

T. H. HARTER, EDITOR AND PROP. MIDDLEBURGH, PA., FEB. 21, 1888.

Politically, according to close observers, France is in a snarl.

The Indian youth are to be educated, whether they wish it or not.

Up to the last few years, the growth of population in the West has been rapid enough to keep pace with railway extension.

Emperor William, in his last speech from the throne, announced that deposits in German savings banks had increased by \$30,000,000.

From having the dirtiest city in the United States Pittsburg has become one of the cleanest, the change being due to the burning of natural gas in place of coal.

A correspondent of the New York World makes the discovery that the letter A appears in the name of every President the country has had, except in that of John Tyler.

That is a large figure—\$18,000,000, 000. That represents the actual value of the real estate of New York, and is an increase of nearly 25 per cent. over that of the previous year.

Some idea of how far in advance the monthly magazines are made up may be had from the statement in the New York Star that the March number of Scribner's went to press in January.

Leopold, King of the Belgians, has never signed a death warrant, and, although the statute has never been repealed, capital punishment is practically abolished in Belgium.

The former Collector of the Port of New York and later American Consul at London, General E. A. Merritt, tells a Chicago reporter that the question of Canadian annexation is agitated even more in England than it is in Canada.

The agricultural returns of 1888 show that while the total cultivated area of the United Kingdom has increased since 1875 by about half a million acres and the area under grass by two million acres, yet there has been no increase in the number of live stock.

The Bulgarians are hardly up to the modern ideas of civilization. At ball given by royalty the guests eat with their fingers, wipe their hands on their trousers or on their hair; when wearied from dancing remove their shoes and go about barefooted and conduct themselves in many other ways which seem strange to those accustomed to the usages of modern polite society.

It is proposed to issue paper money in England of a denomination as small as half a sovereign. The annual loss to creditors by the depreciation of gold coin of that denomination is something like \$500,000, and it is claimed that much of this would be saved were paper used. The half sovereign is an inconvenient and easily lost coin, which is another argument in favor of paper.

The Middleburgh Herald of Baltimore, is pleased to think that "everything seems to indicate that the whole South has entered upon what must be called a 'boom' in the absence of any better name for it. Enterprises are being organized, we might almost say, by hundreds, and no one need be surprised at any amount of industrial activity during the next few months."

One would think that all the wolves in France had been killed before this, but during the past year 204 of these ravenous animals have been killed, for which the Government paid \$10,000 in premiums. In 1887 700 wolves were killed, and 690 the year before. Two of the wolves killed last year had attacked human beings and upon these two premiums of \$40 were paid upon each.

The United States is not the only country where the par value of silver coin is greater than its bullion worth. It is said that there is nearly \$500,000 of small silver in circulation in England which has been manufactured at a profit by so-called "counterfeiters." The gains of the manufacturers is said to be as high as fifty to one cent per cent, while the coin is fully up to the standard of purity.

The latest Missouri tragedy is one of the most remarkable in the annals of love or murder. Having four daughters, Henry Thomas could have spared some of them. But when two young men stepped with the two older ones he went after them with buckshot, killing all but one daughter. On his way home he heard that two more of his girls had eloped. These he soon recovered, but before he could reach his home a third fate overtook him in the shape of a mob, and the three daughters, besides having no husbands, were the less of a father.

THE VALENTINE.

At a counter richly laden With St. Valentine's choice sonnets Stands a very charming maid...

Over forget me nots and roses Like a butterfly she wavers, Till the honey one discloses...

Satisfied with her selection, As the clerk she reimburses, For the massive of affection...

BILL BUSHNELL'S LASS.

By A. S. BURROUGHS.

Josh Fields and Tom Willis were both dead in love with Bill Bushnell's pretty lass, Mol.

There was nothing peculiar about this circumstance, it was not in the fact of their attachment, however, but in the fact that Josh and Tom were partners—joint owners of a mining claim—and to see a couple of boom companions develop into rival lovers struck some of our old miners about the camp as mighty queer business.

They were such brotherly chaps that, if it had been anything but a love affair, I reckon either the one or the other would have given up to his chum; but they didn't in this case. Neither seemed inclined to budge an inch, and in this manner, several months went by, with each one doing his best to make an everlasting impression upon his inamorata.

At last, however, Josh made up his mind that the matter had dragged long enough, and, not wishing to hurt his partner's feeling by rushing ahead impudently, he decided to take him into his confidence.

The time chosen was just before they were going to quit work for the day, and while the scattered tools were being gathered up and put away.

"Well, then, you see the cuts; a short one a long one, an' I'll try the lock on the draw."

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"You lie, cuss you!" retorted Tom, boiling over with anger. "You hain't the sand to acknowledge you're beat, an' you're tryin' a sneakin' game on me!"

"Well, you did, an' you know it! You hadn't the nerve to—"

The sentence was never finished; for, at that instant, the drill descended with a crash upon Josh's head, and he fell like a log to the ground.

For a moment Tom, frenzied with rage, stood over the prostrate form, an almost devilish glitter lighting up his coal-black eyes, but presently a sudden change took possession of him.

"My God!" gasped he, his eyes riveted in horror upon the white, upturned face and gory locks of his victim. "I have killed him! I have murdered my pard! Oh, how could I do it—how could I forget myself an' do such an awful deed!"

A new thought seemed to force its way into his perturbed mind at this juncture—a consciousness of his peril—and he cast a furtive glance around him.

"I must not be caught here," muttered he, "or my life won't be with a burnt match! I must get away—but where?"

He thought a moment, and then resumed his distracted soliloquy: "No; 'twon't do to leave, for that would only convince 'em o' my guilt, an' a possed be after me in no time, I'm in a despr'it bad fix, that's sure, an' I'll have to cover up all the traces o' the crime, an' say Josh has skipped."

After another searching glance about, to make sure that his movements were not being watched, he stooped down, lifted the limp form into his arms, and then slung away with his burden toward an unseemly part of the mine.

He paused, a moment later, at the brink of an old, abandoned shaft, and, after once more looking and listening, dropped the body into the murky pit.

A splash, as the burden struck the stagnant water at the bottom of the shaft, was heard immediately after, and then, with a blanched face and a haunted look in his eyes, Tom stole back to where the dead had been committed.

"I'll go back to the place after dark," muttered he to himself, "and fill the old shaft up with talms and rocks. No one will ever run across his body, an' pounce on me for his murderer."

All traces of the bloody deed were carefully obliterated in the mine, and then Tom went home.

Tom sneaked off, only too glad to escape thus lightly, and, though Josh and Bill Bushnell's lass have been partners for many long, happy years, neither have ever heard of the would-be murderer.—Tanner's Blade.

A Chinese Joss House in Gotham.

The Chinese have installed their god, Kwan Goon, in a new joss house at No. 16 Mott street, New York city, which has been fitted up at a cost of \$25,000.

The strange ceremonies were opened by the Chinese Consul, Yee Shaw Now, who was accompanied by his staff and the council of the Lion Yee Tong, or United Chinese Brethren.

The new joss house is a room twenty feet wide and twenty-eight feet long. One end has an alcove in which stands a gorgeous temple of stained glass.

Large pots are held in gilded candelabra. Handsome vases on either side of the temple guard the good spirits within.

The god, representing the greatest of all Chinese warriors, is a gold figure four and a half feet high, squatting on an ebony table in the center of the apartment.

Salvors Scared by St. Elmo's Fire. Some 400 or 500 years ago sailors in the Bay of Biscay were frightened by lightning which struck the yards of their vessels and danced along to the metallic rails at their ends and then hung, a glaring red globe.

The Swedish ship Edward was near Panama a few weeks ago, and the balls of fire struck her yards. Captain Akermak had never heard of St. Elmo, and so he and his sailors concluded they had seen one of the most remarkable natural phenomena on record.

A newspaper historian gives this graphic picture of what happened on the ship. He says: "The storm seemed to concentrate its fury directly over head and dash itself down on the ship."

China's Masquerade as Squaws. The smuggling of Chinese men and women from British America into United States territory is a very lucrative business at various points along the border from Vancouver to Winnipeg.

Regarding the ice question, the Worcester Mass. Spy has this: "A veteran cutter between here and Boston is reported as saying that the cold cycles change every five or seven years."

Several witnesses signed it in James T. White's name, and then the post office was snatched a glass of whisky from White's hands before it was half filled, and drank it at one gulp.—New York Witness.

RELIGIOUS READING.

My Work for God. Let me not die before I've done for Thee My earthly work, whatever it may be.

Now He Knows. This was remarked of a certain man whose sudden death had been announced. His life had been prolonged to the age of threescore and ten years and beyond.

The Gospel of Love. Avenement minister of the gospel was criticised because he did not preach the law of God, but only and always the love of Christ.

Poverty and Poor Preaching. The calamity which I stand in dread of, and which is next to the withdrawal of the vine blessing, the greatest, a church can suffer, is that the rising talent, genius and energy of our country may leave the ministry of the gospel for other professions.

Where Drink Kills. The following testimony from Westcott, M. D., Deputy Commissioner of Health, New York, after a personal examination of 1,000 cases of alcoholism, is very interesting.

Three Warnings. "Death in the cup," says the doctor, "is the most common cause of death in the city of New York."

More Rum Shops Than Ever. There are over 10,000 rum shops in New York city, and every one to every 25 families.

TEMPERANCE.

Dash Down that Bow! Dash down that bow! Though the sparkling wine, Like a jewel fair, May brightly shine;

Break not her fond heart. That latter-day foe, The lurking foe, As subtle as the wind, In sinfulness he kneels, While the heart-bruised praye, Rises up to the throne.

Push down that bowl! No longer drink! The cup of death and pain, Drink the crystal stream, Drink the joy impart, And true joy give, To the sad heart.

Scientific Temperance. The effects of a colorless liquor enormously with the amount consumed, and with the form in which it is taken, are always bad.

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