

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. XXI.

MIDDLEBURGH, SNYDER CO, PENN'A, MAY 15, 1884.

NO. XXVIII.

—POETRY—

THE TRAMPS

A woman and man; she, pallid and wan,
And with sad eyes, hollow and fast
ling; His glassy and murred by the drunk-
ard's reward.
That still about him are casting.
With the death-eager look of that ter-
rible thirst
That has borne him and torn him
down from the first.
As they stand in their shame by the
bright kitchen flame,
With despair in each shivering mo-
tion.
What a story I read of man's madness
and greed,
And of woman's angelic devotion—
Of the wonderful love of two ill-mat-
ed lives,
Which still, in its storm-trampled
waters survives.
Does her memory stretch from that
poor bloated wretch
Far back into days that are golden,
When his love first breathed, seemed
a treasure bequeathed,
For which she was ever beholden?
Surrounds him still the illusion of yore
Through which women behold the
men they adore?

As there as they stand, she touches
his hand—
The hand of the sot and the scoffer,
And a gleam of old grace lights the
sad, sunken face
As she turns to the food that we of-
fer,
And gives him the larger share—wolf-
ishly thrust
To his lips ere her hunger had broken
an crust.
Then, their rags closer bound their
chill frames around;
They pass on the way of the vagrant;
For wretches so mean in good homes
to be seen
Would be a transgression most fla-
grant;
But the woman half turns, with the
wave of the hand,
And a sad, thankful look that is sim-
ple and grand.
And I look through the panes as the
brief day wanes,
And the shadows of night are blend-
ing,
And watch through the, snow on the
highway below.
The two figures slowly wending;
A woman whose love can all wretch-
edness span;
And the coarse, shattered wreck, of
what once was a man.

BEYOND.

[Published by Request.]

When I am wrapped in slumber sweet
And laid in Earth's low bed,
Away from those who love me here,
You'll miss me when I'm dead,
You'll miss the pallid hue of Death
Stamped on my lifeless brow—
And will your heart be constant true
And love me then as now?
You'll miss me when I'm gone from
Earth
With angels bright and fair,
As I have leaned on you while here
You'll lean on me up there,
I've been a burden many years—
To you a constant care;
And it will be relief at last
When I am called up there.

But not a selfish thought I know
Has dimmed your heart of love,
You've been so good and true on Earth
You'll come to me above,
God grant that I may lend you aid
To bear each burden sore—
Until I clasp your hand in love
Upon the other shore.

CAPTURING A DESPERADO.

In the far West, particularly in the
far Southwest, the newly-arrived
settler often finds that he has strange
neighbors—not only Indians but
white desperados, who are more to
be feared than even Utes or Apaches.
Two young friends of mine—good
steady, New-England-born young
men—were so unfortunate as to buy
land in the vicinity of an especially
ugly member of this outlaw fraterni-
ty.
These young men had been bro't
up to obey the law, and respect the
property and rights of their neigh-
bors. They could be brave enough
in the defense of any just cause, yet
they dreaded and shrank from the
use of deadly weapons against a fel-
low-being, from a keen sense of the
sacredness of human life, and the
criminality involved in such acts.
Such were Gilbert and Charles
Small, Plain, farm-bred boys, they
had, by steady labor and economy,
saved up a capital of seventeen hun-
dred dollars. With this they had
emigrated to Colorado and started a

small stock farm, fifteen miles from
Alamosa.
By availing themselves of the
homestead act and the pre-emption
law, they secured a track of three
hundred and twenty acres of land,
lying upon a creek, with a range ex-
tending back over the hills, which
was not likely to be taken up by
other settlers.
At a point a short distance below,
where a mining trail passed them,
and where they judged there would
be in time a railroad, they built a
farm house, which they opened as a
hotel, and in which they also kept a
stock of groceries. For, like other
enterprising young immigrants, they
had an ambition to found a town and
grow up with it.

Some eight or ten miles from them
lived a man named Peter Hergit,
who professedly worked a mine, but
whose place really was a rendezvous
for renegade "cowboys," and other
desperate characters of the Jesse
James type. It was intimated that
several daring train robberies had
been planned, and also that
"Clate Walker" made it one of his
stopping-places.
This Walker was a notorious gam-
bler and dead-shot. He was sup-
posed to be the leader of a band of
train-robbers, and was said to have
killed not less than ten men in vari-
ous affrays. It was said, too, that
occasionally, when times became too
monotonous because of the lack of
excitement, he would kill a man "for
fun" just to keep his hand in. He
had a habit, also, of riding through
small towns and camps shooting
promiscuously at everybody he saw,
to keep up the terror of his name, a
matter he appears to have been vain
of.

It will seem well nigh incredible to
people in the East that such a
man should be allowed to escape jus-
tice and to run at large. Such is the
ugly fact, however, in scores of cases
owing probably to the circumstance
that no officer likes to attempt the
arrest of these desperados who gener-
ally carry two and sometimes three
heavy revolvers, and are marvelous-
ly quick and sure of aim.
The accuracy and quickness of
aim of many of these lawless fellows,
and such a marksman was Clate
Walker; who added to this reputa-
tion, moreover, the more murderous
one of being a "killer," which in the
phrase of this section means a des-
perado who will shoot a man upon
the least provocation.

Our two young stockmen had
heard of this border monster, but
their first actual acquaintance with
him began the week after putting
out their sign of "Small Bros., Hot-
el and Grocery."

Walker chanced to pass one morn-
ing, and, seeing the new sign, reined
in his horse, and by the way of call-
ing the attention of the landlord to
his arrival, drew his revolver and
opened fire on the sign, shooting the
first letter S to pieces. Then dis-
mounting, he kicked the door
open, and, walking in, demanding a
"cock-tail."

Gilbert, who chanced to be inside
at the time, told him civilly that
there was no bar connected with the
house; for true to their home prin-
ciples, the young men had deter-
mined to keep a "Temperance house"—
a greater anomaly in the West than
many may at first suppose.

"A Temperance house!" shouted
Walker, and he vented his astonish-
ment and disgust in a burst of oaths
and reviling. "No one shall keep a
hotel with nothing to drink in it
in these parts!" he said. "If you
don't have liquor, and good liquor,
too, the next time I call, I won't
leave a whole dish or a whole bone
here!"

And, as a foretaste of what he
would do next time, he kicked over
the table and smashed three or four
chairs, by way of leave-taking.

With such a customer on their
hands, it is little wonder that our
young friends felt very ill at
ease. Still, they were bold men,
and were determined not to be bul-
lied into keeping rum; so they went
about their business as usual.

Nothing further was seen of Walk-
er for a fortnight, when he again
appeared early one morning when
Charles was getting break-
fast. Gilbert having gone out to
look after the cattle. The first hint
that Charles had of his visitor was
another volley of shots into their
signboard.

This time Clate had shot the sec-
ond letter to pieces. It was appar-
ently his way of knocking. Imme-
diately he kicked the door open as
before.

Under the circumstances it is not
very strange that Charles stepped
out of a back door at about this
time, and went behind the corral,
from whence he heard Walker firing
repeatedly, and making a great
smashing noise.

When at length the desperado
had taken his departure it was
found that he had made a complete
wreck of the crockery and furniture;
and in the grocery-room he helped
himself to tobacco, and emptied his
revolver at the kerosene barrel,
which, tapped in half a dozen places,
was deluging the floor.

I shall not undertake to say what
the duty of my young friends was—
whether they should have resisted
outrage and defended their property
at the risk of lives, or moved from
so dangerous a neighbor. What
they did was to get out of sight
whenever they saw Walker coming,
and let him do his worst.

It chanced that after a time a sec-
ond cousin of my young friends came
West to see them. His name was
Gerald Forney, and he was then a
student at the military academy at
West Point. I am not sure, how-
ever, but he had just graduated,
though that does not matter.

He dropped in upon the Small
brothers quite unexpectedly one af-
ternoon, and it is needless to say
that they were glad to see him, and
that they passed a very pleasant
evening. Nothing was said about
Walker, for Gilbert and Charles,
having an honest pride in their
ranch, were loath to let Lieutenant
Forney know how badly they were
off in respect to neighbors.

The desperado happened to come
along, however, the very next morn-
ing. Charles and Gerald were sit-
ting in the dining-room, when Gil-
bert, who had seen the gambler
crossing up the road suddenly rushed
in.

"Old Clate Walker's coming!" he
exclaimed. "Put out at the back
door!" Charles leaped to his feet,
but our young West Pointer rose
more leisurely.

"Who the dickens is 'Old Clate
Walker'?" he asked.
"A regular border terror! A des-
perado! A 'killer' exclaimed Gil-
bert. "He's likely to shoot any of
us at sight! Come on after us!"

"What! run out of your own
house?" said Forney, surprised.
"Why, what hold has this fellow on
you?"

"No hold whatever, but he's a
dead shot and double dyed murder-
er!" cried Charles. "You don't
know him as we do. Come along
with us and get out of his way!"

"Not I!" exclaimed Forney—who
felt that his military reputation was
at stake. "Take your shot-gun and
stand ready in the kitchen. I'll stop
here and see Mr. Walker!" and he
hurriedly took his revolver from his
evercoat pocket, then stepped to the
window behind the desk on the
counter.

With his customary oath the
gambler and dead-shot kicked open
the door and strode in. The young
lieutenant sat on the high stool be-
hind the desk, apparently reading a
newspaper. He did not look up.

"Hello, you sneak!" shouted
Walker. "Where are the tender
kids that keep this blasted Tem-
perance hotel?"
"I think they've gone out to hide,"
said Forney, carelessly turning his
paper. "They said there was a
maneater, a regular anthropophagus,
coming, and that they were going to
hide somewhere."

Walker started, "Well, well!"
he ripped out. "If you ain't the
freshest kid I've stuck in ten years!
Right fresh from the East, aren't
you, young fellow?"

"Yes," said Forney, moving the
paper, "I'm from the East, and I'm
pretty fresh, I suppose. I'm a
young fellow, but I'm a pretty nice
one."

"Don't you give me any of your
lip!" thundered Walker. "Do you
know who I am?"

"How should I?" said Forney.
"It's none of my business. I'm on-
ly here on a visit. I don't care who
you are."
The bully flushed, stung by the
careless contempt in Forney's tone.
"Suppose," he muttered, taking a
step toward the counter, while a

murderous gleam crept into his eye,
"suppose I were to tickle your
Alan's apple with my dirk, what
then?"

"Then I'd shoot you dead for the
scondrelly bound you are!" ex-
claimed the young cadet, suddenly
presenting his cocked revolver fall
in Walker's face. "Move—sit a
hand, and I'll shoot you like a dog!"

"The first man that ever got the
'drop' on me!" gasped Walker,
"and you a little whipper-snapper
from the East!"

"No matter what I am," said For-
ney, sternly. "If you move a hand,
I'll shoot you! Gilbert! Charlie!"

The two brothers who, from the
kitchen, had heard the above dia-
logue, and were several times on the
point of taking their heels out at
the back door, now entered, guns in
hand.

"Cover him, Gilbert," and Forney,
"if he stirs a hand, put a load of
bullet-shot through him! Now,
Charles, come and take his pistol
and knife."

A deep red flush mounted to
Walker's face. But he knew that
the slightest movement on his part
would send two charges of cold
lead through his body. He gritted
his teeth, but stood motionless.

They disarmed him, then marched
him out of the door and round the
house into the cattle corral in the
rear of it. This corral was built of
adobe bricks, the wall being from
seven to eight feet high, and in-
closing a space of eight feet square.

They gave him no chance to get
the start, but kept him covered with
both gun and pistol constantly.
They gave a chair to sit on however,
and there he sat all day, watching
the cadet and Gilbert, and they him,
while Charles rode post-haste to
Alamosa to swear out a warrant for
his arrest, and summon the Sheriff
and his posse to take him.

The officers, hearing that so dan-
gerous a ruffian was really waiting
their disposal were not slow in re-
sponding to Charles Small's sum-
mons; and by three o'clock that af-
ternoon the young lieutenant had
the satisfaction of seeing the "bor-
der terror" taken into legal cus-
tody and marched off to jail.

But, as is too often the case in
the far West, the prisoner was
lynched instead of being fairly
tried and convicted of his crimes.
He was taken forcibly from jail by a
masked party from one of the
neighboring mining camps the third
night after being lodged there, and
hanged without any form of trial to
the nearest tree.

BABY ON THE CARDS

There was a baby on a car of the
Chicago, Burlington and Quincy
Railroad the other afternoon.

It—a baby in long clothes is al-
ways on it—was loaded to the muz-
zle with cry. It was a little thing
not more than two feet long, but it
had more cry coiled up in it than
you would suppose could be stowed
away in a baby as big as a town cou-
stable. What would an auctioneer
give for that baby's capacity?

Well, the train and the baby got
a good even start, and for several
miles the passengers looked on with
interest in the race. Almost any-
body would bet off-hand that a ba-
by's steam would run down before
an engine's, but if you knew this
particular baby you would disdain
all illegal propositions and declare
yourself "not a betting character,"
which, by the way, is a most right-
eous declaration—when you have no
sure thing.

The poor young mother of this
portable noise factory was crimson
with embarrassment, for of course
every passenger looked at her and
seemed to her to say: "Why don't
you shut up that squalling brat?"

Presently a man with a long flow-
ing beard came up the aisle, chuck-
ed the baby under the chin, made a
horrid grimace, and simpered, "Da,
da, da, toothlets tooty."

The baby was crying as loud as it
could, but this made it cry louder.

Then a woman reached over from
then next seat and whispered some-
thing in the mother's ear. Of course,
nobody heard what she said, and the
mother only sat the little one on her
hand and shook her head.
A man across the way said per-
haps there was a pin sticking into it;
and the baby was tipped and turned
and wapey'd about until investiga-
tion exploded this theory.

"Probably got the colic," said a
dignified woman with a double chin.
A man in a long duster gave it a
peppermint l-zong, but the baby
declined it with kicks and yells.

The poor mother looked down at
the floor as if she wished to find a
nail-hole to slip through. A kind-
looking woman came from the other
end of the car, took the baby and
pranced up and down the aisle bob-
bing and jumping the bundle of
scream, until it was demonstrated
that this was not the cure. She
passed the baby to a man, who of-
fered it his watch, but that was
spitefully flung to the floor, as the
baby opened the steam-throttle an-
other notch.

A young man with a straggling
mustache and a high collar was look-
ing out of a window whistling
"Baby Mine." He turned his head
laughingly and suggested to the man
who was trotting the screaming in-
fant on his knee trying to shake its
hugs down into the rattling folds of
its long skirts, "If you people keep
on until you frighten the baby to
death it'll stop crying, I guess."

Every eye in the car shot a blood-
red stare at that young man. What
did he know about babies, the strip-
pling? But the baby was passed back
to its mother and all the passengers
sat still and brooded over the insult.
Then the baby in the dense quietude
laid its little head upon its mother's
shoulder, sniffed a few sobs, and fell
into a peaceful, noiseless slumber,
and the young man turned his head
down into his high collar and con-
cluded his tribute to "Baby Mine,"
while the other passengers thought,
"Now he thinks he's smart, doesn't
he?"

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

A joy lender is seldom a trouble
browner.

Be patient, for the world is broad
and wide.

Our acts make or our sins; we are
the children of our own deeds.

When bad becomes bad enough it
militates itself. Perfection in im-
plements of warfare will destroy war.

One ungrateful man does an in-
jury to all who stand in need of
aid.

He who wishes to secure the good
of others has already secured his
own.

The future of society is in the
hands of the mothers. If the world
has lost through woman, she alone
can save it.

A man too busy to take care of
his health is like a mechanic too busy
to take care of his tools.

It many times falls out that we
deem ourselves much deceived in
others, because we first deceived
ourselves.

I hate to see a thing done by
halves; says a thinker; if it be
right, do it boldly; if it be wrong,
leave it undone.

HEALTH HINTS.

The best way to deal with a cold
is to avoid it.

Never pick a blister with a pin.
It rasts the pin.

Vinegar and red pepper will make
a well throat sore and a sore one
well.

Corns can be cured by refraining
from wearing shoes three sizes too
small.

The tendency to sleep too soundly
can be overcome by having hot soda
biscuits for supper.

A little arsenic carefully used will
in time entirely clear a neighbor-
hood of rats, mice and amateur flute
players.

Nothing is more dangerous than
to walk about with bare feet in the
morning. If there are fires to be
started let your wife attend to them.

Conceal brown paper soaked in
vinegar and placed on the forehead,
is good for sick headache. See that
there is a supply of brown paper
and vinegar in the house before go-
ing to the lodge on initiation night.

For rent—A needle and thread.

Borrowing is not a paying busi-
ness.

The way of the transgressor is—
Canada.

The only way for a man to have
his picture printed in a western pa-
per is to get hung.

"What is syntax?" asked the
teacher. A saloon license is sin tax;
shouted the son of a prohibitionist.

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