

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, EDITOR AND PROP.

MIDDLEBURGH, PA. MAY 8, 1890.

It is understood that all of the bank-note currency of the Italian Government is engraved and printed in the United States.

Hon. James G. Blaine says that the late General Schenck was one of the best debaters in five-minute speeches ever known in the House.

The curious discovery has been made that every Governor of Iowa since 1852 is alive and hale and hearty, and the only Democrat among them is the present executive.

It is said that nearly all the postal clerks and carriers who become thieves begin by stealing letters addressed to lottery agents, which they know are almost sure to contain money.

The Ladies League is the latest political organization. It flourishes in Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, and according to its founder, Arthur Jones, has 2700 members who have lost either an arm or a leg.

Some one has figured that there are in Denver, Col., thirty-one millionaires, whose aggregate wealth is \$16,500,000, and thirty-five non-millionaires, whose wealth aggregates \$17,500,000, making in all \$34,000,000 owned by sixty-six men.

Tornadoes are to have a new terror, it seems. A Louisville paper states that a family living forty miles from Louisville has been fatally stricken with a virulent fever, the germs of which, in the opinion of a prominent physician, had been carried a long distance by the late tornado.

An Ohio firm is in the market with six sets, compositions, orations, debates and such results of mental processes, for the use of college students at reasonable rates, and now, sarcastically says the Washington Star, the boys can devote more time than ever to the manly and muscular sports.

One of the finest pieces of work ever turned out at Mare Island Navy Yard, San Francisco, has just been completed. It is a whale boat built for King Madison, of Samoa. It is presented to him by this Government as a token of esteem for his kindness to American officers and sailors at the time of the wreck of the Trenton and the Vaadhala.

In one place in Charleston, S. C., says Harper's Weekly, the Stars and Stripes were exposed to public view without molestation all through the war. This was in a family vault in Magnolia Cemetery, the floor of which encased the coffin of Miss Susan Vanhook, of the United States Navy, showing plainly through the plate-glass doors of the vault.

Dr. Norman Reed is a prominent physician of Atlantic City, N. J. Lately he gave the following as his views to a New Yorker: "The great trouble with people in the large cities is that the liver, the head, the stomach, the system, to run down, their nerves give way. That's the state of affairs I always find. They eat too much, they sit up too late at night, they 'fuss' too much."

It is a fact, alleges the Atlanta Constitution, that side-whiskered men are seldom seen in young and busy communities. There is a good reason for it. Side whiskers are expensive. They make a man look dignified, and lead him to cultivate slow ways and a careful style of costume. In order to keep up first-class side whiskers, a man must have leisure and money. If he gets up early and rushes around town in a top-tailed coat, he will look out of place, and people will stare at him with pained curiosity. Atlanta as yet has very few side-whiskered men. They will come in time. When we have more wealth and leisure there will be a lot of solid old fellows here sunning their mutton chops on the promenade. But we must wait awhile.

It is hardly surprising, remarks the Detroit Free Press, that the Chinaman should be so fond of his ancestors when almost every observance which is had in honor of the dead winds up with a glorious feast for the living. It is a strange illustration of American cosmopolitanism that the Chinese of New York and Brooklyn should flock to the cemeteries on a given day, load the graves with roast fowls and other edibles, burn joss sticks and paper images in the most approved heathen fashion, and generally conduct themselves like genuine celestials. It is an equally striking evidence of the thrift and common sense of these Orientals that when the ceremony is over they invariably take the food which they have so generously presented to the spirits of the departed and themselves eat it.

GIVE A KIND WORD.

Do you know a heart that hungers For a word of love and cheer? There are many such about us; It may be that one is near. Look around you. If you find it Speak the word that's needed so, And your own heart may be strengthened— By the help that you bestow.

It may be that some one falters On the brink of sin and wrong, And a word from you might save him— Help to make the tempted strong— Look about you. O my brother, What a sin is yours and mine If we see that help is needed And we give no friendly sign.

Never think kind words are wasted, Bread on waters cast are they, And it may be we shall find them Coming back to us, some day. Coming back when sorely needed, In a time of sore distress. So, my friend, let's give them freely; Gift and giver God will bless.

—Eben E. Beaford, in the Housewife.

THE DOCTOR'S TRIAL.

Mrs. Chester had finished the tiny stockings, and folding her hands, leaned back in her easy chair and fell to musing, perhaps over the conversation of the morning, for, looking up a moment after into the face of her brother-in-law, who was turning over the evening paper, she said:

"Why don't you marry, Harry? I have been thinking over your string of complaints, traceable to your bachelor condition."

"She almost started at the latter word in her companion's look and tone as he answered her:

"Marry? Are you mocking me, Julia? Who would marry me?"

His rose as he spoke, and the movement gave emphasis to his words. His face, divested of its scornful look, was not handsome, but lovely as a woman's. Clustering curls of dark brown hair fell over a high white forehead, and large blue eyes, full of intelligence, were shaded by long, thick lashes, darker than the curling hair. The features were perfectly obedient; the straight nose, full lips and delicate chin were almost childlike in their soft outlines; but glancing from the face to the figure you understood the cause of the bitter question he asked.

From the effects of a fall when quite young, the spine was injured, and the figure nature had intended to be slight and graceful was terribly deformed. One knee, too, was injured, and his gait was slow and halting. Yet, despite his deformity, Dr. Chester was in full practice as a physician, and beloved by all. His patients declared that his soft hand brought healing in its touch; his brother physician spoke highly of his knowledge and skill, and the children stretched out their arms to be taken into his hushing their cries when his soft, musical voice met their ears, or his gentle, pitying face bent over them.

For a moment Mrs. Chester was silent, then, laying her hand on his arm, she said:

"I did not mean to pain you, Harry. I love you very dearly, my brother, and see you so universally beloved that I spoke only as I felt. I wish to see you happy, dear Harry, and I think you are too sensitive. With such a heart and mind as you can offer, any woman might be proud to call you husband."

A soft melancholy look crept over the doctor's face as his sister spoke; but he shook his head sadly as he replied:

"No woman shall have her life embittered by the care of such a poor cripple as I am, Julia. I can hear my sister's voice alone. One's clock. Where can Ralph be?"

"Here," said Mr. Chester, entering the room. "You should not have waited for me, Julia." And he proceeded to remove his overcoat and furs. "The cars were detained by the snow storm."

"Come, let's to supper," said his wife, after the greeting was over. "I sat up to see that you had it, nice and hot. Come, Harry, you will join us."

"Not to-night. Good night."

And the doctor went slowly out of the parlor. At the foot of the stairs his brother joined him. One could scarcely imagine a stronger contrast than the brothers. Harry, stunted, thin, and deformed; Ralph, tall, broad-shouldered, hearty and strong.

"You forget that I have come home, Harry."

And he lifted his brother's slight form in his strong arms and carried him up the stairs. It was an old custom, for the many stairs the doctor had to mount in his professional duties tired him sadly, and made this last one at night positively painful.

Harry was accustomed to this, yet that night, after he recovered his brother's tender "good night," he fastened his door, and, bowing his head on his hands, sobbed as a man sobs only in his extreme agony.

"Marry! How could I ever dream of love with this crippled form, these trembling limbs and this poor pale face! But I love her—love her with all the bitter agony of despair! And I have even thought she returned it—she, so bright, so full of life. Poor fool I, that took pity for love! Pity! It is only pity that makes her voice low and her eyes dim for me. It is pity that checks her dancing step and merry laugh—for me. She pities me, and I—I love her with all the wealth of a man's whole heart, touched for the first time."

The clock in the distant steeple rung out clearly in the frosty night the hours of two, three and four, and still the doctor sat with his head bowed in his hands, communing with his own heart. Morning's dawn still found him in the chair, but the faint light fell upon his upturned face, closed eyes and motionless form.

The same bright sun that shone on the pure, placid face of the sleeping cripple looked in at another window upon a different picture. Miss Lily Morton was standing at her bed-room window looking at the soft, white mantle of snow which had fallen during the night. The tiny bare feet that sank into the rich carpet were white as the snow outside, and the little figure was slender and graceful.

Miss Lily, though a belle and an heiress, was no sluggard, and the first rays of the sun on that bright winter's morning drove sleep from her eyes, and she sprang out of bed.

The face that pressed the window-pane was fair, with laughing blue eyes, bright rosy cheeks and pretty features; and the tangled masses of brown curls that fell over the fair, rounded shoulders were rich in color and profuse in their waxy luxuriance.

Lily had a habit when alone of thinking aloud, or rather, of talking to herself, and as she stood there, she said, softly:

"How white and pure it looks! I love the snow. I wonder if mother will let me go out to-night. She is so careful of me! It is so funny, too, for her to worry so, when I am never sick; I suppose it's because poor sister Annie died of consumption. Oh, how cold it is!"

And having arrived at this conclusion, she turned from the window and proceeded to dress herself for breakfast.

She was a coquettish little beauty, this heiress of mine, and her admirers were almost without number, for she was not only gay, bewitching and beautiful, but the only living child of a wealthy merchant. Her conquests in a society, far from making her proud or vain, seemed forgotten the moment she entered her own home; and her merry laugh, gay songs and happy face were truly the lights of that stately house.

Her mother was an invalid, suffering from a chronic complaint that kept her in her room years in and out, so Lily was the housekeeper. The servants followed her with their eyes as she flitted to and fro in the big house, calling her their pretty little empress, and many were the blessings whispered for her.

It was not in the gay circle where she reigned as a belle that Dr. Chester learned to love Lily Morton; it was in the pretty, cheerful room where her gentle, suffering mother claimed his professional care. Day after day he found her there, making her mother's life bright in defiance of pain, by loving, tender care and joyous, happy conversation. An hour would often be unobtrusively by the doctor, as he sat beside the invalid's couch and listened to the sweet voice that made such music to his heart. He did not know, but he guessed, whose gentle pity placed the easy chair ready for his poor crippled form, and the inmost care on his heart thrilled to the low voice that greeted him, and the touch of the soft hand that led him to his seat.

It was the morning of the bright winter's day after the night of the struggle, and Lily sat beside her mother, waiting for the doctor's visit. Her bright blue morning robe suited well her glowing beauty, and the little hands rivaled in whiteness the soft wool they were knitting into pretty shape. The doctor's chair stood ready for him; but the long morning passed, and he did not come.

Late in the afternoon he called, staying only long enough to attend to his patient, and then, for the first time, declined his seat, bowed and left the house. Weeks passed, and still these hurried visits were all that he paid; but the task told fearfully upon him. The pale cheek grew paler, and the bent form drooped more and more. Finally the day passed and he did not come, but news came that Dr. Chester was ill and not able to leave his bed.

Mrs. Morton lay on her couch, thinking of "poor Harry," as she always called him, when Lily stole softly to her side.

"Mother!" and the once laughing voice was now so low and full of sadness, and Mrs. Morton noticed that her cheek was unobtrusively pale—"I am going to see Mrs. Chester. I—I want to inquire if the doctor is very ill."

She stopped, for her voice was choked and her eyes were full of tears.

"Why, Lily! Lily, my child, what ails you?"

"Oh, mother, mother!" sobbed Lily. "I was always afraid he would die, he is so good, so learned, so different from other men. He has grown so pallid lately, and his face is so sad! Oh, mother, what shall I do if he dies?"

Mrs. Morton was utterly amazed. She saw how deep her daughter's love was for this young cripple, and her mother-heart was troubled, for the doctor was poor in worldly goods, besides being a cripple, and then he had given no token of love, spoken no word to her or the little sobbing beauty beside her, indicative of preference for her above other women. But, like a wise woman, she concluded to treat the passion tenderly, and trust to time for its cure.

"You may go, certainly, Lily," she said. "Give my love to Mrs. Chester, and ask if there is anything I can do for them."

Again the bright sunlight streamed into the chamber of the young physician. The cheek that lay upon the snowy pillows of the bed mocked their whiteness, and the thin hands seemed almost transparent in the bright light. The doctor's eyes were closed, but he did not sleep. Light steps crossed the room and he heard his sister's voice.

"Come in, Lily; he is asleep."

"Lily! His heart gave a sudden throb, but he lay still, then the sweet voice he loved fell on his ear.

"Stay here a minute, Lily," said Mrs. Chester. "I'll send Sarah for some medicine I shall want to-night."

They were alone together. The voice he loved grew trembling in its own emotion as she murmured:

"O God! spare his life! How can I live if he dies?"

"Lily!" She did not start—only bent over him. "I am here."

Lily! can you love me—me, stunted, cripple—" "Hush! You must not talk so." "Can you be my wife, Lily?" "Your wife! I am not worthy. You are so good—so far above me. Your wife! Oh, Harry! only live, and I will prove to you how deeply I love you."

There was not a loud word—only low, almost whispered tones, but she bent over him nearer, and kissed his broad, white forehead, and the crippled physician knew that for his heart and mind she loved him, and he had found his wife. —New York News.

A Hog's Affection for a Hen.

The large, blooded Poland-China boar Rob Roy III, owned in the town of Wayne, N. Y., says a New York Sun correspondent, has more than a local reputation, not only for his breeding, but for the fierceness of his nature. He is of enormous size. With the exception of his owner, he will permit no one to come near him, and the only other living thing on the farm that he ever had any friendship for was a dominick hen, which had been his almost inseparable companion and attendant for more than a year. The big hog has the run of half an acre of ground, and he has rooted that over and over again, for apparently no other purpose than to provide the hen with worms and other insects, without her having to take the trouble to scratch for them herself.

The hog and the hen could be seen any day in good weather making the rounds of the enclosure, the hog turning up the ground with his great snout, and the hen standing ready to seize the worm or bug the rooting revealed. The hog would watch the hen as she searched in the up-turned dirt for insects, the old fellow grunting contentedly the while, and apparently having no object in life but to root for the hen. When she had gone through one rooting of soil the boar would plow up another one, and keep on until the hen's appetite was satisfied. Then Rob Roy III, would stretch himself in the sun for a nap, and the hen would either wallow in the dust by his side, or perch on his body somewhere and wait for her big admirer to wake up.

The hen always took her place on the edge of the boar's snill trough when his feed was poured in, and picked out such morsels as his nosing about the trough brought to the surface.

A week ago another pig was turned into Rob Roy's enclosure, and the big hog tolerated her presence. She fed at the same trough with him, and all went well until Saturday. The dominick hen perched herself as usual on the edge of the trough at feed time. The new pig did not approve of this, and with a quick and savage movement, caught the hen by the neck and bit it in two before she could squawk. For a moment Rob Roy turned his head and gazed at the fluttering and pinpricking of the bleeding and headless body of his friend. Then he made one rush upon the dominick's slayer, and before his owner, who had been a witness of the hen's taking off, could interfere, Rob Roy had torn the other pig so frightfully with his long tusks that she died in a few minutes.

An Incident of a Spanish Bull-Fight.

A few years ago the inhabitants of Seville read with surprise, in the advertisement of an approaching bull-fight, this unusual notice:

"When the third bull shall have attacked the picadors and received three pairs of banderillas a young peasant, by whom it has been brought up, will appear in the ring. He will approach the bull, caress it, and, after removing the banderillas, one after another, will lie down between its horns."

The announcement of so singular a feat attracted an immense crowd to the amphitheater. The third bull appeared, an animal with splendid horns and very brave; it slew four horses, received the banderillas and became furious. Then, contrary to custom, all the toreros retired from the ring, leaving the bull stamping and shaking the bloody darts which hung from his neck.

All at once a long whistle was heard. The bull paused and listened. It was repeated. The bull approached the barrier, and a young man leaped into the ring, calling the bull by name. "Mosquito!" The animal knew its master came to caress him and was appeased. The peasant gave it his hand to lick, and with the other began to scratch it behind the ears—an operation which seemed to afford the brute much pleasure. He then gently removed the banderillas which annoyed the neck of Mosquito, made it go down on its knees, and placed his head between its horns. The grateful bull seemed to listen with pleasure to a pastoral melody sung by its master.

The admiration of the multitude, hitherto suppressed by surprise, burst forth with Andalusian violence and shook the building. Hearing this frenzied applause, the bull, till then under a charm, appeared to wake and return to reality. It suddenly rose, bellowing, and the peasant tried to escape. But it was too late. The animal, as though furious at being betrayed, tossed the young man into the air, received him again on its horns, gored him, trampled on him and crushed him to pieces, in spite of the efforts of the toreros. The performance was suspended—a phenomenon in Spain—and the horrified public quitted the circus in silence.

A Monumental Balloon.

M. Bartholdi, the well-known architect of the American figure of "Liberty," is engaged in designing a monument to commemorate the balloon service of the Franco-Prussian war, which is to be erected in the Square of St. Pierre, Paris. He proposes to construct a model of a balloon out of thick glass, with an iron-work netting. An electric arc lamp will occupy the centre and light up the whole interior.

Of the Same Mind.

Mrs. Dryson just returned from church—"What a weighty discourse that was of the minister's this morning." Mr. Dryson—"Yes, my dear, it struck me as being rather heavy."

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

THE FARMER FEEDS HIS ALL.

My lord rides through his palace gate, My lady swoops along in state, The sage thinks long on many a thing, And the maiden muses on marrying; The minister harpeth merrily, The sinner ploweth the forming sea, The huntsman kills the good red deer, And the soldier wars without a fear. But fall to each wane or befall, The farmer he must feed them all.

Smith hameth cheerily the sword, Priest preacheth pure and holy word, Dame Alice worketh broodery well, Clerk Richard tales of love can tell, The tap-wife soles her foaming beer, Dan Fisher fisheth in the mere, And courtiers ruffle, strut and shine, While pages bring the Gascon wine; But fall to each wane or befall, The farmer he must feed them all.

Man builds his castles fair and high, Whatever river runneth by, Great cities rise in every land, Great churches show the builder's hand, Great armies, monuments and towers, Fair palaces and pleasing bowers, Great work is done, but here and there And soil man worketh every where, But work or rest, wane or befall, The farmer he must feed them all.

HOW A COW MAY BE TESTED.

To test the ability of a cow to turn food into milk and butter several days' training will be required at first. During this time the food is gradually increased one-tenth each day, or more if it can be done safely, until the cow's ability to eat is discovered. When the highest point of this is reached steady feeding at the same rate is continued for a week and the produce carefully weighed, the quantity of food also being accurately measured. The gradual increase during the training period is also noted. It is not safe to continue the test more than a week, as, if the appetite falls off from excess of food given, the loss of yield is greater in proportion than the increase has been, and some time will be required to reach the normal product again. Many fine cows have been injured by this sort of experimenting, and some have been killed.—New York Times.

HOW TO KEEP HONEY.

All surplus should be removed from hives at the close of the honey season; if left it will soon become dark and have a solid appearance, and bees cannot protect a large surplus so well, and unless the hives are very close, robbers will find their way to the honey. Comb-honey should be carefully stored in a close building, so that bees cannot find it; not in cellars or underground repositories of any kind, but above ground, and have plenty of light and air, and at the same time prevent bees from entering. Comb-honey can be kept free from ants and other insects by placing it on tables the feet of which may set in basins of water and kerosene. Ants are very destructive to comb-honey; they puncture the cappings and destroy its appearance. Extracted honey should not, as yet, be kept in air-tight vessels, as it is still in process of ripening, and if the gas that is produced cannot escape it will burst the packages; hence, they should have a small opening at least. Extracted honey may be kept together in any quantity if pretty well ripened; if not, it should be in small quantities. Earthenware and tin are probably best for keeping extracted honey in, although kegs and barrels can be used, but should first receive a coating of beeswax inside. This can easily be done by pouring in melted beeswax and running it over the surface.—City and Country.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Fat vegetables require fat land. Don't plant in a restricted area. Girls, have a fine show of flowers. Farm for both profit and pleasure. Don't set aside your poorest land for the garden. Don't depend on the markets or neighbors for supplies. How many tradesmen and mechanics or lines of business are bankrupted on the farm? One bushel of corned is worth as many as three bushels of oats as food for feeding hogs.

"Management." This one word has more meaning on the farm than in any other place. Testes differ; if you are making butter to sell you must consult the tastes of your customers. It requires 13.80 pounds of skim milk to produce one pound of pure, sweet butter with cream; ratio 1.147 to 13.80.

Skim milk could not be recommended for fattening hogs unless it is a product which could not be obtained otherwise. Stand up like a man and meet your calling. You are your farm, although others may be in your farming.

The sweet cream will make a very mild flavor; if you prefer the taste to that of ripened cream, then the cream is settled so far as you are concerned.

You can churn sweet cream and get the butter out of it; you can get a slightly acid cream and get all the butter or you can churn thick, sour cream and get all the butter.

The seed-bed should be in good condition, which means manure, all manure thoroughly incorporated in the soil, harrowed and plowed and clods are reduced fine.

If you gather the butter in the before washing it you will have a butter with a decided buttermilk flavor. It is no objection to this—if one has it but it is not true butter-flavor.

All seeds, so far as possible, should be sown by drills, of which there are several excellent makes. The advantage of regularity of depth, even distribution and saving of seed are matters of importance, to say nothing of the amount of ground that can be sown in a day, which is a great saving of labor.

Stable and yard manure is made by many a complete manure, and is indispensable for market gardens. It has been demonstrated that a soil a combination of stable manure and commercial fertilizers have and will variably produce the best, and consequently the most profitable crops.

Have a place in which to deposit your manure. A shallow wooden cover over the trench with boards will prevent the manure from being blown away. This will give you a valuable fertilizer and rid you of much rubbish that is an unsightly encumbrance to your garden.

HORSES AT REST.

These are some curious facts about the disposition of horses to lie down. To a hard working horse repose is almost as great a necessity as good food, but tired he may be he is often shy about lying