

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 XXIII

MIDDLEBURGH, SNYDER CO, PENN'A, MARCH 18, 1886.

NO 13

POETRY.

JUST THE SAME.

The girls are planning to get a beau;
They dress for party, ball and show;
And the old folks tell us it wasn't so
When they were young and used to go.
But the difference is really not more
Than a little change in the style of
dress;
And human nature itself, you see,
Is just the same as it used to be.

After the verse and prayer, were said,
The old folks sent the boys to bed;
And they lie still as though they were
dead,
Till daddy goes off in his dreams in-
stead,
Then down the back stairs so sly and
so slow;
The boys on tiptoe noiselessly go;
And the old man laughs in the morn-
ing to see
It's just the same it used to be.

The good old maids are waiting yet;
Over love affairs they froth and fret;
Of girls they never saw such a set;
Every one is a silly coquette.
But if backward something like forty
years
They would carry their meddlesome
eyes and ears,
In flirts and freaks of their own they'd
see
It's just the same as it used to be.

Of course, for the aged 'tis right to
hold
The years they were happy the best
that rolled;
But the truth is plain and ought to be
told,
That the world grows better in grow-
ing old;

And only love, in its show and flame,
Is ever changing, and yet the same
Freaks of fashion and change you see,
But it's just the same as it used to be.

AN ADVENTURE IN FLORIDA.

I had been employed by the great
Improvement and Reclaim Company,
Mobile, to explore and map certain
lands in Florida lying well down on
the edge of the great Cypress
Swamp. The company had purchas-
ed nearly 1,000,000 acres of wild
land in the location I have mention-
ed, and it was necessary for some-
one to visit it and walk over most of
the ground before it could be put
into market in the manner contem-
plated. I had been on the ground
three weeks, having two men with
me, when the adventure happened
which I am about to relate.

One morning the three of us left
our camp beside one of the lakes on
the upper St. John's for a tramp,
intending to return by evening.
While I made notes and kept the
topography, the men noted the vari-
eties of wood, nature of the soil,
and other details of interest. On
three different occasions we had
encountered white men in the dense
and lonely forest, and knew from
their looks and surroundings that
they were renegades from civiliza-
tion. Twice we had stumbled upon
rude camps occupied by negroes
and refugees.

We had traveled a distance of
perhaps three miles when I was
stung on the back of the right hand
by an insect resembling a hornet,
though much larger. In fifteen
minutes the pain brought me to a
halt, and my hand was swollen like
a puff ball. After a consultation, it
was decided that I should return to
the camp, and the men would push
on by compass and cover a certain
area, and come in toward night.
Before I had covered the distance
to camp I was near screaming out
with the pain, and my arm was puff-
ing up with the poison.

There was a remedy in the medi-
cine chest, but it was a full hour
before the pain was relieved. Then I
began to feel sleepy, and I bunked
down and was soon fast asleep. At
about noon, after a nap of two
hours, I was awakened by the sound
of a human voice.
"Say, you!"
I opened my eyes to find a white
renegade standing over me, holding
one of my revolvers in his hand.
"Get up!"

I sat up. All our goods in camp
had been packed up and taken away.
The man who confronted me was
the wickedest looking fellow we had
yet met in the swamps. His hair
and whiskers were so long and un-
kempt that little of his face except
his ugly black eyes and yellow teeth
could be seen. His clothing was
part cloth and part skins, and it was
plain that he had avoided civiliza-
tion for years.
"Get up and come," he growled.

"Who are you, and what do you
want?" I demanded, as I reached
my feet.

"Walk!" he commanded, pointing
to the west.
At that moment a third actor ap-
peared. It was a woman—tall, gaunt,
ferocious, and dressed in the same
nondescript costume as the man.
She came out of the jungle to the
west; and as soon as near enough
to make her words understood she
said:

"If he won't move, down him and
tie his hands and feet. We can tote
two such as him."
She had the other revolver in her
hand and I noticed that both had
hunting knives. I was unarmed,
still weak from the effects of the
poisonous sting, and entirely in
their power. The woman struck
into the jungle. I followed and the
man brought up the rear.

After a walk of about a quarter of
a mile we reached the bank of the
lake. Tied to a tree by a rawhide
rope was a floating cabin. The
foundation was a rough-made scow,
and the upper works, as they may
be termed, consisted of a long, nar-
row and stoutly made but of logs,
There was a chimney of mud and
sticks, from which smoke issued,
and two persons were on the bank
to receive us. One was a boy of
twelve or thirteen, and the other a
girl two or three years older. They
looked more like wild animals than
human beings, and talked in a lan-
guage so strange that I could not
understand a word.

"Go ahead," said the man, as I
balked on the bank; and I followed
the woman aboard the scow and in-
to the cabin. It was a house in
which there was but one room, with
the hides of cattle thrown over the
wild Southern moss for beds. There
was no stove, but a sort of fire place
made of stones, with two or three
iron kettles on the hearth as kitchen
furniture.

All our camp equipage had been
removed to the cabin, and my Win-
chester rifle stood in the corner. As
this was then a new arm I did not
believe they knew how to use it, but
my revolvers were Colt's old pattern
and loaded with powder and used
perussion caps.

"So that," said the woman, as she
pointed to a corner.
I went over and sat down on the
bed. It was not the corner in which
my rifle stood, but the weapon was
not more than ten feet away. The
woman then said something to the
children in her own mongrel dialect,
and both of them sat down facing
me and only three or four feet away.
Then man and wife cast off the rope,
and presently the boat moved slowly
down the lake to the north. The
lake appeared to be about three
miles wide by five long, and was
shut in by the dense forest.

The views I had through the open
door and the chinks between the
logs showed me that the craft was
near the shore. While the people
seemed in no great hurry to get
down the lake they kept the scow
moving at a fair pace until we were
about three miles from the place
where we embarked. A landing was
then made in the mouth of a creek,
and the scow was entirely hid from
sight of any one on the lake.
Hunter and tourists, and even small
pleasure steamers came up from the
main river as far as this lake.

It was mid-afternoon when the
boat was made fast. The pain and
swelling had now entirely departed
from my hand and arm, and the
helpless feeling which had come over
me when first captured had given
place to a determination to help my-
self out of the scrape. If I could
get hold of my rifle I would be a
match for the whole four of them.
I counted them as four, because the
boy and girl had hunting knives,
and would surely take part in any
scrimmage brought on. Their looks
and actions proved this. They
maintained their places directly in
front of me, and their eyes never
left me a second. They held their
knives as if they expected an at-
tempt to escape, and moaned to
thrust and cut if I tried it.

While the boat was moving there
was no show for me. A score of
alligators, some of monstrous size,
followed us in a procession, and I
had but to look out upon the lake
to realize that it was alive with these
ferce reptiles. One who jumped
overboard would be seized as soon
as he struck the water.

Not a word was addressed to me
until the boat had been tied up. Then
the man came in, took a single-bar-
reled rifle from under the other
bed, and after a few hurried words
with the woman outside, jumped
ashore and disappeared. When he
had gone the woman entered, lighted
a pipe, and, sending the boy
outside to watch, she sat down in
his place with the cocked revolver
on her lap. She had a face which
betrayed the mind of a boaster.

"Well, what are you going to do
with me?" I asked after a while.
"Feed you to the alligators," she
replied.
"Where has your husband gone?"
"To kill the other two men."
"What do you want to murder us
for? We have in no way injured
you."

"We was whipped and driv out of
the settlements, and we want re-
venge," she growled.
"But we had nothing to do with
it," I protested, in a firm tone.
"Can't help that. You come
punching on our claim," she an-
swered.
"But we'll go away."
"I guess you won't. We never
let any one get away to tell on us!"
I said nothing further; but by no
means looked upon myself as a dead
man. If worst came to worst I would
give them a fight. I could not move
then, with a knife and bullet ready
for me, and deemed it wiser to settle
back and bide my time.

The man had been gone about half
an hour when the faint report of a
rifle came to us through the trees.
The woman had been listening for it,
and as it came she gave a start and
cried out:
"There goes one of 'em."
"Who?" I asked.
"One of your partners. Dan has
dropped him sure."
There was such a fiendish, blood-
thirsty look on her face that I was
appalled, and the same expression,
to a certain degree, rested on the
faces of the children. Like dogs,
they licked their chops in anticipa-
tion of a bloody feast. In about half
an hour the man appeared. He had
a bundle of clothing in one hand and
two rifles and a scow in the other.

"Get one!" the woman asked as he
came aboard the ungainly craft.
"Yes."
"Didn't get them both?"
"No. The other got away. I'll
get him to-morrow," he replied.
"Get much?"
"Lots."
He had in his hand the suit of
clothes, rifle, and revolver belonging
to one of the men—George Sheen,
of Mobile. There were blood stains
on the clothing, and as he unrolled
the bundle I saw a bullet hole thro'
the vest. He had killed the man
and then stripped him stark naked.
Yes, he had boots socks, hat, every-
thing. The other man was Robert
Jackson, of Chicago, who had work-
ed with me for years. He had not
"got" him.

Why? Jackson was well armed and
a brave man. If he had been pres-
ent at the shooting of Sheen, he
would not have run away. Sheen
had an old-fashioned rifle; Jackson
had a Winchester. He would in
turn have killed the outlaw. The
two men must have been separated,
and the outlaw must have ambushed
Sheen.

Leaving the children to watch me,
the man and woman now cast the
scow loose and poled her out about
300 feet from shore. The sun was
getting well down, and our side of
the lake was in a deep shadow.
When the scow had been anchored
by a stone, the pair inspected the
personal property and counted the
money taken from the victim. The
outlaw then washed the blood from
his hands.

When they entered the cabin, or
house, the women produced some
cold meat and beecakes and threw
hunks to each one, including myself.
It was only after the provisions had
disappeared, I eating mine with the
rest, that the man addressed me.
"See yere, stranger," he said,
"what brought you up yere?"
"Looking over lands," I replied.
"Um! Who be you?"
I told him,
"Didn't count on seein' Black Dan
I reckon?" he sneered.
"No."
Which is unfortunate for you,
I've killed every land hunter who ever
set foot on my claim, and I'll keep
killin' 'em sure,
"We didn't come here to disturb
or annoy you," I said.
"It's jist the same thing. I'm
down on the hull human race for the

way I've bin used, and I'll kill when-
ever I kin git the chance. I've
dropped one of your fellers. To-
morrow I'll drop the other, and then
take keer of you. Git over thar and
lay down."

"Over thar" was the far corner
and entirely out of reach of my Win-
chester. When I bunked down in
my corner the gun was removed en-
tirely, and the family lay down in
such a way as to hem me in. For
the first three or four hours they
were like cats, starting up at the
slightest move, but toward midnight
I was satisfied that all were asleep.
I could not reach the firears with-
out stepping over the bodies, and
they knew that any effort on my
part to loosen a log would arouse
them.

About midnight, after a long and
cautious effort, I sat up. It was a
starlight night, and as there was no
door to the cabin, I could see out. I
was fully determined to make an
effort to escape, but when I came to
cavass the chances I had to aban-
don the idea. The alligators were
constantly about us, often rearing
up to paw at the logs, and unless I
could get hold of the firearms and
begin the fight, I should be wiped
out in any effort I made. I think I
slept an hour or two, and what aroused
me I cannot tell. I was still sit-
ting, and as I looked out upon the
night I saw a human figure draw it-
self up on the bows of the boat, I
at first supposed it was one of the
family, but a moment's observation
convinced me to the contrary. This
figure moved cautiously, as if desir-
ing its presence unknown, and was a
long time in reaching the door. It
then leaned against the legs and
made a long survey of the interior,
and finally sank out of sight. My
heart was beating like a trip ham-
mer, and I could not fathom the
mystery. Was it an Indian or an-
other outlaw? Moving so caution-
ly, what object had he in view? Had
I once thought of Jackson, I should
not have dared to hope he had come
back. I was strong, and I was
armed, and, too, I could not have believed
he knew of my whereabouts.

From the time I first caught sight
of the figure to daylight was prob-
ably an hour and a half, but it seemed
to me as if I lived five years. I had
no hopes that the man was a friend
and yet I could not look for a new
enemy. Perhaps, after all, it was
only one of the refugee negroes, of
whom scores were hiding in the
swamps, who had made his way to
the scow in hopes to lay hands on
provisions or clothing. I kept my
eyes on the spot where I had last
seen him, and as he did not reap-
pear began to feel that he had slip-
ped back into the water and return-
ed to the shore.

Did you ever watch the coming of
daylight when you felt that with it
might come some life or death trans-
action? The first sign came from
the birds. Then, afar up the lake,
came the cries of water fowl. A few
or some other animal stood on the
shore near where we had tied up the
night before and barked in an angry
voice. The stars paled and drifted
out of sight, and the interior of the
cabin began to light up until I could
distinguish the forms of the sleepers.

Where was the strange man—
friend or enemy? As if in response
to my query he suddenly rose up,
stepped noiselessly inside the door,
and the next instant a revolver be-
gan to crack and a voice shouted to
me.
"Keep down, Colonel; bug the
floor."
I rolled over on my face and I
heard yells, screams and groans. It
was all over in thirty seconds, and
some one called:
"All right, Colonel, I've wiped the
varmints out!"

I sprang to find Jackson standing
in the centre of the cabin, and on
the floor lay outlaw, wife and chil-
dren all dead. It was as if I had ar-
ranged the day previous. The two
men had separated in the woods—
Sheen to return directly to camp and
Jackson to hunt for game for sup-
per. The outlaw had ambushed
Sheen and killed him, and Jackson
had heard the report of the gun and
became suspicious. He hurried to
camp to find me gone and everything
taken, and had traced us to the lake.
He found indications to prove that
a boat had been used, and had follow-
ed the shore of the lake down until
he found the scow at anchor.

Not one man in a thousand would
have shown his nerve. He knew of
the alligators, could see a dozen of
them moving about, and yet he dis-
regarded, tied his weapons across his
head, and swam straight for the scow
and reached it unmolested. He saw
that the only way was to wipe out
all the gang, and as soon as daylight
would favor him he began his work.

When we had buried our comrade,
we made a close search of the float-
ing cabin, and we found indisputable
proof of the murder of five or six
persons. In an old wooden bucket
were two gold and three silver
vatches, several pocket knives, half
a dozen rings, and \$825 in gold, sil-
ver and greenbacks. As none of the
articles could be traced back to their
owners, and as vengeance had over-
taken the murderer, we felt no hesi-
tation in taking possession of every-
thing for the benefit of Sheen's wid-
ow.

The last act was to set fire to the
scow and push it into the lake. It
was as merciful to consign the bod-
ies to the flames as to see the alliga-
tors fight over them. Such human
wolves did not deserve to be buried.

Save His Life.
Mr. D. Wilson, of Horse Cave,
Ky., says he was, for many years,
badly afflicted with Phthisis, also
Diabetes; the pains were almost un-
bearable and would sometimes al-
most throw him into convulsions.
He tried Electric Bitters and got re-
lief from first bottle and after taking
six bottles was entirely cured and
had gained in flesh eighteen pounds.
Says he positively believes he would
have died, had it not been for the
relief afforded by Electric Bitters.
Sold at fifty cents a bottle by G. M.
Sbindel.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD,
PENNA. R. R. DIVISION.
Time Table, In effect April 6, 1885.
Trains Leave Lewistown Junction:
12:30 a. m., 3:00 a. m., 1:17 p. m., 4:28 p. m.,
7:00 a. m., For Altoona.
7:28 p. m., For Harrisburg.
11:30 p. m., For Philadelphia, New York, Balti-
more and Washington.

SUNBURT & LEWISTOWN
STATIONS. LEWISTOWN.
7:00 a. m. 7:15 a. m. 7:30 a. m. 7:45 a. m.
8:00 a. m. 8:15 a. m. 8:30 a. m. 8:45 a. m.
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When You Speak on Religious Topics
1. Don't talk too much.
2. Don't talk unless you are posted.
3. Give the best you have.
4. Don't talk when people are asleep.
5. Don't try to show off your learning.
6. Get hold of the most stupid man and you'll hold the rest.
7. Don't cry, but don't be afraid to make people laugh. Milk that sops one will stop the other.
8. Be natural; don't try to be some one else.
9. Avoid cant and pulpit tones.
10. Don't talk too long. A man in London, who preached until the people all left, said he thought it was a pity to stop when there was anybody to hear.
11. Don't hesitate to repeat what God says.
12. Don't keep on talking just because you are holding the audience. Send them away hungry.
13. While the people are gathering, use the time with song.
14. Shut where people stand. As the old Quaker said to the burglar: "Friend, I am going to shoot where three stand; they had better get out of the way."
15. Don't gesture and move about too much, and don't talk with your hands in your pockets.—D. L. Moody.

Nowhere to Lay My Poor Head
All day I've been trying for something to do.
I ask it from all that I meet;
I gave the last penny I had in the world.
To buy me a morsel to eat.
O pity and help me, the night is so cold,
And here I am starving, yes starv-
ing for bread.
A stranger and friendless, wander alone,
With nowhere to lay my poor head.
Dear father and mother, sister and brother,
Bitter we weep and shed,
Ah, little you dream I am homeless to night,
With nowhere to lay my poor head.

I look at the wealthy who pass me
with scorn,
Nor envy the young or the gay;
But oh, I remember, the time is not
long.
When I was as happy as they,
Though little of comfort our dwelling
could boast
And frugal and sparing our table
was spread,
I never have felt what I suffer to night,
With nowhere to lay my poor head.

I've tried to be cheerful through hun-
ger and want,
But now I can bear it no more;
His features grew livid, exhausted
and weak—
He sank at the steps of a door
It seemed for a moment that help
was too late,
That life from his bosom forever
had fled,
That God in His mercy had called
him to rest,
And pillowed his poor weary head.
A Christian disciple bent over his
form
In tender compassion and love,
He sought to restore him, he mur-
mured a prayer,
'T was heard by our father above,
The stranger, in friendship, a wel-
come had found
The sunlight of joy o'er his pathway
is shed,
Nor wonders he lonely and homeless
by night,
With nowhere to lay his poor head.
—Fannie Crosby

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with scorn,
Nor envy the young or the gay;
But oh, I remember, the time is not
long.
When I was as happy as they,
Though little of comfort our dwelling
could boast
And frugal and sparing our table
was spread,
I never have felt what I suffer to night,
With nowhere to lay my poor head.

I've tried to be cheerful through hun-
ger and want,
But now I can bear it no more;
His features grew livid, exhausted
and weak—
He sank at the steps of a door
It seemed for a moment that help
was too late,
That life from his bosom forever
had fled,
That God in His mercy had called
him to rest,
And pillowed his poor weary head.
A Christian disciple bent over his
form
In tender compassion and love,
He sought to restore him, he mur-
mured a prayer,
'T was heard by our father above,
The stranger, in friendship, a wel-
come had found
The sunlight of joy o'er his pathway
is shed,
Nor wonders he lonely and homeless
by night,
With nowhere to lay his poor head.
—Fannie Crosby

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SCROFULA

Usually develops in early life,
and is a peculiar morbid con-
dition of the system, usually
affecting the glands, often re-
sulting in swellings, enlarged
joints, abscesses, thickening
of the lips, enlarged neck, sore
eyes. A scrofulous condition
is often hereditary, but bad
diet, too free use of fat meats,
bad air, want of sunshine and
nourishing food will induce
it. Some people are troubled
with scrofulous swelling of the
glands, and with ulcers and
kernels, which may cause very
little pain; others may have
ward scrofula, scrofula of the
lungs, scrofula of the spleen,
scrofula of the kidneys, and
scrofula of the bones. BUR-
DOCK BLOOD BITTERS will
drive away any case of scrofula,
and not to appear in another
place, for their action on the
disease entirely from the body.

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Feb. 17, 1885.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE—
The estate of GEORGE S. MUSSEY late of Franklin
County, Pa., deceased, having been
granted to the undersigned, all probate
papers, together with the real estate are
required to make immediate payment, and
those having claims will present them duly
authenticated to the undersigned for set-
tlement.
H. J. KEISER,
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Selingsrove, Pa.
Feb. 11, 1886.

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