

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, Editor and Prop.

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Over two thousand schools in Pennsylvania outside of Philadelphia are already supplied by the respective boards with free text books.

It is stated that one man has recently moved from New York to Brooklyn for no other reason than that smoking cars are run on the Fulton street elevated road in the latter city. He says he is too busy to smoke at his office and his wife will not let him smoke at home.

Mr. Mallock has been estimating how much money English people would have spent if all that there is in the country were distributed equally. He states that the gross income is \$550,000,000, and that there are 8,500,000 families in the United Kingdom. That would give \$75 to each family.

London has 1000 ships and 2000 sailors in its port every day. It has on an average upward of 75,000 persons annually taken into custody by the police, 27,000 persons living in its own lodging houses, 25,000 persons annually arrested as drunk and disorderly, and more than one-third of all the crime of the country is committed within its radius.

It does not often happen, because patients are not often so generous nor practitioners so scrupulous, that a physician returns a check for \$500, voluntarily tendered, on the ground that the medical services rendered had not been worth so much money. This incident, pleasant to circulate, happened the other week in Philadelphia, and is recorded by the Medical News, of that city.

Next to Gato, was learned Greek at eighty-nine, Mrs. Olive Taorae Miller, the writer on birds, is probably the most remarkable example of what can be acquired after school days proper are past, declares the St. Louis Republic. She was beyond middle age before she could distinguish an owl from another. She had a friend, an enthusiastic ornithologist, however, and in her endeavor to be a sympathetic companion to the bird lover Mrs. Miller's own interest was

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"Mad miners" is the term used to describe a class of workmen employed to labor in a tunnel which is being built as a conduit for gas under the East River from New York to Brooklyn. The pressure of compressed air is so great in the tunnel that even strong men labor only two hours and are then taken to the surface to recuperate. Recently there have been several deaths in the tunnel. So frequently have accidents been summoned to the entrance that the police authorities are making an investigation with a view to lessening the danger to the workmen, who are in future to be examined by a physician before descending into the shaft.

Unexpected turns of the wheel of fortune, elevating the unknown to places of power and degrading the mighty without warning, France leads the Nations, not excepting America, where the grandson of the millionaires may black boots for the grandson of the crossing sweeper. The installation of Miss Gravy in the Elyses is a happy instance. She was the daughter of a tanner, and earned her living in Paris as a bonnet maker. When she married, her whole fortune was less than \$500; at her death she leaves something like a quarter of a million to her daughter. She did not invent an armistice with her promotion, nor assume the airs with her rich gowns. Her manners were characterized by simplicity, her associates were carefully selected to the smallest detail, and she set her face against court etiquette.

The Chicago Herald says: "Home rule is growing epidemic. Scotland will never be content until it has its own local legislature. Wales will not submit long to foreign regulation of local affairs. On the continent signs are growing constantly that the people want to bring local government nearer and nearer to the sources of taxation. Norway and Sweden were cited by Mr. Gladstone.

After dinner established himself on a deck-chair in the veranda, and, reverently gazing Trichinopoly, abolished all thoughts of his nephew, and gave himself up to a lazy contemplation of the effect the moonlight on the sea. But he little more than half way through of his first cigar when Wilks marched, saluted, and came to attention. The colonel was a little short of breath, and after dinner, so he merely idled his head and said: "Well?"

DISCONTENT.

The landsman through a stormy street, And shades of night, was going; The ground was paved with shifting slat— The wintry wind was blowing.

"Heaven pity grant, and help," said he, "To those who live upon the sea!"

The sailor clinched a trembling mast, 'Mid mountains round him flung; While through the darkness, thick and fast, The wintry winds were blowing;

"Heaven save the landsman's soul," he said, "With chimneys toppling round his head!"

But when the world grew mild once more, This tar, despondent growling, Said, "If I could but walk the shore, Though all the winds were blowing!"

The landsman thought, "Though storms there be, I would that I could sail the sea!"

—Will Carleton, in Harper's Bazar.

The Colonel's Romance.

One who saw Colonel Alured Turner stopping jauntily down St. James street on a summer morning could fail to observe that the little gentleman was on very good terms with himself. And, indeed, the Colonel had everything that makes life worth living. He was just fifty; his liver and his digestion were in good condition; he had a charming set of rooms in Piccadilly overlooking the Green Park; his soldier servant was absolutely irreproachable.

On this morning, the Colonel, on turning over his letters came upon an oblong pink envelope adorned with a gilt monogram, and addressed in a nervous feminine hand. As no presentiment warned him of the terrible consequences about to spring from that innocent looking note, he smiled, for he recognized his sister-in-law's hand writing, and guessed that she was making some belated appeal to his knowledge of the world. He opened the pink envelope with the handle of a fork, as was his wont, and read an impassioned summons to call on the writer that afternoon (doubly underlined), and remained his very affectionate Selina Turner.

About half-past four the Colonel, having enjoyed his after-luncheon cigar and doze, strolled, a rosy and trimly groomed figure, toward his sister-in-law's house. "Oh, Alured," she exclaimed, as soon as she had ascertained that the servant had quite shut the door. "I am in such distress! That wretched boy of mine!"

"Well, well, Selina," said the Colonel, "what has he done? Don't give way." "Oh, but how dreadful it is! Only think, Alured, he's going to be married!"

"My dear boy," said the philosophic uncle, laying his hand upon his nephew's shoulder, "take my advice: Have as many love affairs as you like, but don't think of marrying until you are thirty."

"Ah, that is all very fine for you," replied Charles, somewhat mollified; "but I've nearly ten beautiful years to wait till then."

"Ten very excellent years," said the Colonel, "and you do not waste them."

"No, sir."

The Colonel paused to think over the news. His Trichinopoly was three-quarters full; so he hurried the stump into the darkness and watched it turn over and over on the gravel, emitting a shower of sparks like a squib. Then he carefully lit another cigar, and, with a deep sigh—for he loved his ease—said: "Call me at 8 to-morrow, Wilks. Good night."

"Good night, sir." Next morning Colonel Turner put his poor little plan into action. Soon after breakfast, therefore, he appeared on the parade with his patent leather boots and gold-rimmed eyeglass flashing in the morning sun, and took up his position on a seat which commanded, but not too ostentatiously, the main entrance to the Porpoise. He had not long to wait. He soon became aware that his nephew was in the hall of the Porpoise, giving orders to the porter; and so he rose and strolled gently toward the pier, rightly judging that Charles would not tarry to the left and go toward the outskirts of the town, at any rate, so early in the day. In a few moments the Colonel turned short around and retraced his steps, and then uncle and nephew met face to face.

"Hullo, uncle!" "Hullo, Charles! What are you doing down here?" "Oh, I'm—Well, I'm staying here, don't you know?"

"I see. Like me, I suppose; taking a whiff of sea air in the middle of the season. And yet I haven't seen much of you in town, have I?" "Why—er—no—not much," he answered. "The fact is—come and have a drink," he blurted out with the sudden satisfaction of one inspired.

The Colonel was a moderate man, but he knew that wine warms the heart of boy even more than of man, and he was anxious to obtain his nephew's confidence. The result was exactly what the Colonel expected. They had not returned to the parade long before Charles, after nervously touching on indifferent subjects, suddenly turned to his uncle with the story of his first serious passion.

"Uncle, I want to get married." The Colonel consulted the lighted end of his Trichinopoly, as was his custom. "Where is she playing?" said he, after a pause. "Playing? She doesn't play." "Resting here, I suppose," went on the Colonel, who was a patron of the drama, and knew something of its vernacular.

"I don't know what you mean, uncle; she's a lady." "They all are," murmured the Colonel confidentially to a distant fishing smack. "She's a little older than I am," went on Charles still. "Of course," said the Colonel to the smack.

Charles flashed to the roots of his fair hair. "This is not a subject for chaff," he said indignantly; "when a fellow's wife is in love with another fellow, you know."

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meet her again, and trusted that he might have permission to call upon her.

In spite of Mrs. Marshall's protestations, the little Colonel departed, polite and smiling, promising to call on the following day, and leaving Charles, sulky and scowling and ill-used, to continue the promenade with what grace he might.

Colonel Turner was as good as his word. He called on Mrs. Marshall the next day, and on several following days, until at last Charles wrathfully discovered that youth was being distanced by middle age, and that he was being routed on his own ground by the uncles who were his despisers.

One evening when he called on Mrs. Marshall, after having been unable to see her all day, he was told that she was at home, but engaged.

The pretty maid seemed very unwilling to admit him, but under the influence of five shillings she decided to risk it and to show him upstairs. As he expected, he found Mrs. Marshall and his uncle quite content with their own company. He accepted their greetings very stiffly, and refused to be seated, for tragedy and a low, soft-cushioned armchair are incongruous things. So he remained standing, and steadfastly ignored his uncle.

"You did not expect me this evening," he began. "No, Charles," said the widow. "You never told me you were coming in; but you are always welcome."

"I was," returned Charles, "until a week ago; but now—" His voice failed him, and he paused. "But now, Charles? You are just as welcome as ever you were, and always will be."

He snook his head sally. "Not as ever I was. Things have changed, and you with them." "I do not understand you, Charles."

"I am afraid you will not; but there must be an understanding between us." "Please explain yourself."

"I will," replied Charles, rejoicing in his own eloquence, and beginning to enjoy his sufferings, for at twenty it is occasionally pleasurable anguish to place one's finer feelings on the rack, especially before an audience that takes matter seriously and does not jest at the martyrdom. "A few weeks ago I was always with you. You were always glad to see me, and never said you were not at home."

"Very true." "And now?" "Am I any less glad to see you?" "Am I with you as often as I was? Do I see you as often as I did?"

"I really don't know," said the widow, looking with a puzzled air at her vehement admirer; "but if you do not waste fault it is by your own fault."

Pennsylvania Legislature.

FIFTY-FIFTH DAY.—The following bills passed finally in the senate to-day: To authorize cities to appropriate property for public park purposes and providing for its condemnation in a proper manner of reducing the cost of corporations, and to provide for the election of township trustees was defeated for the second time. The senate then adjourned.

In the House these bills passed on third reading. To require towns to be built and maintained in Crawford county along railroads at the expense of the owners of the railroads; to prevent minors under the age of 16 years from gaining or pawning goods or using tobacco to empower courts of quarter sessions to fix the place of holding general elections.

The act to regulate the employment of railroad telegraph operators, prohibiting the employment of operators under 20 years of age, was discussed for some time and passed finally by 140 yeas to 23 nays.

The bill to establish boards of arbitration to settle all questions of wages and other matters of variance between capital and labor, came up in the House on final passage this morning, and was passed finally by a vote of 153 to 9. The House then went into committee of the whole to consider on third reading the Agnew Local option bill.

Mr. Cochran, of Armstrong, offered an amendment, which was adopted, that boroughs as well as cities be permitted to vote on the question of local option. The bill was further amended that election shall be held on this question every 10 years instead of every three years. The House refused to pass the bill, the vote of the committee by a vote of 65 to 46. The bill was then declared lost, and for this session at least is dead.

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KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

DEDICATION POSTPONED.—The Pennsylvania World-Fair Executive Committee has been notified by Executive Commissioner Farquhar of the indefinite postponement of the dedication of the State building at Chicago announced for May 3. Mr. Farquhar suggested that it might be dedicated during the encampment of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, later in the year.

PENNSYLVANIA'S CROP PROSPECTS.—HARRISBURG.—Secretary Edge of the State board of agriculture has received crop reports from correspondents throughout the state which indicate favorable conditions with respect to all the crops this year. It is estimated that about 1,300,000 acres are in wheat and 1,250,000 in oats.

VICTIM OF A MINE EXPLOSION.—WILKESBARRE.—By an explosion in the Black Diamond mine William George, aged 40, was killed, William Kellington, a laborer, was fatally burned, and three Hungarians whose names are unknown were slightly burned and otherwise injured.

RESCUED IN A SAWMILL.—SHARON.—While working in his sawmill at Hartbigg, this county, Charles Maskrey was struck by a flying board from the saw and the top of his head torn clear off. He was 25 years old.

A HUNGARIAN HIGHWAYMAN KILLED.—POTTSVILLE.—Lafayette Bullig, an insurance agent of this place, while on his way home from a collecting tour, was attacked by four Hungarian highwaymen. Bullig shot one of the men and succeeded in making his escape. He had \$800 with him. The wounded Hungarian died. His name is supposed to be John Shugart. The other highwaymen have disappeared.

A MONSTROUS BORN AT WILKESBARRE.—WILKESBARRE.—Mrs. L. M. Hinch, a Polish woman gave birth to a monstrous baby, grown together with whose breasts were its eyes. It died, despite the efforts of physicians, who say it was one of the most remarkable cases on record.

A CHILD HELD FOR MURDER.—WASHINGTON.—In the matter of the fatal stabbing of Smith Pearson, 14 years old, at Tommy Park, 11 years old at Inceville, the coroner's jury has recommended that the Pearson boy be held on the charge of wilful murder to await the action of the grand jury.

The bodies of Richard Williams and William Trembath were recovered on Saturday from Laurel Hill mine near Hazleton. The body of Thomas Hodgson, the third victim of the flooding of the mine, has not been found.

The defendants in the Morgan fratricide case were sentenced at the morning session of the court to 10 years in the penitentiary. Two of the sisters, Rebecca and Caroline, were given 10 years each, and Jennie three years.

ANNA, a little daughter of James Adair of Erie, while playing Saturday, set fire to her dress with a match and was burned to death.

HARRY HARRING, of Allentown, being reported by Annie Kutz, fired four shots at her Saturday afternoon, all of which took effect, and then shot himself. Both are expected to die.

DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENT WILLIAM SANDERS of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company entered the Gordon shaft, near Wilkesbarre, Friday afternoon for the purpose of examining some workings of the mine. Saturday his remains were found by a rescuing party. The supposition is that his lamp ignited a pocket of gas and his death caused there by.

Heavy rains have quenched the mountain fires. In Somerset county the loss will be \$1000.00. In Blair the burned area is fully 35 square miles. Six farm houses with their outbuildings in Morrisson County, 35 miles of cable and 1000 tons of stock were destroyed in that county. The greatest individual loss thus far reported is that of John Yending, which is given at \$6000. In Cambria, Fayette, Washington and Westmoreland the losses are widely scattered and the reports cannot be given definitely.

JOHN MOFFET, aged less than 17 years, is in jail at Harrisburg, with small stock of two horses and \$3.50 in money.

The Danville Insane Asylum is only barely enough to accommodate all of which there are 1,250 patients, being cared for there. Many of them are compelled to sleep on the floors and undergo other hardships.

At Ebensburg Thursday the court revoked the license of W. J. Cannon of Conemaugh because it had been shown that Cannon had given his three-year-old son whisky to drink.

A FIRE at North Clarion, destroyed the opera house, a boarding house and a store. Loss \$10,000. This town was completely burned out three years ago.

An explosion took place Monday morning in Black Diamond mine, Luzerne. William George was instantly killed, and William Wellington was fatally burned.

About 40 tailors went on strike at Franklin for an increase of 10 per cent in wages. Among them are a dozen women who did not want to go out. The employers refuse to pay any increase.

THREE sons of Bernard Rupert, a farmer near Beaver Falls, took oces from under a setting hen, ate them and nearly died from the dose.

PETROLEUM STATISTICS.

Production and Exports for the Past Year and Twenty Years.

According to the statistical abstract prepared by the bureau of statistics, the total production of petroleum in the United States for the twenty years ending with December 31, 1891, was 5,177,446 barrels, or 10,957,470 gallons. To hold this enormous amount of production would require 33,765 iron tanks of 35,000 barrel capacity. These tanks, if placed in a row with their sides touching, allowing each tank a diameter of ninety feet, would extend 2,315 miles, or over two-thirds the distance across the continent.

Our exports of petroleum for the same period were 9,225,670,148, nearly one-half the production, and their value reached the enormous aggregate of \$925,053,689.

The year of greatest production of this period was 1891, and of the smallest 1871. For the year 1892 the total production amounts to 41,560,000 barrels, and the exports were 740,965,257 gallons, valued at \$42,283,163. During the earlier years, when Russian competition was unknown, 152,100,000 gallons brought over \$30,000,000, or with an increase of 400 per cent, in the amount exported, the amount of money received was increased less than 60,000,000, or less than 20 per cent. But during the year 1871 the petroleum exported averaged over 20 cents per gallon, while for the past year the price averaged less than 6 cents per gallon. The price of refined has gradually declined with the increasing production and the declining prices of the crude product.

"DO YOU ENJOY YOUR HEALTH?" "Oh, course. Did you ever know of any one who didn't enjoy good health?"

"Yes, the doctors."—Quibs.