

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

VOL. XXIII

MIDDLEBURGH, SNYDER CO., PENN'A, OCTOBER 14, 1886.

NO 41

—POETRY—

THE FUNERAL.

I was walking in Savannah, past a church decayed and dim,
When there slowly through the wind
Came a plaintive funeral hymn:
And a sympathy awakened, and a
Wonder quickly grew,
Till I found myself environed in a lit-
tle negro pew.
Out at front a colored couple sat in
sorrow, nearly wild;
On the altar was the coffin, in the
coffin was a child.
I could picture him when living—curly
hair, protruding lip—
And had seen perhaps a thousand in my
hurried southern trip.
But no baby ever rested in the sooth-
ing arms of Death
That had fanned more flames of sor-
row with his little fluttering breath;
And no funeral ever glistened with
more sympathy profound
Than was in the chain of tears poured
that encircled those mourners
round.
Rose a sad and old colored preacher
at the little wooden desk—
With a manner grandly awkward,
with a countenance grotesque;
With simplicity and shrewdness on
his Ethiopian face;
With the ignorance and wisdom of a
crushed, undying race.
And he said: "Now don't be weepin'
for dis pretty bit o' clay,
For de little boy who lived dere he
done gone an' run away;
He was doin' very fine, and he pre-
cise your love.
But his 'sire' nuff Father want him in
de large house up above.
"Now he didn't give dat baby by a
hundred thousand mile!
He just think you need some sun-
shine, and he lend it for a while;
An' he let you keep an' love it till
your hearts was bigger grown.
An' dese little tears you're sheddin'
do de interest on de loan.
"Here's yer oder pretty chilren—don't
be makin' it appear
Dat your love got sort o' 'noplized by
dis little fellow here;
Don't pile up too much your sorrow on
der little metal shelve
So's to kind o' set 'em weepin';
You're no account den, yes,
Last you, an' you poor, deef mon-
nahn, creepin' long o'er sorrow's
way.
What a blessed little picule dis yer
baby's got to-day;
Your good faders and good moders
crowd de little fellow round
In de angel tended garden by de Big
Plantation Ground.
"An' dey ask him: 'Was your foot
sore?' an' take off his little shoes.
An' dey wash him, and dey kiss him,
an' dey say: 'Now what's de
news?'
An' de Lawd done cut his tongue
loose; den de little fellow say:
"All our folks down in de valley tries
to keep de hebbently way."
"An' his eyes dey brightly sparkle at
de pretty things he view;
Den a tear came, an' he whisper: 'But
I want my parents, too.'
But de angel chief musician teach dat
boy a little song;
Says: 'If only dey be faithful dey will
soon be comin' long.'
"An' he'll get an education dat will
properly be worth
Seberal times as much as any you
could buy for him on earth;
He'll be in de Lawd's big school-house
widout no contempt or fear;
While dere's no end to de bad things
might have happened to him here.
So my poah dejected monnahn, let
your hearts wid Jesus rest.
In don't go to crutchesin' dat ar one
w'at knows de best!
He have sent us many comforts—He
have right to take away—
To de Lawd be praise an' glory now
and ever—Let us pray."
—Will. Carlton, in Harper's Weekly.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

When I was a young fellow I lived
on father's farm down there in
Connecticut. You've seen the place.
The church was near the tavern,
and behind the church was the parson-
age; and there lived Dominie
Wheeler and his daughter Dolly.
On Saturdays, after I had my sup-
per, I used to dress myself and tell
my mother that I meant to call on
Dominie Wheeler's folks. Mother
generally answered that I couldn't
do better, that the dominie's conver-
sation was sure to be improving,
and that Dolly was not "bitity,"
like some gals she could mention."
Father would add: "And a pretty
little critter, too." And armed with
parental authority I would go to the
parsonage.
It was a good time to go, for the
sermon had to be finished, as a gen-
eral thing on that evening, and Dolly
and I had delightful long talks in
those solitary moments, and one
evening I proposed to Dolly and she
accepted me. The dominie
knew of the thing, father and
mother said they would not have
any of it, but Dolly said she would
not care for them.

chosen a daughter-in-law to suit
them better, and all they asked was
that we should wait a little while.
"My daughter is not 17 years
yet," said the dominie. "You must
not be in a hurry to take her from
me."
"Wait two years and you will be
three-and-twenty, an' I'll give you
the river farm and build you a
house," said father.
Our course of true love seemed
to be running very smooth indeed,
and I would have staked my life and
soul, a pretty heavy stake, on my
constancy, but somehow, I think
satan thought we were too happy,
and laid a trap for me.
Dr. Robins' widow, a managing
woman with a big house, was in the
habit of taking summer boarders,
and every year a lot of city stran-
gers wandered about the place from
June to September.
When Dolly and I had been en-
gaged about a year and a half, the
widow had thirty boarders in her
house, and Ike and Elwin and all
the male help slept in the barn.
There was one young lady there,
a Miss Sally Gray, so pretty that
every one who saw her was talking
about her. And I was introduced
to her. Some women have a way of
making a man act against his better
judgment. She was one of them. I
did not mean to flirt with her, but
I did. I did not mean to meet her
in shady lanes, and the quiet wood
paths, but we met. She knew (I
suppose Ike Robins had told her)
about my engagement, and she teased
me about being afraid of my sweet-
heart.
"Such a good, prim little thing,"
she would say. "Is she dreadfully
shocked at me? Does she think I
am a flirt?" as she prays for me in
meeting."
I felt angry, but yet I was piqued
into proving myself free to do as I
liked. At a little evening party, to
which we were asked, I danced five
dances with her, and when, at last,
my conscience smote me, and I went
to look for Dolly, I found she had
gone home.
"She said her pa wanted her,"
said Mrs. Robins; "but I tell you
plainly, James Gardner, I don't be-
lieve it; and for my part, I don't
see what people can find to admire
in that impudent New York girl.
If my Tilly behaved like her, I'd
shut her up on bread and water un-
til she reformed."
I hurried away, but the parson-
age was shut up when I got there,
and I spent an hour walking up and
down before the house, staring at
the dark windows.
The time seemed very long until
the next evening, and I went over
to the parsonage very early; but
Dolly was not there.
"She's gone to spend the evening
somewhere," said the dominie, kind-
ly. "I suppose she forgot to leave
word for you to come for her. She
hasn't very well, either; a cold, I sup-
pose. I know I generally caught
cold at a party when I was young
and attended such entertainments.
I hope she'll be careful. Her poor
mother died of consumption."
My heart gave a great leap.
I thought of Dolly lying, even
dead, and I went out into the kitch-
en to ask the servant if Dolly left
any message for me.
"She said she wouldn't be home
to-night," answered Nora; "at least,
this evening, I mean, and she did
not leave word where she was gone."
Nora understood, I saw. I felt
terribly injured, and I made up my
mind to revenge myself by spending
the evening with Sally Gray.
She was at home, the servant girl
said, and I found her waiting in the
parlor for me. We had it to our-
selves. Mrs. Robins never came in,
no, any of the other boarders; in-
deed, it was now growing late in the
season, and they were almost all
gone away. If I never knew how to
flirt before, Sally Gray taught me
how that night, and when I took
leave of her I was imprudent enough
to tell her I should like to kiss her.
"Do it, if you desire," said she.
And then! Yes, I kissed her;
and as I did it the door opened, and
we started apart, and there stood
Dolly. She had seen it all.
"I left my bonnet here," she said.
"Mr. Isaac is going home with me,
and I came to get it. Sorry to dis-
turb you."
She was cool and contemptuous.
I tried her bonnet on at the glass,
and she said she would not have
any of it, but Dolly said she would
not care for them.

shoulders, and went out. Next day
she broke our engagement and sent
me back my ring.
The next week I left home and
went away to sea. Some one had
told me that Dolly was going to
marry Ike Robins.
Mother wrote to me often and
never mentioned Dolly and I never
asked about her. I lived with men,
generally on the sea, and had no
thought of liking or caring for any
woman. I always intended to go
home and see the old folks, but they
died of a fever within two days of
each other, and a stranger sent me
the news.
Lawyer Dredgers saw to the es-
tate, and did what I asked him to do
with the money. I did not need it,
then, but it would keep me from be-
ing a beggar in my old age; and still
I mailed the sea, until when forty
years old an accident happened to me,
which came near being my death, it
did not kill me nor cripple me, but
I was no longer fit for a sailor's life,
and there was nothing left for me
but to settle down on land and live
on my money; and so I went home at
last to talk to Lawyer Dredgers, and
get his advice.
I felt very sad as I walked through
the village. My parents were dead, no
one remembered me; I had not a
friend in the place.
The lawyer had done his best to
make my money profitable to me,
and I was richer than I dreamed.
When all the business was over I
took a moonlight stroll through the
street. It was twenty years since the
night I kissed Sally Gray, and lost
my love by it; but nothing had al-
tered in the outward aspect of the
place.
People were sitting on their porches
as of yore; the same flowers
seemed to bloom in the gardens;
the same longers to stand about
the garden gates. It was odd to think
that the girls might be the daugh-
ters of those I knew.
There stood the church; there the
parsonage. I walked toward it. The
windows of the sitting room were
open. I drew softly near and peeped
in.
The old clock ticked in the corner.
The old rag carpet was either the
same or another just like it. There
was only one blue vase on the man-
tel. I suppose the other had been
broken; but there were the profiles
of Grandpa and Grandma Wheeler
over the fireplace.
There was Dominie Wheeler, look-
ing very much older, sitting exactly
as used to sit beside the table, his
red handkerchief over his knees, a
cup of tea in his hands.
"Dolly," he said.
And from an inner room came a
woman, large, handsome and high
colored, who said:
"Well, father?"
Could it be my slim young Dolly?
Yes, it was. She was very fine-
looking now and she looked so ma-
turally that I immediately concluded
that she was Mrs. Isaac Robins.
Still I could not leave the window
"It was my one glimpse of her,"
I said to myself, "for years past and
years to come."
"Well, father?" she said.
And turned smiling toward him.
"I've been thinking it over, Dolly,"
he said. "I think it would be best
for you to marry. I am eighty. I
cannot live long. You had better
marry Mr. Abraham. He is very fond
of you. You like him, I am sure.
Is it for my sake you say no?"
She bent over him and put her
hands on her shoulders.
"Father," she said, "I am going to
tell you the truth, a thing a woman
should do in these matters, I
seldom do have to leave you; so it
is not for your sake, much as I love
you. But I do not care for Mr.
Abraham. I have only cared for one
man in my life—my first love, James
Gardner. I had sent him away from
me, and he had done very wrong;
but I think now that we both loved
each other. I know that, even now,
I cannot forget him while I live."
There were tears in her eyes; she
brushed them away. In another
moment I was at the door; she
opened it. I held out both my
hands. Those were Dolly's girlish
eyes that looked at me, and I caught
her in my arms.
"I have come back to be forgiven,"
Dolly said, and I saw that I had
not come in vain.

Great Things to be Seen in America.
A leading journal strikes a true
chord when it asks the question:
"Is it in order to see walled towns
that they (the intending traveler)
would have gone to Europe? Where
will they come across one more to
their mind than in the Gibraltar of
America, where Quebec sits on her
rock overlooking her mighty river
with a view that has few rivals in
the world, with her ramparts and
citadel, her medieval streets and
dwelling, her cathedrals and con-
vents, and strange schools and for-
eign tongues and immortal histo-
ries? Is it only ancient cities they
desire? Then there is St. Augustine
among its palm-trees beside the sea,
almost at the extremity of the con-
tinent and almost as old as the dis-
covery of the continent. Is it semi-
tropical beauty of landscape and
weather they would have? Not all
the soft-vapored cities by the Medi-
terranean will offer them more than
Savannah and the Sea Islands.
"Is it foreign life they want?
Where will anything more alien to
all our northern and eastern experi-
ence be seen or heard than in the
Rue Royale and the Rue Bourbon,
at the French market or at the Span-
ish Fort of New Orleans, with its
mocking-birds and magnolias, where,
as late as the middle of June, gar-
dens full of jasmine and oleanders,
cape myrtles and palms, with moon-
light that might be the northern sun,
filtered through domes of crystals,
make one doubt if it be plain, mat-
ter of fact, progressive America?
Or where will more quaintness and
delight be seen than in the Texas
town of San Antonio, where the
roses lie on the red roofs of the long
and low dwellings, where the jala-
ncoes are latticed with the vine of the
night-blooming cereus, where the
bananas trail along the walls, where
the strong, sweet southeast gales, and
the lanes are lined with figs and
apricots, and one walks under ave-
nues of stately pecans, where forests
draped in melancholy moss, swaying
heavily, make the landscape all un-
real; where grapevines encircle the
thickets with stems the size of forest
trees themselves, where the priests
go about with flocks of little child-
ren clinging to their skirts, and
where the ruins of the old missions
rival in sculptured wonder many
ruins of old Spain? Or is it abso-
lute Spain itself that our friends
would travel over? Let them cross
the Rio Grande by rail, and in Chi-
huahua and Sonora and the heart of
Mexico they have reached much that
makes old Spain; they have found
the old Spain of 400 years ago, and
have gone there dryshod.
"Do our travelers want deserts
and thirt for their summer experi-
ence? They will find deserts in Ar-
izona rivaling all Africa, with colors
and mirages that even the Sahel
does not give. Do they want for
mountain climbing? If the White
Mountains and the Alleghenies do
not offer difficulties enough, are
there not Mount St. Elias, with its
17,000 feet of altitude, Shasta and
Whitney, the terribly obstructed
heights of Sogris and of Snow Mass
Peak, all the wild summits of the
Sierras, the fearful beauty of the
Yellowstone park, and the wild gran-
deur, too lovely to be terrible, of the
Yosemite? And do the Danube, the
Rhine, the Nile allure? Then shall
not the waters of the Hudson, with
its picturesque reaches, of the Mis-
sissippi, with its breadth of volume,
of the Columbia, with its gorges and
cataracts, wash out all memory of
lesser and less beautiful streams.
"Where, for mere beauty, for the
delight of the eye, can all Europe
show us anything like a blossoming
prairie through which we may ride
all day and never come to the end of
the blossoming? And what hoary
antiquity to charm the thought back
to the source of races has Europe to
offer that shall outdo the ancientness
of the ruins of our prehistoric peo-
ple in the heart of the continent?
In fact, America is so full of historic
interest and picturesque loveliness
that it is wonderful anybody should
wish to visit Europe at all before ex-
hausting it; and if anything happens
to deter people from crossing the
ocean and incites them to become
acquainted with their own territory,
they cannot be the losers by it."
Chicago Western World.

CAPT. BOGG'S TRICK.

Captain Boggs, a Virginian, who
held a Captain's license on the Mis-
sissippi River before he was of age,
and who for fourteen years had the
contract to supply the military posts
in Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and
Arizona with fuel, tells the following
story:
"I was down in the Utah reserva-
tion in Colorado and had strolled
down to the shores of a small lake,
while my mules and teamsters were
eating dinner, when I came across a
party of about a dozen Indians.
They were armed with rifles, and
were shooting at a snag which stuck
out of the water about 200 yards
distant. The stakes for which they
were shooting were composed of a
quarter of a dollar from each man,
I stood watching them for some time,
and then decided to enter the com-
petition. Each man had three shots
and the man who hit the snag the
most times won the pot. The mis-
ses were told by the splashes in the
water; the hits by the absence of
the splash.
After some parley with the red-
skins I got them to allow me to en-
ter the match, though they compell-
ed me to deposit half a dollar, while
they put in but a quarter. I had a
heavy repeater with me that, fortu-
nately for my purpose, was then un-
loaded. I was accounted one of the
best shots in that country, but knew
that the Indians were by no means
slow. I slipped three cartridges into
my rifle, and as I did so I broke the
ball off, thus leaving a blank car-
tridge. Of course no splash followed
any of my shots, and the Indians
thought I had hit the snag every time.
I won that pot, but the next time I
intentionally lost by not breaking
the balls off and by taking indifferent
aim.
"I then broke all the balls off until
I had won \$18. Then the Indians
who began to look at me with sus-
picion or awe, refused to shoot any
more. I invited them up to the store,
and spent the money on knick knacks
which I divided among them. I then
took them back to the lake and show-
ed them the trick. They were much
surprised, but took it in good part.
"On returning that way a few days
after I found the same Indians on
the lake shore, shooting a big match
game with a neighboring tribe, whom
they were rapidly bleating out of
everything. I learned that they 'skin-
ned' every Indian in the country that
they could get to shoot against them.
I said nothing, but raised on the
readiness of the savage to adopt the
white man's tricks."
Good Results in Every Case.
D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper
dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes:
that he was seriously afflicted
with a severe cold that settled on
his lungs; but tried many remedies
without benefit. Being induced to
try Dr. King's New Discovery for
Consumption, did so and was entire-
ly cured by use of a few bottles.
Since which time he has used it in
his family for all Coughs and Colds
with best results. This is the ex-
perience of thousands whose lives
have been saved by this Wonderful
Discovery. Trial bottles free at G.
M. Shindel's Drug Store.
Drinking water sells from ten to
fifteen cents per barrel at Sardinia
Texas.
Mrs. General Custer is now devot-
ing herself to writing the biography
of her gallant husband.
In a convict camp in Georgia there
are 86 negro convicts, of whom 35
are preachers.
A San Jose, Cal., wife recently
gave her husband \$500 on condition
that he would leave the State.
A pigeon owned in Brooklyn, N.
Y., made the flight from Montgom-
ery, Ala., 875 miles, in ten days,
beating all previous records.
The population of New York city
doubled itself every 17 years be-
tween 1820 and 1880, and is now in-
creasing at the rate of 75,000 per
year.
In one year the people of this
country use about 150,000,000 steel
pens. If placed in line the pens
would reach from New York to Liv-
erpool.
They have a rug at Cottage City,
N. J., made in the year 691, or 16
years ago. It is a pretty old relic,
and was obtained from the Mosque
of Mecca.

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