The Post.

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Poetry.

THEBOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

In Genesis the world began,
'Twas then that God created man.

In Exodus the law was given,
As Israel's guide from earth to heavn.

Leviticus, from Levi's name,
The tribe from which the priesthood came.

Then Numbers tells about the way—
What God would have us do and say.

Deuteronomy, which means "twice told,"
The truth, once, learned, must ne'er grow old.

Then Joshua came, in Moses' place,
When Law had failed, God brought in Grace.

He next by Judges Israel ruled;
His love toward them never cooled.

And then, the story sweet of Ruth,
Foreshadows very precious truth.

In Samuel First we read of Saul—
The people's King—his rise and fall.

In Second Samuel then we hear
Of David—man to God so dear.

In First of Kings the glory filled
The temple Solomon did build.

And Second Kings records the lives
Of Prophets, Kings, their sons and wives.

In First of Chronicles we're shown
The house of David and his throne.

And Second Chronicles records
King Solomon's good deeds and words.

Then Ezra built God's house again,
Which had for long in ruins lain.

And Nehemiah builds the wall
'Round Judah's City, great and tall.

Then Esther, Jewish maid and wife,
Raised up to save her people's life.

And Job—his patience sorely tried—
At last God's dealings justified.

Then comes the Psalms, whose sacred page
Is full of truth for every age.

The Proverbs, which the wise man spake
For all who will their teachings take.

Ecclesiastes show how vain
The very best of earthly gain.

The Song how much we need to prize
The treasure set above the skies.

Isaiah, first of prophets, who
Foretells the future of the Jew.

Then Jeremiah, scorned by foes,
Yet weeps for faithless Israel's woes.

The Lamentations tell, in part,
The sadness of this prophet's heart.

Ezekiel tells, in mystic story,
Departing and returning glory.

Then Daniel from the lion's den,
By power Divine, is raised again.

Hosea shows the father's heart
So grieved for sin on Ephraim's part.

And Joel tells of judgment near;
The wicked nations quake and fear.

Then Amos, from the herdmen sent,
Calls hardened sinners to repent.

In Obadiah, Edom's fall
Contains a warning word to all.

Jonah, though prophet of the Lord,
Yet fled to Tarshish from his word.

Then Micah sings in sweetest lays
The glory of millennial days.

And Nahum tells the fear and gloom
Of Nineveh and of her doom.

Habbakkuk, though the fig-tree fail,
His faith and trust in God prevail.

Then Zephanian tells of grace,
And love that comes in judgment's place.

And Haggai in the latter days
Repeats, "Consider well your ways."

In Zachariah's wondrous book
We find eight visions, if we look.

Then Malachi, the last of all,
Speaks sadly still of Israel's fall.

Select Tale.

THE SKELETON OF MRS. FITZ JAMES.

Jim Mulligan was a self made man, and he always boasted that he was not "born with a silver spoon in his mouth;" yet, with the inconsistency of human nature, when he became wealthy, he changed the Indian name of Mulligan to that of Fitz James and called his good wife, Mary Ann, Marianna.

One warm afternoon, Mrs. Fitz James and her intimate friend, Mrs. Moar, were sitting in the garden enjoying the cool breeze. Suddenly the sound of a fish horn was heard, and Mrs. Fitz James' florid complexion assumed a ghastly pallor.

Mrs. Seymour inquired if she was ill.

She replied that she was in excellent health, but a sound of a fish horn always affected her unpleasantly.

As the well-known cry of "Mackerel," was heard, her agitation became painful to witness, and she implored her friends to accompany her to the drawing room.

There was evidently a mystery connected with the fish-horn.

The next morning Mrs. Fitz James arose very early; by seven o'clock she was sitting in the garden. Once more she heard the mournful cry. "*Mackeral!*" drew nearer and nearer, until a fish cart stood before the door.

The vender looked up and beheld the portly form of Mrs. Fitz James.

Then he approached the house, "My sister Mary Ann, by jingo!"

"Bill Stokes," was the answer, in tones of agony, "for mercy's sake don't speak so loud! You may be overheard."

And suppose I am?" was the rejoinder, "But you are not pleased to see me. Ever since my arrival in Liverpool I have been trying to discover where it was you lived; and now I have succeeded you appear to be ashamed of your brother."

"It is true," was the reply of Mrs. Fitz James "that we are relatives, but are our social relations. I am wealthy, and have fashionable friends who would cut my acquaintance if they knew of my low origin; therefore, I implore you never to sell fish in this neighborhood, or to blow your horn in this street; for the blood curdles in my brain every time I hear the awful sound. Take this five pound note; I will pay you the same amount weekly if you promise never to betray our relationship."

"Keep your money, woman!" was the indignant reply. "I am not ambitious to claim kindred with such a cold-hearted wretch. It is true, I am not a gentleman; but remember, although you are rich, you are not a lady. If ever you become poor, your refined friends will not associate with you, and you may yet be glad to acknowledge the fish vender as your brother."

Bill Stokes then departed, and much to Mrs. Fitz James' disgust, blew his horn with renewed vigor, and cried "*Mackerel,*" in louder tones than ever.

Prosperity had hardened Mrs. Fitz James' heart; yet her conscience reproached her when she reflected that she had disowned her brother, whose only sin was that of being a costermonger.

But she was fashionable and it was impossible for her to acknowledge such a low connection.

If was very sultry and Bill Stokes was exhausted when his day's work was over. As he approached his humble dwelling he blew a loud blast on his horn; but now it was a welcome sound, for it announced to his wife and child the coming of the one they loved, But the father missed the little face at the window that always greeted him. His heart sank as he opened the door, for his wife was bending over the sick bed of the boy. He lost all hope when his wife whispered that the child was suffering from that dreadful malady, diphtheria.

He endeavored to appear cheerful, sat down and tried to eat; but the food choked him, and he pushed the plate away.

"Nellie, my girl," he said, "what shall we do? We must have a doctor for our child. Sickness brings many many expenses; but, although I am poor, *I* am too proud to beg.

"If you could only find your sister Mary Ann, I am sure she would help us," was the wife's reply.

"Nellie, I have found my sister," was the answer, "and she offered me money not to acknowledge her as my own flesh and blood. She is ashamed of my occupation, and has not the moral courage to acknowledge the fish vendor as her brother.

The gentle woman endeavored to console her husband, and persuade him to take the rest he so much required. The poor cannot afford to indulge idle grief, for they must earn their daily bread; and the mother kept her lonely vigil by the bedside of her child, and prayed the long hours of the night away, imploring Heaven to spare her little one.

A few days passed; the child was convalescent; his mouth became parched; he cried for fruit, and required dainties which the poor cannot obtain. The mother, unable to gratify the little sufferer, implored him to be patient until his father returned. Although so young, poverty had taught the boy self control, and he was silent.

Once again the sound of the fish-horn was heard. The child's face brightened. Bill Stokes approached the bed, Tiny arms encircled his neck, and a feeble voice asked for an orange. The father shook his head in silent despair, for it had been an unlucky day and he was without a penny. He thought of the last resources of the poor—the pawnbroke. He gave a hasty glance around the room. Everything of value had disappeared. A small, feverish hand was thrust into his. And a young hero assured him that he no longer wished for an orange, because the last one was sour. It was the child's first untruth. The angels wept in pity, and conceal the sin for the motive was noble.

The mother became desperate. Pride, self respect, all were forgotten. *Her* sick boy was suffering for necessaries. She implored her husband to seek assistance from Mary Ann.

"If a gift from her would save my own life I would not accept it," was the father's answer, "But I will degrade myself for the sake of the child,"

Bill Stokes trudged many a weary mile before the fashionable residence was reached. As he was about to ring the bell he noticed that the blinds were drawn. Death had visited the mansion. The servant informed him that it would be impossible for him to see Mrs. Fitz James, as she was quite prostrated by the loss of her child.

Misery rendered Bill Stokes desperate. He pushed the astounded menial away, and entered the great drawing room.

His sister raised her tear-stained face and beheld her brother. He was pale as death. Misfortune had completely broken his spirit. *He* approached her with respect and addressed her as Mrs. Fitz James. He told her that his child was recovering from diptheria, but that the boy was sinking for want of necessaries. And then he was silent.

Nature triumphed over fashion. A repentant sister threw her arms around the poor costermonger's neck.

"Oh, Bill!" said Mrs. Fitz James; "I've been punished for my pride, for I have been deprived of my child. Hereafter, I will only value money according to its worth. To-morrow I bury my little one. Come to the funeral, and by your presence convince me that you have forgiven my unnatural conduct. Do not fret, for the boy shall have all that he requires. To-night I will send him a basket filled with all the delicacies necessary for an invalid, I am still ashamed of your occupation, but now it is an honest shame. I feel degraded when I reflect that I am rolling in affluence, and yet allow my only brother to hawk fish from door to door. Your future shall be my care. And you shall be the owner of as fine a fish store as there is in the city,

The sound of the fish horn no longer affected Mrs. Fitz James. The cry of "Mackerel!" failed to discompose her; and her fashionable friends have never discovered what was the skeleton of Mrs. Fitz James.

Don't argue with a fool, or listeners will say there are two of you.

The wise man never makes the same blunder twice.

When two rival oyster-openers get together there is likely to be an equiknockshell storm.

"Uncle," said a boy as he stood looking at a speckled trout; "this fish has got the measles, hasn't it?"

A Colorado item: "Arizona Jack," one of the type of dime novel heroes that are entirely too common, attempted to "run the town," and is now running a small lot in the cemetery.

Spoopendyke's Baby.

How that Gentleman Behaved on the Occasion of an Addition to the Family.

"Well, well, well," said Mr. Spoopendyke, with a grin that involved his whole head, and an effort at a tip-toe tread that shook the whole house, "and so it's a girl, my dear."

Mrs. Spoopendyke smiled faintly and Mr. Spoopendyke picked up his heiress.

"It's the image of you," she said, regarding with some trepidation Mr. Spoopendyke's method of handling the infant.

"I don't see how you make that out," said Mr. Spoopendyke gravely. "I don't know when my nose looked like the thumb part of a boiled lobster claw. Do I understand you that my eyes bear any resemblance to the head of a screw?"

"I mean the general features," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"The general features seem to be all mouth," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, examining his acquisition. "If our general features are at all alike, my visage must remind you of an earthquake. Hi! kitchee! kitchee! What makes her fold her fold her legs like that?"

"She can't help it," reasoned Mrs. Spoopendyke. "They'll straighten out in time."

"No time like the present," quoted *Mr.* Spoopendyke, and he took his daughter's feet and commenced pulling her legs. "I don't want any bandy-legged first in this family while I'm at the head of it."

Naturally the baby began to cry and Mr. Spoopendyke essayed to soothe it.

"Hi! kitchee! kitchee! kitchee ee-ee!" he chirruped. "Great Scott, what a cavern! Any idea how much this mouth weighs? Hi! kitchee! kitch-e-e! You'll have to get that mouth rooted in before cold weather. What's the matter with her, anyway?"

"Perhaps you hurt her. Let me take her, please," pleaded helpless Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"She is doing well enough. Hi! you! Hold up! Haven't you anything to catch this mouth in? It's spilling all over the neighborhood Hi! Topsy. Genevieve, Cleopatra, dry up! I'm going to have trouble breaking this young one's temper I can see that. *Here!* bend the other way once!" and Mr. Spoopendyke tried to straighten up his off spring, without avail.

"Let her come to me, do, please," moaned Mrs. Spoopendyke, and Mr. Spoopendyke was forced to hand her over.

"Well, that's a quiet baby," said he, nursing his knee and eyeing the infant. "What are those bumbs over its eyes for? What preponderance of intelligence do they represent?"

"You musn't talk so," remonstrated Mrs. Spoopendyke," "She is the handsomest child you ever saw."

"Well, she's got to stop biting her nails before she goes any further with this procession. Here, take your hands out of your mouth, can't you? Why don't you put her hands down?"

"Why, all babies do that," explained Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You can't stop that."

"I'm going to try," said *Mr.* Spoopendyke, and I don't want to be interfered with in bringing this child up. Here, you, Maud S. Bonesetter, put your hands in your pockets! Don't let me see any more nail-chewing, or you and I'll get mixed up in an argument. She gets that from your family, Mrs. Spoopendyke."

"Say, dear, don't you want to go and order some things?" asked Mrs Spoopendyke.

"No," rejoined her husband, "I want to see this youngster. Where's her chin? Do babies always have their upper jaw set right on their shoulders? Kitchee! kitchee! Her scalp comes clear to the bridge of her nose. I don't believe she's quite right. Where's her forehead? Great Moses! Her head is all on the back part! Say, that baby's got to bep ressed. That's no shape."

"Get away," exclaimed Mrs Spoopendyke, indignantly. "She's quite an angel. There's nothing in the world the matter with her."

"Of course you know," groaned Mr. Spoopendyke. "You don't want anything more than a fog horn and a misspent appropriation to be a orphan asylum. If I had your faith and the colic I'd make a living as a foundling's home! She'll be old enough to spank in a week, won't she?"

"No she wont!" said Mrs. Spoopendyke. She'll never be old enough for that."

"I'll bet she will," grunted Mr Spoopendyke, "if she isn't she'll get it before she matures up to that period. That's all. Let me take her. Here, let's have her."

But Mrs. Spoopendyke flatly refused.

"Keep your dod gasted baby, then!" roared Mr. Spoopenbyke. "If you knew more about babies than I do, then keep her. The way you coddle her one would think she was new paste for the complexion. If you had one more brain and a handle you'd make a fair rattle box! Fit up with a broken sofa and a grease spot you'd do for a second-hand nursery."

And Mr. Spoopendyke started off to find his friend Specklewottle, who congratulated him, and started off with him to assist in the selection of an overcoat and a pair of ear-muffs as precautionary against the approaching winter.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

An Obstinate Bride.

The other night a young man from Northern Arkansas and a young lady from the southern part of the State, met at a hotel in this city and were married. After the ceremony the young man went out and sat in front of the hotel while his wife went up to the room assigned as the bridal chamber.

"This thing of getting married is a life-long business," he said, addressing a man who had just been divorced from his wife. "I reckon you have found it so," he added, to a single man. "Wall, I reckon I'll go up. Dinged if *I* don't sorter hate to go up thar, too. But I never was afeered of a woman.

He went up and rapped at the door.

"Who is there?" demanded the girl.

"It's me."

"Who is me?"

"Don't you recognize my talk, honey?"

"No, I don't."

"It is your own wide awake and living husband. Let me in."

"Go away from that door; you shall not come in here. I am not acquainted with you yet."

"Say let me in. Them fellers down stairs air laughing at me. Open the door, far I'm sleepy," and and he yawned like a man waiting for a night train.

"Thought you said that you were wide awake?"

"I was a while ago, but I'm powerful sleepy now. Say, ain't you goin' to open this door?"

"No I ain't."

"Why did you marry me?"

"Cause I wanted to."

"Wall, why don't you let me in?"

"Cause I don't want to."

"All right old gal; I'll shell out fur home and leave you to pay the hotel bill I never seed the woman that could pull the wool over my eyes."

The latch clicked and the door opened. The hotel bill had frightened her.

"It won't do for a woman to buck agin me, lemmy tell you, fur I was raised at the cross-roads, an' went to mill early."—*Little Rock Gazette.*

The Prize Liar.

During the trial of a case in the Common Pleas at Newburyport, Mass., on *Monday*, a witness was asked by the district attorney.

"Didn't you boast, when you lived in Boston that you were the greatest liar in that whole city?"

The witness looked wise for a moment or two before he answered:

"Oh, I know what you mean. You see I went into a room one night, and found half a dozen fellows who seemed to be telling stories. Says one of them, 'Here's—, he'll take the money.' 'What money?' *I* asked, 'That quarter on the table,' was the answer; 'the man that tells the biggest lie takes it.' I merely remarked that I shouldn't try for it, as I never told a lie in my life, and—they give me the quarter!"

It will pay every body to examine the immense Stock of Furniture for sale by the Popular Furniture man W. H. FELIX Lewistown Pa.

Somes Foolish Thing.

Talking slang.
Praising yourself
Wearing tight shoes,
Tramping for a living.
Borrowing newspapers,
Getting mad at nothing.
Kissing poodles in public.
Living beyond your income.
Trying to "cram" school children.
Sleeping away the early morning hours.
Hunting for white-handed employment.
Counting your money before its earned.
Trying to do business without advertising.
Marrying a man for his splendid moustache.
Endorsing notes for friends and acquaintances.
Thinking it don't pay to economize in trifles.
Playing the gallant to every woman but your wife.
Expecting to have money without working for it.
Leaving off heavy flannels too early in the season.
Wasting your smiles on every man but your husband.
Leaning an umbrella without bilding it an eternal adieu.
Exposing your ignorance by pretending to know everything.
Moping through life when its just as easy to dance through it.
Getting married in live haste and repenting at dead leisure.
Judging a man by the cut of his coat or a woman by the shade of her complexion.
Envying other people their wealth when you might be hoarding a pile up for yourself.
Falling in love with a woman's hair or teeth before you find out how much she paid for them.
Joining so many lodges and church societies that you have no time to become acquainted with your family.
Turning up your nose at ordinary ways of earning an honest livelihood and waiting for some genteel job to turn up.
Jumping at the conclusion that because you come of respectable stock, you won't die in the poor house, if you fail to provide more comfortable quarters elsewhere.—*Albany Press.*

It's All Right.

A citizen of *Detroit* entered a *Michigan* avenue grocery the other day and said he wanted a private word with the proprietor. When they had retired to the desk he began:

"I want to make confession and reparation. Did you remember of my buying sugar here two or three days ago?"

"I do."

"Well, in paying for it I worked off a counterfeit quater on the clerk. It was a mean trick, and I came to tender you good money."

"Oh, don't mention it," replied the grocer.

"But I want to make it right."

"It's all right—all right. We knew who passed the quarter on us, and that afternoon when your wife sent down a dollar bill and wanted a can of sardines I gave her that bad quarter with her change. Don't let your conscience trouble you at all—it's all right."

The short crop will make a corner on tobacco, and some speculative dealers will bite off more than they they can chew.

A little boy was asked by his mother to take a powder that she had prepared for him. "Bowder! powder!" said he. "Why mother, I'm not a gun.

What animal took the most luggage into the ark, and which took the least? The elephant, who took the trunk; while the fox and the rooster had only a comb and a brush between them.

A teacher asked the smallest boy in the class:

"Who was it that said "It is not good for a man to be alone?"

The lad answered: "Daniel, sir; when he was in the lion's den"

"Come, Robert, get up," said a father to his son, the other morning. "Remember that it is the early bird that catches the worm."

"What do I care for worms?" replied the young hopeful. "Mother won't let me go a fishing."

THE POST.

Published every Thursday Evening
JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r

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A Trifle Mixed.

A fasionable young lady visited a cooking school the other afternoon, where her attention was equally divided between a new dress worn by an acquaintance and the directions for making a cake, upon returning home she undertook to write down the recipe for the cake for her mother, and the old lady was paralyzed when she read. "Take two pounds of flour, ten rows of pleating down the front, the whites of two eggs cut bias, a pint of milk ruffled around the neck, half pound of currants with seven yards of bead trimming grated lemon peal with Spanish lace fichu, stir well and add a semi fitting paletot with visite sleeves, butter the pan with Brazilian topaz necklace, garnish with icing and jetted passementerie, bake in a moderately hot over until the overskirt is tucked from the waist down on either side and finish with large satin bows." Her mother said she wouldn't eat such a cake and she thought these new fangled ideas in cooking ought to be frowned down.

Cuticura

Scrofulous, Itching and Scaly Humors of the Skin, Scalp and Blood Cured.

MIRACULOUS CURE.

I will now state that I made a miraculous cure of one of the worst cases of skin disease known. The patient is a man forty years old; has suffered fifteen years. His eyes, scalp and nearly his whole body presented a frightful appearance. Had the attention of twelve different physicians, who prescribed the best remedies known to the profession, such as Iodide potassium, arsenic, corrosive sublimate, sarsaparilla, etc. Had paid $500 for medical treatment with but little relief. I prevailed upon him to use the CUTICURA REMEDIES internally and the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. He did so, and was completely cured. The skin on his head, face, and many other parts of his body, which presented a most loathsome appearance, is now as soft and smooth as an infant's, with no scar or trace of the disease left behind. He has now been cured twelve months.

Reported by

F. H. BROWN, Esq., Barnwell, S. C.

SCROFULA SORE.

Rev. Dr.——, in detailing his experience with the CUTICURA REMEDIES said that through Divine Providence one of his parishioners was cured of a scrofulous sore which was slowly draining away his life, by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. The person that had fed the disease was completely driven out.

ECZEMA

Sixteen months since an eruption broke out on my leg and both feet, which turned out to be ECZEMA, and caused me great pain and anoyance. I tried various remedies with no good results, until I used the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, which entirely cured me so that my skin is as smooth and natural as ever.

LEN. M. FRAILEY, 61 South St., Baltimore.

CUTICURA.

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 MEDICINAL SOAP, 15c. Sold by all druggists.

Depot, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

CATARRH

Sanford's Radical Cure

Complete Treatment

For $1.00.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE, CATARRHAL SOLVENT and IMPROVED INHALER wrapped in one package, with full directions, and sold by All druggists for one dollar. Ask for Sanford's Radical Cure.

From a simple cold or inflamed to the ravaging, disgusting and death of the senses of smell, taste and hearing, this great remedy is supreme. Poisonous mucous accumulations are removed, the entire membrane cleansed, disinfected, smell, taste and hearing restored and constitutional ravages checked. Thus, externally and internally, does this great economical remedy work, instantly relieving and permanently curing the most aggravated and dangerous forms of Catarrh.

General Agents, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

Rats. Mice.

Roaches, Water Bugs and Red and Black Ants eat ravenously PARSON'S EXTERMINATOR and die. No fear of bad smells. Barns, granaries and households often clared 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'. Full size for 25 cents by WEEKS & POTTER, Boston Mass.

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