

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

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POETRY.

ALL HAIL THE BOY.

DEDICATED TO JAMES NUTT.

All hail the boy with loud acclaim,
Who dared defend a sister's name;
Who bore the shame, the grief, the pain,
Of sister wronged and father slain.
Injustice freed the guilty one
Whom ignominious death had won
And gave his liberty again—
To taunt the boy with sister's shame.

The boy endured the galled turmoil
Till injured blood began to boil.
And then the plan was given birth
That swept a scoundrel from the earth.
The doom deserved he quick received;
The world rejoiced; men were relieved
Of him who on the record's face
Had set what life could not erase.

Oh, where's the man can show me one
Who would not do as Nutt has done?
When father, sister, home, and all
Were ruined—buried 'neath the pall?
The boy deserves a nation's praise;
The proudest notes the song will raise
And swell the anthem long with joy
Till all shall say, "God bless the boy!"

—J. G. DAILEY.
Brookwayville, Pa.

NANCY.

AN IDYL OF THE KITCHEN.

In brown Holland apron she stood in
The kitchen;
Her sleeves were rolled up, and her
cheeks all aglow;
Her hair was coiled neatly, when I,
Indiscreetly,
Stood watching while Nancy was
kneading the dough.

Now, who could be neater, or brighter
Or sweeter
Than she who hums a song so delightfully
peevish, low,
Gazing who lo so tender, so graceful, so
kind,
Nancy, sweet Nancy, while knead-
ing, he thought

How deftly she pressed it, and squeez-
ed it, and caressed it,
And wistly and turned it, how quick
and how low,
How madly that madness I've paid
for in sadness!

When she was kneading as
all as the dough,
I saw her, when she turned for her pan
in the dresser,
I saw me and blushed, and said
shyly, "Please, go."
My bread I'll be spoiling, in spite
of my toiling.

If you mind here and watch while
I'm kneading the dough,
I begged for permission to stay. She'd
not listen;
The sweet little tyrant said, "No, sir,
no!"

When I had vanished on being thus
banished,
Holiday heart stayed with Nancy while
she kneaded the dough.

I'm dreaming, sweet Nancy, and see
you in fancy;
I see your heart, love, has softened, and
argued with me,
And we, dear, are rich in a dainty wee
cup of bread.

Where Nancy, my Nancy, stands
kneading the dough,
John A. Fraser, Jr., in the Century
magazine

A TALK WITH DR. BLISS.

THE EFFORTS TO SVAK GARFIELD'S LIFE.

Dr. Bliss, who had charge of President Garfield's case, is one of the most familiar figures in Washington life. He has entirely recovered his health, which was so nearly broken down by the trial of the eighty days' stretch at Garfield's bedside. It is only this year that he has fully recovered. Barnes and Woodward had their deaths hastened by their labors attendant upon this celebrated case. Dr. Bliss has now one of the finest practices in Washington. He may be seen every day flying about town in a close coupe, drawn by a pair of handsome bay horses, with one of the best coachmen in the city on the box. This driver has been with Dr. Bliss for years. He has, perhaps, unconsciously, drifted into making himself up to resemble the doctor. He has the same cast-iron gravity, the same shaped side-whiskers, and his complexion is lighter even than the Spanish-complexion-faced doctor.

Dr. Bliss has returned from a trip to Cleveland, where he went to attend the golden wedding of his sister. While there Mrs. Garfield invited him and Mrs. Bliss to her home to spend the afternoon. There were so many interruptions in the way of callers that Mrs. Garfield desired Dr. Bliss to call upon her the next morning, so that they might have a free and uninterrupted talk. In that conversation the two went over their mutual experience in the terrible summer of the assassination. Mrs. Garfield in this conversation expressed a renewed appreciation of Dr. Bliss's services. Few people can really understand the terrific strain to which Dr. Bliss was subjected. In his interviews he was the mere spokesman of the counsel of physicians, who sustained him throughout. The torments of criticism and even threats poured out upon the men who had the President in charge were enough to unsettle the mind of a weak man. I asked Dr. Bliss how he found Mrs. Garfield: "She was looking very happy and contented. She has rounded out since leaving Washington. She is beautifully situated, and has everything about her to make her comfortable. She is the center of a great deal of attraction."

During their morning talk the doctor says her eyes often filled with tears, showing that she had not entirely forgotten; but her life in the main is more pleasant than the average mortal has a right to expect.

I asked Dr. Bliss this question last night: "In the light of the information given you in the post-mortem, do you think Garfield's life could have been saved?" "Most decidedly no. The medical profession is unanimous upon this subject now. Garfield received three injuries, either one of which would have made his death absolutely certain. The shattering of the vertebrae was one, the rupturing of the splenic artery was the second and carrying of the pieces of the pieces of the denuded bone from the shattered ribs into the system was the third."

Dr. Bliss said that the rupturing of the artery above named would have caused death upon the day the president was shot if it had not been for his sinking so low. During this feeble condition the blood flowing from the severed artery formed a clot, which stopped up, for a time the loss from that direction. If he had not been injured in any other way but this he might have apparently recovered up to a certain point. But the moment he should come to make a sudden movement the clot would fall away and death would have resulted, just as it did, from the falling away of the clot.

Dr. Bliss says that the great London surgeon, McKenzie, who recently lectured in New York in the Bellevue hospital upon gunshot wounds, supported the theory of the physician in charge of the President. Dr. McKenzie, in a word, said that modern surgery did not approve of the probe. Probing often resulted in more injury than benefit. I asked Dr. Bliss if Gen. Garfield had prosecuted any business at all after he was sick. "I took his pen in his hand ex-

MODERN COURTSHIP.

"And you really love me dearly?" he asked, as he coiled his arms around her wasp-like system. "And you'll always love me so?" "Always, Frederick; ever so."

"And you pledge me to be so beautiful my life that it will always be as happy as now?" "With my last breath, Frederick."

"And darling you will mend my soe?" "Your what, sir?" "You will mend my social ways, and draw me upward to a better existence?"

"It will be the pride of my life to do so, Frederick. I will sacrifice all to your complete happiness." "I know that, sweetness. But suppose some accident to—to say the iron?"

"You forget, sir! To the what?" "To the trousseau; would it defer the hour which makes you mine?" "Never, Frederick! I am yours; and naught can separate us."

"But, listen! Though I may never leave a shirring position I shall sometimes, in the struggle of life, forget the plain duty." "And I'll remind you of it, Frederick, in tender action, and make the duties of existence so pleasant of performance that to avoid them will be pain."

EDITOR AND BURGLAR.

Once upon a time a country editor awoke in the night to find a burglar hunting through all the pockets of his clothes.

"What means this unseemly intrusion?" asked the editor, rising upon his elbow. "I am in search of money," replied the burglar, as he turned the last pocket inside out, "but alas! I fear I have got into the wrong house. I have found nothing but a bit of lead pencil and a ticket to a magical gift show. With your permission I will retire as I came."

"One moment," said the editor, "I do not think you are a subscriber to my paper. Allow me to call your attention to its superior features. All the local news—a carefully selected miscellany—impartial editorial discussions of the leading questions—a household department that will delight your wife—a religious department that will direct the wayward steps of the wicked to the straight and narrow path—no objectionable advertisements inserted, and only \$2 a year, strictly in advance. I shall be glad to enter your name on my list. You doubtless know that every man should support his local press."

SURE CURE FOR PRIDE.

An old man who had for years been a strict church member, and who had done much effective work for the cause of temperance, was found lying by the roadside the other day in a state of intoxication. He was drawn up before a committee of the church and asked to show cause why he should not be excommunicated.

"I acknowledge that I was drunk around her wasp-like system. 'And you'll always love me so?'" "Always, Frederick; ever so."

"Family troubles?" asked the chairman of the committee. "No, sir, for I've had no trouble. It was pride."

"Pride!" exclaimed the chairman. "Yes, pride. As I went along to town I met a drunken fellow and I began to think well of myself because I had never been drunk. 'Pretty soon I began to feel proud of it. A little further on I met an ordinary looking fellow and I wouldn't speak to him. My neck got stiff with my pride that I wouldn't even nod to people. I reflected that my pride was wicked, and I tried but could not throw it off. I tried to pray, but was a little too proud to pray with fervor. 'This won't do,' I mused. 'I am getting to be a regular Pharisee. After walkin' round awhile I met an old negro and I asked, 'Uncle, can you tell me how to throw off my pride?'"

"Dat I kin, sah; dat I kin," said the old negro. "Well, I wish you would, for to continue in this proud way will be dangerous to my soul."

"I acted on this suggestion, and got as drunk as a well as an owl, though I never saw an owl drunk. When I got sober I was the most humiliated man in the world, and I prayed with an earnestness I never felt before. I am now willing to leave my case in your hands."

"Brethren," said the chairman, "what do you think?" "Well, replied one old fellow, 'I feel sorter proud. How is it with yourself?'" "Sorter 'Pharisee.' How do you feel, Brother Jenks?" "Proud as a peacock. Brother Larkins, how do you feel?" "Mighty proud. Let's go down to the still-house and humiliate ourselves."

"I KNOW A THING OR TWO."

"My dear boy," said a father to his only son, "you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, swear, play cards, and visit theatres. They are not safe company for you. I beg you to quit their society."

"You needn't be afraid of me, father, replied the boy, laughing. 'I guess I know a thing or two. I know how far to go and when to stop.'"

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

The following gem should be read in every family: A mother on the green hills of Vermont was holding by the hand a son, sixteen years old, mad with love for the sea. And as she stood by the garden gate, she said:

"Edward, they tell me for I never saw the ocean that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me before you quit your mother's hand that you will never drink liquor."

"And he gave the promise, and went over to Calcutta and the Mediterranean, San Francisco and Cape of Good Hope, the North and South Poles; I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with the sparkling liquor that my mother's form at the garden gate did not rise before my eyes and to-day I am innocent of the taste of liquor."

Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that is not half. "For," still continued he, "yesterday there came into my counting room a man of forty years."

"Do you know me?" "No." "Well," said he, "I was brought drunk into your presence on ship board; you were a passenger; they kicked me aside; you took me to your birth and kept me there till I had slept off my intoxication. You then asked me if I had a mother; I told you I never had a word from her lips; you told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day I am master of the finest ships in New York harbor, and came to ask you to come to see me."

How far the little candle throws its beam! The mother's words on the green hills of Vermont! God be thankful for the power of a single word!

FELT THE SITUATION.

A German farmer was on trial in one of the justice courts the other day for assault and battery, and had pleaded not guilty. When the cross examination came the opposing counsel asked:

"Now Jacob, there was trouble between you and the plaintiff, wasn't there?" "I expect there was."

"He calls me a sauer-krant Dutchman."

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A great feature of the coming year will be the highly valuable letters of G. D. W. Wicks, who has made a special study of the wages of working-men, the general condition of labor and the cost of living in Europe as compared with America. Mr. Wicks, who has charge of this subject for the Census of 1880, has made a life study, and has been abroad this year conducting a special investigation. His letters will give the facts as to earnings in all the various industries, the purchasing power of wages, strikes, times, national, arbitration, etc.

The WEEKLY PRESS is full of choice home reading, with puzzles and other matter for the little folks, series and pastimes for lads and children, fashion notes, recipes, gleanings from current literature, a careful summary of domestic and foreign news, and an earnest discussion of the great questions of the day.

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