## VOL. XXIII

## MIDDLEBURGH, SNYDER CO. PENN'A, DECEMBER 15, 1887

NO1

### THE BRACKSMITHS'S STORY.

Well, no: my wife ain't dead, sir, But I've lost her all the same; She left me voluntarily, And neither was to blame. It's rather a queer story, And I think you will agree, When you hear the circumstances, Twas rather rough on me.

She was a soldier's widow, He was killed at Malvern Hill; And when I married her she seemed To sorrow for him still : But I brought her here to Kansas, And I never want to see

A better wife than Mary was For five bright years to me. The change of scene brought cheer-

fulness, And soon a rosy glow Of happiness warmed Mary's cheeks And meited all their sorrow. I think she loved me some-I'm bound To think that of her, sir, And as for me-I can't begin To tell how I loved her.

Three years ago the baby came Our humble home to bless, And then I reckon I was nigh To perfect happiness; 'Twas hers-'twas mine; but no lan-

guage Have I to explain to you How that little girl's weak fingers Our hearts together drew.

Once we watched it through a fever, And with each gasping breath. Dumb, with an awful worldless woe, We waited for its death; And, though I'm not apious man,

Our souls together there, For heaven to spare our darling, Went up in voiceless prayer.

And when the doctor said 'twould live Our joy what words could tell? Clasped in each other's arms we stood And our grateful tears fell Across our little nest,

But it only made the sunshine seem A doubly welcome guest. Work came to me a plenty.

And kept the anvil ringing-Early and late you'd find me there, A-hammering and singing ; Love nerved my arm to labor, And moved my tongue to song, And though my singing wasn't sweet, It was tremendous strong.

One day a one-armed stranger stopped To have me nail a shoe, ad white was at work we passed A compliment or two:

sked him how he lost He said 'twas shot away At Malvern Hill. "At Malvern Hill Did you know Robert May?" "That's me," said he. You, you!" I

gasped, Choking with horrid doubt; "If you're the man, just follow me ; We'll try this mystery out! '

With dizzy steps I led him to My Mary. God! God! 'twas true! Then the bitterest pangs of misery Unspeakable I knew.

Frozen with deadly horror, She started with eyes of stone, And from her quiving lips there broke One wild despairing moan. 'Twas he! the husband of her youth,

Now risen from the dead. But all too late-and with bitter cry. Reeling, her senses fled. What could be done? He was believed

As dead. On his return He strove in vain some tidings Of his absent wife to learn. Twas well that he was innocent, Else I'd have killed him, too, So dead he never would have riz Till Gabrill's trumpet blew ?

It was agreed that Mary then Between us should decide, And each by her decision Would sacredly abide. No sinner at the judgment-seat, Waiting eternal doom, Could suffer what I then did, Waiting sentence in that room.

Rigid and breathless there we stood, With nerves as tense as steel, While Mary's eyes sought each white

In piteous appeal. God! could not woman's duty

Be less hardly reconciled Between her lawful husband And the father of her child. Ah! how my heart was chilled to see,

When she knelt down and said : "Forgive, me, John! "Tis my husband Here-alive, not dead!" I raised her tenderly, and tried

To tell her she was right, But somehow in my aching breast The prisoned words stuck tight.

"But, John, I cannot leave baby!" "What! wife and child" cried I.
"Must I yield all! Ah!, cruel fate!
Better that I should die. Think of the long, sad, lonely hours Waiting in gloom for m

No wife to cheer me with her love, No babe to climb my knee ! "And yet you are here mother,

And the sacred mother love Is still the purest, tenderest tie That heaven ever wove.

Take her, but promise, Mary—
For that will bring me shame—
My little girl shall bear and learn
To lisp her fathers's name!"

It may be, in the life to come, 1'il meet my child and wife;
1'il meet my child and wife;
But yonder, by my cottage gate,
We parted for this life;
One long hand-grasp from Mary,
And my dream of love was done
One long embrace from baby,
And my happiness was gone.

## CHILDREN HALF PRICE.

until it became the shadow of a sin.

She never meant to be dishonest. Yet she ground her washer-woman's wages down to the uttermost farthing, and paid her butcher and bamoney,

sentiment about oppessing the poor. questions. She would not have picked a pocket for the world but if the conductor of the street car failed to notice her over the complex mysteries of life. ticket in the obscure position in

on stealing a ride. Mrs. Wilkins had one child, a lit- him and said : tle-boy.

She loved the child dearly and never acknowledged to berself that or clothes to wear.

But when she took the innocent little fellow on the street car with her she sunggled bim up and treat- that came too late. ed him like an infant in order to escape paying fare.

'Three cents for him,' said the conductor one day.

'What! You surely don't take fire for babies? she remarked indiguantly.

'For babies over 8 years old we do,' said the inflexible official. 'Fare, ma'ma.'

She paid it, grumbling all the while and protesting against such outrageous robbery.'

Little Harley was a thoughtful child. That night, when his mother was saying good-night to bim with great tenderness, he asked in speculative way :

come very dear ?"

his mother in great surprise-

pay his ear fare."

took a starng hold upon him.

could.

hand on his heart. and began taking up the tikets.

conductor kindly, while Mrs. Wil- across to the crib and see our boy see him settin' there still.

conductor. 'He is 6 years old' (so he is), she tears over them. said to herself.

With two years added to it. I'm sorry, ma'am, but I must have his fare. He is too old to ride free.' This incident spoiled all the pleasure of the ride for the frightened, humiliated child, who imagined everybody in the car knew that he had

been trying to 'steal a ride.' sad, to hear Mrs. Wilking bargain- run after them. Voltaire

ing for room and board for two. with a little child thrown in.

But he thought! Oh, deep in his little beart be thought, and thought

Oue night he lay awake on the come?'

'He is dreaming.

noon or a night,

haven't any ticket nor money and I'm Syears old and half-price. No--tired-so tired.'

His head dropped. The flush on bis cheek faded-the tired little added these words: heart was at rest forever-

## OUR DEAR BOY.

drawer of the old bureau this even-Mamma, did God charge you a bad shut it up and gone to her sew- been in the habit of trading, applied and threw him over his shoulder, his great deal for me? Do little boys ing. We have some things laid away to him for a share of his patronage, legs dangling in front and his head - Why, Harley Wilkins! What put kings could not buy, and get they better he was a six forder, and as such an idea into her head?' asked are relies which grieves us until our marked down the prices. hearts are sore. I haven't dared to | 'Cask of nails,' he growled, 'which | Pat for a mile dodging around army 'Cause you can't pay for me. look at them for a year, but I re- I was offered for so and so. You wagons and caissons that blocked mamma; and I think when God member each article. There are two have charged so and so, and you the highway. While he was running sends a little boy into the world, he worn shoes, a little chip hat with must take it off' ought to give him enough money to part of the brim gone, some stocks 'I cannot do it,' said the young away Pat's head, but Tim, owing to ings, pantaloons, a coat, two or three merchant-Mrs. Wilkins was not a woman of spools, bits of broken crockery, a 'But you must do it,' roared Gis aware of that catastropha to his the fine sensibilities, but she was whip, and several toys. - Wife, poor rard. impressed for the time by Harley's thing, goes to that drawer every day I cannot and will not, was the became so great that Tim was unchildish reasoning. Then the old of her life, and prays over it, and final reply. habit asserted itself again. Her lets her tears fall upon the precious Girard bolted out, apparently in a to a standstill. A young adjutant husband supplied her with mon- articles, but I dare not go. Some- rage, but soon after sent a check for rode up to him and asked: ey for all incidental expenses, times we speak of little Jack, but the whole bill. The young man beand had no idea of the singular form not often. It has been a long time gan to relent and say to bimself : that body !" in which her economy manifested it- but somehow we can't get over Perhaps he was offered them at that "Sure he's me friend," replied Tim, Mrs. Wilkins went to visit an aunt alone of an evening, 1 writing and sorry ! did not reduce the bill and safety. and took Harley with her. The she sewing, a child will call out in get it out of him on something else child was delighted at the prospect the street as our boy used to, and His trade would have been worth a is dead; His head is off of a long ride on the steam-car, and we will both start up with beating good deal to me.' set out with a merry heart. His na- hearts and a wild hope only to find By and by Girard came again and lated Tim letting Pat's inanimate ture was shrinking and sensitive, the darkness more of a burden than gave him another order. The young form drop upon the ground. 'The the result of a very delicate coneti- ever. It is still and quiet now. I man was very courteous and said he black-guard decayed me. He told tution, and pleasure as well as pain look up to the window where his blue was almost sorry he did not reduce me that it was his leg that was shot eyes used to sparkle at my coming, the former bill. Sit next to the window, Harley, but he is not there. I listen for his Reduce a bill ! exclaimed Girard said his mother when they took seats pattering feet, his merry shout, his bad you done it I would never trade in the car, and the boy was very ringing laugh, but there is no sound with you again. I merely meant to willing, as he wanted to see all he There is no one to search my pockets see if you had cheated me.' and tease me for peanuts, and I nev-Dou't sit up so straight; lean er find the chairs turned over, the down in the corner more,' said his broom down, and ropes tied to the mother, throwing a shawl about his door knobs. I want some one to 'It ain't everybody I'd put to sleep field. Ille, to notify him of his nomitease me for my knife; to ride on my in this room,' said old Mrs. Jinks to nation as a candidate for the Presi But it hurts me here, mamma, shoulders; to lose my axe, to follow the fastidious and extremely nervous dency, he thought that manners reremonstrated the child, placing his me to the gate when I go, and be young minister who was spending quired him to treat them. So, open-Presently the conductor came in call good-night from the little bed 'This here room is full of sacred rear, he called out 'Mary, Mary! 'Children half price,' he said ; 'a him still more. There are no little 'My first husband died in that bed Mr. Lincoln spoke a few words to fare and a half, if you please, ma'am. feet to wash no prayers to say, no with his head on them very pillers, her in an undertone, and closing the

The wise old Comtesse de - used to remark that there were three follies of men which always amazed her. The first was climbing trees to shake fruit down, when if they waited long enough the fruit would fall of itself. one another, when if they only wait- He was a doctor, and there's two That fall Mr. Wilkins sold his ed they would all die naturally. The whole skeletons in that closet that house and tried boarding for the third was that they should run after belonged to him; and half a dozon of cold water. Of course, all his winter. And it would have been women, when if they refrained from skulls in that lower drawer. very fanny, if it had not been very doing so the women would be sure to 'Well, good-night, and pleasant his consistency, and joined in his ex-

## Rough on the Chaplain

He was a very small eater, she Gen N. P. Banks tells a story woman it all the essential virtues of character, but she had one peculiar, ity that had grown and developed one peculiar and the seat at table, ity that had grown and developed one peculiar and the seat at table, ity that had grown and developed one peculiar and the seat at table, ity that had grown and developed one peculiar and the seat at table, ity that had grown and developed one peculiar and the seat at table, ity that had grown and developed one peculiar and the seat at table, ity that had grown and developed one peculiar and the seat at table, ity that had grown and developed one peculiar and the seat at table, ity that had grown and developed one peculiar and the seat at table, ity that had grown and developed one peculiar and the seat at table, ity that had grown and developed one peculiar and the seat at table, ity that had grown and developed one peculiar and the seat at table, ity that had grown and developed one peculiar and the seat at table, ity that had grown and developed one peculiar and the seat at table, ity that had grown and developed one peculiar and the seat at table, ity that had grown and developed one peculiar and the seat at table, it is the seat at table and the seat at table, it is the seat at table and and sleep on a sofa in her room, so regiments during the war bad charge ber of Company A. of the Sixtyhe would be no trouble to anyone. of the mails for the regiments to winth Irish regiment. In the com-So he was included, like a cat or which they were attached. The pany were two middle aged men. a parrot, with their belongings, and mail for the regiment of this p rtiehe said not a word, though he held ular chaplain had not come to hand Backe. They were steadfast friends his mother's band and read ber face for many days. The regiment was and belonged to the same mess. At that they almost bated to touch her with his great blue eyes while she out of the line of communication, the first battle of Bull Ren, as every baggled about him. And she told Every day from one half to two- body knows, the regiment covered his father that Harley had outgrown thirds of the soldier boys filed up to itself with glory, remaining on the never had weighed that frequent his foolish haby fashion of asking the chaplain's tent with such stereo. field after nearly every other contyped inquires as these :

'Any mail yet, chaplain?' 'Have you beard from the mail?'

she slipped it back into her purse head was bot and felt twice its nas with inquiries that he had no time hands, and, with a shrick that was and inwardly congratulated herself tural size. Pretty soon be began to to prepare his weekly sermon. He plainly heard above the din of battalk. His mother and father heard was obliged to spend all his time in the, fell prone upon the groundhe had heard nothing about the over him, in tender tones, asked;-But it was they who were dreams mail. It occured to him that he 'Are yez burted, Pat 1' ing. The child was waking -waking might put an end to his troubles by 'Yis, Tim. Howley mother, me she grudged him either food to eat in the morning that has never a a sign. Procuring the bottom of an leg is gone?" old hard tack box he marked it with 'Tim examined Pat's right leg and His mother heard his last few charcoal and nailed it on a tree in found that it was terribly lacerated words with an agony of remorse front of his tent so that all might by a grapeshot just above the knee see this notice :

THE MAIL WILL ARRIVE.

body wants me. There isn't any came along was a reckless young onelaught was too desperate to be place for a little boy without money.

If you'll just takeme up there I won't notice, and, discovering the piece of int soldiers of the Union who par
SPEAKS BOTH ENGLISH AND GERMAN. be in anybody's way-and I'm-so charcoal which the chaplain had ticipated in that memorable affray. dropped on the ground at the com we decided that discretion was the pletion of the sign, he seized it and better part of valor, and fled toward

AND HE DON'T CARE A D-N. never put out another one.

He Did not Reduce the Bill

I saw my wife pull out the bottom A man who had just set up in the bardware business and who had ing and I went softly out and wan- been a clerk where the eccentric yez' exclaimed Tim. dered up and down until I knew she millionaire, Stephen Girard, had Thereupon he picked up O'Mailey in that drawer which the gold of Girard bought of him, but when the behind, and joined in the precipitate

g rieving. Sometimes when we sit price, but it is all over now. I am and I'm bearing him to a place of

## Pleasant Dreams

now empty And wife, she misses associations to me,' she went on: A girl responded to the call, when Harley shrunk lower into the seat; voice tensing for lumps of sugar, or and poor Mr. Jinks died settin' door, returned again to converse he would gladly have made himself sobbing with the pain of hurt toe; right in that very chair there in the with his guests. In a few minutes and she would give her own life al corner. Sometimes when I come the maiden entered, bearing a large 'Sit up, my little man,' said the most to awake at midnight and lock into the room in the dark I think I waiter, containing several glass tum-

tested that she had no more change. serve our relice, and when we are on that lounge under the winder, centre-table. Mr. Lincoln arose, 'How old is the boy ?' asked the dead we bope strangers will handle Poor pa! He was a spiritualist, and, gravely addressing the company, them tenderly, even if they shed no and he allos said he'd appear in thus said: and I'd bate to think that-

The second was going to war to kill of heart disease right where you are

## SHAMEFULLY DICEIVED

hand struggle, fighting with clubbed 'Do you know when the mail will muskets and prodding the enemy with our bayonets, O'Malley reeled, which she held it, and passed on, sofa-bed and could not sleep. His The good man was so pestered pawed the lead-laden air with his explaining that be had no mail, that I'm ceased firing, and, stooping

Just then the Black Horse Cavalry, Please, dear God, let me in. I THE CHAPLAIN DOES NOT KNOW WHEN composed of the flower of South SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST Carolina's chivalry, came swooping The next anxious inquirer who down upon our thinned ranks. The Washington. Tim was still bending over the prostrate form of O'Malley The chaplain took in the sign and when the retrest began. 'Don't leave me, Tim, said he. 'We have been friends tagether in the ould country and this, and let's not part now in the hour of me misfortune. 'Be heaves ! Fil not go widout

> stont as John Sullivac. He bore from the field a cannon ball carried his excitement, d.d not become

friend Finally the crush and jam able to proceed further, so he come

'What are you going to do with

'Why, you d--d fool, the man

## President Lincoln's Treat

Republican Convention came to the home of Abraham Lincoln in Springthere to meet me when I come; to his first night in B-at her hobse, ing a door that led to a room in the blers and a large pitcher in the kins fumbled in her purse, and pro- there as he used to be So we pre- 'My own father died layin' right midst, and then placed it upon the

room rgain after he died and some- 'Gentlemen, we must pledge our times I'm foolish enough to look for mutual healths in the most healthy bim If you should see anything of beverage which our God has given him tosnight, you'd better not tell to man. It is the only beverage I me; for it'd be a sign to me that have ever used or allowed in my there was something in spiritualism, family; and I can not conscientiously 'My son by my first man' fell dead sion. It is pure 'Adam's ale,' from

While we were engaged in a hand to

'Howly Moses, is that so ?' ejacu-

When a committee of the Chicago

depart from it on the present occathe spring.' And, taking a tumbler, he touched it to his lips, and pledged them his highest respects in a cup guests were constrained to admire

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