

Advertising Rates.
A column one year, \$60.00
Half column one year, 30.00
Fourth column one year, 15.00
Per square (10 lines) 1 insertion, 75
Every additional insertion, 50
Professional and Business cards of not more than 5 lines, per year, 5.00
Editor, Executor, Administrator and Assignee Notices, 2.50
Funeral notices per line, 15
All transient advertising less than one month 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 a person ordering them will be held responsible for the money.

Poetry.
WAITING.

All the slow weeks never go
ark! the curfew ringeth low:
to twilight soft and gray
lets at last the weary day:
see again the night is here,
or you thinking of me, Dear?
All day long my heart has heard
one softly whispered word:
all day long your name has come
to me through the busy hum;
everywhere in hall and street,
you have tarried with me. Sweet.
In the faces of the crowd,
at the cries that echo loud,
throughout the hurrying throng,
amid the strife of tongues,
nothing have I heard or seen
save your voice, your face, my Queen.
Your women come and go,
their voices whisper low,
their eyes grow dim or bright,
but veil their changeable light;
but I stand apart, alone,
falling still for you, my own.
That which waiting. Do you feel,
ardent, as the slow days steal
lent, one by one away,
low my heart must yearn and pray,
or the touch of lips and hand?
Or do you understand?
In the daily strife and stress,
to you see the foes that press
close and hard within, without?
In the dread and all the doubt,
all the fears that clasp and cling,
in the bitter questioning?
Not, though with no clash of swords,
other all those phantom hordes;
at my soul, as falls the night,
seems to lose her wonted might,
rinks before the dusky crew,
rings and longs and yearns for you.
Not I always watch and wait,
lited, finished, at your gate?
All you not to brave and come
the pleading lips be dumb?
In the within the weary eyes
pe's last glimmer fades and dies?
O dear heart, be strong, be true!
a kingdom waits for you!
gh above all stain or sear
ats Love's banner, shines Love's
faith.
ter on your reign serene!
mel my own! my love! my queen!
-BARTON GREY.

Caldwell at Springfield.
The reckless advance-of that
ruggling retreat!
the ghost of that wife, foully
ain, in your view-
what could you-what should
ou, what would you do?
Just what he did! They were
ant in the lurch.
ant of more wadding. He ran
the church,
the door, stripped the paws,
and dashed out in the road
his arms full of hymn-books, and
drew down his lead
er feet! Then above all the
outing and shots,
his voice; "Put Watts into 'em,
ys; give 'em Watts."
they did. That is all. Grasses
ring, flowers blow
much as they did ninety-three
are ago;
my did anywhere and you'll turn
a ball.
I always here like this-and
at's all.
-SMITH HART.

Select Tale.

The Tragedy of the Cliff

We were camped on a spur of the Rocky Mountains, near the brink of an awful precipice. Sitting in a row, on a fallen pine, were Charley Andrews, who was a Yankee, tall and young, myself, and a dark-faced stranger. On a flat rock on the opposite side of the camp-fire, but in such a position that the smoke did not obscure his view of the company, sat Abraham Lewis, a stout old trapper.

A Remarkable Soldier.

Edgar Thompson's Visitor.

In 1847, when J. Edgar Thompson was chief Engineer of the Pennsylvania Railroad, he was talking one day with Dr. Given, former Collector of Taxes at Columbia, and asked him if he could recommend to him a man to act as station agent at Dan-camsville, on the Allegheny mountains, then the western terminus of the road. The station agent was to have charge of the transfer of passengers and freight between the cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and those of the State road.

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A Remarkable Soldier.

Tom Kelley, a private in the Second Michigan infantry, was a remarkable man. He had a long full hand longer than any man who could be found. He had no more backbone than a snake, and could almost tie himself in a knot. He could tell the date on a silver quarter held up twenty feet away, and he could hear every word of a conversation in a common tone of voice across an ordinary street. He could run a half mile as fast as any horse could gallop, and there was a standing offer of \$10 to any man who could hold him down. On a hot of a box of sardines he once passed six sentinels within an hour. On another occasion he entered the colonel's tent, and brought away that officer's boots.

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THE POST.
Published every Thursday Evening
JEREMIAH CROUSE, Proprietor
Terms of Subscription,
Two Dollars per Annual, Payable in Advance.

Cuticura
THE GREAT SKIN CURE.
Relieving and Scaly Diseases, Remedies of the Scalp and Skin Permanently Cured.

RECOVERY.
J. W. Brown, of Bradford, Pa., writes:
I was cured by Cuticura of a severe case of skin disease, which had been treated by a consultation of physicians without benefit, and which finally threatened the loss of my eyesight.

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