing.
Your morning bell is ours as well—
We go to school to duty,
Whose brow severe from year to year
Wears fadeless wreaths of beauty.

Select Tale.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Just before the battle of Cedar Creek one of Custer's troopers, named Dave Harrison, had an adventure full of peril. In the absence of regular scouts he was detailed to work his way up the valley and discover all he could regarding the enemy's position, and he entered upon the enterprise with alacrity and confidence. Dave was known as a quiet, cool, enduring man, doing his duty under all circumstances and winning the good will of the officers and in camp or on the march.

It was not the intention to send the trooper forward as a spy, but his instructions were to scout over the neutral but dangerous ground between outposts and as near the enemy as he could. He left our camp in his Federal uniform, armed with a pair of revolvers and a knife, and there were plenty of croakers to predict that he would never return.

After leaving the outpost Dave headed straight up the valley, determined to accomplish his task as soon as possible. He of course took to the woods and brush, as the highways were more or less traveled by the enemy and by the country people, and the sight of his uniform would have caused instant alarm. He had seen cavalry, artillery, infantry and army wagons moving and marching by this road or that, and had drawn his own conclusions, but yet this did not satisfy him. Surmises and conclusions were not the information desired at headquarters. To secure facts he must cross the open fields and highways, and by mid-afternoon he was prepared to do so. His last cover was a thicket by the road-side. Nearly opposite him and about twenty rods away a log farm-house the front door standing wide open. The scout was hoping to get a word with some colored man, when a cavalry patrol of about twentyfive men came along the dusty road and halted at a watering-trough to refresh their horses. The noise attracted the attention of the house dog, a large and savage animal, and he ran down to the highway and barked furiously. Finding that the soldiers gave him no attention he trotted up and down the road and finally got the scent of the scout hiding in the thicket. The dog was over the fence and into the thicket in a second and his angry barks and growls attracted general attention.

"He's after a 'possum," shouted one of the party.

"More like a scout!" added the second as he rode up to the fence.

"Come out of that, you devil!" ordered the lieutenant in command.

The scout realized that they only guessed at the presence of a human being there, and he hoped they might be satisfied without an investigation. Perhaps they would have been but for the conduct of the dog, which seemed determined to come to close quarters. To shoot him would have betrayed the man instanter. He tried to coax the brute with meat and to intimidate him with a club, but neither effort was successful. When sure that the dog was about to close in on him Dave drew his knife. The dog sprang in and was received with a blow intended to settle him then and there, but only gave him a severe wound. The cut took the fight out of him and he retreated among the troopers. As soon as they noticed his wound they held a whispered consultation and divided, a part going up the road and a part down. When thirty rods from the thicket they began throwing down the fence.

The scout saw that he was to be flanked. The woods were too far away, and he must bolt in some direction or tamely surrender. He was not a man to do the last while there was any show of escape. As soon as the cavalry entered the field he sprang out bounded into the road and crossed it before he was discovered. The cavalry opened fire [illegible] Two

ning about the yard, and Dave bolted through the crowd and into the house. He expected to run through it and across the back fields, but seeing the people gathering at the back door he went no farther than the kitchen. The doors all stood open. After a glance around for a hiding-place, the scout stepped behind the one leading up stairs. This door swung close to the floor and hit the wall, so as to leave quite a corner where the wall joined.

The scout was scarcely hidden when the house was full of men. All had seen him enter, and they felt sure of capturing him. While some stood guard at the doors, others began a search. They examined every room in detail, constantly expecting to unearth the Yankee, and two of the kitchen doors were pulled back for a peep in the corners. The cellar was the last place searched. A window in the wall was open, and after a brief search the soldiers concluded that the scout had crept out of this and made off while they were searching above. At this moment one of the colored women raised an outcry and declared that she had seen a blue coat enter the corn field about thirty rods from the house. Away went the crowd, wooping and yelling, and the scout was left alone with the women and children.

Dave had planned to step forth, cross the highway and make for the cover of the forest, but just as he was ready to execute the movement he heard the rumble of wheels on the road. A force was passing, and his appearance would have been the signal for pursuit. The only way was to trust to luck.

After a hunt of half an hour the patrol straggled back to the house with the information that the Yankee had made his escape for the time being, but that patrols had been sent out to cut off his return. The lieutenant was offered food and he had just drawn up to the table to eat a cold bite when he was joined by a captain of some independent command, whose men had just come down the road. The two talked briskly about army matters and movements as they piled their knives and forks, and what the scout overheard as he crouched behind the kitchen door, was regarded of value when carried to the Federal head quarters.

When the two officers had finished their meal it was near sundown, and as they rose to go Dave had a narrow escape from discovery. In the room with them was a white woman and a colored woman, and as the captain rose up the white woman remarked:

"Why, captain, you are loaded down with dust. Wait a minute and I'll brush it off."

She started for the broom. She was doubtless in the habit of standing it behind the stair door for her hand was already on the edge of the door to swing it back from the wall when the colored woman cried out from the other room that she had it. The captain was vigorously dusted, his hostess duly thanked, and the two officers departed together. However, the scout was but little better off. He could hear the troops moving along the road, and if he left his hiding place before night, his capture or death would be almost certain. But could he remain where he was?

The excitement having somewhat subsided the women went about their household duties, and one of the colored women was instructed to get supper. Dave had been standing as stiff as a board for an hour and a half, but he dared not change his position. The women talked pretty bravely, and his escape from the house might not be accomplished as safely as he had at first anticipated. The windows were open and he could hear sounds which convinced him that soldiers were in camp not far away.

By and by twilight came and supper was ready. Dave hoped that after the meal was over the household might scatter long enough to prevent his exit unseen, but fate had a trick to play him. The meal was not more than half over when some article fell to the floor upstairs with a loud bang. At this the mistress of the house remarked to one of the children:

"Albert, shut that stair door and stop that draft of wind."

The boy left the table, walked over to the door and pulled it shut, leaving Dave in his corner without shelter. The lad gave a start of surprise at sight of the intruder, but before he could cry out, the scout stepped boldly forward with a polite good evening to all. No one was greatly startled, as soldiers were frequent callers.

"Who is it?" asked the mistress as she looked up.

"Gor a mighty! it's dat Yank!" exclaimed one of the colored women in reply, as she caught sight of the blue clothes.

A frightened look swept around the circle, and as the black woman turned to fly the scout called out:

"Don't be afraid—no one shall be harmed. I am going right out doors now."

He edged toward the back door, when the mistress asked:

"Have you been in the house all the time?"

"Behind the door," he answered.

The colored woman began laughing in a hearty manner, and the children

of how the soldiers had been tricked.

"You can't be so very bad, or you would have killed us all before now," said the woman as she rose up; and taking a platter of meat in one hand and a plate of bread in the other she extended them towards her Yankee guest. He helped himself, bowed his thanks and next moment was out of the house and crossing the fields. No alarm was given, and in a short time he was safe from pursuit.

It having become known that a Federal scout was about, every effort was made to intercept and capture him. Twice he ran against patrols and was fired on, and again a horseman jumped right over him as he crouched behind a log. Even when only a mile from camp he ran into the arms of a bush-whacker, and while the latter was left dead in the bushes, Dave entered the camp with a bullet imbedded in his shoulder, but walking bravely and bearing news greatly desired.

Source of Personal Beauty.

A beautiful person is the natural form of a beatiful soul. The mind builds its own house. The soul takes precedence of the body and shapes the body to its own likeness. A vacant mind takes all the meaning out of the fairest face. A sensual disposition deforms the handsomest features. A cold, selfish heat shrivels and distorts the best looks. A mean, grovelling spirit takes all the dignity out of the figure, and all the character out of the countenance. A cherished hatred transforms the most beautiful lineaments into an image of ugliness. It is an impossibility to preserve good looks, with a brood of bad passions feeding on the blood, a set of low loves always tramping thro' the heart, and a selfish, disdainful spirit enthroned in the will, as to preserve the beauty of an elegant mansion with a litter of swine in the basement, a tribe of gipsies in the parlor and owls and voltures in the upper part. Badness and beauty will no more keep company a great while than poison will consort with health or an elegent carving survive the furnace fire. The experiment of putting them together has been tried for thousands of years, but with one unvarying success.

There is no sculptor like the mind. There is nothing that so refines, polishes and ennobles face and mien as the constant presence of great thoughts. The man who lives in the region of ideas, moonbeams though they be, becomes idealized. There are no arts, no gymnastics, no cosmetics which can contribute a tithe to the dignity, the strength, the ennobling of a man's looks as a great purpose, a high determination, a noble principal, and unquenchable enthusiasm.

But more powerful still than any of these, as a beautifier of the person is the overmastering purpose and prevading disposition of kindness in the heart. Affection is the organizing force in the human constitution. Woman is fairer than man because she has more affection. Loveliness is the outside of love. Kindness, sweetness, good will, a prevailing desire and determination to make others happy, make the body a heavenly temple. The soul that is full of pure and generous affection fashions the features into its own angelic likeness, as the rose, by inherent impulse grows in grace and blossoms into loveliness which art cannot equal.

A Cheerful Voice.

The comfort and happiness of home and home intercourse, let us here say, depends very much upon the kindly affectionate training of the voice. Trouble, care and vexation will and must, of course come; but let them creep not in our voices. Let only our kindly and happier feelings be vocal in our homes. Let them be so, if for no other reason, for the children's sake. Those sensitive little beings are exceedingly susceptible to the tones. Let us have consideration for them. They hear so much we have forgotten to hear; for as we advance in years our lives become more interior—we have abstracted from outward scenes and sounds. We think, we reflect, we begin gradually to deal with the past, as we formerly vividly lived in the present.

Our ear grows dull to external sound; it is turned inward and listens chiefly to the echoes of past voices. We catch no more the merry laugh of children. We hear no more the notes of the morning bird. The brook that used to prattle gayly to us, rushes by unheeded—we have forgotten to heed such things; but little children remember sensitively and hear them all. Mark how, at every sound, the child starts and turns and listens; and thus with equal sensitiveness does it catch the tone of human voices! How were it possible, therefore, that the sharp and hasty word, the fretful and complaining tone, should not startle and pain, even distress, the sensitive little being whose harp of life is so newly and delicately strung vibrating even to the gentle breeze, and thrilling ever to the tones of such voices as sweep across it? Let

The Rule of Hospitality.

True hospitality is a thing that touches the heart and never goes beyound the circle of generous impulses. Entertainment with a truly hospitable man means more than the mere feeding of the body; it means an interchange of soul gifts.

Still it should have its laws, as all things good must have laws to govern them.

The obligation to be hospitable is a sacred one, emphasized by every moral code known to the world and a pratical outcome of the second great commandment.

There should never be a guest in the house whose presence requires any considerable change in domestic economy.

However much the circumstances of business or mutual interest may demand in the entertainment of a stranger, he should never be taken into the family circle unless he is known to be wholly worthy of a glance in that sanctum sanctorum of social life; but when once a man is admitted to the home fireside he should be treated as if the place had been his always.

The fact of an invitation gives neither host nor guest the right to be master of the other's time, and does not require even a temporary sacrifice of one's entire individuality of pursuits.

A man should never be so much himself as when he entertains a friend.

To stay at a friend's house beyond the time for which one is invited is to perpetrate a social robbery.

To abide uninvited in a friends home is as much a misdemeanor as borrowing his coat without permission. In is debasing the coin of friendship to mere dross when a man attempts to make it pay his hotel bills.

The fact of two men having the same occupation and interests in life gives to neither a social right to the other's bed and board. A travelling minister has no more right to go uninvited to a fellow-preacher's house than a travelling shoe-peeper or shoemaker has to go uninvited to the house of his fellow craftsman. Men are ordained to the ministry as preachers, teachers, and pastors, and not as private hotel keepers.

Prosperity and Adversity.

The state of our existence upon earth is perpetually marked by the mixture of good and evil. Prosperity and adversity are so associated in our life that they may be said to be placed the one over against the other. Generally speaking, the life of every man is a mixed state of good and evil: of days of enjoyment and trouble. There is no thing permanent in the state through which we are passing. Elevation, riches, pleasure, reputation, strength, beauty—all that we possess, all the external and accidental circumstances of our present existence—are either precarious with respect to their duration, and may be taken from us in a moment or are suspectible of great changes and alterations. Sometimes the objects of enjoyment are taken from us, that even when they are continued, we lose a taste for them, and become incapable of enjoying them with comfort. Take a general view of the scenes of human life! How is it disturbed by a multitude of unforeseen and inevitable individuals, and turn opulence and joy into distress and sorrow. The healthiest constitutions, the most shining reputations, the most solid fortunes, and the most domestic comforts are subject to painful vicissitudes. They sometimes decline gradually, and sometimes pass rapidly from one existence to another, as a serene sky is suddenly overcast by a rising storm with clouds and darkness. On the other hand, scenes of adversity and distress are often followed by prosperous days. At a moment when a change is little expected, the storm ceases, the clouds are dispersed, and the despairing mariner enters, with pleasure and surprise, into the desired harbor. Thus are the diversified scenes of human life, if there is a "time to weep," there is also a "time to rejoice." Many favorable chances, and unexpected deliverances, after sorrow endured in the night season, bringing comfort and joy in the morning.

The left field—Base ball ground in Winter time.

Autumn leaves will wear the same colors this year as last.

A lover praising his sweetheart's ruby lips said "such lips are few and far between." They don't speak now.

regular meeting on the third Tuesday in December. A special session will be held on the 11th inst., to consider the case of Andrew Tracy, the M'Kean county murderer.

General Butler is a many-sided man. He has a Grant front side, a Democratic right side, a Republican left side, and a Greenback side.

Miss Taylor, a white girl aged fifteen, and one of the prettiest young ladies in Canada, eloped from Coburg Out, a few days since with an Indian.

Blair county didn't pay for its graveyard, and the Sheriff offers it for sale. Nice chance for a young

Grant's Fourth of July Speech.

His Response to Minister Bingham at the Imperial palace of Japan.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am unable to answer the eloquent speech of Judge Bingham, as it is in so many senses personal to myself. I can only thank him for his too flattering allusions to me personally and the duty devolving on me during the late war. We had a great war. We had a trial that summoned forth the energies and patriotism of all our people—in the army alone over a million. In awarding credit for the success that crowned those efforts there is not in that million, not one among living or the dead, who did not do his share as I did mine, and who does not deserve as much credit. It fell to my lot to command the armies. There were many others who could have commanded the armies better. But I did my best, and we all did our best, and in the fact that it was a struggle on the part of the people for the Union, for the country, for a country for themselves and their children, we have the best assurances of peace and the best reasons for gratification over the result. We are strong and free because the people made us so. I trust we may long continue so. I think we have no issues, no questions that need give us embarrassment. I look forward to peace, to generations of peace, prosperity. I never felt more confident of the future of our country. It is a great country—a great blessing to us—and we cannot be too proud of it, to zealous for its honor, too anxious to develop its resources, and make it not only a home for our children, but for the worthy people of other lands. I am glad to meet you here, and I trust your labors will be prosperous and that you will return home in health and happiness. I trust we may all meet again at home and be able to celebrate our Fourth of July as pleasantly as we do to-night.

The Game of Gobang.

Gobang is an easy, nice game. It is tit-tat-to so much improved as to often afford amusement to grown-up people. You can make it for yourself. Get a piece of smooth planed board a foot square if you can; divide it up by cross lines like a checker board, only making the squares much smaller: a board of twelve inches will do as well if divided sixteen squares each way. This is a very convenient number, as, if you divide the side once, you have eight, divide again into four, again into two, and again into one. So get a strip of paper just as long as your board, double it four times, straighten it out and you can mark off the edges of your board by it.

Now get forty buttons—twenty white and twenty black. Each player takes twenty of one color, and you (white) begin by putting a button down on any square near the center of the board. Black now places one wherever he pleases (although next you is the best); then you put down a white and he a black, until one of you succeeds in making a row of five (in any direction, up and down, sideways or cornerwise) or you have placed all the buttons—in this case it is a drawn game. You will find plenty of fun in this game.

A Very Narrow Escape.

A handsome youth of 23 years, named John Leafarr, whose perfectly white hair recently attracted attracted attention at Helena, Montana, stated that he owed it to Custer's fight with the Indians. He was attached to Custer's force, and on the morning of the massacre happened with several companions to be three miles from the command, when a band of Sioux sprang from the grass within a few feet of them. Springing upon a horse Leafarr started in rapid flight. As he bagged his horse he saw his six companions go down, one after the other. One bullet out of the hundred that followed him tore through his neck, another cut a deep furrow across his cheek, a third imbedded itself in his thigh and a fourth killed his horse. The desperate boy shot an approaching Indian and ran for a belt of timber a half mile distant, where he hid for three days, when he was found by some friendly Crow Indians and taken to Fort Lincoln. Then he discovered that his hair, which had been a black as a raven's wing, had changed to white.

When a man makes up his mind that the world owes him a living, he has arrived at a point when the world can spare his services.

A Man out West swallowed his false teeth, and now he swallows his food and masticates it after it is down.

Be shrewd and sell high, for on these two commandments hang all the law and the profits.

Why is a chicken like a farmer? Because both delight in a full crop.

Adam was the first man ever told to take a walk.

The other day a Leadville lawyer looked a judge up, "to [illegible]

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6. How long have you been sick?
7. Your compleXion, color of hair and eyes?
8. Having you a stooping or erect gait?
9. Relate without reservation all you know about your case. Enclose one dollar as consultation fee. Your letter will then receive our attention, and we will give you the nature of your disease and our candid opinion concerning a cure.

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