

# The Middletown 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.

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## POETRY.

### A DOG STORY.

BY WILL CARLETON.

I.  
He was strong and trim, and a good sized cur,  
A giant of dogs; with soft, silk fur,  
Poised head, of an intellectual size,  
And two straight, luminous hero-eyes,  
A tall whose gestures were eloquence;  
A bark with a germ of common sense,  
As if he had gathered some crumbs of soul  
That fell from the feast God spreads  
For man—  
Looked like a line of the human plan.  
There went with his strong well-balanced stride  
A dignity of man denied.  
God's humblest brutes, where'er we turn,  
Are full of lessons for man to learn.  
That night that he crouched by the yielding door,  
And two grim, murderous thieves, or more,  
Had bribed the locks with their hooks of steel,  
He fought with more than a henchman's zeal  
For sleeping loved ones' treasures and life—  
He conquered rogue, and bullet, and knife,  
That day that he walked by the river's brink,  
Thinking (as certain men can think),  
Aid, as distress with a quick, sure cry,  
And heard the half-choked drowning cry,  
A living life boat, soon he bore  
The half killed man to a welcome shore.  
And when the wife of the rescued one  
Wept him her love for the great deed done,  
And fondled him in a warm embrace,  
He talked with his honest, kind old face,  
And said, "I have shown you nothing new;  
It is what we live and love to do,  
In lake or river, in sea or bay,  
My race are rescuers every day;  
In the snowy gulfs, mid hills above  
My race brings life to the race we love."

II.  
He was sick and reeling—deadly faint;  
He roamed the streets with a piteous plaint.  
He had lips afoam, and eyes hard set;  
He asked the mercy of all he met.  
He dearly ran his death-strown race;  
He found no pity in any face.  
He glanced at an old friend with a moan.  
There came to him back a well-aimed stone.  
No cure for him in his strange distress  
No tender nursing and kind caress!  
All fled or fought when he came near;  
The world seemed mad with rage and fear.  
He searched for an unfrequented way;  
He would have prayed if a beast could pray.  
For he who man had defied  
Was now all mercy of man denied;  
He who to save man's life had flown  
Now had to fight man for his own.

The soul of the humble brute has fled;  
The grand old dog lies safely dead.  
O, man-like brain, and God-like heart!  
You were made to carry a noble part.  
What spirit of vile Satanic breed  
Had woven in your veins the poison-seed  
That turned to a curse your honest breath,  
That shaped your lips to fount of death?  
Sleep well, old friend; your teeth of flame  
Grew not from a soul of vice and shame.  
Sleep well, old saint; not yours the will  
To plant the world with the germs that kill.  
Not yours the conscious guilt that lies  
In men who ravage with open eyes.  
You did, old dog, the best you knew,  
And that is better than most men do;  
And if ever I get to the great, Just Place  
I shall look for your honest, kind old face.

—Munyon's Illust. World.

Mrs. Cleveland's pets for the present are the poodle dog, now so well known to fame, a canary bird, and a white mouse. She may have others later.

An exchange speaks of a man who "is but one step removed from an ass." He'd better make it three or four. The animal has a long reach backward.

Women are such queer creatures that no man can understand them. Indeed, it has been conceded that the only way to find a woman out is to call when she is not in.

Beaver Falls is to have a steam cracker factory.

## A MYSTIFIED VILLAGE.

"Is it the devil?"  
"If not the devil, who or what is it?"

Ten or twelve years ago the above inquiries were passed around in a certain thriving Illinois village, and while some men replied with a sneer, others looked troubled and anxious. As for the women and children, they spoke in whispers, and looked about them, even in daylight, as if expecting to be attacked.

There had been some curious doings in and around the village for several weeks previous. The first alarm occurred on a certain Thursday night. There had been a prayer-meeting at a Methodist church, and among the people who attended was a middle-aged woman named Lee. She was not feeling well, and she left before the service was over. She lived on a retired street half a mile away, and half an hour after she left the church a man passing over the route she had taken found her lying senseless on the path. Her bonnet had been snatched off and torn into fragments. Her shoes had been removed and flung into the road. A set of false teeth had been taken from her mouth and stamped into the ground and destroyed.

When the woman revived she had but little to tell in explanation. Some one had struck her behind the ear, making a great bruise, but not breaking the skin. She had not heard his approach, nor did she catch sight of any one. She was walking quietly along, when, all of a sudden, she lost consciousness, and she had been in that condition about fifteen minutes when found by the pedestrian spoken of. The woman had no enemies. No one had assaulted her for the purpose of robbery. She had not been assaulted beyond the removal of the articles mentioned. It was such a singular affair that it set everybody to talking and speculating but no arrests were made. Indeed, it was impossible to direct suspicion toward any body.

In about a week the public was further alarmed and mystified. The wife of a villager named Parker stepped out to the well about half past eight o'clock in the evening to draw a pail of water. She was walking the handle of the pump when a hand clutched her neck. Before she could scream out she was whirled around and flung down with such force that she was stunned. As near as could be figured she was senseless for four or five minutes. During that time her hair was pulled down and cut off short, her shoes were pulled off and flung into the well, and a quantity of soft soap was taken from a kettle near by and smeared over her clothing. The hair which had been cut off was left scattered over the ground. Mrs. Parker had not seen her assailant, but she knew that a human hand had clutched her throat. The new outrage raised the public pulse to fever heat, and the most determined efforts were made to secure a clue to the identity of the perpetrator. Half a dozen arrests were made, but in each case the person was soon discharged for want of proof to hold them. A detective was sent for, but after working on the case for four days he was unable to pick up a single point looking toward the solution of the mystery.

On the tenth evening after the assault on Mrs. Parker Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd were sitting in a summer house in their grounds. It had just grown dark when Lloyd ran across the grounds, a distance of about 300 feet to drive away a cow which seemed determined to break in. He was not absent over seven or eight minutes, but when he returned to the summer house he found his wife lying on the floor insensible. She had been struck a hard blow on the top of the head. Her slippers and stockings had been removed and thrown on the grass, and a lot of dry ashes had been sprinkled over her clothing and hair. When she had no information to give. She did not even know when she was struck.

It now seemed apparent that the perpetrator of these outrages must be a resident of the village, and that he must be actuated by pure deviltry. None of the women had been harmed beyond what has been stated, and the motive in going that

far could be nothing else than what a plain-speaking man would call cussedness. The detective was recalled, and certain persons who had heretofore escaped all suspicion were placed under surveillance. The last assault had created a reign of terror among the women, not one of whom dared step her foot outside the house after dark unless accompanied by an escort.

While the detective was still in the town, and a number of leading citizens were acting as spies and patrols, the fourth outrage occurred. The wife of a citizen named Warner drove to the cemetery in the afternoon, accompanied by her son, a boy of sixteen, to decorate one of her children's graves. In transplanting the flowers it became necessary to use considerable water, and the boy went with a pail. The cemetery was thick with trees, and he lost sight of his mother for five or six minutes. When he returned he found her lying on the ground unconscious, with her finger marks plainly visible on her throat. Her shoes and stockings had been removed, her hair cut off, and the rings torn out of her ears and flung down. The only explanation she could make was that a human hand had suddenly grasped her throat. She had heard no footsteps, nor had she caught a glimpse of anybody. The detective at once visited the cemetery, and in a brief time the enclosure was thoroughly searched, but nothing came of it. One side of it was bordered by an extensive field not under cultivation, and on the far side of this field was a forest. One could easily have escaped in that direction long enough before a search was instituted.

As may be supposed, public indignation was now at the boiling point. The detective and everybody else was helpless, when a woman made a suggestion. It was that the detective dress himself in female attire and "lay low" for the mysterious villain. The idea was carried out that very night, but it was a week before the climax came. One night about 9 o'clock the disguised officer left a house where he had seemingly been visiting and he halted at the gate to say good night and to have the people of the house hope that he would reach home all right. It was on a retired street, thick with shade, and unlighted, and the officer was as alert as a fox. He had not gone 500 feet when a figure stepped from behind a tree and grasped his throat. The assailant was shaken off and grasped in turn, and then a terrible struggle took place. Not a word was uttered by either. The one sought to get away, the other to handcuff his man. This feat the officer finally accomplished, and when he conducted his prisoner to the village look-up the mystery was at once solved. He proved to be a half-witted fellow named Orson Taylor, living with his father on a farm a couple of miles from the village. Orson was unmarried, about thirty years old and known around the country as half fool. He had never been known to commit an offence against the law, and for this reason was not suspected of any of the outrages above detailed. He preserved a sullen silence when questioned, and when a commission of doctors had reported on his case he was sent to an insane asylum instead of being arraigned in court. He soon became a raving maniac, and died in about a year.

The Wellsboro creamery has turned out about thirty tons of butter this season.

Pittsburg is to have another brewery, with an annual capacity of 150,000 barrels.

Thirty-two years ago Wednesday the cholera made its appearance in Columbia, during which period 128 deaths occurred.

One circular saw in Drake, Landrus Co's mill, in Morris, cut 58,000 feet of lumber in ten hours and a quarter one day recently.

Thirty-one prisoners are in the Smethport jail, the largest number Sheriff Bannon has supplied with grub since he commenced serving writs.

The Columbia iron company has received the contract for furnishing all the iron needed in the construction of the fishways in the dam at that place.

Thursday there were sixty-seven prisoners in the Dauphin county jail at Harrisburg.

## CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

Ben Butler was just as wicked when he courted his first sweetheart as when, in widow's weeds, he laid siege to the State of Massachusetts—if the following from *Truth* can be accepted as true. It recalls a story of the governor when he used to go a-courting, and was in love with a fair damsel living some distance from his home, and for whose favoring smiles there were many aspirants. It goes without saying that they were all better looking than Ben, but the latter determined to put the inside of his head against the outside of those of his opponents. The sequel was as follows:

The nearest way to their fair fit's house, and the one taken by all her eager followers, was over a bridge formed by a single and somewhat slippery log, placed over a deep brook in the rear of the house. Young Butler repaired to the bridge an hour earlier than the accustomed "courting-time," carrying a pail of lard, with which he carefully anointed the log by the mellow moonlight, backing himself across astraddle. As he afterward sat with his sweetheart, waiting for the others suitors to appear, a loud splash came from the direction of the brook.

Ben's game eye twinkled, and in imagination he could see one of his gorgeously gotten up fellow candidates clanking up the opposite bank with his teeth chattering and head-banging for him across tides, but the conspirator looked as innocent as a cat in the dairy and said nothing. Pretty soon there came another sound, and after a while another. The beauty began to look at the clock and show evidence of a decided pique at the negligence of her other admirers—a circumstance Ben did not fail to turn to his own profit. Presently he could faintly hear voices in the distance, and he knew that the last two swains were approaching together. Pretty soon there came a tremendous double splash.

"Dear me!" said the young man, "how the fish are jumping to-night!"

The upshot of it was that when the future governor rose to go, the slighted beauty gave him her hand, sealing the bargain with an old-fashioned hankie-tee kiss.

Butler left his prize in such a state of exultation that he forgot all about the greased log, and the first thing he knew both heels hit him in the back of the head, and he took a header down below, just as his victims had done. He climbed up the already well-clawed bank and made the six miles home, uttering Kearneyisms unfit for publication.

He was taken with chills and fever as a result, and when he got well found his fiancée had eloped with a hired man.

Butler tells this as the narrowest escape of his life, as he said the girl began eating onions the very next day after she became engaged.

## A Cure for the Felon

That woolen smoke is a cure for a felon is certainly one of the medical discoveries of the age. Could we give the name of the correspondent who sends us the following it would be at once recognized as of authority sufficient to guarantee the truthfulness of any assertion to which it might be appended:

"If you ever endure the agony of a felon you will appreciate the fact that it can be cured by woolen smoke. Place the woolen rags under an inverted flower pot and put coals upon them, or set them on the fire in some other way; then hold the felon over the smoke, and it will extract all the pain. This has been done by a friend of mine within a week. I assure you that in my circle we consider it as great a discovery as that ether will temporarily deaden pain. The only remedy for a felon that I ever considered infallible, and I have had cognizance of several aggravated cases, was having the part laid open (under the influence of ether) and the bone thoroughly scraped. That reaches the root of the difficulty; but the smoke cures in far better."

Thursday there were sixty-seven prisoners in the Dauphin county jail at Harrisburg.

## NOT "SMART."

Of all forms of bad breeding, the pert, smart manner affected by boys and girls of a certain age is the most offensive and impudent. One of these so-called smart boys was once employed in the office of the treasurer of a Western railroad. He was usually left alone in the office between the hours of eight and nine in the morning, and it was his duty to answer the questions of all callers as clearly and politely as possible.

One morning a plainly dressed old gentleman walked quietly in, and asked for the cashier.

"He's out," said the boy, without looking up from the paper he was reading.

"Do you know where he is?"

"No."

"When will he be in?"

"About 9 o'clock."

"It's nearly that now, isn't it? I haven't Western time."

"There's the clock," said the boy, smartly, pointing to a clock on the wall.

"Oh yes; thank you," said the gentleman. "Ten minutes until nine. Can I wait here for him?"

"I s'pose so, though this isn't a public hotel."

The boy thought this smart, and he chuckled aloud over it. He did not offer the gentleman a chair, or lay down the paper he held.

"I would like to write a note while I wait," said the caller. "Will you please get me a piece of paper and an envelope?"

The boy did so, and as he handed them to the old gentleman, he coolly said:

"Anything else?"

"Yes," was the reply. "I would like to know the name of such a smart boy as you are."

The boy felt flattered by the word "smart," and wishing to show the extent of his smartness, replied:

"I'm one of John Thompson's kids, William by name, and I answer to the call of 'Billy.' But here come the boys!"

He came in, and, seeing the stranger, cried out:

"Why, Mr. Smith, how do you do? I'm delighted to see you. Well—no more. He was looking around for his hat. Mr. Smith was president of the road, and Billy heard from him later, to his sorrow. Any one needing a boy of Master Billy's peculiar "smartness" might secure him, as he is still out of employ ment."

## TO YOUNG MEN.

Make up your mind, young men, to do a thing and then stick to it until it is done, or you are satisfied that it is beyond your capabilities. Nine-tenths of the failures in life are due to a want of tenacity and perseverance on the part of those who begin life in this erroneous way. But precedent to such determination it is all important that you shall make up your mind as to what is your proper calling. Understand, as far as such understanding is attainable, in what particular direction your tastes and inclinations lie. Do not aspire to be an artist unless you can give some practical evidence of the possession of artistic tastes. Forget that you have ever desired to be a machinist or an artisan of any kind, unless you have first satisfied yourself, by practical experiment, that your hand is susceptible the skillful education essential to success. If such is the case you will be content to enter upon the needed training and continue it until all difficulties in the way of triumph have been overcome. Having made your choice of a life pursuit, then pitch in with your whole soul. Stick to it with a determination to stand, if not at the very head of your calling, at least fully abreast with those in the foremost ranks. If you would win you must work, and work without ceasing, until your object has been won.

A bee tree was cut near Tioga, one day last week which yielded sixty pounds of honey.

Riley Pratt and others recently at Unionville, Centre county, killed nine copperhead snakes.

It is estimated that 10,000 head of cattle have been shipped during the past year from five townships in Tioga county.

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