

# 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.

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## GOLDEN WEDDING.

BY MRS. D. C. MURPHY.  
Just fifty years of sun and shade,  
Of frost and snow and pleasant weather,  
Since hand in hand this youth and maid  
Entered the path of life together.  
Their fortunes small, their cares the same,  
Happy indeed, their humble life,  
But poor can never man remain,  
Who leaves at home a careful wife.  
This husband faithful to his toil,  
And working hard from morn till night,  
Knew at home the kettle boiled,  
That house and hearth were clean and bright.  
The soil was friendly to their needs,  
And fields grew rich with grass and grain;  
The garden spot was free from weeds  
And yielded, thanks to sun and rain.  
But Heaven sends better blessings down  
Than those that come from wood or field,  
And brighter is a mother's crown  
Than all the fruits a farm can yield.  
So, when the grain was gathered home  
And reapers sang the harvest song,  
Hope's harvest bloomed—a little son  
Was sent to lead a mighty throng.  
For brothers seven and sisters three,  
Came one by one with busy years,  
And each the parents' toil increased  
And left no time for doubts and fears.  
And when the farm became too small  
To give reward to honest toil,  
'Twas then they moved to "Prospect Hill"  
For broader view and richer soil.  
'Twas there the youngest of the seven  
Gave back his infant life to God,  
Left home on earth for home in heaven;  
His body rests 'neath Fairviews sod.  
These many years our household band  
Has still remained unbroken;  
Though some have homes in distant lands,  
Each one has sent some token.  
That we may know their loving thro's  
Are sent from far away,  
That grateful children join to bless  
This Golden Wedding Day.  
May God, whose blessings crown this day,  
Who long has kept us in our places,  
Grant that your life's declining rays  
May brightly shine on hearts and faces.  
That memories of duty done,  
Of kindness given to foe and friend;  
Be your reward, so richly won,  
A happiness that never ends.  
And as you journey down the slope,  
God smooth the path and calm the weather;  
And grant you both a shining hope  
Of blissful life with Him forever.  
Ridgway, Pa., Oct. 8, 1887.

## JEALOUS OF A SHADOW.

Fresh as a rose looked Helen Morry as she came in from the woods, on the clear autumn afternoon, with her apron full of wild grapes and had garlanded around with scarlet-veined autumn leaves. Her husband, sitting in his study, glanced up at her bright, flushed face, with sombre eyes full of past memories.  
'Is the world coming to an end?' sanely demanded Helen, as she flung the purple cluster on the table—'for I am sure nothing else can account for such a solemn face as yours, Julian.'  
He tried to smile.  
'You have been in the woods all day, Helen?' he said.  
'Where else should I be?' retorted the young wife, whom he had married because she was such an embodied sunbeam. 'You don't catch me poking myself up in the house when all the world is so full of brightness!' But she looked half doubtfully at him as she spoke.  
'Now you are going to scold me!' she said, with a pretty uplifting of her hands, as if to ward off some verbal onslaught. 'I can see the stern words raising up to your lips.'  
'Am I, then, so stern with you?' he uttered. 'If so, it is quite unintentional. No, Helen, I am not going to scold you.'  
For he remembered that Helen was only eighteen, and that he was eight-and-thirty.  
Helen came and pecked herself on his knee.  
'Julian,' she said, with a sudden burst of penitence, 'I am sorry!'  
'Sorry!—and for what?'  
She put her hand caressingly on his

stroked a pretty infant's head.  
'I meant to practice to-day,' she pleaded, 'and to read a whole chapter in Macaulay's History of England, and to darn your stockings in the convent stitch that Aunt Prudence taught me, but when I got in the sunshine I forgot it all, Julian, I shall never learn to be a companion to you.'  
And she glanced ruefully around at the drifts of paper and open folios on the desk, and her radiant face gloomed over suddenly, as she caught sight of a tiny photograph lying close by the inkstand.  
'Julian!' she exclaimed, abruptly, 'why did you marry me?'  
'Is that so hard to guess, little one?'  
'Yes, but why?' persisted. 'I am so silly and shallow—that is exactly what Mrs. Meredith calls me and my poor little groveling soul can never reach up to the height of yours. Oh, don't try to comfort me—I understand it all, with another side-long glance at the photograph. 'You loved her! She was a true wife to you. I am only a plaything!'  
'Have I ever said so, Helen?'  
'A score of times!' cried Helen, getting more and more excited, while the deep roses burned vividly on her cheeks. 'Not in actual words, perhaps, but—oh, Julian, why did I ever marry a widower? She is as much my rival now as if she was a living and breathing woman, Julian—I hate her!'  
'Helen! Helen!'  
'Give me that picture!' cried the young wife, snatching the photograph from the desk, and retreating a pace or two, as if she feared to be pursued.  
'It shall not lie beside you at your work. You shall not carry it next to your heart when you go out of the room!'  
She paused, as if expecting a volley of remonstrances—perhaps a stern reproof—but he never spoke a word, he only looked at her with sad, grave eyes.  
'Julian,' she hesitated, more entreatingly, 'may I have it—the photograph?'  
'Yes,' he answered, 'I can remember how she looked without any counterfeit presentment. Yes, you may have it, Helen, if that is your desire.'  
And Helen vanished out of the room half-delighted, half-terrified at what she had done. Swift as an arrow she darted down to a cool, shady nook, at the foot of the garden, where a crystal trout stream gurgled under the shadow of a canopy of elm leaves, and a twisted root formed a sort of rustic seat.  
'Shall I fling it into the stream?' she asked herself. 'Shall I tear it up?'  
But she looked at the soft, calm features, and a gentler mood crept over her.  
'How wicked and babyish I am!' she said. 'No, no! I will not tear up your face, sweet saint. I should have loved you, too, if you had been living—will try to love you now, because he loved you! Look down from your throne in heaven, dear, white-robed angel, and help me to be worthy to sit in your seat at his board, to share your place in his heart!'  
And glancing fearfully around her, lest she should be observed, she kissed the photograph once, twice, three times, and placed it tenderly in her bosom.  
When she came back to the house she was quieter and more silent than usual, but she did not offer to give back the photograph to her husband.  
Was she jealous of it still?  
And Julian Morry went quickly on with his student labor—the labors in which his first wife had shared so intelligently and helpfully. He had loved his beautiful Evangelina so truly and passionately, she had been entirely a part of his existence, that when she died it seemed impossible that he could ever place another woman in the empty niche of her being.  
But as time dulled the first sharp edges of his sorrow, and pretty Helen Tinton's winning graces stole in to his heart, he began to realize that he was not yet an old man nor a hermit.  
He looked at Evangelina's picture.  
'She would have bid me be happy,' he said. 'She would have told me that it was no disloyalty to cheer the darkness of my life with a second love.'

So he married the smiling young beauty and the only grief that haunted his heart was Helen's unreasonable jealousy of her dead rival's memory.  
Julian was no expert in reading the hieroglyphics of a woman's heart.  
'Helen,' he would say, with a pained expression upon his face, 'if you loved me, you would not talk in this way.'  
'It is because I do love you that I cannot help talking in this way,' she retorted, and then her tender, coaxing little artifices would be rebuffed.  
'If you would only forget her, pleaded Helen—if you would only tell me that I am past and present both to you.'  
But he smiled and shook his head. 'Sweetheart,' he would say, 'you are the sunshine of my present. With my past no living touch can meddle. Is not that enough?'  
'No!' Helen cried, 'it is not enough!'  
And after she had taken triumphant possession of the picture, a new shadow seemed to darken silently on his forehead.  
He was as tender as ever to the child wife, whose presence lent such fascination to his home. He did not ask for the return of the photograph, but he felt that there was something missing at his side.  
He had declared that he could remember Evangelina without the picture, and yet he longed with an unutterable longing to look once more upon her face.  
He resolutely guarded himself from sitting in judgment on the lovely little spirit who loved him with such wayward, unreasonable affection. Helen had been cruelly unjust to Evangelina.  
So he left off thinking about it at all, and applied himself steadfastly to the studies which had always formed his chief occupation.  
'Julian!'  
It was a stormy night—mid January—with the howlings whirling wildly through the darkness, and a tumultuous wind howling in the treeps.  
He had been writing long and steadily, and had leaned back in his chair for a moment's rest of hand and brain, when Helen came in, at-tired in the black velvet dress which he had given her, and wearing at her round, white throat a little cross of diamonds.  
The husband's serious face brightened at the fair vision.  
'Why, my pet!' he exclaimed, capturing the hand which was laid lightly on his shoulder: 'what is the meaning of this extraordinary brilliance of costume? Is there to be a party or a ceremonious dinner?'  
'Neither,' Helen answered. 'But it is my fete-day. Do you remember what anniversary this is, Julian? Ten years ago to-day you were married to Evangelina Sedley.'  
'I remember it, Helen,' he said, sadly.  
'Come!'  
She took his hand with imperious tenderness, and led him to the little drawing room, where hot-house flowers were arranged in all the vases, and where candles burned.  
Above the mantle hung a picture of his dead wife, smiling at him like a living face.  
'Evangelina!' he cried. 'Her very face! Oh, Helen, where did you get it?'  
'It is my anniversary gift to you, Julian,' she said. 'I had it taken from your little photograph. Is it not sweet? Is it not holy in its expression?'  
'How can I thank you for it?' he said in broken accents.  
'But you must let me keep the photograph,' pleaded Helen, with tears in her eyes. 'I have learned to love it. It is my guardian angel, and my sweet companion and counsellor. Oh, I cannot part with it now!'  
And drawing it from her bosom, she kissed it reverently.  
'Helen—my Helen!' said the husband. 'What has wrought this change in your heart?'  
'Evangelina's face,' she answered in a whisper.  
He drew her tenderly to his heart. 'Sweetheart,' he said, 'this was all that was lacking to complete my perfect happiness.'  
'And do you love me now as dear-ly as you did her?' she asked, with his eyes still about her waist, and love!

he looked up at Evangelina's picture.  
'I love you both with the same love,' he answered, impressively. And Helen was contented at last.  
**A SURGEON'S LIFE.**  
I have always maintained that it is impossible for any man to be a great surgeon if he is destitute, even in a considerable degree, of the finer feelings of our nature. I have often lain awake for hours the night before an important operation, and endured great mental distress for days after it was over, until I was certain that my patient was out of danger. I do not think that it is possible for a criminal to feel much worse the night before his execution than a surgeon when he knows that upon his skill and attention must depend the fate of a valuable citizen, husband, father, mother or child. Surgery under such circumstances is a terrible taskmaster, feeding like a vulture upon a man's vital. It is surprising that any surgeon in legitimate practice should entertain a respectable old age, so great are the wear and tear of mind and body.  
The world has seen many a sad picture. I will draw one of the surgeon. It is mid-day; the sun is bright and beautiful; all nature is redolent of joy; men and women crowd the streets, arrayed in their best, and all, apparently, is peace and happiness within and without. In a large house, almost overhanging this street so full of life and gaiety, lies upon a couch an emaciated figure; once one of the sweetest and loveliest of her sex a confiding and affectionate wife and the adored mother of numerous children, the subject of a frightful disease of one of her limbs, or, it may be, of her jaw. If not a still more important part of her body. In an adjoining room is a young man, with instruments for the impending operation, as assigns to each his appropriate place. One administers chloroform, another takes charge of the limb; one screws down the tourniquet upon the principal artery, and another holds himself in readiness to follow the knife with his sponge. The daps are soon formed, the bone exposed, the vessels tied, and the eye wound approximated. The woman is pale and ghastly, the pulse hardly perceptible, the skin wet with clammy perspiration, the voice husky, the sight indistinct. Some one whispers into the ear of the busy surgeon: 'The patient, I fear is dying.' Restoratives are administered, the pulse gradually rises, and after a few hours of hard work and terrible anxiety reaction occurs. The poor woman was only laid from the joint influence of the anesthetic, shock, and loss of blood. An assistant, a kind of sentinel, is placed as a guard over her, with instructions to watch her with the closest care, and to send word the moment the slightest change for the worse is seen.  
The surgeon goes about his business, visits other patients on the way, and at length, long after the usual hour, he sits down, worried and exhausted, to his cold and cold fortless meal, with a month almost as dry and as busy as his patient's. He sits mechanically exchanging hardly a word with any member of his family, and suddenly retires to his study to prescribe for his patients—never during all this time, forgetting the poor, mutilated object he left a few hours ago. It is able to lie down to get a moment's repose after the weary toil of the day, suddenly he hears a loud ring of the bell, and a servant, breathless with excitement, bids his immediate presence at the sick chamber with the exclamation, 'they think Mrs. is dying.' He rushes to the scene with rapid pace and anxious feeling. The stump is of a crimson color, and the patient lies in profound swoon. An artery has suddenly given way, the exhaustion is extreme; cordials and stimulants at once brought into requisition, no dressings are removed, and the sensant vessel is secured.  
The vital current ebbs and flows, reaction is still so tardy than before, and it is not until a late hour of the night that the surgeon, literally worn out in mind and body, retires to his home in search of repose. Does he sleep? He tries, but he cannot close his eyes. His mind is with his patient, he is every footstep

upon the pavement under his window, and in his momentary expectation of the ringing of the night bell, he is disturbed by the wildest fancies, he sees the most terrific objects, and, as he rises early in the morning to hasten to his patient's chamber, he feels that he has been cheated out of the rest of which he stood so in need. Is this picture overdrawn? I have at for it a thousand times, and there is not an educated, conscientious surgeon that will not testify to its accuracy.  
**UNDER A HEDGE.**  
WHY THE IDEAL GYPSY CANNOT BEAR LIVING IN HEDGES.  
As the race of gypsies is not celebrated for cleanliness it can certainly claim the healthful advantages to be gained from life in the open air. The author of 'Our Gypsies' dwells upon the repugnance to the very idea of living in a house. The man, belonging to a wandering tribe, was bound to say, with strong emphasis, and apparently with great sincerity: 'Thank God that I am not compelled to live in the fifth and fourth air of a town.'  
A young girl belonging to a gypsy train was only elaborating the same feeling when she declared: 'I should pine away and die indoors, just as a lark would if you put him in a cage. I was born in a tent, I have lived in a tent, and I hope to die in a tent. So none has a drop of Roman blood in his veins ever yet willingly took to the life of the householder.'  
Meeting in London an umbrella mender, who looked as if he might belong to the race of wanderers, our author requested him:  
'Am I right in supposing you to be a gypsy?'  
'Oh yes, sir, you are quite right,' he replied. 'I was born under a hedge, and very nearly the whole of my life I've spent under a hedge, excepting now and then, and especially the last six weeks, during which I've slept in a house.'  
'I'm very glad to hear of it, because I think the change you have made in your sleeping place is a step in the right direction.'  
'You may think so, but after the hedge a great deal better than I like the house, sir, that I do, however.'  
'What are your reasons for what seems to me a strange preference?'  
'I have two reasons for you, that, sir, I'll tell you. Now, sir, listen to me. You see, sir, when you sleep in a house you don't always know when you sleep after, and that is what I don't like at all; but if you sleep under a hedge you do know its clean, and there's no danger of being tossed out of your life by the company of bed-fellows which are much too lively to be agreeable.'  
Another gypsy authority quotes a discussion held on the same subject by two old women of a wandering tribe. Both were ambrosians, and both wore coral earrings, and their sun bonnets were black side in front.  
One was seated on a wisp of hay, the other was perched on a whisp of hay, and she was holding a recumbent donkey, whose four legs hedged her in. She had stretched the bands of the donkey creature to serve as a dinner table. Bread and butter were spread on it and about a quarter of a peck of turnip radishes. There was a bald, shiny patch on the donkey's hip set round with hair, and this was made to contain salt. Every time his mistress dipped a radish into this expediently salted and proceeded to 'scrub' it, there was an expression in the animal's half-closed eyes that betrayed his consciousness of her enjoyment and the satisfaction it afforded him.  
'And how's old Cooper a doin' since he gave up the way and took to the house?' asked the woman in the wheelbarrow.  
'He's growin' wus and wus,' replied her friend, with a grim servile-right expression in her beady eyes. 'He was right enough on wheels. Why don't he stay on 'em?'  
'I should be sure! I know what I should expect would shortly happen me, if once I trusted myself between lath and plaster.'  
'But it ain't the lath, and it ain't the bricks, my dear,' rejoined her friend. 'It's summer in the mortar which works its way into your cistern and that's what'll bannick old Cooper up, you mark my words.'  
So though the word 'system' is not always interchangeable with 'system,' it is evident that the gypsy has an original theory of disease.

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