The Post.

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THE POST.

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JEREMIAH GROUSE, Proprietor

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Poetry.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

The sun that smiles on us to-day
Shall shine on graves wherein we lay.
A hundred years to come.
The world will then, as now, plod on,
And none will know that we are gone,
A hundred years to come.

The eye that sparkles now so bright,
Shall then be closed in death's long night.
A hundred years to come.
No grief can cause the tear to start,
Nor joy arouse the silent heart,
A hundred years to come.

The lips that now we love so well,
No word of love or scorn can tell,
A hundred years to come;
For all of us will lie asleep,
Where each tongue must its secret keep.
A hundred years to come.

All living now will then be dead,
And flowers shall bloom above each head,
A hundred years to come.
Beggars and Kings alike will rest
Upon the same fond mother's breast,
A hundred years to come.

The heart we trust will all be cold,
The hands we clasped be turned to mould,
A hundred years to come.
The feet that from us turned away,
Shall rest with ours along life's way,
A hundred years to come.

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread you church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale trembling age and fiery youth,
And childhood, with its brow of truth,
The rich and poor, on land and sea,
Where will the mighty millions be,
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us shall weep,
A hundred years to come.
But other men our lands will till,
And others then our streets will fill,
And other birds will sing as gay,
And bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come.

MEMORIAL HYMN.

Tune—"Jesus Keep Me near the Cross."

We are prostrate in the dust,
Stricken, sad and weary;
Yet thy providence we trust,
Now so dark and dreary.

CHORUS.

Trusting still, trusting still,
All our need God knoweth;
And he doeth all things well,
Why, himself will show us.

Lord we bow to thy behest
While we mourn in sorrow:
Lord, thou knowest what is best,
Peace may come to-morrow. (Chorus.)

O! a nation bows to thee;
He who smites will heal us:
We shall his salvation see,
Why, he will reveal us. (Chorus.)

As a sparrow cannot fall,
Lord, without thy notice,
Surely thou will bless us all,
You hast not forgot us. (Chorus.)

Bless the stricken household, Lord,
Bless this stricken nation;
Give the sympathizing world,
Grant to all salvation. (Chorus.)

Idle Boys.

Idleness is the mother of vice, and a boy who is allowed to grow up in idleness is pretty sure to be a bad man. The parents of such boys have a fearful responsibility resting upon them when they let their sons run about late hours of the night instead of keeping them at home reading good newspapers and books, and training them into useful habits so as to become respectable men instead of idlers, rum-sellers, gamblers and loafers. It is sure to be the case with the boys, runners and day idlers, then the responsibility is increased. Give the boys plenty to do, and you will save their morals. Better a healthy body than a vitiated mind.

American cheese carried off the prize of a silver medal at the late cattle and dairy show at Birmingham, England. It is just what we have been expected. Some American cheese is lively and strong enough to carry off an ox, without dragging on his hands.

Struggling to make a dull boy understand what conscience is, a father finally asked: "What makes you feel uncomfortable after you have done wrong?" "Father's leather strap," feelingly replied the boy.

The Apple-Woman.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Going to be married, eh?" said Mr. Rivens, with a snarl. "What does all them girls that they can't be content where they are?"

Mr. Rivens was the proprietor of the large corset factory where Flossie Field worked. Flossie was one of Mr. Riven's best girls, and consequently he did not look with any favorable eye upon her matrimonial prospects.

"Yes," confessed Flossie, with the rosiest of blushes. "Next month, Mr. Rivens, if you please, and so I should be obliged if you could suit yourself within the week."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Riven. "Who is he.

"He's a conductor on the railroad, sir. And he's earning a very nice little income. And we are to live on the second floor of a very respectable home in Jersey City and—"

"I dare say: I dare say," said Mr. Rivens, gruffly. "But it will end in the poor house, my word for it! Take my advice, Flossie Field, and stay where you are well off?"

Flossie went back to the work-room somewhat dispirited. The girls who had overheard something of the discussion, were whispering and tittering among themselves.

"A man whose mother keeps an apple stand," said Minnie Ramsey.

"Brought up on charity," added Kate Leavitt.

Flossie turned quickly around.

"What are you talking of?" said she.

"Of you," said Miss Hedges, with a giggle.

"An apple-stand!" cried Flossie breathlessly. "But you are altogether wrong. He has no mother."

"Yes he has," said Miss Ramsey, "and she sells peanuts and apples down on the wharf, by the ferry boats, and he's too proud to own it. Mrs Gallagher that's her name. Mark Gallagher's mother. Ask him yourself. A fine elegant mother-in-law to have!"

And a general laugh went round the long row of sewing machines.

Flossie went home bewildered and bitterly resentful. Never before had she noticed the venders who thronged the piers where the ferry boat landed, but upon this particular evening she looked earnestly at the rosy cheeked old woman in the coarse plaid dress and worsted hood, who was holding out her wares. She rose as Flossie advanced.

"Is it Mrs. Gallagher?" said the girl hesitatingly.

The rosy old cheeks deepened, the clear blue eyes sparkled.

"Then you know me?" said she. "Bless your sweet face! you know who I am? Dear heart I've watched you go by this many a time, I never dared speak. He wouldn't have liked it."

"Are you Mark's mother?" asked Flossie. "Why he never told me of you,"

The old woman hesitated."

"It's natural my dear," said she, "He's made his way in the world, and I've stood still, I'm a working woman and I'm not ashamed of it, but Mark is different. He want's to be a gentleman, and I won't stand in his way, but if you wouldn't mind letting me kiss that bonnie hand of yours—it's all one, you know, as if you was going to be my own daughter,"

"Not my hand," said Flossie. "Oh, not my hand."

And she put up her fresh red mouth to kiss the old apple woman.

"God bless you for that, my own lady rose!" said the old woman, with swimming eyes. "And I'll not trouble you again. You'll make happy, I know, that's all I have any right to expect."

Flossie Field was looking very grave that night when her affianced lover as usual came to see her.

"Mark," said she "you never told me of your mother."

"My mother?"

"Yes—your mother. I have seen her on the pier to-day,"

Mark Gallagher had collected himself by this time. The fact grew hard and cold, his lips were compressed.

"I see no occasion," he said. "for obtruding all one's affairs on the world, she's my mother, I grant, but she will not trouble you, I have settled all that. She supports herself. She has always done so."

"Mark," Flossie indignantly cried out, "what do you take me for? Why have you deceived me? Do you suppose I should not love your mother?"

"I shall ask no such concession of you," he said. "My mother will interfere in no way with us. The will go her way, we ours,"

Flossie pulled the gold engagement ring from her finger, and gave it to him saying:

"It is enough. A man who can thus discard his mother would hesitate no less to fling aside his wife."

"Flossie," cried Mark, angrily, "you are talking nonsense—idle sentiment. What is the use of proclaiming to the world that one's mother is an apple woman?"

She looked at him with large, wistful eyes.

"Mark," said she, my mother died when I was a little babe, and all my life long my heart has yearned for a mother's tenderness. And you—you spurn it from you! No, Mark, we are too widely different in heart and mind ever to be one."

He sat sullenly frowning at the floor.

"Flossie," said he, "you are attempting to dictate to me, and I will not endure it."

"Very well," she answered quietly, "then we part."

And they did part. Flossie went back to the corset factory and told Mr. Riven that she had altered her mind, and would remain in his employment, to which he gruffly made reply, "that he was glad of it,"

And she became fast friends with the old apple-woman, whose grief was great because the match was broken up."

"It is not because I do not love him, said Flossie, pitifully, "but because I think we should not make each other happy."

"My dear," said Mary Gallagher, "is it because—I am his mother."

"No—oh, no," cried Flossie.

The old woman drew a long sigh.

"I was afraid," she said.

So Flossie took to visiting the old woman, evening after evening, and they grew strangely fond of each other, the very old apple woman and the beautiful young girl.

Until one evening, sad news came. There had been a railroad accident, and Mark Gallagher was brought home for dead.

But he was not dead, sorely wounded and bruised, and in that hour of trial old Mary took the place that she had held at his cradle years and years ago.

"Mother," he said when they first allowed him to talk," I should have been cold and dead in my grave but for you, dear mother, I have been an ungrateful brute. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Oh, my son, my son!"

"But you will find that I shall be a changed man now," he said fondly pressing her brown old hand, "I have been spared to you, and to you I shall henceforth devote my life. I would like to see Flossie Field, once," he added, speaking as if to himself, "to tell her that I see now how right she was. But."—

"Would you like to see Flossie Field my son?" The old lady rose briskly and opened the door of an adjoining room.

"My dearie," she said, "Come here. My own rose bud, he wants to speak to you,"

And to Mark Gallagher's infinite surprise, Flossie Field herself came in all smiles and blushes.

"Flossie!"

"Yes," Mark, it is I."

And then his mother told him how near and dear they had grown to one another.

"She is a treasure, Mark—my Flossie!" cried Mrs. Gallagher, earnestly.

"A treasure!" he echoed, bitterly. "God help me! Yes, but it is a treasure which I have forfeited forever. You two are within the gates of paradise, but I am shut out, and through my own fault."

Flossie came to his side, and looked at him with tender, pittying eyes.

"Mark!" she faltered. "Oh, Mark, if I thought—if I believed that I could make you happier—"

"Flossie! Darling little Flossie!"

And then she knew that all was as it had been before.

And when Mark Gallagher was married to pretty Flossie Field the most honored member of their happy home was the rosy cheeked, clear-eyed old apple-woman.

A Boy's Speech.

I go against tobacco because it goes against me. I eschew it. I will not chew it. I will tell you why 1. I do not like the taste of it. Its tastes worse than the bitterest medicine eve put to my lips. It is such sickening stuff. 2. I don't like the looks of it In the words of another, when I see tobacco I pity the mouth that chews it, and when I see the mouth that chews it I pity the tobacco. It has not a taking color. It is a dirty dirt color. 3. I don't like the effects of its use. It makes the teeth yellow and brown, when they should be white; it makes the breath sour and offensive, when it should be sweet; it injures the voice so that those who chew can not sing and speak to advantage—the voice breaks, and the chorister croaks like a raven, when he should sing like a bobolink, the orator merely barks, and a tobbacco bark is very disagreeable. 4. The habit of chewing is a filthy habit. Look at the carpets, the stairways, the sitting-rooms where the chewers gather together and roll the quid like a sweet morsel under the tongue. Every boy that chews ought to wear a hat shaped like a spittoon, and use it as such wherever he goes. Indeed he ought to where it when he sleeps; such a night-cap might save the pillow-cases from stains. 5. I fear tobacco creates an appetite for liquor. It lights a fire in the throat which water may not put out.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

Her Husband's Plan.

Wriggles had some teeth pulled lately, and took cold in his jaws, which swelled until it looked like a prize watermelon. He poulticed it and bandaged it, all to no purpose, and walked the floor several nights with it, quoting choice extracts from Bob Ingersoll's lectures, but all to no purpose; it kept on swelling. The other morning he remarked to his wife that he gave $77 to any one that would hit him a tremendous thump on it suddenly without his expecting it, to see if it wouldn't burst the swelling. The dear woman smiling to herself, went and gathered a boot jack, and stepping up quickly behind the old man as he was trying to strain some coffee through his teeth, lovingly inquired: "Where does it pain you most, Wrig?" "O, Lord! right here," replied he, as he turned his jaw up and pointed to the apex of the protuberance. Taking a step back the dear woman raised the boot-jack on high and hit him a regular bung-starter right in the centre of the calamity, and smilingly stepped back to await results. The old man's knees flew to his chin as he shut up like a patent rat trap, and with hollow groan he rolled off the chair on to the floor. But he was up in a moment and as he danced the can-can with original variations, his wife smilingly asked: "Did it relieve you, dear?" And as he tried to howl out an answer old Mrs. Pry, who had just dropped in, beat a hasty retreat. And now the whole neighborhood has it that Wriggles has got 'em again. And as Mrs. Pry remarked. "That 'ere comit will be the death o' thess old ball heads yet, settin' up to watch it."

Hard to Please.

Some people are never content with their lot, let what will happen. Clouds and darkness are over their heads, alike whether it rain or shine. To them every incident is an accident, and every accident a calamity. Even when they have their own way; and, indeed, consider their most voluntary acts as matters of compulsion. We saw a striking illustration the other day of the infirmity we speak of in the conduct of a child about three years old. He was crying because his mother had shut the parlor door. "Poor thing," said a neighbor compassionately; "you have shut the child out." "It's all the same to him," said the mother; "he would cry if I called him in, and then shut the door. It's a peculiarity of that boy, that if he is left rather suddenly on either side of a door, he considers himself shut out, and rebels accordingly"

The material for good sermons must be planted in drills.

His Condensed Trousers.

An editor in Chicago last week ordered a pair of new trousers from the tailor. On trying them on they proved to be several inches too long. It being late on Saturday night, the tailor's shop was closed, and the editor took the trousers to his wife, and asked her to cut them off and hem them over. The good lady, whose encumbers or melon perhaps disagreed with her, brusquely refused. The same result followed an application to the wife's sister and the eldest daughter. But before bedtime the wife, relenting, took the pants, and, cutting off six inches from the legs, hemmed them nicely and restored them to the closet. Half an hour later the daughter, taken with compunction for her unfilial conduct, took the trousers and, cutting off six inches, hemmed and replaced them Finally the sister-in-law felt the pangs of conscience, and she, too, performed an additional surgical operation on the garment. When the editor appeared at breakfast on Sunday the family thought a Highland chieftain had arrived, for the trousers reached only to the middle of his thigh.

His Conscience Smote Him

"What's the feelin' in this yere office about lendin' me a quarter?" asked an attenuated tramp at the cashier's desk of the *Eagle* office yesterday.

"There are strong prejudices against it," returned the cashier.

"Do it go so far as to reach itself to a dime?" inquired the tramp.

"I think it reaches to that extent," said the cashier.

"You don't appear to recognize me, pardner."

"Well you don't refer to anything of which I have extended information."

"There is a great deal of money in me if I'm properly worked. I only need keerful handling."

"Money in you, how?" asked the cashier, becoming interested.

"If I were taken where I belonged there'd be great wealth for us both. I'm priceless in the proper quarter."

"Give me your address and I'll send you over," said the cashier.

"Make it twenty-five cents and I'll give you the information. Put up something for a guarntee o' good faith and you've got me. Two bits in cash invested in me will make your eyes hang out."

"I'll go a quarter on you," said the cashier, handing over the money. "Who are you? How's anything to be made out of you?"

"Stranger," said the grateful tramp, bursting into tears; "stranger, I won't deceive a kind hearted man like you. I was going to tell you that I was Sitting Bull, but I ain't; I'm only Alexander Stewart's long lost dead body."

Remember, Child Remember.

That tail hold is better than no hold and if you can't get a good solid grab on the nose of circumstances, fasten on to the tail and make her draw you. It may not be pleasant, but it beats standing still with your right fore finger in the northwest angle of your mouth.

Remember that every body can't be lawyers and preachers and doctors and merchants.

Strange as it may seem, everybody can't be editors. Now and then there must be a farmer and a mechanic.

Remember that a man is not a fool simply because he is a mechanic, and works for a living. If you think so, just jump out of the senior class of an eastern college and try to shoe a horse, or set up and space a line of nonpareil type.

Remember that it is better to cure yourself of one bad habit than to warn a friend of two. The world would not be half so bad if every individual in it would brace up and stop his infernal meanness.

Remember if you are a paragrapher that somebody will remember your old borrowed jokes. Don't tell us that the boy who crawled into the empty molasses barrel wished for a thousand tongues; for that boy's great-grand-children died before we were born, and we are a thousand years old

Barnum says that a circus man who won't admit orphans free can never hope to go to Heaven.

"Never Mind the Hat, My Boy."

General Sheridan was idly sauntering up and down the lobby of the Windsor Hotel, deep in thought, and complacently puffing at his Havana, and blowing the white smoke into pretty little rings. Suddenly a rough-looking man, with face so heavy bearded that one could see nothing but the twinkling black eye, approached him and raising his hat with awkward embarrassment, said,

"Good morning, General."

The hero of Winchester returned the greeting, touched his cap with military politeness, and then, trying to peer through the miner's heavy beard to get a glimpse of his heavy features, the General said:

"I'm afraid I've forggotten your face, sir."

The eyes of the man from Gunnison twinkled brighter than ever as he remarked:

"It's not unlikely, General; seein's we never met but once afore, you wouldn't be so apt to remember me as I am you. It's seventeen years since I saw you last. Things have changed since then. It was on the battle-field of Cedar Creek. Don't you remember the soldier that gave you his horse when yours was shot from under you by a shower of canister from the masked batteries on the brow of the hill?" and the old man looked up with eager pride into the General's face.

"That I do," answered the general, with pleased interest and a brighter flash in his eye; "I remember it well."

"I was that soldier," continued the miner, proudly. "I remember the circumstances well, sir. When you put the spurs to my horse and galloped off you left your hat behind you I called to you as loud as I could, but you replied, 'never mind the hat, my boy.' I've got that hat yet, General. It's hanging in my cabin in the mountains." and the rough fellow's eyes glowed with pleasure.

Sheridan grasped his his hand and led him to a seat, and for half an hour he fought the battles of Cedar Creek over again.—*Denver Tribune.*

Mean man.—If you owe your neighbor a grudge and are determined to get even with him, you can keep within the law by having your pavement washed every morning. The populace, after wading past your premises, will slop past his, and when the tracks are dry his pavement will look as if it had not been washed since Penn landed. They all do it.

"What is the pleasanttest way to die?" asks the Hartford *Post.* Never heard of any way that was particularly charming.—*Boston Post* Being "killed by kindness" ought to fill the bill.—*Philadelphia News.* That Iowa girl who was hugged to death solved the problem.—*Modern Argo.*

At the Niagara Falls depot the sign "Beware of Pickpockets" is so placed that visitors can see it immediately after alighting from the trains. People going to the trains see only the back of it, the authorities sparing them this painful mockery.

Queen Victoria, while at Balmoral, has a Scotch piper play every morning at 8 beneath her window. Then she gets up. There is nothing better than a Scotch piper for that purpose unless it is a good big alarm clock.

The who-shall-get-up-to-build-the fire jokes are rather late this year on account of the weather. The fact that ever since coal came into fashion fires have been kept up over night has no effect on them.

Letter-writing: One-half of a friendly correspondence is usually wasted in apologies; the other half in complaints about neglected letters.

The man never lived who did not think the squalling of his own baby nature's own music compared to the yell of a neighbor's brat.

Massachusetts boy about as high as the counter recently came into a book store and asked for "a book for ten cents with a murder in it."

A man being tormented with corns put his foot through a window and the pane was gone instantly.

Farmer Bean's Saying

Little roosters crow loud.

Every cloud doesn't bring a storm.

Light heads of wheat stand straight.

Gnarly apples don't pay for their fodder.

Oats in the meadow goes in with the hay.

Cornstalks in the weeds li'ble ter git cut up.

A lying tongue puts a patch on its neighbors.

Robin in the tree top's better'n a fifty-cent barometer.

Weeds in the corners be as bad as holes in the pockets.

You can't tell by the blossoms which of the apples will be wormy.

"You can't guess by the size of the calf what butter's worth a pound.

Chicken hawk never says nothin', when it's going for the chicken coop.

Now that the measles are prevalent, mothers as well as astronomers are looking for spots on the sun.

Cuticura

PYAEMIA

Or Blood Poisoning, which Results in Abscesses, Ulcers, Sores, Carbuncles, Boils and Itching Humors, Cured.

FEVER SORE.

What I tell you is the truth, told for no other purpose but to testify to the merits of the Cuticura Remedies. Mr. Frederick Yerton of this town, has been troubled for years with a Fever Sore on one of his legs. Last fall and all winter he could hardly walk a step. I induced him to take your Remedies. He has taken about four bottles Cuticura Resolvent, and used the Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally. His leg to-day is almost well, and he walks with ease. It was a sight to behold—black, and swollen very badly. I wish you could see his leg to-day. The change would astonish you.

CHAS. H. TRIPP, Alfred, Me.

SALT RHEUM.

Will McDonald, 242 Dearborn St., Chicago, gratefully acknowledges a cure of Salt Rheum on head, neck, face, scalp, and ears for seventeen years; unable to walk except on hands and knees for one year; unable to dress himself for eight years; tried hundreds of remedies; doctors pronounced his case incurable; permanently cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

GREAT BLOOD MEDICINES.

The half has not been told as to the great curative powers of the Cuticura Remedies. Have cost hundreds of dollars for medicines to cure diseases of the blood and skin, and never found anything yet to equal the Cuticura Remedies.

CHAS. A. WILLIAMS, Providence, R. I.

TREATMENT.

The Cuticura treatment for the cure of Skin, Scalp and Blood Diseases, consists in the internal use of Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, and the external use of Cuticura and Cuticura Soap, the Great Skin Cures.

Price of Cuticura, small boxes, 50c.; large boxes, $1. Cuticura Resolvent, $1 per bottle. Cuticura Soap, 25c. Cuticura Shaving Soap, 15c. Sold by all druggists.

Depot, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

CATARRH

Sanford's Radical Cure,

COmplete Treatment

For $1,00.

Clear head and voice, easy breathing, sweet breath, perfect smell, taste and hearing, no cough, no choking, no distress. These happy conditions are brought about in the severest cases of Catarrh by the most agreeable, economical, speedy, safe and never failing specific, Sanford's Radical Cure. Complete and infallible treatment, consisting of one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box of Catarrhal Solvent and one Improved Inhaler, all wrapped in one package, with treatise and directions and sold by all druggists for $1. Ask for Sanford's Radical Cure.

General Agents, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

PARSONS' EXTERMINATOR

Rats, Mice, Roaches, Water Bugs and Bed and Bugs infest ravenously. PARSON'S EXTERMINATOR and die. No fear of bad smells. Barns, granaries and household often cleared in a single night. Best and cheapest vermin killer in the world. No failure in 30 years. Every box warranted. Sold by all grocers and druggists. Ask for PARSONS', taking no other, by WEEKS & POTTER, Boston Mass.

PLAIN & FANCY SEWING.

MRS. ADAM MUSSER, of Centre township would respectfully inform the public that she is prepared to do plain and fancy sewing promptly at short notice. Public patronage respectfully solicited.

Aug. 3, 1881.

NEW FURNITURE ROOMS

THE undersigned has opened a Furniture Store, near the Middleburg Depot, and keeps constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of

Chamber Suits,
Bedsteads,
Cane-seated Chairs,
Wood-seat Chairs
Extension Tables
Stands,
Lounges,
Tables,

and everything else kept in a first-class Furniture Store.

H. H. RENINGER,
near the Depot
Apr. 14, 3m. Middleburg, Pa