THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

GEO. W. WAGENSELLER, Editor and Proprietor.

MIDDLEBURGH, PA., APRIL 16, 1896.

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 pretentions 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 nortwest 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. c., for entertaining purposes. We may add that the old gentleman keeps well within the \$2,000, for his official entartainments 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 the M

Five hundr to have goern states P-stoff.

the worthwesttions and in. ern farmers and inducing them to locate in the South. The Southern industrial association of Alabama says that reports from its agencies all over the

-B 800+

there.

HOME-MADE SUNSHINE,

What care I-as the days go by-Whether gloomy or bright the sky? What care I what the weather may bo? 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 akies.

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-na the days go by-The gloom or the light of the weather and nky

Of the outside world, when wo're busy all day

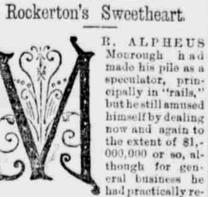
Manufacturing sunshine which ordes not RWRY?

With smilles, with bisses, with peace and with joy--Father and mother, and bally-boy-

We are living each day in the sonshine we

make-And God keep us and guide us for love's dear sake

- Mary D. Brine, in Harper's Bazar,



tired from 'Change. ower, with an only daughter, Miss Phyllis Monrough, aged twenty-a fine, handsome blonde, who had taken up the study of science.

enable her to pursue her studies.

fully made up to devote her life to science and to abjure matrimony. In

the extent of \$1,-000,000 or so, al-

had practically re-Ho was a wid-

Phyllis had, of course, heaps of offers, eligible and otherwise, but she had not met the man whom she cared her father had sent her to college to

She went to the college with a mind

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 est part of the soft fur rug that lay befor two whole years I walked about fore the fireplace, in what appeared 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 d i readily enough, but she saw it was

It soon became evident to Mr. Monrough that Phyllis was really iretting sworn deadly hatred, and the very and making herself ill about "that

confounded fellow Rockerton," as he said to himself. He was a man of marrying George Spander, his brothaction, and determined to give her a er-in-law's son. thorough change.

"Pnyllis, my girl," he said the next morning at breakfast, "How would you like to go to England for a bit?" "Oh, papal" she exclaimed, with himself by dealing the most brilliant look on her face now and again to that he had seen there for a long time. "That would be delightful. You know I've always wanted to go across and tility of his further opposition or resee the Oid World. But can you spare eral business he 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 done! But what's done can't be speculation on which requires my helped." presence on the spot; but Mrs. Lakering is going over by the next Canarder, and she would chaperon you to your unclo's in Manchester, where you could stay and amuse yourself till to marry, and, at her urgent desire, 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 s s' herself put it, she had her departure and her destination) teaset and thrown the stepped on board the mail steamship under the care of her lady friend and

chester.

e was warmly received by her ish relatives. Mr. Thomas Span-

forecerton, who was studying naw | large business in

trade in Manchester, and resided at Young Rockerton came from a good Birkdale, going backward and forward family, was rich, good looking and in to his business, so that she had the every way eligible; but when Phyllis benefit of the sea air. What with that, wrote to her "papa" informing him and her voyage over, and her new surof her tender passion and asking his roundings, she in a very short time resumed her old healthy looks, and, as ceived a telegram (he was so urgent Mr. Spander wrote to Mr. Monrough, that he would not wait for the post to wshe seemed to have entirely forgotten her love affair."

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

"Well, George, my boy," he said, as he shook his hand in a hearty grip, "I'm truly glad to have you for a sonin-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?l'

Phyllis threw up her arms, and, with wild shrick, fell down on the thickto be a dead faint.

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The two men bent down at the same time to attend to her, and bumped their heads togother, 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. Monrcugh's forcible language when he was useless arguing with him any further, 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 man he had before refused, while all the time he had thought Phyllis was

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 newfound husband to "bring her round" as best he could.

However, by the time he had roared himself out of breath, he saw the fusentment; 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

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 'misunderstand-

And Mr. Monrough has never i een 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 si has always managed most skilfully

question, and as she and 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.

Don't Tobacco it and Smoke our Life Nay ! youth to th maturely old It restores lost

and to use

that will give them a blessed relief.

. H. MCLEAN'S LIVER AND KIDNEY BALM.

grand medicine. I used three bottles, and, thanks be to God, am in again. You are at liberty to publish this if you desire, as I would

I to be the means of calling the attention of victims of diabetes to a that will give them a blessed relief. LOUIS PHILLIPS,

Cured Diabetes.

Gentlemen : I desire to express my heartfelt

thanks to you for my marvelous restoration to health. I was sick for many years with a beg case of diabetes which made me very thin and

weak. I also suffered much loss of sleep, havin,

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 begas to follow your instructions in regard to diet

The Dr. J. H. McLean Medicine Co.,

March 14th, 1895.

St. Louis. Mo.

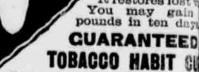
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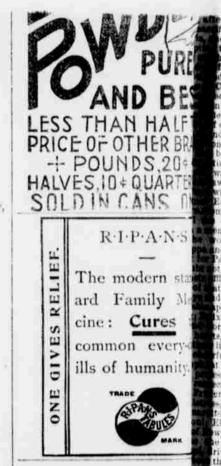
CAS ** ETS candy cathartic cure constipation. Purely vegetable, casy, sold by druggists everywhere, guaranteed to cure



THE FIRST OLASS. touch not the ruby wine, nger in the bowl; salth and happiness, er to the soul. e glass, as yet untouched, ts poison drink; ment

And can ved thereon your name.

Look yonder at that broken wreek, With tottering step and slow; He was a young and honored man A few short years ago, A few short years ago. He had of weaith a boundless store. Loved smiled upon his way; His life held every happiness,



sourse arrived at her uncle's in

er 'ste mother's prother) had a

spinning

and for the time the matter ended.

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 large increase as the spring progressor.

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, Eug., 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 tronsers as a coat, while a pair of old gaiters were the only article of clothing upon his legs."

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

consent to her engagement, she recarry his refusal) :

"No. Come home at once."

anything that she was angry, aston- she said : ished, dumbfounded, brokenhearted all at once. No more words can accurate. Everybody seems to do everything ly describe her feelings. However, possible to make me happy. Uncle there was no help for it. She must Thomas's son George is at home from obey. And so, after an interview with the university, where he is studying her lover, in which they vowed eternal for the Church. He seems a very nice attachment, she precipitately threw up her studies and her newly found hopes of bliss and returned to New lovely. He returns to Cambridge to-York.

Her father received her kindly, but knew from her observation of his deal- | it, now !" ings with others indicated that his could alter it.

begin with. But it made no visible effect on her parent.

cannot imagine how it pains me to be consent and make me happy. Purilias." 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 yon've wished, and now, when I feel that my life's happiness is at stake, you make this stupid objection.'

She sobbed afresh, but her tears were thrown away on her obdurate parent, so she tried to cross-examine him on the subject of the quarrel.

"It must have been a very dreadful quarrel, papa, for you to harbor revenge all these years. Tell me more about it. If my life is to be blighted," she said, sighing deeply, "I should and kissed bim. "It was so kind of like to know it.'

Mr. Monrough felt himself getting into a corner with his daughter's wiles and tears, and he got a bit angry.'

"It would be of no use," he replied shortly; "my mind is irrevocably made up. But I may say that, as was

She also, of course, frequently wrote Phyllis had so rarely been denied to her father. In one of her letters

"I am awfully comfortable here. young man, not at all solemn as one would think, and he plays tennis morrow.

"Um !" reflected old Monrough, as with a firm set countenance, which she he read this letter. "That's more like

Phyllis had been in England for two mind was made up, and that nothing months and everything had settled down quietly, when Mr. Monrough She, of course, burst into tears to was electrified one morning to receive a cablegram from her:

"My dear Phyllis," he said, "you lege, Wants to marry me immediately. Do

"Well! this beats all !" murmured Mr. Monrough, as he stared at the message. "de must have fallen very deeply in love with her, indeed. Oh! 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!" And he sent this reply telegram :

"Don't understand the hurry, but I con-sent. An very pleased. Wish every happi-ness. Cannot leave here for a month. Tell uncte I will arrange handsomely. "Mosnovon."

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.

The old man jumped up.

ed. "What on earth made you in such I was in a deuce of a hurry to get married."

"Oh, papa," murmured Phyllis, as she threw her arms round his neck 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, afer all," replied her father. "England's only a little place

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 par ticular line of performance. gentleman's name is Piskslug 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 force there lies 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 calfskin. With every blow he notually pulls a piece right out from the leather, leaving a clean out hole.

These pieces are distributed among the andience 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 "Well, this is a surprise !" he shout- over the cork of the bottle, which stands on the edge of a table. The a hurry to get married? Ah, well, I whip artist, without appearing to take was young myself once, and I know any sort of aim, sends the long lash when I fell in love with your mother whizzing through the sir 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 poli-tician, Dr. Smolka-the fiftieth anniversary of his condemnation to death. As a young man Dr. Smolka was sentenced for belonging to a treasonable made up. But I may say that, as was common in those days, the quarrel led to fighting, and until your grand-"Well," said George, f'that's true; Afterward he became a loyal subject, but its' nigh mon 4000 miles before and rose to be President of the But what is he to-day?

A broken, bloated, razged wretch, Men pass him by with scorn; Better it were for him and his He never had been born. What made him what he is to-day? What robbed him, do you think? What stole his honor and his name? The cursed flend of drink.

Would you, too, trend the downward way, And be to runn a slave, "Till false to truth, to honor lost You fill a drunkard's grave? Don't say: "T'll only drink just once; That surely is no harm." That fatal glass, the first you take,

Unnerves your steady arm You say that you can stop at will; It is not so, my friend: After the first the second comes, And soon you reach the end. 'Tis the first glass that makes the sot, Then shun it while you can; Be true to honor and yourself, God's noblest work —a man,

Don't tread the rapid downward way, To fill a drunkard's grave; Look up to Him, if you are weak, Who has the power to save. Don't drink that first, that fatal glass, 'Twill dim your beaming eye. For honor's sake, for love's dear sake, or honor's sake pass it by. For God's sake pass it by. --Mrs. M. L. P.

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.

It does not pay to have fifty working men ragged in order to have one saloon keeper dressed in broadcloth and flush with money. The saloon produces the grand majority of the paupers, and then the sober people of the community have to support the product. It does not pay to have ten smart, active, intelligent boys transformed into this in order to enable one man to lead an easy life by selling liquor to them.

Dr. Nansen, who is said to have found the North Pole, has put himself on record as be-ing opposed to the use by arctic expeditions of intoxicating liquor in any form.

Gilbert, the man who paid the penalty of his crime on the scaffold, in Boston, recent-ly, publicly declared in his latest utterances that liquor was the cause of his downfall.

"Show me the child," said a woman lec-turer the other day, "and I will tell you the habits of the father." She's right, the drink-ing man is known by the poverty of his family.

It does not pay, says the Temperance Ad-vocate, to have fifty working men and their families live on bone and soup and half ra-tions in order that one saloon keeper may flourish on roast turkey and champagne.

All the leading newspapers are talking about the liquor traffic, admitting that it is an evil thing and suggesting some means for taking care of the results. This means thinking, and thinking means much for the cause of total abstinence.

Blast Was Frematurely Exploded.

The premature explosion of a blast in the tunnel works of the Pioneer Electric Power Company, about four miles from Ogden, Utab, killed five men and horribly mutilated seven others. This is the company in which Mr. Bannigan, a Rhode Island rubber mag-nate, Invested heavily. Senator Frank J. Cannon is the general manager. WHAT INTEMPERANCE DOU:

The New York Journal, in and which it counted up the financial s cost of intemperance in its city, con

But Father Knickerbocker's loss i to that of these citizens themse year's army of unfortunates who led to law-breaking, if placed in allowing each person two feet to would stretch from the Tombs pro-York to the jail in Newark, N. J. weary, woeful line never marched world; no spectacle so horrible as centration of the drink-born horr York alone was ever presented tion. But if it were, its frightful unseen. Those who watched this a line would see 23,000 men who manhood alcohol had defeated; 80 from whom liquor had stolen at best and highest. But they would the wreeks. To fully sense the meaning of the sed line they wou see a parallel procession contait

ees a parallel procession contains marchers as they were before their la And even that would not half tell rid tale. It would only show the liquor on the ones who had drunk i other and even greater army would cruited if those who suffered in 1895 the intemperance of others were s Wives bruised and bleeding from husbands' brutal blows would be in ray; children neglected and left to si drunken mothers would totter weak drunken mothers would totter weat ranks; mothers distressed and broke sins of offspring, liquor-wrecked, walk, weeping; husbands, gloomed perate through the wickedness of drugged wives, would march blindly That "at the end it stingsth like an

That "at the end it stingsth like an is shown by the city's hospital repor-hundred and eighty deaths were caused by drink in 1895. Of the 57-lost prough pneumonia, at least of the actors say, might have been so the actors say, might have been so the actors say, might have been so the actors are accounted by Contingtion claimed 5204 victims and athese 1000 might have lived o had the used liquor. And so the sto If icid a weary, weary story of mil-wry es and death. No temperance every clooken was half so powerful se against strong drink, which dr. own awful work shouts to en se dr