

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, FEBRUARY 10, 1887.

NO. 6

POETRY:

When the Chickens Come Home to Roost.

When the chickens come home to roost,
And you will be sure to find
That fate will square the accounts
Of all that you have done,
Whoever comes out behind;
When the chickens come home to roost,
By whatsover induced,
Turn at last to him, one by one,
As the chickens come home to roost.

When the chickens come home to roost,
You can stult your soul and starve
Your heart,
With the hanks of a barren creed,
But Christ will know if you play a
part,
Will know in your hour of need;
And then as you wait for death to
come,
What hope can there be deduced
From a creed alone? you will lie
there dumb,
While your chickens come home to
roost.

When the chickens come home to roost,
How you will wish, there's time to reap,
For the good and bad as well,
And conscience, whether we wake or
sleep,
Is either a heaven or hell,
And every wrong will find its place,
And every passion loosed,
Drifts back and meets you face to
face—
When the chickens come home to
roost.

Whether you're over or under the sod
The result will be the same;
You cannot escape the hand of God,
You must bear your sin of shame,
No matter what's carved on a mar-
ble slab,
When the items are all produced
You'll find that St. Peter was keeping
"tab,"
And that chickens come home to
roost.

SENTENCED TO BE HANGED.

My name is Henry Debon. I am
not ashamed of my name, even
though it was disgraced. My par-
ents came to Arkansas while I was
very young. My father having the
idea of ever living in a town, settled
in the wilderness, where after sev-
eral years of toil he succeeded in open-
ing one of the best farms in the
State. Being educated and refined,
my parents were the leaders of our
neighborhood society, and so fami-
lar did our name become, that we
were known far and wide. Just about
the time I attained my 19th year my
parents were taken ill of a disease
which was at that time spreading
over the country, and in spite of the
best medical attention that could be
procured they died, both on the
same day. As I was the only child
the property of course came into my
possession. Well, it is unnecessary
to dwell upon this part of my un-
eventful history, so I will—ignoring
several years—proceed to relate a pain-
ful experience.

One day our neighborhood was
shocked by the discovery that Mr.
Mapleson, one of the most promi-
nent men in the community had been
murdered. I was particularly shock-
ed, for during the evening before
the murder Mr. Mapleson and I had
strolled together through the woods;
and starting to contemplate, he was
found near a certain old house where
we had separated. The next day after
the body was found I was arrested,
charged with the crime, and after an
examination before a justice of the
peace I was remanded to jail to await
the action of the Grand jury. It would
be in vain to attempt a description
of my embarrassment—of my indig-
nation. But not before I saw myself
surrounded by iron bars did I real-
ize my awful situation. What struck
me the most was that a man named
Evans—a man whom I well knew and
who bore the reputation of being a
gentleman—swore that he saw me
strike Mr. Mapleson near the old
house, but supposing that we were
playing with each other, he paid no
attention to the affair, but that in
horror he soon afterwards discover-
ed that Mapleson had been stabbed.
He did not stop at this—he pro-
duced a knife which he said several

men had seen lying near the mur-
dered man—a knife bearing the ini-
tials of my name.
The grand jury found an indict-
ment against me, and I was arraign-
ed before the circuit court. I sold
my farm and employed able counsel
experienced lawyers, who did every-
thing they could for me, but after a
tedious trial I was sentenced to be
hanged. A more miserable, utterly
disconsolate being never sat in a cell
waiting to be choked to death. My
presenter came and prayed for me,
but my mind was so distracted that
I could not fix it upon death. One
preacher, a very venerable old man,
particularly impressed me.

"Oh, Mr. Debon," said he, "ask
the giver of all good to forgive your
sins. Only a few more days now
and you will stand at the bar of God.
Let me beseech you not to throw
your time away. You have friends
in heaven, pray for the glorious pri-
vilege of meeting them. Do not
think of the tortures of death, but
think of the divine life beyond the
grave."

"I am not guilty, Mr. Gray."
"Oh, young man, do not hold out
in such obstinacy. Do not, I beg of
you, I implore you do not perish with
a falsehood on your lips."
"I tell you falsehood when I vow
that I am innocent."
"Mr. Debon, you need not hope
for executive clemency. You are very
young but the government has re-
fused to do anything in your behalf."
"What do you want me to do Mr.
Gray?"

"Acknowledge your crime and
pray God for pardon."
"I have committed no crime."
"Think of your perishing soul."
"I am innocent."
"I see Mr. Debon, that it is use-
less to talk to you."
"Yes, on that subject."
"Remember that the day after to-
morrow you must die."
"All right."
"Good-by. I hope the Lord may
change your mind."

When the good man had gone I
mused during a long time over what
he had said yet there occurred to
me no thought of regret that I had
so plainly spoken to him. There is
strange resignation that comes to a
man who is condemned to die. Wear-
y nights of contemplation dull his
dread, take off the keen edge of fear.
It is not a philosophy; it is a "don't
care" which settles upon him. I was
not afraid to meet the king of the
universe, and knowing that not a
shadow of hope remained I surren-
dered myself to an unjust fate.

I was not hanged; the governor on
account of my youthfulness commuted
my sentence to imprisonment for
life. Even this was indescribably
awful; still, after thinking it over I
concluded that it was better than
being hanged.
I shall never forget how I felt
when I first put on my suit of stripes.
The thought that I was entirely dis-
graced took such deep root in my
mind that I doubt that if I were at
the time any better morally than the
most hardened convict within the
walls. I began to hate the world,
to mock within myself the very idea
of honesty and virtue. On Sundays we
were compelled to listen to long
sermons by preachers not distin-
guished for eloquence. I sometimes
thought that, knowing that we could
not leave the chapel, they took a
peculiar delight in lengthening their
discourses. One day Mr. Gray
came out, but he did not pay special
attention to me. This stung me,
and as I sat on a bench looking at
him—I won't say that I was listen-
ing to him—I hated the old man. I
ought to have been ashamed of my-
self, but I had forgotten the mean-
ing of shame.

The uppermost thought in my
mind was the thought to escape. I
lost everything but my desire for
freedom. My chance came. One
night while a number of us were
pened in a "stockade" near a coal
mine, into whose dark vaults we
were daily driven, I heard one of the
guard say to a companion that he
was so sleepy he could scarcely hold
his eyes open.
"So am I," the companion replied,
"and, to tell you the truth, I
wouldn't be surprised if I do some
little nodding to-night."
Crawling over where several of my
vile associates lay I communicated
the intelligence which I had caught
They agreed with me that our time
had come. We kept the secret close-

ly guarded, knowing that a general
rush would be fatal to our plans.
We made our stealthy move about
2 o'clock in the morning. We climb-
ed the fence with but little trouble.
I passed near one of the guards. He
was sitting, leaning back against a
stump, and was sound asleep. I took
his gun and box of cartridges which
he had deposited on the ground
near him. We spoke not a word
until we were fully a half mile from
the scene of our imprisonment.
Then we stopped and laughed. By
the time the sun rose we were quite
a number of miles from the "stock-
ade," but we knew that we should
be pursued. Hunger began to pinch
us. This was serious, for, dressed
as we were, we dare not go near a
human habitation. The next day
we stopped and held a consultation.
It was better to risk recapture than
to go hungry, accordingly we decid-
ed to call at the next house. We
soon came upon a farm. Walking
up boldly we entered the house.
There was no one at home except a
little girl about 12 years old. She
was the most beautiful child I have
ever seen. She was frightened at
first, but soon recovering, she gave
us something to eat. She exercised
a strange influence on me. Her
sweet face reminded me that purity
existed in the world. She took a
special liking to me, and when I
hinted that I would like to have an
old suit of clothes, that I was tired
of wearing ugly stripes, she, not
knowing that she was committing a
crime, procured for me an old suit
of clothes. At the gate I kissed her
hand. My companions, three vile
wretches, were not impressed by the
little girl, and had I not possessed a
gun I am sure that they would have
robbed the house.

We had not gone much further
when pursuers came within sight.
Then there was a race for liberty. I
was fleet, more so than the wretches.
About the time night set in two of
my fellow convicts had been captur-
ed. The other one kept close to me.
A gun fired, I heard a yell. Look-
ing around, I saw him fall. The
darkness and the dense woods pro-
tected me. I escaped. Finding a
cave, I crossed the river. The face
of the little girl was constantly be-
fore me.

I succeeded in making my way to
New York. In that great city I
was comparatively safe. Under an
assumed name I went to work in a
manufacturing establishment. I bent
every energy to the work, and from
time to time I was promoted. Three
years from the time I entered the
establishment I was the superinten-
dent of the entire works. My ser-
vices became so valuable that I was
admitted as a partner. I saved my
money and became wealthy, yet not
for a moment did I forget the crush-
ing fact that I was a convict.

One day while on a ferry boat I
took up a newspaper which some-
one had left on a chair. Opening it
I saw that it was an Arkansas sheet.
The next moment I was thrilled.
Below startling headlines appeared
the following:
"Several years ago a highly re-
spected young man named Henry
Debon was convicted of the crime of
murdering one of our most promi-
nent citizens, a Mr. Mapleson. Debon
was sentenced to be hanged, but the
Governor commuted his sentence to
imprisonment for life. Debon
escaped and went no one knows
whither. Now comes the real trag-
edy. About a month ago a man
named Evans, who swore that he
had seen Debon strike Mapleson
and who found near the scene of the
murder a knife bearing the initials
of Debon's name, was taken violent-
ly ill. Believing recovery to be im-
possible and fearing to die with such
a burden on his heart, he confessed
that he, inspired by bitter enmity,
had murdered Mapleson. From the
very moment of the confession he
began to improve and soon became
so well that he was taken to prison.
After a trial, during which he did
not attempt to make a defense, he
was sentenced to be hanged. The
execution took place last Friday,
and was witnessed by a large crowd
of people. The public deeply sym-
pathizes with young Debon, and
should he ever come back to the
State he will receive an enthu-
siastic ovation."
I cannot describe my sensations.
I hurried to my place of business,
and after relating to my partners
the experience through which I had

passed, I showed them the Arkansas
paper. My partners were rejoiced.
They declared that such a discov-
ery was worth half a lifetime of
trouble.

I immediately set out for Arkan-
sas. I indeed received an ovation.
Mr. Gray, the old minister, took me
by the hand and said:
"I was intimate with your father
and did not see how his son could
commit such a crime, but the proof
was so strong against you. Your
earnest protestations of innocence
caused me to call upon the Govern-
or and intercede in your behalf."

I purchased the farm where I had
spent a happy childhood. Every-
one was desirous of bestowing hon-
ors upon me, and the Governor him-
self came out and in the presence of
a great crowd gave thanks that a
great wrong had been averted. Dur-
ing all this time I had not ceased to
think of the little girl whose beau-
tiful face had banished my intentions
of becoming an outlaw. I had gone
to the house where I had seen her,
but her father Mr. Miller, had
moved away and no one in the
neighborhood knew his place of re-
sidence. One night at a theatre in
Little Rock I saw that face. I knew
it in a moment. At the conclusion
of the performance I followed the
girl, who, in company with an old
man, went to a hotel. I introduced
myself to Mr. Miller, and he intro-
duced me to his daughter Ida.

"I have seen you before some-
where she said.
"You have seen me."
"When?"
"I will tell you when we become
better acquainted."
I did tell her—told her one night
when she had promised to be my
wife. Several years have elapsed
since our marriage. We live in New
York most of the time and the old
Miller lives with us. I have built a
monument above Mr. Gray's resting
place.

THE NEGRO AS A LABORER.

There has been much written of
late about the negro as a tenant and
laborer, and many positions taken by
the various writers, and as a sample
of his industry and thrift the follow-
ing speaks for itself: Within the
past week I have seen numbers of
them driving into town in all kinds
of vehicles loaded with fodder, and I
made it my business to investigate,
when about the following dialogue
ensued:

"Old man, what are you going to
do with that fodder?"
"I'm going to sell 'em."
"What for?"
"I needs er little meat, and tho't
I'd bring this here fodder up and
sell 'em."

"It seems to me, old man, that you
would need the fodder next winter
and spring."
"I knows dat, boss, but yer see I
must have a little meat to work on."
"What are you doing on the farm
now?"

"Well, yer see, we's done laid by
dat crop and darain't nuffin' now to
do."
"While you are doing nothing at
home, why not work out by the day
and make enough to buy your meat
and other provisions?"
"Well, I as work hard all dis
yer and I wants some rest."
"Then you intend to sit at home
idle all the summer and eat up what
you have made and what you will
need so much next spring?"
"I can't work all the time, and I
must have some meat."
This is the way they do. Before
they will hire out for wages they
will sell the last thing they have
around them, including chickens, ex-
cept the dog, which must be kept in
the family at any cost. When the
middle of winter comes along these
same darkeys will pounce down on
the landlord for credit, and he will
have to buy corn and fodder for
them. They will trade off the last
bushel of corn for tobacco or flimsy
toggery and useless articles.—An-
gusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

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cures Piles, or no pay required. It
is guaranteed to give perfect sat-
isfaction, or money refunded. Price
25 cents per box.
G. M. Shindel.

A GREAT WOLF HUNT.

Tuscola, Ill., Feb. 2.—The great
wolf hunt that has been the talk
of the country for a month past, ended
for a month past occurred today in
Sargent township, Douglas county.
About 2,000 hunters and 500 dogs
took part in the drive. Fifteen
wolves were killed and about thirty
escaped through the brush. The
whole of Sargent township was sur-
rounded by hunters from Ogle, Es-
sex, Vermilion and Monticello coun-
ties, divided into four companies. A
circle of about eighteen miles in di-
ameter was formed, and under the
leadership of four captains gradually
contracted. The east line, extend-
ing from Bracken to Newmark,
along the Latta-Kelley River, pro-
ceeded the west, then the south, and
hunters were requested to keep
close on foot, with their dogs and
good clubs, about three were
mounted, and it was owing to this
violation that many of the wolves
escaped.

At 9 o'clock the different cap-
tains called up and down the line,
filling the gaps and distributing the
hunters. The west line first ad-
vanced with a mighty shout, and in
the first hour ten wolves were
killed, two of which were killed.
A pack of five were next discovered,
and they made for the southeast
corner, where a gap of 100 yards
extended. The hunters tried hard
to close the gap, but the wolves
came with a rush, and for a minute
the excitement was intense. Two of
the wolves were knocked down, but
again gathering their legs, they broke
through the line and escaped over
a hill. A howl of indignation went
up from the ranks, and dogs were
kicked and cursed; but the order
to move was given and the hunt re-
sumed. Meanwhile five had been
killed on the south line and two on
the north. At 2 o'clock only a mile
separated the hunters, and the ex-
citement grew intense. The hunters
could see each other across the in-
tervening hills. Fifteen wolves were
included, and they dashed about
frantic, with the dogs at their heels.
Seven made another assault on the
last line, and four succeeded in get-
ting through. The rest dashed at a
week upon the north line and they
were killed with clubs. The others
escaped, and thus the day's sport
ended.

Although in a temperance town-
ship, fully two barrels of whiskey
were consumed.

HE LEFT.

Some time ago there lived a gen-
tleman of indolent habits, not far
from Germantown, who was a busi-
ness in the winter season of visiting
his friends extensively. After wear-
ing out his welcome in his own im-
mediate vicinity, last winter, he
thought he would visit an old Quaker
friend, who had been a school-keeper
of his. On his arrival he was cordi-
ally received by the Quaker, he
thinking his visitor had taken so
much pains to come to see him. He
treated his friend with great atten-
tion and politeness for several days
and as he did not see any signs of
leaving, he became uneasy, but bore
it with patience till the morning
of the eighth day, when he said to him:
"My friend, I am afraid they will
never visit me again."

"Oh, yes, I shall," said the visitor:
"I have enjoyed my visit very much,
I shall certainly come again."
"Nay," said the Quaker, "I think
they will not visit me again."
"What makes you think I will not
come again?" asked the visitor.
"If thee does never leave," said
the Quaker, "how canst thou come
again?"

His visitor left.

An Old Child Speaks.

Mr. J. M. Norris, an old resident
of home, Ga., says that he had been
badly troubled with Kidney Com-
plaint for a great many years and
with Eczema for three years; at
times could scarcely walk and had
tried many remedies without benefit,
until he began to take Electric Bit-
ters and announcing his hands and
feet with Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
This treatment afforded him great
relief and he strongly recommends
Electric Bitters to all who suffer
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