The Post.

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THE POST.

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SELLER'S COUGH SYRUP

50 Years Before the Public.

Pronounced by all to be the most Pleasant and efficacious remedy now in use, for the cure of coughs, colds, croup, hoarseness, tickling sensation of the throat, whooping cough, etc. Over a million bottles sold within the last few years. It gives relief wherever used, and has the power to impart benefit that cannot be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per bottle.

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R. E. Sellers & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Oct.16,'79.1y.

Poetry.

Learn Every Day.

Little rills make wider streamlets,
Streamlets swell the river's flow;
Rivers join the mountain billows,
Onward, onward as they go.
Life is made of smaller fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play;
So may we with greatest profit
Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests,
Drops of rain compose the showers;
Seconds make the flying minutes,
And the minutes make the hours.
Let us hasten then and catch them
As they pass us on the way;
And with honest, true endeavor,
Learn a lesson every day.

Let us read some striking passage,
Cull a verse from every page;
Here a line and there a sentence,
Gainst the lonely time of age,
At our work or by the wayside,
While the sunshine's making hay;
Thus we may by help of study
Learn a little every day.

My Old Love.

My old love whom I loved not,
Is this your friendly hand?
Your voice with a tremble in it,
None else could understand?
My old love whom I loved not!
After so many years,
Parting in silence and pain,
To meet with smiles, not tears.

My old love whom I loved not,
Do you regret—not I—
That all died out which best were dead,
All lived that could not die?
Till at the last we meet here,
And clasp long empty hands,
Keeping our silent secret safe,
Which no one understands.

You will leave my name behind you,
A life pure, calm and long;
But mine will fade from human ear
Like a forgotten song.
You will live to smile serenely
Over a grief long done:
You will die with children round your bed,
But I shall die alone.

O kind love, whom I loved not!
O faithful, firm and true!
Did one friend linger near my grave,
I think it would be you.
Could I wish one heart to hold me
A little, unforgot,
I think't would be that heart of yours,
My love—whom I loved not.

Select Tale.

LOTTIE'S BEAU;
And How She Lost Him.

I call my heroine Lottie, but that isn't her real name by a long shot.—Were *I* to write that, the tongue, of Stamford and ten miles of its surroundings would run like machines. So I'll call her Lottie—nothing else.

Lottie's beau was a man in the true sense of the word. He was not afraid of hard work. He didn't care to dawdle away his time trying to become a second class lawyer, a fourth-rate preacher or a drudge of school teacher. He had brains enough for any occupation, a strong will and a determination to become independent. So he said to Lottie, one day, about two years ago:

"I am going away from here to make my fortune. It is up hill work and slow pulling to try and save anything from what I can earn in this section, and much as I love you, I will never marry until I can place you and myself in comfort and independence.'

Lottie wept bitterly, for she really thought she loved her beau—whose name, for obvious reasons, I will not give at all.

"Oh, don't go,' she sobbed. "What can I do without you?'

"Be true to me, dear, and soon, perhaps in a year or so, I will be able to come back and make you my wife. I am going out in newly discovered gold regions of Colorado, and perhaps I may be fortunate and strike a rich spot."

"I hope so. I'll never speak to another fellow while you'er gone!' she sobbed.

And so Lottie's beau went away, and Lottie mourned for him a whole week. She even missed going to church the next Sunday after he left. In fact the new bonnet which Miss L—was making for her had not been sent home. But after that not a festival, social, donation or any other public gathering was missed, if Lottie had the offer of an escort. And the new bonnet was seen on every occasion. A month later a letter came for Lottie from her beau telling her he was hard at work in the gold regions, getting fair wages and hoped soon to prospect for himself. But it would be an uncertain business—some got rich, but not one in a hundred. He would simply do his best.

And then for a long while Lottie got no letter. When she did, he had just recovered from a long fit of sickness and had spent every dollar of his earnings. He was poor but not despondent; he was going to work again.

Lottie felt disappointed, so much so that she answered his letter with only a few cold, commonplace words, and got no answer to his letter. To tell the truth, she didn't care if she never heard from him again.

Eighteen months had gone by, Lottie, in the meantime, had several beaus, but none of them stuck long. They learned very easy that though pretty, her beauty had no depth, and that vanity and self-esteem made up the principal part of her nature.

About this time there was a new arrival in town. An old man, full sixty years by his white hair and whiskers, but he wore diamonds, a heavy watch was a wonder to all who saw it. And soon report told that he was a millionaire, come to rest a few months in our quiet town. The genial hotel keeper gave a sociable so that his guest could get acquainted with the notables of the village. To this sociable Lottie had an invitation, and the way she went for that elderly millionaire was a wonder even in our wonderful town. And he seemed to "take to her" intensely. He Danced with her seven or eight times that evening, and engaged her for a buggy ride the next day.—From a confidential source, but a truthful one, I learned what occurred on that ride. It was a slow pace they were going, between here and Hobert, when the supposed *Mr.* Warlinston, as he called himself, asked the question.

"Miss Lottie, which would you rather be, an old man's darling,' was her prompt reply. "I had a young man fooling around me for years, who would have been glad to make me his slave, but I was wise and could not see it.'

"Where is this young man now?'

"Out west, I think. He was there digging with a pick and shovel, when I last heard from him. If he has sense enough to dig his own grave and then fill it, it will be the best place for him.

"Then you do not love him?' asked Mr. W.

"No, nor did I ever love him. He was handy when I wanted to go to a party or wanted a sleigh ride.

"And you could love me, old as I am?'

"Yes, I am sure that I could! In truth, I believe I do already!' sighed Lottie, her eyes resting on the big diamonds that shone in his shirt front and on the middle finger of his ungloved left hand.

Will you love me less when I tell you that *I* lately sold one-half of a gold mine, discovered by myself, for five hundred thousand dollars, and hold the other half as a present for my intended bride?"

"Less? No—no—but do not believe me mercenary. I love you for yourself."

"No doubt!' said Mr. W. Then he added, drily, "You are sure you have no lingering affection left for that other fellow?'

"None whatever. *I* despise myself for ever having let him touch my hand.

Mr. W. was very taciturn after she made this declaration, and soon turned the buggy homeward. When he reached the house where Lottie lived, he asked her to wait a moment, after he handed her out of the buggy, and said;

"I have told you the truth about my fortune, Miss Lottie, and the way in which I made it. I have deceived you in only one point. It is this,"

He raised a wig from his head, which also detached the whiskers, that had nearly covered his face, and Lottie, to her honor, saw her abused and discarded Beau!

While she reeled back speechless and half fainting against the gate post he sprang into his buggy and drove off. The next day she sent a letter of contrite sorrow and apolgy to the hotel, hoping to recall the love she had lost; but it was too late. Her beau had gone west again, and in a few days received a paper containing an account of his marriage to a young lady in the far west.

This is all. Young ladies, draw your moral from this story, if you choose.

The Meredian (Miss.) *Mercury*, whose editor shouts for Hancock, desires to distinguish himself as a prophet. He says:

We would like to engrave a prophecy on stone to be read of generations in the future. The negro in these states will be slave again or cease to be. His sole refuge from extinction will be in slavery to the white man."

Elect Hancock and put the Confederate brigadiers in power, and nothing is more likely to occur under the Heavens.

A man with a big nose isn't always handsome, but he's nobby,

Courtship is a novel; marriage is history.

The New York *Tribune* says that Hancock will get a big soldier vote—from the South.

The democrats seem to be for soft money in Maine and Indiana, for hard money in New York and "for all the money there is in the treasure" in the South.

A down town lady says that an old shoe may be the proper thing at a wedding, but about the time the tin wedding comes around an old slipper is more useful.

A One-Pound California Infant.

For a week past, says the San Francisco *Chronicle*, the rumor has been current in Oakland and on the ferry-boats that the Athens of the Pacific had produced a phenomenon, second only in importance to the giant-powder explosion, in the shape of a "one-pounder." A reporter was yesterday dispatched to investigate, and was admitted to a view of the smallest sample of the *genus homo* he ever beheld. It was lost at the time in a set of ordinary baby clothes, the mother, a delicate-looking young woman of eighteen, finally finding it. It was twelve days of age, and named Albert. Though perfectly formed, as babies go, it was all head, like a prairie dog, and the head was the tiniest and prettiest little head that ever mother smiled over. The eyes were large enough to be decidedly blue, the nose was as different from the usual plebeian wart which babies affect as could be imagined, being well defined, and the little mouth resembled closely a properly planted bullet-hole from a 22-revolver. A fine head of hair crowned the little grape-shot cranium, and a plentitude of wrinkles all over the forehead gave an appearance of gravity and knowledge of the world to the new citizen far beyond its days. The proud little mother raised several acres of drapery and exhibited two tiny feet. They were so small that both occupied an ordinary baby-shoe, and each demanded a doll's pedal garment for a neat fit. The hands, though completely furnished with finger nails, looked precisely like those of a baby monkey in size. When born, on the 20th of *May*, it weighed about twelve ounces avoirdupois. Three days afterward, after it had much increased in size, it weighed one pound. The father and mother are Mr. and Mrs. William Sangey. Mr. Sangey is a painter by trade and a young man, and thinks just as highly, if not more so, of his son as if he weighed fifteen pounds. Albert at present is lively when awake, and very hungry and very sleepy in general, these being the prominent qualities of his temperament as yet.

How Position Affects Sleep.

According to an English physician, Dr. Granville, the position affects sleep. A constrained posture generally prevents repose, while a comfortable one woos sleep. He says: Lying flat on the back, with the limbs relaxed, would seem to secure the greatest amount of rest for the muscular system. This is the position assumed in the most exhausting diseases, and it is generally hailed as a token of revival when a patient voluntarily turns on the side; but there are several disadvantages in the supine posture which impair or embarass sleep. Thus, in weakly states of the heart and blood-vessels, and certain morbid conditions of the brain, the blood seems to gravitate to the back of the head, and to produce troublesome dreams. In persons who habitually, in their gait or work, stoop there is probably some distress consequent on straightening the spine. Those who have contracted chests, especially persons who have had pleurisy and retain adhesions of the lungs, do not sleep well on the back. Nearly all who are inclined to snore do so when in that position, because the soft palate and uvula hang on the tongue, and that organ falls back so as to partially close the top of the windpipe. It is better, therefore, to lie on the side, and in the absence of special disease, rendering it desirable to lie on the weak side, so as to leave the healthy lung free to expand, it is well to choose the right side, because when the body is thus placed, the food gravitates more easily out of the stomach into the intestines, and the weight of the liver does not compress the upper portion of the intestines. A glance at any plate of the visceral anatomy will show how this must be. Many persons are deaf in one ear, and prefer to lie on a particular side; but if possible, the right side should be chosen. Again, sleeping with the arm thrown over the head is to be deprecated: but this position is often assumed during sleep, because circulation is then free in the extremities and the head and neck, and the muscles of the chest are drawn up and fixed by the shoulders, and thus the expansion of the thorax is easy. The chief objections to this position are that it creates a tendency to cramp and cold in the arms, and sometimes to cause headaches during sleep and dreams. These small matters often make or mar comfort in sleeping.

The young man who was referred to pa when he popped the question stated that he visited the convention as an instructed delegate.

A Camden man lugged a butcher's knife around for two hours, offering to kill any one who said he wasn't Moses, of Biblical fame. Every one said he looked just like Moses.

The boy who doesn't leap over seven hitching posts, kick a dog, snatch a handfull of navy beans in front of every grocery store, knock over a box or two, work the handle of every pump on the sidewalk on his way home from school, is either sick or doesn't feel well.

What a Woman Finds Out.

Out of a five-minute call a woman will gather inspiration for a good hour's speech when she gets home. She will tell her husband—who is so interested, you know—that Mrs. Stuckup has "new furniture the second time within three years if I'm not mistaken and lace curtains with lambrequins and her black silk dress made over, and her hair done up in a new way higher than she used to wear it not becoming a bit and her little girl's got her hair banged and all dressed in white and is going to Mrs. Giddigurl's school in the fall and her cook's gone off mad and she says she almost tired to death and is going to Swampscott next week and Miss Flirt is going to have Young Spoodington after all and Miss Smith's going to give her a pair of boquet-holders she says they're good enough for her she got them cheap up to Ragshop's and Miss Ferguson's got a boy lots of hair on its head and looks three months old everybody says and Steve Beaker's awful dissipated they say and that Lovewell girl's father's ordered him out of the house and she's been taking on awful and declares she will have him and the Stiggenses have moved out of town and the Browns have lost everything and Miss Smith's bought a whole piece of cotton cloth and—" By this time the husband is asleep or has fled. A man could never make so much out of a week's visit. All he would remember would be that Brown's got a mighty pretty wife, or keeps good cigars, or some other equally consequential matter.

1881.

This is a very peculiar number. The sum of its digits is 9x9. It is divisible by 9 without a remainder. The remaining quotient consists of two prime factors, 11 and 19. It reads same both ways. If 18 be set under 81 and the two added the sum is 162, the sum of the digits of which is 9. The sum is also divisable by 9, giving a quotient of 18, which is again divisable by 9. If the 81 be reversed and added to 18 the sum is 36, which is also divisable by 9, and the sum of its digits also 9.

But what of it?

Add the following considerations before you press an answer. Those who have cultivated the occult sciences have always held the number 9 to be possessed of great significance. Those who made a study of the numerical symbolism of the scriptures have regarded the number 9 as equally significant. It is "a number of finality or judgment, of creaturely completeness," says Dr. Mahan. And he adds," "it is a factor of all great data of judgment, viz: of the flood, the destruction of Sodom, the overthrow of Pharaoh, the captivity, and the final destruction of Jerusalem." As we have seen, it enters in a variety of ways into the number 1881. What of it now? Has 1881 a judgment in store for the human race? and what is it?

MORAL ARITHMETIC.—One enemy may do us more injury than twenty friends can repair. It is politic therefore to overlook a score of offences before you make a single foe. By imparting our griefs we halve them; by communicating our joys we double them. When a married couple are one, their success is pretty sure to be *won* too; when they are two the chances are two to one that their affairs will be at sixes and sevens. The money scraping meiser who is always thinking of number one, and looking out for safe investments, forgets that the only money we can never lose is that which we give away; and that the worst of all wants is the want of what we have. In the cyphering of the heart, division is multiplication, and subtraction is addition.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—God knows what keys in the human soul to touch, in order to draw out its sweetest and most perfect harmonies. They may be minor strains of sadness and sorrows, they may be loftier notes of joy and gladness. God knows where the melodies of our nature are, and what dicipline will bring forth. Some with plaintive tongue must walk in lowly vales of weary way; others in loftier hymns sing nothing but joy; but they all unite without discord or jar as the ascending anthem of loving and believing hearts finds its way into the chorus of the redeemed in heaven.

WORDS OF WISDOM.—Very few diseases are so mortal as the fear of death.

All human virtues strengthen and increase by the experience of them.

The man who studdies to be revenged only manages to keep his own wounds green.

Relations always take the greatest liberties, and frequently give the least assistance.

If man desires many things he is exalted by hope, but if he fears many things he becomes a slave.

A man can profess more religion in fifty minutes than he can practice by working hard for fifty years.

An Ohio tramp left a lock of his hair with a lady. It was pulled out by the servant girl as the fellow was climbing out of a window.

Agricultural Hints.

Plant lightning-rods and fan agents deep, with a good top dressing of sod.

Have faith in an over-ruling providence, but plow deep and put a little manure in the hill.

Gather melons in the dark of the moon; particularly if they are your neighbor's melons.

Plant your neighbor's cats early.—One under each fruit tree will help your crop and do your neighbor a good turn besides.

The late variety of young men (those who keep your daughters up until 3 A. M.) should be raised rapidly—out of the front door.

Raise boys early—in the morning. *If* they don't "raise" easily, a light dressing of peach tree fertilizer will help them wonderfully.

Teach your boy to love the farm.—To do this, don't send him out to drop potatoes, but give him a horse and carriage and a new whip.

Premium pumpkins should be weaned early and brought up on the bottle. Take them in the house over night, or your neighbor may get them to the fair ahead of you.

A great deal of useful agricultural information may be gotten out of the Agricultural Reports our Congressmen send out from Washington. That is how an agricultural editor comes to know so much about farming.

Wild Horses of America.

At the time of the discovery of America there were no horses in any part of that continent, although the boundless praires were admirably fitted for the support of countless herds. Soon, however, those imported by the settlers strayed away, and as a consequence are now to be met with in enormous numbers, in some cases amounting, it is said, to ten thousand in one troop. They appear to be under the command of a leader, the strongest and boldest of the herd, whom they implicitly obey. When threatened with danger, at some signal, understood by them all, they either close into a dense mass and trample their enemy to death, or, placing the mares and foals in the centre, they form themselves into a circle and welcome him with their heels. The leader first faces the danger, and when prudence requires a retreat, all follow his rapid flight. In the thinly inhabited parts of South America, according to Yonatt, it is dangerous to fall in with any of these troops. The wild horses approach as near as they dare; they call to the loaded horse with the greatest eagerness, and if the rider is not on the alert, and has not considerable strength of arm and sharpness of spur, his animal will divest himself of his burden, take to his heels, and be gone forever. Byron well describes the wild horse in his "*Mazeppa*."

A FATAL HABIT.—Irresolution is a fatal habit; it is not vicious in itself, but it leads to vice creeping upon its victims with a fatal facility, the penalty of which many a fine heart has paid at the scaffold. The idler, the spendthrift, the epicurean and the drunkard are among the victims. Perhaps in the latter its effects appear in the most hideous form. He knows that the goblet he is about to drain is poison, yet he swallows it. He knows—for the example of thousands has painted it in glaring colors that it will deaden all his faculties, take the strength from his limbs and the happiness from his heart, oppress him with disease and hurry his progress to a dishonored grave, yet he drains it.—How beautiful, on the contrary, is the power of resolution, enabling the one who possesses it to pass through perils and dangers, trials and temptations! Avoid the contraction of the habit of irresolution. Strive against it to the end.

HOW MANY WERE THERE?—Henry, upon being asked how many boys were in his Sabath school class last Sunday, replied: "If you multiply the number of Jacob's sons by the number of times which the Israelites compassed Jericho, and add to the product the number of measures of barley which Boaz gave Ruth, divide this by number of Haman's sons; subtract the number of each kind of clean beasts that went into the ard; multiply by the number of men who went to seek Elijah after he was taken to heaven; subtract from this Joseph's age, the time when he stood before Pharoah; and the number of stones in David's bag when he killed Goliath; subtract the number of furlongs that Bathany was distant from Jerusalem; divide by the number of anchors cast out at the time of Paul's shipwreck; subtract the number of people saved in the ark, and the remainder will be the number of the boys in the class." How many were there?

Grace held the rope while William attempted to climb to her window.—But when she heard her parent's footsteps on the stairs and let go of the rope, then it was that her lover fell from Grace.

An exchange says that a ton of gold is only worth about half a million of dollars. We give this for what it is worth. Our time has been so taken up with politics, and somebody has hidden away the scales, that we can't weigh it.

A Parable.

In a little log church in the State of Virginia
Some negroes had gathered to worship the Lord;
And after the service they had a class meeting,
That each for the Master might utter a word.
Their learned exhorted and spoke of the warfare
Which Christians should wage against error always,
And finished by asking the following question:
"Which way is your musket a-p'intin' to-day?"

One after another they gave their experience;
Some brothers were happy, some lukewarm or cold;
One saw his way clear to the portals of glory,
Another had strayed like a lamb from the fold.
At last Brother Barkis—a renegade member,
And Satan's companion for many a day—
Arose, cleared his throat; though visibly nervous,
He folded his arms and proceeded to say:
"Dear brudders and sisters, I once was a Christian,
I once was as happy as any one here;
I fit for de church like a battle-scarred soldier,
And stood by her banners when traitors were near,"
"Hold on, dar," the leader excitedly shouted;
"Please answer de question I axed you, I say;
I've given you credit for all you fit deu, sir
Which day is your musket a-pintin' to-way?"

* * * * * *

The Democrats talk of the glory of Hancock,
And boast of the record of English as well;
Then give them due honor; for Judas was loyal
Till money was offered; he took it and fell.
I would liken their boast to the boast of old Barkis,
And then, with the class leader, honestly say:
"Hold on, dar, my brudder, dat isn't de question!
"Which way is their mukets a-pintin today?"

Shall men who are training with Brigadier Generals
Who fought to destroy our national flag,
And rise from their seats in the Forty-sixth Congress
To eulogize traitors like Davis or Bragg?
Shall men who bow down in Confederate caucus
And worship the masters they humbly obey,
Shall they rule the nation by Washington forms?
"Which way is their muskets a-pintin' today?"

The question, my friends, is of vital importance;
The nation is waiting in anxious suspence;
Each voter can wield a political musket!
Then wield it, I ask, in your country's defense.
The issue before us is clear and unclouded:
Shall the nation be ruled by the Blue or the Grey?
I candidly ask fellow-soldier and voter,
"Which way is their musket a-pintin to-day?"

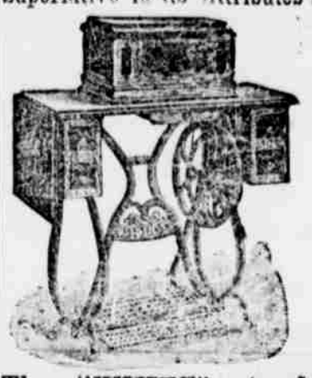
Put Life into your Work.

A young man's interest and duty both dictate that he should make himself indispensable to his employers. He should be so industrious, prompt and careful that the accident of his temporary absence should be noticed by his being missed. A young man should make his employer his friend, by doing faithfully and minutely all that is intrusted to him. It is a great mistake to be over nice and fastidious about work. Push in readily and your willingness will be appreciated, while the "high-toned" young man who quibbles about what it is and what it is not his place to do, will get the cold shoulder. There is a story that George Washington once helped to roll a log that one of his corporals would not handle, and the greatest emperor of Russia worked as a shipwright in England—to learn the business. That's just what you want to do. Be energetic, look and act with alacrity, take an interest in your employer's success, work as though the business was your own and let your employer know that he may place absolute reliance in your work and on your acts. Be mindful; have your mind on your business, because it is that which is going to help you, not those outside attractions which some of the "boys" are thinking about. Take a pleasure in work; do not go about in a listless, formal manner, but with alacrity and cheerfulness, and remember that while working thus for others your are laying the foundation of your own success in life.

Said Angelina, suddenly breaking the oppressive silence: "Don't you feel afraid of the army worms, Theodore, that they are coming so rapidly this way?" The question was such a strange one that Theodore's surprise caused him to look right at Angelina for the first time in his life. "Why did she ask that?" he wanted to know.—"Oh, nothing," she replied, as she toyed with her fan; "only the papers say they eat every green thing wherever they go."

An exchange tells of a girl that hated her lover to such an extent that when he called to see her on Sunday evening she threw her arms around his neck and squeezed him almost to death. The youth was so alarmed he didn't call again until the next evening.

Superlative in its Attributes!



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CLEVELAND, O. May 27, 1880.

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