THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, EDITOR AND PRO'R.

MIDDLEBURGH, PA., Nov. 29, 1888.

Dakota is the blggest boy in Uncle Samuel's family, and has for several rears wanted to set up for himse'f. Dakota's population is 640,000, and has increased 6200 during the year.

Every State in which fertilizers are sold taxes the business ostensibly for the protection of the farmers. It is a matter, declares the New York Times, to which faimers should give their careful attention.

The proportionate culture of grass may be taken as a measure of the prosperity of agriculture, asserts the New York Times. Grass conserves the fertility of the soil, while the growth of grain crops expends it.

Prince Bismarck recently gave a fete to his servants and tenants at Friedrichsruhe to celebrate the despatch to Berly of 5000 telegraph-poles cut in his forests. Bismarck has supplied Germany with 100,000 telegraph poles during the last ten years.

The value of the fertilizers used by farmers amounts to a yearly sum of about \$50,000,000. It was more than half this sum in 1880, and the trade has certainly doubled in extent since then. In North Carolina the tax on fertilizers yields more than \$40,000 yearly.

The Chinese are making such large demands upon soap that in time they may rank among the clean nations. The importation of foreign soap has increased 133 per cent in five years and 860 per cent, more is wanted now than was sought after ten years ago.

The Director of the German Statistical Bureau has issued a report on the status of the German population. There are in the empire how about 45,000,000 people, but this official believes that the country can support a very large addition to the pres at number without any trouble.

A St. Louis diamond broker makes the singular statement that the amount of money invested in diamonds in that city is greater than the volume of actual money used in lusiness. Nearly every family in the city, he says, even many in humple circumstances, has a collection recious stones.

Tourists abroad complain that the de given way to noise and manufacturing For half a dozen years the old man lingered rather than lived, apparently

THANKSGIVING.

When the trees are gray and bare, And the snow is in the air, And the frost is in the sod, And the yellow golden-rod, Like a fading sunset light, Withers in a blackening blight, And the dead leaves to and fre Whirl about as the north winds blow-Then comes the old Thanksgiving time,

When hearts in festal moetings chime When gay youth no longer sings The clear carols of its springs, And old age with stealthy treed Up behind us steals, to shed Winter snows upon the nend: Vot with ago's frost and mow Brings a light whose stendy glow With an inner radiance scorns Thoughtless youth's best night; and morns. Then comes the old Thanksgiving time, And awakes a loftier rhyme

Then, for all that builds up life With its changing calm and strife What I was-the given base Upon which I now can place What poor figure I may have wrought Out of all my life and thought-For the priceless providence That hath made each nerve and sense Of my boyhood but the germ Of a growth more full and firm-For the blest inheritance Of my parents' blood-for chance Even, and fate and circumstance-For the joy and sorrow turned Into hope-for wisdom learned From my folly-faith from doubt:-All within me or without That hath helpsd the spirit weak Its best life and truth to seek :--For all this, and more that, blind, I cannot recall to mind-Thanks on this Thanksgiving day I would render as I may :---On this dull gray day when earth Hath no smile of spring or mirth, And the dead leaves to and fro Whirl about as the north winds blow,

Christopher P. Granch.

THE UNPROBATED WILL.

▲ THANKSGIVING STORY. OOR as John Austin was, he vas made more desperate by the return of the father of his wife (believed to be dead who came home to them broken in health a silent, "queer" man, as the peo-

ple of Beachton called him. When Jane Austin was a lit-63 tle girl the now old man had left her mother and herself to battle with the world. No one

knew why or whither he had gone. For twenty-five years nothing had been heard of or from him. In the meantime the mother had died, the daughter married, and several little olive branches had come to twine around the hearts of lightful calm and quist of Heidelberg, the father and mother and make the the great German university town, has struggle for bread still more imperative.

bustle. A number of tall ch mneys injurt the view from the castle grounds and the fearful foghorn fro a various tuge dis- mer, shiver over the fire in winter and constantly matter to himself. Then he quietly faded out from among the living and was laid to rest in the desolate graveyard. Of where he had been during his long absence he never talked; what he had done was never known. His reappearance was as sudden and unexplained as of the daughter and her husband; those connected with his last sickness and death heavy. A single dollar added to the outlay of any man whose only capital is his hands and only income is from daily toil is no light affair.

sound sleep we enjoy." Little knew they of the storm that rocked their little cottage and drifted the snow around it. But with the morn-ing light they saw it and with a sinking of heart. It was as a death blow to the plans John Austin had made for their Thanksgiving dinner. He had indulged in no fanciful dreams of turkey and a hugo chicken pie, of salad and jelly. They were as far beyond his means as oyster pate, terrapin, canvas-back and champagne. A practical man, he had thought out no sumptuous or elaborate menu, but had resolved to be up early, take his gun, go to the woods and see if he could not "knock over" something for a Thanksgiving feast.

would have been recreation and one seldom indulged in, for necessity compelled uninterrupted labor. "Whew!" he whistled under his breath as he saw how deep was the snow, strong the wind and freezing the air. But it was Thanksgiving and the children must not bedisappointed. So, after building a rousing fire and bringing in plenty of wood, he kissed his wife, promised to be back as early as possible, took his gun and started upon the uncertain quest, for and then, forgetful of anger and tears. game, like money, has a perverse fashion exclaimed : of being out of the way when most wanted.

Tramping along over the unbroken fields and in the full sweep of the icy blasts, he was glad to reach a little grove where he could find shelter and regain his breath. He seated himself upon a stump and to him came the greatest temptation of his life. In a tree, within easy shot, roosted numerous turkeys. Hatch d from the eggs of ones and with the distinctive wild feather marks, it would be the easiest thing to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, luscious fowls they were, and the vision of how happy his wife and children would be in the cating arose before hm.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience whispered: "They are not yours, John Austin," and turning his steps away he answered mentally if not vocally : "No, and I'm not going to be a thief, even for a Thanksgiving dinner." Pushing on again over the broad meadow he struck the road-an unbroken one now-that led to the forest where game was likely to be found, and was passing the log cabin of a family even poorer than his own, for the husband was lying very ill. He glanced up at the chimney-the most natural thing to do upon such a day-and saw no smoke. Either the poor man must be dead or the supply of wood had given out. Instantly his own situation was forgotten and he was not long in finding out that his latter surmise was correct.

"Don't worry," he said to the anxious wife, gathering and bringing in all the he could find, "I'll run over to wood ne ghbor Sampson's and borrow his team and get you a load. There's lots of dead timber on this land, and he warming his numbed hands and feet he neighbor Sampson's and borrow his isn't the meanest man in the world by a long shot."

To accomplish his purpose he was forced to retrace his steps and again look at the temptation of the turkeys. Certainly no birds ever looked so large, and they stretched out their necks and gobbled at him in the most provoking fashion and as if they knew what was passing in his mind.

"Yes, John," said the farmer in answer to his request, "take the oxen and But get as much wood as you can haul. ou will have to cut it. Everything down must be snowed under except it may be some rotten stuff that is of no account. "All right, but you will have to lend me an axe. Istarted to find some game for dinner, but now the children will have to get along with whatever their mother she whispered; can manage to fix up," better leave your gun here till you come back. I'd like to use it if you can tell me where I will find my flock of turkeys the tame-wild ones I mean. I believe they know it's Thanksgiving and have run away. Austin told him where the birds were to be found, thought of how little there would be upon his own table and hastened upon his errand of mercy \rightarrow hastened as fast as an ox team, discontented with being out such a cold morning and wading through such deep snow, could be persuaded to go. Tramping along after the sled Austin at last reached the woods and looked for a convenient tree to "fall." An oak stood near and a tap of his ax convinced him it was hollow. That suited him exactly. He could easily cut off a couple of logs, roll them upon the sled and reduce them to burnable size afterward. A strong armed and willing-hearted man, he was not long in separating the trunk, drawing and unloading in front of the house of his sick friend. The poor wife thanked him heartily and said her brother had come and would do the chopping.

comfortable for our appetites and the sound sleep we enjoy." Little knew they of the storm that rocked their little cottage and drifted the snow around it. But with the morn-

sition to wipe away her tears. "It's marked for you, Jane, and-where in heaven did you get that great turkey?"

"Farmer Sampson brought it, and your gan, which you lost, and if the neighbors didn't take pity on us we'd starve," was replied in very short sentences and broken by sobs. "But Jane-"

"Don't 'lane' me. Take that miserable, dirty thing out and crawl off somewhere and go to sleep. To think I should have lived to see the day-and-Under ordinary circumstances hunting and we become objects of charity-and -and-having to be fed by the neighbors," and up went the apron again. "Mother," broke in the eldest of the

hopefuls, whose curiosity had caused an investigation of the satchel, and who had spelled out the address, "it's your name, and such queer writing." Thus reinforced John Austin explained

that he had found it in a hollow log and



"It is father's writing. Open it a nick as ever you can."

He complied. The first thing he saw was a letter. It was written on coarse paper, unscaled, directed to his wife, and read: "All for my daughter Jane, wife of John Austin, forever and ever. James Selfr dge.

"Sounds like a will," said the husband, "and we'll see what the old man has left."

Little packages tied up in buckskin were taken out, and each, when opened, disclosed gold, coined, dust and nuggets, evidently the savings of a mi-er miner, and explained why he had so much haunted the woods

Cvercome by their unexpected fortune husband, wife and children gathered around the table upon which it had been piled, and laughed and cried together. The millions of merchant prince or railway king was nothing compared to the few hundreds to them. Then came the natural fear of being robbed, and the wealth was hastily hidden away. They were too much excited to even discuss what they would do with it and were frigthened nearly into convulsions when a loud rap was heard on the door and with it a command to open.

told how good John had been as to the afflicted family, "And, John," he said, "I saw and

heard you when talking about my turkeys, and a man who could be thus honest under so great temptation will ever find a friend in Job Sampson."

Then Austin and his wife unbosomed themselves, showed the gold, the letter and asked advice. It was indiciously but it possesses an anti zymotic action; given and with congratulation the farmer that is, it retards the ammoniacal ferhurried away, happy at having done a

SACCHARIN.

REMARKABLE QUALITIES OF A CURIOUS PRODUCT.

It is Derived from Coal Tar. and Is the Sweetest Substance Known-It's Uses in Medicine, etc.

The curious product from coal tar known as saccharin was introduced by a French chemist two years ago, since when a factory for its production was established in Westerhausen, near the old historic town of Magdeburg, iu Prussia. Eacharin has become so formidable a rival of cane and beet root sugar for many manufacturing purposes, that the producers of these look upon the new material with great disfavor. Late French papers state that the French sugar manufacturers have begun a campaign against it, and the cociety of Agriculturists have petitioned the Gov-eroment to forbid its manu acture, as being prejudicial to the beet root sugar, trane, although experiments have shown that it is not noxious.

It has been found that in its pure state it is difficult of solution, but this defeat is corrected by the addition of an alkaline bicarbonate that is added by small portions to the saccharin mixed in the water. No heat is employed, as funder the infuence of heat soda will transform saccharin into salicylic acid. Neither fles, bees nor other insects will touch saccharin in ally form, but phys claas are already prescribing it for putients af-tlicted with discases which will not admit of the r taking sugar. A gentleman to whom sugar was forbidden tried saccha in, using it alone to sweeten lemon-juice and stewed cambergies. He found that it would not mix, and experimented with various things to remedy it, but was unsuccessful until he thought of glyceriae; one dram of saccharin with he pound of glycetine, heated to solution, makes a misture closely resembling honey, and one that readily dissolves in water, milk, 36a, coffee, wines and liquors.

Saccharin is used now in cake, candy ad champagne. Its sweetening power is 300 times greater than that of sugar, and it has neither the latter's nutritive ner in urious properties. It does not ferment, and is in no way altered by the action of yeast and other ferments. In addition to this, it has also antiseptic propert es which make it useful in preserving articles of food. It is a condiment, or spice, and should never be tasted in its pure state. A distinguished American chemist,

when asked for some information respecting the new material, said : 'Sacchar.n is really in many waps a remarkable product. It is the sweetest substance known. One part of it in 30,000 parts of water will give the water * per-ceptibly sweet taste equal to one part of cane sugar in 250 parts of water, and a solution of one in 10,000 is intensely sweet. In appearance it is a white crystalline powder, soluble in 230 parts of water at twenty-five degrees Centigrade, and is casily soluble in alcohol and ether. Its sc.entific name is benzoyl

sulphonie am de. "Currously enough, saccharm is in no way related to the class of sugars (carbohydrates), either chemically or physio-logically. It is not only unfermentable,

In an undeveloped state

That Thanksgiving Pat

Under cover.

In the fulness of completies,



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turbs the quiet of the Neckar.

The newspaper is the most penetrat ing and pervasive agent of civilization In Persia, where agricultural implements are of the same pattern that they were in Abraham's day and the natives were his departure. He came on foot and greatly astonished at the sight of a alone, and the only thing certain about wheelbarrow, they have a newspaper him was his poverty. which ancers whenever it can get and the expense of his "keeping" had which appears whenever it can get any | been a serious drawback to the prosperity news not too dangerous to publish The libel suit has not been introduced yet.

· Harrison Weir, a famous English ar tist, proposes that the common bantam fowl, that most pugaacious of birds, shall no longer be confined to the poultry yard, but shall be delivered to the care of the game keeper and allowed to return to "a state of nature." "Let it roost in the trees, defend itself in its own fash on," says he, "and it will in a very short time pass from poultry into game,"

There is a complaint that the new movement among women has produced a dearth of the maiden aust. Instead of devoting her time and strength to the needs of her relatives she is writing, or clerking, or teaching, or in any other direction devoted to the enlargement of her sphere; all of which is pleasant for the maiden aunt, but inconvenient to her relatives, who feel an affe tionate claim upon her services without pay.

Statistics of mining accidents include some of the ponsequence flowing therefrom. Thus, in the first anthracite district of Pennsylvania, during the single month of September, there were eleven fatal accidents, which we are told, "made five widows and fifteen orphans." That is not an especially bad return as mining records go, but the figures suggest a great deal of sorrows and suffering consequent upon a dangerous business.

The practice of running trains on the left hand track is now being largely put in force by railroad corporations throughout the United States. The custom originated in England, and affords the engineer a better and fuller view of the tracks ahead. The Old Colony Road of Massachusetts has adopted this method of running its trains, and the other companies whose roads centre in Poston will follow the same rule when they become better acquainted with the practicability of the system.



But a week previous to Thankgiving the funeral had taken place-used up the last dollar of ready money and left a debt to be paid. In the flickering light of the fire husband and wife sat sadiy discussing the outlook, and gloomy indeed it was. The last of the little brood had been tucked into bed, the fierce wind of the Northern Winter was howling without, the stars shone brightly but coldly, and the low, heavy banks of clouds gave notice of a force snowstorm, and the poor know but too bitterly what that means for them.

"John," said his wife, after a long silence and with a heavy sigh, "to-morrow will be Thanksgiving, and the caildren are reckoning upon a good dianer.'

"Yes," he replied, with his head bowed and tears in his eyes, "but the good Lord only knows where it is to come from. The care and death of your father -1 don't say it complaining, wife, for you have repaid it a thousand times -has not only taken the last cent, but left us a debt it will take months to pay. 'However, the darlings shan't be disappeinted if I can help it, and if you can manage the pies and little things I'll see what can be done about getting something in the shape of meat. Heigh ho! what a miserable thing it is to be poor and nover have any money when you need it most."

"Yes, dear, it is hard; but we have health, strength, and the little ones, and that is very much to be thankful tor."

"All right-no thanks," he replied in his hearty way. "Hope your Thanks-giving will be brigh er than you antici-"Now I'll get my gun and see what I can do for my own dinner."

He had gotten some little distance when the woman shouted :

"You have forgotten your satchel, John Austin!

"Mine:" he questioned, returning. course it is. You must have "Of placed it in the hollow trunk and for- But otten it. Anyhow it rolled out and here is your wife's name on it. Gracious, but it is marked plain enough."

In mute astonishment John Austin took up the satchel and brushed off the It was a small affair, battered, snow. worn, stained and (as he afterward said) might have come out of the ark. A piece of buckskin was looped through the handles and rudely marked : Mrs. Jane Austin, wife of John Austin and daughter of James Selfridge, Beachton, Fennsylvania, U. S."

He choked down a great lump that had gathered in his throat, looked with the most stupid surprise at the woman, then at the satchel, and forgetting team, gun and game started homeward on a run. Bursting into the house he dropped breathlessly into a chair, flung the satchel into the middle of the floor and gasped oue the single word : "There !"

"John Austin," exclaimed his wife in the loudest key possible for her voice to reach and with the muscles of her face "And many a rich man would give gathering for a storm, "aren't you more than the sum necessary to make us ashamed of yourself to come home

At a late hour for "country folks" their dinner was eaten with hearts overflowing with thankfulness, and when the stuffed children were dreaming the wife stole behind her husband, put her arms around his neck and kissed him more warmly than since the days of her courtship as

"To think I should accuse you of be "Well, here's an axe, and you had ing drunk! And you giving up all hope of your own Thanksgiving dinner to

help others! You dear old John.' N. B.-That will was never probated.



The Sorrow That Follows the Joy. "Yes," she said at breakfast table this morning, "I am glad Thanksgiving is over."

"Why?" he asked.

"Becausz," she replied, "because I can now begin reminding you that Christmas is coming, and that I need a new sealskin sacque."-Philadelphia Herald.

A Song of Thanksgiving.

I never had a sweet gazelle To glad me with its soft black eye-at 1 would love it passing well Baked in a rich and crusty pie, If I could have a bird to love And nestle sweetly in my breast, All other nestling birds above. The turkey-stuffed-would be that bird.

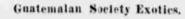
On the Way to Thanksgiving Services,



mentations in certain secretions. It is indigestible, inert and non-poisonous when taken into the stomach, and passes out unchanged. These properties give it an important place in dietetics, pharmacy and therapentics. When m xed with the food of diabetic or obese patients it enables them to indulge in sweetened dishes which ordinarily must be denied them on account of the injurious effects of sugar under such conditions.

"It is a harmless and effective sweetening agent for bitter medicines, and chemical combinations of it with several alkaloids, such as qu nine, strychnine and morphine, have been employed with markel success. It is also given with other remedial agents, or in pure solution as an anti-fermentative medicine in various gastric and intestinal disorders.

"Besides these medical uses, saccharin is largely employed in France as a substitute for sugar in confectionery and liquors. One part of it to 1000 or 2000 parts of glucose (grape sugar) makes an equivalent to cane sugar for confectioners' use, and one part of saccharin to 8000 parts of liquid is considered suffici nt for making sweet liqueurs. Altogether there is good reason for the concern felt by sugar producers on account of a substance, a reaspoonful of which will convert a barrel of water into good syrup, and which does not decay, mould or ferment, and has no injurious effect upon the human system. . The chief difficulty in the way of its use is the high cost of production; but improved processes will doubtless be devised which will bring its market value to a much lower figure than it now commands."-Frank Lestie's.

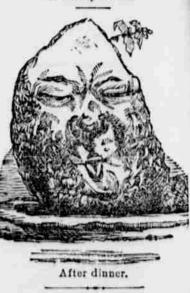


There is a small set in Guatemala, Central America, to-day, who are so careful of themseives that they seldom venture on the sidewalks, and fortunately for them they have sa ed enough of their inheritance to erable them to keep carriages. Confinement to the house seems to make them bashful, and when they are actually cauged outside they blush and bow; then comes a shower of Spanish compliments and they pass on. They have little receptions and entertainments among themselves, and so rigidly do they adhere to their "blue book" that only kings and presidents can hope to secure invitations, if not of their set. The other day a foreign resident of many years in the country, said that when he went to San Salvador about thirty years ago, a young man calling in the evening was expected to bring a bottle of wine or whisky in his pocket, so that the expense of the entertainment should not always fall upon the parents of the young had es. But times have changed, and nowadays it would be regarded as an insult should the swain bring his liquors with him, though his face expresses a desire for the return of the good old days when asked to take

Wesley was born in Epworth, Eng land, in 1703.

lemonade. - Argonaut.

A deadly breach.



An aged turtle was picked up near Kingston, N. Y., recently that had the following inscription on its back: "W. D. Whittaker, Aug. 10, 1771."



Roast beef, indeed! "You forget this is Thanksgiving. Where's your turkey !"