The Middleburgh Post.

M. 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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DIFFERENCES.

The King can drink the best of wine
So can I;
One has enough when he would dine,
So have I;
We cannot order rain or shine,
But where's the difference, let me see
Betwixt my lord the King and me?

Are trusty friends surround his throne
By Night and day?
Do I make his interest their own?
No, not they.
They love me for myself alone—
Bless'd be they.
Now that's one difference which I see
Betwixt the lord my King and me.

Do knaves around me lie and wait
To deceive?
Do fawn and flatter when they hate,
And would grieve?
Do cruel domps oppress my state
By my leave?
Oh heaven be thanked! and here you see
Is no difference, twixt the King and me.

One has his fools, with jest and quibs,
When he'd play;
One has his armies and his ships—
Great are they;
But not a child to kiss his lips—
Well a-day!
Oh! that's a difference sad to see
Betwixt my lord the King and me?

One wore a cap and he the crown—
What of that?
One keep on straw and he on down—
What of that?
And he's the King and I'm the clown,
What of that?
Happy I and wretched he,
Perhaps the King would change with me.

A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

Col. Brierson was very angry He had received a letter from his son Tom, who was away at college. To make a long story short, the letter will explain itself. It ran as follows, written in a bold round hand, not yet completely formed, but revealing in every line a frank and manly nature:

MY DEAR FATHER—I write to you on a subject which I have not mentioned before, not from any want of filial respect, but because I feared, though I trust my fears were without foundation, that your views on the subject would not agree with mine, and I hated to incur your displeasure. But things have reached the point where an explanation must be made. In brief, I am in love and moreover I am engaged to be married.

The young lady is not of just our standing in society; but she is prettier and more intelligent than any other young lady I know. She has been well educated having been an attendant at the seminary here, and would make any man a good wife.

I would not have spoken to her so soon, or without consulting you; but her mother—a widow—died a few weeks ago and left her alone in the world, and I tried to comfort her in her distress—with result that I asked her to marry her and she consented.

I write to ask your consent to our speedy union; I am sorry to interrupt my college career, but I am willing to do what duty requires and I go to work without further preparation.

Hoping, dear sir, that you will approve of my course, and consent to our marriage, I am, as ever, your affectionate son,

'Thomas.'

'Nonsense!' the Colonel had exclaimed as he read this letter. 'Calf love! Some boarding-house keeper's brat! Married, indeed? Why, he couldn't earn money enough to support himself! I wouldn't think of allowing him to commit such a folly!'

The Colonel fretted and frowned and finally poured a glass of wine from the bottle before him and drank it. Then he leaned back in his easy chair and began to think.

He had fallen into a reverie, when he heard a slight cough, and looking up he saw a young man standing on the other side of the hearth, hat in hand. It was a fresh looking young fellow, with a respectful air and a slight flush on his face as he addressed the Colonel.

'Good morning—sir,' he said hesitatingly.

There was something strangely familiar about this young man, and the Colonel looked at him curiously without raising from his seat.

'Good evening,' he replied, 'sit down,

The young man drew a chair up to the other side of the grate and sat down.

'It's a pretty cool night,' he said, rubbing his hands and speaking modestly, as was becoming in the presence of an older person, the Colonel still looking at his visitor curiously. He had seen that face somewhere, but couldn't exactly place it. The young man was dressed in a style in vogue twenty-five years before—very tight trousers; a very short coat and embroidered silk waistcoat. The Colonel remembered having had a similar waistcoat when he was young.

'By your leave, Colonel, I will try a glass of your wine. It will take off the chill of the night air. I came long distance to-night to see you.' And he poured out a glass of the rich wine and tossed it off.

'Ah!' he resumed, mellowing under the influence of the rare liquor 'That reminds me of the vintage of '27 we had at the wine supper on Scribbins' birthday. Wasn't that a jolly time, though! I remember you got drunk—pardon me—I mean you became very jolly, and finally got so sleepy that you fell under the table and had to be carried off to your room. Ah! you were a bad fellow in those days.'

'You seem to know a great deal about those old days,' said the Colonel, somewhat stiffly, and not relishing the familiar allusions to his college life, at least from the lips of a stranger.

'Well, I should say so, said the young fellow, 'and then what fine times we used to have in your room when Jones and Brown and the other boys would come up to play poker. Ah, the glorious game! Do you ever try a hand nowadays.

The Colonel could not help feeling some of the enthusiasm of this valuable young man who kept on a little more seriously.

'And the girls! the pretty girls, the darling creatures! Oh! but how you loved the girls! The stolen dance up in old Ritter's barn, and the cozy evenings with pretty Rose. Poor Rose! Do you know, I hope you'll excuse me for mentioning it, I never did think you treated Rose just right.'

'Who are you and what do you know about Rose?'

'Ah, well, I know all about it, Your parents did not approve of your marrying the janitor's daughter and you broke your promise to her. They said she died of consumption, but I know better—she died of a broken heart.'

It must not be supposed that Colonel Brierson could sit unmoved and hear this impudent young intruder call up these scenes of his vanished youth. He remembered Rose—sweet Rose! He remembered her pretty frill apron she used to wear; the charming dressing cap her French mother had made her; her timid face, bold only in the consciousness of her lover's fidelity. He remembered the note he had written, bidding her farewell, and he remembered, too, with a bitter pang, the last glimpse he had caught of her, as the train which bore him out of the college town flashed by her mother's house; She had been standing at the door and her white face and sunken cheeks had haunted him all through the foreign tour on which he had accompanied his father.

'Who are you?' he inquired, angrily, as the visitor rose to go, 'and where did you get your information about my private affairs? I must says that your manners—

'Why didn't I introduce myself?' said the young man, laughing softly 'You ought to have remembered me. Don't you recollect this coat? Baker made it. Why I am the ghost of your youth! I came a distance of thirty years to-night to see you, and I'm glad to find you looking so well Good night!' And with a familiar gesture of farewell, the young man opened the door and went out.

As he opened the door, the strong draft from the outside blew down the tong which fell on the hearth with a noisy clatter. The Colonel started and rubbed his eyes.

'Bless my soul!' I must have been dreaming he said, 'it's ten o'clock and I haven't written that letter to Tom.'

So saying, he poured out another glass of wine, of which he took a sip, and then indicted the following epistle, which brought joy to two young hearts:

'My Dear Tom—I won't say that I am pleased at the contents of your letter, though I was at first very much surprised. I will be down at the college next week, and will look into the matter you write about. If I find the young woman what you represent her to be, I do not know that I shall be inclined to oppose your wishes. In the meantime do not neglect your studies.

Your affectionate father,
J. H. BRIERSON.'

A Wealthy Man's Awful Scare

A tall, handsomely dressed man, leaning on the arm of an attendant, was walking up Madison avenue Sunday just as a vast throng of church-goers were returning home. Suddenly he stopped, looked at his legs in a frightened way and fell to the ground in a fit. His body twisted and writhed in a way horrible to see and he made a strange noise which sounded like a dozen angry rattlesnakes. The gentleman's attendant evidently knew just what to do. He raised the sufferer's head so that he could not injure it on the sidewalk and quickly loosened the fastenings of his shirt. When the first violence of a fit had worn off the attendant called on a bystander for help, and removed him to a drug store. During the fit the gentleman's hat had rolled off, and also his wig, leaving exposed a head as smooth as a billiard ball. While waiting for a carriage the attendant told a reporter a remarkable story of how his master came to be so terribly afflicted.

The gentleman is Mr. Franklyn Brush, and he is a cousin of the Mr Franklyn who is now in trouble on account of his dealings with the Conard Steamboat Company. Ten years ago Mr. Brush came to America from England to seek his fortune as a civil engineer. He had letters of introduction which, together with his cousin's influence, secured him a place on the International and Great Northern Railroad in Texas, which was then being built. He joined Major Benham's party as assistant engineer. One day in October, 1877, Major Benham sent Mr. Brush to obtain certain papers from Capt. Wardell, who was in charge of the next division. He started on his twenty mile ride in the morning and reached his destination shortly before noon. He refused to remain in Capt. Wardell's camp until the heat of the day had passed and at once started on his return journey. Half way between the two camps Mr. Brush became tired and dismounted from his horse. He found a shady place in a large rock overshadowed by trees, and stretched himself out to rest.

He had been asleep some time when he was awakened by a strange sensation. It appeared as though a heavy weight was attached to each leg. When he opened his eyes an ominous rattling noise greeted his ears. Two huge rattlesnakes had coiled themselves about each of his legs and at the slightest motion the poisonous reptiles raised their heads, ready to strike. Afraid to move and filled with inexpressible terror, Mr. Brush lay hour after hour with the two big snakes coiled about him. At last the sun began to set, and the chill night air began to make the snakes uncomfortable. Slowly they unwound themselves from Mr. Brush and crawled into a crevice in the rocks. Then he mounted his horse and rode into camp. When his horse halted in front of Major Benham's tent, Mr. Brush fell from it in a fit. For three days he remained unconscious, passing from one fit to another, until his life was despaired of. At last he rallied sufficiently to be removed to San Antonia, where he remained in the hospital for six months During his illness every hair dropped from his head. As soon as practicable Mr. Brush was taken to England, where he remained until a year ago, when through the death of a relative he came into a handsome property. He has been traveling under the care of a nurse since then, but he is constantly subject to fits. It is the opinion of noted surgeons, who have failed to effect a cure, that Mr. Brush will die during one of these fits.—N. Y. World.

Those who are in the habit of using the phrase, 'The tune the old cow died of,' will be interested in the explanation of its origin given by a London paper. The old saying arose from an old song:

There was an old man, and he had an old cow,
And he had nothing to give her;
So he took out his fiddle and he played hei a tune—
Consider, good cow, consider;
This is no time for the grass to grow,
Consider, good cow consider!

The old cow died of hunger, and when any grotesquely melancholy song or tune is uttered the North country people say, 'That is the tune the old cow died of.'

They are getting editorial courtesies down to a pretty fine point in Mississippi. One of the brotherhood pleasantly alludes to another as a 'toad, who disgraces his own warts.'

A Home of His Own.

I write from under my own vine and fig. I am a landed proprietor of my own, the owner of a bit of land, and a house. Ever since my marriage, seven years ago, my wife and I have longed for this day to come. We have saved and 'scrimped,' and hoped and prayed for it, and at last it has come to pass. We have paid out hundreds of dollars in rent, and been hustled around in the nomadic manner too common among people in America. And when our two cherished Brussels carpets were being cut and slashed into so recklessly to fit the parlor and sitting-room, Mrs. Dane said, gratefully: 'Well, it's the last time they'll have to be cut, for they are down to stay now; that's one consolation.' The home we are so happy in is not all paid for, but we see our way clear to pay for it in time. Young married people should start out in life with the fixed determination of putting a roof over their heads that they can call their own, and this is not such a very hard thing to do in these days of loan and building associations and cheap rates of interest.

My interest and taxes are not much more than half the amount I have been paying in rents. It is difficult to define the feeling one has in a home of one's own. There is something in being a landed proprietor that tones up wonderfully and adds dignity and earnestness to life. You literally feel that you are somebody. I actually felt a positive pleasure in paying my taxes yesterday, and felt sorry for the poor fellows who have no taxes to pay.

I set out some rose bushes last week, exulting in the thought that they were mine and that neither they nor I were subject to the whim of some real estate agent who could give us thirty days' notice. When I come home from my office at night it is home indeed to me. And when one has children it is more necessary than ever that there be a place for them that they can call their own, a place that they can love and remember as home throughout all their after-lives. I hope to see the children of my 8 months-old baby playing in this house some day.

Courtship and Marriage.

Every young lady has a right to know why a young man solicits her company. Her life is too valuable to be trifled with for mear pleasure. But young ladies like company. They can make it a pleasure or a curse. Courtship, if properly engaged in, is only an introduction to the happiness that will follow. Find one that will love you, not only through courtship, but through joys and sorrows, success and adversity,—one that will be a helpmeet through life. Acquaintance is one of the importants of courtship.

Too many young ladies have committed suicide and died broken-hearted because they did not gain a knowledge of their lovers' character before bestowing their affections on them. Have both eyes open. Court in the daytime and not in the dark. Young man, go around in the daytime and see what your sweetheart is doing when she does not expect you. Get a knowledge of her traits of character and domestic life. Young lady be careful of your choice. See to it that a polished address does not cover many vices. Don't go blindfolded on this voyage of married life, but intelligently and wisely on both sides. With such a choice true happiness is sure to follow.

Tommy's father's business affairs call him from home early in the morning and keep him until late at night. Recently the old gentleman found it necessary to punish Tommy, and the boy sought his mother for consolation. 'Why, what's the matter, Tommy?' she asked. 'The man that sleeps here nights spanked me,' he sobbed.

Miss Clara—And so your engagement with Mr. Featherly is at end, Ethel?

Miss Ethel—Yes, for evermore.

Miss Clara—Will you return the presents he gave you?

Miss Ethel—No, I cannot do that. He never gave me anything but caramels and ice cream.

Bringing Down a Sharpshooter.

Many thrilling accounts are told by veterans of the annoyance caused our forces, throughout the army, by the rebel sharpshooters hanging on the skirts of encampments during the late war.

Early in the morning of the——a skirmish line, composed mainly of the Forty-eighth Illinois was thrown out in advance of our army, lying near Jackson, Mississippi, confronting General Joseph Johnson. The men had constructed a few temporary shelters by standing rails upright, leaning against each other, the tops being bound together.

Behind one of these little fortresses—though in a rather exposed position—Captain F. D. Stephenson, of the Forty-eighth, was sitting on a turned-up bucket, taking his morning coffee. As he threw back his head in drinking a whiz was heard and a ball sped by within half an inch of his face, directly across the eyes, taking effect in a little dogwood tree beside him.

The captain rose quietly and taking a ramrod struck it in the ground, so that its top would be in the space lately occupied by his nose; he then went behind the tree and sighted from the bullet-hole over the top of the rod, thus ascertaining the direction taken by the ball in its flight. Directly in this line rose the top of a large oak, with great sheets and streamers of southern moss hanging dependent from its boughs.

'Boys,' said Stephenson, evenly, 'our man is among the branches of that tree yonder.' 'Now,' taking a soldier's cap and placing it on the end of a knotted stick, 'you all load up and lie low.' 'When I shove this hat into view, he will fire again. There's your chance, let drive.'

When all was ready he slowly elevated the cap until just in sight from the tree.

A puff of white smoke burst from its leaves and the cap turned round on its stick support, letting the daylight through a large jagged hole in its crown.

A moment later, six Springfield rifles spoke from the rail pile and a man dropped from the oak tree, clutching wildly at moss and branches as he fell. His last shot was fired.

A Merchant With a Long Head

A Boston merchant, who is a leading capitalist as well as a large owner of real estate, is noted for the interest he has taken in young men in clerical positions. Once a frightened bank cashier waited upon him to say that by mistake of one of the clerks a check of the merchant's had got into the pigeonhole marked 'protested.' As Mr. Millions might have heard a rumor that his check had been protested, the cashier hastened to explain, and said that he would discharge promptly the young man who made the mistake.

'And why discharge him, sir?' mildly asked Mr. Millions.

'Because he put your check in the 'protested' box.'

'It is a good many years,' said Mr. Millions, as he tilted back in his office chair, and after his fashion harpooned his blotting pad with his pen, 'since I was a young man, but my memory is that I sometimes made mistakes. If I had been discharged for every mistake I made I should not made my fortune. The young man whose mistake is pointed out to him and forgiven is the most careful man in the office ever afterward. I think my business relations with your bank are likely to be prolonged if the young man is not discharged.'

And the young man was not discharged.

'Charley,' said a young wife, 'is there really any such person at the fool killer?'

'Oh, I guess not; I don't know,' said Charley, who was reading the morning paper,

'Well, Charley, all I want to say is please don't go out after dark any more until you find out.

The best results from hogs are obtained by feeding them to the highest limit and getting greatest weight in the shortest possible time, and as long as the hogs shall be increasing rapidly in weight they should be given all they can eat, so as to get them into market as soon as possible.