The Middleburgh Post.

He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot is a fool; he that dare not is a slave.

J. E. HARTER. EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. XXII MIDDLEBURGH, SNYDER CO, PENN'A, APRIL 30, 1885. NO 21

—:POETRY:—

"THE HOME THAT IS HAPPIEST."

Our burdens are lightened
That many hands bear,
And pleasures are brightened
That many hearts share,
And the home that is happiest,
Brightest and best,
Is where they all labor,
And where they all rest.

Where no careworn father
The brunt of work bears,
And no gray-haired mother
Is burnened with cares;
Where no tired elder sister
Is helper alone,
But each one is busy
Till the work is done.

Then mother has leisure
To laugh with her girls,
She shares all her secrets,
They smooth her soft curls,
And deck her with blossoms,
And fondly declare
There never was mother
So winsome and fair.

And father is jolly:
His stories and fun
Are the life of the household,
He has not a son
Who does not think father
Knows best and is best;
And would not work double
That he might take rest.

So, helping each other
In labor or play,
In happiness ever
The years pass away;
For pleasures are brightest
That many hearts share,
And burdens are lightest
That many hands bear.

MEMORIES.

BY MRS. W. P. GRANT.

Memories of joy, why come ye back
To tremble o'er the heart like pain,
Recalling many a sunny track
Our footsteps ne'er shall trace again?

Loved forms now greet us on the stair,
Loved voices tremble in our ears,
And phantom pleasures everywhere
Laugh at the specter of our fears.
We see bright faces all aglow
With youth and pleasure's brightest beam,
Echoing footsteps come and go,
And visions o'er the fancies gleam.

They come like some melodious dream
Whose varying cadence ebbs and flows,
Or, like the shadows on a stream
O'er which the south wind gently blows.

Only a quiet lane we see,
The sunlight glance in dimpled smiles;
Approaching it, perchance, may be
A simple flower our step begiles.

An elder brush, whose blossoms white
Recall the freshness of our youth;
The happy heart, the sweet delight,
The soul, whose atmosphere was truth.

We hear the cow-bells on the hill,
And, blending with their tinkling lays,
We hear within our memory still
The songs of long-forgotten days.

As suddenly an odor flows
From some sweet flower remembered well,
The trembling heart-strings feel repose—
A balm—from whence? We cannot tell.

ON A GATE POST.

CHAPTER I.

Ambrose Nettleson has what he thinks is a valuable manuscript. He thinks so, doubtless, because it records a part of his life. One night recently; while I was at his house, he brought out the manuscript and read to me. Although I did not ask his permission, yet I do not feel that I violate his confidence by giving as early as I can remember, the contents of the paper which he treasured with such affection.

The prospect was not cheerful. I was riding a horse across a country whose loneliness was as deep as sigh which bespeaks the long absence of some one. Night was coming and a storm was gathering its forces. A frighened owl flitted past me, screaming in my face. The time of year was when nature hesitates whether to continue winter or begin spring. My horse almost took me off when he stopped and shivered. The owl screamed in my face again. Dead leaves, for a moment would whirl before me, and then fall, scattered and torn as though they had by an angry hand, been swept from their long damp rest, only to be mocked. "What a dreary, dreary place this is!" I mused, "I feel as though something terrible is going to happen. The air, just before the great agitation which must come, seems quivering in its desire to bear the sound of murder, murder! As I live yonder is a light. Is it possible that I shall receive shelter?"

Urging my horse forward, I soon reached a small house, near the summit of a desolate peak, overlooking the Arkansaw river. I dismounted near the door—there was no fence around the house. My horse looked appealingly at me and without asking permission from anyone within, I led the animal to a stable close at hand and took off saddle and bridle. As I was returning, the storm burst upon the river. When I approached the door, I heard a wail. I knocked and I heard the wail coming slowly toward me. The door was opened by a girl scarcely more than twelve years old. Her face was the picture of despair. She said nothing, but pointed to a bed, upon which lay an old man gasping for breath. Approaching him, I saw that he had but a few minutes to live. She knelt beside the old man. He tried to put his hand upon her head. Failing, he looked at me and I assisted him. He tried to speak, but could not. The girl sobbed frantically. The rain poured down and the storm shook the house.

"He will never get well," she cried. My grandpa will die."

Yes, her grandpa would die. His life had already passed away. The hand on her head was growing cold. She looked at him and shrieked.

What a night we spent in that house. The storm howled and the rain fell until nearly daylight. The girl, whom I saw intelligent, with an impressive face, said that her name was Munette Leggomon, and that since her earliest recollection she had lived with the old man, who had spent the most of his time, since she began to talk, in teaching her.

"I have no relatives," she said in answer to a question.

"Any friends?"

"No friends."

"You have neighbors?"

"None. The nearest house is nearly eight miles away."

I knew not what to do. Surely the situation was serious. Early at morning, we buried the old man in the yard. As best I could, I made a coffin of a trough which I found in the stable. After the burial, I went out and found enough corn for my horse. I left Munette at the grave, on which she had, sobbing bitterly, thrown herself.

"Where are you going, little girl?" I asked when I turned, still finding her on the grave.

"How can I go anywhere?" she asked. "I have no friends, I told you."

"You can not remain here."

"I cannot go away."

"I will not leave you here. You must go with me. My mother has no little girl. She will receive you."

Still lying on the grave, and without looking up, she replied:

"I will go and work for my board."

"I will go and work for my board,"

"You will not have to work. When I tell my mother of the circumstances under which I found you, she will take you in her arms. Come, get your clothes. It is time we were leaving here. It is a new day for you."

Without replying, she arose and turned towards me. Her face, even aside from her grief, was so sad, and her eyes wore a look of such tender appeal that even though she had relatives I would have thought it my duty to take her home with me. She went into the house and soon returned with a small bundle.

"I haven't much to take," she said. "Grandpa and I were very poor, and you see, having inherited his poverty, I am poorer than ever."

I was not surprised to hear her make such a remark, for I had discovered that she never associated with children and was consequently wise of her age.

"You shall have some nice dresses after a while," I replied.

"Pretty red ones?"

The childing was asserting itself.

"Yes, and blue ones."

She wept anew as we mounted the horse—she seated behind me. As long as we were within sight of the house she said nothing, but when we had descended into the thick woods, she said:

"I won't cry any more, if I can help it."

"Your grandfather must have been good to you?"

"Yes, but he made me read many books that were very dull—great law books. I don't like them. His eyes for many years have been so bad that I had to do all his reading for him. He wrote a book full of curious things and murders, but one day when he found me reading it, he took it away from me and burned it up. It must have been bad and he must have been sorry that he wrote it. What is your name?"

I told her, and expressed my surprise that she had not sooner asked me.

"It was your place to tell me without my asking," she said. "When I told you my name you should have told me yours. Don't you see?"

I acknowledge the justice of her rebuke.

The day passed rather pleasantly, with the exception of the influence of the night before, which naturally enough she could not dispel and which I could not keep from arising occasionally. We sat on a log and ate dinner, and Munette's remarks gave me additional insight into her close habit of observation. When evening came, we stopped at a farm house, where the sad story of the little girl awoke such sympathy that the kindhearted housewife begged me to allow the child to remain with her.

"It is a question that she must decide," I rejoined. "What do you say, Munette?"

"I am surprised that you should ask me such a question," she replied, approaching the chair where I sat and taking my hand. "Would it not be ungrateful in me to desert you so soon, or to ever desert you?"

"She's got more sense than an old woman right now," said the host, addressing his wife. "Our twenty-eight year old daughter that married last month ain't a patchin' to this girl."

"Wy Jesperson," said his wife, in mild censure, "Margaret ain't twenty-eight years old."

"She's mighty nigh it."

"An' besides that," continued the woman, "she never had a chance,'

"Didn't go to school three months outen nearly every year, eh? What show does a gal want I'd like to know? The little creetur, I warrant you never has been to school."

"Oh, yes, sir. My whole life has been a school. The old house where I used to live contains many books. If you want them you may go there and get them. I shall never go after them. I could never read them again."

"Well, blast my buttons if I don't mosey up that way. I ain't much of a scholar but I reckon I can worry through with a lot of them."

CHAPTER II.

My mother welcomed Munette, and I related the sad story of how I found her, the sympathetic woman took the child in her arms and kissed her. A few days afterwards, when I returned home after a short absence, she flashed upon me in a gay red dress. She was more of a child than I had ever seen—more so than I had thought it possible for her to become. My mother was delighted to see her innocent pranks, and I, for the first time, kissed the child.

"You have kissed me at last," she said, "Is it because I look better in this dress?"

"It is because you look more like a child. Before, you reminded me so much of a woman."

"Do not women like to be kissed?"

I laughed and my mother, shaking her head—I can see her gray hairs—said: "Ah, Ambrose, our young girl has a very old head."

We sent Munette to school. The teacher, a man who had the reputation of being profound, met me one day and said: "Look here, Munette is the most remarkable child I ever saw. She has read so many books and make me such wise observations that I am constantly surprised. To tell you the truth I cannot advance her. Not that I am not intellectually able—ahem—but—because I do not think that at her age it would be safe. Therefore I would advise you to take her from school. I know the effect of too much learning has on youth. I know how narrowly I escaped."

When I spoke to Munette, she said: "That school is a very dull place. It is a constant hum of arithmetic. I don't like to cipher as the children call it. Fractions make my head ache and miscellaneous examples make me sick. Let me study at home."

I took her from school. She was a devoted student, but was never so absorbed that she was oblivious to the little attentions which a woman of my mother's age prizes so highly. Munette grew rapidly and I was pleased to see that she was daily becoming more graceful.

CHAPTER III.

The war came on. How natural it is, in writing a story, to say, "The war came on;" but this is not a story, and nothing can be more natural than truth—although it is said to be stranger than fiction. Therefore, when I say that the war came on, I intend that the declaration should have its full meaning. I left home full of pride. I was a captain. My mother prayed; but Munette did not seem to be affected. "Good-by," she said. "War is one of the incidents of civilization. I know that you will do your duty, and that you will not forget the little girl whom you once saw sobbing under the hand of a dying man. When you return, I shall be old enough to kiss you."

I looked at her in astonishment. Merriment sparkled in her eyes. "You don't like to kiss children, it seems."

"Munette, you are strange. I once said that I did not kiss you because you looked like a woman."

"Oh, yes, that is true. I thought that you did not want to kiss me because I was so small. There now captain, don't swell up like a toad."

I turned away. She called me when I was about a hundred yards away and said: "When you pass the big gate, look on the right hand post.

I did so and found the words, "I love you." Under this I wrote, "And I love you."

I did not receive but one letter from Munette, and that might just as well have been written by a professor of geology, for its four pages were devoted to a description of a lot of pebbles she had found in a cave.

I returned home ragged and ill. Munette was delighted to see me. She was so peculiar, though that I could not tell whether or not she still loved me. It seemed that she did not, for whenever I attempted to remind her of it she changed the subject. Like all true lovers, I felt that without her my life would be a blank. I spoke to my mother concerning my trouble.

"She is a very strange girl, but I always found her frank except when I asked her if she loved you, and she replied that the hawks had carried off three of the dominicker's hen's chickens."

One day, in passing the big gate, I wrote on the post the following:

"Will you marry me?"

Two days afterwards I visited the place and found the word "Yes."

Without farther communication, except to appoint the time by "Post," we were married. I did not find her disposition to be peculiar only in the intensity of her love for me. "Why did you treat me so?" I one day asked her.

"The dominicker has a great deal of trouble with her chickens," she replied. Shortly afterwards, when she thought that I was not looking, she threw back her head and laughed.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Worth Remembering.

One day last week Mrs. Edward Walker, of Towanda, felt a peculiar and uncomfortable buzzing in her head and told her daughter, Miss Walker, that it felt as if some insect was in it. The latter having heard that in cases where there is an insect hidden in the head a light will sometimes bring it out, tried holding a light to Mrs. Walker's ear. In a short time a small black spider came out and Mrs. Walker was at once relieved. It was a narrow escape from a danger which would been serious if not fatal, and the simple expedient is worth remembering.

The bill has passed the Connecticut legislature making it an offense to discharge a workman without cause or without notice.

Joseph Hanna, of Chagrin Falls, O., advertises that for $50 he will become the substitute for any man sentenced to be hanged.

AN INVATIV CUSTOMER.

"How long have you been living here?" asked a tourist of an Arkansaw man.

"Wall, let me think awhile. See that dog. He wan't nothin' but a pup when I come here,"

"How old is he?"

"Wall, I dun forgit his birth-day. He was a mighty ornery pup in the fust place, an' we didn't think he would live nohow, so we didn't keep up a keerful record of his age. Putty good dog though he growed up to be, but he's gettin' a little old now."

"So you don't know how long you have been living here?"

"Oh, yes, ever since that dog was a pup."

"When was he a pup?"

"Before he was a dog, of course."

"My friend, are there many old settlers in this part of the country?"

"Oh, yes."

"How old?"

"Some o' them are a hundred years old, I reckon."

"You don't tell me so."

"How do you know I don't?"

"I mean that you do not intend to convey the impression that they are that old."

"That's what I do."

"I would like to talk to one of them and listen to his experience."

"So would I."

"Why don't you?"

"They are dead, stranger. Been settled a long time."

"What time is it?" asked the tourist, after remaining silent for a few moments.

"Gettin' along toward the spring o' the year."

"I mean what time of day?"

"Don't know, it's cloudy."

"Haven't you got a time-piece in the house?"

"No, but the old woman has."

"Well, can't you see what time it is by that?"

"Nosh."

"Why?"

"Old woman's too stingy. She 'lows that the old machine just gives enough time for her an' the boys. Got a big family an' we have to be mighty keerful not to waste anything."

"My friend, you are certainly a very curious specimen."

"Yes, so is a water-dog."

"I am a stranger in this country, but I can not find any one interested enough to give me any information. What is land worth by the acre?"

"Fust one price an' then another."

"Do you want to sell your place?"

"Ain't a hurtin' to sell it."

"If you were to sell it, what would you ask for it?"

"Wouldn't ax nothin' for it if I wanter sell it. "Wouldn't be mine then."

"How many acres have you?"

"Never measured it."

"Where, in this direction, does your line stop?"

"Ain't got no line."

"Hasn't the place been surveyed?"

"Yes, but the line was burnt up when the woods cotch afire."

"I don't believe you've got good sense."

"An' I know you hain't."

"How do you know it?"

"'Cause you stop an' talk so long to a man that you don't believe is got good sense."

"That's all right. Say, how can I strike the Little Rock Road?"

"With a stick, I reckon."

"You are a fool."

"So am I.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Last season there were over 1,200 professional ball players engaged in the national game. The manufacture of the base ball alone gives employment to nearly five hundred people. Then there are the bats, the bases, the uniforms, caps, and shoes. A peculiar shoe is required, and costs an average of $3 per pair. Some clubs pay as high as $4 per pair. It is estimated that $24,000,000 is paid yearly by persons who witness professional games.

It may be that war on the other side of the ocean would help the trade of this country, and so make better times, but for all that it makes one feel queer to hear a disciple of the Prince of Peace wish for war on such grounds.

What is taken from you before you get it? Your photograph.

RAMMING TO BASES.

For some time past a rivalry has existed between Henry Schmidt and Joseph Marquette, the champion eaters of Reading. They have engaged in numerous contests throughout the eastern part of the state, and have never been beaten. Finally their friends made arrangements for them to engage in an eating match at Steigerwald's Hotel, on the outskirts of the city, for $20 a side. The diet selected was liver pudding.

When the hour arrived the hall was crowded. Schmidt's backer announced that his man, in preparing for the match, had overtaxed himself and felt ill from the effects of eating a thirteen pound turkey. Therefore he could not compete. Then Marquette, a small man, went at it alone for the purse. A large dish of the pudding was set before him and he ate for an hour, only stopping twice to walk around the square. In this time he had consumed four and one-half pounds, besides a loaf of bread ten schooners of beer, five glasses of water, three goblets of whiskey, two quarts of pear cider and a bottle each of vinegar and catsup. His friends then rubbed him down and rolled him on a barrel. Next day he was as fresh as a daisy. He once ate a roasted pig weighing twenty pounds in one and one-half hours. At another time he ate daily six goose eggs for thirty days. Schmidt once drank 100 glasses of beer in three hours and has eaten 100 oysters fried and 100 raw at one sitting. The two together, on a wager, ate a string of eleven and one-half yards or thirty-four feet of sausage at one sitting.

The Jolly Cowboys.

A gang consisting of six cowboys boarded the Albert Lea train at Minneapolis the other day for Chicago. Things moved along smoothly until the conductor put his head though the door and yelled:

"Joliet!"

"Jolly yet?" howled back one of the cowboys. "Waal, I sawd say we wuz; ef yer don't believe it, just look er that!"

And a ball from the cowboy's revolver knocked the ticket punch out of the conductor's hand.

The Berks county grand jury has recommended to the court that all tramps be banished from the county, and that all vagrants arrested be made to do hard labor.

Postmaster-General Vilas has determined to require applicants for positions as post-office inspectors to pass rigid physical and mental examination before appointing them.

The body of Thomas Morley, who disappeared from his home, near Scranton, Pa., on the night of December 20, was found a few nights since in a pond of water into which he is supposed to have accidentally walked.

The body of Matthias Pfeiffer, a pauper, who died in the Berks county almshouse last January, was about to be conveyed to a medical college in Philadelphia for dissection, when orders came from his wealthy relatives in Germany ordering a decent burial at their expense.

Light said Schelling "is the thought of nature." Yes, and tho't is the light of nature.

In the education of children love is first to be instilled, and out of love obedience is to be educated.

What does it take to make a good husband? Paradoxical as it may seem, a good woman.

Strike from mankind the principle of faith, and men would have no more history than a flock of sheep.

The Egyptian bondholders are beginning to wish for a little more real profit, and not so much false prophet.

Chambersburg's Borough Council has already given notice that it will enforce the ordinance against fireworks on the Fourth of July.

When is a plant like a pig—when it begins to root.

Original Western settlers—Pistols and knives.

Jokes are like eggs—they can never be too fresh.

He saved, and he saved, and he saved,
Economical, good Mr. Buzband;
And when he had got all he craved,
It went to his wife's second husband.

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