THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

GEO. W. WAGGENSELLER, Editor and Proprietor.

MIDDLEBURG, PA., FEB. 27, 1896.

Let us hope that because of Alfred Austin's success all the politicians will not start writing poetry.

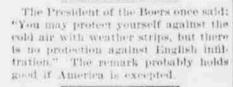
Spain may have a notion of selling Cuba to Great Britain, but what is Cuba going to say about it?

In the matter of poets laurente the century began with a Pye and seems fated to end with a puddinghead.

The Venezuelan Commission is made up of eminent lawyers and scholars. There is no chance for John Buil to criticise it on the score of respectability.

It appears that the Constitution of Venezuela forbids the alienation of any portion of her territory, which is to say that it is in perfect harmony with cae Monroe doctrine

The case and dexterity with which the German Government got up steam on the Transvaul question would indicate that the fires had been banked under the bailers for just such an emergency. Contraction on Service and



dupan has ordered the largest battleship in the world, and it will soon be haunched in England. It will be paid for with Chinese money, which illustrates the fact that a nation without warships must build them for some oth-OF COMMERY.

On an investment of \$2\$5,000 the State of South Carolina has cleared \$210,000 in the business of selling alcoholic beverages. The official red licker is not giving sentire satisfaction to the constituer, but the State has no reason to complain of the revenue results.

Lord Salisbury says of international arbitration that "It has proved itself valuable in many cases, but it is not free from defects." Just so. When your adversary is bigger than you are, arbitrate by all means. But if he is a little fellow without friends, let him have it at once in the cervical region.

The Governor of Alaska reports that more than a hundred species of food and swasaa in the waters of the territory, and that the value of the salmon prepared for market now exceeds \$3,-000,000 a year. With proper regulations the supply of none of these fish will be seriously reduced, and Congress would be well occupied in giving the matter attention.

COBWEBS.

Spider, spider! weave thy thread Over living, over dead; From early morn to sunset red, Spin, spider, spin.

Over palaces and graves, Over mounds where green grass waves Where stream the rushes laves, Spin, spider, spin.

Over hovels black with grime, Over many a scene of crime, Over many a deed sublime, Spin, spider, spin.

In late autumn's pleasant days, With wide web and artful ways, Snaring every fly that strays, Spin, spider, spin,

Dead man stretched on lonely bier, Scarce a soul dare venture near, Feet pass quiet, steeped in fear.

Spin, spider, spin, Over sorrow, over mirth.

Over everything on earth, Over death, and over birth. Spin, spider, spin,

Spin: this cobwebby old earth, For that purpose gave thee birth; Other deeds are nothing worth; Spin, spider, spin.

-Chambers's Journal.



NDOUBTEDLY those who knew him best would never have suspected it. A club man, a bon vivant. hero of an endless array of more or less

exciting love scrapes, gentleman and all around good fellow --- he, Charlie Brown, actually in the meshes of love, frightfully, sentimentally, desperately in love.

And with whom? A girl he confessed did not care a snap for him-Mary Chisholm, rich, cultured, trav-

eled, cynical and proud. "Look here, Brown," said Van Tweet, one day, in Brown's room, throwing one leg over the over and looking his friend straight in the eye, something very serious is the matter. I have quietly studied you for some time and diagnosed your case very carefully. You are in love. Come, now, who is she? Out with it."

Brown tried to look surprised, and thea dippant.

"Tut, tut !" said Van Tweet, "you can't simulate any beguiling nonchalance before me ; you can't deceive Van Tweet. If you are in trouble over an affair of the heart, make me your confidant. I haven't a thing in the world to worry about. I haven't even a thing to think about just now. Let me in on the ground floor. Now, then, it's love, isn't it?'

Brown swept his hand over his forewho is undergoing nggle whimself, and then he over ed out :

"It's love! Just think of it! I. me---falling in love! Don't you think trepanning would be good for me?" And he jumped to his feet and

towsled his hair like a tragedian. this secret. The fever has mounted on the tapis.

made me sick for a week, and after no matter how obscure. Sho doesn's that we were worse enemies than love him. ever.

"I say we," continued Brown, "but that is a little too sweeping. By what process I know not, but from the moment I held her in my arms and dragged her limp and dripping to where her mother and brother could lay hands on her, I felt-felt-" "You're sure she hates you?"

"'Oh, I have no doubt of it," said Brown. "I called, and that call completed my downfall. I have never had the same respect for myself since.

"And you think she hates you?" "By jove, I tell you she is getting even with me for being the instrument of fate to rescue her from the waves. That girl would a thousand times rather have died than owe her life to my efforts."

Van Tweet thought for the briefest of moments, and then looked up like a physician who has reached a conclusion at his patient's bedside.

"Brown," he said, "you are either a fool or else you are perversely entertaining--I will not even say beguiling-your heart with an interesting illusion. You know that the girl loves you, or else you are so blind that it would be charitable to hold you non compos mentis. Now, don't try to bewilder my judgment with a mass of pretty fancies conjured up just because the girl has too much good sense to fling herself into your arms the first time you knock at her door. Your confounded pride does not allow you to see that she is just as proud as you are; but the right is all on her side, and you are acting the part of a very stupid ass, if you will pardon my plainness, for not stripping off this unbecoming dignity at once and going to her very humbly with a plea for landlady, I suppose?" pardon-

Pardon?" exclaimed Brown. "I ask holm," pardon-1?"

Van Tweet's eves began to flash angrily. "See, here, old man," he said, "this girl is far too good for you, and you know it. Do you stand there and tell me that you love her, love her to distraction, to rashnessfor you do-and yet hold her too cheaply to humiliate yourself by asking her-what?-whether she loves you?

But Brown insisted that he knew what he knew, smote the side of his chair with his fist, and declared that nothing could alter his views. She hated him, and was only waiting for him to humble himself, like the rest of her suitors, so that she could give him his quietus, and pay him off for having saved her life.

The next morning Miss Chisholm received the following letter by mail: "My Dear Miss Chisholm-Will you

pardon me if I avail myself so late of head and stretched himself, like a man a long standing invitation to call, and "ggle with may I hope ' home this evening? Cordially yours, "P. R. VAN TWEET.

Van Tweet found Miss Chisholm through both cordial and radiant. They talked to be a about the latest book of short stories. They they switched off to discuss "Sit down, Brown. It's a mighty operas and the visit of a Parisian star, good thing you relieved yourself of and then Van Tweet brought Brown

That night Brown was much improved, and Van Tweet was admitted to his room. Mingling with the odor of iodoform and carbolic acid Van Tweet's olfactories were able to distinguish the scent of roses that came from an enormous bouquet on a small table near the invalid's bedside. Brown himself was in bright spirits. He held out his hand with a happy smile.

"Phlebotomy seems to have done you some good. I haven't seen you in such a lively state of mind since you fell in love with Miss Chisholm," said Van Tweet, slyly.

"Yes," said Brown, with a smile, "the operation on my heart has done me much good in that connection." "You'l! get over your wound, the

same as you'll get over your love for Miss Chisholm," gravely remarked Van Tweet. "When a man of sense comes to the conclusion that a woman doesn't love him the recovery is rapid.' "Yes," said Brown, with a concealed smile of supreme happiness.

"She isn't worthy of you."

"You thought she was too good for me," said Brown, in a tone of resentment. "So I did," said Van Tweet, "but then I've sounded her and found she doesn't love you. On the whole, you'd better give her up and let me try my luck. I've taken rather a fancy to her myself, and I think I'm

not altogether indifferent to her." "Do, if you want to be laughed at, like the rest of the fellows," replied Brown. He pointed to the flowers. "Aren't they refleshing?" he asked. "Very beantiful," said Van Tweet, hardly noticing them. "From your

"No !" said Brown, "from Miss Chis-

"Get out !" he exclaimed. "The age of miracles is over-

"Van," said Brown, "if this infernal wound doesn't put me hors de combat I'll marry Miss Chisholm in six months. Just read this:"

"My Own-I have learned of your injury, and my heart is pressed with nameless agony lest something serious should ensue. It has prompted me to a quick decision, a decision I could have given you many months ago if you had but spoken. For my sake et well, my hero and deliverer! I shall await with trembling and fear news from your bedside, news that you are out of danger, and shall pray for you night and day.

Van Tweet glanced at the signature and folded up the letter without a trace of emotion. "Woman," he said. solemnly, "thy name is mystery. How did it happen?

Brown smiled as he had not smiled in months. "I had left her house but w moments before the scrimmage rred in Waldon street," he begar 0 to be very formal. Some

sords kept ding-donging y head. I said to myself ral coward and tremble be-

cause a woman may turn you down is almost as bad as to run when your manhood is assaulted. It was a hard right?" fight, but I made it. And-"

"She accepted you?" asked Van

BUDGET OF FUL HUMOROUS SKETCHES FI

VARIOUS SOURCES.

Good Intentions-Explained-Gre -Wouldn't Encourage It-Abreast of the Times-Authoritative, Etc.

Though some 'gainst resolutions rai. As steps that lead us to a fa'l, "Tis better to resolve and fall

EXPLAINED.

- Boston Courier.

Than never to resolve at all.

"Mame, what is classical music?"? "Oh! don't you know? It's th aind that you have to like whethe you like it or not."-Pack.

GREEN !

Mistress-"Did the man send C. lobster?"

Bridget-"He did, mum; an' Oi sint it back. 'Twas not roipe."-Judge.

DEFINED. Bennie- "What's a conversational-

ist?" Jennie-"Oh, it's a man that doesn't have to stop talking when he hasn't got anything more to say."-Truth.

WOULDN'T ENCOURAGE IT.

She (affectionately)-"I love to make you happy. Is there anything I can do for you, my dear ?" He (snarlingly)-"No, there isn't. hate to encourage selfishness." -- To-Date.

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Traveler (in the West) -- "Those Indians are more or less civilized, are they not?'

Why, Native-"Civilized? medicine-man is treating six case of appendicitis?"-Puck.

FROM THE FEBRYBOAT.

First Commuter-"I wonder what the ground rent of that high building Second Commuter-"I'm [sure 1

don't know, I only wonder what the sky rent must be."-Truth.

CAN BE IMAGINED.

Duzzey-"So Fitzbooby was intoxicated last night, was he?" Dochey-"Yes." Duzzey-"How badly ?"

Doohey-"In the full sense of the

word,"-Roxbury Gazette.

AUTHORITATIVE. Big Sister -- "Dick, I think it is time little folks were in bed." Little Dick (on Mr. Nicefellow's yiel knee)-"Oh, it's all right. Mamma tor said I should stay here until she came Ea. -0.4 chanous yield .000 bushels, sold in lownstai-...-New York Weekly. Jun t \$1 a bushel-\$4000. That pays \$

ONE EXCEPTION.

"I .d want to keep som et ing to remember him by, so I return 1 all of his presents but one. s that package grains and grass, "Certainly, my dear. Whi s did you Giant C ver, etc., and our mammoth see

keep?"

March April, May are most emphatically the monor taking a good blood purifier, because t ystem is now most in need of such a me ine, and because it more quickly respon medicinal qualities. In winter impurity) not pass out of the body freely, but a

mulate in the blood. The best medlen April

purify, enrich and vitalize the blood, a is give strength and build up the syste Iood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands take it ir Spring Medicine, and more are takin today than ever before. If you are tire ut of sorts," nervous, have bad taste

morning, aching or dizzy head, so ach and feel all run down, a course I's Sarsaparilla will put your wh in good order and make you strong rous. It is the ideal Spring Media rue h erve tonie, because



Is cone True Blood Pur. "fler, All druggists ed only by C. I. Hood , & Co., Lowell, J Hod's Pills are purely v. -retable.c.

branches of the Mississippi A gate length of 15,000 miles.

low-fields of plains and open country,

ily charged with frost and fine par-

I frozen matter. It is the most pene-

way for call to set in. Sudden , such a chill, and severe odde a boys skating, driving for pleasure inces, and men at work allold know forence in temperature. Yet the sters skate away and with mouth open ng take in a dose of sorrthroat.

all) we the next day from soreness and stiff-ness dat suddo, chill means. Now the set dat suddo, chill means. Now the set dat suddo, chill means, in we will new with St. Jacobs Oil. If you do, you

will of have sorethroat; or if you, are still

ind are, it will enroby warming the surface to to swout the chill.

T d's Salzer's Earliest, fit for use in 25

ronounced the heaviest

, and we challenge you at 10 acres to Salzer's

.12 T.

day Salzer's new late potato, Champion

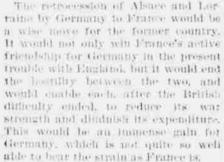
Jut t \$1 a bushel-\$4000. That pays of

sinte, I. byrus, Sand Vetch. . . Spurr

The World's Earliest Potato.

Trost, Frolic and Business. wind over frozon pounds and lakes,

Lake Superior mines for the year 1895. foots up 10,237,662 tons, breaking all former records. The total last year was 7,748,000 tons. Lake vessels have had a heavy season in freights, and shipluilders are at work on forty four | help you to do some thinking." new luke ships, valued at \$7,800,000, all to be completed by next August.



The first deaths from the new gas neetylene, are reported. Three men were killed and five others injured by an explosion in a tank holder at New Haven, Conn. Also the building was set on fire and destroyed, with the greater part of its contents. At one far more serious than here stated, as lot. about forty people were in the building at the time of the explosion, and her conclusion," said Van Tweet. for a while it was runnored that fully half of them had perished.

The great lakes have assumed an importation in traffic and mavigation never before known: This condition of Indissirial newlyad is almost entirely due to the enormous output of iron ore in the upper like region and the great grain intrusts of the Northwest empires, and the consequent demand upon transportation facilities, together with canal and other improvement work, has combined to stimulate shipbuilding to an unprecedented degree. Twenty-one steel steamers of the 6.000 ton class, six steel schooners of an equal capacity and nine large wooden vessels will be additions to the fleets transacting lake commerce next year. Ten of the blg steel steamers are for the ore trade alone. There have been some heavy losses on the lakes, in which forty-three boats, valued at \$778,700 and measuring 20,195 net tons, passed out of existence. The insurance losses were the largest on record.

An Admission.

Rector-Mr. Jones, I am sorry to tell you that I saw your boy fishingalant Sunday.

Mr. Jones-Confound the young rascal! I thought it was strange I couldn't find my fishing red.-London Tele-

Figures just published show that the from your heart to your brain. A few shipment of iron ore by water from the | months more of this suppressing agony and I don't know but trepanning would have proved the only remedy. Sit down, I say. Now, tell me all, and said. after I am in possession of the facts, as we say in a newspaper office, I'h

> It was the same old hypnetic power which he exercised over all men and all women, too, that made Charile ted himself in that row last night?" Brown relinquish all resistance to Van

Tweet's appeal. "All right," said Brown, after a moment's reflection. "I trust you with my secret on your promise of silence. I have been, like Tantalus, the possesfor of a ravished heart over since I met Miss Chisholm at the beach last season." "Oh, it's Chisholm, is it?" said Van Tweet, interrupting him.

"I don't know what possessed me to fall in love with her," continued Brown ; "but she provoked me."

"That's right; the woman is always to blame," put in Van Tweet.

"She provoked me by her infernal indifference. There she was, the conscious centre of a lot' of fellows, all trying to make themselves agreeable, and she only laughed at them-laughing at them as a quien might at a roomful of gibbering parrots. She love tap on the angle of the jaw that those it was foured the disaster was thought she was too good for the

> "And most likely she was right in "What did that concern you? Did you try to make a parrot of yourself ns well?

"Try?" echoed Brown. "Try? Great Scott, I was the worst of them ull.

"You crouched at her feet and twanged your lyre like the rest-you, Brown?'

Van Tweet was evidently surprised. "Oh, not like the rest," said Brown. "Catch me bearing any woman's train. No, I did worse, as I am about to tell you. First, I studiously avoided her. She must have noticed it, and before long she seemed not to see me at all. I knew what that meant She was going to punish me by protending that there was no such person as Charlie Brown on this terrestrial plane.

"So I laid myself out to be as coldly scornful as she. You ought to have seen us. And so things went on, until we were all in the surf together, and it fell to my happy lot to rescue Miss Chisholm from drowning.

"It was a more serious matter than I had reasoned. Expert swimmer as she is, she completely lost her senses and she folded her arms around my neck as impulsively as if we had been old acquaintances. All this occurred claimed, in a sympathetic tone of under water, or I sheddhi't have voice. minded it half as much.

"You know Charlie Brown, of course?" he began.

"Oh, very well. He favors me occasionally with a formal call," she

"Well, you ought to know him better," said Van Tweet in his peculiar. matter of fact way; "he is really a remarkable character. Of course you read in to-day's Beagle how he acquit-

"A row-Mr. Brown?" asked Miss. Chisholm, with a manifestation of mild surprise. "Is Mr. Brown in the habit of engaging in rows?" Van Test produced a copy of the

Beagle and read :

"Shortly "past cleven o'clock last night Mr. Charles W. Brown, the well known clubman was going home. He heard a woman's voice calling for help near the corner of Waldon street and Werona avenue, which is rather dark at that hour. Running in the direction of the cries he saw three ruffians bending over the postrate body of an old man, and a young lady a short distance away screaming for assistance.

"Mr. Brown ran to the assistance of the postrate man, dealing the first ruftian a blow that sent him sprawling into the gutter, and giving the second a made him forget the day of the week. The third man clinched, but in a trice Mr. Brown had thrown the fellow over his head and was complete master of the situation. As soon as the assailants could gather themselves together they fled, leaving Mr. Brown in undisputed possession of the field.

"The facts developed by a reporter of the Beagle show that Mr. R. X. Walter, the well known wholesale grocer, had attended one of the theatres with his daughter, and had left the cable car about three blocks from his residence. Turning the corner of Waldon street he was suddenly set upon and knocked down by one of the three assailants, who had evidently planned to rob him.

"Mr. Brown, in the struggle with the last of the three men, was wounded by a knife thrust. He was able to walk home, but bled profusely, and is under the care of a surgeon. At the time of going to press no interview could be obtained with Mr. Brown, and the physician declines to state whether his injuries are serious."

Miss Chisholm had listened to the account with a pale face and trembling lips, and when Van Tweet folded up the paper and tossed it carelessly on the table, he saw her eyes filled with live 410 years, while other varieties of tears and her hands clasped.

"Oh, the poor fellow!" she ex-

Tweet, "No; she was not to be had so

cheaply; but I left her with a strong impression that I had won a victory. I left her with her decision in abeyance. The letter tells the rest."

Van Tweet congratulated Brown, but there was a cloud on his brow as he took his departure.

"I thought I knew something about human nature," he muttered, "but when it comes to telling what a woman means I'm still in my swaldling clothes.

Isn't that the way the world wags? -Washington Post.

Obstinacy Killed a Tariving Village.

Chicago is composed of one large aggregation of buildings and of numberless smaller collections, which before annexation were denominated independent cities or villages. Some of these were manufacturing places only, while others were merely lodging places for workers in the greater city. One of these, Cummings, was, six years ago, a most thriving iron manufacturing town. Nails, especially, were turned out galore.

Then there arose trouble between the employers and the employed. A general strike came on, but the factories continued to run, although there were fights of almost daily occarrence between the strikers and those who took their places. Many were frightened by the constant menace to their peace, and departed for other places. Soon the employers grew weary of the strife-perhaps low prices had somewhat to do with it-and closed up their shops.

Five years have since passed, and in all this time the place has been dead as the ruins of Ephesus. No sound of hammer has been heard, no fire of forge has been kindled. What was once a thrifty and growing community has become inert, pulseless. This, too, within the circumvallation of a great city of 1,500,000 souls .- New York Press.

The Ages of Trees.

As there has been more or less discussion about the ages of trees, it will be gratifying to know that a German forester, who is considered as authority, says that the oldest trees in Germany are known to have lived nearly 600 years. The silver fir has flourished for upward of 400 years, and the evergreen oak has been known to oak are from 315 to 320 years old. The larch has stood the storms and shines of 275 years, the red beech 245, the ash 170, the birch 200, the aspen After all, thought Van Tweet, she 220, the mountain maple 225, the elm "Anyhow, I rescued her, together feels only a broad sympathy that 130 and the red alder 145 years. - New with about a ton of salt water, which would be extended to any other man. York Ledger.

- Hickory

"The ring,"-Judge.

A PROPESSIONAL TRIAL.

Doctor-"Your wife is in a critical state; I should advise you to call in some specialist to consult on the case." Husband-"I told my wife long ago she ought to get proper inclical advice, but she thought you would be offended."- Pick-Me-Up.

KNOWING.

Alberta-"He must Do in earnest, and those places whete his letter sticks together must be buars." Alethea ... "They're not tears, but they prove positively that he loves me-they are where he dipped his pen in the mucilage."-Ju-lae.

LIGHT ON THE VISTERY.

First Detective -" Machal Now I understand why the sa fewns not blown open. This burglary, we committed by a woman."

Second Detective- - How do you know?"

First Detective-" ere's the hairpin."

HIS BROW I .LGING.

Junior-"Where is Sopless tonight?"

Senior-"He is in his room. He has a terrible headache. Junior-"That is too bad. Has he done anything for 1 ?'

Senior-"No. 'le imagines it is growing pains he i suffering from."-Truth.

SUGGESTES BY A VICTIM.

Mr. Boreham (who has already stayed over an hour and talked about himself the whole time)-"Yes, I'm sorry to say I'm's martyr to insomnia. I've tried everyfing, but I cannot get sleep at night."

His Hostess (eweetly) - "Oh, but I can tell you a very simple remedy. You should talk to yourself-after going to bed."-Punch.

HE HELD THE MEDALS.

First Cyclist-"Do you see that gentleman yonder? He holds the largest number of prizes and medals ever possessed by any one man." Second Ditto-"What? that fellow? He doesn't look a bit like a cham-

pion. First Ditto -- "It is just as I tell you, though. He is a pawnbroker, you see."-Centralblatt fur Radsport.

Curious Typographical Error,

A curious typographical error racently appeared in a daily paper. In giving an account of an inquest, it was stated : "The deceased pore an accidental character, and the jury returned a verdict of excellent death."



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the VV transient nature of the many phys-ical IIIs which yanish before proper efrightly directed. There is confort in rightly directed. There is confort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constiputed condi-tion of the system, which the pleasant family luxative, Syrup of Figs, prompt-ly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its bene-ficial effects, to note when you pur-chase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all rep-

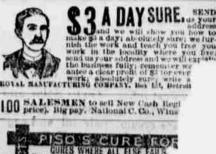
utable druggists. If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxa-tives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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