

LUCID LOCAL LAONICS

Sweet May hath come to love us,
Flowers, trees, their blossoms on.
And through the blue heaven above us,
The very clouds move on.

—HISSE BOOK OF SONGS.

Memorial Day is fast approaching.
Why do you go to bed? Because the
does not come to you.

will pay highest cash price for hides,
and wool. J. L. Wineman,
Lewisburg, Pa.

are not up to date if you have
posted a letter with a stamp of the
American variety.

am Dock's show will exhibit in
Middletown Friday, May 17th. Ad-
mission 10 and 15 cents.

and the tombstone inscriptions and
serve them. This is the way to pre-
serve your local history of the past.

the Mead Cycle Co., Dept. 130 J., Chi-
cago, Ill., wants agents for their bikes.
See adv. on the inside pages
of the Post.

Why is the Middleburg Post like a
? Because every man ought to
one of his own and not be run-
ner after other people's.

evangelist Sellhammer, of Williams-
port, will speak in the Alvine church,
Friday, May 17, at 7:45 P. M. Subject
Ignorant Day. COMMITTEE.

the Globe Mills Glee Club spent a
pleasant evening at Hiram Clark's
Friday. All kinds of refreshments
served and all reported having
a good time.

though it is less than three years
the war with Spain began there
been nearly 41,000 applications
mission filed and this is exclusive
service in the Philippines.

the postoffice department will have
establish a new postal route if a
recently posted in the Danville
is to be taken to its destination.
address to Robert Ingersoll, Hades,
as the Styx.

annual examination of the state
of examiners will begin at
Sunbury Normal School Tuesday,
11th, at 9 A. M. For further par-
ticulars, address, Dr. J. P. Welsh, Prin-
cipal, Bloomsburg.

the State Republican State Conven-
tion will be held in Harrisburg, Au-
gust 1st. State Chairman Frank Reed,
Tuesday of last week engaged the
Opera House in the Capital
for the sessions of the Convention.

FOR SALE.—119 acres—100 clear
res covered with good timber, has
ing peach orchard, all kinds of
good buildings, spring of running
water, 4 miles north of Middleburg.

MICHAEL BLOUCH,
Middleburg, Pa.

to A. E. Soles for a smooth easy
cut up-to-date hair cut and head
dressed with a refreshing shampoo
and removed with his tonic. A
towel to each patron. Parlor in
building, one door east of Post-
office. Satisfaction guaranteed. tf.

total number of copies of news
printed throughout the world
is estimated at twelve trillion.
To print this requires 751,269
of paper. The oldest newspaper is
to be Kin-pen, of Peking, which
has been published continually for one
and a half years.

are nearing another Memorial
day set a part by the Grand
of the Republic to fittingly
commemorate the glorious deeds of
men who defended our country
our flag and it is none too soon
to commence to plan for the observ-
ance of this day.

new Pennsylvania depot will be
this spring in Sunbury. The
have been made for several years
an appropriation was not made in
Philadelphia office until last Mon-
day. A three-story building will be
erected and the entire depot will be
relocated. The work will commence at
the end of the month.

is the unfortunate letter in the
bet because it is never in cash
ever out of danger. The afore-
mentioned exchange forgot that "e" is
in war but always in peace, it is
glancing of existence, the comm-
ent of ease and the end of trouble,
but it there would be no bread, no
no water, no gospel, no heaven.
and it is the end of life and the
ning of eternity and while we
along without it in living, we
are in death.

PRESIDENT JUDGE.

(Continued from last week's Herald and News.)
And still the questions come, such as:
Is it true that nine years ago, then
H. M. McClure, Esq., told you that
Judge Rockefeller was partial and that
he had treated him shamefully?

Did he make you promises both be-
fore and after the election, he never
fulfilled?

How could you have consistently
voted at the primary when you were
fully convinced that the Judge is a
NON-POLITICAL office, based upon the
unanimous opinion of all political
parties?

If the Republican party has made a
mistake, do you think they ought to
correct it?

Do you think that the Democratic
party will profit by the misfortunes of
its adversaries and not run into the old
rut that has led them to inevitable de-
feat for the last nine years?

Do you think they are willing to pay
an honest debt, although barred by the
Statute of Limitation?

Is it true that if they reflect, it
should be easy for them to remember
who were their true and tried friends?
Judging from the questions you enu-
merated in a former article, you are
fully aware of the magnitude of your
undertaking; are you not?

Are you sure that this time it will
be Snyder County for Snyder County and
Union County for Snyder County?

While all these questions are impor-
tant, as well as very many more that
have been asked, I will not, at this
time, be able to comment on any ex-
cept the last two. Yes, there is no
doubt that Snyder County will be for
Snyder County, and don't you think it
is high time that it ought to be looking
after its own interest?

To start only fifty years ago, Mifflin
County has had that office twenty
years, Union County has had it twenty
years, and Laekawanna County has
had it ten years.

Some time in the future I will pub-
lish a calculation of what the money
amounts to, at this time, received by
each of the above counties, supposing
it had been invested in judgments and
revived every five years according to
law.

Yes, there is not a detail until now
and seven o'clock P. M., on election
day that I do not see. Of course it may
be necessary to make a few changes,
but that will be an easy matter.

You will then be able to exclaim with
many others, "How can any man, in
either Union County or Snyder County,
refuse to support Snyder County can-
didates?" I fully believe that Union
County will be for Snyder County, be-
cause there is no doubt that it will
reciprocate past favors if we give them
an opportunity.

Indeed, I know it to be a fact that
many of the good people of Union
County have said that Snyder County
is entitled to the next Judge and that
they are willing to vote and work to
that end.

I have a case on hand that must be
disposed of before I will be able to give
the judicial contests my undivided at-
tention and as this may take several
weeks, I am compelled to ask you to
be patient for the answers to all ques-
tions.

Other parties are better prepared to
answer some and you will be referred
to all such.

You should grant me the privilege of
asking some, and when you are set to
thinking in order to properly answer
them, the truth will be made to appear
and you will be astonished that you
have been laboring and acting under a
wrong impression for the last nine
years.

As the facts of my case will confound
the most learned and able judges and
lawyers of this whole country and put
them to sea without rudder or compass
as to the law, and the proper theory to
win the case, I will print them as soon
as it will be possible to fully ascertain
them. Very respectfully yours,
JAMES G. CROUSE,
NON-POLITICAL
Candidate for President Judge.

Sam Dock's Keystone Shows.

Larger grander better than ever.
New acts, new features, more trained
animals and performers. Come early
and see it all. Free street parade daily
at 12:30 p. m. Free at 1 and 7 p. m. out-
side exhibition, the high diving dog
worth coming miles to see. Free band
concerts daily. Two performances
daily at 2 and 8 p. m. doors open one
hour earlier. Admission only 10 and
15c. Will exhibit at Middleburg Fri-
day May 17, 1901.

PERTINENT PERSONALS

John P. Smith is reported very sick.

Joseph L. Marks and wife spent Sun-
day at Milroy.

Simon Kratzer of Globe Mills was in
town Saturday.

John Fields of Kremer, was a County
seat visitor, Monday.

G. C. Gutelius attended a funeral at
at Millinburg last week.

Wm. A. Hummel of Globe Mills passed
through town Friday.

Miss Marcia App of Mahontongo is
visiting Miss Claire Graybill.

Miss Jennie Giffen of Catawissa is
visiting friends in this place.

Mrs. Meade Bowersox of Beavertown
is visiting her parents in this place.

David Womer of Mt. Pleasant Mills
was a caller at this office last week.

John Shannon and wife of Paxtonville
passed through town Friday.

Mrs. Albert Riehl of Globe Mills was
at the county seat Saturday.

Daniel Boyer of Kremer visited the
County Seat, Friday of last week.

Squire James Middleworth of Troy-
denville was at the county seat Tuesday.

Jacob Nase of Perry township was at
the county seat Saturday on business.

John C. Hummel of Globe Mills, was
a Middleburg visitor Thursday of last
week.

M. I. Potter and wife visited at Pat-
tersen and Lewistown Junction over
Sunday.

N. B. Middleworth and wife of Mc-
Clure passed through town Wednesday
of last week.

Chas. Bowersox of Globe Mills, was
transacting business in town Friday
of last week.

James Crouse started out on a politi-
cal tour Monday morning to be gone
several days.

Mrs. A. G. Bashour and her son are
visiting her sister, Mrs. A. E. Cooper at
Maple Hill, Pa.

Michael Blouch of Franklin town-
ship called at this office Saturday to
advertise his farm for sale.

Mr. and Mrs. Erdley of New Berlin
visited the latter's parents, James Erd-
ley and wife in this place Sunday.

Philip Mengle and son of Mt. Pleasant
Mills were callers at this office Wed-
nesday of last week.

C. M. Showers, one of the merchants
of Penns creek, was a visitor at the
County seat last week.

F. W. Thomas of Sunbury stopped at
this place Friday at Bolender's for din-
ner. Frank is a hustler in dealing in
cattle.

James Shuman of Swinford dropped
in to pay his subscription. He is
actively engaged in the lumber busi-
ness.

W. W. Wittenmyer shot his large dog
"Dodge," a familiar character on the
streets of Middleburg. The animal was
hopelessly afflicted with ring bone.

Mrs. Louisa Wetzel and son, Jacob,
and Daniel Wetzel of Beavertown
Jerome Garman and wife of Mt. Pleas-
ant Mills were entertained by Station
Agent L. E. Wetzel.

Miss Della, youngest daughter of L.
E. Pawling and wife of Selasgrove,
died Tuesday afternoon aged 22 years.
She has been quite ill for some time.
Her brother Sam died several months
ago in Denver. She is survived by father,
mother, 2 brothers and a sister. Fun-
eral Friday morning at 10:30.



THE SPRING POET.
"Give me a theme," the little poet cried,
"I will do my part."
"Is not a theme you need," the world replied,
"You need a heart!"
—R. W. GILMAN.

The Midway Red Star Route at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, N. Y.

Located on the Midway, adjacent to
the Amherst gate, visitors to the Pan-
American Exposition will find an im-
mense circular building; this is the
home of the great war cyclorama; the
now famous "Battle of Mission Ridge."
The great battle painting is sixty feet
high, and three hundred and eight feet
in circumference. It is more than the
ordinary canvass wall which consti-
tutes the majority of panoramas, for it
embodies not only a vast painted sur-
face, but a plastic foreground of mar-
velous deception, over which is spread or
strewn in chaotic disorder, the impedi-
ments of great warring hosts.

Once upon its lecture platform, it is
hard to conceive that you have just left
the busy Midway, with its bustling
noisy mass of many nations, and now
on the top of Tennessee's great mount-
ain range. The horizon all around
rises and falls like the waves of the tur-
bulent sea, with its great billows of
grandly beautiful scenery—go where
you will within all this horizon, yet
turning everywhere, ever from the
mountains. They rise like the blue-
black clouds of an everlasting thunder-
storm that will never pass over.

Overall this dignity of God's work.
War has scrawled its horrid autograph.
The print of War's bloody finger is be-
fore you. Gaunt and ghastly! Terrible!

From the summits of these lofty
mountains, Satan might have offered
the kingdoms of the world.

The scene before you represents the
last of those three memorable days in
November, 1863, which commenced
with the smiting of the Confederate's
crest line of battle on Monday, Novem-
ber 23rd; the capture from the rebel
forces of Lookout Mountain, Tuesday,
November 24th, and the storming of
"Mission Ridge" by the Union Army,
under the invincible leadership of the
indomitable Grant, on Wednesday,
November 25th, 1863.

You are standing again on Orchard
Knob, the centre of the Union line of
advance; Mission Ridge is before; Fort
Wood behind; the shining elbow of the
Tennessee River to the left; Lookout
Mountain to the right. Never was
theatre more magnificent. Never was
drama worthier of its surroundings.

Imagine a chain of Federal forts, built
in between, with walls of living men,
the line flung Northward out of sight,
and Southward beyond Lookout
Mountain, and this grand corydon,
commanded by Generals Grant,
Thomas, Sheridan, Granger, Meigs,
Hunter and Reynolds, with the tips of
its wings led by Sherman and Hooker
—and a chain of mountains crowned
by batteries and manned by the Con-
federate forces, through a six mile sweep,
officered by Generals Bragg, Brecken-
ridge, Hardee, Stevens, Cleburne, Bates
and Walker, and you have the two
fronts.

Blows are raining about the ridge,
from base to crest. Mission Ridge is
volcanic; literally aflame with fire,
the sullen clouds only part to pour forth
a torrent of red. Echoes, that never waked
before, roar from height to height,
swelling the grand diapason of War's
exultant cry. The thunder of guns is
terrible; it grows sublime; it is like the

football of God, on the ledges of cloud.

The feverish heat of battle beats all
around you; fifty-eight guns a minute
is the rate of this terrible throbbing. It
is glorious to watch the Union forces
climb to this cloud of death above
them, that literally drip a dew of mol-
ten iron. The dull fringe of Mission
Ridge flash and kindle, as battery after
battery open upon the charging lines of
blue.

Stout-hearted Sheridan little "Phil"
is "hustling to hell," doing homeric
battle with the greater gods—He is
wrestling with Mission Ridge, in a ter-
rid zone of battle—with the ridge, like
a wall before him at an angle of 45 de-
grees, but clambering steadily on, up
ward still!

Hearts loyal and brave are on the
anvil all the way from base to summit
of Mission Ridge; the iron sledge bent
on—the dreadful hummers intermit.
Swarms of bullets sweep the hills. The
rebels tumble rocks down on the rising
line of victorious blue; they light the
fuses and roll shells down the steep;
they load their guns with handfuls of
cartridges in their haste; and as if there
were powder in the word, they shout
"Chickamauga!" down at the advanc-
ing host. But it will not do, and just
as the sun, weary of the scene, sinks
out of sight with great bursts all along
the line, the advance surges over the
crest, and the battle is won.

This splendid assault from the Fed-
eral line of battle to the crest was
made in one hour and five minutes,
but it made that fleeting November
afternoon imperishable.

This great struggle between strong
contending hosts, brother 'gainst brother,
is the Battle of Mission Ridge, and
now that calmer days have come and
the white wings of Peace have re-united
us in the old bond of common brother-
hood, men make pilgrimage and women
smile again among the mountains
of "Sunny Tennessee."

Rust may have eaten gums; the graves
of heroes may have subsided like
waves of their tossing; contending
forces and leaders may have lain
down together, but here this glorious
canvass emblazons forth their mighty
achievements; a fitting illustration of
the mighty battle of Mission Ridge.

The great war cyclorama should
prove the Mecca of all G. A. R. men
and their families who visit the Pan-
American Exposition.

"JAMES SATCH."
Hats off in church, Ladies.
Dr. Harcourt pastor of the people's
Methodist Church of Reading requested
the ladies of his congregation to re-
move their hats last Sunday and
most of them did so without hesita-
tion notwithstanding the fact that it was
the first Spring day suitable for dis-
playing stylish millinery to advantage.
Now of course a pretty hat is a mighty
pretty thing as pretty in the eyes of
some men as a red wagon is in the eyes
of the average boy but to the con-
sistent in beautiful objects a beautiful
head and few ladies indeed haven't
one especially those of Middleburg is
more attractive than the most elab-
orate production of the millinery art.
Is Middleburg ready for this innova-
tion? "I issued no orders," Dr. Har-
court, speaking of this matter, "it was
a mere request, and what a sensible
change, too. Now I can see the faces
of the worshippers and they can see
me. Why should the people in the
pews be compelled to crane their necks
and dodge to have a look at the preach-
er, and why should the preacher be
obliged to speak and see only a small
percentage of his listeners?"

Not Abandoned.
Quite a number of papers throughout
the State have been publishing a story
that Williams' Grove, the famous Pic-
nic Resort, may be abandoned, owing
to a recent fire having burned out sev-
eral of the buildings. There is abso-
lutely no truth, whatever, in the rum-
or. There were but three buildings of
any size burned, and these will all
be replaced on a much larger scale.
Work has been commenced and the
Grove will be ready to receive visitors
by June 10th. The Great Granger's
Picnic is not looking for new grounds
but will be held at the same old spot,
Williams' Grove, August 26 to 31, 1901.

From The Daily Journal, Mechanics-
burg, Pa., Tuesday, May 7.

The Post acknowledges the receipt
of "Gaskatonian March," "Priscilla
March and two-step" and "Floating
Population March" published by the
Rothermel Music Co., Sunbury. The
music is written by Geo. L. Rothermel
of Sunbury.

Lost Opportunities in S. S. Work.

The work of the Sunday School is
grand in its aim, lofty in its purpose,
and glorious in its garnered fruitage.
Value is stamped upon the brow of
each opportunity, while interest intense
fills the busy moments. In this re-
cruiting station of the Lord's mighty
army there are officers whose opportu-
nities for good are golden. Thoughts
deep and potent crowd upon them.
But stretching themselves up to the
full realization of their responsible work
with a spirit akin to the sweet singer
of Israel, they cry out: "Why art thou
cast down, O my soul? and why art
thou disquieted in me? hope thou in
God; for I shall yet praise him for the
help of his countenance."

The government has two ways of
saving life on the restless ocean. It
stations men in certain responsible
places, and says: "You are to conduct
this life-saving station." They have a
full line of necessary equipments for
the heroic work, but must gracefully
and patiently wait until the ships are
on the treacherous rocks, and the un-
fortunate passengers are struggling for
their lives upon the pitiless, heaving
bosom of the angry sea, before the life-
saving crew is sent to them. The other
way is the light-house. It plants
this noble sentinel upon the shore and
says: "You please live in this house
and before the ships get onto the hid-
den rocks you warn them off, and
show them from the place of grim dan-
ger into the harbor of glad safety."
The Sunday School is endeavoring to
save life by the light-house rather than
the life-boat plan. We are trying to
keep the innocent boys and girls off
the rugged cliffs. A large number of
consecrated men are giving their lives
as a living sacrifice in the rescue mis-
sions.

Grand opportunities of saving the
young from heart-aches, remorse, and
blasted hopes are constantly presented
to the alert, sympathetic, and Spirit-
filled S. S. worker. I believe it was
Mr. Wanamaker who said: "We
have the best end of it. When you
save a man or woman, you save a unit;
but when you save a boy or a girl you
save a whole multiplication table."
It is a great thing to save a soul at any
age, but I assure you it is the greater
thing to save a soul plus a life. The
child is the center of interest. The
little child that Jesus put in the midst
has been in the midst ever since, and
the "home-world" revolves around it.
The little child is king or queen in
every home that it enters. Do not lose,
then, the opportunity of saving all the
children possible that step within the
sacred threshold of your responsibility.
No doubt, many a thoughtless S. S.
worker has filled his cup with bitter-
ness and his bowl with sorrow by neg-
lecting the proper training of the young.
Opportunities are not like the hawks
that circle round and round in the blue
sky directly above you, but rather like
an arrow swift and fresh from the quiver
—"NOW." Do not mistake a humble
bee for an opportunity. Opportunity
is like a string of stepping-stones across
a ford. The weary traveller coming up
to them, may find the river swollen
with the nocturnal rains that the stones
are all but covered. If he delay, though
his paternal home be on the opposite
bank and full in sight, it may be too
late to cross, and he may have a jour-
ney of several miles to his home. The
Spanish say: "God keep you from 'it
is too late." When the fool has made
up his mind, the market has gone by.
The Dutch say: "Een Weeg Zu Spat,
Viel Zu Spat." The Italian: "Some re-
fuse roast meat, and afterwards long
for the smoke of it."

Willfully to let opportunities for good
go by is wickedness and an inexcusable
folly; whence the still more foolish pe-
grits which tear the heart for folly is
only another name for thorns and
prickle seed; but a greater folly, is to
stand waiting, wishing, and longing
for opportunities when in fact they lie
about you like upturned autumn leaves.
Do your duty up to the brim and leave
the results with God. Practice the
little duties of common life.

Opportunities of doing good work in
the Sunday School are lost when in
the first place, the teacher fails to
recognize his office as divine. Jesus
chose to be a teacher because he
thought it the most important work in
the world. Read his last command,
in Mark 16:15. I know of no place on
this footstool so fraught with oppor-
tunity and responsibility as to stand
with the open Bible before a class of
children—those neatly closed caskets