

# THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

GEO. W. WAGGENSELLER,  
Editor and Proprietor.

MIDDLEBURGH, PA., JAN. 30, 1896.

The Pleasant Sunday Afternoon movement in England has enrolled some hundred thousand members, and is steadily advancing.

They are raising a row in Wisconsin over the State university. It is charged that it is being converted into an institution for the sons of rich men, and that poor men have no show there.

"Rarely does the death of a public man call forth such generous, almost unqualified, and practically universal tributes of esteem both for the man and the political leader," notes Public Opinion, "as have been accorded the late ex-Senator Thurman."

By the official census of 1811, taken in the year preceding the beginning of hostilities with the United States, the population of England was 10,200,000, of Scotland 1,800,000, and of Ireland 6,000,000, a total of 18,000,000. The census of the United States taken in 1810 showed the total population of this country to be, States and Territories, 7,239,000. The last official census of Great Britain, taken in 1891, showed the population to have been 37,888,000, and the census of the United States, taken the year previous, showed the population of this country to be 62,022,000.

Dr. H. K. Carroll, in the Independent, says that the aggregate of colored church members in the United States is, in round numbers, 2,671,000, distributed as follows: Baptists, 1,493,559; Methodists, 1,199,638; Presbyterians, 30,000; Disciples of Christ, 18,578, and Protestant Episcopal and Reformed Episcopal together, somewhat less than 5000. According to the census figures, there has been an increase of 1,150,000 colored church members during the last thirty years, which Dr. Carroll thinks is unparalleled in the history of the Christian Church. The value of colored church property is \$26,000,000, and the number of churches is 23,770.

An Australian agriculturist, Mr. Krichard, has called attention to the fact that the potato will celebrate the 300th anniversary of its introduction into England this year. It was in 1596 that Sir Walter Raleigh returned to England from America with the first tobacco and potatoes, which originally grew in Peru. Although the potato, it is estimated, now furnishes one-sixth of the nourishment of the human race, for a long time it was a delicacy for the rich alone. Even at the beginning of the seventeenth century noblemen paid two shillings a pound for potatoes and seasoned them with skerry. People often visited the gardens of the botanist Gerard at Holborn to see the plants in bloom. There is talk of a celebration in honor of the anniversary.

The American Cultivator remarks. The fire fiend is an enemy to forestry. More stringent measures are necessary to prevent forest fires. The forests are becoming too valuable to be neglected. Their destruction by fire means not only the loss of property, but the serious loss of employment to woodsmen, teamsters, sawyers, wood workers and all the kindred trades. Ordinary cutting of trees need not destroy a forest, but a heavy fire works destruction. Dr. Rothrock, of the Pennsylvania forestry commission, thinks it an outrage that while a man under our laws cannot set fire to a hen coop without severe punishment, he may carelessly or willfully set fire to a forest and burn up many thousand dollars' worth of property without being molested. Pennsylvania loses \$1,000,000 annually through forest fires, and \$50,000,000 would not cover the annual loss to the country from this cause. It is found in many cases that when a man is pursued by one holding a mortgage on his woodland he sets fire to it to spite the man who forecloses. It is very difficult to convict such a man. Carelessness and ignorance are responsible for many fires, yet thousands of dollars' worth are burned every year from this cause without anybody ever being punished. Why one kind of property can be burned up with impunity when other kinds are protected by the severest fines is one of the curiosities of legal administration that is beginning to be looked after none too early.

## Fruits.

The French have devised a method of preserving fruits by means of alcoholic vapor. The fruit is placed in a room containing open vessels contain-

## WHILE JENNY WAITS.

The cows are coming home, Jenny—I hear their clanking bells:  
White Face  
And Bright Face:  
Coming, coming, coming from the clover in the dells:  
Coming, Jenny girl!  
And what care they for a curl,  
Or that red rose that you wear in your hair,  
Jenny girl?

The cows are coming home, Jenny, the cows are coming home:  
Lazy Bell  
And Daisy Bell:  
Coming, coming, coming from the fields where daisies foam:  
Coming, Jenny dear,  
And I wonder why you wear  
Such ribbons and such roses in your hair,  
Jennie dear?

The cows are coming home, Jenny, by the lowing calves they're led—  
White Face  
And Bright Face:  
Coming, coming, coming; but beware that rose of red!  
Or do the cattle care  
For a woman's ribboned hair?  
Nay! there's some one watching, watching for your coming, Jenny dear!

The cows are coming home, Jenny, but little do you care  
For Lazy Bell,  
Or Daisy Bell,  
From fragrant fields of clover, while in all the twilight air  
A sweeter music awails  
Than the ringing of their bells,  
From lips that cry for kisses from your red lips, Jenny dear?

The cows are coming home, Jenny, and surely I have heard  
With White Face  
And Bright Face,  
The calling, calling, calling of that merry whistling bird  
That says as plain as any:  
"Are you coming to me, Jenny?  
With your ribbons and your roses—are you coming, coming, Jenny?"

Never mind the cattle, Jenny—they'll come for all the girls;  
Daisy Bell  
And Lazy Bell—  
The calves'll call them homeward spite of ribbons and of curls!  
Think you the cattle care  
For the case that's in your hair?  
Nay! but one there is who loves you, and he's waiting, Jenny dear!

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlantic Constitution.

I told her that, if she were at all a decent sort of a girl, the memory of it ought to keep her awake for many nights. This did not appear to impress her in the least. She only laughed. I very much doubt whether Mary has a conscience.

Things went on pretty quietly, until Ethel Rawlins took that journey to Australia. She had a married sister living in New South Wales, who, being rather out of health, had asked Ethel to come and stay for six months or so, and help her with her household duties. Ethel accepted the invitation. I don't deny that I felt a bit sorry at the prospect of losing her. She was my most sensible companion, and the girl whose rational conversation so often soothed me when I had been nearly irritated to madness by the brainless vapors of my sister. Of course, it was not for me to interfere with her movements. I did, however, take the opportunity of having a conversation—an almost fatherly conversation—with her, on the day before she sailed.

I told her plainly that she was the most sensible and companionable girl I had ever come across. I said that it was on account of these qualities that I entertained for her so high a regard as I did. I ventured to express a hope that she would always continue in the same path, and would not permit herself to be drawn aside therefrom by any sentimental companions whom she might chance to meet. I pointed out to her, in this connection, the perils of a sea voyage. There was a subtle sentimentality about the sea that was fearfully insidious. And then those Australian sheep stations. She mightn't think it, but they were downright hotbeds of sentiment. Australia was nearly as bad as India in that way. It wanted an unusually strong-minded girl to visit either the one or the other, and to come back home without having been led in. She, however, was unusually strong-minded. And I thought I could trust her to be true to her colors.

She was very humble. She took my advice gratefully. I believe she would have liked some more of it. At least, she seemed as though she expected me to say more. But I didn't. I thought that was enough. So I simply bestowed my blessing upon her, and we said good-by. Was I deceived? Were those tears shimmering in her eyes, as I pressed her hand? I hoped I was mistaken. A girl who could be betrayed into a sentimental exhibition, upon so trifling a cause, was scarcely fit to be trusted in the insidious surroundings of a sea voyage and a sheep farm.

I had not asked Ethel to write to me; and I did not write to her. Probably I should have corresponded with her, but I did not wish to lay myself open to misconstruction. When a fellow has a lot of sisters who overhaul his letters before he comes down in the morning, and examine the hand-writings and postmarks, to see whom they are from, he is bound to be very careful. If the sisters are decent girls it doesn't so much matter. But when there is a Mary among them, with a gossiping tongue and a flippant disregard for veracity, too much caution cannot be exercised. So I heard nothing direct from Ethel. But as she wrote pretty frequently to my eldest sister Katie, I was kept tolerably well informed of her movements and occupations.

It was not long before the contents of these letters to Katie began to awaken in me a serious apprehension. There was a fellow named Bowley who had gone out in the same ship with Ethel, and whose destination happened to be the farm adjacent to Ethel's brother-in-law's. He was Mr. Bowley during the voyage. For the first month on the sheep farm he was Charlie. I am bound to say that Ethel's mode of alluding to him in her letters caused me decided annoyance. It is such bad form for girls to call comparatively strange men by their Christian names. I should have expected it of Mary, or indeed of most other girls of my acquaintance. But Ethel—who had always been the personification of form—well, it was a falling off for her. Of that there could be no doubt.

But it was not merely this that vexed me. Apart from the question of form, there was a tone in Ethel's letters—a dreadfully sickly, sentimental tone—which showed me clearly that her sound sense and her practical character had become seriously undermined. It occurred to me that something must be done to stop it. An ordinary fellow in my position would have written her a lofty rebuke. I am a man of deeper resource than that. I hit upon a much more effective way of bringing home her folly to her. It is a matter of common knowledge that sinners in whom any spark of better feeling remains will pause and turn from their downward career when they see that they are dragging with them to their ruin one for whom they entertain a true regard. I determined to counterfeited; to make Ethel believe that her falling away into the evils of sentimentality had exercised a debasing influence on myself. If that would not pull her up nothing would.

With this end in view, I went to my dressing case one night and fished out a certain diamond ring, which together with certain other effects had come to me under my godmother's will a few years ago. I then sat down and perpetrated—with well-feigned hypocrisy—that last and lowest act of which your love sick fool is capable. I indited a copy of verses to Ethel. I wrapped these verses round the diamond ring. I packed them up. I addressed the case to Ethel Rawlins. It was my settled purpose to post them to her next morning. But I never sent them, after all. Next morning, when I came down, I observed my sister regarding me with looks of mournful compassion. Katie

was reading a letter written on foreign paper.

"Oh, Jack," she said, "here is some news for you which I am afraid will not be very welcome. Ethel is engaged to Mr. Bowley."

"Poor Jack," added my odious sister Mary.

"Why do you say 'Poor Jack' in that pitying way?" I demanded, with reasonable irritation. "If you had said 'Poor Ethel,' it would have been more to the point."

"Because you look so green over it," retorted Mary. Mary certainly has the vulgar way of talking of any girl I know.

I turned upon her a look of lofty and dignified reproof. But I did not attempt to reason with her. Reason and sound sense would have been quite wasted on Mary. She had a moral twist in her which was past rectification.

Of course, the news was a shock. Ethel Rawlins had sunk lower than I should have thought possible. It was a sad, pitiable decline. I was deeply disappointed in her. I sold the ring to a jeweler for twenty guineas. The verses went to a magazine, and fetched one guinea more. They were mementoes of my disgust at Ethel's fall. I was glad to get rid of them at any price.

From the Morning Post, September 17, 1893:

Suddenly, at Wappitooza, N. S. W., on the 23 ult., Charles Madden Bowley, aged thirty-five. Friends please accept this intimation.

When I first read this announcement it gave me quite a turn. I no longer retained that regard and respect for Ethel which I had felt before her fall. Still, one cannot utterly break the ties which bind one to old friends, even if they have disgraced themselves; and I really was sorry for the poor, weak girl in this affliction. There was another thing. I had been feeling ill and miserable for some time myself. My nervous system had gone wrong. And the news of Bowley's death—such a hale and hearty brawler he had seemed, too—set my thoughts running in a morbid train. I went to my doctor at once. I told him just how I felt.

He said I wanted change of air and scene. A sea voyage, now. Could I find time for a sea voyage? I said I could find time for anything that would restore my health. To what country had I better make my sea voyage? Oh, it didn't much matter; only the longer the voyage the better—to Australia, for instance. I said, resignedly, that Australia was as good as any other place. So it was settled that I should go to Australia.

I booked my passage to the Antipodes in the very next liner that sailed. The day before I went, I happened to pass the shop of the jeweler, to whom I had sold my godmother's diamond ring. Glancing in at the window, I saw—with some surprise—that it was still exposed for sale there. When a man feels ill, and, as it were, nearly shaking hands with death, it makes him think more seriously of his duties, obligations and such like. It was borne upon me now that I had behaved most ungratefully in parting with that diamond ring of my dear godmother's, which she had bequeathed to me as a keepsake. I was thankful that the jeweler had not sold it. I obeyed the dictates of my awakened conscience. I went in and repurchased the ring.

From the Morning Post, October 1, 1894:

KENDRICK—BOWLEY.—September 29, at St. James's, Piccadilly, John Kendrick, of Beckley, Devon, to Ethel Rawlins, widow of the late Charles Madden Bowley, of Wappitooza, N. S. W.

John Kendrick, the writer, I could not help it. There was no other way. Ethel, having once tasted the insidious sweets of sentiment, was like a lion who had tasted human flesh. She was incurable. Under these circumstances I could not leave her at the mercy of the first sentimental idiot who might cross her path. To save her from sinking into further folly, I married her. Of course, I have, in this matter, been more or less bound by an absurd convention. I have had to do some love-making. It has been a tremendous effort—a heroic endeavor. But the sense of duty has always been strong within me. And I have risen to the occasion.—London Truth.

A Remarkable Country Home.

The remarkable country home of Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, at Scarborough, is just now in the hands of experienced landscape gardeners. Large flower pots and bay trees, which have been brought from Venice, Italy, will adorn and beautify the Italian garden in front of the baronial mansion. A large corps of workmen is now engaged in the leveling of the hill in the rear of the house. Roots of foreign plants and young bay trees are also being planted in the flower gardens. It is the intention of Mrs. Shepard to devote nearly all the vast estate to the one unifying scheme of park gardening. So far over \$2,000,000 has been laid out in building the mansion, decorating and furnishing the same, the laying out of the Italian garden and the landscaping of the grounds.—New York Advertiser.

Finnish Trotting Horses.

Horsemen in this vicinity are taking more than ordinary interest in William Matson, a farmer and horse breeder of Wassa, Gamla Kanleby, Finland, who has brought to this country six Finnish trotting horses, three mares and three stallions. The horses are smaller than our trotters, averaging about 14½ hands high, but it is claimed for them that they have unusual endurance and are not affected by the cold. They are now at Fleetwood Park and have attracted much attention from local horsemen.—New York Advertiser.

## STRANGE COLORS.

MEN FEAR SKIES YELLOW, RED, GREEN AND BLACK.

The Red Terror of the Fourteenth Century—Green Day of the Columbian Year—Dark Day of the Revolution.

ON January 27, 1306, from sunrise until midnight, the churches of Europe were crowded with kneeling suppliants, while solemn chants and the smoke of the censers arose uninterceptedly. Thousands of terrified people lay prone upon their faces in the streets and squares. Women clutching their infants to their breasts raw shrieking along the highways. Creditors forgave debts; usurers pressed upon their ruined clients their ill-gotten gains; rich men distributed their wealth in the name of charity to all who would consent to accept. Criminals voluntarily confessed their misdeeds and besought the extremity of human justice. Kings and princes threw off their ermine, donned the rags of beggary, and vowed new crusades for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre from the Turk. Men went mad. Anchorites and hermits issued from their cells, wild-eyed, clad in goat skins or sackcloth, and, stalking through the streets, cried aloud: "Woe! woe! The hour of judgment is at hand!"

It was the Day of the Red Terror, described by the ancient chroniclers. The dawn broke clear and mild as in midsummer, we are told, and "not a cloud of a handbreadth's bigness was to be seen in all the sky." But just before the sun rose a strange red haze or mist overspread the heavens, deepening in hue and density, until at 9 o'clock the firmament was a crimson pall which obscured the sun and cast a lurid, ominous glare upon the earth like the reflection from a tremendous conflagration at a distance. Despite the unnatural illumination the gloom was so profound, even at midday, "that one man knew not another, though he were his own brother. Toward 3 of the afternoon there came a great splendor of crimson, like blood, and some cried that now, indeed, 'the heavens were departing as a scroll when it is rolled together; others that they beheld the angels battling against the hosts of the Apollon in the upper air, and yet others that blood rained upon the earth." At about midnight the fiery pall disappeared, seeming to be dissipated as a light mist is driven before a strong wind; the stars came forth in their tranquil beauty, and the panic-stricken world grew calm again.

In April of the year in which Columbus set out upon his memorable voyage to the Indies, incidentally discovering America, occurred the wonderful Green Day. During the forenoon there had been a succession of light showers, but at 12 o'clock the sky cleared, and the sun shone brightly. At an hour past noon the sun grew pale, and lost its brilliancy, as if obscured by a winter fog, though there was no trace of vapor in the atmosphere. At the same time the azure hue of the sky changed to a livid green deepening gradually to a rich emerald tint. The sun became wholly invisible, and there was a sort of preternatural twilight upon the earth. The green hue was so intense that "all objects took the color of oak leaves, and men stared in affright at each other's faces," for they, too, were of the prevailing livid green. The populace poured into the streets to gaze in terror at the emerald sky, and to ask each other what had become of the sun, and if the end of the world were at hand. Bells were tolled, services were held in all the churches. In one French town several persons expired from fright. At about 8 o'clock in the evening the sky resumed its normal aspect.

There are several Yellow Days on record, the most remarkable being that which occurred in the reign of Charles IX. of France. "All the previous night such a tempest of wind blew as not the oldest man had seen. Steeples fell with a horrible crash. Strong houses and palaces fell down flat upon the earth. Whole forests were levelled and thousands of deer destroyed, so that there was no hunting in all the realm for the space of six years." At sunrise the storm died down to a breathless calm. It became so intensely hot that cattle died in the fields, men fell down in the streets, steam rose from standing pools, and hayricks took fire. Yet there was no visible sun. The sky was a brilliant yellow, like that sometimes seen in the west at early twilight, deepening toward noon to a splendid orange, and later, to an ugly muddy brown. So frightful was the omen "that men, not daring to go forth for the dreadful heat, confessed themselves to each other, forgave debts and old feuds. Those that ventured out of door drenched their clothing with water, which turned to vapor in a hundred paces. Many died in their houses, whether of the heat or fear, and half the world was overcome."

The Dark Day of the Revolution has been frequently described, to many yet living, by ancient people who were eyewitnesses. This account was given by a Rhode Island lady, a cousin of General Nathaniel Greene: "The sky was clear until near noon, when the sun began to fade, as if its light were withdrawn, until it needed very keen eyes to mark its positions in the heavens. At first there was a sort of greenish twilight, then everything became as dark as midnight. The stars came out. The fowls went to roost. People looked at their clocks, sure that they must somehow have mistaken the time. The churches and meeting houses were open. The bells tolled mournfully. Some men

stood upon the corners precisely that this was the Last Day foretold by the Evangelist. Some peeped wrapped themselves in white sheets and sat at open windows or on roof-singing hymns. But just before a set the sky cleared. I remember that my mother and father embraced each other, then kissed me, and seemed overjoyed, and the street was full of people running to and fro and shouting that the world was safe."

The Black Day of the thirteenth century must have been yet more dire and terrifying, according to two fragmentary accounts which have come down. "During the whole day the sun was a disc of ebony in a funeral firmament, and the whole earth was full of weeping. The heasts crept into men's houses for comfort."—New York Sun.

stood upon the corners precisely that this was the Last Day foretold by the Evangelist. Some peeped wrapped themselves in white sheets and sat at open windows or on roof-singing hymns. But just before a set the sky cleared. I remember that my mother and father embraced each other, then kissed me, and seemed overjoyed, and the street was full of people running to and fro and shouting that the world was safe."

The Black Day of the thirteenth century must have been yet more dire and terrifying, according to two fragmentary accounts which have come down. "During the whole day the sun was a disc of ebony in a funeral firmament, and the whole earth was full of weeping. The heasts crept into men's houses for comfort."—New York Sun.

## Sheep Shearing.

Part of the shearing in New South Wales is done in large sheds, another part in smaller and less pretentious buildings, and a portion in the open air. Most of the work, however, is now conducted in sheds with every modern facility, and is carried through with dispatch and business like method, approaching somewhat the regular working of a large factory. Its occurrence being only once a year and then only for a short period, the formality of engaging the hands is gone through before the work commences, and is usually effected the day previous to starting, when the roll is called and the men sign on afterwards obtaining their shears, oil stones and bottle of oil. Preference is shown in regard to choice of shears, each man having his own particular fancy for a pair of shears suited to his wrist power, the stone being more a matter of speculation. The general practice is to start at the end of the week—the rams or studs being frequently the first shorn—allowing for slow work, enabling the men to get into the cutting without straining their wrists. This method, it is needless to say, benefits both the owner and his shearer.

Perhaps the most striking sound to catch the ear of the onlooker after the work starts in real earnest is the order "tar," often given in a deep voice as "tar here," while shouts of "wool away," as the ringers cut out their sheep, intermingled with the occasional ab bleating of the sheep, add to the babel, to say nothing of the constant click of the shears or the whirl of the machinery.

From the stands the boys secure the fleeces, taking care to lift them in the orthodox fashion, and throw them out on the skirting tables, at the same time skilfully spreading them out. The skirter, working under special instructions, hands them on to the classer, who grades and places the fleeces in the bins, after which the pressers, waiting near the back of the bins, are ready to finish off the work.—Dulgety's Monthly Review.

## Human Sacrifice in Africa.

If the eradication of cannibalism in Africa seems well-nigh impossible, it looks as if it would be even more difficult to suppress the sacrifice of human beings on particular occasions. In Macmillan's Magazine there is an account of what is called the yam custom. Although the writer uses the guise of fiction, he unquestionably sticks close to the facts. The incident occurs in a coast town, where the English have a colony. The Donkeys are about ushering in the yam festival and their deity, Bonsam, must be propitiated by human sacrifice. His Excellency the Governor is using all precautions so as to do away with these horrible rites. Her Majesty's officials and the Inspector of Police are on the watch, and many precautions have been taken. An Ashantee on the way to town from the up country has been kidnapped. He is to be the victim. The besotted African King is half afraid of the English police, and hesitates. The priests tell him that dire calamities will arise unless Bonsam has his usual sacrifice. A more prudent course is determined on. The blood of the victim might be traced, if it bespattered the King's mud-walled courtyard. The Ashantee, bound with cords, is carried out to sea in a canoe. At some distance from the land the priests cut off the victim's head. Then his Excellency sends a dispatch to the Right Honorable Secretary of the Colonies in London, informing him "that the celebration of the yam custom, which in former years was attended by many ferocities, has just been observed in a very orderly manner," and the conclusion is, "that the gross superstitions of fetishism are rapidly losing ground under the teaching of the missionaries of various denominations." In the long past this sacrifice of human beings to the gods must have been common. Many ages passed before this horrible custom was discontinued.—New York Times.

## A Remarkable Brick Column.

In the city of Salvador is a brick column ninety feet high and three feet square that was moved 100 feet without losing its perpendicularity or cracking the mortar. The ground under the city of Salvador is full of caverns of unknown depth. A man was once digging a well there. The last stroke he gave with his pick the bottom fell out, and he and his pick and all fell through, nobody knows where.—New York Advertiser.

## Why a Diplomat Wore Bangs.

A prominent New Yorker said recently: "I never did like William Waiter Phelps because he was too affected. I never could stand a man who wore bangs." Judge Phelps was not at all affected, and he wore his hair banged to hide a terrible scar on his forehead.—New Orleans Picayune.