

The Middleburgh Post.

T. H. HARTE

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, JUNE 17, 1886.

NO 26

POETRY

Where are Wicked Folks Buried?

Tell me, gray-headed sexton, I said,
Where in this field are the wicked folks laid?

In our journey through life, the further we speed
The better we learn that humanity's need

Therefore, good deeds we record on these stones;
The evil men do, let it die with their bones;

HER FAIR, FALSE FACE

It all comes back to me now, the bitter misery and despair
That came to me when I knew my darling was false to me

When I think even now of that one great sorrow of my life,
And of the wee most bitter woman I loved

I tell you my story, and the story of others as well;
But I must tell you it in my own way

I was only twenty-five when I first met Aralie Cameron,
And she was then a beautiful girl of eighteen

I was naturally romantic, and like the Lord of Rosna,
My great ambition was to be loved for myself alone

I never told Aralie Cameron this, I let her think me a struggling lawyer,
And as such I wooed and won her

When morning dawned I still sat in the one chair where all night
I had reviewed my dishonor

"I will survive it, Jane," I said,
"Yes, yes, my boy, along with your mother's name you have her strength"

"She has dishonored a proud name, Jane. I feel worse than had I borne my father's."
When I had inherited my mother's money I had to take her family name

It was June; the red roses bloomed fragrant as they twined
Arched the columns of the rustic veranda

thought came to me then, as I stood at the door with sunshine around me,
Of the horror that awaited me when it would open.

Almost impatiently I rang the bell for the second time, and glanced at the windows to see if my darling's face was smiling down upon me.

"What is it, Jane?" I inquired anxiously. "Is your mistress ill?"
"What is the matter, Jane?" For God's sake, speak!

"I went to pass her, but she caught my arm, and burst into tears.
'Oh Master Guy! Master Guy!' she cried.

"Her hand trembled as she drew out the note bearing my name.
'Poor old soul!' she more than suspected the fatal truth.

"I mechanically opened the letter; but not even at the first reading did I realize what had befallen me.

"I made a fool of myself when I became your wife, I would never have done so, only I thought you were making believe poverty,
For I had heard a hint of things you had done before you met me

"As I came up the avenue again, my thoughts full of my father,
A lady came along the shady path below; a tall graceful woman, I saw at a glance with something strangely familiar about her carriage.

"That is my wife, Guy," he said, "she is not beautiful enough to make pardonable my mediocrity as they call it."

"Beautiful enough! Ah, heavens! Yes, for that moment I saw the perfect features, the crown of wavy hair, the crimson carving lips of the woman I had loved."

"A sharp cry left my lips. My eyes did not deceive me. Clad in silken robes and costly lace, Aralie stood before me.

"The night passed on, and still I writhed with my agony; the midnight bells rang out, and still I sat gazing into darkness.

"O, Master Guy, do not take it so hard!"

"In that moment her humble sympathy was more bearable than that of an equal would have been,
For she spoke the tears filled her kindly eyes.

"I will survive it, Jane."

"She has dishonored a proud name, Jane. I feel worse than had I borne my father's."

When I had inherited my mother's money I had to take her family name even than my father's.

The next day I sailed for the new world, intending to remain for some time.
I had only been out one short month when a letter came from home

"At my father's death my brother would inherit all the vast estates of the Flemings.
For they were strictly entailed."

"It seems foolish, after all, to open old sores, but the memory of that home-coming is back with me now, even stronger than the memory of the horrors that followed."

"When I woke to consciousness I was what I am now—the lonely master of this vast estate, for I had been too late to save my father's life.

"I never married again. People call me a misanthrope, but never thank God, a cynic, and wonder why I have not done any good."

"I never married, though I was at liberty to do so, for after my recovery Aralie went away and four years afterward I looked upon her dead face.

"This is the story of Fleming, and the reason why I, its master, have never been claimed again by the light of woman's eyes, nor won by a smile on her lips."

"That ain't long enough," said the old fellow. "Let's put it on him huzton."

"My brother looked at me. "You have frightened her, Guy, by the way you looked at her.
I think you must be crazy."

"He lifted Aralie in his arms and carried her to the house, while I followed, almost doubting the whole occurrence."

"When Fenelon was alone with Louis XIV, his majesty was astonished to find one Sunday,
Instead of a numerous congregation, only himself and the priest."

"What do you intend to do?" she said, the paper dropping from her fingers,
which I saw at a glance was my father's will, for he owned other wealth besides the entailed estate."

"At this instant a servant entered, and Aralie stole out without bearing my answer.

"You will spare me, Guy? You will not betray me?" she cried, clasping my arm.

Do you think I would be a party to the... I would never have done so, only I thought you were making believe poverty...

was a perfect devil when his temper was roused.
"Lead me here to-morrow night," I said, "and I will give you my daughter, baby Aralie, Jane to attempt my father's life again, and as sure as there is a God above me, I will hang you over to the law!"

"You would steal my wife from me, you scoundrel!" I heard Vernon's voice cry, as he leaped forward beside me.

"I saw a pistol gleam in the air. I felt a sharp, sudden pain in my side, then as I fell I thought I heard a woman's scream, and the second report of a pistol, and I remembered no more."

"When I awoke to consciousness I was what I am now—the lonely master of this vast estate, for I had been too late to save my father's life."

"I never married again. People call me a misanthrope, but never thank God, a cynic, and wonder why I have not done any good."

"I never married, though I was at liberty to do so, for after my recovery Aralie went away and four years afterward I looked upon her dead face.

"This is the story of Fleming, and the reason why I, its master, have never been claimed again by the light of woman's eyes, nor won by a smile on her lips."

"That ain't long enough," said the old fellow. "Let's put it on him huzton."

"My brother looked at me. "You have frightened her, Guy, by the way you looked at her.
I think you must be crazy."

"He lifted Aralie in his arms and carried her to the house, while I followed, almost doubting the whole occurrence."

"When Fenelon was alone with Louis XIV, his majesty was astonished to find one Sunday,
Instead of a numerous congregation, only himself and the priest."

"What do you intend to do?" she said, the paper dropping from her fingers,
which I saw at a glance was my father's will, for he owned other wealth besides the entailed estate."

"At this instant a servant entered, and Aralie stole out without bearing my answer."

Do you think I would be a party to the... I would never have done so, only I thought you were making believe poverty...



CASTORIA for Infants and Children. Castoria comes from Castor oil, Opoponax, Four Branch, Licorice, Euphorbia, Milk Worms, Glycerine, and promoters of Digestion.

DR MARAND ROTROCK, Fremont, Snyder county, Pa. Attorney at Law. J. M. STEESE, MIDDLEBURGH, PA. ATTORNEY AT LAW.

DR E W TOOL, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, FREEDBURGH, PA. DR B F VAN BUSKIRK, SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST, SELTSGROVE, PENN.

DR J W SEIP, KREMER, SNYDER COUNTY PA. JACOB GILBERT, Attorney and Counselor at Law, MIDDLEBURGH, PA.

WAL R HOU SWERD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SELTSGROVE, PENN. A. H. BILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, MIDDLEBURGH, PA.

H. G. BRITTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, MARKET ST., SELTSGROVE, PA. E. E. BOWER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND DISTRICT ATTORNEY, MIDDLEBURGH, PA.

THOMAS P. CURTIS, Attorney & Counselor at Law, Office in Apple Building on North Third Street, Seltsgrove, Penna.

T. J. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, MIDDLEBURGH, PA. A. W. POTTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SELTSGROVE, PA.

H. H. GRIMM, Attorney at Law, MIDDLEBURGH, PA. JOHN H. ARNOLD, Attorney at Law, MIDDLEBURGH, PA.

SAMUEL H. ORWIG, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA. JOHN K. HUGHES, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, KANTO, SNYDER CO., PA.

Physicians, &c. H. J. SMITH, Physician & Surgeon, Beaver Springs, Snyder County, Pa.

J. W. SAMPSEL, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Centreville, Penna. G. EDGAR HASSINGER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, MIDDLEBURGH, PENN'A.

I. GRIER BARBER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, MIDDLEBURGH, PENN'A. RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE, Price \$2.50.

LIVERY STABLE. GEORGE WALTER, Proprietor, MIDDLEBURGH, PA.

AGENTS WANTED! For The Great New Book, "THE WORLD'S WONDERS" BY J. W. FELL.

E. L. Radabaugh, BEAVER TOWN, PA. SEWING MACHINES.

SALESMEN WANTED. For the sale of the best of Sewing Machines, SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. HARVEY SCHUGH, SELTSGROVE, PA. Pure Rye, Copper Distilled Mountain Dew Whisky at \$2.00 per gallon or 60 cents per quart.

THIRTY YEARS A DETECTIVE. BY ALLAN PINCKERTON. Continues through and comprehensive exposure of Criminal Fraternities of all kinds and classes.

ASTHMA CURED! GERMAN ASTHMA CURE. For Our RUMBLE WANTED New Book.

THE LIGHT RUNNING TOM. SEWING MACHINE HAS NO EQUAL. PERFECT SATISFACTION. New Home Sewing Machine Co., ORANGE, MASS.

Advertisement for BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, THE BEST TONIC. It is a medicine combining iron with pure vegetable tonic, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Debility, Headache, Melancholy, Chlorosis and Neurasthenia.

Advertisement for A Philadelphia Lawyer. Practitioner in this profession, says, "Don't put in a man in public but make sure you see a man who will take your case."

Advertisement for THE LIGHT RUNNING TOM. SEWING MACHINE HAS NO EQUAL. PERFECT SATISFACTION. New Home Sewing Machine Co., ORANGE, MASS.