

The Middleburgh Post.

T. H. HABER.

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

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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NO. XXXIX.

POETRY

SOME OLD SCHOOLBOOBS.

I have been back to my home again,
To the place where I was born.
I have heard the wind from the stormy main
Rustling through the corn;
I have seen the purple hills one more;
I have stood on the rocky coast,
Where the waves storm inland to the shore;
But the thing that touched me most
Was a little leather strap that kept
Some school books, tattered and torn.
I sighed, I smiled, I could have wept,
When I came on them one morn;
For I thought of the merry little lad,
In the mornings sweet and cool,
It weather was good or weather bad,
Going whistling off to school.
My fingers undid the strap again,
And I thought how my hand has
Changed,
And half in loving, half in pain,
Backward my memory ranged.
There was the grammar I knew so
well—
I didn't remember a rule;
And the old blue speller—I used to
spell
Better than any in school;
And the wonderful geography
I've read on the green hillside,
When I told myself I'd surely see
All lands in the world so wide,
From the Indians home in the far, far
west
To the mystical Cathay.
I have seen them all. But home is
best.
When the evening shades fall gray,
And there was the old arithmetic,
All tattered and stained with tears,
I and Jamie and little Dick
Were together in bygone years.
Jamie has gone to the better land;
And I get, now and again,
A letter in Dick's bold, ready hand,
From some great western plain.
There wasn't a book, and scarce a
page,
That hadn't some memory
Of days that seemed like a golden age.
Of friends I shall no more see,
And so I picked up the books again
And buckled the strap once more,
And brought them over the tossing
main:
Come, children, and look them o'er.

MAUDE'S RING.

Dr. Andover threw himself into
the big leather-covered chair before
his study fire with a little weary
sigh.
He was a fine-looking man of thirty-
two; not handsome, but noble and
manly-looking—one to be trusted
for ever, with his broad white brow,
and grave, clear grey eyes.
Dr. Andover's patients—especially
the poorer class and the children
—turned to him instinctively for ad-
vice and sympathy.
Poor old Betty Cary, a bedridden
paralytic, could not speak to him
without shedding tears of gratitude.
Little Jane Ellis, suffering with
an incurable hip disease, looked up-
on him as a sort of god upon earth.
But fate had lately frowned upon
him.
In the first place, the bank in
which the greater part of his snug
little fortune was deposited, had fail-
ed; and directly upon this came the
news that some mining stocks in
vested were worthless, or nearly so.
The doctor did not fear poverty
himself—his practice brought him a
comfortable income, for the rich ap-
preciated him as well as the poor;
but miles away in a distant city there
was a lovely girl whom he had hoped
to call wife by Christmas time.
A girl who, though not wealthy
herself, had been extravagantly edu-
cated by her wealthy uncle, in
whose luxurious home she lived.
He knew that no privation had
ever come to her; she saw a pelted
darling, with hands like a baby's.
Lovely, dainty, useless as she
seemed, Dr. Andover had poured the
whole passion of his great heart out
upon her; and you are not to think
him weak because, just at first, when
the news of his ill-fortune came to
him, he shook and trembled under
it, thinking of the girl he loved.
For he must give her up, there
was no doubt about that.

He could not ask her to share the
fate of a poor physician who depend-
ed upon his fees for a living.
So Dr. Andover had written her
a brave farewell letter just a month
before the time arranged for their
wedding, informing her of his alter-
ed fortunes, and releasing her from
her engagement to him; and he
had received no answer, although it
was now Christmas week.
The doctor was worn out with ex-
posure to rough weather and many
sleepless nights.
The demands upon his time and
strength had been greater than usual,
yet he had replied to them all,
never failing in kindly courtesy be-
side the couch of Betty. Carry any
more than in the luxurious chamber of
Madame Goldschmidt, who fed him
so generously.
It was Christmas week, and Maude
was to have been his own next Fri-
day evening.
This thought tortured him un-
ceasingly, together with some words
in a letter which had reached him a
few days before—a letter from an
acquaintance who was visiting in the
city where Maude lived.
"I met your fiancee at a party last
evening," he had written.
"I admire your choice,
"She was the brightest, loveliest
girl there."
Dr. Andover experienced a cruel
sense of desolation as he turned that
sentence over in his mind.
Maude had not loved him after all.
She could be gay and bright when
they were forever separated.
The study fire smouldered to
ashes, and still he sat there, weary
and sad, until from sheer exhaustion
he fell into an uneasy slumber.
About midnight he awoke, alter-
nately burning and shivering, while
a dull pain throbbled in his temples.
He was his own patient now, so
he swallowed a powder and hastened
to bed; and when his landlady
came in the morning to call him, she
found him unable to rise from his
pillow, feverish and half delirious.
Christmas morning came, bright
and frosty—a day after good St.
Nicholas' own heart, and the doctor,
a trifle better, although weak and
languid, opened his eyes to close
them again immediately, with a lit-
tle pang.
This was to have been his wed-
ding day!
He could hear the merry saluta-
tions in the street, the clash of bells,
and the pealing organ from St.
Paul's Church over the way, and the
sunlight and mirth, and gladness
made his own pain seem the keen-
er—just for a moment until his gen-
erous heart could gather strength
and reassert itself and be glad be-
cause others were glad.
His landlady, who had been like a
fond mother to him, came in pres-
ently with a very smiling expres-
sion upon her broad face.
Many of his grateful patients
had remembered him with some lit-
tle Christmas tokens.
Mrs. Derby had placed them up-
on the table at his bedside; but
now she held in her arms a small
package addressed to him in a la-
dy's familiar hand, and registered in
a distant city.
Maude had returned the engage-
ment ring.
Dr. Andover received the pack-
age in silence, and Mrs. Derby look-
ed at him with a crestfallen expres-
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"I thought you would be so pleas-
ed, doctor,
"I've come to know Miss Ever-
leth's handwriting you see, I sup-
posed she had sent you a Christmas
present.
"The package came two days ago
when you were delirious, and I made
bold to send the lady a telegram
telling her of your illness.
"And, Doctor Andover, can you
bear some pleasant news?
"I received a telegram in return,
stating that Miss Everleth would
start at once to come to you.
"Now that is the sort of a girl to
make a man a good wife.
"She will probably be here to-
day.
To day!
Dr. Andover listened to Mrs. Der-
by in bewilderment.
What did it all mean?
With trembling fingers he tore off
the wrapper of the tin package, and
opened a jeweler's case.
There upon its bed of purple lay a
wide gold finger-ring—extraordina-
rily wide—the inside of which was

completely covered with fine letter-
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And Dr. Andover read slowly,
through blinding rapturous tears
the words which the jeweler's in-
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grand old Scripture words which
had arisen in the heart of the girl
who thus proved herself worthy of
him, when his letter had come to her
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"Entreat me not to leave thee, or
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Mrs. Derby slipped out of the
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strong, and self-possessed, sobbing
like a baby over Maude's Christ-
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She had removed her wraps in
Mrs. Derby's room, and after a light
tap on the sick man's door, she en-
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Dr. Andover had thought her
lovely in her exquisite party, and
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in her pale grey traveling costume,
her lovely face a little pale with
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"Well, when I got your letter I
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it made into that ring.
"And then, after I received Mrs.
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HOW DO YOU LIKE IT!

Young man! How would you
like if you had to stay in the house
nine days in the week and hear
nothing but dissertations on shirt
buttons and historical reminis-
cences about bursted suspender but-
tons?
How would you like it if every
time your wife saved a few dollars,
she would come home at 19 o'clock
in the morning with her back teeth
afloat, and pull every door bell in
the neighborhood out by the roots?
How would you like it if you met
her on the street with her hat cock-
ed on the back of her head, while
she was doing; her utmost to make
sausage meat of every ash-barrel on
the sidewalk?
How would you like it if she stood
on the street corners, or in front of
the theatre on matinee day and
winked at all the fellows as they
came out?
How would you like it if she
chucked the handsome waiters under
the chin and called them
"dear!"
How would you like it if she went
out to the club every night and came
home with her breath smelling like
a decayed skunk?
How would you like it if you had
to have all the children of the house-
hold attend to all their wants and
then receive only looks blacker than
a ton of coal for your pains?
How would you like it if you had
to live all your life with such an un-
amalgamated brute as yourself?
Young man do you ever think
that your wife has a tender, loving
heart right under the left wing of
her corset that must have been
tenderly and loving and brave
to have said "Yes" when the mis-
ter asked the fatal command?
Drop it, young man, or one of
these days that tender, loving, brave
heart will break and then you'll
have to take the children and go
live with your mother-in-law.

THE SORROWS OF GENIUS.

Homor was a beggar.
Terence, the dramatist, was a
slave.
Plautus, the Roman comic poet,
turned a mill.
Lee, the poet, died in the street.
Cervantes, died of hunger.
Spencer died in want.
Dryden lived in poverty and dis-
tress.
Sir Walter Raleigh died on the
scaffold.
Tasso, the Italian poet, was often
distressed for five shillings.
Butler lived a life of penury and
died poor.
Bacon lived a life of meanness
and distress.
Otway, English dramatist, died
prematurely, and through hunger.
Steele, the humorist, lived a life
of perfect warfare with bailiffs.
Paul Borgheze had fourteen trades
and still starved with all.
Chatterton, the child of genius
and misfortune, destroyed himself
at eighteen.
Bentivoglio, was refused admit-
tance into a hospital he had himself
erected.
Savage died in prison at Bristol
where he was confined for a debt of
£40.
The death of Collins was through
neglect, first causing mental derange-
ment.
Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield"
was sold for a trifle to save him from
the grip of the law.
Fielding lies in the burying
ground of the English factory at
Lisbon, without a stone to mark the
spot.
Milton sold his copyright of "Par-
adise Lost" for \$75 at three pay-
ments, and finished his life in obs-
curity.
Cannons, the celebrated writer of
the "Lusid," the great Portuguese
epic, ended his days, it is said, in an
almshouse, and at any rate was sup-
ported by his faithful black servant,
who begged in the streets of Lisbon
for him.
An exchange says: "A friend
tells of the remarkable success he
has had in the use of decayed wood
as a fertilizer for his fruit trees. He
has fine, thrifty trees and plenty of
good, sound fruit since he adopted
the common sense plan of fertilizing
his good orchard with decayed logs
and stumps."

AFTER MARRIAGE.

One frequent cause of trouble in
married life is a want of openness in
business matters. A husband mar-
ries a pretty, thoughtless girl, who
has been used to taking to more
thought as to how she should be
clothed than the lilies of the field.
He begins by not liking to refuse
any of her requests. He will not
hint, so long as he can help it, at
care in trifling expenses—he does
not like to associate himself in her
mind with disappointments and self-
denials. And she, who would have
been willing enough in the sweet
eagerness to please of her girlish
love, to give up any whims or fancies
of her own whatever, falls into habits
of careless extravagance and feels
herself injured when at last a re-
monstrance comes. How much
wiser would have been perfect open-
ness in the beginning! "We have
just so much money to spend this
summer. Now, shall we arrange
matters thus or thus?" was the
question I heard a very young hus-
band ask his still younger bride not
long ago; and all the womanhood
in her answered to this demand upon
it, and her help at planning and
counseling proved not a thing to be
despised, though hitherto she had
"fed upon the roses and lain upon
the lilies of life." I am speaking
not of marriages that are not mar-
riages—when Venus has wedded
Vulcan because Vulcan had prospered
at his forge—but marriages where
two true hearts have set together
for love's sake to learn the lesson
of life, and to live together until
death shall part them. And one of
the first lessons for them to learn is
to trust each other entirely. The
most fervent of all the rosy and
garden of girls, if she truly loves,
acquires something of womanhood
from her love, and is ready to plan
and help and make her small sacrific-
es for the general good. Try her
and you will see—our Continent

YANKEE WIT.

Many years ago a Pittsburg iron
firm purchased a lot of condemned
bombshells for old iron. The shells
were not loaded but in order to
melt them it was necessary that they
should be broken up. This was at-
tempted with sledge hammer, but
the laborer made but little progress,
and it was finally given up as a bad
job. One day a long slim Yankee
came along and said:
"I understand you have a job for
a man here."
"Yes," was the reply; "we want
that pile of bombs out there broken
up."
"How much will you pay?"
"We will give you a tip apiece—
(six and a quarter cents) if you will
agree to break them all."
"I'll take the contract," answered
the Yankee. The day was a cold
one, and the thermometer down to
zero. The man immediately went
to work, but declined to take the
sledge hammer which was offered
him. The Yankee had every bomb
out on the ground with the bang up.
He procured a bucket and filled
them all with water; then he came
into the house, made out the bill,
and said he would call around in
the morning for his money. Every
one was much mystified, but in the
morning their astonishment was
great. The water had frozen dur-
ing the night, and in the morning a
scrap of iron was found, as the free-
zing water had broken every bomb
into at least a dozen pieces.
"What makes you limp so?" asked
a Harlem man of a friend who
went hobbling along toward the el-
evated railroad.
"My knees are awfully sore—
outsch!" he yelled, as he struck his
leg against a hydrant.
"Have you been saying your pray-
ers a great deal, lately?"
"Not to any remarkable extent,"
he grinned.
"Well, then, what makes your
knees so sore?"
"Pulling the tacks out of carpets,
preparatory to house-cleaning. You
found it?" he exclaimed, as he pain-
fully climbed the stairs leading to
the station.
Henry Ward Beecher observes
that "when one is religious through
fear of hell and hell's remuneration
he is apt to carry a good deal of hell
about with him."

Physicians, &c.

H. H. BORDNER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BRAVETOWN, PA.
Offers his professional services to the citizens
of Middleburgh and vicinity. Office a few doors
West of the Court House, in Arnold's building.
March 17, 1883.

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.
March 17, 1883.

D. MARAND ROTHROCK,
Fremont, Snyder county, Pa.
Graduate of Jefferson College of Physicians
and Surgeons. Offers his professional services
to the public. Speaks English and German.
March 17, 1883.

H. J. SMITH,
Physician & Surgeon,
Haver Springs, Snyder County, Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public
office on Main street. June 12, 1882.

DR. J. O. WAGNER,
Physician and Sur on.
Offers his professional services to the citizens
of Adamsburg and vicinity. Aug 22, 1882.

H. J. ECKBERT,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Eckbert's Block,
Selinsgrove, Penn'a.
Professional business promptly attended to.
May 22, 1882.

PERCIVAL HERMANN,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Ketsville, Snyder Co., Pa.
Offers his professional services to the citizens
of Ketsville and vicinity. Aug 22, 1882.

DR. A. M. SMITH,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Offers his professional services to the citizens
of Adamsburg and vicinity. Sept 4, 1882.

B. F. VAN BUSKIRK,
SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST
Selinsgrove, Penn'a.

THE
OLD CORNER
SELINSGROVE.
J. H. HOFFMAN & BRO.,
We are Now Ready
To exhibit and sell to the people of Snyder and
adjacent counties, the finest stock of
SPRING AND
SUMMERS GOODS
ever offered in this county and adjacent. TO
GIVE THE PEOPLE, our goods have been se-
lected with special reference to
Wants of the People
and we believe that they
Will Prove Satisfactory
We have a large stock of a great variety of
DRESS GOODS,
Notions & Trimmings
including all the latest styles and shades of
Silks, Satins, Vests, Cashmeres, Linen,
Flannels, Ginghams, Prints, and everything
in the dress line.
Muslins, Jeans, Linens,
Tickings, &c.
We have a complete assortment of
Gloves, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs,
Laces, Embroid. Handkerchiefs, Bathings, and ev-
erything for Dress Trimmings.
LADIES AND GENTS
Furnishing Goods!
In addition to our complete assortment of La-
dy Dress Goods, we have everything in the
line of
Gentlemen's Dress Goods,
and goods for everyday wear. Also a full line
of
Groceries, Spices, Wood
and Willow Ware,
Carpets, Oil Cloths, Table Covers, Chinaware
Glassware, Queensware, Toilet Cutlery,
Pocket Cutlery, Carpet Tins, Nails,
Glue, Lamp, Hardware, Shovel,
Fire Tongs, Shovel, Shovel,
Rods, Pails, Sills, Sills,
Shovel, Coal Oil,
Lubricating
Oil,
Wall Paper, &c.
and everything found in a first-class store, and
everything sold at the lowest advance on
Retail consistent with fair business, and
prompt attention.
Thankful for past favors, we respectfully
solicit an examination of our stock and prices,
feeling sure that we shall be able to