

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, EDITOR AND PROP.

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The cattle industry of the United States represents the immense capital of \$1,200,000,000.

Under the sceptre of the Czar of Russia live thirty-eight different nationalities, each speaking its own language, which is foreign to all others.

According to the *Prairie Farmer* the Farmers' Alliance is actively at work in the West and South fighting obnoxious trusts and other monopolies.

The New York *Herald* states that "race and religious prejudices are making political conditions in Canada that appear to threaten the disruption of the Dominion."

The Canadian Government has engaged many railway engineers from this country for the building of its new roads—some 2500 miles in length—from coast cities to the interior parts.

A project is being considered for adding 250,000 acres to the irrigated area in Egypt, the water being taken from a point so high up on the Nile that the canals shall never run dry.

The Prince of Thurn and Taxis has taken his place among the comparatively limited number of royal patentees. This enterprising potentate has invented yet another method of making paper.

Miss E. A. Southworth, who has been made assistant mycologist at Washington, is said to be the first woman to receive an appointment to a scientific post at Washington. Her specialty is fungoid growths.

As a New York *World* correspondent, looking from the vantage ground of the Isthmus of Panama itself, sums it up that 20,000 lives and \$200,000,000 have been thrown away on the grand DeLeseps dike.

Jerusalem seems now to be a rapidly growing city. This is due to the great number of Jews who are flocking there yearly. They now number 30,000 more than the Moslem and Christian population combined.

A shoemaker named John Ryan, of Joliet, Ill., has won the international prize of \$500 offered by a boot and shoe journal of Boston for the best essay on boot and shoemaking in all its branches. Every State in the Union contested for the prize, also Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia.

In Hungary the whole system of raftways is to be divided into fourteen zones, and within any such zone all the fares are to be equal; the rates may be guessed from the fact that the third-class fare in the outer zone is four florins for more than 500 kilometres—i. e., about \$1.67 for about 320 miles.

The reduction of the death rate for England and Wales from 20.5 to 18.8, which has been effected between 1881 and 1887 by the progress of sanitary science, means a saving per annum of \$88,173,000. This, it seems, is the money worth of that amount of human life, at an average value of \$795 per life.

The year 1889 is the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the penny post in England. It was in 1839 that a committee of the House of Commons reported favorably upon Sir Rowland Hill's scheme for the establishment of cheap postage. The bill received a majority of 100 votes and became a law on August 17, 1839.

The death of Mrs. Hayes leaves but five women living whose husbands were at any time Presidents of the United States. These are Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Garfield and Mrs. Cleveland. There are two other women still alive who also acted as mistresses of the Presidential mansion—Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnson and Mrs. McElroy.

The English company who are working the Nacochee mine in Georgia took out the other day a nugget of gold weighing 1300 pennyweights, and valued at \$2500. Not long ago they took one nugget that weighed thirty pennyweights, and another of 507 pennyweights. Such finds as these amuses the New York *Evening Star*, are calculated to make a fellow feel rich streaks run up and down his back.

The Oriental Congress which is to take place in Stockholm in September, will be of unusual interest. Five hundred foreign members have announced their intention to take part in the proceedings. Deputations, single members from Persia, Arabia, India, Egypt, Japan, China, etc., will attend, and many renowned savants of the far East are expected. King Oscar is honorary President. Several fêtes will be given in honor of the strangers.

UP AND DOWN.

We're up to-day on fortune's hill
And free from every sorrow,
But in the wheel of good and ill
All may be changed to-morrow.
We're up and down as time flies on—
Now ease, now hardest labor—
No millionaire can safely frown
Upon his lowly neighbor.

Riches take wings—the man of wealth
May meet with sudden losses,
While he whose only store is health
May ride behind his horses.
Then do not slight the toiling poor,
For labor never disgraces,
And though your fortune seems secure
Some day you may change places.

God help us—all we're poor at best—
Dependent on each other—
Though crowned with ease or sore distress—
Weak man is still man's brother.

Then when on fortune's top we stand,
No ill our state attending,
Let us extend a helping hand
To those about descending.

—Francis S. Smith, in *New York Weekly*.

THE LAST HOUR

BY DAVID KER.

"Now, Miss Maynard, you're going to behold a wonder. Ashley Melincourt's to join us to-night, and you'll meet a man who has traveled all over the world without learning to drink or smoke, and has never gambled or made love in his life! You must hide your literary fame under a bushel now, for he detests reviewers."

Time, three o'clock on a fine summer afternoon; place, the veranda of a quaint little hotel in one of the most picturesquely old-fashioned of Breton towns; subject, the addition of a new member to the pleasant little American party already located there.

"Well, I'm glad the catalogue of Mr. Melincourt's perfections has one flaw in it," says the young lady, with a curl of her pretty lip which many of her admirers know to their cost. "Of course it's a dreadful sacrifice for any lady to meddle with literature; but I must be content to risk his displeasure, terrible as it may be. After all, it will be less insufferable than the stories of how many tigers he shot in India, and how many days he went without food in the desert, and the fever he had in China, and the dinner the Ameron gave him at Kabul. I suppose some critic has told him the truth on that score, and hence his enmity to them."

"No; there's just the mystery—they've always spoken well of him hitherto; and as for talking of his travels, that's exactly what one can never get him to do. However, when six o'clock comes, you'll be able to judge for yourself."

Six o'clock came, and with it the expected guest—a short, square, bearded, sunburned man, with the grave, self-contained look of one accustomed to face, unaided, every form of difficulty and danger. He spoke little and seemed to follow the conversation with a quiet, attentive vigilance indescribably provoking to Laura Maynard, because, as she afterwards said, it was "just like a schoolteacher watching for somebody to make a mistake."

Dinner over, there was a general movement to the veranda, to watch the moon rise over the sea; and the influence of the hour gave a romantic and semi-mystical cast to the talk which at length turned to the Curfew in New York's Capital.

There was no room for doubt: one glance made the whole truth terribly clear. Their sheltering crag was but an isolated fragment of the main cliff, divided from it by a hideous chasm nearly thirty feet in width, through which the waves were already leaping high and fiercely. They had escaped sudden destruction only to feel the lingering agony of being devoured inch by inch; for a moment's inspection showed them that every flood-tide covered the rock to the very summit.

"It seems hard to die so soon!" murmured the girl, pitifully.

"Hard for you," said her companion, simply. "No one will care when I am gone."

And then both were silent; but their hands met, and did not part again. Cut off from the living world by fast-approaching death, they felt the need of clinging to something in that grim isolation of the grave. Parted in life, they were drawn together as life ebbed away.

All at once Laura uttered a wild cry—the cry of a sudden revulsion of hope, following uputer despair.

"A boat! a boat! We may be saved yet!"

"Thank God!" ejaculated Melincourt, fervently, as the flitting sail caught his eye.

Instantly his powerful voice was uplifted in a shout that made the air ring.

Twice the bell seemed unheeded, and their hearts died within them; but the third time came a faint answering shout,

and the boat, veering suddenly, made straight for the spot where they stood.

Then Laura's firmness gave way at last, and she sank helplessly upon her companion's sustaining arm.

Half an hour later, they were safe in the boat; and the sturdy old Breton fisherman, having made the lady comfortable in the stern-sheets, with a spare sail by way of a cushion, went forward to the bow (blessings on him for a considerate old fellow!) and busied himself with the management of the boat.

"Miss Maynard," said Ashley solemnly,

"after what we have passed through to-day, there can be no reserve between us.

I owe it to you to explain my rudeness the other day, by showing you that my hatred of critics and criticism is not without cause.

Two years ago, a dear friend of mine died very suddenly, and left his widow almost starving; and, unhappily, I was quite unable to help her, except by writing a book which might, I hoped, yield money enough to keep her from absolute want. I had to write it in a desperate hurry, of course, as my kind critics were good enough to remark; but still, I think I might have said the poor woman if one of those 'slashing articles' in the New York *Empire* had not ruined all!"

"The New York *Empire*!" echoed Laura, in a voice so unlike her own that it made him start. "What was your book called?—tell me quick!"

"Withered Leaves."

Laura uttered a stifled cry, and, bursting into tears, seized his hand in both her own.

"Oh, Mr. Melincourt, can you forgive me? That horrible review—I wrote it!"

Melincourt looked at her in silent amazement.

tiled roofs and quaintly carved church-tower of the little town; and over all the golden sunshine and the warm, dreamy, southern sky.

Little by little, as she left the inhabited region behind her, the grand repose of the landscape soothed the girl's ruffled feelings, while its beauty pleased her artistic eye. She felt once more, as she had done many a time already, that the strongest armor against the petty worries and vexations of life is to withdraw from them for a time into the great sanctuary of nature, in whose presence all earth's troubles look mean and trivial.

How long she stood there, drinking in the splendor of that wonderful panorama, she could never have told; but suddenly she noticed, with a start, that the sand was growing wet and cozy under her feet. She turned, and was dismayed to find herself completely surrounded by water. The rising tide, pouring through the lower levels of the beach behind her, had actually cut her off from the shore!

Instantly a thousand tales of treacherous quicksands, of furious spring-tides, of children and even grown men swallowed up before the very eyes of their friends, came crowding upon her memory. And even while she looked, the sand beneath her feet vanished, and all was water, water, water, rising higher and higher every moment.

Suddenly, as she stood motionless, and paralyzed with terror, a tall figure appeared at her side, a strong hand grasped hers, and Ashley Melincourt's voice shouted in her ear: "Run, run!—there's not a moment to lose! Hold fast by me, and run for your life!"

It was a race for life, indeed. Fast as they fled, the hoarse roar of the pursuing tide came closer and closer behind them.

Could they but reach yonder projecting headland they would be safe; but how terribly distant it seemed! And, long before they reached it, the sea was upon them in earnest, almost dashing the girl from her feet. Melincourt snatched her up in his arms and plunged desperately on, breast deep amid the foaming waves. Deeper and deeper grew the water, stronger and stronger pressed the current. Twice he all but fell, where to fall was to rise no more; but at length, by a superhuman effort, the rock was gained, and, laying his charge gently upon broad, flat ledge, he sank gasping beside her.

"How can I ever thank you, Mr. Melincourt?" faltered Laura, as she regained her breath.

"Time enough for that yet?" answered Ashley, with an affected gaiety which he was very far from feeling. "The first thing to be done is to get a safe place, for the tide will soon overtake us here."

Wet and exhausted as they both were, that upward struggle over the slippery rocks, thickly coated with sea-weed, was a long and perilous task; but the roar of the advancing tide from below spurred them on, and the top was reached at last. Then a wild cry burst from Laura's lips, when even her iron-nerved companion recoiled in dismay. They were standing upon an island!

There was no room for doubt: one glance made the whole truth terribly clear. Their sheltering crag was but an isolated fragment of the main cliff, divided from it by a hideous chasm nearly thirty feet in width, through which the waves were already leaping high and fiercely. They had escaped sudden destruction only to feel the lingering agony of being devoured inch by inch; for a moment's inspection showed them that every flood-tide covered the rock to the very summit.

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"I wrote it," she repeated, with a woman's impetuous eagerness to ston for any injustice; "but oh, I never dreamed—how could I!—what harm I was doing—never! never! And to think how I enjoyed writing it, and read bits of it to my friends, while all the while—Can you ever forgive me?"

"My wife and I never had but ones quarrel," said Ashley Melincourt, some years later; "and that, luckily, was before our marriage, over a book of mine that she cut up. She'll hardly cut up any more of them now, though, for I make her the heroine of every one I write!"—*Frank Leslie's Monthly*.

America's Great Success.

Sixty millions of people enjoy already the incomparable advantages which our incomparable institutions offer to one and all, but a hundred millions of people could now be sustained without increasing the area of a single farm or adding one to their number by merely bringing the product up to the average standard of reasonably good agriculture, and then there might remain for export twice the quantity we now send abroad to feed the hungry of foreign lands. The Empire of Germany, together with Holland and Belgium has about the same extent of territory as the State of Texas, and the good land of the farmer is no better than in the latter, and, while the population of Texas is not over 2,000,000, the population of Germany, Holland and Belgium exceeds 50,000,000. France, with an area of 132,000,000 of acres and 38,000,000 of people, has less land than Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska, and yet these three States only have a population of about 4,000,000, and the largest portion of their land is as fertile as that of France.

A like comparison might be made in reference to other parts of the United States and other nations, showing the same results. The four States just mentioned do not count more than six million people, but they could easily sustain a population equal to that of Great Britain, Germany and France put together.

There can be no doubt of the agricultural capabilities of the United States to maintain a population greater than that of any other equally large inhabitable portion of the globe, and there is no doubt that the American race is destined to exercise the commanding influence in the world's future.

When Napoleon I. drew up his troops before the Mamelukes under the shadow of the great pyramids, pointing to the latter, he said: "Soldiers, remember that from yonder heights forty centuries lay down upon you!" Americans may justly and proudly, from the pyramid top of opportunity, look back on four centuries and stretch out their arms into the future with power to mold the destinies of unborn millions, for they occupy the Gibraltar of the ages, which commands the future of the world.—*Mail and Express*.

A fragment of a meteor which recently fell in Chicago, was analyzed and found to contain 73 per cent. of iron, 21 of nickel, 2 of manganese and small quantities of aluminum, cobalt, tin, copper, etc.

Coal dust triturated into dust as fine as flour has just been tested as a fuel for iron-making at the Morehead Mill, Sharpsburg, and found to accomplish as much in one hour as the gas furnace does in an hour and a quarter. Being mine refuse it costs nothing.

Dr. McLach, of Liverpool, has come to the conclusion that consumption can be transmitted from cows to human beings through milk. His experiments prove that guinea-pigs, rabbits and monkeys, fed on the milk of tubercular cows develop tubercular disease.

An official report gives the number of British boiler explosions for the year ending with last June as sixty-one, with a loss of thirty-one lives. More than half of the explosions were due to the use of worn-out boilers, seventeen to defective designs and fittings or undue working pressure, seven to ignorance or neglect of attendants, and six to miscellaneous causes.