# THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, EDITOR AND PRO'R.

*MIDDLEBURG, PA., MAY 15, 1889.*


SO MANY poets send their verses to Oliver Wendell Holmes that he has come to the conclusion that everybody in the United States writes poetry.

MARSHALL PASS, on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, 10,851 feet above the sea level, is the highest point crossed by a railroad inside the limits of the United States.

MRS. TALMAGE, wife of the celebrated preacher, is said to be the financier of the family. It is she who makes all the Doctor's engagements and does his banking business.

A MAN named Oscar Harden, of Pike County, Georgia, some time ago killed his bride of a few months by a pistol-shot. He has made a confession that he shot at her three times because "he didn't think he could hit her."

A NEW YORK doctor says that you can make a man believe that his liver is out of order when you can't make him believe that there is a hereafter for his soul. The human liver is dosed ninety-nine times where it needs it but once.

THE costliest horse barn in the world belongs to D. E. Crouse and is located at Syracuse, N. Y. It has now cost the owner, a millionaire horseman, something like $700,000. Incidental expenses will make the stable cost little short of a round million.

ORLANDO, Fla., phosphate hunters found a piece of petrified red cedar in a creek. The grain of the wood is so naturally preserved that it looks as if it could be cut with a knife, but it is solid stone and the red color of the wood has been precipitated in bright carmine spots.

A CHURCH in Racine began advertising twenty years ago: "Going out of business, stock and fixtures for sale; store for rent"; and has kept it up daily ever since. He says it hits the public right between the eyes and makes everybody think his prices are the lowest in town.

A HUMBUG in Chicago gets a living by selling the time of day. He has a chronometer, and it is warranted time. He has a certain territory which he goes over, and furnishes the housewives in that territory with the time of day once a week. He gets ten cents a week from each patron.

MRS. HITT, of Ashland, Neb., missed her baby, while traveling on the Burlington express, and jumped off while the train was running forty miles an hour. Though terribly injured, she will recover. The baby was found peacefully sleeping in a seat of the car from which she jumped.

MR. GLADSTONE has always been more scrupulous in his attentions to the humbler classes than to the nobility and wealthy. Once, when Prime Minister, he called personally on a tradesman on Sunday morning to deliver a ticket of admission to the House of Commons, which had been requested.

THE grounds on which the White House now stands were once the orchard of David Burns, an old Scotch farmer, whose cabin still stands in lonely obscurity a few squares back from the executive mansion. It is said that Washington, when engaged in laying out the city, had many long and bitter quarrels with Burns before he could persuade the old man to sell his land, even though it would be used in future for the home of the Presidents.

THE San Francisco *Examiner* tells this story: In the early days of California a Chinese boy came to San Francisco. For same reason he divorced himself from all associations with his countrymen, assumed the garb and habits of an America, and learned the painter's trade. He took the name of Joseph Allman, and settled himself in San Leandro, where he pursued his calling, and was generally respected. Many years afterward his old father came to this coast and hunted up his son. Then there occurred a scene believed to be unique in the history of the country. The son was compelled to converse with his father through an interpreter. By reason of lack of association with the people who spoke Chinese Allman had entirely forgotten his native tongue, and the father had not been long enough in the country to pick up any English. After a time Allman sought to take out citizenship papers. He then found that he was actually a man without a country. On account of his race and color he was prohibited from becoming an American, and as he had lost the language of his parents he could not claim China as the country of his home yearnings. Repeated efforts to become a citizen of the United States have resulted in failure.

## SIBERIAN EXILES.

BY MRS. NAPOLEON B. MORANGE.

Russia! Russia! Art thou thy brother's keeper?
Are these thy children, ever wandering deeper
Into that gloomy land,
A faint, heart-broken band?
Answer! Are these thy children, these shackled ones?
Claim they from thee the heritage of sons?
Didst thou e'er nurse them at thy iron breast?
Were once their infant locks by thee caressed?
And thou canst see them famishing for rest!

Who thinks at midnight on this somber land,
Its punishments dealt out with iron hand,
Must see a phantom train
That come's not home again,
Marching in painful file to living death!
With hope, with all crushed out of life but breath.

Art thou thy brother's keeper? Russia! Russia!
Are these thy children? Hast thou naught to say?
And yet they fall and die beside the way.

How long that horrid procession looks to those
Who, dreaming, hear the groans and feel the throes
To those born happy, free,
Cradled in liberty
Seen from the West, how black that awful goal!
How terrible for even a hardened soul!
We shudder at those grim, entombing mines;
We mark how curled the welcome summer shines;
How like funeral sentinels, Siberian pines.

Oh! Russia! Russia! Thy blackest page
To scan in our enlightened, lenient age;
What bears have softer grown,
Even on the hottest throne;
When man no longer to his God replies:
"Am I my brother's keeper?" When the skies
No longer smile and bend above La Bastile!
And tyrants show a growth of tender zeal
For all who suffer, all who live and feel.

Far, far from the mill-mural day to come,
When earth will be one universal home,
"Siberian dungeons seem!
And yet the Christian's dream
Time may fulfill. Black Russia! Frowning, Proud!
Haunted by fearful shapes! Land of the dead!
When to confess makes an everlasting shroud!
May blossom in Isaiah's wilderness,
And sweeping of curses, yearth to bless.

NEW YORK CITY Station A.

## FANCY VERSUS FACT.

### An Old Sailor's Yarn.

"IF I was in your place, Cap'n, I would keep that little old well-worn Bible as long as I lived," said the lubber when the sailor rounded to in the usual resort.

"Bible!" echoed the Cap'n in a puzzled voice; "what Bible is it that you are talking about?"

"Why, the one you carried under your arm when you was a boy going onto the ship to be a sailor."

"Did you ever hear me say anything about mine or any other seaman's Bible?" asked the Cap'n with forced calmness.

"N—o," replied the lubber, slowly, "but I've been led to think that all the boys who went to sea took one along. At least, they did in the Sunday-school books I used to read. The boy's mother was usually a widow, and he had to go to sea to support her, and he always took a Bible with her name on the fly-leaf. I have often wondered since why the boy didn't get a job ashore, but I suppose work was scarce that summer, and he was stuck on the sea anyhow. Another thing that bothered me some was the fact that he was generally gone three years, while his penniless ma was waiting for him to come back and support her."

"And he always shipped a Bible with the rest of his dunnage, eh?" ventured the Cap'n, with the evident intention of drawing the lubber out.

"Yes, the boy generally had a Bible tucked under his arm with a book-mark sticking out of the back end of it, in the picture where he is bidding his mother good-by before going to sea. She has her hands over her face and is weeping bitterly, poor woman, while he gazes manfully up at her from under his glazed cap-brim. And they always have his clothes-chest showing in the picture. This is a small, square box with a rope handle in each end, and contains besides his clothes a number of healthful tracts for the sailors.

"It has been so long since I read one of the books that I've forgotten just how the story goes. But there is another picture where the boy is marching up the gangplank into the ship with his Bible, while a sailor follows him at a respectful distance, carrying the chest on his back. On the voyage the boy refuses to drink grog or chew long green tobacco, which the sailors kindly offer him. And every night in the forecastle he reads a chapter from his Bible and then kneels down beside his bunk to pray, while the sailors heave rubber boots at his head. But the noble boy perseveres, and after awhile manages to steer the sailors into a religious train of thought. He then passes among them with his tracts and leans on the taffrail moonlight nights telling the rude but large-hearted sailors of a better and purer home beyond the skies. When the voyage is over he comes home with curly whiskers and a big bagful of gold just in time to save his mother from the cruel landlord, who is about to foreclose the mortgage and throw the unhappy lady out of the house. I've often thought I would like to be a sailor myself," concluded the lubber, "but I'm afraid I'm not religious enough, am I?"

"Hardly," replied the Cap'n, seriously. "But then it isn't necessary for a boy to be ordained for the ministry in order to ship before the mast in an American man-of-war or any other vessel I know of, except Cap'n Bundy's Gospel Tidings, which was launched here last summer. The Sunday-school sailor is all right in the book, but he has never showed up on shipboard to my knowledge. I've seen hundreds of boys come over the gang-plank, and if any of them had Bibles they took pains to conceal them. They all had a hankering for government rations instead of spiritual food, and as for missionary work, why, they could give a pirate pointers on profanity. I have often wondered myself why sailors pay so little heed to their spiritual welfare. They probably feel that the worst deal they can get in a future state will be a soft berth compared to their natural lives.

"But we once had a religious chap aboard, one Cyrus Bilger, of Ohio. Cyrus brought no Bible along, having absorbed the good book all but the covers, and he was very polite as well as religious. Bilger had never seen a ship before and didn't know a bob-stay from a spanker brail, and he always alluded to the vessel's hold as the cellar. But he could quote scripture by the yard, and what he didn't know about seamanship he tried to make up in politeness. That was his best hold. When a man isn't good for anything else he makes a big spread on politeness or religion and sometimes both.

"Young Bilger's chief duty aboard the ship was sweeping gangways and dumping out spit-boxes. Whenever the boatswain's mate piped, 'Clean, sweep down fore an' aft, an' dump out all yer spit-boxes,' Bilger would say, 'Certainly, with the greatest of pleasure.' Then he would stack up half a dozen spittoons and juggle them up forward, where he would give them a bath. The sailors often guyed him about this job, but he would only smile and say, 'We should never weary of well-doing.' But Bilger came out strong later on and showed us that he had the making of a seaman in him in spite of his milky ways.

"He went ashore one day, dressed in his best suit of clothes. Sailors have to wear their best clothes ashore, and even aboard ship they are compelled to dress to order. Every morning the

THE PROFANE BOY AND THE SEA PIRATE.

word is passed forward regarding the uniform to be worn that day. One day it will be all blue, the next all white, and then white and blue mixed. When there is work to be done the order goes, 'Hear, there, the uniform for to-day will be working clothes,' and everybody must be dressed alike at quarters.

"Well, Bilger went ashore with the liberty party, and they got him drunk. I had charge of the launch that went in to fetch the party off to the ship. On the first trip we brought them all off but two, Bilger and a fireman named Price. Price was a Welshman, whom we nicknamed Taffy for short. He was a short, thick, dumpy little fellow, who always wore trousers intended for a full-grown man. He never had the pants altered to fit his short legs, consequently they looked like a pair of accordions. All his fingers were gone at the second joint, owing to an accident he met with in the fire-room. They were taking up the iron deck-plates one day. One of the men with a crowbar got a pinch between the joints, and raised a plate which weighed about 600 pounds. Taffy was standing on the plate at the time, and, stooping over, he put his fingers in the crack and began to lift. But the crowbar slipped, the plate came down with Taffy standing on it, and broke his fingers off."

"Very sad accident," murmured the lubber.

"Yes. Well, when we got back on the second trip Taffy and Bilger had been having a h—l of a time. They were both drunk, Bilger having the biggest load and Taffy was kindly taking care of him. While we were away on the first trip Bilger concluded that it would be a good idea to swim off to the ship—about two miles. So, without saying a word to his guardian,

HE COULDN'T GET THE SHIRT OFF.

Taffy, he plunged off the dock with his clothes on. Bilger couldn't swim a stroke, and, as his head ports were open, he filled, and would have gone to the bottom had a native not jumped in and pulled him out."

"Where was this, Cap'n?

"On an island in the South Pacific. Of course Bilger felt uncomfortable with his wet clothes on, and as soon as he got his breath he proceeded to strip, Taffy helping him. All went well with Bilger till he got to his shirt, which he pulled off over his head in the usual way. He forgot, however, to unbutton the cuffs. The cuff of a man-of-war shirt fits tight to the wrist, and is fastened with three horn buttons, sewed on with waxed thread. So when Bilger skinned his shirt off the sleeves turned wrong side out and clung to his wrists closer than a brother. He was too drunk to know what was the matter, so he got excited. Taffy was helping him, but he broke away and went galloping along the beach, howling like a wild man, and waving the wet, soggy shirt in the air.

"When we reached the dock Taffy was pursuing the unhappy Bilger. But as he was short-handed on fingers and Bilger's body being wet and slippery he couldn't hold him. Two or three of us started to help Taffy, but he waved us back; said he was sailing that craft himself and didn't want any help. So we sat down and waited while they went ahead with the performance. Up and down the beach they flew, Bilger in the lead, with Taffy close behind. Sometimes one and sometimes both of them were standing on the shirt or tearing at it with tooth and nail. Then Bilger would break away and lash the trees with his shirt, in the meantime shrieking and frothing at the mouth.

"At last they wore the shirt out and Bilger was free, except for a pair of nice, warm flannel bracelets. Then we tried to load him into the boat, but he clutched the iron stanchions on either side of the gang-way and hung back. He wanted to swim. We hauled and jerked, while Taffy got behind and prodded Bilger with his finger-stumps. This scheme wouldn't work, so Taffy suddenly grabbed his friend by the legs and turned him a forward somersault into the bottom of the boat. Then we started for the ship. On the way Bilger made a wild break and got half-way over the side, but Taffy hauled him back. Then Taffy laid on his back in the bottom of the boat and clasping Bilger around the middle with both arms, hung on. But Bilger was so stuck on swimming that day that he kept striking out with hands and feet all the way to the ship.

"On reaching the vessel the swimmer was hoisted aboard and placed in a cell to cool off. When sober he was taken to the mast clad only in his flannel bracelets. The captain eyed the young man sternly, and harshly demanded:

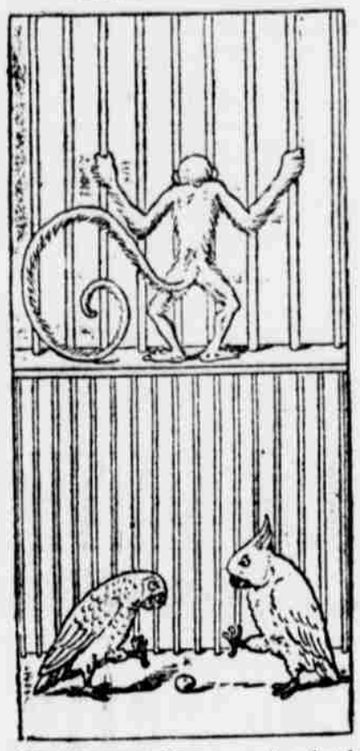
"'Well, what have you to say for yourself?'

"Bilger blushed all over, but bracing up he threw off a graceful salute and said:

"'Please, sir, what is the uniform for to-day?'

"The captain broke down at once and sent Bilger forward, where he received the hearty congratulations of the entire crew."

### The Monkey and the Parrots; or, an Unexpected Conclusion.



First Parrot—"Excuse me, but that is my apple."

Second Parrot—"I beg your pardon, but it is mine."

Monkey in Cage Above—"I very much dislike to interfere in an argument, but allow me to point out that you are both wrong."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

### "Broken English."

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

The home is the unit of the nation.

The most liberal are often the most successful.

No blessing equals the possession of a stout heart.

Health is too costly a blessing to be fooled away.

Every utterance creates some kind of an impression.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Calumny is like coal; if it does not burn, it will soil.

Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves.

The credit gained by a lie lasts only until the truth comes out.

Our acts make or mar us; we are the children of our own deeds.

He who does not engage in quarrels of others will have few of his own.

Falsehood can make the best spurt, but truth can do the steadiest trotting.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

The most weeds are to be found in the field of the man who talks the loudest about his field of labor.

If you doubt that some men are economical, watch the way they save mean things they have heard about others.

Constant praise of a man has a tendency to make others dislike him, and constant abuse of a man will raise up friends for him.

Some men are like the dog that goes so often to see that his bone has not been stolen that other dogs find out where it is hid.

Very few things will make a man feel worse than to have his "no" accepted when he expected to be coaxed into saying "yes."

There never was a farmer so honest that when he drove into town he did not drive as though he had hard work holding in his plug work horses.

### Fish Insensible to Pain.

I have read many articles on the subject of whether fish when caught on the hook feel any pain or whether their struggles were merely the result of finding themselves fast. I fish a great deal in the summer months for trout, bass and pickerel, and have done so for many years, says a writer in the *Forest and Stream*. I have studied the matter very carefully and have made up my mind from various incidents that have come under my observation that fish are not sensitive to pain as are warm blooded animals. I will cite two instances that show to me plainly that I must be right in my conclusions on this subject:

Last October, while fishing for pickerel on Lake Cary, Wyoming County, Penn., in company with a companion, among other fish that we caught was a pickerel that would weigh nearly, if not quite, thirty-one pounds. My friend pulled it up, and as it came on to the top I saw about twelve feet of a very coarse brown line hanging to it. Upon inspecting it more closely I found that the fish had in its side a very strong and coarse hook, to which the piece of line was attached. The wound must have been made a very short time previous to our catching the fish, for it was bleeding quite freely and looked very fresh, and if the fish could feel pain it would certainly have deterred it from taking our hook so soon after such an injury. There was only one other party fishing on the lake that day, as it was cold and windy, and that pickerel must have received his injury from them and have come nearly across the lake to us, dragging that piece of heavy line with him.

The other instance occurred in this way: "I was fishing for pickerel with a 'skipping bait'—a piece of pork rind or a piece of pickerel—and had with me a friend who, though he could handle a brigade under a heavy fire, was not up to the trick of catching fish that way. I was having fairly good sport, but he got impatient, and finally, when he had a good strike, he jerked so hard as to break his line, and away went the fish, and he at once proposed to go home; but I told him in joke if he would wait five or ten minutes I would catch that fish and get back his hook. So we sat down and had a short smoke. I soon commenced to cast my hook near where he lost his fish. I had a strike, and to our mutual surprise out came the General's fish with his hook well fastened in its mouth. Now, I don't think the fish would have taken the bait so soon had it been in any pain from the hook."

### Losses in Battle.

General Theodore A. Dodge ends one of two artices on "Valor and Skill in the Civil War," printed in the *Century*, as follows:

And in this connection it may not be amiss once more to give our national self-esteem a tid-bit in the following table of losses in sundry battles in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries:

| | *Percentage of killed and wounded of number engaged.* |
|---|---|
| Prussians—Up to Waterloo, in eight battles | 18.42 |
| Prussians—At Koniggretz | 3.86 |
| Austrians—up to Waterloo, in seven battles | 11.17 |
| Austrians—Since in two | 8.50 |
| French—Up to Waterloo, in nine battles | 22.38 |
| French—Since in nine | 8.86 |
| Germans—Since 1745, in eight battles | 11.53 |
| English—In four battles | 10.36 |
| Federals—In eleven battles | 12.89 |
| Confederates—In eleven battles | 14.16 |

From this table it is manifest that, excepting the troops of Frederick and Napoleon, the American volunteer has shown himself equal to taking the severest punishment of any troops upon the field of battle. The wonderfully pertinacious tactics of those two great Captains, rather than the discipline of their troops, explains the excess of loss of their battles. And while the capacity to face heavy loss is but one of the elements which go to make up the soldier, it is perhaps of them all the most telling.

## PENNSYLVANIA.

Beaver will vote on appropriating $[illegible] to pave streets and improve its water supply.

McKeesport hod carriers have organized a union and will demand $2 50 a day June[illegible].

New Brighton's High School alumni will banquet at the Sourbeck House, Thursday evening, June 5.

Mrs. Ada Penn, who cruelly shot her own little daughter at Carlisle, has been arrested. The child's condition is critical.

Henry W. Rolfe, professor of Latin in the college at Swarthmore, has resigned and will go abroad to extend his studies.

George Phillips was instantly killed at Ogden station, on the Chartiers Valley railroad by a tree he was felling falling upon him.

The Prohibition party will hold its State Convention in Harrisburg on the 15th and 16th of July, its Executive Committee having decided on the time and place. Friends of the city of Scranton made a strong fight for the convention. Among the persons named for Governor are John E. Gill, of Greensburg; W. W. Hague, of Warren, and H. T. Haines, of Williamsport.

Farmers of Montgomery, Bucks, Berks, Delaware and Chester counties met at Norristown, Pa., to prepare a programme for discussion and arrange for extending a general invitation to the farmers to the mass meeting, which will have for its object the forming of a union for devising ways and means whereby their interests may be benefitted and protected. The New York State Alliance has sent an organizer to Pennsylvania to form district clubs, and such an organization has already been formed in Limerick Township and will send a delegate to a convention of Alliance clubs to be held in Doylestown soon.

A company has been formed at Bear's Falls called the Locust Hill Gold Mining Company, the directors of which are J. H. and C. M. Emerson, James Clayton, John Ferguson and B. W. Rayl. A charter has been obtained and machinery is being purchased to develop 300 acres of land in Spotsylvania county, Virginia, upon which gold-bearing quartz which assays from $5 to $1,000 per ton has been discovered. The land, it is claimed, has been thoroughly tested, and the owners are sanguine of success. Two men with ordinary mining implements washed out $30 in a day.

An agent for a Wheeling man will establish an agency at Washington to sell liquor in the orginal packages. He has been prompted to attempt the scheme by the recent favorable action of the United States Supreme Court in a similar case.

The latest summary shows that of the 197 Presbyteries heard from, 128 have voted for and 65 against revision. Counting the five non-acting bodies in the negative, the vote stands 133 to 70, or just a little less than two-thirds in favor of revision.

Five more victims of the flood were found in the Conemaugh river at Johnstown Thursday. They have not been identified.

Arthur Kirk's dynamite gang has quit work at Johnstown. The project to change the river channel is generally approved.

A shortage of $25,000 has been discovered in the accounts of W. F. Slingluff, secretary and Treasurer of the Norristown Water Company.

An Eastern organ factory will locate at Wilson station, near West Elizabeth. Forty acres of land have been donated as a site.

The National Tube-Works agreed to pay their men the same wages for nine hours as ten hours' work, but refused to advance wages 10 per cent. A strike is contemplated.

Two tramps burglarized the house of Jno. Newman, at West Newton, early Saturday morning. They secured nothing for their pains, being driven off by two ferocious dogs.

A heavy rain visited Mercer Saturday night and submerged the east end of the town to a depth of three feet. A windstorm accompanied the rain and several barns were wrecked.

The employes of the McKeesport National Tube Works, to the number of about three thousand went out on a strike for an advance of 10 per cent. in wages, or the reduction of the hours of labor to nine. The demands were refused by the Tube Works Company in a letter signed by E. G. Converse, General Manager, in which it was stated that the men were receiving wages higher than anywhere else; that the hours could not be reduced, and that the wages could not be increased and the concern still compete with other companies; also, that business has been very dull recently.

Hon. Richard Vaux was nominated for Congress by the Third District Democratic convention to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Samuel J. Randall. The special election will be held on May 30. Richard Vaux was born in Philadelphia in 1816, and was admitted to the bar when 20 years of age. During President Van Buren's administration he acted as secretary of the American Legation at London. He was elected Mayor of Philadelphia on the Democratic ticket in 1850 and served one term.

James Maloney, a middle-aged farmer, from Beech Pond, cut from a piece of beef he was buying at a Honesdale butcher shop a strip of meat four inches long and wedge-shape. As he was leaving the shop, he endeavored to swallow the piece, but it lodged in his throat, and the man choked to death in the presence of the bystanders.

### A Foxy Hackman.

There is a Philadelphia hackman who has a regular bar-room in his carriage. A belt with pockets reaches around the inside and in the pockets are bottles holding beer, whisky, brandy, sherry, apollinaris, seltzer and all plain drinks. There are also pockets for cigars and cigarettes. He does a rushing trade Sundays and nights after the saloons are closed. His profits, outside of what he receives for the actual hire of the hack, are often $10 per day.

Mrs. C. V. Hollister, of Bellevue, Mich., is 65 years old, and has just finished, as a comfort in her old age, a bed quilt containing 4,070 pieces.