

# 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.

### COURTING.

There's lots of fun in courting.  
If you know the way to do it;  
It's the choicest kind of sporting  
Once you get accustomed to it.  
Do your courting moderately,  
As a business, not a favor;  
Make haste slowly, it aids greatly  
To the fun a piquant favor.

Court your sweetheart in the kitchen,  
In the parlor, in the park;  
And you'll find the most bewitchin'  
Time for courting after dark.  
Court for love; most women like it,  
Nay, I am certain they all do;  
And the fellow who can strike it  
Once will hanker for it too.

Court a woman for herself, sir,  
For the virtue that is in her;  
Don't go courting for her pet, sir,  
You will regret it if you win her.  
Court your woman boldly, bravely;  
Never court her for a fool;  
When you do, she'll teach you natively  
How a woman scorned can rule.

Court a woman for a wife, sir,  
For a mother good and true;  
And my word you'll find this life, sir,  
Paradise enough for you.  
And such courting beats strawberries,  
Peaches frozen in ice cream;  
Champaigne froge, brandied cherries,  
'Tis a sunny, golden dream.

—Elyse M. Chipman.

### FOR THE POST.

#### IDAHO TERRITORY.

The Gem of the Mountains—Its History, Area, Soil, Climate, Productions, Minerals, &c., &c.

As the Post has a large number of patrons who doubtless desire to become acquainted with this grand and prosperous Territory, I have prepared the following, from personal observation and otherwise for the benefit of its readers; which I hope will give them something of an idea of the resources, natural curiosities, etc., found in this glorious Territory.

Idaho was created a Territory by an act of Congress of March 3rd, 1863, from the territories of Nebraska, Washington and Decoto. It then embraced what is now a large part of Wyoming and nearly all of Nebraska.

The name is taken from an Indian word *E-da-ho* and signifies, "The Gem of the Mountains." Idaho has an area of 86,000 square miles or about 55,000,000 acres of land. The entire Territory is situated in what might be called the Rocky mountains, there being hardly a location in the entire Territory that a person cannot see the mountains as they rise above him in every direction. As I sit writing, this lovely February day, the sun shining brightly, the ground covered with "Nature's white sheet," almost hemmed in by the Salmon and Saw-tooth mountains, I can see through a gap toward the south the white capped mountains of Utah over a hundred miles distant.

Notwithstanding all the snow around us, there are probably, today, within a radius of fifty miles of where I now sit, hundreds of horses and cattle grazing and growing fat upon the nutritious bunch-grass which covers the ground in this section. They are not only there during the present time, but will remain there the entire winter, with no shelter, save the broad canopy of heaven. And as they are needed these same cattle are driven direct from the range to the slaughtering pen, where they are killed for the regular meat market, and allow me to add, no finer stall-fed beef was ever produced in the States.

As before stated, Idaho contains about 55,000,000 acres of land, which as nearly as can be estimated is divided as follows: 25,000,000 acres are the finest of grazing lands; this comprises the lower foothills and sides of mountains not included among agricultural lands. Allowing 12 acres to the head it will be seen that there is a supply for 2,000,000 head of stock. About 16,000,000 acres are magnificent agricultural lands; this includes the valleys, along the various rivers, of which there are many. These valleys are at an altitude of from 1000 to 5000 feet above the sea and well adapted to the raising of any variety of cereals.

It is not unusual for immigrants to locate on wild land in Idaho valley and adjacent to mining regions, put up comfortable houses, good fences and pay for all such improve-

ments with the first crop of potatoes, or other vegetables taken from only a small portion of their farms, the former generally selling at from 6 to 10 cents per pound.

The fact that Idaho farmers are generally "well off" and have fine buildings, the best of farming implements, together with large herds of stock is sufficient proof that this is a lucrative peninsula. I have never heard of the mortgaging of an Idaho farm.

The forest part of the Territory is estimated at 12,000,000 acres where in the best quality of timber is found. As soon as the snow melts away in the spring, cattle wander up on the sides of the mountains, where they find excellent feed.

The result is, on the lower lands in most sections the grass is allowed to grow during the entire summer and is easily cured in the fall making feed equally as good as the best Timothy or Clover hay. The present population of Idaho is about 50,000. It will, by a little figuring easily be seen that there are 500 acres of grazing lands, 250 acres of timber and 220 acres of agricultural land for every man, woman and child in the Territory. With a few head of cattle to start with, Idaho has many men, who in a few years, will be wealthy, and their acres, and cattle numbered by the hundred.

There yet remains thousands of smooth agricultural land within easy reach of timber; that can be taken by merely fencing or pre-empting. The cost of living as compared to the profits of labor are as much less here than elsewhere in the States that many will find this alone inducement enough to come and cast their fortunes in the soil or mines of Idaho.

#### THE MINES.

Since the organization of this Territory the mines have attracted more attention than any other enterprise, and during the first five or six years after its organization. More people came to the Territory for the purpose of mining than for any other purpose; owing to the great distance from rail-road communication and the great cost of transporting provisions and shipping out ore or bullion, many of the mines, where the ore was not of the highest grade, was not worked.

Commencing with the spring of 1880, when so many new discoveries were made in Wood River and a rail-road crossed the eastern portion of the Territory, a new impetus has been given the mining industry of Idaho.

Three years ago there was not a smelter nor a mill on Wood river where now half a dozen smelters and as many stamp mills are not able to work half the ore produced. Several new smelters and mills of immense capacity and of the most approved pattern are contemplated for the coming season, 1883.

To give a description of the mines of this section alone, would take more space than is contained in your paper, I will only mention one or two that I have visited personally.

The General Custer mine, at Custer city in the Yankee Fork district has produced an average of \$70,000 per month in gold and silver bullion with not more than thirty men employed.

A few of the mines on Wood river have been sold to corporations in eastern cities at from one to five thousand dollars each, with hundreds of tons of ore valued at \$100 a ton and upwards lying on the dumps, on account of the mill capacity to utilize it. The advent of the railroad (a branch of the Oregon Short line) which is completed to within a few miles of us at this writing is giving this country such a boom that will make it a mining district not equalled by Leadville itself.

A good picture of "life in Idaho" is seen at night around the stoves of stores and hotels, where at this season of the year, miners are collected from the gulches, brawny and weather-worn, clad in their fur-skin caps and buckskin pants, defying the snow storms of the mountains. With the stimulating influence of the adjacent bar and the heat of the stoves these mountain rovers relax and contribute the story of their experience. With half their bodies thrust into heavy boot-legs, their feet hoisted over a chair, they regale their hearers with encounters with grizzly bears or stege robbers.

In Siam the people worship the elephant. In this country they only want to see him.

A cold snap is likely to occur wherever there is a piece of ice that can be broken.

It seems a little paradoxical to say that the man whose life is insured must die to recover, but it is nevertheless true.

Miners with their shirt front decked with gold nuggets collected in the mountain streams, busily discuss the prospects of the diggings and the pan-outs of the gulches, ever and anon drifting up to the appetizing bottles placed conspicuously on the side-bars.

The strong digestive organs of these "sons of toil" rebel against mutton chops and sweet-meats but they call out lustily for bear steak and plenty of it. Wild game is quite plentiful. The waters abound with the finest trout and salmon, while bear, deer, beaver and numerous other animals in such numbers, that the hunter has a profitable business as well as very often exciting and dangerous. The climate is healthful, there is but little sickness here, except lung diseases, and the ailments brought by invalid visitors.

The light atmosphere in this home of the clouds exerts a strange intoxication on the systems of visitors from the fever-laden bottoms of the States. The winter nights are cold and cutting but the days are bright and sunny, and the starry lamps of the sky, in their cold homes seem to rival each other in brightness. The thermometer ranges from 10 to 40 degrees below zero in the high elevations, but these pure biting winds, from the banks of the purer snows, exert such an influence on the system that (if in exercise) keeps warm, unlike the chilling winds freighted with dampness, or the cold fogs one encounters in the lower lands of the Atlantic coast when cold drives the external heat inward leaving the subject benumbed and chilled.

Invalids will find that what the climate fails to do, the sublime scenery and meditated Hot springs will accomplish by pleasing the eye and stimulating the system through healthy scenic action on the mind.

W. J. SZELBY.

#### CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

Drunkenness is cured in Holland in the following manner:

The patient is shut up in the room and debarrd all communications, except with his physician. As often as he wishes, spirits—brandy, whiskey, gin, &c.—are given him, but mixed with two-thirds water; all other drinks, such as beer, wine, coffee, &c., are all mixed with one-third brandy. The various viands, too, that are given him—bread, meats, &c., are all prepared with brandy, consequently the patient is in a continual state of intoxication. This lasts about five days; at the end of that time he asks with entreaty for some nourishment without his request being complied with, and not until his organs absolutely abhor alcohol. The cure is complete, and from that day forth the very smell of spirits produces the effect of an emetic.

HOW HE COUNTED THE HOST.

A recent number of the *Sunday School Times*, in an article to enforce an illustration on persistency, relates the following: "Just before the battle of Gettysburg, when Gen. Lee's army marched through Chambersburg, a resident of that city determined to count the host. To this end he took one hundred grains of corn, which he held in his right hand thrust into his pantaloon pocket. He took his stand on the steps of the bank, like any other careless looker-on, and for every hundred men he dropped a grain. When his hand was empty he had numbered 10,000 men, and then he gathered the grains up again to repeat the census. Thus he stood in the hot sun that summer day, counting through its weary hours, till he had numbered the entire host, 63,000. The night after the march this resolute man sent the information he had gained to the Governor of Pennsylvania, thus rendering him most valuable aid."

Well, there was a general breaking down when we saw that the little one was going. He threw up his hands, gasped once or twice, and then settled back with such a smile on his face as babies wear when their dreams are sweet. Old Jackson was crying, crying like a child, and some of the men hid from each other behind the wagons. It was a long time before the old man arose, laid the little body down among the prairie flowers, and huskily whispered:

"We'll bury him by himself. One of them bodies out there was his mother, but as we can't tell which from which, we'll make no mistake."

There was one large grave for the mutilated remains, and when the earth had been pressed down above them and rocks rolled down to prevent the work of the wolves we went to the centre of the dell, and there, under a lone pine, we hollowed out a resting place for baby. When all was ready Jackson took the body up in his arms, dropped his hat on the grass and looked around and said:

#### BURYING THE BABY.

I remember that the far-away reports of rifles roused us from sleep in gray dawn, and as we stood on our feet and listened more intently we could now and then catch the echoes of an infernal war-whoop.

There were twenty of us, miners all, and we were in the foothills of the Rockies, not more than half a mile from the great Overland trail. "Boys, them sounds means an Indian attack and a butchery," whispered our leader, as we listened; and without another word we picked up our traps and headed for the spot at a half run. Two immigrant families, farmers from Indiana, who had started for the land of gold and had separated from the train from whom an accident had encamped in a bit of green valley beside the trail. There were thirteen souls of them, and one might wonder if the bravest among them did not shudder with fear as the night crept down and the howl of the wolf came from the rocky hills.

The men had seen their danger and both had set out to get as soon as possible through the long night. Hour after hour had passed away without an alarm, and just as dawn was breaking the merciless savages creeping along like snakes, had found one of the sentinels asleep. A thrust from a knife flushed him so quickly that he did not even throw up his arms. Perhaps he uttered a single cry or a groan and alarmed the others, for the second one was shot while running toward the wagons.

Then, with both men dead, came the rush upon the women and children. Only sounds could do such work as was done there, and when we came to look at it the strongest men in the party grew white and faint. Every head but one was scalped, and no doubt the scalps had been taken while the victims lived. The bodies were hacked and gashed, hands and arms severed, brains beaten out, children flung into the camp fire, and the spectacle was one to live in memory when all else had been forgotten.

The fiends had finished their work of butchery before we were near enough to open fire, and it was poor consolation to save the wagons. While all the bodies were yet warm life had departed from each and every one. We were collecting them in a heap, to make ready for burial, when a sudden wail started everybody.

"Ow-ow-ow-ow" came the sound, and each man looked in the air above and on the ground below.

"That ere noise proceeds from a baby, or I'm not the father of the true children back in Ohio!" exclaimed Jackson, as he made for the nearest wagon.

It was right; down beside the chest, almost smothered was a year-old boy baby. But alas! when he was hauled out we found that he had been fatally wounded by a bullet. Jackson set down on the grass and chirped to him while the rest of us looked on in wonder and doubt; but in a quarter of an hour the baby was dead. It had gone to sleep the night before in his mother's arms, a battered old rattlesnake, clutched fast in his tiny hand, and he never let go of it. There it was in his hand as death stiffened around it.

Well, there was a general breaking down when we saw that the little one was going. He threw up his hands, gasped once or twice, and then settled back with such a smile on his face as babies wear when their dreams are sweet. Old Jackson was crying, crying like a child, and some of the men hid from each other behind the wagons. It was a long time before the old man arose, laid the little body down among the prairie flowers, and huskily whispered:

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"Hats off, men! We are nearer seein' angels this mornin' than any of us will ever come agin'!"

Slowly, tenderly, grievously the little form was laid away, and it was Jackson's coat that came off his back to cover it before the earth was filled in. Every single man in our band took the shovel by turns to fill in and round up the grave and protect it, and before we went away there was a head-board to mark the spot, and on the board a knife had engraved the single word, "BABY."

—Detroit Free Press.

#### THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Joe Heard, the freely now York correspondent of the *Philadelphia Times*, is a close observer of human nature, and here's what he says about habit:

Habit is what I am writing about. The force and power of habit, and especially the tobacco and whisky habit, are something marvelous. When children suck their thumbs we put afoot on, tied with rags. Sometimes that stops the habit. It didn't with me. For the sake of the thumb I swallowed the drug. In later years, when my little girl's heart sick at the other girl's laughing at her because her back (ten years old) sucked her thumb, I stopped of my own free will have was more potent than nails. Some children make odd faces and find it impossible to stop. I do. When I am nervous and excited—not that man should ever be the one or the other, but I occasionally am—I find myself winking and blinking and chewing up my check. It relieves something. I don't know what it does. I have been told by ladies that other ladies thought that I was winking at them, but life is too short for that kind of sport. I don't do it and never did. It's habit. There are writers of my acquaintance who can't work unless they have a cigar in the mouth. I take dry smoke myself. Result—cough. Why? Because the tobacco being more or less chewed becomes moist. The nicotine mixes with saliva and, entering the stomach, raises old Harry with all well regulated intestines. Isn't it so, Doctor? Why, certainly. Other fellows tell me they would like more than anything to get rid of smoking on the road without a cigar than of boiling their own baby for breakfast or even for lunch. Beware of habit.

I know men who think themselves gentlemen—yet they swear like pirates. Not that I ever saw a pirate or heard of one indulge profane, but that's their reputation and next to being rich is to be thought so. Swearing is a terrible habit, yet some of the thousand swear. But son, Doctor, are all ways and in all society? Not at all. They are in the habit of swearing here and there, but not every where. Ergo, it is a controllable habit, but still a habit. Precisely why I am not an ordinary talker I don't know. I dare say there is some good reason for it, but I would dearly love to give some of you fellows the right to see yourselves as others see you. It's given to me often enough and easier, compare the confession that the picture is not always pleasant.

#### Neatly Men.

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#### "LADIES' TONIC."

THE GREAT FEMALE REMEDY is prepared by the WOMEN'S MEDICAL INSTITUTE OF BUFFALO, N. Y., and is their favorite prescription for ladies who are suffering from any weakness or complaints common to the sex. It is sold by druggists at \$1.00 per bottle. Ladies can obtain advice FREE. Send stamp for names of those who have been CURED. Nov. 2, 1882, Jy.

"William, my son," says an economical mother to her son, "for mercy's sake don't keep on tramping up and down the floor in that manner. You'll wear out your new boots. (He sits down.) There you go—sitting down. Now you'll wear out your new trousers! I declare I never seen such a boy!"

#### ADULTS QUESTIONS.

"Pa" said the Rev. Makille's little son, "Samson was the strongest man, wasn't he?"

"Samson" was the strongest man that ever lived!"

"Tell me about him."

"It was intended that Samson should be the strongest man, and before he was born."

The bewildered expression on the child's face arrested the minister in his narration.

"Before he was born?" asked the boy.

"Yes; just before he was found in the Indian stump."

"Just like an old sister?"

"Yes, just before he was found, an angel appeared and foretold of his strength, saying that no razor must touch his hair."

"Was the angel afraid the razor would cut him?"

"No; the angel meant that his strength lay in his hair and that his hair must not be cut off."

"If I let my hair grow long can I lift more than I can now?"

"I don't know about that."

"Are women stronger than men?"

"No."

"But they have got long hair. A woman could not whip you could she?"

"No; not easily."

"Was Samson a Democrat?"

"I guess."

"But why don't you know? I know I was old as you. How many was it that Samson killed?"

"One thousand."

"He was bad; wasn't he?"

"No."

"But when a man kills anybody he's bad?"

"The Lord was with Samson."

"But the Lord says you must not kill anybody. Did Samson go to Heaven?"

"I suppose so."

"He's the strongest angel there, isn't he?"

"You are getting foolish again."

"But I want to know. Will you know Samson when you go to Heaven?"

"I suppose so."

"But you won't feel around him, will you? If he sees that you had broke your wicks, wouldn't he?"

"Go to your mother. The next time you attempt to question me on the Bible I shall whip you."

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