

# 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.

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## —POETRY—

### Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder.

It was early in the summer when my love and I last parted; she the seasight sought and left me in the city broken hearted— I to swelter through the summer, she on sea-kissed shores to wander; But her last words gave me comfort: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

How I loved the little letters that from time to time she sent me! As I read, it seemed that they a momentary sea breeze lent me— When she wrote of picnics, bathing, yachting trips; then made me ponder Well the truth of that old saw: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Oh she spoke of her admirers; how she made them dance attendance. Made them carry books and baskets, and forswear their independence: Spoke of one she nicknamed Crossus, who on her his wealth would squander; But she added, "Dear old goose, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder.'"

So I worked away, quite happy, thro' the broiling summer weather, Longing for the coming autumn, when we'd walk the world together. Though her letters were less frequent still I very often pondered; Last one, where the postscript told me "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Fewer still were now her letters, and she wrote: "I'm very busy." I expostulated—mildly—with my wayward witching Lizzie: Once more came the same old answer—any other seemed beyond her: "Don't you know, you stupid Willie, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder.'"

One more letter yet; she sent me while she at the seaside tarried, Laughing at our "mild flirtation," telling me that she was married: And 'twas thus her note concluded— "As I read my face turned yellow: 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder—fonder of the other fellow'!"

## LOVES VICTORY.

Miss Luter, you will walk out with the children today, after so long a period of confinement, the first favorable weather should be improved; and, Miss Luter, I beg you will pay more attention to Geneva's I observe that she has a bad habit of stooping—a very unbecoming thing in a Dacie. You must watch her unceasingly. Miss Luter, and never relax your vigilance for a moment; and I am sorry to find that Adelaide, too, is not so forward in her history as I could desire. Yesterday she was unable to tell who killed Julius Caesar.

"Remember, Miss Luter, you are here, not only to teach a thing, but to enforce it. You are never to give way to indolence, even for a moment, but to keep every nerve on the strain, for the responsibility of educating a Dacie is no small one."

Mrs. Dacie, who delivered the foregoing harangue, was a dark-haired little woman, with a low forehead, an arched nose, a small mouth, which in speaking, and a brilliant, restless, implacable eye, cold, measured, and acerbously polite in manner, untiringly energetic, entrenched in pride and prejudice, and always decided on every point, unless it were the question whether the Dacies were actually formed out of the same vulgar dust as the herd of people who were toiling, loving, hoping and fearing around her.

But she and Miss Luter, her governess, had anything in common besides the quarterly salary that formed the bond of union between them, she would have denied most emphatically; and yet among all the portraits that graced the walls of the library where she was sitting, there was not one face so fair as that of May Luter—a girl with features just sufficiently irregular to render them piquant; cream-like, colorless skin; scarlet lips; a profusion of soft brown hair; brown eyes, and a look that reminded you involuntarily of lilies, and pearls, and snow-white roses, and all pure, pale, sweet things—a poetical dreaming, impassionate face, but promising none of that wily activity so much desired by Mrs. Dacie; that was to straighten Geneva's stooping shoulders and finish up Adelaide's history.

Not the shadow of an emotion of any kind had gleamed in her mar-

velous eyes as she listened to Mrs. Dacie's instructions; and though that august lady actually waited a moment, as if for an answer, before gathering up her silk morning robe and sweeping from the room, a silent bend of the head was Miss Luter's only answer, as she turned to look out of the window.

Mrs. Dacie had called the weather favorable, but the lowering sky and the high wind made the morning seem anything but a propitious one, and the pretty stream that turned lazily half-a-dozen mill wheels, and tumbled itself over a succession of dams, with a murmur that hardly rose above the hum of the summer air, now rushed furiously past, black swollen and foaming, penetrating even the substantial walls of the Dacie mansion with its sullen foreboding roar.

Looking and listening to it, May Luter did not hear a door open, and steps approaching, till a hand was laid on her shoulder, and a pleasant voice said, close to her ear:

"May, I have lost my book again, and can't find it. Have you seen it? Waves of color suffused her pale face, and a sudden light leaped into her eyes for an instant; but drawing her breath hard, and compressing her full lips, she answered coldly:

"I saw it half an hour ago, Mr. Dacie, on the right hand corner of the dining room table."

"Right hand corner of the dining room table?" he repeated laughingly.

"What exactitude! It is quite evident that there is a register somewhere in that busy brain of yours, where are duly catalogued all your neighbors' missing articles. May I ask you if you are as fearfully exact also about their shortcomings and misdoings?"

"If I am," she returned, still without looking at him, "that is my secret, I think."

"Ah, I understand the hint, but pardon me if I don't take it. I heard you speak the other day of leaving us shortly. Have you thought what in that case, was to become of me?"

Has it ever entered into your provident little head that my life, before I knew you, was one perpetual and fruitless search after missing papers, books, etc., and that should you be cruel enough to carry out your threat, you would leave behind you a distracted, and from henceforth, handkerchiefless, hatless, careless, aimless man?"

"You had better advertise for a valet with sharp eyes and a good memory," she returned in a tone of wounded pride.

Mr. Dacie made an impatient movement, got up, and walked across the room, and coming back, seated himself close beside her, and took her hand.

"May," he said gravely, "there has been enough of this jesting; it is unworthy of us both. You know well what I would say to you. Stay and be my wife."

She started, and turning quickly towards him, her face glowed, her eyes alive with unutterable emotion; but checking herself instantly, she answered more icily than ever:

"I think you would find the valet more economical."

Mr. Dacie sprang up as if stung by an adder.

"You are unjust and ungenerous," he said energetically. "You know better than any one else whether the words I have just spoken were mere mockery or the outburst of a truthful passion. You know, for you must have felt what a subtle sympathy has existed between us from the time that our eyes first met; how our thoughts, even when unexpressed, seemed to find echoes and answers in the other's face—how deep-lying, truly, tenderly, I have loved you, and I think, with this knowledge, that I am not unreasonable in asking of you at least a serious answer."

For the third time, the traces of strange and powerful emotion were visible in May Luter's face, and again and again she turned impetuously towards him, only to relapse the next instant into an expression of more frigid indifference than before. She had waited an instant after he had finished speaking, as if combating some internal foe, and then answering with a sort of grim determination,

"You should have it, Mr. Dacie, I do not love you."

"She was rushing away, but he caught her hand.

"May—May! You are not speak-

ing the truth! May, I know that you love me. You cannot look into my eyes and deny it."

"You have misunderstood me, with a man's usual vanity," she replied haughtily; and tearing herself from his grasp, ran into the hall where she met Mrs. Dacie.

"Miss Luter; you may put on your hat and shawl," said the stately little lady, "and go over to Mrs. Marchmont's for me. She has some patterns for me this morning, and was to explain them to me, but I find myself disinclined to exertion this morning, and there are none of the servants with sufficient intelligence to remember the instructions. You will be kind enough to hurry back, Miss Luter, as Geneva will be waiting for her French lesson, and—why are you mad? You are going out without your hat!"

"Do you think it safe for Miss Luter to go?" asked Arthur, who, hearing his mother's command, came out laid on her shoulder, and a pleasant voice said, close to her ear:

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store the lifeless girl's consciousness.

All her life she had died and believed herself a christa woman; but if at that moment there was anything like a prayer in that very heart, it was that the pitiless current might have beaten every sparrow life from out that fragile form.

There was a stir in the little group.

"She's alive, Mr. Arthur," said one of the women, turning to the young man, who stood near, eagerly watching them, and careless of the blood oozing from a wound near his temple.

"Sue's come to."

May's eyes slowly opened, and wondering over the group around her, fixed themselves at last on his pale anxious face with a troubled look, as though she were trying to recall something, and she beckoned him towards her.

"I have been face to face with a power mightier than my pride, and it has conquered me. My first act shall be to unsway the lie I told you—I do love you."

Arthur knelt beside her, and carelessly of the wondering crowd, kissed her pale cheek again and again.

Mrs. Dacie burst through the little group like a flame.

"Get up, shameless boy!" she said sternly, "and come home!"

Arthur tightened his grasp on May's half lifeless form.

"Come home!" she reiterated. "The blood of the Dacies can never mingle with that which flows in her veins."

The young man's eyes flashed and the veins stood out on his forehead.

"Mother," he said hoarsely, "May Luter is my betrothed bride, and it will not be safe, even for you, to repeat such words in my presence."

Mrs. Dacie regarded him for a moment with a look in which anger and affection were strangely blended; then, seizing her by the arm, and shook her.

"Speak!" she exclaimed, "Creature, scum! whatever low-born things like you may be called! Silence!" as some of the crowd cried "Shame!" "Were she dead she would answer me. How dare you love my son? How dare you draw your miserable breath, to come between my son and me? Why did you not perish in yonder stream, rather than drag my son down from his high position? You, whose daily bread was earned as a servant in my house! I wonder my look does not kill you."

May raised her head proudly.

"Mrs. Dacie, an hour ago, the dread of hearing some such words from you made me false to Arthur and myself. But death staring me close in the face taught me another and a different lesson. Your son loves me, as I do him, with a deathless love. It has conquered my pride which had some show of reason, since it took the form of self-respect; and it is no more than just that your insane and impious arrogance should serve as another trophy of Love's Victory."

The Plymouth Valley creamery in Berks county consumed during the month of May 189,533 pounds of milk.

There is a call for the members of the 188th Pennsylvania volunteers regiment to hold their reunion at Saubury, September 29th and 30th.

Conrad Bush, who disappeared from Dunmore, Lackawanna county twenty one years ago, reappeared there a few days ago to find that his wife had died several years ago.

J. H. Wilhelm, well known in the south-eastern portion of the state as a paw-wow doctor, died recently at Robesville.

The amount of money returned to the state department by the commissioners of Clinton county as being liable to state tax by reason of being invested in mortgages judgments, etc. is \$1,142,000. Last year the amount returned was \$182,560.

"Are you the judge of reprobrates?" said Mrs. Partington, as she walked into an office of a judge of probate. "I am a judge of probate," was the reply. "Well, that's all I expect," quoth the old lady. "You see my father died detested, and he left several little infidels, and I want to be their execution-

## JOSE BILLINGS ON MARRIAGE

History holds its tongue as to who the pair was who first put on the silken harness, and promised to work it kind thru thick and thin, up hill and down, and on the level, swim, drown, or flote. But whatever the woz, the must have made a good thing of it, or so many of their posterity would not have harnessed up since and drove out.

There is a great moral grip to marriages—it is the mortal that holds them together.

But there ain't but darn few folks who could sit down and give a good written opinion why on earth they come to d.d it.

There is a great proof that it is one of them natural kind of accidents that must happen just as birds fly out of the nest when they have feathered enough, without being able to tell why.

Sam marry for buty, and never discover their mistake: this is lucky.

Sam marry for money, and don't see it.

Sam marry for pedigree, and feel big for six months, and very sensibly come to the conclusion that pedigree is no better than skim milk.

Sam marry because she has been histed somewhere else; this is a cross match, a bay and a sorrel; pride may make it endurable.

Sam marry for love, without a cent in their pockets nor a friend in the world, nor a drop of pedigree. This looks desperate, but it is the strength of the game.

If marrying for love ain't a success, then matrimony is a dead beat.

Sam marry because she think wimwin will be scarce next year, and live to wonder how the crop holds out.

Sam marry to get of themselves and discover that the game was one that two could two play at, and neither win.

Sam marry to get a good time to get even, and find it a gambling game—the more they put down the less they take up.

Sam marry to be happy, and miss it, and wonder where all the happiness goes to when it dies.

Sam marry they can't tell why, and live they can't tell how.

Almost everybody gets married, and it is a good juk. Sam think it over carefully first and then set down and merry.

But ways are right if they hit the mark.

Sam marry rakes to convert them. This is a little risky, and it takes a smart missionary to do it.

Sam marry coquettes. This is like buying a poor farm heavily mortgaged, and working the balance of your days to clear off the mortgage.

Married life has its chances, and this is just what gives it flavor. Everybody loves to fool with chances because everybody expects to win. But I am authorized to state that everybody don't win.

But after all married life is fall as certain as the dry goods business.

No man can tell exactly where he will fetch up when he catches calico.

No man can tell just what calico has a mind to do.

Calico don't always know herself. Dry goods of all kinds is the child of circumstances.

Sam never marry, but this is just the same with another name to it.

The man who stands on the bank shivering is more apt to catch cold than he who pitches headlong into the river.

Marry young is my motto.

I have tried it, and know what I am talking about.

If anybody asks you why you get married; say you don't recollect.

Musser's foundry at Millheim, will soon be put in operation with F. Kaarr and D. Lane, proprietors.

A few years ago a community was started at Anaheim, Cal., the principal feature of which was that only uncooked vegetable food was to be eaten by its members. One by one they have either starved to death or lit out for pastures new, where the blushing beefsteak and festive lamb chop are wont to lie peacefully side by side. Two are left, the leader a male, and a woman, who are still content to nibble at a lettuce head, like a pink-eyed rabbit, or wade through the mysterious depths of an uncooked cabbage, but the old-time luster has departed from their optics and they are so thin and weak they cannot leave their beds.

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