The Middleburgh Post

T. H. HARTER. He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot is a fool; he that dare not

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The Delinquent Subscriber.

Worn and weary' seedy and sad, an editor sat him down,
Mid work and rubbish, paper and dust, with many a wrinkled frown.
He sighed when he thought of his paper bills, his rent, and board, and wood,
And groaned when the copy fiend yelled out as he there in the doorway stood.

"What do people fancy," he said, an editor lives upon?
Air and water, glory and debt, till his toilsome life is done?
I'll stop their papers, every one, till their honest debts they pay,
And mark their names off the mailing book for ever and for aye!

"Take this copy, double lead, and mark with a pencil blue,
And send to all who are in arrears, from ten years down to two."
And then to the copy hungry boy he handed the pencilled scrawl
Of hieroglyphics, straggling, wild, all tangled, and lean and tall.

When scarce a fortnight had dragged its length of tired-out hours away,
There came to the heart of the editor a gladsome joy one day:
'Twas only a letter from Gordon's Mill in a hand both weak and old,
But out of it fell a treasured coin, of solid, beautiful gold!

The letter claimed his interest, then, and so he slowly read
The scrawled, but simple and honest words, and this is what they said:
"Dear Editor: I read the lines you marked and sent to me,
So I send this piece of gold and ask if you will agree
To send my paper right along, and forget the debt I owed.
For I've took your paper for twenty years, and so far as e'er I knowd,
I never owed no man a cent till about four years ago
When my po' wife died, and the crops were bad and the fever laid me low.

'And times hain't never been the same to little Liz and me—
For we are all that's left behind—and since my eyes can't see,
She always reads the paper, and it's been our only cheer,
And brought us all the news and fun, we've had for many a year.

"I'm gettin' old and feeble, now, and down with the rheumatiz,
And there's the paper left to me; just that and little Liz.
We couldn't bear to lose it now, it's been with us so long,
Till its very name is music, like an old time happy song.

"This twenty-dollar piece of gold will pay for all I owe,
And what is over and above, just keep and let it go
Toward paying the paper till a brighter better day;
And send to Liz, she'll need it then, when I'm called away."

Glad and thankful the editor was, as he knew that there was one
Who loved and could appreciate the work that he had done.
He felt that life was not in vain, and smiled through happy tears
And then on the mailing book he wrote: "Paid up for twenty years."

THE COW-BOYS.

Among the many features of 'The Wild West' not the least attractive will be the advent in the East of a band of veritable 'cow-boys,' a class without whose aid the great grazing Pampas of the West would be valueless, and the Eastern necessities of the table, the tan-yard, and the factory would be meagre. These will be the genuine cattle herders of a reputable trade, and not the later misnomers of 'the road', who, in assuming an honored title, have tarnished it in the East, while being in fact the 'cow-boys' greatest foe, the thieving, criminal 'rustler.' To 'Wilkes Spirit' of March, the editor is indebted for a just tribute and description of the American ranchman:

The cow-boy! How often spoken of, how falsely imagined, how greatly despised (where not known), how little understood! I've been there considerable. How sneeringly referred to, and how little appreciated, although his title has been gained by the possession of many of the noblest qualities that form the romance hero of the poet, novelist, and historian; the plainsman and the scout. What a school it has been for the latter! As 'tall oaks from little acorns grow,' the cow-boy serves a purpose, and often developes into the celebrated ranchman, guide, scouting. Indian-fighter, and ranger. How old Sam loved them, how Davy [illegible] the country owe to them, is a large sized conundrum. Composed of many 'to the manner born,' but recruited largely from Eastern young men, they were taught at school to admire the deceased little Georgia in exploring adventures, and, though not equaling him in the 'cherry-tree goodness,' were more disposed to kick against the bull dozing of teachers, parents and guardians.

As the rebellious kid of old times filled a handkerchief (alway a handkerchief, I believe) with his all, and followed the trail of his idol, Columbus, and became a sailor bold, the more ambitious and adventurous youngster of later days freezes on to a double-barreled pistol and steers for the bald prarie to seek fortune and experience. If he don't get his system full it's only because the young man weakens, takes a back seat, fails to become a Texas cow-boy. If his Sunday-school ma'am has not impressed him thoroughly with the chapter about our friend Job, he may at first be astonished; but he'll soon learn the patience of the old hero, and think he pegged out a little too soon to take it all in. As there are generally openings, likely young fellows can enter, and not fail to be put through. If he is a stayer, youth and size will be no disadvantage for his start in, as certain lines of the business are peculiarly adapted to the light young horsemen, and such are highly esteemed when they become thoroughbreds, and fully possessed of 'cow sense.'

Now, 'cow sense' in Texas implies a thorough knowledge of the business, and a natural instinct to divine every thought, trick, intention, want habit, or desire of his drove, under any and all circumstances. A man might be brought up in the States swinging to a cow's tail, yet taken to Texas, would be as useless as a last year's bird's nest with the bottom punched out. The boys grow old soon, and the old cattle-men seem to grow young; thus it is that the name is applied to all who follow the trade. The boys are divided into range-workers and branders, road-drivers and herders, trailguides and bosses.

As the railroads have not put an end to the old-time trips, I will have to go back a few years to give a proper estimate of the duties and dangers, delights and joys, trials and troubles, when off the ranch itself and the cattle trade in the State still flourish in their old-time glory, but are being slowly encroached upon by the modern improvements that will, in course of time, wipe out the necessity of his day, the typical subject of my sketch. Before being counted in and fully endorsed, the candidate has had to become an expert horseman, and test the many eccentricities of the stubborn mustang; enjoy the beauties, learn to catch, throw, fondle—oh! yes, gently fondle (but not from behind)—and ride the 'docile' little Spanish-American plug, an amusing experience in itself, in which you are taught all the mysteries of rear and tear, stop and drop, lay and roll, kick and bite, on and off, under and over, heads and tails, hand springs, triple somersaults, standing on your head, diving, flip-flaps, getting left (horse leaving you fifteen miles from camp—Indians in the neighborhood, etc.) and all the funny business included in the familiar term of 'bucking', then learn to handle a rope catch a calf, stop a crazy cow, throw a beef steer, play with a wild bull, lasso an untamed mustang, and daily endure the dangers of a Spanish matador, with a little Indian scrape thrown in, and if there is anything left of you they'll christen it a first-class cow-boy. Now his troubles begin (I have been worn to a frizzled end many a time before I began); but after this he will learn to enjoy them—after they are over.

As the general trade on the range has often been described, I'll simply refer to a few incidents of a trip over the plains to the cattle markets of the North, though the wild and unsettled portions of the Territories, varying in distance from fifteen hundred to two thousand miles—time, three to six months—extending through the Indian Territory and Kansas to Nebraska, Colorado, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Nevada, [illegible] as far as California, [illegible] as high as Alaska, [illegible] driven in bands of from one to three thousand, which, when under way, are designed 'herds.' Each of these have from ten to fifteen men, with a wagon driver and cook, and the 'kingpin of the outfit,' the boss, with a supply of two or three ponies to a man, an ox team, and blankets; also jerked beef and corn meal—the staple food. They are also furnished with mavericks or 'doubtless-owned' yearlings for the fresh meat supply. After getting fully under way, and the cattle broke in, from ten to fifteen miles a day is the average, and everything is plain sailing in fair weather. As night comes on, the cattle are rounded up in a small compass, and held until they lie down, when two men are left on watch, riding round and round them in opposite directions, singing or whistling all the time, for two hours, that being the length of each watch. The singing is absolutely necessary, as it seems to soothe the fears of the cattle, scares away the wolves or other varmints that may be prowling around, and prevents them from hearing any other accidental sound, or dreaming of their old homes, and if stopped would in all probability be the signal for a general stampede. 'Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,' if a cow-boy's compulsoay bawling out lines of his own composition,

Lay nicely now, cattle, don't heed any rattle,
But quietly rest until morn;
For if you skedattle, we'll jump in the saddle,
And head you as sure's you're born,

can be consider such.

Some poet may yet make a hit
On the odds and ends of cow boys' wit.

But on nights when 'Old Prob.' goes on a spree, leaves the bung out of his water-barrel above, prowls around with his fish box, raising a breeze whispering in tones of thunder, and the cow-boy's voice, is drowned out, steer clear, and prepare for action. If them quadrupeds don't go insane, turn tail to the storm, and stake out for sixteen [illegible] liberty then I don't know what strike out' means. Ordinarily so clumsy and stupid-looking, a thousand beef steers can rise like a flock of quail on the roof of an exploding powder mill scud away like a tumble weed before a high wind with a noise like a receding earthquake. Then comes fun and frolic for the boys!

Talk of 'Sheridan's ride twenty miles away!' That was in the day-time but this is the cow-boy's ride with Texas five hundred miles away and them steers steering straight for home; night time darker than the word means, hog wallows prarie dog, wolf and badger holes, ravines and precipices ahead and if you do your duty three thousand stampeding steers behind. If your horse don't swap ends and you hang to them until daylight you can bless your lucky stars. Many have passed in their checks at this game. The remembrance of the few that were foot loose on the Bowery a few years ago will give an approximate idea of the three thousand raving bovines on the war path. As they tear through the storm at one flash of lightning they look all tails and at the next flash all horns. If Napoleon had a herd at Sedan headed in the right direction he would have driven old Billy across the Rhine.

The next great trouble is in crossing streams which are invariably high in the driving season. When cattle strike swimming water they generally try to turn back which eventuates in their 'milling,' that is swimming in a circle, and if allowed to continue, would result in the drowning of many.

There the daring herder must leave his pony, doff his togs, scramble over their backs and horns to scatter them and with whoops and yells, splashing, dashing, and didoes in the water, scare them to the opposite bank. This is not always done in a moment, for a steer is no fool of a swimmer; I have seen one hold his own for six hours in the Gulf after having jumped overboard. As some of the streams are very rapid, and a quarter to half a a mile wide, considerable drifting is done. Then the naked herder has plenty of amusement in the hot sun, fighting green-head flies and mosquitos, and peeping around for Indians until the rest of the layout is put over—not an easy job. A temporary boat has to be made of the wagon-box, by tacking the canvas cover over the bottom, with which the ammunition [illegible] horse-thief troubles are part of the regular rations. Mixing with other herds and cutting them out, again avoiding too much water at times, and hunting for a drop at others, belongs to the regular routine.

Buffalo chips for wood a great portion of the way (poor substitute in wet eather) and the avoiding of prairie res later on, varies the monotony. In fact it would fill a book to give a detailed account of a single trip, and it is no wonder the boys are hilarious when it ends, and, like the old toper, "swears no more for me," only to return and go through the mill again.

How many, though, never finish, but mark the trail with their silent graves, no one can tell. But when Gabriel toots the horn, the "Chisholm trail" will swarm with cow-boys. "Howsomever, we'll all be thar," let's hope for a happy trip, when we say to this planet, *adois*.

TEXAS JACK.

Boston Blue Laws.

The barbers of Boston, says a correspondent in the Chicago Tribune, are, as a rule ungodly. Despite their new law which forbids them to practice their profession on Sunday, their shops are still kept open seven days in the week.—Nevertheless, they do no work on the Sabbath. But they gather in a good days wages just the same, and the manner in which this happy result is accomplished is both interesting and instructive.

The first day of the present week at about 10 o'clock in the morning, the writer was walking along Charles street with some slight hopes of finding a tonsorial artist in pursuit of his illegal business, when he was very agreeably surprised to observe a colored person with a white apron leaning gracefully against a red-white-and-blue pole on the nearest corner.

'Can I get a shave this morning? asked the customer, wistfully, pausing as he came to the spot where the gentleman from Senegambia was standing in quiet repose.

'Yes sah' replied the latter courteously. 'Walk right [illegible] the implements, sah, all ready to at the fourth cheer on the leaf.'

The newcomer thereupon entered the shop, where he found three other men—all in a partially shaved condition—sitting on the edges of so many chair and applying lather and steel to their own faces. The situation was quickly explained by the Ethiopian in charge, who had followed the late arrival from the sidewalk.

'You see, sah' he began 'we don't dare shave nobody a Sunday; for fear o' bein' locked up; but dere's no law agains leadin' a rozor to a gemmen friend. So if you like de hospitalities of disestablishment am at your service. You'll find a cuttin' instument wid de sharpest kind of an edge on it in front ob de lookin' glass; likewise a mug full of lather some hot water and a bottle o' bay rum.'

"I see," respended the appliant, who without further delay, seated himself in chair NO. 4 and proceeded to operate upon himself with the utensils at hand. At the end of twenty minutes or so, with some incidental laceration, he had finished his task, and the barber—having helped him on with his coat—proceeded to brush him off. Then the customer fumbled the loose change in his trouser pocket and asked what the charge might be.

"Nothing' sah," said the knight of the razor. "We shouldbe took up if we asked pay for services rendered on de Sabbath. "Ah, I understand,' returned the quest. And as he went out he dropped an unostentatious 15 cents on a little pile of coin near the doorway. All of which goes to show conclusively that the ingenuity of an iniquitous generation is too much for the law and prophets to contend against.

Another new fad for social gatherings has been discovered or invented It contains much hilarity of those gatherings for the study of anatomy called the dunkey party. The new thing is called the pig party. Everybody at a party is required to draw, with a pencil on white paper, two pigs. The drawing must be made without taking the pencil off the paper. The drawing must be made with the eyes blindfolded, after which the paper must be signed. The fun comes when a comparison of the drawings takes p[illegible] and the [illegible]

The Old, Old [illegible]

Not long ago an [illegible] bachelor, who has [illegible] apartment house, w[illegible] of the establishmen[illegible] small sum of mone[illegible] were due. She com[illegible] fact that she had se[illegible] ber in her dream, a[illegible] a ticket of that nu[illegible] vanna lotter. So [illegible] bachelor ascertaine[illegible] of the ticket of the [illegible] had drawn the chi[illegible]

He reached his [illegible] than usual that after[illegible] dark, found an oppor[illegible] fab with the dreami[illegible] seemed to him more t[illegible] tractive, but he was ca[illegible] tell her of her luck [illegible] at an opportune moment, [illegible] know I have always thought a grea[illegible] deal of you and have intended for a long time to ask you if you would be mine?" Though rather dumbfounded by the unsuspected proposal of the bachelor, to whom she had looked up she was equal to the occasion, and, as he was in haste about the matter, the wedding was fixed for the ensuing Sunday. That very evening, soon after the ceremony had been performed, he seized her hand, and expected to strike her with surprise by whispering the news of her wonderful fortune in the lottery, which he hoped to enjoy. "But, my dear," she quickly answered, "I did not buy the ticket of the number I first dreamed of, for I had another number, which I got and it has drawn a blank!" It was a harrowing disappointedment to the poor ex-bachelor, who, however, had a bride able to keep his quarters in apple pie order.

BIG WORDS.

It it never well to use big words when small ones will express the same meaning. A lady who was making [illegible] ob-[illegible] changes, that remarked to the lady

"You have been metamorphosed, haven't you?"

"Yes-s," said the other, hesitatingly. "You mean kalcoming, I suppose it looks much better, dont it?"

Another lady was showing a visitor around her grounds, which were under the care of a landscape gardener, and she inquired of her friend how she liked the work.

"Why I think," she said "that you lack symmetry."

"Why" said the other, "we don't intend to bury any one here. There is a good cemetery quite near."

"What caused your little boy's sickness?" asked a plain woman of a mother whose little son was very ill. 'He was climbing a ladder,' said the lady, 'and lost his equilibrium.'

'Poor little fellow,' said the sympathetic woman, 'do buy him another he'll be more careful next time,'

'Did you find the people indigent?' asked a clergyman of a wealthy member of his church who had been calling on some very poor families.

'Oh, dear no,' answered the lady, 'they were respectable, but as poor as poverty.'

Bill Nye Advertises His Cow.

Owing to ill health I sell at my residence in twp, 20, range, 18, west, according to government survey, one plush-raspberry colored cow, aged 8 years.—She is a good milkster, and not afraid of the cars (nor anything else). She is a cow of undaunted courage, and gives milk frequently To a man who doesn't fear death in any form she would be a boon. She is greatly attached to her home, at present, by a trace chain, but she will be sold to any one who will agree to treat her right. She is one-fourth shorthorn and three-fourths hyena. I will also throw in a double-barrelled shot-gun, which goes with her. In May she generally goes away somewhere for a week or two, and returns with a tall, red calf, with long wabby legs. Her name is Rose, and I prefer to sell her to a nonresident.—[Bill Nye.]

A Thundering Lightning Story

At Lincoln, Neb., a young girl was dressing in her room during a thunder storm Her pug dog ran in. She clasped it to her bosom. A flash of lightning instantly killed it. She was horrified to find that an image of her dog had been photographed on her bosom. [illegible] no way of [illegible] which [illegible]

how [illegible] ality [illegible] ou [illegible] Liberal [illegible] agent and [illegible] Address all [illegible] of Capt. G. A. R., [illegible] attend [illegible]

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

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