

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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NO 1

POETRY.

"BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

Oh, who is the author of "Beautiful Snow,"
Does anybody know?
Though his verse has a rhythmical,
Rustic flow,
I think I could show
That, though it is pretty, most plain-
ly it lacks
A truthful adherence to commonplace
facts
Regarding the "Beautiful Snow."

Has he ever gone out in a sleigh,
Light and gay,
To a place that's some distance away?
For the day
Driven out with a lady friend, ten
miles or more,
And then happened to meet with a
sudden spring thaw
That melted the sleighing away?

That planted him solidly down
On the ground,
While he walked through the rain to
the town,
Nearly drowned,
And caused him to utter, while tear-
ing his hair,
What no one would judge to be mur-
murs of prayer,
By the sound?

Has he ever heard whistling by,
Rather high,
Received in the ball of the eye,
On the fly,
A spherical section of "Beautiful
snow,"
Which the boys of the neighborhood
manage to throw
In a manner exceedingly sly?

Should he happen through all this to
find
His mind a conviction will grow
Which will show
That he made a mistake, so he'll prob-
ably start
On a rush in his tender poetical heart
His affection for "Beautiful Snow."

—New York World.

THE LITTLE SPY.

"Corporal you trained as a detec-
tive, did you not?"
"Colonel Cardonne was steadily
regarding me with his keen gray
eyes."

"And acquired quite a reputation,"
I replied, with the customary salute,
"It wasn't a local one either," I ad-
ded, with pardonable pride.

"Thou you are the man I want,"
the Colonel rejoined, a grave look
filling his face. "There is a spy in
our midst, and I expect you to ar-
rest him."

Our armies were feinting Vicks-
burg. The battle of Champion Hill
has been fought, which placed us be-
tween the armies of Johnston and
Pemberton without a possibility of
effecting a junction.

The Colonel told me why his sus-
picions had been aroused, and gave
me few clues, not about the culprit,
but about his methods. He was
communicating with the enemy by
means of the Yazoo River of Chick-
saw Bayou.

Within three days I captured the
culprit, a boyish-looking fellow con-
nected with the quartermaster's de-
partment.

He offered no protest, he made no
denials; he was either a brave young
fellow or else was supremely indiffer-
ent about results.

I took him before the Colonel, and
when his eyes rested upon that offi-
cer I saw his face redden with sur-
prise and confusion. He was smooth-
ly shaven, and that made the rush
of blood more perceptible.

I related the circumstances of his
arrest and his conduct under it, and
presented certain papers which I
had found upon his person. The
Colonel and two members of the
staff who were present at once de-
cided that he was guilty.

"Is that your name?" demanded the
Colonel.

"It is not," replied the spy.

"However, I have been known by
that name."

"What is your real name?" asked
the Colonel.

It was an odd name, but pleasing
in sound, and he had pronounced it
with rare distinctness.

Happening to look at the Colonel
just then I noticed a change in his
usually stolid face; it lasted scarce-
ly a second, and yet I plainly saw it.
I could not help but connect it with
the fact that passed over the face
of the spy.

I was confident, too, that the ef-
fect produced by the announcement
of the name had not escaped the ob-
servation of the young man. Some-
thing like a smile stirred his lips,
and there was a suggestion of re-
stored strength in it.

After a consultation between the
Colonel and his staff, I was ordered
to take the prisoner to the guard-
house.

That night, while in my tent, I be-
came aware of the presence of an in-
truder. I was instantly on the alert,
but instead of springing up I remain-
ed quiet, and a minute later heard
him step out into the moonlight. I
walked noiselessly to the door and
saw Colonel Cardonne pass out of
sight. There was no mistaking his
commanding figure and erect bear-
ing.

"What did he want in my tent?"
I thought.

Then it came to me like a flash.
Stepping to the place when I kept
the keys to the guard house, I found
that they were gone. My amaze-
ment gave place to indifference,
though my curiosity did not abate.

"I am not responsible for what
the Colonel may do," I muttered to
myself.

I crept into my bunk and soon
fell asleep. In the morning I found
the keys in their place. I had not
heard the Colonel return them, and
almost felt like looking upon the
affair as a dream.

A little later and it was known all
over the camp that the spy had ef-
fectively escaped. Of course the
Colonel investigated the matter with
a view to ascertaining the means
result, and by and by the escape
was forgotten.

One day, just as our brigade was
about to go into action, I said:

"Colonel, a word with you, please."

He stopped and paid me respect-
ful attention. He was a no drier in
every sense of the word, but with-
out arrogance.

"You did not call me to the wit-
ness stand in that investigation," I
said.

"What investigation?" he asked.

"In connection with the escape of
the spy," I replied.

"Oh!" ejaculated the Colonel. "I
did not know you had anything to
tell."

"Ah, Colonel, I had a great deal
to tell," I said. "I wasn't going to
push myself forward, I held back
for your sake." "Col. Cardonne, I
saw you come into my tent and
take the keys."

He was a little startled.

"Is that so?" he asked, in a queer
tone.

"Yes," I replied. "I shall never
betray your secret, Colonel, but I
am everlastingly curious to know
what it all meant."

"Well, Corporal, so would I be,"
he said with a short laugh. "You
have been very frank and very dis-
creet, and I'll tell you all about it af-
ter the battle."

It was the 17th of May and the
battle which ensued was the battle
of Black River Bridge. The Colonel
was wounded and was sent to the
Union hospital.

In an engagement which occurred
three months later I was wounded,
taken prisoner and conveyed to a
Confederate hospital.

There were several female nurses,
one of whom was especially kind to
me. She was clad in sombre hues
but they did not detract from her
loveliness. Her very presence did
me good.

As I was unable to speak, my
most troublesome wound being in
my cheek, I found my gratification
in simply watching her. I fell des-
perately in love with her, which was
not an inexplicable occurrence to
me, and possibly not to her, for she
was conscious of her charms.

One morning I heard oncoming,
and noticed that it became sug-
gestively distinct. The tide of war was
surging that way, and a tangible
evidence of it came in the form of a
shell which crashed through the roof
of the hospital.

my handsome nurse picked up the
shell and flung it out of the widow.
"We don't want the nasty thing in
here, do we boys?" she said.

A number of the wounded men
clapped their hands in applause.

"You are a brave woman," I said.

"Why, Corporal," she exclaimed,
coming to me, "those were the first
words you have spoken since enter-
ing the hospital."

I was about to reply, but she cau-
tioned me not to.

"Wait a few days," she said with
one of her bewitching little smiles.

A week later I said to her:

"You called me Corporal."

"Yes," she replied, "your chevron
designates your rank. You forgot
that."

"No, I didn't. We have met be-
fore, and you know it. For days I
have been trying to conjecture. It
isn't a fancy, I am sure."

"No, Corporal, it isn't," she said,
with a repressed smile, a twinkle of
mischievous in her glorious brown eyes.

I am Delos Demarra. You once ar-
rested me for a spy."

It dawned on me then, and I have
no doubt my face expressed my sur-
prise. I censured myself for not
having at once recalled that sweet
voice and smile and the calm, fear-
less brown eyes.

"I escaped, you remember," she
reminded with a slight grin.

"Without a display either of nerve
or sagacity on your part," I replied.

"Why do you say that?" she
quickly asked, one dainty hand up-
lifted.

"Colonel Cardonne helped you," was
my answer.

"Oh!" she ejaculated, rift of red
and white crossing her face. "He
told you too?"

"He got the keys at the guard-
house from me," I replied.

I did not add that he had obtain-
ed them by stealth. She looked at
me steadily, almost coldly, I thought—
without a lingering for me.

"You are on the wrong side of this
issue," remarked.

"I believe there is a difference of
opinion," she replied, a little
dryly.

"It is more than a sentiment," I
ventured to say.

"Well, we will not argue about it,"
she replied with one of her charming
gestures. "I entertain opinions, and
you will allow me to do that, I
know. I'll nurse you so that you
can go home. You'll hold me no
grudge for that, I am sure. I did
the same for Colonel Cardonne."

"In a—Union hospital?" I
asked.

"Why, to be sure," she replied.

"And he's gone North?"

"Yes. He'll be back, though.
Now we have talked enough, don't
you think?"

Our next conversation was still
more personal, I proposed marriage
and told her my history and pros-
pects, both of which were good. All
was of no avail. She refused kind-
ly of course, but with hopeless pos-
itiveness.

"You love some one else?" I said.

"That wouldn't be very strange,
would it?" she asked, that soft, be-
wondering smile once more about
her lips.

"Well no," I disconsolately ad-
mitted.

The close of the war found me
enjoying the rank of Colonel, while
my friend, Col. Cardonne had been
promoted to a General.

A few years later I spent a week
or two at one of our popular moun-
tain resorts, while sauntering along
a wooded path I met a sprightly
little miss of four or five summers.

She had soft, questioning brown
eyes, prettily dressed, and did not
seem in the least shy. While I
glanced around, wondering where
her protectors were, I heard some-
one call out:

"Delos, darling! Delos!"

O, how that name thrilled me!
Looking at the child again, my emo-
tion increased, for I recognized in
her a strong resemblance of the wo-
man whose hand I had sought in
marriage. A minute later a viva-
cious, bright-faced, graceful girl
came in sight.

"I heard you call this sweet little
thing Delos," I said, lifting my hat;
"pray, what is her last name?"

"Cardonne," she answered.

"Ah!" I ejaculated, my hand at
my mouth, to hide its nervous
twitching. "The General and you—"

self are old friends. Is he here?"

"Just beyond the bend in the
path, sir."

I found the General seated beside
his wife; on one of the rustic bench-
es. He gave me a hearty welcome,
and then introduced me.

"You have met before," he said,
laughing. "You once arrested her
for a spy."

"And she was guilty, she after-
ward nursed me in the hospital."

"Oh, she did, eh?" exclaimed the
General. "Why Delos, you never
told me."

"Didn't I dear!" she said in an odd
tone. "I supposed you knew. You
told the Colonel that you released me."

"Why, no I didn't!" declared the
General.

"You permitted it," I reminded.

"Well, maybe I did," rejoined he,
laughing.

Mrs. Cardonne was sociable with
me; still, still she was not reserved
enough to show me that she had not
forgotten my passionate declaration
of love.

"General, I said as we walked
back to the hotel together, 'you
promised to explain that to me,'"

"Explain what?" he asked.

"Your previous acquaintance with
the—spy."

"Oh, well, I believe I did promise,
However, there isn't much in it. We
were betrothed before the war, both
being from the South. Then came
the appeal to arms. I had been ed-
ucated at West Point; I was a child
of the State; I was in the regular
army. I owe my country allegiance.

My convictions of duty rose higher
than my preferences, and I espoused
the Union cause; Delos, here, was
a fiery little Southerner, and she
broke the engagement, as she had
threatened she would. Loving her
as I did, I helped her out of the
trouble caused by her arrest, and she
repaid it by nursing me to life."

"Nothing very remarkable in
all that, was there?"

"It has satisfied my curiosity," I
simply replied.

The young girl I met in the path
was Mrs. Cardonne's sister. She is
my wife now, and whenever I hear
the name Delos it does not disturb
me any more than the name Becky,
Ann, or Bridget would.

TOPNOODY.

Mr. Topnoody threw down his
newspaper with a muttered objurga-
tion, and looked across the table at
his wife.

What's the matter? she inquired.

This civil service reform twaddle
makes me sick, he exclaimed. I
don't see why it is that a lot of men
can't do their duty when it is mark-
ed out plainly before them."

Did you order that coal, to-day?

she asked, irrelevantly, but with a
new light shining in her face.

I beg your pardon, my dear, he
said, picking up his paper again,
that's got nothing to do with civil
service reform.

Did you order that coal, I said,
she persisted.

No, no, my dear, he hesitated
I forgot all about it. But I'll do it
the first thing in the morning. As I
was saying, my dear, this civil ser-
vice reform—

Don't talk to me, Topnoody, about
civil service reform, she said hotly.
What you want to devote your time
and attention to is domestic service
reform. There isn't a lump of coal in
the cellar; the boards are off the
side fence; that back-yard looks
like a pig-pen; there hasn't been a
stick of kindling chopped since Sat-
urday; you haven't given me a cent
of money in two weeks, and cook
is going to leave in the morning.
You may think that's the way to do
things, Topnoody, but I want to say
to you that I'm running this admin-
istration now, and if you don't stop
fooling with politics and attend to
business you'll hear from headquar-
ters after a fashion that will make
your head swim. Civil service re-
form, indeed!

Topnoody never said a word; he
knew better.

THE GIRL OF TO-DAY.

If there is anything we know less
about than we think we do it is the
girl; and of this the girl is glad,
for there is nothing she hates to be
known about her so bad as the truth.

We have been acquainted with
her for a long time, and watched
her pranks from afar; seen her cut
the pigeon wing and knock the back
step in the back yard, when she
thought she had no spectator, but
still we don't know her.

From the time she is big enough to
swing on the gate and tie a ribbon
in a double bow-knot, she begins to
locate a sweetheart, and she keeps
this up till he is located in the back
yard exercising his talents dissecting
stove wood.

She may be a little droll on mathe-
matics, but invariably solves the
problem of putting a No. 5 foot into
a No. 3 shoe.

She will wear out two old dresses
running around to find out how to
make a new one in the latest style.

She will break the point off her
brother's knife making a crack to
peep at strangers when they come
visiting.

She will greet you with a most
bewitching smile, and laugh at your
stupidities when you are gone.

She will talk with you two hours
without being able to repeat a word
you have said, but will know how
long you have worn your duds and
how many buttons have lost their
grip.

She will attend church, listen with
absorbed interest to eloquent and
pathetic sermons, then return home
and expatiate on the horrible fit of
Miss Senow's new basque.

She will go to the table, mince
over delicacies with the most fastid-
ious taste, then slip back to the
kitchen and eat a raw potato.

She will wear out her best pair of
shoes dancing all day, then attend a
ball at night and complain of being
out of practice.

She will write a letter, in the most
carefully worded letter, in the most
precise hand, to her Simon Suggs,
then scratch off a page to her sister
that Old Harry couldn't read.

She will be the most devout crea-
ture on earth, and hate the earth
that Sallie Grimes walks on.

She will be industrious and econ-
omical for a month, and then spend
her savings for a red ribbon.

She will slouch around the house
for a week making preparations to
look neat on Sunday.

She will flirt with all the best
young men in the neighborhood,
and finally marry some knot head-
ed Jim Crow.

ANOTHER SUDDEN DEATH.

Hardly a week passes without the
mention of the newspapers of sudden deaths,
and of late the alarming frequency of the state-
ment that death was caused by rheumatism
or neuralgia of the heart cannot fail to have
been noticed. In all probability many deaths
attributed to heart disease are caused by
these terrible diseases, which are far more
dangerous than is generally considered. Is
there any positive cure? The best answer
to such a question is given by those who have
been cured by the use of Athliphors.

Greenfield, Mass., May 19, 1886.

I have been troubled with rheumatism
in one of my knees for years, being at times
laid up for several days. Athliphors 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.

GEO. W. SPRUE, Mgr. Diamond Soap Co.

October 14, 1885.

Two bottles of Athliphors cured me of
inflammatory rheumatism. My family
physician advised me to take it, saying he
had done all he could, but could not give
me any relief; but Athliphors drove it
away, and I am happy to say it has never
come back. My daughter was also cured
by half a bottle after suffering the pangs
of rheumatism. Mrs. LAW DOWNEY,
24 Pleasant St., Waterbury, Conn.

Northampton, Mass., May 21, 1886.

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claimed to be, a cure for rheumatism.

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only gave him instant relief, but al-
layed the extreme soreness in his
breast. His children were similarly
affected and a single dose had the
same happy effect. Dr. King's New
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out penetrating the frozen ground,
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temperatures taken at various
depths, shows must extend 512 feet
below the surface.

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