

# 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.

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## POETRY.

### ANNIE BELL.

BY WILLIAM HENRY BURLINGH.

Once, upon a summer morning  
(Memory keeps the records well),  
Sat a lovely girl beside me—  
Annie Bell.

Sixteen June of song and sunshine,  
Flower and breeze, her life could tell;  
That morning, seemed to meet in  
Annie Bell.

O, her heart was large for loving!  
Yet no evil thoughts may dwell,  
In that temple, pure and holy,  
Annie Bell.

Kin she seemed to all that's fairest,  
And to all that's best as well,  
In the glory of her childhood,  
Annie Bell.

Then, as thus I sat beside her,  
Unaware a blessing fell  
From my heart upon the maiden,  
Annie Bell.

"Maiden! may the loving Father,  
Who in mercy doth excel,  
Guide thee ever, guard thee ever,  
Annie Bell.

"Free from guile and free from sorrow,  
Free from every passion fell,  
Keep thy soul's unsullied whiteness,  
Annie Bell.

"Hating wrong and scorning folly,  
Every evil thing repel;  
So with thee shall walk the angels,  
Annie Bell.

"O, companioned so divinely,  
Shall thy life with rhythmic swell  
Flow to chimes of angel-music,  
Annie Bell.

"Love, with sweetest ministrations,  
In thy home forever dwell,  
Filling it with airs of heaven,  
Annie Bell.

"Thy, thy earthly mission ended,  
Bliss, beyond what verse can tell,  
By thy heritage forever,  
Annie Bell.

"O, that lovely summer morning  
Years have passed; and who can tell  
All the changes they have brought thee,  
Annie Bell.

Thou to me didst seem a vision  
Which a moment might dispel;  
But its glory lingers with me,  
Annie Bell.

Ever, since that summer morning,  
In my memory thou dost dwell,  
Sanctified by sweet affections,  
Annie Bell.

Never since that summer morning,  
Which thy presence, like a spell,  
Seemed to hallow, have I seen thee,  
Annie Bell.

## AN ADVENTURE WITH A ROBBER.

Outside of the tongs who ruled the new towns of the West up to five years ago, there was a distinctive class of men "held up." They were, as a rule, men of quiet demeanor, never given to bravado, seldom seen drunk, and ever ready to champion the cause of the oppressed. It is doubtful if one of this class has survived the onward march of civilization, while as for the other classes—the desperadoes ever ready to shoot or stab, the crowds who ambushed their victims, and the camp and saloon brawlers—the sheriffs have hunted them out and awed them into good behavior.

Captain Long, an army officer, was staging it between Julesburg and Cheyenne before the railroad connected the two. The passengers numbered seven, being five men and two ladies, the latter being the wives of two of the passengers. He was the only military man aboard. The two married men were Easterners, who were going Cheyenne to set up in the mercantile business. One of the others was an artist and a correspondent for a New York illustrated paper, and the fifth was a stockman. It was about natural that they should strike up a speaking acquaintance, and the natural result was a general conversation about stage robbers. These chaps were about even on the coach being held up before the end of the journey. People who regard themselves in peril often become communicative.

They had been traveling half a day before it was known that the two mercantile men had about \$16,000 green backs, and all but two hundred concealed on the person of their wives. The artist had \$150 in the lining of his hat and \$30 in his wallet. The stockman had \$100 in his wallet and his boot-leg jammed full of greenbacks. Long had \$80 in his pocket and not a dollar elsewhere. The fact of his being an army officer will satisfy all inquiries as to why he had the money.

The next thing was to expect the stage to be stopped, and to plan what they would do. They had all read and heard of such affairs, but no one had been through the mill. The five men each had a trusty revolver, and it was hardly to be expected that they should permit themselves to be robbed by one or two men. It was arranged that in case the stage should be stopped the ladies should sink down out of harm's way and give the men a chance to show their mettle. As a matter of course they depended on the driver to help them out as he could.

It was half an hour before sundown and they were skirting the cotton woods along the north fork of the upper Platte, when the driver suddenly pulled up. They looked out to see what had happened, and a man opened the right hand door of the coach and looked in on them. He was about thirty years of age, light hair, blue eyes, sandy beard, and regular features. Indeed, he was a goodlooking man. His dress was half hunter, half gentleman, and he looked clean and tasty. He had a cocked revolver in his right hand, and his left held the door open.

"One—three—five—six—seven" he counted. "Ladies and gentlemen, I am extremely sorry to have put you to any trouble, but I shall have to request of you to alight. That is, the gentlemen will please step out, while the ladies can remain in the coach." They had planned how they were to open fire and riddle the fellow with bullets. Here he was and not one of the men made a move. Why? Well, it seemed as if those blue eyes kept close watch of every man's hand. The captain relates that the first thought was to slip his hand down to his revolver, but the instant his arm moved the fellow seemed to cover him, saying:

"Gentlemen I hope I shall not be obliged to shoot any of you. Please come out."

It's no use to say they were a set of cowards, for such was far from being the case. They were packed in the coach like sardines, no one prepared to shoot, and it takes time to draw a revolver and make ready. It is probable that if any of them had attempted it, there would be a tragedy. The captain was on the front seat, and he hoped that as he rose up to leave the coach he might draw his weapon unobserved, but

## BILL NTE ON RAILROADS.

Perhaps there is nothing in the line of discovery and improvement that has shown more marked progress in the last century than the railway and its different auxiliaries. When we remember that much less than a century passed since the first patent for a locomotive to move up on a track was issued, where now we have everything that heart can wish, and, in fact, live better on the road than we do at home, with but thirty six hours between New York and Minneapolis, and a gorgeous parlor, bed-room and a dining-room, between Maine and Oregon, with nothing that may go to make life a rich blessing, we are compelled to express our wonder and admiration.

To Peter Cooper is largely due the boom given to railway business, he having constructed the first locomotive ever made in this country, and put it on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

The first train ever operated must have been a grand sight. First came the locomotive, a large Babcock fire-extinguisher on tracks, with a smoke stack like a full-blown speaking tube with a grill around the top; the engineer at his post in a pug hat, with an umbrella over his head and his hand on the throttle, borrowing a chew of tobacco now and then of the farmers who passed him on their way to town. Near him stood the fireman, now and then bringing in an armful of wood from the fields through which they passed, and turning the damper in the smoke-stack every little while so that it would draw. Now and then he would go forward and put a pork-rind on a hot box or pound on the cylinder head to warn people off the track.

Next comes the tender loaded with nice, white birch wood, an economical style of fuel because its bark may be easily burned off while the wood itself will remain unburned. Beside the fire-wood was a small sprig of tansy immersed in four gallons of New England rum. This the engineer has brought with him for use in case of accident. He is now engaged in preparing for the accident in advance.

Next comes the front brakeman in a pug hat about two sizes too large for him. He also wears a long-waisted frock coat with a bustle to it and a tall shirt-collar with a table-spread tie, the ends of which flutter gayly in the morning breeze. As the train pauses at the first station he takes a hammer out of the toolbox and nails on the tire of the fore wheel of his coach. The engineer gets down with a long oil can and puts a little sewing-machine oil on the pitman. He then wipes it off with his sleeve.

It is now discovered that the rear coach, containing a number of directors and the division superintendent is missing. The conductor goes to the rear of the last coach, and finds that the string by which the directors' car was attached is broken, and that the grade being pretty steep, the directors and one brakeman have no doubt gone back to the starting place.

But the conductor is cool. He removes his ball-crowned pug hat, and taking out his orders and time card, he finds that the track is clear, and looking at a large, valuable Waterbury watch, presented to him by a widow whose husband was run over and killed by the train, he sees that he can still make the station in time for dinner. He hires a livery team to go back after the directors' coach, and calling "All aboard!" he swings lightly upon the moving train.

It is now 10 o'clock, and nineteen weary miles still stretch out between him and the dinner station. To add to the horrors of the situation, the front brakeman discovers that a very thirsty boy in the emigrant car has been drinking from the water-supply tank on the tender, and there is not enough left to carry the train through Much time is consumed in filling the barrel again at a spring near the track, but the conductor finds a "spotter" on the train and gets him to do it. He also induces him to cut some more wood and clean out the ashes.

## THE LIGHT RUNNING NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE.

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When Zach Chandler was Secretary of the Interior, he was approached by a clerical looking man who said:

"Well, sir, I do not suppose that you would have a woman employed in your department if she were a bad woman and you knew it?"

"Your supposition is right," responded the Secretary. "Knowing her character, such a woman would not have employment here."

"I knew it must be so," said the visitor, "and I came to tell you that you have such a woman, and to ask for her removal."

After naming the lady, and the bureau where she worked, when the Secretary asked if he knew what he said of her was true the visitor replied:

"I know her to be a very bad woman, and she ought not to be allowed to remain here a single day."

Pushing pen and paper across the table the Secretary quietly remarked:

"Please write the woman's name and your charge, sign it, and I'll look into the matter immediately."

"Why?" said the visitor, "you couldn't ask me to do that, Mr. Secretary? You surely couldn't ask me to put anything in writing in regard to this very unpleasant business?"

The Secretary rose to his feet, and his heavy voice trembled with scorn as he said:

"You come here and tell me that I have a woman in the service of the Government whom you know to be a woman of very bad character, and you ask me, knowing nothing whatever about her, to turn her out with that stigma attaching to her for all time. No, sir! I will see you d—d first."

The reverend visitor at once left the company of the profane Secretary, and did not call again.

time. In two minutes he has made up an hour's time, though two miles of hoop-iron are torn from the track behind him. He sails into the eating station on time, and while the master mechanic takes several of the coach-wheels over to the machine-shop to soak, he eats a hurried lunch.

The brakeman here gets his tin lanterns ready for the night run and fills two of them with red oil to be used on the rear coach.

The fireman puts a fresh breeze-rind on the eccentric, stuffs some more cotton batting around the axles, puts a new lynch-pin in the hind wheels, sweeps the applespeelings out of the smoking car, and he is ready.

Then comes the conductor, with his pug hat full of excursion tickets, orders, passes, and time-checks; he looks at his Waterbury watch, waves his hand, and calls "All aboard!" again. It is up-grade, however, and for two miles the "spotter" has to push behind with all his might before the conductor will allow him to get on and ride.

Thus began the history of a gigantic enterprise which has grown till it is a comfort, a convenience, a luxury, and yet a necessity. It has built up and beautified the desert. It has crept beneath the broad river, scaled the snowy mountain, and hung by iron arms from the canyon and the precipice, carrying the young to new lands, and reuniting those long separated. It has taken the hopeless to lands of new hope. It has invaded the solitude of the wilderness, spiked down valuable land grants, killed cheap cattle and then paid a high price for them, whooped through valleys, snorted over lofty peaks, crept through long, dark tunnels, turning the bright glare of day suddenly upon those who thought the tunnel was two miles long, roared through the night and glittered the day, bringing alike the groom to his beautiful bride and the weeping prodigal to the moss-grown grave of his mother.

## DIDN'T WANT TO SIGN IT.

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