

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

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The United States and Europe together have 252,715 blind people, something less than one in 1,000.

It is hardly to be credited, but it is authoritatively stated, that the people of the United States annually chew \$20,000,000 worth of gum.

A French newspaper says that Europe will one of these days have to take up and dispose of American pretensions in regard to American territory. "We are thus notified beforehand what we are to expect," remarks the New York Tribune.

Borchgrevink, the Antarctic explorer, says the reason there are fewer Antarctic expeditions than Arctic ones is that it is colder around the South Pole and results are less promising. His next expedition, which starts from England in September next, will have for its object the discovery of the South magnetic pole.

The Atlanta Constitution claims that "the people of the northeast and northwest are tired of blizzards and droughts. They are seeking homes in the sections where the conditions of existence are more favorable. Already they are sending large colonies southward, and the wiping out of sectionalism will bring millions of them here. The next decade will see a big tide of immigration pouring into the south."

"Oom Paul's" salary as president of the Transvaal, works out at about \$35,000 per annum, with \$2,000 a year for "coffee money," i. e., for entertaining purposes. We may add that the old gentleman keeps well within the \$2,000, for his official entertainments are neither numerous nor costly. As regards his private fortune, this may be put roughly at a million sterling. How he made it is known only to himself and his M.

Five hundred to have got their state out of it.

sections of the northwestern farmers and inducing them to locate in the South. The Southern industrial association of Alabama says that reports from its agencies all over the South show that there has been a remarkable inflow of immigrants from the Northwest since Christmas, and there is every indication, declares the New York Sun, that the immigration will show a larger increase as the spring progresses.

It is proposed in Utah to organize in co-operation with neighboring states an "Arid Region exposition," to be held successively in the principal cities of the East, for the purpose of showing the products and resources of the arid region and of trying to dispel the notion that still exists in some quarters that the country between the Rockies and the Sierras is a hopeless desert, given up to sage brush and coyotes. Specimens of products from the fields and orchards would be shown, with samples of the mineral treasures of the region. The exhibits would be displayed in the chief cities first, and then divided up for exhibition in smaller cities and throughout the Eastern states. The main idea is, of course, that such an exhibition would attract immigration and capital to the arid West.

Birmingham, Eng., manufactures not only the gods for various races, but the crowns for their kings. While a great many of the gods are cheap affairs, some are rather costly and artistic in design. Crowns range in price from \$5 to \$500. There is a slight falling off in the demand for crowns, however, since so many savage kings have taken a fancy to the silk hat and wear it on state occasions in lieu of a crown. The cheapest crowns are truly gorgeous, being decorated with diamonds and other precious stones, all of glass. "On one occasion," says an English traveler, "when I was out in Africa, I saw no fewer than twenty small chiefs with crowns of this kind upon their heads—and a remarkable body of men they looked. One of them decorated his royal person by wearing a pair of trowsers as a coat, while a pair of old gaiters were the only article of clothing upon his legs."

Students' Ghastly Frank. Some pranking students stole the human skeleton belonging to the high school at Freeport, Me., the other night, and ran it up by the halcyons to the

HOME-MADE SUNSHINE.

What care I—as the days go by— Whether gloomy or bright the sky? What care I what the weather may be? Cold or warm—'tis the same to me. For my dear home skies—they are always blue; And my dear home weather (the glad days thro') Is "beautiful summer" from morn till night, And my feet walk ever in love's true light. And why? Well, here is my baby sweet, Following me round on his restless feet, Smiling on me thro' his soft blue eyes, And gladdening and brightening my in-door skies. And baby's father, with fond, true heart (To baby and me, home's better part)— His face is sunshine, and we rejoice In the music heard in his loving voice. So why should we heed—as the days go by— The gloom or the light of the weather and sky? Of the outside world, when we're busy all day Manufacturing sunshine which fades not away? With smiles, with kisses, with peace and with joy— Father and mother, and baby-boy— We are living each day in the sunshine we make— And God keep us and guide us for love's dear sake! —Mary D. Brine, in Harper's Bazar.

Rockerton's Sweetheart.

M. R. ALPHEUS Monrough had made his pile as a speculator, principally in "rails," but he still amused himself by dealing now and again to the extent of \$1,000,000 or so, although for general business he had practically retired from "change." He was a widower, with an only daughter, Miss Phyllis Monrough, aged twenty—a fine, handsome blonde, who had taken up the study of science. Phyllis had, of course, heaps of offers, eligible and otherwise, but she had not met the man whom she cared to marry, and, at her urgent desire, her father had sent her to college to enable her to pursue her studies. She went to the college with a mind fully made up to devote her life to science and to abjure matrimony. In her own mind, she had already decided to heart and throw the

Rockerton, who was studying law there.

Young Rockerton came from a good family, was rich, good looking and in every way eligible; but when Phyllis wrote to her "papa" informing him of her tender passion and asking his consent to her engagement, she received a telegram (he was so urgent that he would not wait for the post to carry his refusal):

"No. Come home at once." Phyllis had so rarely been denied anything that she was angry, astonished, dumfounded, brokenhearted all at once. No mere words can accurately describe her feelings. However, there was no help for it. She must obey. And so, after an interview with her lover, in which they vowed eternal attachment, she precipitately threw up her studies and her newly found hopes of bliss and returned to New York.

Her father received her kindly, but with a firm set countenance, which she knew from her observation of his dealings with others indicated that his mind was made up, and that nothing could alter it.

She, of course, burst into tears to begin with. But it made no visible effect on her parent.

"My dear Phyllis," he said, "you cannot imagine how it pains me to be obliged to run counter to your desires, but when I have explained matters to you, I hope you will agree with me and give up the idea of marrying this young Rockerton."

"When I was a lad my father had a farm out West, the adjoining farm to which belonged to Ralph Rockerton, the grandfather of the young man you have met."

"I need not go into details; it will suffice for you to know that my father and old Rockerton had a bitter quarrel, and that a feud arose between the two families which can never be healed."

"I would rather see you in your coffin," he added, melodramatically, "than see you the wife of one of that brood."

"But, papa," urged Phyllis, "it is a very long time ago, and I don't think that a quarrel between my grandfather and his grandfather should be any reason why Geo—I mean Mr. Rockerton—should not be a good husband to me. He is rich. I've always done as you've wished, and now, when I feel that my life's happiness is at stake, you make this stupid objection."

either family took every opportunity of trying to take the life of some member of the other. After father's death we sold the farm and came East, and so the enmity ceased actively; but I could never consent to your marrying into that hated family—never!"

"But, papa," insisted the girl, "what was it about? What led to the quarrel?"

"It was about a stream, my dear, which ran between the two estates. Old Rockerton insisted that the water was all on his land, whereas it was the boundary, and we had the right on one side of the stream and he on the other. But it really distresses me to think about that dreadful time, when for two whole years I walked about with my life in my hand, so to speak. I beg that you will say no more on the subject."

"Well, just one question, papa," asked Phyllis, with an eye to future contingencies. "Was any one killed?"

"No. No one was killed," answered Mr. Monrough; "but your grandfather was shot in the arm, and I never can forgive them—never!—never!"

Her father then insisted on her promising him that she would not marry without his consent, which she did readily enough, but she saw it was useless arguing with him any further, and for the time the matter ended.

It soon became evident to Mr. Monrough that Phyllis was really fretting and making herself ill about "that confounded fellow Rockerton," as he said to himself. He was a man of action, and determined to give her a thorough change.

"Phyllis, my girl," he said the next morning at breakfast, "how would you like to go to England for a bit?"

"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed, with the most brilliant look on her face that she had seen there for a long time. "That would be delightful. You know I've always wanted to go across and see the Old World. But can you spare the time?"

"Well, no, my girl, I can't just now," he replied. "I am obliged to remain here for a time, as I have a speculation on which requires my presence on the spot; but Mrs. Lakering is going over by the next steamer, and she would chaperon you to your uncle's in Manchester, where you could stay and amuse yourself till I arrived, which probably would be in about three months."

So it was settled; and, the following week, Phyllis (having first informed young Rockerton, with whom she kept up a secret correspondence, of her departure and her destination) stepped on board the mail steamer under the care of her lady friend and course arrived at her uncle's in Manchester.

She was warmly received by her dear relatives. Mr. Thomas Spander (late mother's brother) had a large business in the spinning trade in Manchester, and resided at Birkenhead, going backward and forward to his business, so that she had the benefit of the sea air. What with that, and her voyage over, and her new surroundings, she in a very short time resumed her old healthy looks, and, as Mr. Spander wrote to Mr. Monrough, "she seemed to have entirely forgotten her love affair."

She also, of course, frequently wrote to her father. In one of her letters she said: "I am awfully comfortable here. Everybody seems to do everything possible to make me happy. Uncle Thomas's son George is at home from the university, where he is studying for the Church. He seems a very nice young man, not at all solemn as one would think, and he plays tennis lovely. He returns to Cambridge tomorrow."

"Um!" reflected old Monrough, as he read this letter. "That's more like it, now!"

Phyllis had been in England for two months and everything had settled down quietly, when Mr. Monrough was electrified one morning to receive a cablegram from her:

"George has come all the way from college. Wants to marry me immediately. Do consent and make me happy. Phyllis."

"Well! this beats all!" murmured Mr. Monrough, as he stared at the message. "He must have fallen very deeply in love with her, indeed. Oh! I consent. But how about the settlement? I suppose that Tom Spander reckons on my doing what is right, and so I will. I wish I could get over, but I'm stuck fast with that speculation for another month. It might lose me a million if I left it, and I can't afford that. Well, here goes!"

The elder man started at this observation, he couldn't understand the application of it. However, he passed it over.

"Well, George, my boy," he said, as he shook his hand in a hearty grip, "I'm truly glad to have you for a son-in-law. And, how's your father?"

"My father?" echoed George. "He's been dead this ten years or more!"

"What does all this mean?" cried Mr. Monrough, in amazement. "Am I mad, or what is it? You've just left your father, my brother-in-law, Tom Spander, in England, haven't you?"

Phyllis threw up her arms, and, with a wild shriek, fell down on the thickest part of the soft fur rug that lay before the fireplace, in what appeared to be a dead faint.

The two men bent down at the same time to attend to her, and bumped their heads together, and everything was confusion.

"My name's not Spander," said George, hurriedly, as he rubbed his head with one hand and supported Phyllis with his disengaged arm.

"My name's Rockerton, and I went all the way from college in America to England, to secure your daughter."

The pen refuses to record Mr. Monrough's forcible language when he was thus suddenly made acquainted with the fact that he had given his consent to his daughter's marriage with the son of the family to which he had sworn deadly hatred, and the very man he had before refused, while all the time he had thought Phyllis was marrying George Spander, his brother-in-law's son.

For about five minutes the place would hardly hold him, and his anger was such that he took no means to restore his daughter, leaving her new-found husband to "bring her round" as best he could.

However, by the time he had roared himself out of breath, he saw the futility of his further opposition or resentment; and, like the good business man that he was, he veered round and met the wind as it blew.

"Well! well!" he said, "I've been done! But what's done can't be helped."

He then turned to assist Phyllis, but by a strange coincidence that young lady had just "come to," and in a burst of hysterical tears, begged forgiveness for the little "misunderstanding."

"I forgive you, you little witch," her father cried. "But I have my suspicions about the 'misunderstanding.'"

And Mr. Monrough has never been able to decide in his own mind whether it was accidental or of "malice prepense" on Phyllis's part that the "misunderstanding" occurred. He has, on several occasions, tackled his daughter on the subject, but she has always managed most skillfully to question and evade him.

are the happiest couple imaginable, and George "is not such a bad chap after all." Mr. Monrough has long since ceased to inquire further into it, and has also, of course, "buried the hatchet" with the Rockerton family.—Tit-Bits.

The Wizard With the Whip. A decided sensation has been created in Vienna by a man who probably stands alone in the world in his particular line of performance. This gentleman's name is Pisking and he is an Austro-Hungarian by birth. He is an expert, or, rather, a phenomenal artist in the use of the whip.

Cured Diabetes. March 14th, 1895. St. Louis, Mo. The Dr. J. H. McLean Medicine Co. Gentlemen: I desire to express my heartfelt thanks to you for my marvelous restoration to health. I was sick for many years with a bad case of diabetes which made me very thin and weak. I also suffered much loss of sleep, having to get up so many times at night to pass urine, and also great annoyance from thirst that water would not satisfy. A few months ago I began to follow your instructions in regard to diet and to use Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm. I used three bottles, and, thanks be to God, am again. You are at liberty to publish this if you desire, as I would like to be the means of calling the attention of victims of diabetes to a remedy that will give them a blessed relief. LOUIS PHILLIPS, Columbus, Neb.

Don't Tobacco it and Smoke your Life Away! THE STERLING REMEDY CO. CHICAGO. MONTREAL, CAN. NEW YORK. CASSETS candy cathartic cure constipation. Purely vegetable, non-toxic, sold by druggists everywhere, guaranteed to cure.

TEMPERANCE TOPICS. THE FIRST GLASS. touch not the ruby wine, nger in the bowl; saith and happiness, or to the soul. a glass, as yet untouched, is poison drink; in moment.

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WHAT INTERTEMPERANCE DOES. The New York Journal, in an article which it counted up the financial and cost of intemperance in its city, concludes as follows: But Father Kulekbocker's loss is not so that of these citizens themselves. year's army of unfortunates whom he led to law-breaking, if placed in slavery, allowing each person two feet to walk, would stretch from the Tombs prison in New York to the jail in Newark, N. J. weary, woe-filled lives never marched in the world; no spectacle so horrible as the concentration of the drink-born horrors of the weeks. To fully sense the meaning of the sad line they would see a parallel procession containing marchers as they were before their fall. And even that would not half tell the story. It would only show the suffering on the ones who had drunk. It would be even greater were the drunk other and even greater were the drunk other if those who suffered in 1895 the intemperance of others were given wives bruised and bleeding from their husbands' brutal blows would be in the ray; children neglected and left to starve; mothers distressed and broken down; ranks of offspring, liquor-wrecked, walk, weeping, husbands, gloomed, separate through the wickedness of the drunken wives, would march blindly. This "at the end it stings like an arrow" is shown by the city's hospital reports, hundred and eighty deaths were caused by drink in 1895. Of the 577 lost through pneumonia, at least one of the doctors say, might have been saved if the victims had not been weakened by the intemperance of the week before. And these 1000 might have lived, had not used liquor. And so the story of a weary, woe-filled story of misery and death. No temperance ever spoken was half so powerful as against strong drink, which is its own awful work shouts to the world.

Blasfemy Prematurely Exploded. The premature explosion of a blast in the tunnel works of the Pioneer Electric Power Company, about four miles from Ogden, Utah, killed five men and horribly mutilated seven others. This is the company in which Mr. Danagan, a Rhode Island rubber magnate, invested heavily. Senator Frank J. Cannon is the general manager.

A Singular Jubilee. A singular jubilee has just been celebrated by a famous Austrian politician, Dr. Smolka—the fiftieth anniversary of his condemnation to death. As a young man Dr. Smolka was sentenced for belonging to a treasonable society, and only escaped the death penalty through a general amnesty. Afterward he became a loyal subject, and rose to be President of the