The Middleburgh Post.

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:—

TWO SCHOOLFELLOWS.

Over the hill and valley,
Down by the steam-horse's power,
The railroad King is speeding
Fifty miles an hour!

He counts his wealth by millions,
Or thousands counts his men;
Ten thousand miles of gleaming
Rails
Waves his sceptre-pen.

Diamonds of the coal mines,
Here, toil the miners grim,
The gold of the waving cornfields
Pay tribute unto him.

Pale and worn is this monarch;
Careeding is the eye
Where which the smiling country
Glides flitting and whirling by.

He sees but does not notice
The farmer rein old Gray
At the crossing, to let the special pass,
Speeding upon its way.

Stwart and strong is Farmer John,
Red bronzed with sun and weather,
"My wife," he laughs, "you'd never
think
We and I were boys together!

"Look that shadow, silent and sly,
Is bigger than my arm,
Owns a hundred millions; I
Have only you and the farm;

"But, Lord," laughs Farmer John;
"who'd change?
Poor fellow, he never sees
The upland meadow of clover red,
Or blossoming apple-trees.

He only hears the clanging wheels
And the engine's whistle shrill;
We are the humming of the bees
And the wild bird's musical thrill.

"While in the dusty town he
toils
At a toil that ne'er is done,
Wooing the to a merry song
Of bird, wind and sun.

"Poor fellow! be jogging behind old
Gray
Till in earth his bones shall lie.
Long do these meadows keep the
sound
Of his swift-footed footing by!"

WHICH.

"Ma'am, you're quite right. It is hard work for us to keep six children in clothes and food, these hard times, to say nothing of John an' myself. We had to work hard before. Mighty hard we had all we could do to make both ends meet, an' if it hadn't been for Uncle William, you can see ma'am, that it can't be near so easy now. But you know, ma'am love helps us over hard work wonderfully, an' when we're working for the children, we don't mind it so much. John an' I found that out.

You see John was sick last winter, all the first of it, an' you know, ma'am, with six children's mouths to fill, it hadn't been possible to lay up much money against sickness. We managed to save a sixpence now and then, an' put away in the old blue teapot on the cupboard there, but as soon as John took sick the money seemed to melt right away. It was gone the first I knew, an' I didn't know where any more was coming from. But I begin to think, ma'am, there's always something a body can do if he's willing and has got some one to work for. So I looked about an' good luck was on my side, for I got a job of making vests for a shop down town; an though it didn't bring in a great deal it brought in something, an' as I said to John, when he got to fretting over it, "Something's a good deal better'n nothing."

"Don't you you worry," says I; "I won't see you an' the children starve yet awhile. You've worked yourself all out for us, an' now it's my turn to do something and let you rest up."

But it was hard work keeping the wolf outside, ma'am. The children had such big appetites that it used to scare me too see the bread go; but some way, ma'am, for all that, I always enjoyed seeing 'em eat. It did me so much good, you see. An' I'm sure I don't know what I should have done without the children to help me.

There was Mary. She was ten years old last Christmas, an' it would have done your heart good to see how handy she was doing up the dishes, an' getting the table ready, an' sweeping out the litter the boys made. While she worked, I could be sewing, you see, an' the dear child really more than paid her way, ma'am. An' Johnnie an' Joe—they used to pick up blocks to burn, an' me more; an' they'd play with the little ones an' keep 'em busy so I could work, an' they helped me more than enough to pay their way, ma'am, I assure you. It was really wonderful the sight of work 'em three children could do. I used to tell John I didn't see what would become of us if it hadn't been for 'em.

It was in the winter that Uncle William come down to visit us. He lives up in the hills, an' he's got a good farm, an' is pretty well off. He brought in a couple of turkeys an' a whole bagful of cornmeal, an' Aunt Rachel sent a lot of nick-nacks to the children, an' we had a splendid visit. An' I do believe, ma'am, he enjoyed his visit with the children more'n he did with Johnnie an' me—as much anyway. It used to make him laugh to see 'em eat Johnny cake. They didn't get them often, you know, an' when they did, they relished it.

"You've got a nice family of little shavers a growin' up round you," says he. "I suppose it's sinful to envy anybody, but I wish I had some like 'em." An' then Uncle William got up an' went to the window, an' stood looking out for a long time I knew what he was thinking of, you see. Two little boys are buried in the old graveyard by the meeting-house, up at Hilbury, an' I knew he was thinking what a sight of comfort they'd been to him if they'd lived.

"You've got one thing to be thankful for, Uncle William," said John, softly. "If you can't have 'em here, you know you've got 'em over there, an' it's only waiting a spell, an' then you'll have 'em always."

Well, after Uncle William went home we missed him ever so much, an' the children most. They'd took a great fancy to him, you see.

It was about six weeks after that, that we got a letter from him. John read it over to me. Uncle William wanted us to give one of the children.

"What do you think about it?" says John.

"I don't know," says I. You see, it come so sudden that I hadn't had time to think it over. Maybe it would be the best thing we could do. Uncle William would do as well by 'em as we could, and they'd have a good home. An' Uncle William wrote he'd give all his property to the one we let him have, when he was through with it, an' send him or her to school, an' send him or her to school, an' take as good care of it as if it was his own.

"You don't know how lonesome it is since I got home," he wrote. "I keep thinking of the children, and I want one to keep. You've got more than you can take care of. You wouldn't miss one."

"Like enough we'd better let him have one," said John, after thinking over a spell.

"Which one?" says I, and something seemed to choke me when I said it.

"I don't know," says John.—"Which do you think we can spare best?"

"I couldn't spare Mary," says I; "she does most all the housework. I couldn't get along without her at all. An' Johnnie an' Joe, we need them the worst way, too: they're good boys, an help keep things together. We couldn't spare them, John."

"No, that's so, says he, "we can't spare the three oldest. We'll have to let one of the little ones go."

"I don't know which one," says I, feeling a great lump in my throat, "which one would you think, John?"

"I don't know," says he slowly: "let's go an' look at 'em."

So we took the candle an' went up stairs where the children were all asleep.

Dear me, ma'am! I felt somehow as if they were dead, an' we were taking a last look at the dear things. My hand trembled so I could hardly hold the candle.

"Of course we can't think of letting Mary or Johnnie or Joe go," says John, an' his voice sounded very queer. "It must be one of the others."

So we went to the bed where the three youngest slept, an' I sat down on the bed an' looked at 'em. Minnie had little George's head on her arm, an' his yellow curls were all tumbled over his face, an' he was as pretty as any picture of an angel. And Dottie Dimple, as we always call-ed her, she was such a wee midget of a thing, was curled down beside 'em, with her dolly in her arms, fast asleep.

"I couldn't think of letting Minnie go," says John, she looked so much like her mother. An' she's always took to me, so she wouldn't be contented away from me." An' then he reached over an' kissed her; an' I saw a tear shining on her face in the candle-light.

"An' little Georgie's always been mother's boy," says I, choking up again at the thought of letting him go, "He sets by me more'n the rest, some way. I wouldn't part with him. Ain't he pretty, John?" an' I held the candle so it could shine on his yellow hair.

"Yes, he's a bright, dear little boy," says John, proud as he could be of the little fellow, if he was "mother's boy," "but you wouldn't think of letting him have Dottie Dimple, would you?" an' I declare, his voice shook so he could hardly speak plain.

"Oh, no, no!" says I, breaking right down, an' I reached down and hugged little Dimple up tight to me. "There shan't anybody have little Dimple while I'm alive!"

"I don't see how we can spare any of 'em," says John; "I don't believe we can."

"We can't," says I; "I'm willing to work twice as hard, John, but I ain't willing to let the children go. God give 'em to us to keep, an' it wouldn't be right."

An' then, ma'am, we kiesed 'em, every one, an' we wrote back to Uncle William that we could spare none of them, An' he sent down a lot of things the next week—enough to last us half the winter, till John got well, anyway—an' he wrote he didn't blame us a bit. "I wouldn't have let one go if I was in your place," says he.

You see, ma'am, it's hard to tell which one you can spare best, an' you need 'em all. Bless the dear things! They're a deal of comfort, an' they do help us so much; more'n any one'd think, ma'am. If we'd a dozen, I dare say we'd find it just as hard to let one go.

MY SERE AND YELLOW DOG.

THE MISHAPS OF A MAN WHO ADOPTED A CANINE.

When I moved into the country, some time ago, I came to the conclusion that I must have a dog to be happy. So I got one—an old-gold dog with one ear and no tail. He was a gift dog, and I never stared him in the mouth when he had no muzzle on.

I had not owned him more than two days before I began to understand why the man who gave him to me parted with him so freely. It was because he was such a mischievous dog. He was the kind of a dog that you could be fond of, stuffed, under a glass case.

When I got him he was shedding his hair with the swiftness and prodigiality of a cheap tooth-brush, and every time he saw me with a velvet ulster on, he would make it a point to jump on me and cover me with his awful mayonnaise hair. Everything in the house that had plush on it, from the chair cushions to the family photograph-album, had more or less dog hair on it; in fact, there was hair enough lying around to cover four dogs.

He shed his hair so fast that I stopped worrying, in the firm belief that he would be entirely bald in a day or two. But he never got bald. For every hair that fell out four new ones seemed to come in to keep up the aftermath.

He had many unpleasant habits When I wanted to go anywhere alone he would insist on following me; and when I called him he would turn and run for his life, under the impression that he was going to be cuffed and beaten.

He had no virtue as a watch dog. He wouldn't watch anything that he couldn't eat, and he only watched that long enough to get a chance to steal it. He had a great habit of burying his food in my bed. He would carry all sorts of bones upstairs, and get under the clothes with them, and leave them there. Then, in the middle of the night, I would roll over and get all those bones right in the small of my back, and be madder than ever I was since I slept with my lesser brother, who ate crackers in bed.

Another unhappy trick of the dog's was to rush into my room in the morning and jump on the bed, and commenced walking and running on me. I would frequently wake as from a nightmare, and find the dog walking on my eyes After yawning and wiping the dog out of my eyes, I would hurl him on the floor with a dull, sickening thud, and that would be the last of him until breakfast time.

I called him Arthur, after King Arthur of the Table Round, because he was always round the table.

The most difficult thing I ever undertook to do was to put Arthur out at night. I could push him out through the door, but he would always rush back before I could close it, and be under the table looking at me to see what I was going to do next. The only way I could get him out out was to carry him, close the door after me, deposit him on the ground, and climb in through a window. Then Arthur would set a howl, and keep it up until I was glad to let him in for the sake of peace.

It was very difficult to catch him when he didn't want to be caught I have fished for him with a meat-covered pickerel hook, and chased him with a scoopnet in vain.

One day I set a large rat trap for foxes out in the hennery and covered it with straw. It was baited with mutton. Arthur smelled it in his rambles, and put his nose down on it a little too hard; for, before he knew it, the saw-edged semicircles, jumped off the floor, grabbed him behind the ears, and asphyxiated him on the spot.

He now sleeps beneath the oxeyed daisies, where the muzzle, the brick, and the small boy bloom not. —*Puck.*

A BRIDE WELL POSTED.

self-evident says Clara Belle in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, that every man will defend a woman against all men except himself. If you haven't noticed it already, you have only to look for it an hour or so in any place of mixture of the sexes. Clap your eyes on a pretty woman without male escort, and two phenomena will become obvious Firstly, there will be a large amount of open and covert staring at her, to all of which her oblivousness is of course only assumed. Secondly, if one of the starers happens to realize that others are at the same he will maifest plainly his disgust at such treatment of an unprotected beauty, utterly ignoring his own offense.

A husband and wife got into a street car. The man was somewhat dudish in dress. The woman was under twenty, and as pretty as nature and art are in the habit of combining to produce. They were chatting on the very object that I have here introduced.

"Percival, dear," said she, "I will prove to you that I am right, and take only ten minutes to do it, if you'll promise not to get angry about it."

He closed the contract. Then she drew herself up, as though the husband sitting beside hewas an entire stranger, and wied for the car to fill with passengers at Union Square.

"Now, she whispere behind her fan, "observe how I angled when alone."

Within five minutesse saw that half a dozen masculin passengers, from hoary age to callo youth, eyed his bride with more orss audacity, and several manifestl would not have needed the small beginning of a wink on her part seize upon then and there. Thapart of the exhibition was a triumfor the wife, but the most curious ture of her experiment remained be tried.

"You certainly do sm to attract a great deal of admiration," said the husband, supposing it the pretended strangeness wat an end.

She lifted her eyelws in simulated surprise, as thch an impertinent fellow had unwarrantedly accosted her, and pointe turned her face from him. He understood her now, and did not speto her further. Next, she drewer shoulder away from contact th his. By this time the spectat were believing that he was annoy her dreadfully, and scornful ances were aimed at him. Her final trick was conclusive. It consisted in suddenly pulling her skirts clear of his trousers, and deliberately setting her feet as far in the other direction as the end of the car would permit Nobody doubted that the dear, demure creature had been grossly insulted. A man arose from the opposite side.

"Will you exchange seats with me?" he very gallantly and politely said, lifting his hat most deferentially.

Now, he had been foremost among the original oglers—the veriest simpleton of them all.

"Thank you, sir," she replied, as bland as a white heifer, "but I prefer to sit beside my husband."

Thus, with the same stone she killed that vulture bird and the dove-mate whom she had undertaken to instruct as to the philosophy of male gallantry.

THE STREET GIRL.

A few nights ago while I stood on the corner of Franklin and Nassau streets waiting for a car, a very small and ragged girl came up and asked me if I would buy a paper, I said I wouldn't. She said:

"Well, it don't make no difference. I ain't got any papers any how."

"Do you sell papers for a living?"

"No. Me mudder does. She's a dandy, she is, an' don't make no error."

"Why don't you help her?"

"'Cause I ain't goin, on eight years yet. When I bees goin, on eight, I'll help her. That's what our family always does. Me three sisters didn't do nawthin till they wuz eight."

"Are they selling papers now?"

"Nop. They're sowin' books (book agent). They're playin' in big luck now, too. They're ladies. I'm a kid."

[illegible] grimy little fists clutched her skirts on either side as she hopped up and down to keep warm. Finally she made the customary request of a coin, and after I had searched and found none, she danced out on the sidewalk, shouted back a few sentences of the vilest vituperation, jumped on the step of a bob-tail car, and went sailing up the street.—*Bakley Hall in Chicago Tribune*

HANDY FOR REFERENCE.

Envelopes were first used in 1839.

Anæsthesia was discovered in 1844

The first steel pen was made in 1830.

The first air pump was made in 1654

The first daily paper appeared in 1702.

The first lucifer match was made in 1798.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

Mahommed was born at Mecca about 570.

The first balloon ascent was made in 1798.

Coaches were first used in England in 1569.

The Franciscans arrived in England in 1224.

The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.

The entire Hebrew Bible was printed in 1488.

Ships were first "copper-bottomed" in 1783.

Gold was first discovered in California in 1848.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826-27.

The first telescope was used in England in 1608.

A white lie often told makes a black story.

The want of money is the root of much evil.

Egotism is an alphabet with one letter.

The late campaign is said to have cost Ben Butler $250,000.

Forty-eight women hold positions as bank cashiers in Dakota.

Luxuries? Why, they come from the Latin word lux, meaning light. And what do luxuries lighten? Your pocketbook, boy, your pocketbook.

Candidate St. John's trouble's multiply rapidly. In a recent speech he said: "To get drunk is folly," but the bibulous compositor put it: "To get drunk is jolly."

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(*Continued from last week.*)

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