

The Middleburgh Post.

T. H. HARTER.

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

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POETRY.

WHY IS IT SO?

Some find work where some find rest,
And so the weary world goes on;
I sometimes wonder what is best;
The answer comes when life is gone.

Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake,
And so the dreary night hours go;
Some hearts beat where some hearts break;
I often wonder why 'tis so.

Some hands fold where other hands
Are lifted bravely in the strife;
And so thro' ages and thro' lands
Move on the two extremes of life.

Some feet halt while some feet tread,
In tireless march a thorny way;
Some struggle on where some have fled;
Some seek, where others shun, the fray.

Some sleep on while others keep
The vigils of the true and brave;
They will not rest till roses creep
Around their names above the grave.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

If you have ever spent a winter's night, lost and alone in the forest wide you can appreciate my feelings of despair when I found myself weary, bewildered, and storm-bound in the great woods of Canada.

It was twenty years ago, to be sure, but the recollection of that night is as vivid in my mind as an event of yesterday. I had spent the day in pursuit of game, and when night began to fall gave up the chase with the purpose of going to the settlement. An hour of hard trudging through the snow still found me among the white-topped trees, confused, lost.

After fully awakening to a realization of the situation, there seemed to come a cold wave sweeping thro' the great dismal forest, and with the shudder of apprehension came a chill that seemed to stiffen my limbs and frost my face. The paroxysm of fear lasted but a brief period, but the intense cold could not be overcome by mental action, and the fact became forcibly impressed that I must keep moving or perish.

"If I only knew which way to go," I muttered to myself. I gazed up through the leafless, creaking branches of the tall trees to see if the stars appeared, but the sky was overcast and not a twinkling object met the anxious gaze. Night had fully come; there was no moon, but the darkness was not intense. The earth being mantled with fleecy white, and the trees fringed with the same, dark objects were visible for several yards around.

The tramp was resumed with no idea as to direction or what adventures lay in my path. Perhaps I was going deeper and deeper into the great woods and if there was little hope of getting out that night.

What a night! The wind cut as if filled with millions of fine needles, flying points foremost, and now began crusting so as to make walking more laborious.

I cast about me for some spot which would afford shelter from the howling tempest, but only the sturdy trees, studded in the great, white blanket could be seen. I was weary and chilled to the bone, but dared not stop. Hour after hour slowly passed, and no halt had been made. My watch told me that half of the night had been passed, but could I survive the other half? That was the question.

I did, of course, but it seems to me now, as it did then, that Providence guided my weary steps to a safe rescue.

At the very moment when I was discussing the possibility of enduring the cold until dawn a strange object loomed up before me. It was a wigwam made of poles and closely covered with bark.

A single wigwam buried, it proved, in the heart of the great Canada woods. A cloud of smoke almost as white as the snow issued from the top. Never was mortal more gratified. Going close to the fur-closed doorway I cried out:

"Hello, there!"

There was no response and I cried out again. The skin moved and the muzzle of a rifle appeared.

"Who is there?" I asked, my voice hoarse from the cold. "I am Little Coon, the Chippewa." "Then you are the companion?" "Yes, I am Little Coon, the Chippewa."

"The old man spoke English very clearly, and seemed glad I had come. He revived the fire, wrapped a blanket of wolf skin about my shoulders, and at once set about preparing some warm food and drink. After thawing out and partaking of the red hermit's food, we sat cross-legged like Turks and smoked our pipes. The Indian was inclined to be reticent at first, but when he learned that I was from the Upper Mississippi he became interested.

"You have been up and down the great river he interrogated. 'Many times,' I returned. 'You have seen the great bluff on the south side of Lake Pepin, then?' 'Maiden rock?' 'Yes.' 'Time and again. It is a famous rock. Every boat that passes up or down the river contains people who gaze upon the great bluff and think of Winona, who killed herself for love by leaping from its crest to the story base below. All the pilots tell the story over and over again of the tragic end of the pretty Indian girl.' The old man shook his head slowly.

"I have heard the story," he said thoughtfully, "but none of the pale faces have it right." "How do you know?" "I was there at the time, and do know."

"Then is the tradition not true?" "The brave girl did leap from the high rock." "You must be very old."

"Better than 100 summers," he answered, rubbing his thin hand across his deeply furrowed brow. "I was a young brave then, only a boy, but I have forgotten nothing."

"You say the whites do not have the story of the girl correctly preserved, so will you tell it to me so that I may know the truth of the Lover's Leap?"

"Yes," the old Indian said and laid aside his pipe. "Winona was the daughter of a Dakota chief, and as bright and lovely as the fairest flower of the prairie. Many of the Dakota braves loved the pretty little squaw, and so did one pale face trader called Seco, who had a trading post two rifle shots below the bluff. The trader offered the chief much money and beads for Winona and the chief said the squaw should go to the trader, Seco and be his."

"Winona hated the trader, and loved a young Chippewa brave named Little Coon, and she said in her heart if she could not go in peace with the Chippewa she would go to her death."

"Just at that time the Dakotas and Chippewas went to war and it was no longer safe for Little Coon to visit the home of Winona. He could not stay away from the pretty squaw, so he went down the Pepin lake in canoe covered with a tree top and by the shadows of the night."

"Winona answered Little Coon's call when he cried out like the little duck."

"One night she told her lover that the chief had sold her to the 'Prairie Chickens,' or Seco, the trader, and that her father had said on the next night she must go to the trader of the paleface to be his squaw. She moaned pitifully, and said she would throw herself to death from the high bluff before she would go to the trader."

"Little Coon asked her to flee with him, but she said no, for then both herself and lover would be trailed to certain death, for the Dakota warriors hated the Chippewa braves."

"They talked long and laid a plan to deceive the chief and her people. 'Little Coon hid himself near the bluff all the next day. When night came the chief took Winona to the trader's post and left her there. The squaw was sad, but said not a word to Seco. She sat and gazed at the stars for a long time. Seco talked to her like the cooing of a dove, but his words touched not her heart."

"Then she arose and ran towards the high hill. The trader was afraid he would lose her, for she had him told that she would rather die than be his squaw, and he ran after her, but it was like the turtle after the gazelle."

"Winona went with quick feet to the top of the bluff, and Seco cried out like the wild cat; and the Dakota chief and braves who were camped up there, heard him. 'They ran quick.' 'Winona saw them, and went to the very brink chanting the death song. She bowed herself to the earth, wrapped her blanket about her breast, and with a wild cry sprang out into the dark air of the night."

"The braves drew near the place where the young squaw had stood, and they heard the sound of a heavy fall. 'They looked down into the blackness, but could see nothing but four trees deep, but a splash of water was heard and they knew Winona was no more. They went with quick feet to the Pepin lake, but the moving water had carried the dead squaw away forever, they said, and they turned sadly back to their lodges."

"And they never found the body of the girl?" I asked. "The white-haired old warrior shook his head. 'They did not find the body because it was not left beneath the high hill, and it never went down into the lake.' 'The lover carried it away,' I suggested, a new thought entering my head instantly. 'It went away with Little Coon, but he did not carry it. Winona was not killed.'"

The idea was absurd. A human being could not descend, under full power of gravitation, hundreds of feet, and amid broken rocks, without causing instant death. The red hermit divined my thoughts, and he said:

"I have told you that the lovers planned to deceive the Dakotas, and they did. 'Winona secreted a long, rawhide rope under her shawl and dropped it where her lover was secreted without stopping to speak, as had been planned."

"When darkness came Little Coon went to the top of the bluff and making a noose on one end of the rope, he laid the circle at the edge of the rock, put the thong around the projecting point of stone, and lowered the end to the earth below, and then went down to await the coming of Winona."

"When he heard the death song from the young squaw's lips, he grasped the rope firmly. 'Winona wound her shawl about her breast and then put the noose around her body under her arms, and was ready for the leap."

A wild cry rang out and Little Coon who was a very stout young brave, held tightly and let the little squaw down."

"At the same time he pushed with his foot a large, round stone from its resting place, and it went splashing into the waters of Lake Pepin. As soon as Winona touched the earth she and her Chippewa lover ran to the water where the canoe of Little Coon was lying, and they paddled away. The long rope was taken with them. They swept quickly up the smooth surface of the pretty Pepin, and when the light came they were hidden in a thicket where Little Coon had left some food."

"When the sun went down again they hurried away from the big river to the east, and when light came they hid again."

"After a long journey they came to another river, and when this was crossed they were in Canada. Here they lived with new names, and became friends of the whites, and no one knew the truth. The Dakotas knew that Winona was dead, and the Chippewas thought Little Coon killed at the hands of the enemies. I have heard the story many times."

"And did they ever return to the Mississippi?" I asked. "No, they never went back to their people, and their people never knew they lived."

"Where did Winona dwell?" "The pretty squaw and Little Coon lived eighty years together in this grand forest. They led the free life of the red man, and but a little time ago Winona died, leaving her old and feeble companion alone. She died in this very lodge, and is buried beneath the pine."

FACTS ABOUT RIVERS.

The explorations of recent years, says the New York Sun, have considerably changed our notions of the comparative rank of the great rivers of the world. If we classify rivers according to their length, both the Nile and the Yangtze-Kiang must be named before the Amazon. The Nile's 4900 miles of waterway from its headwaters south of Lake Victoria to the Mediterranean make it the largest river in the world, nearly as long as the Mississippi and Missouri together, and about 1000 miles longer than the Amazon. The Amazon is the greatest river in the world, because it has immense tributaries, some of them larger than the Danube or the Rhine, by means of which the Amazon basin covers an area about 4,000,000 square miles greater than that of any other river. The Congo river is the fourth longest river in the world, but in the volume of water that it pours into the ocean it is second only to the Amazon. A very curious thing has been discovered about the three greatest river basins in South America—the Orinoco, the Amazon and the Plata basins. It has been found that they are so connected by water courses that the traveler can pass in steamboats or canoes from one river system into another. He can ascend the Orinoco river for hundreds of miles, until he comes to the Cassiquiare, on which he can travel for about 200 miles to the Rio Negro, one of the largest tributaries of the Amazon. Floating down to the Amazon, and then descending that river for some distance, he can ascend the great Madeira tributary. In its upper course he can turn into the Marañon, then into the Guaporé, then into the little Alegre river. Here, every day, he can haul his canoe over a low, grassy flat about two miles wide and launch it into the Rio Agoapehy, and then descend by the Jauru and Paragnay to Buenos Ayres and the Plata river. The Alegre and Agoapehy rivers, head streams of two mighty systems, flow side for side for thirty miles, and many of their branches are separated by a few hundred yards. Mr. Wells, the engineer whom Brazil has employed for years in its railroad surveys, says that in many places the basin of the Amazon could easily be connected with that of the Plata river by canals, and communication by water would thus be rendered complete from one system to the other.

WOMAN.

Place her among flowers, foster her as a tender plant and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness and folly, annoyed by a dewdrop, fretted by a touch of a butterfly's wing, ready to faint at the sound of a beetle, and is overpowered by the perfume of a rosebud. But let real calamity come, rouse her affections, extinguish the fires of her heart, and mark her then; how strong is her heart; place her in the heat of the battle—give her a child, a bird—anything to protect—and see her in a relative distance, lifting her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimson her upturned forehead, praying for life to protect the helpless.

Transplant her to the dark places of earth, call forth her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing. She disputes, inch by inch, the stride of the stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, pale and alarmed, faints away. Misfortune haunts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance and goes for ward, with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud of odors, waiting for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—pure gold, valuable, but untried in the furnace.

Cholera is spreading with great rapidity and deadliness in Southern Japan. Two hundred thousand tenants are wanted in Paris for the apartment houses.

Senator Stanford says "there is room in California for fifteen millions of people."

LAYING PLANS FOR 1888

Along with the other campings, the Presidential campaign of 1888 is beginning to sizzle pretty audibly. James G. Blaine, of Maine, is making preparations to open his part of it in a few days in Maine. He expects to sound what is known as "the keynote," and in order that there may be no mistake about it, and that nothing may be done hastily or without proper consideration, he is consulting and advising with the lesser party leaders in order that when the ball opens all may move in unison and harmony, and when he makes his opening speech in Maine everybody will be expected to chime in and keep it up on the same line right through Blaine is undoubtedly the leader and director of the Republican forces in the Nation. He assumes that position, and there is no one able to contest it with him. He will make himself the candidate again in 1888, unless there is a wonderful change within the next year. Senator Edmunds has recently advised the party to take a candidate from the West, but there is little chance that it will be taken so long as Mr. Blaine continues his activity and retains his commanding influence. It looks very much as if the candidates in 1888 would be the same as in 1884. The opposition to the candidacy of Cleveland has so rapidly dwindled during the last few months that there is very little left of it. If Cleveland and Blaine again lock horns in a contest for the votes of the people it will make a very pretty contest. Cleveland will have the advantage of possession, but Blaine has had a great deal of experience, and will profit by it in pushing his fortunes. It is safe to say that in the future he will not fool around with dangerous preachers, and will postpone millionaire dinners at Delmonico's until after the fight is over. If he should be defeated again his followers can be comforted in advance that it will not break his heart nor cause him to go into sullen retirement to prate about the ingratitude of the people.

Where He Was Going

An anecdote is told of Sam Jones, the well known American preacher, and a canal man, to the following effect: While Mr. Jones was walking along the canal one day, he came across a boatman who was sweating furiously. Marching up, he confronted him, and rather abruptly asked, "Sir, do you know where you are going?" The unsuspecting navigator innocently replied that he was going up the canal on the boat Jenny Sands. "No, sir, you are not," said Mr. Jones. "You are going to hell faster than a canal boat can carry you." The boatman looked at him with astonishment for a moment and then returned the question, "Sir, do you know where you are going?" "I expect to go to heaven," "No, sir; you are going right into that canal!" And sniting the action to the word, he pounced upon Mr. Jones and tossed him into the murky waters, where he would have drowned had not the boatman relented and fished him out.

Saved His Life.

Mr. D. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., says he was, for many years, badly afflicted with Phthisis, also Diabetes; the pains were almost unendurable and would sometimes almost throw him into convulsions. He tried Electric Bitters and got relief from first bottle and after taking six bottles was entirely cured and had gained in flesh eighteen pounds. Says he positively believes he would have died, had it not been for the relief afforded by Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by G. M. Shindel.

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