

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

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There are now ten colonies of Morona in Mexico, nearly all of whom are Americans. Their holdings are said to be in the finest portion of Northern Mexico.

Bishop Thoburn, of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India, in talking of theosophy in Cincinnati, said that it was a thing of the past there, and that it had been dropped in India about the time it was taken up in America.

M. Russell Whitecomb, of Boston, who four years ago undertook to found a monastic order in the Episcopal Church and was admitted to monastic vows by Bishop Potter, of New York, as Brother Hugh, has given up the task, as he could not find any others willing to co-operate with him. He has been released from his vows and gone back to business life in Boston.

It is interesting to note the change in the cost of a fair copy of the Bible during the course of centuries. Dr. Plummer, in his tract, "How to Use the Bible," says: "In the thirteenth century, in England, two arches of the London bridge cost \$125. At the same time a copy of the Bible, with a few explanatory notes, cost \$150. Then the wages of a laborer amounted to but eighteen cents a week."

Railroad building in the United States has not been at a standstill during the past year. The Railroad Gazette is authority for the statement that 717 miles of road have been built in the first half of the year. The new track built in the first half of the year for seven years past was as follows: 1896, 717; 1895, 620; 1894, 495; 1893, 1025; 1892, 1284; 1891, 1704; 1890, 2055. Much the largest mileage credit to any one company of the total given for the sixth months is that built by the Kansas City, Pittsburg and Gulf, nearly 140 miles, in Arkansas, Texas and Indian Territory. The second largest line was built by the San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley road, fifty-five miles, in California.

The Forum says: If the press is to maintain its dignity as an educator of the people, it must lead and not follow. It must fearlessly express the truth, not pander to the almighty dollar nor to blind partisanship. Last summer I said to the editor of a great cosmopolitan newspaper: "Why do the newspapers print so many columns of sensational stuff in a questionable manner?" "Simply," said he, "to meet the demand of the tougher element of the community, which reads nothing else. This kind of news is read by all classes that have much to do with the police; by 'sports,' in habit, of the slums and the Tenderloin District." Would a minister preach, or a teacher teach, to please the baser elements of the community? Then why should a newspaper?

The most ancient court in England is that of the King's bench. Alfred the Great presided over this court more than a thousand years ago. Other monarchs followed his example until the cares of the realm became such that it was necessary to appoint judges. The court of chancery is almost as old as the king's bench. In 1871 these ancient tribunals were merged into a comprehensive judicial system, composed of the king's bench, the court of common pleas, the exchequer and the probate courts. At the head of these departments is the supreme legal officer of the law of Great Britain and Ireland, the lord high chancellor. He is appointed by the crown on the motion of the premier of the realm and changes office with his political party. He sits upon the woolsack, the presiding officer's chair in the House of Lords, and is also a member of the privy council and the chief judge of the appellate tribunals. Next in rank is the lord chief justice of England, who presides over the court of appeals. Lord Halsbury is the lord chancellor, Lord Russell, of Killowen, is the chief justice, and Lord Esher is the master of rolls, and he will be the last judge to hold that time-honored title; it dies with him. Among the wearers of the judicial ermine, the late Chief Justice Coleridge was conspicuous for his liberal views, since liberalism is not a prevalent creed with judges in England.

A DIAMOND weighing 400 carats is being cut in Africa, and it will probably be a feature of the hotel clerk exhibit at the World's Fair.

THE RIVER.

Wish I could get back to-day
To the meadowy fields of May
Where we went the shadowy way
To the river;
Where a little world of joys
Blossomed round the barefoot boys
As they went with jocular noise
To the river.

Splash! splash!
The wavelets dash,
And the splintered sunbeams flash
Where the maples
Used to quiver
On the cool road
To the river!

Wish I could get back to-day
Where the mosses trailed in gray
And the lilies felt the spray
Of the river;
Where, above its banks of green,
Well I loved to loll and lean
In the shadow and the sheen
Of the river.

Splash! splash!
The wavelets dash,
And the splintered sunbeams flash
Where the oak leaves
Used to quiver
On the cool banks
Of the river.

Wish I could get back to-day!
But the gold has left the gray;
Long the winters, brief the May,
And the river
With its gloom and with its gleams,
Where life's dying sunset streams,
Ripples through an old man's dreams
Faintly ever.

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

MALIND.

BY HELEN W. FISHERSON.



the landscape look as if she were gazing at it through a telescope.

The girl who had hailed her darted behind a clump of bushes.

"Come 'round here," she said. "Ma would give me fits if she knew I'd opened it! It's a frock she's bin makin' fer Lita Marsh, stuek up thing! Ma says she looks as if she 'spected the earth would git up an' prance when she steps on it. Guess she'll hev a s'prise party when she sees me tricked out in a frock just like hern! The patron come from Paris!"

Phronie Meeker's English was not as correct as her clothes. Her mother was the dressmaker of Canaan, and Phronie's costumes were the envy and admiration of the other girls. Malind especially admired the flapping leghorn hat with its soft white feathers drooping over a coronet's mop of yellow hair. That pink and white face with eyes about as expressive as blue beads, seemed the highest type of beauty to her.

Malind was sallow and thin, with dark, eager, questioning eyes. Her shabby gown of faded purple like her sunbonnet, sagged loosely down from her sharp shoulderblades as if hung on pegs. The skirt touched the top of her coarse shoes, and the sleeves nearly hid her little brown hands.

Phronie sat down on a stump and began to open the bundle putting the pins in her mouth till it looked like a "rosebud set in little rufel thorns."

"I don't dast shake it out," she said, "but you kin see 'what it's like. Ain't it just splendiferous?"

Malind looked at the dainty gown of white china silk with a foam of lace ruffles sprinkled with pearls. Her eyes kindled.

"Oh, oh," she cried, "I don't believe queens have anything more beautiful! Ain't them pale pink bows just like flowers?"

"They're a sight prettier," said Phronie, who was very artificial in her tastes, "an' just think I'm goin' to hev one like it, only not silk—silk muslin! I'm goin' to wear it to the Sunday-school picnic. What you goin' to wear?"

Malind flushed a little. "Oh, I don't know," she faltered.

"You do like me, an' git a new frock," said Phronie. "I'll jist up an' told ma I wouldn't go a step without one. Say, do you know what Inde Bingham says you look like in your old blue flannin'? A pen wiper? Ha! ha! You know one of them things with a head an' flannin' skirts?"

Phronie seemed to find the idea so amusing that she giggled for a minute, while Malind felt the blood rush hotly through her veins.

"Well, I got to hurry," said Phronie, shaking out her skirts. "I'm goin' to buy the ribbon for my frock, soon as I take this home to that nifty thing. Want to come with me and see me buy it?"

"No, I don't," said Malind, turning away without another word. She, too, carried a bundle, whose contents she was not anxious to disclose.

The June afternoon seemed suddenly to have grown hot and close. Even the river seemed sunning away in a warm haze and the white dust of the road stifled her. The yellow belted bees droned lazily over the flowers as if glad their day's work was over. Even the butterflies swayed lazily on the clover and told one another it had been a trying day.

Malind saw nothing as she plodded along. Wrath burned like a fire in her heart. Phronie's mocking words sounded in her ears. A vision of her at the picnic in that lovely white frock floated before her, while she saw herself in the ill-fitting blue flannel, made from one of her mother's gowns. She never remembered having had a new frock.

"Wonder how it would feel to hev

one," she thought, a weak little hope stirring in her heart.

She stopped at last before a rickety little gate tied with a bit of old rope. She opened it and stepped into a narrow path bordered with ragged box. The thorny branch of a straggling rose bush caught at her skirt as she passed. The house was small, unpainted, box-like structure, but the sun and storm had tinted it with their own soft colors, and a climbing rose redeemed it from ugliness.

A thin, sallow woman was shaking a cloth at the door. She looked worn and haggard. Her mouth was drawn down at the corners and there was a settled gloom in her dark eyes. She wore a scanty gown of blue gingham.

"You've bin a loiterin' again," she said in a complaining tone, "an' Dode, he hasn't come back nuther. He's a dretful stirrin' boy. Like's not he's bin a swimmin' agin. Last Sat'dy he hedn't a dry stitch on him. 'Pears as of betwix you two I hev my sheer of trouble. It's like bein' ground 'twix the upper an' nether mill-stuns. Lemme see the work!"

Malind opened the bundle and laid out on the table six dozen pairs of coarse woolen socks, the seams of which were to be sewed together.

"It's a good way to the factory, an' awful hot," she said, taking off her sunbonnet.

"Got the money all right?"

Malind took a few coins from her pocket.

"Say, ma," she said eagerly, "can't I sew 'em 'most as good as you kin now?"

"E'enmost as good," her mother answered, "ef you wasn't such a flibbertygibbet that can't set still."

"I will set still. I'll do half 'em. I'll work every minute I kin—if—if—" she stammered.

"Ef what? Git it out!" cried her mother impatiently.

"If you'll git me a new frock for the Sunday-school picnic," Malind blurted out, every nerve in her body tingling with excitement.

"Fer the lan' sake, Malind," cried her mother shrilly. "I do admire to hear you talkin' about new frocks when we can't hardly git enough to eat—leastways 'pears as ef Dode never would git filled up."

"I mean sunthin' cheap," faltered Malind. "I wouldn't care what—ef 'twas fresh—an' made for me—an' kinder fitted."

"I wish I could manage it," said Mrs. Blinn with a sigh. "I'd like ter rig you up good as the best—but it's no use talkin' 'bout it. That there picnic comes in about a week. How under the canopy could you do all that work in such a short space o' time? I wuz calculatin' on gittin' you a new suit for Christmas. There, now, jist whirl in an' set the table. I hear Dode a whistlin'. Thank goodness we've got plenty of cold milk an' milk."

But Malind was not in a thanksgiving mood just then. The cold milk choked her. Her heart was hot with resentment. She felt, though she could not have called it by that name, why had some girls everything, while she had nothing? Dode's appetite annoyed her. How he did swallow everything! The mound of white mush melted away like snow before the sun!

Dode was two years younger, a rosy cheeked, sturdy boy, who ruled the house. Malind often thought it must be fine to be a boy. He did not have to learn to sew and help with the grey woolen socks.

"You look after Dode and take keer of the lamp," said her mother when she sent them to bed. "Child over Penpaeke was burnt to death with one of them kerosene lamps bustin'. The great geonies never thought of wrappin' her in a blanket. Some folks is so ignorant they don't know that woolen things smother fire."

Many a pair of bright eyes grew brighter the morning of the picnic when they saw the luminous blue sky and the dew dappled meadows glittering in the sunshine. The birds were singing as if they, too, had a picnic, and the wind in the white pines sang joy songs of its own. Malind saw the children trooping by in their holiday garments. The little girls fluttered about like gay plumed birds. She held up the great skirt of her old blue flannel with a strange choking in her throat. It was just as wide as when her mother had worn it, but the frayed edges had been cut off and a clumsy hem shortened it. The basque was still too large for her. Her thin figure was lost in it.

"Oh, Malind, hurry up," cried Dode from below. "You are the pokiest girl. The wagon's awaitin' for us."

Malind hurriedly tried on her dish-shaped black straw hat, adorned with one old feather and a crushed rose, and she almost forgot her discontent in the joy of a long ride through green woods.

"Everybody is just as hateful as they can be," said Phronie, as they dismounted on the picnic grounds, "a-settin' on my skirts just for spite, and rumplin' it like anythin'!"

Malind joined in all the games, while Phronie kept apart and tried to smooth out her wrinkled skirts. In the "hymans of lofty cheer" Malind's voice rang out above the rest. "Say, sis," whispered Dode, his eyes dancing with mischief, "I found this bully firecracker in the street this morning. It's a giant. Wouldn't it make fun if I set it off?—an' I got a match, too."

"Throw it over there an' give Phronie a scare," suggested Malind. "Stuek-up thing!"

Phronie was still standing apart from the rest smoothing her ruffled plume. She did not notice Dode's approach, but suddenly there was an explosion and a terrified scream. Phronie Meeker's light skirts were in a blaze; the wind fanned the fire. For a second everyone seemed paralyzed as Phronie ran about shrieking

with terror. Malind gazed at her with dilated eyes. Her heart stood still. "Woolen things smother fire." The words rang in her ears as if someone had spoken. Her heart began to beat again hard and fast. Her face grew hot with blushes. How could she do it before that crowd? But she must. Phronie might burn to death, and it would be her fault. Her hands trembled so she could hardly unfasten the great unwieldy skirt. She could scarcely see Phronie any more, for she seemed shrouded in flame. But she dashed forward the blaze and threw the woolen skirt over it. Together the children fell to the ground. How Malind wrestled with the fire she never knew. Others came to her help, but not before her own face and hands were badly burned. She hardly felt the pain. She only thought of Phronie's danger and her own guilt. She remembered Dode, when she was tenderly borne to a carriage and laid upon the cushion. He had disappeared.

"If I could find the boy who threw that cracker I'd thrash him myself," said Mr. Lumley, as he lifted Phronie into the same carriage with Malind. "He ought to be sent to prison," said Phronie, angrily. "I wish I could jist light him with a match till he sizzled." A terrible fear tugged at Malind's heart. She must shield Dode if possible. It was a sort of relief to feel that in shielding him she was saving herself.

Malind's burns were tedious, but she found herself a heroine. Flowers and fruit, books and toys, were sent to her. Dode kept his secret well, and feasted on good things. But somehow the dainties had lost their flavor for Malind. The knowledge of her guilt rankled in her bosom like a poisoned arrow. When her Sunday-school teacher sat by her side and praised her for not hesitating through any false shame from taking off her woolen skirt she felt miserable. If people would only forget it and leave her in her peace. But even when alone she found no peace. The knowledge that she was acting a lie tormented her. Even when she was once more able to sit up the world did not look the same to her.

Malind sat listlessly by the window in the long June twilight looking out. The latch of the gate clicked and she saw Mrs. Meeker and Phronie. They were followed by Miss Lumley, her Sunday-school teacher, and the girls of her class.

"Well, I declare, it's regular depilation," said Mrs. Blinn, pleased and fussy, "pears as if sunthin' got to happen to ye in Canaan 'fore folks takes proper notice of other folks. Well I feel full as good as any of 'em—full as good. Malind, you ain't lookin' a bit chick."

The little girl had grown pale and her heart beat painfully.

Mrs. Meeker bustled in. She held a large package in her hand.

"We heard you were settin' up an' well enough for company," she said, "so we thought we'd give you a surprise party."

Malind stood up and tried to speak, but the glands in her throat grew dry and her tongue was rigid.

Miss Lumley kissed her, and the girls greeted her affectionately, yet she could not speak.

Mrs. Meeker began opening her parcel. "Seen' you spilled your frock savin' my girl," she said, "tain't more than right for me to give you another—an' I hope you'll like it!"

She took out a pretty pink gingham gown handsomely trimmed with embroidery.

"Miss Lumley said there must be a hat to match, so she bought this," Mrs. Meeker went on, holding up a dainty white straw, with a wreath of pale pink rosebuds around it.

Malind's heart throbbled fast. Never had she dreamed of owning such things. She gazed at them with longing and with pain.

"Speak up, child," cried her mother impatiently, "where's your manners?"

Malind felt herself trembling. They were all looking at her, but a haze seemed to float before her eyes, through which she saw them dimly.

"I, I can't take them," she gasped, "She's out of her head," cried Mrs. Blinn with a groan.

"No, no, I know just what I'm doing. I don't deserve them! I don't deserve anything. I—I told the boy to throw that cracker at Phronie. It's all my fault that she was burned. I ought to be—punished."

"Well, I never," said Mrs. Meeker, tossing her head, "that wuz a regular imperation."

"I didn't think—her frock would take fire," said Malind, looking about beseechingly for a friendly face.

"You have done right to confess," said Miss Lumley, coming forward and taking the child's hand kindly, and you have atoned for it."

"To be sure," said Mrs. Meeker, veering to the popular side. "Some folks might be mean enough to take back their present, but I ain't that kind. You done what you could to make up for your mischief—so there it is, an' what I says I sticks to."

So the surprise party which had surprised every one there was a success after all.—Detroit Free Press.

An Armless Baby.

The wife of John Gunther, 243 South Dallas street, is the mother of a girl baby eight days old who is without arms, and apparently has no shoulder blades. The infant weighed five and one-half pounds at birth, and is in good health.—Baltimore American.

Animal Habits.

The frog deposits its eggs in shallow water, where the warmth of the sun promotes speedy hatching. The common snake often selects a bed of decomposing vegetable matter. The crocodile and the clumsy sea tortoise go ashore to lay their eggs.

GEORGE LAW.

INCIDENTS IN THE CAREER OF AN ECCENTRIC NEW YORKER.

An Eccentric But Generous Multi-Millionaire—Fond of "Sporting"—Characters, He Often Spent Thousands in a Night.

NEW YORK papers have been devoting considerable space to the career of the late George Law, a multi-millionaire, whose eccentricities have often been described in the local press. It was nothing, in his judgment or lack of judgment, at times, says the Herald, to spend \$1000 in a night for wine alone. Most of this wine, however, was absorbed by his followers. He liked to have a lot of fighters and "bad" men around him and "give them points." It was then that the boys would begin to profit by his generosity. It was "George, I'm strapped; lend me a hundred," and Mr. Law would go down in his pocket and produce the money, or if he hadn't the coin, write a check for it. It is said he frequently spent from \$10,000 to \$20,000 a week in this way.

The story of how Mr. Law, when feeling exceptionally exuberant at Saratoga in the summer of 1888, decked his admirers and followers with diamonds in the barroom of the Grand Union Hotel, will doubtless always be regarded as one of the crowning evidences of his eccentricity.

As soon as Mr. Law's presence in Saratoga became known that resort was speedily embellished by the arrival of such distinguished friends of the millionaire as Jere Dunn, Colonel Patrick Duffy, of New Orleans; Colonel "Pat" Shuddy, at that time John L. Sullivan's manager; John Halleck, a gambler of Boston; "Joe" Coburn, William Tracey, "Johnny" Saunders, former pugilist of New York; Captain McCue, small fry lobbyist of Albany, and handsome "Dan" Murphy, gambler of Boston. These constituted a committee of escort, and also a committee of appreciation. Their laughter at Mr. Law's jokes were long and loud and their thirst at Mr. Law's expense dreadful and unquenchable. Frequently members of the committee found themselves "a trifle short of money," although they had no occasion to use any while with him. His handy check book met their appeals whenever and wherever made. Champagne was as free as water so far as they were concerned. Mr. Law had rooms at the Grand Union Hotel, but did not waste much time in them. Whenever he did sleep the committee, which constantly added to its number, stood guard in the corridors or in the entrances of the hotel and awaited his awakening.

One of the committee said that there was no dust upon Mr. Law's coat while the committee was around. "LORDS, Wood," in part.

the back, picked imaginary specks of dust from his shoulders and agreed with him in everything. When he said that he was the only man John L. Sullivan was afraid of the committee-men said that they had heard Mr. Sullivan say as much. One member of the committee, who looked like a tramp when he arrived in Saratoga, said that he had been eating feathers until Mr. Law came to town. He was soon arrayed in splendid raiment, and instead of eating feathers he partook of the real birds.

Mr. Law was with the committee in the barroom of the Grand Union Hotel one Saturday night and the corks were flying from bottles of champagne. The members of the committee were agreeable to everything he said and he observed a painful lack of jewelry among them. He sent for Jacob Dreicer, proprietor of the jewelry store in the Grand Union Hotel, and explained the sad condition of affairs among the committee-men. Mr. Dreicer thereupon removed a section of his jewelry store into the barroom, and Mr. Law told the committee-men to make their selections. "Handsome Dan" Murphy chose a beautiful solitaire diamond ring, valued at \$500. Jere Dunn took a ring, set with rubies and diamonds, valued at \$650. Joseph Coburn selected a solitaire diamond ring, valued at \$750. "Johnny" Saunders chose a ring, set with rubies, sapphires and diamonds, valued at \$450. John Halleck's choice was a ring, set with turquoises and diamonds, valued at \$450. William Tracey selected a diamond ring, valued at \$500. Captain McCue was lucky enough to secure two diamond rings and \$500 in money. Mr. Law added up the prices of the various items himself and paid the bill. Then several members of the committee borrowed money from Mr. Law and called for champagne, for which Mr. Law paid.

Anecdotes of Mr. Law might be multiplied indefinitely, but the following shows him in his greener days to have been even embryo the unconventional George Law of the latter times. His father, it appears, was a strict disciplinarian and made his son drive a car twice a day from Fifty-ninth street to the Astor House, so he might know the business from the dashboard up, as it were. Young Law was driving up Eighth avenue late one cold, drizzling night, when a young friend jumped on the front platform and invited the future railroad President to have a drink. He proposed that the car should meanwhile be left in charge of the conductor.

Law, after he had carefully digested the proposition, said he thought he knew a better plan, and, whipping up his horses, he switched his car into Fifty-fifth street and drove over the cobblestones to a resort in the middle of the block kept by a former boxing instructor in Columbia College. The car drew up at the door of the saloon with all its windows broken and all its passengers bruised and angry.

Law mollified them, however, by changing to the other end of the car and the car restored to its position in Eighth avenue. The railroad properties—the Eighth, Ninth avenue roads—have passed into the hands of the Metropolitan Traction Company as lessee, but it is understood, still retaining its interest in the same. The value is estimated at from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000.

Cypress Takes Time to Grow

The cypress is a notoriously growing tree, and its wood is notoriously durable. It is not only resisting the action of weather in a manner totally different to all other woods, but is wholly influenced by immersion in water a long period of years. It has curious chemical properties, which hold its fibers and other constituents together so indissolubly that the ordinary changes which break down the tissue of ordinary woods are pressed wholly resisted.

Instances are known where wood of the cypress has endured more than 1000 years, leaving in a solid condition, subject to the attrition of the elements, the gradual wearing away of the exposed rocks. In the lower part of the Mississippi a species of cypress is extremely abundant. And in Orleans lately, while some men were excavating a trench, a cypress was found which was erected by the French as a protection to the Indians. Some of the trees were twenty-one inches in diameter, a thickness of about twelve feet, and, though it had been buried many years, it was in perfect condition when exhumed, even the marks being still clearly visible.

By a series of experiments extending over many years it has been found that the cypress wood endures varying conditions of great heat, moisture and changes of temperature show the cypress timber in their construction to be practically unchanged after more than fifty years of use; and, being sufficiently for the purpose, it is probably to come more generally into use in building where a wood of great durability is required. Many of the ideas are still as serviceable as though exposed to a most trying climate.

Strange Case of Mistaken Identity

A case which has been before the Greenwich Police Court affords the most singular examples of mistaken identity ever recorded. A man, whose name was Frederick Holliday, was arrested, on a warrant neglecting to support his wife and three children. While admitting his name was Frederick Holliday, the man also named Sam Strikers said, like the man in the warrant had been issued, that he was the person against whom the warrant had been issued. A police court he was seen by the name of his required namesake, declared that he was her husband, being pressed as to whether he would take, she crossed the court dock, and after gazing intently at him admitted that he was her husband.

It was certainly an astounding coincidence that there should be a Frederick Holliday, of exactly same age, both employed as a painter and both having wives of the name and three children, and the men should be so much alike that the wife of one at first believed that to be her husband. It is impossible to avoid the suspicion that the men are twins, and that the one narrowly escaped suffering the misdeeds of the other. As a wife may certainly be considered to be of all people the best judge of her husband's identity; but in the present case the wife's brother, at the first appearance in court, declared that he was not his sister's husband. There is, of course, a possible solution to the mystery of these singular coincidences—that the man in court was the brother of the man who was wanted, that his wife, now that she had him again, preferred to shield rather than that he should be committed to prison.—London Standard.

Watched a Boy's Heart Beat

The pulsations of a human heart were watched by scores of trained recently in exhibition hall of the Mechanics' building, where were employed physicians from all parts of the State. Standing between a tube and a large box, in which an observer shut himself out from sunlight, was a boy dressed in a suit and vest. To the youngster, but something of a "circus," but to the physicians, who, one after another took their place in the box, it was an exemplification of an end-of-the-world achievement of science. The X rays laid open to the human interior of the boy's chest, there, pumping steadily away, could be discerned so clearly that the irregularity might easily have been detected. So simple is the apparatus required, and so startling the results that the physicians became enthusiastic over what they termed the "new" in medicine and surgery.—Globe.

The New York University is introducing a new feature in its students' apartments. The dormitory which is being erected have one room set apart for students who contribute to the New York papers. The room is to be a "student room."