

# 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, MARCH 24, 1887.

NO 15

## POETRY.

### The Half of a Hundred Years.

BY JOE FURRY.

No telling the joys and gladness,  
The sorrows, the groans and the tears,  
The goodness, the folly and badness  
In the half of a hundred years.  
When a fellow approaches the fifty,  
And backward looks and peers,  
He sees where he might have been  
In his half of a hundred years.  
He can mark all his folly and meekness,  
Where courage, instead of fears,  
Would have helped him over his weakness,  
In his half of a hundred years.  
He can note where he acted foolish  
For the sake of men's smiles and sneers,  
And was surely conceited and mulish  
In his half of a hundred years.  
He can see how soft-hearted and tender  
He was on the dainty dears,  
And how often he went on a "bender"  
In his half of a hundred years.  
Likewise when he acted the monkey,  
When he might have been smart and wise,  
Instead of a sap-head and lunkie,  
Had he only kept open his eyes.  
Old Time! hold your chariot a minute,  
Stop casting your fateful leers;  
I tell you "there's a million in it"  
If you'll give me but twenty five years!  
Won't do it, Old Greybeard! All right,  
Sir,  
Swing your scythe as best please  
You, then,  
I'll embrace what is left with delight,  
Sir,  
Be it twenty years, fifteen, or ten!  
I'll own that I might have been wiser,  
Might have wrung from somebody's  
Tears  
The money to make me a meiser  
In my half of a hundred years.  
But hang it—I couldn't do it,  
Couldn't live on what such money  
Years,  
And I yet have the first time to rue it  
In my half of a hundred years.  
'Tis true I'm as poor as Job's turkey,  
Owe debts that I really have fears  
Will only be paid in the murky  
Next half of a hundred years.  
But still I find joy in the present,  
For life is full of good cheers  
And take it all through its been  
pleasant  
In my half of a hundred years.  
So what is the use of regretting  
Or grumbling with sighs and tears,  
O'er the folly, the sin, the coquetting  
Of half of a hundred years?  
God knows that man is but mortal,  
Prono to wickedness, folly and fears,  
But repentance will open the portal  
Of heaven for millions of years.  
LOCK HAVEN, PA.  
"The writer has not yet reached the fifty," but a year or more less don't make any difference in the situation.

### CORPORAL JOHN.

"Another man killed!" exclaimed Captain Duval. "The devil take those Mexican brigands. Why, their mode of warfare is worse than anything I ever saw in Algeria!"  
Captain Duval had won a medal as a gallant officer in the foreign legion, and had been transferred, at his own request, to Bazaine's command in Mexico. He had in his new field of service but won few laurels, Maximilian's ill-starred reign was nearing its end, and Captain Duval found himself fighting against overwhelming odds.  
What galled the chivalric Frenchman more than any thing else was the fact that his military education was worth little to him in this semi-barbarous land, where the people resorted to a bushwhacking warfare. On his scouting expedition into Sonora he had lost half of his men without once seeing the enemy. On the march, and around the campfire at night, the soldiers were picked off one by one by unseen sharpshooters, who seemed to defy discovery and pursuit.  
And now another man had been killed. What was to be done?  
"Send Corporal John to me," said the Captain, coming to the door of his tent.  
In a few moments Corporal John appeared. He was a stalwart young fellow, with an honest American face. His soldierly bearing was that of a veteran. Although a month he had been trained in the art of war, he had done some good work. Do

across the Rio Grande, still wearing his faded gray jacket, and had joined Maximilian's army.  
Corporal John wore his French uniform gracefully, but the tinge of his comrades was too much for him, and this made him a little uneasy in the presence of his Captain.  
"My American friend," said Duval, "you have fought bushwhackers?"  
"Yes, Captain."  
"And sharpshooters?"  
"Yes, Captain."  
"And brigands?"  
"Yes, Captain."  
"And all sorts of devils, I don't doubt. Well, then, Corporal John, what did you do with them when you caught them?"  
"Click!"  
This significant sound, made by a peculiar working of the corporal's mouth arrested the Frenchman's attention.  
"Good!" he ejaculated. "You shot them on the spot?"  
"We led them out into the bushes," said the corporal, "and lost them. And they were never found again. Click!"  
"Very well," said Duval, with a satisfied look. "On the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, I propose to turn these assassins over to you. On the march to-morrow take a few picked men and watch every suspicious place. If you find any man in ambush with us in his hands, shoot him. If he calls for investigation it will be looked into later. Our first duty is self-preservation."  
"It shall be done," replied Corporal John, as he retired.  
It was nearly sun-down the next day when Corporal John and two of his men plunged into a dense and tangled thicket a little off their line of march. The Corporal was sure that he had seen something run to cover and he found that he was not mistaken.  
But this prisoner, had his arm around the neck of his little musang, was no ordinary bushwhacker. When the two soldiers seized him, Corporal John saw before him a boy of about eighteen, a handsome, spirited-looking youngster, in citizen's dress and armed with a light rifle. Trembling and flushing by turns, the prisoner flashed his black eyes defiantly, and cried out:  
"Unhand me, seniors! I will not submit to this outrage."  
He spoke in Spanish, and the corporal understood this language much better than he did French.  
"Who are you, and what are you doing here?" he asked, sternly.  
The little Mexican drew himself up haughtily.  
"It is no crime to hunt," he replied. "I am not a soldier. See, I wear no uniform. Why am I treated in this way? Restore my rifle and my musang and let me proceed on my way."  
It was a wonderfully sweet voice and it had an imperious ring in it. Corporal John wavered a moment, but one of the men spoke up:  
"A cursed brigade and caught with arms in his hands in ambush. Remember the Captain's order."  
"I will take him down to the river and finish him myself," said the corporal, grimly. "I can't take you two from the road at present. Keep your eyes open."  
There was a protest from the others, but the corporal silenced them.  
"I won't have any useless noise," he explained. "I'll take him to the river, cut his throat and throw him in. That will be the safest plan."  
The corporal looked down at the undergrowth through the thick undergrowth down to the muddy stream a hundred yards from the road.  
"Senior!"  
Corporal John looked down reluctantly into the youthful face.  
"Well," he answered, guffily.  
"Senior, this is a brave deed for a soldier to murder an unarmed prisoner."  
"You and your friends have been murdering our men," replied the corporal, "and we must get even."  
"Senior, let me speak. Less than a month ago a band of your soldiers burned our hacienda. They stabbed my father, a harmless old man, with their bayonets until he was dead. My mother fled into the swamps, where she died of fright and exposure. Well, I will tell the truth. Since then my brother and I have been with the guerrillas, and we have done some good work. Do

you blame me?"  
"No, I don't," John blurted out, "but I don't know whether you are telling the truth or a lie. I must obey orders."  
"But senior, would you kill a woman—a girl?"  
"Good God!" said the corporal. Then when he glanced at the upturned face and saw the liquid eyes with their long lashes, the pouting crimson lips, and the faintly-flashed, dark face, he wondered that he had not suspected the truth before.  
"Senior," stammered the rough soldier; "I am sorry that you are in this trouble. You may rest assured, however, that I am not going to kill you."  
"I knew it!" and the girl smiled triumphantly.  
"But you ought to be sent to headquarters."  
"And would my life be safe there?"  
"No, I don't believe it would," was the corporal's thoughtful reply.  
"Then set me free!"  
"I'll try."  
"Set me free!"  
"Hang me if I don't!" said the corporal. "Why, of course I will." He cut the prisoner's bonds and gave an inquiring look.  
"It is all right," responded the senior. The stream is not deep at this point, I am going to ford it, and on the other side of yonder hill my brother and his companions await me. When you return to your companions tell them that you did your duty. God bless you, senior, and farewell!"  
Before he could speak the seniorita was half way across the river. As she disappeared in the forest on the other side she waved her hand, and the corporal heartily responded.  
"Ugh! Don't ask me," was Corporal John's reply, to the questions of his comrades. "I did my duty. That is enough."  
There were other things demanding their attention, and the fate of the Mexican lad was not very searchingly inquired into.  
"I am a great fool to fight a duel," said John Conway as he finished his toilet and viewed his face in the glass, "but when a fellow is in Paris he must do as the Parisians do."  
Conway gave an extra twist to his mustache, and continued talking to himself.  
"It is strange. I fought through our war and was mixed up in the Maximilian business. I have done my share of shooting and being shot at, but I never yet stood up in cold blood to exchange shots with a man. I don't like it."  
So many years had elapsed since Conway's military experience that the prospect of a fight no longer stirred his blood. He was not an old man, but the fiery ardor of youth was a thing of the past. After years of adventurous speculation in the mining regions of the West fortune had favored him, and for the first time in his life he was realizing one of the dreams of his youth—a visit to Paris.  
Unfortunately he had been drawn into a political controversy in a cafe with a member of the Mexican legation, Senior Gomez, a gentleman whose great wealth and beautiful wife were at that time the talk of Paris. In the heat of the discussion Conway had given mortal offense to the Mexican. The result was a challenge and the American accepted, selecting pistols, and fixing the hour and place chosen being a suburban forest notorious for its affairs of honor.  
While the American was wondering whether he had sufficient appetite for breakfast, there was a tap at his door. Opening it he saw to his surprise Senior Gomez, who advanced into the room with a grave countenance in which various emotions were struggling for expression.  
John Conway involuntarily fell back in amazement at beholding this unexpected visitor.  
"Senior Conway," said Gomez, "this visit under the circumstances is unheard of. It is irregular, but you Americans are always prepared for the unexpected. I am here, senior, to apologize for my conduct, and to withdraw my challenge. I deeply regret my offensive language, and hasten to retract it. It was my purpose to inform the gentlemen, who know something of the affair between us, that we have no quarrel, and that I regard you as one of the

bravest and noblest of men."  
Conway looked into the Mexican's eyes, and saw sincerity there.  
"Senior Gomez," he said, "I am at a loss to understand all this."  
"Listen!" exclaimed the other, impatiently. "Last night at the opera my wife saw a face that recalled the greatest peril of her life. She studied it through her glass and became convinced that she was right. When we met at our hotel, after my return from the cafe where we had our unfortunate difference, she told me all, and begged me to search out her preserver. So, Corporal John, I thank you in the name of my wife."  
Then seeing that the American was more mystified than ever, Gomez continued:  
"Have you forgotten your capture of a young Mexican in Sonora when you were with Bazaine? Instead of obeying orders and executing the prisoner, her sex and her wrongs excited your sympathy and you released her."  
"It all comes back to me," said Conway, excitedly. "Yes; it is impossible for me to forget it. And the Seniorita made good her escape and is now your wife? You are to be congratulated, senior, upon securing such a heroine."  
The two were now unconsciously clasping hands.  
"You see that we can not fight," laughed Gomez, with a tear in his eye.  
"Ridiculous," said Conway.  
"Very well," remarked the other, "I take it for granted I may tell the senior that you will spend the evening with us. You cannot refuse."  
Corporal John did not refuse, but when the brilliant Mexican beauty overwhelmed him that evening with her thanks he grew very thoughtful. When his visit was over and he was on his way homeward the American several times broke out with:  
"Confound it all, when she was my prisoner, why the deuce didn't I keep her?"  
And yet Corporal John was not altogether unhappy.  
**The Colonel Remembered.**  
A Detroit who honestly won the title of "Colonel" during the war was in a town in the western part of the State the other day, and was talking war times with several friends, when a stranger joined the group, held out his hand to the Colonel, and said:  
"You are Colonel Blank, of Detroit?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, I'm glad to see you. Colonel, do you remember the battle of South Mountain?"  
"I do."  
"You led us in charge there on the afternoon of the first day. A Confederate bullet hit me in the shoulder and I fell. You picked me up, propped me against a stone wall and then led the boys on Colonel, God bless you!"  
They shook hands again, and when the stranger had moved off one of the group said:  
"Why Colonel, you were not at South Mountain?"  
"No."  
"The man is entirely mistaken?"  
"Yes."  
"And why don't you tell him so?"  
"Because I did not want to hurt his feelings. Such incidents occur almost daily, and I am always careful to fall into line with the man. Nothing would hurt an old veteran worse than to discover that his Colonel—only one step higher up on the battle-field, but that he never even heard of him by name."  
"Why, anybody ought to know that it's the short haul that costs the most. You see I am sitting in a railway parlor car down in Maine writing a postal card to a friend in Oregon. Now, if I can get that card to the mail car, only seven car lengths ahead of me, the government will carry it 3,000 miles for one cent. That is the long haul. But it costs me a quarter to get the porter to carry it to the postal car. That's the short haul. Then the porter loses it on his way or forgets all about it. That's the shrinkage. And there you have the whole transportation problem in a nutshell.—Bardette.  
A strong-minded woman was heard to remark the other day that she would marry a man who had plenty of money, though he was so ugly she had to scream every time she looked at him.

**How to Get a Free Farm in Dakota.**  
Mr. Joel Benton tells, in his article on Dakota in the March Cosmopolitan, how one may get a free farm in that great and productive State. He says:  
The two classes of land open for settlement are government and railroad lands. Nearly all the former east of the Missouri River, which is first-class, is now disposed of. There is, however, plenty of railroad land that can be bought at from two dollars to six dollars per acre, and on five years' time. The variation in price depends upon the quality and location. There are three ways to obtain government land; namely, by the Homestead Law, by pre-emption, and by timber culture. Any person over twenty-one years of age, male or female, who is native born, or who, if not, has taken the first steps toward naturalization, may have the benefit of homesteading within six months from the time of entering a homestead claim. The party so doing must put up a house of some sort, which he is willing to live in. He must live on the claim for five years, and pay from four to eight dollars for land-office fees. But he can gain title at once by paying one dollar and twenty-five cents or two dollars and fifty cents per acre. Old soldiers have their time of war service subtracted from this term of residence.  
"The Pre-emption Law requires some acts of improvement by the applicant," and filing papers at the cost of two dollars. After this "actual residence, cultivation of the soil, and payment at one dollar and twenty-five cents or two dollars and fifty cents per acre." On this payment you have two years and nine months of time. But title can be had "after six months' residence and cultivation if the payment is then made." The amount of land secured in these cases, as well as by the timber culture claim, is one-quarter of a section, or one hundred and sixty acres. To obtain a timber claim the fees paid are fourteen dollars. After this the applicant breaks or plows five acres the first year, cultivates it the second year, and plants forest trees, cuttings, or seeds the third year; and beginning the second year breaks another five acres, and cultivates and plants the third and fourth years. After these ten acres of future woodland are started, they must be kept alive for four years more, or eight years from the date of his entry. If at that time he can show six thousand seven hundred and fifty healthy trees, he will be granted title upon paying four dollars land-office fees. By proper management one person can sometimes get land by all these methods, or four hundred and eighty acres in all.  
**To Train Evangelists.**  
A New York Herald interview with Moody and Sankey, now in Chicago, contains the following:  
Mr. Sankey was asked in regard to report that he and Mr. Moody contemplated establishing in Chicago an institution wherein religious workers would be trained for service among those who need advice and enthusiasm.  
"That report is true," was the reply, "and that is really the principal object of Mr. Moody's visit to Chicago. We are going to build a kind of school, where men and women can be taught how to carry the word of Christ effectively among the lowly of the community. Our aim is not to give religious instruction, but to make practical evangelists. The institution will be a sort of half-way house between the pulpit and the people. It will busy itself with Christianity rather than with theology. That is what people want nowadays—the doctrine of love and kindness and good fellowship rather than the tenets of creed or sect."  
Likker sellin' looks like a mity profitable business, but it ain't alluz. It hez its drawbacks. You see, yer customers don't live long enuff to make the biznis ez profitable as it should be. Jest ez you git a man fairly fixed so that he ez to hav his likker reglar he gets so that he wop't work, and consquently don't hev money to satisfy his appetite. That's the trouble. Wat good to me in a man with a healthy longin' for stimulant and no money to pay for it.—Nashy.

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