

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

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It is figured that the sea swallows 2000 vessels every year, with 12,000 human lives and \$100,000,000 of property.

A French scientist says that the "salt air" of the seacoast is a popular delusion. He has been conducting a series of elaborate experiments and can find no trace of salt in the air.

The London Standard thinks that it is high time to begin hanging captains of ships who run down small craft at sea. Passing ships are known to the fishers and coasters as "silent deaths," and dreaded far more than storms.

A scientist in Washington cannot understand why women have such a strong prejudice against vivisection, when, according to Genesis, had it not been for an experiment in vivisection there would have been no woman.

A Spanish newspaper, quoted by the New Orleans Picayune, says: "Extermination. This is the only solution of the war in Cuba. Let the romantic North Americans say what they wish, the moment has arrived for showing ourselves cruel and inflexible, and bloody if necessary."

James P. Hamilton, a blind piano tuner of Grand Rapids, Mich., is making a great excitement in Athens, where he went to study Greek. The Greeks were amazed at the idea of a blind man acquiring an education, and they are discussing the establishment of a school for the blind, with Hamilton at the head of it. There is no such school in Greece, where a blind person is considered fit for nothing but begging.

The rate of increase in wages shown by Mr. Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor, in the lecture he lately delivered in New York is striking. His figures cover a period of fifty years, no doubt the most important in the history of modern times, and they show a progressive increase from an average of \$247.98 in 1850 to \$288.94 in 1860, to \$302.08 in 1870, to \$346.91 in 1880 and to \$444.83 in 1890. Mr. Wright points out that "the real signi-

must be considered. He says that the real question of wages is of the amount of the necessities and comforts of life a day's labor will buy at any given time.

The Atlanta Journal says that a syndicate of New York capitalists are about to purchase the grounds of Piedmont Park, Atlanta, on which the Exposition was held. It adds that New York capitalists already hold large interests in Atlanta, and this New York capital is destined to cut a large figure in the bustling metropolis of Georgia. These statements, comments the New York Tribune, are especially interesting, in view of the fact that while the Fair was in progress last fall, everybody in Atlanta was predicting that Chicago capital was soon to come to Atlanta and revolutionize things, and New York was denounced as slow because it failed to appreciate its opportunity. Chicago money, however, is still far from conspicuous down there, but it should be added in fairness that the Chicago papers wrote up the Fair in fine style.

It is stated in the New York Observer that the reindeer which were introduced into Alaska largely through the efforts of Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, who is a kind of apostle of Alaska, have been giving a good account of themselves. While a dog can average but thirty-five miles a reindeer can make ninety miles a day. Swift communication between many of the scattered settlements has thus been made feasible. The natural increase of the reindeer is rapid, being estimated at fifty per cent., so that large herds may be expected in course of time. At present nearly one thousand head of reindeer are herded at Port Clarence, near Bering Strait. Numbers of the natives whose homes are contiguous to the Government school stations are thus being lifted by degrees from a dependence upon the uncertainties of fishing and hunting to the more steady and comfortable condition of herds-men. The skins and meat of the reindeer are also valuable, so that Alaska is finding the animals already imported a veritable godsend.

Herr Krupp, the gunmaker, is the richest of the Prussians, being taxed on an income of \$1,700,000. Baron Rothschild comes next with a taxable income of \$1,400,000. Only seven persons in Prussia report incomes for the last year above \$470,000.

MY FRIENDS.

Slow as I journey on from day to day, I come of other wanderers in my path, Some sad, some singing, some in bitter wrath, And some who join me for a little way— Not always very far. Perhaps we see That one step moves too slow and one too fast; Some I have overtaken, loved and passed, And some there are who would not wait for me. Some cross my march just once—across the lawn I hear a footstep; we shall almost meet! Alas! We may not stay too long to greet! A nod, a pleasant word—and he is gone! How many million friends there are whose lot Keeps them outside my path for life's short whiff! But through the distance and the dark I smile, For I can love them though I see them not. —Robert B. Hale, in Independent.

The Host of the Red Lion.

If one were to seek the site of the Red Lion, that stood on the Harlem road over a century ago, he could no more discover it than he could the snow that fell at the date of which we write. The Red Lion was an inn kept by a jolly old Hollander, named Peter Steen, and directly opposite was the only grocery store on that part of the island, and this was presided over by Peter's brother, Helst. The brothers were very dissimilar in temperament and appearance. Peter weighed over two hundred pounds, was a hard drinker, inveterate smoker and a great talker. Helst was of small stature, weighing only one hundred and some odd pounds, and he never drank spirituous liquors or used tobacco in any form. Neither was he of a loquacious turn. Silent and meditative, he weighed out his sugar and tea to his customers, took their hard money, put it safely away, and grew richer each year than his laughing, rollicking brother Peter. Every evening after the store was closed, Helst invariably went across the way, and the brothers, taking chairs, would (when the season permitted) sit in front of the tavern under the trees and converse, while Peter's son, Dyke, attended the bar. It was the latter part of the summer when the brothers were seated in their accustomed places that a couple of strangers were driven to the inn, and, alighting, requested accommodations. Peter slowly took his pipe from his mouth and shouted for Dyke. "Go yourself," said Helst, in an under tone. "You'll never become rich if you turn these matters over to others. You must mend your ways, Peter, and not put the blame on the Dyke. Come, I

and, arising, went forward to attend to the wants of his guests. A small trunk and two shot guns was the only baggage the travelers possessed, and these were carried to the inn and the strangers assigned a room, and while their supper was being prepared, Peter resumed his seat by his brother. "Do they seem like persons of means?" inquired Helst. "How can I tell?" replied Peter. "They went to their chamber without taking a drink." "If I had examined their faces," continued Helst, "I think I should have been able to determine their quality. Your business is not the kind to enable you to discover the depths of your customers' pockets. Ah! Peter, I fear you never will accumulate a large fortune." "Well, Dyke may, if I don't," replied the brother. "He's like you, Helst, he turns a penny over twice before taking it to see if it is good." "Dyke is a prudent lad," said Helst. "He may turn out well if he continues to be so cautious. Brother, we have to be wary in this world." "Thank heavens there'll be no occasion for it in the next," replied Peter, and he laughed and blew great clouds of smoke in Helst's face. "Tis a nasty practice," exclaimed the brother, coughing and moving a little apart, so as to be out of the reach of Peter's pipe. "It's a great consolation, sometimes," replied Peter. "It's a great waste of money," retorted Helst. "How much do you spend in tobacco?" "How should I know?" replied Peter in surprise. "I never kept account." "Fry it," remarked Helst, dryly. Just then a couple of shots made Helst Steen bounce in his seat. "It's only the travelers discharging their guns," said Peter. "I must go," replied Helst; "good-night," and the brothers separated. Peter Steen found his guests to be quiet, but eccentric Englishmen, who seemed to take the world easy and pay liberally for all they ordered. "What in the world can they want here?" asked Helst. "Why don't they go to the city?" "I'm sure I don't know," replied Peter, "and as they pay in honest money I care not how long they tarry." "They may be robbers," suggested the timid Helst. "So they may," responded Peter; "but they haven't robbed me, and as they are not sharp enough for you, I don't see why we should complain." Full deepened into winter, and the strangers still sojourned at the Red Lion. They went out gunning frequently, and when they remained indoors they incessantly read the newspapers that came from England. "I have it," exclaimed Helst one evening to his brother. "They are refugees from justice, and they read

the newspapers to discover what efforts are being made to effect their capture." Peter laughed boisterously. "All Englishmen spend a great part of their lives in reading newspapers," he replied. "It's a characteristic of the Nation; they are great readers, just as we Dutch are great smokers." "I hope you may be correct," responded Helst, "but I don't like these persons hanging about here for no object." "They may have an object," suggested Peter; "they know best." "But I'd like to know, too," said Helst. "Perhaps you'd better ask them," replied the practical Peter. "My doors are double barred," muttered Helst, as he moved away. During the winter the strangers ate, drank, were merry, sat up late at night in their room, and paid their bills punctually. Peter Steen grew to like them vastly. Spring came warm and balmy, and the strangers seemed to welcome it. One day the elder of the two came to Peter Steen and remarked: "Landlord, we fancy your place very much. It is quiet and healthy. Your table is excellent, but we don't altogether like your rooms. Suppose you allow us to erect an addition to your house; it shall cost you nothing. We wish an apartment that looks out on the garden, and here, just by this wall (which is all tumbling down, by the way), we'll build you a snug apartment." Peter opened his eyes very wide at this proposition, and at once consented. Then he hastened to Helst and told him what had occurred. "Tis the strangest thing I ever heard," remarked the brother. "Peter, those men must either be fools or crazy. I think they are fools." "And I should be a fool, too, if I refuse to have my property improved at their expense," replied the other. Helst scratched his head and appeared perplexed. "I really can make nothing of it," he said. Very soon mechanics began to bring lumber, and in due time a pretty frame structure, with two rooms, arose at the rear of the inn. One side of it was directly against the wall of the garden. Peter was happy, the Englishmen's gold flowed into his coffers and all went well. One night when the brothers sat together Helst remarked: "I've been talking to old Adam Klomp, and he tells me about sixty years ago an eccentric or crazy Englishman built a large house where the Red Lion now stands. Nobody liked him, and few knew anything about his history. He got into some trouble with the king's officers and left the place suddenly. Soon afterward the house was burned down. I never could comprehend these English; they are the queerest people in the world." "They pay well," laughed Peter, slapping his pocket; "they pay well, Helst." July and the other was delighted with the great deal in their rooms. Once Peter came upon them suddenly and caught them intently examining a map or diagram which they had spread on the table. "Ah, ha!" he muttered, "they are surveyors. Doubtless they came to purchase land. How foolish my brother Helst was with his suspicions." But what bothered Peter the most, was the strangers were burning his candles late into the night. Everybody else was in bed. What were they doing up like owls? All at once the strangers began to take drives. They wouldn't go out together, but would take turns, one always remaining at home. These things continued for several weeks. When this was told Helst he had a new source of perplexity. "They certainly are fools," he exclaimed. "Who but fools would sit up late summer nights, doing nothing, and go driving about the country without a companion? Peter, these men may have wealth, but they have no brains." At length there came a variation to the monotony. Both the strangers went out to drive together one morning. Night came, but they did not return. Peter smoked his pipe and meditated at their absence, and Helst scratched his head for a thought. Two—three—four days went by, but the strangers returned not, and no one about the country could give any information concerning them. Finally, when a week had elapsed, it was determined to break open the door of their apartment. With all the forms of law this was accomplished. And lo! beside the garden wall was a great hole in the earth. On the table lay a letter addressed to Peter Steen, from the strangers, informing him that years before one of their ancestors had lived on the spot and buried a large sum of gold in an old chest by his garden wall. Immediately after he was obliged to flee the country. They had found some papers in England which accurately described the spot where the treasure was concealed, and they had come and built the addition to the house, over the spot, and thus possessed themselves of what really belonged to them. "In consideration of your kindness," they wrote, "we leave you the hole, hoping you may long live to smoke your pipe in peace." Helst looked at the hole, and then at Peter, as he remarked, "They were not fools, after all." Peter took a long breath and smiled. He couldn't laugh just then, for a sort of consciousness that he had been outwitted made him unusually quiet. He walked slowly into his inn, and sitting down in a chair, remarked: "And I've been living on a gold mine all the time and didn't know it." —New York News.

The losses to New York farmers annually from insects are \$30,000,000.



HERE'S AN ODD CALLING.

One of the most curious professions followed by a woman is that of Miss Fannie Elkins, who prepares anatomical charts and specimens for the work of students and professors in medical colleges. She also illustrates medical books for the publishers.

Miss Elkins's studio—for the work requires more than ordinary artistic skill—is situated on Fourteenth street. She has been situated there for seven years, making her physiological drawings and charts. She was formerly a teacher of science in Packard Institute, in Brooklyn. She was always particularly interested in physiology, and so remarkable was her skill in making the somewhat gressome sketches for physiological classes that she was finally commissioned by certain physicians to make a large chart to illustrate a lecture. From this beginning her work grew.

Now she visits hospitals with camera and note book whenever an operation is to be performed. She received a medal and diploma from the World's Fair authorities for her work. She colors and models pathological specimens, work which has hitherto been done mainly in France.

In spite of her peculiar and gressome calling Miss Elkins is herself a very womanly woman. She is about thirty-eight years old, with brown hair touched with gray, gray-blue eyes and a nervous but pleasant manner. Her studio, which she prefers to call her workshop, is free from the artistic embellishments of the ordinary studio. —New York Journal.

HEAD-GEAR THAT CAUSES DISMAY.

Women fond of quiet, elegant head-coverings look with mingled awe and dismay at the startling exhibit of summer millinery shown on every hand this season. Not a hat or bonnet ready for wear that is not overburdened with a topheavy mass of garnitures with colors swarming at each other from crown to brim. The winter cart-wheel hats were bad enough with their crazy-looking feathers set in straggling, drooping, flying groups on the outer edge of the chapeau and the topmost height of the crown, but the hat was mostly black and there were a degree less conspicuous. Now it is all the colors of the rainbow, and the hat-brims are crimped and crinkled in the most novel and inimitable manner. Great wide ruffles of all hues

green tulle are pleated up together on one hat, with perhaps a high stalk of dark-blue French lilies on the crown, a bunch of yellow narcissus at the back under the turned-up brim, and clusters of magenta roses at each side of the crown. This is actually the description of a model now on exhibition in the parlor of a French milliner on Fifth avenue, the hat itself a black straw. A two-inch hedge-row of violets is around the brim of a green openwork straw hat trimmed with immense red silk and velvet poppies, perfumed violet aigrettes, yellow pansies, and tan-colored tulle. The only advice to give to those who look in despair at what is at present offered them for post-Easter wear is to select their own shape and style of hat or bonnet and trimming, and order the garnitures arranged to suit their individual tastes and wishes. —New York Post.

THE REIGN OF THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Word comes from London that the reign of the American girl in Great Britain is ended. The report is that the British dame has learned her lesson, and has come to be as lively and brilliant as her American cousin, and is a winner once more in the competition between them. If the news is true, there will be few mourners. None of the Americans, except the ladies immediately concerned, have taken any great amount of comfort in our girls' success in London. The American men and the British ladies have been of one mind about it. Both have disapproved. The international marriage has had a certain usefulness in bringing the Americans and the English into closer relations, but the advantages of it have been too one-sided. Nine times out of ten the United States has lost a citizen and England has gained one. It is time for a more equitable arrangement to obtain. Perhaps, if it is true that English women have developed new charms and graces, some of our young men may begin to go a-courting beyond the seas. Would it avail them anything? Perhaps so; but that is still to be demonstrated. We have been used to realize that English men of large matrimonial opportunities are liable to marry American women, but it is still to be shown that an English woman who is in a position to have good offers at home is in any danger at all of marrying out of her own land and into the United States. The English women have not always seemed superlatively attractive to the English men, but hitherto the English men have almost invariably been good enough for the English women. —Harper's Weekly.

ON FANS.

The fan again becomes a necessity in place of a luxury, writes Margherita Arlina Hamm. Like so many other good things, the West received the

fan from the Orient. Despite our progress, we have never yet equaled the artisans and artists of the far East in making these little articles of comfort and relief. We have not even learned more than the rudiments of the fan. In those old civilizations there is a light and strong fan for the child, another for the stripling, one for the youth and one for the adult. There are fans for men and women, fans to suit every purse, from that of the pauper to that of the prince. A residence in either Japan, China or Korea is a liberal education in fancraft.

There are great fans which require a strong man or an able-bodied woman to wield them, and still larger, is the giant fan known as the punks, which is suspended from the ceiling over the table or the bed, and pulled like a great swing by a cord in the hands of a muscular servant. The East has an etiquette of the fan which recognizes attitude, angles, movements and poses. There is a way of handling it in the presence of friends, another way before official superiors, a third in the street, a fourth in the theatre and a fifth in a church.

I was amused to learn in Japan that a young man could express his love with a few beats of his fan, and a young woman could return or reject it in the same manner. Even the children are adepts in fan science. Japanese children use fans to keep paper butterflies suspended in the air, and Chinese boys use them as battle-axes upon tiny little shuttlecocks. Americans are only beginning to appreciate the superiority of the Orient in this regard. They import ever-increasing numbers of the fabrics of the East. Far from austere the supply, we are familiar with all of the various types of classes. Thus we are well acquainted with the old-fashioned fan, which is together pleated on pleat, because that is our favorite type of making it ourselves. But we know a little of the wonderful art that can be secured with a single stroke, which will neither fold nor curl up into snags.

There is more than the stretch-elastic work of the Japanese silk surmounts over fish, landscapes, forests and mountains. He may embroider it in silk floss until one would swear that it was a creation of the taxidermist and not of needlecraft, or he will tint it in water colors, cover it with applique work, and even draw out threads here and there and make it into a dainty and filmy piece of lace. More extraordinary are the military and royal fans worn up to 1850 in Japan, and also in Korea. These were made of metal, in order to be appropriate to the military character of the wearer. They were made of copper, brass, bronze, steel, silver and even gold. One type used by the great warriors had points on the end, which could be used for about the same purposes as a dagger. The body of the fan itself was so strong that if it needs were it could be used as a buckler. There is still another type of exquisite beauty, the tortoise shell fan of Nagasaki and Kyoto. In this the genius of the East almost reaches perfection. Out of the crude material the artisan produces a finished shell of marvelous beauty and resplendency. He models and shapes it to suit his taste. Usually the ribs are finished in half-open work, which is almost as delicate as lace, while the outside sticks are decorated with dragons, flowers, faces, or anything which the wearer may desire. —New York Mail and Express.

FASHION NOTES.

Buttons will be a summer craze. Every tone of velvet is favored in Parisian millinery. All violet bonnets with white satin Alsatian bows are lovely. Tailor bicycle costumes are well worth the cost of their making. A correct veil is part of the well-gowned woman's essential attire. Silk petticoats are as wide as the dress skirt and generally much prettier. Tapestry panels for the nursery illustrate rhymes that are favorites of the juveniles. Square gold lockets, with a solitary diamond in the center, are worn on men's watch chains. The shades finding favor are poplar, Nile, pea and other delicate greens, followed by yellows, browns, violet and tan. No one fancy shade is likely to rule. So long as there are curio cabinets there will be more or less demand for silver toys, which represent in miniature all sorts of subjects, such as an old English coach, a Sedan chair, a grand piano, etc. Shirt waists of moderately thick linen duck are among the novelties. They are made after the usual fashion, and are liked because they are thick; not because they are a slight protection, and not uncomfortable even on very warm days.

Cripple Made Well Hood's Sarsaparilla Hood's Pills Decided by Jury HER HAPPY DAY Two Open Letters From a Chicago Woman Among the tens of thousands of women who apply to Mrs. Pinkham's advice and are cured, are many who wish their cases published. My dear Mrs. Pinkham— This is a happy day. I am well and think my trouble is profuse thanks as you suggest. Uncle knows what you have done for me, because I make things very unpleasant in my world like to give you a testimonial, but father would not allow it. I shall be married in September, and to Boston, will call upon you. I prove my gratitude! Chicago, Justly as King of the world. Just such cases as the above in women's circles, and the confidence of the women bestowed upon Mrs. Pinkham. Why are not physicians with women when suffering ailments? Women want the truth, cannot get it from their seek it elsewhere. P. N. 20 WHAT IS ALABA A pure, permanent and artist ready for the brush by mixing in water. FOR SALE BY PAINT DEALERS FREE A Tin-Card showing 12 also Alabastine Souvenir to any one mentioning ALABASTINE CO., Grand