

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

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The English are said, by the New Orleans Picayune, to be amazed at finding, by the example of President Kruger, that a person can be a diplomat without the use of a monocle, but they are sure that it is a very exceptional case.

The New York Chamber of Commerce, the City Club, the Fine Arts Federation and other societies are trying to secure legislation against sky-scraping buildings. They would have the height of buildings limited by the width of the street on which they are built.

There is no need for us to lie awake at night worrying over microbes, as we have been wont to regard them, announces the New York Mercury. A certain professor went to the trouble of purifying the air of all these germs, and then fed it to some small animals, which promptly died upon his hands.

The enormous amount of wool now used for making paper every year may be judged from the fact that a Paris newspaper, the Petit Journal, which has a circulation of over a million copies a day and is printed on wool pulp paper, consumes in a twelve-month 120,000 fir trees of an average height of sixty-six feet. This is said to be equivalent to the annual thinning of 25,000 acres of forest.

It is not enough that a certain stout woman on a certain little island across the Atlantic should be called Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, but she must needs be a goddess to boot, remarks the Pathfinder. There is a sect in Orissa, Bengal, who worship her as their chief divinity, and it is discovered that her majesty is an object of worship in the temple of Phadong-Lama in Tibet.

A plan has been announced in London to lay a telegraph cable from Shetland, the northernmost telegraph outpost of Great Britain, to Iceland under five thousand miles of sea. The necessary funds have been secured to assure the success of the project, the total cost being divided between Great Britain, Denmark and Iceland. The cable will greatly stimulate trade between Iceland and England, which already amounts to a considerable sum yearly.

The growing influence of newspapers in school education was illustrated the other day at a conference of the Public Education Association in New York, when Miss Josephine C. Locke, supervisor of drawing in the public schools of Chicago, told how the children are being trained to search the columns of the press in working on topics of a public nature. It should be one of the functions of every school to teach the children how to read a newspaper to the best advantage—and also what newspapers should be read.

The value of thoroughness in the treatment of any subject has received a recent illustration in the case of Professor Roentgen, who gave the matter of his X ray photography so exhaustive a study before publishing anything with regard to it that it has taken the rest of the scientific world a month to catch up with him. It is said that photographs taken by him are better than the majority of those taken by other experimenters. Professor Roentgen's modest paper on the subject of his discovery, says the Scientific American, has not been exceeded in interest, clearness of statement, and precision of deductions, by all which has been published since.

A New York Press writer says that Menelek, King of Abyssinia, had a decided advantage over the Italians, when it came to a question of food. It was next to impossible for the sons of Sunny Italia to get their supplies from one part of that rough country to another, and the troops were often obliged to go hungry, not because there was nothing to eat, but because it could not be got at. Menelek managed these things better. Accustomed as his people are to existing largely upon raw meat, they never think of butchering cattle for their commissariat, but drive them along on the march, and when hunger begins to pinch them they have a habit of cutting from shoulder and flank strips of raw meat, which they devour. The poor animals staggering along till actually felled alive in this slow and cruel manner. But there are no baggage wagons, no silver stewpans and canteens to annoy the army.

AN EASTER LYRIC.

Rose-tipped buds and song of birds,
Meadows dotted thick with flowers
In low swamps the grazing herds—
Come with April's freshening showers.
Soft the south wind's wooring breath,
Musical the tunnel's flow;
Closed is Winter's reign of death,
And Nature smiles to see it go.
Now the bluetbird's warbled bell
Stirs the elm-top's tilted spray;
On the rail-fence—note him well—
How the robin shuns to-day!
Over meadow, knoll and hill
Green grass puts its carpet neat—
And the rare song-sparrow's thrill
Never turned to song more sweet.
Fiee-piled clouds, in argosies,
Float against the deep blue sky,
While brighter grow the willow trees
Above the brook that ripples by.
Burdens of earth, and mind, and soul,
Sip with dull care a while away;
The Summer sun regains control,
And new life dawns with Easter Day.
—Joel Benton.

AN EASTER CARD.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

ELL, I don't like to be lectured!" said Sylphide Egerton. She sat on the rude stone stile, with her dusky golden tresses all disordered by the wind, her cheeks reddened with the stormy brightness of the March sunshine, and a nest of little field mice in her lap, whose mother had been killed by the schoolboys under a fallen log.

Sylphide—a creature of reckless impulse—had driven away the little tyrants, who were about to torment the helpless brood, and was now carrying home the nest of velvet-soft orphans, care for them as best she could.

"They are only field mice, to be sure," said Sylphide, "but they are so helpless and so cunning! And if no one else will snocor them, I will."

So, in the dishabille incident to climbing half a dozen fences, wading across a brook and making her way through a thicket of tall bilberry bushes, Miss Sylphide found herself confronted with the young clergyman, whose spotlessly neat attire and air of quiet dignity were an unspoken satire on her own torn dress and brier-scratched hands.

"Can I help you over the stile, Miss Egerton," said Mr. Highland, courteously.

"No, you can't!" said Sylphide, secretly hoping that if she kept sitting there he would not discover that the flounce was half ripped off her dress, and that she had lost one shoe in the mud.

He smiled a little at her brusque reply.

"It is after sunset," he said. "The wind grows chill."

"I know it," declared Sylphide.

"You don't expect to sit here all the evening?"

"Perhaps I shall!" said Sylphide, darting defiance at him from under her level, golden brows. "I don't know of anyone who has a right to dictate to me upon the subject."

Mr. Highland stood looking at her with folded arms and imperturbable gravity.

"You have been on a long walk?" said he.

"Yes," acknowledged Sylphide, picking at the fringe of a little scarlet India scarf that she wore.

"And yet," he went on, "you tell me that you cannot find time to attend the daily afternoon service?"

Sylphide flushed to the very roots of her hair.

"I don't want to be lectured," said she.

"And I am the last person who has any right to lecture you, Miss Egerton," said Mr. Highland. "All I ask of you is to stop and think. Indeed, I cannot comprehend how it is that the devout sweetness of your sisters can have so little effect upon you."

"Oh, I know!" said Sylphide, beginning to lose her temper, as she always did when the perfections of Josephine and Lesbia were sung in her ears. "My sisters are angels, and I am a castaway."

"Miss Sylphide—"

But she put both hands to her ears. "I told you I would not be lectured," said she. "Please to remember that you have brought this on yourself!"

Mr. Highland colored a little, lifted his hat with punctilious courtesy and passed on.

Why was it, he asked himself, sternly, that this lawless little romp, with the deep blue eyes and the cloud of golden hair, had such power to torment him with her reckless moods and wild caprices? He had done his best to civilize her. He would abandon the task here, and let her go her own fantastic way.

And not until he was out of sight did Sylphide burst into a passion of tears. She would have cut out her tongue sooner than tell Mr. Highland that she had meant to come to church that afternoon, but that the episode of the field-mice had entirely driven everything else out of her head.

"He always sees me at my worst," she sobbed. "Well, why need I care? Let him fancy me a savage if he likes. What is it to me?"

When she reached home—still with the nest of field-mice tenderly clasped to her bosom—Lesbia, her tall, handsome sister, met her on the threshold.

"Sylphide—dearest Sylphide!" she cried. "What a fright you have made of yourself!"

"I am always a fright," said Sylphide, with ironical calmness—"according to you, at least."

"Mr. Highland was so grieved at your missing the afternoon service," said soft voiced Josephine, who had red

gold hair and eyes of real pansy blue, like a picture.

"Was he indeed?" said the rebel of the family. "I wish he'd mind his own business!"

"Oh, Sylphide," said Josephine, "don't speak so! And what have you got there? Horrid little mice, as I live! Oh, do throw them away!"

"They are darlings," said Sylphide, her defiant eyes softening as she gazed down at her dear treasures. "And I'm going to bring them up by hand and teach them all sorts of cunning tricks. I know it can be done."

"Oh, indeed!" said Lesbia, severely. "You have time to set up a private menagerie, and romp with all the cats and dogs, and ponies and calves on the place, but you have no time to paint Easter cards for the Sunday-school girls, although Mr. Highland especially requested us!"

"Mr. Highland again!" burst out Sylphide, passionately. "You may be Mr. Highland's obedient slaves—you and all the other unmarried women of the congregation—but I have declared independence!"

And she ran away to the barn chamber, a fragrant little nook, where, ever since she was twelve years old, she had possessed her own little sanctum, undisturbed by prying eyes, to make a warm nest for her little orphans until she could smuggle in some milk from the kitchen.

And Lesbia and Josephine met Mr. Highland the next day at church with sweet, sorrowful faces, like grieved Madonnas.

"We are so sorry," said Lesbia. "But Sylphide refuses positively to help us with the Easter work."

"It is absolutely impossible to interest her in church affairs!" signed Josephine.

But Mr. Highland's heart gave a throb of exultation when, as he was half-way through the service, he caught a glimpse of a slight, veiled figure at the very back of the church.

"It was Sylphide, he said to himself. "I am quite sure it was Sylphide; but she slipped away before I could get to the door to speak to her. But what an incomprehensible little sprite she is!"

The work for the coming Easter was progressing bravely. Lesbia and Josephine Egerton were deep in illuminated letters, sheets of leaf-gold and antique devices. White calia buds and Bernards lilies were being coaxed tenderly into bloom, wreaths of evergreen were being woven by busy hands, yet from all the industrious group Mr. Highland missed the face of Sylphide Egerton more keenly than he himself would have been willing to confess.

Venezuela is three times the size of France and Germany and five times the size of Italy. It is, in fact, larger than any European Nation except Russia. There are only two seasons—the wet and the dry. The climate varies with the altitude.

Venezuela is one of the richest of the South American republics in natural resources. It has fine gold mines, rare and precious woods and splendid agricultural facilities. Many of the mines have never been developed.

Mexico's mines are many and rich. They have been worked for over 400 years and although vast quantities of precious metals have been taken out by far the greater part of the treasure is yet to be mined. Humboldt, at the beginning of this century, estimated Mexico's mines at 3000.

Bolivia and Colombia have their greatest wealth in mines. Their development is very slow, however. Vast coal fields, gold, silver, precious stones, iron, copper, tin, lead, bismuth, mercury, platinum, zinc, rock crystal, alum, talc and alabaster are among the things which will make these countries very rich.

And when Miss Roberta Hall, an elderly maiden whose matrimonial hopes were not yet entirely blighted, groaned over Sylphide's iniquities, the young clergyman found himself taking up the cudgels in her defense with some emphasis.

"She is very young, Miss Roberta," said Mr. Highland, smiling.

And Miss Roberta, whose fault was assuredly not that of extreme youth, could only dash up and be silent.

It was Easter Eve when Mr. Highland, after superintending the decoration of the church with the freshest of spring flowers and the brightest of illuminated banners, came to look for little Willie Egerton, who had promised to get him some rhododendron leaves and wild laurels from the woods.

"He's out in the barn, I guess, like you," said Jones, the hired man.

"Shall I look for him, parson?" said Mr. Highland. "I will go myself."

He went into the barn, ascended the narrow, wooden stairway and entered the little barn chamber, whose doors stood wide open.

A curious, quaint apartment it was, its side hung with drawings, engravings cut from old magazines, and odds and ends of chintz—the sunset laying bars of gold across its rude board floor, while the field mice, now grown to a very respectable size, skinned under the table and eyed the intruder with a startled gaze.

On the table in the middle of the room were scattered painting materials, while a lovely, half-finished card displayed a device of passion flowers, wreathed around a circle of thorns. Beside it lay a brush and a saucer of brilliant water colors, while one of Sylphide Egerton's gloves had fallen on the floor close to the chair.

The Swedes and Norwegians, it is true, do not jump in the same fashion that Americans do. They have a runway at the athletic grounds at Stockholm which is down the side of a hill 200 feet in height. At the bottom of this an immense spring-board is set in such a way that the "spring" end is six feet above the ground. It is from this that the jump is taken. However, if we think of the matter properly, this seventy-foot flight through the air is a wonderful feat after all.

How Nails Are Named.

Two accounts are given of the origin of the terms "six-penny," "eight-penny," "ten-penny," and so on, as applied to the various sizes of nails. According to one statement, when nails were made by hand, the penny was taken as a standard of weight, and six were made to equal the weight of a copper penny. This explanation is open to criticism on account of the very small size of the nails of which six were needed to balance even the large-sized, old-fashioned copper penny. The other is much more probable.

It affirms that six were sold for a penny, and the name grew into use, even when the price changed, and the larger kinds were, from a popular mistake, called ten-penny and so on,

without regard to size or weight.

Of the ordinary six-penny nails, there are eighty to the pound; of the eight-penny, there are fifty; ten-penny, thirty-four; twelve-penny, thirty-nine.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

William's Little Oaks.

The Kaiser celebrated his thirty-seventh birthday a short time ago, and a Berlin florist sent him thirty-seven tiny oak trees. William II. was delighted. The thirty-seven little oaklings were given to the head gardener, and will be transferred to one of the Imperial gardens, while the Emperor will personally superintend their grouping. And the far-seeing florist now displays the royal arms above his door.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Profit From One Grapefruit Tree.

The returns from the sale of the product of a single grapefruit tree in the Terra Ceia Island grove, near Bradenton, are given in a late issue of the Manatee River Journal. The fruit filled twenty-six boxes and sold for \$170. The freight, cartage and commissions amounted to \$26.36, making the net proceeds \$143.64.—*Jacksonville (Fla.) Citizen.*

"Sweet Sylphide, I love you!" said she.

And, with downcast lids and crimsoning cheeks, she answered:

"And—I may confess it now—I love you!"

Never were prayers more earnest than those breathed by Sylphide Egerton as she knelt at the sacred altar that Easter morning; and long after they were married, Sylphide found the little Easter card which she had painted—the cross and the crown of thorns—in her husband's desk.

"Oh, Ralph," she said, "why do you keep this poor little daub?"

He took it lovingly into his hand.

"Dearest," said he, "no Rembrandt nor Michael Angelo could be more precious in my eyes than is this!"

South America's Resources.

The sixteen republics south of the United States and including Mexico and Central America have a population of over 50,000,000 people.

Brazil is the largest of the southern republics. It is said to have more navigable rivers than any other country in the world. Rio de Janeiro is the principal city and it has nearly 1,000,000 inhabitants.

Rubber is the best product of the Amazon valley, 33,000,000 pounds having been exported in 1888. Iron abounds, but the mines are undeveloped.

The Government of Brazil controls the telegraph system. In 1890 there were 12,467 miles of wire and Brazil communicates with the United States by three lines.

Brazil's commerce is mainly with France, Great Britain and the United States. The principal articles exported are coffee, hides, tobacco, gold coin and bullion, sugar, diamonds, rosewood, coco and rubber.

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