

T. H. HARPER.

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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A CROSS-COUNTRY SPIN.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.
A wayside inn, a blacksmith's forge,
A furnace flaring in the gorge,
A farm-house and a ruined mill,
The flood-gates gone, the big wheel still,
A lake with lilies on its breast,
A lime-kiln on the hill's sharp crest;
Such pleasing changes meet the eye
However fast the wheels go by.

The roar of train upon the bridge,
The rifle's crack beyond the ridge,
The plowman's whistle, the milk-maid's song,
The farm dog's baying, clear and strong,
The bleat of sheep, the roadster's neigh,
The click of reaper on its way,
The songs of birds, the drone of bees,
Fill ear and heart with ecstasies.

Off here and there a glimpse is caught
Of scenes with fun of folly fraught
A cow, roused from her stupid sleep,
A flock of panic-stricken sheep,
A horse that with a frightened snort
In frisky antics finds resort,
His trunk driver, with jerk and curse,
Only makes the rampage worse.

A peacock spreads his gaudy tail,
A gobler's tinted crest grows pale,
A bumpkin on a farm yard gate
Stares at you with his mouth agape,
While from the hedge a rustic lass
Flings kisses at you as you pass,
Not that she's forward with the men,
But knows you'll never meet again.

O'er dusty roads, amid green trees
That cling sweet odors to the breeze,
Along ravines where, when 'tis late,
The jay caws harshly to his mate,
By red-grown swamps where phantoms walk,
And bitterns in the dimness stalk,
By brooklets flashing in the sun,
By fields in russet gold, and dunn—

Past churches in the woodland shade,
And graveyards where the dead are laid;
Past orchards with their fruitage ripe,
And green lanes swiftly lost to sight—

Exciting sport, indeed!
As to the bird with outspread wings,
It vigor to the muscles brings.
MICKET SAVES HIS DAD.

MICKET SAVES HIS DAD.

The King Pine of Lindsley's Wood was singing an obligato solo. The smaller tree around him furnished the chorus but about the cymbal clanging of the maple's bare branches, above the chestnut's hoarse complaining, above the creaking of the oak and the whisper of the laurel bush, sounded the voice of the mighty pine, the thunder: Deep into the hills, a crest had he thrust his foot, now moss-covered with snow. His foothold was firm. When the tempest smote him his huge body swayed, he tossed his great arms against the night's blackness and sang his song of triumph a song so deep, so profound, so awful, that the laurel bush over which he cast a kindly shadow in the summer's noonday trembled in every limb and expected to be crushed. But this Goliath of the woods was not singing his death song. He swung back and forth, to be sure, and never before had the Forest Chief been called upon for such an effort in nature's noontime when crows perched in his hair and called to their mates in Stumpy field. For three days did the King Pine shake the wood with his thunder tones and hush it to rest with his lullaby. Then the great maestro decreed the festival at an end. He leashed the winds. He tore the black clouds into fragments. He sent down the silent sunbeams to start the cap flowing in the veins of the King Pine. And he, this Hercules of the forest, ceased his green crest and sang low, soothing symphonies. Scarcely a stone's throw from the King Pine stood the Finn shanty. When the great storm came Mr. Finn was ill of a fever, on the border night when the storm broke early. A gust of wind latched a gust of wind swept around the corner of the house and dashed a deluge of rain in her face. Mrs. Finn shook her boy Mickey, who was asleep in the rocking chair before the fire. "Wake up, by," said she. "Th' night is as black as a dove in black hogs, an' 't' rain's comin' down in wash tubs full! 'Hav' ye th' nanny in th' collar?"

"No, mother," replied Mickey sleepily, rubbing his eyes and yawning, "she's out in her barrel forwinst th' face."

"Ab, th' dear!" replied Mrs. Finn. "An' th' wather pelletin' her! Shure her milk'll be all wather in th' mornin'. Bring her in th' cellar; that's a dear; where she'll be dry."

Mrs. Finn had forgotten to mention the billy, probably because he had no lactal value and possibly on account of undignified conduct on one or two memorable occasions. But little Mike didn't forget him. After he had resigned the nanny from her leaky barrel he went back after her consort. The element, however, had not subdued the billy's spirit, and it was only after half an hour of desperate struggling that the obstinate old he goat was locked in the cellar and the latch fastened. Even then he batted the door in a vain effort to regain his freedom. Mickey's shins were barked in the struggle, his hands were cut and his trousers torn. Mrs. Finn raised her hands in horror when her boy returned.

"Arrah, bad luck 't' that black devil wid th' wicked horn! Faix, didn't I hear th' shillow ye let out whin he dhruv ye agin the face! Musha, take th' ax' an' bato in the head iv him like keg o' nails! Do Mickey, that's a dear; the nurtherin' vagabonds! Lark at th' way he's spillin' yer hear's blood an' pellin' yer shins! Faith, I'd blow him up wid nitro an' dynamite th' mornin' wid an' I'll be livin'!"

But Mickey only laughed. He looked a goat of spirit, he said, and so he washed his wounds and seated himself before the fire to mend his trousers. He being mighty handy wid th' ax' an' the mallet, as Mrs. O'Brien more than once Mrs. Finn resumed her vigil beside her sick husband, and Mickey dropped asleep in the chair with his feet on the stone hearth.

At 12 o'clock Mr. Finn called feebly for water, and when he had cooled his parched tongue Mrs. Finn parted the curtain and looked out upon the night. The wind had veered and the rain was frozen into snow. The flakes flew against the panes melted, leaving little wet trails behind them as they ran downward. The shutters began to bang and the frail door to groan on its hinges as the shoulder of the storm heaved against it. As the gale increased the snow forced its way beneath the door and formed into a little drift upon the floor. The invisible fingers of the wind tore a brick from the chimney top and dashed it rattling down the loose shingles. Little Mike awoke with a start and joined his mother in the sick room.

She was kneeling before a crucifix at the head of the bed in prayer. As the wind rose higher and higher the shanty rocked on its foundation. Mingled with the howling of the tempest was the plaintive ma-a-a-a of the nannu goat in the cellar door as she tried to regain his freedom. All through the terrors of the succeeding two hours Mike Finn slept. At least his wife thought him asleep, until she touched his feet while arranging the bed clothes, and found them as cold as the snow drift upon the floor.

The storm was forgotten. The imminent danger of the the toppling shanty was unheeded. Her husband was dying. While death was gnashing at them from the outside, that devoted wife and son worked to drive the grim terror from the inside. Mickey replenished the fire. He heaped it high with wood until the sparks flew out of the chimney and mingled with the eddying snowflakes. Mrs. Finn heated flannels and placed hot irons at her insonible husband's feet: Together she and her boy forced his mouth open and poured brandy down his throat, at least half of the fiery liquor being split on the pillow. The chimney fell with a crash, but they worked on and heeded it not. The drift on the floor had been getting higher

against the black angel whose wings were hovering over the insensible figure on the bed. Mrs. Finn's face was bathed in tears, but no cries escaped her lips. Little Mike, with shining eyes and pallid lips, ran back and forth between the bedroom and the kitchen, carrying hot flannels now rubbing his father's icy hands, and then cheering his mother with hopeful words until the reluctant blood began to flow, and a faint color, such as heralds a coming dawn, flushed the pale face upon the pillow. But Mrs. Finn knew that the crisis was not yet passed.

"Whisper, Mickey," said she, closing the bedroom door softly behind her. Placing her rough, red hands upon his shoulder, she told him to look into her face. And there they stood in that darkened room, looking into each other's eyes with the fire-light throwing its flickering shadows over them. "Whisper! D'ye think could ye get th' doctor? He's cold around his heart yet, and he'll die agin mornin' if th' doctor's not here with his drugs!"

"Yis, mother, yis. I'll get him!" said little Mike, simply, the color on his face deepening and his heart beating a wild tattoo against his ribs.

"Now, quick! put on yer father's boots, wrap this shawl 'round yer shoulders, put on yer father's gloves, an'—an'" (Mrs. Finn's voice trembled) "God be wid ye, me boy!"

Mrs. Finn stooped down and kissed her son. She pressed him to her heaving bosom in an embrace which was so close that he gasped for breath. Then he went out into the night and the door was shut.

Mickey stepped into a snowdrift up to his neck when he left the stoop. As he floundered out of this sleazy quicksand he rounded the corner of the shanty and was baanged against the door, stunned and

relieve distress. His hands were encased in sealskin gloves. Before they went out, however, the doctor made Mickey drink two cups of hot coffee, which the boy swallowed at a gulp, so anxious was he to return. How they reached the beauty the doctor has never been able to tell clearly. He only knows now that the boy was always ahead and even shouting encouragement.

Day was breaking when they reached the shanty and tumbled inside, accompanied by an avalanche of snow. The doctor had arrived in the nick of time. By the aid of powerful stimulants Mr. Finn was brought up out of the shadows, and at 8 o'clock was pronounced out of immediate danger.

When Mrs. Finn and her son heard these glad tidings they had another hugging match in the kitchen, while the doctor looked on smiling. As none of his comrades could be reached to whom he could impart the joyful news, Mickey repaired to the cellar to inform the billy. This grim, silent, bold fellow had been standing at the cellar door all night longing for his liberty. As Mickey advanced toward him with caressing hands the goat reared on his hind legs and—

When Mickey re-entered the shanty a few minutes later his ears were full of snow and there was a gasp in the knee of his trousers.

A look of indignation came into Mrs. Finn's face. She said:

"That black devil at his old tricks, wid his wicked horns. Mickey where's th' ax'?"

The sun kissed the King Pine, the south wind breathed gently upon him, and his voice was as soft as the dove's when it speaks for its mate.

A Chicago paper tells the story of an amusing scene in a court-room in that city. A little boy about eight years old was put on the stand as a witness when the opposing counsel objected on the ground, that the child did not understand the nature of an oath. "Do you know what an oath is, Charley asked the judge. Yes, sir," answered Charley; "it is to ask God to help you tell the truth."

"Where did you learn all this," frowned the opposing counsel. "In the catechism," said Charley, not to be frowned down by the biggest lawyer in the business. "In the catechism?" What catechism?" "In the ten cent catechism, sir." "Who told you to look in the catechism for the definition of an oath?" "My sister. She told me last night and I got it and studied it." "Have you got your catechism with you?" "Yes, sir, here it is," taking the well thumbed little book from his trousers pocket. "You see the boy has his documents," interrupted the judge, with a smile; and a quiet titter went round the court room as it became evident that the lawyer was being beaten by the child. "H'm! Let me see the book, I wonder if you know anything more than't in it. Who made you?" "Who, God of course," was the reply, as if the lad pooch-pooched the idea of being asked a simple question and wanted "something hard." Several other questions were asked and elicited ready replies. The lawyer saw that he was in for it, and accepted the defeat as gracefully as possible. Turning to the judge, he said: "Your honor, I guess we will accept this witness; and for this little book I would submit it to my learned friend, the counsel for the other side and recommend its careful perusal by him. It will do him good."

Seldom What They Seem.

This is a sort of topsy-turvy 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 eggs because they are nutritious, and another is cautioned to leave them alone because they produce bile.

Robinson takes a sherry to give him an appetite, while Brown, who has a wine cellar, can't take a drop on account of his appetitic tendencies.

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 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 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 the bank's funds.

A Story of Thad Stevens.

A writer in the Boston Herald relates that Thaddeus Stevens had two weaknesses: an unconquerable love for poker, and a heart so tender

Mr. Conkling's Fee

Here is a story of two Rochester men who lately were in New York on legal business. It occurred to them to consult Mr. Conkling and they did so at some length and very much to their satisfaction. As they rose to go the spokesman said: "Mr. Conkling, we thank you for your advice, which is very valuable to us, when we get home we will send you a check for \$500."

"Oh, no gentlemen," said the senator, "don't do that. I am only too happy to be of service to you, and make no charge. You are quite welcome, but when I do charge my fee is \$5,000."

The Maryland legislature passed one good law at least at its last session, viz: a law providing for the treatment of habitual drunkards as lunatics. On its being shown that one is an habitual drunkard the court is empowered to appoint a committee to confine him in an institution for such length of time as the court may approve, and to release him or extend the period of his confinement, with approbation of the court.

"You will have a week's holiday, children; and I hope that your behavior will be unexceptionable and that you will give up all your bad habits."

A bright little girl, near the platform, looked at her teacher's moment as she said this, then jumped up and said:

"The same to you, ma'am."

"I see, said a young lady, that some publisher advertises blank declarations for sale. I wish I could get one."

"Why, asked her mother.

"Because, ma, Mr. G— is too modest to ask me to marry him, and perhaps if I could get a blank declar-

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