

# 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.

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## NEVER TOO LATE.

There's a good and a bad in the way-side inn  
On the highways of our lives,  
And man can never be free from sin,  
No matter how hard he strives;  
Yet even when down a distraction's grade  
Our thorny pathway tend,  
In spite of a thousand errors made,  
"It is never too late to mend."

There are crosses heavy for men to bear,  
And passions to conquer, too;  
There are joys and woes, each must share  
Before the journey is through;  
But men may be poor for honor's sake,  
And truth and right defend,  
And hope will never this promise break  
"It is never too late to mend."

'Tis ne'er too late for a noble deed,  
For, blessed by the angel's tears,  
It plants in the breast of men a seed  
That will grow in after years,  
And words of kindness, of hope and cheer,  
Will always comfort lend;  
We must live for love, and banish fear,  
"It is never too late to mend."

It is never too late to mend, my lad,  
No matter what people say,  
And no man's nature is wholly bad,  
Even if old and gray  
And in our journey toward the grave,  
Until we reach the end,  
There is time to change, and time to save—  
"It is never too late to mend."

## A FEMALE CRUSOE

When Mr. Hearne, with a company of Indian guides, was travelling in the Arctic circle, not far from the Lake Athabasca, one of the guides came suddenly upon the track of a strange snow-shoe.

Astonished at the sight, in a region supposed to be hundreds of miles from any human habitation, says the author of 'Remarkable Adventures from Leaf Life,' the Indians followed up the track, and after pursuing it for some distance, arrived at a small hut or cabin, forced of snow and driftwood, where they discovered a

female she had caught she made up an excellent winter suit, which was warm and comfortable, and according to Mr. Hearne, was put together with great taste and exhibited no small variety of ornament. The materials though rude, were curiously wrought, and so judiciously arranged as to make the whole garb have a pleasing though somewhat romantic appearance.

Her working implements consisted of the broken shank of an iron arrow head, a few inches of iron hoop roughly sharpened into a knife and with these she had constructed her dress, a pair of substantial snow-shoes and other useful articles. The keeping of her fire had given her most trouble. With two sulphur stones she could by dint of violent friction and continuous pounding, raise a few sparks so as to kindle a handful of loose wood carefully picked small; but the labor was wearisome and long; and to avoid the necessity of it, she had not suffered her fire to be extinguished for many months.

She was never idle. When fatigued with the toils of the chase, or when she was not under the necessity of hunting, she occupied herself in peeling off the thin inner bark of the willow trees with which the spot abounded, and twisting it into a species of twine. Of this sort of twine she had already accumulated several hundreds of fathoms in length, and it was her intention to make of them a spacious net for fishing as soon as the frost should break up and the streams become practical.

Of this remarkable female, Mr. Hearne in his journal says: "She was one of the finest women I ever saw in any part of North America. It would seem that her Indian guides were of the same opinion; and that, while they admired her for her comeliness of person, they were by no means insensible of the value of her multifarious accomplishments. There was not a man among them who did not desire to have her for his wife, so apparently

train of powder along some shingles that had been arranged so that they reached from what was considered a safe distance to the confined expander. This seems to have been the original attempt in the neighborhood to work such a grubbing machine, for, until young James, probably with the reputation of his own township, or valley, devolving upon his sensitive shoulders, volunteered to apply the match, not one of the crowd could be induced to do so.

He was not afraid! He was made of better stuff! Here was a chance to do something that would be talked about at the 'seittings,' the 'huckings,' and in the 'reapings' of that part of the country for years to come. So when every one else had provided himself with that desirable accompaniment of 'nature's first law,'—safety—James walked with the firebrand in his hand towards the distal end of the powder train, and, when close enough, leaning well forward and sidewise, touched it off.

When the smoke and dust and the senses of the spectators had cleared, it was apparent that the young man was seriously hurt.

He was tenderly carried into the house, and the nearest physician summoned. Examination disclosed a transverse fracture of one patella, and, what was more inexplicable, a punctured wound about an inch in length by one-half inch wide, situated one and a half inches above and to the outer side of the insertion of the deltoid muscle of his right arm. A patch, corresponding in size and shape to the wound, was missing from the sleeve of his linen waist, and could not be found. No foreign material could be found in the wound, and no idea of what made it could be formed. He was confined to bed at the place where the accident happened for nearly nine months under the care of the country doctor. An unaccountable lung trouble and closely followed the injury, resisting all efforts to allay its dangerous effects. Several times little black snakes

appeared, and were killed in the room. The wound in the arm healed over in a few weeks after the injury; and soon after the lung trouble began. About nine months after he was hurt he was removed to his home, three miles from Selingsgrove, and Drs. Eyster and Wagenseller were called to see him. From the history and nature of the case, probably assisted by some local manifestations present, they concluded there must be some foreign body, or an abscess in the upper part of the right lung. Those were the days of active decisions and decisive actions, it would appear, for they promptly made an incision through the integument and muscles down to the intercostal space between the third and fourth ribs. They were rewarded, as well as surprised, to discover what seemed to be the pointed end of an oak stick, just level with the outside surface of the ribs. Forceps, pincers, tongue, in fact every implement at hand was ineffectual to even start the piece. Now notice the fertility of necessity. One of the physicians held the wood with a pair of forceps, while the other carefully bored a common gimlet into it until a firm hold was obtained. Then both, with pincers and gimlet, made the necessary traction and landed at last—just half of the plug the ingenious farmer had driven, nine months before, into the blasted stump to hold the powder. It had split in two pieces, one striking the patella and injuring it, while the other had struck him in the arm, passing beneath the muscles in front of the axillary vessels and nerves, between the ribs into the chest. The manner in which he leaned forward when the explosion occurred made all this possible. Adherent to the butt of the plug was found the patch of linen from his blouse. In the groove which had been part of the vent-hole, were remaining some grains of powder which had neither been fused by the blast nor dissolved by the liquids of the wound. The piece of wood measured 4 1/2 inches in length, and at the large end was the half of an inch plug. Muddy recovered his health and lived for twenty years, an industrious farmer, dying of some fever. The piece of plug which he insisted on keeping was given Christian burial with him, instead of being placed as a relic which is only known as such—the one described by Tom. It was discovered through a man's

## GRAINS OF GOLD.

Faith is the grave of care,  
All fiery is a sign of littleness.  
No man was ever scolded out of his virtue,  
The true ornament of matrons is virtue.

A laugh is worth a hundred greans in any market.  
Free-thinkers are generally those who never think at all.

How easy it is to be amiable in the midst of happiness and success; When pride and presumption walk before, shame and loss follow closely.

Virtue in its grandest aspect is neither more nor less than following reason.

Negligence is the rest of the soul, that corrodes through all her best resolves.

Scandal, like a reptile crawling over a bright grass, leaves a trail and a sting.

How many persons fancy they have experience simply because they have grown old!

We smile at the satire expended upon the follies of others, but we forget to weep at our own.

He knows much who knows when to speak; he knows more who knows when to hold his tongue.

If there is any person to whom you feel dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.

Every man has something to do which he neglects, every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat.

If perchance the cause of thine enemy came before thee, forget thy injuries, and think only of the merits of the case.

Some are cured with the fulness of satiety; and how can they bear the ills of life, when its very pleasures fatigue them.

The language denotes the man. A coarse or refined character finds its expression naturally in a coarse or refined phrase.

But few will catch their judgments, such as they are.

We should be careful to deserve a good reputation by doing well; and when that care is once taken, not to be over anxious about the success.

## A Barber's Observation.

The loquacious barbers now and then have intervals when they remark incidents that escape the attention of many in the tear and rush of life. "You sleep on the right side of your body," one of them said the other day, as he clipped the semi-blond hair of a customer. "Why? Because don't you see that your hair is thicker on the right than on the left side? We can always tell on which side a customer sleeps. The heat is confined to the side of the pillow, and that heat makes the hair grow thicker about the temple." The barber didn't explain the accepted statement that the constant wearing of the hat produces so much heat that men addicted to the practice are bald—N. Y. Sun.

## A Dream of the Past.

I wandered to the country, Tom; I sat beside the brook; I tried to catch the nimble trout with line and bated hook. The banks were just as muddy and the current just as slow as the day I used to fish, some twenty years ago. No people now were with me, Tom; I squatted there alone, and tried to yank out massive fish, where there, alas! were none. Mosquitoes bit me just as hard and chanted just as low, as when they used to bore their wells some twenty years ago. And while I tried to swipe them once, and break their dreary song, the bank rolled down into the creek and carried me along. The water was as incist, my friend, the mud as deep below, as when I rolled into the creek some twenty years ago. The line was wound about my limbs, the hook stuck in my eye, the pole twirled round the same old way, and hit me on the fly. I reeled off curses quaintly then, and naught could stop their flow—I cursed as loudly and as long as twenty years ago. And when I started through the woods to reach my humble home, my eyes were full of last year's leaves, my ears were full of foam; a snake sat up and bit me, Tom, just as that snake, you know, that left its trade-mark on my leg some twenty years ago. And then I to the market went, as you, of course will guess, and having captured no'er a fish, I had to buy a m e s; and then those withered scrubs I bought I to my wife did show, and told the same old fairy tale of twenty years ago.

## Seldom What they Seem.

This is a sort of topsy-turvey world. No one seems to be satisfied. One man is struggling to get justice and another is flying from it. One man is ordered to eat egg because they are nutritious, and another is cautioned to leave them alone because they produce bile. Hobson takes a sherry to give his wife a appetite, while Brown, who has a wine cellar, has a drop of sherry of his.

The prize fighter reforms and becomes a preacher, while the theological student leaves his university to become a professional base ball pitcher.

One man keeps a pistol to protect himself against burglars, while his neighbor takes the same instrument and commits suicide.

The man who can make \$20,000 a year as a general thing can't save a cent, while the man who is thrifty and wise is seldom so gifted that he can earn anything at all.

One rich man wears poor clothes because he is rich and can do anything, while a poor man wears fine clothes because he is poor and wants to create the impression that he is not.

One man escapes all the diseases that flesh is heir to and is killed on the railroad; another goes through a half dozen wars without a scratch and then dies of whooping-cough.

The laborer with ten children keeps out of debt on \$10 a week, while many an unmarried bank official with \$100 a week can't get along without helping himself to the bank's funds.

## MISTAKES.

It is a mistake to suppose that intelligent, immortal and responsible beings were placed in this world simply to eat and drink, having no higher enjoyment than those enjoyed in common with the brute creation.

It is a mistake to infer that one man is better than another, simply because he was born in a favorite country, that he has brains, simply because he wears fine clothes (belonging to the tailor), or that wealth is a guarantee to good breeding and good behavior.

It is a sad mistake to suppose that young ladies were made simply to be arrayed like peacocks, to receive coxcomb beaux in the parlor, while the mother is a drudge in the kitchen—"Just good enough to wait upon" such a daughter—the one living in luxurious ease, and the other toiling to support an idle daughter.

and that on account of such pride and selfish indolence, she will make a good wife for a poor and honest young man.

There are now 2,917,315 Baptists in this country.

Glass spoons for pickles are coming into fashion.

A Lake Shore train lately ran 954 miles in 96 minutes.

Admiral Worden, who fought the Merrimack is now 70.

Of the 8,900 painters of pictures in Paris 3,000 are women.

The Nova Scotia gold mines yielded about 600,000 last year.

Minnesota has tried high license for eight months and likes it.

A seaside dress from Paris is made of eighteen hundred kerchiefs.

St. Augustine, Fla., the oldest town in this country, has no sidewalks.

Phil. Armour of Chicago supplies most of the fresh meat eaten in Florida.

The population of the world is estimated in round numbers at one hundred and fifty billion.

Russia has forbidden the American Bible Society to distribute Bibles in that country.

Jersey City has a man who returned to the owner \$30 found in a second-hand lounge.

A prisoner in the Ohio Penitentiary fighting with a guard, said he would die before he would yield. He died.

The founder of the Adams Express Company, Akin Adams, started his career as an office boy in a Boston

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