The Middleburg Post.

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Editor and Proprietor.

Entered at the Post Office at Middleburg, Pa., as second class mail matter

HISTORY.—Established in 1844 as the Union Demokrat, at New Berlin, a German Whig paper. Changed name to the POST in 1861. Oldest Republican newspaper in Snyder County.

HE WISHED TO HELP.

"Are you reading 'Home Hints,' ma?"
"Yes."
"Turn to page 41, then, 'cause that tells how to take ink-spots out of the carpet!"—N. Y. World.

Catching His Mother.

Little Clarence Callipers—Mamma, what is the best thing for a boy to do when he wears his trousrs out?

Mrs. Callipers—Get a new pair, I suppose.

Clarence—No, mamma; wear them home again.—Harlem Life.

The Only Possibility.

He—Nothing could ever come between us, could it dear?

She—I can't think of a single thing, unless I should happen to become engaged to some other man.—Harper's Bazar.

A SECRET OF THE SEA.

The Shipwrecked "Koniacker" Who Placed a Monument Over a Dead Girl in Cheyenne.

"Cheyenne is not the town it was when for awhile it was a railroad terminus," said a citizen of that place visiting in Brooklyn preparatory to what he calls a salt water trip, relates the Eagle of that city.

"All the stories about its exciting days were far from true," he continued. "I will tell you one, however, which I never saw in print, not because it is not worth printing, but because, I suppose, some who know of it think it too tame for a Cheyenne story. If you ever go to Cheyenne, ask anybody you happen to meet to show you the way to the cemetery—there is but one that has any history. And when you get out there wander around until you come to the prettiest monument in the place. Maybe a half dozen men in the town know the story of it, but certainly no more, and they may not recall it.

"In the exciting days of the town there lived in a squalid part of it a man and his stepdaughter. The latter was not more than 12 years old at the time. Her mother had died in an emigrant train on its way west and was buried near the road.

"When her husband and daughter reached Cheyenne, the man sickened and nearly died. But for the tender nursing by the stepdaughter he would not have recovered. He was a beggar when he got well, but then that was nothing in those days, and his condition caused no special comment. Soon after, his luck turned. He had enough to dress the girl to her heart's content, and he looked prosperous. But no one ever saw him work. I don't know what explanation he made, or whether any, for his prosperity.

"One day he mounted the girl on a horse and sent her away on a mission, which required her to be absent two days. When she returned he was gone. They do things quicker in that country than you do here, or at least they did in the time of which I am speaking. No one who knew would tell the girl the fate of her stepfather. She was given a home and I have heard that she had no complaint to make of the life she found in it. While she was growing into womanhood she died and was buried in the cemetery of which I spoke.

"While she was on the mission for her stepfather, he was engaged in making counterfeit money. He had been at it for some time, but the child never knew it, and he never did any work in that way when she was about the house.. He was arrested before her return and he begged the officers to take him away quickly and to keep the secret of his crime from the child. I happen to know that they kept their pledge.

"He pleaded guilty at once and was sent to state's prison for ten years. He was credited with the usual time for good behavior and came out, as they usually do, broken and aged.

"One day a banker in Cheyenne received a check and letter. The letter bore the Kansas City postmark. It directed the banker to use the check for the erection of a monument over a grave which was described. The monument was shipped from Kansas City and the freight was prepaid. On its receipt in Cheyenne, the banker was notified and the work of placing it was carried on under his supervision. I do not think the banker ever knew the story of the man who paid for the monument and sent him the check. He died several years ago. There was a balance left after the placing of the monument and the banker invested it, and while he lived the interest on it paid the sexton of the cemetery for keeping the grave and ground about it in good condition. In his will the banker directed that the work should be continued on the interest, until such time as the person entitled to the principal should appear and claim it. But he never will, unless the sea gives up its dead and gives them another life."

London Bakers, 1310.

In 1310 we find the following Bow bakeresses accused of selling halfpenny loaves deficient in weight: Sarra Foting, Christina Terrice. Godiyeva Foting, Matilda de Bolingtone, Christina Pritchet, Isabella Sperling, Alice Pegges, Johanna de Cauntebrigge, and Isabella Pouveste One wonders why the husbands were not summoned. In a similar case, in 1316, when Agnes Foting's bread was seized, it was "adjudged that her bread should be forfeited and given to the prisoners in Neugate, because her husband did not come to avow (own) the bread." Are we to assume that in the absence of the husbands the bread was merely forfeited without the infliction of a fine? An indication of the importance of the breadmaking business is also found in an enactment of the reign of Henry III., to the effect that "every care of Bremble (Bromley-by-Bow) or Stevenhethe (Stepney) that comes into the city with bread shall pay each day one halfpenny."—Gentleman's Magazine.

Easy for Him.

"Well, my daughter," said the man with the round face, "has married a boy who, I think, will be able to send his name ringing down the corridors of time all right."

"I'm glad to hear that," his companion replied. "Let's see, whom did she marry?"

"A young fellow named Bell."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Not Easily Disturbed.

"Nothing seems to disturb the average policeman."

"No; they carry their 'don't worry clubs' around with them."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

She Kept Ducks.

At a country fete a conjurer was performing the old trick of producing eggs from a hat, when he remarked to a little boy:

"Your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?"

"Of course she can," replied the boy.

"Why, how is that?" asked the conjurer.

"She keeps ducks," replied the boy, amid roars of laughter.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

No Use.

Catterson—Look here, old man! Let me tell you how I manage my wife. I always give her money when she doesn't want it, and when she does I refer to the time when I offered it to her.

Hatterson—That's a fine scheme, but it wouldn't work in my case.

"Why not?"

"Well, I've never yet seen the time when my wife didn't want money."—Harper's Bazar.

A Doubtful Case.

Parson Jackson—I wish yo' would make a call on de Widow Jones, deacon! De Bible tells us to comfort de widowed and fatherless in deyr affliction, you know.

Deacon Johson—Dat's jist it, parson! Knowin' de late lamented as well as I did, I ain't quite sure dat it's an affliction.—Judge.

Early for Mamma.

Molly had been allowed to come into the drawing room after dinner. When eight o'clock struck, her mother, wishing to give her a faint hint that it was time to go to bed, said:

"Good night, Molly, dear."

Molly looked up in surprise.

"Are you going to bed, mother?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

This Comes from England.

"Waiter, bring me a couple of soft-boiled eggs."

Voice (at next table)—The same for me. But, waiter, be sure they are fresh.

"All right."

Waiter's voice in the distance—Four soft-boiled eggs; two must be fresh.—Tit-Bits.

More Serious.

Askit—What ever became of that patient of yours you were telling me about last spring?

Dr. Sokum—Oh, he's got a complaint now that's giving me a great deal of trouble.

Askit—Indeed? What is it?

Dr. Sokum—It's a complaint about the amount of my bill.—Philadelphia Press.

A Musical Instrument.

"Tin Peddler (who has met with an accident)—What vill I do now? Effery wheel of my wagon is broke.

Boarder (consolingly)—Leave the tins in the wagon just as it is and perhaps you can sell it to one of the boarding-house keepers for a piano.—N. Y. Weekly.

Before the Christening.

Mr. Freeborn Jackson— Whad yoh gwine name im, Laurelia?

Mrs. Jackson—Anyfing yoh laiks. Anyfing, cept Alias. Ise noticed boys o' that name nevah comes to no good. They's allus in the police co't.—Brooklyn Life.

A Purist.

Clergyman — Well, Johnny, how's father and mother keeping?

Johnny—Mother's not well, sir.

Clergyman—What's the matter? Is she laid up?

Johnny—No, sir; she's laid down.—N. Y. World.

He Went Up.

Teacher—Johnny, tell me the name of the tropical belt north of the equator.

Johnny—Can't, sir.

"Correct. That will do."—Yale Record.

Anxious to Start.

His Father—You ought to be more economical.

The Spendthrift—I know; but, just now, father, I haven't a cent to be economical with!—Puck.

MIDDLEBURGH MARKET.

Butter	24	Wheat	70
Eggs	28	Rye	45
Onions	00	Corn	45
Lard	8	Oats	28
Tallow	4	Potatoes	50
Chickens	6	Bran per 100.	90
Turkeys	7	Middlings "	1.00
Shoulder	8	Chop	1.10
Ham	12	Flour per bbl	4 00