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. | EDITOR AND PROP'R

VOL. XXIV | MIDDLEBURGH, SNYDER CO., PENN'A, MARCH 15, 1888. | NO 13

Co. Commissioners.

"In the Midst of Life."

[Relating to John P. Dauberman, dec'd late of Northumberland, Pa.]

BY R. MERTZ.

His soul has departed! The world still moves on;
But a bright light has gone out in the midst of our town;
A man of true worth in the vigor of life,
Has been called by the Lord from earth's toil and strife.

His fellow-man mourns as he looks on his sight,
For a blessing that brightened has taken its flight.
In the midst of life's duties and those to his God,
We have laid him to rest 'neath the snow-covered sod.

In the midst of the Church a light has gone out,
Where in worship of God he was sincere and devout.
A pillar has fallen! the loss the church feels;
But with faith she submits and silently kneels.

A light has gone out—the great light of home;
In the midst of his family no more he'll be found;
God pity the children,—be their Father and God:
Give grace to the widow to "pass under the rod."

This another true lesson to one and to all,
"In the midst of life" the death angel doth call;
And while we cherish the memory of him gone before,
May we watch and be ready when Death comes to our door.

NELLIE'S ADVENTURE.

'I lingered a few minutes until the people were massed round the luggage-vans at the end of the train; and then, being convinced that my uncle had not yet arrived, I moved away a few steps, when a hand closed sharply over mine that held the cage, and my persecutor whispered with an unbearable insolence, his lips almost touching my ear—

'Pray, allow me to assist you.'

'I shook him off, so violently that the poor birds fluttered in terror for five minutes afterwards, and hurried up to the luggage-van. My trunks were already on the platform, waiting to be claimed; so, getting them placed on a truck, I ordered a porter to engage a cab, determined not to give my uncle a moment's grace.

'A four-wheeler—did you hear me?' I said, with a nervous impatience, for the unmanly wretch was still at my side, and was actually helping the porter to adjust my luggage upon the truck, as if we were traveling together. 'Put those trunks on a cab at once. What are you waiting for? I asked.

'But the gentleman says I'm to take them to the station-master's office,' objected the man. 'I don't know what to do, I'm sure, ma'am. Are the trunks yours or his?'

'Mine—mine! Of course they are mine!' I answered, raising my voice which quivered with excitement. 'This person is a total stranger to me. Will you ask one of the guard, please, to call a policeman, that I may give him into custody?

'There is a detective from Scotland Yard at your elbow; pray make use of his services, ma'am,' replied the gentleman, with a smile that made my blood boil; than, in a voice of impatient command—'Look sharp, porter; take those trunks to the station-master's office at once.'

'And the next moment the truck was wheeled away under the wretch's escort, without another dissenting word from me for his unparalleled audacity had struck me dumb for the moment. I turned mechanically to the man at my elbow, a low-sized individual with a red beard and a cunning good-humored face.

'Will you help me?' I cried impulsively, 'I am a girl, and quite alone. My uncle Colonel Burton Clark, who was to have met me, has——'

'Hush, hush, my dear young lady!' he interrupted, with repulsive familiarity, laying two fat grimy fingers on my arm. 'Don't make a row about it, for it can do no good Make your mind easy; it's all square enough. I've the warrant to search you here in my pocket. It's all quite square I assure you.'

'A warrant to search me! To search me for what?' I demanded dumbfounded.

'For Lady Frances Willoughby's diamonds, which were stolen from her dressing case in a hotel in Dawson street Dublin, a fortnight ago. The gentleman who travelled with you from Chester is, you know, her ladyship's second son.'

'It is a mistake—a most unwarranted mistake!' I protested vehemently. 'You must be mad, all of you! I am a lady, I tell you. I am Miss Eleanor Holmes—here is my mother's address in Dublin—and I am going to stay with my uncle, Colonel Burton Clark, who was to have met me here, and who will call Mr. Willougby to severe account for this outrage on a defenseless girl. It is shameful it is unparalleled!'

'So it is—so it is!' he assented, with soothing impertinence. 'I am sure Colonel What's-his-name will make him smart for it when he comes. At the same time, it's no use taking on so, my dear. It's all a mistake that'll be cleared up, I'm sure. Well, Dawson, what do you want?' this to a dark sullen-looking man whom I had also seen speaking to Mr. Willoughby. 'Oh, ay—the keys! I'd forgotten about them. Yes, yes; I'm telling the young lady it's all a mistake we'll clear up in a jiffy for her. Now give me that bag, my dear, and that pretty purse'—calmly taking them from my paralyzed hands handing them to his confederate—'that's the way to work—no fuss, no nonsense—there's a good girl!—and the bird cage. Dawson where's your manners, to let a lady carry an object like that about a public station? Fie, fie?'

'I darted away from them, and ran toward the street to see if there was any sign of my uncle; but, before I had reached the big station gates, I heard the odious little creature puffing by my side and jocularly reproaching me for my desertion of him.

'I waited for a few minutes; but, seeing no sign of my relative, I returned to the platform and bade my companion take me to the station-master's office.

'Shall I ever forget the scene that greeted me there? My trunks were both unpacked, and chairs; table and floor were littered with their contents; my best bonnet was suspended from a dirty chandelier my white tulle ball dress, tenderly swathed by my mother in one of her finest linen sheets, was spread out on the floor, and kneeling besides it was the man Dawson, engaged in leisurely turning over the pages of my album with damp, dirty fingers.

'The hero of this disagreeable occurrence was standing apart at one of the windows; and, when my wrathful eyes met his, he actually had the grace to look a little ashamed of himself, and began stammering something that might have been considered an attempt at apology had I inclined myself to listen to him.

'Sir, I said, breaking in with a thrilling vibration of voice which I afterward learned had a most crushing effect, do not presume to speak to me. Any explanation of your conduct which you may find it expedient to give must be addressed to my uncle and guardian, who is at present in London, and who, I know, will deeply resent and avenge the unpardonable insult offered to a defenceless girl who never offended you.'

'Pausing momentarily for breath and for something even yet more annihilating to say; to my great joy I heard uncle Ned's voice, and, darting out, I threw myself into his arms.

'It was some time before he could make head or tail of my incoherent complaint; at last, leading me to a seat, he said impatiently.

'My dear child, one moment, or I shall believe that you have lost your head. You tell me you have been detained here at this station and your trunks examined by a brace of detectives for some diamonds stolen from a Lady Francis Willoughby, and what have you to do with her?

'Nothing, nothing; I don't know her, have never even seen the woman. My mother, I believe, knew her just a little when she was a girl. She came to Dublin for the Drawing-room this year, and on the night before her diamonds, a necklace, earrings and coronet, worth over six thousand pounds, were stolen from the hotel where she was staying, and no trace of the thieves was ever found, though suspicion attached to a maid whom she had engaged in London, and who is supposed to have been in league with a band of professional thieves, for she disappeared next day and cannot be found anywhere.'

'Well, I don't understand yet. What you or your mother to say to the business?'

'Nothing, nothing. I don't understand anything yet myself, except that Mr. Willoughby, seeing me shrink under his insolent stare at Chester and try to avoid him, took it into his head I was escaping with his mother's diamonds, and telegraphed for two detectives to meet me here with a search warrant.'

'Why, the man must be a raving lunatic! I'll have him committed at once! Take me to him, quick, child, quick!' cried my uncle, staring up with flaming face, and clutching his sword-cane as he did so. 'Lead the way, Nell!'

'At the office door, which he forced open with a kick, for uncle Ned is very violent when roused, he thrust me back, to my disgust, for I was just as excited as he.

'No, no, child; this is no place for you!' Keep back; you must not face those cowardly scoundrels again; stay outside, like a good girl!'

'I could have almost tried with disappointment, for my blood was up, and I felt quite equal to taking my part in the denouement.

'I stood as close to the door as I could; but the noise of an engine that was letting off steam in the station prevented my hearing anything but a word here and there, though my uncle was bellowing at the top of his voice and evidently having it all his own way. However, I could follow the altercation with the help of such expressions as 'cowardly ruffian, 'dastardly outrage,' 'most infamous, audacious abuse of the law I ever,' 'will have the case before parliament before the end of the session,' 'no lady able to travel if the constitution sanction——.' A departing shriek from the engine drowned everything else, and, when the station was quiet again, my uncle had ceased speaking and Mr. Willoughby was evidently having his innings; but, as his voice was much lower and quieter, I could not catch a single word, and, at last, not able to catch a single word, and, at last not able to restrain my curiousity any longer, I softly pushed open the door, and entered unperceived by my uncle, whose back was turned towards it,'

'No, sir,' Mr. Wiloughby was saying in a stammering voice—and his bold eyes were quickly averted when they met mine—'you mistake me. I am not seeking to offer you an apology for the unpardonable affront I have put upon this young lady, for I feel at present that no words of mine could mitigate my offence. But, in justice to these two dective officers whom you threaten to report and degrade, I beg you will listen to the grounds that I had for summoning them to my assistance. You must know that for the last fortnight I have been actively engaged in my mother's behalf trying to discover some trace of her stolen property, that I followed clue after clue with most disheartening results; so, when I received a telegram at Liverpool yesterday evening, telling me that one of the passengers on the North Wall boat which was to cross that diamonds to London, I lost my head, and let my zeal get the better of my judgment and discretion. I hurried to Chester with the description in my pocket. Listen to it, I beg of you, Colonel Clark—'A young woman of prepossessing appearance, medium height, fair hair curled on the forehead, wearing a bright shawl striped in yellow and red, carrying several parcels and a bird cage containing two canaries.' In the refreshment room at Chester I saw your niece; she wore the shawl you see on that chair—observe the stripes, yellow and red—her hair is fair and curled, height is medium, her appearance prepos—— I mean, you will—you must admit,' he stammered entreatingly, 'there was—is some slight extenuation for my subsequent shameful persecution. Then the young lady's manner further misled me, for, meeting my glance she certainly shrank from me in a frightful manner and hastened from the room. I followed quickly, but lost her in the crowd. However, hurrying distractedly along the platform, not knowing whether to enter the train or remain behind, I suddenly caught a glimpse of her in a second-class carriage with a bird cage containging two canaries on her knee. My doubts were dispelled; I jumped into the train, wired to Scotland Yard at the next station, and, keeping a sharp look-out, which I now know must have been very painful and offensive to your niece, I—I—But you know the rest. I am not going to apologize—I would not presume to crave her pardon; but, Colonel Clark, I beg you will consider the two misleading coincidences—the striped shawl, the cage with the two canaries—'

'Hang the canaries! Don't dare to offer such pitiful subterfuges to me, sir!' burst in my uncle, string the cage so ruthlessly that it fell from the chimney-piece with such force that the door was burst open and the two birds flattered out terrified.

'Dawson, who, with his companion, was kneeling on the floor meekly repacking my trunk, put out his head to pick it up, and then sprang to his feet with a cry of amuzement, holding the cagebottom upwards.

'Mr. Willoughby! Your diamonds, your diamonds! I've found 'em! Look, look!' he shouted, tearing out the bottom board of the cage, which had become loosened by the force of the fall, 'Here's the six thousand pounds worth safe as an egg in its nest! See—the seed-drawers are shams, only go an inch through the wood! The rest is a pocket for swag, opening with a spring which no one would ever have found out. What beauties! They're all right, sir, aren't they?'

'Yes, yes,' answered Mr. Willoughby, his black eyes glittering, 'necklace, earrings, coronet, all, not a stone wanting, hurrah!'

'Eleano,' gasped my uncle, with ashy countenance, gazing at the sparkling jewels, 'how, how did that cage come into your possession?'

'Then the whole truth dawned on me, and I eagerly related how I came to make the acquaintance of the artless Mrs. O'Toole, and how she made me wear her shawl, appropriating my own valuable scarf, and forced the cage on me with the solemn injunction not to let it out of my hands for a moment until I had put it into her sister's keeping on my way from the railway station.

'I see through it all; it's as plain as a pikestaff!' burst in Mr. Willoughby, scowling stealthily, while a rather cynical smile dawned on the detectives' countenances. 'You have been made a regular cat's paw of, Miss Holmes. The little thief must have seen and recognized me at Chester, or have received some intimation of my presence from her accomplices, then believing naturally that the station was swarming with detectives, cleverly adopting the plan of making you, whose appearance would be a protection against any but a hot-headed, mole-eyed idiot like myself, convey her plunder to safe quarters in London, where, we all know, the city once reached, it would be lost forever. By Jove, it was a stroke of genius! I have never heard anything like it! And to think, Colonel Clark, that but for your outburst of, of, hem! righteous indignation it would all have remained undiscovered! Miss Holmes would have calmly handed over the cage to Mrs. O'Toole's agents in Cook's Court!'

'All's well that ends well,' I whispered to my uncle, who, poor man, seemed quite dazed by the extraordinary adventure! 'Had we not better be going? I do want my breakfast, uncle Ned!'

So a few minutes later a four-wheeler was bearing me westwards at last. And that, dear girls, is the true and faithful account of my journey from North Wall to Euston in the year eighteen hundred and, and, we don't mind the decimals.'

Here Mrs. Sackville shook her pretty blonde hair and gazed with ruthful retrospection into the fire, as if she was recalling an incident contemporary with the Reform Bill or the battle of Waterloo, which made us all laugh.

'But surely that is not all? Your adventure must have an epilogue of some kind. The thieves were discovered, were they not? Surely you did not allow Mrs. O'Toole to escape with your lace scarf?' broke in two or three of the party.

'Alas, neither Mrs. O'Toole, nor my scarf, nor any of the parties connected with the robbery was ever even faintly traced. For when the police besiged 23, Cook's Court, they found the place had been deserted the seizure and examination of my property having probably got wind hours before I left the station. They escaped every one.'

'What a shame! Well, how about Mr. Willoughby? Did you ever see him again? Did you ever see him again,'

'Mr. Willoughby. Let me see. Did I ever see him again Kate. Yes, I think so, four or five times before we left town,' answered Mrs. Sackville, half stifling a yawn, 'He called, you know to try to induce my uncle to forgive him.'

'Well, and did he,'

'Not for a long time, months, years. He followed me—I mean my uncle, you know—down into Devonshire that summer.

'And eventually he was forgiven.'

'Eventually—yes, as—well as I can remember.'

'Mrs. Sackville,' suddenly cried the young lady called Kate, who had conducted the examination, 'you married the man! Willonghby was your husband's name before he came in for his uncle's estates. I remember perfectly—Herbert Willoughby. Oh, what a sly-boots you are! You actually married him, and were going to let us off without the cream of the story! Shame, shame!'

'And the diamonds you wore at the fancy ball last night, which every one was talking about,' broke in three or four voices eagerly, 'were the very ones you carried in the cage from Chester to London.'

'They were,' assented Mrs. Sackville, reviving a little as the gentleman came trooping in. 'I-I married him for them.'

Wealth In Marriage.

To a congregation that filled every part of the vast auditorium of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, Dr. Talmage, recently delivered the second of his series of sermons to the women of America. He took for his text 1st Samuel xxv., 2, his subject being the practice of marrying simply for the sake of social position. He dwelt mainly upon the unhappiness prevailing in households, where in spite of wealth and rich surroundings confugal infelicity exists.

"A drunken sot wins the heart of a woman, and during a parenthesis of sobriety he leads her to the altar and pledges himself to love and protect her, and she is made his wife. But as soon as he has her in his power he asserts himself and makes her his slave. She is only a woman anyhow, is his excuse for ill treating her.

"Women marry for worldly success without regard for moral character. Is he a good, congenial, honest man? should be the first question a woman should ask herself before casting her life fortunes with a man.

"People should be provided with money sufficient to live comfortably. The whole tendency of sin is toward poverty—the whole tendency of success is toward righteousness. It is a grand thing to have plenty of money; to have all you want; to have a fine library and good surroundings. There is no virtue in being poor if we can hon estly be rich.

"Infidelity is inci pient insanity—all infidels are cranks. Many people pretend to despise the Christian religion, but they are all hypocrites. Religion is the grandest thing for worldly and spiritual prosperities. Wommen marry for money and society looks on and applauds. One big dollar placed before the eye will shut out a desert of sin. The greatest villain on earth is the man who takes a woman from a good home and treats her like a dog. What American society most needs now is to have the genteel villain exterminated."

One Day's Grace.

"I'd like to report, sah, dat my wife ar' missin'," said an old colored man who came to the Gratiot avenue station the other day.

"Well, since how long?"

"Bout nine days, sah."

"Under what circumstances?"

"Went right off an' didn't come back."

"What's her description?"

"Black, sah. She's black all ober an' got a wart under de left eye. Dat's as far as I can remember."

"Have you any idea of her whereabouts?"

"Not 'zactly, sir. She might be gone to Canada and she might be in de ribber. She was a very unsartin woman."

"Well, if anything turns up we'll let you know."

"Thanks, sah; but to-morrer is de last day you know. If she doan' come back by dad time I's free of her."

"Bosh! Who told you so?"

"Lots o' folks. Hain't 'er true?"

"Of course not."

"Huh! but I guess it is. Mus' be so or dey wouldn't er told me. However to make sartin 'bout it, I'll wait 'leben days 'fore I marry agin, an'den she can't jump on me for alimony. Much obleeged, sah. It's de fust time any of my wives ever runned off dis way."

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE

Don't cure anything but Rheumatism, but it cures that every time. It cured
SAM'L BURNS Lancaster, Pa.
MR. HARTMAN, Sr., Bloomsburg, Pa.
MRS. REV R. H. ROBINSON Staunton, Va.
MRS. WM. MICHAEL 1830 Wylie St., Philadelphia
J. F. NEWTON Camden, N. J.
MRS. MARY CAYSON, Moorestown, N. J.
CHAS. E. MANN, Manch Cloink, Pa.

EVERY BOX HAS BOTH TRADE MARKS AND SIGNATURE On the Stick. None Genuine without the signature and both Trade Marks.

PRICE $2.50 PER BOX.

For complete information, Descriptive Pamphlet, with testimonials, free.

For sale by all druggists. If one or the other is not in position to furnish it to you, do not be persuaded to take anything else, but apply direct to the General Agents, PFANZLER BROS. & CO. 819 & 821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

SCROFULA

Usually develops in early life, and is a peculiar morbid condition of the system, usually affecting the glands, often resulting in swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, thickening of the lips, enlarged neck, sore eyes. A scrofulous condition is often hereditary, but bad diet, too free use of fat meat [illegible] nourishing food will induce it. Some people are troubled with scrofulous swelling of the glands, and with ulcers and kernels, which may cause very little pain; others may have inward scrofula, scrofula of the lungs, scrofula of the spleen, scrofula of the kidneys, and scrofula of the bones. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will drive away any case of scrofula and not to appear in another place, for their action on the blood and bowels will carry the disease entirely from the body.

Biliousness.

Symptoms:
Want of Appetite.
Furred Tongue.
Bitter Taste.
Constipation.
Headache.
General Depression.

Treatment:
DR. SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.
This is sure and always safe.

For Sale by all Druggists. Price 25 cts. per box; 5 boxes for $1 cts., or sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price. Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philad'a.

SALESMEN WANTED
A few good reliable men to sell our NEW FRUITS and SPECIALTIES, together with a full line of NURSERY STOCK. GOOD SALARY and EXPENSES PAID to Honest, Active and Successful Agents. The business easily learned. For terms address, HOOPES, BROTHER & THOMAS, WEST CHESTER, PA. Established 1853.

MUNN & CO. PATENTS
ESTABLIS'D 1846 NEW YORK

After Forty years' experience in the preparation of more than One Hundred Thousand applications for patents in the United States and Foreign countries, the publishers of the Scientific American continue to act as solicitors for patents, caveats, trade-marks, copyrights, etc., for the United States and to obtain patents in Canada, England, France, Germany, and all other countries. Their experience is unequaled and their facilities are unsurpassed.

Drawings and specifications prepared and filed in the Patent Office on short notice. Terms very reasonable. No charge for examination of models or drawings. Advice by mail free.

Patents obtained through Munn & Co. are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, which has the largest circulation and is the most influential newspaper of its kind published in the world. The advantages of such a notice every patentee understands.

This large and splendidly illustrated newspaper is published WEEKLY at $3.00 a year, and is admitted to be the best paper devoted to science, mechanics, inventions, engineering works, and other departments of industrial progress, published in any country. It contains the names of all patentees and title of every invention patented each week. Try it four months for one dollar, sold by all newsdealers.

If you have an invention to patent write to Munn & Co., publishers of Scientific American, 361 Broadway, New York.

Handbook about patents mailed free.

Attorneys-At-Law.

JAMES G. CROUSE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
MIDDLEBURGH, PA
All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Consultation in German and English. 2-1

JACOB GILBERT,
Attorney and Counselor at Law
MIDDLEBURGH, PA,
Collections and all other business promptly attended to. Consultation in English and German. 13-1-88.

F. E. BOWER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
AND DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
Middleburg, Pa.
Collections made. Consultations in English and German. June 4, 1887.

CHAS P ULRICH,
Attorney & Counsellor-At-Law
Office in App's Building one door North of KEYSTONE HOTEL,
Selinsgrove, Penn'a.
Collections and all other professional business is solicited and will receive prompt attention. Apr. 11, 1887.

TJ SMITH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER CO., PA
Offers his Professional Services to the public. Consultations in English and German.

A. W. POTTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Selinsgrove, Pa.
Offers their professional services to the public. Illegal business entrusted to them will receive prompt attention. Offices.

H. H. GRIMM,
Attorney-at-Law,
Middleburgh, Pa.
Consultation in both English and German Languages. Oct. 8, 1885.

SAMUEL H. ORWIG,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Lewisburg, Union Co., Pa.
Office on Market Street, one door east of Southern House.
Dec. 29, 1877.tf.

JOHN K. HUGHES,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Kantz, Snyder Co., Pa.
Collections promptly made.

I. GRIER BARBER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Middleburgh, Penn'a.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity. Office a few doors West of the Court House, in Arnold's building.

Physicians, &c.

DR MARAND ROTHROCK,
Fremont, Snyder county Pa
Graduate of Baltimore College of Physician and Surgeon. Offers his professional services to the public. Speaks English and German.

DR. E. W. TOOL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Freeburg, Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public. Is conversant in both English and German. Office on Main street.

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

Wanted
Agents to Sell the HISTORY of
The BLACK PHALANX.
AMERICAN PUB'G CO

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL GUIDE.
For 1888 is better than ever, and should be in the hands of every person contemplating buying SEEDS, PLANTS OR BULBS. It contains a Colored plate, hundreds of illustrations, and nearly 150 pages, telling what to buy, and where to get it, and printing lowest prices for honest goods. Price of this only 15 cents, including a Certificate good for 10 cents worth of Seeds. JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N. Y.