

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, Editor and Prop'r.

MIDDLEBURGH, PA., NOV. 29, 1889.

Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson is writing her husband's biography.

It is said that Queen Victoria has profitable real-estate investments in New York.

San Salvador is the first of the Central American republics to establish telephone service throughout its territory.

Female telegraph clerks in Russia are not allowed to marry any one but telegraph officials, and there is, consequently, bitter dissatisfaction.

H. D. Gregg, once Gen. Sheridan's private secretary and connected with prominent men, has been sent to a Kansas jail for horse-stealing.

Greatness has its annoyances, too. Mr. Edison is called "Old Macaroni" by the Menlo Park boys, who have heard that he has been made a Count.

A western Ohio editor apologizes for the lateness of his paper by saying: "We were unable to give proper attention to work owing to our wives' illness."

The Government monopoly articles of Honduras are gunpowder, tobacco, cigars and liquor. It retains complete and absolute control of the liquor traffic.

Several thousand Jews who have been expelled from Russia and have taken temporary refuge in England intend to go out as colonists to the Argentine Republic.

Judge Leeder once owned 160 acres of land near Pierre, the new capital of South Dakota. The land would now be worth \$250,000, but the Judge sold it for \$3,000, and is now shoveling coal for a living.

Over 107,000 people in New York City attend no church on Sundays. And yet the religious conventions in that city are moving heaven and earth to get all the missionaries sent to the other side of the globe as soon as possible.

The French are now able to put in the field seven armies, of a total strength of 1,300,000 men, equipped for a prolonged campaign, and supported by an ample reserve. This is five times the force that Napoleon III. could muster in 1870.

While sitting at his desk in the library of the White House a few days ago the President was surprised at the intrusion of a big gray rat, who deliberately crawled upon a side table and dragged off a piece of fruit which had tempted him from his hiding place.

A Pittsbergh genius has invented an attachment to opera-glasses to enable them to be used with comfort by persons afflicted with spectacles. It fills a long-felt want, and the inventor, shrewd business man that he is, has already refused \$40,000 for the patent.

Emile de Laveley, the European publicist, says that a hundred years hence, leaving China out of the question, there will be two colossal powers in the world beside which Germany, England, France and Italy will be as pigmies—the United States and Russia.

A subterranean river has just been discovered in the Department of Lot, France. The discoverers worked their way down stream for a couple of miles through a succession of wonderful grottoes sparkling with stalactites. They found seven lakes on their way, and had to shoot thirty-seven cascades or rapids.

The Electoral College of 1888 had 101 voters, with 291 necessary to an election. In 1892 four new States will bring the electoral total up to 411 votes, and 295 will be necessary to an election. Already there is a great deal of figuring on the new possibilities of the enlarged college, but no reasonable combinations can be imagined that will change the main fact that New York and Indiana will decide the next national election, as they did the last.

Henry Exalle, of Richmond, Va., claims to have suggested a tower similar to that now known as the Eiffel tower as long ago as 1875. He says: "I have yet my plans, and only last year proposed to the Mayor of Chicago to put them in the hands of some of the rich and enterprising men in that city, where the tower would make a grand show near the edge of the lake, and over a large extent of country. The Mayor replied that the city government could not enter on such a scheme, and he did not propose to favor it so much as to propose it to the citizens."

THANKSGIVING.

For the hay and the corn and the wheat that is reaped, For the labor well done, and the barns that are heaped, For the sun and the dew and the sweet honeycomb, For the rose and the song and the harvest brought home— Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!

For the trade and the skill and the wealth in our land, For the cunning and strength of the workman's hand, For the good that our artists and poets have taught, For the friendship that hope and affection have brought— Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!

For the homes that with purest affection are blest, For the season of plenty and well-deserved rest, For our country extending from sea unto sea, The land that is known as the "Land of the Free"— Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!

Harper's Weekly.

HOW WE GOT OUR TURKEY.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

HERE was no doubt that the country was prosperous. No reasonable man could deny it. The harvest had been plentiful, the earth had yielded up her fruits in abundance, and there were abundant reasons for thanksgiving. I read the President's Thanksgiving message and agreed with it heartily, as far as others were concerned; but somehow I couldn't see how it applied to me. Perhaps you will say I was selfish, and I am willing to confess I am. The fact is that when the cake is going around I want to get a piece. If I don't get it I feel disappointed. While I am glad in the abstract that others come in for a share of the cake, in the concrete I am mad because it passes me.

But, perhaps, after all, I am too sweeping in my conclusions. I don't know but that there is one person in the world who is capable of self-sacrifice of a high order, and that is my wife Nellie. Bless her little heart, I am almost willing to overlook all the weakness of humanity for her sake. Why, I've known her to go without bread and butter when she was faint with hunger so that the children could have an extra slice. That was three years ago at Thanksgiving time. The memory of her courage and self-denial makes my eyes wet.

You see, Nellie was always practical and unselfish, while I was impracticable and poetic. Why, if I had her executive ability I'd have been a millionaire by this time, a cool millionaire, with a yacht and a country house on the Hudson. But she was handicapped by her sex and the children and couldn't exercise her natural gifts.

I must go on, however, and tell my story. The month preceding Thanksgiving Day of 1885, was the gloomiest time I ever witnessed. We had just arrived in the city from Shandaken, N. Y., in the Catskills. I was a farmer's boy and Nellie was a farmer's daughter. Before we were married a famous slinger spent the summer in our village. One night at a strawberry festival he heard me sing, and was kind enough to say that I had an excellent tenor voice, and with proper culture I could command a good salary as a choir singer in New York. Of course such encouragement fired me with hope. The farm became distasteful to me, and I determined to cultivate my voice instead of cultivating corn.

Then came the oatmeal alone. For the molasses was all gone. I don't eat oatmeal now. The taste of it is insufferable to me. My palate rises in rebellion against it. I have heard of the man who ate thirty quail in thirty days. I wonder whether he ever tried oatmeal for thirty days.

On the morning before Thanksgiving I was fairly crazy with grief and anticipation. Nellie and I had a consultation the night before, and she suggested that I should write a piece of poetry about the Thanksgiving turkey.

The idea pleased me. It was a relief certainly from the brooding over the morrow. I got a book of poems from my little store, which had so far escaped the pawn-shop and hunted up a metre after which I copied, for of course I knew nothing about metre or poetical feet.

Meanwhile Nellie sat there mending the clothing of her babies and the tears fell thick and fast upon the garments. I couldn't stand it so I jumped up and went out into the street to walk off the effect those childish voices had upon me. When I came back, thank Heaven, they were asleep, folded in each others arms. Then I got to work on my poem. It took me one hour and a half to write the first verse. I became discouraged before I had written two lines and would have given up but for Nellie's encouragement.

"Now, what's the use, Nell; just listen to this stuff," said I, reading the stanza: The turkey roosteth high to-night— He's hid in the hemlock tree; In fancy I see his plumage bright, But he gobbles not for me.

"Why, I think it's real nice. I didn't know you could write so well as that. It's splendid; write another stanza." "But don't you see, Nell, that it isn't true. The turkey don't gobble at night." "Oh, well, that don't make any difference. The poets always have license, you know. Besides, how many persons will know that he doesn't gobble at night! Not one in a hundred." "I'm afraid it's no good and that it won't go with the editor. Anyhow, I'll try a few lines more." The little clock ticked monotonously on the mantel. The fire burned low, and Nellie put a shawl over her shoulder,

saved and brought with me melted away like snow on the roof of a barn. My time was mainly taken up in running around to the musical agencies looking for a situation. I had a little job on Sundays singing at a mission on Avenue A, where I earned \$2. and for three weeks that was all I earned. We lived in East New York and my car fare over to the city and back every day cost me sixteen cents.

You will readily see that we had to live frugally. In fact, for two weeks we lived upon oatmeal and molasses, and toward the last there was no molasses, and Thanksgiving coming over the hills. Every night when I got out at Manhattan Avenue my three little girls were standing at the foot of the stairway waiting for me. I could see them from the top of the stairs, all in a row, their little cloaks flapping in the chill November wind, their lips blue and teeth rattling like castanets.

Wait a minute. It makes me feel faint to think of it, even after the lapse of three years. Well, it's all over now, I don't know why it affects me so strongly. There was something humorous, too, in the way the little tots jumped around to keep warm. As soon as they saw the train swing around the turn they ranged themselves in a row and looked upward so wistfully, oh, so wistfully, to see their papa. For you must know that although not one word of our desperate situation had been breathed in their hearing, yet their keen intuitions had told them something was wrong, and they knew as well as their mother that I was looking for work. How eagerly they looked in my face each evening, so that if there was a ray of hope in the eldest could start on a run to tell her mother the good news!

Of course I cheered them with fairy tales of what a wonderful big turkey we would have at Thanksgiving. A gobbler of tremendous size, who had strutted when alive like a prince in the story books. Then followed a description of the cranberry sauce and the huge wedges of mince pie. All this took place while I was carrying two of the children in my arms and the other was hanging on to my coat at my side. I hope I shall be forgiven for those lies. For they were lies



of the blackest sort. I knew there wasn't one chance in a thousand that we would have a turkey on Thanksgiving Day. But I think under the circumstances that an angel of light would have departed from the truth to see those little faces light up with anticipation, to see the cheeks flush and the white teeth bared themselves as though cutting the tender meat from a turkey leg.

But the hardest sight for me to bear was the look Nellie gave me. Just one quick glance into my face and she knew all the sorrowful tale. It was not necessary to tell her how I had tramped the streets of the big city all day, how faint I had become from hunger; how I was raging at heart like a caged lion; how in my awful rage I cursed the rich and hated humanity. Not for myself, but for the hungry babies and their mother.

Never a word of complaint from Nellie. Only encouragement and hope. Then came the oatmeal alone. For the molasses was all gone. I don't eat oatmeal now. The taste of it is insufferable to me. My palate rises in rebellion against it. I have heard of the man who ate thirty quail in thirty days. I wonder whether he ever tried oatmeal for thirty days.

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ers, for the room was growing cold. But the chill air did not affect me. I was giving birth to a poem. The second stanza came easier. What bothered me most was the rhyme. I think, to the best of my recollection, that the second instalment consumed a half hour of intense thought. I was better satisfied than with the first stanza, because I knew it was truer. Here it is, just as I read it to Nellie:

His comb is as red as ruddy wine, His breast is a shining gleam; But his carcass is safe from me and mine— We can't pick his wishbone clean.

The muse was rather skittish at the third stanza. I coaxed her with a pipe of tobacco, the fumes of which made Nellie cough, and I persuaded her to go to bed. The clock struck 11. The wind rattled the window frame and I began to think that poets earned their money. I almost fell asleep over this stanza. While laboriously constructing it there came a picture to me of the old farm house in the Catskills, the table groaning with its weight of good things. It occurred to me just here that I was doing the groaning now. When finished, after many interlineations and corrections, it read as follows:

There was a time long, long ago, When deprived of his feathery vest, I seized his leg in my strong right hand, And dissected his meaty breast.

By this time I had got into the spirit of my undertaking. The lines ran off the end of my pen as smoothly as water runs off a duck's back. With a confident smile I finished the last verse.

The next morning I had to fill up the hole in a ten-cent piece with soap and ashes in order to deceive the toll-taker at the elevated railroad station. All the way down town I read and reread the alleged poem, trying to perfect it. When I arrived in New York I hesitated before the big newspaper offices, afraid to go in. At last I managed to pluck up courage enough to go up stairs, where, contrary to my expectations, I was kindly received and was told that my poem would be read, and if it possessed sufficient merit it would be printed. "I was encouraging, to be sure, but what was I going to do in the meantime for the turkey?"

The day was spent in the usual way, running around looking for a job and finding none. I managed, however, to earn fifty cents by carrying some coal. It hurt my pride to do it, but the faces of the children rose before me, and I would almost have committed murder just then.

With a heavy heart I started to walk over the bridge just after sunset. The wind blew cold from the northeast, and I buttoned my coat close to my chin. It was a starlit night. The great towers loomed up above me like entrances to some gigantic temple. The river rushed and swirled below, and reflected in silver gleams the light from the electric lamps. I could see the little waves capped with foam. It was a fascinating sight, and I felt strangely drawn toward the river. For a time I forgot the babies and Nellie. Behind me was the great, roaring city, with its thousands of men and women struggling for existence. I had been trampled under foot in the crush. Why should I return and renew the battle? As I brooded over the river, chilled to the marrow by the searching wind, the water seemed to beckon me. Its shifting currents whispered "Come," its shadowy, gleaming rifts, its miniature malestroms seemed to my excited fancy to say: "Here's rest for you. We'll bear you away to dreamland, where hunger and pain and sorrow are drowned in the nepenthe of eternal rest."

In this state of partial unconsciousness I began to climb up the railing to reach the roadway below, when a policeman touched me on the shoulder and told me to "move on." I did move on, but in a dazed, uncertain way, until I reached the Brooklyn entrance. Here the crowd from the cars was pouring out in the street like a torrent, and in the crush I was hustled about and at last stumbled into the arms of a stout man muffled in an old army overcoat. He held me away from him by my arms. Then he shook me and said:

"What's the matter with you, Tom? Ye ain't drunk, be ye?"

There was something familiar in the voice, and looking up I saw the homely face of Sam Jones, of Shandaken, before me. Then came another shake, and this time I came to myself again.

"By George, Sam, I'm glad to see you," I stammered.

"Well, let's go an' get somethin' to warm you up. You're near froze, man." Thawed and melted by a steaming cup of coffee, I told Sam all the sorrowful story. How the children would be waiting at the station for me expecting the turkey I had foolishly promised them and my inability to procure it. I was inter-



rupted at intervals by exclamations from Sam such as:

"Well, I'll be blessed! You kin bet yer boots them kids is goin' to hav' their turkey! B'gosh! I allers did say that the city's no place for a farmer!"

Under the cheerful influence of Sam's sympathy I soon regained my lost courage. He insisted that we should go to the nearest grocery, where he picked out the biggest turkey he could find. Then there were two quarts of cranberries, three big mince pies, a package of candy for the children, a bunch of crisp celery,

and other things appropriate to Thanksgiving Day.

When Sam left me at the elevated station he pressed a \$5 bill into my hand despite my protests, with the remark: "Now, you take it, old man. I got good prices for my truck this season. Sides that I am only lending it to yo. Ye've got to pay me every cent by--"



With a parting hand shake he disappeared. As the train rattled along over the shining rails I could see the lights of the big bridge fading away behind me. The river rushed below just as it had done one brief hour before, but its turbid waters had no fascination for me now.

I wish every man and woman who reads this story could have seen the faces of those three children as they stood at the foot of the elevated station. My arms were filled with bundles, and when those three pairs of eyes gazed upon the glorious sight what an infantile shout went up! And how they danced with glee! The eldest insisted that she could carry the turkey, but she couldn't, it was too heavy. But each one had to carry a bundle. And so, like a conquering army returning with the spoils, we marched around to the house.

And Nellie! Well, bless me, if she didn't sit right down on a chair and cry like a baby. I can't remember distinctly, because, you see, it's three years ago now, but I have an indistinct recollection that a few salt drops ran down my cheeks. As for Sam Jones, I think he would have felt fully repaid for his kindness if he could have heard Buelah say her little prayer that night. That simple petition is carved so distinctly on the walls of my memory that I can repeat it word for word:

"Dod bless T'an'givin', en papa, en mamma, en Sam Jones. Dood night!"

The Turk's Thanksgiving Dinner.



Tommy and the Turk.



The Turk and Tommy.

The Boy's Opinion.

Oh, Valentine Day is well enough, And Fourth of July is jolly, And Christmas time is beautiful, With its gifts and its wreaths of holly. New Year's calling is rather nice, And Hallowe'en sports are funny, And a May-Day party isn't bad, When the weather is warm and sunny.

Oh, all of them are well enough; But the day that is best worth living, Is when we all go to grandma's, To a splendid, big Thanksgiving! —Emma C. Doed

The Little Fiend.

"You must feel some satisfaction in eating the turkey that chased you around the yard a week ago," said the minister. "He was a very saucy bird when alive, wasn't he?" "Yes," replied little Johnnie, "and ma said when you got through there would be nothing left but the cranberry sauce."

Thanksgiving Revery.

I never had a sweet gazelle To glad me with its soft, black eye, But I would love it passing well Baked in a rich and crusty pie. If I could have a bird to love, And nestle sweetly in my breast, All other nesting birds above, The turkey, stuffed, would be that bird —Ottawa Free Trader.

Hardly a Bargain.

"What a kind, thoughtful hubby you are," said the young wife, throwing her arms around his neck when he brought home a turkey, "and what a dear little bird it is."

"I should say it was dear," he growled. "I won't it at a raffle."

Too Honest to Succeed.

"What kind of bread do you like best," asked a kind-hearted old lady, who was getting something for the tramp's Thanksgiving. "The bread of idleness, mum."

QUARTERS— Reliable Clothing

Table listing clothing items and prices: Hats 15c up, Mufflers, Handkerchiefs, cheap and fine quality, etc.

Reliable Clothing House MIDDLEBURGH, PA.

Stoves for Stoves



RHOADS

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OF 1889

BARGAINS IN

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your heart good to go and the

Winter Good

Timely Warning to Dyspeptics. Do not stuff yourself with dressing. Neither monkey with mince-pie. For the turkey's ghost will haunt you when in bed at night you lie. A turkey on the table is worth two of a rooster. Don't count your turkey before it's carved, for it may go back on you.