

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, Editor and Prop'r. MIDDLEBURGH, PA., JAN. 9, 1895.

According to the latest records the number of Indians in this country is 270,000, and the reservations which they hold comprise 119,630,103 acres, or 466 acres for each man, woman and child.

It will, perhaps, interest some readers to know how much fuel a locomotive burns. On freight trains an average consumption may be taken at about one to one and one-half pounds of coal consumed per net ton-mile. With passenger trains, the cars of which are heavier and the speed higher, the coal consumption is greater. A freight train of thirty cars, at a speed of thirty miles per hour, would, therefore, burn from 900 to 1350 pounds of coal per hour.

The Chinese are fairly overrunning the Sandwich Islands. They number one-fifth of the population and nearly monopolize many branches of mercantile business, while their steady Chinese mechanics sell of every seven of this class on the islands. The natives and their professions have been, but as the Chinese are the most vigorous and progressive race the islands will have to submit to the logic of events. It seems to be their manifest destiny to give place to a stronger people. The incident of the Pacific are no match for the hardy and energetic Chinese.

There is strong probability that the five Republics of Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Honduras, San Salvador and Guatemala will shortly become one people, which will be known as the United States of Central America. The President of the union will have charge of the diplomatic and foreign relations of the five Republics only for the first ten years of the federation. At the expiration of that period a constitution embodying all political, commercial and other relations will be adopted. The treaty has been signed by Honduras, Guatemala and San Salvador and Costa Rica. It is expected, with the same as such as Nicaragua has signed.

The post schools of the army may receive some attention from Congress during the current session. It is not likely that any attempt will be made to carry out General Law Walker's plan of converting every military station into an academy, but a bill is pending in the Senate which will give the War Department authority to establish such schools at such places as it may deem proper. The bill is now in the hands of the Senate.

Men of the present day who attend concerts and are debauched, the pleasure of seeing the singers by the high-class music, may take comfort from the fact that their grandfathers and great-grandfathers sang a similar ballad. In the "Bourgeois Gentleman," published in London, for December, 1784, is the following: "It is the fashion in Paris for the ladies to wear straw hats of a monstrous size, made in imitation of the aristocratic phobos, on which account they are called 'les chapeaux en ballon.' It is to be hoped that the whimsical mode will not be introduced among the people of England as it would prove still more inconvenient at the play houses than the high hats." And again we read: "None of the frequenters of the play houses if the new French fashion had been brought into fashion here in their present form." But they were.

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THE NEW DAY.

Out from the broken coils of the night The new day merges with a slow surprise, And like some new-winged thing with startled eyes, Flits on the green death-ere taking flight, But as her pale lips open and grow strong The purple mists are smitten from her face, And slowly knowing all the new-born green, The red pomgranate dashes over it through, Then up the cloudy way in stately wise, Thursting the shadings back with mystic hand.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

We were on our way from Hong Kong to Poochow on the steamer Numa, when Captain N., my fellow passenger of the voyage, looked at the gathering clouds to the westward and remarked: "I hope it won't rain before we get into Amoy; we are just thirty miles away."

"How do you know the distance so exactly, Captain?" "Look at that peak, and over beyond it, you can see through a rift in the clouds a little peak like a pin point on the top of that black mountain. The pin point is a tall pagoda on that high cliff, and the pagoda is as good a signpost for this town as if that whole black cliff were painted in white letters a mile high and half a mile wide—A-M-O-Y."

"Will you tell me why, Captain?" "Certainly, but it's a long story—well, here goes. Amoy was one of the first treaty ports in China open to foreign commerce, and for a long time the most favored of the Chinese for foreigners was more hospitable there than at any other port. I was then Captain of a steamer on the first line plying between Amoy and the English colony of Hong Kong, some two hundred miles away.

One evening in November I went ashore in Amoy to make a few final preparations for my ship's departure the next day. While on shore I noticed that my footstep was dogged by a disagreeable-looking fellow, who approached me with great earnestness in his manner as though he had reached a comparatively open spot, where the growing darkness shut out the lurking indices of a Chinese spy. I saw that it would be impossible to avoid an encounter if this strange fellow should prove to be a highwayman. So carrying my hand to my hip pocket, where I felt the friendly "200" of my revolver, I stepped for the moment to one side, and then, as the fellow was in great distress and moved by his earnestness, I stepped to listen to his tale. The man explained in Chinese and English that he had a brother in jail who was to be released in two days, and for this he had a sum of money which he had hidden in a sack under his coat, and he had been caught by the police while carrying it. He begged me to give the money to his brother, and he would give me a large sum of money in return. I refused, and he begged me to give the money to his brother, and he would give me a large sum of money in return.

I felt my sympathies intensely excited, and got to know the treacherous nature of the Chinese and the danger of interfering with their ideas of justice, and, wishing either to test the truth of his story or to prevail upon the cooie to choose some other means for his brother's escape, I said: "I'll stow away and carry him off to Hong Kong for 500 dollars (about \$500), thinking that such a price would be entirely beyond the cooie's means. The poor man seems staggered at the enormity of the sum, a large fortune to one of his class, but he called in a moment and said he supposed he would have to pay it; that it was a fearful sum, that he was very poor, and to raise so much money his family would have to sell all they owned, but he must save his brother's life; if the Captain insisted he would have to pay it."

My sympathies were now still more keenly aroused, and seeing that the unwise cooie would be sent, and not caring either to break my word or to profit by the poor man's misfortune, I said: "Well, I'll do it for the regular fare (about \$10), taking him down to the wharf at 11:30; I am going out to my ship then."

demanded man sprang out of the boat, which he had made fast at the gangway, and slid noiselessly through the cabin and into the closet. I turned the lock and put the key in my pocket. But as he passed the cabin lamp curiously had me to take a searching glance at my strange passenger, and, in spite of his unkempt hair and soiled and tattered clothes, his light complexion and refined features revealed in the cooie's brother a Chinaman of the higher class.

I then tried to scrutinize the boatman, but the man's look was to the light, and the steward returning just then I paid my sumpson fare, and my strange acquaintance departed. I turned in, wondering who my mysterious passenger might be, and my thoughts were not without vague misgivings of the moral treachery of the Chinese. I woke early, and had hardly begun dressing before a herald came to inform me that the Viceroy of the province desired to see me at his "yamen" at 10 that morning. This strange summons I at once connected with my harboring an escaped prisoner, and, full of vague distrust, I had almost decided either to put to sea two hours before the advertised time, and so temporarily avoid any explanations, or to plead press of business and refuse to obey an almost royal command. Disturbed by such doubts, I hardly felt relieved when another herald came to say that the Viceroy had concluded, as he desired to see the ship, to visit the Captain, and that my presence at the "yamen" would be excused.

Such a thing as a Viceroy visiting in such a manner a vessel was almost unprecedented, and I began to fear that I was implicated in the escape of a political prisoner of high rank. Now the customary official messengers began to pour in. First, two clad in robes of state announced that his excellency would arrive in half an hour, then four more that he was coming in ten minutes; then four horsemen, gaily equipped, rode down to the wharf where I was now waiting to say that their master would arrive in five minutes; then a procession of liveried servants bearing about on high poles red sign boards, on which all the virtues under the sun were written in Chinese characters to their lord's soldiers with flags and swords and spears; men with whips and gongs to clear the way; mandarins on horseback; captains with long pheasant-tails in their caps, and a large retinue on foot—all proclaimed that his excellency had arrived. Alighting from a gorgeous green sedan chair, borne by sixteen men in livery, he greeted me most politely and accepted my invitation to take passage in my gig off to the ship. A large portion of his escort followed, occupying a small fleet of sampans.

The Viceroy was ushered into the cabin and, strange to say, selected a chair immediately in front of the door of the closet in which the refugee was concealed. After a few courtesies had been exchanged I was informed through an interpreter that Prince Ichang, the leader of an insurrection, who had been captured and condemned to be beheaded, had made his escape. Suspicion, they said, seemed to point to his being secreted on board my ship; a sampan had been seen going alongside of her the night before last midnight; it reached the ship with two boatmen and one passenger and returned to the shore with only one man, and he made off in great haste as soon as he had landed, leaving the sampan afloat. Of course the Captain knew nothing about the escaped prisoner, and so he could have no objection to allowing the ship to be searched.

This was sadly put. To refuse to allow it would be equivalent to acknowledging that the man was on board, and would cost me my place in a company whose interest it was to placate the unfriendly Chinese. To allow the ship to be searched involved the possible discovery of the man, and in that case his capture and certain death, as well as my own dismissal from the company. Either course might endanger the lives of the foreign community in Amoy, against whom the hatred of the Chinese needed only a pretext to begin a general massacre. I felt the color come and go in my cheeks and for a moment I thought of delivering the refugee up to certain death, saying that when I took him on board I was not aware of the nature of the offence, and then revision of feeling came over me. I thought "this man has trusted his life in my hands and, hunted criminal that he is, I will not betray him."

All this dashed through my mind in an instant, and when I turned to the Viceroy I felt the same spirit of helplessness, yet indomitable defiance that every true sailor feels in the fury of the storm. I said boldly, "Certainly, your excellency, my sword will turn over the keys to your servants, but they will find no such man on board my ship."

The search party went all over the ship, directed by the crew, and after probing into corners and peering in amongst the piles of silk and boxes of tea, no stranger was found. This was reported to the Viceroy, who said: "You have not searched this cabin; do so." I was wiled with excitement and alarm, but my relief was intense when my furtive glance showed me that the search party did not dare to risk their master to move from in front of the door. This relief was of short duration, for he again asked if they had searched everywhere. "Everywhere except in that apartment behind your excellency's chair. We will look there too; where is the key?" I now became thoroughly frightened, and, fumbling for some loophole to escape, I told the Viceroy that that was a locker where I kept my wares, and—I was ashamed to confess it to so high a ruler under the son of heaven—that I sometimes hid opium and other contraband articles there. Would his excellency forgive me if I begged that that place be kept unopened, as my precautions, if discovered, would cost me my post as Captain. "In that case," said the Viceroy, "I will save you from trouble by inspecting myself—the key!"

Doubtful whether to confess my complicity or to brave it through, I thought of the mysterious nature of the whole affair, and hoped that the strange passenger might, in some mysterious manner, have escaped. This straw of hope that drowning desperation clung to saved the day. I reached in my pocket and with trembling fingers pulled out the key. The Viceroy unlocked the door, opened it and closed it hastily behind him. My nerves were then so wrought upon that I could almost have heard the dew fall, and I fancied I heard a word within spoken very low. Then the door opened again, there was a rustle of silk robes, the door closed, and the Viceroy said in Chinese: "None there!"

I felt my heart throb with one great bound and things seemed to reel around me. When I recovered my composure enough to look up with pleased and grateful eyes I saw an expression I thought I recognized, and in an instant I knew what my own unstrung nerves and the regal robes had before concealed—the miserable cooie of the night before was none other than the Viceroy of the Province of Fuk-kiel, the absolute ruler of twenty-five millions of people. I had no longer a doubt that my mysterious passenger and the royal fugitive were the same, and that the Viceroy himself was convicting at his escape.

The ship sailed on time and Prince Ichang was landed safely in Hong Kong, where he lived under English protection until a severe illness let him him have that privilege most mortals enjoy—of dying with his head on.

Subsequent developments pointed to the fact that the Viceroy was influenced not only by personal friendship but by an enormous bribe with which the rich prince bought his own head, and that, fearing the treachery of any of his subordinates, he had planned and executed the escape entirely alone. Of my betraying him he had no fear, as the word of a "foreign devil" would then weigh nothing in a Chinese court.

Two years afterward I received from the Viceroy of Kwang Tung a gorgeous pair of axes and some magnificent embroideries, "in gratitude for past hostilities," and I found that my cooie friend had been promoted to the government of one of the largest provinces of the Empire.—Washington Star.

Force Expended in Climbing a Hill. The physical energy of force sometimes exerted by the human body under certain conditions is known to be astounding, but no one has ever taken the trouble to put before us that force in figures. Dr. J. Buchheister has now made a most interesting calculation on the "work done" by mountaineers in ascending heights, which will serve as an illustration. Supposing a mountaineer weighing 168 pounds is making the ascent of a summit 7000 feet high from the point of starting, he has to expend an amount of physical force by multiplying his weight by the height to be ascended. In the case assumed a weight of 168 pounds multiplied by a height of 7000 feet equals 1,176,000 foot-pounds; or, in other words, 1,176,000 pounds have to be lifted 1 foot.

This is work performed merely by the muscles of the legs; but, besides this, the contractions of the muscle of the heart have to be taken into account. Its function consists, as is well known, in propelling the blood collecting in the heart, on the one hand, into the arteries, and, on the other, into the lungs. This is effected at an initial velocity of 14 feet per second, which represents in the case of an adult a work of 4 foot-pounds for each contraction of the heart. The pulsations of an adult are on the average 72 per minute, but in ascending heights, owing to the additional exertion, their number is increased to an extraordinary extent.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE? VITAL STATISTICS UPON THE ALL-ABSORBING QUESTION OF DIVORCE. QUESTION much discussed of late, and one which possesses a widespread interest to young and old men, widows and maidens, is that ever-present problem, "Is marriage a failure?"

discussed matrimonial problem, and he presents odd facts and figures in regard to domestic infelicity that are worth considering. These help to determine whether or not divorce is increasing, the condition of marital relations, and other points relating to the question. The report of the Commissioner contains a variety of interesting points outside of the dry figures. He says that there are more cases of cruelty charged against wives than against husbands. In some of the cases in which husbands were complainants funny reasons are alleged as grounds for divorces. For instance, one man swears that his wife wouldn't sew buttons on his clothes. The affidavit of a witness is presented, testifying that this man was often seen with only one button on his vest. Another husband says his wife pulls all the clothing off him every night, leaving him to shiver until morning. A case possessing more than ordinary interest and showing low frail and heartless a young married woman may be that of a prominent couple taking their wedding trip. They left New York on the evening of their marriage. The bride happening to be left by her husband, who went away for the smoker for a few moments, was carrying on a very enthusiastic flirtation when her husband returned. This started a quarrel, which ended in an immediate separation, that soon terminated in a divorce.

Commissioner Wright gives a table showing that the duration of married life before divorce is 8.75 years for the husband, and 9.29 for the wife. There were 27,809 couples in the United States who lived together about four years before they sought divorce, 27,200 who tired of marriage relations at the end of three years, and 21,523 who preferred single blessedness in two years, while 16,622 were satisfied after one whole year. These figures do not lie.

Better than Faith Cure. There were five men of us and three women, besides the driver, who were staging it between two towns in Kansas. We set out at 7 o'clock in the morning for an all day's ride, and had not made over two miles when the oldest man in the crowd, who was from the Nutmeg State, and built on Yankee principles, suddenly exclaimed: "By gosh to quash!" "What's up?" asked one of the lot. "The top's loose! She hit me in that 'ere lower double tooth and I'm in for a bushel of trouble."

"Just try and not think of it," suggested one of the women. "Keep your thoughts on your family!" He tried it for two or three minutes, and a smile of affection came to his face. It suddenly died away, however, to be replaced by a look of ferocity as he yelled out: "Hang my family, but it don't work! Has anybody got any camphor?" Nobody had. We hadn't even a drop of whisky. One man had some tobacco, but the Yankee couldn't goit. The ache, once started, grew worse, and as he began growling a second woman suggested: "I've heard say as imagination has all to do with pain. Suppose you imagine you are sound asleep and dreaming of angels and such."

He tried it, and for a minute or two the ache let up. Then it struck him with a jump, and he seized his jaw and yelled: "Jerusha Jackson! but I'll be gaud darned if I ain't goin' to the right here? Driver, stop the wagon!" It was stopped and he panted to know how far it was to a town. He was told that it was twenty miles, and he fetched a groan a rod long and said: "It's got to be done! Driver, come down here!" "What do you want?" "You've got to knock it out! You are the biggest man in the lot, and I guess you kin hit a purty hard blow. Give me a lifter right here on the jaw."

Pains and Aches. In various parts of the body, more particularly in the back, shoulders and joints, are the unwelcome indications that rheumatism has gained a foothold and you are "in for it" for a longer or shorter period. Rheumatism is caused by toxic dirt in the blood, and is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which neutralizes the acidity and eliminates every impurity from the blood.

Never. A young lady asked an editor of an extraordinary question: "Do you think it right for a girl to sit on a young man's lap, even if she is engaged?" The editor told this extraordinary matter referred to. "Why didn't you say: 'If it was our girl and our boy, yes; if it was another girl and our boy, no; but if it was our girl and another fellow's lap, never! never! never! New Mississippian."

A Sign Which Failed. A gentleman, coming home at evening, spoke harshly to his little three-year-old, who was playing very noisily. The little lady dropped her playthings and retreated hastily to a corner. "What's the matter?" asked the father. "Well," said the child, "I've got a good girl all this day, and now she's come home and make trouble for me."

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