

# The Middleburgh Post.

T. H. HARTER.

He that will a reason is a bigot; he that cannot is a fool; he that dare not is a slave.

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## POETRY.

### THE FARMER'S WIFE.

BY LAURA E. ALLEN.

From the rosy land of dreams  
She comes at early morning;  
The dew upon the meadow gleam,  
Fair as a bride adorning.

Aroma from the waving pines,  
And fields of blooming clover;  
The noisy brook that sings and shins,  
With willows bending over;

The eastern sky glows all aflame,  
As though, to one beholding,  
The gold and sapphire clouds that came  
Were heaven's gates unfolding.

But all this glory stands apart,  
For charms her with her beauty,  
For care sits heavy on her heart,  
Where falls the line of duty.

The cows await the milking time  
With soft and patient lowing;  
The sturdy farmer, in his prime,  
Must hasten to his mowing.

His wife must speed the morn's repast  
And work with nimble fingers,  
For farmers all, from first to last,  
Make hay while sunshine lingers.

And when the meal is o'er, the pails  
Of foaming milk are waiting,  
With fragrance caught from sunny vales,  
To future joys relating.

The cream lies thick, like cloths of gold,  
Where shining pans are brimming,  
Their riches gathered fold on fold,  
All ready for the skimming.

Then, later, as in olden days,  
With much of stir and flutter,  
By weary hands the dasher plays,  
And wins the golden butter.

And so the day goes on, and on,  
No time for rest or pleasure;  
"A woman's work is never done,"  
Is true in fullest measure.

### TERRIBLE TIME ON THE CARS.

There is something about the average Chicago young man that exposes him, and exposes anybody that gets in with him. He is full of practical jokes.

Last week Mr. Eppenetus Hoyt, of Fond du Lac, went to Chicago on a visit. He is a pious gentleman, and his presence anywhere will be conducted on the square.

Mr. Hoyt knew a young man named Johnny Darling, who was attending Rush Medical College, and through him was permitted to visit the dissecting room, and gave upon the work being done there. Mr. Hoyt was introduced to a number of the wicked young men who were carving the late lamented, and after he got accustomed to the climate he rather enjoyed the performance.

What young Mr. Darling told the boys about Mr. Hoyt, will, perhaps, never be known; but as Mr. Hoyt passed around the slabs where they were at work, each made a contribution from the "stiff" he was at work upon to Mr. Hoyt's coat pockets unbeknown to him. While one was calling his attention to a limb that he was dissecting, another would cut off an ear, or a nose, or dig out an eye, and drop the same into Mr. Hoyt's overcoat pockets. Finally he bid the boys good-by, thanked them for their courtesies in showing him around, told them if they ever came to Fond du Lac his pew in church was at their disposal, and he skipped for the train and got on board.

The seats were all occupied, and a middle-aged lady, with a slim face and spectacles, and evidently an old maid, allowed him to sit beside her. The car was warm, and it was not long before the "remains" began to be heard from. He was talking to the lady upon serious matters, when he smelled something. The lady had been smelling it for some miles back, and she had got her eye on Mr. Hoyt, and had put her handkerchief to her nose. He took a long breath and said to the lady:

"The air seems sort o' fixed here in this car, does it not?" and he looked up at the transom.

"Yes," said the lady, and she turned pale and asked him to let her out of the seat. "It is very much fixed, and I believe that you are the man that fixed it!" and she took her suitcase and went to the rear of

### THE HEIGHT OF SUBLIMITY.

I can sell for eighteen hundred and thirty-nine dollars, a pallas, a sweet and pensive retirement, located on the virgin banks of the Hudson, containing 85 acres. The land is luxuriously divided by the hand of nature and art, into pasture and tillage, into plain delectivity, into stern abruptness and the dalliance of moss-tufted meadow; streams of sparkling gladness (thick with trout) dance through this wilderness of buty, low the low mask of the cricket and grasshopper. The evergreen sighs as the evening zephyr fits through its shadowy bazzam, and the aspen trembles like the love-smitten harte of a damsel. Fruits of the tropics on golden buty, melt on the laws, and the bees go heavy and sweet from the fields to their gauding hives. The stable stars worthy of the steeds of Nimrod or the steeds of Achilles, and his henery was bid expressly for the birds of paradise, while in the distance, like the cave of a horse, glimmers are caught on the dorg-house. Here poets have come and warbled their lays, here sculptors have cut here painters have robbed the scene of dreamy landscapes, and here the philosopher discovered the stone which made him the alchemist or natar. As the young moon hangs like a cirting of silver from the bla breast of the sky, an angel may be seen each night dancing with golden tip-toes on the grass.

(N. B.—The angel goes with the place)

### NOT USED TO PRAYING.

I heard a very amusing story the other day in connection with the recent hurricanes. A gentleman, quite well known in this city, was hurrying along to reach his home, when the storm burst upon the city with all its fury. He sought refuge in a house where there were a number of ladies congregated, all of whom were frantic with terror. After a little the storm increased in fury, the house rocked and swayed before the furious winds, several windows were blown in, and it looked as though the whole building would be destroyed. The women rushed around wringing their hands crying and bemoaning their fate, when suddenly one rushed up to the gentleman and frantically besought him to offer up a prayer. In a moment he was surrounded by the other women, who clung to him and begged him to pray. He was not by any means collected himself, and besides he was not up at all in prayers, but there was no escape for him, so he prepared to comply with their request. He knelt down, but owing to the excited condition of his mind and to the fact that he had not prayed for some time, he found himself utterly unequal to the occasion. He could not think of anything. He was dumb. Soon he became desperate, and without a thought as to the appropriateness he pronounced the following brief exhortation, which he remembered to have formed a part of the grace his father used to say many years ago: "Oh Lord make us thankful for that which we are about to receive." Just then three or four windows blew in, a couple of chimneys blew over, and the prayer meeting broke up in confusion.

### Lawyers Not Altogether Bad.

A lawyer up in the country was called to defend a Mexican for some serious crime, and he got him off.

"What fee did you get?" somebody asked him.

"Well, the fellow was very grateful—very grateful. After the trial he came to me and emptied his pockets. He had twenty dollars, and a watch, and a jack-knife."

"And you—"

"I took the twenty dollars and the watch. I gave him back the jack-knife. D—n it, you didn't expect me to rob the poor devil?"

### They Met by Chance.

No word was spoken when they met. By either—sad or gay, And yet one badly smitten was, As was remarked next day. They met by chance this autumn eve, With neither glance nor bow, They often came together so— A freight train and a cow.

### HEART BEATS.

Dr. N. B. Richardson, of London, the noted physician, says he was recently able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar by a simple experiment. The scholar was sitting the praises of the "roddy bumper," and saying that he could not get through the day without it, when Dr. Richardson said to him: Will you feel my pulse as I count it carefully; what does it say? Your pulse is seventy-four. I then sat down in a chair and asked him to count again. He did so and said: Your pulse has gone down to seventy. I then lay down on the lounge, and said: Will you take it again? He replied, why, it is only sixty-four; what an extraordinary thing! I then said: When you lie down at night that is the way nature gives your heart a rest. You know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent, and if you reckon it up it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by 60 and it is 600; multiply it by 8 hours, and within a fraction it is 5,000 strokes different; and as the heart is throwing ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of 50,000 ounces of living during the night. When I lie down without any alcohol, that is the rest that my heart gets. But when you take your wine or grog you do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and instead of getting this rest you put on it something like 15,000 extra strokes, and the result is you rise up very seedy and unfit for the next day's work. Will you have a little more of the "roddy bumper" which you say is the soul of man below.—Scientific American.

### She Wanted to be a Christian.

A very thin woman had felt the power of the Spirit and had been converted, and she appeared before the session to pass the preliminary examination.

"Have you experienced a change of heart?" asked the elder, gently.

"Yes, sir, I believe I have."

"And you want to live a new life?"

"Yes, sir, I hope I do."

"Are you willing to renounce the world, the flesh and the devil?"

"Do I have to do that?"

"Certainly, if you would be a consistent Christian."

"Can't I give up two of them and still go into the church?"

"No, the renunciation must be complete."

"Well, then, you must excuse me. I want to be a Christian, I want to give up the world and the devil, but if a woman, as thin already as I am, has to give up any more flesh, she might as well give up wanting to be a Christian, and go and join a sideshow as the great American only living skeleton. Gentlemen, you will have to excuse me. I want to join the church, but I'm not prepared to join a sideshow this summer."

—The Drammer.

### Champion Kiss of the Country.

A Springfield, Ill., belle was visiting in this city for the State capitol the young lady was describing to a friend of mine, with whom she had visited, the "Bloomington kiss," as she was pleased to term the salutations which some fortunate but bold admirer was permitted to give. She said "the first time she was kissed by a Bloomington man she felt like a big tub of roses swimming in honey, cognac, nutmegs and cranberries. She also felt as if something was running through her nerves on foot of diamonds, escorted by angels, shaded by honeysuckles—and the whole spread with melted rainbows."

—Burlington (Ill.) Eye.

### The Men who Won Our Independence.

O, few and weak their number were,  
A handful of brave men;  
But to God they gave their prayer,  
And rushed to battle then.  
They left the plowshare in the fold,  
Their flocks and herds without a fold,  
The sickle in the unshorn grain,  
And muster'd in their simple dress,  
For wrongs to seek a stern redress—  
To right these wrongs, come weal,  
Some woe,  
To perish or overcome their foe.

Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.  
"It is more blessed to give than to receive," remarked the pupil.

A bank cashier seldom goes off until he is loaded and then he makes no report.

A Western man has a cyclone cellar in which he retires when his wife commences housecleaning.

When a miner has been eaten by a grizzly the Western people speak of him as being admitted to the ban.

When you strike oil stop boring. Many a man has bored clean through and let the oil run out at the bottom.

Every married man should join some good society, and as good as any, is the society of his wife and children.

Every man who carries a pistol ought to be obliged by law to wear it in a belt at his side, and have it labeled "emotional insanity."

A new post office in the South is called Laundry. It is hoped that it will not be true to its name, and cause the mails to go astray.

Coming home at two A. M., he found his wife dressed in deep black and inquired the reason. "Mourning for my late husband."

"John, I fear you are forgetting me," said a bright-eyed coquette to her sweetheart, the other day. "Yes Sue, I have been forgetting you these two years."

It is a mean wretch who will slyly drop a hair switch in a car loaded with women, and then smites as he sees every woman make a grab for the back of her head when she notices it.

Brigham Young's grave is utterly neglected, and his widows never visit it. They went there once to cry over his remains, but it made the ground so slippery that they all caught cold.—Lansy's Optic.

Each man has a limited right to the good things of this world; and the natural allowed way by which he is to compass the possession of these things is by his own industrious acquisition of them.

Bobby was very much impressed by the remark of the minister at church that man was made of dust.

"Ma," he said, after a thoughtful frown, "was I made of dust too?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Well, how is it, then, that my birthday comes in January? There ain't no dust in January."

A teacher requested a pupil to parse the following sentence: "She played on the piano." The pupil began thusly: "Sheep is a common noun; third person; plural number and on," cried the teacher. "Who said anything about sheep?"

"She played on the piano," was the sentence. "Oh, I thought it was 'Sheep laid on the piano,' and I wondered what the marten heads wanted to lay sheep there for."

A new rival brass band was hired to play at the funeral of a Connecticut deacon. They were playing a slow and solemn dirge at the grave when suddenly the trombone man shot out a blast that startled the hearse horses and broke up the entire procession. The leader turning upon him asked him what he was doing that for. He answered with a snarl: "Gosh, a thought it was a note, and it was a huffy; but I played it."

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