

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

GEO. W. WAGENSELLER, Editor and Proprietor.

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The United States and Europe together have 252,745 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.

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.

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.

"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."

Five hundred to have got ern state out of the section they... the northwestern farmers and inducing them to locate in the South.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

"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."

"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."

"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."

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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!"

"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!"

"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.

"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 Cavalier, 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 steamship under the care of her lady friend and course arrived at her uncle's in Chester.

She was warmly received by her relatives. Mr. Thomas Spander (late mother's brother) had a large business in spinning trade in Manchester, and resided at Birkdale, going backward and forward to his business, so that she had the benefit of the sea air.

"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!"

"Don't understand the hurry, but I consent. Am very pleased. Wish every happiness. Cannot leave here for a month. Tell uncle I will arrange handsomely. Monrough."

Ten days after this message, on the morning of the arrival of the Cunard steamship at New York, Mr. Monrough was sitting in his private office when the door opened and in walked his daughter, leaning on the arm of a very well-set-up young man—of course, her husband.

"Well, this is a surprise!" he shouted. "What on earth made you in such a hurry to get married? Ah, well, I was young myself once, and I know when I fell in love with your mother I was in a deuce of a hurry to get married."

"Oh, papa," murmured Phyllis, as she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him. "It was so kind of you to give your consent. I am so happy. I thought you would, though, when you knew what a long way George had come to seek me!"

"Oh, well! I guess it's not such a very long way, after all," replied her father. "England's only a little place altogether, you know."

"Well," said George, "that's true; but it's a long way for me, because I've been in the States for so long."

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.

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

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.

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."

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 question, and as she and George 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.

The first thing he does is to take a long-lashed, stout-handled whip in each hand, and, with orchestral accompaniment, proceed to crack or snap them at a terrific rate. The sound made by his whips in this manner is graduated from a noise like a rifle report to the soft click of a billiard ball. It makes a curious sort of music, and serves to show how he can regulate the force of each stroke.

More interest, however, is evinced when he seizes a vicious-looking whip with an abnormally long lash. It is provided with a very heavy handle of medium length. This is his favorite toy, and what he can do with it is really wonderful. He first gives an idea of what fearful forces there lie in a whip lash in the hands of an expert.

A large frame, over which is stretched a calf or sheep skin, is brought on the stage. This is marked with dots of red paint. The man with the whip steps up, and swinging the lash round his head lets fly at the calf-skin. With every blow he actually pulls a piece right out from the leather, leaving a clean-cut hole.

These pieces are distributed among the audience to show that there is no trickery about the performance. After this he takes a frame with three shelves. On these there are a dozen or more of medium-sized apples lying very close together and provided with large numbers. Anyone in the audience may designate which apple he wishes struck, and the unerring lash snatches it out like a flash.

A still more difficult feat is the snapping of coins from a narrow-necked bottle. A piece of silver about the size of half a crown is put over the cork of the bottle, which stands on the edge of a table. The whip artist, without appearing to take any sort of aim, sends the long lash whizzing through the air and picks off the coin without jarring the bottle, much less breaking it.—Tit-Bits.

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

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TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES. The fact that there are drunkards is proof that moderate drinking is not safe. Does it pay the State to hang one citizen because another citizen sells him liquor? The consumption of intoxicating liquors in New Zealand is decreasing year by year. One dollar for religion and five hundred for rum is about the ratio in this day of modern civilization.