

One Post.

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Poetry.

Not Knowing.

Not what will befall me!
I hang a mist o'er my eyes;
but at each step of my onward path
I make new scenes arise,
every joy he sends me comes
a sweet and glad surprise.

Not a step before me,
I tread on another year;
he part is still in God's keeping,
his future his mercy shall cheer,
what looks dark in the distance
will brighten as I draw near.

Perhaps the dreaded future
is better than I think;
the Lord may sweeten the waters
I stoop to drink;
I wish must be Marah,
will stand beside its brink.

He keeps, waiting
the coming of my feet,
a gift of such rare blessedness,
no joy so strangely sweet,
my lips can only tremble
with the thanks I cannot speak.

Useful, blissful ignorance!
I'm blessed not to know;
I'm blest in those mighty arms
which will not let me go,
sweetly hushes my soul to rest
in the bosom which loves me so!

Go on, not knowing;
would not if I might;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God,
I'd rather walk with Him by faith
than walk alone by sight.

Heart shrinks back from trials,
which the future may disclose,
I never had a sorrow
until what the Lord chose;
I sent the coming tears back,
in the whispering word, "He knows!"

Our Longings.

There is something beyond—something
beyond—
where is it hiding that vague, fair
dream?
I say above us, always beyond us,
beacon as bright as the sun's glad
beams.

How oft we try to grasp it,
I'd our eager hands are outstretched in
vain!
I'd our yearning eyes gaze always up-
ward,
giving our weakly purpose to gain.

And it seems to our expectation—
something, as well as from
our
Against the just God we ordain all
right.

But harder, the just God's wisdom
For it comes at last after weary years,
I'd the long-for something is in our
grasp,
And I'd poor 'midst our own tears,
I'd we—
Or our cherishes as a thing of air,
Knowing that years have been spent in
longing
For something unworthy of love or care.

Then is the hour when the heart is given
To the joy when the blinding tears
fall!
To know that what we have loved to
yearn for,
Oh, that is the greatest pain of all!

Select Tale.

Conquest of Cyprus.

On the 19th of February, 1509 an
exciting scene took place at Abenari,
a small fortified town on the west-
ern coast of the island of Cyprus,
over which at that time the gloomy
banner of the Republic of Venice
was floating.

Don Diego was aroused from his
slumbers.

He rushed out, sword in hand,
from the room which he and his mis-
tress occupied.

But the intruders insidiously tripped
him, and then beat him senseless.

A new figure appeared now: Euge-
ne, the mistress.

No sooner had the assailants
caught sight of her in the uncertain
light of the moon, than they rudely
seized her, and carried her off to
their boat.

Upon rousing to consciousness,
Don Diego Razonon was nearly
goaded to madness by the disappear-
ance of his charming innamorata.

He gave the alarm, and his sol-
diers scoured the neighborhood for
several days in order to discover
some traces of the missing woman,
but not the slightest clue as to her
whereabouts was found.

Don Diego fell, in consequence of
this bereavement, into a state of
profound melancholy. He sent a
messenger to Venice, who returned
the following month to Abenari with
the following startling intelligence.

"La Signora Eugenia," he said,
"has been abducted to Constantinople,
where she is now an inmate of
the Sultan's Harem."

Don Diego stamped his foot in
speechless rage.

"But," proceeded the messenger,
"your excellency is in grave danger.
The Senate of Venice has sent orders
to the Governor of this island to
have you conveyed to Venice for
sleeping outside of the citadel."

Don Diego retired to his room,
which he paced a long time in silent
meditation.

At length his clouded face bright-
ened.

"I will do it!" he cried. "What
thanks do I owe to the ungrateful
Republic of Venice, which is now ev-
idently deceiving? I will do it! I
will do it!"

That very night he, his above-
mentioned messenger, and two Cy-
priote sailors, left Cyprus secretly
in a skiff.

Although the night was stormy,
they reached next morning the coast
of Asia Minor, where Don Diego had
a long confidential interview with
the Turkish Governor, who sent his
companion under a strong escort to
Constantinople.

At the Turkish Capital Don Diego
Razonon demanded to see the Grand
Visier. Chiazor Pasha; but instead
of attaining his object, he was con-
fined for six months in a dark, damp,
loathsome dungeon.

One day a eunuch from the Sul-
tan's harem entered his dungeon, and
held a long, confidential interview
with him.

arrival created a great sensation.

In 1606 King Henry the Fourth
received her at his court.

She took up her abode at Fontain-
bleau, where she died in her eighty-
first year.

The Domestic Opera.

Since the night when Iko went to
the opera he has been, as Mrs. Part-
ington says, crazy, and the kind old
dame has been fearful lest he should
become "non compos mentis, thro' his
attempt at imitating the operatics."

The morning after the opera, at
the breakfast table, Iko handed
over his cup, and in a soft tongue
sang:

"Will you, will you, Mrs. P.,
Help me to a cup of tea!"
The old lady looked at him with
surprise, his conduct was so unusual,
and for a moment she hesitated. He
continued in a far more impassioned
strain:

"Do not, do not, keep me waiting,
Do not, pray, be hesitating,
I am anxious to be drinking,
So pour out as quick as winking."

She gave him the tea with a sigh,
she saw the excitement in his face.

He stirred it in silence, and in his ab-
straction took three spoonfuls of sug-
ar. At last he sang again:

Table cloths, and cups and saucers,
Good white bread and active jaw, sirs,
Tea—gunpowder and suchong—
Sweet enough, but not too strong."

"What do you mean, my boy?"
said Mrs. Partington, tenderly.
"All right, steady, never clearer,
Never loved a breakfast clearer,
I'm not fond of witch or wizard,
So don't fret your precious gizzard."

"But, Isaac—" persisted the
dame. Iko struck his left hand on
the table, and swung his knife aloft
in his right, looking at a plate upon
the table, singing—

"What form is that to me appearing?
Is it mackerel or is it herring?
Let me dash upon it quickly,
N'er again that fish shall kick—
N'er again, though thrice as large—
Charge upon them, Isaac, charge!"

Before he had a chance to make a
dash upon the fish, Mrs. Parting-
ton had dashed a tumbler of water
into his face to restore him to "con-
sciousness." It made him catch
his breath for a moment, but he did
not sing any more at the table, tho'
the opera fever still follows him else-
where.

Medical Advice.

A night or two since a citizen of
Charlotte avenue, Detroit, who had
a wood pile in the alley, concluded to
set up for a few hours and see if he
could detect the person or persons
who had stolen a dozen sticks of
the night previous. About eleven o'clock
a bow-backed colored man came up
the alley, and then took a large stick
of wood on each shoulder and started
off.

"I've got you, you thief!" cried
the citizen, as he dashed out.
"So you hez—so you hez," replied
the man, as he let the sticks drop,
"but just wait a little before you fire
off any pistols: Does you know what
I was gwine ter do wid dis wood?"

"Yes," do! you were stealing it!"
"Just like I fought you'd say, sah,
but dar's what yo harts my feelings,
I was talkin' to de doctah 'bout dis
bendin' ober in my back, an he told
me to walk up and down de alley
wid a load on boaf shoulders, I was
borrowin' dis wood to carry out dat
medical advice, sah, an if you charge
anythin' I kin pay de cash right
down."

A Man of Ability.

John Forrester was very correctly
named for, until recently, he had
spent his life in the woods. Several
days ago he threw aside his maul,
came to the city, and now handles
the somewhat lighter hock-hammer.

The story of John's downfall shall
be briefly related. Shortly after
arriving in the city, he was attracted
by a sign bearing the inscription:
"Meals at all hours."—Entering the
place, and meeting the proprietor,
he said:

"You keep a tavern here, don't
you?"
"No; I keep a restaurant,"
"I don't know much about your
new name; but you feed folks here,
don't you?"

"Oh, yes, sir."
"Well, I want to board here three
days, or I reckon until I get a job
of some kind. I see your sign says
"meals at all hours." You don't
mean that, do you?"

"Certainly I mean it I'll board you
three days for \$3."
"And give me my meals at all
hours?"

"Yes, sir."
"Here, take the \$3 I never sat
myself up as a regular eater, but I'll
buck agin you for the next three
days. I think I can stand her about
that long. It's 11 o'clock. Give me
something to eat."

A meal was brought out and
quickly dispatched; and remarking
that he would be back on time,
Mr. Forrester left. At 12 o'clock
he came back and ate again.

"You needn't stare at me!" he
said to one of the waiters.
"You are a regular boarder, are
you?"

"The regularist one you've got,
I don't intend to miss a meal. I've
got a chance to get even for being
hungry many a time."

At 1 o'clock John came back and
remarked, as he hung up his hat:
"I'm on time; now fetch me
suttin' to eat."

The waiter went away muttering,
and brought in rather a slim meal.
"Look a here," said John, "don't
try to go back on your contract. I
reckon you'd rather understate my
ability, but I'm a man."

At 2 o'clock John came back and
took a seat. The proprietor came
in and asked him what he wanted.
"I want my dinner, supper or
breakfast, just what you are a mind
to call it."

"You have already eaten here
three times to-day."
"I know that."
"Why do you come again?"
"Because it's two o'clock."
"It is not supper time."
"I don't understand you, sir;
what do you mean?"

"Your understanding may have
been injured by my surprising ability.
I came here with the under-
standing that I was to have my
meals at all hours."

"The contract has been adhered
to; you have come irregularly."
"No, sir; I've come here regular.
It was the agreement that I was to
have a meal at every hour, and I am
going to stand up to it if it packs
my stomach as tight as a green water-
crater. You are trying to im-
pose on me because I'm from the
country. I have made arrangements
with a boy to wake me up every hour
to-night, and I'm coming here to
eat. That's my business now, and
I'll not be put off."

In the Cathedral at Lubeck hangs
an ancient tablet with the inscrip-
tion:
Christ, our Lord, speaks thus to us;
Ye call me Master—and inquire not of me.
Light—and look not on me.
The Way—and follow me not.
The Life and desire me not.
Wise—and obey me not.
Beautiful—and love me not.
Rich—and ask naught of me.
Eternal—and seek me not.
Merciful—and trust me not.
Noble—and serve me not.
Almighty—and honor me not.
If I condemn you—blame me not.

A Terrible Fire.

Two women and eight children—
were burned to death or suffocated
on Tuesday of last week by a fire in
the rear tenement house at No 35
Madison Street, New York, and
six persons were injured. The
fire was caused by the explosion of
some gasoline which two plumbers,
who were repairing the water pipes
in the house, were using. The
pecuniary loss was small but the
flames spread so rapidly that the
escape of the women and children,
who were about eating their break-
fasts, was cut off almost instantly.
Many sad scenes took place.

The New York Central Railroad
has subscribed \$250,000 to the
World's Fair, providing \$4,000,000
is raised. There are many names
mentioned for President of the
Commission, among whom are Gen-
eral Grant, Samuel J. Tilden, Hugh
J. Jewett, Henry G. Stebbins, John
Sherman, Pierpont Morgan and
Wm. H. Vanderbilt. It is thought
that General Grant would accept the
position and his name is being urged
by many persons interested in the
work.

Fifteen respectable citizens of
Harrisburg were arrested and fined
for fast driving on the streets.

The people of Muncy are
talking of starting a watch manufac-
tury in the Lyeocon Fire Insurance
building.

The empty gun never kicks.
A naught that counts one—an
aeronaut.

An upper flat—An aristocratic
noodle.
Only a question of time—Asking
the hour.

A two foot rule—Don't wear tight
shoes.
The driest boots have the biggest
"creak."

Talk is cheap. Is it? Just hire a
lawyer once.
The coroner as well as the farmer
makes hay when the sun shines.

Knocking a friend down is a sure
way of dropping an acquaintance.
A man with a scolding wife, be-
ing asked what his occupation was,
replied that he kept a hot house.

Man is naturally a pupil in his eye.
Coachman are frequently afflicted
with a hacking cough.
When a man is a robbin' he is
likely to become a jail bird.

Nothing is wholly bad. Even a
dark lantern has its bright side.
A noble nature is comprehended
only by its peer.

Mr. Seldom Ever was married last
week to Miss Joy. The friends of
the victims were shocked when the
daily press called her "a thing of
beauty," because she was "a Joy
for Ever."

A young man in New York is be-
coming independently rich by
breaking off marriage engagements
objectionable to his father at \$100
a time.

A gentleman hiring a servant, af-
ter patiently enduring the usual
catechism, when asked, "And have
you any children?" replied: "Yes I
have five; but can draw two or
three if you insist upon it."

A young lady recently presented
her lover with an elaborately con-
structed pen-wiper but was aston-
ished the following Sunday to see
him come into church wearing it as
usual.

he proper form of a will now-
adays will read: "To the respective
crests of my children I give my
estate and worldly goods of dis-
cretion. Personally to the
lren and to my beloved wife I
all that remains."
Transcendental preacher took
his text, "Feed my lambs." As
one out of the church a plain
farmer said to him, "That was
ry good text; but you placed
by so high in the rack that the
be could not reach up to it, nor
old sheep either."

patent medicine advertisement
is thus: "When a lotharic feel-
prevalas your system; when
have a disinclination to move
at; when you have an abhor-
to exercise, your liver is in-
ve." This will be glad tidings
any people who have always
right they were hay when they
that say. Now they will know

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elsewhere.
Respectfully,
B. S. HARVEY.
Nov. 25, 1880.

CENTENNIAL!

Having adopted the motto of the "NINETEEN
SIXTY" the undersigned would call the at-
tention of the public to the fact that he has
adopted the
CASH SYSTEM,

and hereafter, will sell goods entirely for CASH
or PROMPT PAYMENT, unless stated that it is the true
system of doing business.
He continues to keep on hand a very full and
well selected stock of
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FANTS, AC, AC, AC,
which he offers to the public at very greatly re-
duced CASH PRICES.

With thanks to my old customers for their
liberal patronage for many years of the past, I
would solicit their custom for the future, hop-
ing they will be benefited by the change, as
well as
Your humble servant,
Sellinggrove, Sept. 25, '75. W. F. ECKBERT.

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