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

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Co. Commissioners

SOMEBODY PAYS.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Some find it convenient to live at their ease,
And all obligations to shirk;
On every occasion to do as they please
And give no attention to work.
As idlers and sluggards, as loungers and drones,
They follow their indolent ways,
By being thus lax, increasing the tax
That somebody pays.

Free lunches, free passes, they have at command,
Rich gifts that to others are lost,
And galey they feast on the fat of the land,
And travel regardless of cost,
But for all the fine banquets, the wear and the tear
Of public or private displays,
Though you may go free, 'tis as sure as can be
That somebody pays.

Some boast of the credit they freely obtain,
The taxes from which they're exempt,
And to cancel the favors received, it is plain
They've made not a single attempt;
With honor at stake, they consent to remain
In debt to the end of their days,
And with insolent pride, a "free horse" they ride,
For which somebody pays.

Some go through the world with a niggardly heart,
And carry a miserly purse,
While others, with liberal zeal, do their part
And freely their treasures disburse;
And for hours of idleness we may enjoy,
For losses and needless delays,
For waste and neglect, it is well to reflect
That somebody pays.

A SWISS LOVE STORY.

In a pretty chalet that nestled high against the shaggy breast of Mount Obgadin lived the widow Neur and her daughter Marie. A lovely home you would have thought [illegible] ...ie. When fierce winds came rushing down the mountain side she knew the trees would bend their tall heads together and twine their strong arms around her home, until robbed of his victim the baffled storm rushed by.

When morning broke the same friends stood erect and stately, drawing aside their leaves and branches that the sunbeams might not linger in their soft embraces, but haste down to waken their favorite, Marie.

Very lovely was our little Swiss, with violet eyes that now danced and sparkled and then grew soft and tender as a little child's. Two rose-red lips shut in her pearly teeth, and when she smiled a tiny dimple danced for a moment on her peachy cheek. Her hair clung in caressing curls around her low white forehead, and fell in ripples of golden sunshine far below her slender waist. And her voice! Ah! that was Marie's greatest charm. Soft and clear, not a discordant note married its sweet, pure harmony. Sometimes as she sang at her evening devotions the heirismen far below in the valley, catching faint notes of her song, looked up and crossed themselves, half believing they heard the echo of an angle choir.

But very few knew of Marie's beauty, or when she went with her mother on one of her rare visits to the hamlet below she brushed her wavy hair straight and smooth back from her forehead, and braided it in long stiff plaits which fell down her back. Her eyelids, with their curtains of long silky lashes, drooped over her dancing eyes until one looked in vain for a glimpse of their beauty. Her red lips shut firmly over her pearly teeth. while the dimple hid itself resolutely away from sight. And her sweet voice, frightened at its own sound so far from home, grew faint and husky, until in this shrinking, sober damsel, walking so timidly beside the widow Neur, you would have found it hard to recognize the beautiful Marie of the mountain.

So it happened that only her mother and one other person knew how good and sweet and how fair Marie was.

This other was a stranger who came from a far-away country and spent his summer in a little house on the mountain's very top. The simple villagers called him "the wizard," and told strange tales of how he spent whole nights gazing at the heavens through a long tube; that he could foretell to an hour when the sun would cover itself with darkness; but strangest of all he had a little wire stretched for miles over hills and valleys to the great city. This wire talked to him in a queer language which no one else could understand. "Tick, tick, tickety tick,' it said and told him things that happened miles and miles away.

Marie did not know how wise the wizard was when he came to her home one morning and asked for a drink of water. He followed her to the spring when she went for it, and stopped by the way to break open a curious stone. He showed Marie how queerly marked it was inside and then told her a story about it. The usually timid maiden was so interested she forgot to be frightened and thus a strong friendship between the two was begun.

After this the wizard often came to the widow's chalet for rest and refreshment on his long rambles, and Marie unconsciously revealed her charms to him one by one until long before the first summer was ended the stranger knew that no girl in all Canton could be compared with Marie.

On the other side of the mountain from the widow Neur's home lived another widow. She, too, had but one child, a [illegible] who was the pride and delight of her life, the young hunter and guide, Gustavus Friel.

Every one knew and liked Gustavus, Tall, straight and handsome, with flashing brown eyes, and a laugh as frank as a child's he was the favorite of the Canton, and there was not a girl within its bounds who would not have been proud to plight her troth with him. Gustavus, however, cared little for the Obgadin maidens. He would far rather chase the chamois up the mountain side, or guide travelers [illegible] its dan[illegible] with the best of the maid[illegible] the hamlet.

His mother often said; 'My son, when wilt thou bring me home a daughter and thyself a wife?'

And Gustavus, smiling and pressing a kiss on her forehead, would answer:

'When I find a maid as good as thou, mother; but I want no idle, shrill-voiced wife to disturb our quiet home.'

But one day his mother said more sadly and seriously than ever before:

'Gustavus, I am growing old and feeble, I can no longer make and mend thy clothes and keep our home. Thou must have a wife. Promise me at the fete next week thou wilt choose one from among the maidens there.'

Gustavus reluctantly gave her the desired promise, but it weighed heavily upon him. He could think of nothing else afterward, and the more he pondered the heavier his heart grew. At last he seized his gun and went out on the mountain, but the perlexing questions followed him until in despair he threw himself on the ground, groaning, 'Oh, that some wise man would make this choice for me!'

A moment after he looked up and saw, as if in answer to his wish, the wizard approaching him. 'Why,' he exclaimed to himself, did I not think of him before? Surely he, if any one, can help me. Then, with a throbbing heart, Gustavus sprang up and advanced to meet him. The wizard greeted Gustavus warmly, for he felt a strong friendship for the young guide who had taken him safely through many a dangerous mountain excursion.

And now his sympathetic question, 'Why, what's troubling you, boy?' opened the way for Gustavus to pour out all his perplexity, ending his recital with the question, 'Canst thou not help me choose a good wife, who will make my life happy, from the maidens at the fete next week?'

The wizard smiled sympathetically, and then thought in silence a little while before he answered

'If a pure, true heart is united to a true, pure heart, both lives must be happy. There will be one such heart at the fete, but you may fail to recognize it. However, if you will come to me to-morrow I will give you a charm that will show you this heart.'

Here was comfort indeed, and with a light heart Gustavus thanked his friend and bounded forward. Left alone the wizard continued down the mountain side until he came in sight of the widow Neur's chalet, where he found Marie sitting by the spring. Instead of her usual sunshiny smile, the teardrops stood in her eyes, and there was a grieved look about her rosy lips that made him wish to comfort her.

'What is the matter, little one?' he asked, gently.

'Oh, sir,' she said, 'I want to see the great fete next week, but I have no pretty ornaments to wear, and then—' The long curtains drooped low over her shinging eyes, and the sweet voice sank almost to a whisper—' the good mother says none of the young men will care to dance with me, for I cannot talk and laugh with them as other maidens. My heart beats fast if they do but glance toward me, and I know not what to say, and so'—here a tear slipped from under the long eyelashes—'my mother says I had better not go.'

'Courage, little one,' the wizard answered, 'Tell your mother I am going to lend you a silver belt to wear, and that my knowledge tells me that the bravest, handsomest youth in all the land will dance with you quite joyfully.' The happy Marie, as Gustavus had done, thanked the wizard, and ran off to tell the wonderful news to her mother.

Eary next morning Gustavus went for his charm. He found the wizard waiting for him, and taking him into his strange room, the wise man said smiling, as he had the day before, half quizzically, half sympathetically. 'Here's the charm, my good fellow. You see it is a magic ring. Put it on before you go to the fete, and be sure you dance with every maiden there. When you place your arm around the waist of the one whose heat is true and good a strange feeling will run through you and your hand will cling to her.'

Gustavus, thanked the [illegible] iron, with a flat extension, which the wizard bade him wear, pointing toward his palm.

When the fete day came Gustavus was there among the other young men, eager to try his charm. All the maidens of Obgadin Canton were there also, and on the outskirts of one of the gay crowds little Marie hovered timidly beside her mother.

'Why didst thou come, Marie?' asked one of the girls; 'didst thou think any youth won'd want to dance with a mouse to-day?'

Then seeing the quick tears trembling on Marie's lashes, she added more kindly.

'Ah, well, thou canst at least see our good times; and what a lovely belt thou hast, Marie! Where didst thou get it?'

'The wizard gave it her,' the widow Neur answered shortly, for she did not relish the girl's tone.

'Come, Marie, let us sit here under the trees and watch the dance.'

Marie nestled close to her mother's side, and as the hours fled and no youth asked her to dance her head drooped lower and lower, and she wondered if the wise man had made a mistake.

In the meantime Gustavus danced with one after the other of the maids but though he watched with intense eagerness not once did he feel the strange thrill for which he waited.

'I have danced with them all,' he said at last to himself, 'except that shy one over there; surely she is not the girl. But, as I promised to dance with every one, I will try her too.' He asked her name of one of the girls, and then going to her said simply!

"Marie, wilt thou dance with me?'

Astonishment and delight made Marie for a moment forget her shyness. The wizard's words had come true! Rising quickly, she said, smiling upon him, and showing her beautiful eyes, already dancing with delight.

'Art thou come?'

'She is not so plain after all,' thought Gustavus, as he answered.

'Wast thou looking for me, Marie?'

Marie hung her head without answering, and Gustavus, wondering a little at her words, led her to the dance.

As he placed his arm around her, his hand touched her shining belt. Instantly a strange thrill ran through them both, and Gustavus' arm seemed to cling to Marie's waist. 'Marie, didst thou feel that?' he cried earnestly.

And Marie smilingly answered, "Yes." So they began dancing, and as they danced it seemed to those watching them that a wonderful transformation came over Marie.

Her hair, shaken loose from its long stiff braids, hung like a glittering golden veil all around her, her beautiful eyes sparkled and shone like stars, and the dimpled cheeks and pearly teeth formed a fit hiding place for the laughing voice that now and then rang sweet and clear from her rosy lips,

"Surely," said the amazed villagers, "there was never such a handsome couple;" but is not Marie under a charm, she has suddenly grown so lovely?"

But the widow Neur smiled to herself and said, "Love's witchery; if is true and pure, will transform all of us, and bring out all that is loveliest and best within us."

As for Gustavus, he thought rightly that he had never seen so good and beautiful a creature, and he blessed the wizard for the charm which had led his heart to her.

Long before the summer ended, Gustavus took home little Marie to his own and his mother's greatest joy and happiness.

When Monsieun le Wizard returned to Paris that winter he read a scientific paper before the savants of the academy. In it he detailed many of his wonderful discoveries and his work during the summer, but he did not speak of the most interesting of all—how, by the aid of a little magnet concealed in a steel belt and a rude ring, he had brought together two loving human hearts; and by so doing had caught some of the happiness of Paradise and imprisoned it in a chalet on old Obgadid Mountain.

Starved into a Verdict.

Jurymen are better off in these times than in the good old days, [illegible] it was the [illegible] into a verdict. It is bad enough now to be put to loss of time and money, with little or inadequate recompense, without being starved or fined in the bargain.

In the early part of the reign of Henry VIII Lord Chief Justice Reed tried an action when a circuit in which the jury were locked up, but before giving their verdict had eaten and drank, which they all confessed This being reported to the judge, he fined them each heavily and took their verdict.

In Hilary term, sixth, Henry VIII, the case came up before the full court of queen's bench on a joint motin to set aside the verdict on the ground of informality of trial, the jury having eaten when they should have fasted, and next remit the fines under the peculiar circumstances of the case The jury averred that they had made up their minds in the case before they ate, and had returned into court, with a verdict, but, finding the lord chief justice had "run out to see a fray," and not knowing when he might come back they had refreshment The court confirmed both the verdict and the fines.

In "Dyer's Reports" a case is reported of a jury who retired to consider their verdict, and when they came back the bailiff informed the judge that some of them (which he could not depose) had been feeding while looked up. Both bailiff and jury were sworn, and the pockets of the latter were examined, when it appeared that they all had about them "pippins," of which "some of them confessed they had eaten, and the others said they had not." All were severely reprimanded, and those who had eaten were fined twelve shillings each, and those who had not eaten were fined six shillings each, for that they had them in their pockets.—All the Year Round.

Gettysburg Veterans Wanted

General John P. Taylor, president of the board of commissioners on Gettysburg monuments, has issued a circular asking for the address of the president or secretary of any veteran Pennsylvania regiment or battery organizations that participated in the battle of Gettysburg. He also asks for the names of the survivors of any of the Pennsylvania commands with whom the commission can communicate as actual participants in engagements, to assist in determining the positions and movements of the regiments or battery to which they were attached.

It is But Fifty Years Since

It was fun to live.
Their was leisure for enjoyment.
Men slept in beds.
The one-horse wagon was in vogue.
The buggy with springs was unknown.
The craze for gold had not come.
Brawn and brain were champions.
The friction match was a curiosity.
We were a nation of hard workers.
At every crossroad a shoemaker and a wheelwright throve.
Elections were unbought.
A day's journey was a notable event.
Highways were the avenues of commerce.
The sewing machine was unheard of
The Yankee peddlar was prospering.
He had not yet circumnavigated the globe.
Our emblem of commercial haste was the coach.
Traveling from New York to Philadelphia was a good day's work.
There were neither mowers or self-binders in existence.
Women cooked by open fires.
Young men were skilled with the ax
The era of forest destruction was at its best.
The ax was the resource of many familes.
At night-fall tallow candles made the light.
Butter would not pay for marketing one hundred miles from home.
The steam saw mill had not begun to make merchandise of the forest.
The lord of a thousand acres dined with his men.
The matron advised with her maids and aided them in securing mates.
Girls and matrons boasted of their spinning.
Only the thrifty took a newspaper.
The day began with a dawn—ended with nine o'clock.
Base-ball was not a national game.
The circus and clown were the event of the year.
The menagerie gave the church members a good chance.
The clock, tin, and notion peddler visited every house.
In trade, produce answered when money was lacking.
Every thrifty farm-house entertained.
The railroad was hatching.
[illegible]
Diptheria was unknown.
Story tellers and hearty laughs abounded.
Divorce was not.
Hard drinking until old age scarcely enabled a man to see snakes.
Prairie farms were undreamed of.
The mighty West was unknown.
The territory of the United States had not been crossed.
Forest-clearing was the vocation of one-third of the men.
Burning fallows in New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania were daily sights.
Most men were born, lived and died in the same county.
Prosperous farmers handled little money.
The saddle was the emblem of haste and speed.
Few had seen a purchased carpet.
Family garments were home wrought.
Professional men subsisted well on an income of $300 per year.
Doors were left on the latch at night.
The family wash hung out all night.
Cotton sheeting was fifty cents per yard: not as good as now for five.
Frugal homes new little anxiety.
Property was real and personal.
Real property was real estate. Personal property was notes, mortgages, and farm stock.
Government stocks, bonds, railroad and manufacturing stocks, bank stocks, mining stocks, municipal bonds, and speculative values were unknown.
There was no dealing in futures.
Gambling was betting on the turn of a card.
A man's value was reckoned by what he could earn, not what he could make.
Would we exchange the present for the enjoyment of fifty years ago? No.
People were more generally happy and contented then, but it was a lower average.
While a few are below the then average, the majority are far above. The difference is clear gain.

Excitement in Texas.

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Tex, by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E, Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills; by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two bottles of the Discovery, he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds.

Trial Bottles of this Great Discovery for Consumption free at G. M. Shindel's Drug store.

Positively the largest and best selected stock of clothing in Snyder county will be found at Dreifuss Bros. Selinsgrove, Pa.

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