THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, Editor and Pro'r.

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Nine-tenths of the recruits for the British army are drawn from the ranks of the unemployed.

The nominal price of wild land in Cape Colony, South Africa, is twenty-five cents per acre; the real price is generally about twelve cents.

Of the $900,000,000 trade of the Spanish-American countries, the Atlanta Constitution estimates that we get about one-fifth. England gets more than double our share of this traffic.

It is astonishing to the St. Louis Republic how many people believe the old story that Napoleon Bonaparte put a check for 100,000 francs ($20,000) in a silver five-franc piece and that the coin is yet in circulation in France. They say that the people did not want a five-franc piece, and that in order to create a demand for silver money of that denomination the Emperor resorted to the device mentioned. The check, or treasury order, was written on asbestos paper and made in the coin. It would be interesting to know, if all this be true, how many five-franc pieces have been broken open since the story of the check was first circulated.

When Emperor William tasted the food of his sailors on board his yacht at Cowes he did only what is prescribed in the United States Navy, and probably every navy in the world, states the Chicago Herald. When the Italian man-of-war, the Giovanni Bausan, lay at Brooklyn Navy Yard, the young gentleman acting as officer of the deck on a certain day excused himself to a visitor and turned aside to taste with due solemnity a portion of the sailors' noonday meal, held up to him on deck. The same thing occurs at early morning, when coffee is served, and at night when the sailors have supper. The officer of the deck is the representative of the Commander, and when the former tastes the sailors' food he does it vicariously for the latter. Emperor William merely did for himself what the United States Naval Commander does through the officer of the deck. It may, however, [illegible] time.

There are in Frankfort-on-the-Main, in Germany, so reports United States Consul Mason, anti-beggary societies, organized to resist the importunities of tramps and other mendicants. They are also to be found in other towns and villages, and their members are supplied with small, brass discs, which are fastened to their front doors. Each disc has an inscription informing the applicant for charity that the owner of the house is pledged not to give it, and that he must apply at the office of the society or at the "relief station," which is a boarding-house outside of town where all applicants for food are required to work before it is given to them. Such a practice, comments the New Orleans Picayune, might operate satisfactorily in cities where there is a large police force, or in the country where householders keep a big dog, but in New Orleans it would be useless. It is against the law for tramps, beggars and street venders to ring the bells of houses in order to ply their trade, but it is entirely disregarded through the inability of the small police force to look after such intruders.

Says the Louisville Courier-Journal: "There are many reasons why English should be the universal language. It is spoken by two of the most powerful and enlightened Nations on the face of the globe, whose possessions extend around the world. The use of this language has grown faster since the beginning of this century than any other. It is in possession of a literature whose richness is absolutely unrivaled. On this continent the English-speaking race is absorbing and assimilating rich contributions from all the civilized races of the world. All the world is becoming of kin to us, in a literal as well as in a sentimental sense. That English is to be the dominant speech of the world for the next thousand years is plainly foreshadowed in many future events. Sagacious men in all Nations are coming to recognize this as inevitable. If the advocates of universal language can unite in this, they can unite in the selection of English. Certainly English-speaking people will never exchange the language of Shakespeare, Milton and Byron for any such barbarous jargon as is offered by Volapuk, or any similar system, evolved in a closet and shorn of all those living beauties which the life of a great people breathes into the instrument adopted for the communica-[illegible]

IN LIFE'S TUNNEL.

Borne by a Power resistless and unseen
We know not wither,
We look out through the gloom with troubled mien;
How came we hither?

Darkness before and after. Blank, dim walls
On either side,
Against which our dull vision beats and falls,
Met and defied.

Shrouded in mystery that leaves no room
To guess aright,
We rush, uncertain, to a certain doom—
When to—the light!

—Grace Denio Litchfield, in the Century.

THE LITTLE LOG CHURCH.

DOWN in the heart of the mountains is a summer resort. It is not in the north nor of the south, but it is a cosmopolitan little city of hotels. It sprung up in a season and will endure as long as the waters are limpid and the mountains grand. Crowning the highest hill is the chief hotel. The view from the veranda is magnificent. The lower hilltops, rugged and scarred, near by, seem to grow level in perspective, stretching away in a vast plain of darkest green to meet the blue sky in the distant horizon. The morning wind brings the odor of wild roses; the evening wind is freighted with the spice of pines.

The Chalmers, mother and daughter, were guests of the chief hotel.

"It is exquisite," said Miss Chalmers. "I am weary of society. I will do nothing but rest for the entire summer."

Miss Chalmers rested four entire days. The fifth day was Sunday.

"We must go to church," said Mrs. Chalmers.

"But there is no church, mamma; the minister is taking his vacation in the city while we take ours in the hills."

"I shall go to church," declared the elder lady. "There is a lovely log church in the country. I went to a revival there when I was a little girl. We will go to-day in a carriage."

So the Chalmerses went to church, not to the little white church in the valley below them, but over miles and miles of gravelly ridge road, down a long, steep hill and into another and a larger valley, where there was a pellucid stream, shaded with sycamores and festooned with a bewildering tangle of vine.

The country church was built of rough hewn logs and was not large. Mrs. Chalmers and her daughter found that the house was crowded, and as there was no usher obtained seats with some difficulty.

[illegible] was in the right of the centre [illegible]. She soon discovered that the aisle separated the two sexes; that she, alone of all the women there, was seated among the men. This breach of local etiquette amused her at first.

Miss Chalmers soon discovered that the younger boys were nudging each other with their elbows and laughing at her. The young men looked at her curiously; the old men seriously; she began to feel nervous, and the feeling annoyed her more than the attention she was receiving. Then she noticed that the girls across the aisle were giggling and whispering maliciously; and, yes, actually pointing their fingers at her.

How dared they! Her face began to flame. The young men looked sympathetic, now; she felt that their pity was an outrage. The preacher could no longer hide his annoyance, for nobody heeded the sermon now, and everybody was intent upon that young lady, who knew no better than to sit among men.

Mrs. Chalmers, who had fortunately found a seat on the upper side, was the only person in the house ignorant of her daughter's embarrassment. The long ride had wearied her. She was resting, as elderly persons sometimes do. She listened earnestly at the sermon, without hearing a word; she gazed at the preacher and did not see him.

Miss Chalmers tried to call up her pride, but was helpless before the ridicule, which constantly became more unmerciful. The benches on the other side all seemed to be full. She saw no escape but to leave the room. She had just decided to bolt ignominiously for the door when there was a diversion in her favor.

Immediately in front of Miss Chalmers sat a young man. He had aroused her interest, because he wore what she called a respectable coat, and because he had a fine head which he carried on his magnificent shoulders like a Roman hero, and because—well, there is no stronger word than because. It can mean a great many inexpressible things.

This young man arose, and the girl noticed, even in her unhappiness, that he was very tall, as most mountaineers are. He stepped across the aisle and took a little girl in his arms, whispering a word to the child's mother before he returned to his seat. He did not look at Miss Chalmers, but the woman rose, and so did her boy, silently pointing to the vacant seat. The unhappy young lady was only too glad to accept the invitation. Her mother did not notice the incident, nor did the young man seem to be aware of it. He did not once turn his head, and she found herself becoming curious about the color of his eyes. They must be gray.

The driver from the chief hotel had not entered the church. As he lingered with his horses two men came by in the wagon. The men were friends of the driver. In the bed of the wagon, shaded by some branches of the pawpaw tree, there was a jug; and the liquor in the jug was the driver's dearest and most fatal enemy. There were three men in the wagon when it halted beneath the trees, a hundred yards below the church. While the horses ate the men drank.

When the sermon was over Mrs. Chalmers and her daughter ate their luncheon. Afterward, while the ladies plucked May apple blossoms and enjoyed the cool dampness which the river exhaled, the driver slept. He awoke often in a melancholy mood, but they did not notice it; and each time when he threw off his slumbers he resorted to the jug, which had somehow been left behind by the men in the wagon.

Later in the afternoon the driver, whose depression had increased since the sun sank, hitched up his horses, and the carriage began the ascent of the long hill. The jug was left among the May apple blossoms. It was empty.

Half-way up the hill a wheel dropped into a deep gutter and the carriage came down with a lurch and a crash. It was a hopeless wreck. The driver looked at the broken wheel with indifference and the ladies were in consternation.

"How far is it to town?" asked Miss Chalmers.

"About eight miles, I reckon."

"Oh, dear, what can we do?"

"I dunnow," said the driver, stupidly. From his manner one might almost be justified in saying that he did not care.

"Well, driver," said Miss Chalmers emphatically. "I know. You must go to town at once for another carriage. It is now 3 o'clock, and you can be back by 6; we will wait."

The driver began to unloose the horses. He did not seem to be pressed for time.

"You must hurry," she declared impatiently. "And say, driver, if you are back by sunset you shall have $5 extra."

He shook off his apathy, or seemed to, and, mounted on one horse, led the other rapidly away.

It was always sad to wait. In this case the two lonely women, oppressed by the strange and solitary surroundings, found the afternoon almost interminable. The Joshua of impatience seemed to stay the sun at one spot for hours. Six o'clock finally came; they were expectant. Half past six; they were anxious. At seven they were alarmed. The sun loitered no more, but rolled swiftly over the opposite mountain and drew the day with him. They were terrified.

There was no house and no human being in sight. They remembered no habitation on the road for miles. True, the log church stood in the bottom below, but the darkest shadows had already gathered there. They dared not enter the profound obscurity which enveloped the valley, which crept like a living thing up the mountain side toward them. They clung to each other like little children and wept.

At sunset a tall young man was riding soberly along the wide road which led to town. He stopped suddenly at the sight of two harnessed horses grazing by the roadside.

"I know that team; what has happened?"

There was no one to answer the question, but he looked about and discovered the driver under the trees.

"Here, wretch!" he exclaimed, "wake up; tell me what is wrong. Wake up, wake up. Where are the ladies?"

But expostulation was in vain. The driver was a lump of clay—a log. The young man mounted his horse again and galloped furiously back toward the log church. He looked at each side of the road anxiously, but did not slacken his pace, and the horse was covered with foam when he reached the broken carriage and dismounted.

"I thank heaven you are safe," he cried.

"But we are not safe; we are lost, lost. Oh, merciful sir, pity us!" exclaimed Mrs. Chalmers, hysterically. She thought the tall stranger was a brigand.

Miss Chalmers knew better. She recognized the young man, and a feeling of security, almost of happiness, swept over her.

"Hush, mamma," she said, softly; "we are perfectly safe now. This gentleman will protect us; he has come to help us."

The gentleman looked his thanks for the confidence. It was dark almost, but she could see that his eyes were gray. She thought they were luminous, but she was looking through her tears.

"Are you employed at the hotel? What happened to our driver? Is the other carriage coming?" The mother asked these three questions in a breath.

"I am not employed at the hotel. I was riding to town and found your driver in a drunken sleep by the roadside. You will get no help from him. I was afraid there had been a serious accident and hurried back."

"Serious," asked Mrs. Chalmers in a high voice, "is it not serious? Oh, dear, dear, what would you have?"

"My uncle lives two miles down the river," said the stranger. "It is the nearest house. You will come with me for the night and to-morrow you can return to the town."

"You are very kind, sir," said Miss Chalmers. "We will go with you gladly."

"But two miles," protested the mother; "I cannot walk two miles."

"It is not necessary; you can ride my horse. He is perfectly gentle, and I will hold the rein," their rescuer reassuringly; "and the young lady may ride behind [illegible] she will."

"Oh, no; I can walk [illegible] prefer to walk. I can; I wo[illegible] easily, and the dear [illegible] very tired. Indeed, I will walk," said the young lady decidedly.

The young man assisted the mother into the saddle. The daughter clung lightly to his arm and the little procession moved slowly down the long hill and into the starless depths of the bottom. They traveled carefully, for Mrs. Chalmers was not a good horsewoman. It was an hour before they reached the farmhouse.

An hour! An hour is an epoch, an age, an eternity. Love, which never dies, is born, nourished and reaches maturity in an hour.

There was a camp meeting in progress at the log house in the valley. On the last Sunday of the meeting, which happened to be also the last day of the Chalmerses' visit in the mountains, a party from the chief hotel visited the revival. The party was composed of Mrs. Chalmers, Miss Chalmers and a tall young man with a serious, grand face. The latter had been a guest at the hotel for only three weeks, or since the two ladies had been abandoned on the mountain side by their drunken driver.

On the afternoon of this Sunday the two younger members of the party were half way up the long hill which leads from the valley to the ridges. They were standing silently side by side looking down into the valley.

There was a great white tent, a tabernacle, indeed, near the log house, and a score of smaller white tents about the large one. Through the trees the people could be seen moving about like pigmies.

"It is a beautiful and peaceful scene," said Miss Chalmers, softly.

The young man was silent and she presently continued, with some hesitation:

"I have never thanked you—I hardly know how—for your kindness that first day in the church when I made such an embarrassing mistake."

"It was nothing; do not think of it."

"But I do think of it; it was a great deal to me, and I want you to remember it—you know we are going away tomorrow—I want you to remember that I appreciate it. My predicament was almost as bad as it was that night when you again—"

"Beg you," he broke in, "not to mention those things again."

She was silent. He turned to her suddenly, abruptly, almost roughly, and asked:

"Are you rich?"

She trembled a little, but did not reply.

"I am surprised that you asked that question," she said gently; "it is unworthy of you; it is painful to me."

"Forgive me," he said, humbly. "Oh, my dear, I love you, and I am poor. Your beauty and your goodness make you a long way above me, and I have hoped that you were not rich. But I adore you. I want you to carry that memory away in your heart. I adore you. Some time I will come and ask you to marry me. You will have known me longer; my prospects will be brighter. I will come and you will be in a home like this, my dear. I will say: 'I love you dearly; I have loved you since that first day in the mountains. I will love you forever. Will you be my wife?' When I ask you that question, when my soul waits for an answer, what will you say to me, dear?"

She was pallid; she dare not look at him.

"Is there no grain of hope for me? Oh, love, will you tell me what your answer will be on that day?"

With a supreme effort she raised her eyes to his face. She tried to speak; she was speechless; but her lips formed a single word:

"Yes."

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Dear reader, she was rich. She was rich and proud, and the next day she returned to her magnificent home in the city. And two years afterward, when a tall young man came and asked again that question, when his soul waited for an answer, what do you think she said?

"Yes."

She was only a summer girl; she met this poor youth on a summer holiday, but she loved him forever, and they are now very happy.—Chicago News.

A Steam Carriage for Road Use.

C. L. Simonds, of Lynn, has made a steam carriage for his own use that will make ten miles an hour. The carriage weighs only 400 pounds and can carry two persons at a time. It has the appearance of an ordinary carriage in front, except there are no provisions made for a horse. The wheels are of cycle make and are four in number. The hind wheels are forty-three inches and the front wheels are thirty-six inches, with rubber tires. The boiler and engine sets just in the rear of the seat and gives the carriage the appearance of a fire engine. The steam generates in what is called a porcupine boiler, which weighs 100 pounds.

The steam is made by naphtha flames from three jets. The naphtha is kept in a cylinder, enough to last for seven hours, and there is a water tank that will hold ten gallons. There is a pump that is automatic in action directly connected with the engine. The steering part consists of a crank wheel on the footboard, so that the engineer can steer and attend to the engine at the same time. The body of the carriage rests on a cradle and three springs. It is easy riding, and allowance has been made for every movement. The shafts are of steel, and it can stand all of 1000 pounds. Mr. Simonds has given the steam carriage a trial already, and it has proved a success. It started off at a ten-mile gait; there was no noise, smoke or trouble whatever.—Springfield Republican.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

AUTUMN MILLINERY.

In the show of autumn millinery black roses with black lace and small but full black feather tips are among the novel trimmings on Leghorn, chip and lace straw hats. The outbreak of gay colors in dress material and also in fancy wraps literally compel the adoption of head-coverings that will not accentuate brilliancy, but rather tend to tone down the mixtures of colors exhibited in other portions of the toilet.—New York Post.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Watch for these things, for they are advancing with steady strides:
The Elizabeth ruff.
The shawl.
The chignon.
The reticule.
The sprigged muslin.
The patch.
The overskirt.
The accordion plait.
Frills and flounces.
The delicate girl who languishes and faints and belongs to these articles of attire.
And these things are going:
The tailor-made gown.
The train.
Plain and heavy fabrics.
Black shoes.
And the tailor-made athletic girl who has been wearing these things.—St. Louis Republic.

FEW SHALL PART WHERE MANY MEET.

The subject of fringes still agitates the feminine mind. To part or not to part is the question of the hour. To woman with low foreheads and small regular features the parting is very becoming, with its softly waved fringe pinned back on either side. But to faces less fair and youthful the little fall of fringe softens the outline and add to the beauty. For purely oval faces the waved tresses are pinned loosely back, leaving a single curl, like that of the little girl in the nursery rhyme, which "hung in the middle of her forehead," while the daring beauties may attempt the Anne of Austria style, in which the hair is turned back from the forehead, twisted into a coil at the back, leaving enough hair on the other side to make ringlets a la 1833. Young and fresh and sparkling must be the face that attempts this sort of coiffure.—New York Sun.

ARE WE TO HAVE A CHANGE?

The courteous deference paid to women by all who have the slightest claim to be considered as gentlemen is, in the opinion of many persons, likely to be lessened by the demands for equal rights and responsibilities made by the advanced and progressive sections of the sex. The story of the lady who, on getting into a full carriage, was met by the question from the only male occupant as to whether or no she was an advocate for the equality of the sexes, and on replying in the affirmative was informed she might stand during the remainder of the journey, is scarcely and exaggerated illustration of the feelings of not a few men.

In some instances women appear to recognize their increasing responsibility, and a tale comes to us from Newport respecting a grand dinner organized by ladies at an expensive restaurant, where the viands were partaken of to the music of a band, ladies alone being present, the husbands being detained in the city by the inexorable claims of business or pleasure. Each lady had the somewhat novel experience of paying for herself (with her husband's money), the feast being what is known as a "Dutch treat." We are further informed that the whole proceeding was a success, and that, even at the end of the day, "when the feast was o'er," and the reckoning had arrived, when even men are said "to laugh no more," there were no defaulters, and no lady had unfortunately left her purse at home.

SEATS FOR SHOP GIRLS.

The question of seats for shop girls or "shop assistants," as they are called in London, has been recently agitated afresh over there. Nearly all the tradesmen who were called as witnesses before the Parliamentary Committee at the time of the discussion of the Shop Hours bill testified to their willingness to provide seats during the low-pressure hours of business. In Liverpool an association of ladies has been formed for the purpose of petitioning shopkeepers to provide seats for their employes, and this has already met with gratifying success.

Every woman shopper in the land must feel an interest in this question. A woman physician the other day, commenting on the matter, said that it was a constant wonder to her that shop girls did not faint daily at their posts. The strain of standing is so much more severe than that of walking the same length of time. And when, as is much more often the case, the shop girl is poised on high-heeled, ill-shaped shoes, frequently cruelly short and narrow, it is not strange that their faces grow lined and careworn, their voices sharp, and their tempers ragged, with the positive suffering they undergo.

The women of England took up the half-holiday question and brought it about. Many New York women never visit a shop on Saturday afternoon. Acting on the same principle, and if all would similarly refrain, that respite to a deserving sisterhood might become, here, too, a permanent instead of a transient thing.—New York Times.

WELL DRESSED FRENCHWOMEN.

The charm of a well dressed Frenchwoman's attire lies in three elements, the first being perfect taste, the second a due regard to the charms of fashion and the third appropriateness to the time and occasion for which the whole getup is arranged. You will never find your genuine Parisienne going to an evening entertainment in a tailor-made cloth suit, or starting on a journey in a soiled dress of pale colored silk worn under a jacket in rough, dark cloth, or donning on a similar occasion a velvet costume and diamond earrings. And in no class in France is this fitness of attire more manifest than among the servants. Your cook and your chambermaid will have no mania of copying your best gowns or of surreptitiously taking a new cut of your last season's cloaks and dresses than they would think of executing a fancy dance in your drawing room.

They are very careful to get themselves up neatly and trimly of a holiday, but the great difference of their garb on such occasions from their ordinary working day attire lies principally in the assumption of a bonnet. If you send your maid out on an errand she disdains to cover her head except in very cold weather, when she will probably wrap herself up to protect her ears and throat in a black knitted scarf or shawl. Also she will put on a clean white apron, and arrayed she feels herself altogether respectably gotten up. "On Sundays and fete days she may indulge, if she be a very dressy personage, in a black net veil and a pair of the discarded kid gloves of her mistress. Also she likes a neat umbrella or a sun umbrella.—New York Advertiser.

FASHION NOTES.

Linen cuffs are again fashionable.

Gold hairpins and combs are in vogue.

The wearing of necklaces in the morning and on the street is in favor. Pearls seem to be most popular, and are certainly pretty, with a summer gown cut low at the throat.

Oxford ties are the only low shoes permissible in the street, while gray is the newest thing in white shoes, and they are pointed off with white patent leather, white suede or tan.

Dots of all sizes and all colors are to be lavishly sprinkled over the new fall goods. Bayadere strips are going to be much in evidence. Luminous shades will be the fashionable colors.

The smartest Eton jackets are of white duck, and have large square revers turned back so that they touch the sleeves. The fronts are fitted by darts, and the edges stitched twice in tailor fashion.

The plaid gingham shirt waists are as handsome as silk ones, and they are made with the shirt plait, closed by small white pearl buttons, the stiff turnover collar, genuine shirt sleeves, and stiff shirt cuffs.

Many skirts of thin material have little fullness around the waist, and sometimes even all around, though, as a rule they are as close fitting as they can be made, with all the necessary folds concentrated at the back.

Tartan plaid gauze is a novelty used in trimming black or brown sailor hats. It is bright and effective and not as severe as the ribbon band. A twist of the gauze enriches the crown, and wide loops and a knot are arranged at the side.

Hats and bonnets are made simpler in their style than they were earlier in the season. The round hat is becoming to almost every shape, and the special feature is a pair of Mercury's wings which stand up in front at a little distance apart.

A collarette that is coming forward in cotton gowns, and will be reproduced in wool later on, is a three-quarter circle of embroidery, sewed on to the neck, and folded to a point in front. It is effective in the still linen and heavy cotton goods.

The little circular frills that are being added to waists are an excellent device for remodeling bodices, as they completely change the style. Often a lace frill or one of accordion-plaited material is added when material in the gown is not to hand.

A pretty accessory to a gown, and one which makes an old waist look new, consists of a flounce of lace falling from the neck and in lace falls nearly to the waist in front, forming epaulets on the shoulders, and collar in the back, and is all in one piece.

The clown sleeve, which is somewhat newer than the bulging style of the early season, is composed entirely of ruffles from the elbow to the shoulder. The puffed sleeve is diminishing upward, and every fresh touch of fashion is a little more of tight undersleeve.

As the chief idea just now is to be cool, many ladies have adopted white or black crepon skirts, with which they wear pale pink, pale blue, mauve, yellow, black, or white finely plaited chiffon blouses ornamented with narrow insertions of Valenciennes, Bruges or guipure in black or bise.

Waistcoats of ribbon are just appearing in the shops. They are composed of seven ribbons stitched together with overlapping edges, three for the back and four for the front, and fastened invisibly at the left side. Worn beneath an Eton or Bolero jacket, they look bright and pretty.

A traveling costume was of a pale gray wool, with black silk ruffles on the skirt. Cascades of these formed the upper sleeves, and a section in the front and sides of the bodice. The triple shoulder cape collarette was of the gray lined with black silk. It set over the top of the sleeves and came to the waist in front, meeting in fichu fashion.