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

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—:POETRY:—

WITHERED VIOLETS.

She was my first, my only love,
And now she lies so still,
With flowers upon her mute, white breast,
That used to throb and thrill.

And I can scarcely think she is dead,
She must be only sleeping;
O, heart of mine I pray thee let
Me soothe myself with weeping.

I cannot weep, my heart seems bound
Up in an iron grasp;
The source of all my grief is held
Within her hand's dead clasp.

A bunch of withered violets
I gave her long ago,
She holds them still in death's cold sleep
And will not let them go.

I stand beside her cold, dear form,
And kiss her golden hair;
And gaze upon her calm, white brow,
Like Parian marble fair.

How hard it seems that death should take
My bride that was to be;
It may be just, but if it is
It seems not so to me.

BUILDING THE BIG TOWER.

ON THE PHILADELPHIA PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Ground was broken for the foundations of the big tower of the Public Buildings fifteen years ago, by the late John Rice, who was then president of the Public Buildings Commission and the first stone of the foundation was laid on the 12th of August, 1872, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The great tower had reached an altitude of 295 feet 6 inches and the material in it weighs 60,000 tons. Assistant Architect John Ord said that the marble work would be completed in another year, so that by next August the iron-workers can begin to erect the iron clock tower and the dome. That part of the tower will take four years more to finish, so that it will be 1891 when the big bronze statue of William Penn is placed on the dome and the tower will then be declared completed.

From the street to the top of William Penn's broad-brimmed bronze hat will be a distance of 537 feet 4 inches, and the tower will then weigh 66,792 6-10 tons. The iron-workers will have a height of about 200 feet to erect, and as only a limited number of men will be able to work on the clock tower and the dome it is calculated that their work will take fully four years after the stone part is finished. The stone masons and bricklayers are working on their last story now, which will be 50 feet high; of this story 8 feet and 2 inches of the marble had been set up to last night which leaves 41 feet and 10 inches of marble work to be built by next August.

The foundation walls are 15 feet high to the surface of the ground and 26 feet thick. Underneath these walls concrete 8 feet 6 inches thick is laid on the gravel bottom. The concrete cake is 100 feet square and on this rests the foundations. A well in the centre of the concrete is 7 feet below the concrete at a depth of 30 feet 6 inches below the ground surface. The cellar of the tower, from the concrete to the ground surface, is 15 feet high and 37 feet square. The walls of the tower at the base or ground surface are 21 feet 3 inches thick on the south side and 23 feet thick on the north. The east and west walls are 29 feet thick over all. The walls of the ground floor or first story are 21 feet thick. At the level of the roofs of the buildings the tower is 71 feet square and the walls are 14 feet 6 inches thick and remain the same thickness to a height of 160 feet above the street. From a point 170 feet high almost to the beginning of the iron work the walls will be nearly 14 feet thick. The marble blocks run from 3 to 4 feet in thickness and are fastened to the inner brick walls with galvanized clamps. Flues a foot square, two at each corner of the tower, will run down through the brick work, and great iron posts will pass through them to a depth of about 100 feet to anchor the iron clock tower and the dome.

The bronze statue of William Penn, which will be the pinnacle of the dome, will measure 36 feet from the feet to the hat. Each foot will be 4 feet 8 inches long. Penn's bronze waist will measure 144 inches. The bronze hat will be as large as the cover of a buggy, and a finger of one of the bronze hands will be almost as large as a man's arm. At the four corners of the clock tower, just at the base of the dome, 150 feet below Penn's statue, there will be four groups, in bronze, one at either corner—an Indian and his dog, a squaw and her boy, a Swedish settler and his boy and a Swedish woman peasant and a lamb. Each one of these groups will measure 24 feet in height. These four groups will weigh 39 tons, and it will take three months to place them in position. The plaster cast of the squaw and her boy is standing in one of the big rooms over the Supreme Court chambers.

The Building Commission have only recently given the clock consideration. The clock committee has just been appointed, with Richard Peltz chairman. The clock will be the largest in the world. The dial will be 25 feet in diameter and the centre of the dial will be 361 feet above the street. The dial will be illuminated by electricity, and it is calculated that the time can be seen at night from any point in the city, and with a field glass the position of the hands can be distinguished at a distance of fifteen miles. The minute hand of the clock will be 12 feet long and the hour hand will measure 9 feet in length. It is feared that the hands will be so massive that the wind will blow them around, and that the correct time will not be indicated in stormy weather. The size of the Roman figures on the dial will be two feet eight inches in length. A steam engine will be placed in the tower to wind the clock up every day. The clockmakers who have been invited to give their views concerning the building of the clock all say that nobody in this country is able to build such an enormous timepiece. It will take a whole year to place the clock machinery in the tower after the structure is completed. The bell for the clock is to weigh between 20,000 and 25,000 pounds. The State House bell weighs 13 000 pounds. The bell for the tall tower is to have more than double the penetrating power of sound of the State House bell and will be calculated to peal out so loud that it can be heard in a distant part of the city. There will be what is known as Westminster chimes and they will ring on the quarter, half, three-quarters and hour. This bell will be the next heaviest on this continent. The heaviest is in the Cathedral at Montreal and weighs 28 560 pounds. "Big Ben," in Westminster, weighs 30,000. The big bell in Moscow, the heaviest in the world, weighs 432,000 pounds. The walls of the clock-tower will be lined with enameled bricks, to throw out the sound of the bell, and a huge sounding-board will be erected to carry the sound out over the city.

Two big elevators will carry visitors from the ground floor of the tower to the visitors' observatory. There will be four large open spaces eight feet wide leading out on to broad balconies at the bottom of the clock story. Workmen are busy setting the stones for the balconies. The observatories will be 293 feet above the street level. The observation room leading out on to the balconies will be 39 feet in diameter in octagonal from and the ceiling of the room will be 35 feet high. The room will accommodate about one hundred persons comfortably and about fifty persons will be able to stand on the balconies at one time. The openings eight feet wide leading on to the balconies from the observation room will not be inclosed. They will be open to snow and rain. It is not intended that visitors will make the ascent in stormy weather and it is not probable that small children will be allowed to go up on the observatory.

There are several men working on the tower who have been employed on the structure since the ground was broken. Aaron Poole and Alonzo Sick, an Italian, were at work. They have built themselves up foot by foot day by day for the past fourteen years. Now the tower is so high that the workingmen don't go down to the ground for dinner. The elevator only runs up one hundred feet and they have to climb ninety-five feet now on ladders to their work. The workmen get no more than men at work on ground, although their lives are in constant danger. A man stood on the very edge of a big block of marble setting it plumb and looking down two hundred and ninety five feet into the hollow square at the people, who looked about as big as walking-sticks. Only one man has been killed on the tower, although 13 men have lost their lives on the buildings proper. The man on the boom of the big derrick that hoists the huge blocks of marble walked about on a narrow board 350 feet above the ground, as indifferently as if he had been in his bed room. He said that he had been up there so long that all men seemed small to him when he saw them after he reached the street at night when his day's work is done. The Delaware river, to the naked eye, looked like a sluggish, muddy creek, and a big steamship steaming up stream off the mouth of the Schuylkill looked like a small tug-boat. A train of cars going over the bridge across the Schuylkill just above the Girard avenue bridge looked like a lot of cigar-boxes on wheels. Trees at a distance looked like big cabbage-plants and the "Neck" had the appearance of a good-sized base ball field.—*Phila. Times.*

SLEEP WALKERS.

A gentleman was discovered at 1 o'clock in the morning in a neighbor's garden engaged in prayer, evidently under the impression that he was in church, but otherwise in a deep sleep.

A young man—of whom Petrus writes—used to get up in his sleep, climb on to his castle battlements, seat himself astride them, and then whip the wall, under the impression that he was mounted upon his steed.

Dr. Pritchard had a patent who was particularly fond of horse exercise and used to rise at night, find his way to the stable, saddle his horse, enjoy a gallop, and finally come back, knocking at his own front door in a somnambulistic condition.

Dr. Macanish, of Edenburgh, gives an account of an Irish gentleman who swam more than two miles down a river, got ashore and was subsequently discovered sleeping by the roadside, altogether unconscious of the extraordinary feat he had accomplished.

Dr. Haycock, the eminent Oxford divine, would often rise from his bed at night, give out his text, and, while sound asleep deliver an excellent sermon upon it. He was frequently watched, but no amount of tugging, pulling or pinching ever succeeded in arousing him.

Professor Fishnell, of Basel writes of a young student of Wurtenburg College, who used to play hide and seek while fast asleep. His fellow students knew of his propensity, and when he bgan "walking" threw bolsters at him, which he always eluded, jumping over bedsteads and other articles in his way.

Moritz gives an instance of a poor and illiterate basket-maker who was unable to read or write, yet in a state of sleep vigil he would preach fluent sermons, which were afterwards recognized as having formed portions of discourses he was accustomed to hear in the parish church as a child more than forty years before.

A young girl given to sleep walking was in the habit of imitating the violin with her lips, giving the preliminary tuning and scraping and flourishing with the utmost fidelity. It puzzled her physician a great deal until he ascertained then when an infant the girl lived in a room adjoining that of a fiddler, who often performed upon the instrument within her hearing.

Not more than six years ago, an unhappy mechanic in Edinburgh was tried before the high court there for the murder of his own child. It was proved that he arose from his bed at night, and, fast asleep, took the infant from beside its mother and dashed it furiously against the wall. The evidence showed that the wretched father had a propesity for somnambulism, and his own explanation of the matter was that he dreamed he was attacked, and had struggled with his assailant. Of course the man was acquitted.

The brother of Lord Culpepper in 1685 got up, saddled his favorite charger, and went for a ride in the park being all the time sound asleep. One of the sentries on duty being unaware of the condition in which the officer was, refused to allow him to pass, whereupon the Hon. Mr. Culpepper drew his pistol and deliberately shot the poor man dead on the spot. When tried at the old Bailey for murder he pleaded somnambulism, and, as it was proved that he was addicted to the habit, and that he was found to be asleep when arrested immediately after the tragedy, he was acquitted.—*Philadelphia News.*

COST OF FALSE HAIR.

"What is the longest piece of hair you ever handled?

"I sold a piece of hair in New York to Mr. Diblee, a dealer there, that was seventy-four inches long. For this I received $20 an ounce. There were ten ounces in the piece. He made it into a switch and sold it to a customer for $750. I have some hair now that is some fifty odd inches long." Here Mr. Siccardi showed the reporter a trest of dark brown hair that reached from the shoulder to the floor when held perpendicularly. "This," he said, "is worth $20 an ounce."

"Costs something, don't it?"

"Umph, that's not a circumstance. Here is a packet of white hair—lift it."

It weighed a ton, comparatively speaking, as it was a very small bundle.

"That," he continued' "is worth $50 an ounce, wholesale."

"Then you can stow away many thousand dollars worth in a small store?"

"Well, I should smile. There are a row of switches hanging there that you could pack in a small valise that are worth at least $2,000. There is a shelf full of small rolls ready to work into wigs, &c., that are worth on an average $12 an ounce.

Search after Knowledge.

An Arizona editor recently sent postal cards to all the prominent citizens of the place, requesting them to give an answer to the question, "Why are you an honest man?" Some of the replies which he publishes are curious. One answers: "It must be because of my durned cussedness; I always did like to be different from other people." Another says that he is honest because he has never held any public office. Another indignantly answers, "What d'ye take me for—an angel?" Another sarcastically remarks, "I suppose you're a goin' to start a museum and are lookin' for freaks. Well, count me out; I'm not one." Another, a professional labor agitator, wrote in blood-red ink, on a postal card, "What are ye givin' us?" While the editor of the opposition paper volunteered the answer that he scorned to lay bare the palpitating mainspring of a noble and honest soul at the request of a dishonest reptile and political parasite. The editor is so well pleased with the results of his inquiry that he intends soon to ask for answers to the question, "What do you take for a cold?"

STOP MY PAPER.

The Sun and Banner of Williamsport says: After you get on your ear and make up your mind to stop your paper to make the editor feel humiliated, just poke your finger into water and then pull it out and look for the hole. Then you will know how sadly you are missed. The man who thinks a paper cannot survive without his support ought to go off and stay awhile. When he comes back he will find half of his friends didn't know he was gone; the other half didn't care a cent, and the world at large didn't keep any account of his movements whatever. You will probably find something in your home paper you cannot indorse. Even the Bible is rather plain and hits some hard licks. If you were to stop your paper and call the editor all sorts of ugly names, the paper would still be published. And what is more, you will sneak around and borrow a copy of it every week.

The resurrection is the silver lining to the dark cloud of death, and we know the sun is shining beyond.

LIFE

In the glittering day-beams of our boyish years, we fondly cherish bright hopes and a happy future. To our free and cloudless vision, all is a continued lifetime of joy, love and happiness. Well is it for us that in childhood's hour, we dream not of the coldness, the heart chilling frigidy of the world. We look as far into the future as we can, and naught but smiles and gladness meet our view. All is sunshine: no sorrow, no care to render us miserable. Ask the bright-eyed, laughing boy, bounding over the meadows in the noonday sun, what dreams are his? Not of the cares and perplexities of the great struggle of life. The bright side is towards him. He looks not upon the other. It is well he does not. And yet this world is not all a dark storm. There is much of brightness and gladness in it. There are many cheering rays which light up the pathway of the wandering pilgrim, and guide him in his narrow way to his upper home.

LIVE MEN MAKE A LIVE TOWN

It takes live men to make a live town. Dead men are only fit to inhabit cemeteries. If they are really dead, dead all over, we tenderly lay them away in the sleep of the tomb; but if they are dead to all enterprise and spirit outside of the limits of their own selfish interests, and yet persistent in walking around, moving their dry bones and calloused heart and conscience where real business is wont to throb and push with vigor, they are only the drone bees—in the way are stung to death and dragged outside the legitimate industry. Twenty real live men are worth more to a town and the public general than a round full thousand of such useless material that lay around like rubbish, in a rushing stream that is aching and foaming to turn mills and factories. Yes, live men bless, and dead men curse a town.

The following humorous verses, from the pen of Phœbe Carey, have never before been published. They were recently found by Gen. S. F. Cary while looking through some old papers of the famous sisters:

No matter how strictly according to Hoyle
You may shuffle your cards or your own mortal coil—
How you play out your best cards or what you conceal—
There is one who can beat you and give you the de'il.

In the sharp game of life you may win the first trick;
But, after you've cut your last cards and your trick,
Then, deuce take in all, even though you die game,
Whether kings, queens, or knaves, he will take you the same.

You will find life at last a pretty grave joke,
For you can't let it pass and you can not revoke;
Gabriel takes you at last, you may like it or lump,
For he'll order you up, and he holds the last trump.

Most Excellent.

J. J. Atkins, Chief of Police, Knoxville, Tenn., writes: "My family and I are beneficiaries of your most excellent medicine, Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption; having found it to be all that you claim for it, desire to testify to its virtue. My friends to whom I have recommended it, praise it at every opportunity."

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An Old Citizen Speaks.

Mr. J. M. Norris, an old resident of home, Ga., says that he had been badly troubled with Kidney Complaint for a great many years and with Eczema for three years; at times could scarcely walk and had tried many remedies without benefit, until he began to take Electric Bitters and annointing his hands and feet with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. This treatment afforded him great relief and he strongly recommends Electric Bitters to all who suffer with Kidney Complaints, or need a Blood Purifier. Sold by G. M Shindel.

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