

The Middleburgh Post.

T. H. HARTER.

What 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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POETRY.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

She is modest, but not bashful,
Free and easy, but not bold;
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,
Not too young and not too old;
Half inviting, half repulsive,
Now advancing, and now shy—
There is mischief in her dimple,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature;
She is schooled in all her arts;
She has taken her diploma
As the mistress of all hearts.
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile;
Oh, a maid is sometimes charming,
But a widow all the while.

Are you sad? How very serious
Will her handsome face become!
Are you angry? She is wretched,
Lonely, friendless, fearful, dumb!
Are you cheerful? How her laughter
Silver sounding will ring out!
She can lure and catch and play you,
As the angler does the trout.

Ye old bachelors of forty,
Who have grown so bald and wise;
Young Americans of twenty,
With the love-look in your eyes;
You may practice all the lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little widow
Who could win and fool you all.

—Exchange.

THERE IS A FARMER.

There is a farmer who is Y's
Enough to take his E's,
And study nature with his I's
And think of what he C's.

He hears the chatter of the J's
As they each other T's,
And Z's that when a tree D K's
It makes a home for B's.

A pair of oxen he will U's,
With many haws and G's
And their mistakes he will X Q's,
While plowing for his P's.

And raising crops he all X L's,
And therefore little O's,
And when he hoers his soil by spells,
He also soils his hose.

—H. C. Dodge, in *Whitehall Times*.

DICK'S EXPERIMENT.

BY ANNABEL DWIGHT.

Dick Lynchfield was in the library smoking, with his heels a good deal higher than his head, his eyes unseeing upon the pages of the *Weekly Romancer*, and his ears strained eagerly to catch the sound of a girl's merry voice on the lawn.

Grief, anger and chagrin were mingled in Dick's heart. He had come down to make one of the delightful party at Oak Dell, with every reason to believe that he was the favored lover of pretty Nell Oakley. He had made no secret of his devotion to her, while she had played him off against that white-headed Walter Simmons with the most engaging air of innocence imaginable.

She was flirting with him at that very moment over a game of tennis on the lawn; and Dick chewed the end of his cigar vindictively and glared at the columns of the *Roman*.

Right before his eyes was the editor's "Answers to Correspondents," and the following paragraph suddenly caught his attention:

"Nemo.—It is just possible that you are too devoted to the young lady. Girls are sometimes capricious. A judicious suitor is willing to let his sweetheart do a little of the courting herself."

Dick straightened himself with a half smothered exclamation.

"What a trump of a fellow that editor is! Wonders if he had much experience with girls! It's comfortable to know that 'Nemo,' or any other man, is in the same fix that I am. By George, I'll try that prescription. Little witch! I'll pay her in her own coin."

Half an hour later the gay party on the lawn had drifted away—the gentlemen to the village, the ladies to their rooms. Nellie Oakley, the pretty daughter of the hostess, swung to and fro in the hammock between the veranda posts.

She looked up with a charming smile as Dick emerged from the house.

I have been wishing for you, Dick. I want a sail down the river. Will you take me?"

For a moment Dick was tempted, but a wicked gleam in Nellie's brown eyes recalled his resolution.

"I am sorry, Nell, but you must excuse me. I am going to the village. Perhaps we will go down the river to-morrow. *Aurevoir!*"

He tossed her the rose from his

button hole and scattered leisurely down the drive.

Nell actually gasped as she looked after him. This was a new order of things, to be sure.

Only yesterday Dick Lynchfield would have considered a sail down the river alone with her the seventh Heaven of delight.

She must teach him better manners. He would surely claim that sail to-morrow—then she she would surely punish him.

But on the morrow Dick had apparently quite forgotten the matter. Nell watched him with increasing exasperation. He treated her with a gay gallantry that was very unlike his usual deference.

He did not try to gain a single *tele a tele* with her, and he flirted outrageously with Helen Dunfor. He seemed suddenly to have acquired a new power and fashion.

Nell wondered that she had never before noticed how handsome Dick was, and how pleased the other girls were with his attentions. He had been her humble slave for so long that she had ceased to put any special value on his delicate attentions; but she missed them sadly to-day, with surprise and anger at first, then a gradual sense of pain and fear lest through her own willfulness she had lost him.

They were standing together upon the veranda late in the afternoon, watching a group who were practicing archery upon the lawn.

"Dick" said she reproachfully, "you were to take me down the river to-day."

"I declare, so I was!" exclaimed Dick, in well simulated dismay. "Better late than never, ma'm'selle!" and then leaning over the veranda railing he called to the others: "Judson, Simons, Fiske, and ladies what do you say to a sail down the river? The moon will be up by the time we return."

His proposal was hailed with acclamation of approval, and ten minutes later they all went trooping down to the shore.

As for Nell, she was ready to cry with disappointment, for she had expected to regain the lost ground in a quiet sail with Dick, but it was very evident that he thought nothing of all of being alone with her.

She had lost him now, all through her own foolishness. And worst of all, she must keep up a brave front, for it would never do for her to mope in the presence of her guests. Not one of the party was a gay and bright as Dick; he laughed, and sang and told stories, and Nell looked, and listened and smiled, with a growing pain and dreariness in her heart.

They came home through the moonlight, Nell walking silently with down-cast eyes at Dick's side. He looked at her pale cheeks and said tenderly, yet with a certain light undertone:

"Tired, little girl?"

Nell laughed and did not look up lest he should see tears in her eyes.

"No, indeed!" said she.

After that he hardly spoke to her all the evening.

As the summer deepened, Nell and Dick seemed to have changed places. Of all the lordly cavalier-like lovers, he was the greatest and of all the meek, deprecating maidens, she was the meekest and most deprecating.

And strangest of all, Mother Oakley made no attempt to bring matters to a climax, although she could hardly help seeing that Nell's capricious heart had fixed itself upon this handsome young fellow who seemed in no haste to make known his intentions. How was Nell or any one else to know that Dick had already made a confidant of Mother Oakley and won her over to his side?

It was a lovely day in August; so near to September that some of the richest and dreamiest of Autumn seemed to have flavored it.

Nell, on the way home from the village in her pony carriage, had overtaken Dick, and was beside her now, watching the little, gray-gloved hands that held the reins.

Presently he told her in a cool, indifferent sort of a way that the arm of which he was a silent partner, would send him to South America next month; that he would probably spend two or three years there.

Poor little Nell! Her pretty face was like a white rose. She tried to meet Dick's keen eyes with a careless smile, but she could not control the

of shame she dropped the reins and clasped both hands over her tear-filled eyes.

Dick caught the reins in one hand and uncovered his face with the other.

"Look here, Nell," he said, rather hoarsely, "would you like to go to South America with me?"

"I would go to the end of the world with you Dick, you know that," she cried, a passionate sob rather disturbing the clearness of her enunciation.

Dick drew the little tearful damsel closer to him, and kissed her in a masterly way.

"All right, honey," he said concisely. "Have you a pretty white frock and all the fixtures? We will be married in just two weeks."

"Oh, I could not get ready so soon," demurred little Nell, wiping her eyes and trying to look dignified.

You must, asserted my lord, calmly, "or I must go without you."

And he kissed her again, and Nell clung to him and declared that he shouldn't go without her if she had to be married in a print dress. And he didn't. Nell accompanied him to South America, one of the daintiest little wives imaginable, with an irreproachable *trousseau* although there was but a fortnight in which to prepare it.

And I will inform my readers in confidence, that Dick never relinquished the advantage he gained, and his wife remained his most ardent admirer, though it is my firm conviction that if it had not been for that answer to "Nemo" in the *Weekly Romancer*, Dick would have been this day either a rejected suitor or the most wretched of hen-pecked husbands.

SEEING THE SUPERINTENDENT.

In the office of a certain western railroad superintendent it was understood that when a common looking stranger entered the outer office and asked for the great mogul, one of the several young men therein employed should claim to be the official wanted and thus turn the bore away. The other day a well-footed stranger, with a business squire to his eyes, asked to see the superintendent, and the chief clerk promptly replied:

"Yes, sir; what can I do for you?"

"Are you the man?"

"I am."

"No mistake?"

"None at all."

"Then it's all right. Six months ago one of your trains killed a cow for me, and you have been just mean enough not to answer any of my letters. Old hoss, I'm going to lick \$35 out of you!"

"But, sir, you see—"

"I see nothing but you! Prepare to be licked!"

And the proxy-superintendent was not only mopped around the room and flung into the wood-box as limp as a clothes-line, but the owner kicked the others out-door and upset the desks and tables with the remark:

"The next time I do business with this corporation I want you to not only to reply to my letters, but put 'in haste' on your envelopes!"

A bridal night experience almost surpassing in tragic horror that of the bride of Dammermoor, which Scott said was "an over true tale," is reported from Rio Grande del Sarr, near the Uruguay frontier. A young farmer's marriage was postponed on account of being bitten by a dog. The wound was cauterized and all went well. Three months later the doctors declared all danger over. The marriage took place. A supper followed, and at supper the bridegroom was noticed to fall into gloomy abstraction. After supper came dancing, and when the ball was at its height the bride and bridegroom withdrew. About an hour later piercing screams came from the bridal chamber. The door was burst open. On the floor lay the bride, still alive, but torn as though by a wild beast. The bridegroom covered with blood and d foaming at the mouth cowered in a corner, but in a moment sprang upon one of the men, when a brother of the bride sent a bullet through his brain.

A ten acre estate at Oak Lane Station, on the North Pennsylvania road, was sold recently for \$25,000.

SOME GOOD HORSE SENSE.

A Chapter That Every Young Girl Should Read and So Should the Boys.

A mother residing in a small city at the north writes to know if the *Sun* can't say something that will induce her daughter to quit keeping company with a young man who gets drunk every time he takes the young girl to a party. If a mother cannot say anything that will induce the daughter to give up an escort who insults her, a poor, weak newspaper cannot do any good. The girl has got the fever too bad, if she will not break off an engagement with such a young man. The girl should look about her and make inquiries and see if she can find a case in the experience of her friends where such a young man ever made a decent husband. She will never find such a case. A young man may sow wild oats, and get it up his nose, and be full as a tick at times, and reform, and become a square, useful citizen and a good husband, but he will never have a spree in the presence of the girl he loves. The mere fact of a young man taking a young girl to a party, or a sleigh ride, and getting drunk, and humiliating her, and causing her to depend upon others for escort to her home, is one evidence that he has no respect for her and she should break off her engagement and cut him entirely. If she puts up with such insults now, before she is married, when she is his wife he will be liable to leave her to look out for herself, and he will get drunk from habit. Twenty years ago there were hundreds of young fellows in this state who thought it was smart to take respectable girls to dances and get drunk, and let the girls ride home with somebody who kept sober. The girls would be vexed at the time, but as the boys were rich, and went in good society, the girls got to looking upon the spree as good jokes, and they would laugh about it. We know some of those girls to-day who are earning a living for several little children, while the smart fellows that got drunk have filled drunkards' graves, or have left their wives and are wanderers on the face of the earth. If a young man loves a girl as he should love her to marry her, a look of disapprobation from her at any act of his, will be enough to break him of any habit that he has that she does not like. If the words, "Please don't drink, Charley," from the lips of Charley's girl, is not enough to spoil his appetite for benzene, "Farewell, Charley, forever," should be the next and last remark she should ever make to him. Marrying men to reform them has never been a successful enterprise on the part of women. Girls are worth too much, unmarried, to sacrifice their lives to beat sense into the head of any man on God's foot-stool. Too many girls take the chances of marrying a young man who has an uncontrollable appetite for liquor, thinking that the surroundings of a home will wear him. Such a man does not wear as easy as a calf. He will go home only to sober up, and then not till the other places are closed. Five years of such a married life will make a middle-aged woman of the handsomest, sweetest-dispositioned girl that a mother was ever proud of. A girl will marry such a man hoping that next year he will be better, but next year he will be worse. The nose will begin to get red, the eyes bleared, the clothes carelessly worn, and the wife who would have been such a proud and happy mother, with a husband that had sense, becomes ashamed to look at herself in the glass, and had almost rather had a fit of sickness than to be visited by any of her friends, for fear that her husband will give them all away. Whiskey may be all right in its place, and we hope it is, but the place for it is not in the stomach of a young man who contemplates matrimony, and a girl who takes such a man for life, for fear the young man will be all gone, makes a foolishness of herself, and will regret it as long as she lives. There are sure to be sober boys enough for all the girls, and there is no need of marrying a drunkard, and the girl who does so, against the advice of her mother, will deserve all the unhappiness she marries.—*Peck's Sun*.

THE POWER OF DYNAMITE.

Within the past ten years, a new instrument of havoc and destruction has been added to the agencies with which men make war upon one another. The murder of the Czar of Russia, two years ago, the blowing up a few weeks since, of a Government building in London, the seizure of explosive machines in the hands of suspicious characters, have called the startled attention of the world to the terrible power of dynamite.

What is this immensely destructive substance? It is a compound, usually made in the form of a paste, of nitro-glycerine and gun cotton. Nitro-glycerine, as the reader may know, is an oily liquid of highly explosive and dangerous qualities. Gun-cotton is cotton saturated in certain acids, which makes it also a very explosive agent. The two combined in the form of dynamite, make a substance which carries death and destruction put up in a very small compass.

The glass bomb of dynamite which not only killed the Czar Alexandria, but wounded half-a-dozen of his escort, and broke the window panes of houses several hundred feet away, could be carried easily concealed in the palm of a man's hand of medium size. No doubt the explosive agent—whatever it was—which dealt such havoc in London, was quite small and easily concealed.

There are many possible forms and combinations of gun cotton, nitro-glycerine will not explode by the mere application of fire; on the contrary, if lighted, it will burn slowly and harmlessly. But it will explode by a sharp concussion. A dynamite bomb, too, supplied with a small percussion cap, will explode if thrown violently, just as does a toy torpedo.

The most common way of exploding one of these agents is to have a short fuse attached to it. The further end of the fuse is lighted, and then the operator hastens away. By the time the fire reaches the destroying agent the operator is able to get to a safe distance, and defy detection.

The explosive power of dynamite or nitro-glycerine is generally stated to be about ten times as great as gun-powder of the same bulk. The explosion produces no smoke whatever, but creates a deafening detonation.

Dynamite, and other forms of nitro-glycerine and gun cotton, are taking the places of gun powder in many practical directions. They have been substituted for gun powder, to a large extent, in the operations of mining and blasting rock; and this kind of work is more rapidly done by their means. Such explosive agents are also being introduced into the operations of warfare.

Gun-cotton is used in artillery operations and in naval actions, its being found far more clean in its use. It is also adopted in the operations of military engineering.

Thus we see that the discovery of nitro-glycerine, gun-cotton and dynamite, with their various combinations and the improvements constantly made in them, has given to men a new and most potent material force, which they use both for wicked and for beneficent ends.

Henceforth, not only will mining, blasting, and similar work be done more rapidly with less labor, but wars will be shorter because more destructive.

But we cannot regard the tremendous destructive power of dynamite, and the ease with which enough of it to destroy a palace or a prison can be carried concealed about the person, without perceiving what a terrible weapon it supplies to the criminal and assassin.

Nor can we wonder that the English and other governments are earnestly considering how the manufacture and sale of agents so formidable in their action, and indeed in their very existence, can be restricted without limiting their proper and beneficial use in saving human labor and making it more effective.

After mature consideration Kaiser Wilhelm has concluded that the youngest of his nephews, Prince Albrecht, is the least promising sprig of the royal family, and has designated him to attend the czar's coronation.

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