VOL XXIII

MIDDLEBURGH, SNYDER CO., PENN'A, OCTOBER 27, 1887.

CHANGE OF FORTUNE

If a country clergyman's daughter along. You'll have to walk fast to utterly broken down was she. They is at all loveable, she is generally the keep warm this bitter morning." pet of the parish. Anna Irvin was He beld out two three-cont pieces. Mi'ler followed her. Fastening pre-eminently so. Old and young They slipped from his thickly-gloved upon her wan face a look of pity, he looked upon her with effect as Sun- fingers, and he left Anna to pick said, 'My poor girl, I should like to day after Sunday she glided in her them up. Before she had succeeded do something for you. What is timid, graceful beauty, into the rec- in doing so he was out of sight, with that you want!" tory new, and her father might be the young lady pressed close to his 'I want to be kept from losing the pardoned if, even from the chancel, side. Anua ran to the nearest bak- next world as I have lost this. his eye sought her loved form, and er'r, and bought a loaf of bread. Here, go to my house and ask for his ear the low tones of her voice, 'You can't stay here to eat it, girl,' my daughter,' said he, giving her For sixteen years she read and stud- said the bakeress, and she rejuctant- card ied, sang and laughed, surrouned by ly left the well-warmed shop, turned fond, admiring hearts. But there the corner into the Avenue, and sat chamber-maid, after she read the came a change, a day whon Dr. Ir- down on a stoop. The bread was words on the card, and heard some vin preached his last sermon, and hot, and after filling her mouth she of Anna's hardships, 'couldn't you laid his heed down in the old church- plunged both hands into the middle find a room for this girl in some yard. Anna went away to New York. of the smoking loaf, she pressed it lodging-house? There must be many It is needless to trace the progress to her freezing bosom. of the changes, misfortunes by which 'Come, young woman,' said a pot- think.' she sunk in four or five years from a iceman, taking her by the shoulder. music-teacher to taking in sewing, these are fine tragedy airs. Don't then to working at hat-binding, you know you musn't sit here. When the 'hard times' of this last The wretched girl rose and totterfall fell upon the country, even this ed away, completely overcomehumble resource failed her. She Surely she had reached the depth of could find nothing to do, and she degradation, she has been 'moved ou' had no money. Ruin had over-tak- by a policeman-

en her few friends in the city. Weeks The gentleman and the young a fireless, bare garret, glad of the change you gave her.' privilege. One fearfully cold night last winter, she crept to that com- properly, then. She's not starving had been too much for her mind than any Indian I ever saw, and was fortless pallet, foot-sore from a now, certainly, she he. whole day's fruitless walking in search of employment. For five days she had not tasted food. She had house had only just closed after them. only a scant worn rug for covering. For hours her teeth chattered, and her limbs ached. She carled berself into every imaginable position in the just disappeared. She raised it, and vain effort to obtain a moment's held it a moment in her hand. warmth for any portion of her frame. Within that small enameled thing And then she thought of her home. where each night she had wrapped ter. What wonder if her eyes line Smith, of Woodridge, a well-to-do-

nightmares of food turning to stone, tled the tall gentleman. ice in her grasp, by grinning faces; and never for one instant losing the lost her watch, stoles, I think likely, married. His old flame, after callpain of cold.

In the morning she saw a girl. who, with her old mother had slept. if sleep it could be called, in the same room, preparing to go out beggirls who lived in the opposite gar- stopped to give you a kind word! ret also issued forth, and Anna, desand cold, went out after them. She every surrounding showed wealth You'd do much better to confess it and luxury. She thought of the more respectable mode of begging, to ring of the family, tell her story, But her pride shrank from that even more than from flitting down an area-steps. And this at length she servant, who answered her knock, 'Won't you let me warm myself by the fire?' whispered Anna. 'I guess not,' said the girl. 'The lady don't like such people about the kitchen, and she shut the door in her face. She could have lain down and died on the cold door-stone-willingly. After two or three gasps she stambled up the steps, rolled her frostbitten fingers in her thin de Bage

sible only to the biting tooth of cold, and the raging of the dunger-pange. Down a broad stoop a little below her, came a young lady, muffled in furs to her rosy cheeks. She pansed suddenly with a look of compassion' 'You seem very poor. Can't to say to this charge?'

society! Her feet were numb, but

they carried her on over the ice-celd

pavements like one in a dream, sen-

I do something for you?" 'I am hungry, 1 am cold,' said Appa.

'Cold! I should think you would be, said the young lady, shudder-

You'll catch your death. Here, I'll judge was, 'You may go.' It seem give her these, and do you come ed a matter of indifference to her, so

passed. She sold and pawned most lady repassed. 'There's that girl of her clothing, and all other articles banging about here yet,' Anna heard of any value. She was obliged to him say. 'Oh! father,' replied the leave her small but respectable apart- young lady 'she is eating a loaf of ment, and sleep on a rag mattress in bread that she bought with the

'Well, let her go home and eat it

Home/ The plate-glass doors of their ment a lady's watch, dropped, doubt- afterward, she died. less, by the bright, rich girl who had

hind this post.'

The watch was in Anna's hands. Very fortunate!' said Mr. Miller, earnings and determined never to But how hardened as well as adriot marry. Smith's wife died a year ging for cold victuals. Two little you must be to steal from one who

pairing, and nearly wild with hunger not steal it. The lady dropped it.' 'Nonsense! It would have been soon found herself in a street where shivered in a thousand pieces.

'I seed her around,' said the policeman, 'not a quarter of an bour ago. at the front door, and asking for one and told her to be off, but she knowed what she wanted to be at too well for that.'

'Oh! be merciful!' shricked Anna. wildly, '1 am innocent. I can get no did. 'I havn't anything,' said the work. I am starving, I am perishing with cold. You will not even let me warm myself by any of your fires.'

'Nonsense,' said Mr. Miller. Come along without any fuss, young woman,' said the officer.

Anna looked from one barsh brow out of her heart. Her hands and beds were engaged. her head dropped, and the officer balf carried her to the station-house. She fainted away when she arrived cape, and went on down the broad there, and they laid her on one of Avenue, bitter thoughts of man and those beds which never get cold, ocof God-may He forgive her!- cupied as they are by such a continshricking in her heart. The long ual succession of dirty, noisome outrows of costly houses were to her casts. There she, the child of a

like costly fortifications, reared by clergyman, educated, refined, spent and away he went to get between hard, triumphant selfishness, to keep the day and night along with the ber and such as her from sharing in victims; the debased, the intoxicated. The next morning she was marched common comforts, defended by cruel, unerring weapons. Oh! what pitiless into the police-court with the crowd

tyrants seemed human law, human of wretches. 'What is your name?' asked the magistrate.

She could not give the honorable name of her dead father. 'Mary Jones,' said, a blush for the falsehood dyeing her cheeks.

judge. 'Well, Mary, what have you nap.

'I found the watch on the sidewalk, sir,' answered Anna, almost inaudibly.

'Found it? Oh! that's the old

helped her leave the court, and Mr.

'Margaret,' said Miss Miller, to her such houses for poor people,

'I dare say, mem,' returned Margaret, 'but I'm not used to going about among thim places, mem '

'Haven't you a sister who keeps house? asked the young lady couldn't she take her in for a little

The chamber-maid tossed ber head, 'I don't think she would like to, mem. She lives very respectable, does my sister.'

'I don't know what to do,' said Miss Miller, perplexed;

But when Anna next spoke her delirious.

When Mr. Miller came bome be sent for a carriage, and had her takwhen Anna espied upon the pave- on to the hospital. There, two days

Austin Smith's Romances

The New Haven Register relates a was hid food, warmth, clothing, shel- singular story regarding Austin herself in thick, soft blankets and gered upon it, and her brain grew farmer of sixty years. Forty years lain in warm, dreamless rest till dizzy with temptation. Let us not ago, while driving a milk wagen inmorning dawn. She thought of her attempt to estimate that conflict we to New Haven daily, he became father's good night kies and blessing. Who have never shirered nomeless omitten with a very shaded demand was utterly and hopelessly outside of a rich tie employed by the Townsend famexhausted, waking to suffering every man's door. Anna had taken a step ily. In time they were engaged.

by a girl who-ob/ here she is! be- ing once and congratulating the couple as best she could, removed to New York State She saved her ago, and his old sweetheart, who now has a \$15,000 property on the 'Believe me,' implored Anna 'I did Hudson River, wrote to him. He made no reply, and she came to Woodbridge. There was a cordial greeting between the two old lovers who had not met for half a century She asked him to sell his farm and she would give him a deed of half her large estate on the Hudson if he would marry ber. But he would not consent and has not yet. His relatives would feel pleased if he did. The lady has returned to New York.

The Bed Was Full.

asking for a bed he was told that he could not have one, as there was to to another. All light, all hope went be a ball that evening, and all the

.What time does the ball break up ?' asked Mr. Isaacs.

'About three in the morning.' Well, then, can I have a bed until that time ?"

'Yes, certainly ; but if the bed is asked for you will have to remove. 'Very well,' replied Mr. Isaacs, our necks - don't punish us."

About three in the morning he was awoke by loud knocking on his

chamber door. 'What do you want ?' he asked. 'How many are there of you in

there ?' asked a voice. 'There is me and Daniel and Mr. Isaacs and an old Methodist preach-

er.' was the reply. Then by thunder, there is plenty

member on the loss of an elder broth er, "you must be very lonely without Tommy.'

Executed Fifty-Two Men

There is probably but one man in

hing to do with,' said he, 'was John tion of a hymn of long and hallowed Childers, who was executed Aug 15, standing. A modest but determined 1872. A singular incident of this of him turned around,, touched the execution was that when Childers singer on the arm and said : was taken from the jail to the gallow the sun was shining beautifully. While the ceremonies on the gallows lowing his voice to fall to the floor. were being held a storm came up. and just as the trap was sprung the keenest flash of lightning I ever saw mendons clap of thunder. By the ed courtesy ?" ime the body was cut down the storm had spent its fury, and the sun was again shining brightly."

Chatting on his general experience be continue: 'Indians are less trouble than whites and seldom give their keepers any appoyance. They walk out to the gallows without a murmur, seldom make any talk, and the job is soon over. John Billy, a full-blooden Choctaw, who was hung. words were wild and incoherent. I think, the same year that John Her sufferings for the last few days Childers was, displayed more feeling and body, and she was now fairly so troublesome that it became neceseary to chain him to a post in a room over the court bouse. He would beg me to shoot him every time I went about him. He died game, though, and was defiant and stoical Two other Indians were bung at the same time that Billy was-

'Six was the largest number I ever hanged at one time, and they were. with one exception, fine-looking, roung men-William Moore, Dan nounced. The annoying singer again Evans, Sam Foov, William Whilling- lifted his voice. The man in front of okee, and Edward Carribell, a negro arm. saw go of mad. He gianced over the lows defiantly, and when asked if he five minutes, tortured by hideons to restore the watch, when out bus- but Smith finally abandoned her, he had anything to say, remarked that object to your singing, understand baving transferred his affections to a there were worse men than he stand- but to tell you the truth, your voice 'Here, police, my daughter has Northford girl, whom he eventually ing around looking on. A striking carries me back to a time when I was well acquainted with many who had like-" come to see him hanged. During the ceremonies on the gallows he stood facing the crowd, with a pleasant smile on his face, nodding his head frequently as his eye caught that of and smoothing out the unpleasant some friend. When asked if he desir edto say anything, he glanced around and gave himself up to the enjoyand said in a pleasant tone of voice: I am as anxidus to have this thing over with as those who have assembled to see it, and therefore will not delay matters. Farewell to all.' There would have been seven to hang this time, but Ed. Butler, a negro attempted to escape after receiving sentence and was killed by his guard, in his dealings with the people of There have been five hanged at one the far west. On one occasion be time on two different occasions since this execution.

"The nicest man I ever pulled black cap over was Dr. Henry Stewart, who was hung in 1879, I think for the murder of Dr. Jones, at Caddo, The Rev. Daniel Isaac once called Choctaw Nation. He was a gentle- the driver. They had been perhaps at an inn to stay over night. On man in appearance, and well educat ed. He displayed extraordinary nerve all the way through, asking no special favors and complaining of nothing. On the gallows he had little to say, and was much less pervous than those who surrounded him. Bill Elliott, made her quite sick, still Mr. Smith known as 'Colorado Bill,' was hung kept on smoking. Finally the bishop with him, and also displayed great courage, saying he had killed his man in self defense, and if he was to do over again he would do the same thing smoking is making the lady sick ! As I was adjusting the ropes Elliott Now, I will wait till after we leave said: 'For God's sake, boys, break this stage station, and if you contin-

A Boy Goes Around the World.

A nine-year old son of Hiram Taythirteen months ago. He was an un- down to have a good smoke. The usually bright child, not worse than bishop waited until they were some the average boy. He hoarded up his money, read books of travel and was thing over a mile from the station passionately fond of horses. Search and he took the pipe away from Mr. arpeared lost. One day a few weeks indignant, and jumped out of the ago a letter was received by Mr. Tay- stage, called to the driver to halt. 'It's astonishing what a number of of you.' And the speaker passed lor from the lost boy. It bore the date and invited the bishop, of whose of Cape Town, Africa, and recited, that having \$30, the boy had resolved identity he was ignorant, out to setto "go around the world." He had left the matter. The bishop came Wilmington on a freight train, stole out, and in about two minutes gave 'My poor boy,' said a visitor who his way to Columbus, paid his fare to Mr. Smith such a mauling that be was condoling with the youngest Philadelphia and beat his way to New was obliged to call for quarter, and York, where he found no difficulty in getting on board a ship. He said he they re-entered the stage and prowas in fine health, had been well treat- ceeded on their journey; but Mr. ed, and was about to sail for Hong Smith did not smoke any more in-

Congregational singing may carry the world who has been the cheif the appearance of brotherly love and actor in the execution of fifty-two thing), but it is sometimes far from sisterly regard (if there is such a men, and that is George B. Malidon entertaing to the person who takes of Fort Smith, Ark., who has pre- no part in the performance. Recently pared the ropes and attended to the at a very fashionable place of religpreliminary arrangements for the lous worship, where many untrained hanging of the numerous criminals susive tunes, a man who knew more and musical voices ran riot over perwho have met their fate here, fifty- about the grain market than of "buckwheat notes," lifted up his pre-'The first man I ever had any sumed voice to assist in the presentalooking fellow who stood just in front

"Yes," the singer replied, after al "Are you a member of this congregation ?"

ent the air, accompanied by a tre-church to treat strangers with mark-

a favor ?

"Certainly, if it is within my pows

"Hush !" the singer gasped. "That's what I said.

want a man to sing ?"

"My gracious alive ! has it come to

"It has come to such a pass that

"You are insulting sir."

"If you don't like my singing-"

"Well, if you don't like me, you-"Got no objections to you at all." pretty soon another hymn was an-

contrast to Moore, however, was Sam very unhappy, a time when I raised Fooy, whose mother, wife and chil hogs in the South, and, sir, since then fren were near at hand, and who was whenever I hear anything that sounds

> with you, sir," said the singer. " will leave this place."

expression from his face, he sat down ment of the sermon

Knocked Out by a Bishop.

ue to smoke I shall be obliged to take the pipe from you.'

do as he pleased about smoking in or mysteriously disappeared from his the stage. After they left the stahome in Wilmington, Ohio, about tion he relit his pipe and settled was made, but all traces of the child Smith very quickly, who was very

Like Singing But -

"I am, sir." "Is it not one of the aims of this

"Well, then, will you please do me

er. What can I do for you?" "Hush !"

"Is it possible, sir, that you don't

"Ob. I don't mind a man's sing ing ; don't care how he sings, but I don't want him to give himself up to

such a pass that a man can't sing in his own church ?"

ou can't sing in any church ?"

"And you are tormenting."

"I tell you that I've got no objecions to anybody's singing."

By this time the hymn was finished and the congregation sat down, but

"Why don't you sing then? Don't

"Thank you," the stranger replied.

A great many stories have been told of Bishop Turtle, now of Missouri-of his peculiar yet manly way bad taken the stage for Montana, There were four passengers-one lady, the bishop, and a man whom we will call Mr. Smith on the inside, and a commercial tourist on top with a balf-day on their journey, when Mr. Smith reached down in his pocket and brought forth a pipe and commenced smoking. The smoke was very offensive to the lady and it could stand it no longer, and said :

'My friend, can't you see that Mr. Smith remaked that he would

But her words were corroborated 'Yes, sir, I am,' replied the lad, 'For pity's sake, Harriet,' struck by two boys, who had seen her take in a gentleman, who had opened the door and come out immediately after her, 'dou't stand to talk to that girl, 'Mr. Miller declined to prosecute the his knife and all his marbles.'

But her words were corroborated 'Yes, sir, I am,' replied the lad, 'Francisco, then home. He neglected, purposely, perhaps, to give the names cept the driver were ignorant of the bishop's identity, and it has been a hor talk to that girl, 'dou't stand to talk to that girl, 'end to talk to talk to that girl, 'end to talk to talk to that girl, 'end to talk to ta

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