

# The Post.

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

## Poetry.

### Sound Advice.

"You wish to be a lawyer, John—well, I'd not say a word unless I felt quite certain that your longings are absurd; I don't wish to discourage you, but when I can't consent to board you—as I'd have to do, and pay your office rent.

"You've got a set of lusty limbs and ordinary head. And you are meant by common toil to earn your daily bread; But thriving farm and pleasant home where man and wife agree Beats any one-horse lawyer's office as far as you can see.

"If you'd been born with talent, John, you'd long since have shown That you had gifts, by stealing off to study books alone;

Now, if you ever read a book, I really don't know when, Though come to think, I believe you do sling a somewhat legal pen.

"Be wise my boy, the legal ranks are more than crowded now, And half of those who starve therein were cut out for the plow. But they mistook pure laziness for talent, understand, And help to fill a big supply where there was no demand.

"Are they educated? Yes, but here let me explain, That seed that's sown in shabby soil brings forth but little grain; And this higher education to an ordinary mind Is like a pair of big gold spees upon a man that's blind.

"There is no prouder place than 'twixt the handles of a plow; (Though stumpy land has humbled me at times, I must allow), And as for human greatness, I should think I had my share, If I could take the prize for cows at our next county fair.

"Just emulate your sire, my son, and just as sure as fate You'll live to be respected, though perhaps you won't be great; But enter law, and five short years will clean you out so bad You'll have no recollection of the last square moad you had."

### Rowing Against the Tide.

It is easy to glide with the ripples Adown the stream of time, To flow with the course of the river, Like music to some old rhyme; But ah! it takes courage and patience Against its current to ride, And we must have strength from heaven, When rowing against the tide.

We may float on the river's surface While our oars scarce touch the stream, And visions of early glory On our dazzling sight may gleam; We forget that on before us The dashing torrents roar, And while we are idly dreaming, Its waters will carry us o'er.

But a few—ah, would there were many, Row up the "stream of life," They struggle against its surges, And mind neither toll nor strife. Though weary and faint with labor, Singing, triumphant, they ride, For Christ is the hero's Captain When rowing against the tide.

For on through the hazy distance, Like a mist on a distant shore, They see the walls of a city, With its banners floating o'er, Seen through a glass so darkly They almost mistake their way, But faith throws light on their labor, When darkness shuts out their day.

And shall we be one of that number Who mind no toll or pain? Shall we mourn the loss of earthly joys When we have a crown to gain? Or shall we glide on with the river, With death at the end of our ride, While our brother, with heaven before him, Is rowing against the tide?

"Pa, what is the difference between civilization and barbarism?" "Civilization, my son, is blowing your enemy to pieces with a bomb-shell at a range of four miles. Barbarism is knocking his brains out at arm's length with a brutal club.

Our exchanges often allude to Pittsburgh's "glass men" and "iron men" holding meetings. An iron man must be a "solid" citizen, but we shouldn't think a glass man would succeed in business. He'd "break" too easily.

The average woman is composed of 243 bones 169 muscles, 22 old newspapers and 210 hair-plugs.

Birds are melancholy in the morning—because their little bills are all overcast.

## Select Tale.

### A DETECTIVE'S STRATEGY.

I had of late frequently heard extolled the beauty of a woman bearing the name of Lola, who was a singer of ballads at a variety theatre. Happening to pass the theatre one evening I dropped in just prior to the moment of her appearance. Truly her beauty had not been spoken of in terms of exaggeration. She was, indeed, very beautiful.

At the conclusion of her song a large bouquet was flung on the stage. It came from a private box, in which was seated an elderly man, whose dress and appearance betokened his wealth. She recalled an old song again, and I saw her smile an acknowledgment toward the box.

A fancy struck me to see what Lola looked like when off the stage, and I made my way to the stage entrance. I noticed a carriage drawn up near by and it struck me that it belonged to the gentleman in the box. I found the stage entrance guarded by a doorman. I was, however, well acquainted with him, and he permitted me to enter and I posted myself in a position where she must pass near me in going out. I had not been there long when I heard footsteps slowly drawing near, and voices in low conversation.

"Well, what do you say, Harry?" "You say he has proposed." "Yes." "He is rich? There isn't any doubt about it?" "No." "Then—," he paused sulkily.— "I hate to give you up, Lola, even for a week. But I suppose you'd best marry him, though. They say he's got the heart-disease—and you'll be a rich young widow before a great while." "And then it will be plain sailing for us," said the woman. "I'll tell him 'yes,' then." "And with a parting kiss he hung back allowing Lola to pass out along where she was met by James Bristol, a wealthy retired dry-goods merchant.

Instantly I comprehended the situation. Bristol had become enamored of Lola and wished to marry her, having no suspicion of her true character, or that this man, Harry Evans, was her lover.

I saw her enter his carriage to be driven to her home.

Thinking it all over that evening in the privacy of my room, I wondered whether I'd better attempt to enlighten Bristol.

"Ash! I'd be a fool to try it," I at last decided. "She'll swear it wasn't so, and the old fool would believe her in preference to me."

I thought no more of the matter until one day several weeks later, when I saw their marriage announced in the papers. They had been married the day following the conclusion of her engagement.

These circumstances, with the lapse of time, had nearly been obliterated from my memory, when they were recalled one day, about a year later, by seeing a notice of the death of James Bristol.

He had died of "heart-disease," the announcement stated.

It would be impossible for me to say why I so far interested myself in the matter as to take the trouble to ascertain the precise circumstances of his death.—I had a vague desire to know—that was all the incentive I ever knew.

I learned that Bristol had bought an elegant house and grounds on the boulevard, near Fort Washington. He had been found dead in a small summer-house on the grounds by the coachman—stricken down with heart-disease.

Wandering about the grounds, I finally approached the stables and struck up a conversation with the coachman.

"I fancy she didn't love him any too well," said the loquacious fellow. "He worshipped her though. There's a younger and better-looking man who comes sometimes that she likes a heap better."

Instantly my thoughts reverted to her old lover, the variety actor—Harry Evans.

"Oh well," carelessly said, "that's not anything. There's many a woman who thinks more of another man than her husband. But it doesn't follow that there's anything wrong."

"No," he answered, and then winked knowingly, as much as to say, "But in this case it's different."

"Did you ever see anything out of way?" "Not myself. But you must know that the cook and her agoin' to be married, and she can be kind of free you know, in telling me what goes on in the house (and she says she's seen the same fellow about the house when he shouldn't been; that's all."

Now, all this amounted to nothing. Had I not overheard that short conversation in the theatre, I should not have given this idle gossip a second thought. But the trifling matter of overhearing that short discussion was destined to be the important circumstances on which weighty matters were to hinge.

I determined to obtain a look at the body of Mr. Bristol, and finding out who his undertaker was, I gained admission with him to the house. And I made a discovery.

Less than a week after the burial of Mr. Bristol, I saw an advertisement in the paper for a man as coachman, and his wife as cook, inserted by the young widow.

Ha! I can understand this. She wishes to get rid of her old servants and take new ones, who have no idea what has occurred.

Ten minutes later I was at my house, in deep discussion with our cook, Kate, an intelligent Irish girl.

Dressed up in her best, and I attired in a very loud suit, we presented ourselves at the residence of Mrs. Bristol. As we entered her presence, I thought:

"There's no great sorrow in her face, anyhow."

She had an album in her lap looking over some pictures.

"Ha!" she said, glancing up; "you've come in answer to the advertisement?" "If you please ma'am," I answered, and stooping I pretended to pick up from the floor a man's glove, which I extended to her as I said: "Maybe as how you know the owner. Faith, but it's stained with something—blood is't it?"

She snatched the glove quickly from my hand, glanced at it, and then recovering her composure, tossed it carelessly on the table beside her. But I saw she never took her eyes from it or gave me a chance to carry it away again.

She questioned Katy and myself at some length. I made myself appear exceedingly stupid, and Katy did the same. She evidently wanted around her people who were not too bright, and this being the best of recommendations we were engaged.

I found that the cook and coachman were already gone and Katy settled down in the kitchen and I assumed my position in the stables at once. When my work was finished for the day I sat with in the kitchen pretending to read, but in reality with my ears wide open to hear what transpired about me.

The door bell rang. Coming into the kitchen afterwards the waiting maid said it was madam's cousin.

"Her lover," I thought but said nothing.

I began to furtively eye the girl. It would be next to impossible to take up the espionage I proposed without her being aware of it; and yet I hardly liked to take her into my confidence. Happily she loved the problem for the present by declaring herself very tired.

"If you will go to the door in case anybody rings, I'll go to bed," she said to Katy, who glancing at me, and correctly interpreting my look, answered in the affirmative. Once she was fairly out of the way, I took off my shoes and softly went up stairs. They—Lola and her cousin—were in the sitting-room where I had seen her. I managed to get near enough to hear what was said, even though they conversed in very low tones.

"You've got your new help?" "Yes." "Have you done well?" "Splendidly, I think," she replied. "They are both as dumb as can be, though they understand their work, and wouldn't tumble if a house fell on them."

"By the way, I have lost one of my gloves. Have you seen it?" "Yes, here it is."

I peeped through the crack of the partially open door and saw him take it eagerly, and a look of relief crossed his face.

"I didn't know what had become of it. Little things like the losing of this glove, might do us much damage. Hallo here's a spot on it! Blood! I didn't think he spilled a drop. There was none seen on him!" he said anxiously.

"No," she answered. By the way Harry, did you get that new crochet needle?" "No, but I'll do so to-morrow. Where's the handle?" "In the workbox in my room." I waited for no more.

My espionage was of shorter duration than I had reason to expect. Leaving the house I hurried to the nearest telegraph office and sent a dispatch to headquarters.

In an hour four officers were at my side. I admitted them to the house and led the way to the sitting-room.

They did not hear us, and were talking in the most loving strain.

I fairly chilled my blood to think that it was possible for them to talk so, when the man they had murdered was hardly cold in his grave. We heard them kiss each other, and when we entered the room so loudly, she was sitting beside him, his arm about her waist. They started up at our entrance and both turned pale.

"John," said Mrs. Bristol, angrily, speaking to me. "What does this mean?" "Simply explain that you and this man here are prisoners."

"How? What for?" she said in faltering tones.

"For murdering your husband!" I sternly said. "For murdering the kind old man who rescued you from a life of misery and shame, and made you his wife, unwantily as you were."

With a shriek she fell back on the sofa, and lay there quivering and moaning.

Harry Evans at first laughed scornfully and seemed disposed to leave it out; but as he heard my calmly spoken words, and realized that I spoke only what I knew to be the truth, a change took place in him. He never thought of the woman now; he only thought of himself—how he could escape the penalty of his awful crime.

I saw him glance about him, and toward the open window, and I uttered a few words to my companions.

They started towards him.

His face took on a desperate look; he snatched out his revolver, and fired two shots point blank at the officers, Evans had fallen awkwardly, and lay sprawling on the ground. One of the officers lighted squarely on him, driving the breath from his body, and placing him hors du combat. With the handcuffs on him they marched him to the use through the front door, and into the sitting-room again, where one of the two other officers was engaged in staunching the flow of blood where one of Evans' bullets had entered his companion's shoulder.

"Don't give yourself away!" said Evans to the guilty woman. "They can't prove nothing against us."

"Can't they?" I remarked.

"Well, we'll see."

The body of Mr. Bristol was exhumed, and a coroner's jury empanelled. And there, while the guilty pair stood by, I sprang the mine, and unravelled the history of their guilty crime.

"Harry Evans was at your house, Mrs. Bristol, the day of your husband's death. You surreptitiously administered a small quantity of opium to your husband. He complained of feeling sleepy soon after, and you suggested fresh air. He sat in the summer house and there fell asleep.

Here I held up a handle of a crochet needle, made of gold, and bearing the words: "Lola; from your husband."

"Gentleman, you observe that the needle has been broken. See if you can find it in Mr. Bristol's head."

Instantly the defiant manner of Evans vanished. He saw that the game was up.

With a pair of pincers the missing piece of the crochet needle was drawn from the old man's head. The present—the token of love he had given her—had been made the

instrument of his death. Most persons know that the skull is not one solid bone, but is divided in three parts. A pin, properly directed through the place of juncture, penetrating the brain, will cause instant death.

While Mr. Bristol was sleeping heavily in the summer-house, Evans had plunged the needle into his brain, and then broke it off. The fracture at the point of breaking was peculiar; there could be no doubt that needle and handle belonged to each other.

Besides, there was his glove. I had found it—not when I handed it to the woman—but several days before, in the summer-house. At the moment of puncturing the brain a single drop of blood had spurted upon it.

The glove was proven to be his very easily. It was a brand I sold by A. T. Stewart & Co., and the salesman remembered selling this pair to Evans.

The evidence could not be gainsayed, and they were committed to answer the charge of murder, although before the day of trial they cheated justice by poisoning themselves.

Thus you see how it is verified that a small thing sometimes brings great results.

On hearing the conversation that night in the theatre, and employment of a little strategy—first in gaining entrance with the undertaker, when the mere accident of touching the head of the dead man and picking my finger, gave me the clue afterward in gaining admission to the house in the character of a coachman, led as you will see, to the discovery of a most hideous crime.

**Manuscripts on which the Revision of the Bible is Based.**

In a sermon on the revision of the Bible Rev. Dr. Ryland, of St. Mark's church, New York city, made the following interesting statement respecting the existing early manuscripts of the New Testament. The learned doctor speaks also approvingly of the new version, remarking that the revision was necessary in order that the common people as well as the learned might understand exactly on what ground they stood. Hitherto it has been thought that every word of the English version of the Bible was inspired; this belief is passing away as people become educated and know that no work of a translator can be absolutely perfect. The autographs of the Apostles have long since faded and disappeared. All we have to depend upon for our translations are copies, ancient versions, translations, and the quotations made by the fathers of the church. The manuscripts of the New Testament are of two kinds—the ancient, the oldest class of manuscripts, written in capitals and without punctuation, and the "revised" manuscripts, so called from their being written in a running hand that began to be used in the tenth century. Those of the old class were written between the fourth and tenth centuries, the others after the tenth century.

Of the old there are 130 in existence, of the new about 1,500. The very old and very valuable manuscripts are only five. Of these the Alexandrian Codex was originally discovered at Alexandria, and was sent to King Charles I. in 1628. It is now in the British Museum. Nothing is known of the origin of this, but it is usually assigned to the middle of the fifth century. It is much mutilated, twenty-four chapters of the first Gospel, two of the fourth, and eight of one of the Epistles being missing. The next is the Vatican manuscript, supposed to have been written in the fourth century. A copy of this was never made till 1868, when a facsimile was issued. The condition of this is much more perfect. The third manuscript is that in the National library at Paris, whether it was brought by Catharine de' Medici. This had been overwritten—that is parchment had been used for other writings; but, spite of that, the original had been deciphered. It is assigned to the early part of the fifth century. The fourth manuscript is that now at Cambridge. This is the least valuable, as it is much mutilated. It belongs to the sixth century. The manuscript found in 1844 in the

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