

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

A PLAIN TRUTH.

One truth 'twere well that all should know,
In public places high and low,
A truth to which the brightest mind
May be occasionally blind;
Above all theory and practice
This solid and controlling fact is
No man is bigger than his party.

Vain praise may swell the stoutest head,
The stubborn mule is often led;
Our best intentions go astray
When fog and mists obscure the way
And men who find themselves mis-
taken
At last to this great truth awaken:
No man is bigger than his party.

This fact is sure when all is done,
Many are wiser far than one;
Our friends, as everybody knows,
Give safer counsel than our foes,
And he who falls his friends disclaim-
ing,
Will find at last this truth remaining:
No man is bigger than his party.

No stream, however freely fed,
Can rise above the fountain head,
Nor will its flow continue long
Unless the source is full and strong;
And therefore every new November
Should bid us all this truth remem-
ber:
No man is bigger than his party.

The man who reads, the man who votes,
And ways of men in office notes,
Knows how and why his vote was cast,
Holding his own convictions fast,
And home to him at each election
Is apt to come the cool reflection:
No man is bigger than his party.

—N. Y. Sun.

A PACK PEDDLER'S STORY.

"I have been a pack peddler for more than twenty years," said the old man, as he whiffed away at his pipe to get a light, "and you may suppose I have met with some stirring adventures, I have traveled a great deal in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, and Minnesota, and for weeks and months I have been on the alert, not only to preserve the contents of my pack, but to defend my life. My line of trade has been Yankee notions, with jewelry added. I have had with me at one time as much as \$2,000 worth of gold and silver watches, ear-rings, finger-rings, etc. I have sat on a log beside a highway in Kansas, and sold \$150 worth of stock to three or four men, and I have disposed of \$50 worth of ladies' jewelry at a pioneer cabin which had neither floors nor partitions.

"On two different occasions I ate dinner at the cabin of old Bender, the Kansas feud. On the first occasion the old man was away, and I saw only two old women about the place. Six months later, when I called again, it was about 11 o'clock in the forenoon. Then I saw old Bender for the first time. I have heard him described as a pleasant-faced old man whom no one would suspect, but I tell you the very first look at him put me on my guard. For the first time in a year I felt that my life was in danger. The same two slatternly women were about the house, and there was a young man whom I took to be old Bender's son. This young man disappeared soon after I arrived, but whether he had hid in the house or rode off across the prairie I never knew. Bender's women purchased about \$2 worth of notions, and the old man dickered with me for an hour over a gold watch. It seems he had but a small stock of cash, but he offered me personal property in exchange. He had three or four silver watches, all of which had been carried, two or three revolvers, two bosom pins made of lamps of pure gold, and three or four pairs of valuable cuff-buttons. We had nearly effected an exchange when he suddenly decided to leave the matter open until after dinner.

Months afterward, when the discoveries of his crimes came out, I thought the matter over, and could remember just how nicely he played me. Without seeming to interrogate me for information he asked how long a trip I had made, what success I had met with, who I was, where I lived, and whom I knew in that locality. The old murderer was figuring up the chances of my being missed in case he put an end to me, and he had a curiosity to know beforehand what the harvest would be. While I told you that I did not like his looks, and that I had a nervous feeling in his presence,

I had no idea of an attempt to murder by daylight and in the manner he was planning for. I had a trusty revolver, and I had the courage to defend myself. Had I met him out on the prairie, or had we been jogging together along some lonely highway, I should have prepared to pull my pistol at the first movement. "Dinner was announced soon after 12 o'clock. I took my pack with me into the dining-room, where I found the table set for one. There were three rooms in the house. The front room was a general sitting-room and office combined. Bender kept a sort of tavern, you know, and travelers had this front room. The next room back was the dining-room and family room combined. There was a bed-room leading off. On the walls of this family room were a few old fashioned frames, a shelf on which stood a clock, and a few scant evidences of women's presence. The back room was the kitchen.

"I had my eyes wide open when I entered that dining-room, and the very first thing I noticed was that the table was set lengthwise in the room and that my chair and plate had been so placed that my back would be toward the kitchen door, which was not over five or six feet away. Had it been at the other end my back would have been toward the office door. The first move I made was to turn the chair around to the side and sit down. I now faced the bed-room door, and had the other doors to my right and left, while there was no window behind me. The younger woman was in the room and she looked at me in a queer, strange way and upset the arrangements she had perfected. Bender did not look into the room for two or three minutes, and then retired without speaking. A minute later he passed around the house and entered the kitchen by the back door. While I could not see him, I heard him and the woman whispering together, and I caught the words as spoken by her:

"I tell you he did it himself!" "I could not catch a word from him and directly he went out and she came in with the rest of the eatables. Her face was flushed and her manner very nervous. She put on a plate of bread and a platter of meat, and then went out for the coffee. As she set the cup and saucer on the board she partly upset the cup and spilled half the contents on the table.

"Excuse me—I'm sorry," she said as I shoved back to keep the hot liquid from dripping on my legs. "Never mind—no harm done," I replied.

"It was so careless of me. You had better change your seat to the end while I sop it up." "Oh, don't mind; I'm not hungry and shall eat but a few mouthfuls any way. I forgot to tell you that I preferred water to coffee." "But—you—you—"

"I'm all right." "She gave me one of the queerest looks I ever got, first flushing up and then turned pale. Spilling that coffee was a put-up job to get my back to the kitchen door. I suspected it then, a few months later I had plenty of horrible proofs. Before the meal was finished old Bender looked in from the kitchen door and drew back, and when I shoved away and entered the office he was not there and did not show up for five minutes. When I went to dinner a double-barreled shot-gun stood in a corner of the office. When I came out it was gone. The old man came in after a while, and it was easy to see that he had to force himself to converse. I paid him for the meal and was ready to go. It was a lonely road I had to travel, with no other house for miles, and it suddenly struck me that the younger man had gone to lie in ambush and shoot me in case I escaped assassination at the house. For a minute or two I quite lost my sand, and you can judge what a relief it was to me to see a team drive up with three men in the vehicle and room for one more. They stopped to water the horses and chat a few moments, and readily gave me a lift on my way. I did not impart my suspicions to them, and it was not until the horrible stories came out that I felt sure in my own mind what a close call I had.

"Do I know what became of old Bender and his family? You remember that they fled the country, or that the papers so reported, and for months we used to hear from one locality and another of the fugitives being seen or captured. I have reason to believe they never got out of the state, nor yet a hundred miles from that lone tavern on the prairie, with its horrible cellar underneath, and its graveyard in the rear. Bands of men were riding in this or that direction bent on vengeance, and one of these overhauled the party. I have been told this on the best authority. As Bender had shown no mercy toward the unsuspecting travelers who were shot in the back from that kitchen door as they ate at his table, none was shown to him or his. They were wiped out and planted where their bones will never be turned up to the light of day."

LIVING BABY CARRIAGES.

The kangaroo is the best known example of a living baby carriage. But it is not at all necessary to go as far as Australia to find an animal which carries its young in precisely the same way that the kangaroo does. Our opossum is provided with a pouch exactly as the kangaroo is, and the moment its babies are born it puts them into the pouch and keeps them there until they are better able to take care of themselves.

Somewhat the same plan is adopted by the beautiful little fish called the sea-horse, from its remarkable resemblance to our horse. Only the father does the work in this case, and carries, not the living babies, but the eggs, which he gathers up, after the mother has laid them, and puts in a pouch near his tail.

There is even a bird which carries its egg in a sac near its tail. This is the penguin, a bird without feathers, and with wings so short that it cannot fly.

Dogs, cats and other animals of the same kind, pick up their babies in their teeth; but there are some animals which go farther, and carry their young literally in their mouths. Some snakes will, at any alarm, receive their broods in their mouths. And an unpleasant sight it is, too, to see a number of hissing, wriggling little reptiles disappearing into the gaping mouth of the parent snake.

There is a fish, too, called the *chronis pterygoides*, which does the same thing. The father-fish, in the first place, stuffs his gills full of eggs, and afterward, when the little fish so faintly hatched, they swim in and out of the devoted father's mouth at their pleasure.

Many animals carry their babies on their backs, and this is particularly the case with water animals, or those that pass part of the time in the water. The hippopotamus does so, and the stupid-looking little ball of pink flesh looks extremely odd as it rides about in this way.

The walrus, too, often carries its baby in the same way, though just as often it carries it under its flipper in a very human-like fashion. The latter plan, of using the flipper like an arm, is also practiced by the whale in carrying its young.

Several of the water-birds carry their young on their backs, and a prettier sight can hardly be imagined than a water-fowl sailing about with its dainty, downy brood snugly gathered together on its back. One bird, at least—the guillemot—takes her solitary baby on her back, and flies through the air with it.

In South America, what is known as Meria's opossum—a first cousin of our opossum—has a very comical way of carrying its young. The whole family may be having a frolic among the branches of a tree, when suddenly the watchful mother will sound an alarm, and stand quite still with her long tail laid along her back. The little ones at once scamper to her and scramble up on her back, at the same time curling their little tails tightly around hers. And there they stand, half on one side and half on the other, while the mother runs away to a place of safety.

Man Never Gets Enough.

When Jeremiah P. Robinson died in Brooklyn the other day he left an estate whose value is generally estimated at from \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000. Long years ago when Mr. Robinson was a young and driving business man he had an ambition, and that ambition was to accumulate a fortune of \$50,000.

"When I got that much money," he said one day to one of his clerks "then I'm going to quit business—right short off and enjoy the rest of my days in ease." Several years went by before anything akin to the figure he had fixed upon as satisfactory approached; but the closer he got the less he had to say about the "\$50,000 being enough for any sensible man." One New Year's Day he entertained his clerk, "Will," he said, "I've been making an inventory of things this morning and I find that I am worth something over \$50,000."

"Then you are going to go out of business, I suppose," remarked the clerk.

"Go out of business! Why man, alive, what are you talking about? Go out of business! I have only begun; my figure is \$150,000; that's enough to satisfy any man, and more would be a burden. But \$50,000 don't begin to look so big when you get close to it as it does when it's about \$49,000 off." Neither did \$150,000 when it came to look as big as it did once, and its possession was but the incentive to more energy and enterprise. It is the same old fever—enough is never what a mortal has.—N. Y. Times.

HOW A VETERAN WON.

Removals from office that place might be provided for Jackson men were the order of the day, but President Jackson was not disposed to displace any veteran soldier. Among other victims designated for removal by the politicians was General Solomon Van Rensselaer, whose gallant services against Great Britain in the War of 1812 had been rewarded by an election to the House of Representatives, followed by his appointment as Postmaster of Albany. He was a decided Federalist, and the petition for his removal was headed by Martin Van Buren and Silas Wright.

Visiting Washington, General Van Rensselaer received a cordial greeting from General Jackson at a public reception, and then, taking a seat in a corner, he waited until the room was cleared, when he again approached the President, saying:

"General Jackson, I have come here to talk to you about my office. The politicians want to take it from me, and they know I have nothing else to live upon." The President made no reply, till the aged Postmaster began to take off his coat in the most excited manner, when Old Hickory broke out with the inquiry: "What in Heaven's name are you going to do? Why do you take off your coat here?" "Well, sir, I am going to show you my wounds, which I received in fighting for my country against the English!" "Put it on at once, sir!" was the reply: "I am surprised that a man of your age should make such an exhibition of himself," and the eyes of the iron President were suffused with tears as, without another word, he bade his ancient foe good evening.

The next day Messrs. Van Buren and Wright called at the White House and were shown up into the President's room, where they found him smoking a clay pipe. Mr. Wright soon commenced to solicit the removal of General Van Rensselaer, asserting that he had been known as a very active advocate of John Quincy Adams; that he had literally forfeited his place by his earnest opposition to the Jackson men, and that if he were not removed the new Administration would be seriously injured. He had hardly finished the last sentence when Jackson sprang to his feet, flung his pipe into the fire, and exclaimed, with great vehemence, "I take the consequences, sir! I take the consequences! By the Eternal I will not remove the old man! I cannot remove him! Why, Mr. Wright, do you not know that he carries more than a pound of British lead in his body?" That settled the question, and General Van Rensselaer remained undisturbed as

Postmaster at Albany through the Jackson Administration, although Martin Van Buren, when he came into power, promptly "bounced" him.

Fifty Million and Prayers will Go Up for Mrs. Cleveland.

It is still a problem whether Mrs. Cleveland will enter the social world in this city this season or not. From the ladies of the household come reports that she will not. They say that, instead of entertaining gay throngs of visitors at receptions, she will be singing pretty little nursery ballads. The ladies of this city have all taken the greatest interest in seeing events and those who are in position to know say most decidedly that Mrs. Cleveland will not enter society. A great deal of shopping has been done of late by the ladies of the White House, but it is said that very little evening costume material has been bought. It has been more of a diminutive nature.—*Britannic American*.

Mrs. Cleveland is not seeing so many visitors as formerly, and these only by appointment. She rides out nearly every day. A young lady who has been in the habit of calling upon her tells me that there is beginning to be a little air of mystery about the domestic life of the White House, and that even the ladies of the Cabinet wear a far-away look and speak in an indelible way when asked about her, which may, perhaps, be a gentle way of hinting that too many questions should not be asked, and the life of the family in the White House is entitled to the same protection from impertinent inquiry that belongs to any other family. At the same time, the kindness of the public interest in the welfare of his household can hardly be a source of real annoyance to the President. If Mrs. Cleveland does not appear in public for a time, it need not be assumed that she remains at home merely to avoid meeting Jeff Davis's daughter at Richmond, or because she does not approve of the erection of the status of Liberty in New York harbor.—*Boston Herald*.

Most Excellent
J. J. Atkins, Chief of Police, Knoxville, Tenn., writes: "My family and I are beneficiaries of your most excellent medicine, Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption; having found it to be all that you claim for it, I desire to testify to its virtue. My friends to whom I have recommended it, praise it at every opportunity."

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Fifteen years ago the buffalo ranges of Kansas and Colorado were covered with thousands of these animals. The other day a party went out from Denver, and after a week's hunting managed to kill three from a herd of twenty-nine that they found in Lost Park. It is said that there are not more than 2,000 buffaloes now in existence. Systematic slaughter has produced this shameful result.

Blind Bill, a colored inmate of a Georgia poorhouse, has a most remarkable sense of touch. He can tell any one whom he has met by feeling of his hand. A man whom he had not met for ten years shook hands with him the other day and Bill at once called him by name, though not a word had before been spoken.

Farmer Sumner, near Santa Maria, Cal., saw bees going in and out of a crack of a big pumpkin on his farm. He opened the pumpkin and found eight pounds of excellent honey within. He now brags more than ever of the glorious climate of California, where one can raise punkies and honey on the same vine.

A strange kitten got into the house of Thomas Moore of Wingham, Canada, entered the room where a baby was sleeping, and sucked its cheek until it bled. It was discovered and put out of doors. Again it came in and attempted the same thing again and then Mr. Moore killed it.

Australian farmers are still troubled by rabbits, which breed there at an enormous rate. One farmer has just offered \$75,000 for a rabbit-proof wire fence to extend 208 miles

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