

# THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

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MIDDLEBURGH, PA. OCT. 21, 1899.

Australia is a great country. Two newspaper men are chief justices out there.

Gladstone attributes his long life and wonderful health in a great measure to absolute rest on the Sabbath.

The letter accompanying Mr. Edison's gift of \$2000 to the Paris charities was a gracious bit of composition, and greatly pleased the French.

New York's Chinamen are collecting capital with which to start a bank in that city. We'll be hearing of Chinese cashiers in Canada next, remarks the World.

The public school system, according to the annual report of the Commissioner of Education, is making marvelous progress in the South. The increase in enrollment greatly exceeds the increase in population.

It is observed that the fashion in colors for war ships is changing. In the Brooklyn yard at present the Chicago and the Boston are both white, instead of the time honored black. The war ships seem to have followed the yachts in this matter.

Owing to the wonderful growth during the last decade of the electrical industry, the Superintendent of Census has decided to have a special investigation of the subject for the report of the census of 1899. The inquiry will be intrusted to A. R. Foote, of Cincinnati.

Ludwig Pietsch, the celebrated German critic and author, has written long articles to the periodicals of his native land in praise of the exhibition of American artists in the Paris Exposition. Herr Pietsch is surprised at the general excellence of the paintings and considers them equal to any in the exhibition.

A Christian tribe, surrounded by pagans, has just been discovered in the heart of Africa. They had never before seen a white man. While their religious ideas are crude, still they have a priesthood, the cross, and other emblems of Christianity. They are believed to have been exiled from Abyssinia about eight hundred years ago.

Two German athletes have arrived in New York city, whose feats of strength, it is said, will be a revelation to the strong men of this country. One can lift 545 pounds with his middle finger, and can pass a weight of 299 pounds slowly over his head with one hand. The other is credited with being able to force a six-inch nail with his bare hand through a two-inch plank.

Although people talk glibly about a million bushels of wheat, but very few of them, says Leon, realize what a vast amount that represents. If a million bushels were loaded on American freight cars, 500 bushels to a car, it would fill a train over fifteen miles long; if transported by wagon, forty-four bushels per wagon, it would make a line of teams 142 miles long. If made into bread, reckoning a bushel to sixty pounds of flour, it would give each man, woman and child in the United States a two-pound loaf of bread.

Some time since Lord Salisbury, the English Premier, issued a circular to the representatives of her Majesty's Government in the principal cities of Europe asking for information as to what laws are in force as to the carrying of firearms by private persons in populous centers. The reports received go to show that of the twenty-four States comprised in the continent of Europe there are stringent laws regulating the carrying of weapons in all of them save in Denmark, the Duchy of Baden, the Duchy of Coburg, Montenegro, the Netherlands, Norway and Sweden, Serbia and Switzerland. In Turkey regulations on the subject exist, but the provisions are very elastic and are seldom carried out.

The writer of a thoughtful article on building associations in Chicago makes the point that they should be conducted on the principle of furnishing money as cheaply as possible to borrowers, and not be conducted as a source of profit to investors. He points out that in Philadelphia, where so much has been accomplished by the agency of these institutions, the rate of interest has always been low, and the temptation to the subscribers to borrow has therefore been greater than in any other city, and as a consequence an immense number of buildings have been erected for the use of people who might, if they had not been aided by the associations, have squandered their money. The idea seems to the San Francisco Chronicle a sound one and might be imitated with profit in that city, where many, if not all, of the building clubs are conducted on the opposite theory.

## LIFE'S AFTERNOON.

Dear heart, then lay your hand in mine,  
We'll travel home together,  
We've pledged our love in life's rare wine,  
We've had some days almost divine,  
Some—clouds and stormy weather.

When first we joined our eager feet  
We sang a sadder chorus,  
We scarce took time our hopes to meet  
We rushed our joys in haste to greet  
The world of care before us.

But now, dear heart, you hand in mine,  
We'll trudge along together,  
We still have draughts of life's rare wine,  
And yet some days almost divine,  
While we have left far, far behind  
The clouds and stormy weather.

## ROMANCE OF A STORE.

A tiny room, behind a tiny shop. In one corner, near the fire-place, an elderly lady in a deep, cushioned chair—a lady whose face bore traces of pain conquered, suffering overcome, patient, delicate and refined. Her dress and attitude told the story of invalidism. Opposite to her, standing up and leaning upon the mantel-piece, a girl of twenty-one or two; tall, straight and strong, with a face of some beauty, great resolution, and sweet, womanly grace.

Rhoda Lewis was the younger lady, and her mother the gentle invalid.

"Where are you going, dear? The shop-bell did not ring," Mrs. Lewis said as Rhoda moved toward the door.

"To put up the shutters. It is nine o'clock."

"They are so heavy," the invalid sighed.

"But I am so strong," the girl answered, lightly.

Yet, as she lifted the heavy shutter in her small, white hands, she was not sorry to have it taken from her into a strong, masculine grasp, that quickly adjusted the shutters, put up the iron bar, shot the padlock bolt into place, locked it, and gave the key to Rhoda. Not a word spoken all this time, but as her cousin, Frank Lewis, gave her the key, Rhoda said, demurely and formally:

"Thank you."

Quite as formally, yet with a ring of sarcasm in his voice, that had not been in hers, he replied:

"You are very welcome."

She stood twisting the key in her fingers till he said:

"Well? But if he intended the word for a question, there was no answer. Rhoda let her hands fall, and looked straight before her. "Are you not going to ask me in?" Frank inquired.

"No."

"Father has been here to-day?"

"Yes."

"Got his rent?"

"Yes."

"And told you to shut your door on me?"

"Yes."

"Yes—yes. Can't you speak, Rhoda?"

"Not now. Some insults are very hard to bear; your father's was one of them."

She slipped in at the store door as she spoke, and fastened it quickly. She was in total darkness, having closed the door of the inner room as she left it. For a moment she stood leaning heavily upon the counter, trembling violently, with the quick breathing that tells of suppressed tears. Only for a moment; then she went in to her mother, her sweet face all love and cheerfulness. Whatever her headache was, it was evidently not to be added to her mother's burdens.

Frank, left so unceremoniously, gave vent to his chagrin in a low whistle, thrust his hands deep into his overcoat pocket, and strode homeward. It was a cheerless windy evening, and chilled, angered and miserable, the young man tossed aside hat and coat in the hall of his father's pretentious house, and entered the parlor. A grand room, richly furnished, in sharp contrast to the shabby little back parlor where Frank had intended to pass the next hour.

Mr. Lewis was seated beside an open grate, reading the evening newspaper. He did not look up as his son drew up a chair near his own, and said:

"Father, what have you been saying to-day to Rhoda?"

"I gave her to understand that I did not want a penniless daughter-in-law."

"Father?"

"You may as well understand the same. I will not encourage such nonsense any longer. You are old enough now to drop flirtations, and think seriously of marriage."

"I won't stand it," cried Frank, hotly.

"Won't stand what?"

"Any interference between Rhoda and myself. I mean to win Rhoda for my wife; and I mean it when she wore long gowns and short dresses, when she lived in a house as grand as this one."

"All very well then. Matters are different now."

"There is no difference in my love for Rhoda."

"A pauper! The daughter of a bankrupt who committed suicide!"

"Your brother!"

"Well, what of that! He never asked me to help him, or—" was the harsh voice husky? Frank wondered—"I might have been idiot enough to do it!"

"It was a pity he could not know that. Father!" in a softened tone, "don't stand between Rhoda and me! I won't give her up, but you make her hard to win. She is as proud to-day as she was when her carriage drove up to our door, and she brought you fruit from her hot-house. No, I am wrong! She was not proud, then, Heaven bless her! but she is now!"

"Beggars have no right to be proud! I won't have it! Do you understand? If you persist in this folly, you may suit yourself to the situation, for your allowance stops; stops, understand, the day you propose to your cousin Rhoda. You can find a home and an income elsewhere."

"I don't mind that threat, but I should be very unhappy if I left you alone, father."

"Don't do it, then."

"But it will make my life utterly wretched to give up my cousin."

"Bah! Go to bed. You're a headstrong boy, and you have not tasted poverty yet. Keep your heroics till you have."

Frank Lewis knew that there were some moods in which his father was utterly stubborn, and that to argue was to take time for no result. So he accepted his dismissal, and went to his own room. Thinking deeply, he came to the resolution to try his power to conquer fortune before seeing Rhoda again. She knew he loved her, and if his love was returned, would trust him; if she cared for him only in a cousinly way, then the separation might help him to bear a later disappointment. He would not desert his father, but perhaps when he had proved himself no braggart, his father might relent.

It was dreary enough in the weeks that followed in the tiny parlor, behind the little stationer's store where Rhoda Lewis strove to keep the wolf from the door. Brought up in utter ignorance of business, the young storekeeper had depended unconsciously upon her cousin Frank in all financial difficulties. Frank had taught her how to keep her books, had given her instructions about renewing her stock in trade, managed her banking business, had been her adviser and best friend from the day when she returned from her father's funeral, to know she must be breadwinner for herself and her invalid mother. She had never looked upon him as a lover, only as her very dear cousin, until her uncle rudely opened her eyes and heart by informing her of the penalty attached to his son's courtship. Then love awakened to sting her sharply when pride forbade her cherishing the sweet intruder.

Yet, while she suffered in heart, there was a magic of prosperity about the tiny store. Customers flocked to her, and she found sale for a better class of goods than she had ventured upon at first. She had some skill in water-color painting, no wonderful talent, but sufficient capacity for much of the pretty decorating, just at that time coming into fashion. For what she had leisure to accomplish in that line, she found quick sale at large profit.

Her sorrowful grief was in her mother's wasting health, and the certainty that a long standing disease must terminate fatally, though the decline was very slow. Heart and brain were sorely taxed, the more that she had been so carefully guarded from all care and sorrow during her father's life. But she was brave and faithful in the discharge of daily duty, trusting in God's care for her future, as humbly as a child trusts his mother.

Two years had passed since Frank Lewis put up her shutters, when he wrote to her from another city, telling her that he had a good position, was working faithfully to make himself independent, and asking her to be his wife if his income ever filled his pockets sufficiently to start a home.

"I tried to work in my old home, to be near my father," he wrote, "but it was better for me to be away for a time."

It was a strange, deep happiness that met this letter, for Rhoda knew she loved her cousin as the one love of her life. She wrote back at once, frankly and lovingly, and the correspondence became her ray of sunshine in her sorrow for her mother and her daily toil for bread. Still the months rolled into years, Rhoda was left motherless, and the stern old man in the grand home Frank had left grew more lonely and desolate as age crept on, till four years had passed, and Frank came for his bride.

Before seeking her he went to his old home, and unannounced, entered the room where his father sat musing idly, his hands resting on his lap, his eyes fixed upon the fire. He did not look up as Frank entered, thinking it was a servant who came in, and his son's heart sank as he saw how old and worn he looked. Surely, four years ago his hair was not so gray and thin, his face so deeply lined. Suddenly he roused himself, looked toward the door, and then, opening his arms, cried, with yearning tenderness:

"My boy! Frank, my son!"

It was long before he could do more than stroke his son's hands and hair, speaking fondest words of affection.

"You will not leave me again, Frank?" he pleaded.

"Not unless you forbid Rhoda to be here, too."

"So, so! You have not wavered, then, in all these four years?"

"Have not my letters told you so much?"

"Right! Yes, yes, you are constant. You thought me a hard father, Frank!"

"Only in that one thing. You have been a good father to me."

"But not a kind one? I see where I made a mistake. But I meant only kindness, Frank; only kindness. I married when I was young—like yourself, the son of a rich father. My wife was a butterfly of fashion. I was an earnest man, striving to do life's duties faithfully. I was utterly miserable in my married life, and wherever I looked I see how money and its possession crushed out real love. When you first loved Rhoda you were mere children, but even then I hoped it was transient fancy. Then came my brother's misfortunes, and Rhoda's opportunity to prove herself a strong, true, woman, or a feeble nursing of luxury. You, too, were drifting into the idle follies of a man without a purpose in life. I resolved to test you both, to prove your love and manhood, as I was proving Rhoda's courage."

"Well, well, my dear boy, you were not quite so independent, after all, as you fancied. My letters procured you the favorable reception you met with at Morse & Co.'s, and half your salary came out of my pocket. I have watched your cousin's interests, too. She would be surprised if she knew how large a customer I have been, by proxy, and how carefully I have respected her honest pride while putting money in her till. It is all over. I am an old man, Rhoda is alone, so you must come to me. Shall we go now and see Rhoda?"

They had turned the corner of the street where the little store was located, when Frank, gently pushing his father back, whispered:

"Wait a moment."

Rhoda was standing in the doorway, and her errand-boy was putting up the

shutters, when they were taken from his hands.

"You can go," Frank said, deftly taking his work and gravely attending to it until he gave the key to Rhoda.

"Thanks," she said, having had time to gain composure after the first shock of surprise.

"May I come in?"

"And may I come, too?" said a third voice.

"Uncle William!"

"Yes, my dear. Come Frank."

Then the store door closed behind the three, and customers were fastened out; while the old story ends, and a new life opens for my hero and heroine.—*New York Ledger.*

## History and Origin of Wheat.

Wheat, which is now the bread corn of twelve European nations, and is fast supplanting maize in America and several inferior grains in India, was no doubt widely grown in the prehistoric world. The Chinese cultivated it 2700 B. C. as a gift direct from heaven; the Egyptians attributed its origin to Isis and the Greeks to Ceres.

Ancient monuments show that the cultivation of wheat had been established in Egypt before the invasion of the shepherds, and there is evidence that more productive varieties of wheat have taken the place of one, at least, of the ancient sorts. Innumerable varieties exist of common wheat. Colonel Leconteur, of Jersey, cultivated 150 varieties. Mr. Darwin mentions a French gentleman who had collected 322 varieties, and the great firm of seed merchants, Vilmorin-Andrieux et Cie., cultivate about twice as many in their grounds near Paris. In their recent work on "Les Meilleurs Bles," M. Henry L. de Vilmorin has described sixty-eight varieties of best wheat, which he has classed into seven groups, though these groups can hardly be called distinct species, since M. Henry L. Vilmorin has crossed three of them and has found the offspring fertile. Three small-grained varieties of common wheat were cultivated by the first lake dwellers of Switzerland and of Italy, by the people of Hungary in the stone age, and by the Egyptians on the evidence of a brick of pyramid in which a grain was imbedded, and to which the date of 3359 B. C. has been assigned.

The existence of names for wheat in the most ancient languages confirms this evidence of the antiquity of its culture in all the more temperate parts of Europe, Asia and Africa, but it seems improbable that wheat has ever been found growing persistently in a wild state, although the fact has often been asserted by poets, travelers and historians.—*Edinburgh Review.*

**Destructive Force in Warfare.**

A French officer, in speaking of melinite to a representative of the Times, said: "Our shells for field artillery, as well as those for our forts and siege guns, are charged with melinite. What melinite is we do not know, and if we knew we should be very careful not to tell."

Both the Italians and the Germans have sent spies to discover the secret, and to offer money for even the smallest fragment, but they have all been captured. All that can be said is that, according to a treatise published in 1882, melinite is composed of melted picric acid. But in the interval our artificers have perfected the discovery of M. Turpin. They have made melinite a tractable product. The effects of this explosive were fully demonstrated in some experiments at the Fort of Malmaison in 1886. Melinite is so safe that in three years only one accident has occurred, that at the arsenal of Belfort. One the other hand a hundred accidents have occurred from gelatine alone in thirty years.

There has never been accident in drawing the charges, nor one from bursting in the gun. As much cannot be said for roborite, hellotite, or the other substances employed by foreign States. What, it is asked, will become of a fortification in face of this redoubtable agent? Some think and say they are doomed; others, like General Brialmont, recommend the use of armored circular forts. It is said that the shell will glance off these without doing any damage. But experiments at Chalons have shown that turrets enjoy no immunity against a close and continuous fire.

**Professional Sparrow Catchers.**

Two men from Indianapolis following a new vocation have been in Louisville. They are professional hunters of English sparrows, and they sell the birds to the Indianapolis gun clubs or to trap shooters of the vicinity.

The two men were equipped with an immense net in which they caught the birds. The latter are always very numerous around two large churches on Broadway, Louisville, which have ivy-covered fronts. The men obtained permission from the church officers to catch all the birds they could, and followed by a considerable and curious crowd they began their hunt. They threw their net over a large part of the front of one of the churches and entrapped hundreds of the birds. Many of them got away, but many more did not, and the haul was repeated several times, with the same success. At the other church they had the same good fortune. They visited several large buildings, and during their ten days' stay at Louisville they caught over 4000 sparrows. They get about two dollars for 100 of the birds.

**Horseshoes That Fell From Heaven.**

Frank Morris, of Worthington, Wood County, W. Va., is the owner of a horse whose shoes literally dropped from the heavens. Some years ago a meteoric stone fell on the banks of Jenny's Creek, in Wayne County, and was divided up among the people of the neighborhood as soon as it was discovered. The aerolite contained a large percentage of iron, and some of the fragments were procured by Morris, who had a blacksmith friend work them up into a set of horseshoes. The iron is very hard, and the shoes have already outlasted two or three ordinary sets.

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

M. Bischoffheim has presented to the mineralogical museum in Paris a valuable collection of diamonds.

Scales so delicate that they register the weight of an eyelash or a man's signature have been perfected.

A bicycle which can be made into a quadricycle and can be used by either man or woman, has been invented by an English genius.

The International Chemical Congress passed a resolution to the effect that not more than 3 per cent. of lead should be permitted in the alloy used for "finning," not more than 5 per cent. in the alloy for tin vessels.

From experiments made in Richmond, Va., with electric heaters, it seems probable that a passenger coach can be kept warm at an expense of two cents an hour, the current being supplied by a dynamo on the locomotive or tender.

Soot falls down a chimney before it is storm because the air at that time contains more moisture. Soot is hygroscopic—that is, absorbs the moisture from the air, and, becoming heavier, attaches itself from the sides of the chimney.

While strolling through the Paris Exhibition the other morning, Mr. Edison accidentally hit upon a tool that he calculates will save him something like \$500 a year. It is a chisel worked by hydraulic pressure, and will enable him to reduce his labor by eighteen hands.

A simple pattern of an incandescent lamp has lately been introduced in France, consisting of two horizontal rods of copper, placed about four millimeters apart. A thin, pointed rod of carbon placed vertically, rests on the copper rods and forms a bridge between them.

That is a wonderful machine which Francis Galton has invented for measuring the time which elapses between seeing or hearing anything and the ringing of a certain specified movement. According to experiments made time averages about one-fifth of a second.

Numerous observations made in France show that on meeting an insulated tall or carbon conductor the solar communicate to it a positive charge that the amplitude of this charge increases with the intensity of the light and decreases with the hygroscopicity of the air.

"Pita, the supposed remedy for diphtheria discovered in Spain, seems to be a name given to the flower-stalk of the aloe, a plant common in some parts of Spain. The story goes that its virtues were discovered accidentally by a nun, a fit of hydrophobia falling upon an infant and unconsciously biting the plant.

Where gas is used, the safety of the simply depends on securing full, free perfect ventilation. The necessity of this precaution is highly apparent, and we think of the impurities which send forth into the atmosphere, and we reflect on the evil which is wrought to health when these impurities are inhaled.

Some ingenious man has just patented a new kind of umbrella, the material of which is as waterproof as silk or canvas and at the same time quite transparent. With this umbrella one will be enabled to avoid in future those collision lamp-posts and other umbrellas which are at present so frequent and inconvenient.

Professor Bergmann some time performed another uncommon feat in Berlin. Two cases came simultaneously for operation; one required amputation of the hip joint, the other of the humerus. The Professor the amputation first, and used the femur he had cut out to fill space left by the removal of the bone in the other patient's arm. The union took place.

It has been recommended that coconut fibre, which is very strong, be used where the fruit is grown, be used for backing for the armor of war. Compressed plates may be made which, on being penetrated so a mit water, would quickly swell to the orifice, preventing the sinkings, vessel. In recent experiment holes nearly an inch in diameter made in half-inch plates of this protected by boards, when a jet shot through, but ceased to flow than one minute.

**How the Pope Lives.**

A correspondent from the Eter gives the following interesting of the daily life of Pope Leo:

"Every morning before attending himself to the direction of the this planet the Pope offers the sacrifice of the mass and then attends a second at which his chaplain is the celebrant. With a mind thus attuned to divine the Pope then begins his work. A single glass of coffee, tea or morsels to break his fast. After through his papers he begins to about 9. From that hour till 1 afternoon the throng of visitors slackens.

"Secretaries, ambassadors, cardinals from the congregation, distinguished strangers, bishops from afar have once in turn. There are 1200 in the Catholic Church, and with them the Pope is in more or less contact, personal relations.

"After four or five hours spent way he returns to his papers at books until 3, when he dines. His is frugal; little soup, two courses of with vegetables, and dessert of fruit one glass of strong wine, suffice his After dinner he goes out for a drierides, they are walk in the gardens of the Vatican the evening he resumes his papers, at night, between 9 and 10, all the members in the papal household assemble for the rosary, after which they retire to rest.

But long after that hour the cardinal state secretary, Rampolla, or the under state secretary, Moceani, is often summoned to the papal apartments, where, by the light of the midnight lamp, Leo watches and thinks and prays for the welfare of the church.

## CURIOUS FACTS.

In Germany the public schools taught by men.

The County of Carter, Montana, is the largest county in the United States.

An Ohio boy of fourteen purposely stepped his foot to avoid being sent to school. It is on crushed grain that man is fed. It is by braised plants that he is restored to health.

The State of Illinois gets its name from an Indian tribe, the Illini, meaning superior to men.

A Connecticut pear tree, over a century old, contains ripe fruit and quite a number of blossoms.

The Christians in the world number about 388,200,000. There are also 482,600,000 Buddhists.

Fifteen potatoes that weighed seven one pounds were raised by a farmer, Wetzel County, W. Va.

Mr. Sullivan, of Tionesta, Pa., has a large stock of day goods of every description. I would recommend the continuance of patronage.

**The Clothing House, MIDDLEBURGH, PA.**

**for Stoves!**

Square Heaters  
The Beaver  
New Sunshine of '89.  
Crown Circulator  
How Ventilate.

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show you an immense variety of reasonable Groceries, & Wash Dress Goods.

an elegant line of Combination Ladies' Cloth, Satines, Wash Dress Goods, Century Cloth, White Dress Goods.

Line of Cassimeres, and Embroideries. Groceries, OS., Selinsgrove.

your heart good to go and the Spring Goods AT.

etz', Beavertown, Pa.

New and Fresh.

owned by a man as fresh as horses are and he is very apt to be mean as they look. Nobody, we believe, ever saw a wet-fed, fleshy man driving a skelton team. It is the man so are his horses, and it is the man who carries the air even to the extent of naming his horse as to that we confess we have never taken notice.—*Wetzel*