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, AUGUST 14, 1884. NO. XXXIX

Judge Middleswarth dec 184

—:POETRY:—

FORGOTTEN GRAVES.

In my musings I had wondered
Through the city of the dead;
Pausing oft before the marble
Tow'ring o'er each lowly bed—
Reading there in fadeless letters
Words by loving fingers traced—
Of the joys, ere life had faded,
That beloved one had graced.

Just a moment I had listened
To the wispering of the breeze;
For it sounded like a death chant
Wafted through the willow trees;
Then I turned to leave the city,
Passing through an aisle o'ergrown
With the roses and the myrtle
Nature's hand alone had sown.

There I found amid the grasses,
That were left to bend and wave
With the roses and the myrtle,
Just one tiny, little grave.
There alone, and all forgotten,
'Neath the ivy's clinging vine,
Was a little stone—thus worded—
"Darling Lethe, aged nine."

Thus we too some day must slumber
'Neath the untrained flower and grass,
That shall hide our graves completely
From the few who chance to pass,
For our sleep, like darling Lethe's,
Will be left to angel's care,
When the friends who once wept o'er us
Shall no longer linger there.

STILL TACKLING BRUIN.

A PIKE COUNTY BEAR SHOWS ITS CONTEMPT FOR A GEORGIA BEAR HUNTER

HAWLEY, Pa., Aug. 7.

After the killing of the boss bear by Tunis Smith, and the ridding with bullets of another one nearly as big by citizens of Green township, Pike county, on Thursday last, as stated in *The Sun* at the time, two more large bears were found to be still lurking in the vicinity, on the lookout for sheep. On Sunday some lumberman saw one in the woods, near Tobyhanna. On Monday Frank Floyd took his gun and dog and went out after the bear. The dog drove it out of a swamp, and it made its way up the side of a steep ridge, and disappeared in a cavity in the rocks. Floyd followed it to the spot, and started a fire with hemlock boughs in the mouth of the opening, to smoke Bruin out. The opening was a crevice which ran into the rocks for some distance, and then turned outward and opened in another place on the face of the ledge. While Floyd was busying himself in building the fire the bear passed out At the other end of the crevice, and was half way to the top of the ridge before either the hunter or his dog discovered it. The dog started in pursuit, and the bear sought safety in a tree, Floyd stood in under the tree, and fired at the bear. It came tumbling to the ground. The dog closed with the wounded animal at once, and was instantly killed for its temerity. Floyd emptied his other barrel into the bear, which, brought to bay, and not wholly disabled by the two gunshot wounds, now itself became the aggressor. Floyd, knowing that the wounds must necessarily be mortal, and that the bear must succumb to them in a short time, resolved to put himself out of reach of the infuriated brute and quietly await the end rather than risk a hand-to-hand fight with it, which would be necessary unless he reteated. The bear, however, did not give the hunter time to take the first step away, but pressed him so closely that Floyd had broken his gun over the animal's head, and was battling it with his short-handled axe, in reach of its claws, almost before he realized his position. The bear fought so desperately that Floyd's clothing was soon torn to tatters, and he had received several bad flesh wounds. The bear covered with blood, which poured from the wounds in its side and shoulder, finally showed signs of rapid weakening. To escape a blow of one of its paws, Floyd jumped back a step. He struck his head against a rock and fell backward to the ground. The bear fell at the same time, partially on the hunter's body. Floyd, from fright, as he says, fainted away. When he came to he lay in the position in which he had fallen, and the bear lay dead by his side. Floyd was not seriously injured, but when he reahed the village they said he looked as if he had been blown up in a powder mill.

Solon Chamberlain, a young man who came to the Pocono Mountains from Philadelphia two weeks ago, bringing a double-barrelled gun lock-ek in a sole leather case, and wearing new buckskin hunting clothes, expressed it as his opinion on Monday at Oakland that there wasn't a bear in the country. He said he had hunted and killed bears in the swamps of Georgia, liked the sport, and would be pleased to meet a bear in Pike county, as it would warm his blood up to tackle it. The day before a party of hunters had started a bear not far from Oakland, but it had escaped from them. Two Oaklanders told Chamberlain they would take him to where the bear had last been seen. He put on a belt full of cartridges, hung a long hunting knife in a sheath at his side, and, carrying his gun in its case, started down the railroad track with his guides. They walked a mile, and pointed to the woods where the bear had eluded his pursuers on Sunday. They had no idea that the animal was then anywhere in the vicinity, and started slowly back up the track. They had gone hardly a hundred years when they heard a fearful yell behind them, and, looking back, saw Chamberlain tearing out of the woods and putting in his best licks for the railroad track. He was hatless, but still clutched his locked gun case while the long hunting knife flopped at his side. He was calling piteously for help, for not ten feet behind him a big bear was doing its best to catch up with him. Chamberlain ran howling up the railroad track at the top of his speed. The bear, seeing the two other men, gave up the chase and turned, evidently with reluctance, and disappeared in the woods. As soon as the bear hunter of the Georgia swamps could recover his breath and speech he said that he had unintentionally disturbed the bear at its dinner. It was dining on a sheep, and he had stepped up to within five feet of it before he saw it, and it did not give him time to take his gun out of his case, put it together, load it, take aim, and knock Bruin over, but just came for him and turned his attention to the open country. The same afternoon a party of men, without buckskin shirts, guns in cases, or experience in Georgia bear hunting, went out and killed the bear and brought it in. Chamberlin did not go, but requested the hunters to look up his hat. They did not find it, and he went away on the next train.

DON'T READ THIS OVER YOUR TODY.

John Beachem and Nathan Wetzel, of Liberty twp., went out to shoot woodcock, on Friday last. They had met with fair success in their sport and toward evening started to return home. As they passed by a big brush heap along one side of the road Wetzel noticed a monster garter snake crawling into the brush. He called his companion's attention to the fact, and they at once decided to kill it. Working their way into the brush they came across another big snake which together with the first one seen, they killed. As they disposed of these yet another was seen making for the brush. After some trouble they dispatched this one also. Each snake was as thick in the body as the upper part of a stalwart man's arm. They were females, and strange as it may appear, each one was full of young snakes. As soon as one of the old snakes was struck a host of young ones ran from her, and the total number of snakes killed was *one hundred and fifty-five*. Thus each of the snakes averaged about fifty young. This may appear as "drawing the long bow," but the fact is well attested by those who have seen the dead serpents. This rather takes the cake, we think, for this season at least.—*Danville Sun.*

RECIPE FOR GROWING PLUMP

Go to bed at half-past eight or nine o'clock, and don't be in a hurry about getting up in the morning. On going to bed and getting up in the morning drink as much cold water as you can swallow. Soon you will learn to drink two tumblers, and some persons may learn to drink still more. Drink all that your stomach will bear. Spend a good deal of time in the open air without hard exercise, but exposed to the sun. If practicable, ride in a carriage some hours every day. Remain out enough to give you a good appetite, but don't work hard enough to produce excessive perspiration. Eat a great deal of oat porridge, cracked wheat, Graham mash, baked sweet apples, roasted and broiled beef, though the vegetable part is more fattening than the animal part. Lie down an hour in the middle of the day, just before you take your dinner, to rest, and if possible, take a little nap. Cultivate jolly people. "Laugh and grow fat" rests upon a sound physiological basis. A pleasant meeting of social spirits is a great promoter of digestion. Keep your skin clean, sleep in a room where the sun shines, keep everything sweet and clean and fresh about your bed, sleep nine or ten hours in twenty-four, eat as I have told you, cultivate the jolly spirits, and in six months you will be as plump as you could wish.

THAT WIFE OF HIS.

A PROPOSITION TO STATE EACH OTHER'S FAULTS DISCOVERED SINCE THEIR MARRIAGE.

After having been married some weeks it came into the head of a young husband one Sunday, when he had but little to occupy his mind, to suggest to his wife that they should plainly and honestly state the faults that each had discovered in the other since they had been man and wife. After some hesitation the wife agreed to the proposition, but stipulated that the rehearsel should be made in all sincerity, and with an honest view to the bettering of each other, as otherwise it would be of little use to speak of their faults to which marriage had opened their eyes. The husband was of the same mind and his wife asked him to begin. He was somewhat reluctant, but his wife insisted that he was first to propose the matter, and, as he was the head of the house, it was in his place to take the lead. Thus urged he began the recital.

He said:

"My dear, one of the first faults that I observed in you after we began keeping house, was that you neglected the tinware. My mother always took great pride in her tinware, and kept it as bright as a dollar."

"I am glad you mentioned it, dear," said the wife, blushing a little; "hereafter you shall see no spot on cup or pan. Pray proceed."

"I have also observed that you use your dish-rags a long time without washing them, and finally throw them away. Now, when at home, I remember that my mother always used to wash out her dish-rags when done using them, and then hung them up where they could dry, ready for the next time she would use them.

Blushing, as before, the young wife promised to amend this fault.

The husband continued with a most formidable list of similar faults, many more than we have space to enumerate, when he declared that he could think of nothing more worthy of mention. "Now, my dear," said he, "you begin and tell me all the faults you have discovered in me since we have been married."

The wife sat in silence. Her face flushed to the temples and a great lump came in her throat which she seemed to be striving hard to swallow.

"Proceed, my dear; tell me all the faults you have discovered in me; spare none."

Arising suddenly from her seat the little wife burst into tears, and throwing both arms around her husband's neck, cried:

"My dear husbond, you have not a fault in the world. If you have one my eyes have been so blinded by love for you that so long as we have been married I never once observed it In my eyes you are perfect, and all that you do seems to be done in the best manner and just what should be done."

"But, my dear," said the husband, his face reddening and his voice growing husky with emotion, "just think, I have gone and found all manner of fault with you. Now do tell me some of my faults; I know I have many—ten times as many as you had or ever will have. Let me hear them."

"Indeed, husband, it is as I tell you; you have not a single fault that I can see. Whatever you do seems right in my eyes, and now that I know what a good-for-nothing little wretch I am, I shall at once begin the work of reform and try to make myself worthy of you."

"Nonsense, my dear; you know that sometimes I go away and leave you without wood cut; I stay down town when I ought to be at home; I spend money for drink and cigars when I ought to bring it home to you, I—"

"No, you don't," cried his wife, "you do nothing of the kind. I like to see you enjoy yourself; I should be unhappy were you to do otherwise than just exactly as you do."

"God bless you, little wife," cried the now subjugated husband, "from this moment you have no faults in the world. Indeed, you never had a fault; I was joking; don't remember a word I said!" And he kissed away the tears that trembled in the little woman's eyes.

Never again did the husband scrutinize the tinware nor examine the dish rag—never so much as mention one of the faults he had enumerated but soon after the neighbor women were wont to say:

"It is wonderful how neat Mrs. —— keeps everything about her house. Her tinware is as bright as a new dollar, and I do believe that she not only washes, but irons her dish rags." And the neighbor men were heard to say: "What a steady fellow —— has got to be of late: he don't spend a dime where he used to spend dollars, and can never be kept from home half an hour when he is not at work. He seems to worship that wife of his."

LOVE AMONG THE PEACHES.

Several years ago a gentleman living in this city bought a farm near Wyoming, on the Delaware railroad, just below Dover. He removed thither with his wife and only child, a daughter now about twenty year of age, a bright and accomplished girl. To vary the monotony of her simple rustic life she taught music in the surrounding neighborhood. A young man dressed like a laborer, but showing evidences of a more refined nature than his external appearance indicated, applied for and obtained work from the heroine's father. He was a well-built, pleasant-looking fellow, although not handsome, and wore a bright auburn beard. A mutual affection sprang up between the daughter of the household and the new hand. A sharp watch was kept on the maiden but in one of her usual rounds among her pupils her lover took advantage of the opportunity, proposed, was accepted, and the twain went to the nearest minister, where they were made one. They returned later in the evening, confessed, and the newly made wife pleaded forgiveness. Her father became very wroth at her undutiful act, and ejected them, with a few articles belonging to them, from his home, and told them never to return. They went to her uncle's house, where they stayed for the night. They next morning, without further parley with the indignant father-in-law, they went north on the first train, and did not stop until they reached Albany, in New York. To the astonishment of his wife, he here disclosed his true position—the son of very wealthy parents and himself possessed of a competency in his own name. He had fled from home for some folly, but his parents received their new daughter in-law with open arms. A letter of explanation was sent to her parants at Wyoming who were overjoyed at their daughter's good fortune.—Wilmington, (Del.) *News.*

Letting the Devil Out.

In a little frame house, four and one-half miles west of Mount Morris Michigan, lives a family of sixteen persons all being huddled together in apartments not large enough for four. Some time ago a child died in the family, and since then several members of the household have been impressed with the belief that everything around the premises was bewitched—people, stock, and the very air and weather—all being controlled by the evil spirits. A Mrs. Sumner, who is, and has for some time been quite ill, was afflicted with this hallucination to a marked degree, and while not pretending to prescribe for her mental trouble, Dr. Luman L. Fuller, of Clio, has been trying to minister to her physical ailments He called at the house, and when he attempted to get to her room he was met by a Mrs. Livingston, another member of the strange family, who had a razor in one hand and a knife in the other. In her frenzied efforts to induce him not to interfere with a case already being handled by the witches, she attacked and cut him savagely in the breast, inflicting a bad wound. She has been arrested, and a young man named whitney, a brother of Mrs. Livingston, is also in custody. Other members of the family may be arrested. The neighborhood is full of stories of the strange hallucinations of the occupants. Some things they have done are worthy of the old witchcraft days of Massachusetts. The pigs and cows have had little nicks cut in their ears to let the devil out.

Women share adversity better than prosperity.

Curiosity of the Law.

The majesty of the law is a great and awful thing, but it is sometimes maintained at the expense of perplexing illogical methods. A case in point is afforded by the application of the extraordinary law to be found in the Public Statute, chapter 205, section 18, which reads as follows: "If a jailor or other officer voluntarily suffer a prisoner in his custody upon conviction or upon a criminal charge to escape, he shall suffer the like punishment and penalties as the prisoner suffered to escape was sentenced to or would be liable to suffer upon conviction of the crime wherewith he stood charged." Under this statute is called the case of the Government against John Smith. Government states that Officer Smith voluntarily suffered William Jones, a prisoner in his custody upon the charge of murder in the first degree, to escape, and moves that sentence of death be passed upon John Smith. Smith admits voluntarily suffering Johes to escape, but, says that Jones has been recaptured and may be innocent and that it is not fair to hang him first and try him afterward; but the court says that nevertheless that was doubtless the intent of the law; and sentences John Smith to be hanged by the neck until dead, and then tries William Jones, and the jury acquits him. It is true that the prisoner should be punished in a suitable manner, but it seems an bsurd relic of barbarism to leave the law as it stands.

A BRAVE CONFEDERATE.

Under the shadow of the Peaks of Otter, at his home in Botecourt county, on the 4th inst., Wyatt J. Markham breathed his last after a lingering illness. He was a member of the first volunteer company which left his county, and from Ball Run to Vicksburg was always ready to answer "Here!" At Baker's Creek, Miss., when his battery had been almost annihilated, every horse killed, guns and caissions dismounted and our defeat became a rout, Markham coolly spiked his gun with a "rat-tail" file, and laughing in the face of a Federal colonel who ordered him to surrender, walked from the field in a shower of leaden hail uninjured. After the fall of Vicksburg he was placed in charge of the remnant of his command, all of whom were either sick or wounded, and piloted them via New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico, finally reaching their homes in safety. He was an unassuming Christian soldier—only a private in the ranks—and yet his record merits this notice at our hands.—*Lynchburg Virginian.*

BLAINE'S LUCK.

"Mr. Blaine has been an almighty lucky man all his life, and I believe he will be elected," remarked an Easterner at the Tremont House the other night.

"I never heard that he had any great luck," said his companion.

"Never did, eh? Well, let me tell you of one streak, just one. When he was a young man he courted two girls who were cousins. One of them was lovely in disposition and the other was rather peppery, but smarter than lightning. He thought the most of the latter for a while, but he finally concluded to tie up the other one, and as she was willing, they were married, and a very happy match it has been."

"Well, I don't see any unusul luck in that. Thousands of men are happily married."

"True, true, but thousands of men don't just escape proposing to Gail Hamilton, by thunder, and that's what he did."—*Chicago Herald.*

A man thinks that he knows, but a woman knows better.

A near neighbor is better than a distant relation.

Deal with faults of others as gently as with your own.

One of the hardest things to accomplish is to awaken a man in a railroad car who is occupying two seats.

A young man sticking close to his girl far an entire evening is a very nice kind of court plaster.

An expedition to the pole—looking for a barber shop.

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