The Post.

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Advertising Rates.

One inch one year,	$6.00
One-half column, one year,	32.00
One-fourth column, one year,	15.00
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Poetry.

A Country Thanksgiving.

Ay, goodman, close the great barn door;
The mellow harvest time is o'er;

The earth has given her treasures meet
Of golden corn and hardened wheat.

You and your neighbors will have wrought
And of the Summer's bounty caught;

Won from her smiles and from her tears
Much goods, perhaps, for many years.

You come a tribute now to pay—
The bells proclaim Thanksgiving day.

Well have you sown, well have you reaped;
And of the fruits you have heaped,

You think, perhaps that you will give
A part, that others, too may live.

But if such argument you use,
Your niggard bounty I refuse.

No gifts you on the altar lay
In any sense are given away.

Lo! rings from Heaven a voice abroad:
"Who helps God's poor doth lend the Lord.

What is wealth? He'd have you know
To have it you must let it go.

Think you the hand by Heaven struck old
Will yet have power to clutch its gold?

Shrouds have no pockets, do they say?
Behold! I show you then the way.

Wait not till death shall shut the door,
But send your surgeon on before.

Lo! he that giveth of his hoard
To help God's poor doth lend the Lord.

To-day my brethren—do not wait;
Just yonder stands Dame Kelly's gate;

And would you build a mansion fair
In Heaven, send your lumber there.

Each stick that on her wood pile lies
May raise a dome beyond the skies;

You stop the rents within her roof
And yonder rise your marble halls;

For every pane that stops the wind
There shineth one with jasper fined.

Your wealth is gone your farm the sold,
But in the city paved with gold,

Your hoard is held in bonds Divine,
Jehovah's seal that marks it theirs.

Behold the bargain ye have made,
With every the debt is paid.

No moth doth eat, no thieves do steal,
No suffering heart doth every feel.

Ring out the words, Who of his hoard
Doth help God's poor doth lend the Lord

So get your corpses under way
The bells ring out Thanksgiving Day!

Miscellaneous.

MAKING A NEWSPAPER.

Mr. Bunby tries to explain to Mrs. B. the inner mysteries of a Printing Office.

It was an exceedingly cold night, and Mr. and Mrs. Bunby hugged the stove closely, he pausing the time reading a newspaper, and she sitting looking into the fire.

Without any preface whatever, she dropped the poker. With so much force did it strike the hearth that Mr. Bunby stopped his reading abruptly, and looked over the top of his spectacles inquiringly.

Mrs. Bunby had a happy thought; quickly was it transmitted to Mr. B.:

"John," said she, "you remember some time ago you promised to tell me how newspapers are made,"

"Yes, yes; but some other time love."

"No, now, please, John."

Again he tried to content her with a promise, but it was of no avail; she wanted to know, then, "just how papers were put together."

He hesitated. The longer he hesitated the more impatient she grew, and he felt it. Seeing that postponement was of no avail, he heaved a long sigh, laid aside his paper and reluctantly began to unravel for his wife's edification the "inner life of a newspaper."

"In the first place," said he, "the copy is sent to the composing room, and—"

"Where does the copy come from?" she queired.

From the editors and reporters, of course."

"Oh, I see."

"Then it is given to the type setters—"

"What do they do with it, sit on it?"

"No—thunder, no; they are the compositors who set it up."

"Oh, they compose the copy, and then, set it up. But how does it set?"

He drew another sigh and calmly replied: "The editor composes the copy, then sends it to the composing room, and the type setters put it in type."

"What! the copy?"

"Yes—they set the types so that they will read as the copy reads."

"Oh, I see."

A pause ensued.

"John," said Mrs. Bunby, "you stopped at the compositors setting the type. What do they set type in?"

"In a stick."

"In a stick! What kind of a stick?"

"Oh, a stick is a device that is just the width of the column of a paper and holds seventeen lines of brevier."

"And what is brevier?"

"A kind of type that is pleasing to the eye and easily read."

"Oh, I see."

"When the printers get a stick full," he went on, "they empty—"

"Are the printers different from the compositors?"

"No," he replied a little out of temper, "they are one and the same."

"Oh, I see."

"When they get a stick full of type, as I was about to say, they dump it on a galley—"

"And is throwing it upon a galley, don't it all go apart?"

"No—they lift it from the stick and place it gently, very gently on a galley—"

"And what's a galley?"

"A long article made of brass on which the matter is proved—"

"What kind of matter, and how do they prove it?"

"Will you wait a moment?" If so, I will try and explain—but give me time," he said, nettled a little at her cross examination.

"All right, go on,"

"Type, when it is set up, is called matter, and when the first impression of it is taken, they call it—"

"Impression of what?"

"Oh, bother—the type! When it is first proofed on the galley, that is called a proof and they call it proving the matter."

"Oh, I see."

"Does the galley print?"

"No, the devil."

"Oh! John!" she cried in tones of reproach. "Why will you use such words."

"I was not swearing. The apprentice around a printing office is known as the devil."

"Oh!"

"The proof sheet which he makes after going to the proof reader is returned to the printers and corrections made."

"Corrections made of what?"

"The matter, my dear. It is then given to the foreman."

"What, the proof?"

"No, the matter."

"And what does he do with it?"

"Will you wait a minute? The foreman takes the matter and places it in the form."

"What kind of a form?"

"An iron chase, which, when it has all the news in it—that's its type, and it is locked up, is called a form."

"Locked up! How?"

"With quoins and side sticks."

"Sticks and quoins—ha, ha—ha, ha—what kind of coins?"

"Not coins, but quoins, quoins."

"And what are they?"

"Good gracious! any more questions? A quoin," he resumed, "is a small block, and is wedged in between the chase and side stick with a shooting stick."

"A shooting stick! How does it shoot?"

"Shoots the quoins into place with the aid of a mallet."

She did not quite understand, but saw by the twinkle of his eye that it would not be safe to question him too much, so she bided her time, and he went on:

"Sometimes the matter is pied—"

"How is that?"

"Way, when some type is knocked over or dropped on the floor, it is useless, and it is called by the fraternity 'pi.'"

He thought he had gotten through, but the irrepressible wife continued:

"Where do they make the forms up?"

"On the stone," was the rejoinder.

"What kind of a stone—a rough one?"

"No, a flat one—a piece of level marble."

"Oh, I see."

"Well, when the form is made up, it is put on the printing machine and the edition goes to press."

"What do you press the paper for?"

"They do not press the paper; press means printing, and after they are printed they are circulated through the city."

"Oh, I see," and after waiting some little time for him to continue, Mrs. Bunby asked, "is that all?"

"Thank heaven, yes!" he grumbled from behind the paper he had resumed. Silence followed. He read on undisturbed for fully an hour. His wife having regained her hold on the poker, was occupied in twirling it, and at the same time murmuring, while looking intently at the ashes:

"Type, galley, proofs, devils, quoins, presses."

TRUTH IN BRIEF.—Anybody can soil the reputation of an individual, however pure and chaste by uttering a suspicion that has enemies will believe and his friends never heard of. A puff of idle wind can make a million of the seeds of the thistle and do a work of mischief which the husbandman must labor hard and long to undo, the floating particles being too fine to be seen and too light to be stopped. Such are the seeds of slander, so easily sown, so difficult to be gathered up, and yet so penicious are its fruits. They know that many a wind will catch up the plague and become poisoned by their insinuations, without even seeking the antidote. No reputation can refute a sneer, nor any human skill prevent mischief.

Advice to a Young Man.

The following quaint advice, from the Burlington *Hawkeye* man, has that "pith of truth" in it:

"Remember, son, that the world is older than you are, by several years; that for thousands of years it has been as full of smarter and better young men than yourself, that their feet stuck out of the dormer windows; that when they died the old globe went whirling on, and not one man in ten million went to the funeral, or even heard of the death.

"Be as smart as you can, of course. Know as much as you can, without blowing the packing out your eyes; under hands; avoid the light of your wisdom such as the world, but don't dazzle people with it, and don't believe a thing is so, simply because you say it is. Don't be sorry for father because he knows less than you do, remember the reply of Dr. Warfield to the student of Brown University, who said it was so easy enough thing to make proverbs such as Solomon wrote. 'Make a few,' tersely replied the old man. And we never heard that the young man made any. No more than two or three anyhow. The world is great and of young men, but we greater need than the young men has of it. Your clothes fit you better than your father's fit him, they cost more money, they are more stylish, your complexion is better, the cut of your hair better and you are prettier, far prettier than pa. But, young man, the old gentleman set the biggest salary and has money enough to buy a sheet with drawn more in one out of the bank in his name as than you could get out with a team of pony and a copper plate signature in six months.

"Young men are useful and they are ornamental and we all love them, and we couldn't get along a picnic successfully without them. But they are more common. Oh, so common of the kind. They have been here before. Dress them as best as shiny as you will, but do be fresh you will have to put away in the cents to keep them spunky. Don't be afraid that your merit will not be discovered. People all over the world are hunting for it, and if you are worth having they will find you. A diamond never easily is hid, and a genuine pebble, but pound seed brings up in on the really."

Poor and Proud.

Young men out of business are sometimes easily hampered by poverty. Many young men are take more pride in their money, and bring back all the pride and no money at all. A young man was "asked for his board," no matter what proper work he does, has no cause for shame. A young man who sells the bread of idleness, no matter how much money he has, is disgraced. All young men starting in life ought to aim—first of all a place where they can earn their bread and butter with hoe, axe, spade, wheel-barrow, carry-comb, blacking brush, no matter how. Independence first. The bread and butter question settled, let the young man perform his duty so faithfully as to attract, and let him constantly keep his eyes open for a chance to do better. About half the poor, proud young men and two-thirds the poor, discouraged young men, are always out of work. The young man, who pockets his pride, and carries an upper lip as stiff as a cast iron door-step scraper, need not starve, and stands a good chance to become rich.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.—Here is a good rule for conversation with others. Never tell a person anything concerning himself, nor report to him anything which others have said of him, or of his doings or possessions, which you think will not give him pleasure. There is, of course an exception to this rule when you feel it an imperative duty to state an unpleasant truth to another for his substantial good; but in that case you ought to approach the subject so cautiously, and speak of it so tenderly, as to show him, beyond question, that it is positive pain to you to be a cause of his discomfort. Never call it frankness, never look upon it as a playful way of speaking, for you to blurt out to him your own or other people's opinions which are likely to lessen his enjoyment in the thought of what he is, or of what he has, or of what he has done. There is a great deal of cruel unkindness in this line on the part of those who would never dream that they could properly be called cruelly unkind.

It is given out that ladies will wear vests precisely like the gentlemen's after this. When a married man goes to bed he will have to put a chalk-mark on his vest, or next morning he may slip on his wife's and not discover his mistake until he inserts his thumb and forefinger in the right-hand pocket for a pinch o' fine-cut, and finds nothing but a piece of chewing gum and the stub of a short lead pencil. Then he will suddenly remember that there was a roll of ten dollar greenbacks in the left-hand pocket of his vest.—that is if he is an editor, he will.—and he will rush back home in Barns time.

Old Boy.

The Old Boy is of erect form, with an elasticity of motion that belies his age; his cheek is like a "rose in the snow," and his countenance wears a sending expression all the time, as if his thoughts were good company. He loves to take a little after dinner, and invariably salons up to tell a dream of something that happened years ago, when he was a school boy. "Ah! that reminds me," he says with a relish, and then he carries you back forty years or more when he was at the farm, and used to go school winters and work summers, and he tells you how he learned Murray's grammar, and Goldsmith's geography, and Holworth's spelling book; how he took the prettiest girl to singing school, and wrote large-hand copy by a tallow dip when he got home. How he got home; how he walked ten miles to meeting on Sunday and was interested in the first coat of tar on the chaise he ever had; and how he and his wife toiled, and suffered, and loved together until one went first. "and, please God," said a very, very old man, "we were young and old together, and will soon be young again and be going company with one another forever."

I remember two Old Boys who were so full of fun and frolic that no dancing party or social gathering was good without them. They coaxed the young folks and flirted with the girls and made love to the grandmothers in a jolly manner with an old mixture of gallantry and grace. I have seen those Old Boys not good looking, and that was to be attributed to small pox, or to a kick from a horse, and I should add that for the people in general not good looking, but I loved their expressions. And I remember their features tenderly.

The Old Boy goes out of the world just as pleasantly as he lived in it. He was always taken Good as his wants and desires made any demand upon his purse. He was a Hero in a quiet way. He fought and conquered in the battle against the Mother and Sister and Wife. He died with a smile on his face.

Blessed be the memory of the Old Boys. Their lives have helped some struggling soul to its feet, and never once said "I am better than thou." The little deed that marked their way, like the shining footsteps of Angels going straight to the better land.

Dear Old Boy! when your spectacles are laid aside, your canes hung up, and your slippers laid away, we know how much of the kindness and gentleness of life has gone with you, and the remembrance of your happy lives will keep us from growing bitter or morose or old, until we meet in the summer land of perpetual youth.

As to the Keeping of Money.

Almost everybody can make money. The difficulty is to keep it after it is made. We would not insist that it is in the power of everybody to become wealthy. No two people can agree on how much a man ought to make before he is entitled to be called a man of wealth. One man has a sense of solid affluence when, having paid all his debts, he has one dollar remaining in his pocket. Another feels poor because he has to pay taxes on a large amount of property. Some men, though they can earn, are powerless to accumulate. Money runs away from them as showers of rain are shed from a duck's back. They start out in the morning with as much in their pockets as ought to keep a respectable family for a month. At night they have to borrow six cents for the homeward fare in the street car. It has often been said concerning a popular preacher whose income was exceptionally large, that he would leave home after breakfast with fifty or a hundred dollars and return penniless in the evening, in a state of woeful forgetfulness as to what he had bought or to whom he had lent his funds. His good wife, at last became his banker and saved him from financial wreck.

Why He Stole.

He had a wife.
His salary was $2,500 per annum.
But she complained.
She wanted a better house,
Better clothes,
Nothing fit to go out in.
No country cottage,
No carriage.
Nor front pews.
Nor society.
She coveted a place on the top gold edge of the select five hundred.
She kept it up
Night and day.
And moaned and
Groaned and
Growled and
Wept.
She lacked style, she.
As well as one clothes every six weeks, and various other things.
He knew how she wanted them, and loved her dearly on the
A thousand or so would not be missed for a few hours.
So he took it, went upon the street, and won.
Bought her necklace.
He took more and lost.
Went to get back and lost.
Went yet.
Defalcation discovered.
He wears the penitentiary check.
Others are going to.
Beware.
But if you will regularly, society won't be quite enough.
But if you take society without
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