

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

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It is related as singular that fat men seldom commit suicide.

The greatest trouble in the Korean war is likely to arise from a superabundance of umpires, the Washington Star predicts.

The German Government has issued an edict that the names for new babies must be taken only from the Bible, and the roll of Princes and National heroes.

The Pennsylvania Supreme Court has confirmed the decree of the lower court that School Boards have the right to exclude from the public schools children who have not been vaccinated.

W. T. Stead says that founding universities was a favorite pastime of American millionaires, and Goldwin Smith replies that such a pastime is not easily to be distinguished from public spirit and munificence.

On account of the income tax in Germany the waiter employed at the resorts has to keep book of the amount of tips taken in by him. Not only his salary, but his donors, too, must be accounted for to the commissioners.

Until some forty years ago it was customary among the Japanese to vacillate on the tip of the nose. This rendered a written certificate a superfluity. The proof of vaccination was always in evidence, though whether the practice enhanced facial beauty is questionable.

In Switzerland and on the Rhine the recent adoption of standard Central Europe time has seriously affected the receipts of the gas companies. The time ranges from half an hour to nearly an hour earlier than the local time, and the people have accommodated their habits to the change in the clocks.

If miners can be enabled to live three hours after the damp strikes their working places, predicts Everyman, the renown of Sir Humphrey Davy will be eclipsed. An Englishman, whose name will become familiar if he is right, claims to have constructed a steel case which, with compressed oxygen and a respirator, will bring this about.

The introduction of the trolley cars in Philadelphia, which provide not only a means of transportation but an easy and enjoyable ride, has given rise to "trolley car parties," states the New York Advertiser. The Tenth and Eleventh street company, in Philadelphia, has arranged so that a car can be chartered for a round trip for \$5, and all the passengers that can be accommodated are allowed to ride. No stops are made and the cars go whizzing along at a delightful pace.

In commenting upon the fact that Miss Klumpke, an American lady, has been admitted as a doctor of sciences at the Sorbonne, a correspondent in Paris says that her case commends itself to all who question woman's fitness for scientific research. Among sensible people there is no such question. But there is a very serious question as to whether it would be a good thing for the human race for any considerable number of women to devote their lives to purely nervous work—to work, that is, which must be done wholly through nervous stress.

Professor Hite, who has just returned from the exploration of Labrador, says: "There is no population in Labrador outside of the few fishermen scattered along the seacoast, but before leaving Cape Charles we were invited to the greatest social event in the whole of Labrador last summer. It was a dance given in a fish house. There were three girls and two Esquimaux belles to be distributed as partners among more than fifty men. An Esquimaux with an old fiddle made the music and played the 'Arkansas Traveler' in very effective style. Regarding our collections, a splendid assortment of insect life was secured. I found eight new butterflies which have not been described in the entomology of Labrador. The animal life is sub-Arctic as well as the flora, and is therefore rather scanty. In addition to the larger animals which came under the head of game, some rare water shrews were discovered, and a remarkably varied collection of toads peculiar to Labrador. Two new land birds were secured, and a large collection of water fowl."

MAN'S HERITAGE.

This is your heritage, children of light,
The goodliest heritage under the sun;
Courage to stand in the thick of the fight,
The grave to give shelter, life's battle won.

This is your heritage, children of God,
The holiest heritage, gift of the soul;
Faith to uplift from the clutch of the clod,
Love to unfold and make perfectly whole.
—William Hale, in the Independent.

THE SHASTA LILY.

BY ETTIE L. THOMPSON.

PINES, tall and stately, repeated in thrilling tones the strange rhythmic lore revealed to them by breezes from land and sea afar. Cottonwoods bent gracefully to view their fair reflections in placid pools by the Sacramento's edge. Birds, in their green shelter, twittered their joyous matins. Bees hummed about the wild azaleas whose sweetness drifted out through highway and byway mingling with the pungent scent of pine and fir. In the distance rose Shasta, pare, majestic, glorious in the morning light. The Castle Peaks thrust sharp, gray crags upwards against the serene blue of the sky. Just visible through leafy vistas the gables of the "Tavern" bore sufficient evidence of hospitable habitation. Numbers of the guests had strolled down to the station to greet the morning passengers.

The train proved to be late, and nothing loth, we had chosen to await its arrival; so loitering on the bridge, leaning over the rail to watch the glistening fish as they darted in spots of silver along the swift waters, or lounging on piles of sweet-smelling lumber, one and all found the sunshine and fragrance and beauty ample excuse for happy indolence.

While watching the rows of curious faces at the car windows, a complaining voice near by recalled my straying attention.

"There are the Blanks! Oh, why couldn't they stay at home? There isn't a girl at the Tavern, not even the very prettiest one, who can shine with the least little glimmer when Mrs. Blank is in sight," and with a pathetic sigh, a very attractive girl hastened off to console with her fellow sufferers.

To be sure, there was Mrs. Blank, and as I looked I felt that I had never before fully realized her loveliness. She seemed to have gained a new charm; only an expression, perhaps, but whatever the cause, it puzzled me.

Walking slowly up through the pine grove, she now and then passed a caressing hand across the rough trunks which lined the path, and while others listened to the hotel she lingered along the way. If the pine carpet were a luxury to her feet.

One of the guests, as she gazed at the great peaks, and as she gazed at the green pines, and as she gazed at the sun, turned into her face, and, turning, she looked full into the eyes of her husband, who had been eagerly noting every change in her countenance.

"It is inspiration," I said. "She loves the mountains, and the pines, and—her husband."

As I sat on the west veranda that afternoon, watching the quaint effects of light and shade on the peaks of Castle rocks as they rose sharply above the dark pines which seemed striving with ever hopeless endeavor to reach the summit, the Blanks passed near me.

"How glad I am to breathe the old familiar atmosphere again. I believe I was truly homesick for the scent of pines," said she; and from the look which accompanied his reply I knew that she was the one fair and gracious being for him in all the world.

Just then one of a group of men called to him: "We want to climb the peaks to-morrow. You know the trail. Will you go with us?"

"Certainly; I shall enjoy the trip," but a gentle pressure on his arm caused him to look down into a very white face and eyes which showed abject terror.

With a sudden exclamation he said, turning again to the men, "On second thoughts, I must beg you to excuse me. I am sorry, but I can give you all necessary directions."

That evening, after a stroll up the logging road, we gathered on our favorite veranda. For awhile we were silent, absorbed in the moon-traced beauty of the night. The great crags were tipped with innumerable silver spires, and a broad band of softest light was stretched across the meadows below. No breeze stirred the fragrant air. Only the murmurs of the stream and the faint sounds of distant music broke the stillness until a low voice said: "Now, Stella, is the very time for the story you promised. Something to do with Castle Peaks, was it not?"

"Oh, do tell it," pleaded another.

"The Crags are wonderful to-night, and it will be so realistic to have the very mountains themselves right before our eyes."

So we listened to the story of "The Shasta Lily" told in Stella's low, impressive tones, so thoroughly in harmony with the scene.

Several years ago, before the iron horse had plunged his way northward, a small building, scarcely more than a cabin, stood near the bridge spanning the Sacramento, at the foot of Castle Crags. This was the home of a beautiful girl, the pride of the country far and near. She was the beauty of the neighborhood, which might be considered to extend from Sissons to Sim's. At seventeen she was the recipient of attentions from every man, woman and child who came under the influence of her sweet face and gentle ways.

All newcomers heard at once of Mary Dean. The stage driver himself condescended with a pompous proprietary flourish of his whip to point out to his passengers the humble roof which sheltered her, and would expatiate garrulously concerning her loveliness. Her parents proudly accepted the fact that she was the belle of several counties and added their share to the universal admiration.

From a certain charming pose of her pretty head and slender, graceful throat some one of her more imaginative admirers had suggested a likeness to the exquisite Shasta lily, and from that moment the appellation had clung persistently to this fair namesake of so fair a flower.

On the December night of my story a ball was in progress at the old stage station which then stood on the very site now occupied by the tavern. From the windows and doors lights shone out upon the sombre background of pines. Strains of the "fiddle" mingled with sounds of gay voices and restless feet. Above all, keeping time with the music, rose the shrill calls: "For'd gents," "Swing yer pardners," "Followed by the scrape, scrape of the advancing and receding roughly-clad feet.

It was a motley crowd there assembled. Red shirts, blue shirts and "diled shirts" were on a plane of equality.

The fun and excitement increased, and the scraping of heavy boots grew into a scuffle as each dancer made an effort to eclipse his neighbor in the "swing." The fiddler marked time with head and feet, participating vigorously in the reigning enjoyment.

Mary Dean was, as usual, the chief attraction. Tall, fair and graceful, she was pre-eminent among her companions.

As, with an added flourish and a shriller squeak of the fiddle, the dancing ceased, Mary moved toward the open window. The flood of light from within the room illumined her slight figure and delicate profile, accentuating the likeness to the graceful lily and creating a picture to charm even the most indifferent. Not so to be classed, however, were two young men who, sheltered by the darkness, had been watching the merry dancers. They gazed steadfastly at this lovely girl and then turned fierce eyes upon each other. Evidently no neighborly friendship existed between them. Not a word was spoken, but volumes might be read in the set lips and lowering brows. As though impelled by one sentiment they stepped simultaneously toward the window where Mary leaned pensively against the frame.

Some troubled thought stirred her usually tranquil countenances as, with a start, she perceived their approach.

One of the young men was well dressed, with "city" plainly discernible in his style of clothing.

The other, though not careless in attire, wore the customary rough garb of the sturdy miners of this region. His manners were brusque and his voice took on even a sterner accent than usual.

"Mary," he said abruptly, "words are useless. You know our hearts, and you have promised to decide between us to-night. We will bear trading no longer."

This wording was like himself, bluff and straightforward, but probably not as worthy in a maiden's opinion as more vehement protestations of devotion might be.

Mary, however, unmoved by this stern demand, with serene eyes looked upward to the sharp crags outlined against the starry sky.

Then she gazed intently at the face of each lover, but still her thoughts were unspoken. Again her glance sought the rigid cliffs. Then a slow smile lighted her eyes and curved the perfect lips, and, drawing a glove from a pocket, she held it toward the two men.

"Yes, I will give my answer. Somewhere near the end of the trail, at the summit of the peaks, you will find a pair of gloves like this." I left them there last week. He who will first place one of them in my hand may claim me."

Like a thunderbolt fell this decision upon each of the listeners. The feat was a trifle to accomplish, but could it be possible for love to dictate such condition. If she cared for either, could any girl be willing to leave her fate subject to such doubtful ordering? Heavy hearts were theirs, but love was powerful and winsome. Mary Dean was the prize. Without a word or glance the two men vanished into the night, and Mary turned with a sigh. Was it significant of relief, regret or gratified vanity?

In the morning, when the dancers began to think of starting homeward, they discovered, to their dismay, that dark clouds had gathered over the Crags, about whose domes and shafts the lightning played in fitful flashes. Soon the storm was on them in terrific power.

Blinding torrents of rain, onswep by the fury of the tempest, threatened to wreathe the very buildings from their foundations. Giant trees were splintered by thunderbolts seemingly hurled from the mighty crags. Amid the tumultuous roar of the storm could be heard on every side the terror-fraught strain, and groan, and crash of falling trees. Then some one thought of the bridge. "It will go!" was the cry, and while frightened women covered within the walls the men fought their way down to Dean's beside the boiling, raging river to see if aught might be done to save the bridge.

With a strength born of the danger, Mary Dean followed. Neither pleading nor threat could persuade her to seek shelter, but with haggard face and anxious eyes she sought some sign from those whom she had sent into such awful peril.

"The bridge! the bridge is going!"

as a great log, rolling and plunging as it was borne down by the furious stream, struck the bridge with tremendous force, wrenching it from its supports.

Yet still it remained, held by some obstruction which surely could not withstand the slightest added strain. At that moment Mary's eager eyes espied a dark figure on the opposite bank slowly battling away toward the bridge-crossing. Some instinct caused her to glance backward, and there, close at hand, was her other lover, with a triumphant smile, waving a flimsy glove as a symbol of his victory. In a few seconds that glove would be in her hand and she must abide by her promise. Then it was when love asserted control. Doubts disappeared. Was there no escape? Oh, if she were only on the other bank! But the bridge—ah! she can reach it—she will! and with a bound she sprang to the log, then to the bridge. The spectators were horror-stricken as they saw the slight figure of the girl in that perilous position in midstream, on that swaying bridge, and scarcely able to withstand the violence of the storm. Not one of all those brave men dared to venture to her rescue, for any added weight upon those unstable timbers meant near peril for the girl whose life was so precious to them. Their commands to retrace her steps were unheeded. Yonder another log came sweeping onward, propelled by the united forces of wind and stream. There was no hope for Mary Dean unless she reached the opposite bank before the log could strike the bridge.

With suspended breath they watched her progress. She neared the end. Their hearts seemed to cease beating as the log turned in the rapid stream, and with a terrible crash the bridge at last gave way. But Mary Dean was safe. She had gained the land, and after the first moment of silent thanksgiving cheer on cheer rang above the storm as Mary was clasped in the arms of her chosen lover. He had brought the second glove and thus proved his allegiance. Many a tear of sympathy glistened in the eyes of those strong men, for the mountain wooer had won their darling, and they had little pity for the city man who had sought the prize.

Stella's voice ceased, and a spell seemed to rest upon us as we gazed at the Crags, so calmly beautiful in the transforming radiance of the peaceful moon.

"Wasn't that a gloriously brave act?" murmured the heiress, "and all for love."

"Yes," added Stella, "it was grand. The story was related to me two years ago while I was staying at the old log house. It impressed me so strongly that I have ever since had an intense longing to see the original. I would go far to see such a real heroine as that."

"I wonder what I should have done had I been in her place," said frivolous Nell. "I think it was wicked in her to send them off as she did. Yes, absolutely wicked."

"Oh, not wicked," cried a passionate voice, "I entreat you; only thoughtless," and we all turned toward Mrs. Blank, who had risen, and with flashing eyes, in which the tears still shone, confronted our astonished faces. One hand was outstretched as if pleading for leniency of judgment toward our heroine. Then, as some sudden consciousness overcame her impulse, she added, "I beg your pardon, but I was much affected by your anecdote," and with a low "good night," she left us.

The next evening at sunset we went down the road for a view of glorified Shasta.

The warm air, balmy with aroma of pine and sweetness of wild blooms, the hum and buzz of insects, and the incessant murmur of the Sacramento, all lulled me into day dreams. I could see the graceful figure of the slender mountain maid as she passed amid her native forests surrounded by all this wealth of nature.

I could hear the rumbling of wheels and the snap of the flourishing whip announced the approach of the stage as it dashed down this very road only to disappear in a cloud of dust. I could hear the words of the driver—but no. Whose voice was it thus suddenly recalling me to consciousness of my surroundings?

We have reached the river and there, near the ruins of an old bridge, stood the Blanks. It was the husband's voice that had intruded upon my reverie. And the wife replied: "When I come here I live over again all the suspense and dread of those terrible hours. I thought I had overcome such weakness, but when you promised yesterday to go up the cliffs it was more than I could bear, and yet I am ever grateful for the test which taught me to read my own heart aright."

"And I," said her husband, "remember the fearless heart that led my darling across the bridge, and the dear love that prompted her to brave the danger."

And then I realized that this brilliant, cultured, altogether charming woman was none other than the dearly beloved "Shasta Lily."

"Ah! look at Shasta," he said.

A golden flood was sweeping downward from summit to base, while over all a rosy light shimmered with changeful radiance. A wreath-like cloud circled round and round the summit. Then all was changed, and the noble monarch of the north wore a crown of fire, a diadem of peerless splendor.—San Francisco Examiner.

Albert Messerly, a Wheeling (W. Va.) drummer, was thrown off the platform of a Baltimore and Ohio train and over an embankment and an undertaker, upon a doctor's certificate that the man died from the shock, was preparing the body for shipment home, when Messerly recovered.

A GREAT TRIBUNAL.

THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

It is the Court of Last Resort in the United States—its Robing Room—Opening a Season.

THE United States Supreme Court, writes George Grantham Bain, moves slowly, not alone because of the dignity of the court and of its members, though they are restraining influences. The great importance of a decision by this, the court of last resort, makes it imperative that the greatest care be exercised in determining a verdict. So though urgent matters are advanced on the docket at every term, there is no haste about transacting the routine business. Everything takes its turn.

The position of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court is no sinecure—it cannot even be classed as "an easy job." The Justices give full value for the \$10,000 a year which each of them receives. Their time on the bench—averaging about four and a half hours a day during the term—is not the only time devoted to their duties. Every Saturday they gather in the consultation room in the basement of the Capitol. This room was once the office of the clerk of the circuit; the Supreme Court chamber was at that time the chamber of the United States Senate. To these consultations of the Justices no one is admitted—not even the clerk of the court. Here the cases which have been argued during the week are discussed. Here the judgment of the court is determined and the task of writing an opinion is assigned to one or more Justices in each case. I say one or more, because the Justices are unanimous in their determination of a matter, and in case of a division the views of the court are prepared by one of the Justices and the views of the dissenting Justices are prepared by another. These opinions are written out at their homes by the Justices to whom they are assigned and then they are brought to the consultation room and read to the full bench. If they are approved they are laid before the court on Monday, which is decision day.

The assembling of the Supreme Court is a matter of much form and ceremony. The hour of assembling is noon. The court meets at "the place provided by law," so that if Congress after adjournment of the court decided to move its quarters it would have simply to conform to the new law without special action by the court itself. The "place provided by law" this year is as usual the Supreme Court chamber in the Capitol at Washington. The Justices gather at about half past eleven o'clock in the robing room. This is a small room adjoining the clerk's office, which is directly across the hall from the Supreme Court chamber. The clerk's office was on the office of the Secretary of the Senate. In the robing room hangs a portrait of Chief Justice Jay, attired in a robe with scarlet facings. Such gaudy equipment has not been seen in the court room within the memory of this generation at least.

Around the walls of the robing room hang the black silk gowns of the Justices and a number of second hand gowns. A Justice pays as much for his robe of office as he would pay for a handsome suit of clothing. There is a fixed price for the gown, and a price which does not vary with the fluctuations in the duties on silk. One woman has made all the Justices' gowns for forty years, and her invariable price for one is \$100. Like the tailors who make a specialty of outfits for officers of the army and navy, she knows just what are the requirements of a Justice's gown, and all that her customer has to be concerned about is the fit. The gown must set well across the shoulders, and it should reach from the neck to the heels, but it should not drag on the floor. It says floor, because except on inauguration day the Justice does not wear his gown out of doors. When he attends an official dinner or reception at the White House he wears the garb of everyday life.

The Justice wears his robe only when the Supreme Court as a body is participating in some official ceremony. He may go gowned to a funeral if it is an official funeral. He wears it at the inauguration of a President. But ordinarily he puts it on in the robing room in the morning and takes it off in the robing room at dusk. He does not wear it even in the consulting room. So there is very little wear and tear on it, and one robe outwears several suits of clothing.

According to the technical description of it, the Justice's robe is made of large straight widths of silk. It is three and a quarter yards wide at the bottom. It has a narrow hem around the bottom and a broad hem down the front. It is gauged at the top to a yoke, which is short on the shoulders and forms a deep scallop at the back. The flowing sleeves are a yard and a quarter wide, and reach to the wrist.

Having donned their robes with the aid of the old attendants—and they are old enough to be conspicuous even in this city of long services—the Justices, at a few minutes before noon, cross the hall to the ante-room of the court. The transit of the Justices is a matter of daily interest and wonder to the visitors at the Capitol. It is the signal for a raid—a very subdued, dignified raid—on the door of the court room, where a colored man sits, solemnly manipulating the swinging door with a cord. Only so many people are admitted to the court room, and the number is small. There are

but a few rows of benches outside the enclosure reserved for the members of the Bar. No crowding of the court room is permitted.

At noon, led by the Chief Justice, the Justices file into the court room behind the long row of pillars which support the narrow gallery—a gallery, by the way, which is never used now. There is a theatrical touch to the entrance. The black-robed figures glide mysteriously behind the pillars and then, as though at a prompter's signal, appear at the spaces between the pillars and move to their places. The Chief Justice, of course, sits in the middle. On the right of the Chief Justice sits the Justice longest in the service. That Justice now is Mr. Field, who was appointed by President Lincoln in 1863. On the left of the Chief Justice sits Justice Harlan, who stands next to Mr. Field in point of service. Then comes Mr. Gray on the right (one seat removed from the Chief Justice), then Mr. Brewer on the left, Mr. Brown on the right, Mr. Shiras on the left, Mr. Jackson on the right and Mr. White on the left. The last seat on the left hand of the Chief Justice is always occupied by the youngest of the Chief Justices—the latest appointee.

When the Justices enter the court room they rap three times and say in a sing-song tone: "Oyez, oyez, oyez." All persons having business before the honorable the Supreme Court of the United States are admonished to draw near and give attention as the court is about to assemble. God bless the United States and the honorable court!"

When the gavel first falls all those within the bar of the court rise and remain standing until the Justices, a signal from the Chief Justice, take their seats. As they sit down the bow to the Attorney-General and the members of the bar.

Usually the first business—and, in fact, almost the only business of the first day of the term—is the swearing in of lawyers who have practiced in the Supreme Courts of the States, who, by the fulfillment of some condition, are eligible to admission. They are sworn in in batches of a dozen. They gather about the clerk's desk and as many as can do so conveniently lay their right hands on a little old Bible which has been in use more than half a century, and the clerk reads to them the form of oath. This ceremony concluded, the court adjourns and the Justices march as solemnly as they marched in, proceed to the robing room, where they remove their garments of office and satin.

Although it is the ambition of every young lawyer to practice before the Supreme Court, that practice does not afford the opportunities which are to be found in courts of original jurisdiction. The "argument" made to the Supreme Court is hardly more than a state of fact and a quotation of precedent. When Mr. Cleveland appeared before the Supreme Court a few years ago he read his argument from manuscript. The only other President who has appeared in the Supreme Court room is John Quincy Adams, and he argued one case. It is usually a dry formality about the hearing of a case which makes the sessions of the court very monotonous to those who are not directly interested in the matter on trial.

The Scorpion's Suicide.

The natives of Lucca, in Italy, assert that the scorpion will destroy itself if exposed to a sudden light, a writer in Nature said that his informant and her friends, while resting during the summer months at the baths of Lucca, were much annoyed by the intrusion of small black scorpions into the house and their secreted among the bed-clothes, shoes and in other articles of dress that they soon became adept at catching the scorpions and disposing of them in the manner usual of them in the manner usual of the animal under an inverted drinking glass or tumbler below which a candle is inserted when the capture was made and then waiting till dark, and bringing the light of a candle near the glass in which the animal was confined. No sooner was this done the scorpion invariably showed signs of great excitement, running round the interior of the glass with reckless velocity for a number of times.

"This state having lasted for a few minutes, the animal suddenly came quiet, and turning its back to the hinder part of its body or upon the middle of the head, piercing it forcibly in a few seconds became quite motionless, and, quite dead. This observation was repeated quite frequently—in fact, was adopted as the best plan of getting rid of the pests, and the people were in the habit of hastening their work with impunity immediately they were so killed, and of presenting many of them as curiosities. It is known that scorpions kill themselves when surrounded by a ring of glass."

Too Ingenious.

A Dubuque (Iowa) man took a quarter dollar and chiseled the first syllable of the word "genius" and the last syllable of the word "lar." The letter "r" was then changed to "b," making the inscription "ten dol." Then he gilded the gold and offered them to tradesmen at par value of \$10 each. It was a generous scheme, but Uncle Sam's myrmidons are no blind workmen. The gentleman from Dubuque is now languishing in jail at the Free Press.

Meningitis is most deadly in Petersburg, where 500 deaths out of 1000 are from this disease.