

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

GEO. W. WAGENSELLER, Editor and Proprietor.

MIDDLEBURGH, PA., MAY 7, 1896.

A writer in the London Speaker declares that the greatest aid to digestion is conversation at meals, and that laughter is almost a cure for dyspepsia.

To raise a debt of \$800 upon the Methodist Church at Winside, Neb., the pastor has secured sixty acres of land for the coming year from members of the congregation and obtained pledges of labor from others to plant it with wheat.

Jekyll Island, off the coast of Georgia, is said to be the only place in the world entirely inhabited by millionaires. It belongs to a club composed of New York, Boston and Philadelphia capitalists, the poorest of whom counts his fortune by millions of dollars.

While Frenchmen grumble that they still have to pay taxes in order to make up the war indemnity exacted by Prussia twenty-five years ago, the town of Koenigsberg in Prussia has only this year paid the last installment of the loan contracted to meet the war contribution imposed on it by Napoleon I.

While China suffered severely from the results of the late war, her resources are by no means exhausted, as is evidenced by the fact that an agent of the Chinese Government has recently come to Puget Sound to place an order for 50,000,000 feet of lumber, the most of which is intended for construction and repair of Government buildings. The agent says that indications are good for a healthy revival of the lumber trade in China and Japan.

The Japanese Government has just made the village of Hanke, in the province of Kotschi, famous by ordering an annual appropriation of 100 yen toward the payment of the municipal expenses on account of the exemplary conduct of its citizens. For 200 years there has not been a lawsuit in the place; no person has been arrested within its limits, no crime has been committed, every man has paid his taxes in full the day they were due and there has been no appeal to any other cause.

A curious form of life insurance is springing up in French manufacturing towns under the name of La Fourmi (the ant). The peculiarity is that the longer a man lives the less he becomes entitled to. The payment of \$1 a month assures the payment of \$1000 to the heirs of a man dying before the age of thirty-eight, the payment diminishing proportionately to \$510 at fifty-one. The idea seems to be that if a young man dies young his children are likely to be in want, but that when he is fifty they will be able to earn their own living.

As the question of the comparative efficiency of the navies of the fighting Powers is always interesting, the New York World thinks, it may be worth while to remark that British naval pride has recently received a serious check as the result of the attempt to mobilize the "flying squadron." There are unpleasant hints that this famous expedition, like many other flying machines, failed to fly, and that the ships which did get together, not in two days but in two weeks, have since been chiefly engaged in repairing the damage done in the attempt to get ready for service.

According to Professor Alexander Hogg, State Manager of Public Schools in Texas, while the South has gained fifty-four per cent. in population in the last twenty years, the increase in the enrollment of its school attendance has been 130 per cent. In the same period the value of the school property has increased from \$16,000,000 to \$51,000,000, an addition of nearly \$2,000,000 per year. Of all the people in the South, white and colored, one in five is in attendance at school during some part of the year. This is the proportion in Saxony, which excels all countries in Europe. It is estimated that of the \$320,000,000 expended for education in the South in the last eighteen years, one-fourth has been for the colored race. In the work of education Florida is leading her sister States, having a school enrollment of sixty-six per 100 of population, as compared with an enrollment of sixty-one in the Southern States, and giving her children eighteen more days' schooling in the year.

Some people are not known as fools because their particular kind has never been classified.

BRACE UP AND HUSTLE.

The whole world seems against you? Brace up, man, and hustle! Joys come but to the few? They're here for all who'll work But they won't come if you mope, And fitter away your chances, With life you've got to cope, And seize all it advances, They only lose who snarl! So jump into the tussle, Brace up, man, and hustle!

Love's Sheltering Way.

BY MATTY CHENAULT NASH.



MARY WINSLOW hurried a little as she climbed into the tent-like accommodation train from New Rochelle to New York. The accommodations were always crowded; and she wanted very much to get a seat on the side of the car from which she could catch a glimpse of her house, where her babies were. She had almost missed her train lingering over good-bys and baby love-making.

"On won't 'lay away from Baby? 'On tum wite back adain, Mamma's 'ause, Baby loves 'ou." And the soft ditto of the younger baby—"Wite back adain, Mamma, 'ause Itty Baby loves 'ou."

They were such mites, these tiny girls, it had always seemed preposterous to call them by the stately names that they had been christened by. They had dubbed themselves "Baby," and "Little Baby," and in tender home parlance they were called that.

Mary could feel their pump little arms around her neck now, and their soft baby curls against her cheeks. She strained her eyes to catch the last glimpse of the little girls as they disappeared into the station. She had told the nurse that the children were "good by," she smiled as she saw two tiny scraps of white fluttering from the nursery window. But even the house was out of sight in a moment, and she leaned back in her seat feeling tired and depressed.

She was doing a very bold thing. For the first time in her four years of married life she was undertaking something without consulting her husband about it. But it was for his sake—for his dear sake—to save him from terrible anxiety; and to do that she would dare anything.

The tears stood in her eyes at the thought of his shoulders already stooped under their burden of care, and his face so crossed with lines that told as plainly as did the scantily covered crown from which the curly, boyish crop of brown hair had slipped, how hard had been, and was, his night up the stream of fortune.

in front of Mary. The elder man had his little daughter, dressed in mourning, on his knee, and he and the curate laughed and chatted with the little girl to amuse her.

"There is a newly-made widower," thought Mary; "and he doesn't seem to mind much. I wonder if David would (she had almost said 'will') care so little."

Suddenly the older man turned to the curate, and Mary saw his face grown drawn in an agony of grief. "Did you ever bury any one you loved desperately?" he asked.

The curate answered, with appropriate courtesy: "No, I have been very fortunate. I have always thought, however, that the only wise way to face such grief would be philosophically, knowing it as God's will that it comes to all."

"You have never buried any one you loved desperately. When you come to do that you will not be thinking of philosophy," said the other. And then they spoke of other things. Mary pulled down her veil to hide her wet cheeks.

"Poor David! he will mind; he will not forget right away," she thought. As they passed Woodlawn she wondered whether, if she died, they would bury her on the hillside where David could see her grave every day from the train window. It would seem less lonely for her, she thought. And then her heart turned to her children, and she wept for them until she was aroused by the trains getting into the Grand Central Station.

A half-hour later Mary stood in a clean, bare little room high up on the top floor of a quiet boarding house on a side street. A young doctor with wide awake, intelligent face was talking to her.

"Yes, Mrs. Robinson," he said, gravely, "the operation is imperative; for it is the only way to save your life. If it succeeds, you will become a perfectly strong and healthy woman; if it fails, you will be spared the pain of a lingering death, for you will not survive the operation more than a half-hour at most. I put the case plainly to you. You must know all the circumstances, all the risks, that you may decide wisely."

"I have decided," she answered, steadily. "Very well, I will have the nurses here in a little while, and the other doctors will meet me here at a quarter before two. I have spoken to them about it. I was only waiting for a final word from you to complete all the arrangements."

He bade Mary "Good morning," and left her alone. Mary was naturally rather a coward, especially about little things. Spiders, worms and snakes, even very little ones, made her almost faint; and she was afraid to travel alone, or to sleep in a room by herself. But her pulse was very steady now. It seemed to her to say, "David, David, David," as it beat.

have the pain and anxiety of anticipating this operation, nor the suffering of seeing me suffer it; and I thought that if you knew I had a husband you would be likely to object to taking so much responsibility without having him to share it. If all goes well you need only send him the enclosed note. If I should die—tell him gently.

My Darling Husband—You have been so good, so tender, so true to me, dear one, and you have made me so happy always, that I have wanted some way to show you how grateful I am. There has never been any way before, but now there is a way. Thank the dear Father, you have taught me to love and have helped me to try to serve, I have been strong enough to save you a great deal of pain.

When you get this, my love, my heart's dear, dear love, I will be quite through with a very bad operation, which has been hanging over me for months. I knew I must undergo it or I must die, and yet it was so sweet at home I could not come in here before, but the doctor said I could not wait any longer, so I came in to-day.

Jane is a good nurse; she will take care of the children while I am away. Aren't they beautiful? God bless you, my husband, my love. MARY.

The three doctors stood wiping their gleaming instruments, taking in half-whispers of the operation. A white-capped nurse was unpinning the sheets and padding from the operating table.

At the side of the bed where Mary lay another doctor and another white-capped nurse stood watching for the first sign of her returning consciousness. She lay heavily and with muscles relaxed, with closed eyes, breathing laboriously, and white as the linen on the bed.

David pushed open the door with unsteady hand and came across the room to the bed. Without a word he dropped on his knees in a grief-stricken heap at the bedside. Dr. Ellis put his hand on his shoulder, and he looked up, with anguished eyes, that pitifully pled for a word of hope.

"She will do well," said the doctor, in a cheery whisper. "The operation was a success far beyond our expectations. But it is important for her to come out of the ether quietly. Don't you think, Mr. Winslow, it would be a good plan for you to stand here at the foot of the bed where she can see you when she first opens her eyes? Then she will forget entirely all the pain of her separation from you, and everything will be quite nice and comfortable."

David rose, dumbly obedient, and stood where the doctor directed, devoting with his eyes the pale, beautiful face lying amid the thick brown braids. "Now, Mrs. Winslow, is the pillow right?" asked Dr. Ellis, trying to rouse her. "Won't you let me try to raise you up a little?"

It seemed hours to David before Mary, with a deep sigh, lifted her heavy white lids. A moment her half-conscious eyes rested on the doctor who was speaking to her, and then she looked at David. She tried to make the nerveless lips move—failed once and then slowly, painfully, she said: "Darling, I love you."

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