

# THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

GEO. W. WAGENSELLER,  
Editor and Proprietor.  
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The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the Georgia law prohibiting the running of freight trains on Sunday is valid.

Mr. Gladstone thinks the responsibility for Armenia now rests with Russia, since that Power, and not England, now dominates Turkey.

Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Prime Minister, is decidedly accidental in some things. He is making copious notes of his journey to Russia, and will publish a book when he gets back home.

The average cost of railroad construction in Japan has decreased from 104,697 yen per mile to 64,871, largely owing to the fact that native brain and muscle are now competent to every part of the work.

Cork is one of the most important exports of Spain. In the province of Gerona 198,000 acres are devoted to its cultivation, and bring an annual income of \$8,000,000. Cork will grow here as perfectly as in Spain, is the significant comment of the New Orleans Picayune.

The New York Commercial Advertiser says: Poe's cottage, at Fordham, is now the mecca of the literary pilgrims of the earth. There, where the greatest genius America has produced starved, and wrote immortal songs, they lay the laurels now—laurels that were denied him while he lived! The only wonder is that even this frail dwelling has been preserved as a memorial of the great poet, who "learned in suffering what he taught in song," and shaped the true course of the literature of a land.

In the commendable work of Americanizing the Norwegian Lutheran Church in this country, observes the New York Post, the English society of that church is taking a prominent part. Conspicuous in the society and its work are Professor E. G. Lund, Theodore Eggen, and Henry Rasmussen. They wish to substitute the English for the Norwegian language in the ritual and the other services of the church. They are working hopefully. When they organized their society three years ago a small room furnished all the accommodation needed for their meeting. The society has grown fast in numbers and influence.

One of the London newspapers, in commenting upon the death of the late Shah of Persia states that eighteen rulers have been assassinated during the present century. The first victim was Emperor Paul who was murdered in 1801 by palace conspirators. Then followed a pause in the record for nearly thirty years, after which, in 1831, Capodistrias, the President of the Provisional Government of Greece, was dispatched. In 1854 the Duke of Palma was assassinated. The turn of transatlantic Presidents began with the President of Hayti, in 1859. The South American series included Colonel Balta, President of Peru, in 1872; Moreno, President of Ecuador, in the same year, and his successor, Gutierrez, in 1873. President Lincoln was the first North American President to be assassinated; Abdul Asis was bled to death in a warm bath in 1874; President Garfield was shot in 1880, and Alexander I was blown up in 1881. Carnot was murdered in the midst of civic festivities at Lyons. The Queen of Korea was the last to be added to the black list. Four Beys of Algiers were murdered in this century. The executed monarchs were Murat, Hurbide and Maximilian of Austria, each and all of whom tempted fate. The King most often and most seriously shot at was Louis Philippe, who somehow was never hurt by his would-be assassins. The most desperate attempt was by Fieschi, the Corsican, who operated with an infernal machine. He was once fired upon at such close quarters that the flesh of the pistol set fire to the bonnet of Queen Marie Amelie, who sat beside him in a carriage. But one serious attempt was made to assassinate Napoleon; it was with an infernal machine. Napoleon III had two narrow escapes. One was when the Orsini bombs exploded round his carriage, and the other was in the Bois de Boulogne, when a ball meant for his guest, Alexander I, whizzed by his ear and shot his aid-de-camp's horse.

Attorney—What was there about the deceased that led you to believe he was of unsound mind? Witness—Well, for one thing, he abhorred bicycles.—Philadelphia North American.

## BETTY BOSTON'S FOURTH.

BY NORA FERRY.  
FOURTH of July is coming, and we must do something, we positively must," cried Betty, as she pulled from her calendar the slip of paper that recorded the 30th of June, and was confronted by the big black lettering, "July."

"Do something about what, pray?" inquired her older sister, Anna.

"The Fourth."

"The what?"

"The Fourth of July. If father were here he would do something to celebrate it—but I've a whole guinea left of my allowance and I can buy—"

"Betty, you are not going to buy a lot of fireworks and torpedoes to disturb the whole neighborhood?"

"There aren't any neighbors near enough to disturb."

"Near enough! What about the Staffords? How do you suppose old Lady Stafford will like your fireworks and torpedo explosions, and what do you suppose Sir Richard and all the rest of them will think of our flaunting this Fourth of July business in their faces? It's outrageous taste, anyway, Betty, to show off our brag of independence from their country, like this."

"I ain't doing it for them. I ain't going to invite them."

"You might as well; they'll hear the whole uproar. It's an awfully vulgar kind of way to celebrate anything. You'd better—with increasing sarcasm—"get some boys to play 'Yankee Doodle' for you, on a drum and fife."

"But the American Club in London celebrated the day, and at the American minister's last year—"

"Oh, yes, with flags and speeches at their dinner tables; they didn't fire off a lot of crackers and torpedoes for everybody to hear. Oh, Betty, don't. I should be so ashamed of such a show-off before these English people. It's all so vulgar, the whole brag and bluster of it."

"You are always bothering about these English people—what they'll think of us; what they'll say. You haven't a bit of independence."

"I don't care for the independence

## DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.



bungled so I shall have to tell you the truth, or you'll think it's something worse than it is; but first you must promise me you won't tell any of your family, Dickey."

Dicky looked astonished, but nevertheless gave the promise with the greatest alacrity; and then Betty told the story of her 4th of July plan, and why she had relinquished it.

"As if my people would care because you celebrated a victory gained over us more than a hundred years ago; I'd like to hear what my father'd say to this," laughed Dickey.

"But you're not going to tell him—"

"—you promised not to tell any of your family," cried Betty in alarm.

"And I'm not going to break my promise; but I know they'd feel just as I do—"

"No, you don't know. They might take it as Anne said they would. Anne knows more about the world than you or I. Anne is eighteen."

"Anne's a goose," thought Dickey. He was a clever little fellow, and though Betty by no means told him everything that Annie had said, or that she herself had said, he understood a great deal more of Miss Ann's motives than Betty imagined. "And to think of her spoiling all this fun; it's a shame," he further thought. "But tell me everything—all the details of what you wanted to do," he presently said.

high degree, and she was delighted when she found that the house her father had taken for the season at Eastcombe was so near to Sir Richard Stafford's place. In fact it was part of the Stafford property, and Sir Richard had rented it gladly to the rich American manufacturer who had come over from America to put himself under the care of Dr. Eyelet, the great London oculist; the doctor himself introducing Mr. Barton to Sir Richard and recommending Edgecombe, as in easy distance of London. The Staffords had been "very nice," as Anne had expressed it, and Anne was happy in the anticipation of further niceness—of getting quite chummy with the Staffords perhaps. But as yet the only chumminess seemed to be between Betty and Dicky. Dicky had taken to Betty at once. "A girl who can ride a bicycle like that little Yankee is no fool," Dicky had announced at the start, and Betty had told her family that "that little red-headed English boy was a very jolly little boy."

"Things are going on swimmingly," Anne said to herself as she watched the two chums from her tower, "and if Betty's dreadful American assertiveness doesn't interfere there is no knowing what we may be to the Staffords some day."

On the morning of the Fourth of July Anne was blissfully dreaming that she was at a grand party at Stafford hall, dancing the opening quadrille with Bob Stafford, the Oxford undergraduate. She was at the very height of her triumph, when suddenly the fine orchestral strains changed to a queer piping tune—tootle, tootle, tootle, and then, a bum, bum, bum, that was strangely familiar to her; and with this the undergraduate disappeared, and the ballroom vanished, while the tootle, tootle, and bum, bum, of the drum grew harder and harder, so loud that Anne opened her eyes, then started and started, then sprang from her bed and rushed to the window in breathless horror, when tootle, tootle, the clear fife notes with the bum, bum of the drum waded up to her the deathless old tune of "Yankee Doodle."

"Oh, how could Betty have done this? she promised me, she promised me!" wailed Anne.

Sir Richard was strolling about under his trees in his usual fashion that morning when he suddenly pricked up his ears at the sound of a drum and fife. Where were they and where had he heard that tune before? After a minute or two he began to whistle the tune, just as Dicky had done, and then all at once it flashed upon him when he had heard it before. It was two or three summers ago 'way out on a great cattle ranch in America, where he had been a guest for a few days. One of these days happened to be the Fourth of July and his hosts—fine young Americans, gentlemen all of them—had celebrated the day with great jollity by a lot of fireworks, flag flying and other holiday demonstrations, none of which was more interesting to the Englishman than a drum and fife performance by two colored men of that quaint quickstep "Yankee Doodle."

"The jolliest tune I ever heard," mused Sir Richard, who, like his son, had a great ear for tunes. But where—who could be playing it here?

"Why, those tenants of mine, they are Americans, and by jove to-day is the Fourth of July, and this is what they are up to, celebrating the day; and there are only those two girls at home! Why didn't I remember? Dicky! Bob!" and calling these names Sir Richard hastened towards the house.

"What is it, what do you want of Dicky and Bob?" asked old Lady Stafford, who was just then coming down the path to meet him.

"I want them to help those young Americans, the Bartons, to carry out their holiday plans. It's the Fourth of July, you see, their National holiday. Don't you remember?" and Sir Richard recalled for his mother that American ranch experience of his, even to whistling for her "the jolliest tune" he ever heard.

Lady Stafford remembered perfectly. "And you wanted Dicky and Bob to help," she began, when Sir Richard interrupted with:

"Yes, I wanted them to help those two girls; I have just thought that the mother and father are away."

"To be sure. It's a shame for those two young things, strangers as they are, to have no neighborly help in their holiday work. Bob isn't down yet and Dicky's off somewhere. I heard him up half an hour ago; but I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll just step over there now, you and I, and offer them any assistance they need. There's a lot of those pretty Japanese torpedoes and fireworks things in the coachhouse. We'll offer those to them for one thing."

"But isn't it pretty early in the morning for a call?" demurred Sir Richard.

"A call! Don't be absurd, Richard; we are going over on a neighborly errand, and we've got to be quick about it, or we shan't be of any use for they're in the thick of their fun now as you hear," and Lady Stafford hurried her son forward with such energy that in a few minutes the two were entering the Barton grounds just as Anne came running out of the house to stop "that dreadful drum and fife noise." Betty was following in the rear. If Dicky was to be quenched, Betty was bound to stand by him and be quenched too, and so had dressed as expeditiously as possible to be "in at the death."

Lady Stafford catching sight of the two girls, nodded vigorously, and when she was near enough began:

"We heard your drum and fife music and came over to ask if you—"

"Oh, Lady Stafford, I was just coming out to stop it. It isn't my fault, and I'm so sorry, I—"

"Fault! sorry!" echoed Lady Stafford, staring at Anne with a puzzled astonishment that brought her brows together in a frown that both the girls misunderstood, and that stirred up Betty to say:

"No, it isn't Anne's fault, it's mine," and then with a little fiery sparkle in her eyes at what she thought was the unwarranted fault-finding of these English people, Betty, in spite of Anne, told the whole truth of her patriotic purpose and how it had been frustrated, and why, and her own disappointment thereat, winding up with her confidences to Dicky, and the result.

"And it's Dick after all," broke forth Lady Stafford, her lips twitching with her appreciation of the situation thus revealed to her. "It's Dicky; ah, here he comes, the scamp! Dicky, how dared you do this when you knew how Miss Barton felt about it?"

"Hallo!" cried Dicky at sight of his grandmother and his father; "how came you here?"

"Well, Miss Barton will tell you that we were disturbed by this patriotic racket and came over to protest against it. That it not only hurt our ears but our feelings; that—oh, Miss Barton, Miss Barton," breaking into the jolliest of jolly laughs, "How could you think we were such silly

folks as to take your celebration as an offense? "Why," and here Lady Stafford explained the real state of her own and Sir Richard's feeling, and the real reason of this early visit, greatly to Anne's confounding and to Betty's unmixed delight.

"And didn't I tell you so?" cried Dicky, hilariously, nodding to Betty. "I knew they'd take it all right;" and then straight to his lips he lifted his fife again, and tootle, tootle, bum, bum, he and his little drummer started up that jolliest tune Sir Richard had ever heard, "Yankee Doodle." And that night after the Japanese fireworks had been set off by the two brothers, tootle, tootle, bum, bum, Sir Richard would have the tune again; and it was to this tune that the whole party were marched over to the hall, where "dear gran," as the motherless Stafford children called Lady Stafford, had a little feast spread to finish up the day.

"But it's for that dear little, honest, independent Betty," declared gran, in the privacy of her own family. "How she did stand up to me, and defy me with the whole truth, when that foolish sister was for wriggling out of it. I liked little Betty Boston from the start, and now I have a great respect for her."

"Yes," added Sir Richard, "she has character enough to stand by her guns."

"And not to run with ours," laughed the undergraduate.

"As her sister was constantly trying to do," joined in Miss Stafford, the young lady of Anne's admiration.

But it remained for Dicky to bestow upon Betty the most effective tribute in this family conclave.

"Betty? Betty is the pluckiest girl and the prettiest girl and the best bicycle rider on either side of the Atlantic," he cried, "and when I grow up to her, I'm going to see if I can persuade her to come over here and celebrate the Fourth of July every year with me," and tootle, tootle, Dicky whistled the tune of "Yankee Doodle" to his father's applauding laughter and gran's approving nod.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Transplanted Custom.

Our habit of reading the Declaration of Independence on the Fourth of July is derived from the old English custom of having the Magna Charta read twice a year in the cathedrals. The bishops not only read it, but communicated those who broke it.

## Then and Now.



Nephew—"I don't suppose mind hearing a cannon go off, do you, uncle?"

Veteran—"I should say not. I've heard hundreds at a time, but I don't care for it."



Fourth of July Fun.

To the patriotic small boy the Fourth of July is a game that is always won by the Roman candle.

Some leave the city on the Fourth for quiet, while others, following the fireworks' example, go off for a little time.

Jokes which include the exploding near people of the largest size crackers are of the kind that it is better not to dwell upon.

Stranger—"Your orator has a fine voice, but he is murdering the Queen's English in the most horrible manner."

Native—"Why shouldn't he? It's the Fourth of July?"

Young America—"Did Thomas Jefferson write all of the Declaration himself?" Patriotic Parent—"My son, he wrote every word of it with his own pen." Young America—"Didn't he hire a stenographer and a typewriter?"

Grandpa (looking up)—"What is my boy?" Freddie (at window)—"Stand out a little farther on the walk. I have a package of torpedoes and I want to drop them down on your bald head."

Giant fireworks this year are ten inches long, and contain powder enough to break a plate-glass window when exploded on the curb. So boys will not only have to look their fingers on the Fourth, but their eyes will have to look for their

President Cleveland on the Fourth.

The day is celebrated, not because on the Fourth of July certain English colonies in America declared their freedom and independence, but because on that day the first step was taken on this continent toward setting up human government to the satisfaction and management of the people who governed.

This reflection leads to the first thought that such a project would never have been entertained and carried out in the faith and expectation that it would be entrusted with self-government and guard and cultivate that unselfish, self-sacrificing devotion to the scheme of government which is absolutely essential to its purity and safety.

Inasmuch as this sentiment is the life of our institutions, and because they are threatened with the still atmosphere of selfishness and egotism, we should so commemorate Independence Day as to stimulate and intensify a patriotic love of our Government for its own sake, while rejoicing should be measured by the extent to which we and all our citizens are imbued with this feeling.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Independence Day.

Bang! Boom! Rattle and rattle! By signs like these we know it is our dear Independence Day! A small boy present everywhere, engaged in mimic fray!

A trumpet's blare, a drum's loud beat, A grand procession in the street, Of little "minutemen" A cheer, a shout, a proud hurrah, And patriot "Young America" Applauds the Past again.

A bright, bewildering array, Of "goddesses" in ribbons gay, The colors of the free! A Nation's honored flag full mast, And in the heart, thank God, a task, Firm love for Liberty!—Susan M. Best, in New York Independent.

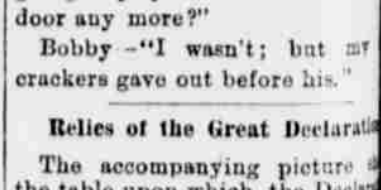
A New Supply.

Mrs. Bingo—"I thought you were going to play with that little boy's door any more?"

Bobby—"I wasn't; but my crackers gave out before his."

Relics of the Great Declaration.

The accompanying picture is the table upon which the Declaration of Independence was signed.



chair of the President of the Confederacy at that time in session. They are in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

The Government of India spends 10,000,000 rupees a year on maintenance and care of forests.