

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, JUNE 23, 1887.

NO 28

POETRY.

THE DEACON'S PROTEST.

'Twas the hottest day of midsummer;
The dog-star raged on high,
The mercury soared in the nineties,
And the air was close and dry.

Alone in its gleaming whiteness,
In the broadest blaze of day,
Stood the meeting-house of Nemoseet,
At the parting of the way.

No grove in the church yard flourished
Not even a single tree:
They said 'twas 'agin the Scriptur'
For a grove nigh a church to be."

And the air within was stifling,
As the sun's un luded fire
Poured down on its roof of shingles,
And its walls so white and bare.

But the people had come together
From their dwellings far and near,
Arrayed in their Sunday home-spun,
The Gospel trump to hear.

Now loud through the open windows
To a rasping minor key,
Tolled the sound of a hymn of Watts'
In chorus "wild and free."

"No midnight shade," they were sing-
ing,
"No clouded sun"—ah me!—
"But sacred, high, eternal!"
Was the "noon" they sighed to see!

The song died away, and the preacher
In sombre black arrayed,
Tall, dry and thin as a pickstaff,
Rose up in the desk and prayed.

Then he read from the great church
Bible
Somewhere in the Pentateuch,
And began the old Jews to harry
With many a keen rebuke.

For their sins and their rebellions
Against the Lord most high;
With the sword of magic logic
He smote them hip and thigh.

But never a word he uttered
To the living folk in sight;
His thoughts were all for the ancients,
Far back in the world's long fight.

On the drowsy air his accents
Monotonous rose and fell,
Till they seemed, in their droning
cadence,

Like the weaving of a spell,
Deacon Jones his eyes had closed!
And Smith, of the sermon heedless,
In slumber sweet reposed.

And the rest they followed shortly,
Till, all in the sacred place,
Not a single soul (save the preacher)
But was locked in sleep's embrace!

The preacher paused for a moment
In a kind of dazed surprise;
No sound broke the awful stillness
But the buzz of drowsy flies.

Then he glared upon the sleepers,
And his voice in anger rose;
"Why sleep ye so?" he thundered:
"Are ye friends of God, or foes?"

Up rose old Deacon Tompkins
As the startled people woke:
"Brother Bolles," he said, "I'm a
thinkin'"

A little ha'sh you've spoke!
We're plain, hard-workin' people,
An we're busy through the week;
So when we come to meetin'
It's a restin' spell we seek.

"We're tired with our toils and trou-
bles,
An' wery with fightin' sin;
We need suthin' good an' hearty
For our souls so worn and thin.

But what do we git? Why, mostly
A mess of stale old views,
Too musty an' dry for feedin'
Us hungry folks in the pews.

"Give us suthin' fresh an' wholesome
That'll help us on our way;
Tell us how to live we'd order
In the conflicts of to-day.

I'm sure if the blessed Master
Was a preachin' here 'n your stead,
He'd be tryin' to help the livin',
"Stid o' maulin' of the dead.

"So if you want to keep us wakeful,
Jest give us the Gospel news;
An' don't fear the sake o' the livin',
Keep a-worryin' them old Jews!"

Thes. Oakes Constant, in Illustrated World.

LOVE IN THE DARK.

We were seated in luxurious arm-
chairs before the cheerful open grate
in Jack's snug smoking room, enjoy-
ing his excellent Havana, when my
host broke the silence which had
lasted for several minutes with the
surprising question:

"Did I ever tell you where and how
I proposed to my wife?"

I nodded a negative reply, well a-
ware as I did so that he knew he
had not told me, but had prefaced
his tale with an interrogation, accord-
ing to his usual custom.

"It's quite a long story," said Jack,
in a warning tone, remembering my
aversion to lengthy yarns as told by
any one but myself.

"Ah! but such a subject," I answer-
ed, settling myself more comfortably
in my chair and drawing the box of
Havanas conveniently near. "I shall
be delighted to hear about it, but
what will Mrs. Taylor say to your
telling me?" I added, knowing how
the partner of my lot would feel on
the subject.

"She has positively forbidden me
ever to speak of it," said he, laugh-
ing, "and I have obeyed her until
now, with one or two exceptions,
but it's too good to keep. It was
during my second year at Harvard,
began Jack, knocking the ashes from
his cigar.—"How long ago it seems.
But let me see, it's only eight years.
Yes, it was during my Sophomore
year that I accepted Frank Wilson's
invitation to spend the holidays with
him. He was awfully good company
and I knew that I would be sure to
put in a jolly week at his place.
Besides, there was another very
strong inducement.

"I was in love at that time with
his cousin, Helen Wilson, whom I
had ascertained would be of the
party. I believe we used to write to
each other. I know I used to spend
the greater part of my time compos-
ing verses about her, many of which,
however, I had not the courage to
send.

"When I heard that she was to be
at X—I was delighted, I deter-
mined to go to New York and see if
we could not arrange to travel up to-
gether.

"When I arrived in that city I
went directly to her house; but at
the door I learned that she had just
left for X—, having decided to
go a day sooner than she expected.

"I inquired how long she had been
gone, and the servant said about fif-
teen minutes. Hoping to overtake
her I rushed up to their and Central
depot. There wasn't an instant to
lose. Hastily buying a ticket, I ran
down stairs, and owing to my
length of limb succeeded in boarding
the last car.

"Panting, perspiring, but exultant,
I went through every car, in every
seat expecting to find the object of
my haste.

"I had gone through all but one
when we entered the tunnel, and I
was beginning to fear that after all
perhaps she might not have taken
this train, when, as I was standing by
the door, the rays of sunlight which
came in through the occasional
openings in the tunnel revealed her
to me seated alone, at no great dis-
tance ahead of me.

"My heart gave a bound, and scarce-
ly realizing what I was doing, I
rushed up to her, dropping into the
vacant place beside her and grasping
her hand, said:

"Darling! I thought I had missed
you!"

"What do you mean!" she exclaim-
ed, in a tone of mingled indignation
and fright. "Let go my hand; you
have made a mistake."

"I obeyed her, thinking that she
was angry at my mode of address.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "I
should not have spoken to you as I
did, but I was so rejoiced to find you
that I did not remember where we
are. But as I have begun I may as
well finish. Darling, moving a little
nearer, will you marry me? You
must know that I love you; I have
done so for ages, ever since my
Freshman year."

"But the mention of that astonish-
ing piece of constancy produced no
result in my favor. She turned her
back upon me, if possible, more
completely than she had before. But
I would not give up.

"Can't you love me a little?" I in-
quired tenderly, trying to take her
hand. But she snatched it away
and declined either to turn her
head in my direction or to answer
my question.

"As the train was making a trem-
endous noise, I thought that, per-
haps, she couldn't understand me, so
I repeated my words at the top of
my lungs. She made some reply,
but I didn't catch it.

"What do you say, dear?" I bawl-
ed.

"I don't even know you," she an-
swered in what sounded like a shrill
whisper but the tone was in reality a
sneer.

"I thought I could not have heard
right, and to convince myself that

it was my hearing that was at fault
I planted my glasses more firmly on
my nose and took a closer inspection
of her.

"I tell you I don't know you," she
repeated, bringing her foot down on
mine with much enery. "Leave me
this moment, or I'll—"

Here the train emerged from the
tunnel, and you can picture my
amazement, horror and mortification
when I tell you that the girl to whom
I had been screaming out my love
was an utter stranger to me. Dazed
and scarlet, I arose from my seat,
"I beg your pardon," I said, re-
moving my hat; "I have taken you
for some one else."

"Not observing how my apology
was received, I retreated to the
smoking car, where I remained until
we reached X—, too stunned to
think.

"When I left the train, in looking
about for some sort of conveyance to
take me to the Wilson place, I found
to my increased embarrassment, that
the girl to whom I had so recently
offered myself was standing on the
platform, apparently waiting for
some one.

"That she saw me I could tell from
the expression of not seeing me,
which she immediately assumed. As
she would not look at me, I had
plenty of opportunity to observe her,
and saw that she did really resemble
Helen in many ways, notwithstanding
that she was both fairer and
smaller.

"But my object was not to admire
her although I assure you that was
my inclination; so finding that there
was no hope of obtaining a vehicle,
I started on foot, fortunately getting a
lift over the greater part of the way.

"Arriving at the house, I was wel-
comed with much cordiality by my
host and his family and introduced
to the other guests. Imagine my
feelings when in the course of the
conversation, I learned that Frank's
sister was expected home from
boarding school that afternoon by
the very train on which I had come,
making love instead of to her cousin.

"My disposition was to turn and run,
but I knew I should have to stay and
make the best of it, so I smothered
my mortification, and when a few
minutes later the carriage arrived,
bringing Miss Wilson, and I was
presented to her. I think that of the
two she found the situation the most
awkward.

"The next day the tardy Helen ar-
rived, and explaining how, returning
to the house for something, she had
missed the train and her escort.

"During the entire week I was im-
patiently waiting for an opportunity
to offer myself to her, but before I
could do so I learned that a large
diamond ring which she had been
wearing for several months was the
pledge of her engagement to some
other fellow; and to my surprise dis-
covered at the same time the knowl-
edge did not trouble me very much,
although for a while I did feel con-
siderably broken up.

"I suppose you think I was half in
love with the sister, but I assure you
I was not. I considered her too
young for me, although now I think
her just right for me in every partic-
ular, and it was not until several
years later, when I met her again as
a charming young lady, that I realiz-
ed that I had accidentally proposed to
the woman whom of all others I
would choose for my wife."

Wonderful Strength of Porters.

Another curiosity of Constanti-
nople, which does not excite disgust,
but, on the contrary, a surprise akin
to admiration, is the hamel, or porter.
His name, which has in Arabic the
same origin as that of camel, describes
him quite well. He is, in fact, a cam-
el without the hump; but this hump
is, however, more or less represented
by a large leather cushion resting on
his back, and intended to support
his burthen. Moreover, the Turkish
porter has the sobriety, the patience,
and the strength of the camel.

The French proverb, "As strong as
a Turk," must have been suggested
by the sight of this burden-carrying
biped whose back is strong enough to
bear frightful loads. One hardly
dares to tell some of their feats of
muscle, for fear of being considered
a boaster. Here are two, however:
One day when I changed my lodg-
ings, I had three men come to move
my piano. They tied it up firmly
with straws. Then two of them

went away and the third, stooping
down, raised the piano, and, placing
it upon his back, carried it a distance
that took more than three quarters of
an hour. One another occasion I
met a hamel who was carrying upon
his back an enormous calash, the
wheels and axle-trees of which had
been taken off and fastened to one
side of the vehicle. The only thing
wanting was the two horses on his
arms. The passers-by, accustomed
as they were to these prodigies of
strength, stopped to see this diminutive
Hercules walk by, who disap-
peared under his load taking an easy
and even step; and uttering at the
same time the word "guarda."

The fragility of the hamel is equal-
ly surprising. Who knows but it is
one of the secrets of his strength? He
never eats any cooked food, ex-
cept a little rice, and a kind of soft
insipid sea-cracker, called pide in
Turkish, and taking the place of
bread. His ordinary food consist of
cucumbers, which he eats with the
skin on, salad without salt or sea-
soning, and uncooked onions.

Hamel never drink any wine, beer,
or spirituous liquors, and thus pres-
ent a conspicuous refutation to the
claims of those that insist that the
drinking of alcoholic and fermented
beverages sustains and increases
one's strength. In times of drought
they follow the example of camels,
their brethren. If they are thirsty,
very well, they do not find fault, but
wait until wet weather comes.

THE LANGTRY KISS.

Mrs. Langtry has invented a kiss that,
according to the Chicago Mail,
double discounts any thing of the
kind ever attempted by Emma Ab-
bott. As Lady Clarence her hus-
band escapes from his pursuers
through an open window into her
room. She stands with her back to
the audience clear down the stage,
near the footlights. The husband
looks at her a moment and then
suddenly turns round and exposes their
profiles to the audience. Then they
hold each other at arm's length.
Then her bosom heaves and she pants.
Then her head falls upon his breast,
reclining backward. There is a
crimson blush suffusing her charm-
ing face. Then he looks down at
her, and she looks up at him. Then
he suddenly places his lips to hers.
Then she clasps him around the
head. Then there is a soft, gurgling
sound, as of water escaping from a
kitchen sink. Then they are, as it
were, glued together. Then all is
still. Women in the audience be-
come nervous. Baldheaded men
are paralyzed. Men around town
have their watches out timing them.
One second, two, three, four, five,
six, seven—and then there is an ex-
plosion, as if the bang had blown
out of a beer barrel. It is all over.

THE AMERICAN WIFE.

There is no married woman so
completely one with her husband,
as a well-married American woman.
The English husband is masterful,
and his wife is regarded as his in-
ferior in every way. He must be
appealed to every question, from
dresses to servants. A Frenchman
expects his wife to live on nothing,
comparatively, and her dress money
must be saved out of the household
expenses, or earned in some way.
The American makes his wife his
equal. Her interests are his; his
interests are hers. She knows his
business, and whether they can have
\$1,200 or \$3,000 a year to spend.
She keeps track of the market, the
crops, the strikes and has clear con-
ception of every general and personal
matter that comes under her in-
spection. An English woman knows
nothing of her husband's business
matters, not any more than does his
business clerk know what goes on
in his master's house. The wife
never knows if her husband is mak-
ing a fortune or is on the brink of
bankruptcy. She is given so much
for household expenses, and she feels
no surprise if at the end of a year
they move into larger and more
commodious quarters. If she is told
to pack up and be ready to leave she
asks no questions but moves with
the furniture.

Our brains are seventy-year clocks.
The angel of life winds them up once
for all, then closes the case, and gives
the key into the hand of the angel of
the resurrection.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Grained wood should be washed
with cold tea and then, after being
wiped dry, rubbed with linseed oil.

Cloths dipped into hot potato wa-
ter are recommended for immediate
and complete relief in the severest
cases of rheumatism.

A piece of charcoal laid on a burn
will ease it immediately, and if kept
there an hour, it is said, the wound
will be entirely healed.

If roses become wilted before they
can be put in water, immerse the
ends of the stocks in very hot water
for a minute or two, and they will
regain their pristine freshness.

For those suffering from weak
lungs or a hacking cough, a few
drops of tar taken on a lump of sug-
ar will give relief, five or six drops
at the most, should be enough for a
grown person.

Oilcloths should never be washed
in hot soap suds; they should first
be washed clean with cold water,
then rubbed dry with a cloth wet in
milk. The same treatment applies to
stone or slate hearths.

When attacked by palpitation of
the heart, let the patient lie down as
soon as possible on the right side,
partially on the face. In this posi-
tion the heart will resume its action
almost immediately.

Lime water may be made cheaply
by taking a fresh piece of lime as
large as an egg, pouring two quarts
of soft water on it and allowing it to
stand two or three hours, shaking it
occasionally. Bottle and keep for use.

To preserve goods from moths,
do not use camphor in any form.
Pieces of tar paper laid in fur boxes
and closets are a better protection.
Five cents will buy enough to equip
all the packing boxes and closets in
a large house for a year.

To cure a felon, saturate a bit of
grated wild turpentine the size of a bean
with spirits of turpentine, and apply
to the affected part. It relieves the
pain at once and in twelve hours or
so the matter will be out of the wound.
Dress with sticking salve, and the
finger will get well.

A good knowledge of watering is
at the bottom of success with the
window flowers. Water must run in
readily and run out readily. When
a plant is watered it is a good sign
to see the water rush out at once
into the saucer through the bottom
of the pot. If it does not do that,
something is wrong.

Never place fresh eggs near lard,
fruit, cheese, fish or other articles
from which any odor arises. The
eggs are extremely active in absorb-
ing power, and in a very short time
they will be contaminated by the
particles of objects in their neigh-
borhood, by which the peculiar and
exquisite taste of a new laid egg will
be destroyed.

A bottle of turpentine should be
kept in every house, for its uses are
numerous. A few drops sprinkled
where cockroaches congregate will
exterminate them at once; also ants,
red or black. Moths will flee from
the odor of it.

Besides it is an excellent applica-
tion for a burn or a cut. It will take
ink stains out of white muslin, when
added to soap, and will help to
whiten clothes if added to them
while boiling.

Graves of Tippecanoe and Teyler Too

Being at Richmond the other day
I visited the beautiful Hollywood
Cemetery to see the graves of Presi-
dent John Tyler, which I had always
heard was unmarked. The tenth
President of the United States is
buried in a slightly spot overlooking
the James River and only a few rods
from the ornate sepulchre of James
Monroe. Beside him lies the body
of his daughter, Julia Tyler, who
died in the 17th year of her age, and
a pretty monument stands at the
head, but the mound at her left is
unmarked, and under the turf the
bones of the father are said to be
deposited. The State of Virginia has
several times threatened to erect a
monument, and several bills have
been introduced in Congress for the
purpose. The family has not erect-
ed a stone because it is said they be-
lieve the government should do it.
Mrs. Tyler, the widow, lives in Rich-
mond on a pension of \$6,000 a year
from the Government; two sons are
in Washington—one a physician and
the other an employe in the Interior
Department. The burial place of
William Henry Harrison is said to
be also unmarked, which doubtless
is the national disgrace.

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