The Middleburgh Post.

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 PROPRI

OL. XXIV | MIDDLEBURGH, SNYDER CO., PENN'A, APRIL 26, 1888. | NO 19

A SEA SIDE ROMANCE.

BY MARY C. PRESTON.

But how can I help being neg-ted and miserable, Ned? You rcely look at me when Miss Lo-l is near, and she is your prefer-d partner in all things now. You lk with her, you sing with her, u drive with her, you dance with r, and it makes me very wretch-.'

'Now, Mollie, if you're going to be l ous!'

'I'm not jealous, Ned. If I thought u didn't care most for me, if I ncied you cared at all for any one e, I didn't think I'd remonstrate th you at all. I would just take this,' touching the diamond on r hand, 'and hand it back to you. n not jealous, but you are not ry kind to me, Ned.'

'My little pet, you do not see ings as I see them. One owes mething to society, especially en one is at the seaside. If you uld only remember that I love u too well to find fault with any-ing you can do, and if you would come a little more of a society aracter yourself, I would be per-tly happy. Why, you scarcely e the least attention from any but me, and so many are willing offer attentions to you. Now, r, kiss me once; I must be off: m to drive on the beach with Miss vel; not jealous, my pet?'

'Not jealous, Ned, no;' and she ned from him, but without giving kiss he had asked for.

'She is jealous, though!' the young w thought, smiling as he watch-the pretty, straight figure go-away from the nook in which he found her, out to the stretch of d, against which the waves were ing, receding, leaving now a mass weed on it, now returning and cold and unpleasant. It ways fair in the sunlight.

Ned Tremaine hurried over the ch, whistling as he went, and he ssently caught up with his affianc-who in her pretty dress of cream d black, with the wide sun-hat shed a little back on her blonde ad, was looking very beautiful d animated—and smiling in the ce of Lee Stone, the most incor-gible male flirt at the beach.

'Where now, Tremaine?' the lat-r called; but, as, with a nod, he uraned his way.

'For a drive on the beach; will e you later;' and Ned had gone y, resuming his whistle.

Mr. Stone smiled a little and spoke few words to Mollie. She colored lightly, followed the tall form of er lover for a moment with her yes, then gave a gracious answer, nd half an hour later, when Ned nd Miss Lovel met the pretty light carriage on the beach, in which Lee Stone took his daily drive, they re-ceived a pleasant nod from pretty Mollie, who was his companion, and who looked as though she was thoroughly enjoying his society.

'She certainly lost no time in fol-lowing my suggestion,' Ned told himself, half in surprise; 'and she has evidently found the society of Stone anything but boring.'

'What a handsome couple they make,' Miss Lovel said with a certain gleam in her steady gray eyes Ned colored suddenly he didn't quite know why.

'Perhaps you didn't know that Miss Annes is my promised wife,' he said, a trifle coldly.

'Oh, but so many engagements are broken in a summer at the seaside; one never minds it very much,' the languid belle said indifferently.

That night there was a hop at the hotel, and Ned had made up his mind while dressing to be a little more attentive to Mollie to his surprise, he didn't find Miss Annes shrinking under her mother's wing, as had been her custom. Number of her old friends had arrived while they were at dinner, and were about her; beside, Lee Stone was late pronounced in his attentions, and while she gave (Ned) a smile from the distance found it quite difficult to get to her; a light tap on his arm informed that Miss Lovel wishing him he was so precocious and, as Lee and Stone were talking by, followed the waltz Miss Lovel flirtation.' he and

Mollie stood on the hotel terrace, watching the moonlight on the sea and strand, and one solitary couple pacing slowly along beside the waters. Both knew who they were, for a few minutes before they had seen Ned Tremaine place that pale-pink scarf about the shoulders of Miss Laura Lovel as he led her across the terrace, too much engrossed in his task, it would seem, to notice Mollie or her companion.

'Oh, everybody flirts more or less at a seaside hotel; one has nothing else to do, you know,' Mollie answered Lee, with a little ripple of laughter, and he looked down on the pretty face to which the moonlight was so tender, his voice sinking to almost a whisper as he spoke to her.

'It is cowardly pastime for a man,' he said softly, 'and for a woman it is a cruel one.'

Again she laughed, while arranging the bracelet on her arm: a touch of mockery was in the rippling voice.

'And you—is it pleasant to know that you are cruel or cowardly?' she questioned. 'One is tempted to become personal when such remarks come from one who is said to count his conquests with cruel pride and to whom the world gives no higher aim than to fascinate—and remain careless. Am I too plain? Forgive me?'

'I forgive you freely—as I would forgive you all things, Miss Annes; but neither you nor the world fully understand me. I may seem a trifler; but, were the woman I love to love me in return, no smile would be to me so sweet as hers, no presence half so dear.'

Mollie had been watching the couple on the sands, going slowly back and forth, back and forth in the moonlight; now she lifted her sweet young face and looked at him with a sort of wondering pity.

'Why don't you make love to your new barn for Wm. H. D[illegible]?' she asked gently. 'Have you failed in your wooing? Can you not win where you love?'

His face flushed a little at her words, and she, watching it, was struck by its strength and beauty. How did it chance that she had never noticed before?

'I am not left the chance to woo or win her,' he said slowly, 'she is another's promised wife.'

'Ah,' she said pityingly; and she gave him her hand in a sweet, womanly sympathy, never for an instant connecting his words with herself. He lifted the small hand reverently to his lips, and drawing it through his arm, turned toward the beach. As he did so he found himself facing Ned Tremaine and Laura Lovl, who were coming in from the moonlight, and he noticed that the young man's face was quite white, while there was a half scornful smile on the lips of the fair belle of the seaside. But the two couples passed each other in silence, the one going down to the stretch of glittering sand, the other going in to the dancers.

A week later, and Mollie had just come in from a long hour, peaceful and calm, spent with Lee in a quiet nook among the rocks that overhung the ocean. He had been reading to her there some of the sweetest poems given to the world by genius. Her heart had thrilled as he read, and new, strange feeling had stirred it. When he closed the book he had looked up and found her eyes filled with tears. And now in her own room she was asking herself how it was that what she had commenced but for the purpose of annoying Ned had in one brief week slain all her old resentment against Miss Lovel and made her thoughts turn constantly, not to Ned Tremaine, who was her affianced husband, but to Lee Stone, who was termed the greatest male flirt at the beach.—What was changing in her life? When she now met Ned and Laura it did not pain her as it used. Was it because a handsomer face, a stronger and noble face than Ned's was constantly near, ready to turn to her with devotion, ready to light if she smiled?

A servant broke her ponderings by bringing her two messages—one a bouquet of white flowers, with a few feathery sprays of fern among their whiteness, and one crimson rose gleaming red from their center; and in it was a note from Lee, asking her to go for a drive with him by moonlight; the other was a few angry lines from Ned, asking if she remembered that she was betrothed to him while she allowed every gossip at the hotel to chatter of her flirtation with Lee Stone.

'I have been patient, waiting an opportunity of speaking to you,' he wrote, 'but you will not give me one, so I write to ask you if you wish our engagement broken; to all it would seem so.'

She trembled a little as she read, and her sweet face changed color; but she went to her desk, drew from it every letter he had ever sent her, formed them and his ring in a package and wrote him the following note:

'It was I who was first taught patience, while my existence was forgotten for one who what you bade me become—a society character. Why should I fancy that you wish an interview with me of late? It is not so long since you could not spare a moment for me from Miss Lovel. Do I wish our engagement broken? Perhaps we both wish it, Ned; at least let us break it, since I so displease you. I send you your letters and ring.'

Then, although a choaking sensation was in her throat, she penned a brief note to Lee:

'I will be pleased to go with you; that was all; and in the starlight—the moon rose late—she went with him out over the beach, and far along the country.

Was it strange that he noticed she no longer wore Ned's ring? Was it strange that he told her of his love and that she listened silently, believing, with a strange flutter at her heart? Was it strange that when they drove back, lingering beside the sobbing ocean, another ring should deck her finger and another bond should lie upon her life? Well, two others walked upon the strand, two whom the gossips called lovers; and yet when it was told that Mollie Annes was to place her happiness in the keeping of the [illegible] the one man who heard it turned white as death and shrank from the sight of the beautiful woman beside him, although men called her fair, and many said she had won him from his faith; yet Mollie was too happy to regret, although she still sometimes remembers.

Where Women Keep Still.

The Armenian of Russian Trans-Caucasia enjoy a one-man power in each home. The grandfather commands.—The entire family, children, son-in-law, daughters-in-law and grandchildren all obey him. The wife is condemned to silence from her marriage till the birth of her first child. She must wear a thick bandage over her mouth continually until a child is born to her, and on no occasion, even if she sees a mouse, must she speak. Her conversation must be carried on by signs. From the birth of her first child till she is forty-five years old she must speak only in a low tone, and must undertake of the household till the marriage of a sister-in-law.

This law has descended undisturbed for ages, from a ruler who thus commanded among women as a penalty, or after death punishment of his wife who disturbed him by her talking. Custom has riveted this bandage on the lips of women who must not chatter when pleased or call for help when hurt.—The men are hated and despised by all decent people.

A happy home is the brightest spot on earth the eye of God looks down on. Love and peace in his home sends sunshine round a man wherever he goes; disorder and trouble there is misery everywhere. There are few worries of life which a man cannot now and then shake off; but who can shake himself free from the skeleton in the closet, from the worry in the blister on the heart? A day will tell how many a man carried that with him without wincing down to the grave. When husband and wife are helpmeets to each other in the best sense, when order and love and goodness prevail in the house, then the man who has a hard battle in life to fight can leave his struggles behind him when he enters there. With all our our faults we are the most home-loving people, and that is the reason why we are the greatest people. Whatever helps

'Gentlemen.—'I say, waiter, I've just cracked this egg; look at it.'

Waiter.—'Don's look very nice at that end, I must say; try the other.'

JOHN JONES' MONUMENT.

John Jones began at the age of fifteen to build a monument and finished it at fifty. He worked night and day, often all night long, and on the Sabbath. He seemed to be in a great hurry to get it done. He spent all the money he earned upon it—some say $50,000. Then he borrowed all he could; and when no one would loan him any more he would take his wife's dresses and the bed-clothes and many other valuable things in his home, and sell them to get more money to finish that monument.

They say he came home one day and was about to take the blankets that lay over his sleeping baby to keep it warm, and his wife tried to stop him; but he drew back his fist and knocked her down, and then went away with the blankets and never brought them back, and the poor baby sickened and died from exposure. At last there was nothing left in the house. The poor, heart-broken wife soon followed the baby to the grave. Yet John Jones kept working all the more at the monument. I saw him when he was fifty years old. The monument was nearly done; but he had worked so hard at it that I hardly knew him, he was so worn; his clothes were all in tatters, and his hands and face, indeed his whole body, were covered with scars which he got in laying up some of the stones.

And the wretched man had been so little in good society all the while that he was building, that he had about forgotten how to use the English language; his tongue had some how become very thick, and when he tried to speak, out would come an oath.

That may seem strange, but I have found out that all who build such monuments as John's prefer [illegible] word. [illegible]

Now, come with me, and I will show you John's monument. It stands in a beautiful part of the city where five streets meet. Most men put such things in a cemetery. But John had his own way and put it on one of the finest lots to be found.

'Does it look like Bunker Hill monument?' asks little Amy Arlott by my side.

Not at all. John didn't want to be remembered that way. He might have taken that $50,000 and built an asylum for poor little children that have no home, and people would have called the asylum his monument.

But here we are at the front door. It is a grand house! It is high and large, with great halls and towers, and velvet carpets, elegant mirrors and a piano, and I know not what all; so rich and grand.

That is John Jones' monument! and the man who sold John nearly all the whisky he drank lives here with his family, and they all dress in the richest and finest clothes.

Do you understand it?—*Eli Perkins' 'Wit and Humor of the age.'*

Where They Come From.

Travel the country over, and in nearly every printing office, whether in city or country, you will find one or more apprentices. From these boys of to-day, who are now washing rollers and doing all the dirty work of these offices, must come the printers—the newspaper and book compositors, the job printers, the pressmen, the publishers, and employing printers—of twenty years hence.

The majority of the compositors on our metropolitan papers obtained their first knowledge of the 'art preservative' in the despised country printing office. Yes, we can go even farther than this, and maintain that the majority of foremen of metropolitan newspaper and job offices were, in their earlier life, 'country devils.' Our best printers come not from the apprentices of the city offices, who are supposed to be taught and trained in the most approved manner. The boy from the country has a peculiar way of going ahead, of surmounting all difficulties, until he finally arrives at the highest position in the office, while the city apprentice makes progress more slowly. This is not a fancy sketch, but based on numerous cases, and its truthfulness can be attested by metropolitan printers of experience.—*Press and Printer.*

The Hero of the Throttle.

'None of the passengers killed?—That's good; lay me down; good bye, boys.' Such were the last words of Engineer Robert Gardner, who died at his locomotive throttle some time ago in the railroad collision near Huntingdon. He could have saved himself, but he was charged with the safety of many passengers, and he died at his post to save those whose lives were entrusted to his fidelity.

When he that a fearful collision was inevitable, he thought only of the responsible duty he had accepted and he stood by own his throttle and gave his own life to lessen the peril to the strangers who were in his care. He weakened the crash of the collision by standing heroically at the post of duty; and when he was extracted from the wreck, mortally crushed and mangled, he thought only of the others committed to his care. When told that none of the passengers had been killed, his last words were—'That's good; lay me down; good bye, boys.'

We keep green the memories of those who seek and win fame on the field of battle, but where in all the bloody conflicts of armies is there exhibited the grander courage than to give life to duty and to the safety of others, when life could be saved by peril to others? In all the stories of heroism there is none more lustrous than the hero of the throttle, who, having saved his passengers by sacrificing his own life, when told of the safety of those entrusted to his fidelity sank to rest, saying—'That's good; lay me down; good-bye boys.'

BRICK DUST.

Learn to say no to yourself.

A friend without discretion is more to be feared than an enemy in armor.

Children obtain the majority of their knowledge of evil and consequent desire to taste it from the talk of their parents.

Every profession of religion that does not make a man kind to his parents, wife and children is a mistake in the article.

Truth is as indifferent to public opinion as the general public is to truth.

Every time you strike a child you admit your incapacity to govern yourself or others.

The best friend is the one who gives the best advice.

The biggest crowns in Heaven are for those who were the most natural on earth.

God may have use for cowards but has never yet so advertised.

Let every man be himself as God intended and the world will steadily grow better.

Every thinker and utterer of good thoughts is a pioneer pushing his way through brambles to contend against darkness, ignorance and superstition.

They who say the grave holds man forget that it holds nothing of him or his thoughts.

Let no one think he can be made a gentleman by the clothes he wears, the horse he rides, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house that he lives in, or the money he spends. Not one of these do it—and yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, live in an old house, and spend but little money. But how? By being true, manly and honorable. By keeping himself neat and respectable. By being civil and courteous. By doing the best he knows how. And finally, and above all, by fearing God and keeping His commandments.

house-life is a national blessing, whatever hurts home-life is a nation curse; and the greatest curse that can touch these blessing is what would tamper with the peace and blessedness of our homes.

A dutchman repeated the adage—'Birds mit one fedder goes mit demselves.'

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