

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.

Come Find My Queen.

I promised to show you my queen, did I not?
Well, follow me then, we will soon reach the spot—
Where unrivaled she reigns, ah, do have a care,
Or you surely will trip and fall down the stair.
What is that? You "think that these people are queer,
Who their parlors have built so far in the rear."
Well, that is your blunder, not theirs, you will find,
When we've left this long, narrow passage behind.
For this is the kitchen, ah yes, she is there,
My beautiful darling, so peerless and fair;
How graceful her pose amid dishes and pans,
How pleasant her smile as some dainty she plans.
The curls that are nestling so close to her brow,
I covet the kisses they're giving her now,
I envy her apron, for it doth embrace
That form so unequalled for beauty and grace.
Unconscious of eyes that so lovingly gaze,
She is cooing one of my favorite lays,
Come away, for we have no right to play spy;
I cannot exhibit her now to your eye.
But my promise I'll keep, for did I not say,
I'd show you my queen and my darling to day?
Ah! when in the parlor her subject you've been
You'll say there is none can compare with my queen.
—Good Housekeeping.

Boys Wanted.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power,
Fit to cope with anything—
These are wanted every hour.
Not the weak and whining drones
That all trouble magnify;
Not the watchwords of "I can't,"
Nor the nobler ones "I'll try."
Do whatever you have to do
With a true and honest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task,
Put your shoulder to the wheel.
Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill;
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will.
At the anvil or the farm,
Wherever you may be,
From your future efforts, boys,
Come a nation's destiny.

A MORMON'S CONFESSON.

We were discussing the Mormon question the other afternoon, when Hogsnoot's bulky form shadowed the door. Hogsnoot is just bringing to a gradual termination a successful fifteen years' drunk, so he says, and his time, which has all been devoted to drink, is about equally divided now between quarts and quartz. He has the mining fever bad, and it is hard to get him off on any other subject. He was well under the influence of hilarity broth, and he "chipped" at once into the conversation.
"Mormonism is all O. K. when properly pursued as an accumulating industry. I have soaked my life form in the official appointment tub of the Endowment sweathouse, and know whereof I giddle. I have spit on my hands and made the religious thermometer of the Tabernacle bile over at the top, and can speak officially for the fifty-two wired spirit of my bosom friend Brigam Young.
"When I struck Salt Lake in '54, I was young, giddy, and flat broke. Necessity was the mother of Mormonism with me, and I sailed into the enterprise with a whoop and a flourish that gave the business a boom that made the construction of a new bath-house a crying necessity. The ledge is six feet, and shows evidence of permanency, with an abundance of free gold in it—"
"Hold on, there, you're off the track. Go on with your story of Mormon life."
"Who's telling this? As I was saying, I went into business with my coat off. I married five wives the first day. When a man can't make a living himself, he needs help. My first wife's name was Potter; she was a widow, and had two dau. b. l. I didn't have the heart to break up a happy family, so

I married the daughters. My fourth wife was a maiden sister to my first wife, and my fifth was a sister-in-law to the two daughters of my first wife, who were also my wives. A man can be happy as a Mormon husband if he will exercise caution and diplomacy; but I was young and inexperienced; I got myself all mixed up. You see, my first wife was my mother-in-law, and I was step-father to my two wives who were the daughters of my first wife, who was also my mother-in-law, and like-wise a brother-in-law to my fourth wife, who was a sister of my first and the aunt of my two wives who were the daughters of my fourth wife's sister, and my fifth wife was a sister-in-law to my wives to and three, which made me a brother-in-law to my two step-daughters, who were also my wives—and the ledge is six feet, and shows evidence of permanency, with an abundance of fine gold in it—"
"There you go again!"
"Excuse me. Marrying the two daughters of my first wife made me practically my own father-in-law two times, making my own wives my own wives my daughters-in-law. While trying to figure out just what relation I bore to myself one day, I wandered into a Woman's Rights convention, and absent-mindedly proposed. They accepted the offer of marriage as one man; I was the man. When I returned home with my job lot of eighty-four wives, I learned that during my absence I had become the father of twenty-three children—"
"Twenty-three children and only five wives!"
"Hun, ah-oh! You see there was no drum that year, and it is barely possible that some one rung in a cold deck on me. Never had better crops in the territory than we had that year. Everything yielded well—and the ledge is six foot wide, and shows evidence of free gold in it—"
"Give him some gin."
"Ah, that hits the spot, and enables me to grasp the Clark's O.N.T. thread of my narrative! Well, this happy event in domestic life mixed matters worse. My first wife was grandma to the children of my wives who were her daughters, and by reason of being a sister-in-law to her two daughters, she consequently was aunt to every brat on the ranch and likewise a sister-in-law to my first five wives. I became uncle to my child by my fifth wife, who was a sister-in-law to my wives two and three, and also a sister-in-law of mine, besides being a wife—and the ledge is six foot, and shows evidence of permanency—"
When we left, Hogenout was talking mines to the wooden figure of a female who bore a target on her breast, in the rear end of the shooting gallery. —Trekka Union.

THE SECRET.

Twenty clerks in a store, twenty bands in a printing office, twenty apprentices in a ship-yard, twenty young men in a village—all want to get on in the world and expect to do so. One of the clerks will become a partner and make a fortune; one of the compositors will own a newspaper and become an influential citizen; one of the apprentices will become a master builder; one of the villagers will get a handsome farm and live like a patriarch—but which one is the lucky individual? Lucky! There is no luck about it. The thing is almost as certain as the rule of three.
The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who will master his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, who devotes his leisure to the acquisition of knowledge, who gains friends by deserving them, and who saves his spare money. There are some ways to fortune shorter than this old, dusty highway, but the staunch men who achieve something really worth having good fortune, good name, and serene old age all go on this road.
Clerk (to employer)—"What shall I mark that new lot of black silk at?" Employer—"Mark the selling price three dollars a yard." Clerk—"But it only cost one dollar a yard." Employer—"I don't care what it cost. I am selling off regardless of cost."

THE EDITOR'S DREAM.

The editor sat in a luxurious chair, a fragrant ten-center between his lips. He is pleasantly conscious of a heavy weight in his pocket. It is a purse containing gold eagles, one hundred dollar bills and bankable notes. The editor is considering a proposition to become the president of a new banking institution at a magnificent salary. Then, too, he is considering whether it would not be wise, owing to the great rush of advertising, to double the size of his paper, add a new hoe press and employ more printers. Yes, the paper will certainly stand all this.
The editor is at peace with all the world, for he has not toiled for this early and late, and is not his success deserved? At last he can offer to the little girl who has waited for him these long years and encouraged him in his weary labors, a home of comfort, luxury and ease. Ah, yes, a place which shall be akin to paradise to this man who has won the battle of life by honest endeavor and manly effort.

The editor rubs his eyes and looks around. The fire in the old broken stove is out and he is shivering with the cold. He is seated on a nail-bag, and between his teeth is grasped the stem of a pipe, old and battered. The old army press still occupies its place in the corner. The dilapidated, shaky rack, with its burden of minion, worn to the shoulder, stands near the stove, where it always has stood.
A small boy enters and presents an unpaid wash-bill. The editor feels for his plethoric pocket book. It is not there. A holy nickel, which has staid with him these many months, is the only reward of his search. His bright prospects and sudden wealth are a myth—the editor has been dreaming.

Hopelessly the editor walks to the window and gazes out upon the snow-clad streets. There is a jingle of bells, a sleigh flies by. In it is seated she of whom he has dreamed, and by her side sits a man of wealth and distinction—the editor's rival.
A flush of crimson overspreads the editor's face. He walks with faltering steps to the door, and taking one last look at the old office where he has toiled so hard for love and prosperity, he passes out and is gone.

Where is he now? Oh he's only a tramp. Sometimes here and a hundred miles away to-morrow. Don't worry about him. People say he is a worthless fellow, and no matter if his feet are sore and his heart heavy they keep him on the tramp. He might steal something, you know. Poor devil—C. C. Higgins, in Peck's Sun.

"Say, Milus, when air yer gwine ter name yer new boy?" a negro, upon meeting an acquaintance asked.
"Done named him."
"Dat so?"
"Yes, sah."
"Hopes yer gin him er big name."
"I did. Named him arter er big congressman."
"What does yer call him?"
"Oleomargarine Bill."
"Dat's right. Name him arter de statesmen an' de folks kain't say dat be'er er slouch. Dat germaner what yer named him arter bil'de whole congress furra laung time, an' a' cose mus' be er smart man."—A Kansas Traveler.

In the language of General Master Workingman Powderly: "It is my opinion that the man who does not study the politics of the nation and the wants of our people would make but little use of a rifle. The man who cannot vote intelligently and who will not watch the man he votes for after he is elected, cannot be depended on to use either gun or dynamite. If the head, the brain of men, cannot work out the problem now confronting us, his hand alone will never solve it. If I kill my enemy, I silence him, it is true; but I do not convince him. I would make a convert rather than a corpse of my enemy."
The Indians originally owned America, and would still own it had they gone into the liquor business when the first white man arrived here.

THE UNTAMED WOLF.

Probably no animal on the hemisphere, with the exception of the temperance orator, has so much noise about it as the ordinary thirty-pound wolf that frequents the great West where hen-coops are thickest. When it lifts up its voice and expresses its emotions, it makes the welkin ring until it can't rest; a voice that starts out in good shape with a plaintive wail, and gradually expands until at the end it sounds like a wild west show on pay-day, and you involuntarily look at the brute to see if it hasn't blown out a lung or two.
Its voice is only equal to its appetite; in fact, it is merely an unhappy combination of noise and hunger. It can eat a copper that would give a rhinoceros the colic, and then sit out on the hill-top and howl for more, in a voice that makes the windows rattle from Dan to Bursheba and all way stations. It can tackle a sheep that outweighs itself by thirty pounds, eat it in ten minutes, wool and all, and then howl in an agony of hunger.

The color is a soft yellow—the color of English whiskers—and it has a languid, musky smell about it that's also quite English, you know. It can also eat eggs with a capacity for eighteen gross at a meal, which likewise reminds me of an ancient British custom.
The wolf is the most elusive of beasts as well as know more about a shot-gun than half of us know about the New Testament. You can aim at him until you know you can't possibly miss, and when you have fired, and the smoke has cleared away, and you look around to see if the wolf is ready to attend its own funeral, you find it sitting far off in the bright summer sun, spinning off a ten foot installment of a derisive howl, which has such a strong undertone of sarcasm in it that you feel like taking a brace of pills to get the taste out of your mouth. A wolf can't be shot.

The happiest moment of its long and eventful life is when somebody's waisting good powder attempting to perforate it, for then it can look at him with a calm and steadfast eye and issue a holiday edition of yells.
The only way to triumph over it and see the film of death gather in its eyes is to soak some fowl in muriatic acid and leave it where the wolf will find it.
The latter having a bad sense of taste, will eat the fowl and never know that it is adulterated, until cold, clammy pains begin to chase each other through its system, and the perspiration gathers on its brow, and its pelvic bone sticks out of its ears, and then it sees that it's a victim of man's duplicity; it's tail droops low; it casts a despairing glance behind it, and then it seeks some shady spot, gives one farewell howl that makes the welkin tired, and dies.—Wall Mason, in The Whip.

"Mexico! A canker sore upon the face of the globe! A sample of God's satire and personification of His hatred! Land of a people whose honor is a treachery, whose love is malice, and whose cardinal virtues are most appropriately represented by their chosen emblems—a buzzard and a snake. There is no peace. There is no safety or protection. Our voice is for war!—Cleburne (Tex) Telegram.

"Now, Mr. Witness," said a Colambus lawyer, "are you willing to solemnly swear that the chair was facing the east? Remember, sir, the awfulness of perjury." Witness—"Well, I won't swear; but I'll bet you ten dollars it was."
"An Italian claiming the title of Count has been proved an imposter." He probably came to this country unaccompanied by a monkey and hand organ. The absence of such aristocratic insignia would immediately give him away.
A common by-word—I'll pass.
Officer examining recruits—"Why do we salute superior officers?" Recruit—"In order to keep out of the guardhouse."
There are few disappointments in life equal to that experienced by a man who expects that he is going to amaze and suddenly discovers that he can't.

DER PENEFITS UV TRINKIN.

Mr BRUNDER.—As I am der boss mit a bier saloon it vas just right dot I shand oop fur dot peezniss. Uv a man vas got a saloon mit himself I guess he know somethings apout tings, hoy? I vas aware dot loas uv vellers dot vants to save mutish vas adryin to run down der peezniss. Der was John B. Finien and Miss France Villard and dot Volfe, und blendy uv adder vellers, put ven I doid you somethings; neas you vill say: "Pally fur Sauer Milch! his het vas level."
Der ort to be a rann schoch on ery corner in every town, und dea peezniss vill po goot. Der vishky peezniss helps avety town. No matter how dull peezniss was, becples vill spend deir mutish fur trunks. Ven men go on some strikes because dey don't got more vages, dose same vellers vill shpanl feefy cents und a toller efry tay far vishky und bier. Dat brooves dot der liquor peezniss vas helpin draade, ain't it? Uv it vas not fur trinking mutish public puillings would not been puill, und vat would de meganicks do? Vy dey got noddings to do.

Der vas noddings like bier fur sociableness, except vishky, vishky vas a loote alot. Der was a dime von two frants would moet und ocksechange der gombinants uv tor tay und don part, but der saloon has done avay mit dot cold vay of actin. Now ven two or dreo frients mete und shake hands mit demselves, von uv dem vill say, "Lets haf somethings," und dey vill walk into der saloon (der is avays von brandy) und von veller says, "vot vill you dake?" Und der nider veller says, "I vill dake der same," und dey just douch dose glasses togelider und say, "here she goes," und dose howl, which has such a strong undertone of sarcasm in it that you feel like taking a brace of pills to get the taste out of your mouth. A wolf can't be shot.

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Maids in waiting—those beyond twenty-five.
"By their works shall you know them"—Watches.
The more you cheque a spend thrift the faster he goes.
A theatrical manager in London says that 159,000 persons in this city live by playing.
Illinois butter is remarkably strong. A churu burst at Elgin, in that state and killed two men.
If dealer in grave stones were to fail, some newspaper would be sure to refer to the disaster "a bust in marble."
The price of Jamaica ginger goes up when the price of watermelons goes down. It is the sees-saw of commercial adjustment.
What every married man in this country wants is a trained, fierce looking little mouse that will appear whenever called. It will stampede a family quarrel in less time than it takes to provoke one.

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