

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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NO 29

POETRY.

FIND YOUR LEVEL.

You can be a fishing shallop if you can
Not be a ship,
If you can not be a lighthouse be at
Least a tall dip;
You can be a valiant soldier though
You may not be a host,
You can watch a single headland if
You can not guard a coast;
There is everything that's noble in
The wisdom and the grace
Of fulfilling every duty, whatsoever
Be your place.

If you spend the day in pining and in
Crying at the sun,
You will find that you are blinded
Long before the day is done,
Better be the humble fluppet that is
Safe where'er it clings,
Than attempt an eagle's soaring
When you lack the eagle's wings,
There are some as swift as swallows,
There are others who must creep,
And you never saw a turtle try to take
A tiger's leap.

If you can not be a Paixhan with its
Thunderous report,
Be content to carry powder in a cor-
ner of the fort;
If you can not lead an army with a
Great commander's skill,
You can fire a common musket in
Obedience to his will;
There is but a single compass in the
Ship, however great,
But each rivet and sail-fiber holds a
Portion of its fate.

Never try to hold a bushel if designed
To hold a peck,
Or outreach the cranes and camels
With your half an inch of neck,
Never try to race with dolphins if you
Can not even swim,
Or to challenge hawks for vision if
Your eyes be old and dim;
Never spread a grain of butter over
Fifty yards of bread,
Or attempt with penny trumpets to
Awaken the dead.

Not every stick of timber that is fit to
Make a mast,
Not every structure builded is a Py-
ramid to last,
Not every piece of music is an anthem
Or a psalm,
Not every growing sapling that is pine
Or lofty palm,
Yet every mossy atom has its own pec-
uliar grain,
And each its perfect usefulness or
Beauty in its place.

These truths are old and hoary, yet
We need them every day,
To reconcile our longings to the limits
Of our way;
The only true philosopher is he who
Learns content,
Though quartered in a palace or but
Sheltered in his tent;
Whose cheerful soul is ready to en-
compass what it can,
Nor vex itself in criticising God's eter-
nal plan.

The secret of the journey is to know
And bear its length;
The key of every effort is to rightly
Gauge your strength;
Accepting what is given you with the
Patience that but asks
The knowledge for its purpose and the
Courage for its tasks;
Content to struggle bravely and with
Honor in the strife,
Whether called to lead or follow on
The battlefields of life.

We ask no higher mission than suc-
cessfully to teach,
The vanity of grasping for the things
Beyond our reach;
Of wasting modest talent in ambition's
Useless fret,
To reap but bitter failure and the ash-
es of regret,
Go, study what is in thee, and to be a
Noble man,
Know first; then do thy duty in the
Great Eternal's plan.

So shalt thou know contentment and
Contentment's rich increase,
A life endowed with blessings and a
Spirit filled with peace;
A dearth of disappointments and of
Hours with pride perplexed,
Of jealousies, heartburnings that so
Many lives have vexed,
When dead, though Prince or pean-
ant, 'tis enough that they should
Tell:

"He knew his place and purpose, and
Performed each duty well."
—J. Edgar Jones, in Current

SAVED BY A WOMAN.

The sun was just setting at the
Close of a long, hot day in June
When Ernest Black and myself drove
Our wagons up to the bank of the
Red river, on the territory side. We
were hauling freight for the United
States government, and were on our
way to Texas for a load.

We signaled the ferryman, living
on the Texas side, and as soon as he
came over, began to cross. The
boat was too small to take over both
wagons at once, so I crossed first
and came back to assist Ernest.
He had two refractory mules,
which had always to be held in a

heavy boat, and it sometimes took
both of us to do so.

Just as the ferryboat neared the
station a large, powerful horse, evi-
dently nearly exhausted, came into
view around a bend in the road, a
double burden on its back. A young
man of noble appearance, but look-
ing weary and harassed, rode in
front; behind, a beautiful girl, near-
ly white, but with sufficient Indian
blood showing through the clear
skin to add a piquant charm to the
features.

They rode up to the wagon, and
the young man without dismount-
ing spoke to Ernest.

"Sir, I am a white man, and some
days since I had a quarrel with
another and, unfortunately, he was
accidentally shot. I am pursued by
his brothers, who are close behind,
and who have sworn to kill me on
sight. I ask your help to cross the
river, if possible, unseen."

"Why do they?" began Ernest,
but the stranger cut him short.

"Time presses, sir; you must an-
swer 'yes' or 'no.' If not, I must
do the best I can for myself. I
dislike to shed blood, but if I am
too closely pursued—" and the
gleaming of the blue eyes finished
the sentence.

Ernest took another look at the
open manly face, which, whatever
might be written there, showed no
trace of crime.

Then he spoke, and fast—for the
trampling of horses' feet rapidly ap-
proaching, could now be heard.

"I suppose you wish to take the
lady with you? Get into the wagon,
and under a wagon sheet, which you
will find there loose, I will hide your
horse in the a c."

The young man dismounted, as-
sisted off the girl who was riding
behind him, and did as directed,
cowering down in the bottom of the
wagon.

After depositing the sheet so as
to look as if it had only been care-
lessly thrown in, Ernest led the
horse a short distance from the
road, and after taking off saddle
he turned him loose and returned
to his team.

I had witnessed the scene from
the boat which by this time had
reached the bank, and the wagon
drove in. After giving the ferry-
man a caution to silence, Ernest
turned to me:

"I may be helping a fugitive from
justice, but I will risk it. Loose the
boat and put off, Beecher!" he ad-
dressed to the ferryman.

At this moment, however, a pair
of horses, covered with dust and
sweat came around the turn in the
road, and their riders drew rein at
the river side. They were two
powerful, evil-looking fellows, with
belts stacked full of revolvers, and a
rifle across the pommel of each sad-
dle.

The elder looking one of the two
addressed Ernest: "Have you seen
anything of a man and woman on
one horse anywhere here?"

As he spoke his eyes roamed to
the wagon and sheet in it, and both
men dismounted.

"Why, what do you want of
them?" asked Ernest.

"He has killed a man in the Choctaw
nation, is trying to get away the
woman with him, and I want to
arrest him. If you help him to get
away it will be the worse for you. I
believe he is under that sheet any-
how."

And he stepped on the ferryboat.
The other remained on the bank,
with his hand on a pistol, ready to
assist his brother.

The one on the boat approached
the wagon and was about to raise
the sheet, when Ernest, with his
eyes gleaming dangerously, spoke
to him:

"This wagon is in the employ of
the United States government, and
no one but a regularly authorized
officer can search it."

The fellow, however, still persist-
ed, but as he laid his hand on the
sheet a well directed blow from
Ernest's forehead—

The one on the
draw his revolver, but started to
could do so I had him covered. He
learns to be quick with the pistol
on the frontier, as a man's life may
depend on his "getting the drop"
on some ruffian.

The ferryman, terrified at the
scene before him, had remained
quiet, but now at a sign from Ernest
pushed the boat from the bank.

Ernest, keeping the prostrate man

covered with his pistol, spoke to
the one on the bank.

"I shall take your companion with
us as a hostage for your good con-
duct. If you shoot after us, he suf-
fers. Remember."

After seeing his captive in the
skiff, first discharging all his weap-
ons, he spoke to the now cowed
man.

"When you get to the other side,
stand on the bank until the boat re-
turns. If you attempt to go into
the bushes or try any other treach-
ery I will shoot you."

The ferryman put him across the
river and returned, and Ernest came
up the bank to where the wagons
were. Meanwhile I had driven up
the hill and relieved the occupants
of the wagon from their uncom-
fortable covering. They were nearly
smothered but had made no move-
ment until all was safe.

The young man jumped to the
ground, and, with a simple shake of
the hand, and the earnest words, "I
thank you both," assisted his com-
panion out. Ernest now came up,
and to him the stranger turned:

"I owe you my life, and if ever I
can in some manner pay you so
great a debt, trust me I shall not be
wanting."

"I am glad to have been of service
to you," said Ernest, simply. "I
think you are safe for the night.
There is no other ferry within twenty
miles, and they will not cross any
one after night. Red river is too
high to swim over. If you remain
with us tonight we can make the
lady a bed in the wagon, and the
rest must take the ground. You
can tell us, then, how you managed
to get into the scrape."

After some further discussion it
was arranged, and we went into
camp. Supper over and the horses
staked off, the young lady retired to
one of the wagons, while the rest of
us, at some distance, reclined on
blankets and saddles, guarded by
our faithful dog.

Nothing could come within 100
yards of the camp without his giv-
ing the alarm.

Then the stranger, whose name
was Herndon, gave us an account of
how he happened to come to the
river in such a plight:

"Some months since I was in the
Choctaw nation, buying up cattle,
when I became acquainted with a
Mr. Williams, who was married and
settled among the Indians.

"I found it convenient to go very
often to his house, about cattle, I
persuaded myself at first, but I soon
had to acknowledge that the attrac-
tion was his daughter Lily, the young
lady who is with me.

"She is only an eighth Indian,
well educated, and as to her beauty
you can see for yourselves. She
soon began to look with favor on
me, and I asked her of her father.
He was willing, and we were engag-
ed."

"But there were three sons of the
old man's by a former marriage
with a white woman who hated me
from the start. I think they had
hoped to get possession of Lily's
property, but knew if I married her
there would be little chance of that.
Matters went on, however. I was
too happy to care for them, although
they became more unbearable from
day to day. They bore no good
reputation in the country, and I was
warned against them more than once.

"Three days ago the explo-
sion came. I was walking with
Lily when the youngest of the three
met us, and after a few insulting
words, accused me of dishonorable
conduct.

It was more than I could stand,
and I sprang toward him to strike
him. He attempted to draw a pis-
tol, but I closed with him and at-
tempted to take it away. In the
struggle the pistol went off, and he
was shot dead. I stood for a moment
stunned with horror, when Lily's
voice roused me.

"Oh! fly! fly! The others will
kill you when they see you. They
will swear it was no accident."

"Not much of an accident! I saw
the whole thing and he shall swing
for it," said a voice behind me.

"I turned around there stood one
of the other brothers, with leveled
rifle, pointing directly on me. I at-
tempted to—"

"March straight
and if you try to get within the house,
you like a dog. I would shoot you
now, but for the pleasure of having
you hang!"

We received a letter from him af-
terward. He stood the trial, came
out clear and married Miss Lily.
Williams' boys were soon after-
ward killed in a drunken fight,

"My own protestations, Lily's
tears and entreaties were of no avail
and to avoid immediate violence I
thought it best to comply.

"On the way to the house we
were joined by the other brother,
and after a few words in some
language unknown to me, they both
hurried me on. The old man was
not at home when we reached the
house, and after another consulta-
tion they chained me securely and
then made preparations for a jour-
ney.

"As I gathered from hints—par-
ticularly let drop—they intended to
take me to Fort Smith to be tried.
I did not exactly see the object of
this, since, if the case was once
brought to trial, I could easily be
cleared by Lily's evidence.

"After sending some of the ser-
vants to bring in the body, they
mounted me on a horse, they tied
my hands behind my back and my
feet under the horse, and with one
riding behind and the other before
we set out.

"Lily begged to be allowed to go,
but they refused. It was a lonely
country where Mr. Williams lived—
no house within twenty miles—or
she would have gone for help to
stop them.

"The first day's travel passed
without incident. My captors were
taciturn, saying nothing to me and
but little to each other. At night
they loosed my hands sufficiently to
let me eat, which was a little more
than I expected; but after supper
my hands and feet were securely
fastened, with a padlock.

"The night of the second day we
camped on the edge of an old field,
grown over with brown grass. The
same precautions were taken as on
the previous night, and soon my
captors were wrapped in slumber.
I knew that in all probability it was
my last night on earth, and many
conflicting emotions filled my mind,
driving away sleep. But chiefly I
thought of Lily, my prairie flower,
left to the mercy of those rade
men.

"About midnight my meditations
were interrupted by a soft rustle be-
hind me in the bushes, but before I
could speak a motion a voice whose
music I never expected to hear
again on earth, said 'hush!' and in a
moment Lily was beside me.

"Then, with her arms around me,
her lips close to my ear, she told
me that she had overheard her
brothers talking of killing me on
the way, being afraid to do so at
home; she had caught two of her
own horses (the best in the country)
and followed with the hope of res-
cuing me.

"She had a key which she thought
would open the padlock fastening
the chain that held me. The pad-
lock was one of the spring kind,
with the keyhole, a simple slip, at
the bottom. The key is a plain, flat
bar, with various indentations in it
to fit the wards of the lock flies open.

"So quietly that not a link rattled,
Lily unloosed the chain, and I was
once more free. We started for the
horses, but unfortunately had got
but a few feet when I stepped on a
dry stick, which broke with a loud
crack. Lily's brothers were light
sleepers, and they woke immedi-
ately. Not seeing me, they rushed
either and either in search, and just
as we reached the horses one and
one caught sight of us and fired.
The ball struck Lily's horse and
killed it. In a moment I had seat-
ed Lily behind me, and, conceal-
ment being now impossible, rode
away at full speed.

"They saddled and came hard af-
ter us. We kept our distance, but,
on account of the double burden
which our horse carried, were never
able to get far out of hearing, while
they followed with a persistence
worthy of a better cause. Not dar-
ing to stop in the nation, I rode for
the river, which I fortunately reached
in time to meet you and baffle them.
Our horse, good as he was, was
nearly exhausted, and could not
have carried us much farther.
Thanks to you, I hope we are safe
now."

"The story was ended and we were
soon asleep. In the morning we
took Herndon and Miss Lily to the
railroad, where they took the train
for Fort Smith.

"Well, I should say I do."
"I was that colored boy."

Great men never want experience.
All men have their imprudent
days.

Keep Old Friends While Making New.

Make new friends, but keep the old,
Those are silver, these are gold;
New-made friendships, like new wine,
Age will mellow and refine,
Friendships that have stood the test
Time and change—are surely best;
Brow may wrinkle, hair grow gray,
Friendship never knows decay.
For 'mid old friends, tried and true,
Once more we our youth renew,
But old friends, alas! may die,
New friends must their place supply,
Cherish friendship in your breast,
New is good, but old is best;
Make new friends, but keep the old,
Those are silver, these are gold.
—International Magazine.

The Smallest Watch in the World.

A small, gold penholder, resting
in a rich velvet case, lay on a jew-
eler's showcase in John street. The
end of the holder was shaped like an
elongated cube, and was an inch
long. A faint musical ticking that
issued from it attracted a customer's
attention. The jeweller lifted the
holder from the case, with a smile,
and exhibited a tiny watch dial,
1-16th of an inch in diameter, set
in the side between two other dials al-
most as small. One indicated the
day, and the other the month of the
year. The centre dial ticked off
seconds, minutes, and hours.

"This is the smallest watch ever
made," the jeweller said, "and the
only one of its kind in the world. It
took a Geneva watch maker the bet-
ter part of two years to fit the parts
together so that they would work
accurately. It has been exhibited
in London and Paris."

The works of the watch were so
that they fitted lengthwise in the
holder. The mainspring was an
elongated coil of steel fitted to the
wheels by a tiny chain, and worked
like an old fashioned clock weight.

The works were wound by means of
a little screw of gold on the under
side of the handle. A gold pen was
fitted in the holder, and the jeweller
wrote with it without disturbing the
operations of the fairy watch.

"What's the price?" the customer
asked.

"A round \$500," replied the jew-
eler, laughing.—New York Sun.

STORY OF EX-SENATOR BRUCE.

Blanche K. Bruce, whose signi-
fiance as register of treasury now
graces every national bank bill, was
very popular while in the Senate,
although he is of African descent.
Unobtrusive, attentive to business
and modest, he conquered the prej-
udices against his race and was treat-
ed with marked courtesy by his as-
sociates. One day after he had
been a Senator for two years or
more, Senator Bogy, the aristocratic
descendant of one of the old French
families of St. Louis, took a seat by
his side, saying:

"Mr. Bruce, I have a bill here I
want you to vote for. It is one in
which I have a great personal inter-
est. It has nothing political in it.
Look at it and tell me what you
think."

Bruce laughed as he said:
"Senator Bogy, I hope we shall
arrange this more satisfactorily than
our last business transaction."

"Our last business transaction.
What do you mean?"

"Don't you remember meeting me
before my coming to the Senate?"

"Most decidedly no."

"I think I can refresh your mem-
ory, Senator. Some twenty years
ago you were one day running down
Oliver Street in a hurry to catch a
steamer. You were carrying a heavy
valise. The day was very hot.

Don't you remember the colored
boy who came up and offered to
carry the valise down to the levee
for a quarter? You ran along with
the boy. Soon the wharf dock was
reached. The boat was just swing-
ing out. You ran and jumped on
board. You called for the valise.
The colored boy put the valise be-
hind his back and called for his
quarter. You hunted, fished out a
quarter and tossed it ashore; but the
gap was too wide to toss the valise.
The captain had to stop the boat
and back up before you could get
your valise. Do you remember
that?"

"Well, I should say I do."
"I was that colored boy."

Great men never want experience.
All men have their imprudent
days.

COURTING A WIDOW.

The Bloomfield "Mail" whose ed-
itor probably married a widow for
his second wife, tells the difference
between courting a widow and a
young girl:

Young girls are timid and shy in
earnest, and if a fellow is not pretty
certain he has found precisely the
angel of his looking for, he can man-
age so as to have the refusal of her
for a year or more, and at the same
time manage to keep his neck out of
the reach of a branch-of-promise
suit when he happens to meet some
other sweet-faced angel that seems
to him to be better suited to his
tastes. It is different with a widow.
She gets rid of her shyness at the
earliest convenient opportunity, and
finds out the principal things she
desires to know of him before she
allows him to get acquainted. The
school girl of 16 trusts herself to a
fine young fellow on sixty or ninety
days' sight without security; but the
widow, like a thrifty wholesale house
goes out and examines the mercan-
tile report concerning him and then
sells to him on her own terms for
cash. She has him sized up before
he comes to market, and when she
looks as if she were a very artless
creature, and fighting shy of him
whenever he happens to sit a little
close to her on the sofa, there are
ten chances to one that he will never
look any further, but will buckle
right up to her and put the question
fairly and squarely, and when he has
done so she is not going to tremble
all over and blush and ask for a
week or a month in which to make
up her mind. She will just wind
her arm around his neck and look
up into his face without one of Ella
Wheeler's floppy yarns and before he
has had time to catch his breath he
will find himself nailed to the cross
with a "yes," that pierces him to his
very soul.

THE SONS OF VETERANS.

We publish the following by "A
Son," taken from the Hollidaysburg
Register of a recent date: "Among
the organizations in the United
States tending to better the social,
moral and patriotic sentiments of
the men of the future, none have
higher aims or more noble pur-
poses than the Sons of Veterans. Its
object is to keep green the memories
of fathers who sacrificed their lives
for the maintenance of the Union, to
inculcate patriotism and love of
country among themselves and
among all people and to spread and
sustain the grand and glorious doc-
trine of freedom, liberty and justice
to all; to perpetuate the observance
of Memorial Day, when the last vet-
eran will have wound his martial
cloak around him; and, with his
comrades gone before, meet in one
grand revile in that other and bet-
ter 'land of the free and home of the
brave.' We fear the nobleness of
their purpose is not fully understood.
Indeed some people have an idea
that the tendency is in the wrong
direction. The latter is a mistake,
because he person can join a camp
who does not believe in Christian re-
ligion. Each meeting of the camp
opened and closed with prescribed
religious exercises, and at no time is
there a word spoken that would not
be proper in the eyes of a sister,
mother or the spirit of a departed
father, who laid down his life for the
glory of his country. All business
is transacted in a business way, and
with the strictest integrity. Any
young man who is eligible, and will
join this order, cannot help but be
benefited. It is not a secret soci-
ety, but to protect members from be-
ing imposed upon, there are a few
secrets connected with the guidance
and protection. The ceremonies
connected with the transaction of
the routine business, and the mater-
ing in of recruits, are indeed impres-
sive and ennobling. Members re-
ceived are instructed and impressed
with the very foundation principles
of our government, and are made to
feel that by their uniting with the
Sons of Veterans they have an inter-
est in the great and blood-bought
principles for which our fathers
died; that they have an interest in
seeing to it that these principles so
dearly bought, shall for all time to
come, be perpetuated. Such being
the aims of this organization, all
veterans should urge their sons to
join, and all young men eligible
should lend a helping hand in this
most noble work."

Attorneys-At-Law.

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D. MARAND ROTHROCK,
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and Surgeons. Offers his professional services
to the public. Speaks English and German.
March 17, 1881.

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