

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. E. HARTER, Editor and Prop.
MIDDLEBURGH, PA., NOV. 2, 1902.

Church pastorates are still sold to the highest bidders in some parts of England.

According to the insurance tables expectation of life at ten years of age is greatest in England, 43.2.

It is estimated that the chinch bug, Hessian fly, army worm and cotton worm have cost the United States more than the Civil War.

The New York Press feels it is rather discouraging to be told by Mrs. Emma Ewing, who is an authority, that while improvements have been made in all other directions, practical cooking stands where it did one hundred years ago.

A Booneville (Mo.) man has established a chinch bug station similar to that of Professor Snow, of Lawrence, Kan. "In another year," predicts the Chicago Herald, "Missouri's name will be put in the bright lexicon of bugless States."

Professor Virchow, the great German scientist, reaffirms his belief that no trace of "the missing link" between man and the lower animals has been discovered, either in the human skulls which are believed to be most ancient, or in the physical structure of modern savages.

Aluminum is to be used wherever practicable in the accoutrements, arms and equipments of the German army. By its use the weight carried by infantry soldiers will be a trifle over fifty-seven pounds, where now it is slightly more than sixty-eight and one-half pounds.

The people of Marblehead, Mass., have hung up in their town hall National colors, which they have bought for the new war cruiser, which has been named after their famous town. But Marblehead will not end her gift to the warship with this one. Now it is proposed to place in the cruiser something more substantial, perhaps a silver vase; and it is suggested that a fund be started to be called the "citizen's gift," to pay for

The worst feature of a flood is the fact that the river is apt to leave a deposit of sand, varying in thickness from one inch to ten feet, over a large extent of land that was formerly fertile. In the flood of 1858 a great many farmers in the American bottom in Missouri on going back to their premises after the subsidence of the waters found their property covered with river sand in beds so thick that two or three years elapsed before good crops could be raised.

In England the "college by post" system has enrolled about 4000 students and over 200 teachers. In this organization, explains the New York Sun, women of leisure volunteer to teach girls who have not the means or time to attend school. It is all done gratuitously and by mail. Girls wishing instructions in any special branch write to the head of the system and are assigned to some volunteer teacher in that branch. In this country the same work is carried on by the King's Daughters, under Miss Kate Bond.

Truth thinks it "odd that Emin Bey should be so little of a hero in the eyes of the general public. He was a man who stood head and shoulders above many of the men who have won undying renown in Africa, in courage, executive ability and a genius for organization and Government. His physique was by no means robust; he had the stoop of a student, and the traditional spectacled face of a German physician. Yet he was in reality a man of heroic courage and unquestionable force of character. He did not start across the continent of Africa with brass horns, reporters, and hired mercenaries, but recruited his soldiers from the savages themselves. He taught the barbarians to build mills and factories, and held the Arabs at bay, even when so great a soldier as Gordon failed. It seems to me incredible that this marvelous pioneer should have been killed, but the evidence seems overwhelming. He had reason to complain bitterly of his treatment in Africa, and he had not even the solace of fame, which has come to many of the other men who ventured into the wilds of that still undiscovered country. But in the future it is certain that Emin Bey will stand near the head of the list of heroes who have given up their lives to civilize the savages of the Dark Continent."

RETROSPECT.

The roses were not just so sweet, perhaps, As we thought they would surely be, And the blossoms were not so peerly white As of yore, on the orchard trees; But the summer has gone, for all of that, And with sad reluctant heart We stand at rich autumn's open door And watch its form depart.

The summer was not just so blue, perhaps, As we hoped it would surely be, And the waters were rough that washed our boat, Instead of the old calm sea; But the summer has gone, for all of that, And the golden-rod is here; We can see the gleam of its golden sheen In the hand of the aging year.

The rest was not quite so real, perhaps, As we hoped it might prove to be, For instead of leisure came work sometimes, And the days dragged wearily, But the summer has gone, for all of that, The holiday time is o'er, And busy hands in the harvest-field Have garnered their golden store.

The summer was not such a dream, perhaps, Of bliss as we thought 'twould be, And the beautiful things we planned to do Went amiss, for you and me; Yet still it has gone, for all of that, And we lift our wistful eyes To the land where beyond the winter snows Another summer lies.

-Kathleen R. Wheeler, in Lippincott.

AN ARTIST'S ROMANCE.

FIRST came here," said Denis O'Hara, "in one of those fits of enthusiasm at which you all laugh. I had determined to do a great work, and I found everything here I wanted—light, views, climate and models. Our friend Trenoweth introduced me to the place, gave me inestimable hints, and (no use shaking your head, Jasper; you shall not always hide your light under a bushel) in every way made me at home and comfortable. We were much together, for he was, or said he was, interested in my work, and approved of my subject. Sometimes I painted out of doors, favored by the soft, gray light and equable climate for which this place is famous. Sometimes I would work in the studio, and often, taking pity on my loneliness, Trenoweth would drop in here in the evenings, and we would talk—as he alone can make any one talk. Altogether it was very pleasant, and I am not sure that I felt pleased when one evening he strolled down here to show me a letter he had received from one of our faculty asking to hire a studio for months in order to complete a

handwriting was bold and clear; the signature at the end of the simple, concise words only, 'M. Delaporte.' We discoursed and speculated about M. Delaporte. We wondered if he was old or young, agreeable or the reverse; if he would be a bore, or a nuisance—in fact, we talked a great deal about him during the week that intervened between his letter and his arrival. Trenoweth saw to the arrangements of the studio. It was No. 2 he had agreed to let, and gave directions as to trunks, etc., and then left me to welcome the newcomer, who was to arrive by the evening train. I had been out all day, and when I came home, tired, gold and hungry, I saw lights in No. 2, and thought to myself, 'My fellow artist has arrived, then.' Thinking it would be only civil to go and give him welcome, I walked up to the door and knocked. A voice called out, 'Come in!' and, turning the handle, I found myself in the presence of—a woman! For a moment I was too surprised to speak. She was mounted on a short step-ladder, arranging some velvet draperies, and at my entrance she turned, and, with the rich-lined stuffs forming a background for the pose of the most beautiful figure woman could boast of, faced me with as much ease and composure as—well, as I lacked. 'Mr. Trenoweth?' she asked inquiringly. 'Her voice was one of those low, rich contralto voices, so rare and so beautiful. 'I'm not Mr. Trenoweth,' I said; 'I'm only an artist living in the next studio. I—I came to see if Mr. Delaporte had arrived; I beg your pardon for intruding.' 'Do not apologize,' she said, frankly. 'This studio is let to me and you are very welcome.' 'To you?' I said, somewhat foolishly. 'I thought you were a man.' 'She laughed. 'I have not that privilege,' she said. 'But I am an artist, and art takes no count of sex. I hope we shall be friends as well as neighbors.' 'I echoed that wish heartily enough. Who would not in that place and with so charming a companion? There and then I set to work to help her arrange her studio and fix her easel. The picture seemed very large, to judge from the canvas, but she would not let me see it then. I forgot fatigue, hunger, everything. I thought I had never met a woman with so perfect a charm of manner. The ease and grace and dignity of perfect breeding, yet with a frank and gracious cordiality that was as winning as it was resistless. But, there—what use to say all this! Only when I once began to talk about Musette Delaporte I feel I could go on forever. 'That was a memorable evening. When the studio was arranged to her satisfaction, she made me some tea with a little spirit-lamp arrangement she had, and then we locked up the room, and I took her through the lit-

course, Jasper and I, having decided that M. Delaporte was a man, had expected him to rough it like the rest of us. I could not let her stay in Trenoweth's studio, but took her up the hillside to a farm house, where I felt certain they would accommodate her. She was in raptures over the place, and I agreed with her that it was a paradise, as, indeed, it seemed to me on that August night. I remember the moon shining over the bay, the fleet of boats standing out to sea, the lights from the towns and villages scattered along the coast or amid the sloping hills. I did not wonder she was charmed; we all have felt that charm here, and it doesn't lessen with time; we all have acknowledged that also. But I must hurry on. When Trenoweth heard of the new artist's sex he was rather put out. I could not see why myself, and I agreed that the mistake was my own. M might stand for Mary, or Magdalen, or Marietta, just as well as for Maurice or Malcolm or Mortimer. However, when he came down and saw M. Delaporte here, I heard no more about the disadvantages of sex. She was essentially a woman for companionship, cultured, brilliant, artist to her finger-tips, yet with all her beauty and fascination holding a certain proud reserve between herself and ourselves, marking a line we dared not overstep. At the end of a month we knew little more about her than we did on the first evening. I opined that she was a widow, but no hint, however skilful, no trap, however baited, could force her into confidence or self-revelation. We called her Mrs. Delaporte. Her name was Musette, she told me. Her mother had been a Frenchwoman; of her father she never spoke. She worked very hard, often putting me to shame, but still she would not let me see the picture, always skilfully turning the easel so that the canvas was hidden whenever Jasper or myself entered the studio. We were never permitted to do so in working hours, but when the daylight faded and the well known little tea table was set out, we often dropped in for a cup of tea and a chat. It was all so pleasant, so homelike. The studio with its draperies and its bowls of flowers, its plants and books and feminine trifles, I wonder how it is that some women seem to lend individuality to their surroundings. The studio has never looked the same since she left."

He paused and laid down the sketch. The usual gaiety and brightness of his face was subdued and shadowed. "I—well, it's no good to dwell on it all now," he said abruptly. "Of course I fell madly in love with her. Who could help it? I bet any of you fellows here would have done the same. I neglected work. I could only moon and dream and follow her about, when she let me, which I am bound to say was not very often. I'm sure I used to bore Trenoweth considerably at that time, though he was patient. And she was just—always calm, friendly, gracious, absorbed in her work, and to all appearances unconscious of what mischief her presence had wrought. As the third month drew near to its end I grew desperate. I thought she avoided me; she never let me into the studio now, and I must confess I had great curiosity to see the picture. But she laughingly evaded all my hints, and would only receive me at the farmhouse. I believe Trenoweth was equally unsuccessful. At last I could stand it no longer. I spoke out and told her the whole truth. Of course," and he laughed somewhat bitterly, "it was no use. If she had been my mother or my sister she could not have been more serenely gracious, more pitiful or more surprised. I—I had made a fool of myself, as we men call it, and all to no purpose. It was maddening, but I knew it was hopeless. I had almost known it before my desperate confession. I couldn't bear to see her again. I felt I hated the place, it was so full of memories. So, suddenly without a word to Trenoweth or herself, I packed up my traps and started off on a sketching tour through Cornwall. When I came back the studio was closed, and Trenoweth had gone away. The man left in charge, and who made the arrangements for letting them, told me that a new rule had been made by the landlord, and we were never to be let to women artists. That is all my part of the story. This—this sketch is only the figure I remember. She was standing once just like that, looking at the wall of the studio, as if to her it was peopled with life, and form and color. 'I—I was fancying myself at the Academy,' she said to me, as I asked her at what she was gazing, 'at the Academy, and my picture on the line.' I do not know if she ever attained her ambition," he added. "I have never seen or heard of her since."

For a moment silence reigned throughout the room. The eyes of all were on the bent head and sad, grave face of the man who sat there, his thoughts apparently far away, so far that he seemed to have forgotten his promise to finish the story which Denis O'Hara had begun. At last he roused himself. "There is not much more to add," he said slowly. "All that Dennis has said of Musette Delaporte is true, and more than true. She was one of those women who are bound to leave their mark on a man's life and memory. After Denis left so abruptly I saw very little of her. She seemed restless, troubled and disturbed. Her mind was absorbed in the completion of her picture. That unrest and dissatisfaction which is ever the penalty of enthusiasm had now taken the place of previous hopefulness. 'If it should fail,' she said to me, 'Oh, you don't know what that would mean. You don't know what I have staked on it.'"

"I closed the door softly and went away. There seemed to be something sacred in this grief. I—I could not intrude on it. She was so near to Fame. She held so great a gift, and yet she lay weeping her heart out yonder, like the weakest and most foolish of her sex, for—well, what could I think, but that it was for some man's sake."

He paused, his voice seemed a little less steady, a little less cold. "On the morrow," he said abruptly, "she was gone, leaving a note of farewell, and—thanks for me. I felt a momentary disappointment. I should like to have said farewell to her, and it was strange, too, how much I missed her and Denis. The loneliness and quiet of my life grew more than lonely as the days went on, and I at last made up my mind to go to London. Whether by chance or purpose I found myself there on the day the Academy opened. All who are artists know what that day means for them. I—well, I was artiest enough to feel the interest of art triumphs, and the sorrow of its failures. I went where half London was thronging, and mingled with the crowd, artistic, critical and curious, who were gathered in the Academy galleries. I passed into the first room. I noticed how the crowds surged and pushed and thronged around one picture there, and I heard murmurs of praise and wonder from scores of lips as I, too, tried to get sight of what seemed to them so marvellous and attractive. At last a break in the throng favored me. I looked over the heads of some dozen people in front of the picture, and I saw—the picture I had gazed at in such wonder and delight in the studio of Musette Delaporte! Deservedly honored, it hung there on the line, and already its praises were sounding, and the severest critics as well as the most eager enthusiasts were giving it fame."

"I turned away at last. My steps were, however, arrested on the outskirts of the crowd by sight of a woman whose figure seemed strangely familiar. Her face was veiled and somewhat averted, but I knew well enough that pose of the beautiful head, that coil of gold brown hair, just lifted from the white neck. She—she did not see me as for a moment I lingered there. Then I noticed she was not alone. Leaning on her arm was a man, his face pale and worn, as if by long suffering, his frame bent and crippled. As his eyes caught the picture I saw the sudden light and wonder that leaped into his face. I saw, too, the glory of love and tenderness in hers. 'I drew nearer; the man was speaking 'How could you do it?' he said; 'how could you?' 'Oh, Maurice, forgive me,' said that low, remembered voice. 'Dearest; are we not one in heart and soul and name? I only finished what you had so well begun. You were so ill and helpless, and when you went into the hospital, oh, the days were so long and so empty, I meant to tell you, but when it was finished I had not the courage; so I just sent it, signed, as usual, M. Delaporte. I—I never dared to hope it would be accepted. After all, what did I do? The plan, the thought, the detail all were yours; only my poor weak hand worked when yours was helpless.'"

"I was so close I heard every word, so close that I saw him bend and kiss with reverence the hand that she had called poor and weak, so close that I heard the low-breathed murmur from his lips, 'God bless and reward you, my noble wife!'"

"And she was married all the time!" said Denis plaintively. "She might have told us!" Jasper Trenoweth was silent.—The Strand.

Still she never offered to show it to me, and I would not presume to ask. I kept away for several days, thinking she was best undisturbed. All artists have gone through that phase of experience which she was undergoing. It is scarcely possible to avoid it, if, indeed, one has any appreciation for or love of art in one's nature. "At last one day I walked down to the studio. I knocked at the door. There was no answer. I turned the handle and entered. In the full light of the sunset as it streamed through the window, stood the easel, covered no longer, and, facing me, as I paused on the threshold, was the picture. I stood there too amazed to speak or move. It was magnificent. If I had not known that only a woman's hand had converted that canvas into a living, breathing history I could not have believed it. There was nothing crude, or weak or feminine about it. The power and force of genius spoke out like a living voice, and seemed to demand the homage it so grandly challenged. Suddenly I became aware of a sound in the stillness—the low, stifled sobbing of a woman. I saw her then, thrown face downward on the couch at the furthest end of the room, her face buried in the cushions, her whole frame trembling and convulsed with a passion of grief. 'Oh, Maurice!' she sobbed, and then again only that name—'Maurice! Maurice! Maurice!'"

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A Siamese Spectacle. The King of Siam has a fine idea of the picturesque. On the night of the fighting at Bangkok he ordered out his chair of state, and shielded by the gigantic royal umbrella made a midnight inspection of the troops, followed by his body guard and making an imposing show. As they marched along barefooted—we read in the letter of a correspondent at Bangkok—their footfalls scarce disturbed the quietness of night. One flaming pine torch cast its light upon the figure of the king and added to the solemnity of the scene as its light faded into the distance, growing fainter and fainter as the troops, silent as death, passed in long lines.—London Globe.

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