

# 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

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NO 6

## POETRY.

### The Snowbirds

See the snowflakes falling, falling!  
Hear the little snowbirds calling!  
Little fellows dressed in brown  
Hopping gayly up and down.  
What care they for stormy weather,  
Wind and snowdrift altogether!  
Breakfast must be found, you know,  
Somewhere in the glittering snow.  
Dainty crumbs so nice and sweet  
Are just what snowbirds like to eat.  
When the wind too keenly blows,  
How they warm their little toes  
Underneath their own soft breast,  
On the fences where they rest!  
But not long they take their ease,  
No such lazy birds are these!  
Searching over the frozen ground  
For every crumb that may be found  
Chirping gayly to each other,  
Aunt, or cousin, sister, brother,  
Sharing each whate'er they find.  
Little friends so true and kind  
See them turn their eyes this way,  
Twittering fast as if to say,  
"Little children, please to throw  
To us an extra crumb or so;  
For the times are hard, and we're in  
need  
With many a hungry child to feed.  
So, in your plenty, please remember  
The little beggars of the winter,  
Who do not heed the cold and snow,  
Or frosty winds that bite and blow.  
If they can find, ere day is o'er,  
A feast of crumbs about your door.

### MY CLOCKS

I have just half a dozen clocks,  
With faces round and bright,  
And every day it puzzles me  
To know which one is right.  
The cuckoo coos it nine o'clock,  
Another says half past;  
I know not which is right or wrong,  
Or which is slow or fast.  
My clock in bed to dwell,  
The cook looks at the kitchen clock,  
And rings the breakfast bell.  
The study clock at half-past twelve  
Sends me to bed late,  
And in a fleeting hour or two  
Another clock strikes eight.  
By that which says I've ample time  
I miss the train and swear;  
The one that makes me jump and run  
Proves I have time to spare.  
I sometimes rise and dress in haste,  
Because it's striking ten,  
When, finding it's but seven, I  
Go back to bed again.  
The clock by which I'm never fooled  
Is standing in the hall,  
O, hundred-dollar Gallic clock  
That never goes at all.  
I'd rather see you standing there  
Beside the open door,  
Telling me all the blessed time  
'Tis twenty-five of four.  
O, clocks, you're never uniform,  
And always seem to me  
Perplexing more than doctors, when  
The doctors disagree.

### ELSIE'S LOVER.

"I suppose it isn't right to say such a thing," said winsome Elsie, with a plaintive sigh, to her friend and confidant, old Nurse Barnes; "but I often wish I'd never been born. Nobody knows what to do with me, and I certainly don't know what to do with myself."  
"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Barnes, "what are they going to do with you?"  
"I don't know," said Elsie sadly. "Uncle Joseph wants me to go and work in the factory. He thinks I might earn twelve shillings a week, after I had a few weeks' practice."  
"It's not hard work," said Mrs. Barnes. "You'll soon get used to it, my dear. One can get used to anything."  
"And Aunt Betsy wants to send me up to the Manor House to help Mrs. Perkins, the housekeeper," went on Elsie. "I was there a week in the spring. Oh, with a long breath, 'tis the prettiest place! One room all full of books, don't you know, and a hall where they hang nothing but pictures. I used to creep all over the place, when the squire was gone out on horse back, and Mrs. Perkins was taking her after-dinner nap. I used to sit down in the silk chairs, and fan myself with the big assorted fans, and make believe I was a great belle, with my hair done up after the latest fashion."

"but it was only making believe, after all, and nobody knew. But I saw Mr. Raven twice, and he talked to me just as kind—oh! a deal kinder than Uncle Joseph does. And he told me the names of some of the rarest flowers, and offered to lend me books out of the grand library. But Mrs. Perkins told Aunt Betsy that I am too idle and awkward for service. So now I don't know whether I am to be bound to Miss Miggs, the dressmaker, or sent to earn the artificial flower trade."  
"It's most a pity, ain't it?" said Mrs. Barnes, looking sympathizingly at Elsie. And just then, as she surveyed the large dark eyes, the cheeks glowing scarlet under her stain of gypsy sunburn, the lithe, graceful figure in its outgrown gown, the fancy suddenly crossed her mind that, under some circumstances, Elsie Linn might be almost handsome.  
"You see, I have no one really belonging to me," said Elsie, sighing. "Even Uncle Joseph was only my mother's half-brother. And they don't know what to do with me."  
"What would you like best to do?" said Mrs. Barnes, who was paring potatoes for the one o'clock dinner. "I should like to be an authoress, and write books," said Elsie, with kidding eyes.  
"Bless me, child!" said Mrs. Barnes, "what do you know about authoresses?"  
"Nothing," confessed Elsie; "that's the trouble. Or I should like to paint pictures, and to be famous; or to be queen of a country that was at war, and lead the soldiers to victory, mounted on a coal-black horse; or to do something very great and grand, so that people might never forget my memory."  
Mrs. Barnes first started and then smiled. Poor soul, there was perhaps a time when she, too, had her wild dreams and impossible imaginings.  
"Such things don't happen nowadays, Elsie," said she. "Women have to scrub and wash and sew in his country, not ride to battle or paint grand pictures. Better leave off thinking of such a fate."  
"Yes," cried Elsie, with a start, as the clock struck twelve. "And Aunt Betsy will be wanting me to set the table. I must hurry home. How she will scold to be sure."  
"But to Elsie's infinite relief when she reached home, Aunt Betsy met her with no frown.  
"Come in quick, child," said she, "and change your frock. Mr. Raven is here."  
"Oh!" cried Elsie, with a skip over the door-step, "am I to be Mrs. Perkins's maid?"  
"We don't know," said Aunt Betsy mysteriously. "Time will show. Don't jump about, my child. Try to take short steps, and be a lady. And, oh, what a dreadful tear that is in your dress. Never mind now. Run quick and change it as soon as ever you can, and then come down to the best parlor."  
"But long before Elsie Linn's simple toilet was made, an awful fear took possession of her that Squire Raven had come to tell Uncle Joseph of the big bunch of hot-house grapes which she picked, *sub rosa* last spring and gave to little Billy Suffen, in the road, the last day she was at the Manor House.  
"There were such lots of them," she argued with herself, "hanging there in the sunshine, all purple and fragrant, and Billy had just got over the scarlet fever—poor little mite! and did long for them so. I knew it was wicked, but the temptation came over me so suddenly that I couldn't help it. And now if Mr. Raven has told Uncle Joseph, and Uncle Joseph is going to scold me—"  
Elsie drew a deep inspiration of horror at this idea, but she must face her fate, and endure it as best she might. And in her best frock which was scant and faded enough in all conscience, she descended with a heavy heart to the "best room."  
"Bring her in! Bring her in!" said Uncle Joseph with a chuckle. "I never yet sold even a yearling calf without giving the purchaser a chance to look at his bargain—ha, ha, ha! And if you really want the child, Squire—"  
Mr. Raven rose courteously and put a chair for Elsie as she entered.

"The sound of it gentle, measured accents, the prickings of Elsie Linn's conscience became intolerable. He lifted her large startled eyes to Mr. Raven's face.  
"I'm very sorry, sir," said she. "Please, I'll never do it any more."  
"Do what?" said Uncle Joseph, staring.  
"I am quite at a loss to understand you," said Mr. Raven courteously.  
"The grapes, please," faltered Elsie, getting redder and more confused than ever. "I didn't pick 'em for myself; it was for little Billy Suffen, and—"  
"Never mind the grapes, Elsie," said Mr. Raven. "Let me see—how old are you?"  
"Seventeen, sir," said Elsie in a low voice.  
"And I am seven-and-thirty," said Mr. Raven slowly. "Do I seem like a very old man in your eyes, Elsie?"  
She shook her head, and then, emboldened by the fact that Uncle Joseph had disappeared, and Aunt Betsy was drawing water at the well, she added:  
"When I write my novel, I shall make the hero just like you. I won't call him Raven, lest people should find out; but Ravenburn, or Belraven, or some such name. You won't mind, will you?"  
Mr. Raven smiled a strange, serious smile.  
"Elsie," said he, "would you like to come and live at the Manor House?"  
Elsie's dusk face brightened.  
"Oh, so much!" she cried. "But Mrs. Perkins don't want me; she says I'm too flighty and too young."  
"Elsie, you misunderstand me," said Mr. Raven, with another smile. "I don't mean as Mrs. Perkins's assistant—I mean as my wife."  
As a sudden crimson flooded Elsie's face, neck and throat. All of a sudden the scene seemed to fall from her eyes; the world stood before her in its true colors. She was a maiden out of the pages of romance. Robert Raven was her lover. He took her hand tenderly in his.  
"Elsie," he said, "could you teach yourself to love me? For I love you with all my heart."  
And she cried, "Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" and laid her flushed face across on his shoulder, and wept and smiled in turns.  
She had entered the room a child; she went out a woman, leaning on her lover's arm. Even Uncle Joseph noticed the change, and Aunt Betsy vaguely wondered what had come to "our Elsie."  
So Elsie's problem was solved. She went to be lady at the Manor House, to gladden the heart of this modern King Cophetua who had fallen in love with the nineteenth century Beggan Maid. And as her dark beauty bloomed out into perfect loveliness, people wondered that they had been so blind.  
But Mr. Raven said quietly:  
"I knew it all along. When first I saw her picking daisies in the park I knew that she was the most beautiful creature in all the country. I fell in love with her then, and I have been in love with her ever since."  
But to Elsie the whole thing seems like a dream out of the Arabian Nights.  
Let none but rich landowners hunt game. That is the substance of the bill introduced in the Legislature at Albany by Mr. Huntington of Suffolk. It forbids the killing of deer, pheasants, partridges, or hares during the next five years, except by persons or associations owning game preserves and except upon those preserves. Inasmuch as all the happy hunting grounds are rapidly getting converted into preserves, it would seem that this bill asks for too much. Certainly the wanton and wholesale destruction of game should be checked, but no law should be made to give a monopoly in sport to any set of men. Game laws should be produced very sparingly in a free State. They naturally belong to despotic forms of government, and are made by aristocrats and for aristocrats.—*N. Y. Sun.*

**IN THE DARK VALLEY.**  
The doctor has just told him and he has gone into the little parlor and closed the door. All the room suggestive of her who lies dying in the chamber above. Her bird is in its cage at the window and chirps as if sorrow were unknown in the world. The room is flooded with the warm sunlight, full of life and radiance, little in consonance with the desolation of the man standing there alone. Her bird, her books, her lounging chair, her couch and design that make a home, are here. Her living presence seems to animate the common things, and makes them gracious and loving like herself. And it is only a brief twelve-month she stood there a bride, and listened to her husband's proud welcome to their home. Now she lies yonder—dying, dying.  
And he, how can he bear it? How do men bear in their undisciplined character the mighty shock of such a grief as this? Oh if he could lean his head on his mother's shoulder and sob out his sorrow, as he used to do when a boy. But he knows that unwritten law which forbids a man to cry or wear his grief on his sleeve for the daws to peck at. He must meet it alone, and  
"Know how sublime a thing it is To suffer and be strong."  
And all the while the scalding drops of anguish are forcing themselves to his eyes, searing them as with a red-hot iron, while he stands there trying to look in the face this awful intruder, who has come an unbidden guest into his house.  
"She wants you; she has sent for you," says one of the household, sobbing bitterly; and he goes, with vague, mechanical steps, up the stairs to their room and into her presence.  
"Have they told you? Do you know?" she asks in a whisper.  
"Oh, love, we are going to be separated. God is taking me from you."  
"He cannot be so cruel," he says bluntly and unrepentant, and he takes her into his arms as if to defy death to part them. The hours wear on, the clock ticks in the death chamber:  
"Forever—never.  
Never—forever."  
He does not heed it; his eyes are fastened upon that beloved face, changing from its bloom, and beauty into the ashen pallor which the shadows of the unforseen cast. Presently she opens her troubled eyes and fixes them upon his haggard face.  
"Read to me, dear," she whispers faintly. He knows what she wishes him to read. That is one of the beautiful intuitive qualities which made of their lives a perfect harmonious sphere—a congenial union, rich in love and mutual faith, and to which there can be no finality of death or limitation. So he brings her Bible and turns the leaves in search of some text of comfort, such as they have often read together.  
"But which one? There are so many, and all are good. He is not compelled to decide. The blessed Book opens to the most precious one of all, that has comforted so many homesick hearts, the sweetest of the heavenly madrigals:  
"The Lord is my shepherd,  
I shall not want."  
She repeated it after him.  
At intervals she broke forth into snatches of speech:  
"Though I walk through the valley Of the shadows of death,  
I will fear no evil."  
"It is dark in the valley—dark—dark," he heard her murmur.  
"Oh, love, there shall be no night there," he answers brokenly, feeling how poor a comforter he is.  
He holds her hand and she sleeps, and dreams such dreams as the dying have, and death goes on relentlessly with his work. Her bird breaks out into a joyful strain of music in its cage below; sounds of life come into the darkened chamber; watching friends are near; soon she opens her eyes and there is a bright, glad smile in them.  
"It is light beyond," she says and sleeps again.  
He does not notice how cold her hand has grown; how white her room has grown; how dark the shadows are on the wall.

has blessed his marriage with the crown of completeness! The companionship that made heaven and home synonymous terms! Are these faded forever?  
When he sees her again she is wearing her wedding dress. Her soft pretty hair is arranged as she liked it best. Her eyes are closed and her lips unresponsive to his kisses.  
And over her bosom they crossed her hands—"Come away," they said, "God understands."—*Mrs. L. M. Rynga in Detroit Free Press.*

**WANTED A DIVORCE.**  
"Good morning, Marse William," said Green Coleman, an elderly colored individual, as he entered the Chancery Clerk's office in a certain town in Central Mississippi.  
"Good morning, Uncle Green—What can I do for you this morning?" responded the clerk.  
"I jes' dropped in Marse William to ax yer wot yer ax fer er de-for-ment."  
"A what, Uncle Green."  
"Er de-for-ment, Marse William, one er dem papers wid a big yellow plaster on ter it, same like Josh Bilbro got when der Judge outbitcht him an' his ole 'ooman last court."  
"Oh! you mean a divorce."  
"Yas, dat's what I want."  
"Well, you'll have to file your bill of complaint, and when court meets in January it will come up for hearing, and if your grounds for a divorce are good and supported by evidence the court, I have no doubt, will grant your prayer.  
"Marse William, I done 'turn dat file back long sence, and dat rheumatiz complaint ain't 'fected me sence I bin rubbin' wid dem yerbs. And 'bout dem grouns, Marse William, you se knowed me 'long in reb, times and eber sence freedom come, and you know dis nigger got no grouns, 'not nuff to bury dese I in."  
"Uncle Green, the best thing for you to do is to employ a lawyer. He will tell you what to do."  
"He will?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, Marse William, I sees you's mitey busy—but jes' tell me, what are dat goin' ter cost me?"  
"Let me see; one of those young lawyers will take the case for \$10, and the court cost will amount to another \$10—\$25, at the outside, is about all it will cost you."  
"Twenty-five dollars, Marse William! Dat's powful heap er money to be spending on a 'ooman I ain't seed in morn' twenty years."  
"What do you want with a divorce from your wife whom you have't seen for more than twenty years?"  
"I jes' want it for ter pacify der 'ooman I se got fer er wife now. You see, der 'ooman I was married ter on ole massa's plantation in slave times, she run'd off time Sherman's raid, and den I tuk up wid dis 'ooman I got now, and she's feered my fus' wife might come back and level on me as her property."  
"Oh! Uncle Green, that's all settled it's barred by the statute of limitations. Just go home and tell your wife not to bother herself—that it's all right."  
"Won't you gib me writin' to dat conclusion? Sumfin' wot don't cost no'n er dollar, and put one er dem yaller plasters on it."  
Seeing that nothing else would satisfy the old man the clerk gave him a certificate and stuck a gold seal on it, and refused to accept his dollar which he told him to invest in a calico dress for the old woman.  
As the old man left the office he raised his hat and said: "Thank you, Marse William; and of yer eber git in such er posternment wid er 'ooman, an its in my possession to justify yer, I'll 'turn der complement."  
Did you ever benefit yourself by losing your temper?  
It requires an abler man to take advice than to give it.  
Keep clear of a man who does not value his own character.  
Happy is the man who has neighbors who will loan their rolls, ingenuities, and other necessities to their folks and in their hour of need be true to the word.

**MOLLIE'S LAM.**  
Mollie had a little ram, fleece as black as a rubber shoe, and everywhere that Mollie went he emigrated to.  
He went with her to church one day the folks hilarious grew to see him walk demurely into Deacon Allen's pew.  
The worthy deacon quick'y let his angry passions rise, and gave it an unchristian kick between the sad, brown eyes.  
This landed rammy in the aisle, the deacon followed fast, and raised his foot again—alas! that first kick was his last.  
For Mr. Sheep walked slowly back, about a red 'tis said; ere the deacon could retreat, it stood him on his head.  
The congregation then arose and went for that 'ere sheep, but several well directed bats, just piled them in a heap.  
Then rushed they straightway for the door, with cusses long and loud, while rammy struck the hindmost man, and shot him through the crowd.  
The minister had often heard that kindness would subdue the fiercest beast—"Aha!" he says, "I'll try that game on you."  
And so he kindly, gently called: "Come, rammy, rammy, ram; to see the folks abuse you so, I grieved and sorry am."  
With kind and gentle words he came from that tall pulpit down, saying "rammy, rammy, ram; ram, rammy, rammy, ram—best sheepy in the town."  
The ram looked meek and on he came, with "rammy, rammy, ram; ram, rammy, rammy, ram; the nice little ram."  
The ram quite drooped its humble air and rose from off his feet, and when the parson lit he lay behind the hindmost seat.  
As he shot out the open door, and closed it with a slam, he named a California town; I think 'twas "Yuba Dam."  
Moral.—Kindness to the naturally vicious is often wasted.

**WHAT GREAT AUTHORS THINK OF WOMEN.**  
Woman is the crown of creation.—*Herbert.*  
He that takes a wife takes care.—*Franklin.*  
Women teach us repose, civility and dignity.—*Voltaire.*  
All that I am my mother made me.—*J. Q. Adams.*  
I wish that Adam had died with all his ribs in his body.—*Boniville.*  
Women forced out of their natural character become furies.—*William Hazlitt.*  
No man can either live piously or die righteous without a wife.—*Richardson.*  
All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of woman.—*Voltaire.*  
Learned women are ridiculed because they put to shame unlearned men.—*George Sand.*  
A woman, the more serious she is about her face, is commonly the more careless about her house.—*Ben Jonson.*  
For where is there any author in the world that catches such beauty as a woman's eyes?—*Shakespeare.*  
It is easier for a woman to defend her virtue against men than her reputation against women.—*Rochester.*  
Then gently see thy brother man, Still gentler sister woman! Though both may gang a kenneie wrong, To step aside is human.—*Burns.*

**THE VANDERBILT WILL.**  
Never before was such a last testament known of mortal man. Kings have died with full treasuries, emperors have fled their realms with bursting coffers, great financiers have played with millions, bankers have reaped and sowed and reaped again, great houses with vast acres have grown and perished and still exist; but  
The will of the late Mr. Vanderbilt, of New York, is a document of a different order. It is a document that will be read with interest and admiration by all who are acquainted with the history of the family. It is a document that will be read with interest and admiration by all who are acquainted with the history of the family. It is a document that will be read with interest and admiration by all who are acquainted with the history of the family.

**Attorneys-At-Law.**  
**J. M. STERSE**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Middleburgh, Penna.  
Offers his professional services to the community in English or German. Office at Post Office.

**JAMES G. CROUSE,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
MIDDLEBURGH,  
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Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
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AND DISTRICT ATTORNEY,  
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**A. W. POTTER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Selinsgrove, Pa.  
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Attorney-at-Law,  
Freeburg Pa.  
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