THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

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

MIDDLEBURG, PA., MAY 9, 1889.

A desire for Home Rule is spreading. Scotland wants it now.

The Supreme Court of Nebraska holds that notes given to cover grain margins are void.

Not in years, it is said, has the price of live beef cattle been so low as at present.

Vermont has suffered more in the past few years than any of her sister States by the emigration of her sons to the West.

Says the philosopher of the Philadelphia *Call*: "Money is not the root of all evil. Poverty is responsible for more crime than anything else."

An Indiana Judge has decided that a traveler can have his rules and regulations as well as a hotel, and that where they conflict his rights are equal.

All the truck on earth cannot starve the farmer who has a good garden, a few pigs, some chickens and a couple of cows, says a Western farm paper.

The estate of the late J. V. Williamson, of Philadelphia, foots up to nearly $10,000,000, and yet the only article of luxury that he possessed was a hundred dollar gold watch, which was given to him.

The growing town of Greensburg, Penn., with a population of 8000, has thirteen handsome churches, representing a value of $800,000. Probably no town of its size in the United States has so many costly churches.

An International Women's Suffrage Congress is to meet in Paris in the summer, and the Municipal Council has voted $1000 toward the expenses. Susan Anthony and Mrs. Cady Stanton will represent the women of the United States.

The man who stole a meeting-house lives for the admiration of all time in one of Edward Everett Hale's cleverest stories, but it remained for a Michigan sawmill proprietor to evade debt by moving his entire mill and machinery across the narrow channel into Canada.

The Washington *Star* announces that "it is an inalienable privilege of the full-fledged American citizen to be a baseball crank, and the right is not denied even to the temporary serfs in the Territories or to the perpetual serfs of the District of Columbia. Closely marriage will prove a failure if it attempts to overthrow the baseball idiot."

A London newspaper asserts that the Carnegie living scientists are Lord Rayleigh, the Duke of Argyll, Professor Huxley, Dr. Joseph Dalton Hooker, Sir Noel Paton, the Earl of Aberdeen, A. J. Balfour, Sir Morell Mackenzie, W. E. Gladstone and Sir Arthur Hill Allingham. Mr. Gladstone, however, is only scientific in a very limited sense, and he is the most

A rival dealer in York, Alex. Kaufield, has in his hotel a weighing machine which is constructed so as to register about twenty hundred pounds as a ton. He did not quite get paralyzed when strength his license was taken away from him by the authorities, who arrested and prosecuted him for falsifying an official weight.

The American Laredo and the Mexican Laredo are now connected by a fine iron railroad bridge across the Rio Grande. When the bridge was completed, the two cities united in a holiday, with processions, orations and a military display. The Texans marched over into Mexico, and the Mexicans marched into Texas. At night a grand ball took place on the bridge.

The exciting excitation from Europe to the United States has assumed large proportions this year, according to the New York *Sun*. The arrivals since January 1 at Castle Garden have reached over 500,000 to our population. Our advices from Germany, Italy, the British Isles and Sweden are such as to lead to the belief that we are about to have an extraordinary number of newcomers.

A nut for the Bacchians to crack is furnished by a recent monograph on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. The writer furnishes an elaborate study, states the San Francisco *Chronicle*, of the way in which Shakespeare spoke of beer and wine, and these passages are contrasted with Bacon's references to the same subject. Nothing could be wider than the contrast between the views of the two writers, Bacon regarding the two beverages from a purely scientific standpoint, while Shakespeare [illegible]

SHOWER AND FLOWER.

Down the little drops patter,
Making a musical clatter,
Out of the clouds they throng;
Freshness of heaven they scatter
Little dark rootlets among,
"Coming to visit you, Posies!
Open your hearts to us, Roses!"
That is the Raindrop's song.

Up the little seed rises;
Buds of all colors and sizes
Clamber up out of the ground.
Gently the blue sky surprises
The earth with that soft-rushing sound.
"Welcome"—the brown bees are humming,
"Come" for we wait for your coming"
Whisper the wild flowers around.

"Shower, it is pleasant to hear you"
"Flower, it is sweet to be near you!"
This is the song everywhere.
Listen! the music will cheer you!
Raindrop and blossom so fair
Gladly are meeting together,
Out in the beautiful weather;
Oh, the sweet song in the air!

MISS RHODA'S "TRAMP."

BY HELEN T. CLARK.

"It's going to be a bitter cold night, Savilla, and you had better set the bread sponge by the sitting-room stove, or it will take forever and a day to rise."

"Yes, Miss Rhody."

"And be sure to move the plants before you go to bed, especially that new wax-plant. I wouldn't have that nipped for a dollar. You can lock all the doors, and I will take the key of the little side entry."

"Yes, Miss Rhody."

"Oh, and, Savilla, be sure to put an extra quilt on your bed. The turkey-red knotted counterpane is to be put on the best bed, when Cousin Palmyra's folks come, so don't take that."

"No, Miss Rhody."

The tall, straight figure of Miss Rhoda Goodwin moved down the garden path, between the now desolated flower-beds, out at the gate, and down the crisp, crunching road. She was bound for the Wednesday evening prayer meeting, and carried her copy of "Gospel Hymns" inside her large, old-fashioned muff.

"I hope Savilla won't get nervous about tramps. It's a dreadful night for any poor, homeless creature to be roaming around. I don't believe the Lord intended things to be so unevenly divided in this world."

And Miss Rhody began to ponder in her honest heart the old, vexed question, —old as the hills, unsettled as the restless ocean—the question of poverty and wealth. She could not shake it off, even when she entered the vestry of Little Zion meeting-house, and greeted the faithful few assembled there in the subdued manner consistent with the place.

The minister delivered his short, doctrinal discourse, the last hymn was sung, —it chanced to be "The Ninety and Nine"—and there was the movement of lowered tongues and preparation for departure. Miss Rhody exchanged good-nights with two or three friends whose homes lay partly in her direction, then hastened on alone. The session had been long, and she was afraid that Savilla might forget some of her parting injunctions.

"Savilla means well," she said to herself, "but you can't put an old head on young shoulders—nor a young one on old shoulders," she continued, as a stinging blast whirled needles of fine, sharp snow into her face, ears and neck, even under her thick, white "nubia."

The storm had come up suddenly while the worshippers at Little Zion were singing the final hymn, the words of which were still echoing in Miss Rhoda's ears:

"Away on the mountains bleak and bare
Away from the tender Shepherd's care"

Again she thought: "What a bitter night for the poor!" and hurried on to warm her own warm, tidy sitting room.

The point of view pushes all the difference. Miss Rhoda, kind-hearted as she was, formulated her thought much as one would say: "What a beautiful sunset!" or "What a cross dog!" and she congratulated herself the next moment on the comfort and comfort awaiting her at the end of her short, brisk walk.

Another woman treading with chilled and weary feet the self-same snow, and battling with feeble strength the self-same wind, a few rods behind Miss Rhoda, thought the same thought with a far different sequel.

"It is a bitter night. God makes such nights to reconcile the poor, desperate wretches like me to death. But when the river is frozen one must lie down in the snow or some icy doorstep to die."

Some inexplicable attraction drew her after the tall, military figure before her.

"It makes small difference whether I turn down this road or the next. The end will come in the morning."

When Miss Rhoda turned in at the garden gate, and opened her little side-entry door, the woman leaned heavily upon the fence-railings, and devoured with her tearless, restless eyes the comfortable outlines of the house, the red glimmer on the snow from the isinglass windows of the "Radiant Home" heater in the sitting-room, the yellow flare of the lamp that Miss Rhoda lighted. When the latter came to the windows and drew down the curtains, the woman at the gate gave a sudden choking sob, and then, like Dicken's "dog," "moved on."

Miss Rhoda sat down to warm her feet and to look over her weekly religious paper before going to bed. Savilla, with unusual thoughtfulness, had set the teapot on the back part of the "Radiant Home," and prepared a plate of buttered toast, nicely covered with a clean napkin.

Miss Rhoda's eyes brightened and softened, as she murmured: "Savilla is a good girl—a most excellent child, I am really quite fond of Savilla."

She had poured out a cup of tea and broken a tempting slice of toast in halves, when a faint cry arrested her attention. She listened, and it came again. Miss Rhoda put down the tea and toast untasted, and carried the lamp to the side door. When she opened it the rays fell upon a dark, snow-sprinkled figure at her very feet. The woman had come back, still urged by a mysterious power, and had thrown her weary body across Miss Rhoda's threshold, whether to die or live she knew not, and scarcely cared.

Miss Rhoda set the lamp on the entry-table, and raised the exhausted creature in her arms. It was the work of a few minutes to get her into the sitting-room and upon the old-fashioned chintz sofa which Miss Rhoda wheeled close to the stove.

"I needn't disturb Savilla," she thought. "This is a case that I can surely handle."

The woman had not lost consciousness. Her great dark eyes were burning with a wild light as she opened them on her rescuer. Then Miss Rhoda saw that the wanderer was neither old nor plain, though suffering had sharpened her features and wasted her figure. Miss Rhoda took off the wet and ragged hood, and masses of dark curly hair uncoiled themselves and fell to the woman's waist.

As she brought the cup of tea and plate of toast to the side of the sofa she said kindly:

"Eat and drink, my dear—so providential that these were all ready, you see—then tell me your trouble, and how I can help you out of it."

The sympathetic voice brought tears to the dry eyes.

"No one can help me. I am not wicked, but heart-broken, and there is no rest or comfort this side the grave."

She told her story in the intervals of eating and drinking, and her listener felt that she was speaking the truth.

She had been a wife and mother, but one day her husband, in a fit of drunken fury, had struck her senseless to the floor, and when she came to herself she found that he had gone, taking their child, her very idol, a little girl three years old. For two years she had wandered vainly from city to village, from village to city, in search of her little Elsie. Sometimes she nearly starved. Often she grew so hopeless as to almost yield to the temptation to take her own life, but the thought of little Elsie left to her fate in the hands of a brutal father nerved her to more desperate efforts.

While her strange guest slept that night on the chintz sofa, Miss Rhoda was revolving plans in her wakeful brain. She went down stairs early next morning to hold a conference with Savilla, and discovered that the pilgrim (instead of making off in the night with the spoons) had found her way to the kitchen, and was helping with the breakfast preparations. Savilla had presided her with toilet facilities, and her dark hair was neatly brushed and braided around her well-shaped head.

"When Cousin Palmyra Henderson and little Love come next week we shall want extra help, Savilla, eh?" said Miss Rhoda, when the woman had gone into the next room to fold the quilts under which she had slept.

"Yes, Miss Rhody," said the plump, rosy handmaiden, briskly stirring her batter-cakes.

"She seems handy—and neat, too, Savilla."

"That's true, Miss Rhody—and anxious to help."

When Miss Rhoda proposed to the woman to stay with them a few weeks, and get properly nourished and clothed, besides earning a small sum of money, the grateful creature could only weep her thanks. Palmyra Henderson and her little daughter came a few days later, and Louise Morgan (for so the stranger called herself) attached herself from the first to little Love with a clinging, passionate tenderness.

Love Henderson was one of those angelic children, beautiful to behold, and still more beautiful to know. Her large blue eyes mirrored only sweet and lovely thoughts, and the gold of her long, heavy curls was not more precious and shining than the golden impulses of her pure, true little heart.

She returned Louise's adoption ardently, and when the days of petting came Louise could not would not be comforted.

"Mr. Wessels must do with us, mamma, I must live with my Wessie,"—and she clung to Louise, whose tears fell fast on the golden head nestling within her arms. The journey was delayed an hour that Louise might prepare to accompany them. The two kindly women, Rhoda and Palmyra, ached with sympathy for the robbed and agonized mother, and would not grudge her the one drop of comfort in her bitter cup. Moreover, the Hendersons lived in a thriving town on the line of travel, and fate might throw some stray crumb of information in Louise's way, even before she was ready to go upon her search again.

She had been with the Hendersons several weeks—spring had come, and she felt anxious to be looking for Elsie again. The chance to show maternal care and tenderness to little Love had made a new creature of her, and Palmyra found her "a perfect treasure" in all the departments of her well-ordered housekeeping.

"If fate would only bring her child to our door, Louise need never leave us," said Palmyra to her husband. "She relieves me of so much care that I am actually growing a year younger every day, Gilbert."

"And so," said Gilbert, with a humorous twinkle in his kindly eyes, "as you are now thirty, at the end of the year you will be three hundred and thirty-five years less than zero. I don't know that I care to have you quite such a vanishing quantity!"

One beautiful day, Love was standing at the garden-gate, enjoying the early flowers and a piece of gingerbread at the same time. Even angelic children must lunch on something more substantial than "a lily in a glass of water," or their beatific qualities would exhale like dew before the sun.

A woman, accompanied by a child somewhat older than Love, was sauntering along the sidewalk. A professional beggar, her eyes rested hungrily on Love's dainty shoes and garments, the blue ribbons on her hat, and the tiny gold ring on her finger. The child, a dark, thin, elfish creature, glanced from the gingerbread to the golden curls, then back to the gingerbread.

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Louise,
harm to her adopted darling, carried out the bread and butter herself. When the beggar's child lifted her tear-stained face, and held out her claw-like fingers to receive the food, Louise gave a cry that must have rung to the courts of heaven, and, casting the bread and butter on the gravel path, she seized the waif and strained her to her bosom with wild kisses, broken, sobbing words and disjointed prayers of thankfulness.

Love looked on in great-eyed astonishment, and the other woman immediately assumed an attitude of belligerency. Her defiant manner subsided, however, at sight of Gilbert and Palmyra, who, aroused by Louise's outcry, came hurrying from the house. The situation explained itself to those who knew Louise's story. Even a stranger, glancing from Louise, kneeling and swaying on the grass, to the poor waif on her breast, over whom she was uttering such frantic words of love and thanksgiving, could not doubt the nature of the tie between them, though kindness and generous fare had done so much for the one, while privation and needlessly cruel treatment had made the other thin, colorless and hollow-eyed.

Gilbert Henderson threatened the woman with instant imprisonment for vagrancy, if she did not explain how Louise's child had come into her possession. The story was briefly this: She and the child and its father, until he died in a debauch, had traveled in company, begging or thieving, as opportunity offered—in summer taking to the open country—in winter herding with others like themselves in vile city dens, where the child's young eyes and ears must have met sights and sounds that would have wrung her mother's heart had she known.

Even Palmyra the merciful said to her husband that night, after the woman had slunk away out of all their lives forever, and while Louise was lying wakeful for abundance of joy, with her rescued darling on her arm—even Palmyra said:

"I wonder if we are risking too much for our own precious one."

But Gilbert answered reassuringly:

"Trust the child's mother for that, my dear. She and the good God together will weed out all unlovely things that may have taken temporary root in that poor little soul."

And Louise and the good God together did weed them out. Elsie's mother abated no jot of her tenderness to little Love, and now the feeling was mingled with measureless gratitude.

As the years passed by in peace and plenty, no night closed over Louise's head that she did not lift a grateful prayer to the Power that had so persistently impelled her, on that bitter winter night, to follow Miss Rhoda and to cast herself upon the threshold of that door which opened to admit her to rescue, refuge and abiding joy.—*The Housekeeper.*

Life Beneath the Rubbish Dumps.

At the foot of 119th street is a dump where the refuse collected from the ash barrels of the city is headed into scows. An Italian contractor has purchased the right to sort over this rubbish and collect from it old bottles, tin cans and other articles of more or less value. Underneath the dump is a rude floor of boards, while gangs of men work among the piles night and day, sorting over the rubbish, while in one corner is a rude hut, where several of the men live.

One evening during a storm three men were found in the hut, gathered around an open fire of such coal as they picked up. The sides of the hut were composed of tilla planks, which afforded only a slight protection from the cold. In one corner was a mass of rags where the men slept and as the boards of the floor were laid loosely, the water could be heard swashing against the piles a few feet beneath. Inside and outside the hut were heaps of rubbish partly sorted over, which gave out a horrible odor, rendering the use of tobacco a luxury. Lying on one of the rubbish heaps were three dogs, whose presence would seem to be useful to keep off the wharf rats which could be seen moving among the piles. At high tide the men said that the water was only two feet below them, but they did not appear to mind the rats or the poisonous odor from the rubbish, although they complained of the cold. During twelve and often fourteen hours each day they are at work picking over the rubbish, and are paid $1 a day.

At the dump foot of Eightieth street matters were worse, as six men were crowded into one little hut, which afforded hardly any shelter, while the atmosphere was even more poisonous than at the other dump. At this place the men work from twelve to fourteen hours a day, and the expert pickers receive $1 for a day's or night's work. The worst feature of the dumps is that it is impossible for the men to live on them and keep in a state of health. They are certain sooner or later to fall victims to disease from the very air they breathe, to say nothing of the exposure from the cold. But the men do not know this; they only struggle to earn their pittance and keep warm, while people living near, who might be supposed to fear a pestilence, will say in answer to inquiries that they believe there are Italians living under the dumps, and pass on, knowing little and caring less about the matter.—*New York Tribune.*

The Virginia peanut crop for 1888 was very short, the smallest that has been grown since 1867.

sorders

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POPULAR SCIENCE.

Chicago bridges are to be turned with tricity by means of motors.

t is proposed to train naval signal n in postal telegraphy and electric it signals.

A German artillery officer is said to e produced a new explosive from bolic acid.

Experiments are being made with dogs train them for service with the balance corps.

One of the latest inventions is a three-nered steel nail that will drive easily l will not split the wood.

The so-called annelid tubes of the herland quartzite are said to be the ains of terrestrial plants that grew n sand dunes.

Promoters of elevated railroads are ling great encouragement all over the ited States. Most of them will be rated by electricity, it is said.

A new electrical shell has just been in-ted, 6 feet 8 inches long and 200 ands in weight, which carries 6 pounds explosive. It is to blow up vessels.

The wire belt to run the American chinery at the Paris Exposition was de at Beaver Falls, Penn., and is sixty t long and twenty inches wide, all re.

An espalier tree at Pollet, France, was nted in 1580, and is now the oldest Europe. It spreads 100 feet, its stem hree feet through, and it still bears 0 to 1000 pears yearly.

The death rate in the case of brewers, mmercial travelers, and other classes osed to the temptation of frequent bolic drinking, is six times greater n all the other industries combined.

A wave motor, for utilizing the force the tides, is in send successful oper-n at Point Lobos, Cal. Another mo-tor, the invention of a Lynn (Mass.) n, is reported to have been successful-ted.

Services for the deaf are held in the ock institute at Sheffield, England. e preacher speaks into a bell-shaped erance, from which tubes convey the und of his voice to the ear of each per-n present.

A laboratory intended mainly for the udy of bacteria in milk is to be estab-hed in Berlin. Infant mortality is own to be largely due to unwholesome ilk, which can be rendered harmless by stroying the germs.

An experimental tank 500 feet long d twenty-two feet wide has just been dished for use at Spezzia, Italy, to de-ermine which form of ship shall have the least possible resistance at a certain speed to determine the relation of power and speed.

A New Orleans writer says that South-n florists are rejoicing in their ability to the exquisite lily of the valley to-y after an immense amount of effort. very one of the delicate blossoms is ported formerly, but now, by freezing e bulbs, they can be had at first hand ith small expense.

Colonel Majendie concludes that a lume of liquid benzine will render ex-ly volumes of air inflammable or ex-plosively explosive. Neither a glowing ire, sparks from flint and steel or a meless fuse, however, will ignite the ost explosive mixture, actual flame or hite heat being necessary.

Artificial coffee beans are a curiosity the German market. They are made from ated grain flour, with an additional extrine or similar substance, and the counterfeit is only detected by a close examination. Two establishments for the sale outfits claimed to make from 1000 to 1200 pounds of these beans each day.

Curious minerals are found in Utah territory. One is a deposit of asphaltum eighteen inches thick and of unknown thickness; a mineral mineral which resists air, acid and [illegible] and a perfect insulator. The deposit is three feet wide and a mile long. The Salt Lake region also has limitless magazine of salt. Hundreds of tons of sulphate of soda are picked up on the banks of the lake every day by the winds under certain conditions of temperature.

Three Men Attacked by Weasels.

George Gray, an employe of Peter Bull, near Pine Mill, Penn., went into one of the farmer's fields to haul away some stone piles that had been lying in the field since last fall. He had thrown on the drag but a few stones from one of the piles when a weasel jumped out of the pile. Gray kicked at the animal as it was passing him, and the fierce little brute turned on the man and sprang for his throat. Its teeth closed on Gray's flannel shirt at his chest. In tearing the weasel loose it set its teeth into Gray's arm, tearing the flesh down for two inches. The taste of blood seemed to increase the fury of the weasel, and Gray had all he could do to keep it from springing on his throat. He at last succeeded in stunning the weasel by a kick, and was about to hurry to the house to have his wounds dressed when six other weasels, one after another, trooped from the stone pile and made a combined attack on Gray. They swarmed upon him, biting and tearing his flesh on the legs, arms and body. Fearful for his life, Gray turned and fled, followed by the weasels, which chased him clear to the house, over half a mile away, inflicting still further wounds with their sharp teeth.

Gray's shouts for help brought a servant who is employer and another man out into the barn, where they were they were attacked by the weasels, and the two ran to Gray's aid. But these re-enforcements did not daunt the weasels, and before they were driven off, which was not until three of them were killed, they had inflicted many severe wounds on their foes, and the three men were covered with blood from head to foot. Gray was confined to his bed for a week. It is well known that weasels will fight to the death when cornered, or will attack a sleeping person, but for them to attack three men in an open field, assuming the aggressive at the start, is something unheard of before in that region of hunters and trappers.