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, JUNE 5, 1884. | NO. XXXI

The Old Arctic Rubbers.

I.

How shabby my old rubber arctics are growing:
The days of their usefulness will soon be o'er,
How well I remember, 'twas blowing and snowing
The day that I carried them home from the store.
Both Wiggins and Venner predicted a snorter;
The north wind was howling and fast the snow fell,
I bought them and paid for them two and a quarter,
The old arctic rubbers that served me so well;
The old arctic rubbers, the flannel-lined rubbers,
The old arctic rubbers that served me so well.

II.

They gave me protection whenever a blizzard
'Neath snow drifts, knee-high, hid the sidewalk, and street,
And daily, while humorous exchanges I scissored,
They lay near the legs of the desk at my feet.
For cuspidores often they served witty fellows
Who came to the sanctum old stories to tell,
And leaks stood in them dripping umbrellas,
The old arctic rubbers that served me so well;
The old arctic rubbers, the flannel-lined rubbers,
The old arctic rubbers that served me so well.

III.

The buckles that formerly glittered like spangles
Are rusty and broken, their ruin complete;
The sides of the soles and the heels describe angles
That make me look bow-legged when walking the street,
But, though they're a wreck now in sole, heel and upper,
Some hungry goat's appetite yet they may quell,
By furnishing him with a breakfast or supper,
The old arctic rubbers that served me so well;
The old arctic rubbers, the flannel-lined rubbers,
The old arctic rubbers that served me so well.

—Somerville Journal.

HOW HE WAS CAUGHT.

Neither tall nor short, neither dark nor fair, with hair between dark and brown, and eyes that left a doubt as to whether they were gray or hazel. She was just such a little bundle of uncertainties and contradictions as led the imagination captive at the first glance, and offered a constant lure to anticipation.

Whether she spoke or remained silent, whether she walked or sat, expectation hung breathless upon her next word, her next pose. Her eyes, varying as seemed their hue, shone none the less with a candid ray that seemed the very light of truth, and her fresh mouth, with its milky teeth showing between the not too-smiling lips, irresistibly suggested the sweetest uses to which lips can be put.

The heavily moving steamer had plowed through half the great Atlantic rollers, and the few passengers had all grown heartily tired of each other, when she suddenly appeared for the first time upon deck quite alone, yet calm and self-centered as the small birds that sometimes poised themselves upon spar or bulwark to gather breath for fresh flight.

It was Julius Hilder who had first discovered her, leaning against the companionway railing, with the air of having just come up or down, he could hardly determine which, looking absently at the tumbling water.

Julius and his friend, Austin Drake, were seceders from a gay party who had made the tour of Southern Europe together. It was Julius who had instigated his companion to desert the others and take the German steamer for New Orleans direct, which then touched at Havre, instead of crossing by a Cunarder; and it had all grown out of the obstinate determination on the part of his sister to attach her party to that of Mrs. Smollett.

Mrs. Smollett was his choicest aversion, a pretentious, intriguing woman, in whom the match-making instinct had been so developed by the effort to establish her own five daughters that it could not rest satisfied with the accomplishment of that gigantic task. She seemed to have an endless supply of nieces, adopted daughters, or proteges of some sort whom she dangled ostentatiously before the eyes of all eligible bachelors. She had improved a chance meeting with Julius to announce to him a new acquisition, a lovely young creature, whom she was taking home with her from a Swiss Pension.

"Mr. Smollett's own niece, Mr. Hilder, and quite like my Fanny at her age. You remember Fanny? She was your first love, I believe," she had said, with her ogling dowager smile, and Julius had felt himself seized at once with an unsurmountable aversion to the fair young niece of Mrs. Smollett.

In the first heat of indignation against his sister he had conceived this notable scheme of crossing by the Havre steamer, and though it had not in its development proved to be eminently amusing, he had never omitted to congratulate himself and his companion, night and morning, upon the good sense they had displayed in adopting it.

"No chattering girls or designing dowagers," he would say, and he yawned over the book or the dull game with which they strove to believe they were amusing themselves, "give a man time to pull himself together and take account of stock, as it were." Still, when one of those aimless pilgrimages below which formed the only break in the monotony of this occupation, he had nearly ran over this pretty young creature leaning against the railings, a thrill of undeniable pleasure had coursed along his nerves and he had felt himself blushing with pleased surprise.

Fortunately the sea-tan had rendered the blush indistinct, but over the light that shot into his gray eyes the sea-tan had no power, nor yet over the tongue that stammered as he tried to convey his apologies for nearly upsetting her, and his offer of service in conducting her to a seat.

"Thank you," she had answered coolly, "you did not startle me, as I saw you coming; and I am not sure that I want a seat."

There was no more to be said, and her maid appeared at the moment with a bundle of parti-colored wraps. Julius could only lift his hat again and carry out his purpose of going below. As he had no reasons for going except that he was tired of staying on deck, and as the deck had now acquired paramount attraction, he was soon back again.

In the meantime the young lady had made up her mind about the seat, and had found one for herself close against the ship's side on the weather quarter. It was not a pleasant location, but as she had chosen it, and had wrapped a large shawl around her in an exclusive sort of way, he saw no plausible ground for interfering.

Nothing could have been more discreet and retiring than Miss Elton's behavior, but the perseverance of the man who finds himself bored by too much of his own and his alter ego's society, is an incalculable force against which no woman can successfully entrench herself, and so it was not long before Drake found himself eliminated, as a superfluous factor, from the sum of his friend's enjoyment, whenever Miss Elton appeared above deck. His success, however, was more apparent than real, for although he knew her name, and was allowed to carry her book and her shawl, and arrange her chair in the most comfortable position with reference to the wind or the sun, he had really made no great progress in her confidence. Who she was, or why she had chosen to make the voyage in this unconventional and eccentric way, remained as great a mystery as it had been on that memorable first day. It was the close of the tenth day, dating from that of his discovery, and Julius sat beside her in that intimate fashion bred of the isolation of the sea.

He had been reading to her, but the story was finished, and a silence had ensued, she appearing to be wrapped in thought, and he watching her face with half-veiled glances.

"Three more days and we shall be at home," she said, rousing herself.

"You count the days," he said. "Are you eager to be there?"

"No; neither eager nor reluctant. The voyage has been pleasant, but it will be nice to be on shore again, too."

"What, or rather who, is going to make it nice? Anybody in particular?"

She put the question aside with a little wave of the hand.

"You are curious," she said, mischievously.

Julius bit his lip. He was curious, and this was not the first time she had foiled him.

"You want much to know just who and what I am," she went on. "You have made a dozen attempts to find out. Tell me why. What difference would it make to you? If I were to tell you that I am a niece of the Governor of Kentucky; mind I don't say that I am," she continued, as Julius made a gesture of surprise. "I say if I were to tell you so, and add that I am mistress of an independent fortune, would that enhance my value in your eyes?"

"Suppose, on the contrary," she went on impetuously, and with a certain warmth of tone that seemed to spring from injured pride, "I were to tell you that I am an orphan without fortune; that I had just money enough to carry me through the Conservatory at Paris, and that I am hoping and expecting to make my living by teaching music, would that lower me in your regard?"

Julius still remained silent, perhaps a little abashed by the results of his own temerity.

"I see that I have embarrassed you," she said, laughing. "I shall not insist upon an answer. I leave you to adopt whichever hypothesis best suits you."

She gathered up her shawl and book as she spoke, and made a motion to rise, but Julius laid a detaining hand upon her arm.

"No, no, you mustn't go yet," he exclaimed and he fancied a deviness in her eyes as she turned them toward him, which touched him inexpressibly. "I am embarrassed, not so much by your hypothesis as by something in myself. Since you leave me to choose between these hypotheses, I will take the latter. You are, then, an orphan without fortune, hoping and expecting to make your living by teaching music. To prove to you how little I deserve your implied reproach, I will confess what I should have concealed from the Governor's niece. Miss Elton, I adore you!"

"Mr. Hilder!" she exclaimed, springing to her feet, with flashing eyes.

"Well," he said, quietly, "you challenged me."

"You are impertinent, sir," and she swept away with dignity.

She remained closely shut in her own cabin during the remainder of the afternoon and until quite late in the morning, when Julius, who had maintained an anxious and impatient watch on deck, found her in the saloon sipping a cup of tea and nibbling a piece of toast by way of breakfast.

"I hope you have forgiven me," he said, taking a seat beside her.

"But I have not," she answered with decision.

"Which have I offended—the Governor's niece or the orphan music teacher?" he asked with a saucy smile.

"Both. It was a daring impertinence to one and a piece of insolence toward the other."

"Well, I don't see what I'm to do about it. It isn't the sort of thing you can expect a man to take back."

"No," she said, looking absently into her cup, then suddenly realizing that this was not just what she should have said, she hurried to add, amid a confusion of blushes: "That is, of course, you must take it back; at least you mustn't say anything more about it."

"Never?"

"Never."

"But that's impossible."

"Mr. Hilder."

"Miss Elton."

"I think we've had enough of this. It was my fault; I am willing to admit that. It was wretched taste on my part, and I've suffered all sorts of things in consequence." She waved her hand toward her cabin as she spoke, indicating that it was thus her hours of retirement were spent. "Let me go back to the question," she continued. "You asked me whether there was anybody to make it pleasant for me on shore. There was no reason but my own perversity why I should not have answered at once. No, nobody that I am at all sure will care to make it pleasant for me. I have a dear old uncle who has always been very good to me; but when he hears how naughty I have been I don't know what he will say to me," and she puckered up her white forehead into an expression of commendable perplexity.

"Well," he said after waiting some time for her to resume, "is that all?"

"That answers your question, does it not?"

"My question as originally put—yes, I believe it does; but it has been so amplified that you can hardly expect me to be satisfied with that meager answer."

"Amplified! I don't understand."

"These two ingenious hypotheses, for instance—were they both pure fiction, or which was the true statement."

"Both pure inventions," she returned, laughing and blushing again. "I am not that brilliant creature, a governor's niece, nor yet that more useful and respectable one, a teacher of music. The governor's niece was just a bit of satire. I traveled a few weeks once in company with such a person, and the constant iteration with which she dwelt upon her title, and the amount of respect it seemed to inspire in the minds of those who heard it, gave me the impression that it was the highest rank an unmarried woman could attain in America. I think the impression must be well founded, too, as I noticed it produced quite an effect upon you."

"Not the effect you imagine. I was startled for a moment, I confess, but simply because of a slight coincidence."

"A coincidence! Do you know her?" and a hot blush and a look of consternation sat together upon the fresh, young face of Miss Elton.

"Never saw her; but there was a plot to make me cross the ocean with such a person and a lot of other women, which I defeated by running away."

"Did you run away?" she breathed the words out in a startled half-whisper.

"Yes, they went in a Cunarder, and my friend Drake and I slipped off and took the steamer at Havre."

She looked at him with widely-opened eyes for a moment, during which he decided for the fiftieth time that the eyes were brown and not deep gray, as he had decided the other fifty times.

"Why did you run away?" she asked after a moment's consideration.

"Well, you see, I was with my sister and two or three others; just a nice little party, all the ladies married, so a fellow didn't always have to be on parade. We had a jolly, comfortable time until we got to Paris on our way home, and there sister took it into her head to join a woman who had been roaming about the continent with a lot of girls on an extensive husband hunt—one of those women who never look at a single man without picturing him to herself walking up the aisle with a white tie, with half a dozen groomsmen at his back, and who has always just the girl on hand who will walk up the other aisle in white satin and meet him demurely at the altar. I had no fancy for being cooped on a steamer with such an experienced angler."

"And the governor's niece was one of the girls?"

"Some governor's niece, so I heard. Now, what is the naughty thing you've been doing? Come, confidence for confidence."

For sole answer, however, Miss Elton leaned back in her chair and began to laugh immoderately. Julius looked at her for some moments, then catching the infection, began to laugh too, much to the edification of the waiters, who were beginning their preparations for dinner.

"I have no doubt it's awfully funny," he added, as she wiped the tears from her cheeks, "but I could enjoy it more if I knew just the point of view from which you see it."

"Perhaps you could," she replied demurely, checking an impulse to laugh again. "We seem to be in the way; suppose we move."

"Come on deck," he exclaimed, rising with alacrity and offering his arm.

"Thank you, no, I don't feel quite equal to the deck this morning."

She made him a ceremonious obeisance, and her cabin door had closed behind her before he had fully realized her purpose.

She did not reappear during the day. It was their last day at sea and Julius was in despair. The jetties' light was in sight when he retired, and when he awoke in the morning the smooth gliding motion of the ship announced that they were in the river. He was in no haste to see the low shores of the Mississippi, in fact he felt at the moment that he hated them; yet he sprang up, dressed with dispatch and mounted to the deck. Everybody was there but the one he sought. He stood near the companion way, watching furtively and starting at every step. She did not come, neither was she at the breakfast table.

The hours glided by, the city rose into view, passengers came on deck with sachels and umbrellas, prepared for going ashore, but still that particular cabin-door remained closed. They were at the wharf, the staging was run out, and a dozen or more citizens rushed across with that strange sagerness so inexplicable to the voyager whose eagerness impels him in the opposite direction. Julius, still maintaining his watch at the companion way, felt himself gently put aside by a tall, gray-haired gentleman, in a brown coat, who went with careful haste down the brass steps. He heard a little cry, and peering through a skylight he saw Miss Elton in the arms of the gray-haired gentleman, her head pressed against the brown coat, and her eyes upturned to meet his spectacled gaze.

"Her uncle!" he muttered peevishly, "who the devil is he anyhow?"

He moved discontentedly to the side and looked at the people hurrying ashore.

"Hello, Julius! Going to spend the night aboard?" cried Drake coming up with a duly chalked valise in each hand.

"Oh, Mr. Hilder," exclaimed another and more musical voice. "Wait, uncle, I must introduce you; Mr. Hilder has been very kind to me."

"What, Julius! Why, my dear boy, how d'ye? My w[illegible] wrote me you were coming over with her." His hand was grasped with a hearty pressure, and he found himself gazing into the spectacled eyes of Mr. Smollett.

"Oh, stupidest of stupids!" he exclaimed as he thrust slippers and brushes into his valise in the privacy of his cabin. "Bagged by the Smolletts egress after all, by Jupiter!" he added as he gave a last twist to his fair mustache before the misty mirror.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

His Pulse Needs Toning Up.

"We are running pretty fast now, ain't we?" said a drummer to his companion, as the train whizzed along at a lively rate. "At least thirty miles an hour," replied the other. "Thirty miles! We ain't going less than a mile a minute." "You are way off. We are not going a bit faster than thirty-five miles an hour at the outside. I've been riding on trains for twenty years, and you can't fool me on the speed. I've got it down so fine I can tell within a mile or two just how fast we are running?"

"You can, eh?" replied the first speaker; "you think you have it down fine, eh? Now, I'll just bet you $5 I can guess closer to the number of seconds it takes us to run from one mile post to another than you can. Is it a go?" It was a "go." The money was put up in another drummer's hands, and he took out his watch and stood up in the aisle so neither of the wagerers could see his timer. The passengers who had overheard the conversation gathered around to see how the bet would come out. As a white mile post whizzed past the window the referee cried "Now!"

The contestants looked out of the window at the line of wire fence and procession of fast-disappearing telegraph poles. "Time!" cried the drummer in the aisle as the next mile post showed itself one fleeting instant. Every eye was turned to the makers of the wager. According to agreement they were to write out the number of seconds they guessed and hand the paper to the referee. The man who "had it down fine" did this very promptly, but the one who had started the conversation was slow. He had some figuring to do with his lead pencil.

There was considerable excitement among the on-lookers, and several side bets were made. In a few moments the drummer had completed his calculations, and the referee announced: "Charley puts it at one minute and forty seconds. Bob makes it one minute and twenty-five seconds. The actual time by the watch was one minute and twenty-four seconds. Bob wins." The man who "had it down fine" but missed it by fifteen seconds and lost his money took his defeat in good humor, but begged Bob to tell him how he had worked it. "I hadn't ought to give it away," said Bob, "cause I've been makin' about $15 a week with it all winter. I usually hit it to the second, but this time I forgot that I'd had only one drink this morning." "What has your drinks got to do with it, I'd like to know?" "Why, you see, it takes at least four drinks to settle my pulse down so I can rely on it to the very second."

The nitro-glycerine bomb is a recent addition to destructive projectiles, its serviceableness in reducing entrenchments being, it is claimed, unequalled. In its construction a heavy conical shell is first cast, and so arranged that one end is much heavier than the other, one end being closed with a tightly-fitting cap, screwed on after charging. The interior of the shell is divided into three compartments, each separated by a heavy plate-glass cap; the division furthest from the open end is filled with sulphuric acid, and the next with glycerine, and the outer one with nitric acid—these three elements being the component parts of nitro-glycerine. A small opening through the center of the cap fitting the open end of the projectile admits a steel rod, to each end of which is firmly attached a small circular piece of metal, the inner end resting against the first glass cap; the outer cap is then screwed on, and the projectile is ready for service. According to the principle of gravitation, the heavy end naturally strikes the ground first, the steel rod is driven through the plate-glass partitions, the chemicals are mingled, and a nitro-glycerine discharge takes place.

A Yankee in Red Paint.

The campoodles southeast of town were the scene of unusual excitement yesterday. It was accidently discovered that one of the head sachems, who had lived on the Walker river reservation for years, was a white man. How the discovery was made is not stated. The Indians were so worked up over the discovery that the renegade, fearing for his life, came to town. Upon being interviewed by a reporter, he said he was a native of Massachusetts and forty-seven years old. He became entangled in a scrape when he was eighteen years old, and, running away from home, followed the sea for two years. Arriving at San Francisco he joined the rush to the mines. After a pretty rough experience going from camp to camp, he finally, after the collapse of the Meadow lake boom, joined the Piutes at their pyramid reservation. He remained there until he had fully mastered the language and habits of his dusky friends, and then, painting himself and assuming the garb of the red men, came to Walker lake, where, in consideration of his able advice in the councils of his tribe, he was elected a chief and allowed three wives. He says that although he sometimes longed for news from the Bay state, he was perfectly content to remain where he was, as he found the roaming, independent life of the Piutes just the thing for a man tired of the busy scenes of civilization. Now that he has the paint washed off and has donned a decent suit of clothes, he is a very intelligent looking man, and it is a wonder that he could have kept himself from his race so many years. He will probably return to the home of his youth in a few days. *Walker, (Nev.) Bulletin.*

"It is strange," said a commuter to a passenger who occasionally traveled on the same road, "it is strange that I have never seen your wife with you." "Is that so?" "Yes; I'm sure she often takes this train; in fact, I saw her only a day or two ago, didn't I?" "Very likely," was the curt reply. "Well, I didn't want to be too inquisitive, but I'd really like to know why you never travel together." "On account of economy." "How so?" "Because we've only one ulster between us."—*Traveler's Magazine.*

Art is making great strides in New York. It has reached a point now where a genuine oil painting 3 feet by 2½ can be painted in twenty minutes. The pictures are made almost exclusively for the American market.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Our Charlie says the difference between a hill and a pill is, one is hard to get up and the other is hard to get down.—*Oil City Derrick.*

"Do you believe in fate, Bridget?" asked the up-stairs girl of the cook. "Shure an' it Oi didn't, d'yer s'pose Oi'd be after buyin' shoes?"

A Western Congressman says: "Every man who comes to Congress has two ideas." But, after such exaggeration as this, nobody cares to know what this Western Congressman has to say.

It is very funny, but as a general rule the waiter in a swell restaurant is about the only person about the premises who doesn't wait for anything. The man who orders the chop does most of the waiting.

A New Yorker has incurred the displeasure of all the undertakers in that city, and they talk of boycotting him. He has invented a little spring to attach to gas jets so that when the light is blown out the gas will be turned off.—*Norristown Herald.*

Colonel George L. Perkins, of Norwich, Conn., who is 96 years old, said in a recent interview: "I have buried six family physicians and still live." The Colonel could make a fortune by certifying to the particular brand of patent medicine he used.

A western zephyr carried a cow a quarter of a mile through the air, and set her down in a milkman's yard. He was so scared that he stopped grinding chalk, and ran four miles for a rifle to shoot the curious looking creature with.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Don't slander your next-door neighbor. He may be in impoverished circumstances, and have few if any friends. Don't speak ill of any man until you are positive as to the exact amount he can lift and the nature of the person when aroused.

"O no, you don't laugh and grow fat." That idea is all wrong. The sentence should be reversed. You grow fat and laugh. When you fat up you have something to laugh. And other people have something to laugh at. Especially when you try to button your shoes in a railway car.

A New York man advertises "a safe, quick, and reliable corn remover, without the application of knife or caustics, no pain experienced. Price only $1." A young man who never walks out without wishing he could leave his feet at home forwarded $1, and two days afterward received by express a live crow.

Chicago has a Coaching Club. We always thought the great need of Chicago was something of that kind. We don't know how contagious a Coaching Club is, but as it has taken Chicago six years to catch it from New York, St. Louis will probably break out with it about the time the Hennepin Ship Canal is completed.

During the sermon one of the quartet fell asleep. "Now's your chants," said the organist to the soprano. "See if you canticle the tenor." "You wouldn't dare duet," said the contralto. "You'll wake hymn up," suggested the bass. "I could make a better pun than that, as sure as my name's Psalm," remarked the boy that pumped the organ; but he said it solo that no one quartet.

Dumley was making an evening call, and the nice little boy of the family had been allowed to remain up a little later than usual. "Ma," he said, during a lull in the conversation, "can whisky talk?" "Certainly not," said ma; "what put that absurd notion into your head?" "Well," he replied, "I heard you say to pa that whisky was telling on Mr. Dumley, and I wanted to know what it said."

We want Chinamen, but we want them a long way off. The fiat has gone forth that no Celestial shall ever gaze on the woody gulches of the Cœur d'Alene and live. If he insists on coming, however, let him bring a roast pig, plenty of fire-crackers and colored paper, and all the essentials for a first-class Chinese funeral. He needn't bother about bringing the corpse, though; it will be in readiness.—*Cœur d'Alene Nugget.*

Two dudes talk: "Aw, Cholly, I see theah is going to be some change in twousahs this spwing." "Some what, Gus?" "Some change, don't you know." "Naw, you don't say? Well, I'm dahn glad of it, foh ba Jawve, theah's been so little in mine foh thwee months, that wealy I wouldn't know a twade dollah from a slivah individual buttah plate, don't you know."

The officer who opens the court is called the "crier." On one occasion the said officer had lost his wife, who had led him an uncomfortable life, and he was, of course, absent from his post. When the court came in the judge, as usual, said: "Mr. Crier, open the court." A young and facetious lawyer addressed the Court as follows: "May it please your Honor, Mr. B—— cannot cry to-day; he has lost his wife."

At a Boston seance a disconsolate widower succeeded in establishing communication with his wife, who had passed into the spirit land from the Hub, of whose æsthetic circles she had been a member. The man inquired if she was happy, and if she liked her new surroundings, to which she replied: "Well, dear, it is very charming and lovely and all that, but of course you know, dear, it isn't Boston."

Mrs. B. was speaking of Mrs. J's. rainy-day attire as a combination "polonaise and waterproof cloak," when little Bijah wanted to know if her "apolonaris waterproof cloak was made of glass?" "Made of glass! "Why, what do you mean, child?" "Oh," replied Bijah, "you always speak of Mrs. J. as 'that meek little bottled up woman,' and I thought that —" His thoughts on the subject were diverted by a box on the ear.

A young man who believes in self-improvement, having recently married, suggested to his wife that they should argue some questions frankly and fully every morning, in order to learn more of each other. The first question happened to be "Whether a woman could be expected to get along without a hat," and he took the affirmative, and when he was last seen he had climbed up into the hay-loft and was pulling the ladder after him.—*Auburn News and Bulletin.*

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