

The Middleburgh Post.

T. H. HARTER.

He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot is a fool; he that dare not is a slave.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XX.

MIDDLEBURGH, SNYDER CO., PENN'A, MAY 10, 1883.

NO. XXXVI.

POETRY.

THE MORTGAGE.

We worked thro' spring and winter, thro' summer and through fall. But the mortgage worked the hardest and the steadiest of all; It worked on nights and Sundays; it worked each holiday; It settled down among us and it never went away. Whatever we kept from it seemed as bad as theft; It watched us every minute and it ruled us right and left. The rust and blight were with us some times and sometimes not; The dark browed scowling mortgage was forever on the spot. The weevil and the cut-worm, they went as well as we came; The mortgage stayed forever, eating heartily all the same. It nailed up every window, stood guard at every door; And happiness and sunshine made their home with us no more; Till with falling crops and sickness we got stalled upon the grade; And there came a dark day on us when the interest wasn't paid; And there came sharp foreclosure and I kind o' lost my hold. And grew weary and discouraged, and the farm was cheaply sold. The children left and scattered, when they hardly yet were grown; My wife she pined and perished, and I found myself alone. What she died of was a "mystery," an' the doctors never knew; But I knew she died of mortgage—just as well as I wanted to; If to trace a hidden sorrow were within the doctor's art; They'd ha' found a mortgage lying on that woman's broken heart. Worm or beetle, drought or tempest, on a farmer's land may fall. But for first-class ruination, trust a mortgage 'gainst them all.

—Wm. M. Carlton.

A WIFE'S LESSON.

Pretty little Mrs. Ainsworth was in tears—pretty little Mrs. Ainsworth was in the habit of being in tears; it was one of her special weaknesses and irritated her husband as nothing else could do.

"Eternally snuffing and blubbering," he had said, savagely, as he grabbed his hat and went out the front door with a rush and bang.

"Oh, dear! dear! How could I be so cruel—el!" moaned Mrs. Ainsworth, crying the harder. "To go and leave me like this—and all because I wanted—twenty dollars for a new pair of our tains that we needed badly—and then to grow so angry, be a bear! Oh! why did I ever marry him? I might have known—mamma said he was stubborn and had a temper. Oh, dear! dear! dear!"

And lower sank her head in the sofa cushions and the little clock on the mantel ticked the hours away until Mrs. Ainsworth raised her head with a start of surprise.

"Twelve o'clock," she exclaimed. "I wonder why Ned isn't here? What can keep him in the office so late at night? Hark! What is that?"

It was the sound of feet upon the pavement, followed by a sudden, sharp ring of the bell.

Mrs. Ainsworth hastily smoothed her hair and ran down-stairs and opened the door starting back with a cry of terror at the objects that presented themselves. There, in charge of two burly policemen, was Ned, his clothes covered with mud, his face with blood, and his wild eyes and lolling attitude betraying all too plainly his deplorable, disgraceful condition.

One of the policemen touched his hat respectfully to the stricken young wife.

"If you please, ma'am, it's nothing serious. The boys at the store made a night of it and wound up with a row. The cut on his head is not dangerous and by morning he'll be all right."

"By morning he'll be all right, Oh! no," thought Mrs. Ainsworth. "He is ruined—he will never stop now. I know his disposition, and I—Oh, God! pity me! I helped to drive him to it."

"Assist him up-stairs, please," she said, "and then you can go," and she wondered how she could speak so quietly and follow them so calmly when her heart was breaking.

Strong arms laid him down upon the lounge, and then the two policemen departed and the wife was alone with her sorrow and shame.

She wiped the blood from his forehead, smoothed back the way, siven hair, and knelt by his side

and prayed.

"Help me; help me to be strong. Oh God! and to keep him from temptations," was the ceaseless prayer through the long hours of the night.

At last he stirred uneasily, and suddenly started up to a sitting posture.

"Hallo, Nannie! is it you? And are you through crying? Where are the boys and"—with a look of fear crossing his face, in his now awakening faculties—"where the mischief is that money?"—feeling nervously in all his pockets.

"What money, Ned?" inquired his wife, a new dream coming over her.

"Why, the money I had of old Smith's. I forgot to put it in the bank, as he ordered, and went off with the boys on a lark, and—by Jupiter, Nannie! it's gone! I've been robbed of my employer's money"—his face whitening like a dead man's as he sank back upon the lounge and regarded her with mournful horror.

"How much was it?" she managed to ask through her trembling lips.

"Two thousand dollars?" he said with a groan, burying his face in his hands. "Oh, little wife! I'm a ruined man. I never can repay it—that is, if I cannot escape; and I haven't a dollar. What a mad fool I've been! Hush! isn't old Smith in the hall? Yes, I know his voice, and he's got wind of this somehow. I'll never be taken alive, never!"—and as he spoke she saw something bright and shining in his hand.

She couldn't cry out, though she thought she was dying, and nearer and nearer came the voices and whiter and more desperate grew the face of her husband.

"Ned! Oh, Ned!" she moaned, and—

"Why, what is the matter? Come, wake up. It's dark and cold in here as a barn. Why, Nannie, little wife, what is it? Did I frighten you, or was it a dream? I could not get away from the office sooner."

But she could not answer. She only flung her arms around his neck and sobbed so hysterically that he was really alarmed.

"How nervous you are, my darling! But listen, what good news I've brought! Mr. Smith came into the office to night and smiled as he looked over my statements of sales and profits, and he said:

"You've worked hard, my boy, and merit and increase in your salary. We will make it fifteen hundred from this on."

"I don't know what I said. I don't think I said much of anything, but he looked satisfied and shook my hand so kindly and added that faithfulness found its reward usually; and so you can have your new curtains whenever you want them, and a carpet, too, perhaps."

"Oh! I don't care for them now. I was so foolish to fret over such a trifle. And I've had such a dreadful, dreadful dream!" But she never could bring herself to tell him of it.

"I was unloyal to even dream so wickedly about such a good, kind husband. But I'll never forget it for the lesson it taught me. I'll waste no more tears over trifles.—Abbie C. M. Keezer, in *Arthur's Magazine*

A FRONTIER INCIDENT.

A minister settled in one of our Western villages, in which the primitive manners of pioneer life had not been smoothed by refinement and cultivation, was scathed in his study one day, endeavoring to arrange the beads of to-morrow's discourse, when his attention was called by a loud knock at the front door. The visitor proved to be a tall, gawky, shambling countryman, evidently arrayed in his Sunday suit, and a stout girl, attired in a dress of red calico, which, from the frequent and complacent glances toward it by the fair owner, was considered quite a magnificent affair.

"Won't you walk in?" asked the minister, politely.

"Much obliged, 'Squire; I don't know but we will. I say, you're a minister, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"I reckoned so. Betsy and me—that's Betsy—a fast rate sort of a gal, anyhow—Betsy.

"You are, now, and you needn't go to deny it. Well, Betsy and me

have concluded to hitch teams, and we want you to do it."

"You wish to get married?"

"Yes, I believe that's what they call it. I say, though, mister, before we begin, let's know what's going to be the damages, as I reckon it isn't best to go blind."

"Oh, I never set a price. I take what they give me."

"Well, that's all. Go ahead, minister, if you please; we're in a hurry, as Joe's got to finish a planting the laterpatch afore night, and Betsy, she got to fetch the butter."

Thus adjured, the minister commenced the ceremony, which occupied but a few minutes.

"Kiss me, Betsy," said the delighted bridegroom. You are my old woman now. Ain't it nice?"

"First-rate," was the satisfactory reply.

"Hold on a jerk!" said Jonathan, as he left his wife abruptly and darted out at the gate to where the wag on was left.

"What's your husband gone for?" asked the minister, somewhat surprised.

"I expect it's for the passages," was the confused reply.

Just then Jonathan made his appearance, dangling in his hand a painful of sausages.

"Mam made them," said he, "and I reckon they are good. If they ain't, just you send them back and we'll send you some more."

WHAT A DEED OF A FARM INCLUDES.

The following valuable extract is from an address delivered by Judge E. H. Bonnet, of Taunton, Mass., before the State Board of Agriculture of that State: "Of course every one knows it conveys all the fences standing on the farm, but all might not think it also includes the fencing stuff, posts, rails, etc., which had once been used in the fence but had been taken down and piled up for future use again in the same place. But new fencing material just bought and never attached to the soil would not pass. So piles of hop-poles, stored away, if once on the land, have been considered a part of it; but loose boards or scaffold poles laid loosely across the beams of the barn and never fastened to it, would not be, and the seller of the farm might take them away. Standing trees, of course, also pass as part of the land; so do trees blown or cut down and still left in the woods where they fell, but not if cut and corded for sale; the wood has then become personal property. If there be any manure in the barn yard, or in a compost heap on the field ready for immediate use, the buyer ordinarily takes that also as belonging to the farm, though it might not be so, if the owner has previously sold it to some other party, and had collected it together in a heap by itself. Growing crops also pass by a deed of a farm unless they are expressly reserved, and when it is not intended to convey those it should be so stated in the deed itself; a mere oral agreement to that effect would not be valid in law.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"I feel to-night," said a Carrollton lady, who was always at a loss for a word, at a musical party the other evening, "I feel to-night like a—like a—dear me, how stupid I am!" Like a—

"A morning star," suggested her husband.

"No dear; like a—What are those birds that sing after dark?"

"Mosquitoes."

"What nonsense you do talk! Of course not. Well, now, how annoying!"

"Betsy bugs."

"Rubbish! Dear me how extremely annoying. What is it I feel like? I know what it is just as well as anything. Those birds that never sing except at night-time."

"Bull-loads."

The latter suggestion of her husband was rejected with scorn, and she remarked that it was of no consequence, she would probably think of it by and by. About two o'clock the following morning, Harry was dreaming that, while on top of a bear barrel when it exploded, he was blown clear into the middle of a Sandwich Island barbecue. Just as the odor of roasted missionary greeted his nostrils, he was awakened

by his wife.

"Harry! Harry!"

"What's the matter now?"

"I've got it."

"What the colic?"

"No, pet; it's the nightingales."

"Where do you feel them, pet?"

"O! you stupid! I've the world I couldn't think of to night, I feel like a nightingale."

"I'm darned if I do," and he turned over and went to sleep.

ENCOURAGE EVERYBODY.

Talmadge's Advice Regarding the Merchant, the Lawyer and the Doctor.

"If there be room for only one more passenger in the life boat, get in yourself. If there be a burden to lift, you supervise while others shoulder it. You be the digit, while others are the ciphers on the right-hand side; nothing in themselves, but used to augment you. This," said Dr. Talmadge, "is in opposition to that theory of the Gospel advanced by Paul. 'Bear ye one another's burdens.' Everybody has burdens. Sometimes the burdens come down on the shoulders, or the head, or the heart. Looking over this assemblage, you all seem well looking, but each of you has a burden, and some of you have more than you can lift. Paul proposes to split up these burdens into fragments, you to take part of my burden, and I part of yours. When Mrs. Appleton, daughter of Daniel Webster, was dying, she affected the great lawyer to tears by her thoughtfulness for his health as she remarked that he was out on a cold day without an overcoat. How much more beautiful the care of others than the everlasting taking care of ourselves! What you and I most need to learn is the spirit of helpfulness.

"Encourage the merchant if he has a superior style of goods, or if his clerks have adorned his show window. You need not fear that he will be puffed up and arrogant. He will have plenty of trouble before the day is out. Some cranky woman will come in and pull down goods enough to fit out a family for a winter, and not buy a cent's worth. Don't be afraid that your praise will make the merchant appretic with pleasure. Encourage the newspaper man. Do you know how many annoyances he suffers? Have you understood how often his best and most elaborate article is flung out; how he must report an indistinctly uttered speech which must of necessity be all the way through a stenographic guess? Think what the nineteenth century would be without a newspaper. Encourage mechanics; praise them if they do their work well. If he does not get his work done it may be because his wife has been sick, he has lost two children of scarlet fever, and has a fever on his finger.

"Encourage the farmer. It is a common remark that the farmer is independent. Independent of what? Independent of the rot in his wheat? Independent of the grasshopper, the locust, the army worm, and the potato bug? Independent of the storm that blows down his crop, of the snowbank that buries him until he shovels his way out? Independent of frozen ears and frozen feet?

"Encourage the doctors. There is a great deal of cheap wit about the doctors. A man recently wrote a book, 'Every Man his Own Doctor.' He ought to write another, 'Every Man his Own Undertaker.' Doctors have so many hardships and annoyances that they need our encouragement. They stand between our families and the grave.

"One day there was a dreadful foreboding in our house. All hope was gone. The doctor came four times. The children put away their toys. We all walked on tiptoe, and at the least sound said, 'Hush!' How loudly the clock ticked! How the banister creaked, although we tried to keep it still! The doctor came four times, and stayed all night! At last the restless patient sank into a sweet slumber, and the doctor looked up and said, 'The crisis has passed.' We propped her up with pillows and easy chairs, and the south wind tried to blow rose leaves into her faded cheek, and the children brought flowers, and when the doctor told us that in a day or two Bertha could ride out, oh, how life came back to our house, and, as we

helped the old doctor into his gig, we noticed not that his step was broken.

"Encourage the lawyers. They are so often cheated out of their fees, so often have to bear ponderous responsibilities, and have to maintain the dignity of their profession against the sharks of the profession. The only man allowed to stand on Sinai beside the Lord was Moses, the lawyer.

"Encourage the teachers. Don't cut down their salaries when you begin to retrench. Don't expect them to work the great stufing machine of the modern school successfully without encouragement. They are expected to take children of fifteen and make them metaphysicians, mathematicians, and rhetoricians.

"Encourage all sick people. Don't tell them how bad they look, but remind them of similar cases that you have seen cured. Cheerful words are more stimulating than cognac, tonic, or bitters. Encourage young men starting in business by reminiscences of your own experience. You who are established in business remember what you went through.

"If you have nothing to say that is encouraging, put your teeth tight together, cover them with the curtain of your lips, press your lips tight, and hold your hand over your mouth and keep still! A man once bought some caged birds, and immediately opened the doors of the cage, and set the birds at liberty. 'What did you do that for?' a bystander asked. 'Because I was a captive once myself, and I know how good it is to be free!' Gov. Alexander H. Stephens on his death bed signed the pardon of an unfortunate woman who was in prison, and when he was about to do it a friend said to him: 'Governor, this is too great a responsibility for a sick man. You are very sick to-day; you had better wait until to-morrow.' But Gov. Stephens said, 'I know what I am about, and the signature he ever wrote. Surely if Christ bore our burdens, we can afford to bear each other's burdens.'

PLANTATION PHILOSOPHY.

Mo' people am born tired dan sickly.

De coat ob Gin'ral Jackson wouldnt make a spectacle vest fur de corner lafer in blackberry time.

De debil allus puts up 'bout de bes' tent of de camp-meetin'.

De lazy niggab am de one dat knows all 'bout his nabor's lectle failin'.

Dar is offen mo' ligition in a peck ob 'taters dan a bushel ob trac's.

Dar's allus gwine to be heaps ob wo'k don't-to-morrow.

De debil allus fishes wid de lates style hook.

De wise dorg don't stop in de race arter a rabbit to argy bout de reason ob its stumpy tail.

De aut don't stop wuk'in kase she kyan't pull as big a load as de mule.

De bigges' fish yo' ebbber ketchud de one dat got erway jes' as yo' war pullin' it in.

De udder side ob de road am allus de bes' walkin' fur de man dat owes yo' half a dollab.

Dar's heaps ob peffusion dat wont be crowned in heaben.

It don't take a berry good memory to reckerle de nex' pay day.

De fas spring robin am de one wathes col'.

De shadder ob yo' own greatness 'll nebbber keep yo' fan gitten sun-struck.

Angels on tombstones don't allus make angels in heaben.

De wise niggab don't force his quaintance on de healthy wasp.

De mouse don't hab foldin' deals to its libin room.

Misfortunes am offen mighty spry, wile good luck cums down de road on crutches.

Long prayers don't fit short memories.

Wen yo' set out to brag on yo' pedigree, don't fo'git dat de fust man was a liar.

Physicians, &c.

H. H. BORDNER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. BEAVERTOWN, PA. Offers his professional services to the citizens of Beaver-town and vicinity. Apr. 7, '82.

BARBER & HASSINGER, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS. Offers their professional services to the citizens of Middleburgh and vicinity. Office a few doors West of the Court House, in Arnold's Building. Oct. 8, 1881.

D. MARAND ROTHROCK, Fremont, Snyder county, Pa. Graduate of Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeons. Offers his professional services to the public. Speaks English and German. March 12, 1881, '81.

H. J. SMITH, Physician & Surgeon. Beaver Springs, Snyder County, Pa. Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburgh and vicinity. Office on Main street. June 12 '79.

DR. J. O. WAGNER, Physician and Surgeon. Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburgh and vicinity. Aug. 6, 1881.

H. J. ECKBEIT, SURGEON DENTIST. 100 MARKET ST., SELINGSGROVE, PENN'A. Professional business promptly attended to. May 27, '78.

PERCIVAL HERMANN, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Kesterville, Snyder Co., Pa. Offers his professional services to the citizens of Kesterville and vicinity. Aug. 27 '77.

DR. A. M. SMITH, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburgh and vicinity. Sept. 4, '77.

B. F. VAN BUSKIRK, SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST. SELINGSGROVE, PENN'A.

FREE OLD CORNER SELINGSGROVE, J. H. HOFFMAN & BRO., We are Now Ready

SPRING AND SUMMERGOODS

Wants of the People

Will Prove Satisfactory

DRESS GOODS, Notions & Trimmings

Muslins, Jeans, Linens, Tickings, &c.

Gloves, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Ladies and Gents

Furnishing Goods!

Gentlemen's Dress Goods,

Groceries, Spices, Wood and Willow Ware,

Wall Paper, &c.

KIDNEY WORT

HAS BEEN PROVED THE SUREST CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASES.

Ladies

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. \$1. Druggists.

Strictly first class goods at lower prices than can be purchased elsewhere at Keller's, Selingsgrove, Pa. 436 91.

Attorneys-At-Law.

GILBERT & CROUSE, Attorneys-At-Law. MIDDLEBURGH, PA. Offer their professional services to the Public. All business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. Consultations in English and German. Oct. 5, '82.

W. M. E. HOUSWERTH, ATTORNEY AT LAW. SELINGSGROVE, PA. Collections and all other legal business promptly attended to. Consultations in English and German. June 2.

A. H. DILL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Selingsgrove, Penn'a. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. Sept. 20, '82.

H. G. DEITRICH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Market St., Selingsgrove, Pa. All professional business promptly attended to. Consultations in English and German. Feb. 22, '80.

I. B. WUNDERLY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Middleburgh, Snyder Co. Can be consulted in English or German. Jan. 20, '80.

L. N. MYERS, Attorney-At-Law, Middleburgh, Penn'a. All professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Consultations in English and German. Oct. 2, '78.

E. E. BOWER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Middleburgh, Pa. Collections made. Consultations in English and German. June 2, 1881.

M. L. SCHOCH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. New Berlin Penn'a. Professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. June 20, '74.

CHAS P. ULRICH, Attorney & Counselor-At-Law. Office in Apple Building one door North of Kesterville Hotel. Selingsgrove, Penn'a. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. April 11, 78, '81.

T. J. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW. MIDDLEBURGH, SNYDER CO., PA. Offers his Professional Services to the Public. Consultations in English and German.

A. W. POTTER & N. I. POTTER ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Selingsgrove, Pa. Offers their professional services to the public. All legal business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. Office on Main St. July 4, '72.

HORACE ALLEMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Selingsgrove, Pa. All professional business and collecting on Trade in Selingsgrove and vicinity promptly attended to. Can be consulted in English or German. Office on Market Square. Oct. 27, '82.

H. H. GRIMM, Attorney-at-Law, AND DISTRICT ATTORNEY FOR SNYDER COUNTY, Pa. Consultations in both English and German Languages. Oct. 6, 1881.

JOHN H. ARNOLD, Attorney at Law, MIDDLEBURGH, PA. Professional business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.

W. M. VAN GEZER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Lewisburg Pa. Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

A. C. SIMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Selingsgrove, Pa. Offers his professional services to the public. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. Jan. 27, '81.

SAMUEL H. ORWIG, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lewisburg, Union Co., Pa. Office on Mark A Street one door east of Cameron Hotel. Dec. 20, 1877.

Hotel Cards.

THE NATIONAL HOTEL. JOHN B. FOCKLER, Prop'r. Selingsgrove, Pa. This Hotel is pleasantly located in the square, and is a very desirable place for travelers. It has the most of accommodations at low rates. For some sleeping rooms will be sure to call again. The best of liquor in the bar. A first-class Restaurant in connection with the Hotel. April 19, '78.

THE NATIONAL HOTEL! By WM. HOLZWORTH, SELINGSGROVE, PA. Remodeled, Refurnished and Improved. The most centrally located hotel in the town. First class accommodations for the traveling public. April 12, '83.

Merchants' House, 413 & 415 NORTH THIRD STREET, PHILA PA. Terms--\$1.50 per day. HENRY SPAHN, Prop'r. C. W. SPAHN, Clerk. April 1, '78.

GEORGE B. BENNER, County Surveyor. Kratzville, Snyder County Penn'a. Survaying and Conveyancing promptly and skillfully attended to. A share of the public patronage solicited. July.