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:—

UNITED.

The ship had fall'n to the ocean's floor,
And never would walk the wide sea more;
And crew and cargo and streamers gay
Beneath the feet of the billows lay.

And down to the pale unshrouded dead,
By many a fathom the diver sped;
He hailed the abject, shivering wreck;
He walked the streets of her silent deck.

He peered in many an unbarred room,
Where jewels burned in the deathly gloom,
And corses sadly slumbering lay,
Or swam together as if in play.

And some had the grace of gallant cheer,
And some were marred by a mortal fear;
But all looked strange, in the dim sea light,
As men who have lost their way at night.

He flitted through that slumbering host:
He was the daylight's wandering ghost,
Come down from a heaven where sunbeams play,
To where dim dusk is the only day.

But who is this with the features grim
And hand that is stretching forth to him?
God comfort his soul and give it rest;
It is the brother he loves the best!

The brother who soothed his childish days
Now stares at him with a cruel gaze;
Now looks at him with unseeing eyes;
Now crushes his heart with a mad surprise.

He tore the armor of life away—
He kissed the senseless lips of gray;
He clasped his dead with a fond despair:
Two quarrelling brothers found them there.

Written for the POST.

TIED TO A MOTHER'S APRON STRING.

AN INCIDENT OF A SNYDER COUNTY BOY'S TRIP TO A CITY.

BY C. G.

"What strange contrasts this earth of ours presents. Noonday and midnight are not more opposite than the scenes which are constantly passing before our eyes. Truth and falsehood walk side by side through our streets, and vice and virtue meet and pass every hour of the day. The hut of the starving stands in the shadow of the palace of the wealthy, and the carriage of Dives every day throws the dust of its glittering wheels over the tattered garments of Lazarus."

The above language of J.T. Headley beautifully describes the wonderful contrasts of life. It is true that one-half the world does not know how the other half lives. If we only open our eyes we can find near our own doors a mission field which is worthy our attention.

It was at the close of an autumn day that a young country lad was wandering through the streets of Pennsylvania's largest city. He had seen little of life outside of his native village. At home, where he knew every one, knew whom to trust and to avoid, he felt at ease; but here without a friend, known to no one, surrounded by bustle and confusion, honesty and deception, he felt strange.

The streets were crowded; men returning from their evening's meal were hurrying to their places of business; boys breaking away from the restraints of home were seeking amusements elsewhere; boot-blacks and news-boys mingled their cries of "Shine Sir," "Evening papers." Carefully picking his way through the crowd, the young man sought a more retired portion of the city. As he passed on the throng became less and less, till finally he reached a street on which were comparatively few people.

It was now dark. The sky was cloudless and the stars were shining brightly. On the whole, it was one of those nights when one wishes to forget the present, to recall the scenes of the past or to speculate on the uncertain future. The thoughts of the young man were far away from the confusion of the city. He was recalling those who, up in Central Pennsylvania, were thinking of their absent boy. So absorbed was he with the thoughts of home, that he noticed nothing of his surroundings until he was recalled from his reflections by strains of music.

He was standing before a large building, palatial in appearance. About it everything seemed orderly; a few people had collected on the pavement but beyond that there was no excitement. Music ever having attractions, our young friend entered. It was truly a grand place. A large room, gilded chandeliers reflecting electric lights, works of sculpture, together with the enticing strains of music fascinated him. The pleasure was but for a moment—accustomed only to country scenes, he little knew the attractions used in cities to allure the untried—for this beautiful place was with all its attractions but a drinking place.

Not far from him was an elaborate bar against which were leaning four young men. Three of them had just reached the years of manhood, while the fourth was some younger and evidently had seen little of flash city life.

They were standing there, each with his glass of drink raised by the hand; one of them was speaking some would-be witty saying, and when it was finished they each raised their glass to drink. The youngest stopped, set down his glass and said, "Boys I won't drink." The country lad, to whom such a scene with its surroundings, was new, had been a silent and thoughtful observer of this action; and now he moved closer to hear the result. "Why what's up? You are not going back on us are you?"

"Boys you may laugh if you want to, but I had promised mother not to drink; and when I had raised that glass to where the light reflected through it I thought of my promise; I don't want it."

"Well! Well! a fellow of your age tied to your mother's apron strings!" "Not old enough to be your own master." "Come on now, don't be a child; show the boys that you can control yourself." "*It's just for this once.*" "You can't be tied to your mother's apron strings all your life."

These and similar taunts worked upon the tempted and weak boy; he thought it would only be for this once and he drank.

The scene with the submission of the tempted youth so moved our young friend that he immediately left the place. He had not gone far when he heard his name called. He stopped and recognized the speaker as an intimate friend who had visited him at his home; he had not seen nor heard from him for a long time, and had forgotten his place of residence. The meeting was a fortunate occurrence for the country boy, for now he had a guide in the person of a friend.

Their conversation turned to their former associations; but it is needless to follow it. It ended in their going to a lecture.

* * * * *

At half past ten o'clock the lecture was over. The two friends were walking slowly toward home; they were before a large granite front mansion in which lights were still visible. The city boy looking up, said, "I have a chum who lives here, he is a first rate fellow, a little quiet and don't go out much. We'll go in, I see he is not in bed yet."

Passing up the marble steps he rang the bell. The summons was answered by a servant to whom the city boy was well known. In reply to the question whether Sammy was in, the servant said, "I think he is in the parlor. You can just go in, surely you know the way well enough." Proceeding from the hall they opened the parlor door, a low fire was burning upon the grate and a lamp on the centre table lit up the entire room. It was well furnished; paintings covering the walls, the upholstered furniture, the velvet carpets, piano, all the comforts characteristic of a wealthy home were seen in that parlor. But what a sight met the gaze of the two boys as they silently opened that door. There on the sofa lay the insensible form of inebriate son and on bended knees beside him were a sorrowing father and mother. The two boys had entered the room unobserved. The city boy did not know what to say or do. The country boy recognized the occupant of the sofa as the *same young man who earlier in the evening took his first glass because his friends (!) had said that he was tied to his mother's apron string.*

The two boys feeling that this was no place for them, silently and unobserved by the grief stricken parents, left the room.

Our little incident is related. How many young men have fallen into temptation because they were ashamed to be guarded by a mother's apron string.

Kind reader allow us to indulge in a few thoughts on "mother."

No matter how the languages and customs of men may differ; no matter where we wonder—over the frozen peaks of the north, over the desert sands of Africa, or over the civilized portion of the world—a child's first word is mamma. It first lisps mamma. As the infant grows its love for mamma grows. In every little childish trouble or misfortune, the little broken heart seeks comfort and consolation in mamma's lap. In every childish sorrow the little head is buried and the tears flow in mamma's lap. Mamma is the confident and sympathizer. That child still grows, all the while guarded and guided by mother's apron string.

The child becomes a youth and as the teens gradually increase over his head, ambition leads him to broader fields. What a parting from home! How many doubts arise in that mother's heart, as she asks herself the question Will he be able to resist temptation? And how many times have those doubts been strengthened and gray hair been added to the locks by a child being ashamed to acknowledge that he is guided and guarded by mother's apron string.

But there comes a time when mother is on earth no more, when she only lives in our dreams, and when her child has reached the sunset of life, when the experience and sorrows of years have passed over his head, when the smooth, fair skin of childhood is wrinkled by the furrows of care, when the locks once so dark and glossy are streaked with grey, when the trembling hands grasp a staff to support the tottering limbs; then is the time he can appreciate these beautiful lines:

"Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight!
Make me a child again just for to-night.
Mother come back from that echoless shore;
Take me again to your arms as of yore?
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care;
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!"

A WHALE HUNT.

A Santa Cruz correspondent of the San Francisco *Alta California* writes: The quartermaster of the Aggie returned from a cruise to Monterey this morning, and is glowing with the consciousness of his bravery in participating in a whale hunt that resulted in a capture. The Monterey Whaling Company is about the oldest insitution of the kind on the coast. The business office, store room, and eating and sleeping apartments of the company are in a white adobe building in the western suburbs, and a half mile further south is a high cliff, whereon is located the company's lookout. He is armed with a powerful glass, and a tall mast is rigged with halliards for hoisting a signal when game is sighted.

The hunting tools consisted of three of the regulation double-pointed boats in use by whalers the world over, five long oars to each boat, two hundred fathoms of line smoothly coiled in tubs in the bow, and two guns to each boat. The larger of the two has the proportions of a young cannon and is mounted on a pivot. The missile discharged from it is a steel bar, four feet in length, and provided with a folding barb, that opens out when the harpoon buries itself in the whale's interior. This takes the place of the old-time harpoon, and is much more certain and effective. The lighter gun is fired from the shoulder, and looks like a large sized fowling piece. It is an inch and a half bore. It is used to put the finishing touches on the whale after the harpoon has made him fast and the method is to fire an explosive bomb into a vital spot. The bomb is an inch and a half in diameter by eighteen inches long, the butt-end being winged with rubber tips, after the manner in which an arrow is feathered, to secure guiding power. It was early morning when the white signal fluttered to the top of the staff of the mast on the cliff, and, having previously obtained permission to join the hunt with Captain Mariano, the quartermaster was speedily seated in the stearnsheats, awaiting the signal to shove off. This was soon given, and six miles to the northwest the three boats came up with their game, which proved to be an unusually large specimen of the California gray variety.

The gigantic fish rolled lazily about on the top of the water, all unconscious of impending danger, and did not even deign to notice the approach of the boats, that came up on either side and behind her. A hundred feet away the men lay on their oars, and Captain Mariano sighted over his swivel-gun. The men bent over their oars, with every muscle ready to pull or back water at the slightest hostile movement on the part of the enemy. It was a moment that seemed an age of awful suspense to the green hand, but suddenly the captain had a fair mark presented, and pressed the trigger. The boat quivered under the shock accompanying the report, and the eye could plainly catch the flash of the harpoon as it cleaved the air and buried itself out of sight somewhere in the right shoulder. Attached to the steel missile was the stout manilla line coiled in the bow, and it bore the appearance of a flash of brown lightning as it zigzagged through the air after its powerful motor. The whale hardly seemed to comprehend the trouble that had overtaken her at first, and it was fully half a minute before she emitted an angry snort and started for the bottom at a rate that made the line smoke and emit sparks as it ran over the bows. Both the captain and the boat steerer peered uneasily into the clear depths as the line stopped running, and a minute later the former shouted: "Back all! Back hard!" The five ashen blades bent and quivered with the strain put on them, but it was none too much, as the boat was scarcely a dozen feet away when the huge bulk of the infuriated whale rose to the surface and spouted twin columns of brine high in the air, a bucket or two seeking the back of the reporter's neck for a resting place as it descended. Before the animated waterspout could repeat the dose the boat was out of range, both of the fire-extinguishing apparatus and the terrible flukes that soon commenced to thrash the water into foam. Her contortions were so violent that the Captain could not get in a shot with his bomb-gun, which he raised and lowered half a dozen times without pulling the trigger. Finally the flukes quit their thrashing, and like a flash the leviathan dashed away at a terrific rate, burying the boat's bow between two walls of the water fully eighteen inches high, but the speed was such that scarcely a drop entered the boat. This gait was kept up for a good ten minutes, and then the speed commenced to slacken, and the wounded monster swam easily and quietly on top of the water. The living tug came to a total standstill at last, and pulling around to a broadside position the Captain was given his opportunity.

The second explosion was followed by the whistling of the rubber-winged bomb, which buried itself in the great mass of blubber with a dull korchug. Scarcely had the smoke cleared away from the bow before the muffled boom of the bomb exploding in the historical residence of Jonah sounded the death-knell of the poor old whale. The victim's huge bulk grew animated again, but for only a moment. The flukes thrashed violently for a few seconds while the waterspouts became tinged a warm red. Struggles and spouts became more and more contracted, until, with the last final effort, the inwardly-wounded monster rolled over and expired. The other boats made fast, and a hard pull of three hours landed the prize on the beach near the trypots.

To prevent flat-irons from scorching wipe them on a cloth wet with kerosene.

Free Trade or Nothing

Harmony in the Democratic party in Pennsylvania will be secured when the party organization is turned over to the English boodle branch. Randall, who has stood against the extreme free traders, has been the cause of much contention for many years, and his temerity in resisting the free traders in Congress last winter angered the Pennsylvania Editorial Free Trade League and they have ever since been following him with threats and abuse. They refuse to believe that the large body of the voters in their party in this State are in favor of not only a tariff, but a tariff high enough that it will protect American industries from competition in the slightest degree with foreign made products. It is only "great political scientists" and those who have English money in their pockets, or who in years past have received English money and expect to get another bribe during this campaign who keep the free trade fight going and deal in threats against Mr. Randall. When the control of the party is turned over to this wing it will become much smaller even than it is now.

The Grangers' Picnic at Williams Grove.

The thirteenth annual picnic and exhibition of Patrons of Husbandry will be held at Williams Grove, Cumberland county, Pa., commencing August 30th and continuing six days. The exhibition will be the largest ever held under the auspices of the society. It is expected that over 150,000 practical farmers, representing not less than twenty-five States, will attend the meeting, and and prominent agriculturalists, statesmen and governors will deliver lectures and addresses. The display of agricultural machinery horticultural and farm products stock and poultry, will be large and imposing. The grounds will be illuminated with electric light in the evenings, when there will be music balloon ascensions, and other amusements. Several restaurants on the grounds will furnish refreshments.

For the benefit of those who desire to attend, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will, on August 30th, 31st, September 1st, 2d and 3d, sell excursion tickets to Williams Grove, good to return until September 6th, inclusive, from Middleburgh at $2.34 for the round trip.

A Clever Trick

A young man standing among a knot of others in the public room of a hotel said "Did you see that pretty girl that arrived this morning? I watched her all dinner time. I bet you five to one I will get acquainted with her and marry her before the week is out." The bet was taken, and in a few days a clergyman was found, and the young pair were actually married. It was afterwards discovered, however, that they had been married a year or two before, and that the gentleman earned a livelihood by making and taking this same bet in different hotels.

Plea For an Overworked Husband.

Surely there can be no sharper pang to a loving wife than to see her husband staggering under the weight of family life; worked almost to death in order to dodge "the wolf at the door;" joyless in the present, terrified at the future; and yet all this might have been averted if the wife had only known the value and use of money, and been able to keep what her husband earned; to "cut her coat according to her cloth," for any income is "limited," unless you can teach yourself to live within it; to waste not, and therefore to want not.

Watch the Man Who

Is on the fence
Has no opinion.
Takes no papers.
Sneers at religion.
Frowns at charity.
Is cruel to animals.
Lies about everybody.
Is afraid to speak his mind.
Has no business of his own.
Hides behind a non de plume.
Knows more than all the rest of mankind.