The Middleburgh Post.

. 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, DECEMBER 2, 1886. | NO 48

—:POETRY:—

A COMMON EPISODE.

e was a green young farmer,
With a frank and open smile;
is mind was pure and simple
And his heart was free from guile.

e strolled about the city
Till his feet were lame and sore.
ch stony streets his cow-hide boots
Had never trod before.

he went up on the Common
And he sat down there to rest,
s trousers showed his boot-tops
And he wore a flowered vest.

he sat there in a shadow
Of a great big ell-um tree,
inful city man came by
nd chanced the youth to see.

wandered up, quite guileless,
nd said he: "Young man, I'm
broke!
e man you see before you
s a poor, unfort'nit bloke!

I could only get to Bangor!
Down there I've got a friend;
t, stranger, I can't do it, 'less
ou've got an X to lend.

f course, now, you don't know me,
o more do I know you,
t, stranger, you just listen
nd I'll tell you what we'll do.

've got a silver time-piece;
cost me, with the chain,
t forty dollars last July,
's worth it now, that's plain.

ow, stranger, if you're willing
o lend an X on that,
t take the watch. 'Twill be redeemed,
not, you're in, that's flat."

ell-worn calfskin wallet
he countryman produced
fished a crumpled bank note out
ith fingers little used

andling, wealth. "There, take it,"
id he, "I'll run the risk."
ook the watch. The stranger left.
s step was blithe and brisk.

n laughed the green young farmer;
now, there's a bitter bit,
watch is worth two dollars;
at bill was counterfeit."

—*Somerville Journal*

T FOUR MINUTES TO LIVE

on after the war our secret ser-
bureau was notified that coun-
t $1 and $2 bills were being
sively circulated in the region
Reading, Pa. I was detailed
her with a companion named
m Madden, to proceed to
ton and work up the case. We
found that the money was be-
ated by a gang of six or seven,
om the majority were as tough
as Abe Buzzard, of modern
We struck two leads at the
time, and while mine led to
sburg, his led into the moun-
s country around Pottsville;
at that time contained some
most lawless miners who ever
d a pick. At Harrisburg I
hed an old bird known as
nback Charley," and landed
mporarily behind the bars.
ee or four days I was satisfied
was the only one of the lot
neighborhood, and I set out
Madden, from whom I had
heard a word.

t him in Reading, and he also
prisoner a men known a 'Sly
but whose real name was Isaac
n. He had been brought
Pottsville, and he was the
d front of the "shovers."
ner had Madden located Jim,
s the ostensible owner of a
in town, than the fellow slip-
and made his way up the
ins and took quarters in a
ccupied by an aged woman—
y. Madden hung to the scent
relocated his game, and at
o'clock in the afternoon he
ar the house. Forty rods
was met by the old woman,
ted that Jim was in the
nd willing to reflect that
rt of trap was being laid for
f Jim was willing to sur-
why hadn't he come out and
imself? What need of a go-
between him and the of-

detective thought of nothing
ring his man at once, and
ed on without even drawing
lver. The outer door was
pen, and as he entered the
was shut behind him and
overed by a revolver in the
the counterfeiter. Sly Jim
ed five years for a previous
He reasoned that the of-
him dead to rights on the
and that he could prob-
ably be "settled" for ten or fifteen years. The prospect had made him desperate, and he determened on a desperate thing.

"Sit down over there," he commanded, and the helpless officer obeyed.

"Now, then," continued Jim, "what do you want of me?"

"To arrest you for uttering counterfeit money."

"Got any proofs?"

"Plenty."

"Well, that settles it. I'd rather die than go back to prison, but you shall die with me. I could kill you and skip, but I'd be run down and hung. We'll go together!"

On a table in the room was a fifty pound keg of powder, and leading into it was a four-minute fuse. Jim walked across to the table, coved the officer anew, and lighted the end of the fuse with the remark:

"In four minutes we'll be in h—ll if you make a move from that chair I'll have to send you on ahead a little sooner!,"

"I think I'll wait and go with you! cooly replied Madden, "and if you've no objections I'll take out my watch and call time."

"That will be a good idea," said Jim, and out came the watch and the detective called out:

"Ten seconds! Fifteen! Twenty! Thirty?" and so on.

"Nobody will never know what hapened to us," remarked Jim as the first minute was nearly gone.

"But they'll mix up the scraps and probably bury a portion of me along with you. That's the only thing I care about"

"Well, I was always fond of good company," retorted Jim.

When two minutes passed the detective began to softly whistle to himself.

"It will come mighty sudden when it comes," observed Jim as he crossed his legs.

"Yes, we won't know what hurt us."

"What's the time now?"

"Oh, we've got over a minute yet."

"Wish you, wish you, hadn't come!"

"No, sir! I was bound to have you or die with you"

"That's the sort! It's some honor to die with such a man as you. The fuse is getting pretty short."

"We've got fifteen seconds more."

Madden leaned back in his chair and Jim held the revolver full on his breat. He hadn't been playing a bluff game and the detective made up his mind that there was no escape from death. From the corner of his eye he watched the fire creep nearer and nearer, but he did not move a finger. The spark finally touched the staves of the keg, and Madden felt that his last minute of life had come. He dropped his eyes to his watch and saw the seconds fly past—two—four—five—ten, and he felt that there had been some miscarrage When fifteen seconds had passed Jim growled out:

"The durn thing has gone back on me!

He rose up, as if to go over and examine it, and the instant the muzzle of his revolver was depressed Madden sprang for him and struck him a blow between the eyes which felled him like an ox. The revolver was discharged, but the bullet entered the floor. In another minute Jim was hand coffed and dragged out. He wilted as soon as the irons were on him, and no trouble was experienced in getting him to Reading. He was silent and sulky with Madden, but to me he said:

"Say, old man, you've got a partner to be proud of! He's got more nerve than any other man that lives!"

"Excepting you," I replied, and he stroked his long whiskers and seemed pleased with the compliment.

Two flocks of turkeys met on a railroad track near Salisbury, Mo., and engaged in combat. A train came along and killed twelve which were fighting so busily that they had no time to get out of the way.

They are laughing in Lewiston, Me., at the boy who, when the teacher asked if any one could tell what the word "gender" means snapped his fingers, and to the question. "Well, what is it, John?" answered; "Please, mum it's what goes with geese."

SAYINGS BY BOB INGERSOLL

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll talked hoarsely and interestingly to about a thousand well-dressed men and women at Chickering Hall for about an hour last night. The laughter and applause were pretty nearly continuous Among other things he said were these:

If nobody has too much everybody will have enough.

I would like to see this world so that a man could die and not feel that he had left his wife and children a prey to the greed or avarice or necessities of mankind

There is something wrong in the system when idleness is burdened with wealth and industry with famine.

Get out of your minds that old nonsense about man's free moral agency. A man is no more responsible for his character than for his height, or for his acts than for his dreams. Then you will have charity for the whole human race.

Wealth is not a crime nor is poverty a virtue, although virtue has generally been poor

There is only one good—human happiness.

To do right is the bud blossom and fruits of wisdom.

No perfectly civilized man could be happy while there was an unhappy being in the universe that he knew.

The poor imagine that the rich live in Paradise. I know that the most of them live in a gilded hell.

No man has the genius or the brains to own five million dollars The money owns him. He is the key to a safe. Yet these men go on accumulating. It is a sort of insanity. Imagine a man—a good intelligent man with two million coats, six or eight million hats, a billion neckties. Then imagine him getting up at 4 o'clock in the morning and working hard all day to get another necktie.

Great wealth is the mother of crime.

The gulf is growing wide between Lazarus and Dives, only the two have changed places. Dives is in Abraham's bosom.

The rich have scorn and contempt for the poor; the poor envy and hatred for the rich. There must be some way for the loving poor and the sympathetic rich to get acquinted. If there is anything that should bring mankind together it is a common belief, but in this Christian country there is no welcome in the velvet for the rags. I would think much of any religion that would allow the rich and the poor to clasp hands, if only for one instant once a week

All men are not capable of getting a living now. Some are not cunning enough, not strong enough, not stingy enough.

Millions of machines have been invented to save labor, but the laborer does not own the machine. The machine owns the laborer.

No man should be allowed to own any land that he does not use; but I would not take an inch of land from any one without paying for it.

If it were possible to bottle the air there would be a great American Air Bottling Association before sundown to-morrow, and millions would be allowed to die for want of a breath if they were unable to pay the monthly air bills.

I would not only see homes made free from attachment for debt, but free from taxation also. Then we would be a nation of firesides and a nation of patriots.

There is something about money that dries up the affections. I suppose that one reason of it is that the moment a man get any money there are so many trying to get it away from him that he thinks the whole race are his enemies.

I don't blame the rich, mind you; they are the natural products of the system. Blame the system.

The first great remedy is in the ballot. The poor are in the majority. If the law oppresses them it is their fault. They have followed the fife and drum of some party. No man should go with a party unless it is going his way.

A civilized man will never want to sell a thing for more than it is worth, nor will he want to buy anything for less than what it is worth.

Look at the children of the rich. My God! what a punishment for being rich!

I am not afraid of monopolies. The people will stand oppression to a certain point, and then the end will come.—*N. Y Sun*

A Surprise to Both Parties.

We have a flat roof on our house and the other day some workmen were up there mending it. They had a block and tackle rigged on the edge of the roof, with a rope reaching to the ground, for the purpose of hoisting. Our girl was out washing in the yard at the time, and somehow the hook on the end of the rope caught her by the dress under the arm as she walked past it

The man on the roof was discussing the Darwinian theory, or the tax on spirits, or something else, at that moment, and seeing the rope shake, he considered it was the signal to haul up, so, without looking over the edge, he began to wind the crank with velocity. A moment later the next door neighbors heard fearful screams, and as they rushed to the windows they perceived an athletic female swiftly ascending to the blue ethereal heaven.

The man at the crank fairly ached to look over and see what the noise was about, but he couldn't stop, he thought, until he got the bucket up to the top. So he put on more vehemence, and in a moment he was amazed to see a human head, adorned with red hair, looming above the gutter spout. His first impulse was to let go the crank and run. But, overcoming the earlier shock of fright he held on the crank with one hand, while with the other he seized a handful of the warm hair, and hauled the owner on the roof.

We live in one of a row of houses which are all joined together, and they do say the impetuosity with which that girl of ours charged upon that man who pulled her hair, and chased him over the roofs clear up to the corner, where he saved himself by grabbing the chimney-flue, was at once impressive and exhilarating. She stood over that chimney expressing her views concerning that man's character until she was exhausted, when she walked home to our roof, lifted the trap-door, descended, and went to bed. And when the man emerged, and brushed the soot off him, he confided to his friend, while distributing the gravel, that he would rather dive at once into the bowels of a burning volcano than meet that girl again in a place where there is no chance to run.

A WIFE'S MISTAKE.

There is one wife up town who is no longer anxious to play off jokes on her husband to get even. She was economical, and it was the hardest thing in the world for this poor man to get a really good, fine, elaborate dinner at his home. So one day he took an idea into his head that he would have a decent meal for once, so he telephoned:

"I am bringing three fellows home to dinner—friends from the East. Do the thing handsome."

She worked like a Trojan and got up a magnificent dinner, and just when she had put the finishing touches to the meal he telephoned again.

"They can't come. I'm sorry you had so much trouble."

He was chuckling over this. It was too good a joke to keep, so he told a married friend, who went home and told his wife, who put on her bonnet the next afternoon and went over and told the victim. Time went on, and one day this man had some friends from the East and he telephoned his wife to make preparations. She answered cheerfully and then dressed herself and went off to dine with a married friend. When she came home she found that her husband and three friends had been there and gone down town. About 4 o'clock in the morning a man fell up against the front door, and he was put to bed as gently as if he had been perfectly sober.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

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7 57 p m, arriving at Philadelphia 4 25 a m, New York 7 30 a m, Baltimore 4 50 a m, Washington 6 05 a m.
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I have been troubled with rheumatism in one of my knees for years, being at times laid up for several days. Athlophoros has entirely cured me. It has also cured two friends of mine who were the worst cases I ever saw, one of them a young man only 16 years old, who was so bad the doctors gave him up. Two bottles of your remedy entirely cured him.

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24 Pleasant St., Waterbury, Conn.

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