The Post.

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Advertising Terms.

One square, one year, $5.00
One-half column, one year, $10.00
One-fourth column, one year, 15.00
One 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 transient advertising less than 3 months 10 cents a line.

All advertisements for a shorter period than one year are payable at the time they are ordered, and if not paid the person ordering them will be held responsible for the money.

Poetry.

My Husband.

Who took me from my childhood's home
To love me for myself alone,
And for my sacrifice atone?
My husband!

Who grumbled at the poor beefsteak,
And bade me better cookies make,
And told me greater care to take?
My husband!

Who swore because the baby cried,
And to the spare room quickly hied,
While I to quiet, vainly tried?
My husband!

Who tore the buttons off his shirt,
And said I could those ills avert,
If I was more on the alert?
My husband!

Who bade me rise, the fire to make,
While he another nap should take,
Although I'd been all night awake?
My husband!

Who, when I ask for half a crown,
Knits up his brows into a frown,
And asks me where the other's gone?
My husband?

And when I see my mother, dear,
Who tries my lonely lot to cheer?
Who says she's dreadfully, dreadfully queer?
My husband?

Who stays out till late at night,
And then comes home so very tight
That I nearly die of fright?
My husband!

Who breaks the chine, slams the door,
Leaves all his clothes upon the floor,
And swears it's all a dreadful bore?
My husband?

And who do I, for his dear sake,
Of every sacrifice partake,
Lest I his confidence should shake?
My husband?
—World.

At Sunset.

When life's low sun is sinking slow and sad,
How cold and sharp the lengthened shadows fall!
They lie projected on the straightened path,
Whose narrow point—a grave—must end it all.

So light a thing—a wavering look; a doubt,
So mean and slender fear—impedes the light;
And yet it is enough to darken heaven,
And fill the soul with terror and with night.

There is no time for youth's divinest rage,
Hours of recall, that knit the chain anew;
The flower may be reset, and live; the tree
Uprooted once, must perish where it grew.

Oh, Life! so grudging in your gifts, redeem
By one great boom the losses of the past.
Give me a full, imperishable faith,
And let the light be with me to the last.
—*Mary L. Ritter, in Scribner.*

Select Tale.

Washing A Lover.

A rainy day in the country! Drip, drip, sounded the water in the barrel under the eaves; patter, patter trickled down the rain drops upon the leaves of the syringas and lilac bushes; and Lucy Darl, sitting at the window, her round chin resting in her hands, and her eyes fixed dreamily on the woods, half hidden in vapory mists, began to feel the least bit in the world bored.

An open letter lay in her lap—a letter to which she referred every now and then, with a pretty, half-puzzled contraction of her brows.

"Wash and wear!" she repeated to herself. "I wonder what Aunt Judith means? She hopes that which ever of my suitors *I* may select may wash and wear. Upon my word that is likening the lords of creation to a pattern of calico, or gingham sun bonnet!"

And Lucy laughed a little—a very becoming process, which brought out the dimples around her cherry lips, and the dowy sparkles under her long auburn lashes.

"I'm sure they are both models of amiability and good temper," said she to herself—"that is as far as I know."

And then all of a sudden it occured to her [illegible] woman [illegible]

man until she is married to him, past all escape.

"Ah, if one could peep behind the scenes," said Lucy. "If one could only put a lover on trial for a month, as Aunt Judith takes a servant girl and discharges her if she don't give satisfaction! And then the wash and wear question, which gives Aunt Judith so much tribulation, could easily be settled. *Heigh-ho!* I believe I shall marry, Eugene Follett or George Haven. But there's no use wrinkling up my forehead about it now; time will decide. In the meantime *I* shall be hopelessly wearied if I sit here staring at the rain. I'll put on my things and run over to Nell Follett's. Eugene must have started for the city long ago."

It was a pretty, shaded road, delicious in the freshness of morning, but rather drippy and draggy just at present, that led to the old Follett mansion—a sturdy erection of gray stone, with half a dozen heavy locusts keeping guard over it like a band of sentinels.

Lucy Darl, a privileged visitor, did not ring at the front door bell, but slipped quickly in at the back door and ran up to Miss Follett's room.

"At home, Nell?" she cried, tapping softly on the panels of the door.

"Of course I'm at home," said Nell, brightly opening it. "You dear little rosebud, you've come just in time to help me about the pattern for my new polonaise. Isn't it a wretched day?"

And the two girls were presently deep in the mysteries of kilt folds, knife-plaiting and side gores, until all of a sudden, a surly masculine voice down the hall cried:

"Where's my breakfast, I say? I want my breakfast! Confound all you women folks, who don't you bring me my breakfast? Am I to starve to death? Nell! Mother! Come, wife-sister, there! Bring my slippers! Fetch the newspapers, somebody! And look sharp, do you hear?"

And the door was shut again with considerable emphasis.

Nell looked at Lucy with a crimsoning brow. Lucy opposed wide her inquiring eyes.

"It's Eugene," said Nell, in rather an embarrassed manner. "He was out late last night, and he overslept himself this morning."

"Oh!" said Lucy, beginning to be conscious that a flaw existed in this patent, masculine diamond—that this pattern of goods "washed" but indifferently.

At this moment footsteps hurried by. It was the patient and much enduring Mrs. Follett, bringing up the tray of toast and tea.

"I wouldn't wait on a man so," said Lucy, indignantly.

Presently poor Mrs. Follett returned, with the tray scarcely touched, and stopped in Nell's room to relieve her mind.

"He won't touch a mouthful, because it isn't smoking hot," said she with a sigh. "He's crosser than one would think possible, and—"

But she checked herself abruptly at the sight of Miss Darl.

"I beg your pardon, my dear!" said she. "I did not see you."

"Oh, don't mind me," said Lucy, coloring. "I'm going over to Mrs. Haven's at few minutes to see about a fern she promised to get me from the Hartford woods."

For it had occurred to Miss Lucy that this was an excellent opportunity to test the "washing and wearing" qualities of the second of her lovers. Follett had been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Now let George Haven take his chance. The Haven cottage stood about an eighth of a mile further down the road—a pretty little honeysuckle garland affair and Lucy Darl, feeling rather like a spy, crept up the stairs, (nobody chanced to be in the hall,) and took refuge in Mrs. Haven's own little boudoir.

Mrs. Haven had three or four unruly, ill-disciplined children staying with her that summer—the children of an invalid sister—and Mrs. Haven was not rich in this world's goods like the Folletts.

As Lucy sat there wondering whether a lucky chance was about to befriend her, as it had befriended her before, a sunny voice [illegible] hailed. George had just come in, [illegible] successful, from the post

"Hello, mother! what's the matter? Crying and discouraged! Why this will never do in the world! Come, little ones, run to the barn, every one of you, to play. The dreamokes does it? Well, never mind. I'll have things straight in a minute, with a few kindlings. The fact is, mother, you sit at home too much. You get in a rut. I must contrive some way of taking you out to drive every day."

A sly, dimpled smile came into Lucy Darl's face as she heard the strange, caressing voice of her lover, bring hope, and courage with it, and reflecting that he was certainly of a different stamp from Eugene Follett whose dashing manners and city airs and graces had so nearly captivated her.

It was quite evident that he would "wash and wear," according to Aunt Judith's theory.

"I suppose I am a little nervous at times, George," Mrs. Haven answered, "but I never feel it when you are here. I don't know what I should do without a son like you. But if you ever get married—"

But Lucy Darl could not stand this—she felt like a little, innocent cave-keeper, as she was, and hurried down stairs.

"You here, Lucy," cried Mrs. Haven, who was busy at her stocking.

"Yes here, Miss Darl!" exclaimed George who had just brought in an armful of fresh kindlings.

"I couldn't find way one up stairs," said Lucy, blushingly, and looking painfully conscious. "I looked all over. I've just come to ask you if you got the root of Hartford fern you promised me, Mrs. Haven."

"It's set out in a flower pot under the back kitchen window, said Mrs. Haven. "But you'll stay all day Lucy, dear, now that you are here."

Miss Lucy did not refuse.

Mr. Eugene Follett lay in bed until eleven, and read novels. As soon he came down stairs.

"Cheerful and [illegible] here without a soul to speak to," said he.

Of course his mother and sister were outside the pale of civilized humanity.

And at sunset, when the crimson beams of the declining sun broke radiantly out through parting clouds, he tied on his best necktie and pinned a pink carnation in his buttonhole.

"I think I'll go over to Mrs. Darl's for a little while, said he.

"You needn't," said astute Nell.

"Why not?"

"Because Lucy was here this morning, and heard you scolding at poor mamma, and because I saw her go by just now with George Haven, and they are engaged."

"How do you know?"

"By instinct."

Mr Follett made a grimace, unpinned the carnation and stayed at home.

The engagement became a public affair the next day, and Lucy Darl wrote back to her Aunt Judith that she had accepted at lover whom she could warrant as an article that would "wash and wear."

Seals are taken from the animal they are prepared for exportation for the London and Leipsic fur markets, which are the greatest in the world. There, with the collections of various skins from other countries, they are sold to the merchants and agents, and the seal skins go to the fur dressing and coloring establishments of London, then they undergo the process of dressing, having the coarse hair extracted, which covers or conceals the beauties of the fur beneath, thus preparing it for a condition ready for coloring, producing those soft, subdued shades so generally admired. The importations to this country have become quite extensive of late years, and last year there were received upward of a million dollars worth of the seal fur.

In a theatre in this country some time ago a disappointed man in the audience threw a goose's head at an actor. The latter came to the foot-lights with great coolness, and said, "Gentlemen, I perceive that one of you has lost his head; but be need have no fear; I am willing to return it to him at the conclusion of the performance!"

A sewing machine agent has so much to say for himself when he sells one

Furs—Ancient And Modern.

Fur is well adapted for winter clothing, not merely by reason of its important qualities of warmth and durability, but also on account of its great beauty. In all countries man has availed himself liberally of the warm covering with which nature has clothed the animals around him; but the wealth of the most favored nations has drawn to them the beautiful furs, in whatever part of the world they are procured.

Furs will be fashionable and useful as garments in the future as in the past. Adam and Eve, Cain and the Assyrians, used skins of animals, and heroes of the Greeks and Romans are represented as being clothed in skins.—Elegant wearing for the outer garment that of a lion, and Alexander many times clad in that of the Libyan bear.

The fur of the beaver was extensively used either in the skin or for the manufacturing of fabrics in the fourth century. In the eleventh century furs had become fashionable throughout Europe. The art of dyeing them was practised in the twelfth century, and was generally of a red color.

In the history of the crusades frequent mention is made of the magnificent displays by European princes in their dresses of costly furs before the court of Constantinople. Louis IX. was very extravagant in the use of ermines, about 7,000 of them to line one of his surcoats. The Hungarian squirrel was used entirely in royal families in the thirteenth century. Russia, when conquered by the Russians in 1510, paid its tribute in furs.

As early as the sixteenth century the North American settlers in the more northern provinces, learned the value of furs, and the traders to that vicinity became extensively engaged in that business. The Indians were attracted by trading compensation to pursue their congenial peaceful occupation, that of hunting, and the wily Frenchmen soon became explorers, and frequent visits between the Indians and French occurred. The importance of this extensive location for supplying the demands for furs attracted the wealthy merchants of Great Britain, and the production of the Hudson Bay Company was the result. The search for furs was extended to our western territories and caused that section to be settled in the latter part of the seventeenth century.

Where St. Louis now stands, in 1770, there was a large fur trading post established, and the vast territories bordering the great tributaries of the Missouri and Mississippi opened a boundless and almost inexhaustable field for the operation of the fur traders, the hostile tribes alone checking the enterprise. The variety of fur was confined to the deer, beaver, otter, bear, and buffalo. By 1840 the animal fur trade of St. Louis had reached upward of $350,000, and under the gigantic operations of that enterprising New York merchant, Mr Astor, the business swelled to an enormous traffic.

Minks were the most valuable skin in 1836, the annual catch being valued at about $10,000. Buffalo robes at this date brought $15,000, and muskrats $11,372, while squirrel skins were more extensively used than any other class, upward of 3,000,000 being exported to England. Seal fur was little used at that period. That time has developed a great demand for furs the long schedules of the census of 1870 show most conclusively, and this country has become one of the greatest marts for its consumption.

Modern furs have a somewhat different aspect as they appear on the well dressed lady of our day, compared with the ancient garments. From time to time the demand for furs have varied according to the caprice of fashion, until sealskin began to engage the attention of traders, and owing to the soft, velvet-like appearance of the fur and its beautiful shades after its various manipulations, it was placed on the market, and soon became the most eagerly sought after, and is still in the greatest demand.

The process which the skin undergoes is an interesting one. The valuable fur is obtained principally from Alaska, although the [illegible] Islands produce [illegible]

Fashion Notes

Beaded lace is the coming trimming.

Light colors are to be the rage next summer.

Puffs of crimp tarlatan are the proper trimmings for ball dresses.

The bride's veil is [illegible] but not higher than the waist.

Golden brown silk forms part of very handsome satin evening dresses.

Fashionable young ladies who used to call for five-and-a-half kids now ask for sixes.

The favorite artificial flowers of the season are the ox-eye daisy, cornflowers and pinks.

White muslin petticoats are the only undergarments that are made fuller than formerly.

Newly imported French corsets wear of all kinds fit the form as close as possible to be comfortable.

Voluminous jabots, mingled with flowers, are worn down the front of dresses for ceremonious occasions.

Floral fans are trimmed with lilies of the valley instead of the down that tips their silk and satin sisters.

Cloaks of satin de Lyon, with shirred yokes, are rapidly coming in vogue. Fur bands and collars are the trimmings.

White or pale-tinted robes, heralded with gold for the trains of dresses intended for occasions of great ceremony.

Short dresses continue in favor for evening wear for young girls, and for ladies also, when dancing is the amusement.

Young widows wear Fanchon or bebe caps of bolting, with or without strings fastening under the chignon; elderly widows wear large mob caps of the same material, with black net linings in the crowns.

There are two points to chronicle in brides' toilettes. The skirts of the dresses seldom have any orange blossoms, and the tulle veils far more commonly fall flat than lace, are as often worn at the sides and back and not over the face, secured by diamond pins.

Ball boxes of wide ribbon are not to be displayed when worn by slender women, but unfortunately it is the fat who are especially pleased by them, and a fat woman with a yard and a half of sash ribbon knotted on the left side of her waist looks her very worst, if she only knew it.

The newest things in brocades are Persian Kirmain or Smyrna designs of rather small size, made in three stripes, with the ground thickly covered. New also are Limousin material, which has a dark mauve ground and wide stripes of old gold. This stuff is used for traveling costumes. It is a complete change from Scotch tartan, and is wonderfully pretty when trimmed with old-gold plush.

A toilet in dark green brocho, almost black trimmed with satin, in two shades, green and corn color. The skirt is edged with a full ruche, in which those two colors are mixed, a brocho drapery falls in a point on one side and is trimmed with large tassels; on the other side a wide plaiting in the two above mentioned colors. The bodice has two side coat tails which make almost the only trimming of the skirt. It is very short in front, and opens over a sort of waistcoat in garnet and corn colored satin.

The Hindoo thief's manner of scaling the walls is very ingenious. It is by means of a huge lizard which he carries with him in his nocturnal rambles. The lizard which is perhaps a yard in length, with great claws and flattened feet and suction powers like those of a fly, is made fast to the dacoit by a tough cord tied to its tail. When the dacoit is pursued and comes in the hasty flight to a wall, he quickly throws his lizard over it, holding fast to the other end of the cord. By means of its suction powers the lizard fastens himself to the wall on the opposite side, and the thief draws himself to the top and jumps lightly down. By choking the lizard it is made to release its hold.

That's the trick. Let's number the hours of a day right up to 24 o'clock. It will sound odd to say 13 o'clock, but no more so than the present numbers sounded at first. We will lead off by remarking that the reading room of this paper is open [illegible] from 8 to 10 o'clock.—*Free Press.*

ODDS AND ENDS.

Born round—Quiet steals [illegible]
Run [illegible]—Three miles.
Late colors—Sundown whiskers.
[illegible]—A telegraph line
[illegible]—Wrestling it deep.
Ways to working order—Yeast.
To cut a fool's way with it—A circular saw.
When is a wall not a wall? When it is scaled.
How does a tree feel when full of fruit? Grateful.
In politics there is usually more self-love than love.
The charity bowl—Give me the price of a loaf of bread.
None are less eager to learn than those who know nothing.
"If you want me, drop me a line," said the lady to the editor.
A blaze of fun in cards has destroyed many a bright social gem.
A man of polish will not be welcomed in a good society—The bootblack.
A good wife is a good thing, but a bad husband beats even a good wife.
What should a clergyman preach about?—About a quarter of an hour.
A plain, blunt man naturally objects to having his nose brought to the grindstone.
The "envelope" muff is much worn. It stamps its wearer as ready for the next mail.
"That's my impression," as the young lady remarked when she got up from the snow.
It is said but true that a man who once becomes deaf seldom enjoys a happy hereafter.
She certainly had a pretty foot, but after all it didn't make half so much impression on him as the old man's
To please, one must make up his mind to be naught many things, which he already knows, by people who do not know them.
When a man is informed that his wife wishes to speak to him, what article on his study table does he mention in reply?—Letter-weight.
Jones thinks that a man is for a note who has his will contested after death only. He says his has been contested ever since he married Mrs. J.
An investigator says that no two thumbs are alike in shape. He curiously studied the subject by examining the impression made by waiter's thumbs on restaurant plates.
We are informed by a contemporary that there is a family named Pickle scattered over the State of New York. This is entirely wrong; they ought to be kept in a family jar.
"What is the danger of taking cold when a gentleman's lips press a lady's snowy brow?" About the same danger as when a gentleman admits a draft into a lady's snowy hand.
She was a blue eyed, sweet-faced girl, and when she asked at the country fair, "Where are the beets that make the beets?" the honest granger in charge stuffed half a pear into his mouth and crawled under a table to get out of sight.
"Mamma, I don't think the people who make dolls are very pious," said a little girl to her mother one day. "Why not, my child?" "Because you can never make them kneel. I have always to lay my doll down on her stomach to say her prayers."
Somebody who has little to do and plenty of time to do it in, says there will be in the next Senate eleven Johns, seven Jameses, three Thomases, and three Matthews, two Josephs, three Benjamins, one Zebulon, one Eli, three Samuels, one David and one Daniel, making up a list of thirty-six Scriptural names.
An Oil City Irishman having signed the pledge, was charged soon after with being drunk. "Twas me absent mindedness," said Pat, "an' a habit I have of talkin' wid meself. I sed to meself, sez I, Pat, cum in and have a drink." "No, sor," sez I, "I've sworn off." Then I'll drink alone, sez I." An' when meself cum out faith an' he was drunk.

Small talk—A baby's prattle.

THE POST.

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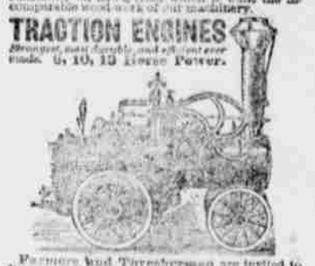

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Jan. 27, '81-6m.

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