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Poetry.

Marriage of Sun and Moon.

Did you know that a wedding had happened on high.
And who were the parties united?
'Twas the Sun and the Moon! in the halls of the sky.

Select Tale.

Forty Years in Love.

"It won't do," said old Tibbetts, shaking his head furiously. "I always have hated those Partridges, and you shan't marry Fanny."

"A man's affections," began Horatio. "Monsense" cried old Tibbetts. "You talk like a boarding school girl. You are of age; I know; but I give you warning, if you persist, I'll take that clever little Johnson into partnership instead of you and you may beg or starve as you please for the sake of a red-haired girl like Fanny Partridge."

OF trotted old Tibbetts as he uttered these last words. Meanwhile Mrs. Partridge and Fanny were hard at it—Fanny in tears; Mrs. Partridge in fury. "I'd rather see you in your grave, Fanny," cried Mrs. Partridge. "Old Tibbetts's son. Why didn't you choose a chimney sweep? It was Tibbetts that cheated your pa's brother out of that piece of property. A bigger rascal never walked. No, Fanny, you shall walk over my dead body before you go to church with him."

Fanny was seventeen and very submissive. Horatio, although five and twenty; submissive likewise. Parental authority prevailed. One meeting was allowed in which the two might bid good-bye to each other. Fanny wept. Horatio held her hands in both of his, and kissed them very fondly.

"They may yield in time," said Horatio, "or something may happen to alter things. Be true to me for a little while. I shall never love any one but you." "My heart is broken," said Fanny, believing it sincerely. "But I shall be true to you all my life."

Immediately he kissed her. He never forgot how hard it was to take his lips from her's; and their arms encircled each other. And it was really a wonder that the two young lovers did not die then and there. Old Tibbetts roared at his son for making him partner in the prosperous firm of Tibbetts & Co., forthwith, while Matilda Partridge harried Fanny away to the north of France.

Horatio did not forget easily. It had been the cherished plan of his to marry Fanny. He had a mind that was prone to dwell upon detail. All his fancies about the future had been perfectly finished pictures. It was hard to believe that the little round tea-table would never be set with painted china; that Fanny, as Mrs. Tibbetts, would not sit beside him in the third pew from the front on Sunday mornings; that he would not go with her to choose the color of the drawing-room furniture; and they would never have their portraits painted to hang on each side of the parlor mantle-piece.

Fanny was his practical or general idea; that they might have walked together for years in the moon-light was, perhaps, strongest with her. But had been the most perfect hero of romance she could not have placed him on a higher pedestal. The match certainly would have been a happy one had fate willed it to be a match at all. They loved each other too well to seek comfort in new lovers.

against her heart under her dress. Now hope crept into her soul; and when a few years after a good-looking widower offered his hand, with a genuine love in the bargain, she refused without hesitation. Forget! never! He had not forgotten. But more years passed, ten of them at least, and the memory of the old family feud still dwelt in the bosom of the old people. At last, at the age of eighty, Mrs. Partridge died; and Fanny, all alone in what had always remained a strange land, felt miserably desolate. Youth had departed—friends were few. It had been her mother's wish to remain in France; now her heart dictated a return home. The first morning paper she opened there told her of the death of Mr. Tibbetts, aged 93 years.

The paper dropped from Fanny's hand, and she sat quite motionless for more than twenty minutes. Then she began to cry very softly, and took the ring from her pocket and looked at it. "Dinna forget," she sobbed. "I am sure he has not forgotten."

And she began to wonder what he looked like now. He must have altered. Perhaps he was portly, like his father. Well, she was rather stout herself. One could not be a slender youth forever; and he had probably streaked of gray in his dark hair. Nothing could change his eyes, however. Or, if he was altogether altered, she would love him still. Why not since it was heart that loved, and not the flesh and blood?

And she so managed that the news should reach him in a few days' time that she was there. He had heard it, as she had meant he should. He had been all alone and very lonely. He had been an obedient son and an affectionate one, and had loved the tasty old man dearly. But now he thought it would harm no one if he should try to realize his youthful dreams.

He signed and looked out of the window; walked to the fire-places and stood there, unreluctantly, brightened up and began to make one of his old fancy pictures of Fanny at the other side of the fire. "She'll be older, of course," he said. "Thin—perhaps fragile and worn; pale, too. No matter; it's Fanny, and she'll be beautiful to me."

And he wrote her a letter on the spot, in which, however, he only told her he was coming to see her. An elderly lady was walking in a green lane near Honey, with two children, and a poodle which was her own. The children her husband's. She was a very stout lady, with four ovals and a red face, and no waist whatever.

As she walked, there came up the lane a weary old gentleman, with a large green umbrella under his arm, his nose and chin wet. His head was as smooth as an egg, except just at the nape of the neck, where six hairs still clung. His ears stood out on each side of his face, large, yellow, and with frosty blue eyes, and a wart on his forehead. Just the kind of an old man the stout lady had.

"A frizzly old creature," he thought; and just then poodle and children, all tied together with blue ribbon, tangled themselves about his legs and nearly overset him. "Come here, my dears; don't run against the gentleman in that way," said the fat lady in a faint voice. "People should teach their grandchildren and their dogs better manners," said the old gentleman, testily.

"My grandchildren" panted the old lady; "what impudence! I beg you'll not kick that dog, sir. Cruelty to animals is forbidden by law, thank heaven!"

the old gentleman, looking eagerly around for Miss Partridge, and never thinking of the stout lady. "Here, ma'am," said the landlord, presenting the card to that individual. "That, sir, is Miss Partridge." The name upon the card was "Horatio Tibbetts." That hideous little old man, like a weasel, with green cotton umbrell, and no hair, Horatio!

That overgrown woman, like a lobster, Fanny? Neither would believe it; but it was true—as true as age is, and time, and change, and all the rest of it. They sat on the horse hair sofa, in the parlor, and tried to talk, and as they did so, they discovered that Fanny and Horatio who loved each other were both dead—as if the soil were over their poor hearts!

Had they married years before, probably they would have been still dear to each other, still pleasant to look upon in their affection, but meeting as strangers they repulsed each other. "If he should presume on our old affection!" thought Fanny, "such a very disagreeable old man!"

"If she should expect me to remember the past, this dreadful mountain of flesh!" thought Horatio, and then he told her he was glad to see her looking so well and hoped they would be neighbors. She thought that unlikely; the place did not agree with her.

Each dodged the past, not guessing how glad the other was to dodge it also, and they parted forever, politely hoping to meet very soon. That night two pillows were wet with tears. Fanny wept for the youthful lover of whose death she seemed to have heard that day, and Horatio for a lost Fanny, now only in memory. But there was no thought of any present liking or any living up of the old days. They did not even wish to meet again.

There was a certain horror in that meeting not to be forgotten. They never met more; but when Fanny died, years after, the ring with its motto of "Dinna forget"—the ring which no power could have placed over her fat finger—hung by its ribbon over her heart, and Horatio had buried with him a lock of hair severed from Fanny's head in the long ago, when it was golden.

Each heart was young and true; but forty years of comfortable, well-to-do life had been very cruel to their bodies—to their voices—to their manners. "Do you suppose that somewhere beyond the stars they have met and are lovers again? I hope so; for in their own way they suffered greatly here for no fault of their own."

There will Never Die.—The stars will grow dim, the sun will pale his glory, but truth will be ever young. Integrity, uprightness, honesty, love, goodness, they are all imperishable. No grave can ever entomb these immortal principles. They have been in prison, but they have been crushed them in their hearts have been burned at the stake, but out of their ashes other witnesses have arisen. No sea can drown, no storm can wreck, no abyss can swallow up the everlasting truth. You cannot kill goodness, and integrity, and righteousness. The way that is consistent with these must be a way everlasting.

State Superintendent Higbee, in a recent speech before a Sunday school convention, had the courage to use the following language: "Many teachers in our public schools are unfit to teach children. They are lacking in character. The directors should see to it that no such persons are employed. The teacher should be good, honest, upright, and should possess brains sufficient to teach what he knows. As between character and brains, I would prefer character."

Making Butter. A man who resides in the suburbs of Oil City recently purchased some oleomargarine. He didn't know it, until after he had eaten it. That made him mad. Of course it did. People don't like to eat butter and then find out that it was oleomargarine.

Well, he swore that he would be deceived no more—no more, no never. He would make his own butter. He would make his own butter. He bought a cow. He milked the cow. That is to say, his wife did, but as man and wife are as one, in reality he milked the cow.

In time cream rose on the milk. On Saturday evening, as the man was starting out to spend the evening, the wife remarked: "You must come home early, so as to get up early in the morning and churn, before going to church." He said he would.

He came home early—in the morning. About two o'clock. His wife remarked distinctly: "Now, sir, I want you to prepare—" "Two pairs—his—no good." That was sufficient.

He retired, without the formality of removing his boots. She was mad. He was sleepy. Being mad she churned the butter and put it away, leaving the butter milk in the churn.

Being sleepy he did not notice her. Before leaving for church she wiped the outside of the churn, concealed the butter and left the butter milk in the churn. He said: "D—d—d—after church." It was a double churn. He feared his wife as all good men do, and commenced churning. He commenced at 9 o'clock. At 9:30 he looked to see if it was "coming."

It did not appear to be. At 10:30 he looked again. Result of inspection not encouraging. At 11:40, perspiring freely, he happened to think of the bottle of brandy kept in the house for medicinal purposes.

The butter was not "coming"—neither was his wife. But the brandy was forthcoming. He drank heavily. At 11:15 he stopped again and made another examination. Result such as to warrant another drink. He was getting mad.

At 12:15 he took a lunch and continued churning. At 1:10 he looked to see if his wife was coming. She was not—nor was the butter. At 2:30 he could stand it no longer.

Tunisian Proverbs. "The foot goes where the heart leads." "Be a lion and eat me; but do not be a wolf to justify me." "If the ass is invited to the wedding it's only that he may carry the wood."

"Work for thy character until it be renowned, then it will work for thee." "Each kind is good for its own kind." "He has no head to eat, and he is looking for a wife"—guides! He not ambitious when your means are limited.

"The woman to whom fortune does not come says that her husband is bewitched." "It is the error himself who has lost his way"—is used in speaking of those who cannot differ themselves what they can do for others.

"What the grasshoppers have left the little birds have eaten"—means that misfortunes never come singly. "He went to the sea and I found it dry"—means that a cowardly man will always fall in his undertakings.

"His fortune has turned into nails and straws"—refers to a professed success. "Eat the fruit of the paternal garden, and yet insidiously his ancestors"—refers to ingratitude.

"One horseman does not make the harness." This signifies that the work of one man cannot produce very great results. "A well-mended shoe is better than a neglected hand"—means that a woman is sometimes worth more than a man.

"What needest thou, insignificant one—only a diamond ring," signifies that if you are rich fools will make much of you. "He cannot pay his barber for his beard, and he wants witnesses for the economy of his marriage"—refers to a man who, after having been once ruined, tries to reconnoitre business on a large scale.

"He is looking for his hand and it is hanging upon his shoulders"—refers to a man with the habit of falling into a brown study. "He wanted to kiss his wife, and he put her eyes out"—means that evil is more often accomplished than good with the best intentions.

A Nasty Old Cow. They were a party of four complexion coming over on the steamboat Nereids, to San Francisco, and the prettiest girl of the gashers looked up at Mount Tamalpais and said: "Oh, that horrid, horrid mountain! I had the most frightful ailment upon these last summer you ever heard of. I'm wonder my hair didn't turn white."

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