

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, EDITOR AND PROP.

MIDDLEBURGH, PA. AUG. 1, 1889.

Mr. C. Meriwether, of South Carolina, graduate student of John Hopkins University, has entered the educational service of the Japanese Government as instructor of the English language and literature in the second higher middle school of Japan at Sendai...

The longest examination of a witness on record, so far as known, has at last been concluded at Newark, and the case of the State against the Morris and Essex Railroad Company for back taxes amounting to a million dollars or thereabouts, has been placed in condition for argument...

The Archiv fur Eisenbahnen, at Berlin, publishes every year a summary of the world's railroad mileage, which is, as a whole, the most authoritative statement of its kind. The current number gives statistics for the close of the year 1887. At that period there were in round numbers 342,000 miles of railroad open for traffic...

The New York Tribune says: "There is a queer story told of E. L. Harper, the creator of the Fidelity Bank of Cincinnati. It is to the effect that he has been doing a profitable iron business to the tune of \$350,000 a year while serving his sentence in the Ohio penitentiary. Through the efforts of his faithful wife, a joint stock company was formed, and, presumably through the collusion of some of the prison officials, Harper was allowed to direct the movements of this company by telegraph, thus enabling it to make money when other men in the iron business were actually running behind..."

The New York City Board of Health, as introduced into its office, on trial, a machine which, it is claimed, will do automatically and by electricity, with accuracy and dispatch, the arduous work of tabulating a vast amount of statistical information, which has hitherto been performed by clerks. If it performs the work properly, it will be a permanent fixture in the statistical department of the board. The device is an exceedingly complex one in its mechanism, but is simple in its operation, and when thoroughly understood by its operator can be worked with great speed. It is certainly a most ingenious contrivance, and was designed by its inventor with a special view to its introduction at Washington for use in the compilation of the exhaustive statistics of the eleventh census. By only a slight change it has been adapted to the facts and figures which go to make up the reports of the Bureau of Vital Statistics at the New York Health Department.

"It's only about a hundred years since checks and bills of exchange were first used in the transaction of business," said John Jay Knox, formerly Controller of the Currency, now President of one of the biggest New York banks, to a Star man. "The coin of the realm doesn't play a very important part in the financial operations of the country," he continued. The total coinage of the Government since its foundation has amounted to \$1,890,000,000. This sum vast as it may seem, would not last but six days if paid out by the banks of the country in their daily transactions. The coinage of all the mints of the land for the past year would not make the payments of the banks for an hour and forty-five minutes on any average day's business. The total coinage of the United States is estimated at \$800,000,000, but it would not last three days if used by the banks in making their payments. Coin, then, plays but a small part in the daily commercial life of the nation. It is the basis, not the vehicle, with which our business is moved."

THE WATER LILY.

O star on the breast of the river, O emblem of bloom and grace, Did you fall right down out of heaven, Down out of the sweetest place? You are white as the thought of an angel, Your heart is steeped in the sun, Did you grow in the beautiful city, My pure and radiant one?

Nay, nay, I fell not out of heaven, None gave me my saintly white, I slowly grew in the darkness, Down in the silent night...

—M. M. Merrill, in Once a Week.

WINNING AND LOSING.

They hung, heavy plumes of purple, over the little gateway on that bright afternoon—the 1st of June. A charitable breeze swept one scented bunch of bloom a bit aside, just out of the reach of a little white hand that had a moment before ruthlessly stripped off half its blossoms.

But the owner of the hand had already turned about, with a toss of her black curls and a flirt of her pink calico dress, that scared the butterflies; and before the branch swung back she was hastening up the trim garden path and flinging back a sharp speech over her shoulder at a tall, sunburned young fellow who, with a vexed light in his eyes, stood in the gateway watching her.

"Oh, it don't matter what I think! Indeed, I don't think at all. You may take whom you like to the next May dance—you won't take me!"

It was such a pretty shoulder over which these words were cast, and there was such a rosy flush of anger on the round cheek, half veiled in curls, that it is no wonder John Armitage (the handsome, sun-browned young fellow) took two or three steps in pursuit of the speaker; but he stopped, drew himself up with sudden pride, and said one reproachful word:

"Nancy!" The one addressed wavered a little in her retreat, then resumed it with increased eelerity.

"Will you stop and listen to me!" the young man asked, his rising indignation somewhat modifying his tone of appeal.

"No!" and the pink calico swept the myrtles on either side of the walk faster yet.

"Very well" was the angry response, as he who had pleaded turned toward the gate. "But mark my words, you'll be sorry for this before these bushes here"—brushing the low sprays sharply aside—"are out of bloom! Now, good-by."

Nancy, peering from behind a curtain after his retreating figure, cried. Perhaps the colloquy will tell why.

"Well, it's all over between us now, anyway. It's his fault, too. He'd no business to take any one to the May dance when I couldn't go. I shouldn't wonder if he's gone down to Sarah Anderson's now. They'll be engaged the next thing, and he'll crow over me finely. He'll try to make me jealous." Here Nancy had a spasm of crying. "See if I won't make him jealous first!"

The way she would do it became apparent the next afternoon, when, arrayed in a jaunty blue dress that set off well her creamy complexion, dark curls and tinted cheeks, she started for the town. The dainty blue silk parasol was lowered a little as she came to the pretentious row of buildings opposite the hotel, one of which was occupied by Dr. Miles Gray. But the face of the building was blank and the surgery blinds lowered; so, with an impatient exclamation under her breath, Nancy went on to the Post-office, where, getting no letter, she turned discontentedly toward home.

The Fates forbade her. She had not accomplished a quarter of the distance before the light roll of wheels made her turn her head and start perceptibly. In a moment more young Dr. Gray, whose natty phonon was the envy of all the men, and whose fascinating smile had won the hearts of all the women, had drawn up his horse at her side, had leaped to the ground, and had asked eagerly:

"Miss Evans, may I have the pleasure of driving you home?" The color brightened in Nancy's cheeks, the light in her eyes, as she presented with a charming smile; and in a moment they were slowly bowling along the road, and the blue ribbons were blown against the doctor's shoulder.

Dr. Gray was young, handsome, not deficient in brains, with private income enough to prevent him from being tragically earnest in his profession, and very much in love with the coquettish bit of womanhood by his side. As for Nancy, she was a little afraid of the gray eyes that could be quizzical as well as admiring, and of the smile that sometimes curled the corners of the black mustache. But Nancy was without a lover just then, the doctor was a "catch," and so she laughed and chattered as the bay horse trotted along.

was rustic and ignorant; but ah! she was so pretty! How far they rode in this lazy way, wholly wrapped in conversation, is not known. How far they would have ridden is uncertain, if Nancy had not sent a mischievous glance straight into the gray eyes and inquired:

"Why, where does that patient of yours live?" The doctor laughed frankly, coloring nevertheless.

"I see you understand the ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain pretty well, Miss Nancy. And now I don't dare to tell you what I was going to do before you spoke."

"What was it?" queried Nancy, curious and conscious.

"It was," said the doctor, bending his own face closer to the curl-shaded one at his own side, "that I wish I had the right to keep you with me always. Miss Nancy, will you look at me—will you let me?"

Nancy turned her face away. "You do not answer me, Nancy," urged the doctor.

Still she remained silent. The doctor was perplexed. He was not used to deal with young ladies who could not find words to say ay or nay.

If the truth must be told, his greatest difficulty in his flirtations with the softer sex was to find the measure of their tongues, and to keep them within the limits of "becoming mirth" when he made myriads of them blush by popping the question in that crafty way which expresses a great deal and yet means so very little.

"Come, pet," he urged, this time taking Nancy's delicate little hand within his own, and giving the keenest of keen glances direct into her glittering orbs, which were strangely excited in the intensity of their fire and restlessness.

Nelly was suffering from what novelists call a revulsion of feeling, and moralists a twinge of conscience. Her heart misgave itself, and her better nature told her, in trumpet tones, that she was playing false to the dearest interests of her own impulses.

It was this silent but powerful monitor which kept her in a state of complete bewilderment, which she dared not commit herself on the instant to a word, even, which might not be recalled in the future.

Her hand felt a tender press from the doctor's. Much against her will—she forced herself to do it—she returned it and leaned her head on his shoulder, drawing at the same time a long, melancholy sigh.

"Silence gives consent," muttered Dr. Gray to himself. He had no notion what was passing in Nelly's mind. He could not read her soul in her eyes, even were he a physiognomist, since they were fixed on the ground, and defied all his efforts to attract them upward. It was to her a moment of bitter reflection, which pride and self-esteem stifled on the instant.

It was well that the doctor did not guess why, amidst Nancy's bright blushes, her lips quivered and her eyes filled with tears. She had made up her mind to accept the doctor; but in this decisive moment the thought of John Armitage sent a pang, cruel in intensity, through her heart. Then came the memory of their yesterday's quarrel, and Nancy faltered, with a struggling smile:

"I—I don't know." She did know when, in the late twilight, she and the doctor walked together in the dusky sitting-room at home, where her father was dozing and her mother knitting, to ask their consent and their blessing.

"Dear me," said the good farmer, rubbing his eyes. "Two such pieces of news in one day's curious hereabout. I heard only an hour since that Johnnie Armitage is a-goin' to Australia to farm on his own account. I thought, too, that he and Nancy fancied each other, but here she's wantin' to marry another man. It's curious!"

Nancy had taken her hand from the doctor's arm and had set down in the window. She heard, mistily, comments and congratulations; she answered questions, laughed at jokes. She walked down to the gate with the doctor when he left, and stood there under the lilacs, his arm about her, replying to his tender talk; but when he was gone, leaving a farewell kiss on her lips, she rushed upstairs, and threw herself on the bed in a perfect agony of sobbing that she could hardly stifle in the pillow.

Nancy stood pulling the rose vines in pieces while for half an hour the others talked crops, politics and prospects. She could not have spoken for her life, though she longed to speak as a condemned criminal longs to ask mercy. Not once did John turn his obstinate auburn head to look at or speak to her—and at last he rose to go. He interrupted himself, while detailing particulars about grazing lands, to say "Good-by" while he just touched her hand. If he had looked at her, the miserable, pathetic look of appeal on her childish face would have gone straight to his heart. But he did not dare to look, and turning away abruptly, walked down the garden path with the garrulous old farmer hobbling by his side. Nancy had just time to escape her mother's eye by running up the stairs. She did not faint; but Heaven forbid that girls should often know such misery as she suffered then! When she at last joined the doctor, as in duty bound, the stunned look on her face was pitiful.

"She was not well," she said, in answer to his alarmed queries.

It was Nancy who proposed that they should go to church that evening. In the corner of the high old pew, with her veil hiding her face, she could at least be quiet, and one more hour of effort would have been insupportable. Mrs. Armitage was alone in her pew and cried silently all through the service. Nancy's heart so went out to the poor woman that when they met in the aisle she pressed her hand impulsively, saying in a quick whisper, "Mrs. Armitage, I am sorry for you!"

"I don't want any of your sorrow!" was the sharp response. "It's fine to talk, but you and I know well enough who's the cause of it all. One word from you would stop it now if you were 'sorry' enough!"

Poor Nancy! The clock was on the stroke of 11 that night when her lover (the doctor) finally took his leave, and she was free to pace the moonlit sitting-room from end to end with set lips and wide, glittering eyes. She did not cry. She felt as if she was going crazy, and in her desperation she did not care if she did. Hour after hour passed, and still she paced there, till her rigid face showed whiteness in the first faint glow of morning.

"Oh, would he go!—could he go!—would nothing happen to stop him!" Scarcely knowing what she was doing Nancy, hatless, slipped through the door, and trailing her dainty blue skirt through the grass ran across the fields to the Armitages'.

It was all still, and dark, and dewy. She heard the town clock strike 3 as she paused on the outskirts of the old-fashioned flower-garden behind the house, and shrank behind a hedge of blossomy lilacs, whose potent odor sickened her. Suddenly she saw him for whom she watched quickly approach the spot, and he stood with folded arms looking down at her a moment before his amazement found vent in the exclamation, "Nancy!"

He had never seen such utter abandon and agony of shame as that with which the poor little maiden hid her face and covered in the wet grass, with the cry, "Oh, what shall I do! Don't speak to me! Go away!" and burst into a storm of tears.

For answer he gathered the little wet figure in his arms, smoothed the tumbled curls, tried to warm the icy hands, and did not dare to question, while he soothed her in his tenderest way.

"Take me home," said Nancy, as soon as she found strength to speak at all. "I shall do no such thing," was the decided answer, as John's disengaged hand lifted her face so that he could see it, "still you tell me why you came. Nancy, I couldn't help hoping a little when I saw you here. Don't make me give it up! I thought my pride would support me through anything, but I am afraid it won't," he ended sadly.

"I'm so glad it won't," breathed Nancy, in tones of heartfelt relief. "But somebody'll see us. Take me home, John, and I'll tell you all about it."

How different seemed the way home, with John at her side. But Nancy was in no hurry to "tell all about it." She only said, nervously, holding John's hand in hers: "Promise me you won't go away!"

"Ah, but I want another promise first." Nancy looked back at the plummy hedge, whose shelter they had left, and said, with a half smile: "You see the lilacs ain't out of bloom yet, John, and I am—sorry, as you said I'd be?"

"And the doctor?" asks the critical reader. Ah, Nancy is no model of maidenhood. She is only a faulty young girl, erring, and loving, and suffering, playing her part in one of the tragedies that are played everywhere in the springs and autumns, in the time of snow-drifts as well as in the time of lilacs.—New York World.

Making Castor Oil. The process of manufacturing the oil is very simple. The beans are ground up fine and put in horsehair bags. In this shape they are crushed under a powerful press, giving out in oil about one-third of their weight. The dry pulp, called "pomace," is sold for fertilizing. The oil is filtered and finally bleached, if for medical use, by exposure to the sun's rays under glass. The amount of castor oil employed for medicine, however, is trifling compared to the quantity consumed in mechanical crafts. For lubricating leather it is unequalled, while its properties as an "alzarine assistant" are incomparable. Alzarine is an element found in coal tar, from which all the brilliant "madder-colors" are obtained by chemical means. These coal tar tints are used for printing textile fabrics, with an admixture of castor oil to make their working easier.

In India castor oil is used for burning in lamps. The art of making it from the beans is of recent discovery. The ancients were accustomed to administer the seeds whole for medicine. At first heat was employed in the crushing of the beans, but this injured the quality of the oil, while during the process a volatile principle escaped, so irritating that the workmen were compelled to wear protecting masks.—Washington Star.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Underground lighting has proved so successful in Chicago that the plant is to be largely increased.

Power obtained from a fall of water a mile distant is to be used for lighting the tower of Sagorbe, in Spain.

The maximum intensity of the light from the Eiffel tower is 500,000 carrels, giving a range of 127 miles.

It has recently been proposed to use an alloy of zinc and phosphorus in boilers to prevent incrustation and pitting.

Naturalists and others are becoming considerably alarmed over the prospect of the early extermination of the kangaroo.

Experiments made on the dog and rabbit show generally that the quality of water is less in the venous than in the arterial blood.

M. Chauvin concludes that Iceland spar possesses magnetic rotary power not only in the direction of its axis, but also in the neighboring direction.

After more than twenty-seven years the pearl oyster has produced pearls off the Madras coast in sufficient quantities to be worth the expense of fishing.

Gurjun oil produced from a fir tree that grows in the Andurame Island is said to be a sure cure for leprosy. It is used by incantation and taken internally.

Carpenters and other tool users who keep up with the times now use a mixture of glycerine instead of oil for sharpening their edge tools. Oil, as it is well known, thickens and smears the stone.

The invention of a "fog machine," by which water is thrown in spray as fine a vapor, makes it possible to spin the finest cotton thread in mills established in the hottest, driest parts of the South.

The Insect House of the Zoological Society of London is said to be the only place where an attempt is made to attract public attention to the various and wonderful groups of the insect family.

The increase in the amount of tonnage passing through the Suez Canal is claimed to be due in a great measure to the lighting of the canal by electricity, admitting of its use by night as well as by day.

Aboard conductors are being laid underground and insulated by placing the bare wires in glass tubes, which are protected by layers of cement, outside of which is an iron pipe. This method is cheap, gives a high degree of insulation, and water cannot penetrate.

Both the French and German Governments have provided facilities for the examination and certification of electrical instruments, and it is now found that apparatus bearing the official indorsement brings a better price in Continental markets than non-attested instruments.

A steam carriage in which coke is used as fuel has lately appeared in France. The driving is effected by two hind wheels, and the speed attained is about fifteen miles per hour, twenty-eight and three-quarter gallons of water being sufficient for a run of twenty-five miles.

In an improved method of wire-making, the wire is drawn cold over successive pairs of rolls, each pair having a greater speed than the pair preceding it with an intervening friction clutch to graduate the speed of the rolls to the speed of the wire in process of rolling.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Kentucky has a mail carrier who carries all women.

In Chile the street-car conductors are all women.

The word "and" occurs 46,277 times in the Bible.

Philadelphia is to have a new church for colored Catholics.

Toddy is from the Hindostanee word, the juice of the palm tree.

A Vienna criminal recently made his escape from justice by means of a balloon.

An Illinois man who bet that the world was round and failed to prove it has to pay over \$25.

The largest ruby known is an enormous crown jewel of Russia; its size is that of a pigeon's egg.

The age of Sato Yukichi, the Japanese dwarf, is about fifty years. His height is fifteen inches.

A pair of elephants' tusks of average length weigh about 200 pounds, and are worth about \$500.

The three Presidents who died July 4 are John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and James Monroe.

The American mosquito has appeared in England, and the people are terrified by the discovery.

The descendants of Rebecca, who was hanged as a witch in 1692, are a reunion in Danvers, Mass., recently.

British people drink annually 150,000,000 pounds of tea per head per annum.

French average is only half an ounce.

It is against the city ordinance, Castle, N. Y., for a drunk to loiter on the streets unless accompanied by a man.

A cloud-burst in Nevada the other day dropped enough water on a regular basis to form a lake of ten miles in extent and ten feet deep.

John Moore, of Indiana, declared himself guilty of robbery, paid a constant to arrest him, and then hired a carriage for \$3 to take them to the county jail.

Punch is from the Hindostanee Sanskrit pancha, meaning five, because the drink was originally composed of ingredients, viz.: Sugar, arrack, water and lemon juice.

Italian excavators at Adulis, Zula, Africa, have come upon buildings and coins. In the sixth century a marble slab was found there bearing conquests of Ptolemy Evergetes.

A man with an artificial face has attracted much attention at an English watering place. He had an artificial cheek, eye and palate, fitted by a surgeon of Bristol. He eats without any difficulty, and speaks distinctly.

A number of strange fish, formerly the white fish of Lake Erie, have been caught at the dum near Madras, N. Y. Some think they are eels. They are in color regular stone bloncles, with reddish gills and tails so far as reported, entirely new to the waters. How they got there is a mystery.

Most Densely Populated Spots in India. This valley of the Ganges has more people than it can support and is probably the most densely populated part of the world. The people live in villages and the average country consists of one-story mud houses and only a few villages for American pens. You would not think of such outhouses as the residences of the majority of this vast population. In fact, in a large part of India, especially in the best part of the country, the holdings average from three to five acres apiece. At four to five acres this represents a half acre per head or 1200 persons to the square mile. When it is remembered that there are 300 millions of people in India, it will be seen that this condition is far worse than that of China or any part of Europe. And still the people are bright, brave, and industrious. They are brave, too, and you will find sharper business men, better off and more polite people than these in India have much the same character as those of the Anglo-Saxon. The highest castes are more like the Greeks, and I see faces everywhere which, if the skin were white, might be taken for those of our own. The long to the same race germ that we have under the same training and the same influences they would be strong competitors with us. But what can a man do on six acres, or how can a man learn what has to struggle to exist? The position of India is still increasing. The land eats the lion's share of the produce of the country, and though the people are better off under her than they have been in the past, it is the same old story of the working to the rulers and the people getting their flesh off under her. The Governor-General of India, in his way, is the rich Marquis of Downe, gets \$100,000 a year. Contrast with the wages of the coolies six cents a day! Isn't it a pity? Tribune.

The Apathetic Dominicans. The people of San Domingo are apathetic, and as a rule very honest, and as with all people of the world as it comes, good and very respectful to foreigners. The matter of fact, one could go almost anywhere in this great metropolis, and first you land in a Dominican appearance of its lower order of people is not very assuring, as they are the teeth, carrying generally a most murderous looking weapon a "machete." I had occasion to travel through the country in frequent places these knives are great requisition, and in cutting undergrowth, small branches, etc., they are very useful.—Star.

The newest engagement ring twisted gold without a stone.