

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, JANUARY 7, 1886

POETRY

YE HOGS

Let us sing of the Hog, the bucolical Hog,
That parades in the farm-yard so free,
With his grunts and his squeals, and
his piteous appeals
For each edible thing he can see.

For his hunger is keen at the first
peep of dawn
And diminishes not through the day,
And at night when he dreams, 'tis of
dish slops in streams
And of cornfields in fruitful display.

As a robber unquailed he cares not
for gold,
Nor for aught except victuals and
drink,
He will steal all he can, both from
beast and from man,
And then lie on his stomach and think

But his thoughts do not dwell on his
vices and sins,
But alas! on far different themes,
For while seeming asleep on a frag-
ment mud-heap,
He is hatching the most villainous
schemes.

He will undermine gates with an en-
gineer's skill,
And whenever a garden he sees,
He capizes the fence with a joy most
intense,
And devotes the beans and the peas.

He will slaughter a hen should she
venture too near,
Then remorselessly plunder her nest;
He enjoys all his meals, though the
things that he steals
Always seem to agree with him best.

But a sold day will come for that
troublesome Hog,
For to winter his throat shall be slit,
And the farm folks with smiles will
recall all his wiles;
As they gobble him up bit by bit.

—From *Sittings*.

PRACTICALVIEW OF LABOR.

From the Phila. Times.
The recent declaration of this
journal in an editorial discussion of
the labor troubles in the Western
Pennsylvania coal mines, that "the
law of supply and demand
regulates the value of labor just as
it regulates the value of every other
commodity," is complained of by an
intelligent and sincere workman as
putting labor on a false basis, and
he asks: "Is it as it should be?"
He assumes the theory that the labor
that produces the commodity
should stand on a different commer-
cial basis from the commodity that
produces, and argues that any
other theory detracts from the dig-
nity and respect due to labor.

It is a mistake to assume that labor
is degraded by being subject to
the laws of supply and demand, for
that is one of nature's inexorable
laws, dating back to the time when
the first family divided their pur-
suits in obedience to its mandate.
It may please men to be told that
labor is above the laws of supply
and demand, but only the mistaken
theorists or the deceitful demagogue
attempts to place labor above every
other interest of the human race,
whether financial, industrial, social
or political. Capital bows to the
imperious decrees of the law of supply
and demand, and the whole race
of wage-workers, whether the pros-
perous, the editor, the lawyer, the doctor,
the artist, the scientist, the mer-
chant, the banker, the mechanic
or the producers of the field, forest
and the mine, are subject to the primeval
law.

The alliance that reigns in two-
thirds of the furnaces of Pennsylvania
tells how capital cannot dispute
the majesty of the law of supply and
demand, and it tells the story of the
absolute subordination of labor to
the same decree. When either capital
gluts the market, there is inevit-
able decline in values and each must
either seek new channels of employ-
ment or accept such compensation
as can be obtained. Each man's in-
dustry, his power and capacity for
labor is the one commodity that is
given him to offer in the great mar-
kets of the world, and whether he
offers it to the bar or to mechanism,
to the ministry or to the shop, to the
editorial chair or to the printer's
case, to curing human ills or to de-
veloping the wealth of the earth, he
is the same seller of his labor to his
buyer. Whether he is employer or
employee, the law is the same.

It is not only
the law of supply and demand
that regulates the value of labor,
but the law of supply and demand
regulates the value of every other
commodity, and the law of supply
and demand regulates the value of
labor just as it regulates the value
of every other commodity.

try have recognized the law of supply
and demand that rules every in-
dustry, profession or calling, by de-
ciding that the demand for labor
must be increased and the supply
diminished by the general adoption
of the eight hour rule on the first of
May next. The reason given for the
departure is that it will give em-
ployment to one-fifth more men
than are now employed to perform
the same amount of labor. It is the
unquestioned right of labor thus to
meet the grave problem of surplus
industry. The wisdom of the move-
ment is for its people to decide;
but decide it as they say, and what-
ever the issue, it will be an effort
to regulate labor to the best advantage,
under the immutable law of supply
and demand.

It is an affection to object to the
idea that labor, in any profession or
calling, is a commodity subject to
the same fluctuations in value as all
other articles of commerce. It is
manly and it is honorable to sell
labor to the best advantage in all
legitimate channels of industry,
whether as lawyer or drayman. Every
man who is his own employer,
as well as all who are employed by
others, are obeying the same law of
using their labor to the best advan-
tage under the law of supply and
demand. One-half the thousand
lawyers of Philadelphia do not aver-
age the compensation for their labor
that intelligent men obtain in me-
chanical pursuits. The supply is
too great; the demand too limited,
and foolish pride or indolence keeps
them starving and sometimes disre-
putable lawyers, because they defy
fate in defying the law of supply and
demand. And the same inexorable
law applies to the large class of cap-
able and eminent lawyers in this
city. Ten years ago there was dou-
ble the amount of professional busi-
ness for them that there is now, and
with the reduction of business and
the proportionate increased supply
of lawyers, the standard of fees has
diminished with the volume of busi-
ness.

Even the professional idler sells
his labor, poor as it is, unless he is
mediant upon inheritance or friends.
There is no harder work than cheat-
ing the world out of a living, and it
is work that has no season of rest.
The burglar is bigger and better
than the idler, for he stakes his labor
on the hazard of success that re-
quires courage to execute, while the
idler's life is one of incessant, mo-
notous petty robbery; but both sell
their labor for a livelihood, differing
only from editors or miners in seek-
ing either bold or cowardly crime
for a market. In short, labor is the
commodity ordained by the Creator
to command the necessities of life;
to achieve all that is possible of
achievement in enlightened progress;
to give prosperity, usefulness and
happiness to the human race, and
the whole world is only a busy hive
of wage-workers, from the million-
aire in his restless speculations to
the humblest laborer of the land.

A QUEER PATH TO PARADISE.

"The Nest for Godly People" is
the title of a Russian religious sect
which has come into existence dur-
ing the last fifteen years. Its head-
quarters appear to be at the historic
fortress town of Bender, in the
neighboring government of Bessarab-
ia, and its strange name is due to
the fact that its members—all of the
peasant class—dig a grave in the
floor (which is of dried earth) of
their habitations, or else in their
gardens, and lie therein until over-
come by hunger, in order, as they say,
to commune with God, confess to Him
their sins and examine their past
life. To enable them the better to
do this the grave is covered with a
wooden box-like lid or canopy, hav-
ing a door in it and egress; so that
they lie in the grave as in a coffin,
and were it not for small apertures
in the top part of it they would run
the risk of being suffocated.

When the grave or nest is in the
garage it is quickly surrounded with
boards for the sake of greater privac-
y, and guarded by a savage watch-
dog to prevent curious or importu-
nent people going near it. These
sectarians pretend that in their
cellular moments and when suffering
some hunger they see visions and
hear voices of the departed.

A SOLDIER STAYN.

The strangest experience I ever
had was at old Fort William, on
Governor's Island, in New York har-
bor, over twenty years ago. I was
a sergeant at the time, married, and
with my young wife had been living
in a small house on the lower end of
the island, but the commanding offi-
cer concluded to tear it down and
I was told to select the best rooms
of the non-commissioned officers'
quarters in the then unoccupied
fort. With my usual military du-
ties and the fatigue of moving and
placing things to rights I was pret-
ty well tired out when night came
and slept like a log. My wife was
worn out, too, but did not sleep so
sound as not to be disturbed every
night by what she called "the fan-
ciest noises that sounded, just like
thunder," but I paid but little at-
tention to her, thinking that it was
only the noise of passing steamboats
or the wash of the water on the
shore. It might have been, two
weeks after I had settled down that
one night I awoke suddenly from a
sound sleep with that peculiar, feel-
ing of dread or uneasiness upon me
which arises from an unknown cause
and has been experienced by nearly
all of us.

"John, do you hear it now?" asked
my wife when she discovered I
was awake; "it sounds like some
persons at work below."

Listening for a short time, I re-
cognized familiar sounds, and had I
not been positive that the doors
were locked, with the keys hanging
on a nail in my room, I would have
sworn that the batteries were man-
ned by experienced gunners. The
quick tread of the men as they
dragged the guns in the ring of
the rammer; the handling of the
shot that lay piled in readiness for
use, the return of the iron wheels
over the rails as it was run out of
the port was perfect in every detail,
only lacking the words of command
and the report of the piece to com-
plete the illusion.

As I listened the uproar increased
in volume until it was impossible for
us to hear each other's voices with-
out raising them to a high pitch.
The guns were served with what
seemed incredible rapidity and the
very walls, massive as they were,
trembled under the heavy artillery
in continual motion, while the balls
were rolling from one end of the
casemates to the other, striking the
sides with heavy thuds. Unable to
stand this state of affairs any longer,
I arose and, lighting my lantern,
took the keys along, with a loaded
revolver, and descending the stairs
as lightly as possible, reached the
doors. The noise at this point
was, if anything, more deafening
than when I left my room.

Cautiously inserting the key into
the lock I cocked my six-shooter,
throwing the door open sudden-
ly, with raised lantern and weapon
presented, entered the nearest casemate
to find it unoccupied, save by the
grim old gun and the shot
stacked in their usual places. It
was the same in every battery I en-
tered. Not a foot-print disturbed
the thick dust upon the floor, nor
was there a finger mark upon either
the gun or shot. The tompons
were in place and no carriage had
traveled over the rusty rails. Con-
founded even still more than I was
before, I returned to my room, and
was disturbed no more that night.

The racket, however, commenced
again the following night and was
kept up, with slight intermission,
for a month. My account of this
singular disturbance was met with
jeats and laughter from my fellow
soldiers, which they modified, it is
true, when I corroborated it by my
wife, but then only so far as to de-
clare that it was a scheme on our
part to get removed from uncomfor-
table quarters to one of the new
quarters then about completed.
Nettled at their taunts I vowed
that if ever the noises commenced
again I would have other witnesses
to them, and I did not have long to
wait, for about one month after I
was awakened by the phantom gun-
ners. This time I passed out over
the draw-bridge, and going to the
men's quarters, awakened a sergeant
by the name of Smith—poor fellow!
I was served with my twenty years
and he was the same man who was

the racket until Smith's face was as
white as a sheet, and he was
trembling from head to foot, I threw
open the door. Smith always de-
clared that for a moment he saw the
ghostly crew at their places, but I
could detect nothing, nor could I
ever discover any cause for the dis-
turbance, although I often was
awakened by the nightly drill of my
invisible artillerymen.

Some months after leaving the
island I learned that during the
Mexican war an artillery company
drilled with these guns some time
before they left for Mexico and
that they were nearly all killed in
battle. I suppose it must have
been a freak of theirs to have their
reunions in these casemates and
practice with their old friends, the
guns.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

BOB TOOMBS AND BEN WADE.

Speaking of Toombs reminds me
of the number of quarrels he had in
the Senate with Ben Wade, and at
one time especially, when he came
very near having a duel. The
Homestead bill was under discus-
sion and Toombs had referred to it
with a sneer as a measure for white
paupers, when Wade arose and said:
"Sir, you sneer at the Homestead
bill because it gives land to the
landless, do you? What is your
scheme? Buying Cuba, seizing ne-
groes for the negroes! We will go
to the country upon it." Shortly
after this Wade made a speech in
which he used language which al-
most, apparently, compelled Toombs
to challenge him. Several friends
of Wade went to him and begged
him to desist, but the old man went
on until Toombs announced his in-
tention of bringing him to account.
Upon this Wade quietly sat down
and the Southern men looked at
each other in surprise, as it was evi-
dent he had tried to provoke a
quarrel with the Georgia Fire-eater.
That night a friend of Toombs, a
Senator of the United States, called
upon Wade to know if he would re-
tract the offensive words he had
used.

"No, I won't take back a word,"
was Wade's emphatic response.
"Then," said the friend of Mr.
Toombs, "Senator Toombs will chal-
lenge you to mortal combat."
"This is just what I want, and he
might have got to this point with-
out all this palaver."

"You cannot be in earnest, Mr.
Wade," said the Senator.
"Yes, I am, and for a reason.
We Northerners do not want to
fight, I am opposed to the code,
and so are my constituents, but you
follows broke Sumner's head, and if
we don't spunk up a little you will
break all our heads. The shortest
way to end the matter is to kill off
a few of you. I have picked out
Toombs as my man. He will have
to challenge me; then, of course, I
will have the choice of weapons, and
I will take down my old rifle, and
—if I don't bring him down at
the first crack!"

This conversation was reported to
Toombs, and he replied: "I can't
challenge him; if I do he will kill
me." He then told his Senatorial
friends that he and Wade had been
out together shooting with a rifle
several times, and that while he
(Toombs) could shoot well with a
pistol he was a poor rifle shoot.
Wade was an old hunter, and could
snuff a candle at 100 yards. Wade,
in speaking of this afterward said:
"If old Toombs had challenged me
at that time, as I expected he would,
I would have made him put a patch
on his coat the size of a dollar over
his heart, and the old fellow would
have got demoralized when he saw
me drawing a bead on it, and—
me if I wouldn't have out the patch."

AN ENGINEER'S STORY.

"Ever ride on an engine on a
dark, stormy night, eh? Have you
learned what a red light means? I
remember one bleak, dreary night
in the winter, I think it was '77,
I was running on the Erie, and was
pulling what is now train 4. We
were behind time and were skim-
ming down the hill toward Alden
when we rounded the curve and saw
what seemed to be a blaze of red
lights before us. It seemed to me
that the country was on fire. My
heart jumped into my throat, and I
thought my time had come. I re-
versed my lever, put on the air
brakes, and opened the throttle wide.
My fireman had jumped with se-
rious consequences to himself and I
thought I was a goner. I let one
brief prayer escape from my lips,
and fell a terrible jarring.

"At first it flashed through my
mind that we had struck, but as I
heard the jarring of the wheels I
found that we were at almost a dead
stop, the wheels slipped on account
of the steam which had run up.
Just about two feet from us was the
caboose of a freight train which we
would have run into had we not
stopped in time. After the excite-
ment was over one infernal fool of a
passenger came up and asked why
we had stopped so quick, swearing
at both the road and myself for
stopping trains so quick. The cyl-
inders of my engine out a little on
account of the cinders which were
drawn in through reversing, but
beyond that no damage was done.

"You can bet your bottom dollar,
my boy, that the two red lights on
the back of that caboose looked to
me that night more like a great
mountain of red stone on the track
than they did like two inoffensive
crimson lights."

She Appreciated It.
A widow whose age might have
been forty, went into business a few
weeks ago, and the first move was
to get a sign painted. The services
of a sign-painter were secured, and
when he finished his work he put on
his "imprint" by placing his initials,
"W. A. H." down on the left hand
corner of the sign. When the wid-
ow came to criticize the work she
queried:

"What does 'W. A. H.' stand for?"
"Why, 'Washed, A. Hand-drawn,'" re-
plied the painter.

"Oh, yes, I see," she said.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

Twenty-five years ago we were
30,000,000 of people; now we are
nearly 60,000,000. Then we had
111 cities and towns of over 8000
inhabitants; now we have 286 of
such cities and towns. Then the
total population of our cities was
5,960,000; now it is about 12,000,000.

Our coal mines then produced 14,000,000 tons; now 85,000,000 tons,
or six times as much.
The iron product amounted to
900,000 tons of ore; to-day it foots
up over 8,000,000 tons a year, almost
nine-fold of increase.

In 1860 our metal industries em-
ployed about 53,000 hands, com-
ing \$100,000,000 worth of material,
and turned out about \$180,000,000
in annual products. To-day these
industries employ 330,000 hands,
consume \$380,000,000 worth of ma-
terial, and their annual product
amounts to \$690,000,000 a year.

In 1860 the wood industries em-
ploy 130,000 persons; to-day they
employ 340,000 while the value of
their annual product has trebled.

The woolen industry employed
160,000 while our home mills, which
produced goods of the value of
\$80,000,000 in 1860, now turns out
an annual product worth 270,000,000.

Finally, there is cotton. In 1860
we imported 220,000,000 yards of
cotton goods; in 1881 we only im-
ported 70,000,000 yards.

In the meantime the number of
hands employed in American cotton
mills has increased to 200,000, and
we export over 150,000,000 yards of
cotton goods a year, instead of im-
porting 227,000,000 yards as we used
to do.

In the meantime we have nearly
five times as many miles of railways,
and double the number of farms,
yielding more than double the num-
ber of bushels of cereals.

In the production of sheep, we
had 22,000,000 of them in 1860, to-
day we have over 40,000,000 for
them; and, whereas, we then pro-
duced in this country 60,000,000
pounds of wool, now we produce
240,000,000 pounds.

Finally, the total of our exports
has doubled. In 1860 it stood at
\$400,000,000, and now it stands at
\$900,000,000.

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dark, stormy night, eh? Have you
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in the winter, I think it was '77,
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the system. Never before in the history of the
world has a medicine been compounded possessing
the power of driving every impurity from the
system, and restoring the system to its
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Collections made. Consultations in English
and German. June 8, '84.

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Selinsgrove, Penn'a.
Collections and all other professional busi-
ness is solicited and will receive prompt and
prompt attention. Apr. 11, '84.

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,
AT ORNEY AT LAW,
Selinsgrove, Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public
All legal business entrusted to their care will
receive prompt attention. Office on Main St.
July 4, '72.

H. H. GRIMM,
Attorney-at-Law,
Frederick, Pa.
Consultation in both English and German
languages. Oct. 16, 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 Cam-
eron House.
Dec. 30, 1877.

Physicians, &c.
H. J. SMITH,
Physician & Surgeon,
Beaver Springs, Snyder County, Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public
Office on Main street. June 12, '78.

J. W. SAMPSEL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Centerville, Penn'a.
Offers his professional services to the citizens
of Centerville and vicinity. Office a few doors
west of the Court House, in Arnold's building.
Residence opposite opposite Post Printing
office. Aug. 2, '80.

G. EDGAR HASSINGER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Middleburgh, Penn'a.
Offers his professional services to the citizens
of Middleburgh and vicinity. Office in a
Washington House. Apr. 7, '84.

I. GRIER BARBER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Middleburgh, Penn'a.
Offers his professional services to the citizens
of Middleburgh and vicinity. Office a few doors
west of the Court House, in Arnold's building.
Residence opposite opposite Post Printing
office.

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

DR E. W. TOOL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Frederick, Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public
in consultation in both English and German.
Office on Main street.

R. VAN DERKAM,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Frederick, Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public
in consultation in both English and German.
Office on Main street.