

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

GEO. W. WAGGENSELLER, Editor and Proprietor.

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Meanwhile the old ship of State doesn't need any violent tugs to make it independent of the banks. It can easily float a loan.

The report that a young man in Chicago became insane from smoking cigars is superfluous. It is enough to say he smoked cigars.

In after-life you may have friends—fond, dear friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows.

New York wheelmen have a bill before the State Legislature asking that bicycles be transported free on railroads as personal baggage. The same question will doubtless be raised in every State in the Union before many years pass.

Emerson says, "A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best." If we need confirmation of this, we have but to look at the dreary and melancholy condition of the man who, on this fair earth and with all its opportunities, finds nothing to do.

Last year the United States took out of the soil in grain alone the sum of \$1,480,487,000. Compare this prodigious sum with the \$40,000,000 annual production of gold which has constituted the basis of the Kaffir speculative excitement, and what is called the great boom of 1895 sinks into insignificance.

Hard and stubborn facts soon convince the most ideal dreamer that we cannot choose our own sphere or control our own circumstances, that our daily wisdom is in making a good use of the opportunities within our grasp, that the strong man governs his own occasions and the weak man is governed by them.

A taste for good literature is encouraged among the school children of Detroit by the distribution among the schools of approved books from the public library. Fifty-two schools are supplied in this way, and the circulation for 1895 was over 75,000. The books are changed five times during the school year, and the only additional expense is the slight one of transportation. It seems to be a successful plan for getting in ahead of the penny dreadful.

One of the surprises of the next decennial census may be the discovery that the national center of population is now in the State of Ohio. The Legislature when formed, the State census taken last year indicate that the East is growing more rapidly than the West. In the five years since 1890 Massachusetts gained in population 202,000, or 11.7 per cent. The gain of New Jersey in the same period was 333,000, or 15.7 per cent. Iowa's corresponding gain was 146,000, or 7.3 per cent. Kansas reports a loss since 1890, and Oregon's increase in the five years is not quite 8 per cent.

It is well known that anarchistic ideas are a form of mania and their production evidence of insanity, but the frightful crimes of the man Klaetke, who, at Chicago, murdered his parents, his wife, his three children, and then killed himself, add emphasis to the fact. Anarchy means the subversion of all rational views of life, and the man who can convince himself that the world is wrongly constructed is not far from the impulse to murder and suicide, which is confession that it is not only vain to struggle against the world, but that annihilation or its problematical alternative is preferable to continuance here. Probably all such ideas as Klaetke's hold originate in ill health, which is usually self-induced by means of liquor. No healthy man can be a pessimist; no unhealthy man an optimist; and anarchy is only an objective, all-embracing pessimism. The unfortunate who has an uneasy liver sees everything yellow and sickly, and beginning with the knowledge that he is disordered, finds the world disordered, too. This conviction, like all hallucinations, compels the sufferer's continual attention. The longer he contemplates and broods over it the worse and more powerful it becomes until, after an irresistible process of exclusion, it takes entire possession of the trembling mind, and the least suggestion (such, in this case, for example, as the murder and suicide of Hon. Garibaldi) is sufficient to drive the man to the extreme length. This theory is supported by every known fact in Klaetke's case. He was an occasional drunkard and consequently a pessimist. He was an anarchist as the result of his drunkenness and pessimism and consequently a murderer and suicide in passive long before he became such in very deed. The lesson seems to be: Don't drink; keep your liver in good order. If it be followed the sky will not be threatening, the world will not be a place of punishment, life will not be torture, and you will not be in danger of becoming an anarchist and a murderer.

At the last meeting of the British Medical Association but one, the discussion on neurasthenia and its treatment was introduced by Dr. Savage in the following words: "What is neurasthenia? There was once a professor who, being asked what he knew upon a certain subject, replied, 'Nothing; I have not even learned on it.'"

THE END. When I forget old faults behind, And search the years with forward mind, What would I see? Of all the days what would I get, Before that low green mound shall set Earth's end for me? True hope, far seeing, looks, yet sees No empty time of aimless ease, And nought begun; No idle space where I might lie, And watch the sweating world toll by, My part undone. And when shall rise that last sure morn, Still may I stand amid the corn All day and reap; And, when the sheaves are heaped at night, As fades the streak of lonely light, So may I sleep. —C. MacNamara, in Sunday-School Times.

WOLFING IN MONTANA.

A FRONTIERMAN'S STORY.



In the fall of 1863 there left Fort Benton, Montana, a little band of prairie men bound for the north country on a wolfing expedition. Little they knew or cared about the momentous struggle then going on for the preservation of the Union. The captains of the steamboats which came up the river in the spring and early summer had brought a few newspapers, months old, which described the great battles that were fought, and these had been read and passed from hand to hand. But these hardy frontiersmen were waging a war of their own against the wild animals and still wilder men they daily encountered, and had little interest in the great war so far away. They spoke of the "States"—the country east of the Mississippi—as of some far distant land, and they would talk of the day when, with generous fortunes, they should return to make happy the declining years of the old folks. But for many of them that day never came. Some fell in battle with the savages, some died of wasting disease, and others deferred the time so long that the old folks passed away, and then they had no occasion to leave the plains and mountains they had learned to love.

It was so long ago that I cannot now remember the names of all the members of our wolfing expedition. There were thirty-five men in all, and some of them were accompanied by their Indian wives and children. Our transport consisted of four heavy wagons, each with two horses, and a large band of saddle and pack horses, each one of us owning five to a dozen head. This little company was made up of eight different firms, and each firm had its own camp and mess outfit. My partners were Dan F. and Jeff D., two fearless and honest old frontiersmen, who many years before had come West in the service of the American Fur Company.

It was almost noon, one day late in November, that we left the abode fort and the cluster of low cabins and pulled out of the valley. Ascending the long, steep hill, and moving out onto the rolling prairie, we found ourselves at once among small bands of buffalo and antelope; and as we moved slowly northward these bands increased in size and numbers, until they formed a seemingly vast and continuous herd.

Our objective point was the Sweetgrass Hill; three lone pine-clad buttes just south of the Canadian line, and sixty or more miles east of the Rockies. In the afternoon of the fourth day we reached the west butte, and camped on a little stream which flows from it southward, until finally it is lost in the thirsty ground. We did not dare camp very near the butte, for had we done so a war party would have had a great advantage in firing down upon us from the high points. Instead, we chose for our winter camp ground the centre of a wide, level flat about half a mile from the butte where we built a strong, high corral large enough to hold all our horses, and around the outside put up our lodges. Then, after hauling great piles of dry cotton-wood and quaking ash for fuel, we were ready to begin wolfing. Owing to the danger of being attacked by the Indians, we arranged it so that at all times there should be eight men in camp, and a ninth one with the horses, which were corralled every night.

Never before nor since have I seen a more ideal place for the hunter than the Sweetgrass Hills in those days. Climbing to the top of the butte one day I got out my glass, a long, powerful telescope, and took a good look at the surrounding country. North, south, east and west, as far as the eye could reach, the prairie was fairly covered with buffalo and antelope. Herds of elk and deer fairly swarmed on the nine-clad sides of the hills; and higher up, among the rocky ledges, the timid bighorn made their home. Little bands of bears, nearly all grizzlies, were roving about constantly, feeding on carcases the wolves had killed, and occasionally securing some unwary animal themselves. As for the wolves and coyotes, they were everywhere; singly, in pairs, in bands of fifty and more.

Let us interfere with one another, the direction each outfit should take in putting out baits was determined by lot, and I was very well pleased that my firm drew the northwest course. Going from camp in this direction, we would pass over the west shoulder of the butte, thence east into

a broken prairie, and on to the long deep coulees which led down to the Milk River valley, about ten miles away. Early in the morning of a sunny day, old Dan and I mounted our horses and started out to begin our work. About a mile from camp we sighted a band of elk and shot a large fat cow. We ripped the animal open from throat to tail and removed the viscera. Then we mixed two bottles of strychnine with the blood which collected, and smeared it all over the meat, cutting deep gashes here and there, so that the poison would work into the thicker parts. A mile from the elk we successfully stalked a little band of buffalo, and secured a large young bull, on which we used three bottles of the poison. Then, as the wind shifted to the north and snow began to fall, we turned back and went home. In a few days, however, we got out all the baits we wanted, and every pleasant day we would go out and skin the wolves which were not frozen. Nowadays it is very difficult to get wolves even to approach a poisoned bait; but in those times they had not been educated, and were so ravenous that we often saw them go up to a carcass and begin to eat it before we had ridden a quarter of a mile away.

The strychnine was so rapid in its action that some of the animals died with their head resting on the bait. Occasionally one of them would get half a mile away before the poison began to work; but three-fourths of them fell within 200 yards of the bait. I had several opportunities to watch the effect of strychnine on wolves. It seems to deprive the animal suddenly of the use of its legs, which become as stiff as poker. Then the creature falls over on its side, makes a few ineffectual gasps for breath, and dies.

As the days and weeks slipped by we began to think that either the Indians did not know we were wolfing on their territory or that they had no desire to attack so formidable a party. One evening late in February, however, the east course outfit, Duval, Scott and Atwood, came into camp and reported that they had had a running fight with a small war party and had killed or wounded two of them. They had gone out to the end of their line, and on their way back, when about three miles from camp, they had been fired on by a dozen or more mounted Indians who rushed up out of a coulee. The boys put spurs to their horses and retreated with all speed, followed by the Indians, who kept firing as fast as they could load their guns. At last Duval's horse was shot and down he went; then the boys stopped and fired around at the Indians, and had the satisfaction of seeing one of them fall from his horse. Abandoning his horse and saddle, Duval then got up behind Atwood, and they went on as fast as they could. In a few minutes the war party took up the chase again, leaving only two or three of their number with the one who had been shot. As Atwood's horse was now carrying a double burden, they could not go on so fast as before, and soon the bullets began to strike unpleasantly near. So Scott dismounted and checked their pursuers, and when the other boys had made a few hundred yards he rejoined them. This manoeuvre was repeated several times, and was quite successful, for the Indians were armed with old Hudson Bay Company "fokes," or smooth bore flint locks, which were not reliable at a distance above seventy-five yards, while Scott, as well as the rest of us, used the Hawkins rifle, thirty-two balls to the pound, which was every bit as accurate as the modern breech-loader. So it was that when Scott dismounted the Indians kept at a safe distance, hoping that one of the many shots they fired at him might find the mark.

As the distance to camp became shorter and shorter, the boys felt their courage rise, and finally they concluded that they wouldn't be driven a yard further. They all dismounted, and although the trade balls from the Indian rifles occasionally struck the ground a little too near, they took deliberate aim at their pursuers, some 300 yards distant. As the smoke drifted away they saw one of them reel and tumble headlong to the ground. The boys gave a yell of triumph, and fired several rounds as fast as they could reload; but the Indians seemed to have had enough and quickly rode away, carrying their fallen comrade with them.

Discussing the affair that night, we concluded to stand our ground. Everybody was well aware that the Indians never would be satisfied until they had tried to avenge the death of their comrades, and that in two or three weeks they would return in full force and try to wipe us out. One or two timid ones favored an immediate return to Fort Benton, but they were soon silenced when old Dan said: "I think I express the sentiment of this yer camp, when I say that sooner 'a leave the wolves 'yain' around, the Indians gits my hair."

Except for a few days in January the weather had been so cold that it was impossible to do any skinning, the wolves freezing solid in a single night, and hundreds of them were lying around our baits. But now a warm interval set in, and we all worked from daylight to dark skinning the animals and stretching the hides on the ground about the camp. In less than two weeks we made such progress that we had cared for all the frozen animals, and had only to work on those that we found about the baits from day to day. So we quit going out over our lines, kept a watch of four men out on the hills two miles from camp, and fortified our position as well as we could. Around the inside of one of the lodges we built a solid wall two feet wide and twice as high to shelter the women and children. The corral was chinked with poles to make it fairly bullet proof, and lastly

we threw up some breast-works on the east side of the corral, relying on the corral itself and the wagons as a shelter from other directions.

Then the time began to drag. Everybody felt more or less in suspense, and wished the Indians would come, if they intended to come at all. After a few days of this monotonous lying in camp, I think if anybody had proposed a general retreat to the Fort there would not have been a dissenting voice. But after the stand we had taken nobody liked to be the first to make such a proposition.

It was on March 23, about 10 o'clock in the morning, that our scouts came charging into camp and reported a large body of Indians approaching. The horses were corralled, the women and children crowded into their lodge, and our rifles and revolvers carefully loaded, we got behind our breast-works and impatiently awaited the attack. In a little while we saw the Indians, 100 and more, come riding slowly over the ridge down to the creek, some 400 yards distant, and disappear in the little belt of timber which fringed its banks. In a few minutes they suddenly rushed out in a solid body and came over the flat as fast as their horses could run. All of them, the flower of the Assinaboine camp, were decked in full war costume of trailing eagle plumes, brightly decorated shields and war clubs, and ermine fringed shirts, and their faces painted with red, blue, white, yellow and black, in alternating bars and spots. On they came, singing the shrill war song and firing their guns, but we never moved nor made a sign until they were within 100 yards of us, then Duval shouted out "Fire!" and thirty-five rifles were emptied into them, bringing a dozen or more of them to the ground. Then we drew our revolvers—everyone of us owned two—and rained bullets into them. But before our pistols were half emptied they swerved with one accord to the left and passed out of range. We had barely finished reloading when they came on again, circling around the camp and firing into it, but we lay low and waited for them to come nearer.

Thinking perhaps to get in behind our breast-works, they finally assembled on the west side of the corral and charged down on us, but we quickly ran up under shelter of the wagons, which formed a north and south wing to the corral, and met them as before with a shower of lead. This seemed to dishearten them; the war song ceased and they fell in all directions. But we were not satisfied, and, leaving a few of the boys to finish the wounded, the rest of us jumped on our horses, which had been saddled before the battle commenced, and took after them. Many of the Indians rode splendid animals, and with the start they had, easily got out of our way. But others were not so fortunate, and were overtaken and despatched. In less than half an hour not an Indian was to be seen, so we rode back toward camp, more than satisfied with the day's work. Long before we reached the camp, however, we heard the women wailing for the dead. Antoine Bisette was the unlucky one. With the others he had rushed out to despatch the wounded Indian. He had stooped over one, who was apparently dead, to secure the beautiful shield lying by his side, and the cunningascal suddenly raised a big horse pistol and sent a bullet through Antoine's heart. We buried the poor fellow next day, and marked the place with a cross of stones laid on top of his grave. We also dug a deep trench and filled it with the bodies of our enemies which lay about the camp. There were twenty-seven of them, which, with the eight others we overlooked on horseback, made a total of thirty-five Assinaboines killed. We had little fear of another attack from Indians, and, in fact, they never returned. Early in April we packed up our hides and outfit, and returned to Fort Benton. In all, 3113 wolves were killed and skinned. Of that number Dan, Jeff, and I owned 462, which we sold for over \$2000. That was wolfing thirty years ago.—New York Sun.

He Shot the Machine.

Considerable excitement and some amusement were recently caused in the Garden City billiard hall in Chicago when a stranger in the place, after investing several nickels in a slot machine and receiving no return drew his revolver and fired four bullets into the contrivance. He then leisurely put his weapon back in his pocket and walked away.

Several men watched the stranger deposit his nickels and say he put nearly \$1 into the machine. Three times the horseshoe fell, which should have brought a winning, but it contained nothing. The third time it dropped the stranger shook the machine, but it did not give forth anything.

"Four aces can't win here," said the stranger, turning to Bert Miller, who is in charge of the place, "and I'll make that robber wish he had never been born."

At the same time he drew a revolver and sent four bullets into the machine.—Chicago Chronicle.

An Umbrella Herein.

An umbrella that has been in active service for more than half a century without once being recovered is owned by Captain Alfred S. Oliver, of Portland, Me. It is of blue silk, and was bought in London in 1844 for Captain Oliver's mother. She used it all the rest of her life, and it has since been used continuously, but with care, and gives promise of considerable service yet. A man in Bath has an umbrella that he has used continuously for twenty years, but it has been recovered four times.—New York Sun.

There is talk of a new home for American students of music in Paris.

He Knows the Bible by He. Rev. W. C. Hicks, a Baptist minister of extraordinary attainments, is attracting a great deal of attention in the revival meetings he is now holding in parts of Adair County, Kentucky. He is only about twenty-five years of age, and has evidently had only a few educational advantages, but he is, so he says, a hard student of the Bible ever since he was first taught to read when a small boy. He has committed to memory every chapter in the Bible except two. In order to test the reliability of his claim, he closes his Bible and permits anyone to call at random for different verses which he recites at once, without hesitation, word for word. His adherents, however, are disinclined to accept all of his biblical interpretations, and he differs with Moses in his account of the flood, and has some ideas peculiarly his own with reference to Noah and the whale. His sermons are very unique, and few churches could be found large enough to accommodate the congregations which assemble to hear him.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A New Orleans Dog.

August Albert, a baker doing business in New Orleans, owns an intelligent dog, Filine, that keeps his master's shop for him, writes a correspondence of the Philadelphia Times. Albert has a little bake room behind the shop, and as he always gives his personal attention to the oven, Filine proves invaluable in waiting upon customers. The dog carries strapped about her neck a little bank whose slot is arranged to receive nothing more nor less than a nickel. The customer may help himself to a loaf from the counter, but we betide one who tries to depart without depositing the requisite nickel in Filine's bank. If more than one loaf is taken, an equal number of deposits must be made in the bank or Filine will know the reason why. She knows very well how to use her teeth in case of necessity, though she is usually as mild as a lamb, and quite a favorite with her customers, but if her master should be needed, she has only to pull the bell rope which communicates with the bake room and he is on the spot.—Detroit Free Press.

Horses Fed on Potatoes.

In the first issue of the Planter we gave the experience of Mr. W. G. Hinson, of James Island, in reference to feeding horses and mules on potatoes. We have since found two farmers, Mr. J. C. Lamplsey, of Darlington County, and Mr. W. D. Harris, of Florence County, who are utilizing their potatoes in the same way. These gentlemen are not doing it from necessity, but as a matter of farm economy, and are well pleased with the experiment. According to the estimate of Colonel T. W. Woodward, of Fairfield, it takes three bushels of potatoes to equal in nutriment one bushel of corn, but even if it took four the cost of feeding on the potatoes would be far less. It is well known that a dry summer is very favorable to potatoes, and just the opposite for corn, and this fact ought to be sufficient to induce every farmer to plant them more largely.—Carolina Planter.

A Haul of Opium.

Two Italian fishermen in San Francisco Bay hauled up \$1600 worth of opium in their nets one day last week. The customs authorities knew that the opium was somewhere at the bottom of the bay and had made many efforts to recover it. It was dropped overboard two years ago from a fishing smack that had taken it from smugglers on a Pacific steamer and that was being pursued by a revenue cutter. The officers engaged in the pursuit knew where the opium was thrown overboard and industriously fished for it at intervals for a year or more, as the percentage allowed by the Government on seized contraband would have been a rich prize for them.—New York Sun.

Sand in the Rock.

A remarkable discovery was made during the blasting for an air-line railroad double-tracking in East Hampton, Conn., recently. A deposit of sand was found imbedded in the solid rock. It consists of a circular pocket, about twelve feet in diameter, filled with the finest sand and layers of pebbles, worn perfectly smooth and found, incrustated with an iron deposit. The walls of rock which inclose the pocket are as smooth as though polished.—Boston Herald.

Playful Pianist Paderewski.

When Paderewski, the great pianist, was in Richmond, Va., a local banjo player is said to have sent him a fine nickel-plated banjo, with the request that the great musician should write a musical sentiment on the head. Paderewski complied with the request, and this is what appeared above his signature:

"I have not the pleasure of being a performer on this beautiful instrument; am only a piano player."

Runs an Engine at Fourteen.

Georgia's youngest locomotive engineer is believed to be Alvin Henebury, of Spann, Johnson County. He is but fourteen years old, and runs an engine on a short road connecting various saw-mills and their sources of supplies. It is stated, furthermore, that he has had charge of the engine since he was nine years old, and that he is regarded by the owners of the road as an entirely capable engineer.

The production of olive oil in Italy during 1894-95 amounted 51,339,137 gallons, of which 11,595,133 gallons were produced in Sicily. The production in Italy during 1893-94 amounted to 64,738,365 gallons.

Paving blocks of paper pulp are to be used on a short section of a street in Topeka, Kan., as an experiment. The blocks said to resemble vitrified bricks, but much lighter.

One Thing Left Out. In aerobic, gymnastic and athletic training one thing seems to be entirely left out, that which, if practiced, might produce many serious consequences and thereby come the useful part of training. Has fall down easily and gracefully, with a least amount of resistance by the muscles, might be made a fine art. Why not simulate and practice foot-slipping with the objects in view. Everybody knows that this season the worst injuries result from knowing how to fall. There seems to be nearly always a complication of injury every fall, such as sprain, bruise and other broken limbs. It is true that for all the mishaps, either separately or in combination, and especially for sprains, St. John's Oil is the best known and surest cure. Spraying of sprains, the very worst often resulting from falls, because the muscles sustain violent twists from resistance. But when there is practice of the art or not, the remedy for rain is sure to cure.

Small nostrils are said by physiologists to indicate small and weak lungs.

Spring Spring Spring. Is the season for purifying, cleansing and renewing. The accumulations of waste everywhere are being removed. Winter's icy grasp is broken and on all sides indications of nature's returning life, renewed force and awakening power.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Is the One True Blood Purifier. A Druggist, \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

RIPAN'S TABLETS. A gentleman of a methodical habit, who had adopted the practice of retaining a copy of every prescription issued by his family physician...

RIPAN'S TABLETS. A gentleman of a methodical habit, who had adopted the practice of retaining a copy of every prescription issued by his family physician, became interested as time went on to note that the same ingredients were pretty certain to be prescribed at some point of the treatment of every case. For a poor appetite, or a sore throat, for restlessness which disturbed the baby's sleep, and for troubles which beset the aged grandparents, the favorite remedy was always turning up, although slightly modified from time to time and used often in conjunction with others. One day our friend happened to observe that the formula of a certain advertised remedy was identical with the latest prescription he had received from his own physician, and in some surprise he stated the case to him. The family doctor, after listening to what he had to say, replied: "The case is about this way: Whenever there is a disturbance of the functions of the body, no matter of what nature, it is pretty certain to be accompanied by a derangement of the digestive organs. When they are all right the patient gets well. That particular formula that you have observed me to write more and more frequently is the result of an age of careful experiment, and is pretty generally agreed upon now by all educated physicians who keep up with the times. The discovery of the past few years of the means reducing every drug to a powder and compressing the powders into little lozenges or tablets, or capsules if you prefer, which will not break or spoil, or lose their good qualities from age, if protected from air and light, is the explanation of how it has come about that this prescription is now for sale as an advertised remedy. It is the medicine that nine people out of ten need every time they need any, and I have no doubt that making it so easy to obtain, so carefully prepared, and actually so cheap, will tend to virtual prolong the average of human life during the present generation."

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