

The Middleburgh Post.

R. 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

VOL. XXIV

MIDDLEBURGH, SNYDER CO., PENN'A, JANUARY 19, 1888.

NO

The Gravemaker's Song.

The crab, the bullock and the sloe,
Thy burgeon in the spring;
And when the West wind melts the snow,
The redstarts build and sing.
But leaves the green buds best;
And loves the green buds best;
And when the pairing mule's mate
He spars the empty nest.

Death! Death!
Death is master of Lord and clown;
Close the coffin and hammer it down.

When nuts are browe and serve without,
And white and plump within,
And juicy gourds are passed about
And trickle down the chin;
When comes the reaper with his scythe,
And reaps and nothing leaves;
Oh, then it is that Death is blithe,
And saps among the sheaves.

Death! Death!
Death is master of clown and lord.
Shovel the clay in, tread it down.

When logs about the house are stacked,
And next year's hose is knit,
And tales are told and jokes are cracked,
And fagots blaze and spit,
Death sits down in the ingle-nook—
Sits down and both not speak;
But he puts his arm round the maid
That's warm.

And she tingles in the cheek.
Death! Death!
Death is master of lord and clown;
Shovel the clay in, tread it down.

THE LITTLE HERCULES.

Away back in the sixties I was financially interested in two or three Texas enterprises with a man named George Sloane. That was his right name, but in many localities in Texas he was known only as Nery George. I have seen a great many statements concerning his adventures in print, but all more or less exaggerated. Some of the adventures which came about while we were in company I will now give to the press for the first time.

Sloane was an Ohio boy, and I made his acquaintance and associated with him in Andersonville prison. We went West together after the war, and at that time he was only 27 years old. He was 6 feet 7 inches high, weighed 160 pounds, and was the strongest man I ever saw outside of a professional wrestler or cannon-ball tosser. His flesh was so hard that he could crack a walnut on his leg. On one or two occasions I know him to break the bones in a man's hand by a single grip. He took no training of any sort, but the strength and ruggedness were born in him. As if not satisfied in making him a young Hercules, nature gave him the most wonderful nerve and courage. He once told me that he would give \$100 to realize for five minutes what fear was. I saw him in some of the hottest places a man could get into and I never saw him falter or hesitate or make a mistake in doing just the right thing.

One afternoon after we had finished up some business in Dallas and were ready to go, we entered a saloon. It was full of gamblers, cowboys and rough characters generally and every man wore a revolver in plain sight. We were sipping our drinks when a burly, big ruffian, who was a fighter from way back, intentionally fell against Sloane with considerable force, and then stood off and leered at him and said:

"I'm waitin' for you to ax my parding for that, banty."

Sloane never carried a weapon of any sort while in town. He looked the fellow over in a quiet way, and finally asked:

"Do you mean to insult me, sir?"

"Insult ye!" echoed the other.

"Who talks of insults? Why ye little game-cock from somebody's barnyard, I'll give you two minutes to get down on your knees to me."

"If you don't ask my pardon before I finish this glass I'll make a wreck of you."

By this time everybody in the saloon had crowded around us, and it was easy to see we had no friends there. There was something in Sloane's eye and tone which cautioned the big fellow, and if left to himself he would have retired from the scrape. But he was egged on and braced up by the crowd who asked to see a row, and he stepped back a little, drew his revolver and growled:

paying no further attention to anyone. He was, perhaps, a minute and a half finishing his glass, and during the last half minute he was covered by the man's revolver. When he sat the glass down he wiped off his mouth, returned the handkerchief, and then turned and advanced upon the ruffian. The man fired point blank at his head, out of a look of his hair, and the bullet killed the bartender. Before he could fire again George seized him, one hand on his throat and the other on his knee, lifted him high in the air, and held him thus for ten seconds. Then he gave the body a fling upon some whisky barrels ten feet away. It was an astonishing feat of strength, and the silence of death fell upon the room. When it was broken it was by a man who had tipped over to the barrels to look at the ruffian, and who hoarsely whispered:

"Great heavens! 'om is as dead as a fish!"

So he was. The iron fingers had choked the life out of him as he was held aloft, and when he struck the barrel almost every bone in his body was broken. George stood there for two long minutes, looking from one to the other, and then asked:

"Does anybody else want me to go down on my knees?"

Never a man replied. Never a hand was lifted, and we went slowly out and mounted our horses and rode away unmolested.

A month or so later we were at Waco, and one night attended the performance at a concert hall. A rougher crowd couldn't have been brought together. In the first five minutes of our stay, I saw three tumblers of beer shot out of the hands of waiters, and a hat was knocked from the head of one of the stage performers by a bullet. I scouted a row and wanted to go, but George asked me to wait a bit. Directly in front of us sat an outlaw from the Indian Territory. He was in an angry frame of mind and anxious for blood letting, and pretty soon he turned on us with:

"Which of you vermin spit on my hat?"

"Neither of us, sir," politely answered my friend.

"You are a liar!" shouted the man, as he rose up.

"No shooting! No shooting!" "No shooting!" called a hundred voices, and the stage performance was suspended to see the row out.

We were chucked up to the side of the hall with a wide aisle in our front. Retreat was cut off, while we could be approached by three men abreast. We put our backs to the wall, and I called out that we were unarmed and wanted fair play. Twenty people shouted back that we should have it, but in place of two men approaching us a whole half dozen jumped into the aisle.

"Leave them all to me," whispered George, and he obliged me to do so by stepping in front.

The crowd came at us with a rush, sleeves rolled up and fists clenched. George stepped out to meet them. "Biff! Biff!" went his iron knuckles, and every man was knocked down inside of forty seconds, and that before one of them could get in a blow. Then George picked each one up in turn, gave him a shake which elicited a howl of pain, and flung him among the spectators. Not one of them came back after more, and no one else in the audience cared to meddle with us. It was over in five minutes, and after the stage manager had tendered us a vote of thanks, the performance went on.

Three of the five men received broken limbs in the toss, and one was made a cripple for life by having his spine injured.

One of the nerviest things in Sloane's whole career happened at Navasota, on the Brazos river. We were sitting on the veranda of the hotel, when a fighter entered the village on horseback, and armed with a Winchester and two revolvers. He took a drink or two, and then started in to capture the town.— There was only one street, and he rode up and down this at full gallop, firing right and left and uttering terrific yells. In five minutes he had the town. People disappeared from sight with amazing celerity, and everybody was thoroughly cowed.

The fellow fired two shots among the citizens on the veranda, and we retreated. I saw up I had

with the ruffian, and I was among the first to seek cover. When we were all inside I peeped cautiously from a window and saw Sloane still outside. He was on his feet, leaning against a column of the veranda and smoking a cigar as coolly as you please. I shouted for him to come in, but he shook his head. Appeals were made by others, but he turned a deaf ear.

The cowboy had by this time reached the lower end of the street and turned to come back. He came at full gallop, but checked his horse in front of the hotel and fired three shots at Sloane from a distance of fifty feet. The first zipped past his ear, the other two cut cloth without drawing blood. We were looking at the shooter from the windows, and as he fired his third shot, without bringing his man a look of wonder came to his face, and he bent forward for a closer look, and shouted:

"Who are you, man or devil?"

George sauntered along the steps, slowly descended, and approached the man, and as he came near enough he grabbed for him. Next instant the cowboy was pulled off his horse and being literally mopped all over the road. He tried to use a weapon, but was disarmed with scarcely an effort, and when George got through with him he lay as one dead. Rifles, revolvers and knife were broken and flung in a heap beside him, and George sat down on the steps to finish his smoke. He had kept his cigar alight through the fracas. I personally interviewed the doctor who was called to see the cowboy, and he gave me a list of the injuries, as follows: Left arm broken, thumb on right hand broken, three sculp wounds, right shoulder probably dislocated, three teeth knocked out, five bad bruises on various parts of the body, one eye closed.

The fight did not last three minutes, and yet the little giant laid the fellow up for nearly three good months and taught him a lesson he never forgot. I saw and talked with him a year later, and he told me he never was so scared in his life, and that he was not yet entirely well from the drubbing.—New York Sun.

A DESPERATE BATTLE.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Jan. 7.—A terrible fight of brutes is reported—something without a parallel. While eating their dinners yesterday several hunters were startled by loud howlings that came from the lake, accompanied by the well-known cry or grunt of alligators. On hastily getting to the bluff a most exciting scene was witnessed. From the appearance of the field it would seem that one of the old bulls went to the shore for water, and, as he was drinking, a big gator swam up and seized his nose. The spectators came on the field a moment afterward.

The bull, a big black animal, with a pair of magnificent sharp horns, slightly curving backward, was taken at terrible disadvantage; and began bellowing loudly and endeavoring to shake off his antagonist. The gator had secured a firm hold, however, and he clung tenaciously, churning the water into foam with his immense tail, the blood streaming from the bull's lacerated nose already dyeing the waters red. With a mighty effort the bull plunged backward, hauling his "attachment" partially up of dry land, and then the wax faced furious. The bull rendered frantic by the pain, endeavored to hook the gator, and, failing in that, stamped at him and plunged around madly to get rid of his foe.

Attracted by his bellowings two other bulls came furiously down the side, and, seeing the gator, plunged at him. Observing his new enemies the latter endeavored to escape, but too late. One of them caught his horn near the gator's fore leg and with an upward toss tore a big hole in his side, the saurian responding with a deep roar of anger and pain. As the other bull came on the gator thrashed around with his tail and gave the animal a terrible blow, knocking him over on his side with a dull thump. His first victim was now free, and the three thoroughly infuriated animals surrounded their foe, bellowing and with lowered heads, presenting a picture of sharp horns which the saurian didn't like, and he attempted to nibble into the

water. But his three opponents now began a systematic warfare. First one would dash at him, escaping the flying tail of the big reptile, and give him a dig with his horns and endeavor to toss him. The gator was getting weaker all the while, and, though still game, he seemed anxious to cry quits. One of the bulls allowed his anger to blind him finally, and as he came on without his usual caution the reptile whiled and delivered a sweeping blow with his tail that caught the animal's legs, breaking them like pipe stems, the old fellow falling with a roar of madness that could have been heard a mile, while the saurian's eyes seemed to gleam with triumph as they gazed at his enemies.

Then ensued a rough-and-tumble contest which no description could do justice to. The bulls plunged viciously at him, oftentimes hitting one another in their mad rushes, while the alligator swept his big tail around in endless circles and inflicting terrible whacks on their sides and legs. For over twenty minutes this was continued, the mingled roars of the infuriated animals producing indescribable, ear-splitting sounds. Finally the gator again seized his first victim by the nose and with a death grip. The other animal plunged in, and catching both horns under the gator's side gave him a toss, ripping him up so that his entrails protruded.

The effect was seen at once, as his terrible snail played more feebly, but his hold on the bull's nose could not be broken. Several more ugly wounds were made, and the reptile's roars of anger changed to those of pain and fear. His antagonist charged at him time and time again, lacerating him terribly. Finally no resistance was made, the victor tramping on the bloody carcass.

Don't Mortgage the Farm.

There is in danger on every drug store which for over 17 years has been the headquarters of the farmers trading in that city. There they go for goods, to leave whips, robes and bundles, to loaf away the evenings when "down on the jury," and when in search of information. Into it the other day there walked a sturdy yeoman, his bronzed face and hard horny hands telling of exposure to the weather, and days of toil. His clothing was good, honest material, and on his feet were solid cow-hide boots. Walking up to the proprietor of the store he inquired for Lawyer Blank.

Now the man from the farm had such an honest face, such an innocent look, that the druggist, knowing the man sought for to be a "sharper"—in fact, not a real lawyer at all—departed from his rule of minding his own business and asked the farmer what he wanted of a lawyer. In a few words the story was told. It seems the man had worked hard all his days had bought and paid for a \$1,000 farm had taken a wife, furnished a house, and now envious of some of his neighbors, wanted to build a \$300 barn.

To do this he proposed to borrow the cash, giving mortgage on his farm. Said the druggist after the story was told:

"Your farm is clear now?"

"Yes sir?"

"You love your wife?"

"Yes sir."

"Well," said the merchant, "this is what you should do. Go home and earn the three hundred dollars first then build your barn. If you borrow now, you will think each night as you lie on your bed that you are on your bed with your wife. You will fret and worry; your young wife will do the same; sickness and accidents may come or a poor crop be your portion; there will be a three hundred dollar skeleton in your house, and ten to one, you don't fret and have a row with your wife. Don't go into the mortgage business! Don't go into debt! Live within your income, be industrious, and when you do build your barn and own it, you'll be as proud of it as an Englishman is of his castle."

For a moment the young farmer hesitated. On each side were interested spectators, and all was silence. Gradually the head lowered, and a tear rolled down the cheek. Though only a tiller of the soil, the man took pride in his occupation, and wanted that barn. At last he said:

"Thank you, sir. To tell you the truth, sir, my wife was a-crying when I left home because I was going to mortgage the place. I'll take your advice and go home as I came down, and she'll be glad to see me, you bet."

"There" said the Bangor man, "that fellow came to a good, wise conclusion. I have seen lots of misery on account of this mortgage business. He who gives one often gives peace, and contentment with it."

Facts about the Sea.

The sea is the reservoir into which run all the rivers of the world. It is the cistern which finally catches all the rain that falls, not only upon its own surface, but upon the surface of the land and upon the roofs of our homes. All this water is removed again by evaporation as fast as it is supplied. It is estimated that every year a layer of the entire sea fourteen feet thick is taken up into the clouds. This vapor is fresh, and if all the water could be removed in the same way and none of it returned it is calculated that there would be left a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic.

This is upon the supposition that three feet depth of water contains one inch depth of salt, and that the average depth of the ocean is three miles.

At a depth of about 3500 feet the temperature is uniform, varying but a trifle between the poles and the equator. The colder water is below.

It is reported that in many deep bays on the coast of Norway the water often begins to freeze at the bottom before it does at the surface. At this depth waves are not felt. Waves do not travel—that is, the water does not move forward, although it seems to do so; it stays in the same place. The rising and falling moves on.

We measure waves by their height and by the distance from crest to crest. In deep water this latter distance is about fifteen times the height of the waves. In shallow water the proportion is less, and this makes a choppy sea.

The force of the waves is in proportion to their height. It is said that the sea strikes on Bell rock with the force of seventeen tons to each square yard.

The pressure of the water ceases as we go down. At the depth of a mile this pressure is reckoned at more than 100 atmospheres.

To get correct sounding in deep water is difficult. A shot weighing thirty pounds carries down the line. Through this sinker a hole is bored, and through the hole is passed a rod of iron which moves easily back and forth. In the end of the bar a cup is dug out, and the inside is coated with lard. The bar is made fast to the line and a sling holds the shot on.

When the bar, which extends below the shot, touches the bottom, the sling unhooks and the shot slides off. The cup in the end of the bar holds some of the sand, or whatever may be on the bottom, and a cover shuts over the cup to keep the water from washing the sand out. In this way we learn the character of the deep sea bottom.

It will be seen at once that we can know the depressions of the bottom of the ocean more easily and more accurately than we can learn the elevation of the land. As a consequence we have a better topographical map of much of that surface than we have of the continents.

The depth of the sea presents some interesting considerations. If the Atlantic were lowered 6564 feet it would be reduced to half its present width. If it were lowered a little more than three miles there would be dry land all the way between Newfoundland and Ireland. If the Mediterranean were lowered 680 feet, Africa would be joined to Italy and three separate seas would remain.

About the Eye.

The eye is a small organ, but it is big enough to store therein cinders weighing a ton or less.

The best method of hunting these cinders is to project one's head out of a car window while the train is in motion, and gaze at the landscape. All the cinders in the country will immediately fly to the eye and permanently settle there.

A person with bad pupils is scholar-blind. It is wrong to pull down the blind. We should rather help them all we can!

The prevailing style of eye comes in brown, blue, black and gray. The hand-painted black eye is, however, no longer fashionable.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any purgative known to me." H. A. Archer, M.D., 311 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Physicians, &c.

DR. MARAND ROTHROCK, Fremont, Snyder county, Pa.

DR. E. W. TOOL, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Pottsville, Pa.

B. F. VAN BUSKIRK, SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST, Selingsgrove, Penn'a.

DR. J. W. SEIP, Kreamer, Snyder County Pa. OFFICE HOURS: 10 to 12 A. M., from 12 to 2 P. M. SPEAKS BOTH ENGLISH AND GERMAN. May 1, 1888.

RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE

Don't care anything but Rheumatism, but I know that every time it is cured I feel like a new man. For sale by all druggists. If one of the other is not in position to furnish it to you, do not be troubled to take any thing else, but apply direct to the General Agents, PAALZER BROS., & CO., 819 & 821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Don't care anything but Rheumatism, but I know that every time it is cured I feel like a new man. For sale by all druggists. If one of the other is not in position to furnish it to you, do not be troubled to take any thing else, but apply direct to the General Agents, PAALZER BROS., & CO., 819 & 821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Don't care anything but Rheumatism, but I know that every time it is cured I feel like a new man. For sale by all druggists. If one of the other is not in position to furnish it to you, do not be troubled to take any thing else, but apply direct to the General Agents, PAALZER BROS., & CO., 819 & 821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

WHAT IS IT? A strictly vegetable preparation, composed of a choice and skillful combination of Nature's best remedies. The discoverer does not claim it a cure for all the ills, but boldly warrants it cures every form of disease arising from a torpid liver, impure blood, disordered kidneys, and where there is a broken down condition of the System, requiring a prompt and permanent tonic, it never fails to restore the sufferer. Such is BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Sold by all druggists, who are authorized by the manufacturers to refund the price to any purchaser who is not benefited by their use.

PRICE, \$1.00. FOSTER, MILLBURN & CO., Props., BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

WORTH SENDING FOR

Dr. J. H. SCHENCK has published a NEW AND ELABORATE BOOK on the Treatment and Cure of CONSUMPTION, LIVER COMPLAINT AND DYSPEPSIA

which will be mailed FREE to all who want it. If you are, or know of any one who is afflicted with, or liable to any of these diseases, send name and address (plainly written) to Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, (Name this paper.) Philadelphia, Pa.

SALESMEN WANTED

A few good reliable NEW FRUIT SPECIAL SALESMEN.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any purgative known to me. H. A. Archer, M.D., 311 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Physicians, &c.

DR. MARAND ROTHROCK, Fremont, Snyder county, Pa.

DR. E. W. TOOL, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Pottsville, Pa.

B. F. VAN BUSKIRK, SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST, Selingsgrove, Penn'a.

DR. J. W. SEIP, Kreamer, Snyder County Pa. OFFICE HOURS: 10 to 12 A. M., from 12 to 2 P. M. SPEAKS BOTH ENGLISH AND GERMAN. May 1, 1888.

RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE

Don't care anything but Rheumatism, but I know that every time it is cured I feel like a new man. For sale by all druggists. If one of the other is not in position to furnish it to you, do not be troubled to take any thing else, but apply direct to the General Agents, PAALZER BROS., & CO., 819 & 821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Don't care anything but Rheumatism, but I know that every time it is cured I feel like a new man. For sale by all druggists. If one of the other is not in position to furnish it to you, do not be troubled to take any thing else, but apply direct to the General Agents, PAALZER BROS., & CO., 819 & 821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

WHAT IS IT? A strictly vegetable preparation, composed of a choice and skillful combination of Nature's best remedies. The discoverer does not claim it a cure for all the ills, but boldly warrants it cures every form of disease arising from a torpid liver, impure blood, disordered kidneys, and where there is a broken down condition of the System, requiring a prompt and permanent tonic, it never fails to restore the sufferer. Such is BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Sold by all druggists, who are authorized by the manufacturers to refund the price to any purchaser who is not benefited by their use.

PRICE, \$1.00. FOSTER, MILLBURN & CO., Props., BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

WORTH SENDING FOR

Dr. J. H. SCHENCK has published a NEW AND ELABORATE BOOK on the Treatment and Cure of CONSUMPTION, LIVER COMPLAINT AND DYSPEPSIA

which will be mailed FREE to all who want it. If you are, or know of any one who is afflicted with, or liable to any of these diseases, send name and address (plainly written) to Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, (Name this paper.) Philadelphia, Pa.

SALESMEN WANTED

A few good reliable NEW FRUIT SPECIAL SALESMEN.

Attorneys-at-Law

JAMES G. CROUSE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, MIDDLEBURGH, PA.

JACOB GILBERT, Attorney and Counselor at Law, MIDDLEBURGH, PA.

W. M. E. HOUSWORTH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SELINGSGROVE, PA.

H. G. DBITRICH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Market St., Selingsgrove, Pa.

H. E. BOWER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND DISTRICT ATTORNEY, Middleburgh, Pa.

T. J. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, MIDDLEBURGH, SNYDER CO., PA.

A. W. POTTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Selingsgrove, Pa.

H. H. GRIMM, Attorney-at-Law, Middleburgh, Pa.

JOHN H. ARNOLD, Attorney at Law, MIDDLEBURGH.

SAMUEL H. ORWIC, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Lewisburg, Union Co., Pa.

JOHN K. HUGHES, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Kants, Snyder Co., Pa.

JOHN V. FISHER, M. D., Middleburgh, Penn'a.

I. GRIER BARBER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Middleburgh, Penn'a.

PARKER'S GINGER-TONIC

Wanted
Agents to sell THE HISTORY OF THE BLACK PHALANX.