The Post.

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THE POST.

Published every Thursday Evening
JEREMIAH CROUSE, Propr

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Poetry.

AT THE "MET HODIST HOTEL."

John, you put out the elder's horse,
and take the harness off ;
Come in, my brother; how's your wife,
and how's the baby's cough ?
I'm really glad you called around ;
you'realways welcome here ;
Our house has been the preachers'
home for more than sixty years.

When father was a-livin', who has
long since gone to rest,
The wicked neighbors called this place
a "reg'lar Meth'dist nest ;"
One said we'd run through all we
owned, as water drops through
sieves ;
I bought his place at sheriff's sale,
and there's where Thomas lives.

The old man, 'fore pre-empting land
in yonder world of bless,
Was one day making 'rangements for
the ones that stayed in this ;
We said he hoped his mantle would
descend upon his son,
And ideas me if it hasn't come, and
'tis a broadcloth one.

There was a home at Bethany, where
Jesus loved to stay,
We'd leave the city's palaces to get
there any day ;
But when he stood beside the grave
where Lazarus was lowered,
We paid, in ressurection gold, the
sisters for his board.

I've read, too, of the Shunammite,
who built upon the wall
A bed-room for Elisha, and invited
him to call ;
You see she wasn't of the sort who'd
never ask him hum,
And dock him on his salary because
he didn't come.

And there was Simon's cottage, in
Joppa by the sea,
A stoppin' place for Peter, and for all
such men as he.
The man was at his tan'ry once, the
'postal was at prayer,
While Simon's wife was hard at work
upon a bill of fare.

He stove, it seems, wa'nt good to
draw, or else the wood was wet ;
Leastways the dinner on that day was
pretty hard to get ;
But God let down a table-cloth with
different kinds of meat,
And told the hungry minister to hold
himself and eat.

Why, there's my good old sorrel
horse, I cannot drive him off,
But what he'll want to stop and drink
at ev'ry watering trough,
So God's dear servants sometimes
come to such as me and wife,
To get a cup of tea along the dusty
road of life.

You'll find us plain and simple folks,
and homespun. I allow,
Although we've sold the spinnin'
wheel and hav an organ now ;
And Allice, she plays "Hold the Fort"
and "Over there," and such,
And don't them ivories laugh and talk
when tickled by her touch ?

The good book tells about a time,
while Christ was here below,
When breaking off a chunk of bread
would make a whole loaf grow ;
Of course it takes our chickens off to
cheer the preachers' way,
But Sam declares their singin' round
just makes the others lay.

They joined in the festivities when
Birdie was a bride ;
They went down to the shore with us
when darling Debbie died ;
They stood amidst the shadows cast
by coffin, hearse, and shroud,
And pointed out to wife and me the
rainbow on the cloud,

I won't do all the talkin' quite, but
somehow mem'ries flock,
As soon's I hear upon the door your
old familiar knock ;
But supper's on the table, sir ; I think
you know your place ;
Come, brother, make yourself at home,
and—won't you please say grace ?

—LEONA, PA.

NO SURRENDER.

Ever constant ever true,
Let the word be, No surrender !
Boldly dare and greatly do !
This shall bring us safely through—
No surrender, no surrender !
And though fortune's smiles be few,
Hope is always springing new,
Still inspiring me and you
with the magic No surrender !

Nail the colors to the mast.
Shouting gladly, No surrender !
Troubles near are all but past—
Serve them as you did the last—
No surrender, no surrender !
Though the skies be overcast,
And upon the sleety blast
Disappointments gather fast—
Beat them off with—No surrender !

Constant and courageous still,
Mind, the word is, No surrender !
Battle, though it be up hill,
Stagger not at seeming ill,
No surrender, no surrender !
Hope and thus your hope fulfill—
There's way where there's a will,
And the way all cares to kill
Is to give them no surrender !

The Duck Hunter's Story.

Speaking of duck shooting on St, Clair Flats," sighed an old citizen as he took a seat in a gun store yesterday, "I don't think there are as many birds up there as there were ten or fifteen years ago. Why, sir, the channels used to be just black with 'em, and they were so tame that you could knock 'em on the head."

Everybody sighed to think those good old days and ducks could never return, and the veteran hunter continued .

"I remember I was out one day in April, I got in among the bipeds and how many do you suppose I counted?"

"Three hundred, "ventured one of the audience after a long interval.

"Three hundred! Why, I always killed over a thousand every time I went out. No, sir. I counted over sixteen thousand great, big, fat, plump, delicious ducks, and then I had only counted those on one side of the boat !"

"How long did it take you ?"

"I don't know, sir, *I* had no watch with me. Time is nothing to a man counting ducks. *I* counted aloud, and when the ducks were small *I* counted two for one. By and by I got tired of counting and got ready for the slaughter."

"*How* many did you kill ?"

"Well, now, I suppose I could lie about it and say I killed nine or ten hundred, but I'm getting too near the grave for that. No, I didn't kill a blasted one, and that's where the strange part of the story comes in. When I began to lift that gun up, those ducks knew what I was up to just as well as a human being, and what did they do ? Why, sir, about two hundred of 'em made a sudden live, swam under the boat, and raised up on her port side at once and upset her! Yes, sir, they did, and there I was in the North Channel, in ten feet of water, boat upset, night coming on and I in my wet clothing."

"Well ?"

"Well, I climed up on the bottom of the boat, floated five miles, and was picked up by two Indians. We towed that upset boat to an island, and here another curious thing comes in. Under the boat were two hundred and sixty-four large, plump ducks. They had been caught there when she upset, and all we had to do was to haul 'em out and rap 'em on the head."

"Why; why didn't they dive down and get from under the boat? "asked an amature duck shooter.

"Why didn't they, sir?—why didn't they? Well, sir, I might have asked 'em why they didn't; but it was late, a cold wind had sprung up, and I didn't feel like talking! All I know is that *I* counted over sixteen thousand ducks, was upset, captured two hundred and sixty-four, and have affidavits here in my wallet to prove everything I have said. Does any man here want to see the documents ?"

No man did. They all looked out of the widows and wondered if they could lie that way when they had passed three score years.

A conceited young country parson, walking home from church with one of the ladies of his congregation. said in allusion to his rustic audience, "This morning I preached to a congregation of asses."

"I thought of that," observed the lady, "when you called them your "beloved breathern !"

A minister overtook a Quaker lady, and politely assisted her in opening a gate. As she was a comparative stranger in town, he said: "You don't know, perhaps, that I am Mr. ——; haven't you heard me preach ?" "I have heard thee try," was the quick rejoinder.

Now, you think it smart to ask that mean question, but we will answer it. although such questions do not deserve an answer.

Editors lie so badly because they are not used to it.

It was wrong in Peg, the shoemaker, to say to the doctor who complained that he had made a poor job of that last pair of boots, "Physician, heel thyself."

An agricultural exchange offers some advice on "How to Tell a Bad Egg." We didn't read the article, but our advice would be: If you have anything to tell a bad egg, why break it gently.

Tall Stories.

The Western frontier of our country is highly prolific in tall stories. Take the matter of hard blows. A man sitting in his house, eating a pie, heard a storm coming, and ran to the door. The gale first blew the house down ; and then seized the man, carried him through the air a hundred yards or so, and landed him in a peach tree. Soon afterward a friendly board from his own house came floating by. This he seized and placed over his head to protect himself from the raging blast and finished his pie.

Out in Nevada it has been told that during a gale, while boulders as big as pumpkins were flying through the air, and water-pipes were being ripped out of the ground, an old Chinaman with spectacles on his nose, was observed in the eastern part of the town seated on a knoll calmly flying his kite—an iron shutter, with a long chain for a tail There was a man from Boston who would not confess astonishment at any-thing he saw in Nevada. As he was passing a hotel in Virginia City the cap blew from one of the chimneys. It was a circular piece of sheet iron, painted black, slightly convex and the four supports were were like legs. The wind carried it down the street, and it went stradling along like a living thing. The Boston man asked what it was, "A bed-bug from the hotel," was the reply. "By George I never saw anything like that," he began and then added "outside of Boston."

A party of miners in the Black Hills compared eyes and ears over a camp fire One said : "When I was coming to the hills *I* looked for Indians until I could see a mosquito a mile away." Another said that his eyes were weak but that he could hear gnats jumping on the rocks four miles. The next man had listened for Indians until he had heard the mountain sheep light on their horns in the Big Mountian, three hundred miles away. The fourth with his head on his pillow, had strained his ears until he heard the Chinese nailing up tea boxes. The fifth in crossing the Rocky Mountains, had found a petrified forest, the trees turned into solid stone. As he loitered on the edge, a deer started across the valley and was transformed in a moment into solid stone. A bird flew past him, and pearching upon a tree began to sing. Suddenly the bird was changed to stone. The song she was singing was also petrified, hanging down from the peak of the bird.

A Yankee who had settled in the West having told an Englishman that he had shot on one particular occasion nine hundred and ninety-nine pigeons, his interlocutor asked why he did not make it a thousand at once. "No," said he, not likely I'm going to tell a lie for one pigeon." Whereupon the Englishman determined not to be outdone, began to tell a story of a man having swam from Liverpool to Boston. "Did you see him ?" asked the Yankee. "Of course I did ; I was coming across and our vessel passed him a mile out of Boston harbor." "Well I'm glad ye saw him stranger, 'cos yer a witness that I did it. That was me !"

Took Different Routes.

Gracefully dropping on one knee he busied himself fastening a skate to the pedal phenomenon which she exhibited to his astonished gaze. All at once he stopped in the very middle of his task and appeared to be reflecting profoundly.

"George, darling," she asked, "what are you thinking about?"

"I am thinking," he answered, with a look that indicated how deeply he was affected by the idea that possessed his mind, "I'm thinking, dear, whether, if Noah had one of your shoes, he would have found it necessary to build the ark."

From that moment their souls floated toward the infinite by different routes.

"What time is it, my dear, asked a wife of her husband, whom she suspected of being drunk, but who was doing his best to look sober. "Well, my darling, I can't tell, 'cause you see there are two hands on my watch, and each points to a different figure, and I don't know which to believe."

Fun as a Moral Force.

Fun is as distinct a moral force as prayer. A good hearty, healthy laugh will clear the cobwebs out of the brain, renew the blood, tone the nerves, and drive all clear the cobwebs out of the brain, renew the blood, tone the nerves, and drive all thought of committing flagrant wrong from the mind. It banishes worrying cares, and knits humanity in common kindred. Every missionary enterprise ought to provide amusement. Preaching services, prayer-meetings, Sunday schools, philanthropic orgonizations, and even charity well bestowed get no closer to the hearts of the humble than do those who induce them to steal an hour away from exacting toil to recuperate their energies and renew their moral vigor by rational enjoyment. This done, and the work of getting in communion with them is complete. Laugh with those who laugh, and weep with those who weep, and see if by contributing to their mirth you cannot cause them to forget sorrow and to stop thinking of the battle of life long enough to realize than men and women were made to be invigorated by fun, morally, mentally and physically.—*Albany Express.*

The Ear.

Few people realize what a wonderfully delicate structure the human ear really is. That which we designate so is only the mere outer porch of a series of winding passages, which, like the lobbies of a great building, lead from the outer air into the inner chambers.

Destain of these passages are full of liquid, and their membrains are stretched like parchment curtains across the corridors at different places, and can be thrown into vibration or made to tremble as the head of a drum or the surface of a tambourine does when struck with a stick or the fingers. Between two of these parchment-like curtains a chain of very small bones extends, which serves to tighten or relax these membrances, and to communicate vibrations to them.

In the innermost place of all, rows of fine thread called nerves stretch like the strings of a piano, to the last point to which the tremblings or thrilling reach, and pass inward to the brain. If these nerves are destroyed, the power of hearing certainly departs, as the power to give out sounds is lost by a piano or violin when its strings are broken.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Facts for the Curious.

Out of every hundred inhabitants of the United States sixteen live in cities.

A locomotive drinks 45 gallons of water every mile it travels.*

The finest thread in a spider's webb is composed of no less than 4,009 strands.

When an ourstang dies the others cover up the body with branches of trees.

A solemn old scientist printed the fact that by bathing the face in tepid water a man could increase his circulation, and now all the editors are having tanks fitted to their office-stoves,

The water-boatmen, among the most agile of water insects, row themselves along under side uppermost. Their habit of moving upside down is of great use to them in feeding, for many of their victims have hard backs, so the water-boatmen dive down and come up under their prey thus attacking them on their soft side.

When Father Alvord was invited to ask a blessing at a public banquet he bowed his head and said, "O Lord ! Adam sinned by eating and Noah by drinking. Keeps us from the wickedness of the one and the folly of the other, Amen ."

A man who goes up in a balloon and comes down all right is called a professor. A man who goes up and comes down all wrong is called a durn fool.

Oscar Wilde thinks the Atlantic Ocean "tame." It is hard to suit such a man. We shall have to introduce him to an actress who has seen a statement in the paper that she is over forty. If that doesn't suit his taste for the wildly ferocious his case is hopeless.

The Blacksmith.

The blacksmith is an honest fellow, although he has to pound iron and steel for a living ; and he doesn't hesitate to forge when he can make any money out of it. The blacksmith is the horse's shoemaker. Before fitting on a set of shoes he always gives the horse a pare. The horse has only four feet, but when the blacksmith has fitted the horse's ore feet there are two more still to be fitted. The horse has no nails in his toes ; therefore the blacksmith furnishes nails as well as shoes The blacksmith is a steady working man, and yet he is forever striking. When the blacksmith has hammered two pieces of iron together the work is weld done. The blacksmith is a man of metal. The blacksmith is fond of fish, He is the smelter's best customer. The blacksmith is a practical muscle-man and at the same time a good Christian. The first blacksmith mentioned in history was Tubal Cain. Tubal of course was a hitter. There is another Cain mentioned in Scripture Although he was not a blacksmith he was was an Abel hitter. Cain was a husban man. He endeavored to rise in the world—that is to say, he raised cane. He also razed Abe'. Vulcan's mother was Juno, but Juno that well enough, if you are acquainted with ancient myths. Vulcan was a myth—a blacksmith, as *I* said. Read tales of African travelers, if you would learn more about the black's myth Vulcan, it is said, manufactured thunderbolts. He is the first lightning-rod man on record.

The Hare and the Fish.

The Hare and the Fish having borrowed tobacco of each other for several months, and agreeing perfectly well on politics, set out to make a journey together and see the sights of the world. They had not proceeded many miles when a Wolf was discovered in their pursuit. The Hare at once started off at the top of his speed, but the fish called out :

"Do not leave me thus ; *I* cannot run !"

"A Fish who cannot run has no business to make a journey," replied the Hare, and away he flew to save his bacon.

The fish hurried after as fast as possible, and both finally found themselves on the bank of a river, while the Wolf was yet a furlong away. The Fish at once rolled into the water and then darted away, but the Hare shouted after him :

"Do not leave me—I cannot swim !"

"A Hare who cannot swim has no business to make a journey," and he sailed away and left the Hare to be eaten on the half shell.

MORAL.

An Owl who had overheard the affair from his perch in a persimmon tree drew down his left eye and softly said :

"You don't know a man until you have travelled with him."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Here's is Laura's composition on the cow ! "A cow is an animal with four legs on the under side ; one on each corner. The tail is longer than the legs, but it is not used to stand on. The cow kills flies with her tail. A cow has big ears, that wiggle on hinges ; so does the tail. A cow is bigger than a calf, but not as big as an elephant, She is made small, so she can go in the barn-door when nobody is looking. Some cows are black, and some hook. A dog was hooked once. She tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat. Black cows give white milk ; so does other cows. *M*ilk-men sell milk to buy their little girls dresses, which they put water in and chalk. Cows chew cuds, and each cow finds its own chew. Then they swallow their chew and chuse another chew to chew. This is all there is about cows.

A great lie is like a great fish on dry land ; it may fret and fling, and make a great bother, but it can't hurt you. You have only to keep still and it will die of itself.

A very necessary matrimonial band. A husband.

When a couple make up their minds to get married it may be called a tie tete.

Knowledge in a Nutshell.

A pace three feet.
A cubit is two feet.
A fathom is six feet.
A palm is three inches'
A leangue is three miles,
There are 2,750 languages.
A great cubit is eleven feet
Two persons die every second.
Bran, twenty pounds per bushel
Sound moves 743 miles per hour.
A square mile contains 640 acres
A barrel of ice weighs 600 pounds.
Slow rivers flow five miles per hour.
A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds
A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.
An acre contains 4,480 square yards.
Oats, thirty-three pounds per bushel.
Barley, forty-eight pounds per bushel.
Electricity moves 228,000 miles per hour.
A hand (horse measure) is four inches.
A span is ten and seven-eights inches.
A rifle ball moves 1,000 miles per hour.
A storm blows thirty-six, miles per hour.
A rapid rivers flows seven miles per hour.
Buckwheat, fifty-two pounds per bushel.
The first lucifer match was made in 1829.
The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.
A moderate wind blows seven miles per hour.
A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour.
The average human life is thirty one years.
Timothy seed, forty pounds per bushel.
Coarse salt, forty-five pounds per bushels.
The first horse railroad was built in 1826-7.
A firkin of butter weighs, forty-six pounds.
A tub of butter weighs eighty-four pound.
A day's journey is thirty-three and one eighth-miles,

It's a funny old world anyhow, and tatste is only a matter of education. Your baby contentedly gums candy, the native African picaninny is joyous over a mouthful of salt, and the young Esquimaux cries for tallow candle ; we gorge ourselves on oysters, while the Digger Indian would not give you one long fat snake for all the oysters in Chesapeake Bay. We or at least you, chew tobacco, the Hindoo, lime, and the unostentatious and not overfastidious Patagonian, when he wants a chew of something real good, rolls a quid of guano into his cheek.—That's the kind of a gum-drop he is ; and you couldn't hire him to chaw tobacco. Unless, indeed he may have learned the habit from the missionaries.

During the siege of Sebastopol a Russian shell buried itself in the side of a hill, without the city and opened a spring. A little fountain bubbled forth where the remainder of the siege afforded to the thirsty troops who were stationed in that vicinity an abundant supply of pure cold water. Thus the missile of death from an enemy, under the direction of an overruling Providence, proved an almoner of the allies.

"Can there be happiness where there is no love ?" solemnly queries an author in a book on marriage. "Not much happiness, perhaps, but, if the girl is awfully rich, there can be lots of fun."

Absence of Mind.

We once heard of a clergyman who went jogging along the road until he came to a turnpike,

"What is to pay ?"

"Pay, sir ! for what ?" asked the turnpike-man.

"Why, for my horse, to be sure."

"Your horse, sir ! What horse ? There is no horse, sir "

"No horse ! Good gracious !" said he suddenly looking down between his legs ;

"*I* thought I was on horseback !"

"Mamma, do you know what the largest species of ants are ? You shake your head. Well, I'll tell you. They are elephants."

"Why do you editors lie so badly ?"

No Whiskey!

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is one of the very few tonic medicines that are not composed mostly of alcohol or whiskey, thus becoming a fruitful source of intemperance by promoting a desire for rum.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is guaranteed to be a non-intoxicating stimulant, and it will, in nearly every case, take the place of all liquor, and at the same time absolutely kill the desire for whiskey and other intoxicating beverages.

Rev. G. W. RICE, editor of the *American Christian Review*, says of Brown's Iron Bitters:

Cin., O., Nov. 16, 1881.
Gents:—The foolish wasting of vital force in business, pleasure, and vicious indulgence of our people, makes your preparation a necessity; and if applied, will save hundreds who resort to saloons for temporary recuperation.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS has been thoroughly tested for dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, weakness, debility, overwork, rheumatism, neuralgia, consumption, liver complaints, kidney troubles, &c., and it never fails to render speedy and permanent relief.

Cuticura

Geo. W. Brown, 48 Marshall St. Providence R. I. cured by Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) of a Ringworm Humor got at the barber's which spread all over his face, neck and face, and for six years resisted all kinds of treatment.

SKIN HUMOR.

F. H. Drake, Esq., agent for Harper & Bros., Detroit Mich., gives an astonishing account of his case (eczema rodent), which had been treated and which speedily yielded to the Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally.

SCALD HEAD.

H. A. Raymond, Auditor F. W. J. & S. R.R., Jackson, Mich., was cured of a bad Head of nine years duration by the Cuticura Remedies.

ECZEMA.

Hon. Wm. Taylor, Boston, Mass., permanently cured of a humor of the face and scalp (eczema) that had been treated unsuccessfully for twelve years years by many of Boston's best physicians and most noted specialists, as well as European authorities.

MILK CRUST.

Mrs. Bowers, 143 Clinton St. Cincinnati, speaks of her sister's child, who was cured of milk crust which resisted all remedies for two years. Now a fine healthy boy, with a beautiful head of hair.

FALLING HAIR.

Frank A. Bean, Steam Fire Engine 6, Boston, was cured of Alopecia, or falling of the hair, by the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally, which completely restored his hair when all said he would lose it.

TREATMENT.

The Cuticura treatment consists in the internal use of the Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, and the external use of Cuticura and Cuticura Soap, the great skin cures.

CUTICURA.

Remedies are for sale by all druggists. Price of CUTICURA, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes, 50c.; large boxes, $1. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the blood Purifier, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA MEDICINAL TOILET SOAP, 25c.; CUTICURA MEDICINAL TOILET SOAP, 15c.; in bars for barbers and large consumers, 50c. Principal depot.

Depot, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

CATARRH

Sanford's Radical Cure.

Clear head and voice, easy breathing, sweet breath, perfect smell, taste and hearing, no cough, no distress, by using SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Sneeze until your head is ready to fly off, eyes and nose running water, throat parched and blood feverish or take SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE for Catarrh and be cured.

Witch Hazel, American Pine, Canada Fir, Marigold and Clover Blossoms are what Sanford's Radical Cure is made of. One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and Sanford's Inhaler, in one package for $1. Sold everywhere.

WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

COLLINS' PLASTERS

ELECTRICITY

Gentle, yet effective, united with Healing Balsam, render COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTERS the hundred times superior to all other plasters for ever. Pain, Weakness and Inflammation. Price 25 cents. Sold everywhere.

EXECUTORS NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of MARY BEAVER, deceased, late of Franklin Twp., Snyder county, Penn'a having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, while those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement to

WM. BEAVER,
Executor.

Feb. 16, 1882.