

The Post.

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JEREMIAH GROUSE, Prop'r.
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Poetry.

Other Fellows Think So Too.

There's just one thing a man can have
In all this world of woe and strife,
That makes the business not too bad,
And that one thing's an easy wife,
Doat fancy that I love my girl
For rosy cheeks or raven hair?
She holds my heart because she laughs—
Because she laughs, and doesn't care.

I put my boots just where it suits,
And find them where I put them, too;
That is a thing, you must allow,
A chap can very seldom do.
I leave my papers on my desk;
She never dusts them in a heap,
Or takes to light the kitchen stove,
The very one I want to keep.

On winter nights my cozy dame
Will warm her toes before the fire;
She never scolds about the lamp,
Or over the wick a trifle higher.
On Sunday she is not so fussy
About what her ruffles I can hug;
I light my pipe just when I please,
And spill the ashes on the rug.

The bed is never filled with "shams"—
A thing some women vilify;
To worry servants half to death,
And spoil the temper of a man,
She lets me sleep to my heart's content,
Nor raises any horrid din;
If I just happen, now and then,
To be quite late when I come in.

I tell you Jack, if you would wed,
Just get a girl who lets things run;
She'll keep her temper like a lamb,
And help you on to lots of fun.
Don't look for money, style or show,
Or blushing beauty, ripe and rare;
Just take the one who laughs at fate—
Who laughs, and shows she doesn't care.

You think, perhaps, our household ways
Are just perchance a little mixed;
Oh, when they get too horrid bad,
We stir about and get things fixed.
What compensation has a man
Who earns his bread by sweat of brow,
If home is made a battle-ground,
And life one long, eternal row?

—Harper's Magazine for September.

My First Cigar.

Two feet behind the woodshed,
One glorious snore I lay,
Far o'er the hills the stinking sun
Pursued its westward way.

And in my lone seclusion,
Safely removed afar,
From all of earth's confusion,
I smoked my first cigar.

Ah, bright the boyish fancies
Wrapped in the wreaths of blue;
My eyes grew dim, my head was light,
The woodshed around me flew.

Dark night closed in and around me,
Rayless without a star,
Grim death I thought had found me,
And spoiled my first cigar.

Ah, pallid was my noble brow,
The evening night was late,
My startled mother cried in fear,
"My child what have you ate?"

I heard my father's snore I laugh,
It seemed so strange and far;
I knew he knew, I knew he knew
I'd smoked my first cigar.

—Burlington Hawkeye

Van Veltman's Dream.

A COMSTOCKER UP AMONG THE PLANETS.

"I'm worried about a dream I had last night," said Veltman yesterday, as he seated himself in a bar-room chair, after swallowing his matutinal cocktail. "I never had such a dream. Everything seemed plain and reasonable enough in the dream, but now I can't separate the sense from the nonsense."

Receiving some encouragement, Mr. Veltman proceeded to relate his vision as follows:

"I dreamed I died and went to Heaven, or to what should have been somewhere in that neighborhood. I got there all alone—away up among the stars, which seemed a mighty distance apart. All was cold and strange and uncomfortable. Presently I saw the new moon, which looked somewhat home-like and familiar, so I went over to it and seated myself in a curve of it, where there was a comfortable resting place for my back, thinking I'd take things easy and look about for a time."

"I had hardly got comfortably fixed before a rather brisk-looking personage with a paper cap on his head, wearing a leather apron and carrying a monkey wrench in his hand, appeared before me."

"Just arrived?" he said briskly.

"Just this minute landed," said I.

"Well," said the man, who looked like an engineer, or some kind of mechanic, "this is no place for idlers; you must go to work."

"To work?" said I feebly. "Am I not in Heaven?"

"Heaven! I don't know what your ideas of Heaven may be, but I can tell you that you are in the great workshop of the Universe. No idlers here, I can assure you."

"I thought I had come here to be glorified," said I.

"No, you have come to the workshop. You see here are the at-

How It Happens.

Day by day we are more and more impressed with the fact that Burlington is a city of original ideas, broad judgment, profound views and unparalleled activity. It only needs a brief review of the chronicles of local events which are daily placed before the interested public by our painstaking and industrious colleagues on the fourth page of this paper, to convince any one that Burlington is a city of unusual merit and original peculiarities. During the eight months past, the local records show that in one department alone, that of original accidents, the city of the hills has more than distinguished herself. They will show that:

1. A North Hill girl fell into the river and was rescued with both stockings full of fish.

2. A Pond street girl jabbed a hair-pin through her ear twice in the same week, each time in a new place, and now she can wear double-barrel earrings.

3. A South Hill baby swallowed a glass button with a brass eye. Baby now weighs twenty-eight pounds and doesn't cry once a week, and has the cheek of a peddler.

4. A North Main street man dropped a spoonful of red-hot solder in his shoe while mending a tassel, and successfully burned out a soft corn that two professional chiropodists had chiropped in vain.

5. A Jefferson street marchant stepped on a banana peel and fell over a dry goods box, knocking out the only second tooth in his head, only fifteen minutes after Doctor Wilson had pounded eight dollars' worth of gold into it.

6. A Vine street man swallowed a counterfeit quarter, and a long-haired slipping doctor and an Ottawa healer knocked seventy-eight dollars of good money out of him trying to find it. The man assayed better than a Louisville silver clasp, as long as his pile lasted.

7. A woman on Columbia street accidentally dropped a nine-year old century plant, pot and all, out of a second story window, the projectile striking her husband in the back, the shock did I gurg from his work; an obstruction that had kept him coughing every night for a week.

8. A tramp from Illinois slipped through an open grating in the dark, fell through into the sewer and lit right smack on a silver watch and a two-dollar bill. The watch will stand in Watson's, as usual, but the two-dollar bill is intact, wherever it is.—Burlington Hawkeye.

Relief to Crop Reports.

The truth crop is fair to average, but so mixed with uncertainties, so sentimentally as to be next to worthless.

The hop and malt crops, in light form, are large, but fears are expressed that there will be a famine before the election is over. Grain dealers, however, still keep their spirits, and the fears may be needless.

The newspaper clip will be treasured between this and November, and there will be more scissors than wheat ground, the knowing ones say.

The lawyer harvest will be largely swelled by graduates from the colleges, and fully up to the demand. Prime lots, however, will continue to command good prices. Nothing to poor will be neglected more than ever.

The bear's yield will be fully up to the average. This has long been looked on as a safe crop.

The chicken's crop is a fall one. Indian corn (or corned Indian) promises well. Several loads of whisky have been sent to the frontier.

Hair raising on the plains will also be quite lively.

The barbers' crops are rather short, owing to the recent extreme heat.

Iron is the foremost among the staples. Staples are generally made of it.

The acreage of tears sown in small boys' trousers has increased wonderfully since the beginning of vacation.

Wild oats are sown broadcast. There appears no falling off in this branch of farming.

Rye is running down fast. Clover is plentiful on the beaches, where people are living in it.

The young ladies there are studying husbandry.

The crop of grievances are as abundant as ever.

A Texas Editor's Diary.

The editor of a Texas paper gives the following figures from a statistical memorandum of his life in answer to the question in last month's *Printer's Advertiser*:

Been asked to drink	11,362
Drank	11,362
Requested to retract	416
Did retract	416
Invited to parties and receptions by parties fishing for puffs	3,333
Took the hint	33
Didn't take the hint	3,300
Threatened to be whipped	170
Been whipped	0
Whipped the other fellow	4
Didn't come to time	165
Been promised whiskey, gin, etc., if we would go after them	5,610
Been after them	5,610
Been asked what the odds were	300,000
Got	23
Didn't know	200,000
Lied about it	99,977
Been to church	2
Changed politics	32
Expected to change still	50
Gave to charity	\$5.00
Gave for a terrier dog	\$25.00
Cash on hand	1.00

Physic, says an old surgeon, is the art of amusing the patient while nature cures the disease.

A Boston happy thought is to turn the abundance of the apple crop to account for the poor people of that city. Beggars are ferreted out by the city fathers who will exhibit rods in the streets.

An exchange says: "The types last week made us say that the 'showers were not sufficient to meet the wants of the milkmen,' etc., instead of 'milkmens.'"

A man at Annapolis Ga., on receiving a doctor's bill for medicine and visits wrote that he would pay for his medicine and return the visits.

Railroad Guide to Heaven.

The *Catholic Review* prints the following "Railroad guide for travelers on their way to heaven":

1. No return ticket or excursion train.
2. Infants in the arms of their holy mother, the Catholic Church, free.
3. No deadheads or half-fares allowed.
4. Travelers are particularly requested to bring nothing with them but good works, otherwise they may miss the train or incur serious trouble on the frontier.
5. Clergy as well as others carrying money run great risks—no insurance taken on such baggage.
6. Passengers are received at all points on this route.
7. No runners, gamblers, drunkards, thieves or scalp tickets permitted.
8. Travelers should be beware of counterfeit tickets issued by unauthorized agents, and also the pickpockets, priels and boasters.
9. Baggage should be examined from time to time for fear of rats or moths.
10. Parents are requested to keep an eye on their children, as they may be spirited away by bad people and fallen angels; they are also requested not to expose their children to danger on the platform.
11. Young people should avoid the dangerous custom of looking out of the windows and alighting the scenery, as dust and poison are in the air.
12. No lay-over tickets issued, tickets non-transferable.
13. For further information apply at the head office, and I be it fully understood that faith, and when possible good works, are necessary accomplishments for all those who desire to travel this way.

To all of which the *Christian at Work* adds this comment:

"In order to accommodate all, several special trains will run, known as the Baptist train, Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Lutheran, Reformed, Dutch and other trains; and the passport of faith go on all; in the Baptist train part of the trip is by water, but the destination and conditions of travel are the same."

Did You Ever.

Did you ever see a bald-headed man who didn't have a "beautiful head of hair" till "that fever" that something or other, took it off?

Did you ever see an old bachelor who was not forever seeking for marriage ineffectively to reconcile himself to his own lonely lot?

Did you ever think how much the great epic poets have to be thankful for to those who have taken the trouble to separate the gold from the dross of their writings?

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Did you ever see a man with large feet who did not declare that his boots were two sizes too big—that he likes them easy, you know?

Did you ever think that men are the biggest fools in creation, and that women enjoy the fun of letting them remain unconscious of it?

Did you ever see a young man who carried a cane who would not repel the insinuation of lameness?

Did you ever see a drinker or a smoker who couldn't leave off at any time, if he only wanted to?

Did you ever think?

How Oysters Are Born.

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Stopping a Hole.

Our folks have got a Billy of the various kind. She is a queer duck and good natured as a basket of clumps. Well, one Sunday, as we were sitting down to dinner, we found the old cat with three young grinnings largely engaged in the nursery business under the table.

Billy, said we, take this cat and her kittens and put them where we shall never see them more, a hint of dreadful import, but not understood.

"Faith, sir, that I will,"

The feline family were removed and we proceeded to dine. By and by Billy reentered with an impression on her face that seemed to say, "The dad, I guess they are in safe keeping now."

"Well, Billy, what have you done with the old cat and her kittens?"

"Bogor, sir, they're safe enough; sure; I y' mind the wood house farmstead the stable? Well, I put them all in there, and fastened the doors and windows. Then, seeing there was a hole beside where they might get out, I stopped that up, too, and so, you see, they won't trouble you any more."

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A rose without a thorn and a woman without a fault.

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Billy, said we, take this cat and her kittens and put them where we shall never see them more, a hint of dreadful import, but not understood.

"Faith, sir, that I will,"

The feline family were removed and we proceeded to dine. By and by Billy reentered with an impression on her face that seemed to say, "The dad, I guess they are in safe keeping now."

"Well, Billy, what have you done with the old cat and her kittens?"

"Bogor, sir, they're safe enough; sure; I y' mind the wood house farmstead the stable? Well, I put them all in there, and fastened the doors and windows. Then, seeing there was a hole beside where they might get out, I stopped that up, too, and so, you see, they won't trouble you any more."

We were satisfied, and we ate our dinners in peace; afterwards walked into the yard, when we saw the "dintical" old cat and her kittens at liberty. Calling Billy, we said: "Did you say you fastened the kittens in the wood house?"

"Faith, an' I did, sir,"

"And stopped the hole?"

"Yes, sir."

Well, she had, that's a fact, but what do you suppose she stopped the hole with? She's stuck a section of stove pipe in it! We thought we would split. And there sat one of the little imps at the mouth of it just as it crawled out, licking its paw and looking as saucy as a thunder.

Things It Would be Funny to See.

A patent medicine that wasn't warranted a deal shot for anything, from corn to consumption.

A rose without a thorn and a woman without a fault.

A tarpaulin stout enough to keep the rain from soaking through the backs of our talkman's cows.

A poor plumber and a rich newspaper man.

A man who can rap eternal snatches out of his favorite banion while making a tight croquet and still keep the air brake on his tongue.

The man who wasn't always able and willing to give an editor a few pointers in the newspaper business.

A doctor who hadn't believed all along that Tanner would come out all right.

A bald headed man who never lost his hair.

A circus just to relieve the monotony.

A chromo of the man who invented the dance called the "racket."—*Petroleum World.*

A wealthy man of Detroit, whose wife and children were on the steam or Marine City when it barned in a canal with their 30 worth of millions.

There was a young lady named Mand, who recently came from abroad; her name and her which acted as the girl.

Did You Ever.

Did you ever see a bald-headed man who didn't have a "beautiful head of hair" till "that fever" that something or other, took it off?

Did you ever see an old bachelor who was not forever seeking for marriage ineffectively to reconcile himself to his own lonely lot?

Did you ever think how much the great epic poets have to be thankful for to those who have taken the trouble to separate the gold from the dross of their writings?

Did you ever know an Irishman who didn't thoroughly understand the mysteries of "Forty-fives"?

Did you ever know a German who didn't contrive to end every other sentence with an "already"?

Did you ever see a small boy so wanting in spirit that one diurnal doubling up throughout the summer could effect a radical cure in his immature fruit eating proclivities?

Did you ever see a young lady who wouldn't rather bear her husband praised by a lady in the next town than by the lady in the next house?

Did you ever know a man who habitually tells all he knows who did not overlastingly repeat himself?

Did you ever know a man who had a poor subject for his conversation?

Did you ever know a fool who was aware that he was a fool?

Did you ever think that you might be thus oblivious to yourself?

Did you ever see another do the same thing three times without thinking that you could do it much better?

Did you ever know a swindled man whose hearts were not partially healed by hearing of another man being swindled in like manner?

Did you ever know a young lady with a new and neatly fitting waist who thought the weather was cold enough for a wrap?

Did you ever see a man with large feet who did not declare that his boots were two sizes too big—that he likes them easy, you know?

Did you ever think that men are the biggest fools in creation, and that women enjoy the fun of letting them remain unconscious of it?

Did you ever see a young man who carried a cane who would not repel the insinuation of lameness?

Did you ever see a drinker or a smoker who couldn't leave off at any time, if he only wanted to?

Did you ever think?

How Oysters Are Born.

Our bivalve, however, does not spawn after the manner of mollusks generally.—It is, in its own way, viviparous.—It does not emit eggs, but at the proper time sends forth its young alive. The eggs are dislodged from the ovaries and committed to the nursing care of the gill and mantle. At first each egg seems to be enclosed in a capsule. It is of a yellowish color, but as incubation and development progresses the color changes, first to gray, then to brown, afterwards to a violet.—This is a sign that the time of evulsion is at hand, for nature now issues her writ to that effect. And wonderful little beings they are when the writ arrives to vacate the home-stead, for whole troops of them can go gracefully and without jostling through the narrowest evulsions in that tiniest sphere—a drop of water. As cited by F. W. Follens, in the *American Naturalist*, says M. Devaine: "Nothing is more curious than to see, under the microscope, these little mollusks travel in a drop of water in vast numbers, mutually avoiding one another, crossing each other's track in every direction with a wonderful rapidity, never touching and never meeting. The parent oyster has, indeed, a prodigious faculty to turn out upon the world. But when this time does come, though winter be near, gloom actions are summary, and the wee bairns are every one ordered from home. They are spit forth, or ejected from the shell—filled with water the valves are so tightly snapped together. Every snap emits a small whitish cloud. Through a little of the milky fluid be in it, this whitish cloud is composed chiefly of the tiny fry; for, individually, they are almost invisible.—Indeed, who shall count the oyster's offspring?" Science, by her own methods, has made the computation, and so she gives us the astounding assurance that a single oyster, during one spawning season, emits two million embryos!

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