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The Post.

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Poetry.

Song of the Brakeman.

Oh, listen to the brakeman; through all the livelong day, As the rattle of the wheels bears the whirling train away: How cheerily he bangs the door when anybody leaves, How cheerfully into the ditch the lazy tramp he heaves; And when you reach the station in at the door he leans, "Lone Star!" is what he seems to scream, but "Logansport" he means. The burning cinder in your eye awakes you from your nap, And "Cedar Rapids" must be nigh; you hear him shout, Ce-rah-p! His merry shout flows on and on, and near the break of day You slow into "Batavia," and hear him shriek "B-tay!" And when at noon he hollers "K'loo!" you think its some place new, But when you reach the station its only Kalamazoo. Oh, the wasted English language that he slays without a sigh! Oh, the stations where you want to stop, but where you're carried by! "Dah!" he calls at "Oneida," and when they hear his shout The passengers for "Buda" in haste go scrambling out, And then to the conductor, in accents plain and clear, From his station at the steps he shouts distinctly, "All right here!" —Burlington Hawkeye.

The Cash Subscriber.

A cash subscriber (may his tribe increase!) Awoke one night from deep dream of peace, And saw, within the moonlight of his room, An angel writing in a book of gold. Exceeding peace made the subscriber bold, And to the presence in the room he said, "What writ'st thou?" The vision raised its head, And with a look made of all sweet accord, Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord." "And is mine one?" The angel said, "Not so." The cash subscriber, speaking then more low, But cheerily still, replied, "I pray you then, Write me as one who pays the printer men." The angel wrote and vanished. The next night It came again with a great awakening light, And showed the names whom love of God had blessed, And lo! the subscriber's name led all the rest.

An Emphatic Lesson.

It was a lesson which a poor laboring man gave to a gentleman for whom he sometimes worked. John had an unfortunate appetite—some called it—strong drink; and though he never drank to intoxication, yet he spent much money on spirits which ought to have been expended for the comfort of his family. One day, while John was at work the parsonage, the parson took occasion to chide him for his habit of taking; and he did it rather diabolically. Said he: "You ought to know better, John, knowing better, you ought to do better. I am ashamed of you, or none is fairly blossomed with tiddy you have drank." Indeed, sir,—and do you never ask yourself?" retorted John, considerably nettled. And if I do, what is that to you? ask at your condition, as compared with mine. And, further, I do not see a sort of myself." Heaven forbid that I should ever drink it. But, your reverence, you tell me how it was that the Jews of Jerusalem were kept so all the time?" The minister was obliged to confess his ignorance. "Well, sir," said John, with a curl of the lips, and a suggestion, "it was simply because or none kept his own door way." And thus ended the lesson. His baby is very ill, Charlie; I'm afraid he will die." "Well, if he won't go to the bad place," Charlie, how can you know?" "Oh, I know he can't manage to get no teeth to gush."

The Farmer's Hired Man.

"I'm kinder lookin' around the market for a hired man," he exclaimed as he stopped at one of the stands and nibbled at an onion. "I kinder need one, but yet I kinder hope I shan't be able to find him." "How's that?" "Well, there ain't no profit in a hired man no more. No, sir, he's no good any longer." "What's the reason?" "Oh a dozen reasons. First and foremost, times have changed, and the hired man has changed with 'em. Ah! sir, it makes me sad when I think of the hired men we had before the war—great big fellows, with the strength of an ox and the vim of a locomotive. I didn't have to holler my lungs out to get one of 'em out of bed at 3 o'clock in the morning, and it was all I could do to coax 'em to go to bed at 10 o'clock at night. I'm afraid that we shan't never see no more hired men with keepers' around their board." "That's sad." "It's sad, and more, too. Now, as I said, I want a hired man. I'm willing to pay \$11 or \$12 a month for a smart one. Some farmers want a man to work all day and all night, but that ain't me. I never asked one to get out of bed before 3 o'clock—never. I allus give my man three-quarters of an hour at noon, unless the hogs get out, or cattle break in, or a shower is coming up. After a man has worked right along for nine hours his system wants at least half an hour to brace up in. They don't quit work on some farms till 8 o'clock, but I'm no such slave driver. At half-past seven I tell my man to knock off. All he has to do after that is to feel the stick, eat a little wood, mow some grass for the horses, milk four cows, fill up the watering trough, start a smudge in the smoke house, and pull a few weeds in the garden. I never had a hired man who didn't grow fat on my work and they all left me feeling that they hadn't half their wages." He stopped long enough to wipe a tear from his eye, and then went on: "And now look at the hired man of to-day! He wears white shirts and collars. He won't eat with a knife. He wants napkins when he eats, and if we don't hang up a clean towel once a week he wipes on his handkerchief. Call him at 3 he gets up at 6. He wants a whole hour at noon, and after supper he trots off to singing school or sits down to a newspaper. Fifteen years ago if a man was sick for half a day I could dock him. If he died I could take out a month's wages for the trouble. He was glad to get store orders for his pay, and he would wash in the rain barrel and wipe on the clothes line. There's been a change, sir—an awful change, and if a reaction don't set in pretty soon you will witness the downfall of agriculture in this country." "Then you won't hire another?" "Well, I can't just say. Work is powerfully pressing; but I'm going slow. Before I hire him I want to know whether he's a man who'll pass his plate for more meat and taters, and whether we've got to use starch in doing up his shirts. The last man I had took me to task for not holding family prayers twice a day, and after I had done so for three months I found it was only a game of his to beat me out of half an hour a day. He thought he had a pretty soft thing, and he looked mighty lonesome when I cut Old Hundred down to two lines and got through with the Lord's Prayer in forty seconds."

Lessons in Love Making.

Don't love too much at once, Don't do your spooning in public. Give your little brother taffy and get him to bed before your chaps comes. Recollect that a wedding ring on your finger is worth a good many of them in your mind. Try to find out by some means whether your intended knows how to get a decent living for two. Be reasonable; don't expect a man working for eight dollars a week to furnish you with a reserve seat at the opera every other night. Don't be afraid to show the man of your choice that you love him—provided, of course, he loves you.

Love is a double-sided sort of concern, and both have a part to play.

Don't try to bring too many suitors to your feet. They have feet as well as you have, and you may see a pair of feet walking off from you some day that you would be very glad to call back. Keep your temper, if you expect your other-half-in-law to keep his. If he doesn't suit you give him a ticket-of-leave. If he does suit you don't expect him to put up with your humors. Deal carefully with bashful lovers; lead them gradually to the point—of proposal of course—but don't let them suspect what you are at, or they might faint or get crazy on the spot. It is said lover's quarrels always end with kisses. This is partly true; but if you are not careful these little spats you in large in may end in the kisses you expect being given to some other girl. If it is possible, try to suit your sisters, cousins, aunts, grandfathers, neighbors, and friends, and acquaintances when you fall in love. If you can't suit them all, don't worry, it has never been done yet. If you use powder, don't give yourself away. For instance, if you were well to spread a handkerchief over his shoulder before you lean thereon. He will be too green, depend on it, to suspect the reason. If his monstache looks a little powdery there are several ways in which it could be brushed off. Don't imagine that a husband can live as a lover—on kisses and in moon light. He will come to his meals as hungry as a bear, and any knowledge of cookery you can pick up during courtship is about the best provision you can make for future happiness.

Fair Play out West.

They gave a man a chance out West. In Deadwood, Custer, or any of those new Western towns the spirit of fair play crops to the surface even in judicial proceedings. In March last a Michigan man who keeps an eating-house at Gunnison, was over-particular about taking a counterfeit half dollar, and in the row which resulted he was considerably battered. He therefore called upon the Justice of the Peace and stated his case and asked for a warrant. "I guess I wouldn't make a fuss over it," replied the official. "But he meant to kill me." "Yes, I presume so, but he'll leave town and that will end it." "But he's a dangerous man." "Yes, they say so, but no one is afraid of him." "Judge, do you know what he said about you when I told him I'd have him arrested?" "No." "Well, he said you were a blamed grasshopper eater." "Yes, but he didn't mean it." "And he called you a reptile." "Well, he was mad, I suppose." "Yes, and he was mad when he said you didn't know enough to write your own name, and therefore couldn't issue a warrant?" "Did he say that?" "He did." "Then I'll issue on him like a ten ton avalanche on a yaller mole! The man who speaks at my larnia must have a contempt for the judiciary." The warrant was issued, the party arrested and tried, and the verdict of the court was: "Gunnison William, the verdict of the court is that you are guilty, and the sentence is a fine of \$35 in cash. This court can't get over the fact that you vilified its mental calibre, it is also aware of the fact that you haven't got a red to pay your fine with. Now, then, if you will meet this court I ask of this building on the level, it will either get away with you in six and a half minutes or remit the fine, I want to prove it to the citizens of Gunnison that in electing me to the judiciary they have cast their votes for a man who can spit on his hand in six different languages and get away with a hog pen full of roughs without having an ear scratched. Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say?" The prisoner decided to go to jail.

This country has 271,144 professional teachers.

Thompson's Failure.

Farwell Thompson was the first prisoner to answer to the call of the bell. He had his coat and vest on his arm, and he at once proceeded to observe. "Say, Judge, I want to see the man who calls that den in there a cooler! Cooler! Why, sir, it is hotter than six old-fashioned Dutch ovens rolled into one! I believe I have lost ten pounds of flesh since dark last night, and I never slept a wink until after daylight." "You shouldn't have got there," was the reply. "Was I to blame?" "I presume so. You are down on the records as being dead drunk. You couldn't have reached that condition without knowing all about it." "Judge, I want to explain. I am an experimentalist." "Yes." "I set out yesterday morning to experiment on the human system. It was a red-hot day, and I wanted to see what particular drink would soonest cool the blood. I first took plain whiskey. Thousands of men drink whiskey in winter to keep warm, and in summer to keep cool. It's an infernal snide. In ten minutes after taking whiskey, twelve degrees had been added to the heat of my system. I then tried brandy, gin, lager, wine, and Tom and Jerry, but none of them had a cooling effect. While the thermometer stood at 90 degrees in the shade, I stood 125, and about dark I succumbed. Judge, don't you drink spirits on a hot day?" "Was that the end of your experiments?" "Yes, for that day. I was intending to start out to-day and try lemonade, ginger ale, so-la water, root beer, pop, half and half and Congress water, and on the next day I would be able to give to the world the benefit of my experience." "I sometimes try little experiments here," remarked his Honor, as he gazed thoughtfully at the water-cooler. "I'd like to see what effect thirty days in the workhouse would have on your system." "I believe it would kill me, sir. Fact is, all physicians have warned me to keep out in the open air." "Well, I'm going to put you there, and I think you'll be astonished at the beneficial results." "But I can't go." "But you'll have to." He said he'd die right there and then, but he didn't. In five minutes had finished Bijah's lunch, and was feeling in happy spirits. —Detroit Free Press.

Twenty Reasons.

A great many people cannot understand why the female portion of the community prefer sober men. The matter is simple enough. 1. Wives like sober husbands because they can reason with a sober man. 2. The sober man is more companionable. 3. Sober men have pride, and pride is a woman's main hold. 4. Sobriety means a comfortable home. 5. Good clothes for mother and children. 6. A house of your own. 7. Evenings at home instead of in a bar-room. 8. Better health and enjoyment of life. 9. An elevated view of life and a sense of your responsibility. 10. You are a credit to your wife and children. 11. People that once despised you will now bless you. 12. Your word will be gauged as you resist the tempter. 13. Young men will pattern after you. 14. You will be an ornament to society and the whole town in which you live. 15. The whole community will take pride in you and wish they had more like you. 16. Your family and friends will appreciate you. 17. Your enemies will admire your path of sobriety. 18. Scorners will be disarmed by your works. 19. Your manly qualities will grow with your years. 20. God will bless you. Out of 100 cases of sunstroke at Dayton, O., within the last few days thirty have proved fatal.

Popular Delusions Which Have Been Expelled.

That milk is compound of water, chalk and sheep's sabbath. Milk always comes from the cow—a great way from the cow. That brass band music is unpleasant to the ear. We know of a man who lived for years next door to a band-room and has never uttered one complaint in all that time. He is a deaf mute. That railroads are intended for the benefit of corporations. They are intended for the benefit of the people—the people who hold the majority of stock. That a small boy hates an overcoat. He loves it so well that he dislikes to wear it out. That whistling is disagreeable. It is always agreeable—to the whistler. That druggists are extortionate in their prices. They pay such high salaries to their clerks that they are forced to sell their goods at one thousand per cent. above cost in order to make any money for themselves. That the market is overburdened with spring poetry. Too wasted basket captures so much of it that but very little of it comes on the market. That any fool can write poetry. It is only a fool here and there who can do it. That women go to church to see other women's bonnets. They merely go to show their own. That boy thinks he knows more than his father. He only prides himself on his superior intelligence. That a widow wears weeds to catch a husband. She would rather catch a man who is not a husband. That a silver watch will tell the time just as well as a gold one. A gold watch will tell the time ten times to a silver watch's once, and be just as fresh as ever. That shopkeepers never mark their goods below cost. They frequently mark them down much below what the goods cost the purchaser, especially if he be a particular friend, you know. That the self-conceited man thinks everybody is a fool. He does not include one person in the category, namely, myself. That people hate to be laughed at. Look at the low comedian, for instance. —Boston Transcript.

Freckles and Sunburn.

A New York paper has the following cures for these so much dreaded accompaniments of hot weather and warm winds: 1. Bruise and then squeeze the juice out of the common chickweed and to this juice add three times the quantity of soft water. Bath the skin with this for five or ten minutes and wash afterward with clean water night and morning. 2. Elder flowers should be treated and applied exactly in the same manner. When flowers are not to be had the distilled water from (which may be procured from any druggist) will answer the purpose. 3. Honey, one ounce, mixed with one pint of lukewarm water; when cold it forms a good lotion. This is commonly called honey wash. 4. The carbonate of potash, twenty grains; milk of almonds, three ounces; oil of sassafras, three drops. Mix and apply two or three times a day.

He Lived There.

"Are you the tax collector for this ward?" he asked as they rode together on the platform of the car. "No." "Assessor?" "No." "Waterworks man?" "No." "Anything to do with the census?" "Nothing of the sort. Why do you ask?" "Why, I saw you coming out of a house on Sprout street the other day with two chairs, a broom and an ottoman flying after you, and I said to myself that you were an official or agent of some sort, and had unintentionally offended the woman." "No, I'm no official or agent," replied the man, in a lonesome voice. "I live there and that woman is my wife. Savey!" "You bet!" was the sympathetic response, and they kept closer together and took a clew from the same box. —Detroit Free Press.

MISSING.

\$100 Reward.

Missing, a tall, stout-complexioned gentleman, five feet six inches of age, 24 years in height, pink hair, green eyes, heavy eyebrows. He had on when last seen, a pair of swallow-tailed trousers, with sausage-striped sleeves, fashionable nut-tongue waist-coat, with cast iron trimmings and knitted molybdenum legs, a double-barreled frock coat with triple collar and laces; linings, a lined with three flounces; a water-tight canvas boots, with porcelain tops laced up at the sides; a matching hat, low-crowned, trimmed square round the edges without the nap; a pair of green and white stockings, with potato heels and sides; a Tartarian necktie, rather down at the heels and broad of belief, tied with a true lover's knot around his massive forehead; a shirt of cabbage cloth, with rat-tail buttons up behind his belly; cast steel Hamilton lace gloves, with air-tight ventilators at the joints; and magnificent close-buttoned, plain padding walking-cane, with initials "D. B. K." in Castor-oil letters. This singular gentleman was born after his younger brother, his mother being absent on each occasion.

Saved by Christian Patience.

Mrs. Bowyer ran into the house to-day quite excited and red in the face, and her husband asked what was wrong. "I am a christian," she replied, "and I don't like to quarrel, but that Mrs. Jenkins is just too much." "Why, what's the matter?" "She insulted me in her house." "Did she? And what did you say back?" "Not a word. I just told her she was a mean, tattling, good-for-nothing, foolish, lazy, slovenly, slovenly, careless, giddy, silly, gabbling, gossiping thing, and all the neighbors knew it, and nobody liked her, and I wouldn't speak to her if she didn't belong to our church, and then I came away. I know if I had not controlled my temper I'd have said something to make her mad, and I oughtn't to do that." Then she flopped down into a chair, and her husband smiled in a queer sort of way, and her face got redder than ever, and only her Christian patience saved her. —Stenhouse's Herald.

A Quick Defence.

At the correctional tribunal of the Seine, a quack is brought in, accused of having brought in a nuisance by collecting a crowd, and obstructing the Pont Neuf. The Magistrate demands: "Thou scamp! How is it that thou dearest such a crowd about thee, and sellest so much of thy rubbish?" "Monsieur le Juge, do you know how many people cross the Pont Neuf in an hour?" "How should I?" "How many do you think, Monsieur Juge?" "I tell thee I don't know." "Well, then, Monsieur le Juge, let us say ten thousand. Now, how many of these do you think are wise enough to go in when it rains?" "Oh, posts! Perhaps a hundred." "It is too many; but I leave them to you, and take the nine thousand nine hundred. Those are my customers, Monsieur le Juge. Can't help it if God made them fools!"

The Bear; the Blue-Bottle and the Mosquito.

There is familiar Western story of a tame bear, which, seeing a blue-bottle on its sleeping master's nose, tried to beat it off with a blow of its paw, but in the attempt damaged his friend's nasal organ. A similar tale is told in the "Makasa-jutaka." In this birth the Bodhisat was a tradesman who went from village to village to dispose of wares. One day, when at the house of a carpenter whose head was like a copper porringer, a mosquito alighted thereon, and the carpenter called to his son, who was near, to drive it away. The son, taking a sharp axe for the purpose, aimed a blow at the insect, but split his father's head in two, and killed him. On seeing what was done the Bodhisat said that a wise enemy was better than a foolish relative or friend. —The Contemporary Review.

Cuticura

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SKIN DEFORMITY. F. H. Drake, Esq., 1000 Broadway, New York, cured by Cuticura. He had a skin disease, which rendered him almost unrecognizable. He was cured by Cuticura in six weeks, and has since remained perfectly well.

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