

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, NOVEMBER 25, 1886

NO 47

POETRY.

SYMPATHY.

In sorrow once there came to me
Two friends to proffer sympathy.
One pressed warm dewy lips to mine,
And quoted from the world's divine:
Wiped the hot tear-drops from my eye
And gave my sore heart for sigh:
Told me of pain he had outgrown—
Pain that was equal to my own,
And left me with a tender touch
That should have comforted me much
But still my sorrow was no less
For all his loving graciousness.
The other only pressed my hand;
Within his eyes the tears did stand.
He said no word, but laid a rare
Bunch of sweet flowers beside my chair:
And closely held my hand the while
He cheered my sad gloom with his smile.
And ere he went he sang a song
That I had known and loved for long.
And then he clasped my hand again
With the same look that shares a pain
And when he went I laid my head
Down, and was glad and comforted.
What was the difference, can you tell?
I loved my friends, alike and well,
I loved them both alike, and yet
The one's warm kiss I could forget.
The other's hand clasp I could feel
For hours through all my being steal.
Each shared my sorrow, yet to me
Ours brought but love, one sympathy.

Mrs Jordan's Beautiful Doe

Five years ago Chester Foster of Wharton township, Potter county, Pa., caught a young female fawn, which was about five weeks old. The little creature soon became domesticated—under the care of Mrs. Mary Ann Jordan, a near neighbor of Mr. Foster—to whom the deer was presented, associating with the dogs and cats on terms of friendship and equality. In order that it should have some protection from hunters, as it frequently strayed into the woods and was liable to be killed, Mrs. Jordan placed a leather strap around its neck to which was attached a bell. In January 1884, the doe which was then about three years old, left Mrs. Jordan's place, and was not again seen until the first day of April following, when she returned. She brought with her a beautiful yearling buck which she had picked up in the woods and which followed her into Mrs. Jordan's barn and has remained ever since. In June following the doe had two fawns, which were born in the barn. They grew finely, and one of these was subsequently sold to a Mr. McGee, who took it to Clearfield county. In December, 1885, the doe again left without warning and took to the woods, and nothing was seen of her until March 18, 1886, being again absent three months as before. Since then she has remained quietly about the place. During the first week of September last she gave birth again to two fawns, which are now frisky and beautiful. The mother with her family of three, including the yearling she picked up in the woods, roams about at pleasure. The mother deer is docile and affectionate. The fawns are shy, and seldom come about the house in the daytime, although they never leave the farm, and generally can be seen in the adjacent underbrush and thicket, but run on the approach of any one. The old doe frequently comes into the house when the family are at meals, takes her stand at the table, and without any invitation takes bread or food from the table or accepts it when offered by any one. She will frequently accompany a neighbor home and then at once return to her old quarters. Occasionally when in the adjoining mountains and woods, which are full of deer, the dogs have started and endeavored to catch Mrs. Jordan's favorite, but she has always reached her home in safety, and finding the door closed, has seven times jumped through the window into the only room which is on the first floor and into the middle of Mrs. Jordan's feather bed, and there remained on all corners of production by her own

BOOKLESS HOMES

We form judgments of men from little things about their houses, of which the owner, perhaps, never thinks. Flowers about a rich man's house may signify only that he has a good gardener, or that he has refined neighbors, and does what he sees them do. But men are not accustomed to buy books unless they want them. If, on visiting the dwelling of a man of slender means, we find that he contents himself with cheap carpets and very plain furniture, in order that he may buy books he rises at once in our esteem. Books are not made for furniture, but there is nothing else that so beautifully furnishes a house. The plainest row of books that cloth or paper cover is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved or sideboard.

Give us a house furnished with books rather than costly furniture. Both, if you can, but books at any rate. To spend several days in a friend's house, and hunger for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets, and sitting on luxuriant chairs, and sleeping upon down, is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind. Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family. Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading, and grows upon it. And the love of knowledge, in a young mind, is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passion and vice.

Let us pity those poor rich men who live baronically in great bookless houses. Let us congratulate the poor, that in our day books are so cheap that a man may every year add a hundred volumes to his library for the low price of what his tobacco and his beer would cost him. Among the earliest ambition to be excited in clerks, workmen, journeymen, and, indeed, among all that are struggling up in life from nothing to something, is that of owning, and constantly adding to, a library of good books. A little library, growing larger every year, is an honorable part of a young man's history. It is a man's duty to buy books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life.—United States Paper Maker.

Problems in Confederate Arithmetic.

Book curiosities are not all antiquities. In a Philadelphia second-hand book store I saw the other day a work on arithmetic which certainly does not lack interest, historically. It is an elementary work, made by L. Johnson, A. M., Professor of Mathematics in Trinity College, and published in Raleigh, North Carolina, in 1864. The time and place of its production are sufficient to indicate its "southern" character. Some of the examples in it probably seemed funnier twenty-two years ago around Raleigh than they do now, viz.: "A Confederate soldier captured eight Yankees each day for nine successive days; how many did he capture in all?" "If 1 Confederate soldier kill 90 Yankees, how many Yankees can 10 Confederate soldiers kill?" "If 1 Confederate soldier can whip 7 Yankees, how many soldiers can whip 49 Yankees?"

A father called his son into the library the other day, and said:

"Harry, you are now seventeen years old."

"Yes, father."

"I have given you money from time to time, but you have had no stipulated allowance. Beginning with next week, I shall allow you six dollars per week."

"That will be splendid! You are one of the best fathers in Detroit!"

"Yes, six dollars per week, and as you are now old enough to pay board I shall charge you five dollars per week! You can always depend upon the dollar coming to you each Saturday."

A tramp who has money is a

HE WANTED TO TEACH.

COMMUNO, November 7.—The public school system of Georgia is an impoverished institution. It contrasts with its teachers for a term of sixty-five days at five cents per day per capita and settles with them at about sixty-five cents on the dollar. The teacher must accept this or persuade the kind-hearted patron to pay the remainder. Any one enjoying the ludicrous can spend a healthful half hour at certain of these examinations, especially when the commissioner, as in this case, possesses a natural vein of humor. The applicant was a man of about forty, with a cheap cast of feature and a body half as broad as long. He said he didn't claim to know all—wasn't a graduate etc., but he did know enough to teach them health down at Snake Rag, cause he'd teneed that four years, and they didn't know nuthin' yet. The official said he'd ask a few primary questions, and began with:

"What is a letter?"
"A thing crooked sometimes and sometimes 'taint."
"What is a syllable?"
"Hits a word split in two."
"How many parts of speech?"
"Three—course, fine and superlative."
"What is a verb?"
"Hit's uthin' that tacksles outo uthin', or shows that uthin' tacksles outo hit."
"What is reading?"
"Hit's talkin' from a book."
"How do you teach reading?"
"Sometime by coaxin' and sometimes by a board."
"What is geography?"
"Hain't no classed in that."
"But you might have. How would you teach it?"

"By askin' 'em questions."
"What are the fundamental rules of arithmetic?"
"Fundamental rules."
"Don't know him."
"I had no reference to an individual. I meant the principal rules of arithmetic."
"You mean the way how?"
"Yes."
"Can't jus' remember."

This, of course, is an exceptional subject of ignorance, but the public school teachers in the Georgia backwoods are not proverbial for their good learning. There are some good schools, however, and this county has two or three of a higher grade. The High School here is presided over by a clever young lawyer—a Georgian—and a gentleman of cultivated taste.

The French Printing Office.

The French Government Printing Office is said to be the finest establishment of its kind in the world. It is divided into a first division, a second division, and a reserve. It employs: clerks and officials, 220; laborers, 50; book-folders, sewers, perforators, gammers, and females connected with the drying room, 310; bookbinders, 110; type foundry (15 males and 10 females), 25; electrotypers and stereotypers, 15; machine men, printers (male and female), and machine boys, 120; pressmen, 110; compositors, 200; showing a total of about 1,200 persons occupied exclusively in printing Government work. It is supported by an annual budget of \$1,400,000. The rule, where practicable, is to pay by the piece. The general manager receives a salary of \$3,000 a year; an under manager receives a salary of \$1,600; a superintendent of the interior department, \$1,200; an assistant to the latter, \$900; and numerous others in various positions as clerks and overseers receive salaries ranging from \$800 to \$360. The male workers in the mechanical departments labor ten hours a day and the laborers eleven hours. The first mentioned receive six cents an hour extra for overtime and the women two cents less.

"We must economize," said the President, when his wife asked him for twenty dollars for a new bonnet. "During the past few months we have paid \$5,000 for a piano, \$10,000 for a china tea set, sent \$20 to the Charleston sufferers, and \$500 to the chairman of the New York Democratic State Committee. Can't you make your old bonnet do another

A PRETTY LIVE CORPSE.

There is an old colored man living on Dallas street who believes he is a doctor. He is a little dried-up piece of humanity. His most prominent feature is his mouth. That is the largest part of his anatomy, and it is big enough to gulp down a full-grown Charleston earthquake.

He is a great talker. He has been known to talk three men at a time so weak that they couldn't find the way home. His most peculiar habit is his fondness for looking at dead people. He will go for miles to look at a corpse. Whenever he is allowed to do so, he invariably examines the body and says:

"Po' de Lawd, dat man ain't no mo' dead dan I is dis mornin'. Au' yer put him in de groun' yer is makin' of him mit suicide—dat, you is!"
The colored people over in East Baltimore got tired of being bothered by the old man's nonsense, and they determined to break it up. A crowd on Bath street fixed up a job on him last night that acted like a charm. They hired a casket from an undertaker and one of them got in it. They then sent for the old "doctor." When he arrived they were all standing around the casket. One of the party remarked:

"I don't believe dat man's dead."
The "doctor" felt the pulse of the man in the coffin and said:
"No, sah; he ain't no mo' dead dan de res' us us is. No, sah; dat be m'int I knows when er man's dead."
Just then the supposed corpse jumped up and grabbed the old "doctor" around the neck and nearly choked him to death.
"I ain't dead, ain't I?"
"Yes yer is; yes, sah, you's dead I knowed yer wuz dead all de time I wuz jes' foolin' wid yer. Jes' let me go, an' yer kin stay dead. I swear I won't bodder you no mo'."
The man in the coffin let go, and the "doctor" ran out and didn't stop till he got home. There he swore to his wife that he had seen a live corpse, and he made a solemn oath to give up trying to take the dead.

COURT WAS ADJOURNED.

"Order in the court!" exclaimed the judge of a Montana Circuit, as he observed the occupants of the room leave their seats and crowd around the windows.

"We must have order," he continued. "Mr. Sheriff, see that order is maintained. There must be less confusion or I will order the room cleared."

"The yaller one is getting away with the other," remarked one of the men at the window.

"What's the excitement?" asked the judge.

"A dog fight, your honor," replied a lawyer, as he got up on a chair to look out of the window.

"Mr. Sheriff," said the Court as he moved down from his seat in the direction of the crowd, "adjourn Court right off!"—St Paul Globe.

An auctioneer was trying to sell a horse on Michigan Grand avenue yesterday, and after the animal had been duly inspected the crowd was asked to start the bidding.

"Fifteen cents called out an old woman with some lettuce in a basket.

"Humph, you'd better go home!" sneered the auctioneer.

"Say!" said the woman to a man at her elbow, "that's just the way it always turns out! I never try to oblige any one without getting the worst of it, I might have made it twenty cents, but I've got to buy meat for dinner."

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; had tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely 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 experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery. Trial bottles free at G. M. Shindel's Drug Store.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF

Ben Perley Poore's Forthcoming Book,

Sixty years of a busy journalist's life at Washington are epitomized in Maj. Ben Perley Poore's forthcoming book. One of the admirers of the Major recently said that "at a judiciously ripe period of life the Major stopped growing old, and since then, like some of the choicest Maderia of which he writes with so much feeling, he has only been accumulating bouquet and flavor." Maj. Poore has been one of the best known and one of the most knowing men in Washington society for a half a century. His is the sunny temperament delighting in bright, social intercourse. Yet his connection with daily journalism and his position in the U. S. Senate placed him always in the thick of political affairs and social gossip. He was ever in the Washington "Swim," braving the waves with jovial vigor, and never failing to hear or see what was said and done. The Major could never be very solemn, and in his ripened sketches of Washington life every phase reaches him of half a dozen amusing anecdotes. He has a rare gift in telling a story, and his anecdotes are inexhaustible.

His book will not only add lustre to his fame as a writer, but is of a unique character and so intensely interesting in matter that it will prove a valuable contribution to the literature of the country. It has merit for the thoughtful, wit for the witty, information for all, and we doubt if it has been equalled by any subscription book since the war.

It is being issued by the well-known house of Hubbard Bros., Philadelphia, Pa., and sold exclusively by subscription.

Nov. 4, '86. W.

That rheumatism and neuralgia are prevalent? This question has not been satisfactorily answered, but it is certain that these diseases are not only the most painful but among the most common, and some members of nearly every family are the victims of one of these dread torments. Ladies seem to be peculiarly liable to neuralgic attacks, which, in the form of neuralgic headache, pain in the back, or nervous pain, are of constant occurrence. Notwithstanding the fact that cures had very recently been found for either rheumatism, neuralgia or nervous headache, and they were generally considered to be incurable, but Athliphors has been proved to be not only a certain cure for these affections in all their varied forms, but a safe remedy. It is the use of Athliphors, the bowels are kept free, its success is certain, and to aid this Athliphors Pills are recommended, which, while providing the necessary cathartic, will be found to be a valuable aid to the action of the medicine. Athliphors is no experiment, it has been tested and has proved its wonderful efficacy.

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Testimonials of those who have been cured will be sent free on application. Beware of cheap imitations. Buy Athliphors Pills, but where they can not be bought of the druggist, the Athliphors Co., 112 Wall St., New York, will send either (carriage paid) on receipt of regular price, which is \$1.00 per bottle for Athliphors and 50c. for Pills.

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