

The Post.

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Poetry.

Marriage and Matrimony.

Moonlight talks,
Midnight walks,
Longing eyes,
Soothing sighs,
Front gate.
Parlor scene,
Feeling mean,
"Dearest Boss,
Answer Yes,"
Kind kiss,
Blind bliss.

Interview
Papa, too,
Nothing loth,
Happy both,
Couple glad,
Have it hot.
Organ swells,
Marriage bells,
Honey-moon,
Ended soon,
Double brown,
Settled down.

One year,
Six years clear,
Years two,
Rather blue;
Years three,
Can't agree.

County court,
"Splendid sport,"
Sorrow, Sin,
Jury grin,
Divorce given,
Petersen riven.
Worried wife,
Lonely life,
Husband roams,
Care, Cost,
"Love loss."

MORAL.
When you wed,
Look ahead,
Might fall,
That's all.

NEW ORLEANS TIMES.

THE COMET.

Money love us!
Far above us!
See the comet slashing round
Fifty million
million billion
Billion miles above the ground.

What a tail,
Like a whale,
See it scot and white and rare;
With its flipper
In the Dipper,
Now it rolls the major near.

Now it's tryin'
For O'Hyan
(Irish ship that killed the bull),
And the moon
Pretty soon,
Gives the comet's tail a pull.

Here and there,
Everywhere,
Restless sprite of sky lanes;
Awful pert,
See it flit
With Helen Potter's Pleiades.

Unbeliever!
Famine, fever,
Plague and pestilence and war;
Fret and worry,
Trouble, hurry,
That is what a comet's for.

Lots of dept,
Too much wet,
Rain and hail and sleet and flood;
Burning drought,
Torrid south,
Sunbaked fields and seas of mud.

Blood and bones,
Tears and groans,
Gnashing teeth and horrid cries;
Howls and yowls,
Frogs and serows,
That's about the comet's size.

Everything
It will bring
That is bad beneath the sun;
How it hums!
Here it comes!
Goodness gracious, let us run!
—BURLINGTON HAWKEYE.

A Fish Story.

Some eastern tourists had been spinning some incredible yarns, when one of the party turning to an old mountaineer, said:

"Billy, that gets away with fishing in Montana, don't it?"

"Wall, I don't know about that."

"Do you mean to say that you have caught larger fish?"

"No, but I've caught some party big fellows."

THE STAGE DRIVERS STORY.

In '67, Jake Pool was stazing the route from Gallatin to Helena, in Montana, driving a four-horse coach in summer, and a "jerky" in winter, seventy miles a day through the wildest region, and over one of the most dangerous routes in the United States. The country through which this trail ran—was totally uninhabited. But for the three stage stations, where horses were changed, and which were dug out, or log huts, twenty miles apart. The Indians, although generally friendly, were liable to become enemies at a moment's warning; road-agents and outlaws were thicker upon the Gallatin route than any other worth of the Union Pacific Railroad, and the route itself ran through precipices, as though originally laid out by mountain sheep. Notwithstanding all this, Jake was a successful driver, made better time, lost fewer mails and express-packets, and ran his coach at a smaller expense to the company, than any other man in their employ. But when misfortune did overtake him, it was no light hand that the genius of evil laid upon him, which the following adventure proves:

One maggy morning, in early May, as Jake hauled up in front of the stage-office, and prepared to receive mails, express and messenger, if any there should be for Helena, the Wells-Fargo agent called to him from within. Throwing the reins, over the foot-brake, Pool descended from his perch and entered the office.

"The agent stood the door behind him; then drawing near he said, in a half-whisper:

"There's fifteen thousand in currency in the safe, to take over to-day."

"All right!" responded Jake "I've carried more before now, and carried it safely."

"But," said the agent, drawing still nearer, "Dick's sick, and there's no messenger."

"Ah!" said the driver, meditatively then, touching the revolver which hung at his belt: "I'll be messenger and coachman both then."

"But," still continued the other, "there's one thing more," and he leaned forward so that his lips touched his companion's ear.

"Copper Tom and his pal, old Jim, are on the road. A man from Cross Trees was robbed by them last night."

Pool whistled long and low, and his hand fell from his pistol-belt. "Copper Tom" was the worst road-agent in Montana—a desperado, with both courage and brains.

"Don't send the rags,"

"I must!" said the expressman, anxiously. "The order is peremptory; the money must go to-day, messenger or no messenger. Now, will you take and carry it through?"

Jake laughed.

"I'll take it; that's part of my business. Throw the safe under the seat and give me your pistol, I may want two." And he took the other's revolver from desk where it lay and thrust it into his boot-top.

"As to carrying it through, that's another matter, with those fellows to stop it. But I'll promise you this—if I go through, the safe shall!"

The agent grasped his hand and shook it warmly. The door was thrown open the driver mounted his seat, the iron box was stowed beneath his feet, the single passenger (an old woman, to be left at the first station) got in, the whip cracked, the horses plunged, the coach lurched heavily forward, and, amid a shower of mud, disappeared down the steep mountain road.

Although it was May, the morning was cold, and it was not until the sun had climbed well up the eastern sky that the chill thawed out of the air, and by that hour Pool was more than twenty miles upon his journey, with fresh horses in their traces, and an empty coach behind him. He began to brighten with the sun.

"After I got through the Devil's Pass," said he to himself, "Copper Tom or any other man may whistle for me, for from that to Dickson's is as handsome a road as ever a horse struck foot upon, and whoever tries to stop me there, unless he shoots first, will go under the leaders' feet. I intend to make that little seven miles in just twenty-eight minutes without breaks!"

that mad pace down the mountain side.

"Let's see," he continued, "if nothing goes wrong and the road's all right, I ought to make my last change about five o'clock and reach the Pass before six. It will then be broad daylight, so I can rattle right along, and then, after the spin down the 'coasway,' I'll strike Dickson's before seven, certain. Beyond that the road is too open and too much traveled into Helena to be dangerous. By Jove! he concluded, his heart warming as he struck his heel against the safe beneath the seat, 'I don't see where the agents can stop me, unless—Good heavens! what if they try it in the very Pass itself? I had not thought of that!"

The man was silent for a moment, and his face grave; then brightening, he shook his reins, loosened his revolvers in boot and belt, and, with a sigh, concluded his soliloquy with the remark:

"Well, if they should meet me in the Pass, 'twill be about a even thing. If they miss their first shot, I'll run 'em down, drive 'em into the canyon, or drop 'em with my pistols. If they don't miss, why then the swag's theirs!"

It was now high noon, and soon station two was reached, where horses were again changed, and when Pool dined upon jirked bar-meat, hot bread and black coffee. Strong food, but none too strong for the long ride yet before him.

As he mounted the box and prepared to depart, the keeper of the station shipped from his dog-out and drew near.

"There's an old pal down the road apiece, 'll want a ride. He war here 'bout two hours ago. He'll bear watchin'."

And the rough frontiersman touched the pistol-belt which protruded from his open shirt front to emphasize his warning.

Jake nodded.

"Thanks Tom! I'll keep my eyes open. So long!"

The fresh steeds in harness sprang strongly forward, and the empty coach whirled away.

"It's old Jim, sure!" half-whispered Pool to himself, as his trained eyes searched the winding road before him. "The old devil wants to ride so that he'll be on hand when Copper Tom turns up in the Pass. I see it all."

The teeth closed with a snap.

"Good!" he continued, a moment later. "He shall ride."

Some five miles were passed, when in the shadow of a great pine that grew near the trail, Jake espied his prospective passenger, prone upon the ground, at the foot of the tree apparently resting. As the rattling coach drew near, the man bestrode himself and slowly rose.

"Hello, driver! Kin you favor an old beggar with a life? I'm played, fer I'm too old to tramp as I used to, an' too poor to pay for a ride, Kin you give me one?"

He stepped forward as he spoke. Poor he was, if tattered garments betokened poverty, for his clothing was but a single patched rag from head to foot. Old he surely was, for the withered skin and scanty gray locks, the claw-like hands and sunken eyes, could not well be disguised.

Half in scorn and half in pity, yet with a brain awake to his danger, Jack drew rein and replied to his petitioner:

"Yes! Be lively and climb up here. I'm behind time now. Where do you go?"

The old man answered, as he struggled to a seat at the driver's side:

"Dickson's."

A touch of the whip and the horses were again upon a quick trot. Pool eyed his companion as they rode onward, and almost unconsciously dropped his hand to his boot-top and loosened the revolver carried there.

"Cold day for May!" said the new-comer, shivering. "This yer wind's sharp too."

"Yes," responded the other, mentally wondering where about his ragged clothes the second at his side had concealed his weapons, "it is cold. But you'll find it warmer in the Pass."

The grade was sharply descending now and the road rocky and rough. A mile more and the Pass would be reached. The coach fairly awayed under its rapid motion.

Old Jim was forced to cling to the seat with both hands in order to avoid being hurled to the ground. This was as Pool desired, and he smiled grimly as he noticed the other's action.

"Yer—a drivin'—party—fast!" screamed the gray-haired desperado, the words fairly jerked from him as the coach sprang forward, rocking from side to side. "Ye'll—hev—to—hold—up—at—the—Pass—I—reckon!"

Jake set his teeth.

The granite walls of the Pass were now just before them, and the road-way, descending and steep, ran into the shadow of the coming night and the gloom of the grave like opening—a narrow path, but little wider than the coach itself.

The roar of the angry river far below knelled a never ending warning as it ran, ragged and torn, among the jagged rocks, and the death-like mist that crept upward was damp and chill.

"I won't hold up!" and, with these words the driver struck his horses sharply, and, snorting, they sprang forward into the Devil's Pass.

At the same instant, half-way through the terrible gorge, standing motionless in the centre of the rock upon the one hand, a chasm of unknown depth upon the other, was seen a man!

Copper Tom was awaiting his quarry!

The old man at Pool's side uttered a cry, and loosening his grasp of the seat with one hand, he would have thrust it into his breast; but the other leaped suddenly toward him, and pressing a revolver-muzzle against his forehead, whispered, hoarsely:

"Down with your hands! If ye stir ag'n I'll kill ye! I know ye, old Jim, an' ye can't catch Jake Pool nor his load this time! Down with yer hand!"

The abiding rascal's hand fell at his side; his face grew ashen-hued, and his eyes stared before him. They were rapidly approaching Copper Tom.

For an instant as they drew near, that worthy stood facing them; then, through the fading light, he saw the position of his pal, upon whom he had depended—he saw the stern, set face of the driver—he saw the furious horses plunging down upon him—and with a terror-stricken cry he turned and fled!

Could he but reach the lower end of the causeway he might escape—could he but find a single spot to turn aside he would be safe; but it was not to be.

Nearer and nearer thundered the iron-shod hoofs behind him, narrow-grooved the fatal road, until there rang a sudden horrible, despairing cry, mingled with the frightened snort of the horses, a dark something bent down before the plunging steeds, rolled an instant before their grinding feet, and then, spurned by the flying wheels, was hurled, an undistinguishable mass, into the canyon beneath, and the coach sped on!

Half an hour later, Jake Pool pulled into the corral at Dickson's ranch, and, tumbling a half-fainting man from the seat at his side into the arms of the astounded hostlers he said:

"Bind that man and give him to the sheriff! It's old Jim, the road agent! His pard's at the bottom of the gulf in the Pass, this one ought to stretch hemp when the officers get him, and I've driven my last run from Gallatin! There's too much risk about the business for me!"

And Jake kept his word. He no longer coaches it, but now keeps public house in Helena itself where not long since, at his own snug fire-side, he told me this thrilling tale.

When the telegraph companies are compelled to run their wires underground the worms will learn to road by sound so as to know when the fishing is good.

We can't all think alike. The horse thinks one thing and the man who rides him thinks another. The rider thinks it easy to get over the road in that way, but the horse differs from him.

Don't Use Big Words.

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical or psychological observation, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified consciousness, a compacted comprehensibility, consistent consistency, and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomeration of flutulent garrulity, jejune babblement and assinine affections. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or theoretical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompos prolixity, petteaceous vacuity, ventiloquial verbosity, and vaniloquent vapidity. Shun double entendres, prurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscurant or apparent, in other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely. Keep from "slang," don't put on airs; say what you mean; mean what you say. And don't use big words!—Ez.

The Harrisburg Telegraph very truthfully remarks that the maple and hemlock forests of Pennsylvania have never had the benefit of the right kind of enterprise to render them as important and productive as their real value ought to produce for them. The maple wealth of Pennsylvania is as valuable as that of her black walnut, if properly handled, because the wood is hard, and can be utilized to as beautiful effects in building and furniture as that of walnut or ash. This wood grows to enormous abundance in this state, and will sooner or later become one of its most profitable sources of industry by those who know how to put it on the market.

Watermelon contains about 95 per cent, of the purest of water, and a trace of the purest sugar, and yet nothing has been discovered that furnishes so perfect and speedy a cure for summer complaint as watermelon, and nothing else. Even when diarrhoea has been kept up by continued eating of ordinary food until the disease has become chronic, this delicious beverage, taken freely two or three times a day, has again and again been known to work wonders, and to cure where all the usual remedies had failed.—North Wales Record.

Late flakes of snow, that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another, as the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.—Bentham.

The slaughter of buffaloes still continues on the Northwestern plains at a rate which will place them among the extinct races. A steamer arrived in Chicago recently, from Duluth, with a cargo of 12,000 buffalo skins, and it is reported that other thousands are ready for shipment, while there are constant arrivals over the Northern Pacific road. It is estimated that 200,000 were killed in the Valley of the Yellowstone alone last year.

A drygoods house advertises lawn dresses that will wash. Isn't it the business of a lawn dress to wash?

A Brooklyn maiden wants to know how to avoid having a mustache come on her upper lip. Eat onions, sis.

Many young ladies at the seaside take more interest in the wave of one bankerchief than in all those of old ocean.

Eighteen thousand more females than males in Boston, says the census man. That's what makes it so delightful to live there.

"John, is there much difference between a see and a saw?" "Yes, the difference between a see and a saw is intense."

A Funny Old Story

Tom Marshall was engaged in the case of a trial in the interior of Kentucky, when a decision of the Judge struck him so bad that he rose and said:

"There never was such a ruling as that since Pontius Pilate presided on the trial of Christ."

"Mr. Clerk," responded the Judge, "fine Mr. Marshall \$10 for contempt of Court."

"I confess your Honor," continued Tom, "that what I said was a little hard on Pontius Pilate, but it is the first time in the history of Kentucky jurisprudence that it is held that to speak disrespectfully of Pontius Pilate is contempt of Court."

"Mr. Clerk, make the fine \$20 for a continuous contempt," said the Judge, solemnly.

"Well, Judge," Tom added, "as you won all my money last night at poker, lend me the twenty."

"Mr. Clerk," cried the Judge, "hastily, remit the fine. The State can afford to lose the money better than I can."

"I congratulate the Court upon its return to a sane condition," said Tom, resuming his seat amid roars of laughter.—The Capital.

The following personal observations: One day this summer we rode fifty miles in a railway car seated behind four men, who were playing with those awful paltry things of the devil—cards. They played evenly until they were tired of it. They played a little seven-up, poker and occasionally a trifle of poker. We never heard a dispute. Their bursts of merriment occasionally at some unexpected ply repeatedly draw our eyes from our book. They never quarreled and never called names once. After we got at our station we sat at the window and watched a party of young men and maidens playing croquet. In fifteen minutes we saw two persons cheat successfully. We heard the one player who did not cheat accused of cheating five times. We heard four distinct bitter quarrels. We heard a beautiful young girl tell two lies, and a meek-looking young man three, and finally we saw the young girl throw her mallet against the fence so hard that it frightened a horse; the other young girl pounded her mallet so hard on the ground that it knocked the bulls off an apple tree; they both banged into the house at different doors, and the two young men looked sheepish and went off for a drink. Now why was this?

A Methodist minister, the Rev. Mr. R——, was a good man, but rough in his ways, and very fond of chewing tobacco.

One day he was caught in a shower in Illinois, and going to a rude cabin near by, he knocked at the door. A sharp looking old dame answered his summons. He asked for shelter.

"I don't know you," she replied, suspiciously.

"Remember the Scriptures," said the dominie, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

"You needn't say that," quickly returned the other; "no angel would come down here with a big quid of tobacco in his mouth!"

She shut the door in his face, leaving the good man to the mercy of the rain, and his own reflection.

Never write the word "Zins" backwards, it will be a "sin" if you do.

A river's mouth is larger than its head, the sea has arms but no hands and a mountain has a foot but no legs. Queer, isn't it?

The Boston Globe says the total absence of mosquitoes in Boston is due to the network of telegraph wires passing over the house-tops.

An Ohio man is said to be the owner of \$75,000 worth of dogs. We suppose this sum is arrived at by estimating sausage meat at 10 cents per pound.

A "notice to vacate" need not be served by an officer of the law. The muzzle of a shot gun striking through a front window is invariably taken as due and sufficient notification.

What right has any one endowed with an ordinary amount of intellect and blessed with a respectable share of good health, to despise? What is the meaning of sin? Providence never intended that one of his creatures should be a victim of a desire to feel and look the gloom, of a thunder cloud. Never despond, friendly reader, for one of the first entrances of vice to the heart is made through the instrumentality of despondency. Although we cannot expect all our days and hours to be enlivened by sunshine, we must not for mere momentary griefs suppose that they are to be enshrouded in the mists of misery or clouded by the spacy of sorrow and misfortune.

THE GREAT SKIN CURE.
INFALLIBLY CURES
Itching and Scaly Diseases, Scrofulous Humors, Uveras, Old Sores and Mercurial Affections when all other Human Agencies Fail.

THE CUTICURA TREATMENT, for the cure of skin diseases, has been used in the interior of the United States, but the new blood purifier, and the external use of CUTICURA and CUTICURA OINTMENT, the Great Skin Cure, is the only one that cures the skin diseases.

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