The Post.

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Poetry.

Somebody's Lovers.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

Too meek by half was him who came
A wooing me one morn,
For he thought so little of himself
I learned to share his scorn.

At night I had a suitor, vain
As the vainest in the land;
Almost he seemed to condescend
In the offer of his hand.

In one who pressed his suit I missed
Courage and manly pride;
And how could I think of such a one
As a leader or a guide?

And then there came a worshipper
With such undoubting trust,
That when he kneeled he seemed not worth
Uprising from the dust.

The next was never in the wrong,
Was not too smooth nor rough;
So faultless and so good was he,
That that was fault enough.

But one, the last of all that came,
I know not how to point;
No angel do I seem to him—
He scarcely calls me saint!

He hath such sins and weaknesses
As mortal me befall;
He hath a thousand faults, and yet
I love him with them all.

He never asked me yea or nay,
Nor knelt to me one hour;
But he took my heart and holds my heart
With a lover's tender power.

And I bow, as needs I must, and say,
In proud humility,
Love's night is right, and I yield at last
To manhood's royalty.

No Time for Hating.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

Begone with feud! away with strife;
Our human hearts unmating!
Let us be friends again! This life
Is all too short for hating!
So dull the day, so dim the way,
So rough the road we're faring—
Far better weal with faithful friend,
Than stalk alone uncaring!

The barren fig, the withered vine,
Are types of selfish living!
But souls that gave, like thine and mine,
Renew their life by giving.
While cypress waves o'er early graves,
On all the way we're going,
Far better plant, where seed is scant,
Than tread on fruit that's growing.

Away with scorn! Since die we must,
And rest on one low pillow!
There are no rivals in the dust—
No foes beneath the willow.
So dry the bowers, so few the flowers,
Our earthly way discloses,
Far better stoop where daisies droop
Than tramp o'er broken roses!

Of what are all the joys we hold
Compared to joys above us!
And what the rank, and power and gold,
Compared to hearts that love us?
So fleet our years, so full of tears,
So closely death is waiting;
God gives us space for loving grace,
But leaves no time for hating.

Gabriel Mercer.

Marion Hastings was the only daughter of a wealthy countryman, and at the age of eighteen she married agreeably to the wishes on her father, Captain Gabriel Mercer.

It was not a love match, of Marian's part, at least, for all her heart belonged to Lieutenant George St. John.

St. John was poor, but his family was one of the best in the country.

His duties called him, with his regiment, to India.

But before he went he met Marion in the gardens of her father's estate, and by the light of a waning June moon their parting took place.

And it was such a parting as only lovers mad with agony and despair can know.

Marian was an obedient daughter—she had been brought up in that stern old way which teaches that to the will of a parent a child must sacrifice everything, and though young St. John would fain have taught her rebellion, and made her his bride before he left her, she revolted in horror from the idea of disobeying her father.

So they parted.

A little afterward she read his name among the killed in one of the skirmishes with the rebel Sepoys and, never doubting that the bulletin was correct, she lost, as it were, her hold on life, and became inert and sad and hopeless.

At this time it was that Gabriel Mercer urged his suit.

Her father commanded her to marry him.

After his own dark and terrible fashion Gabriel loved the young girl, but if she felt for him any sentiment at all it was one of quiet disgust.

Still she married him, and from that time forth she was his slave.

He had only to command her and she obeyed.

But shortly after marriage he sold his commission, and his wife learned with horror that he had lost all his estate by gambling.

However he managed to get a Government position.

It was not a very important situation, but it yielded him a decent income, and it placed in his hands at times large sums of the public money.

One night late in the winter he brought home five thousand pounds, and deposited the pocket in the iron chest.

As he turned the key in the ponderous lock, he remarked to his wife:

"There are five thousand pounds and deposited the packet in the iron chest.

As he turned the key in the ponderous lock, he remarked to his wife;

"There are five thousand pounds of the country's money. I have to go away to-morrow, and I shall ride as far as G——to-night. I must leave the money here till I come back. It will be safe for nobody knows anything about it."

"Oh!" cried his wife, "do not go until you have disposed of it where it belongs."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed her husband impatiently. "It'll be all right, and I shall be back in three days."

His patient, faded wife said no more, and at about 9 o'clock in the evening he rode off in the direction of G——.

Marion was too nervous to go to bed.

And she and her one servant sat up in the kitchen.

Nettie was soon fast asleep in her chair, but Marian's eyes were bright and feverish, and her cheeks burned with a vivid crimson, which brought back some of the old beauty to her face.

Her eyes seem fascinated to rest on the brass key which hung over the fire place—the key which fitted the iron chest.

She was a strictly conscientious woman, and she felt it her duty to guard this money entrusted to her keeping as she would have guarded her life.

It was past one o'clock, when the listening woman heard the tramp of horses on the gravel road before the door, and peeping through the curtains she saw three mounted men.

They rapped loudly at the door, asking for admittance, but Marian denied their request.

They beat the door from its hinges.

They were three stalwart fellows with masks over their faces.

Marian was brave, but she had nothing with which to defend herself.

The leader of the band demanded the money which her husband had left in the house.

She kept an indigant silence.

They told her they would shoot both herself and servant and burn the house over their dead bodies if she persisted in her obstinacy.

The cold muzzle of a pistol pressed against her temple did not daunt her, for she indignantly refused to show them where the money they sought was hidden.

It was only a moment before they pounced upon the key above the fire place, and directly the iron chest was unlocked and the money stowed about the persons of the robbers.

Then they ordered her to prepare them some supper.

She went about it with a desperate scheme rushing in her brain.

A day or two before her husband had brought home a large quantity of strychnine for poisoning the rats, and this deadly drug she put into the coffee she presented to the guests.

They sat down to the table in high glee, cracking their coarse jokes, and having their loaded pistols beside their plates.

Their masks they did not remove.

Fortunately for the success of Marian's plan, the men were thirsty, and drank greedily.

"May God forgive me!" she cried to herself. "He knows I am acting wholly from a sense of duty."

The meal was not half over before one of the men was seized with violent convulsions, and rolled on the floor in agony; and in a few moments the three lay together in the agonies of death.

At last the fearful stillness and rigidity of death crept over them, and Marian rushed out of the house to call assistance.

Not far from her door she met a mounted officer.

She told her story in a few disjointed words, and the officer leaped from his horse at the sound of her voice, and hastened to give her a supporting arm.

"Marian," said he, "do you not know me?"

She uttered a piercing cry, and sank senseless at his feet.

Lieutenant St. John, for it was none other than her old lover, lifted her up.

He carried her in his arms to her house, and laid her on a lounge, while the servants busied themselves in restoring her to consciousness.

She sat up at last, and saw that it was indeed St. John, alive and well, who stood before her.

Assistance having been called, the officers of justice took the stolen money from the bodies of the robbers, and then stripped the masks from the faces.

The last mask they removed, exposed to view the distorted, blackened countenance of Gabriel Mercer.

Marian saw through the whole thing at once.

Her husband's covetousness had become aroused by the possession of money, and he had taken this method of stealing it, doubtless flattering himself that the cunning fraud would never be discovered.

Of course Marian Mercer was horrified when she knew that she had brought her miserable husband to his death.

St. John took upon himself the business of caring for Marian.

He gave her into the hands of his mother, who nursed her through her long and dangerous illness, and won her love and gratitude.

And when again she rose to health and strength, St. John led her to the altar, and by loving kindness rendered her the happiest of her sex.

The Goat.

The goat is a native of vacant lots about the city, and there are lots of them.

The goat is obniverous. He will goat anything that he sees and will seize anything that he may goat.

His principal food however, is play bills. He is very found of letters.

Let us honor him for his love of bill letters.

The gentleman goat is called Billy, but he is a billy that no policeman can handle.

The lady goats are called Nanny. This is their own-Nanny-mous name.

The young goats are called kids. Kids are on hand the year round.

The goat is generous to a fault. He presents a couple of horns to everybody he sees.

In the matter of mere cash, the Cashmere goat is the most famous.

Goats are fond of the outskirts of large cities; also hoop-skirts.

The goat wears a beard. It is called a goatee, though not confined to the goat.

The goat is noted for his bunting, but he never flags.

The goat is one of the signs of the zodiac, signifying that he has a propensity to knock things sky-high.

He never gets high himself. That is to say, never gets over the ba-a-a.

Shakspear understood the spontaneity of the goat when he said, "Stand not upon the order of your going but goat once."

The goat is a wide-awake animal. He is never caught napping, notwithstanding the many cases of kidnapping you may have read about.

For many years the goat was the only butter known.

Goats love to get on a high rock and sun themselves. Give them a chance and they will always seek a sunny climb.

The good Pan was a sort of half goat. All goats do not pan out as well as he did.

B-a-a-a!—*Boston Transcript.*

MEDICAL SCIENCE.

The domain of science is extending, and every fact established by the investigations of nature's laws is a stimulus to new discoveries.

So the *true* student never grows weary or discouraged by reason of the wide range of studies before him. On the contrary, every *firm* step he takes gives increased strength for the next, and fires the soul with love for the unfolding charms of scientific truths. This is especially true of the natural sciences. For nature is the daughter of God, and our lawful mother. It is not strange, then, that her offspring should love her, trust her, *interrogate* her in regard to all the phenomena addressed to the senses. But as a lifetime is too short for perfecting one's self in every department of learning, a selection must be made.

Specialties seem to be the order of the day; and if enriched by large acquisitions of collateral knowledge, they serve to extend discoveries, perfect what is still incomplete, and distingish the devotee of a favorite theme or pursuit. But the danger is, that men in their adherence to specialty, will neglect even kindred subjects, which alone give length breadth, and finish to every investigation.

A man of one idea, is a little man, or a little *part* of a man, stinted, bigoted, and a laughing stock among men of a generous culture. Too many are content to tread a *narrow, beaten* path, unmindful of the laurels that may be won; or the good they may bequeath to posterity. This truth is no where more clearly seen than among medical men. Too little attention is given to laying the foundation for eminence in the medical profession. Medical students generally are guilty of a great neglect of some of the immediate branches of therapeutics, and woefully ignorant of general literature and science.

It may be said that one has not got the time or means for securing a liberal education; and when a profession is chosen, studies must be pursued with direct reference to that profession. Hence a few facts of medicine are hurried together, and a run is made into the practice of physic. Now this is all wrong, nor does the sin lie at the door of the student so much as at the doors of the educators. The student is totally ignorant of what he ought to know, and of what branches of learning he ought to pursue. It is the business of the preceptor to lead him in the way he ought to go. He should urge the necessity of laying a good foundation. The excuse of want of time or means, is not valid. The means of a liberal education, even, are within the reach of every young man who has force and fire in him. He has only to extend the time a little, to work his own way up.

The first two or three years in the profession are of no account, compared with the value of that time devoted to generous culture. For he who starts a quack, will never be more than a quack. "Well begun, is half done;" and he who *starts* in his profession with a well disciplined mind, and an ample stock of knowledge, is already far advanced on the road to eminence. The most ignorant are always the most zealous to find the shortest cut to the possession of a diploma. And he who thinks that the *summum bonum*, is past all hope, and must go forth to stultify himself, and impose on the ignorant and superstitious. But there are many honest young men, who are anxious to be thoroughly furnished for their work, who mistake the most successful means of securing the end. "There is no royal road to geometry," said the father of that science; nor can medicine be reached by steam or rail.

It is not, indeed, the shortest way to gain a knowledge of medicine, to restrict investigation to theraputics alone. Three years' study of these branches cannot compensate for a want of knowledge of *orthography* or for a *murderous use* of one's mother tongue. Nay more, he who has no knowledge of Latin and Greek, must prosecute his medical studies hampered and crippled, and with a snail pace. He must stop to learn a thousand things by the way, which he should have known before he commenced, or leave much unmastered and unlearned. Nearly the medical vocabulary is classic, and classic learning facilitates every step in the study of medicine. So much so, that the student will acquire more knowledge of his profession, in three years, by devoting one-half of his time to the study of these basement languages, than by giving his whole time to the circumscribed studies of the profession. And the advantage of this literary culture will be felt through life, giving greater range of thought, greater accuracy in medical literature, and greater facility in future acquirements. Better educated doctors are wanted, to save the public on the one hand from empericism, on the other from fogyism. The call is loud for men whom science has divested of bigotry, for men imbued with the progressive spirit of the age, for such the inquiry comes to us from all parts of the land. The demand exceeds the supply. Scarcely a town or village can be found in which a well-read representative of a progressive school would not be welcomed by the people, and made the leading physician of the place. Young men of integrity, of generous culture, and of large natural caliber, have inducements to the study of medicine scarcely equalled in any other profession.

In a pecuniary point of view, what profession offers more? But, laying aside all professional money considerations, every men would find infinite advantages in a few courses of medical lectures. The lawyer, minister, or teacher, knows next to nothing of himself physically, and the public generally knows still less. The result of this ignorance is constant abuse of physical powers, pains, sickness, loss of time, and the thousand and one ills to which *outraged* flesh is heir to. These results fetter aspirations for high attaintments in any pursuit, knock to pieces many a well concocted plan, and crush many a bright hope, thus robbing the world of many strides of progress, and many sources of happiness. To the lover of science, medicine affords an agreeable and profitable pastime. Inert matter, its laws and phenomenas delight the philosopher; but vitalized matter, in its ever-varying organic forms and their vital metamorphoses, challenges the highest admiration. With the knife, microscope, and chemicals, the student may find scope for his genius in exploring the constitution, structure, development, and functions of the organs of the countless varieties of plants and animals which stock the globe.

From the knowledge thus treasured he may establish the great principals of organic and physiological law, the causes of pattrological conditions and changes, and learn the nature and application of remedies hidden in the earth, or growing in ocean depths, by gurgling streams, or on mountain tops. And while he basks in these beauties of nature in his leisure hours, he will in his labor reap a richer reward in diffusing light to those in darkness, in pointing the weak to the laws of strength, in healing the sick, in wresting victims from the jaws of death, and in a consciousness of his power and will to bless and serve his brother man.

R. R.
Middleburg.

ZEAL.

A man may be industrious, temperate, prudent, honest, and reliable, and win the good reputation which these qualities justly confer, yet if he lacks in zeal in the prosecution of his business, he will fail to make the most of his opportunities, or to wield that influence in the community and among his associates to which those excellent traits fairly entitled him.

The world likes heartiness and earnestness. These will often compensate for the lack of some other compensate for the lack of some other sterling qualities of mind and heart. Zeal is infectious. When a foreman of a factory moves about among his men with spirit, and drops a quick, earnest word here and there, the workmen about him unconsciously become imbued with like earnestness, and he will by the mere force of example, secure better results from his employees. How often have I known a farmer in the olden time, before mowing machines were invented, to get nearly double the amout of work out of the same gang of men, by starting out at the head of the swath with cheery words and a gamey air, bidding the boys to come on and on and see if they could keep up with him.

Be thoroughly interested in your occupation, however humble, and you will, if there is a spark of genius in you, give it a respectable air, and command the respect for yourself that secures promotion. A menial waiter, by untiring assiduity, becomes head-waiter, then steward, and finally boy rises to a clerkship, and the earnest and spirited discharge of his duties in that position secures a partnership. The pastor who drones through a prosey and pointless sermon, mumbles to a thin and half asleep congregation; while the preacher who is fired with a zeal born of inward conviction, and hurls words that burn, aiming fearlessly at current evils and those who perpetrate them, talks to crowded audiences and sets influences at work that result in reform.

Zeal is the mainspring of most of the great business and commercial enterprises of the day; and if you find that you are not keeping abreast of your fellows in the struggle of life, makes a careful self-inspection, and see if you have not omitted to infuse this important ingredient into your daily endeavors.

—*Plain Talk, in Farming World.*

Pastimes Long Ago.

So much of our life is made up from books and papers that we can scarcely imagine what people did in the old times before they had any such things. It is said, however, that they spent a good deal of their time in the evenings telling riddles and guessing hard questions; and an old book, printed in 1511, gives the following specimens:

Q. Who was Adam's mother?

A. The earth.

Q. How many calves' tails would it take to reach from the earth to the sky?

A. One, if it were long enough.

Q. What is it that never was and never will be?

A. A mouse's nest in a cat's ear.

Q. Why do men make an oven in a town?

A. Because they cannot make a town in an oven.

Q. What is it that never freezes?

A. Boiling water.

Q. Which was the first, the hen or the egg?

A. The hen, at the creation.

Q. How many straws go to make goose's nest?

A. Not one, for straws not having feet, cannot go anywhere.

Q. Who killed the fourth part of all the people in the world?

A. Cain, when he killed Abel.

What Fresh Air Will Do.

I will blow all the cobwebs out of the brain and make your thoughts clear and strong.

It will sweep the dust from the heart and make all things look bright.

It will take a face yellow and wrinkled and paint it as fresh as a rose.

It will make a lazy person feel like work.

It will pay your doctor's bill by keeping you well.

It will lessen expenses by giving you a good appetite that will relish plain food.

It will cure nervous headache.

It will make your plants grow.

It will make you jolly.

It will keep you awake in church.

Then indulge freely in this luxury and enjoy the result.

Still in Favor of Hugging.

The account of the Iowa girl who is said to have been hugged to death by her lover has caused "quite a sensation" among the young ladies of Westfield, N. Y., who recently held a meeting to devise ways and means to prevent another case of death from hugging. They unanimously passed the following preamble and resoultions:

WHEREAS, It is reported that an Iowa girl died recently in her lover's arms while being hugged; and

WHEREAS, Judging from experience, we believed such an event to be utterly impossible; therefore,

Resolved, That, notwithstanding said report, we are still in favor of hugging. We prefer to run all risk of death rather than have the beautiful, lovely, delightful, perfectly elegant custom abolished.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the newspapers for publication.

THE POST.

Published every Thursday Evening
JEREMIAH CROUSE, Propr

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Cuticura

Itching Humors, Scaly Humors, Blood Humors, speedily, permanently and economically cured when physicians and all other methods failed.

☞Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, internally, CUTICURA, a Medicinal Jelly, applied by the CUTICURA MEDICINAL AND TOILET SOAP, externally, have performed the most miraculous cures of Itching, Scaly and Pustulous Humors ever recorded in medical annals.

ECZEMA ROODENT.

F. H. Drake, Esq., agent for Harper and Brothers, Detroit, Mich., gives an astonishing account of his case (Eczema Rodent), which had been treated by a consultation of physicians without benefit, and which speedily yielded to the Cuticura Remedies.

SALT RHEUM.

Will McDonald, 2332 Dearborn Street, Chicago, gratefully acknowledges a cure of Salt Rheum on head, neck, face, arms and legs, for seventeen years; not able to walk except on hands and knees for one year; not able to help himself for eight years; tried hundreds of remedies; doctors pronounced his case hopeless; permanently cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

RINGWORM.

Geo. W. Brown, 46 Marshall street, Providence, R. I., cured by Cuticura Remedies of a Ringworm Humor, got at the barber's, which spread all over his ears, neck and face, and for six years resisted all kinds of treatment.

SKIN DISEASE.

S. A. Steele, Esq., Chicago, Ill., says: "I will say that before I used Cuticura Remedies I was in a fearful state, and had given up all hope of ever having any relief. They have performed a wonderful cure for me, and of my own free will and accord I recommend them."

Cuticura Remedies are prepared by Weeks & Potter, Chemists and Druggists, 360 Washington St., Boston, and are for sale by all Druggists. Price of Cuticura, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes, 50 cents; large boxes, $1; Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, $1 per bottle. Cuticura Medicinal Toilet Soap 25 cents. Cuticura Medicinal Shaving Soap, 15 cents; in bars for barbers and large consumers, 50 cents. All mailed free on receipt of price. Send for Illustrated Treatise on the Skin.

MALT BITTERS

Malt Bitters Company

A grand combination of Blood, Brain and Nerve Foods.

Malt Bitters derive their wonderful Life-Sustaining Properties from MALT, their Quieting and Sleep-Promoting Influences from HOPS, their grand Tonic and Fever-Expelling Powers from CALISAYA, and their Blood-Nourishing Principles from IRON, which are four of the greatest Blood-Producers and Life-Sustaining Elements ever united in one medicine for Delicate Females, Nursing Mothers, and Sickly Children. Malt Bitters are supreme. Sold everywhere.

Malt Bitters Company, Boston, Mass.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTERS

time (Collins' Voltaic Electric Plaster, costing 25 cents, is far superior to more other electrical appliances before the public. They instantly relieve Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Malaria, Fever and Ague, and Kidney and Urinary Difficulties and may be worn over the pit of the stomach, over the kidneys, or any affected part. Price 25 cents, sold everywhere.

WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED.—$75 Pay. Light Work. Steady Employment. Sample free. Address, M. L. HYNS, 26 Nassau Street, New York.

Errors of Youth.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, PREMATURE DECAY and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and direction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN, 43 Cedar St., New York.

Jan. 27, '81—1m.

PIMPLES.

I will mail (Free) the receipe for a simple Vegetable Balm that will remove TAN FRECKLES, PIMPLES and BLOTCHES, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, (inclosing 10c. stamp), BEN. VANDELE & Co., 5 Beekman St., N. Y.

TO CONSUM'TIVES

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, free of charge, with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure Cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c.

Parties wishing the Prescription, will please address, Rev. E. A. WILSON, 194 Penn St., Williamsburg, N. Y.

GEORGE B. BENFER.
County Surveyor
Kratzerville, Snyder County Penn'a.

Surveying and Conveyancing promptly and skillfully attended to. A share of the public's patronage solicited.

July 20th, '78, pd

MARRIAGE

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. C. 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, $5 a Box. A quiet home for ladies during confinement. Rubber Goods and Circular of important information, 15 cents. 50 cents.

Dr. A. C. OLIN,
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OPIUM and Morphine eaters cured without pain by themselves. Send stamp for particulars. Dr. BATE, 12 North Three St., Chicago.

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Everything belonging to the profession done in the best manner. All work warranted. Terms moderate.

He will also attend to business every two weeks at Chapmanville, Troxelville, Beavertown, Adamsburg and Freeburgville.

Jy1.-78.