

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, EDITOR AND PROP.

MIDDLEBURGH, PA., NOV. 14, 1889.

It is now said that English syndicates have spent \$50,000,000 in buying up profitable American properties.

Recent statistics show that nine million Germans live outside of the Fatherland, of whom seven million are to be found in the United States.

The choice of Pierre as the capital of South Dakota has given the town a wonderful boom. Men bought lots for \$100 and a week later sold them for \$1000.

The latest British annexation consists of Humphrey and Rierson Islands, in the South Pacific. They form part of the Manihiki group and lie north of Cook's and the Society Islands, and to the north-east of Samoa.

It has often been reported that the British army is largely composed of undersized boys instead of stalwart men, but the returns do not bear out these statements. Of 202,761 men only 11,536 are under nineteen years of age, while thirty-four per cent. are over five feet eight inches in height.

The managing director of a big tea-dealing firm in London stated that he once saw a leading broker in that city have sixty teas, ranging within one penny per pound in value, weighed up in duplicate, the 120 pots numbered and mixed up, he then picking out the sixty duplicates without a single mistake.

James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth," has been sued for libel by A. Oakley Hall, once Mayor of New York, for connecting him with the Tweed ring. Both live in England. The complaint includes about twenty pages of the book, that being the space devoted to an article containing the alleged libel.

Trained dogs for military purposes have answered so well in Germany that similar experiments have been made in the Austrian army. Pointers, sheep dogs and poodles are the best breeds, and the dogs will carry messages and ammunition, guard depots and perform outpost duty. One dog recently took a message over a distance of eight miles in an hour and five minutes.

Sunday labor in France is by no means so general as a few years ago. Visitors to Paris cannot fail to notice how many more shops are shut on Sunday after the early morning and now the first step has been taken toward Sunday rest on the railways. The Paris-Lyon Railway Company recently decided unanimously to give their employes in the goods stations a holiday, and intend to gradually introduce similar reforms into other branches of the service. In all probability the other lines will be obliged to follow suit. Indeed, some of the Northern Railway directors have already pronounced in favor of Sunday rest.

The recent reports telegraphed from Europe, in which the assertion was made that the oil wells of the Caspian district were rapidly drying up, is now pronounced a sock jobbing canard. The statement was made with great positiveness that the supply of oil was diminishing so rapidly that the Russian Government contemplated prohibiting its export, and that the steamers which are now using the oil exclusively for fuel would not be able to do so much longer, owing to the threatened high price. Despite the positiveness of the statements they seemed to have no effect on American prices, evidently because the Standard Oil Company keeps thoroughly posted on the real situation.

If an accurate description of the forest fires which for two months have been sweeping over Montana, Idaho and Washington Territories could be written, the New York Herald declares it would make a story so thrilling and exciting as to eclipse in interest and fascination the most enchanting romance. The forest fires have been so extensive, so terrible and destructive that the best informed pioneer looks at you with blank amazement when you request him to place in figures the value of the timber destroyed or to give an estimate of the loss in the Territories. When it is known that in one day the fire swept through Montana over an area of 100 miles in length and eighty in width, and that for weeks the flames have been doing similar work at different points in a country stretching from the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains to the waters of the Pacific, some vague, indefinite idea of the great destruction of timber and other property may be gained. Where but recently stood tall and stately pines now blackened stumps and bald and ashen mountain fronts meet the disappointed eye. The way to get rich with a rush is to go slow.

SUNSET.

Slowly on all attainment or defeat The day dies out far in the darkening west; Leaving the earth, its golden stage complete, To muse an hour away, then sink to rest; Dark earth—the heavens yet touched with sunset glow; Brightness above, and hushed, submissive calm below. Aushed is the world of toil. In every place A wealth of healing silence doth lie. Or sounds more still than silence fill the space Beneath that far infinity of sky; And softly shines the evening star on one Whose day lies spent, a chronicle of things undone. Even regret, in this calm air and mild, Bears little of its wonted anguish deep; One long drawn breath of sorrow, as the child Frodoles a sad, sweet sinking into sleep, Then peace. Night registers defeat again; But what was I, that I should struggle and attain? —Mary Colborne-Veel, in the Atlantic.

All's Well That Ends Well.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"Old folks will be old folks," said Myra Manton, "and the best plan is to let 'em have their own way." "Oh, yes, I know," said Leona, clasping her hands. "But that old Leghorn hat, with the crown like a stove-pipe and the front like a wash-basin! Who could tolerate that? And everybody laughs when she comes into church." "Let 'em laugh," shrewdly remarked Myra. "I'd be willing folks should laugh at me if I was worth thirty thousand dollars and owned the Bliven Mills into the bargain."

Myra Manton was "bired help" at the Bliven Farm—a stout New Englander of fifty summers, with hair cut short, no visible waist, and snapping black eyes. Leona was old Mrs. Bliven's niece—a slim girl of eighteen, with a balsam-pink complexion, dreamy gray eyes, and teeth white and even as small pearls. In the eyes of James Bliven, the old lady's son, Leona was fairest of all created beings. Even Myra Manton allowed "that she was sorter nice to look at!" As for Mrs. Bliven herself, she expressed no opinion whatever; Mrs. Bliven was not a person who talked much.

"She's come to make me a visit," said Mrs. Bliven one day to Myra. "I suppose, if she suits me, I shall ask her to stay for good and all." "If you don't, I suppose Jim will," said Myra, with a shrewd twinkle of her eyes. "As it happens, I'm the mistress of this house," said Mrs. Bliven. "Well, we'll see how she suits."

And neither Myra the solid, nor Leona the syphilike, knew, as they sat on the sunny doorstep, sipping goat, red-headed peaches to eat for winter use, that Mrs. Bliven, from the garret window above, where she was looking over her balls of carpet-rugs, could distinctly hear every word they uttered.

"Myra," said Leona, as she replenished her pan from the great bushel basket, "I'm going to tell you something." "Tell ahead!" succinctly retorted Myra. "I've got such an idea!" "What is it?" "Well, one of my schoolmates at Hanover Hall had a grandmother. And her grandmother had just such a Noah's Ark of a bonnet as Aunt Bliven."

"Humph!" said Myra, peeling diligently away. "And she and her sister took a pair of big shears and snipped it up into little bits and made the grandmother believe that the rats did it." "Must have been a creditable old creature," observed Myra. "Oh, no; but it was really such a neat job. Don't you think, Myra, we might dispose of the old Leghorn hat in some such way?"

"No, I don't!" said Myra, spearing a peach on the end of her knife and beginning artfully to remove its pink-velvet jacket. Leona sighed, and went on with her work. Myra Manton paused to call her frolicsome little terrier off from a brood of half-grown turkey poults who were foraging around the barn door. "I do wish," she said, curly, "that Cappen John Jackson hadn't sent me that plaguey beast to take care on till he come back from that voyage to Fayal. If he hurts any of the fowls, I expect Mrs. Bliven'll murder me."

be back as soon as they possibly can spare her, and I'm to do the housework while she is gone." Old Mrs. Bliven sniffed discontentedly. "Seems to me people are always havin' accidents," said she. "However, you may go and pick some Lima beans and sweet corn, and we'll have a dish of good, old-fashioned succotash. Myra is a good cook, but she never could make succotash. And in the afternoon we'll have Toby harnessed up and drive over to Widow Sally Smith's to tea."

The long shadows of afternoon were lying all about the closely mown grass when old Toby was led to the door, and Mrs. Bliven called loudly to Leona to bring down her bonnet and shawl. The girl, who had no especial fancy for the society of Widow Sally Smith and her hard-voiced daughters, listlessly obeyed. But the moment she opened the "best bedroom" door, where the old lady kept her choicest treasures, she uttered a shriek of dismay. There, on the floor, in a series of jagged strips and indistinguishable debris, lay Mrs. Bliven's famous Leghorn bonnet!

"Goodness me!" cried a shrill voice, "what's the matter?" "And Leona became conscious that old Mrs. Bliven had toiled heavily up the stairs, and stood close beside her, peering over her shoulder. Her face grew black as night. "Oh, Aunt Bliven," gasped Leona, "how could this have happened?" "I see through it all, plain enough," said Mrs. Bliven. "You needn't trouble to tell any lies about it, Leona Parish! I heard what you and Myra were talking about yesterday morning—about the old lady and the bonnet that was snipped to pieces and the blame laid on rats. It's a very smart, ingenious plan, I don't doubt; but somehow it don't suit me to have such very smart, ingenious folks about my premises. So, if you please, I'll dispense with the rest of your visit. The horse and wagon are at the door, and little Peter will drive you to the depot as soon as ever you've packed your trunk."

"But, Aunt Bliven, I never—" "I told you I'd have no more falsehoods," sternly interrupted the old lady. "I don't know what sort of consciences you girls have, in this age of the world. Be silent, I say, and obey me." And this, in all the bitterness of unmerited disgrace, Leona was turned out of the house, that was beginning to be unappealingly dear to her. James Bliven, when he came home, was thunderstruck. "Mother, for heaven's sake," cried he, "what is this! The girl has no piece to go to."

"Let her go back to the boarding-school she came from!" said Mrs. Bliven, sternly. "I'll have no double-dealers in this house!" "I'll go after her and bring her back." "You'll do as you choose," said the old woman; "but if Leona's the girl I take her to be, she won't come with you." A sudden wave of despair swept over James's soul as he recognized the truth of these words.

"Mother," he cried, "you'll forgive her! You'll send for her to return—for my sake, mother?" "But Mrs. Bliven shook her head. "No girl that isn't frank-hearted and true can have a home here!" she reiterated. Yet, in spite of all this, the house seemed strangely desolately without Leona's light step and winning smile. Late at night there was a loud knocking at the door. It was Myra Manton, come back.

"Things is all right," said she. They was frightened more than they was hurt. Absalom Atkins always was a coward, and I ain't goin' to spend any more of my time foolin' with 'em; so I've come back. Was you surprised when you seen Waggy Bliven's dog?" "In answer to Mrs. Bliven's puzzled look, "that Cappen Jackson left in my charge. When I seen the mischief he'd done, I jest ketch'd him up and left him to Cappen's sister's Mary Ann Jackson, at the cross-roads, and afterward it occurred to me you might miss him and worry for fear he was lost."

"I never once thought of the dog," said Mrs. Bliven, impatiently. "And the bonnet?" said Myra. "I'm powerfully sorry, but—" "The bonnet?" said Mrs. Bliven. "What do you mean, Myra? What are you talking about?" "You don't tell me you never discovered it?" cried Myra, bursting into a laugh. "Well, I do declare. What did you s'pose done it?" "Done what?"

"Why, worried that 'ere Leghorn hat of your'n into ribbons! It was Waggy, that's who it was! Pups is always mischievous, and I think he's the worst I ever seen. I meant to tell Deacon Shipman's boy, that helped me to tote my satchel to the dappo, to explain it to ye, but we was pretty nigh ben' left, and burry and fluster driv it all outen my head." "Mrs. Bliven stared at Myra. "It was the dog, after all, then," said she. "La me, who else did ye suspect?" cried Myra. "Where's Leona? I fetched home some of them puce-colored poppy seeds and a slip of rose geranium for her, 'cause I knowed—Goodness, what's the matter with you, eh? What are you looking at me that way for?"

"It's dreadful becoming," said she, with a complacent glance at the looking-glass, "and hereafter I mean to get you to trim all my hats for me, Leona." —Saturday Night.

The Seven Bibles.

The seven Bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mahomedans, the Tri Pitikas of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zendavesta, and the Scriptures of the Christians. The Koran is the most recent of the five, dating from about the seventh century after Christ. It is a compound of quotations from both the Old and New Testaments, and from the Talmud. The Tri Pitikas contain sublime morals and pure aspirations. Their author lived and died in the sixth century before Christ.

The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, the word "kings" meaning web of cloth. From this it is presumed that they were originally written on five rolls of cloth. They contain wise sayings from the sages on the duties of life, but they cannot be traced further back than the eleventh century before our era. The Vedas are the most ancient books in the language of the Hindoos, but they do not, according to late commentators, antedate the twelfth before the Christian era.

The Zendavesta of the Persians, next to our Bible, is reckoned among scholars as being the greatest and most learned of the sacred writings. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, lived and worked in the twelfth century before Christ. Moses lived and wrote the Pentateuch 1500 years before the birth of the meek and lowly Jesus; therefore, that portion of our Bible is at least 8000 years older than the most ancient of other sacred writings.

The Eddas, a semi-sacred work of the Scandinavians, was first given to the world in the fourteenth century, A. D. High Observation Towers. The English speculators who have proposed building an observation tower in London double the height of the Eiffel tower in Paris, and similar to it in plan, referred the matter to M. Salles, the assistant of M. Eiffel, for an opinion as to the practicability of the scheme. M. Salles is popularly supposed to have been the active engineer of the Eiffel structure. He has condemned the English idea—very probably being biased by his connection with the Paris tower, which would lose its prestige if a higher rival should be erected. His argument, as reported, is this: That we are ignorant of the force of the wind at varying high elevations, and that there would be difficulty in transporting material above 1000 feet.

"As to the first point," says the Engineering and Mining Journal, "the argument is weak. It is mainly a question of leverage, not of absolute wind power. As to the second point, that of transport of material, reference to what is being done every day in deep mining would show that there would be no difficulty. The whole thing is simply a matter of business. If the passenger tolls would pay interest, running expenses, and profits on the enormous original outlay, the tower can be built. Engineering nowadays is ready to face almost any difficulties when a profit can be shown."

Down Where the Fires Rage.

Professor Jones answers (in an English newspaper) the question raised as to whether the tapping and drilling of the earth for oil that is going on in America is dangerous or not—that is to say, likely to let out the internal fires of the earth to play havoc with the surface far and near. He compares the earth to a balloon floated and kept distended by the gas in the interior, which, if exhausted, will cause the crust to collapse, affect the motion of the earth in its orbit, cause it to lose its place among the heavenly bodies and fall in pieces. Another writer thinks that drilling should be prohibited by stringent laws. The scientist says an immense cavity exists, and that here the gas is stored; that a mile below the bottom of the cavity is a mass of roaring, seething flame which is gradually eating into the rock floor of the cavern and thinning it. Eventually the flames will reach the gas and a terrific explosion will ensue. The simile of the earth being like a balloon is not very solid. Why not weigh the earth and settle the question of solidity? The scientist can weigh the sun and moon; the figures are long, but the result is worth the trouble.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Forger's Pen.

I was talking with a Treasury official on the subject of forgery. "Did it ever occur to you," said the official, "that a forger has half his work done when he can get hold of the identical pen with which the owner of the signature habitually writes? A great many men, bank Presidents and the like, use the same pen for their names only for a year or two without change. A pen that has been used by a man in writing his name hundreds of times, and never used for anything else, will almost write the name of itself. It gets imbued with the spirit of the signature. In the hands of a fairly good forger it will preserve the characteristics of the original. The reason for this is that the point of the pen has been ground down in a peculiar way, from being used always by the same hand and for the same combination of letters. It would splutter if held at a wrong angle or forced on lines against its will. It almost guides the sensitive hand of the forger when he attempts to write the name." —Pall Mall Gazette.

The Coldest Spot and Coldest Day.

The coldest region in the United States is the stretch of country on the northern border from the Minnesota lakes to the western line of Dakota. At Pembina, which lies near the forty-ninth parallel, the lowest temperature recorded in the great storm of the winter of 1873 was fifty-six degrees below zero. This was believed to be the lowest temperature reached in the United States.—San Francisco Examiner.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

A Cincinnati scientist thinks that in five years all the telegraph wires will be made of aluminum.

In the recent autumn manœuvres in Germany the fortifying of an entrenched position with barbed wire fencing was found to be very efficacious.

Voightlander, a famous optician, of Germany, perfected a new lens which gives a very wide angle, working with a large aperture. This invention makes it possible to use the lens in very confined situations, such as rooms, for groups, and single portraits.

The Zoological Society of London has just received a white peacock. This bird preserves the markings which distinguish the species, particularly the large eye-like spots on the tail feathers. The effect of these spots is most remarkable. They are exactly like the pattern on a damask tablecloth.

A new candle has been brought out which extinguishes itself in an hour. This it does by means of an extinguisher of tin which is fastened in the wax by wires and which effectually performs its task. It is only necessary to remove the diminutive extinguisher when its work is done, and the candle is again ready to burn another hour.

Professor Hazen of the Signal Office has been stopping on the mountain, believes that he has found the explanation of the extraordinary velocity of the winds on top of Mount Washington. His idea is that the great gulls below compress atmosphere, which, seeking an outlet, rushes up the sides of Mount Washington and sweeps over its summit.

A correspondent of Forest and Stream reports observing a true Southern meadow lark as far north as forty degrees north latitude. That queer marine animal, the Portuguese man-of-war, was found last summer 1000 miles or more north of the sea it is usually confined. The invasion of this zone by the tropic is a peculiar feature of the year.

Dr. Armaur Hansen, a Norwegian savant, recently visited this country, in Wisconsin and Minnesota examines number of lepers who had emigrated from Norway. He arrived at the interesting result that of 160 of such emigrants the offspring had remained free to a third generation. This, the author believes, shows emphatically that leprosy is not a hereditary disease.

In all of the London streets which are lighted by electricity the gas-lamps have been retained ready for immediate use. Whenever the slightest interruption occurs in the electric lighting the police duty immediately proceed to light all the gas-lamps. The gas thus consumed is charged to the electric-light company and deducted from the rental paid by the city for the use of its lights.

An Austrian savant has obtained a mass of 4000 sponges which are the result of an experiment of literally sowing the parts of living sponges in a soil favoring their production. The Austrian Government is much pleased with the experiment, which is to be repeated on a large scale in Dalmatia. The cost of the 4000 which have been growing for the three years, is a little over \$55, everything included.

The belief that smoke from soft coal may have beneficial sanitary effects is gaining ground. It is claimed that sulphur in the coal when burned becomes sulphurous acid gas, a well known disinfectant. Further, that creosote and allied products are thrown off with fu of bituminous coal, and that an atmosphere charged with carbolic acid must free from germs of disease than an apparently purer air.

Chemical Transformation.

Alcohol, one of the best known products of chemical industry, may serve evidence to what degree of perfection composition and decomposition of the chemical compounds has been brought, the chief constituent of intoxicating beverages, alcohol, together with carbonic acid, originates by fermentation of sugar; but this is not the only possible way to produce it. The brightest electric lights, by which public places, roads, stores, etc., of our cities now illuminated at night, is emitted by electric current passing between two carbon points. When such a passage electricity takes place in a glass ball filled with hydrogen, the electric current causes this gas to unite with carbon forming acetylene, a gaseous compound which in contact with more hydro readily takes it up, forming a second gas compound—ethylene—which is chief light giving constituent of illuminating gas. Ethylene, when brought in contact with sulphuric acid, forms a liquid combination, and this, when treated with potassium hydrate, is verted into alcohol. Having thus obtained from its elements a substance form known only as a product of fermentation, we may proceed at once to decompose again into its elements. We can regain the carbon which it contains heating alcohol with sulphuric acid which again converts it into ethylene and this gas, when mixed with chlorine and lighted, burns away, leaving bon, which, as a dense black smoke, the vessel.—Popular Science Monthly.

Bird Seed from Morocco.

Bird seed forms a considerable item in the export trade of some of the Moorish ports. This seed is never sown apart by the Moorish farmers, nor is any special attention paid to its cultivation. It is sown with wheat, and when reaped and thrashed it is separated by the countrywomen in sieves. The reason of this practice is that there is a general superstition among the Moors that in very wet seasons the wheat is in part converted into bird seed, and hence they sow the two together. Of course, if they were sown separately the crops would be much more abundant and the quality better, the soil in many parts being especially suitable for the bird seed.—London Times.

It is no sign that a hen meditates harm to her owner because she lays for him. Watermelon seeds were found in Egyptian tomb that was 3000 years old.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

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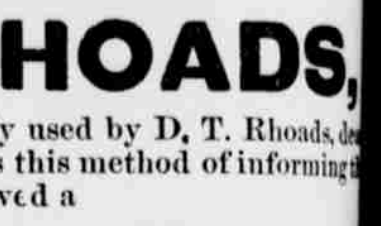
2.50 to 15.00
2.25 to 10.00
1.50 to 3.75
3.50 upward
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20c up
Boys Caps from 5c up
Hats " 15c up
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In canning tomatoes peel with toes and crowd them into cans, then down slowly. Put a board bottom of a boiler and set the board. Fill the boiler with water to half the height of the cans, and let the water boil for twenty minutes. Then the cans, and if they are not hot, put water and seal at once.

And, who had seen him many times, no disturbance occurred throughout the day. Indeed, the lack of enthusiasm which generally characterizes the Anarchist gatherings was the chief feature.

the second column of the expedition, which left Vito in September, in command of Heron Borchert and Rust, ever joined Dr. Peter's advance party.

had 60 miles to travel, but only reached Folsom Saturday evening. The last 7 miles between Trinidad and Folsom occupies three days.

however, not dangerous. Mrs. Conroy, an American, the assassin immediately after himself. He was a fanatic who had been discharged from the police force.

The natives deserted the villages and fled to the hills, where they are safe from pursuit. Other cases of cannibalism on the island are reported.

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