

# 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.

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## POETRY

### THE DEMMER

On a plank of dirt-wood,  
Lashed on the watery main—  
Her plank encounters  
Thee, thus with drummers ever,  
Thy life's unresting sea—  
Meet, and greet, and sever,  
Lifting eternally.

Why not treat us kindly,  
O men of wealth and lore?  
Soon we'll meet and sever,  
Meet again no more.  
We in God's own kingdom  
In songs of praise will hum,  
Thank our Heavenly Father,  
O merchants there to drum.

### A BULL AND A GRIZZLY.

THE COMBAT DESCRIBED BY AN  
EYE-WITNESS UP A TREE.

Suppose the bull started toward  
thicket to get a drink at the wa-  
hole, but he never got the drink,  
whom he pushed his way into the  
thicket, and the next instant I could  
that he had got into trouble of  
kind, and that trouble proved  
a grizzly bear. A fierce strug-  
gle followed in the thicket. The  
of the bushes away to find for  
I could hear the heavy crash of  
wood as the two powerful ani-  
mals writhed in fierce embrace. A  
dust rolled up from the spot  
not distant over 100 yards  
the tree in which I had taken  
ge. Scarcely two minutes elap-  
seds before the bull broke through the  
es. His head was covered with  
d, and great flakes of flesh hung  
his fore shoulders. But instead  
owing any signs of defeat he  
ed literally to glow with defiant  
But scarcely had I time to  
all this when the bear, a huge,  
sire-looking brute, broke  
ugh the opening. He was the  
formidable specimen of his kind  
ever seen, and my sympathies  
at once with the bull, in spite  
belligerent attitude toward the  
minutes before, but I had my  
doubts about the final result  
combat that began at once.

at combat was a trial of brute  
that no words of mine are ade-  
quate to describe. When the bear  
his appearance out of the thicket,  
the bull did not wait for his con-  
t's charge, but lowering his  
head to the ground he rushed  
upon the bear. The latter  
ed to appreciate the abilities of  
bull and summoned all the war-  
like of his nature to his aid. He  
d until the bull was almost ap-  
out and then sprang aside with  
ous quickness, seized his as-  
sive horns in his powerful grasp  
ressed his head down against  
round by his great strength and  
weight of his enormous body,  
at the bull's nose and tearing  
sh from his neck and shoulders  
his long, sharp claws. This  
on was maintained for at least  
minutes, the bull struggling des-  
sly to free his head, but being  
e to accomplish it, while the  
out forth every muscle to press  
ll's body to the ground. He  
poured from the bull's nostrils  
at streams, but the bear had  
received no apparent injury.  
scently both animals paused in  
desperate struggle, as each  
down and rapidly approaching  
ation. The bear did not re-  
hold he had obtained on his  
st. As yet during the fight  
r animal had uttered a sound  
their loud and labored breath-  
The cessation in the struggle  
robably been of ten minutes'  
on, when suddenly the bull  
on tremendous lungs, broke  
sionous but terrible embrace  
the bear from off his head  
cked away probably ten pac-  
the bear lifted his huge fore  
hunches and stood ready for  
at assault. The herd of cat-  
by this time gathered in  
to plain and surrounded the  
ants, moaning and bellowing  
aving up the ground, but  
singing a terrified neutrality.

the bull did not remain at rest a  
at after backing away for a  
charge, but, rondered furious  
wounds, he gathered all his  
s, and with an unearthly cry  
with impetuous force and  
upon the bear. The latter  
ed to use the tactics that  
ved him so well at the first  
had the second charge of  
his. The charge was equally

the bear's terrific blows with his  
paws, and the grizzly went down in  
the dust before his crazed antagonist  
and vainly tried to defend himself.  
The bull thrust his horns in under  
the bear, caught him in the belly  
with one of the sharp weapons, and  
with one furious sweep of his head  
tore the grizzly open until his en-  
trails protruded. Then the grizzly  
rose to his feet, and with a roar that  
made my blood run cold, closed with  
his terrible enemy, and for a long  
time the two fought, their cries and  
the cries of the surrounding cattle  
being frightful to listen to.

"The terrible fight continued.  
The ground was torn up and covered  
with blood for many feet around.  
Both animals were grievously  
wounded. It was plain that neither  
could hold out much longer. Maimed  
and gory, they fought with the cer-  
tainty of death, the bear rolling over  
and over in the dust, vainly trying  
to avoid the fatal horns of his ad-  
versary, and the bull ripping, thrust-  
ing and tearing the grizzly, with  
irresistible ferocity. At last, as if  
determined to end the contest, the  
bull drew back, lowered his head  
and made a third terrible charge,  
but, blinded by the streams of blood  
that poured down his face, he missed  
his mark, stumbled and rolled head-  
long on the ground. In spite of his  
frightful injuries and great exhaun-  
tion, the bear turned quickly and  
sprang upon his prostrate enemy,  
he seemed to have been suddenly  
invigorated by this turn of the battle  
in his favor. With merciless sweeps  
of his huge claws he tore the flesh in  
great masses from the bull's upturn-  
ed side: The advantage the bear  
thus obtained over the bull seemed  
to be understood by the herd, and  
the bellowing increased, dirt was  
thrown about in clouds, and one big  
cow drew near the struggling ani-  
mals, and I believed for a moment  
that she intended to go to the aid of  
the herd's prostrate leader, so fierce  
was her aspect and actions; but she  
simply circled around the bear and  
the bull bellowing and pawing.

"The bull and the bear rolled over  
and over in the terrible death strug-  
gle. Nothing was now to be seen  
but a heaving, gory mass, dimly  
perceptible through the dust. As to  
weight, the two forces and deter-  
mined brutes must have been about  
equally matched. The bear had the  
advantage of greater agility and the  
expert and telling use of two terri-  
ble weapons—his teeth and claws—  
while the bull represented more  
flexible courage and greater powers  
of endurance. The unfortunate re-  
sult of the bull's last charge on the  
grizzly indicated that the latter's  
qualities would in a few minutes  
more settle the fight against the bull,  
and I was in momentary expectation  
of seeing such a termination, when,  
to my astonishment, I saw the bear  
relax his efforts, roll over from the  
body of his prostrate foe, and drag  
himself feebly away from the spot.

"The grizzly had no sooner aban-  
doned his attack on the bull than  
the latter was on his feet, bearing  
himself as erect and fierce as ever.  
If the bear's appearance was sicken-  
ing, the bull's was doubly so. He  
was covered with blood from his fore-  
head to his rump, and his flesh and  
skin actually hung in strips and tatters  
from his head and sides. Giv-  
ing his head a shake that scattered  
blood in a shower about him, and  
gave him a moment's sight of the  
reeking bear in front of him, he low-  
ered his head for the fourth time,  
and again made one of his terrific  
charges. When the dying bear had  
dragged himself away from the bull  
the eagle actually swooped down  
upon him and the wolves sprang  
from the thicket into the opening  
and prepared to pounce upon him.  
The bull scattered the impatient  
birds and animals as he swept on  
his final charge against the grizzly,  
and they hastily departed, shrieking  
and snarling. The cattle again ad-  
ded their bellowing to that of the  
bull's, and acted as if they under-  
stood the favorable turn the fight  
had taken. As the bull hurled him-  
self against the grizzly the latter  
braced himself for a last desperate  
struggle. He struck out wildly with  
his paws, and the bull fell back with  
the force of the grizzly's blows, pro-  
sonting a ghastly spectacle. His  
tongue hung from his mouth a man-  
gled mass of shreds. His face was  
stripped bare of flesh to the bone,  
and his eyes were torn from their  
sockets. The charge was equally

disastrous to the bear, he being rip-  
ped completely open, and he sank to  
the ground writhing in his agony.

"The indomitable courage of the  
bull here prevailed. Blinded and  
crippled as he was, he made but a  
slight pause after his fourth assault,  
and then dashed wildly at his foe  
again. The grizzly's roar now seem-  
ed to be one of terror. With a last  
frantic effort he sought to make his  
escape, scrambling and staggering  
through the dust. But it was use-  
less. His great strength was gone.  
The bull plunged his horns again and  
again into the large form of the dy-  
ing brute as he lay stretched helpless  
in the dust. The bear's muscles  
quivered and contracted. He drew  
his immense paws up once or twice  
in convulsive clutches, raised his  
huge head, gave one agonizing groan,  
and fell back dead. The victorious  
bull raised his bloody, horribly dis-  
figured crest gave voice to a deep  
bellow, and, shaking his head tri-  
umphantly, turned and walked away.  
His progress was slow and painful,  
and he stopped and turned at short  
intervals and listened, as if to know  
whether his foe would renew the  
battle. He walked nearly a hundred  
yards with his head gathering, and  
bellowing about him. Presently his  
head dropped from its proud position.  
He spread his legs apart as if to  
brace himself against the weakness  
that was stealing upon him. Sudd-  
enly he fell as if he had been shot,  
a mangled, bleeding mass, and was  
soon dead.

### MISS DORINDA'S WILL.

"And so Miss Dorinda Beam is  
dead and buried!"

"Yes, and hasn't left no will—that's  
the worst of it!"

Mrs. Grimes stopped chattering to  
listen to the news brought by  
Neighbor Hoekins.

"You don't say!"

"It's so," declared Neighbor Hick-  
ins, emphatically.

"Beulah Bittersweet won't get  
nothing after all, then," observed  
Mrs. Grimes, lifting the china lid to  
see if the butter was coming.

"Not a stiver, and her always  
brought up to think she'd get it all.  
It's too bad, I reckon Peter  
Fogg and his woman will come in  
for the property then?"

"Course they will, being they're  
the highest of kin. All the kinkles  
she had, I reckon, for her and  
Beulah wasn't no way related."

"I shouldn't think Miss Dorinda'd  
sleep quiet in her grave with them  
Foggs handling of her things. She  
bated them like poison while she  
was alive," remarked Mrs. Grimes.

"She hadn't ort to put off making  
her will, then. But that's always  
the way—folks keep putting off and  
putting off, thinking they are  
going to live forever, and then all at  
once they are gone before they  
know it. And then it's too late.  
Miss Dorinda died awful sudden,  
they say some sort of apoplexy or  
the like. I don't know what Beuly  
is going to do, I'm sure."

And indeed poor Beulah herself  
scarcely knew what she was going  
to do.

"Everything here will be yours,  
Beulah, when I'm dead and gone,"  
Miss Dorinda had often declared.

"That miserly Peter Fogg and his  
stingy wife won't get a stick nor a  
stone of what belongs to me, I can  
tell him that if he is my nephew."

And now Miss Dorinda was dead  
and gone, sure enough, and Peter  
Fogg and his stingy wife were the  
heirs at law.

The place had been thoroughly  
searched for a will, but none could  
be found, and Lawyer Green, who  
attended to all Miss Dorinda's af-  
fairs, declared that he had not been  
called upon to make any will; and  
so poor Beulah was left penniless  
and alone in the great world.

One year ago Beulah was the  
promised wife of Richard Barry-  
more, a stalwart young farmer, who  
lived with his mother in the old  
homestead, with its green orchard  
trees, its meadows of sweet grass,  
and waving fields of wheat and corn.

But Beulah was young and giddy,  
and when the new physician, Dr.  
Clarence Virden, began to pay over-  
lusive attentions to her, Richard grew  
jealous, a quarrel ensued, and a  
broken engagement was the upshot  
of the matter.

Since that time Doctor Virden  
had continued his attentions, until  
Miss Dorinda's death occurred, and  
Beulah's unfortunate position was

made public. Then his visits sud-  
denly ceased, and he found it con-  
venient to "pass by on the other  
side."

A week later Mr. Fogg and his  
wife came to take possession.

He was a hard, brutal, miserly  
man, with a sharp-nosed, avaricious  
countenance.

"The old woman had a heap of  
plunder remarked Peter, as he went  
lumbering through the parlors with  
heavy cowhide boots. That there  
planner won't be here long, though  
her pictures on the wall," he  
declared, eyeing the articles named  
with a calculating gaze. "I reckon  
they'll fetch right smart of money  
at the auction rooms, and I'll cart  
them off and sell them."

"There's a whole trunk full of the  
old woman's good clothes," put in  
Peter, who had been exploring the  
upper rooms, too. "Peter, I can't  
wear them."

"You're you can't," said Peter,  
gruffly. "What do you want of any  
more clothes, anyhow? Them you got  
on your back's good enough for any-  
body."

Shocked and pained at their  
coarse remarks, Beulah went to her  
room, to think over her plans for the  
future.

"You can stay here, if you work  
for your board," Mrs. Fogg had in-  
formed her, but Beulah had declined  
the offer.

"I had rather beg my bread from  
door to door," she declared to her-  
self, than to stay with them. But  
where can I go?"

"Beulah!" called Mrs. Peter's sharp  
voice. "Come down—here's a feller  
wants to see you."

And Miss Beulah sprang up with  
flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

Could it—could it be Doctor Vir-  
den?

She caught her breath, her heart  
beat so violently with a sudden  
hope.

She hurried down with a pink  
flush, like the tinted heart of an  
ocean anemone.

"Richard Barrymore,"  
look her hands in a firm but gentle  
grasp.

"Get your things, Beulah. I have  
come to take you home with me.  
Mother has a room ready for you,  
and you are to live with us."

"Oh, Richard, I—don't deserve it!"  
sobbed Beulah, remorsefully.

"Hush! Get your things, ordered  
Richard, authoritatively, "and let me  
carry out your trunk; my wagon is  
at the door."

And half reluctantly, though with  
a feeling of relief at her heart, Be-  
ulah allowed him to lift her into the  
wagon, where he had already placed  
her trunk, and they drove away.

Peter Fogg was a good as his  
word, and before many days he  
drove into town with his lumbering  
farm wagon filled with the big piano,  
the handsome pictures and Aunt  
Dorinda's trunk with her best  
clothes.

The housewives and madama-  
vines clustering about the old Barry-  
more farmhouse were full of bloom,  
and the scented petals of a tall cin-  
namon rosebush were dropping  
lightly on Beulah's nut-brown curls,  
as she sat on the south porch with a  
basket of yellow September peaches  
beside her.

"Dick is so fond of peaches and  
cream," commented Beulah to her-  
self, as she peeled and sliced the  
ripe, golden-tinted fruit. "He shall  
have them every day while they last,  
just then the sound of wagon  
wheels was heard in the lane.

"What on earth is that Richard's  
got in the wagon?" asked Mrs.  
Barrymore, coming out on the porch  
just as the wagon came in view.  
Can you make out what it is Beuly?  
Your eyes are better than mine are."

Beulah shaded her eyes with her  
hands and looked again.

"It—it looks like a big box," she  
said doubtfully.

And so it was a big box with a  
piano inside of it. There was an-  
other box, also, filled with pictures  
and a trunk.

Richard drove up to the door.  
"I've brought you a present, Be-  
ulah," he cried gaily. The piano  
and pictures we will put in parlor,  
and this trunk I'll just take up to  
your room."

And calling Sim, the hired man,  
they carried it up at once.

Beulah could only look her thanks  
and then ran up stairs to hide her  
tears.

Half an hour later she came down,  
her eyes were laughing and cry-

ing together.

"Oh, Dick! Oh, Aunt Lanna! she  
exclaimed hysterically. "There was  
a will, after all, and here it is! It  
was in the bosom of Miss Dorinda's  
dress, between the lining and the  
outside. I thought I would hang  
up the clothes, to stir them, after  
being shut up in the trunk, and just  
happened to feel this in the lining  
of her silk dress. It was one she  
had not worn for a good while."

It proved to be a gemstone will  
made three years ago, in St. Louis,  
where Beulah and Miss Dorinda had  
spent a few weeks one summer.

This accounted for Lawyer Green  
having no knowledge of it.

Beulah was soon reinstated in her  
old home, and Peter Fogg and his  
wife, after retaining the money paid  
for the piano and other articles, went  
back to their farm, greatly disap-  
pointed at the unexpected turn of affairs.

"I wish the pecky trunk would  
have hung up before ever we went  
and sold it," grumbled Peter.

In which unavailing wish Mrs. Pe-  
ter coincided with him.

Among the visitors who soon  
flocked to congratulate Beulah upon  
her good fortune, was Dr. Clarence  
Virden; but much to his disap-  
pointment he was informed that Miss Bi-  
tersweet was engaged.

And so she was in more accord  
than one.

For when the first October frosts  
had crimsoned the trailing ivy vines  
and turned the sun and meadow  
leaves to scarlet and gold, Miss Be-  
ulah Bittersweet was transformed in-  
to Mrs. Richard Barrymore.

LINCOLN STORIES

A public man, with the reputation  
of telling good humorous stories, is  
made to father all sorts of yarns,  
good, bad and indifferent. That was  
President Lincoln's lot. He was  
father to so many poor stories, that  
many people doubted if he was really  
the author of the good ones.

continued until he came into personal  
contact with the genial humorist  
Gen. Grant sent Logan from the  
western department to Washington,  
with dispatches to be delivered to  
the president in person. Logan  
reached the capital late on Saturday  
night, and early on Sunday morning  
called at the White House.

The servant said that it was against  
the rules for any one to see the  
president on Sunday.

"Go up stairs and tell Mr. Lincoln  
that Logan is here with dispatches  
from Gen. Grant," was the answer  
which sent the servant off. He soon  
came back to lead Gen. Logan up to  
the president's private office.

Mr. Lincoln was sitting in a chair,  
with one foot on a table, and his  
head thrown back, while a barber  
was shaving him.

"Sit down, and I'll talk to you in a  
few minutes," said the president.

The barber, having finished shaving,  
began rubbing the president's  
head, and Gen. Logan was looking  
at the president's feet, which were  
badly swollen. Mr. Lincoln, seeing  
the look, said "Yes they are pretty  
bad. They remind me of a man in  
Saugamee county, who made a bad  
horse trade. The animal was in an  
awful condition, but the farmer  
managed to get him home."

"One of his neighbors met him,  
two weeks after, and asked how the  
new horse was getting on."

"Oh, first rate," said the farmer,  
he's putting on flesh fast. He's fat  
now up to his knees." "That's my fix,"  
"Since then," said Gen. Logan, in  
telling the anecdote, "I have accept-  
ed as authentic all Lincoln's stories."

Great efforts from great motives  
is the best definition of a happy life.  
The easiest labor is burden to him  
who has no motive in performing it.

To endeavor to work upon the  
vulgar with fine sense is like at-  
tempting to hew a fine block of mar-  
ble with a razor.

As long as thou shalt live seek to  
improve thyself, presume not that  
old age brings with itself wisdom.  
It is better to learn late than never.

A Boston servant, like many of her  
class, does not know her age. She  
has lived with one family eleven years,  
and has always been twenty-eight.  
But not long ago she read in a new-  
paper of an old woman who had died  
at the age of 106. "Maybe I'm as old  
as that myself," said she, "indeed, I  
can't remember the time when I  
was."

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