# Ehe Middleburgh Post.

#### T. H. HARTER.

tide ?"

care.

away.

He that will not reason is a bigot ; he that cannot is a fool ; he that dare not is a slave.

#### EDITOR AND PROPRIETON

## VOL XXIII

# MIDDLEBURGH, SNYDER CO., PENN'A, JUNE 16, 1887

-: POETRY:-Written for the Posr. THE STUDENT. To one and all-have you not seen "The winged tenants of some hauntcenary motives. ed stream Feed, eager busy by its pebbly side, Then wanton in the cool, luxuriant So the student ends his busy day, Unbends his mind and throws his cares away ; Rejoices in the work that's done, And feels another victory won. Let me but paint him void of every Flung in his free and easy chair, As if wrapped in some peaceful dream, He meditates upon a favorite theme. In such an hour with all the past His soul communion holds; he blest dream friend Be civil.' Again beholds each living scene. His mind unshadowed by a cloud Is active, and runs quickly through the crowd nion of you.' Of friends that memory holds so dear And brings them from a distance near. The friends so fondly cherished come And sanction all the work he's done ; To him all nature looks so gay, crazy. And life's one bright eternal day. Alas! while thus in meditation sought blew up the little back atelier with His mind is ruffled with the new-born thought That coming duties for another day, Are near to drive his present joys From books where science reigns and toil severe. -von have me. From page to page his rapid eye along

now fails the tear.

l play my violin; I study; I enjoy myself. 1 sometimes play cards or with my uncle. We play always for love-never for money. Sometimes be has the gout very badly, and I purse him. He must always speak his mind when he has the gout. Then I speak mine to him. 'Come, old gentleman,' I say,' this isvery well. If I were you heir I intend to leave me one penny; you and if I thought you worthy to be my nucle. my heir I should have a better opihe replies. Still be does not say he has no need of me, and I stay with him. After all; he is a good fellow. He wers. says of me, Franz is not bad only

Well, I am not crazy. Ouce a failure of an experiment. That Wurzel?' was an accident that might have happened to any scientific man. No matter; there is no longer a roof to no more paint." the stelier. It can never blow off again. 1 go on with my experiments

If they can make diamonds, as it is He reads the alluring tale or drama now proved they can, why not make dear : Or happy in the hour his tastes might gold, I ask! Pauline believes that I shall do it. If the woman who choose The easy warbling of the modern loves believes in one, it makes the muse. heart strong, let who will carp. So

One day I awake in the morning. Glances and revels in the magic song. Alternate swells his breast with hope and go down to my unclo's room. and fear, I rap at the door. No voice cries, Now bursts the unconscious laugh. 'come in 1 rap again. Still no answer. I open it. Ab, good

Indigent old Bachelors; who says of yet awful. 1 sink upon the floor little you will feel better." me, 'Franz is a good fellow, I like In an instant I remember every in- 'Pauline,' I cried, 'believe me. him, but if he had my money he cident of my whole life, each in its Kiss me, Pauline." would throw it to the dogs. I'll regular succession from the hour 'He is quite mad,' she screamed

not leave him one penny.' So, yon when my mother held me on her and fell fainting on the floor of the she lies!" see, I do not live with him for mer- knee an ' told me of the Kriss Krins arber: I heard steps approaching gle to this last hour of mine. Then and fled.

Yes-poor, in love, without expec- something horrible, that 1 had no low I loathed the form that I tation but not unhappy. 1 smoke power to resist, seemed to clutch had taken ! If Pauline would not my cigare; I make love to Pauline; me .- Then -- nothing.

1 come to myself. 1 sit in a great all the gold now mine ? I had only

move the body.'

spirit is in my uncle's body, and the legal gentleman who had trans- the neighbors would get their letters. Lives in the past, dreams o'er each are abusing your most disinterested that my body is empty of it. 1 walk acted all my uncle's business. A from thar. We'd don hered that'd with the step of age across the room, bright thought struck me. I knock- been a big fight at Richmond so I

> was weary. "Who am 1?" 1 ask the physician

'You are still bewildered, old friend,' are, doubtless, surprised to see me the path that led across the fields our

'Hans Emil Muller.' is what he an- tory nature of life. I have long was a letter for our neighbors. Jim

Muller! And they carried a dead it." With some surprise, he unlocked man through the door just now.

Was it my nephew, poor Franz the safe behind him, and drew forth 200 yards of him. I followed the sound a tin case, from which he produced "Do not distress your self,' said my unclo's will,

I bowed and hurried away, leavhe doctor. He at r. st. He suffers ing the man of law staring after me Suddenly I feel a twinge of the in wonder.

gour. 'The dence!' 1 cry; 'But 1 What do 1 care ?

I reached home at last. I hur-I will not be put to bed, I inquire ried to the room where the watchparticulars 1t is supposed that ers sat. 1 turned them out without Frantz Warzel suffocated himself ceremony. I locked the door, and with some noxions gas evoked by turning back the sheet looked, for and the old oman put over than, wild experiment, and that his uncle the first time, upon my own features

fainted after bringing him down from divested of the color and expression of life ; upon my own form, frozen be laboratory in his arms. So I am no longer Franx Wurzel; into marble immobility.

am Hans Emil Muller. The body of 1t was an awful moment. Words was more fighten and the army it cannot paint it. 1 retreated from went into Maryland and our neigh-Franz Warzel lies in white linen in the coffin. 1 crouched myself against a coffin in the quiet parlor. Friends

down this big road ever since Lee's surrender, was buried over yonder at the church, and thar's not a man nor a woman in this settlement but what has shed a tear over the grave whar

17 1. 22 . W W.

The old man wiped his spectacles with his red bandana, and with his head bent and his eyes cast down shook his head and uttered, 'War is believe my story, of what value was thing. a bad thing, stranger; war's a bad

"That old lady," continued the old armchair. The physician supports gained an old body, full of aches man, "had four as fine buys as ever and pains, by my mad frenk. My shouldered a mucket for the Con-'Poor old man!' I heard him only hope was that the spirit had federacy, and that's saying a right say. 'He is coming to himself. Re- not deceived me, and that I could smart. They all went to Virginia. and one by one they were killed till

once more regain my lost self. 1 there was only one left. Tom, he was 'I see a blue-veined head-my hobbled painfully ; at last, at a cer- the oldest, and I shall never forget own; a long, white-my own. 1 tain door, I sat down to rest. While when the news came that he was killglance toward the door- Two or I was catching my breath, I looked ed at Seven Pines. 'Squire Adams he 'Come, old gentleman,' I say,' this grande toward the door 1 was calling my breath, I boked is very well. If I were you heir I man through it, I know that my on its panels. It bore the name of went to his house during the war, and

Then he will say,' That is true: 1 arise. 1 look in the glass 1 see ed and was admitted. This time I was settin' right here in this piazer smoking after supper, and I heared DR. E. W. TOOL.

'Sir,' I said to the notary, 'you start from the 'Squire's house down Jim, one of 'Squire Adams' niggers, here to-day, but my poor nephew' house, hollowing and blowing his "But call me by name?" 1 cntreat, sudden death shows me the transi- quills, and I told my old 'oman thar wished to alter my will. You have crossed over the branch yonder, and "Yes!' 1 cry. 'I am Hans Emil it in your passession. Let me see the sound from his quills came up the branch, and I could hear the doleful

tones he was blowing as if 1'd been in of his quills till he struck the path of through you pine thicket, and then SPEAKS BOTH ENGLISH AND GERMAN he quit blowing his quills and sang:

'Down in the cornfield, Hear dat mournful sound. And de darkies am er weeping,

For massa's in the cold, cold ground. 1 told my old 'omen I was afere i

that nigger had bad news for our neighbors, and so it was, for no sooner than he'd got to the house, 1 hered screams and hollerin, and me and what I seed then makes me know war's a bad thing, mister, war's a bad thing.

'Then, maid the old man, 'thar bors they'd sorter caimed them-



Then the student pausing from his heavens! There on the bed lies my brooks, Forgets his work besides the rippling open, glassy, staring. He is dead! books.

He seeks the fresh and balmy air To cool his brow and drive away his care.

can to restore him, if there is He recreates till night unfurls her breath of life remaining, but I am shadowy wing

aware that it is vaiu. At last I sink Over the earth, and to him brings down into a chair and burst into Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy

sleep. While round his pillow hallowed vigils keep. each other.

I am alone in the room. The si The busy hum of life is o'er, all else is lence is intense. The very clock calm and still, has stopped at the hour of midnight. All save the breathing of the trees Suddenly I begin to tremble. The upon the distant hill, The soft winds with their lullables bair seems literally to rise upon my

have soothed the waves to rest, head My flesh creeps. Is it fear! And they in turn have rocked to sleep I think not .- Death don't terrify me the shadows on their breast. -By D.C.M. I am used to the dissecting room.

STUDENT'SISTORY

I have never felt it before, it is that shrinking which the spirit, clothed Ab, yes! It's easy to call any one in flesh, feels at the approach of a mad. I know what happened to my- naked spirit. Something is near

No, it is not fear. I know, although

'Bat I shall be old and die soon!'-

self. None of you will believe this me. Something touches me .story; but what matter? A truth Something calls my name, 'Franz!' I say, 'Well? Am I wanted? Who is a truth, if no one believes it. 1 never say anything is impossible are you?' Nothing is. 1 love abstruse subjects The answer comes, 'A spirit.'

'That of my uncle?' I ask. and studies. I have dabbled in The answer comes, 'No.' what is supposed to be forgotten lore .-- 1 do not tell you that the old 'Who are you, then?' I cry. 'I have no name. Listen. The alchemists had no foundation for the hope that they could transmute spirit of your nucle is in another the base metals into gold. 1 do not world, body is empty. Look from say there will never be an elixir of the window .- There lie his broad life for sale in bottles. They will lande. Think of the money that tell you I am visionary, but wait a- lies in the bank. If you had that money and these lands you would now, I went out into the street. 1 while.

I am almost at the heart of the marry Pauline to-morrow.' secret of perpetual motion. When 'Ab,' I say. 'But they are not a garden bright with tulips; at one I make that discovery and the prizes mine. He did not choose to give offered in every land on earth for it them to me.'

has been awarded me you shall hear 'You may have them,' whispered the voice. 'Divest yourself of your a different story.

'That brilliant Mr. Wurzel,' they body Slip your soul into that will say, 'That well read-and-much- which lies there. Then you at once to-be-respected Mr. Wurzel; that become the possessor of all his lands, wanderful geniue-we all knew what all his wealth, You can marry Pau- me. We will mourn for him togethline tomorrow. he would do at last.

I ask.

Listen, then,. This is the way I am situated when my scene opens,

I am five-and-twenty. I am poor. 1 am betrothed to Pauline, whom I has its destined time to stay on last I have learned a great secret I long, therefore to have more mon- aches, but they will not kill you. sion of my poor uncle's body in or-

what. My patent has been stolen than you, and not much older look- left behind him, and so marry you. The people ery 'Pooh-pooh!' People ing. are fools.

I live with my maternal grand-un- I ponder. 'If 1 wish to change more devotedly.' cle, who has the goat, who suffers again, can I!' 1 ask. terribly, who has lost every relation While the body remains unbaried, in the world but me his nephew; is the answer.

uncle bis face is rivid. bis hands come to view. Some ween some are dropped by his side; his eyes are are quiet; some say: 'We knew he me back myself !' would kill him-elf at last.' 1 can

understand.

while.

me-

think me mad,

old man's brain.

face of my old uncle.

lover," said the first.

I am physician enough to know not look at the form once my own, It came again, that creeping of this without a doubt- I do all I but when my friend Adolph and his a wife come to the house 1 stop them on the stair, and try to make them

minute memories ; the nothingness. Then, 'I shall break down the 'Adolph;' 1 cry. 'do not weep for Franz! I am he!' They look aghast door I cries a voice. 'He has been not approve of me. Bat we loved and shrink from me. It is plain they there for hours. Hans Emil Muller answer ! Are you there ? Speak !'

1 struggle to a sitting position. 1 Then 1 am left alone for a long look around. 1 am sitting in my

A nurse watches me. All are very grave clothes in my coffin, and in a suspicious of me. 1 hear whispers corner lays the form of my old unfrom those who come to the house cle Muller. The next moment they of mourning of 'this has turned the break down the door.

There is shricking-flying-a to. mult of wild wonderment. The next morning 1 awoke with a The dead Franz Wurzel lives, and dim remembrance of what had taken place. 1 arose and looked in the ago, who entered to mourn beside

glass, and saw the reflection of the him, lies dead.

This is the story they tell now. 1 went down to the door of the My experiment (idiots, there was closed and darkened room, opened none.) my experiment with the gases it and peeped in Two old women injured both of as, my uncle most. sat there watching something cover-1 was only entrauced, he died slowed with a sheet. - They did not hear ly. So let them believe it. My poor

uncle lies quietly in his grave. 1 'He was very young to die,' said have myself again. In default of a one. 'Only five-and-twenty.' well, the property h s fallen to me 'And betrothed, to,' said the other as next of kin, and 1 am married to 'She takes it pretty hard.' Pauline, who has told me, with tears "A pretty girl will find another in her eyes, how my death set the poor Herr Muller mad, so that he 1 slipped away, 1t was indee said strange things to her as she time that 1 eased Pauline's heart mourned me in her garden arbor. She always believed me-she would 1 shall never tell Pauline the

truth 1f one is wiser than his felsought Pauline's home. Before it was lows he is called mad

### WAR IS A BAD THING.

"People talk about war with Mexico and war with England, and the ability to make the trip. came in, newspapers print pleasant incidents and several brought the news that and glorious achievements of the no- William was on the road and would ble soldiers who figured in the late war, which is all well as it should be, be here at any moment, and that but," said old man plunket, looking dear old mother, who was buried over his spectacles, "thar's none of last week, took her seat by that

'm knows what war is lessen they's yonder window every morning, and thar she sat watching down this road

"I tell you, stranger," said the old for William, her baby boy, who has man, "you may read and you may never come yet, and never will come look at pictures of battles, and you cannot yet marry, because I am not earth. You will live your own life This is not Herr Maller, it is Franz may go to these 'campments and see She set by that window over twenty rich enough. I adore Pauline, and out, You will have his pains and Ourzei. My soul has taken pos es- them have their sham fights, but you years, waiting and watching, with a wont know a bit more about what re- ball of thread in her lap and a halfey. I have invented this no matter He was a handsome man-handsomer der that I might hold the wealth he al war is than a man who would sup finished sock in her hand that she pose your Gate City Guard could held to all this time, never stying a thrash old England. War is a bad My form appears old, but I actually thing mister, war's a bad thing sure!" word, but looking down this road so I drop my head into my hands. am as young as ever, and love you "Do you see that house up the anxious, O, so anxious. Last week road?" asked the old man, pointing about three o'clock one day she 'Ab, ab !' I heard her say in a low with his finge. "Well, stranger, right raised her arms and with a cry of

'Ab, ab !' I heard her say in a low by that window, thar, right by the joy, 'My boys ! O, my boys !' she tone. 'It is true, then, the old man chimney is a vacant chair. Not has lost his mind ? Poor old man !' |mor'n a week ago, the dear old woman fell ovor on the arm of the chair, who has made his will, and laft all of 'I am ready, then!' 1 cry. Then she addreased me softly, who sot in that chair, right by the dead. War's bad, stranger, very his fortance to the Association for Suddenly I see something vague, 'let me lead you home, sir ? After a window, with her eyes looking right bad.'-Atlanta Constitution.

selves in their anxiety for the othe BRUBSLAND the wall. 1 grind the dive me ouves a ther anxiety for the other back myself-my dear old self. Give outes antihi filded haudran ... it ... come soon we heard of a big fight at Fredericksburg, and a few nights arter I was settin' tight here on this my flesh, that curdling of my blood. piazza alone, and 1 hered Jun start that rising of my hair ; the white from the 'Squire's again, and as le and awful presence : the flood of went down across the field yonder phiet, with testimonials, free. For sale by all druggists. If one or the other is he was sincent. I cannot work until tomorrow enaded to take anything clas, but apply direct to the General Agents, PFAELZER BROS. & CO. 519 & SHI Market Street, Philadelphia.

Because the tear drop flow : But I'll try to drive away my sorro

Picking on the old banjo. And then he'd blow his quills and BUY IT AND TRY IT.

then sing another verse till he'd got over there to our neighbors, and then I listened to hear any weeping if he carried any bal news, but that was no fass this tim-, but 1 went For an ache or a pain Thomas' Eclectric over thar, me and the old 'oman, Oil is excellent .- Chas. F. Medler, box 274 and when we got close to the house Schenectady, N. Y. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is the best thing we seed the spinin' wheels nor the going, pasays. Cured him of rheumatism loom warn't running, and we knowand me of earache-two drops-Master ed something was wrong, and sure Horace Brenizer, Clinton, Iowa. mough, the letter brought the news that two of the boys-the middle the man who was living a few hours ones, Bob and John-had been kill ed in the battle, and there was only one left-William, the youngest ; and that poor family was too sad to three months I had rheumatism which weep : they could not cry ; they

vielded to nothing but Thomas' Eclectric Oil. 'Thomas' Eclectric Oil did what no were haddled down in the middle of room on the floor, leaning one upon physician seemed able to accomplish. cured me .- John N. Gregg, Supt. of Railthe other, and not a word spake way Construction, Ningara Falls. they. 1 tell you, stranger, war's a

bad, bad thing.' \* \*

'Well,' resumed the old man, 'the war went on, and at last news came that Lee had surrendered and that all the soldiers would soon be at home My neighbors over thar corter brightened up then, cheered with the hopes of soon having Will iam with them. The railroads 'twix: here and Virginia was all tore up. so the boys all had to walk home and get home the best they coald They paired off in little squads and started, every man for himself, and pretty soon this one, and then that one. and then another, according to their



RAS BOTH

Try it for earache,

Try it for headache,

Try it for toothache,

Try it for backache.

Try it for a limp, Try it for a lameness,

Try it for a pain,

Try it for a strain.

Try it for a scald.

Try it for a bruise,

Price 50 cts. and \$1.00.

FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Prop's.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

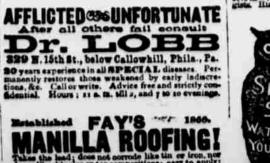
YOUR LAST CHANCE /Las

Try it for a cut.

Try it for a burn.

From shoulder to ankle joint, and for





Offershis Professional Services to the IW Consultations in English and German. A. W. POTTER, ATTORNAY AT LAP. Selinsgrove, Pa.A Offer their professional services to the pavies All legal business entrusted to their erre with receive prompt attention. Office on Main Sti July 4, 72. H. H. GRIMM, Attornev-at-Law, Middleburgh, Pa. Ceneultation in both English and German Languages. Oct. 5, 1957. TOHN H. ARNOLD, Attorney at Law, NIDDLEBUBG, Protossional tusiness entrasted to his care the be prompily attraided to. CAMUEL H. ORWIG. ATTORNEY ATLAW. Lewisburg. Union Co., Pat office on Market Street, one door east of Gem Dec. 20. 2877.tf. TOHN K. HUGHES, JUSTICE OF, THE PEASE Kuntz, Snyder Co.," Po Collections promptly made.

imee in App's Building one door Refth to

Selinsgrove, Penn's

ATTORNEY ATLAS.

MIDDLEBURG, SNYEDB CO., PA

com M. Annia on Marmon succe

TJ SMITH.

Physicians, So.

A REPORT OF THE REPORT OF THE

TOHN V. FISHER, M. D.

Middleburgh, Pennical ? A grainate of the University of Fenneylvac nia, offers his prefessional services to the citi-t ne of Middeburgh and vicinity. Spaske Ergeleh and German. Office in Nr. G. Alfred Schoch's building. July 19, 56

GRIER BARBER,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Middleburgh, Penn's.

Offers his professional services to the chinese of Middleburg and vicinity . Office a few doors of Middleburg and vicinity. Office a few West of the Court House, in Arnold's boi Residence opposite opposite Post

ARKER'S GINGER TONIC he liest Cure for t

dragging thousands to the grave whi ir health by the timely use of PARKER a new life and strength to the arel Hiscort & Co., 10 William Street.



me, I have always desired knowl- been thar. 'No,' says the voice. 'Your soul edge that other men scorned. At

end a pretty summer house. I heard

a sound of soft sobbing there, and en-

tered. I saw Pauline. Her head was

bent down upon the table; she was

weeping bitterly. I stooped and kiss-

'Ab, my good Herr Muller,' she

'Pauline,' I said, 'listen. Believe

said, weeping, "you have come to

ed her foachead. She looked up.