The Post.

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Poetry.

A Poetical Wedding.

A romantic couple were united in Ohio by the following poetical ceremony:

MINISTER.

This woman wilt thou have,
And cherish her for life;
Wilt love and comfort her,
And seek no other wife?

HE.

This woman I will take
That stands beside me now;
I'll find her bread and clothes,
And have no other "frow."

MINISTER.

And for your husband will
You take this nice young man,
Obey his slightest wish,
And love him all you can?

SHE.

I'll love him all I can,
Obey him all I choose,
And when I ask for funds
He never must refuse.

MINISTER.

Then you are man and wife,
And happy may you be!
As many be your years
As dollars in my fee!

Solitude.

BY JOHN HOLEWOOD.

And what is solitude? And echo says,
To roam away and hold communion sweet,
Alone with nature and with nature's God,
Where sounds of revelry and din of strife
Retreat to nothingness; to seek the dell
And silent wood, and stroll the brook beside,
Whose silver waves but ripple forth a song
Of praise to Him whose boundless grandeur crowns
The universe of thought and deed and truth
With love's refulgent light; to go where man
Is not, nor e'er has been, nor stain of sin
Pollutes the fragrant air with incense dense
Of crime and woe and path; where grandly bow
The giant oak and tender windwood flower
To Him who reigns supreme—the King of Kings.

Not so to me. To stand within the midst,
And here the jostling sway that strife doth mete
To those who walk upon the thoroughfare
Of busy selfish gain; to stand where life
Is all aflame with love for power and pelf—
And ardent, eager, thronging mass of clay
That grinds humanity to dust for gold;
Where might is right and honesty is sin
And he who would not be an infidel
To curse and loud blaspheme the God of gods,
Is shunned as though a fool and lunatic—
The dregs of all created thought: to live,
To move, and know no sympathizing breast—
In which a heat doth dwell as virtue pure—
Doth burn responsive to thine own wild hopes:
To feel there is no heart that beats for thee,
Or loves to think or dream of thee as friend,
Or call thee some dear name, as in the past.
Ah! this is solitude! A doleful state:
The wildest, deepest solitude that comes
To human ken—the dregs of earthly woe;
The spelll of death and blackness of despair.

Guiteau announced the other day that he wanted to marry, and the soldier who shot at him furnished him with a miss.

A photographer down East, after getting his victim in position says: "Please cast your eyes to about the level of that frame on the wall." In the frame is a placard bearing the magic words: "Terms Cash." The photographer wonders why he cannot get a pleasant expression on the face of any sitter.

Practice makes perfect: It was a railway station. The trains were being made up. Puff went the locomotives, whirr went the wheels and the whistling was terrific. There was backing and forwarding and all manner of shunting on a labyrinth of rails. "What the deuce are they doing?" "Practising for an accident."

Locking the Trunk.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she arose from her knees, hot and tired with packing, and rubbing the small of her back as she straightened up, "I am all through now, and I wish you would lock the trunk."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Spoopendyke, dropping his paper and slamming down the lid." All you have got to do is just to fit the hasp in the lock and turn the key, so!"

But the key didn't quite turn and Mr. Spoopendyke hit the hasp with the side of his fist and tried it again.

"Don't it work?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, watching the proceeding with considerable interest.

"It'll work if you'll let it alone," said Mr. Spoopendyke, severely, and he raised the lid, dropped it again, pounded the hasp and wrenched at the key with all his strength. 'Stand back and give me room, can't you?" he growled, as he pressed down on the cover and gave the key quick twists in vain effort to catch the lock unawares.

"Why don't you rest your weight on it and let me lock it?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, fluttering around her husband and wondering if he was thoroughly aware that his plug hat was immediately under the lid.

"Have you got the time to keep away from the thing and let me work it?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, contemplating his wife with a Spartan expression of visage. "Spose I can do anything with you sitting on my elbow? If you'll go down cellar for a minute I'll lock this trunk," and Mr. Spoopendyke banged away at the hasp and breathed hard. But his best efforts could only turn the key half way. "Oh! ain't I glad you couldn't lock it!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, anxious to stay her husband's growing wrath. "I forgot to put in your walking cane."

"Dod gast the cane!" sputtered Mr. Spoopendyke. "Spose its going to lock any easier with a dod gasted walking cane sticking out at one end? Who says I cant lock it? What's the reason I can't lock it?" and he stood off and fetched the hasp a tremendous kick. "Anything else you've forgotten to put in?" and he sprang on the lid and tugged at the key with his head thrown back and his teeth set." Got a couple of raizors you want in here? Any chins around the house that wants a ride in this trunk? Want to put in that dod gasted ass on the top floor who tries to play the fiddle?" and he flooped off on to the floor and banged at the hasp again. "Let me sit on it," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke, climbed up without for a response. "Now try it."

Mr. Spoopendyke fumbled around and worked at the hasp and key, yet fruitlessly.

"Can't you sit any harder than that?" he yelled as the key struck and wouldn't turn either way. "Fraid of breaking the measly thing? Press down cant ye?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke squirmed around and said, "now dear," and then looked over to see how he was getting on, but still the lock was obdurate.

"Dod gast the measly old trunk!" howled Mr Spoopendyke, firing the key out of the window and giving the trunk a farewell kick. "If you want it locked you get a blacksmith and a steam derrick," and Mr. Spoopendyke threw himself into a chair and pretended to bury himself in his paper

"I don't know how we're ever going to get it open," said Mrs. Spoopendyke after a long silence.

"Get what open?" growled her husband.

"The trunk. Now I remember, its got a spring lock and when you took the key out it locked itself. I don't suppose we can ever find the key,"

"That's it" yelled Spoopendyke. "You know all about it now! Why didn't you tell me it was a spring lock? What d'ye you keep it to yourself for?"

"I forgot," whimpered Mrs. Spoopendyke, "but it will be all right—I can open it."

"Oh, you can open it!" snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "You're an opener! All you want is to be sharpened on both sides to be an oyster knife! With a dark lantern and a small cap you'd make a full set of burglar's tools! Oh you can open it! If you had a loose handle and one corner kicked off, you'd get rich as a screw driver!" and Mr. Spoopendyke tore out of the house to see if he could borrow something to pry open the unfortunate trunk.

"That gives me time to pack the valise, murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and as I've got another key to the trunk, we'll do pretty well after all," and the worthy lady began to jam night shirts and hair oil into the bags, together with sandwiches and tooth brushes, wondering between times whether Mr. Spoopendyke's silk hat had been so badly smashed that it wouldn't do to go fishing in on rainy days, even if it didn't look well enough for church.

Grains of Gold.

Seek not to please the world, but your own conscience.

The defects of great men are the consolation of dunces.

If there is anything better than to be loved, it is loving.

He is wise who never acts without reason, and never against it.

To win, work and wait—but work a good deal more than you wait.

It is not sufficient for desires to be good; it is necessary that they be regulated.

The only amaranthine flower on earth is virtue; the only lasting treasure, truth.

We should keep our scorn for our own weakness, and our blame for our own sins.

Where there is much pretension, much has been borrowed. Nature never pretends.

Let our lives be as pure as snow-fields, where our footsteps leave a mark, but not a stain.

Being convinced that any certain habit is injurious, apply will-power, and it can be overcome.

Chimneys are not swept until the fire is out. When the passions are extinguished man purifies his heart.

Do not use evasions when called upon to do a good thing, nor excuses when you are reproached for doing a bad one.

Men are guided less by conscience than by glory; and yet the shortest way to glory is to be guided by conscience.

It is a point of excellent wisdom to keep the golden bridle of moderation upon all the affections we exercise on earthly things.

The greatest and most amiable privilege which the rich enjoy over the poor, is that which they exercise the least—the privilege of making them happy.

Keep Your Heart Warm.

Winter is at hand.

"Keep blaws the wind,
And cauld the northern blast."

The autumn leaves are beautiful in their bright colors of crimson and purple and gold; but it is the beauty of death!

Cold! The days grow cold and cold grow the nights. Soon the ground and rivers will be frozen hard. How bright and how cheerful now becomes the blazing, glowing, open wood fires!

Cold, cold; true it is, as has been written, that disappointment is the lot of mortality that was made to mourn. To every one come his griefs and sorrows. Of early friends many are dead, a few estranged, while some are precious beyond price or expression.

One thing should be observed above all other, amid the mutations and sorrows of life. It is to keep your heart warm. Be true, be generous, be affectionate yourself. Otherwise there remains no sweetness, no zest in life, and you die before your time, and your spirit becomes extinct while you are still in the flesh, and your blood, though sluggish, still creeps through your veins.

Keep your own heart warm. Cling to the memory of the dead. Cling to the love of the living. So shall you shed the sunlight of heaven over mortals career—on yourself and on others. The heart that has always been warm shall be felt in its beneficence long after it has ceased to beat.

A cruel maiden: "Are you lonely to-night, Miss Ada?" "No, sir; I wish I were lonelier." And he bade her adieu.

Free as the mountain air: "Excuse the liberty I take," as the convict remarked as he escaped from the State prison.

Sayings of Garfield.

Golden Words from the Lips and Pen of the Dead President.

After the battle of arms comes the battle of history.

I would rather be beaten in right than succeed in wrong.

For the noblest man that lives there still remains a conflict.

Present evils always seem greater than those that never come.

Growth is better than permanence and permanent growth is better than all.

It is one of the precious mysteries of sorrow that it finds solace in the unselfish thought.

Statesmanship consists rather in removing the causes than in punishing or evanding the results.

Ideas of the great warriors of the world, and a war that has no ideas behind it is simply brutality.

Eternity alone will reveal to the human race its debt of gratitude to the peerless and immortal name of Washington.

Occasion may be the bugle-call that summons an army to battle, but the blast of a bugle can never make soldiers or win victories.

I doubt if any man equalled Samuel Adams in formulating and uttering the fierce, clear and inexorable logic of the Revolution.

Throughout the whole web of national existence we trace the golden thread of human progress toward the higher and better estate.

An act of bad faith on the part of a State or municipal corporation, like poison in the blood, will transmit its course to succeeding generations.

Bad faith on the part of an individual, a city or even a State, is a small evil in comparison with the calamities which follow bad faith on the part of a sovereign government.

If there be one thing on this earth that mankind love and admire better than another it is a brave man; it is a man who dares to look the devil in the face and tell him he is a devil.

We should do nothing inconsistent with the spirit and genius of our institutions. We should do nothing for revenge, but everything for security; nothing for the past, everything for the present and future.

Womanly Economy.

There is much talk of the extravagance of a woman, and there is no doubt that when a woman puts her hand to the spending of money she can do it with a perfect looseness. Women are naturally extremists, and do whatever they do and think whatever they think with all their might. But to this question of spending money there are two sides, and the balance decidedly inclines towards saving rather than spending. Women are naturally economists. They have twice the skill of saving that men have. Think of the "auld clothes made to look amaist as well as new," think of the bonnets retrimmed and brought out in the latest style; think of the twisting and turning, the contriving and saving to which many a woman resorts to keep her family looking respectable, while her husband never thinks of stinting himself in cigars of liquor. Many man is kept from pauperism by the contrivings of his wife; many a family owes the comfortable house they inhabit more to the economy of the mother than the savings of the father. Before men talk of the extravagance of a woman, they should strive to learn a lesson form their economy.

The Irishman has his brains close to his lips. "Pat," said a conceited cox-comb, "tell me the biggest lie you can on the instant and here are two shillings for you." "Ah," said Pat with a significant leer, "Your Honor is a giuttleman."

The idea that there was a threshing machine running on Bloomfield street yesterday was erroneous. It originated from the noise made by a Louisville man eating dinner in a restaurant.

Analogy: Mable (aged twenty) to Edith (aged five)—"There, Edith do stop hugging me; you'll drag me to de[illegible] You didn't talk [illegible] Brown [illegible] ever [illegible]

An Irishman's Strange Fight.

It was in the Island of Borneo. A queer place it is, I tell you, and the queerest lot of people I ever saw in my life.

But, at the same time, if a man gets used to their ways, an old sailor might have a happy time living among the Dyacks

I landed from my ship one day, and with Ned McKitrick, a boy from the green isle, I started for a cruise on the shore.

We reckoned on a hunt, and brought guns, though we didn't know what kind of game we were likely to score up.

And, if I must tell the truth, we didn't neither of us know much about a gun.

"Seth, acushla," said Ned, "phat kind av a counthry is this at all—at all? Look at the threes. *By* the great gun of Athlone but did ye iver see sech big wans in all yer loife?"

Where we landed there was a little river making its way down to the sea, and while we were walking up to the woods, a big water snake, as thick as my arm, went buzzing up the stream.

Ned gave a war-whoop and jumped four feet from the ground; for if there is anything on the face of the earth that an Irishman hates it is a snake

"Look at that fellow," he cried—"Shoot him, Seth. Kill him. Whoop! I niver saw sech a baste in all my loife."

I got him quiet after a while, and went on into the woods.

Ned was wild at the fruits and flowers he saw, and if *I* had let him, he'd have poisoned himself a dozen times before we got a mile on the road.

We kept the river for a guide, because neither of us knew the country, and if we once got lost in the trackless woods, there was little chance of our ever getting out alive.

Many a queer sight and sound disturbed us, and at last we sat down under a tree and took our lunch.

I had just mixed a little stiff horn of grog, when Ned started up.

"Look yer here, Seth," he said, "See the hairy man. Get out av that, ye black thafe av the world!"

Not far away, standing in a stooping posture, with his long arms swinging by his side, was a huge orang-outang, looking at us in the queer, inquisitive way which seems so natural to monkeys and those of her tribe.

He was a big fellow, nearly as tall as a man; and no wonder Ned, who had never seen anything like it, thought it was a man.

I didn't say anything, and Ned stood looking at the orang in the ugly way peculiar to an Irishman woo thinks himself imposed upon.

"Look here, ye rascal," he said, angrily, "d'ye want anything out av me?"

The orang did not move or make any sound, and Ned began to get mad.

He shook his head and walked toward the orang in a fighting posture, and I followed, because I didn't know what he was going to do.

"Now, look," said Ned, extending his hand, "I've got five fingers—or four fingers and a thumb, which manes the same thing—as well as you, an' be the powers av ye don't spake till me, I'll show ye how they do the trick in ould Ireland."

"I wouldn't start this nonsense, if I was you, Ned," I said, setting him on.

He didn't need any barking and went closer.

"Now, smell av that fist," he said, "an' mank me while I spake. Av ye don't beg me pardon for not answering a civil question, may I niver see ould Ireland again av I dont knock ye into smithereens."

The orang uttered a harsh, grating cackle, which Ned took for a laugh, and he at once slapped the orang across the jaws and danced around him with an Irish yell his hands up in true fighting style.

No one but an Irishman would have ever thought of such a thing, and I was bursting with laughter.

"Step up, ye villain," roared Ned—"How d'ye loike that, now?"

The orang gave a yell like a panther and sprang at Ned's throat, his claws going like a windmill.

In less time that it takes to tell it, Ned was the worst-looking Irishman in or about the Island of Borneo.

I don't know what would have happened to him if I hadn't got out a knife and gave the orang a dig, for I didn't dare to fire at him while he was hanging on to Ned and clawing into him.

The minute the orang felt the knife he let out, leaving Ned mad with rage, dancing wildly about, and blood running down his face from a dozen scratches.

"D'ye call that fair fighting, ye black thafe?" he roared. "Howld on; I'll come till ye."

To my surprise he set out on a run after the orang-outang, which was running away among the trees, looking over his shoulder with an angry snarl, and licking the blood which floated from his wounded arm.

Ned wouldn't stop, and the only thing I could do was to run after him, for I didn't know what kind of trouble he'd get into if I wasn't by to help him.

I didn't fully realize myself how dangerous it was to chase a wounded orang, but I couldn't have left Ned away.

He was a good runner, and was over-hauling the man-monkey hand-over-fist, when four or five more dropped from the trees and joined their companion.

"Hold hard their, Ned," I yelled.—"Don't you see he's got help?"

"Sorra a bit I care!" roared Ned "I can whip the party, av they'll only fight fair."

The orangs set up a chattering and yelling such as you never heard in your life, three of them, the one I had hurt among the rest, began to come toward us with such mischief in their eyes that I knew me were in for a fight.

"Look out, Ned," I cried. "Fire at them or you are gone."

I pulled on the big fellow I had hurt, and he looked ever beautiful.

Ned, who began to have a faint idea of the truth, had the good luck to break the leg of another.

The pitiful yell he uttered brought the others at us, and I drew my knife, a regular old bowie, and waited.

Ned clubbed his rifle and dashed in. But the orang at which he struck leaped back to avoid the blow and stood chatering.

My antagonist made a jump at me, and I felt the sharp claws in my throat, and struck out wildly and at random, and heard a half human groan, and my enemy lay dead at my feet.

As I jumped to help Ned, I saw him astride of the orang which had pitched into him, pummeling him to his heart's content. "Ah, will ye, then?" he yelled. "Taste that, an' that, an' that. How d'ye loike that?"

"Come away, Ned," I said "You'll have a whole colony of the hairy things on your back if you don't look out."

"Whoop! I'll tache thim to pitch into a thrue-hearted Irish bye that niver harmed thim in his loife Taste av that me jewel."

I dragged him off and got him away.

I didn't tell him that they weren't men we were fighting with until we got to the ship, and he was bragging how many Dyacks he'd licked.

Then I told the story, and a madder man you never saw in your life.

Of course it came to a fight, and I had to win.

They embraced; Two young men who move in the very best Austin society went on a spree not long since. After they were pretty well under way one of them said in an inebriated tone of voice; "Let's bid each other good night, Bill?" "Why, you ain't going home already? It's right in the shank or the evening," "Of course *I*'m not goin' home now, but after a while we don't know each ozaer from a shide of sole leather sho let's shay good night' right now, before it's too late." They embraced.

An article in an [illegible] tled "Shrinkage [illegible] refer to the br[illegible] seats apiece i[illegible] don't shrink out—diffuse [illegible] When y[illegible] joke pok[illegible] more int[illegible] put a tho[illegible] spot whe[illegible]

THE POST.

Published every Thursday Evening
JEREMIAH CROUSE, Proprr

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☞Persons lifting and using papers addressed to others become subscribers and are liable for the price of the paper

Sad parting: "It may be months, darling, before we meet again," he said, squeezing her hand as if that grip was the last; "mountains and valleys will divide us, forests and prairies, perhaps the river of death itself. Can *I* do anything more than I have done to make your cherish my memory and keep your love for me unchanged?" "Oh, she exclaimed choking down her sobs, "buy me a box of tortoise shell hairpins before you start."

Explode gunpowder in your bedroom if you want to drive away flies and mosquitoes. A twenty five pound keg will do.

Cuticura

PYAEMIA

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

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What I tell you is the truth, told for no other purpose but to testify to the merits of the Cuticura Remedies. Mr. Frederick Yeaton 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 Resolvent. He has taken about four bottles Cuticura Resolvent, and used the Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally. His leg today is almost well and he walks with ease. It was a sight to behold—stack, 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, scrotum and legs for seventeen years; not able to walk except on hands and knees for one year; not able to help himself for eight years; tried hundreds of remedies; doctors pronounced it a case hopeless; 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. I have paid hundreds of dollars for medicines to cure diseases of the blood and skin, and and never found anything yet to equal the Cuticura Remedies.

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

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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.

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CComplete Treatment

For $1,00.

Clear head and voice, easy breathing, sweet breath, perfect smell, taste and hearing, no cough, no choaking, no distress. These happy conditions are brought about in the severest cases of Catarrh by that 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 Catarrh Solvent and one IMPROVED INHALER, all wrapped in one package, with full directions and sold by all druggists for $1. Ask for Sanford's Radical Cure.

General Agents, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

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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.

MARRIAGE

Guide for both SEXES, for the married and those contemplating marriage—a brilliant, fascinating book. A counselor for the million on Health, Disease, and the Physical Life of Man and Woman; pure in language, and endorsed by physicians everywhere. Price, 50 cents, by Dr. A. G. OLIN, the oldest Specialist in the Northwest, who will pay $500 for every case of private or chronic disease of either sex he undertakes and fails to cure. Send two stamps for Guide to Health. Reliable Female Pills, $5 a Box. A quiet home for ladies during confinement. Rubber Goods and Circular of important information, by express, 50 cents.

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