The Middleburgh Post.

T. H. HARTER. [illegible] that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot is a fool; he that dare not is a slave. EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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—:POETRY:—

The Girls That Are Wanted

The girls that are wanted are good girls—
Good from the heart to the lips;
Pure as the lily is white and pure,
From its heart to its sweet leaf tips.

The girls that are wanted are home girls—
Girls that are mother's right hand,
That fathers and brothers can trust to,
And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,
And pleasant when nobody sees;
Kind and sweet to their own folk,
Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls
That know what to do and to say;
That drive with a smile or a soft word
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense,
Whom fashion can never deceive;
Who can follow whatever is pretty,
And dare what is silly to leave.

The girls that are wanted are careful girls,
Who count what a thing will cost;
Who use with a prudent, generous hand,
But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts;
They are wanted for mothers and wives;
Wanted to cradle in loving arms,
The strongest and frailest of lives.

The clever, the witty, the brilliant girl,
They are very few, understand;
But, oh! for the wise, loving, home girls
There's a constant and steady demand
—*N. Y. Ledger.*

FUNNY THINGS OF THE WAR

"There were lots of funny things about the war," said Col Frederick Martin of the Brooklyn Elevated the other day, "now that you think of them when the tears are dried away. [illegible]d about the funniest things I re[illegible] were the queer articles the boys [illegible] to pick up on the march and [illegible] eccentric way in which they'd [illegible]ble 'em along to finally adorn some [illegible]itch by the wayside. Stragglers were the worst at this, but all the fellows were bad enough. Whenever [illegible] army went through a first [illegible] residence the boys would [illegible] what struck each as most at[illegible], and some of their tastes [illegible] peculiar. They had a great [illegible]ss for cradles. You may ask [illegible] at a man treading his way to [illegible] ont wanted with a mahogany [illegible], and I'm blest if I know, but [illegible] took 'em. First one man would [illegible] a cradle and cart it a dozen [illegible]; then he'd begin to cuss and [illegible] drop it.

[illegible] you'd suppose that any or[illegible] idiot would just look at a cra[illegible] it lay in the road and pass on, [illegible] they wouldn't. Some one would [illegible] to pick it up and lug it a [illegible] miles further into the Confeder[illegible]

[illegible] recall one cradle that traveled [illegible] miles on blue backs before it [illegible] to increase the blaze of a mess [illegible] Somehow they seemed to [illegible] vaguely that there was a [illegible] of getting the infant so. ther[illegible] but they never succeeded.

[illegible] funniest thing I ever saw [illegible] was a looking glass high as [illegible] and two feet wide. I saw [illegible] the parlor of a central Vir[illegible] mansion and next on a sol[illegible] headed for Petersburg. [illegible] sight of it for two days [illegible] it again propped up [illegible] forty miles further on. [illegible] I saw it traveling ten[illegible] straggler's back. He had [illegible] band and had some[illegible] the glass so that he [illegible] along without holding fast

[illegible] fellow must have got [illegible] next day a third man [illegible] a fourth. This [illegible] on to the lines at Pe[illegible] set it up against a [illegible] long, regretful look at [illegible] his shabby self and [illegible] with a sigh.

[illegible] as well that he did. [illegible] along came a minie [illegible] like a hornet, and hit [illegible] in the centre and [illegible] to a frame full of cracks [illegible] around the hole.

[illegible] and the more useless [illegible] the more they clung to [illegible] a rocking chair was a white robed angel in his own mind and the object of universal envy.

"Another funny thing was to have the sutler strike the camp loaded with condensed milk. I've seen a whole regiment sitting on a fence, each man with a milk can in one hand dipping out the thick white stuff with his forefinger and licking it off with an expression of beatitude that would make a Raphaelite saint look sick in comparison."—New York Sun.

THE FIRST POTATO.

In the year 1758, during the war between France and Hanover, a member of the French medical staff was taken prisoner by the Germans. How he cursed his ill luck during a captivity of five years he has hinted at in his memoirs. Yet out of his calamity one of the greatest blessings of the human race was born.

The Germans did not waste affections on their French prisoners. They even fed them, for the most part, on certain wretched roots which the peasants raised extensively for their cattle. But while our medical friend—an expert chemist as well as doctor—growled with his comrades at their fare he observed that the little roots were wholesome, not disagreeable to the palate when one got used to them, and they grew in the most abandoned and desolate of soils. So it happened, years afterwards, when the captivity was over, and France was ravaged by a famine so frightful that in some provinces the people ate grass with the cattle to keep body and soul together, that Dr. Parmentier bethought himself of the despised roots which formed his prison fare. Parmentier was a philanthropist as well as a chemist. He wrote a treatise during those terrible months of famine, calling attention to the potato as a possible substitute in emergencies for ordinary articles of food. The literary wits laughed him to scorn. It was a popular belief that the potato was poisonous to man and that it gave birth to leprosy and other hideous diseases. But at that period France had a sensible official at the head of its agricultural interests. This man approved of Dr Parmentier's treatise, and had it published in the royal agricultural records. More than this at the doctor's request, he conceded him the use of a large, sandy plain on the outskirts of Paris, which had been used for fairs and parades, as a field of experiment. How Paris shook its sides as it saw this barren, where scarcely a green thing grew, billowing up under the doctor's plow. But the laugh was the other side a few weeks later, when a sea of greenery displayed itself on that desolate area. In due time came the birthday of the king, Louis XIV., which was celebrated with poump and flourish at Versailles. Among the gorgeous throng of courtiers came Dr. Parmentier with a basket of pigmy potatoes on his arm and a boquet of the blossoms in his hand. The king smiled graciously. He heard of the cranky philanthropist before. Indeed, it was he who had granted the use of his military field for the experiment. The queen was pleased to arrange some of the blossoms in her hair, whereupon the courtiers went wild, and dispatched messengers all the region over to obtain the coveted blossoms for their mistresses. During the "corner" in the potato blossoms which followed over forty dollars were paid for a single cluster. The people acquired a new taste, and the fortune of the potato was made. Modern cultivation has made it what it is to-day. How the world ever got along without it is a puzzle; yet its general use was almost an accident.

The citizens of Montdidier, France, where Dr. Parmentier was born, have recently erected a statue to his honor.—Our Country Home.

One Lawyer in Heaven.

There is said to be but one lawyer in heaven. How he managed to pass St. Peter is not positively known, but it is conjectured that he passed himself off for an editor and slipped in unexpectedly. When he was discovered the startled angels searched the realms of felicity in all their length and breadth for another lawyer to draw up papers for his [illegible] but they could find none.

NEWSPAPER STATISTICS.

There are now published in the United States 14,160 newspapers and periodicals of all classes. The net gain of the year has been 666. The daily newspapers number 1,216, a gain of 33. Canada has 679 periodicals. There are about 1,200 periodicals of all sorts, which, according to the ratings and estimates of the editor of the Directory, enjoy a circulation of more than 5,000 copies each. The increase in the weekly rural press, which comprises about two-thirds of the whole list, has been most marked in States like Kansas and Nebraska, where the gain has been respectively 24 and 18 per cent. Kansas also shows the greatest gain in daily newspapers. The weekly press is gaining in Massachusetts, while the magazines and other monthly publications are losing ground there. The tendency of such publications toward New York city, as the literary centre of the country, is shown by the establishment here of not less than twenty-three monthly periodicals during the year.

Some of the curiosities of newspaper statistics are worth a paragraph. There are 799 religious and denominational newspapers published in the United States, and nearly one-third of them are printed in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. New York is far ahead in this respect, but Chicago leads Boston. Three newspapers are devoted to the silk-worm, six to the honey-bee, and not less than thirty-two to poultry. The dentists have eighteen journals, the phonographers nine, and the deaf and dumb and blind nineteen. There are three publications exclusively devoted to philately, and one to the terpsichorean art. The prohibitionists have 129 organs to the liquor dealers' eight. The woman suffragists have seven, the candy makers three. Gastronomy is represented by three newspapers, gas by two. There are about 600 newspapers printed in German, and forty-two in French. The towns which have most French periodicals are New York, New Orleans, and Worcester, Mass —four apiece. There are more Swedish prints than French. Two daily newspapers are printed in the Bohemian tongue, one Gaelic publication, one Hebrew, one Chinese, and one in the Cherokee language.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Professor Higbee, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Jan. 5th, submitted his annual report to the Legislature. It is replete with interesting information. The Superintendent refers with satisfaction to the fact that the number of pupils under each teacher is gradually diminishing, thus giving the scholars better opportunities for the acquisition of knowledge. The threatened decrease of the school term below five months is deprecated. In this connection the Superintendent says: "Districts have but little inducement to increase the term so long as they find that the whole cost of such increase has to be met by local taxation, while neighboring districts not increasing get the same appropriation from the State with less local tax." A minimum term of six months is urged as the proper thing. Statistics are produced to show that the female teachers now greatly outnumber the males. Since 1876 the number of teachers has increased 3111. In 1880, excluding Philadelphia, there were 9,655 male teachers and 9,655 female teachers. Since that time the number of male teachers has diminished to 8,707 and the number of female teachers increased to 12,313. This rapid change is ascribed to the increased attention given primary instruction by means of graded schools and the lower salary paid female teachers. The Superintendent says it is false economy to discriminate against females in the payment of salaries. The average monthly salary of female teachers is shown to be only $29.41, excluding Philadelphia. "This," says the Superintendent, "is entirely too small for good and efficient teachers and quite too large for poor ones if measured by educational results." The opinion is expressed that the State is not giving the schools enough money and the Superintend[illegible] this appropriation should be greatly enlarged and the too severe burden imposed on local taxation to support the schools made lighter." One million and a half dollars is put as the amount wanted from the Legislature this winter. The normal schools in the State are highly complimented. Teachers' institutes are held to be of great educational benefit to those who participate in them.

DINKELSPIEL'S DOG.

Dinkelspiel's boy had a liver-colored dog which he had upon several occasions made the subject of very interesting and instructive experiments. At one time the dog's tail curled up over his back; but Dinkelspiel's boy was prejudiced in favor of tails that hung down behind, so after amputating the dog's tail with a hatchet, he spent a whole morning trying to graft a skate strap on the stump. The dog was not a courageous one. It would bark all night when nobody was about, but if a tramp came near the house in the day time the dog would put the skate strap between his legs and go into the kitchen and lie down behind the stove. Dinkelspiel's idea was that he would prefer a fighting dog, and one day he read in a paper that a timid dog could be made brave by filing his meat with gunpowder and red pepper. Accordingly, he put about a quarter of pound of peper and a little powder in some meat, rolled it up in a ball and tossed it to the dog. The dog swallowed it as quick as a flash. For a few minutes the dog seemed contented. But presently he gave a little start and then paused and looked around to see if anything had happened. Then he gave a jump and began to assume a very solemn appearance. All of a sudden he uttered a sharp howl and began to circulate around the garden. He went faster and faster, and Dinkelspiel is willing to take his oath that the dog made 500 revolutions in a minute. Over the currant bushes, though the asparagus bed, across the fence, back again among the bean poles he flew with fury, snapping at Dinkelspiel as he passed him, scaring the chickens and setting them to cackling and smashing the vegetation into ruin. Dinkelspiel called to him to stop, but the louder he called the faster the dog went, and at last Dinkelspiel got his gun and tried to shoot him. He shot thirteen times, and blew holes in the kitchen door, killed four chickens and put half a pound of bird shot in his cow; but the dog still revolved and went so fast that he looked like a single streak of dog the whole way around the garden. At last the animal ran against the family cat and killed it, and being switched off his course, he dashed through the kitchen door, knocked down the stovepipe, whisked into the dining room, across the table, smashing seven dollars' worth of crockery, burst through the open door to the parlor and brought up against a $100 mirror, which he shivered to atoms. Then he fell on the velvet carpet, had spasms all over the floor for an hour or two, and finally died with his hind legs in the grate and his head on a $60 rug, which was covered with beef and red pepper. They buried him at the roots of a dwarf pear tree, and Dinkelspiel's boy, after getting over the thrashing his father gave him with a bed-slat, came to the conclusion that, as a matter of fact, red pepper will not make a dog anxious for war.

The postal law makes it larceny to take a newspaper and refuse to pay for it. A newspaper in Illinois recently brought suit against forty-three men who would not pay their subscriptions, and obtained judgment in each for the full amount of the claim. Of these, twenty-eight men made affidavit that they owned no more property than the law allowed them, thus preventing attachments. Then they, under the decision of the Supreme Court, were arrested for petty larceny, and bound over in the sum of $300 each. All but six gave bonds, while six went to jail.

An extraordinary snow-fall has broken down the orchards in Akron, Ohio.

Mrs. Gen. Hancock is writing a book of reminiscences of her hus[illegible]

Making $6 A Day of A Railway Pass.

"It doesn't sound nice to say so, but it is a fact, that the Lake Shore folks were awfully glad when a certain man died up in Buffalo the other day," said a conductor chattily. "There's quite a story about that case, and I guess I will have to tell it to you. That man's name was Talbot. About twelve years ago Talbot saved a train from going into a washout near his farm, and of course the company felt very grateful. P. P. Wright—Wright was the superintendent of the Buffalo division—sent for him and loaded him with thanks for himself and his company. Talbot modestly declined a money present of $500, but said he didn't object when Wright proposed making out for him a good pass for the remainder of his life. While Wright was writing out the pass Talbot inquired:

"'Say, Mr. Wright, have you any objection to making that read good for me and a friend? I may want to take a friend up to Cleveland some time to see an uncle of mine.'

"Wright was so full of gratitude that he couldn't object to anything, and the man got his pass, good for himself and friend, and it was afterwards sent on to headquarters and countersigned by the president and general passenger agent.

"Well, now, what do you think? For more than ten years that man Talbot has been riding constantly between Buffalo and Cleveland or Buffalo and Toledo. He was never alone. He always had 'a friend' with him. The friend was usually some commercial traveler. In short Talbot has made railroad riding his regular business. He made arrangements with various wholesale and jobbing houses to carry their men, and booked his engagements months ahead sometimes. When these failed he picked up stray passengers here and there. After paying his sleeping car and other expenses he had $6 or $8 a day left as clear profit and out of these profits he managed to amass a snug little fortune. He tried to use his pass on the limited express, but the company wouldn't have it. In fact, they wanted to refuse to carry him altogether, but their lawyer concluded that the suit for damages would be too expensive. Talbot is dead now, though, greatly to the regret of several traveling men.—Chicago Herald

No one who has a home of his own need ever be idle. There is always something to be done to promote the convenience or the comfort of the home, and, in the absence of work giving money remuneration, making the home more pleasant and comfortable is the best-paying job which any man can undertake. It is a sign of shiftlessness, if not worse, to see a man idle when a day's work might be well expended in battening doors, and windows against winter's rude blasts, or in providing some simple conveniences long needed by the good housewife to lighten her work. Industry always finds work to do.

Evidences of Genius.

When a woman can drive a nail without driving her thumb with it.

When a man can sit down to a cold dinner and call his wife a daisy.

When a woman can throw a stone at a hen without hitting the man who is lying in a hammock behind her.

When a man can suppress a yawn as the minister says "Fourteenthly."

When a woman can pass a mirror with her face turned the other way.

A little boy who was to pass the afternoon with the doctor's little daughter was given two pieces of candy. When he returned his mother inquired if he gave the largest piece to the little girl. "No, mother, I didn't; you told me to give the biggest piece to the company, and I was the company over there."

Old gentleman (putting a few questions)—Now, boys—ah—can you tell me what commandment Adam broke when he took the forbidden fruit? Small scholar, (like a shot)—Please, sir, th' worn't no commandments then.

Hay in some parts of Colorado is $50 per ton.

Westmoreland county pays $4,200 taxes on her dogs.

A lady in Mt. Morris has 32 pet [illegible]

Attorneys-At-Law.

Physicians, &c.