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[illegible] one year, [illegible]
half column, one year, 30.00
fourth column, one year, 15.00
square (10 lines) 1 insertion 75
every additional insertion, 50
Professional and Business cards of not more than 5 lines, per year, 5.00
Auditor, Executor, Administrator and Assignee Notices, 2.50
Editorial notices per line, 15
All transcient advertising less than 3 months 10 cents a line.
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The Post.

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Poetry.

The Winter Snow.

[...]w to the grasses, snow to the trees,
[S]now like star showers thrown on the breeze,
[S]now like white blossoms flung from the skies,
[S]now kissing our cheek as onward it flies,
[S]now upward borne on the wild tempest's wing,
Now melting in the air like foam on a
[S]now swelling the tide of some crystal spring,
That flows to the ocean that floweth forever,
[S]now wreathing its white and beautiful locks
Around the bare brows of the surge-beaten rocks.

[S]now resting awhile on a mountainous crest,
Now dissolving in dew on the ocean's calm breast,
[S]now sailing aloft on a wild eagle's back,
Now blinding the course of the mountaineer's track,
[S]now cleaving the skirts of a vaporous cloud,
Now veiling the earth in a beautiful shroud
[S]now melting in dew on fair a lady's lip,
Now sipping where a lover might tremble to sip,
[S]now claping its hands around her bright hair,
Now wetting a curl on her forhead so fair.

[...], snow, snow, sparkling snow,
Herald of misery, hunger and woe,
[...] many a wretch, mauled in rags,
[M]ay pillow his head on the pitiless flags ;
[An]d the suivering beggar may half in the street
[A]nd make thy mantle his cold winding sheet ;
[Ha]ve mercy, oh, bright sparkling snow,
Have mercy on those who have no where to go,
[...]dy, fly away on thy white silver wing,
And die on the bosom of beautiful Spring.

JOHN SCOTT.

Outreached.

BY MRS. HELEN L. CLARK.

[Wh]ite on the hill of graves, in moonlight sleeping
One little mound is set apart for me.
[Cl]ose at its head the stony tablet keeping
A brief year's record, while the snows are heaping
[A]bove the green that I no more can see.

Through long, lone days I've watched the grasses quiver
[A]cross its curve by summer breezes stirred.
I've watched the sunbeams on the marble quiver ;
[An]d, 'neath the starlight, and a rushing river,
The night winds sweeping round it I have heard.

[M]y baby ? No, ah, no ! My grave is lying
In a far land where I no more may dwell,
[S]weet hopes fled fast with bitter, blank denying,
This curl—this ribbon white—these flowers dying
[T]he story of that dumb despair may tell.

Yet by that pain, that sudden sharp dividing,
[M]y heart goes forth, in tears, to meet her own.
That unknown mother wheresoe'er abiding,
[M]y hand seeks hers, at grief's still, subtle guiding.
My soul reads hers upon that carven stone !

Springfield (Ill.) Republican.

Select Tale.

A DULE OR A WEDDING.

I am an ardent admirer of female [lo]veliness. I ought to have been an [ar]tist or a sculptor, but I an neither. [I] was the book-keeper for Brown & [C]o.. wholesale dealer in hides and [ta]llow. Henry Bower, a young [m]an of a lively disposition, was em[pl]oyed in the same office. We [bo]arded and roomed together,

One night Henry and I attended [on]e of the lyceum lectures at W——. [W]e had hardly been in the hall five [m]inutes before my attention was [sei]zed upon one of the ladies upon [th]e front seat. She was a little to [th]e right of me, but as she was talk[in]g very earnestly to the 'lady next [to] her, her face was turned toward [...] and, susceptible as I am I [...] [illegible] and her bluest of eyes swam full of love and sweetness. Her nose was small and straight, and she had just the prettiest dimple among the blushes on either cheek. And then such a mouth. What red lips ! teeth of pearl flashing between the roses. Her forehead was smooth and broad, and the neck I saw, as the fur cape dropped low upon the shoulders, was white as alabaster and smooth as marble. In brief, I did not hear a word of the lecture.

A month passed without my seeing the beautiful stranger. But about that time *I* received an invitation to visit my friend Mrs. Segar, in M——. She is a widow of forty, and is the mother of a Miss Segard, familiarly called Clara. I know Mrs. Segard had tried to bring about a marriage between Clara and myself, and I believe I was not much opposed to the match. Clara was a good girl, everybody said ; a very pretty brunette, with flashing black eyes and hair, but her form was short, thick and dowdish. *I* admire a handsome form quite as much as handsome faces. *I* might have married her—I really think *I* should, but for a little affair which happened at U——.

The morning I started for M——. *Harry* Bowers accompanied me to the depot. While I was buying my ticket, I noticed another gentleman come into the depot *My* first thought was that it was my shadow that I saw before me. *He* was about my height, had a light complexion like mine and eyes of grizzly gray, and one of them turned in just like one of mine. *He* had a tall silk hat, tipped on one side on his sandy locks, just so did I. Furthermore, he carried in his hand a small carpet-bag. with a tag marked "J. McD." tied to the stamps, And so did I.

I looked at him, and he returned the compliment.

"I say, sir." said the stranger, looking down at the carpet bag I held and examining the tag, "are you John McDolan or am I ?"

"*My* name is DeDongal," was my reply.

I hope you are an honest man," said he, "for you see if you should rob a bank, pick a pocket, forge a note, or cut somebody's jugular, I perhaps might have to suffer for it."

"I can give you reference as to character," *I* answered.

"Yes, that's vary good. But, Mr. McDongal, which way are you going ?"

'Down. I have bought my ticket."

"Then, I'm going up. I don't think we'd best travel together. There is the train starting now. Good-bye I wish you success, *Mr.* Mc*Dongal*, and for my sake don't spoil your character."

To get to M——, which is a rather out of the way place, a small one-horse town, with one tavern, two churches and a' poorhouse, I had to leave the cars at T——and take a private conveyance to M——, five miles distant, I could have gone by the stage. but that only leaves T———once a day, at five o'clock in the morning.

So, when the cars stopped at T——, *I* took my carpet-bag in my hand and got out on the platform.

There was a large number of people at station, but I took no notice of any of them except a tall, brawny man, in a brown overcoat and a slouched hat who started for me as soon as I stepped off the cars.

I was about to move away, when the slouched hat laid his hand heavily upon my shoulder.

"You're a villain !"

"Sir *!*"

"*I* repeat it—you're a villain !"

"A miserable scamp !" said a corpulent gentleman, coming forward and scowling fiercely.

Now, I felt that I was a match for the latter, but as for the other one I didn't doubt but what he could work me up into shoe strings in three minutes.

Will you explain yourselves, gentlemen ?" I asked, trying to smile.

"Yes, I will," answered the big one, putting great stress on the "will."

"Certainly," growled the corpulent gentleman, with a grim smile.

"[illegible] this, was, you rascal *!*" [illegible] of sight and hearing of the rest of T——.

"Now," said the tall gentleman, confronting me, "I'll introduce myself. I am Captain Augustus Boyton. This old gentleman is my father, John Boyton Do you know us now."

"Well, really," I replied, wondering what was coming next ; 'I don't know more about you than what you've just told me."

"*Hush !*" said the Captain. hissing in my ear, "I am Carry Boyton's brother !"

"And I am her father," growled John Boyton.

"Ah, really, did you say so ?" I could not help smiling, the affair seemed so ludicrous. "Give my regards to Carrie."

"Ha ! you laugh at us, villain !" cried the Captain. "Look here," he said, lowering his voice to a horrid whisper, "look at these."

I did look ; for he drew from the pocket of his overcoat a handsome case, and opened it. and displayed a pair of silvermounted dueling pistols.

"Take your choice."

A cold tremor ran through me. Was I to be murdered ?

"Choose quick," said the Captain.

"Sir," said I, in a tremulous voice, the cold perspiration standing on my forehead, "there must be some mistake. I am book-keeper for Brown & Co., dealers in hides and tallow. My father was Mr. Norton McDongal, my mother was Mary McDongal, my grandfather was—."

"Confound your grandfather ! Either marry my sister as you promised a month ago, or take one of these pistols, and—"

"Oh, help !"

"Dry up, you whelp !" and the Captain clapped his broad hand over my mouth.

"Choose quick, youngster," said John Boyton.

"I won't fight," I cried.

"Then marry my sister, or we'll drag you through the mill-pond."

It was useless to remonstrate. I could not convince the enraged father and son that I was not the villain McDolan, I dared not cry for help.

What should I do ? Marry a woman whom I never saw before, whom I knew nothing about ? I had little time to consider. Life was sweet to me, a ducking was disagreeable, and as to a duel, I certainly should have been a dead man at the first shot.

"Choose," said the Captain, giving me a kick with a boot.

"I'll mar—marry her."

"All right."

"And the Captain grimly smiled, as he returned the pistol to its case.

The elder *Mr.* Boyton went after his carriage ; but before I ceased to tremble he returned.

The Captain helped me in, and seated between the chivalric father and son I rode away. I was warned not to shout, if I knew what was healthly for me.

We rode at a smart trot for about two miles, I should think ; and then the Captain drew rein before a large two-story white house, that stood near the road, surrounded by a high white fence, A gravel walk ran up to the front door and several large cherry trees stood in the front yard.

"Here we are," said the Captain, getting down and motioning me to follow.

The door opened just as we reached it, and who should fall into my arms but the identical young lady who had made such a strong impression on my heart on the night of the lecture in W——.

"Oh, John, I knew that you would be true," she cried, and the Captain snickered as he led the way into the parlor.

But once there I succeeded in convincing Miss Boyton that I was not McDolan, Her father apologized and so did the Captain, and the upshot of it all was that I consented to remain over night with them, and I am happy to state that I passed a very pleasant evening indeed

I learned, too, that this John McDolan for whom I had been taken, was a gentleman of wealth and leisure with only one fault, and that was promising to marry every pretty women with whom he became acquainted. Then *I* told my story, [illegible] in McDolan's shoes. And, well, my dear reader, I did about a month afterward. We had a great wedding, and Clara Segard was one of the bridesmaids, and Harry Bower was groomsman. And I am very well satisfied that *McDolan* took the up-train instead of the down.

The Text.

A pious old lady, who was too unwell to attend meeting, used to send her thick-headed husband to church to find out the text the preacher selected as the foundation of his discourse. The poor dunce was rarely fortunate enough to remember the words of the text or even the chapter and verse where they could be found, but one Sabbath he ran home in hot haste, and informed his wife that he could repeat every word, without missing a syllable. The words were as follows : "An angel came down from heaven and took live coal from the alter."

"I know every word," said the husband,

"I am anxions to hear it," continued the wife.

"They are nice words," observed the husband.

"*I* am glad your memory is improving, but don't keep me in suspense my dear," she said.

"Just you get the big Bible, and I will say the words, for I know them by heart, I repeated them a hundred times on my way home."

"Well, let's hear them."

"Ahem !" said he, clearing his throat—"An Injun came from New *Haven* and took a a live colt by the tail and jerked him out of the halter !"

A Precocious Youth.

A boy about fourteen years of age was smoking a cigar on the steps of City Hall this morning, when a citizen halted before him and :

"Boy, do you realize what you are doing ?

"Smokin' a powerful good five center, was on a bet," was the reply.

"But don't you know that you are filling your system with poison ?"

"Naw."

"Well you are, That cigar contains enough nicotine to kill a cat."

"I'm no cat."

"I know. *It* doesn't kill you suddenly, but poisons the blood and sows the seed of fell disease, You may drop dead on your way home."

"I ain't goin' home,"

"It fills me with horror to see a lad of your age destroying both soul and body. Boy, I entreat you to throw away that vile cigar,"

"I dasn't. Some one else would pick it up and be pizened."

"Throw it away and I'll buy you the apples,"

"Don't like' em."

"Or a quart of peanuts."

"Say." said the boy as he fondly regarded the inch of ashes at the end of the cigar. "I bet a boy the cigars this morning that he couldn't tech his tongue to a lamp-post and then sing 'Sally Waters.' He teched ; there's a crowd up there now tryin' to thaw him loose, *I* ain't very scart about bein' pizened, and I don't keer much for fatherly advice, but if you've got any spare time you might go up there and tell that 'ere boy that a chunk of naturul philosophy is worth a hall barnful of experiments."

"Isn't it awful cold !" queried Smith as he met Jones the other day.

"Terrible—terrible."

"Any your water pipes freeze up?"

"Worse than that."

"How ?"

"*Had* three barrels of potatoes frozen as hard as stones. I'll lose every one of them."

"Oh, no, you won't. Just head 'em up and send 'em to some charitable insitution, and no one will know but what they froze while en route. *It's* a golden opportunity you should not neglect."

A lady who lived in Cuba used to observe some grand ladies driving out every afternoon with flowers in their hair, diamonds on their neck, and the volante full of the flounces of their profusely trimmed silks. One day the vehicle upset and spilled the great ladies, when it was discovered that the great ladies had on neither shoes or stockings.

"[illegible] sweetheart a [illegible]

Humor of the Press.

Tough Weather, but considerable Tougher Yarns about It.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

"We're havin' some pretty wintrish weather," said old Daddy Wetherspoon to Uncle Sam ay [illegible], as the two gentlemen met near the City Hall yesterday. "Right fur'ard weather for the season."

"Jist so, jist so," conceded Uncle Sammy. "Reminds me of the fall of 1831. It commenced 'long the fore part of November and froze stiff till March. Good, smart weather, too, I remember that it was so cold in Brooklyn that November that bilin' water froze over a hot fire."

Daddy Wetherspoon looked at him and braced himself. "Yes, yes," said he. "I mind it well That's the fall that the milk froze in the cows. But the cold season was in 1827. It commenced in the middle of October and ran through to April. All the oil froze in the lamps and we didn't have a light until spring set in."

"Ay, ay !" responded Uncle Sammy, growing rigid "It's just like yesterday to me I walked a hundred and forty miles due east from Sandy Hook, on the ice, and slid back,owing the to convexity of the earth, you know. It was down hill coming this way. But that wasn't as cold as the winter of 1821. That season commenced in September, and the mercury didn't rise a degree till May. Don't you remember how we used to breathe hard, let it freeze, cut a hole in it and crawl in for shelter ? You haven't forgotten that ?"

"Not I," said Daddy Wetherspoon, after a short pause "That's the winter we used to give the horses lead to drink, and keep a hot fire under 'em so it wouldn't harden till they got it down. But that was nothing to the spell of 1817. I got through that whole spell by living in an ice house. It was too cold to go out doors, and I just camped in an ice house, You remember that season of 1817 ! That's the winter we wore undershirts of sand paper to keep up a friction "

"Well, I should say I did," retorted Uncle Sammy. What ! remember 1817 ! 'Deed I do. That was the spell when it took a steam grindstone four days to light a match. Ay, ay ! But do you know I was comfortable warm in that winter ?"

"How so ?" demanded Daddy Wetherspoon, breathing hard.

"Runnin' around your ice house to find out where you got in. It was an awful spell though. How long dit it last ? From August till the 30th of June ? I guess you're right. But you mind the snap of 1813, don't you ? *It* commenced on the 1st of July and went around and lapped over a week, This year the smoke froze in the chimneys, and we had to blast it out with dynamite. *I* think that was the worst we ever had. All the clocks froze up so we didn't know the time for a year, and when men used to set fire to their buildings so's to raise the rent. Yes, indeed. I got three thousand dollars a month for four burnin' buildings. There was a heap of sufferin' that winter, because we lived on alcohol and phosphorus, till the alcohol froze, and then we ate the brimstone ends of matches and jumped around till they caught fire. Say you—"

But Daddy Weatherspoon had fled. The statistics were too much for him.

An Ohio editor has a new shirt-collar presented him, and he is now waiting for some one to give him a shirt.

Jones says he used to have red cheeks but had a bad cold some years ago, when he blew all the color into his nose.

Womankind is like cider—sweet when first squeezed, but growing more vinegar-like after lying around for a few years,

A California young man of 23 years has recently married a widow of 72, We don't know the parties, but are willing to bet that the bride had property.

A clergyman at an afternoon service was asked to read a notice for a Woman's Rights' lecture, which he did in this wise :—"At half past six o'clock, at the school house, In the first district, a hen will attempt to [illegible]

Common Sense in Advertising.

A model advertisement is designed to satisfy the rational demand of a probable customer to know what you have got to sell. The successfull advertiser, therefore, observes three rules : First, he aims to furnish the information which the public wants ; second, he aimes to reach that part of the public whose wants he is prepared to satisfy ; and third, he endeavors to make his information as easy of acquisition by the public as possible.

The commonest and handiest thing in the American family is the newspaper, and as nearly all shopping proceeds from the family—from its needs, its intelligence, its tastes, its fashions—it follows that the thoughtful and successful advertiser approaches the family by this means. He does not waste his time in loading his advertising gun and shooting it off skyward in the streets, at all creation, on the chance that some willing customer may be going that way, and may be brought down ; on the contrary, he takes account of the advertising ammunition which he has on hand, and loads and points his gun, through the columns of some suitable newspaper, at the game he wants to hit.

Besides knowing that newspapers are the best means of advertising and how to pick out the best newspaper for his purpose, the successful advertiser fully appreciates the importance of persistent advertising. Mr. Bryant used to say that the great influence of the press depends, for one thing, upon its power of iteration. Presenting the same subject in many forms, it finally wins attention and acquiescence. Used in this thorough and systematic way, advertising columns of the newspaper are as essential and useful to the merchant, as means of telling the public what he has to sell as the clerks behind the counter are to show his goods when the people come to examine them.

MAN.

The average weight of an adult man is 140 pounds 6 oz.

The average weight of a skeleton is about 14 pounds.

Number of bones 240.

The skeleton measures one inch less than the height of the living man.

The average weight of the brain of a man is 3½ pounds ; of a woman, 2 pounds 11 oz.

The brain of a man exceeds twice that of any other animal.

The average height of an Englishman is 5 feet 9 inches ; of a Frenchman 5 feet 4 inches, and of a Belgian 5 feet 6¾ inches.

The average weight of an Englishman is 150 pounds, of a Frenchman, is 150 pound, and of a Belgian, 140 pounds.

The average number of teeth is 32.

A man breathes about 20 times in a minute, or 1,200 in a hour,

A man breathes about 18 pints of air in a minute, or upwards, of 7 hogsheads in a day.

A man gives off 4.08 per cent. carbonic gas of the air he respires, respires 10,666 cubic feet of carbonic acid gas in twenty-four hours, consumes 10,667 cubic feet of oxygen in twenty-four hours, equal to 125 cubic inches of common air.

A man annually contributes to vegetation 124 pounds of carbon.

The average of the pulse in infancy is 120 per minute, in manhood, 80 at 60 years, 80, The pulse of females is more frequent than that of males.

The weight of the circulating blood is about twenty eight pounds.

The heart beats seventy-five times in a minute, sends nearly ten pounds of blood through the veins and arteries each beat, makes four beats while we breathe once.

540 pounds, or one hogshead, one and one quarter pint of blood pass through the heart in one hour.

12,000 pounds, or 24 hogsheads, four gallons, of 10,782½ pints pass through the heart in twenty-four hours.

A dull old lady being told that a certain lawyer was "lying at the point of death," exclaimed, "My gracious won't even death stop that man's lying ?"

"He was a good parent, a good citizen, and had three horses that could beat 2:30," is considered about the right thing for an obituary in Kentucky.

Jones thinks a man is fortunate who has his will contested after death only. *He* says his will has been contested ever since he married Mrs. Jones.

An ordinary woman's waist is thirty inches around An ordinary man's arm is about thirty inches long, How admirable are thy works, oh nature !

An editor, who was told that his last article was as clear as mud, said: "Well, that covers the ground, anyhow."

This world without woman—lovely woman—would be like a blank sheet of paper—not even ruled.

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Battle Creek, Michigan,
MANUFACTURERS OF THE ONLY GENUINE
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Four sizes of Separators, from 6 to 12 horse capacity, for steam or horse power.
Two styles of "Mounted" Horse-Powers.
7,500,000 Feet of Selected Lumber constantly on hand, from which is built the incomparable wood-work of our machinery.
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Men's and Youth's Suits, $4 50 to $18.00.
Underclothing, suits, $1.00 to $1.75.
Paper Collars 15 and 16 cts a Box.
A large stock of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS at lowest CASH PRICES.
Call and examine our stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.
Respectfully,
B. S. HARVEY.
Nov. 25,'80-3m.

CLOTHING.

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Guide for both SEXES, for the married and those contemplating marriage—a brilliant, fascinating book, a counselor for the million on Health, Disease, and the Physical Life of Man and Woman; pure in language, and endorsed by physicians everywhere. Price, 50 cents, by Dr. A. G. OLIN, the oldest Specialist in the Northwest, who will pay $500 for every case of private or chronic disease of either sex he undertakes and fails to cure. Send two stamps for Guide to Health. Reliable Female Pills, $3 a Box. A quiet home for Ladies during confinement. Rubber Goods and Circular of important information, by express, 50 cents.
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$10 Outfit furnished free, with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business that anyone can engage in. The business is so easy to learn, and our instructions are so simple and plain, that any one can make great profits from the very start. No one can fail who is willing to work. Women are as successful as men. Boys and girls can earn large sums. Many have made at the business over one hundred dollars in a single week. Nothing like it ever known before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in this business during your spare time at great profit. You do not have to invest capital in it. We take all the risk. Those who need ready money, should write to us at once. All furnished free. Address [illegible]