

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

GEO. W. WAGENSELLER, Editor and Proprietor. MIDDLEBURGH, Pa., July 23, 1896.

According to the Acheson Globe, so many men are wearing uniforms now that the surest way to attract attention is not to wear one.

According to a report just made by the Acting Secretary of the Navy, out of a total of 11,550 bluejackets and marines, more than half (6289) are natives. This will be gratifying news to all patriotic Americans, exclaims the New York Observer. National defence can hardly be carried on entirely by proxy.

The thorough loyalty of the Boer people is shown by the fact that in attesting their regard for President Krueger they are going to keep a statue of Oom Paul standing in a conspicuous part of Pretoria. Observers of Oom Paul's pictures are aware that he is for use rather than for adornment, adds the Chicago Record.

Dr. Joseph Parker, of London, describes the bicycle as "that shoulder-contracting, mischievous, horrible machine that will take the manliness out of any Nation." The New Orleans Picayune adds: Time was when the worthy doctor's thunderings may have had some weight. That time was anterior to his invasion of this country some years ago. The experience which he then gained should have borne fruit ere this.

Something is wrong, maintains the American Agriculturist, when strawberries cost consumers in New York and New England cities from ten to fifteen cents per quart, while the producer in Jersey and on the Delaware peninsula only nets from two to four cents per basket. It does seem as though this condition of affairs went from bad to worse as the years roll on. The more perishable the fruit the greater seems to be the cost of handling and selling it.

A large insurance company has recently published returns for 17,375 deaths, covering a period of ten years from 1884 to 1893. Of this number 759 were the result of accident, including 76 homicides. This is an appalling proportion of murders. No country in the world, not even Sicily, could match it. Elsewhere sober, respectable, thrifty men who insure their lives are tolerably safe against murder. Here in every 2000 who die nine are murdered. Of these nineteen were shot in personal quarrels. Actually of the class which insures in this country for every 1000 who die one is killed red-handed trying to kill some one else. No such barbarism exists on the planet in any other land calling itself civilized.

One of the most remarkable men in public life at this time is Hon. H. W. Thompson, of Indiana, ex-Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Thompson is now in his eighty-seventh year, and has been in public life ever since 1836. This year he presided over the Indiana State Convention, and then visited St. Louis as a delegate to the National Republican Convention. In spite of his advanced years, his mind is still vigorous and unimpaired, while his body retains much of its former elasticity. He is to-day much stronger than hundreds of men who are twenty and thirty years his junior and is capable of doing more hard work. As far back as 1840, when William Henry Harrison was a candidate for President of the United States, Mr. Thompson was chosen as one of the electors from Indiana on the Whig ticket. Ever since that time he has been a factor in American politics, and has participated in every political campaign. Mr. Thompson is six months older than Gladstone and six years older than Bismarck, but while these veterans have laid aside the cares of office Mr. Thompson is still actively engaged in public affairs. On being asked the secret of his vigorous health at such a patriarchal age, he replied that he had never indulged in vicious habits or allowed himself to acquire a taste for intoxicating drinks. If a man possesses a good constitution at the beginning of life and does nothing to impair or diminish his physical birthright, in the opinion of the Atlanta Constitution, there is no reason why his days should not be long in the land; nor has he any excuse, provided he has a fair amount of brains, for not becoming a potential factor in his day and generation.

And in New York. Wade—There goes a man who has served twenty years as a policeman. Butcher—Where has he served? Wade—Fifteen on the force and five in Sing Sing.—New York World.

JUST ONE YEAR OLD.

Just one short year ago he came, Our little son, God bless him! A heaven-sent treasure he is ours, To care for and caress him, No matter if the days be drear, Our hearts he never fails to cheer.

When to my work I go away I stoop and softly kiss him; And through the long, long hours of day, I sadly, sadly miss him; Until at last, at set of sun I go to him when work is done.

With outstretched arms and winning smile, He coos a loving greeting; 'Tis hard to tell which one of us 'Is happiest at our meeting. This joyous frolicsome young elf, His loving mamma, or myself.

His dimpled arms around my neck cling close in soft caresses; While 'gainst my bronzed and bearded cheek.

His dewy lips he presses, Oh, little love! Oh, baby mine! You closely round my heart-strings twine.

God grant that in the years to come He ne'er may know a sorrow; May peace and happiness be his, With every coming morn, And may Thine everlasting arm, Protect and keep him safe from harm.

Oh, baby mine, when years have flown, And I am old and hoary, When you to man's estate have grown, And strong in manhood's glory, Oh, never may our hearts grow cold, Dear baby boy, just one year old. —Lelure Hours.

THE FORTUNE TELLER

"De—?" "Oh, papa, pful how can you?" The old high bailiff of Krohn pushed away the pretty little hand that his eldest daughter sought to place over his mouth.

"No," he said, "I will not keep quiet. I repeat that the whole custom of sending New Year's cards is a d— a bad one, and it is time to put an end to it. What are the results of such nonsense?" "First, I get my mail bag later than usual, and, secondly, it is crammed so full with the stupid stuff that I can hardly get it open!"

At length the old gentleman's efforts were rewarded, the bag sprang open, and he emptied its contents with impatience on the breakfast table.

"To! frau! Katharina von Krohn," he read. "My God! are they all for you, Kathinka?"

"Don't be so unbearable, papa, and please don't call me Kathinka." The old gentleman replied to his daughter's request with an unintelligible growl and went on drinking his coffee.

"Just look what a lot there are for me!" cried Katharina, piling the letters upon the table in front of her and her face lighting up with pleasure.

"Are they all for you?" "Yes, ah, now you can see what it is to be known as a beauty."

"And an heiress," added the father. "Yes, and an heiress, she repeated, thoughtfully.

"But is there nothing there for my little Lili?" asked her father.

Katharina shrugged her shapely shoulders impatiently.

"Why, of course not. If a girl expects to be shown much attention she must be a little more pushing and important."

"And an heiress, too," was the father's laconic addition to the sentence.

"I really should be very grateful, father, if you would not allude so much to my money," was the rather curt protest.

"I can't help it, Katharina, when I see my little Lili here, as beautiful as the flower that gave her the name, and—well, she is not an heiress, do you understand? That's the whole thing."

Katharina made no answer. She was busily studying the handwriting on the envelopes.

A young girl who had hitherto sat opposite to her in silence left her seat, went up to the high bailiff, and putting her fair young arms round his neck, gave him a kiss.

A world of love shone in his eyes as he looked at her with pleasure and stroked her soft cheeks.

"Never mind, Lili," he said, slowly. "I am glad that you don't get such a pile of letters. I'm grateful, too, that you're not an heiress. Perhaps then no one will take you away from me."

Tears came into the girl's eyes, for though she said no word, yet the thought that no one had remembered her or cared enough for her to send her a New Year's card made her sad. But she forced herself not to cry and tried to conceal the few tears that would not be kept back by kissing her father again lovingly on the eyes and lips.

The high bailiff of Krohn, the father of these two girls, had married twice. His first wife, a lovely, proud, but vain, woman, died soon after the birth of a little daughter, and left her the whole of a large fortune. His second wife, the daughter of a country clergyman, brought him no wealth but a sweet and beautiful disposition. When she, too, died after two years' married life he felt overwhelmed and married since wholly recovered from the blow.

Katharina, the elder of the stepchildren, had just finished her twentieth year, and, as she was as proud, pretty, and just as vain as her mother, had already laughed at many proposals for her hand—and money. No one had so far been able to take her fancy.

Lili was in almost every respect the opposite of her sister. Small of figure, quiet and retiring, it happened that she was often entirely overlooked. It certainly was not right of a father to love one daughter more than another.

Still he did so, and it was plain to everybody that it was the soft, sweet, patient Lili who was his favorite.

It made Katharina feel annoyed to see her father so gentle and affectionate

toward her sister, for she said, with a sharp look at them both: "What! kissing again! I cannot understand how you find pleasure in always lying round each other's necks." "You are out of sorts, Katharina," said her father. "One of the cards you expected has not come, perhaps. I would almost wager that among all those letters there is none from Baron Horn! Eh?"

Katharina grew a shade paler at these words. "I certainly expected a card from Baron Horn," she replied, trying to conceal her annoyance. "He surely has sent me one! Are you sure you emptied the mail bag thoroughly?"

"Yes, I think so. But you had better look yourself; it would not be the first time that a letter has remained stuck in one of the corners."

"Ah! I thought so," exclaimed Katharina, pulling a crumpled letter out of a deep corner of the bag.

She glanced quickly and sharply at the address, and then with an exclamation of vexation let the letter hurriedly drop.

"Not from Baron Horn, after all?" asked her father, picking it up, "and yet—that is his writing. Heavens! why, it is for you, Lili! It's addressed to you!"

"Oh! impossible!" said Lili, quietly, while a faint blush rose to her pretty cheeks. "It must be a mistake."

"By no means," returned her father, smiling. "Here, open it. Let us all see it. Oh, what a lovely card! Why, Katharina, where are you going?"

But the father received no answer. Katharina hurriedly gathered up her letters and left the room in a whirlwind.

The above-mentioned Baron Horn was a young nobleman who had just returned from Africa. It was well known that he took great pleasure in visiting the Von Krohn family, and under all manner of pretexts took every opportunity to be with them. Of course every one thought that the attraction was the rich and beautiful Katharina, and she herself took particular pains to spread this view of the matter.

Accustomed as she was to a large number of enthusiastic admirers, she had never for a moment imagined that the baron could interest himself in her quiet little sister until she was reminded to-day in a rather unpleasant manner of the possibility of such a thing.

She read her letters through and became better humored.

"How stupid of me to get so cross," she said, as she smiled at her lovely face in the glass. "It is not possible that he favors Lili when he knows me."

There came a gentle knock at the door, and the servant girl came in and announced that the carriage was at the door.

Katharina at once remembered that Baron Horn had promised to go for a drive with her, and with this thought her face grew bright once again.

A charitable bazaar was to be opened in a neighboring town, and, as the father was not able to go, Baron Horn had offered his escort to the two young ladies.

The baron was as punctual as most lovers—that is to say, he came half an hour before the time, and found Katharina quite ready, to his great astonishment, for as a rule she kept everybody waiting half an hour, at least.

Her purpose of frustrating a tete-a-tete between Lili and the baron was completely successful, for she did not move from his side until they all three were ready to get into the carriage.

The father stood with beaming face on the doorstep and waved a fond farewell after them.

"This Horn is a very sensible fellow," he thought to himself, "and I admire his clothes. It will be very hard to lose Lili, but I would let him have her rather than any one else."

Although the bazaar was crowded the arrival of Baron Horn and his two lovely companions caused considerable excitement, and they were speedily surrounded by acquaintances.

Among these was a Capt. Linke, a tall, blonde fellow, and one of Katharina's most sincere and faithful admirers.

"How glad I am to see you here," he said.

"Really? Why?"

"May I show you why? Please come with me. At the other end of the hall there is a fortune teller, and I want you to see what she will tell you."

"May we join you?" asked the baron.

"Certainly. Come, we will all go together."

The mysterious room that held the fortune teller was reached. The fortune teller proved to be a little figure in the middle of a disc.

Round the disc were figures and numbers and slips of paper arranged. Anyone who wanted to see into the future paid a mark, set the figure revolving, and took the slip of paper opposite which it stopped.

"Now, my gomediges frau!ein," said the captain, taking out his purse, "won't you try your luck?"

But Katharina refused positively to be a party to such nonsense, and, inasmuch as Lili could not be persuaded either, the baron asked permission to inquire of the oracle himself.

He set the figure in motion and took the slip of paper opposite which it stopped.

"Seek her hand and buy the ring. Thy life will then be full of joy," ran the words on it.

The baron tried to catch a glance from Lili, but she appeared to be absorbed in the nature and character of the floor and would not raise her eyes.

heard it said—"He hesitated; then tore the paper up and threw it on the floor. The conclusion of the sentence seemed to suit the many proposals that Katharina had received too well for him to read it."

"What was the rest, captain?" asked the baron, in all innocence. But the captain looked so displeased that the question was not pressed.

"I wonder what it was?" Lili whispered to the baron.

"We shall learn later, perhaps," he replied. "But did you get my New Year's card this morning?"

"Yes," she answered softly, with a blush.

"And do you remember what the fortune teller told me just now? If I buy the ring will you wear it?"

He drew a deep sigh of relief as he saw his answer in her happy, blushing face.

She lowered her eyes and said: "I don't know. You must first speak to papa."—From the German.

FRANK MAYO.

His Career as an Actor Was a Most Successful One.

The drama lost one of its most able and distinguished exponents by the death of Frank Mayo, on a train en route from Denver to Omaha, Neb., recently. Mr. Mayo was one of the best known and most popular of American actors. He will be most widely and most pleasantly remembered in the play of that name, which had a run of many



years. The past two seasons he has been acting the part of Pudd'nhead Wilson in the dramatization of Mark Twain's story. He was born in Boston in 1839. He began his theatrical career as a "super" at the American Theater in San Francisco, where he had gone with his parents in 1859. He continued to follow the stage for several years in parts of increasing importance until in 1865 he came east. Then went on a starring tour which proved very successful. His repertoire included all the standard Shakespearean dramas, as well as Virginia, Rich- elieu, The Robbers, The Three Guards- men, The Marble Heart, Damon and Pythias, Jack Cade and The Streets of New York. In 1872 he first produced Davy Crockett in Rochester. In 1879 he took it to New England. He appeared in it altogether more than 2,000 times. Philadelphia was his home.

BABY BETROTHAL.

Three-Year-Old Boy and Two-Year-Old Girl Mated for Life.

They do all sorts of queer things in Indiana, just as queer as in any other patch of country in the world. And especially are the Hoosiers eccentric in the matter of marriages. The latest evidence of this Hoosier matrimonial peculiarity comes from St. Croix, Ind.

There has just been performed there an incredible sort of ceremony, "the kind of thing you read about in novels, and never see, except upon the stage." It was the formal betrothal of two babies—the three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Maxwell and the two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert M. Maas. The ceremony

was presided over by the nearest old Maas patriarch that could be found, and the parents stood sponsors for the fulfillment of the vow by the babies. The pictures of the betrothed children are presented herewith.—Exchange.



THE BETROTHED BABIES.

A Wonderful Flower. The most wonderful flower in the world, as well as one of the very largest "blossoms" known, is a native of the Malay peninsula. It is simply a gigantic flower without either stem or leaves, and has more the appearance of a fungus than anything else. It is about three feet in diameter and has a globular central cup which has a capacity of nearly two gallons. This cup is always filled with a fetid liquor which attracts an immense swarm of flies and other insects. The pistils of this queer flower distill the liquid and it is believed that the rank odor attracts the flies in order that the flower may be fertilized.

THIEVISH ARABS.

NATURAL BORN ROBBERS OF THE HOLY LAND.

A Curious Custom Which Sometimes Saves the Victim From Their Rapacity—An American's Experience.

WRITING from Tripoli, Syria, to the Baltimore Sun, a correspondent says: During the last month I have ridden on horseback more than 400 miles through Palestine and Syria on my way to Asia Minor. On this long tour, with the aid of an excellent dragoon, I have not only been enabled to visit the principal cities and towns of these historically interesting countries of which I have written, but I have had occasion to study the habits and customs of the wild Bedouin tribes that live their unsettled lives in these valleys and along these mountain slopes. On the western side of the Jordan River there are many of these roving bodies of men, women and children, divided into different family tribes, but on the eastern side of the river there are only a few tribes, much larger than the others and very much wilder.

Each tribe has a sheik or prince, who is final authority on all questions, and often has the power of life and death. This office is hereditary, as a rule. When an election is necessary it is done by vocal declaration, and must in all cases be unanimous, and must be endorsed by the Government at Constantinople.

The head of each tribe is legally required to pay to the Sultan one Turkish pound (nearly five dollars) for each man who is able to go to war, which amount, paid yearly, rids these men from military duty under the Government. Certain districts of country are allowed these tribes where their tents and herds are usually found, but frequently they roam in other parts of the land, carrying on their independent raids until they are driven into their own regions by Turkish guns. Their tents are generally made of the hair of goats, ingeniously woven, and their food consists nearly altogether of bread made into thin wafers, looking very much like sheets of sand paper, butter made from the goat and buffalo cow, and fish, which abound in all the streams.

The Bedouins are native-born robbers, and it is always unsafe for any one to pass through their country unguarded. A few months ago a party was visiting the Jordan and Dead Sea with the usual guard; but four of the number separated from the others, and in less than two hours they were seized, robbed of their horses, money and clothing. A most pitiable set they were, I am told, when they reached their tents after night.

Mr. Rolla Floyd, who is the only American dragoon in Palestine and Syria, entertained me for several days by a recital of some of his early experiences during a thirty years' stay in the country. Not long since, while accompanying a number of ladies and gentlemen through the desert, in the neighborhood of ancient Shechem, a noise was heard in the hills near by; and on turning, he found they were being surrounded by forty or fifty Bedouins, headed by their sheik. Of course, there was great terror among the party, and for a while Mr. Floyd was stricken with fear. But a fortunate thought occurred to the dragoon. It is a custom among these wild tribes to befriend any one who is in trouble if he reaches the sheik, and, seizing his belt, exclaims: "I am your guest."

While demands were being made upon Mr. Floyd and those under his protection and the robbers were in the act of carrying out their desires, he rushed forward and, taking a strong grip upon the belt of the sheik, exclaimed, in Arabic: "These are all your guests." This acted like magic. The robbery was ordered off; the sheik drew his sword and in the most pompous manner announced to his men that the party was under his protection and guidance, and, leading the way, he guided them for hours through the desert.

When I was suddenly approached by a band of these barbarians at 10 o'clock at night, in the wild country east of the Jordan, by the moonlight, I saw there was no belt to seize. As all of them were clothed in single and unadorned garments, I resorted to another device, which proved just as effective, though not so dignified, and which put me quite a distance from them in a very short time.

Mr. Carey, whose life-long residence in Palestine and Syria furnishes him with a fund of information on this subject that is possessed by few, gave me an account of a personal episode with the Bedouins which illustrates their exceeding kind-heartedness after they have robbed you of everything that they can lay their hands on.

Mr. Carey left his home in Nablous on a missionary tour among the mountains once owned by the tribe of Reuben, east of the Jordan River. After crossing the stream he had not gone many miles when he was surrounded by a score of these men, who, lifting him off his beast, stripped him of his clothing, and, while he sat on a cool rock near by and watched the performance, they examined carefully all of the garments, ripping opening the linings of his coat, and after they had taken everything, even his pocket knife, they tossed him his clothing and politely informed him that he could go his way.

As it was now late in the evening, he told them that he could not continue his journey after dark without losing his way, and requested that they would take care of him until the next morning. They immediately and gladly agreed to do this, helped him

on his donkey, led the way through the valley to the place of their encampment, cooked him food, listened attentively while he told them Bible stories, tucked him in bed, and started him on his journey next day with everything that he had when he met them except his money and other things in his traveling bag that they could possibly use.

It seems that the belt trick is so known among the inhabitants of Reuben's ancient province. I had occasion to visit one of their encampments, but it is impossible for me to picture adequately their mode of living. Each family of the general tribe occupies a small tent of one room, which is the sleeping, cooking and working apartment. The floor is the bare ground, which, in a few cases, may be partially covered by bits of dirty goat hide cloth. The eating is done in front of the tents, where the family sits in a semi-circle, using their palms as plates and fingers as forks. A peculiarly distasteful butter, churned from the milk of the goat and buffalo cow, is their chief means of support, and as a rule, they reside in one locality more than two months. They claim direct descent from Abraham, who, was, they insist, a wealthy sheik of a large tribe.

A Petrified Man. Fourteen years ago Dr. William Davidson, of Jackson County, was and was buried in the usual way. Last March his wife also died. A grave was prepared by the side of her late husband, but it soon filled with water so much so that it was decided to bury at another place not far off, which was done. On last Tuesday relatives and friends decided to remove the remains of the doctor to the side of his wife. His grave was uncovered, at the bottom of which a large running stream of water was found passing in at the head and through and out at the tail of the grave. The coffin and all other wooden material which had been used in putting him away, except the bottom plank of the coffin, had decayed and turned to earth again. But to the astonishment of every one present, Davidson lay before them in full size, in form except both arms were gone and his mouth a little enlarged. On examination it was found that he was petrified and had become a solid rock instead of flesh and blood.

C. N. Wheeler, of Coakville, County Surveyor of Putnam County, was present at Dr. McCoy's last day, the old homestead of Dr. Davidson, to which place the petrified body of the doctor had been removed, made a critical examination of the body. He says the socks on the legs were plainly visible and the face which he had worn were crossed up his breast and had turned to a solid rock. Those present who handled the body informed him that the body was a solid rock. The body had been drawn into a new coffin and a winding sheet.

Crosses of people were flocking to Dr. McCoy's to view the body, and doctor was a well known physician that part of Jackson County, and well remembered by many of the citizens.

Preparations to re-enter the body last Saturday had been completed, it was buried. It took nine persons to carry the body, and it was estimated by those who carried it that it weighed 500 pounds.

John Whitson, who knew the doctor well in his life time, says he recognizes his features without any trouble.

The phenomenon has created a found sensation all over this section as no such occurrence has ever been brought to light so far as remembered.—Cookeville (Tenn.) Press.

The English Breakfast. The English breakfast, which figures so attractively in the novel, is apt to be trying to many guests. The method followed in country house is a fair sample. Guests strayed in at will. Tea and coffee were kept hot in spirit lamps, and boiled eggs, toast were brought as ordered. The sideboard were cold beef, ham, game pie; and the gentlemen set themselves and any lady who was for meats. Toasts came in a never very hot, and muffins, butter and toasted in the oven, sometimes peared. Orange marmalade completed the menu. Only the most modest English houses have well-kept ranges, slow, old-fashioned making all forms of cooking dishes. Hot bread, pancakes and other mercurial forms of crushed wheat, oats are almost unknown except in vegetarian restaurants, and the doctor can must reconcile himself to the well as to the confusion of each to help himself, which John chooses to consider simplicity of formality. The result of this confusion is often great clumsiness, many English fashions are both awkward and inconvenient. So far as is concerned the American is distinctly the advantage, and the ecates of the light continental bread can quarrel equally with both.—Waukegan Journal.

The "Free of Life." The Guaranoos are to be found over the delta of the Orinoco, eat little and wear less. Many authorities claim that they subsist on the moriche palm tree alone. Whether this be true or not, the tree is without doubt an indispensable factor in the problem of life. It only does it furnish a safe and sound for a home, but gives a safe sago, or meal, from which they made, a tree fifteen years old will six hundred pounds of this meal. In addition, the juice furnishes wine, and out of the fiber of the cord, rope, hammocks and other species of cloth. This tree, of the many and various purposes, was called by the missionaries the "tree of life."