

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. XXII

MIDDLEBURGH, SNYDER CO, PENN'A, JUNE 25, 1885.

NO 29

POETRY.

FIND YOUR LEVEL.

You can be a fishing shallop if you can't be a ship,
If you can't 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't 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 mourning 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't be a Paixhan with its thunderous report,
Be content to carry powder in a corner of the fort;
If you can't 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't 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 up the dead.

Not every stick of timber that is fit to make a mast,
Not every structure builded is a Pyramid 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 peculiar grace,
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 encompass what it can,
Nor vex itself in criticising God's eternal 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 patience that 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 successfully 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 ashes 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 peasant, '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, evidently nearly exhausted, came into view around a bend in the road, a double burden on its back. A young man of noble appearance, but looking weary and harassed, rode in front; behind, a beautiful girl, nearly 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 dismounting 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 answer '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 approaching, 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 water."

The young man dismounted, assisted 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 carelessly 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 ferryman 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 added 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 saddle.

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 anywhere."

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 persisted, but as he laid his hand on the sheet a well directed blow from Ernest's foot—

The one on the bank started to draw his revolver, but Ernest could do so I had him covered. He learned 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 conduct. If you shoot after us, he suffers. Remember."

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

"When you get to the other side, stand on the bank until the boat returns. If you attempt to go into the bushes or try any other treachery 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 uncomfortable covering. They were nearly smothered but had made no movement 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 companion 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 giving 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 Chickasaw 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 attraction 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 engaged.

"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 explosion 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 pistol, but I closed with him and attempted 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 allowed it to speak, but he would not allow it.

"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 afterward. He stood the trial, came out clear and married Miss Lily. Williams' boys were soon afterwards 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 consultation they chained me securely and then made preparations for a journey.

"As I gathered from hints—paraphrasing what 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 servants 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 behind 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 rescuing me.

"She had a key which she thought would open the padlock fastening the chain that held me. The padlock 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 unlocked 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 crack, which broke with a loud crack. Lily's brothers were light sleepers, and they woke immediately. Not seeing me, they rushed either and either in search, and just as we reached the horses one of them caught sight of us and fired. The ball struck Lily's horse and killed it. In a moment I had seated Lily behind me, and, concealment being now impossible, rode away at full speed.

"They saddled and came hard after 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 daring 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: Bro' 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 jeweler'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 almost 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 better 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 jeweller, laughing.—New York Sun.

STORY OF EX-SENATOR BRUCE.

Blanche K. Bruce, whose signature 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 prejudices against his race and was treated with marked courtesy by his associates. One day after he had been a Senator for two years or more, Senator Boggs, 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 interest. It has nothing political in it. Look at it and tell me what you think."

Bruce laughed as he said:
"Senator Boggs, 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 memory, 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 swinging out. You ran and jumped on board. You called for the valise. The colored boy put the valise behind 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 editor 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 manage 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 mercantile 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 flowery 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 purposes 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 doctrine of freedom, liberty and justice to all; to perpetuate the observance of Memorial Day, when the last veteran will have wound his martial cloak around him; and, with his comrades gone before, meet in one grand revile in that other and better '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 religion. 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, a 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 society, but to protect members from being 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 maturing in of recruits, are indeed impressive and ennobling. Members received 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 interest 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.

JAMES G. CROUSE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. MIDDLEBURGH, PA. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Consultation in English and German.

JACOB GILBERT, Attorney and Counselor at Law. MIDDLEBURGH, PA. Collections and all other business promptly attended to. Consultation in English and German.

W. M. E. HOUSWERTH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. SELINGSROVE, PA. Collections and all other business promptly attended to. Consultation in English and German.

A. H. DILL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. LEWISBURG, PENN'A. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.

H. G. DEITRICH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. MARKET ST., SELINGSROVE, PENN. All professional business promptly attended to. Consultation in English and German.

F. E. BOWER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. MIDDLEBURGH, PA. Collections made. Consultation in English and German.

M. L. SCHOCH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. NEW BERLIN, PENN'A. Professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

CHAS. P. ULRICH, Attorney & Counselor-At-Law. Office in Apt. Building, one door North of Selingsrove Hotel, Selingsrove, Penn'a. Collections and all other professional business solicited and will receive prompt attention.

T. J. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW. MIDDLEBURGH, SNYDER CO., PA. Offers his Professional Services to the public. Consultations in English and German.

A. W. POTTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. SELINGSROVE, PA. Offers his professional services to the public. All legal business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. Office on State St., July 4, 72.

H. H. GRIMM, Attorney-at-Law, AND DISTRICT ATTORNEY FOR SNYDER COUNTY, FREEBURG, PA. Consultation in both English and German Languages. Oct. 5, 1881.

JOHN H. ARNOLD, Attorney at Law, MIDDLEBURGH, PA. Professional business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.

SAMUEL H. ORWIG, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA. Office on Market Street, one door east of Court House. Dec. 20, 1877.

Physicians, &c.

H. J. SMITH, Physician & Surgeon, (Hollidaysburg, Snyder County, Pa.) Offers his professional services to the public. Office on Main street. June 12, 70.

J. W. SAMSELS, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Centerville, Penn'a. Offers his professional services to the citizens of Centerville and vicinity. Aug. 5, 76.

G. EDGAR HASSINGER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Middleburgh, Penn'a. Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburgh and vicinity. Office in the Washington House. Apr. 7, 76.

I. GRIER BARBER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Middleburgh, Penn'a. Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburgh and vicinity. Office in the West of the Court House, in A. Smith's building. Business opposite opposite Post Printing office.

D. MARAND ROTHROCK, Fremont, Snyder county, Pa. Graduates of Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeons. Offers his professional services to the public. Speaks English and German. March 17, 1881, 17.

D. R. W. TOOL, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Freeburg, Pa. Offers his professional services to the public in connection with both English and German. Office on Main street.

B. F. VAN BUSKIRK, SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST, Selingsrove, Penn'a.

WIN more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Has a new method of selling. Send for Terms Free. HALL'S BOOK CO., Portland Maine. Dec. 11, 84.

THIS PAPER IS MADE BY THE NEW YORK