

The Middleburgh Post.

T. H. HARTER.

He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot is a fool; he that dare not is a slave.

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POETRY.

Unlocked at Last.

I take it down this evening, in the golden twilight's glow, As the gables cast their shadows on the garden beds below, And, with something of a sadness that is less than grief, I raise The cover of the oaken box I closed in other days. So long ago I looked it that the key turns stiffly now, And the withered hand that trembles and the furrows on the brow, And the falling vision clouded, and the snows upon my head, Tell, with unrelenting certainty, of Times remorseless trend. So long ago I looked them up! Ah, me, but here they lie— While, all unknown, a lingering hope within me surely lay, Else why should I but hide the things I might have cast away? Some heated words were said, No more; but words in wrath that fall May banish what our blinding tears and breaking hearts recall As visions only of the past; the bridge less gulf between But shows us, to augment our grief, the joys that might have been. He died upon a foreign shore; and I—ah, well, my years Have not been wholly wasted, neither passed in useless tears. My light went early out, but still its warmth is with me— It seems to be rejoicing as the end is drawing near! And now, as in the box I look, again my eyes grow dim; I find a lock of o. chestnut hair that once belonged to him. A glove—he dropped it as he left—a little golden pin, A glove—a boyish face—his own—portrayed within. The ring he placed upon my hand when, standing by my side, He simply told the olden tale, and, faltering I replied, No picture here at all of mine. He kept it, and I know He shared my secret trust that clouds like these would fade and go. A pile of letters! One, his last forlorn farewell, still knocks My heart. I turn the key, to look no more upon the box! But surely I shall be forgiven if, in the land of rest, Among the treasures stored for me I hold my love the best.

CUNNING OF WOLVES AND BEAVERS

"If there is anything a gray wolf likes it is beaver meat," said Mahlon Withers, of Wind River, Montana, "and, although both beaver and wolf are getting scarce, it is a fact that if you ever do come across signs of the latter you may be sure to find evidences that the wolf is also lurking in the vicinity, although he may not have been there before. I witness a little fight between a big gray wolf and a beaver some years ago which convinced me that a beaver's cunning is not all in timber chopping and dam building. "I was acting as an agent for a man who owned a large timber tract in Canada West, and I discovered that timber thieves were cutting some thirty young cedar trees along Weifer's River. I could get no trace of the thieves, and one moonlight night I watched the timber. I hadn't been long on the spot before I saw a dark object rise on the bank of the river, and as it came up in the moonlight I saw that it was a beaver. Then I knew at once that four footed thieves were taking the cedars. As I had never seen a beaver cut down a tree I thought I would watch the operation. This one selected a good sized cedar near the river bank and at once began work. The rapidity with which he cut through that trunk with his great teeth is almost incredible. Almost as quickly as a chopper with an axe could have done it that beaver felled the tree. Just before it fell the beaver gave a cry that made me jump, and he scurried down the bank and plunged into the stream. The tree fell into the river, and number cover of the noise it made I crept quickly to the bank to see what the beaver would do further. The fallen tree lodged in the water, and the beaver came to the surface and began lopping off the branches. In this work it was joined by three or four others. They work industriously, and the noise they made with their teeth could have been heard a long distance. They lopped off these branches as if they were working with hatchets, and in a short time the bare trunk was stretched across the stream. Then the beaver went to work on the trunk, and they cut it up in lengths

of probably four feet, and as a length was cut it was floated down the stream until tree and beaver had disappeared. "Of course this was all very interesting, but it was not very profitable as the owner of the timber, and as beaver pelts were then worth a heap of money, I concluded to put a stop to the timber stealing and also to gather in that beaver colony for my own benefit, if I could. The next day I started down the river on a tour of investigation. Three miles down I came in sight of the place where the beavers had stretched a dam across, made of cedar worth its weight in silver almost. I got down on my hands and knees, and hidden from view by high bushes, crept toward the dam. Peering through the bushes, I saw that beavers had utilized an old log that lay across the stream in making their dam, and then my eye fell on one of the largest gray wolves I ever saw. He was crouching on the log, and looked a part of it, so motionless did he lie. But his sharp eye was fixed on the water, and it actually blazed with expectancy. The hungry chap was there fishing for beaver, and I lay still to see his luck. "I watched the wolf for, I guess, ten minutes before anything of interest occurred, and in all that time he never moved a muscle or winked an eye, I don't believe the wind was able to raise a hair on his body. Then I saw a long undulating ripple start from the opposite bank of the stream and follow the surface of the water toward the log. There was no change in the wolf, except that his eyes might have blazed brighter. The ripple ceased at the log. The water broke, and the broad head of a beaver appeared. I heard a loud splash, and saw that the wolf and beaver had disappeared but with such savage velocity had the wolf sprung from the log, I had not seen the movement. I supposed it was all up with that beaver, of course, but in a few seconds the wolf came alone to the surface, blew the water from his nose with two or three loud snorts, and swam back to the log. He had missed his prey, but tucks of fur that he swept from an ugly-looking jaw with his paws showed that the beaver's escape had been a narrow one. "The wolf shook the water from his hide and took another position on the log and began another watch. This time he crouched on the log nearer the shore, where the water was shallow, evidently thinking that he would have a better chance there. I didn't think so, for it was out of the line where the beavers would be apt to swim and climb on the dam. In the light of subsequent events there is no doubt but what my opinion was correct. "The wolf had barely settled himself on the log when the tell tale ripple broke again and led right toward the very shallowest part of the water and near the shore, within three feet of the wolf. I was so excited by this time that I came near yelling right out and spoiling all the fun. I did grind my teeth, however, and said to myself: "Is it possible that a beaver can know so much and still be such a fool?" "But the ripple kept on. The water broke, and there was the beaver. What I went the wolf through the air and plunked squarely down on the foolish beaver. I jumped up with the intention of pitching into the wolf and saving the beaver, anyhow. But I didn't have to. The instant the wolf struck his claws in his prey there rose up on every side apparitions with fierce whiskers, rows of teeth like fence pickets, and great blades of fur. The wolf was in an ambulance of beaver, and not less than thirty enraged dam builders rushed to the aid of their companion. They tore and gnashed the wolf unmercifully. He dropped his prey, and made a desperate fight, but it was like a ranch man's cabin in the track of cyclone. In a quarter of a minute there was nothing left of that wolf but fragments of hair and hide. The screams of the beavers and the snarls and yells of the wolf were enough to frighten an Apache. "You would naturally think that animals with wisdom enough to put up such a job as that—for it was a put-up job, of course would be too smart to let a little piece of their own body lead them, one after another, and in the same spot to certain destruction; but they were not, and I gathered in every one of that colony in a week after the wolf fight. There is no animal so wily as the beaver that is so easily trapped. After you have found where a family is living, which usually isn't as easy as happened in my case, you take an ordinary steel trap and set it in the water. The trap mustn't be more than a foot under the surface, and a foundation generally has to be built for it to have it in that position. A cedar log is tied to the trap by a long cord, for when the beaver is caught he will swim away with the trap to his hiding place. If the trap were fastened so the animal couldn't get home, he'd be sure and tear out or gnaw his leg off. After the trap is set the bait is hung immediately over the trap, and just high enough above the water to be out of the beaver's reach as he swims. The bait is a piece of the medicine gland of the beaver commercially known as castor. This has a penetrating, musky smell, and is most tempting to the beaver. As the animal swims along in the night he catches a whiff of the castor. That is more than he can stand, and he finds where it is. But he can't reach it from his place in the water, and he feels around with his feet to see if there isn't a resting place somewhere around there. There is but it is the jaws of the trap. They go together as soon as they are touched, and the poor beaver is caught. He goes immediately for home. The light cedar buoy goes with him, and shows the trapper in the morning where the captive is. With five traps I caught my colony, and I had five beavers every night for seven nights. With them was the one the wolf had caught, and I made up my mind, from the way he had been handled, that if his companions had been three seconds later he would not have survived the victory."

THE QUEEREST BETS YET

The exceptionally droll terms of the wager recently won by Harmon at the Stanwick Hotel, in Detroit, by holding his head submerged in the water of a bath tub for 125 seconds without taking air, recalls a number of other queer and remarkable feats which have at various times and places been achieved in the contest for wagers, the records of which have been picked up here and there from the papers and periodicals of the time, says the Detroit Free Press. Pedestrian contests have been perhaps the most numerous and varied. Capt. Bartley, a noted pedestrian in the early part of the present century, was the pedestrian who first introduced the feat that has since been so many times attempted, that of walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours. To do twenty-four miles a day for six weeks is a formidable undertaking for any but a trained pedestrian, and quite out of the range of possibility for a very large majority. The feat had been attempted several times previous to 1810, but Bartley was the first to accomplish it. Not less than £100,000 was wagered on the result of the contest. The walking occupied forty-one days and a few hours' time, from June 1 to July 12, and took place on Newmarket Course. Though he suffered somewhat during the performance, his appetite remained unaffected, and he finished tolerably fresh in the presence of a vast assemblage. This feat has been often accomplished since. Pedestrian named Baker once walked 1,000 miles in twenty days, fifty miles a day, and to show his stamina he accomplished 75 miles on the last day. A chap named Curtis, in Berkshire county, Mass., for a wager of a horse, ran 5 miles in 41 minutes and wound up the race with a jump of 11 feet 6 inches. An Englishman named Head won 1,000 guineas by walking 600 miles in ten days, but the exertion so used him up that he never walked much afterward, either on wages or otherwise. A gentleman at one of the London clubs made a wager of 100 pounds that he would stand for an entire day at a point on London Bridge with a tray of gold sovereigns and offer them at a penny each without finding a purchaser. He won the wager, as the pavement

by supposed the coins were brass and declined to invest. The master of the revels of George II, was regarded as the noblest person in the kingdom, as none had been found who could successfully contend against him for this distinction. One of the noble men of the court laid a wager that he could produce a person surpassing him in this respect. At the time appointed he caused a notoriously homely fisherman he had heard of to be brought, who stood by the side of the champion. With the approval of the present wearer of the belt, the palm was about to be awarded to her when a bystander, probably also interested in the result of the decision, suggested that the champion put on the old lady's bonnet in order to make the conditions of the contest more equal. He did so, when the added ugliness was so emphatic and indescribable that the victory was awarded to him. The wagers made on the speed of horses are so common and the terms and conditions so uniformly of a commonplace character that they hardly command attention on the score of novelty. Donkeys have sometimes been put on their speed, a quality that they have not been popularly supposed to possess. About twenty years ago a race (so called) came off on the Newmarket course to decide a bet of 100 pounds made by the owner of a donkey that he would go 100 miles in 24 hours. The meek looking little chap not only let his master out in good form, but had fully three hours to spare. I Philadelphia, some years ago, a gentleman made a wager of \$100 that he could jump into water eight feet deep and drown himself completely. Any one who has ever made the attempt to remove his clothing after being thoroughly drenched to the skin, even when standing on terra firma, with plenty of room to hop around on one leg, will at once realize the difficulty of accomplishing the feat while in deep water. However, it was done in the instance noted. Dog racing is a species of sport that is not very common in the United States, but not rare in England; in 1879, at Fenham Park, Newcastle, Eng., one Perkins matched his dog Polly against Davidson's Queen of the Forest, to run twenty yards for 50 pounds. The latter was the winner by a yard. On the same day, at Royal Oak Park, Manchester, two dogs ran the same distance for 100 pounds a side. The time in either case is not given. After the battle of Gettysburg an officer in command of an infantry brigade made a wager with a staff officer in the cavalry that more than one-half the muskets captured would be found to have one or more charges still in them. This led to the discovery of a very singular fact. At that battle 28,000 muskets were taken, of which over 18,000 were loaded. Some 12,000 contained two loads, and 6,000 had from three to ten loads each. In many instances half a dozen balls were driven in on a single charge of powder, while in not a few instances the former possessor had reversed the usual order, and put the ball in first.

SERMON ON EMPTY BENCHES.

REV. PETERS TELLS WHY HE THINKS THEY ARE NOT FILLED. Rev. Madison C. Peters, of the First Presbyterian Church of the Northern Liberties, Philadelphia, preached recently on the subject of empty pews, the cause and remedy. He took for his text the tenth chapter of Romans, first verse: "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they might be saved." After explaining why he had selected the text he said that among other reasons why there were so many empty pews was the great lack of oratorical ability on the part of the preachers. He thought ministers ought to have the convincing eloquence of Webster, Lincoln, Clay, etc., and produce sermons in a spectacular manner, forsaking old hackneyed religious phrases, and adopting new phrases full of life and vigor. He said there were many men in the ordinary walks of life who worked five times as hard as three-fourths of the ministers, many of whom lead useless and lazy lives. He thought there ought to be more fire in the sermons, prayers and songs; that many preachers simply play preach, and go through their sermons like a lesson, as dry as an empty bag. "We want," said he, "to blow our trumpet in Zion and roar like a lion roareth." He thought there was too much preaching of theology; too much Paul and not enough Christ. He said: "We need less sermons in preaching. To tell Christians every Sunday to believe in Jesus Christ is telling them what they have heard every Sunday. The same old song. We need preaching which

aims right at the individual sinner who sits right before us. If there is anything to be dispensed in a minister it is the fact that he is preaching for popularity. I plead to-night for a ministry terrible in its denunciation of sin with an earnestness that almost takes my breath away. I believe the creeds of our churches are too inclusive in their detail, too dogmatic, and I believe that many conscientious people stay away from church, because they cannot agree with the creeds created two hundred years ago." The speaker then took for an illustration the Westminster Confession of Faith, describing it as a catechism which had been framed by mortals only and passed by a small majority of Parliament in the face of a great protest. "Such those articles, devised in 1643, be the spectacles through which we of the nineteenth century shall read? We must agitate with us reform and revise these creeds." Mr. Peters also thought that a great reason why the pews were so empty was because the preachers were so stiff. "Let all our preachers be royal good fellows," said he, "and the sinners will respect them. There is too much Christianity served up on ice." He then paid his respects to the hymn books and said: "There are some hymns which are just as false as some can be and the church has been singing them for years. If those hymns are religious God has made my nature all wrong. Good nature is the gospel of Jesus Christ. If we are good natured we are good Christians. We can be religious and merry too. There are many people in our churches who are as bad as those out of them. In fact, they are worse, because they are hypocrites. The only way to keep the church free from hypocrites is to have eloquent men in the pulpit who will make it impossible for hypocrites to exist—men who will practice what they preach and who are not afraid to say what they think." After so eloquently pleading for humanity the reverend gentleman put in a word or two for himself. "Any man," said he, "who has talent enough to fill a pulpit could certainly make more money in any other business. If his object were alone to make money he certainly would not preach in Philadelphia, for clergymen are now paid less here than in any other city. I preach the gospel of Christ for His sake, and believe every word I say."

Excitement in Texas.

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Tex., by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills; by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two bottles of the Discovery, he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds. Trial Bottles of this Great Discovery for Consumption free at G. M. Shindel's Drug store.

Court Proclamation.

WHEREAS the Hon. Joseph C. Bachor, President Judge of the Judicial District composed of the counties of Snyder, Union and Mills, and James A. Wertz and Jacob A. Smith, Esqs., Associate Judges in and for Snyder county have issued their precept bearing date the 15th day of Oct. A. D. 1886, to me directed for the holding of an Orphan's court, a court of Common Pleas, court of Quarter Sessions and General court of Quarter Sessions of the peace at Middleburgh for the county of Snyder, on the 21st Monday (being the 15th day of Dec. 1886), and continue one week. Notice is therefore hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace and Constables in and for the county of Snyder, to appear in their proper person with their rolls, records, stipulations, examinations and other remembrances to those things to their offices and in their bet half certain to be done and witness, and persons presenting in behalf of the Common Pleas against any persons are required to be then and there attending and not departing without leave at their peril. Justices are requested to be punctual in their attendance at the appointed time agreeably to notice. Given under my hand and seal at the Sheriff's office in Middleburgh, the 6th day of Nov. A. D. one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six. J. H. MIDDLEBURY, Sheriff.

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