

# The Middleburgh Post.

T. H. HARTER.

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, APRIL 21, 1887.

NO. 19

## POETRY.

### THE DEATH OF WINTER.

ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

Pierced by the sun's bright arrows,  
Winter lies  
With dabbled robes upon the blurred  
hill-side;  
Fast flows the clear cold blood; in  
vain he tries  
With cooling breath to check the  
flowing tide.

He faintly hears the footsteps of fair  
Spring  
Advancing through the woodland to  
the dell.  
Anon she stops to hear the waters sing  
And call the flowers that know her  
voice full well.

Ah, now she faints to see the glancing  
stream;  
She stirs the dead leaves with her  
anxious feet;  
She stoops to plant the first awaken-  
ing beam,  
And woos the cold Earth with  
warm breathings sweet.

"Ah, gentle mistress, doth thy soul  
rejoice  
So find me thus laid low? So fair  
thou art!  
Let me but hear the music of thy voice  
Let me but die upon thy pitying  
heart.

"Soon endeth life for me. Thou wilt  
be blessed;  
The flowering fields, the budding  
trees be thine.  
Grant me the pillow of thy fragrant  
breast;  
Then come, oblivion, I no more re-  
pine."

Thus plead the dying Winter. She,  
the fair,  
Whose heart hath love, and only  
love, to give,  
Did quickly lay her fall warm bosom  
bare  
For his cold cheek, and fondly whis-  
pered, "Live."

His cold white lips close to her heart  
she pressed;  
Her sighs were mingled with each  
breath he drew;  
And when the strong life faded on her  
brow  
Her own soft tears fell down like  
heavenly dew.

O ye sweet blossoms of the whisper-  
ing lea,  
Ye fair, frail children of the wood-  
land wide,  
Ye are the fruit of that dear love  
which  
Did give to wounded Winter ere he  
died.

And some are tinted like her eyes of  
blue,  
Some hold the blush that on her  
cheek did glow,  
Some from her lips have caught their  
scarlet hue,  
But more still keep the whiteness of  
the snow.

—Harper's Magazine for April.

### TRAP TO CATCH A HUSBAND

Sunset in the tropics. Sunset on  
the outskirts of a Louisiana forest—  
sately solemn. What a cha of a  
noble color, what an Eden of bloom  
and of odor, what royal pro-  
digality of untrammelled life. The  
spot where a party of tourists had  
encamped themselves for the night  
was at the height of some three or  
four hundred feet above the level  
of the sea, and a glowing sweep  
of lowland country—yellow maize fields,  
orchards, villages and gardens—  
stretched away league beyond league  
before them.

The party which made up this  
encampment consisted of four men—  
Northerners on a tour of pleasure  
and observation. Three were gen-  
tlemen of wealth; but the fourth—  
Jerrold Gray—was a dependent ne-  
phew of one of the rich trio. His  
uncle had educated him, and now, at  
the end of his collegiate course, had  
taken him on this tour. At its con-  
clusion Jerrold was to choose a pro-  
fession, and commence single-hand-  
ed the battle of life. His uncle had  
a number of children, so that Jerrold  
could not reasonably expect to in-  
herit anything, and his independence  
prompted him to decline further  
pecuniary aid.

Leaving his companions cooking  
the supper, in true camp fashion,  
Jerrold strolled off to view the pan-  
orama that was stretched beneath the  
surrounding hill. As he stood list-  
lessly leaning against a tree, he  
broke out into a chance song. He  
was really a fine singer, possessed of  
a highly cultivated voice, and sang  
with all the abandon of presumed  
solitude.

He did not see the bright, black  
eyes that were watching him, nor  
the dainty ears that were listening,

both of which belonged to one of the  
prettiest and wealthiest heiresses in  
Louisiana. She sat on a splendid  
horse, and made a picture that, had  
Jerrold seen it, would have eclipsed  
the opposite landscape upon which  
he was gazing. She waited there,  
fascinated, and trusting to the shel-  
ter of the trees until he turned and  
retraced his steps.

But suddenly, in the very height  
of his song, his glance fell on her,  
leaning gracefully forward upon the  
saddle, and regarding him with a  
face of mingled wonder and admir-  
ation that was so intense as to be  
comical, the tall bushes and branches  
half veiling her. Never could he  
forget the picture. His voice abruptly  
ceased; and the next instant he  
burst into a ringing laugh that was  
so joyous, hoary and irreproachable  
that it proved infectious, and catch-  
ing by instinct the humor of the  
moment, she laughed very heartily.  
Then as if frightened by such famili-  
arity with a stranger, she suddenly  
became serious.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for listen-  
ing," she said; "but it is so seldom we  
meet a human being out here on the  
hills, that you tempted me to listen."  
Never had Jerrold looked upon a  
countenance that so fascinated him.  
The girl's dark hair, and a face on  
which there always lived a bloom,  
but to which there never mounted a  
decided color, appeared the very em-  
bodiment of health and vitality.  
But it was the wonderful mobility of  
the features that constituted their  
greatest charm; their expressions  
were as shifting and various as the  
atmosphere upon an April morning.  
Every mood and passion they reflect-  
ed changed them into another face;  
now they were those of a laughing  
Hebe; now those of a simple child.

Before Jerrold could reply to the  
young lady, a gentleman on horse-  
back rode up.  
"So, Bertha," he said to her, "you  
ran away from me." And then, see-  
ing Jerrold Gray, he bowed politely,  
and added: "It isn't often these wild  
hills are visited by strangers."

A brief conversation ensued, end-  
ing in a visit to the temporary camp.  
The gentleman introduced himself  
as Mr. Fenshaw a planter of the  
neighborhood, and the girls as Bertha  
Fenshaw, his niece.

"Do you intend to remain here  
tonight?" he asked, as he prepared to  
go.

"Yes," was the reply; "we are very  
lazily seeking pleasure, and we en-  
camp wherever fancy dictates."

"Then I shall insist upon receiving  
you at my house; you see it yon-  
der," he said, pointing to a planta-  
tion residence dimly visible in the  
distant plain; "and, until then, good  
day."

Bertha added her invitation, and  
uncle and niece were soon riding  
out of sight.  
Knowing by experience the hospi-  
tality of Louisiana planters of the  
higher class, and certain that the  
invitation was intended for actual  
acceptance, the tourists decided  
upon the morrow.  
On that same morrow, towards  
afternoon, Bertha Fenshaw sat in  
her room, thinking of Jerrold Gray.  
She had dreamed of him during the  
night, and she was wondering why  
it was not because of a dearth of  
young men among the circle of her  
acquaintances. And all the  
region knew the pretty heiress.  
She was acquainted with all the  
old men and women in the coun-  
try, and their numerous complaints.  
She was god-mother to half the  
babies. The young planters of all  
the adjoining counties were in love  
with her, and proposed to her at regular  
intervals. But Bertha was romantic.  
She was very happy as she was,  
and if she did marry, he must be  
more of a hero, to win her, than  
any she had seen.

Had Jerrold Gray seen the pretty  
heiress and known that he was the  
subject of her thoughts, he might  
have been more flattered, but scarce-  
ly more in love than he really was.  
Her room was arranged with all the  
simple taste of a well-bred girl. Her  
hanging book-shelves were well fill-  
ed with their row of poets, their row  
of useful works. The neat little  
writing table, with its gilt inkstand,  
and its pretty, costly nick-nacks,  
stood in the window, and above it  
hung the cage of her pet canary.  
There was a piano, too, and a well  
filled music-stand.

and neatness; was prim, but every-  
thing was properly arranged. Above  
all, neither in books, pictures, music,  
nor on the dressing-room in the  
adjoining room, was there the small-  
est sign of "fastness," that almost  
omnipotent drawback to the charms  
of the young ladies of the present  
day.

But none of these things interest-  
ed our heroine just now, and in the  
middle of her reverie she heard the  
arrival of the tourists; and the voice  
of her uncle welcoming them. Hasti-  
ly finishing her toilet, she went  
down to the sitting-room, where  
she found the gentlemen in conver-  
sation. Perhaps it was natural  
enough that the two younger mem-  
bers of the quartet gravitated to-  
wards each other, and were soon in  
an easy converse. Later, Bertha  
showed him the gardens, etc. The  
call proved so pleasant, and all were  
so pleased with the congenial in-  
tercourse, that the tourists complied  
with the planter's urgent invitation  
to spend a week at his house.

The week was spent agreeably to  
—a week of elysium to Jerrold and  
Bertha.

"Jerrold," said George Morton,  
one of the party, "you are getting  
desperately in love with this South-  
ern beauty."

"Yes," was the frank reply; "I love  
her as I never dreamed I could love  
a woman."

"And does she return your sud-  
den passion?"

"Yes, I am certain of that."  
"Then you have spoken to her  
about it?"

"No, and shall not do so. She is  
rich I am poor. I will never marry  
under such conditions."

The week ended, and the guests  
were about to bid adieu to their  
generous host Bertha showed no  
special signs of emotion, but as  
Jerrold was about leaving her she  
said to him, "sing to me something  
that will recall you to me."

He went to the piano, and with-  
out thought, the strains of Schu-  
bert's "Adieu" came into his mind.  
The passion of a lifetime was con-  
centrated in its melody, and Bertha,  
hiding her eyes in her hands, listen-  
ed, understanding his love and fare-  
well.

They went, and time passed. The  
civil war broke out. Three years  
after his first visit, Jerrold Gray was  
in New Orleans, a Lieutenant in the  
Federal army. George Morton, too,  
was in the same regiment. When  
the army advanced to the neighbor-  
hood of the Fenshaw plantation,  
Morton proposed a visit to their  
former hosts; but Jerrold, for some  
reason, declined, and Morton decid-  
ed to go alone. He found the planta-  
tion in a sad state, but the master  
as hospitable as ever.

"This house is like a tomb," said  
Mr. Fenshaw; "no more music, no  
more sounds of joy. That piano  
has not been touched for two years;  
the last thing played on it was the  
"Adieu" of that young friend of yours.  
By the way, is he living? have you  
heard of him?"

"Yes. Have you never had any  
suspicions about him?"

"Suspicions?"

"Yes; concerning your niece."  
"Concerning Bertha—let me see.  
A light dawns in on me; do you  
have I been deceived? We fear she  
is losing her health and spirits."  
"She is in love with Jerrold Gray."  
Then Morton told him all that  
had passed; all his scruples; all his  
love; his resolve never to marry a  
woman so far above him in fortune.  
"Come," said Mr. Fenshaw, "and  
repeat this to Bertha."

Three three were in close consulta-  
tion for an hour, and when Morton  
set out on his return, something of  
the old vivacity had returned to  
Bertha.

Obtaining leave of absence,  
Lieutenant Gray started for the  
Fenshaw's on the following day.  
The uncle received him graciously—  
the niece with a joy that found ex-  
pression in her lustrous eyes in the  
warm clasp of her hand, and in the  
very eloquence of her silence. Be-  
fore he departed he told her his  
love, and trembling lips had clung  
to his in a betrothal kiss.

They are married now, and happy  
in spite of a piece anti-marrage  
deceit, on the part of the bride.

"Could you forgive me a great—  
a very great deception provided it  
was intended to make us both happy for  
life?" asked Bertha, soon after the  
quiet wedding.

"Yes."  
"Then listen to my confession,  
Mr. Morton deceived you when he  
told you that my fortune had been  
lost. He told me of your resolution  
never to marry a woman richer  
than yourself, and suggested the  
plan of inducing you to propose by  
representing me as penniless. I loved  
you so well that I couldn't re-  
fuse—and do forgive me, Jerrold."

A kiss settled it, and Jhrold  
laughingly acknowledged himself  
caught in "A trap to catch a husband."

### NOT LIKE "HAZEL KIRKE"

A sad story, without the happy  
ending of "Hazel Kirke's" misfor-  
tunes, comes from Sandusky. Poor  
Mary Porter, the beautiful daughter  
of a fisherman in the bay, is the vic-  
tim. One morning, not long ago,  
her baby was found murdered. Last  
week the man who murdered the in-  
nocent child, was sentenced for  
life to the penitentiary. Now the  
announcement comes that the once  
bright and vivacious girl is a raving  
and hopeless maniac.

The cottage of honest John Porter,  
her father, stood in the most pictur-  
esque point on Sandusky Bay. It  
was nestled snugly on the bay, sur-  
rounded by a patch of leafy green  
and bearing many evidences of the  
thoughtful care of a good wife and  
beautiful daughter. May was not  
only the pride of her parents, but  
was the admired of all the country  
round. None in the city of Sand-  
usky, across the bay, could compare  
with her.

There came one day to the fisher-  
man's cottage, strolling from a pleas-  
ure party that had set out from the  
city hotel, a handsome, dashing  
young fellow. Charles Ackerman  
was a traveling salesman, and when  
not on the road lived with his wife  
and family at Orville. A short so-  
journ at the neat cottage, an inno-  
cent conversation with May, and the  
first act in this tragedy of real life  
began.

The visit of that Sunday afternoon  
was repeated. Honeyed words of  
deception were poured into the guil-  
less girl's ears, and when the explo-  
sion came it blasted the life of the  
fair victim and broke up Ackerman's  
family. The fisherman's heart was  
bigger than all else and the erring  
daughter was forgiven, but Ackerman  
left the country a wanderer.

One morning a murdered baby  
was found in the waters of Sandusky  
Bay. Jerry Fahy, of Berea, was ar-  
rested and the network of evidence  
wound around him. He was an old  
lover of beautiful May and had tried  
to help her dispose of the fruit of  
her unholy love. The chain of cir-  
cumstances was forged about him.  
The girl refused to testify against  
him and he refused to implicate him,  
but the story came out of how he had  
thrown the child into the water to  
hide her shame. He was sentenced to  
the Ohio Penitentiary for life. The  
strain upon the girl was too  
great, and when Fahy was taken  
to the penitentiary she broke down,  
a complete physical and mental  
wreck.

An Irishman, in his first attempt  
to ride a horse, thought it best to  
take a young one that had never  
been ridden, and so had learned no  
tricks. But no sooner had he vault-  
ed upon the colt's back than it  
plunged forward at a fearful rate,  
Pat could only throw himself for-  
ward and clasp his arms around the  
animal's neck to hold on. His friend,  
seeing the danger, shouted:—"Sure,  
Pat, and why don't you get off of  
the back?" And Pat answered:—"Faith,  
how can a man get off when  
he can't stay on!"

"Well, it does beat all what frolic  
people are gettin' to be," said an old  
farmer, who sat in the corner, pencil  
and paper in hand. "Here I read in  
the paper that Mister Abbey gives  
Patti, the opera singer \$3,000 a night  
for singin' an' 50 per cent, of the re-  
ceipts above \$4,000. At a concert  
in New York the gate money was  
\$9,000 an' Mrs. Patti must have got  
\$5,500 of that. Great gosh, what a  
farm that would buy out in Iowa  
But I've been figurin' on this thing,  
and I want you to take a look at the  
results. The paper says she sang  
five songs. Jewhilkins, but that's  
more'n \$1,000 a song. It couldn't  
take her more than ten minutes to  
sing one of her pieces, an' that's  
\$100 a minute or nearly \$2 a sec-  
ond—By gosh, I'm goin' to have  
my darters educated to be singers."

### To Avoid an Extra Session.

"My dear," said a Congressman to  
his daughter at breakfast. "Wasn't  
young Brown here last night until  
12 o'clock?"

"Yes, papa," she replied with a  
pretty little blush.

"Well, my dear, you should not  
permit it. It has been that way for  
several nights, hasn't it?"

"Yes, papa."  
"Don't you know that it is hardly  
the proper thing?"

"Yes, papa."  
"Then why do you do it?" he asked  
impatiently.

"Because, papa, I expect to go  
away next week, and I am rushing  
the business so that there will not  
have to be an extra session."

### The Sparrow Pie

In Germany long troughs are  
placed at the eaves of houses for the  
accommodation of sparrows in build-  
ing their nests. When the young  
sparrows are hatched and the moth-  
er goes out to procure food for them,  
wire screens are placed over them,  
with interstices large enough to per-  
mit the passage of food into the  
younglings, but too small to allow  
them to escape from the nests. As  
soon as they have grown large and  
plump they are killed, and they  
make a very desirable article of food.

### Utility of Grandmothers

And what is there that grand-  
mother cannot do? She is always in  
order to see company, and never at  
loss for something to say. She is  
ready to take the baby when nobody  
else can give him attention. She  
binds up bruised fingers with soft  
rags, and has tender words for  
wounded hearts, kisses and a stray  
peppermint from the depth of her  
pockets, or a mysterious little box  
which she takes down from a high  
shelf in some cupboard. She keeps  
the thin places in the stockings and  
mittens darned before they become  
real holes, and her wise counsel and  
cheering words prevent many holes  
in the peace of the family and neigh-  
borhood. She has great stores of  
supplies for everybody far and near.  
She never forgets where her sage  
and summer savory and catnip are,  
and her bearhound candy and thero-  
genlight syrup are so delicious that  
every coughing child for miles  
around considers himself in luck  
when he gets a chance to take them.

### A Good Coon Dog.

The Erie Railroad has a conduc-  
tor named Coon, and the following  
dog story is told. A man had a  
wonderful good dog for coons. If  
there was a coon within a mile of  
the dog the coon's doom was sealed,  
for the dog would certainly catch  
him out.

One day the dog was out with his  
master after coons. They stopped  
at a small railroad station just as  
the train drew up.

The dog came to dead point on  
the train. The owner of the dog  
insisted that there must be a coon  
on board the train or that the train  
had run over a coon.

The dog's nose could not be mis-  
taken.

The train was searched, but there  
was no coon and no gore on the  
wheels. The man's faith in his dog  
did not waver for an instant. "Are  
you sure that there is no coon on  
board this train?" he inquired of  
the brakeman. "I am sure there is  
not."

The nearest thing to a coon is the  
conductor, and his name is Coon.  
"That settles it," said the owner of  
the dog; "I knew there was a coon  
on this train."

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