

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, EDITOR AND PROP.

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"It is an indisputable truth that the best literary work to-day is being done by women," said Edward Bok in the Ladies' Home Journal.

There are more woman doctors to-day than ever before, and their number is rapidly increasing. It will soon be a privilege to be sick, exclaims the gallant Chicago News.

It will soon be an easy matter to go up Pike's Peak. All that will be necessary will be a five-dollar bill for a ticket on the railway train that will transport the tourist to the top with safety and dispatch. But a good deal of the old romance of going up slowly and with toil on a burro will have disappeared.

Worth, the Paris modiste, is trying to introduce hoops again, but even Worth, opines the Louisville Courier-Journal, can not make the sensible women of this day adopt such a hideous malformation, and his efforts are a failure so far, to the unbounded astonishment of the Frenchman. He has heretofore given women no credit for sense, and to be confronted with an evidence that they have some is calculated to place Monsieur hors de combat.

Mt. St. Elias is not a volcano—at least not now a smoking mountain—nor has there been a cataclysm there since the United States purchased it from Russia, but somehow, chronicles the Washington Star, the altitude of the great peak has shrunk about six thousand feet since the exploring party measured it. Mr. Russell's figures are more coldly modest than those of the old geographers, and Mt. St. Elias is not the tallest North American mountain.

The English electrical papers, in commenting on the great success achieved in Washington by the electrical census tabulating machine, which enabled the authorities to deal with the large returns with such admirable expedition and absence of confusion, express the hope that a similar arrangement will be adopted in the approaching census in England. The staff set aside for the purpose at Washington was able, by means of the electrical machines, to count the entire population of the United States in ten days of seven working hours each. The population of the civilized world, putting it at 650,000,000, could thus be counted by the same staff in 100 days, and the entire population of the earth, including Asiatics and savages, is estimated at 1,300,000,000, could be similarly determined in less than 200 days.

The New York Sun recently printed a sketch of the Arabian quarter of the big city. It appears that Arabesque along Washington street from Battery place to Carlisle street, and are now spreading along to Morris and Rector streets on the lower west side of the city. Very few of the "swarthy sons of the desert" wear their own picturesque garb after they have dwelt in New York a short time. They live in clusters in the mean old houses of that region of the city in which they have taken up their abode. There are a few wholesale dealers among them, but nearly all of them are peddlers of trinkets, napkins and cheap Arabian wares, earning from ten cents to ten dimes a day. It is rare to find any of them able to mutter more than half a dozen words of English. They are not a vicious element, and are wholly free from crime. They do not drink liquors or beer, but some of them take a little of the grape juice which is prepared by an Arab in the city. They do not mingle with any of the other races in New York.

Naming colts as they are brought into the world on a big stock-raising farm might seem to be a simple operation; but, just as when the parents of a dozen children find themselves short of names and have to resort to a Biblical or classical terminology, so do the owners of a lot of horses kept for the purpose of raising horses for the turf find themselves short of names. Who has failed to notice the odd nomenclature of the race-course? asks the New York Sun. The proprietor of a farm and a big lot of thoroughbreds in Pennsylvania has made a rule for himself. To all the colts born in the first year, under his rule, he gave names beginning with A, in the second year B, and so on. He put the idea into practice eight years ago, and reached the letter H last year. Sometimes there are queer combinations of names. For instance, last year a colt was named Harmony, and this year his brother had tacked to him the name Impudence. As the breeder has fifteen colts this year to be named with names beginning with the letter I, he confesses himself puzzled to originate attractive and original names enough to go around.

AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life; An' even when you find them, It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind And look for the virtue behind them. For the cloudiest night has a hint of light Somewhere in its shadows hiding, It is better by far to hunt for a star, Than the spots on the sun abiding. The current of life runs ever away To the bosom of God's great ocean, Don't set your faces 'gainst the river's course And think to alter its motion, Don't waste a curse on the universe— Remember, it lived before you, Don't butt at the storm with your puny form— But bend and let it go o'er you, The world will never adjust itself To suit your whims to the letter, Some things must go wrong your whole life long, And the sooner you know it the better, It is folly to fight with the infinite, And go under at last in the wrestle, The water man shapes into God's plan As the water shapes into a vessel, —Ella W. Wilcox, in the New York Weekly.

The Colonel's Wedding.

They were all down at the "station," Colonel Legare, Major Huges, Squire Hammond and Lank Smollet, the village constable. They represented the learning and wealth of Spotted Squash Crossroads, and the lesser loungers formed a semi-circle at a respectful distance and waited for the words of wisdom and barbed shafts of wit which they knew by experience were sure to flow from the lips of the four aristocrats. The warm October sunshine threw silhouettes of the four great men upon the rough pine boards of the station platform. The air tingled with suggestions of fox hunting and "partridge shooting." A flock of noisy crows circled around with querulous caws, and settled down upon the topmost branches of the pines overhead. A razor-back trotted across the clearing just out of stone shot, and grunted derisively as Hank Dupree vainly tried to hit him with a pine cone. Several forlorn hens scratched eagerly between the railroad ties for imaginary worms, and picked the rusty rails angrily when the certain failure of their enterprise became apparent to them. The stillness had become painfully audible, when Lank Smollet spoke: "Colonel, this is a powerful fine day." "Mighty fine, sir, mighty fine!" replied the Colonel, as he swept the distant horizon with an approving eye. "Pears as if it might rain, though, Colonel, don't you think?" asked Squire Hammond. "Not a bit—" began the Major, but the Colonel stopped him with an angry frown. "I think, sir, that the Squire was addressin' me," said the Colonel. "I apologize, Colonel. I felt so sure what you are about to remark that I took it for granted." "Never take anything for granted, sir!" replied the senior officer. "It's a habit, sir, that I have always found likely to entail disastrous consequences." Here the Colonel paused and cut off a large piece of navy plug, which he conveyed with the air of a connoisseur to its proper resting place. Then he glanced around at his companions. They were strangely uncomfortable. The Major was particularly crestfallen; but that was of course due to his recent bad break. There was something the matter with them undoubtedly. Nearly every man had his jack knife in his hand and was balancing it carefully on his forefinger, or tossing it abstractedly from one hand to the other. The Colonel saw the jack-knives and at once realized the situation. He took his own "Rogers" from his pocket, picked up a piece of pipe and began to whittle. The effect of this seemingly unimportant action was remarkable. Every other man present signally relaxed, leaned forward, and picked up a piece of soft pine and began to whittle assiduously. They all had been waiting for the Colonel to begin. The rules of etiquette at Spotted Squash Crossroads are very strict. "You were saying, Squire," said the Colonel, "that you thought it was going to rain." "I beg your pardon, Colonel," replied the portly Squire, "I said it pained as if it might rain." "All the difference in the world. But, speaking of the rain, that reminds me of one of the biggest rain storms that have ever been seen, sir, in the whole of Richmond County." The Major started to speak, but Lank Smollet, who knew by experience how to deal with the Colonel, promptly checked him. The Colonel sighed, and, having whittled away his first piece of pine wood, picked up another and began to whittle and speak simultaneously. "It was in the year '57—eighteen—fifty-seven—sir, and the worst winter that we had experienced in Georgia in many years. There was no snow, but plenty of mean, drizzling rain and hard sleet. All the creeks were ice-bound, and I used to have a big iron bar on my washstand to break the ice in my water pitcher every morning. It was mighty hard to get a fire hot enough to cook victuals on, and the sheets were so cold that we had to wrap ourselves in bearskins before going to bed to keep from freezing to death. Crying became a positive luxury to the women and children that winter, for the tears would freeze in their eyes before they had a chance to weep them. When my mother and sisters wanted to cry they'd have to steam their eyes over a kettle of boiling water." The Colonel paused and gazed pensively at the razor-back, which had stamped the group of hens and was at that moment eating pine moss with great relish. "I was a young man, then," he continued, with a reminiscent sigh, "and, though I say it myself, I was as fine a

looking youngster as any south of Mason and Dixon's line—or north, either. There were few women in the country who weren't ready to worship the ground I walked on. I could drink with the best of 'em, and was celebrated as a dullest from Tennessee to Florida. Before I had twenty-one years old I had been but eleven times—eleven times, sir, by heaven! and at last I got to be so famous that there were mighty few men who had the courage to call me out. Why, my duel with Tilly at Sandbar Ferry was the talk of the county. "It was in the February of that year that I married Mrs. Legare. We had been engaged for over a year, according to custom, and I was impatient to make pretty Tilda Clayton my bride. My father, Judge Legare, made the preparations for the ceremony on a grand scale, befitting a family whose ancestors had marched with Oglethorpe and given their best blood to the wars of their country. "In those days a gentleman was married in an aristocratic way. There was no wedding ceremony in a church, but the wedding took place at the house of the bride, and the minister came to us—we didn't go to the minister. In our case, however, as my bride was my father's ward and lived with us, the ceremony was of course performed at the Legare mansion. It took place at 9 o'clock in the night, and was attended by so many patrician people that the guests filled the great house from top to bottom. We killed ten hives and forty head of sheep for the wedding dinner. It took fifty hands to wait upon the guests, and they were kept busy all the time. The dinner was eaten before the ceremony, as the minister whom we had engaged was suddenly taken sick, and it took three hours to fetch another one. It was a great success, and the guests were in high humor for the nuptial rites. The clergyman rode up soon after the dinner was over, and Mrs. Legare and I stood up before him, with the eyes of three hundred onlookers upon us. "Suddenly, and without any warning, there was a frightful burst of thunder, followed by a terrific downpour of rain. How that rain did come down! The drops were as big as cannon balls, and we found the next morning that the outside shingles of the roof had been splintered to kindling wood. A servant who tried to run across from the house to the servants' quarters was struck senseless by the rain, and was a gibbering idiot for the rest of his days. It was terrible, sir, terrible! "Most of those present were for postponing the wedding till the next day, but I wouldn't hear to it, and the minister proceeded with the ceremony. "Just as he was saying: 'Do you take this woman,' etc., one of the ladies screamed and fainted dead away. She had been standing near the door leading into the hall, the floor of which was a little lower than the room where we stood. Dr. Smithkins looked out into the hall and started back with a cry of alarm. Then we all rushed to the door

"The floor of the hall was covered with water which was within an inch of the room where the ceremony was going on, and rising at the rate of a foot a minute. The next moment the water poured into the room, and all of the ladies who had not fainted gathered up their skirts and jumped upon the chairs and sofas. "Pretty remarkable rate, Colonel, wasn't it?" asked the Major, deferentially. "Yes, sir," replied the Colonel, testily. "It was remarkable. Everything about this story is remarkable, and the most remarkable thing about it, sir, seems to be that some men, sir, seem to know more about other people's stories than they do about their own!" and the Colonel fairly glared at Major Huges as he picked up a fresh stick and kept on whittling. The Major, crushed for the third time, again subsided, and the narrator continued. "I realized that it was a time for action, and gave speedy instructions to the servants, who were nearly crazy with fright. We hastily carried the ladies up to the floor above, and the servants followed with the finer articles of furniture. The carpets, all of the finest Axminster looms, had already been ruined, but that, although it entailed the loss of several thousand dollars, meant little to us in those days. "We made the ladies as comfortable as possible, and made two of the biggest men servants swim down to the landing to get all the battens. They had to hold wooden fire-boards over their heads to keep from being stunned by the rain drops. "The water in the meantime kept coming higher and higher, and finally reached the second floor. We were obliged to make another move to the third story, and most of the ladies became hysterical. That added to our discomfort, and before long Mrs. Legare was the only woman in the crowd who was in full possession of her senses. "Then I remembered that the ceremony was still unfinished. I was not superstitious about it, but I hated to leave anything undone, so we stood up in our dripping garments and were married. "The last words had just been pronounced when we felt the floor trembling. We rushed to the windows and looked out. The house was floating away!

"Upon learning this we were all terribly scared and those of the ladies who had recovered from their hysterics commenced to scream in a frightful way. They would not be quieted, but ran from room to room like frightened deers—as they were. "The big house rushed on at a frightful rate, pushing its way through the tree tops like a pointer through a field of sugar cane, and I soon discovered that we were floating upon the swollen bosom of the Savannah River. Just then I heard a cry outside, and, looking out, saw the two colored men in a bateau towing a dozen others. We were saved.

"Followed by all of the male guests and most of the servants, I jumped into

the bateau and seized a paddle. The others did the same, and after attaching the boats to the house by long ropes we started out to paddle back up stream. It was a prodigious undertaking, and several paddles snapped in two under the severe strain. We worked hard, however, and after several hours of hard paddling towed the mansion back to its original place on Tweedy's Hill. "I say the original place, but that is wrong. The mansion formerly stood several hundred feet higher up on the hill than the place where it now is, but the water had fallen so much during our absence that we were unable to place it upon the old foundations."

"Is that all of the story, Colonel?" asked Lank Smollet, who had heard it before. "Not quite, sir, not quite. The lower part of the house had been so long under water that it had been swelled to several times its original size, which accounts for the fact that the Legare mansion is now shaped like a pyramid."

The Colonel commenced whittling another stick, and his audience remained silent. Then the Major yawned, got up, stretched himself and looked due south, while the others, collectively and individually, followed his example. The train was coming in.—New York Sun.

An Intelligent Turtle.

J. H. Brobaska, the well-known conductor on the Northern Pacific Railroad, is noted for his fondness for dumb animals of every description, and if he had retained all the "pets" he has possessed at various times, he would have a fair start in the way of a zoological garden of his own. Probably the most novel of all his experiences in this line, as related by himself, recently occurred on the lake near this city.

Some time last summer, while strolling about near the city, he came across two small turtles, lively little fellows of the water species, and succeeded in capturing them. He placed them in his coat pocket, took them to Spokane Falls, and there provided them with a miniature aquarium in his room and commenced their domestication and education. One of them the tutor named "Pat," and the other one he called "Pete." Pat had evidently at some time in his life been a hod-carrier, for on his back was a white spot as if caused by a drop of plaster falling upon it. As winter approached and Mr. Brobaska was absent from his room a great portion of the time, he became solicitous for the welfare of his little proteges, and finally decided to bring them back to the Cour d'Alene Lake and set them free. Accordingly they were again placed in his pocket, and in due time returned to their native element.

A few days ago, while Mr. Brobaska and some friends were rowing upon the lake, the former espied a small turtle swimming upon the surface a short distance from them. He instantly stretched out his hand to the uncouth voyager and called out, "Pete, Pete, come here, old boy!" But as the summons was not obeyed, he changed the salutation to "Pat, Pat!" At the pronunciation of the magic name the little paddler stretched out his neck, turned his head, and as the call was repeated, changed his course and swam fearlessly to the boat, where he climbed into his master's hand, was placed in the latter's pocket, and has again become a citizen of Spokane Falls. Mr. Brobaska hopes in time to find "Pete" again and recover him in the same way.—Cour d'Alene (North Dakota) Times.

A Volcano as an Incubator.

The volcano of Bogoslor, on an island of the Aleutian group, off Alaska, which suddenly burst into activity last winter, and whose flaming summit could be seen for sixty miles, was visited during the summer by several officers of the United States revenue cutter Itush. The volcano is only 200 feet above the sea level. When the crater was opened by the submarine earthquake it is thought volumes of water rushed in which caused the dense clouds of steam that had been arising ever since. From a fissure at the base of the mountain rose a boiling sulphur fountain. The officers ascended to the crater, and on looking over the edge the steam could be seen in endless quantities rising from unknown depths. Rumbling noises, like thunder, were heard, and the air was impregnated with sulphur. One of the most curious facts discovered was that ocean birds used the island as a natural incubator for their young. Thousands of gulls flew away at the approach of the Itush and left behind them, along the sides of the volcano, eggs in all stages of development. The Itush brought an immense walrus hide, fifteen feet long, to be placed on exhibition at the world's fair. It will be first sent to the Smithsonian Institution to be prepared.—Chicago Herald.

Fined for Loving.

In 1649 Reading fined three married women five shillings each for scolding. This was a common offense, according to the judicial records, says the Boston Globe.

One Matthew Stanley was fined £5 for winning the affections of John Tarbox's daughter without her parents' consent. Connecticut, in 1636, would not allow any young unmarried man to keep house, but Windsor in 1652 permitted Isaac Sheldon and Samuel Rockwell to keep house together, "so they carried themselves soberly and did not entertain idle persons by day or night."

Husking often gave rise to a degree of festiveness that worried the magistrates. In Long Island, where the customs were very like those of New England, one James Chichester, at a corn husking in 1661, found a red ear and said that he must kiss "Bette" Scudder. The endearments ended in a scuffle, whereat Goody Scudder interposed. The result was a summons before the Town Court and a fine of twelve shillings with costs for James, who probably eschewed red ears thereafter.

Sanilac County, Michigan, has a first class jail, but it is without an occupant.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

An electric bicycle, to run upon a wire, is one of the newest wheeling inventions.

Dr. Sequard claims that his elixir has cured intermittent fever, neuralgia, rheumatism, insomnia and leprosy.

The Academie de Sciences has submitted a new system of musical notation in which twenty-seven characters replace the 203 symbols now employed to represent the seven notes of the gamut in the seven keys.

The Urania, of Berlin, is an institution containing well-appointed telescopes, microscopes and other instruments for public use. In its first year it has been visited by about 100,000 persons, who have been benefited by about 1000 lectures.

Dr. Regnard finds that decomposable substances resist putrefaction when under a pressure of 600 to 700 atmospheres. This corresponds to a depth of 3000 or 4000 fathoms at sea, and indicates that corpses sunk in great depths may be indefinitely preserved.

If a box six feet deep were filled with sea water and allowed to evaporate under the sun, there would be two inches of salt on the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic.

A machine for automatically blowing a fog whistle has just been patented. A vessel equipped with the machine may travel at any rate of speed and continue to blow one or three blasts of the whistle per minute while proceeding through fog. Many steamers use it—on the lakes, for instance.

In a paper on "Liquid Crystals," a German chemist reports the discovery of some most curious organic liquids, which when examined in drops under the microscope by polarized light, show definite axes of elasticity, just like crystals. This is pronounced one of the most remarkable of recent discoveries in molecular physics.

The Edison phonographic doll has now got up to 135 words in speech. For a long time only 70 words could be packed into the compact little frame, and it was therefore deterred from saying a great many interesting things. In the course of time the Wizard of Menlo Park may make his dolls talk as freely as human beings. It is all a matter of combination.

At the French Association meeting, M. Cobes, of Buenos Ayres, contended that all living animals have a surface of absorption and respiration; and that oxygen introduced by hypodermic injection is absorbed by the capillaries in the same way as when inspired by the lungs. The hypodermic respiration thus set up is suggested as likely to be useful in lung disease.

One of the most excellent of recent innovations is the introduction of metal ceilings in place of wood and plaster. These ceilings do not shrink or burn like wood; they will not stain, crack or fall off like plaster, but being permanent, durable, fireproof and ornamental, will eventually supersede both wood and plaster, besides being in the end far more economical than either.

The United States cruisers Chicago and Boston are to have their bottoms painted with two kinds of anti-rust, non-corrosive mixture before they leave the navy yard again. The object of putting on two kinds of paint is to test their relative merits as to preventing the pitting of the plates and the development of seaweed and other marine growths on the submerged portions of the hull.

Florida's "Sinks."

Among the many natural curiosities of Central Florida none attract more attention from the native and the Northern traveler than the many small ponds in the section where they abound as "sinks." They are usually of irregular, round or oval shape, and are found scattered throughout the pine forests. Generally speaking they have neither visible supply nor outlet, and yet their level scarcely ever varies from one season to another. They are not supplied by rains, since they are generally found in perfectly flat sections, where there is but little, if any, drainage. Their waters are perfectly pure, sweet and cold, as a rule, indicating hidden springs as their source of supply. Some of them are very deep, one in particular, in Leon County, which has a depth greater than the combined lengths of all the sounding lines in the neighborhood. Nearly all of the Florida "sinks" contain fish, which, on account of the crystal clearness of the water, may be seen many feet below the surface. How these "sinks" manage to maintain a uniform level; whether the evaporation just balances the supply or whether they have subterranean outlets as well as inlets is still a matter of speculation. Possibly the now generally accepted idea that the whole of Florida rests upon a bed of coral as a foundation may offer some explanation of these facts. As the matter now stands, these "sinks" present the strange spectacle of ponds that are not affected by drought or rain, maintaining the same level from year to year. Orlando, the county seat of Orange County, has one of the largest and most remarkable of these "sinks" upon its eastern outskirts, almost within the limits of the town. It covers between one and two acres, and like the others of the same section is always pure and sweet.—Commercial Advertiser.

A Beeswax-Laden Ship.

The old legend of the beeswax-laden ship, wrecked many, many years ago on the Oregon coast, has again received confirmation. William Edward, who lives on the Nehalem River, arrived at Astoria the other day, bringing with him 250 pounds of beeswax which he had picked up with the assistance of his daughter, Mimi Garite, on the coast near the Nehalem. The oldest white inhabitants of that section do not remember hearing of a wreck, but Indians living in that part of the country say that it was wrecked over one hundred years ago.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Bill Nye's Attempt at Dignity.

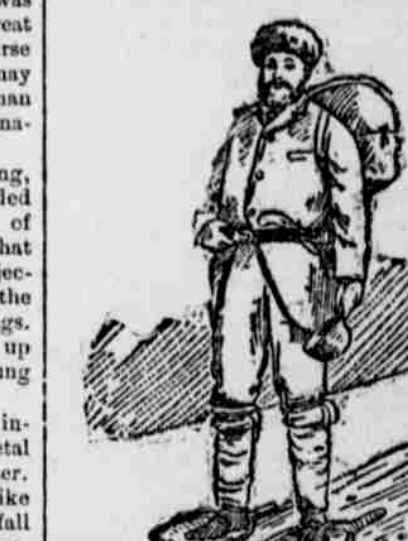


Wax people are noted for their dignity and repose. They have no brains, but they never forget to be dignified. I hate dignified people, writes Bill Nye in the New York World. I never tried to be dignified but once, and that was two weeks ago. I wore a handsome new frock coat and suit of dark blue and a new shining Russia iron silk hat, to drive my family over the Finger Bowl road on Staten Island and on to South Beach. I was proud and haughty, dressed up, serene and mentally vacant in order to look dignified. People who saw us driving thus afterward paid me a high compliment by telling my wife what a dignified and thoroughly clerical-looking coachman she had.

Since that I have not tried to look dignified.

600 Miles on Snowshoes.

Mr. J. W. Phillips, a resident of Toronto, is preparing for a winter's sojourn in the woods of Newfoundland, where he has what is called a "timber limit" of 250 square miles. It was in connection with this lumber enterprise that, some seasons ago, Mr. Phillips undertook one of the most perilous journeys on record. One day in the dead of winter he started to walk on snowshoes from his mill at



PHILLIPS ON HIS JOURNEY.

Point Limington to Bay d'Espoir, a distance of 250 miles. At the latter point he hoped to catch a steamer for St. John, but in this he was disappointed. Thereupon he decided to cover the intervening 350 miles on foot.

He had a terrible experience. Dangers from avalanches of snow struck him continually. Then wolves beset his trail and followed him closely. He was obliged to kill deer and leave the bodies untouched that the wolves might eat them instead. Twenty-two days after leaving his mill Mr. Phillips reached St. John. He had covered 600 miles on snowshoes, carrying all the while a pack weighing forty-five pounds.

Inroads of Civilization in Africa.



Mr. Stanley writes to us, saying that "the advertising sign painter is doing his share toward the civilization of the female portion of the dark continent."

ELIMINATE THE DRINK FACTOR.

"Until the drink factor is eliminated from the problem there can be no successful solution of the wage question or any other question that relates to the betterment of the working classes. Any system of social reform that does not take full cognizance of the vast and awful waste of property and human life caused by the drink traffic fails at the vital point and cannot succeed. As long as the saloon and gin palaces crowd the streets of our cities and towns, so long are poverty and misery the inevitable condition of vast multitudes of our people. Universal peace, happiness and prosperity are not possible in a country that knows such a thing as the saloon."—New York Mail and Express.

A Tooth Sold for \$3,500.

The hat worn by Napoleon at Eylau was sold in Paris in 1835 for \$400. The coat worn by Charles XII. at the battle of Pultowa brought over \$100,000. A wig that once belonged to Sterne, the great English writer, was sold at public auction at London a few years ago for \$1,050. In 1816 a tooth of Sir Isaac Newton was purchased by a nobleman for \$3,650. The buyer had a costly diamond removed from his favorite ring and the tooth set in its place.