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, MAY 13, 1886 NO 21

—:POETRY:—

THE EVER GREEN PINE

Oh, a valient tree is the ever green pine,
That grows on the bleak mountain side;
Not a fear does it feel of the wind or the storm,
As it stands like a king in its pride.

The lightnings may flash 'round its tall waving crest,
And the wind 'mid its branches may rave;
But it stands in its strength like a lion at bay,
Or a hero, who'll ne'er be a slave.

Oh, a sorrowful tree is the ever green pine
That grows in the sweet smiling vale,
Its murmurs forever a low, plaintive song
That resembles a 'lorn lover's wail.

It stretches its strong, shady branches abroad
And it sighs to the flowers below,
And it tells of the sorrow corroding its heart
To the breezes that merrily blow.

Oh, a beautiful tree is the ever green pine
That grows on the hill's sloping side;
It shelters the woodbird, gives shade to the deer,
And makes cheerful our house, far and wide.

Then honored and loved be the ever green pine
That fears neither lightning nor gale,
And cherished still more be the sorrowful tree
That sighs in the sweet smiling vale.

—*M. J. Riordan.*

A NOBLE REVENGE

A fair, fragile-looking boy, of apparently some fourteen years, stood leaning over the railing in the counting room of Glendon & Co., the great importers and merchant princes of the city of Boston.

There was a look of piteous pleading in his soft brown eyes; and his pale sad face spoke more than words could tell of the fear and anguish with which his young heart was so cruelly rent.

"It is not myself that I care for," he sobbed, gazing at the hard-featured man who was writing at one of the desks, "but it's my mother, sir—this shock will kill her!"

"Young man, you ought to have thought of that before," replied the hard featured man, in a cold, harsh tone.

"But I'm innocent, sir. Indeed, sir, I never took the money."

"How, then, do you account for the possession of part of the bills?"

"I can account for them in no other way, sir, than that I must have received them in change."

"But where?"

"I cannot tell where."

The stern merchant, for it was Mr. Glendon himself, looking up, while an ugly light beamed from his merciless eye.

"William Sanderson!" he exclaimed, laying his watch upon the desk, while the hard lines around his face became still harder, I will give you just five minutes to reveal what you have done with that money. If at the end of the time you are silent, I shall give you in charge of the officer."

And he resumed his writing.

The boy leaned still further over the mahogany railing, and the great sobs which shook his frail form, it would almost seem, would have moved a heart of adamant.

But the merchant was made of even sterner stuff, and not once look up until the five minuts had expired.

"Now, sir!" he said taking up his watch with an impatient gesture and glancing at the boy.

"I cannot tell, sir; for indeed I did not steal it, sir—I came honestly by those bills."

"Enough said," was the merchant's quiet rejoinder, as he stamped his foot upon the floor.

"Oh, spare me, sir—spare my mother," pleaded the boy, tears of anguish and shame streaming down his cheeks. "Be merciful and heaven will reward you Oh——"

"Enough said!" repeated the merchant with stern emphasis. "Not another word from you, sir—not another word!"

And half dead with terror, William Sanderson was dragged away to the prison.

"Only a woman fainted, your honor," said the sheriff, in response to the interrogatory of the judge, next day, in the crowded public court room.

But, with one wild spring, William Sanderson cleared the prisoner's dock, and was beside the inanimate person.

"Oh, mother, speak to me!" he cried, as kneeling down he placed his cheek to hers. "Oh, I am not guilty—indeed I am not—my innocence will yet be proved. Oh, will not some one bring a glass of water—anything quick!" and he glanced around wildly upon the array of pitying faces.

A medical gentleman who chanced to be present stepped forward.

Giving her a hasty glance, he knelt beside the boy and placed his hand quickly upon her heart.

Then an expression of awe stole over his grave face, and he turned sorrowfully to the almost palid figure at his side.

"Be brave, my boy," he said, as he placed one hand upon the youth's head. "I cannot do anything for her; she is past all mortal help.

In a dazed sort of a way the lad arose and looked around him.

"Make way for an important witness," called the crier, from the extremity of the court room near the door.

There was a hurried consultation on the bench, and then Thomas Elisler was called to the stand.

His testimony was straightforward and conclusive.

He had received the bills from Mr. Glendon himself in change for a draft. Mr. Glendon having called his attention to the fact that they were marked at the time. And he had paid them out to William Sanderson, in change; expecting to hear from them again.

But having just at that moment read a paragraph in the morning paper in relation to the case, he had hastened to the courtroom to prevent an injustice from being done.

Mr. Glendon admitted now that he recollected the circumstances of the payment, which had slipped his memory.

With a strong reprimand of Mr. Glendon the judge ordered the discharge of the prisoner.

Utterly humiliated, the stern merchant approached William Sanderson. Even his hard heart was melted.

"Forgive me, William," he said, holding out his hand; "I will give you back your old place, and double your pay also, in consideration of my error."

Then, for the first time, did the poor victim arouse from his lethargy.

"Will you give me back my dead mother?" he demanded fixing his eyes, in which now glittered a steely light, upon those of his employer.

"No I cannot do that," replied the merchant, still proffering his hand, "but I will repair, so far as lies in my power, the wrong I have done you. Let us be friends."

"Never!" exclaimed the youth, the steely glitter increasing to a glare. "Never will I be friends with my mother's murderer. There will be a grave between us—a grave that I will sometime avenge."

And he brushed by the merchant and was lost in the throng.

Twenty years have passed away, bringing its usual vicissitude and changes.

The great house of Glendon & Co. had gone down in the midst of a terrible financial panic, such as frequently sweeps over the country and Mr. Glendon was a poor man, dependant for his daily bread upon the labor of his son, who held a clerkship in the rapidly rising establishment of Sanderson & Allen.

But suddenly this support to his declining years seemed about to be taken away.

Roger Glendon was accused of forgery.

"It cannot be true," the old merchant repeated to himself; "yet I will go and see."

And he hastened to the counting room of his son's employers.

He found the senior partner of the firm alone.

"I have called," he said "in relation to the reported accusation against my son. Tell me, is it true?"

The gentleman gave a great start of surprise, when he began to speak, but when he had concluded, arose and handed him some papers without a word.

In them he discovered ample evidence that would convict his son.

"Spare him!" he pleaded, as he returned the papers. "Spare him, for I assure he never meant to wrong you and he will some time pay you to the utmost farthing. Be merciful to my gray hairs, sir—he is all the support and dependence of my declining years—and let them not be brought in sorrow to the grave."

"Not another word, sir," was Mr Sanderson's reply. "I wish to hear no more. Your son will not suffer unjustly, as I once did."

Something in the speaker's tone arrested the old man's attention, and he gazed at him fixedly.

"Do you know me sir?" inquired the rich merchant.

"I think I have seen you somewhere," replied the petitioner, "but where, I cannot recall to mind."

"Do you remember that scene in the police court room years ago when the mother of an innocent boy, who had been falsely accused by you, fell dead with surprise and horror at beholding her son in such a place? Don't you remember William Sanderson?"

The old man uttered a gasping cry and tottered back against the wall.

"Heaven help me!" he moaned, "for your hour of vengeance has come at last."

"Can you call on heaven for help?" demanded the merchant. "The Book says, 'With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again,' does it not?"

His visitor answered not a word, but appeared entirely overcome with his weight of agony.

William Sanderson rested his head upon his hand a moment in thought.

Then he grasped the papers, and walked to the man's side passed them into his hands.

"Take them," he said, the steely glare in his eye giving place to a softer light; "take them and destroy them. They are the only evidence of your son's crime."

The old merchant gave a joyful gasp.

"Do you mean it?" he cried, clutching them firmly.

"I mean so," replied William Sanderson, nervously.

"Then you forego your vengeance?"

"Yes, I will restore your son to you, free from every taint upon his name. I will keep him in my counting room. I am not afraid to trust him now, for he will be as grateful to me as I should have been to you, had you chosen to spare me. Good day."

And William Sanderson had completed his revenge.

NOSES AND EARS.

With the astrologers a large nose was always a sign of much character of some kind, but what was determined by other characteristic marks. A Roman nose was a sign of a courageous temper and a disposition to face and overcome difficulties, while a more strongly aquiline nose was an indication of rapacity; the idea being evidently borrowed from the similarity of this description of beak to that of an eagle, the most rapocious of birds. The snub-nose showed little character but much temper, while the Greek nose, even, straight and regular, was a sign of the temperament of the owner. Large nostrils indicated good lungs, health and long life, while swelling nostrils showed a warlike spirit and fire. A very sharp nose was considered an indication of a busybody, while a bluntness at the end of this member was an outward sign of the possessor's mental lack of acuteness. Large ears were always bad, the similarity between their owner and the donkey being supposed to extend further than the ears, while small ears were always good. The lobe of the ear passing insensibly into the cheek was a sure sign of a thief and a liar, while an exceedingly sharp division between the two indicated honesty and candor. Thick ears meant thick brains, while thin, delicate ears declared their possessor to be a man of refined intelligence.

Telephone is feminine—it talks back.

Drawing instruments—Mustard plasters.

Curious transformation—When a horse is turned into a pasture.

NUMBER THREE.

When the world was created, we find land, water, and sky; sun, moon and stars.

Noah had three sons.

Jonah was three days in the whale's belly.

Our Savior passed three days in the tomb

Peter denied his Saviour thrice.

There were three patriarchs—Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

Abraham entertained three angels

Samuel was called three times.

"Simon, lovest thou me?" was repeated three times.

Daniel was thrown into a den with three lions, for praying three times a day.

Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego were recued from the flames of the oven,

The Ten Commandments were delivered on the third day.

Job had three friends.

St. Paul speaks of faith, hope and charity, these three.

Those dreams of the baker and butler were to come to pass in three days.

Elijah prostrated himself three times on the body of the dead child

Sampson deceived Delilah three times before she discovered the source of his strength.

The sacred letters on the cross are I H S; so, also, the Roman motto was composed of three words, "*In Hoc Signo.*"

There are three conditions for man—earth, heaven and hell; there is also the Holy Trinity.

In mythology there were the three Graces; Cerberus, with his three heads; Neptune, holding his three-toothed staff; the Oracle of Delphi cherished with veneration the tripod; and the nine muses sprang from three.

In nature we have male, female and off-spring; morning, noon and night.

Trees group their leaves in threes; there is the three-leaved clover.

We have fish, flesh and fowl.

What could be done in mathematics without the aid of a triangle? witness the power of the wedge; and in logic three premises are indispensible. It is a common phraise, three is a lucky number.

WONDERFUL CLOCK.

A clock manufacturing firm in Calcutta, India, have lately completed a very ingenious time piece in the shape of an eight-day clock, which strikes the hours on a large, full-toned gong and chimes the quarters on eight bells. In connection with the clock there is a perpetual calendar which gives the correct days of all the various months, including the twenty-nine days of February in the leap-year.

There is also a military procession worked by the clock, representing various branches of the British army, consisting of artillery, cavalry and infantry, and the staff in review orders. There is also a sentry on duty who salutes a drummer, who beats the drum, and a bugler who raises his bugle to his mouth every few minutes. All of these figures are arranged at the top of the dial.

There is also a musical instrument which plays while the procession is marching in review.

Near the bottom of the clock is placed a military band which is concealed by a curtain, and which is raised every hour when the music is playing and the procession moving, and falls again immediately after the clock has struck and remains drawn until the next hour.

The case, made of ebonized mahogany, is about six feet high, three feet six inches deep, highly ornamented with brass trimmings. The circles on the dial to show minutes, hours, days of the months, etc., are engraved and silvered. The center and sides of the dial are richly enameled. At the sides of the case are massive brass ornamental handles and ornamental fret-work.

"Pray tell me the difference dear,"
Said Edward to his lass,
"There is between a store cashier
And the teacher of a class?"

The damsel sweetly said: "I will,
This difference you will find:
The store cashier he minds the till,
And the teacher tills the mind."

A policeman, like a man climbing a ladder, goes the rounds.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

The Centaur Company, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

Dr. MARAND ROTHROCK,
Fremont, Snyder county, Pa.
[illegible]

Dr. E. W. TOOL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Freeburg, Pa
[illegible]

B. F. VAN BUSKIRK,
SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST
Selinsgrove, Penn
[illegible]

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE.—[illegible]
SARAH I. MUSSER, Administratrix.

NURSERY.
REV. C. W. WALTER, Salesman [illegible] Newark, New York [illegible] Jan. 21 '86.

WHAT IS DYSPEPSIA?

Among the many symptoms of Dyspepsia or Indigestion the most prominent are: Variable appetite; faint, gnawing feeling at pit of the stomach, with unsatisfied craving for food; heartburn, feeling of weight and wind in the stomach, bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, low spirits, general prostration, headache, and constipation. There is no form of disease more prevalent than Dyspepsia, and none so peculiar to the high living and rapid-eating American people. Alcohol and tobacco produce Dyspepsia; also, bad air, rapid eating, etc. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will cure the worst case, by regulating the bowels and toning up the digestive organs. Sold everywhere.

TIRED OUT!
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
THE BEST TONIC
[illegible]
Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

GENUINE MERIT IS SURE TO WIN.

We believe the RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE has real, genuine merit. It is this faith which has led us to put our money into it so liberally. We have put more into it than money—money could not buy the fair name we have gained by twenty years of honorable business dealing right here on Market St., Philadelphia, and yet so great is our faith in the Russian Rheumatism Cure that we are willing to stake our reputation on it as a safe, speedy and permanent cure for all Rheumatic troubles. Could we offer any better guaranty of good faith? Others besides ourselves have tested its merits, and add their hearty and unequivocal endorsement.

We send to all who ask it a pamphlet containing much of such testimony. And yet if you have Rheumatism, why suffer one day longer than is necessary. It costs only $2.50 to be cured, and while you are making up your mind to try it you might be made well. The

RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE

has saved every Rheumatic sufferer who has given it a fair trial. It is for you to decide whether or not it shall cure you.

Price $2.50. If mailed, 10c. additional. If registered, 10c. more.

One box does the business. RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE. None Genuine without this Trade-Mark.

As yet it is not to be found at the stores, but can only be had by enclosing the amount as above, and addressing the American proprietors,

PFAELZER BROS. & CO.
819-821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Attorneys-At-Law.

J. M. STEESE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Middleburgh, Penn'a.
[illegible]

JAMES G. CROUSE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
MIDDLEBURGH, PA
[illegible]

JACOB GILBERT,
Attorney and Counselor at Law
MIDDLEBURGH, PA.
[illegible]

WM. E. HOUSWERTH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SELINSGROVE, PA.
Collections and all other legal business promptly attended to. Consultations in English and German. June 24

A. H. DILL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Lewisburg, Penn'a
All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. Sept. 29, '80.

H. G. DEITRICH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Market St., Selinsgrove, Pa.
All professional business promptly attended to. Consultations in English and German. Feb. 22 '80.

F. E. BOWER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
AND DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
Middleburg, Pa
[illegible]

CHAS. P. ULRICH,
Attorney & Counsellor At Law
[illegible]
Selinsgrove, Penn'a.
[illegible]

T. J. SMITH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
[illegible]

A. W. POTTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Selinsgrove, Pa.,
[illegible]

H. H. GRIMM,
Attorney-at-Law,
Freeburg Pa.
Consultation in both English and German Languages.

JOHN H. ARNOLD,
Attorney at Law,
MIDDLEBURG, 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 Camera House. Dec 20, 1877 1y2

JOHN K. HUGHES,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Kratz, Snyder Co., Pa.
Collections promptly made.

Physicians, &c.

H. J. SMITH,
Physician & Surgeon,
Beaver Springs, Snyder County, Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public. Office on Main street. June 2 '80.

J. W. SAMPSEL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Centreville, Penn'a.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Centreville and vicinity. Aug. 2, '80.

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, '80.

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

Accounts.

The following Accounts have been filed of record and passed in the Prothonotary's office, and will be presented to the next court of Common Pleas for confirmation. All persons interested will take notice. [illegible]

W. W. WITTENMYER, Prothonotary.

Trial List, May Term 1886.

[illegible]

W. W. WITTENMYER, Prothonotary

Court Proclamation

WHEREAS the Hon. Joseph C. Bucher President Judge of the 20th Judicial district composed of the counties of Snyder, Union and Mifflin, and Samuel A. Wetzel and Jacob A. Smith, Esqs. Associate Judges in and for Snyder county have issued their precept bearing date the [illegible] day of April A. D. [illegible] and to me directed for the holding of an Orphans court, a court of Common Pleas, court of Oyer and Terminer and General court of Quarter Sessions of the peace at Middleburgh for the county of Snyder on the 4th Monday [illegible] of May 1886, and to continue one week. [illegible]

NERI B. MIDDLESWARTH, Sheriff.

Register's Notices.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following named persons have filed their administration, Guardian and Executors accounts, in the Register's Office of Snyder County, and the same will be presented for confirmation and allowance at the Court House in Middleburgh, Monday, May [illegible] 1886. [illegible]

H. [illegible], Register and Recorder.

"Fire Insurance stands between us and Poverty."

H. HARVEY SCHOCH, Selinsgrove, Pa.

Represents the following FIRST CLASS STOCK COMPANIES: [illegible]

Sheriff's Sale.

Whereas by virtue of a writ of Fi. Fa. issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Snyder county and to me directed, I will expose to Public Sale at the Court house, in the Borough of Middleburgh, on

Saturday, May 22nd, 1886,

at 10 o'clock a m the following described real estate to wit [illegible]

Thirty Acres,

more or less, with the appurtenances. Seized and taken into execution and to be sold as the property of [illegible]

NERI B. MIDDLESWARTH, Sheriff. Sheriff's office, Middleburgh, April 26, 1886.

Sheriff's Sale!

Whereas by virtue of Sundry Writs issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Snyder county, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose to public sale, at the Court House, in Middleburgh, on

Friday, May 14, 1886,

at 10 o'clock, A. M., the following real estate, to wit:

Ven. Ex.

Being all that certain lot of ground situate in the town of Freeburg, Snyder county, Pa., bounded north by New Market Street, east by Willow Street, south by an alley and west by lot of Lydia Fisher, containing ONE-FOURTH ACRE, more or less, whereon are erected a two story frame DWELLING HOUSE, BLACKSMITH SHOP, and other necessary outbuildings. [illegible]

Sheriff's Office, Middleburgh, [illegible]