

T. R. HARTER, EDITOR AND PROP.

MIDDLEBURGH, PA., SEPT. 23, 1893.

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 got about one-fifth. England gets more than double our share of this traffic.

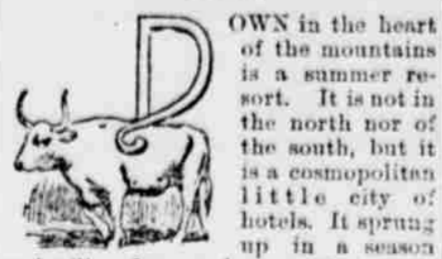
It is astonishing to the St. Louis Republic how many people believe the old story that Napoleon Bonaparte put a check for 100,000 francs (\$20,000) in a silver five-franc piece and that the coin is yet in circulation in France. They say that the people did not want a five-franc piece, and that in order 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 for his men. It may, however, be said that the Emperor's action was a violation of the rules of etiquette.

There are in Frankfort-on-the-Main, in Germany, so reports United States Consul Mason, anti-baggary societies, organized to resist the importations 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 vendors 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.

IN LIFE'S TUNNEL. Borne by a Power restless and unsoothed. 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 lo—the light! —Grace Denio Litchfield, in the Century.

THE LITTLE LOG CHURCH.



OWN 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 sprang 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 hills, 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 log church when I was a little girl. We will go to-day in a carriage."

So the Chalmers 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 heavy 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.

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. Oh, merciful sir, pity us!" exclaimed Mrs. Chalmers, hysterically. She thought the tall stranger was a brigand.

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 pinched May apple blossoms and enjoyed the cool dappiness 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 dunno," 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 intolerable. The Joanna 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 is the living thing up the mountain side toward them. They clung to each other like little children and wept.

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"I thank heaven you are safe," he cried. "But we are not safe; we are 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 at his hands 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 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 hastened 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."

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 Chalmers' 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 scores of smaller white tents about the large one. Through the trees the people could be seen moving about like pygmies.

"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—you know we are going away to-morrow—I want you to remember that I appreciate it. My predicament was almost as bad as it was that night when you again—"

"I 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 take you by the hand 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 pale; she dared 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."

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 cast-iron 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 apparatus consists of a crank wheel on the footboard, so that the engine 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 allowances has been made for every movement. The shafts are of steel, and 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 FEMINE 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.

SEASONS OF THE TIMES. Watch for these things, for they are advancing with steady strides: The Elizabeth rail. The shawl. The chignon. The reticule. The sprigged muslin. The patch. The overskirt. The accordion plait. Frills and flouncings. 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 adds to the beauty. For purely oval faces the wavy tresses are pinned loosely back, leaving a single curl, like that of the little girl in the nursery rhyme, which "hangs 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 1835. 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, in 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 over," and the reckoning had arrived, when even men are said "to augh no more," there were no defaulters, and no lady had unfortunately left her purse at home.

HATS AND BONNETS are made simpler in their style than they were earlier in the season. The round hat is bent 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 repeated in wool later on, is a three-quarter circle, shaped to fit smoothly around the shoulders, and folded to points in front. It is effective in the stiff lines and heavy cotton goods.

The little circular frills that are now 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 like 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 straight folds nearly to the waist in front, forming epaulets on the shoulders, a collar in the back, and all in one piece.

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

As the chief idea just now is to be cool, many ladies have adopted the black crepon skirt, with white they wear pale pink, pale blue, mauve, yellow, black, or white finely plaited chiffon blouses ornamented with soft insertions of Valenciennes, Bruges or guipure in black or blue. Waistcoats of ribbon are just appearing in the shops. They are made 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.

WELL DRESSED FRENCHWOMEN.

The charm of a well dressed French woman'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 this fitness of attire more manifest than among the servants. Your maid and your chambermaid will think more of copying your best gown or of surreptitiously taking a wear out 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 declines 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 so arrayed she feels herself altogether respectably gotten up. On Sundays and fete days she may indulge, if she be a very dainty personage, in a black net veil and a pair of the discarded black 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 sandals 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 lavishly sprinkled over the new fall goods. Bayader stripes are again to be much in evidence. Luminous blue shades will be the fashionable colors.

The smartest Eton jackets are of white cloth, and have large square revers turned back so that they touch the sleeves. The fronts are fitted by darts, and the edges stitched with a tailor fashion. The plaid gingham shirt waists are as handsome as silk ones, and they are made with the shirt plait, visibly closed by small white pearl buttons, the stiff turnover collar, genuine shirt sleeves, and stiff shirt cuffs.

Many skirts of thin material have a 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 and in trimming black or brown sailor hats. It is bright and effective, and not so severe as the ribbon band. A twist of the gauze encircles the crown, and three wide loops and a knot are arranged at the side.

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