

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, Editor and Prop'r. MIDDLEBURGH, PA., JULY 13, 1903.

Mexico took over 6,000,000 bushels of corn from this country last year.

The Minister of Public Instruction in France has decided to establish 1000 more experiment fields in addition to the 600 that now exist in connection with the primary schools.

The Turks who are on exhibition at the World's Fair do not have a surfeit of the luxurious ease of which their Nation is proverbially fond. They are employed most of the time in carrying people about in palanquins, and sometimes the burden proves onerous. One who with a companion was thus transporting a corpulent woman was heard to murmur: "Accursed am I, and I kick my bones for the day that I first heard of Columbus."

Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, says that no person can be brought in close connection with the mysteries of nature, or make a study of chemistry or of the law of growth without being convinced that behind it all there is a Supreme Intelligence. He says that he hopes to be able some time to demonstrate the existence of such Intelligence through the operation of these mysterious laws with the certainty of a demonstration in mathematics.

A Lowell (Mass.) man gave a surgeon now practicing in Great Falls, N. H., a dead some years ago, disposing of his body for anatomical purposes, at his death, for \$10 in hand. He has since been in South America, has made a great deal of money, and is now anxious to have a decent funeral and interment when he dies, but cannot seem to find any one who will do it for him. He has tried to do, but the doctor has refused large offers.

There are 5552 benefices in England and Wales affording a less income to the incumbents than \$1000 a year. There is great complaint at the poverty of the clergy. It is almost as grievous to-day as in Sydney Smith's time, and the New Orleans Picayune suggests that the witty and sarcastic jibes of that revered satirist on the policy suits such conditions might be.

Established church should not give princely incomes to bishops and leave the humbler clergy to abject poverty and misery.

The other day a drummer on the Chicago and Northwestern Road presented his milage book to the conductor, and the latter, after asking him a few questions, put the book into his pocket, saying, "Will see you later." After a while the drummer asked for his book, and the conductor refused to surrender it. Thereupon the drummer got off at a station and telegraphed ahead for an officer to arrest a thief. The officer boarded the train and the drummer pointed out the conductor, who was arrested in spite of his protests and taken before a magistrate, who fined him \$7 and costs, and returned the book to its owner. As they were both leaving court the conductor said, "I'll smash your face for this." Thereupon the drummer immediately had him rearrested and taken before the same judge, who put him under bonds to keep the peace at more costs. That conductor met his match.

During the fishing season of 1902 the United States Fish Commission, which busies itself solely with the propagation of edible fish in the waters all over the country, stocking rivers with species new to the region, distributing eggs and young fish to the lakes and sea coasts, and working in a vast number of ways to the one end, distributed a total of 306,580,432 eggs, fry and yearlings of all kinds of fish. The largest operations were in shad. Of this fish 69,000,000 fry, 1,000,000 yearlings and 3,000,000 eggs were distributed. Cod is the fish most distributed next to shad, and of whitefish, lake trout, pike, perch, salmon, flat-fish and lobster the distribution of eggs, fry and yearlings were away up in the millions of each, every State and Territory getting a share. The work of the Commission, which is of so great importance and substantial value to the whole people, is done quietly, in a thorough business way, without parade of any kind, and the Commission is a by no means widely known department of the Government.

WIFE—"I have just been to the dentist's and had a tooth drawn." Husband (heaving a sigh)—"Lucky tooth!" It is now beyond the reach of your tongue.—De Sobremesa.

THE CRICKET.

Oh, to be a cricket, That's the thing! To scurry in the grass And to have one's fling! And it's Oh, to be a cricket In the warm thistle-thicket, Where the sun-winds pass, Winds a-wing, And the bumble-bees hang humming, Hum and swing, And the honey-drops are coming! It's to be a sunny rover, That can see a sweet, and pick it With the sting! Never mind the sting! And it's Oh, to be a cricket, In the clover! A gay summer-rover In the warm thistle-thicket, Where the honey-drops are coming, Where the bumble-bees hang humming— That's the thing! —C. G. D. Roberts, in the Cosmopolitan.

THE ARREST OF SLIDER.

BY ROBERT BARR.

BILLY HAVEN was no ordinary burglar. His theory was that if a man wished to make a success of his profession, he needed to use his brain rather than his muscle. It was all right enough, when starting out to commit a burglary, to take a knife with you, or a loaded club, or a pistol, but Billy claimed that the doing of this showed a lack of mental ingenuity. Any muscular fool can bludgeon the senses out of a half-awakened householder aroused from his first deep sleep by the noisy entrance of a thief through the kitchen window, but bludgeoning Billy looked upon as clumsy and unnecessary. The consequence was that Billy, by strict attention to business, and the endeavor to please customers, soon began to build up for himself an enviable reputation among the police. They never caught sight of Billy or his pals, but they always recognized his handiwork by the neatness and dexterity of it. They did not even know his name, but they called him among themselves Billy Haven, out of respect for the memory of a detective of that name, who was especially good at tracking crimes of a kind whose origin was obscure, and the clue to which was not visible. They said among themselves when their attention was first directed to the kind of burglary the new burglar was doing, that this was a job Billy Haven would like the unraveling of if he were alive, and so they drifted on, never getting a sight of the burglar, until the crimes were called Billy Haven jobs, and finally the unknown craftsman came to be called Billy Haven.

At last these neat burglaries ceased, and there were no traces of Billy for years. It is probable that the authorities would never have known any particulars about Billy's career, if it had not been that a convict dying in one of the prisons told about Billy's last and successful coup, which enabled Haven and his gang to retire into respectable, but monotonous private life. Inquiry showed Billy that it was the residence of Mr. Slider, the well-known banker, a man intimately connected with numerous prosperous companies, and a man of great reputed wealth. The name of Slider was a power in the city. Billy's investigations led him to the knowledge that Mr. Slider was almost careful man, who had arranged every electrical appliance then known for the discovery of a burglar. He appeared to realize that if once a burglar got entrance into the big house, the family would be, comparatively speaking, at his mercy; and so it was that every window was protected by half a dozen different devices. The door-mats and windows were so arranged that after everybody went to bed the lightest footfall on any of them would light all the electric lamps in the house; would ring a large bell in the tower; would telegraph a warning to the nearest police station, and would set more gongs ringing all over the place than a burglar who was at all nervous cared to hear.

Billy realized, then, that the ordinary methods would have a tendency to fail if applied to the big house standing in its own extensive grounds, and so he resolved that when he and his pals entered the house it would be by the door, and not by one of the windows, and it would be at a time when the family had not retired to rest. Billy's plans, when matured, were very simple. He obtained the costume of a police inspector for himself and the clothes of an ordinary policeman for each of his four pals. He got, likewise, a very good imitation of a warrant of arrest, made out in the name of Mr. Slider. Billy was the man of brains in the gang, and the other four, realizing this, did exactly as he told them. They were in a perfect state of discipline and had the utmost confidence in Billy's ingenuity. The plan was this: They were to obtain entrance into the house at about nine o'clock in the evening, in perfect legal form; the inspector was to arrest Mr. Slider, who might, of course, be indignant, but the conspirators expected that the respect a banker has for the forms of law at least insured submission under protest; and while the inspector stood guard over the arrested man, two of the alleged policemen were to be posted so that no one could leave the house, even if Mr. Slider wanted to send a messenger away, which was not likely, because of his certainty that this was a mistake which could easily be cleared up. The other two alleged policemen could then search the house under the protection of a bogus search warrant, and quietly secrete all the valuables and money that they could lay their hands on. The inspector then intended to tell Mr. Slider that, because of his protests, he would not take him to jail but that he must understand that he was under arrest, and that he might have to report to the head officer when called upon to do so. Billy imagined that the time which must intervene before the news of the unwarranted arrest reached the real police would give him all the opportunity he wanted to cover his tracks and secrete his spoil.

This plan worked admirably up to a certain point, when Billy and his pals were treated to a stupefying surprise. The man at the porter's lodge tremblingly admitted the officers of the law into the grounds. He was then ordered to lock the gates, which he did, and one of the policemen took the key and remained in the porter's lodge with the man and his wife, who were certainly very much frightened. Another policeman was left to guard the entrance of the house, while the bogus inspector and the remaining policeman rang at the front door. The person who admitted them was also terrified at the sight of their uniforms. Billy asked if Mr. Slider was at home, and was informed that he was in the drawing room. He then asked that he and the officers might be shown there without being announced. Mr. Slider was sitting in an easy chair surrounded by his family. He turned his head round, and when the door opened without the customary knock, and when he saw the uniform of the inspector a ghastly pallor came over his face. Before the inspector could speak, he held out his hand and said: "One moment, please." Then turning to his wife, he remarked to her in a low voice, "Take the children to your own room, and stay there till I come. I have some business with this gentleman. Don't be alarmed. Everything is all right. I had an appointment with him, but forgot to mention it to you."

The pale woman and her frightened children withdrew, and Slider stood alone confronting Billy and his two pals. "I am sorry to say," began Billy, "that I have here a warrant for your arrest. All the entrances are guarded, and, of course, you understand the futility of making any resistance."

"Quite so," quite so," said Slider, huskily. "I appreciate all that." "I have also a search warrant here; and, while I stay with you, my men must have a look over the premises. Do you wish me to read the warrants to you?" "It is not at all necessary," said Slider, in an agitated voice. "I have no doubt they are quite correct. As for searching, I have no power to prevent that; but, before you begin, I would like to make a proposal to you, inspector. You look like a shrewd man. How many policemen have you with you?" "I have four," answered Billy. "There are five of you altogether, then?" "Exactly."

"Now, inspector, I am a man of business, and, as you know, a man of great wealth. I would like to have a few words with you in private. Would you kindly ask these officers to step out of the room for a moment?" "That is hardly regular," objected the inspector. "I know, I know," answered the banker, hurriedly; "but I think I can make it worth your while to do what I ask."

"Rogers," said the inspector to the policeman beside him, "you and Benham just step out for a moment into the hall and come at once if you hear me call."

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"Very well," said Billy, "it is a bargain." Billy called his pals, and together they accompanied the banker to another room that contained a large safe, which Slider opened. He took out several bags, and, taking down a pair of scales from the top of the safe, said, "You may weigh this, and you will find it correct. There are five bags here, and they each contain £5000."

"Open all of the bags," said Billy, cautiously. The banker did so, and Billy ran a handful of gold from each of them through his fingers and found everything correct. "How much does a thousand weigh?" he asked the banker, and on receiving his answer placed one of the bags in the scales. "It is a pity to break bulk," said Billy. "I think we will call it £25,000."

"Very well," answered the banker. "Suppose you call your men in. I wish to be sure that you will keep your part of the compact." The four men were speedily inside the room, and their eyes opened as they saw the glitter of the gold. The inspector briefly detailed to them the points of the bargain, while the banker looked from man to man and listened anxiously. "You agree to this?" said Billy, and each of the men nodded. "You will have no further trouble from us, Mr. Slider," said Billy Haven, politely, "at least for twenty-four hours."

The banker drew a deep breath of relief as each man took a bag of gold and quietly departed. A few days after the papers were filled with the startling announcement that Mr. Slider, the well-known banker, had absconded, and that an enormous amount of money was missing. Investigation of the books showed that he had been preparing for flight for over a year, and rumor has it that he is now living somewhere in South America. But that is one of the things about which nobody knows anything definite. —Detroit Free Press.

Couldn't Frighten That Picket.

I was so fortunate as to be appointed corporal that winter, says a writer in Blue and Gray, and the first time I went on picket in that capacity an incident occurred which, if it was not the origin of a since familiar term, was the first instance of its use within my recollection, though the emphasis at the time was somewhat different than it was after the phrase became a slang expression. It happened that I was detailed with the first relief, and as we rode to the line the corporal of the old picket accompanied us to show me the line and the various posts, to explain the surroundings and transmit to me the orders, and to call in his own men. As we rode along he related a joke that was played upon one of his men while there. Not far from the upper post, and in rear of it, was an old grave. As the victim of the joke went on duty the night before the ghost of a man was seen near that grave, riding around on horseback, without any head. This frightened the man that he did not dare to go on duty on the midnight relief, but instead hired a braver comrade to stand his picket for him. When I posted my relief, between eleven and twelve o'clock that night this story came into my mind, and I thought to have a bit of sport with the man whom I was to leave there all alone at that midnight hour, so I told him the story with all the awe I could put into my tone and manner. But my picket didn't frighten so easily. He was just lighting his pipe, and replied between whiffs: "Well (puff), if there's a man (puff) comes around here (puff) to-night (puff) without any head on (puff, puff), I'll put a head on him." He wasn't disturbed during his midnight vigil.

Zoological Nomenclature.

The "buffalo" in the United States is a bison; the "partridge" of Michigan and the "pheasant" of Pennsylvania and other States is a ruffed grouse; the "rabbit," so plentiful in the market at times, is a hare. Both species of grouse, the ruffed and pinnated, are called "pheasant," "partridge" and "partridge," and the pinnated grouse is universally referred to as the "prairie chicken." "Prairie chicken" is not a bad name for the ruffed grouse, for it is original and does not confound it with other birds, but it is not right, to use the names "partridge" and "pheasant" when referring to our grouse, for these are the correct names of European specimens. —New York Commercial Advertiser.

AN AWFUL DEATH-SWIRL.

OVER 50 KILLED BY A CYCLONE IN IOWA. 75 People Fatally Injured and Twice That Many Have Broken Bones, Bad Cuts or Cruises.

Fifty-three dead, 75 fatally injured and 150 with broken limbs, cuts and bruises tell what a tornado of Thursday night accomplished. The town of Pomeroy is one complete wreck. There is scarcely a house left standing. About 15 acres of debris constitutes now what was a thriving village. Splinters are all that remain. Pomeroy is part and parcel of the prairie, the death-dealing wind having left it barren and desolate. Scarcely a tree remains. Piles of broken timbers and an occasional piece of furniture are all that can be found of what was once the largest building in the place. Over 200 houses were destroyed and the money loss on these and their contents is placed at \$200,000.

The following is a list of the dead, as far as they have been identified: Mrs. Maria Adams, A. Forche, A. J. Wilkinson, Henry Geik, Mrs. Tibbe Johnson, Mrs. C. E. Rogers, Lena Kiefer, W. Arnold and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Mulet, Mrs. Dahlgren, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Talbot, Roy Banks, Silas Houghton, J. Lundgren, Mr. Dillembuth, Otto Lundgren, Bessie Banks, Mrs. D. L. O'Brien, Baby O'Brien, Mrs. M. Quinlan, Baby Quinlan, J. M. O'Brien, Allie Maxwell, Ollie Frost, Ezra O. Davy, Baby Dahlgren, Grover Black, George Black, Sammet Maxwell, Richard George, Mrs. B. J. Harlowe, two children of John Breckley.

Several little babes have been found alive and well, but it has been found impossible to find their parents. Nearly every injured person had an arm or leg broken or was terribly cut or bruised. Everywhere about Pomeroy were dead and dying people, a dozen men were delving graves in the burying ground and the hearse was kept busy carrying the victims to their last resting place. Doctors from a dozen or more places hurried through the streets and in their wake followed squads of soldiers carrying coffins. Special trains from all the surrounding towns brought thousands who were ready to take part in the work of caring for the dead and wounded. Clothing, food and medicines were shipped in by the train.

Thursday night in Pomeroy was one that will never be forgotten by those who were here. Darkness followed quickly in the wake of the tornado, and those who escaped death and injury were compelled to grope their way along the ruined home, guided along by the cry of some poor unfortunate one who was pinned under the falling timbers. All over every light of any description was destroyed, and the people from Ft. Dodge and the surrounding places who were the first to reach the scene, failed to bring lanterns with them. The search for the victims, therefore, was necessarily slow until morning came. It was not until the first streaks of light appeared in the East that the enormity of the disaster dawned upon the people. They looked out where once a city stood and saw nothing but a timber strewn prairie.

The tornado came from the Northwest. All those who saw it agree that it was not the funnel shaped species, but came bounding along the prairie like a huge ball. It was of a dark green color, and was accompanied by a terrific noise. There are many who say it when it was far out of town. These gave the alarm, and many were prepared for the monster when it reached the village. Most of the people, however, became panic stricken. They ran out of their houses and fled up the streets crying and shrieking till struck by the flying timbers or whirling trees. The cooler ones made for the two caves in the southeast part of the town, built expressly for such occasions, as this one of these caves collected 25 people, and in another one 15. All struck without a scratch. The tornado struck the town about 6:50 o'clock. It was followed by a terrific rain storm. The path of the storm seems to have been about an eighth of a mile in width and 20 miles long. The death list out in the country is heavy and many of the neighboring towns report many casualties. In Fairfield, Cherokee county, 13 were killed. Eight are reported killed at Storm Lake and many other places give notice of one or two deaths.

Dr. Chalmers used to say: "When the mind dwells on any passage of Scripture it is a great matter to be able to think, 'How true it is.' But this has been the experience of Christians in every age; hence the song of the Psalmist thousands of years ago: 'The word is true from the beginning. I rejoice at thy word as one that findeth great spoil.' And a late writer well says: 'If the infidel Redeemer, a law to himself was submissive in all respects to the written Word, shall faithful men refuse to sit with the teachableness of a little child and listen to the divine message?'"

ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF THE DRINK TRAFFIC. From whatever standpoint we look on this evil of intemperance we are amazed at its hideousness. Consider it from the economic aspects of it. We meet in congresses of labor. The labor question has become the great question of the day. The millions of toilers demand that they have some part in the privileges and happiness of this world, and the labor question is a great and a mighty one. We need to give to every child of God some rays of the sunshine which is intended for all, and we need to give to every child of God a sufficiency of the fruits of the earth which the Creator gave to the children of men at large and not to a few.

But at the very threshold of this labor question comes this temperance question. It is fearful to think of it, but in this Nation of the United States over \$1,000,000,000 annually is spent in the direct traffic of intoxicating liquors, besides its being the direct cause of the waste of much more money. Men are unable to work because of injury done to their appetites by drink. Time is absorbed in drinking, the country's resources are scattered to the wind. It would be much better if the money given to drink were taken and cast into the lake. At least it would then leave behind it no harm.

But here, in this beginning of the Twentieth Century in civilization, we are taking the riches of the country and using them to purchase tears, mourning and misery. We are using them so that our families will be demolished, so that the very social fabric is endangered. And not only this, but we still. We look on—we Christians, we who have an interest in the country and in humanity—and we see the armies of the liquor interests forming in serried ranks defying the very Nation. Is it not a shame and a disgrace that in any civilized Christian community laws are made and guarded sacredly on the statute books, and yet the liquor interests throughout the country are able to laugh these laws to scorn and to say to other interests: "Observe these laws as you will. We, the liquor dealers, are above law." —Bishop Ireland.

136 MINERS MEET DEAD.

ONLY NINE ESCAPE DEATHS. The Remainder of the 145 Workmen at the Thornhill Mine Killed by the Explosion.

Eight men and a boy have been seen alive from the Thornhill mine near Pomeroy, where 145 men and boys were killed by an explosion of dynamite. The hope for the others is abandoned. The bodies of the victims are being rapidly brought to the surface. The scenes at the mine are recognized by the relatives and friends of the dead as most distressing. Late Wednesday evening the rescuers brought 88 bodies to the surface. They were brought up in an unconscious condition but still breathing. Six men, who sustained no injury whatever, but had been imprisoned behind a huge mass of debris were dug out this evening. When they appeared at the mouth of the pit they were greeted in a most touching manner by their relatives and friends.

No reason has been given for the explosion but the conjecture is that it was caused carelessly on the part of one of the men in opening his lamp.

SILVER PURCHASES STOPPED. A Temporary Cessation By Secretary Carlisle, With No Intimation Whether It Will Soon Be Resumed. Secretary Carlisle has decided not to resume the purchase of silver and has suspended the principal firms that offer silver to the Treasury on purchasing days. This action is unusual, but as the matter of chasing silver on certain days is connected with the Secretary of the Treasury is simply exercising his right.

The reason assigned in the notice suspending offers is that the Treasury department had not yet completed its settlements at the United States mint. Whether silver purchases will be resumed on Wednesday next is left open. The Treasury department is expected to complete its purchases of \$2,820 per ounce. Since then it has agreed to \$2.026 per ounce and is quoted at \$2.730 per ounce.

MARKETS.

Table with columns for GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED, and various commodity prices.

Table with columns for BUTTER—ELGIN CREAMERY, and various commodity prices.

Table with columns for APPLES—Fancy, and various commodity prices.

Table with columns for TALLOW—Country, and various commodity prices.

Table with columns for FLOUR—No. 2 Red, and various commodity prices.

Table with columns for FLOUR—Patents, and various commodity prices.

Table with columns for Prime Steers, and various commodity prices.