

# 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

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NO

## POETRY.

### THE CRY OF THE DREAMER.

I am tired of planning and toiling  
In the crowded lives of men;  
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,  
And spoiling and building again,  
And I long for the dear old river,  
Where I dreamed my youth away;  
For a dreamer lives forever,  
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming  
Of a life that is half a lie;  
Of the acres lined with scheming  
In the throng that hurries by,  
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor  
I would go where the children play;  
For a dreamer lives forever,  
And a thinker dies in a day.

I feel no pride, but pity  
For the burdens the rich endure;  
There is nothing sweet in the city  
But the patient lives of the poor.  
Oh, the little hands too skillful,  
And the child-mind; choked with  
Weeds?

The daughter's heart grown wilful,  
And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, not from the street's rude bustle,  
From trophies of mart and stage,  
I would fly to the woods' low rustle,  
And the meadow's kindly page.  
Let me dream as of old by the river,  
And be loved for the dream I say;  
For a dreamer lives forever,  
And a toiler dies in a day.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

### LOVE AND HAIR DYE.

Erminia Ray was leaning over the pair of bars which divided the back garden from the meadow which wound past the maple swamp, up to the lonely sheep pasture. Her cheek rested on one small but plump hand, while her beautiful golden hair hung in graceful ringlets around her fair temples. Her beautiful hair was the pride and admiration of all the village folks, but was the especial bane and disturber of her own peace, for Erminia had gotten an idea into her fair little head that her hair was "rod." Even now her large violet eyes were filled with tears, and although she is apparently watching a motherly hen-turkey conduct her tiny brood through the high timothy grass, she was in reality wrestling with fate.

"It's perfectly ridiculous!" said Erminia. "There never was in all this world a girl with half an ugly hair as mine. If it hadn't been for that hair, I might have had the chances of being married half a dozen times, instead of drudging on here, with my uncle scolding because I don't accomplish more housework, and my aunt deluging me with good advice. Oh, dear, oh, dear! I would pluck it out by the roots, if I would do any good."

And she seized the luckless red-gold tresses, a handful in each grasp, as if she fain would have twitched them out of her head.

"But what a very silly thing that would be!" said Barbara Decker, who sat on a stump of a tree, hailing the rich shining blackberries which she had just gathered from the sunny beds under the stone wall.

"Why do you let such ridiculous thoughts enter your head, Erminia, dear, about your beautiful hair? But, really, Min, if you dislike it so much, why on earth don't you dye it?"

"Why don't I—what?" said Erminia, looking around in sheer amazement.

"Dye it!" repeated Barbara, popping a particularly bright ripe speck of black into her mouth. "It's what Mrs. Pellers' city boarder did when I was helping there last summer. She was as gray as a badger Miss Perkins was; and yet her hair shone like a crow's tail feathers. I seen her puttin' on the dye once, when I was scrubbin' the hall oil-cloths, and it was as easy as you please. Of course, black dye won't suit you, but there's plenty of colors would."

Erminia's eyes glistened.

"Barbara!" said she, "do you think I could?"

"Think? I don't think nothin' about it," said Barbara, flinging a mildewed berry at a squirrel on the fence. "I'm sure of it. You can get the stuff at Mill & Tweezer's. I've seen it many a time in their glass show-cases, and—"

Just at this moment Mrs. Hitchings, Erminia's aunt, with whom she was living, for she was an orphan, was heard shrilly inquiring from the back door, "whether she was to be the blackberry?"

them blackberries?"

Barbara jumped up and fled. Erminia stood still, meditating over the disclosure that she had just heard.

She went down the path to a certain crystal clear spring, into whose depths she had often gazed to look for the traditional rings displayed by the fairies to those who are about to find their true lovers.

It was her favorite mirror, and just at this period of the sunny summer day it was clearer than any sheet of looking-glass.

"Horrid!" said Erminia, grimacing at the golden-red tinge of her hair reflected below.

But just then some languid movement of the deep, still waters focused the sun's rays in a sort of circle; for a second it seemed as if a ring of gold shone far down, and then disappeared.

Erminia's eyes sparkled, and her heart beat rapidly.

"The fairies' wedding-ring!" she gasped. "I saw it with my own eyes! But, of course, nothing will ever come of it as long as my hair is such a hideous—hideous color. I will get it dyed!" And in her mental consciousness she remembered that Harry Boyce, who went to college with her cousin Simon, would be there that very week, and that Harry had once said, "What a pretty girl that little Minnie was!"

"But, of course, he couldn't have noticed my hair," thought Erminia, mournfully. "It doesn't show so awfully bad when I sit in a corner where it's pretty dark. It's the sunshine that brings it out such an intense carrot color. I will dye it!"

So that very evening, in the friendly indistinctness of the purple twilight, Erminia crept down to Mill & Tweezer's, and waited patiently for an old farmer to buy an ounce of Paris green for potatoes, and his daughter to select a bottle of cheap perfume, for two tall lads to get a physician's prescription made up, and a plump-checked child to buy a cent's worth of peppermint-drops before she came up to the counter.

"Well, miss," said the sleepy old druggist, who moved like a patent parabolizing toy which had got out of order, and winked drearily behind his spectacle-glasses, "what can I do for you?"

Erminia's heart seemed to leap up into her mouth, every drop of blood rushed to her face, while in a guilty whisper she murmured:

"Hair-dye, please."

"Dye! I repeated the purblind and partially deaf old man. "What kind of dye?"

"I—I don't quite know, sir! The usual kind, I suppose. Anything but black," she added, remembering Barbara's remark.

And with a "Yes, yes," and a patronizing smile, old Mr. Mill put her up a bottle of the brightest aniline-red that he possessed.

"Gals is always partial to bright colors," he said to himself.

And Erminia ran all the way home, as if the whip-poor-wills and rabbits would know that she had a bottle of hair-dye wrapped up in her pocket-handkerchief.

Once safe in her own little garret-room, she rubbed the mixture well into the roots of her hair, brushing it out to the very ends according to Barbara's description of the "city boarder's" manipulations.

She had scarcely finished, when she heard her mother's voice calling:

"Minnie! Er-min-ie!"

"Ma'am!" she chirped feebly back.

"Come down stairs quick!" said Mrs. Hitchings, in a sort of stage shout up the back stairs. Here's your cousin Simon and Harry Boyce, come by the night stage, and supper to get for 'em, and nobody knows what all! Do make haste!"

And momentarily forgetful of the chief sorrow of her life, Erminia ran blithely down-stairs to be kissed by Simon and chivalrously greeted by Mr. Boyce.

Both student-lamps were lighted, and Mr. Hitchings had even gone to the extravagance of a pair of mould candles on the mantel-piece, and as Erminia turned to help set the table there was a unanimous shout of laughter.

"Why, Min, how do you come to be topped off with cardinal-red?" jeeringly demanded Simon.

"What is all creation all your

And Erminia, catching a glimpse of herself in a cherry-framed looking-glass which hung opposite, uttering a shriek of dismay, took to precipitous flight.

Her head no longer bore the old hue of golden red, but now displayed the vivid cardinal hue of Farmer Ramford's new barn-door.

As she hastened to hide herself, she heard the laughter-choked voice of Simon exclaiming, incoherently:

"Well, I always knew that red hair was fashionable, but I didn't know that the girls were so wild after it as to dye their bangs the regular blazing vermilion."

Mrs. Hitchings herself got the supper that night. It was Barbara's evening out, and poor Erminia was nowhere to be found. And it was nearly ten o'clock when the weeping girl, coming up the long pear-tree walk, met Mr. Boyce face to face.

"Don't run away, Erminia," said he, pleadingly. "Don't make an enemy of one who would fain be a friend. I have so much to say to you Erminia."

"I've washed it, and washed it, and it won't come out," sobbed poor Erminia.

"Washed what?" questioned Mr. Boyce.

"My hair, My horrid, hideous, hateful hair!"

"Never mind your hair," said Mr. Boyce, gently drawing her arm through his.

"But it was such a dreadful color, and I dyed it; and they gave me the wrong color. And, oh, I'm almost sure it will never come natural again!"

"Oh, yes, it will," said Harry Boyce, coaxingly, "the prettiest gold-anburn shade in the world."

"Oh, Mr. Boyce; do you really think so?"

"Upon my soul an honor I do. But don't you want to hear my news?"

"Of course I do," whispered Erminia.

"Well, then, Erminia—my Minnie—here it is. I have received my first call to the pastorate of a church in Livingbrook, Mass., with the prettiest little rectory in the world, of yellow stone, all covered with climbing vines. And all I need now is a wife to keep house for me, and ask the deacons and deaconesses to tea. Will you be that wife, Erminia, darling?"

"Oh, Harry, she grasped, "do you think that a woman who dyes her hair is worthy to be a minister's wife?"

"If we none of us had any earthly imperfections," said the young minister-elect, smiling, "we should be angels; and although you're the nearest I ever saw to one, Minnie, with a kiss, I don't want you to float away and leave me just yet.

So I'm rather glad you haven't arrived at that wing and silver-trumpet stage."

And Erminia never troubled herself any more about her hair. "If Harry likes it," said she, "I do!"

"P. S.—I forgot to say that the dye came out—*Tid-Bits.*

### Some of Sam Jones' Sayings.

I'm a peculiar fellow; I do love my wife.

It takes a cold pew to make a cold palpit.

There is nothing better in heaven than religion.

It takes prayer, study and thought to get up a first class sermon.

A church that can't do anything but keep itself straight is a failure.

We are in no position to help or hurt the church until we are inside of it.

Nobody ever went to sleep indifferent to religion and waked up in heaven.

A child is loved by God because it has no opinions and wants to learn something.

It takes a first-class preacher and a first-class hearer to get up a first-class sermon.

Dishonesty in the church is really crippling the church more than anything else.

It's got so now that if you steal \$5 they'll put you in a jail, but if you steal \$100,000 they'll call you a colonel.

The gold-bearing quartz discovered in digging a well near Exeter, West Whitehall township, Chester county, weighed from \$17 to \$35 per

### THE TUSCAN'S GRIEF.

It is a stately Italian who stalks majestically down Washington street with a two-decked board on his head, supported also upon his shoulders, which is covered with plaster of Paris images of distinguished persons and of holy saints. To him comes a newsboy, with papers under arm and face expressive of mischief, and shouting:

"Record, sir?"

The Italian bends neither to the right nor the left, but says:

"No-no-no! G'way, you!"

But the newsboy thrusts his paper still insinuatingly under the statuette man's nose and repeats:

"Record, sir—one cent?"

"G'way naw, or I keeka you!"

The newsboy turns to go, but as he does so he deftly extends his foot before the Italian's toe, who trips, staggers, and falls full length, his precious board full of statuettes crashing in a thousand pieces upon the sidewalk. Meanwhile the newsboy has disappeared up an alley.

It is a cruel loss to the image vendor. His entire stock in trade is gone in an instant. He obeys the impulsive instinct of his race, and sitting down on the curbstone, gives way to a torrent of tears and lamentations.

There arrives upon the scene a tender-hearted gentleman, buttoned up in a snug overcoat and wearing a glistening beaver. He takes in the situation.

"Did you lose them all?" asks the tender-hearted gentleman.

"Every one gone, smash," sobbed the Italian. "Me break all up!"

"What did you have on board?"

"What I have? Oh, I have one Grova Cleveland, one General Grant, tree Garibaldi, tree Pio Nono, four St. Joseph, five St. Peter, six Virgin Mary, all gone. Leva le gadder!"

[Boston Record.]

### SIGNS OF ILL-LUCK.

To be struck by lightning on Monday.

To sit on a buzz-saw in motion on Friday.

To fall down stairs with the parlor stove on Tuesday.

To speculate with other people's money, and get caught.

To spill salt in the coffee of a man who has the carving-knife.

To see a bill collector over your right shoulder on Saturday.

To dream of snakes after drinking cider in a prohibition town.

To get wet when you fall overboard while boating on Thursday.

To see a bull-dog over your left shoulder in your neighbor's orchard.

To be one of thirteen at table when there is only food enough for six.

To call a bigger man than yourself hard names any day in the week.

To marry on Wednesday a girl who practices with ten-pound dumb-bells.

To bet all your money on a horse whose driver has bet his money on another.

To attempt to sit on a chair that some one has removed when you were not looking.

To offend your best-loved girl's little brother who saw you kiss another little boy's sister.

### THE PRESS.

The press sways the world. It is the great lever by which human minds are moved; the moulder of public opinion; the elevating and ennobling power that lifts us, work-worn and weary though we may be, out of the time deepened ruts of conservatism, and places us fairly and squarely upon the even and upward track of advanced thought and feeling.

Every element that has contributed to the growth and prosperity of a beautiful city, and helped to place her in the envied position she occupies among the chief cities of a nation, becomes a subject of pride to her citizens, and of interest not only to them, but to the great multitude who are connected with her by social ties or business relations. And among the agencies that have brot about this result, none has been more powerful than her press. This is the golden age of the press. Long live the newspaper, verily, it sways

### Driving Horses Without Shoes.

Mr. P. H. Fegan, furniture and piano mover at Malden, Mass., has driven two horses weighing 1,100 pounds each, and one 1,300 pounds without shoes since January, 1885, with the following satisfactory results, reported by the Boston Transcript:

The large horse had always been lame since he bought him fourteen years ago, until he took his shoes off, and has not gone lame since. He has driven on hard dirt roads, and of course on pavements in Boston. The horses travel better than before their shoes were taken off. They are not afraid on slippery pavements, as they were with shoes on, and there is no trouble in getting round on any kind of going in the city. Mr. Fegan drove to Shrewsbury, thirty-five miles from Malden, after two days' rain in February, 1885, when it was so icy that a boy could skate all the way, and had no trouble. He left home at 7 a. m., and the horses did not slip. The hoof is hard and broad, and the frog is full and plump and on a level. They have driven two winters on ice and snow altogether better than when they were shod. Their feet are better for all purposes they can trot faster, pull as much and go more miles in the same time than they could when shod.

### ABSURDITIES OF LIFE.

Not to go to bed when you are sleepy because it is not a certain hour.

Men committing suicide to get rid of a short life and its evils, which must necessarily terminate in a few years, and thus entering upon one which is to last forever, and the evils of which they do not seem to take the wisest method of avoiding.

To buy a horse from a near relation and believe every word he says in praise of the animal he is desirous to dispose of.

To tell a person from whom you solicit a loan of money that you are in want of it.

That any man should despair of success in a world so overstocked with fools.

To be passionate in your family and expect them to be placid.

To take offence at the address or carriage of any man with whose mind and conduct we are unacquainted.

To laugh at the appearance and manners of foreigners, to whom we must appear equally ridiculous.

To occupy the attention of a large company by the recital of an occurrence interesting to yourself alone.

### He Lost the Combination.

"Did you see the butchers' parade?" asked the snake editor of a casual caller the other afternoon.

"Yes."

"See that man throwing sausages at the crowd?"

"Yes."

"Well, I never saw a thing before."

"Ha! ha! Pretty good. I'll surprise my wife with that when I get home."

When the casual caller arrived at home he said to his wife:

"My dear, in the butchers' parade to-day there was a man throwing sausages to the spectators."

"Was there?"

"Yes; and I never saw anything like that done before."

"Neither did I."

He waited five minutes for his wife to laugh, and then went out to wonder how he had lost the combination.

The First regiment will occupy the court house at Harrisburg, while cutting a tree on Culp's Hill which is part of the Gettysburg battlefield, found sixty-five bullets in it.

Samuel Heck, of Gettysburg, while cutting a tree on Culp's Hill which is part of the Gettysburg battlefield, found sixty-five bullets in it.

W. W. Seaman, of Nanvoo, is the owner of a seven months old bull calf that weighs 900 pounds.

Chester N. Farr, who has served other executives in the same capacity is said to have been selected as private secretary by Governor-elect Beaver.

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Thomas' Electric Oil is the best thing going, he says. Cured him of rheumatism and me of earache—two drops—Master Horace Brenner, Clinton, Iowa.

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