

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

GEO. W. WAGGENSELLER, Editor and Proprietor.

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The whole English press is full of ridicule for poet laureate Austin.

Baltimore as well as Brooklyn is a city of churches, each having a greater number in proportion to the population than any other cities in the United States.

The New Orleans Picayune announces that "the Keeley motor is motoring again, but in the time of its former wonderful achievements in motoring cash out of its stockholders' pockets."

The late Congressman Lawler, of Chicago, once told a Chicago audience that the majority of the people of this country constituted the bulk of the population and was vociferously applauded.

A London weekly paper recalls the fact that at the breaking out of the Napoleonic wars, which lasted, in all, twenty-two years, England had about 16,000 mercantile seagoing vessels. During the wars no less than 10,871 of them were destroyed or captured by the enemy.

The Southern States Magazine, of Baltimore, publishes reports from over 500 correspondents in all parts of the South as to the financial condition of farmers. "These reports show that the Southern farmers as a class are less burdened with debt than they have been at any previous time since the war."

"In a hundred years," said Napoleon the Great at St. Helena, "Europe will be Cossack or Republican." Russia has been doing her part to realize the prediction for the Cossack, observes the Chicago Times-Herald. The Russian frontier has been moved toward Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Vienna and Paris about 700 miles. It has been moved a thousand miles in the direction of Toheran, 1309 miles nearer British India and 500 miles on the road to Constantinople.

Professor Becker, of the United States Geological Survey, who has just returned from the Alps, says that although...

Gold seekers should take into account the hardships and chances of ill-fortune that they will encounter. Food and other necessities are very expensive. Notably rich mines already developed are the Treadwell, on Douglas Island, which produces \$500,000 worth of ore yearly, and the Apollo mine, near Delaroy Bay, with a yearly output of \$300,000.

Mutual fire insurance among farmers has proven wonderfully successful, remarks the American Agriculturist. The Legislatures of the Middle States have done much to aid this movement by passing about all the laws they have been asked to. The hundreds of farmers' mutuals in New York and Pennsylvania represent many millions of dollars' worth of property and without exception the members report adequate protection and a great saving in premiums. Actual losses and the necessary operating expenses are very small. The money is retained in the community and does not go to fill the coffers of those already rich. It is a practical demonstration of co-operation which can be practiced in other lines where farmers are honest and can trust themselves and each other.

Dr. Jameson is reported to have said in an interview that "our Maxims could have knocked the spots out of them, but we had no ammunition." That is going to be the trouble with the machine guns, especially for armies of invasion, predicts the Atlanta Constitution. No ammunition train, no matter how long, can carry cartridges enough to feed these greedy corn-poppers which shoot away in a minute as many rounds as a soldier can carry. The Maxims and Gatlings are all right in their place, but they will not lessen the importance of accurate small arm fire. A beleaguered fortress with big magazines might be able to fill the air so full of lead that no living thing could approach, but an army in the field will still find it necessary to shoot to hit, and it will take sharp oversight to keep the soldiers from wasting too much lead even with a magazine rifle, to say nothing of a machine gun spitting from 600 to 1000 bullets a minute.

'Tis sweet to love; And it's just as sweet To love a girl With lots of money.

LIFE.

A little time for labor, A little time for play, And then there comes eternal night Or else eternal day!

A little time for joying, A little time for grief, And then we fall into the grave, As falls the autumn leaf!

A little time for laughter, A little time for tears, And then an ocean gathers up The measure of our years!

A little time for loving, A little time for hate, And then, with swift and shivering feet, We open an unknown gate!

A little time for singing, A little time for wail, And then our sails are torn to shreds, Before an unknown gale!

A little time for meeting, A little time to part, And then a cruel hand tears away The flowers born in the heart!

A little time to waken, A little time to nod, And then, in gloom, worms feed on The image of the God!

—Hamilton Jay, in Florida Times-Union.

The Minister's Surprise.

EARLY one sharp, cold morning when a heavy snow lay upon the ground, a portly, comfortable sort of a man in a chocolate-brown overcoat opened the gate of Parson Rowe's cottage.

It was Squire Glover, one of the "pillars of the church," and he was coming to consult his pastor concerning some church matter. Just as he was about rapping at the door it opened, and Willie Rowe came out.

"Just walk right in, squire, and sit down," says Willie. "I'll be in directly."

Away he ran, and the squire stepped in, and sat down in the little parlor, waiting the appearance of his pastor.

Presently he heard steps and voices in the adjoining room, and then a child's voice said:

"Pa, just look at my shoe. It's all ripped."

"I think it is, Laura," answered the parson's tones. "Let me see—perhaps—no, it is too worn to be mended again."

"Well, pa, please, I'd like to have a new pair. Won't you get 'em for me?"

"As soon as pa can, he surely will, daughter," said the father, in sad tones. "Be good and wait a little, Laura."

"I have waited ever so long," said Laura, "and Willie's shoes are worse than mine, and he hasn't got a mither."

"Yes, ma'am," answered the pastor, "I'll see to it."

"Run and feed your chickens, and don't worry papa now."

The child ran out, and the parson, never dreaming who was in the next room, hearing every word through the crack of the door, said:

"They can't worry me more than I am worried, Mary. I don't say much, but I feel all our needs, not for myself, but for you and the children. It made my heart ache, a little while ago, to hear Willie ask if we could never have meat for breakfast any more, and know there wasn't a pound of meat in the house."

"Nor any sugar, either, and hardly any flour, and not a dime in the purse, John, but for all that we won't starve," said the little woman's cheery voice.

"Have you lost your faith, John?"

"No, Mary, I hope not," came the answer. "But it does seem hard, when my salary is so small it can't be paid, so we could have a few comforts at least. Sometimes I think I must give up here, and try somewhere else."

"Oh, no, no, John!" pleaded the wife. "Not yet, anyway. We've got such a pleasant home here, and our people are so kind, don't give up yet. Let's try on a little longer, and maybe help will come."

"Well, I don't know from whence, Mary. I'm sorry to say so, but I've lost heart lately, till I'm really not fit to preach. If the Lord don't help us, and that soon, I don't know who will!"

Then there was a sound of a man's rising, and Squire Glover, feeling as if he didn't want to see his pastor just now, up and slipped out before Parson Rowe came in.

And when the good squire got safely out of the gate his face was red, and he was puffing for breath.

"Well! well! God bless my soul!" he panted, as he trotted on. "Here's a pretty state of things! No meat, no money, no shoes—why, God bless my soul! This must be looked after. Shall he, too! I'll see the deacons, and if they won't, I will, out of my own pocket, too, God bless my soul! That brave little woman shall have some help to keep up her husband's heart, or I'll know the reason!"

Racing along, flushed and excited, he met Deacon Jones. He had the deacon by the button-hole in a minute, and after a short consultation they both went off to Deacon Robinson's.

And that afternoon there was much stir in Glenville, little groups constantly meeting and consulting in every store, and on every corner.

While the day seemed to close in dark and cheerless in the parson's little cottage.

A fresh snow fell that night and served to make noiseless the sleds which drove softly up to the minister's cottage with the very first faint streak of dawn. The inmates of the little dwelling were all sleeping soundly, but one awake and listening might have heard muffled footsteps, whispers, and cautious shoving and pushing of heavy articles. These, however, soon ceased, and all was quiet until the

day broke clearly and the villagers arose.

The weary parson and his true-hearted wife had lain awake late the night before, for heavy hearts make sleepless eyes, and they slept a little later than usual this morning.

But at last they were all up and dressed. The simple breakfast, consisting of coffee, warm biscuits and butter, was nearly ready when Willie and Laura took a notion to run to the front door and see how deep the snow was on the front porch.

Through the little parlor they trotted, Willie first, and Laura following, to the front door, which, with some little trouble, they pulled open.

And the next minute the cottage rung with their hasty shouts.

"Pa! pa! mamma! mamma! do come here! Come quick! Run here to the porch, quick, both of you!"

Greatly surprised, and slightly frightened, not knowing what had happened to the children, the good parson and his wife rushed to the front door, upsetting the cat and the coffee-pot in their haste to reach it.

What a sight met their eyes! No wonder the children shouted! The snow had been carefully swept from the front porch, which was set out with a tempting array of various articles. Right before the door stood a barrel of flour, on top of the barrel were laid two juicy hams, and astride the hams sat a great, fat turkey, all dressed ready for cooking, at which Willie and Laura set up a great shout.

An open barrel beyond was running over with plump red apples, and a second barrel full of big, comfortable-looking potatoes and a row of crisp cabbage-heads kept guard all around the barrel.

Then there was a box, packed with papers of sugar, coffee, tea and rice, a sack of dried peaches and several cans of fruit. And another box, when opened, displayed two new pairs of shoes, just the right size for Willie and Laura; sundry rolls of flannel, muslin and calico, warm stockings and mittens, and several small articles, not forgetting a well filled basket of nuts and candies, which proved that somebody knew what children love, and which set Laura and Willie to dancing, like little Indians.

In the bottom of the box was a thick, warm gray shawl, with Mrs. Rowe's name pinned in it. And when the shawl was unfolded, there dropped out an envelope directed to Parson Rowe, inside of which they found the amount of the delinquent salary in gold, new greenbacks, and a card upon which was written:

"Will our pastor accept the little surprise gift which commemorates his salary, with the love of a grateful people?"

"Oh, what a pleasant, pleasant surprise!" cried Willie and Laura together.

"What a wonderful mercy, rather!" said the mother; "John, didn't I tell you the Lord would help us?"

"Yes, Ma'am," answered the pastor, "I'll see to it."

"And in the little parlor they all reverently knelt, and never a more fervent thanksgiving went up than ascended from the little circle in the parson's cottage that happy winter morning.

A Mule as a Witness.

When the witnesses for the prosecution were through, in the case of the State of Ohio against Philip Stark, for cruelty to animals, recently tried in Cincinnati, Squire Tyrrell asked for the witnesses for the defense. Stark replied that he had disliked to bring his witness into court, but he was nearby.

"Where is he?" inquired the Magistrate, sharply.

"Outside. There he is, looking in the window at you," answered the defendant.

"Squire Tyrrell looked at the window, and saw a big-faced, pleasant-looking mule gazing into the room.

"I'll bring him in," said Stark.

"No; I'll go out," said the Squire.

They went out, and a great throng gathered and laughed uproariously as Tyrrell went over the animal. It was charged that Stark had built a fire under the mule and burned it shamefully.

Not a trace of fire or heating was found on the mule. The Squire said the mule's testimony was reliable and in favor of Stark.—New York Recorder.

Arizona's Natural Bridge.

Arizona's bridge in the Tonto basin is a marvelous piece of natural architecture. The rock spans have been laid by nature with all the nicety of human handiwork. The structure is of solid rock and the surface is as level as a floor. It is 550 feet in length and 200 feet below runs the rippling river, hispid and cool and sparkling in the sunlight.

Interspersed about the walls of the canyon are many caves which are wonders in themselves. One may find an entrance at one end of the canyon and an exit far away from the starting point. Suspended from the ceilings of the caves are beautiful prismatic stalactites. Tapping upon them produces a pretty musical effect and notes not unlike the tones of a dulcimer echo along through the gloomy caverns until the waves of sound are lost in space.—Flagstaff (Arizona) Democrat.

Legend on a "Prairie Schooner."

The old legend, "Pike's Peak or Bust," which used to adorn the canvas covers of emigrant wagons in the old days, has been succeeded by various signs appropriate to the changed and changing location of the boomers' paradise. A big prairie schooner passed through Osborne, Kan., bound east from Oklahoma last week bearing the inscription: "Oklahoma for starvation, Kansas for desolation, Texas for devastation, Nebraska for damnation. Going to Ohio to sponge on wife's relations."

DR. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

A GOSPEL MESSAGE.

Subject: "All Men Are Astray."

TEXT: "All we, like sheep, have gone astray. We have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath left him the iniquity of us all."—Lamentations ii. 4.

Once more I ring the old gospel bell. The first hint of my next text is an indictment. All we, like sheep, have gone astray. Some one says: "Can't you drop that first word 'All'?"

That is too general; that sweeps too great a circle. Some man rises in the audience, and he looks over on the opposite side of the house and says: "There is a blasphemer, and I understand how he has gone astray. And there in another part of the house is a defamer, and he has gone astray. And there is an impure person, and he has gone astray. Sit down, my brother, and look at home. My text takes us all in. It starts behind me, and comes back to the point where it started, when it says, 'All we, like sheep, have gone astray.'"

I can very easily understand why Martin Luther threw up his hands after he had found the Bible and cried out for the Son of God. He was a blasphemer, according to the custom to this day in the East, when they have any great grief, began to beat himself and cry, as he smote upon his breast, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." I was, like many of you, brought up in the country, and I know some of the habits of sheep, and how they get astray, and what my text means when it says, "All we, like sheep, have gone astray." Sheep get astray in two ways—either by trying to get into other pastures, or from being scared by dogs.

In the former way some of us get astray. We thought the religion of Jesus Christ was a superstition, and we thought there was better pasturage somewhere else. We thought if we could only lie down on the banks of a distant stream, or under great oaks on the other side of some hill, we might be better fed. We wanted other pastures than that which God, through Jesus Christ, had provided, and we wandered on and on, and we were lost. We wanted bread, and we found garbage. The farther we wandered, instead of finding rich pasturage, we found blasted hoth and sharper rocks and more stinging nettles. No pasture. How was it in your case? Did you get astray that way? Did the crowd around and help you very much? Did your worldly associates console you very much? Did not the plain Christian man who came into your house and sat up with your darling child give you more comfort than all worldly associates? Did all the covetous songs you made for your own ears, and the many thoughts so much as the song they sang to you—perhaps the very song that was sung by your little child the last Sabbath afternoon of her life?

There is a happy land far away. Where saints immortal reign Bright, bright as day.

Did your business associates in that day of darkness and trouble give you any special condolence? Business exasperated you. Business wore you out. Business left you with a headache and many a toothache. You got dollars, but you got no peace. God have mercy on the man who has nothing but business to comfort him! The world afforded you no luxuriant pasturage. A famous English actor stood on the stage impersonating, and thunders of applause came down from the galleries, and many thought it was the proudest moment of all his life, but there was a man asleep just in front of him, and the fact that that man was indifferent and somewhat spoiled all the occasion for him, and he cried, "Wake up, wake up." So one little annoyance in life has worn more on you than all the brilliant congratulations and success. Poor pasturage for your soul. I will see to it.

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his own debt. That sounds reasonable to me, I have an obligation, and I have to meet it, and I come to you and I settle that obligation, you right? And your own debt. If you and I, down the street—both hale, hearty, I ask you to carry me, you say "Walk on your own feet!" But I say, "I will carry you, and I will carry you in the lather, and I will carry you with your gunshot fractures an' excruciating wounds, would you call to your comrades, saying: 'Come help; this man is helpless. Bring the lather. Let us take him to the hospital. I would be glad to lift in your arms, as you have done for me in the ambulance. Take me to the hospital, and have all sins shown me. Would there be an obsequious in my accepting that kinship? You would be mean not to do that? That is what Christ does. If we could our debts, then it would be better to be dead, as you say: 'Here, Lord, I my obligation. Here are the means which I mean to settle that obligation. Give me a receipt. Cross it all out.' debt is paid.

But the fact is we have fallen in the b we have gone down under the hot fire of transgressions, we have been wounding the sinner, we are helpless, we are done. Christ comes. The loud clang he in the sky on that Christmas night was the bell, the resounding bell of the at lance. Clear the way for the Son of God, come down to heal up the wounds, to scatter the darkness, and to save the Gentiles for the Son of God! Christ comes down to us, and we are a dead He does not lift us with the tips of His fingers. He does not lift us with one arm, comes down upon your sin, and he will deal lift him sinners up to honor and glory immortality. 'The Lord hath laid on the iniquity of us all.' Why, then, will man carry his sins? You cannot carry a cessantly the smallest sin you ever committed. You might as well put the Ap nines on one shoulder and the other on the other. How much sin can you carry all sins of your lifetime? Christ comes a looks down in your face and says: 'I ha come through all the lacerations of the days, and through all the tempests of the night. I have come to bear your burden and to pardon your sins, and to pay yo debts. Put them on my shoulder, put the on My heart.' On Him the Lord hath la the iniquity of us all. Sin has almost pped the life out of some of you. At time it has made you cross and unreasonable, an the peace of your mind. There ar man who have been riddled with sin. The world gives them no solace. Gossamer an volatile the world, while eternity, as they look forward to it, is black as midnight. They write under the stings of a conscience which proposes to give no rest, no rest hereafter, and they do not weep. They do not realize that just the position they occupy is the position occupied by scores, hundreds and thousands of men who never found any hope.

If this meeting should be thrown open and the people who are here could give their testimony, what thrilling experiences we should hear on all sides! There is a man who would say: "I had brilliant surroundings; I had the best education that one of the best collegiate institutions of this country could give and I observed all the moral ties of life, and I was a reformer, and I was all right before God as I am all right before man, but the Holy Spirit came to me one day and said, 'You are a sinner;' the Holy Spirit persuaded me of the fact. While I had escaped the sins against the law of the land, I had not escaped the worst sin of all—the sin of the heart—the sin of the heart, and I saw that my heart were red with the blood of the Son of God, and I began to pray, and peace came to heart and I know by experience that w you say is true." On Him the Lord haid the iniquity of us all. Yonder man who could say, "I went f

home; my children covered when I enter the house; when they put their lips to be kissed, I struck them; when my wife protested against the maltreatment, I kicked her into the street. I know all the bruises and all the horrors of a drunkard's woe, and I went on farther and farther from God until one day I got a letter, saying:

"My Dear Husband—I have tried every way, done everything and prayed earnestly and fervently for your reformation, and it seems of no avail. Since our little Henry died, with the exception of those few happy weeks when you remained sober, my life had been one of sorrow. Many of the nights I have sat by the window, with my face bathed in tears, waiting for your coming. I am broken-hearted, I am sick, Mother and father have been here frequently and begged me to come home, but my love for you and my hope for brighter days have always made me refuse them. That hope seems now beyond realization, and I have returned to them. It is hard, it is very hard to leave you, but I must. May God bless and take from you that accursed appetite, and hasten the day when we shall be again living happily together. This will be my daily prayer, knowing that He has said, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' From your wife, Mary."

"And so I wandered on and wandered on," says that man, "until one night I passed a Methodist meeting house, and I said to myself, 'I'll go in and see what they are doing,' and I got to the door, and they were singing:

"All may come, whoever will— This man receives poor sinners still."

"And I dropped right there where I was, and I said, 'God have mercy!' and He had mercy on me. My home is restored, my wife and my children are with me, my children come out a long way to greet me home, and my household is a little heaven. I will tell you what did all this for me. It was the truth that you told me, 'On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all. Yonder is a woman who will say: 'I was the storm that gets on a lost soul. My feet were blistered on the hot rocks. I went on and on, thinking that no one cared for my soul, when one night Jesus met me and He said, 'Poor thing, go home! My heart is waiting for you, your mother is waiting for you. Go home, poor thing!' And, sir, I was too weak to pray, and I was too weak to repent, but I just cried out—I sobbed out my sins and my sorrows on the shoulders of Him of whom it is said, 'The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.'"

There is a young man who will say: "I had Christian bringing up; I came from the country to city life; I started well; I had a good position—a good commercial position—but one night at the theater I met some young men who did me no good. They despised me all through the seasons of infancy, and I lost my morals, and I lost my position, and I was unsteady and wretched. I was going down the street, thinking that no one cared for me, when a young man tapped me on the shoulder and said: 'George, come with me, and I will do you good.' I looked at him to see whether he was joking or not. I saw he was in earnest, and I said: 'What do you mean, sir?' 'Well,' he replied, 'I mean that if you will come to the meeting to-night I will be very glad to introduce you. I will meet you at the door. Will you come?' Said I, 'I will.' I went to the place where I was tarried, and I met up as well as I could. I buttoned my coat over a ragged vest, and I went to the door of the church, and the young man met me, and we went in, and as I went in I heard an old man praying and he looked so much like my father I sobbed right out, and they were all around, so I got so sympathetic that just then they gave my heart to God, and I know that what you say is true; I know it in my own experience." On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all. Oh, my brother, without stopping to look whether your hand trembles or not, without stopping to look whether your hand is blotted with sin or not, put it in my hand and let me give you one warm, brotherly, Christian grip and invite

You fight up to the heart, to the compass to the sympathy, to the pardon of Him whom the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all. Throw away your sins. Carry the longer. I proclaim emancipation to all are bound, pardon for all sin and eternal for all the dead.

Some one comes here to-day and he is