

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

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The expenses of the Yats crew on its Henley trip, it is reported, will amount to \$18,000.

The people of the United States use on an average 12,000,000 postage stamps of all kinds each and every day of the year, or a total of 4,380,000,000 per annum.

Old English names are frequent enough in Winthrop, Me., so that on three stores side by side appear Ingham, Oldham and Dillingham. The neighbors crack jokes because there isn't a ham in either store.

One man in Chester, England, has been before the police justices 130 times for drunkenness or assault; his father was up thirty-five times, one sister sixty-seven and another twenty-nine. The cost of prosecuting the family and keeping it in prison has been over \$10,000.

Cuba's sugar crop and her tobacco crop are failures this year, more's the pity, exclaims the New York Herald. She sells us \$10,000,000 worth. It doesn't look as though Spain could get any taxes out of her for some time to come. There isn't any blood in a stone, and there isn't any money in Cuba.

According to a Copenhagen paper the largest encyclopedia in the world is the Buddhist work "Tangyui," which has been from ancient times preserved in several of the larger Buddhist cloisters. In comparison to this book of reference the Encyclopedia Britannica itself sinks into insignificance, at least as regards size. It consists of 225 volumes, each of which is two feet high and six inches thick. The 225 volumes weigh 3000 pounds, or twelve pounds a volume—rather heavy reading even for a Buddhist priest. The original edition seems to have been limited and comparatively few copies still exist. One of these is owned by the British Government and another by the Russian. The latest price noted is 7000 francs.

Here is something to alarm "scorchers." In two or three cases that recently occurred in Philadelphia, the Ledger says, the doctors diagnosed a derangement of the intestines, caused by bicycling, setting up appendicitis, from which death resulted. It appears that the victims were young men who used their bicycles to an excessive extent and took a wrong position in riding them, bringing the abdomen down against the saddle, as done in "scorching," with the results that the contents of that sensitive part of the body were pushed out of position, complicated together and pounded into inflammation. But if riders will sit upright on their wheels and keep their bodies in a normal position it is believed that they will be in no danger of appendicitis.

We have had, in the past five years, a recrudescence of Columbus, of Napoleon and things Napoleonic; now, it appears, there may be an infliction of Robinson Crusoe. A learned society of London, England, has come to the conclusion that readers of De Foe's charming fiction have all along been misled as to the island on which their hero was landed when he experienced shipwreck, says the New York Post. It has been hitherto assumed, much to De Foe's discredit, that he stole (or "appropriated") the story of one Alexander Selkirk, who passed several years on the island of Juan Fernandez, in the Pacific Ocean. But members of this society declare they have discovered that the novelist did not steal his narrative at all; and, moreover, that the island where the original Robinson was wrecked lies not in the Pacific Ocean but in the Atlantic. "They are going to send out an expedition next winter, as soon as the sickly season closes, to ascertain beyond all peradventure just where his island is located. In the interest of all true narratives (of fiction), and for the benefit of all lovers of Crusoe, it is to be hoped that their mission will be a success. The true island, they say, is situated somewhere on the north coast of South America, not far distant from the mouth of the Orinoco; for Crusoe himself says in his journal that the last recorded observation, taken just before his shipwreck, was in latitude eleven degrees north, between the islands of Barbados and Trinidad.

When it begins to get real summer hot, can't we manage to have the weather man arrested for scorching?—Philadelphia North American.



SPOILING A SCHEME.

THE crowd grew thicker every moment, till it became almost impossible to move in the ball room. The charity on account of which the entertainment was being held was a popular one; some great ladies had taken the thing up and made it a success. And as many of the men and nearly all the girls were in fancy dress, the scene was striking and brilliant.

Among the Henrietta Marias, the Amy Robsarts, Flora McDonalds and other characters that filled the rooms, one girl's face took my heart captive the instant I beheld it. She did not look more than seventeen, though she may have been a year or two older, fair, slender, with sunny hair and a milky-white complexion. She was dressed to represent the Snow Image of Hawthorne's charming fantasy, and the character suited her style of beauty admirably. She was pale as the snow wreath that crowned her head, and she seemed almost as fragile as the icicles that were her only ornaments.

The girl's beauty was indeed remarkable. People turned and looked at her as she moved here and there; and whenever she stood still she was instantly surrounded by a small crowd of men eager to get their names put down on her programme. I noticed, however, that there was a sad, abstracted look in her eyes. Her heart was not in the ball room.

In spite of all my efforts I failed to get an introduction to the girl who had fascinated me. I failed even to learn her name. But none the less I had fallen in love with her—like a fool. I had fallen in love with a stranger—a vision that in all likelihood I should never see again, that would be for me as fleeting and unsubstantial as the Snow Fairy whom she represented.

There was one other person at the ball who attracted my attention. This was a tall, dark man, with a thick, short, black beard, a man considerably over the middle height, and evidently possessing a strong will as well as a good deal of energy. More than once, on some golden occasion she seemed to me to shrink from him, as if she in some way had cause to fear him. They were evidently connected, but what the relationship between them was I could not be sure, for the man seemed too young to be her father. Surely, I said to myself with a jealous pang, surely he cannot be her lover?

The whole evening I pestered my friends in the hope of getting, in some indirect way, an introduction to the girl who had fascinated me, but I was quite unsuccessful. Once her eyes met mine. What she read there I do not know, but she suddenly turned aside, her pale cheeks showing a sudden glow of rose color. Vexed with myself for making her blush, I turned away in the opposite direction, and I took care not to approach so near her again.

The evening wore on, and it was evident that my ambition was not to be gratified. About 3 o'clock I left the ball room and, muffled in my thick ulster, was making my way along a side street which led to the main thoroughfare where hansom cabs were to be found, when I heard a rush of flying feet behind me.

I turned, and there, close to me, stood the Snow Fairy, a white opera cloak wrapping her from head to foot, and her sweet, sad face looking out at me from within a hood of swansdown.

I stood and stared, too much surprised to think or form a conjecture.

"Is there a letter box near?" she gasped out, for she was breathless, as much from excitement, it seemed to me, as from the exertion of running.

"Oh, please, please tell me. Where shall I look for one?" she went on, without giving me time to collect my thoughts.

"I don't know where the nearest letter box is," I replied, "but I can easily find out. If you will intrust your letter to me I will see that it is posted."

"No, I cannot; I dare not trust it to any one. Do try to find out for me."

The words died away on her lips, for she, as well as I, had heard the noise of some one running up to us, and the next moment the man with the short black beard stood over us. Rage knotted the veins on his forehead till they seemed to be near bursting. Rage, for the space of two seconds, kept him speechless. During those two seconds the girl crept perceptibly nearer to me, and something smooth, stiff, thin, like a piece of thick pasteboard, was pressed into my hand. I slipped it at once into the pocket of my ulster.

"What are you doing here?" he said to the girl in a tone of suppressed fury; and before she had time to answer he turned savagely upon me. "How dare you speak to my daughter," he demanded, advancing upon me in a slow and threatening manner. I had just time to see a look of mute supplication in the girl's eyes. She was entreating me not to betray her.

"Really, sir," I said, with as much coolness as I could command; "really, you must pardon me for saying that you seem a little less than reasonable. One is permitted to speak to a young lady at a ball."

"In the open street? In this clandestine manner?"

"We were not in great privacy, but be sure, that that might be urged in mitigation of the offence," I said, with a smile.

"You shall not hoodwink me. What was it that she was saying to you when I came up?"

"If I have been guilty of an indiscretion, the fault is mine, and I am ready to answer for it; but you cannot expect me to repeat whatever trifles I may have permitted myself to say to the young lady, whom I fear I may not have an opportunity of meeting again. No gentleman would be guilty of such a thing, nor, I am sure, would you, if you had been in my place."

I saw by the man's face that I had achieved my object. I had led him to believe that there had been nothing more than a little foolish flirtation between the young lady and myself. He seized the girl's hand, tucked it under his arm, and marched off.

"As for having an opportunity of meeting her again, I will take precious good care that you don't," he threw at me over his shoulder.

Alas! there could be little doubt of it. And the letter? I had no doubt that it was a note to her lover. It seemed just a little hard that, anxious as I was to serve her, this should be the particular service required of me.

At the first pillar box I came to I took out the missive she had given me. It was her programme for the evening, a dainty card, folded bookwise, and secured at the edges by a number of postage stamps stuck all around it. It was stamped with a penny stamp, and addressed in pencil. Of course, I had no business to read the address. I knew that well enough. It was, perhaps, an ungentlemanly thing to do; but then my curiosity was greatly excited. I hoped that the name pencilled on the back of the programme might be that of a woman. But I was disappointed. By the light of a gas lamp I read:

"Immediate. Arthur Bellingham, Esq.,—Furnival's Inn, Holborn, E. C. Bellingham? Bellingham? I seemed to know the name. For a minute or two I stood trying to remember whom it was I had once met that owned it, but in vain. What did it matter? The affair was at an end. I dropped the queer letter into the letter box and went home to my lodgings.

A few months later I was strolling along Oxford street, I heard my name called out, and looking up I saw Arthur Bellingham standing before me. I recognized him at once—a young engineer whom I had met once in a country inn on a wet day in the Lake district. We had been capital friends for a week, and I could not understand how I had forgotten him when I had tried to remember what Bellingham I had known.

We greeted each other warmly, and he would have me go with him to his chambers in Furnival's Inn and smoke a cigar with him.

"Bellingham," I said, as I stood on his hearth rug, "did it ever happen that you received a letter written on a ball programme?"

His eyes and mouth opened in pure astonishment.

"What do you know about that?" he ejaculated.

"I ought not to have known anything about it, but I plead guilty to having read the address. I posted the programme to you one night on my way home from a ball."

My friend sprang up and wrung my hand as if he would wring it off.

"My dear fellow," he cried, "I am infinitely obliged to you for your tact and kindness on that occasion. If you had not posted that note it would have meant ruin to me. Maud told me how awfully good you were about it."

"Maud? Do you mean—"

"Maud, my sister—the girl who slipped the note into your hand."

"Is she your sister?"

"Certainly she is. It's rather an uncommon story. Shall I tell it to you?"

"If you don't mind. I confess I am burning with curiosity."

"The fact is, then, that some three years ago my poor mother, who was a widow, did what turned out to be a very foolish thing—she married again, and married without making proper inquiries. My stepfather, Mr. Maddock, turned out to be a very bad egg. My mother lost the greater part of her fortune when she married him, and we were for a time practically dependent on my mother's uncle, an eccentric old gentleman, rather fond of money, called Hodgkinson.

"Maddock is neither more nor less than an adventurer, and for a long time it was the main business of his life to exploit my great uncle. At last he nearly succeeded. Maddock and some friends of his got hold of a bit of land in South Africa, which they

wanted to sell as a gold mine. I don't believe there was an ounce of gold on the premises. But my great uncle said that he would buy it if I would go out and see it, and send him a private telegram advising him that the gold was there in paying quantities.

"Of course, I was ready to go, and I was to have sailed the very morning after the night of the ball that you and Maud attended.

"Well, Maud happened to be in the conservatory attached to the ballroom, when she heard two men talking rather indiscreetly. She was standing behind some flowering shrubs and heard every word they said:

"The two men were Mr. Maddock and one of his associates, and she heard enough to make her understand that the thing was a fraud, and that I was to be made the means of their swindling Uncle Jonas on a large scale. I believe the plan was that they should send a false telegram to the old man in my name, days before I could even see the pretended mine. One thing I know—if the thing had come off, Uncle Jonas would never have forgiven me. He would have believed to his dying day that I had been squared. You may imagine what a state Maud was in. She—"

The door opened, and Maud herself walked into the room.

It seemed that her stepfather had treated her so harshly on account of her having spoiled his schemes that she had been forced to leave his house and take refuge with her brother.

For some time the old man refused to believe that the reason Arthur gave for not going to South Africa was the true reason, but in time he came round, and both brother and sister are now a good deal at his house. I go there occasionally myself, which is not surprising, as Maud and I have been engaged for the last six weeks.—Cassell's Journal.

The Banana.

Something over twenty years ago a New England skipper used to make several trips a year from Boston to the northern ports of Jamaica, and would return to Cape Cod Bay, his fleet schooner laden with bananas, for which he found ready and remunerative sale. Other vessels were added to the business, which grew and prospered, and soon became too important longer to depend upon the uncertain winds, and steamers replaced the schooners. Bananas were offered in quantities greater than our Yankee mariner, with his limited means, could handle, and a company was formed in 1877 with a capital of \$200,000 and two steamers, and the business of systematically growing the banana for export to the United States commenced. From such small beginnings sprang the American company which now practically controls the fruit export trade of Jamaica. Its present capital is \$500,000, and it has a surplus of \$1,000,000, and employs twelve steamers. It ships to the United States every year about 4,000,000 bunches of bananas, besides upwards of 6,000,000 coconuts, and quantities of pimento (allspice), coffee, cocoa and early vegetables. It employs nearly two thousand men. More than six hundred males are daily in harness engaged in drawing to ports of shipment its varied products. It owns and controls more than twenty estates, comprising nearly 50,000 acres. Free schools are provided for the children of its employes. It has brought great prosperity to a languishing country and practically created an industry; and its President, the man whose foresight began all this great work and whose energy is now pushing it onward, is commonly known among the Jamaicans as the Banana King.—Harper's Weekly.

Strength of Man.

The muscles, in common with all the other organs of the body, have their stages of development and decline; our physical strength increases up to a certain age and then decreases. Tests of the strength of several thousands of people have been made by means of a dynamometer (strength measurer) and the following are given as the average figures for the white race:

The "lifting power" of a youth of seventeen years is 280 pounds; in his twentieth year this increases to 320 pounds; and in the thirtieth and thirty-first years it reaches its height—350 pounds. At the end of the thirty-first year the strength begins to decline, very slowly at first.

By the fortieth year it has decreased eight pounds; and this diminution continues at a slightly increasing rate until the fiftieth year is reached, when the figure is 330 pounds.

After this period the strength fails more and more rapidly until the weakness of old age is reached. It is not possible to give statistics of the decline of strength after the fiftieth year, as it varies to a large extent in different individuals.—Springfield Union.

Capital Punishment for a Pun.

They were speaking of puns, and mention had been made of the fact that Dr. Johnson had asserted that a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket. "Pun making," said a law student, "may not at the present day be a crime, but it was not always so, for in the law books it is shown that a man actually suffered capital punishment for this sort of pleasantries. In Blackstone, fourth book, chapter on treason, it is related that an inkeeper, whose house was called 'The Crown,' once said that he would make his son 'the heir to the Crown.' This, having come to the ears of the occupant of the throne, the culprit was hauled before a court of justice, tried, condemned and sentenced. The punishment was of the sort inflicted upon persons guilty of high treason, and consisted in drawing and quartering.—Washington Star.

A NEW INDUSTRY.

RAISING FLOWERS TO MAKE PERFUMERY IN THE SOUTH.

Highly Interesting Experiments in North Carolina—How Attar of Roses and Other Famous Perfumes Are Made.

IN the so-called "thermal belts" of the Southern mountain slopes the finest flowers are raised in this country, and experiments are being made in flower farming that must convince the most skeptical that there is no product of the soil that cannot be raised somewhere within the limits of the United States. It may sound a little strange to some to hear such a professional as Professor Massey of the North Carolina Experiment Station say that the rich lands of the coast counties of his State can produce better lily bulbs for general purposes than can be grown in Bermuda. It is well known that most of our lily bulbs come from Bermuda, our narcissus from Southern England or the Scilly Islands, and the lily of the valley pips from Holland; but here at the experiment station in North Carolina all of these imported bulbs are being cultivated to demonstrate the superiority of American grown bulbs.

But this is only the beginning of flower farming in this section that is destined to spread and become one of the most important industries in this country. The question of raising flowers for manufacturing perfumery has been agitated for some time in the South, and Professor Massey has given his advice and helped to forward every effort in that direction. Some excellent extracts from the flowers have been made and sold in the market. A pomade distilled from the tuberose flowers was made by a lady in North Carolina, near Columbia, which sold for \$11 per pound in New York. A leading firm offered to take all similar pomades that she could manufacture at correspondingly high prices. At the Atlanta Exhibition quite a variety of American perfumery made in the Southern States was exhibited and attracted considerable attention.

Now efforts are being made toward manufacturing the famous "attar of roses" and the damask rose bush, the Rosa Damascena of the Balkans, has been introduced in the "thermal belts," where every condition seems favorable to its growth. This is the rose from which ninety per cent. of the attar of rose is made. It is the ancestor from which the infinite variety of hybrid perpetual roses derive a large part of their blood. Other sorts of roses have been tried for distilling the celebrated perfume, but only two others yield even a faint trace of this essence. One of these is the white musk rose and the other a dark-eyed variety of Damascena, but they do not contain more than one-half the perfume found in the bushy damask rose.

Although the greatest amount of attar of roses is made in the Balkans and at Leipsic, France is still the home of most perfume flowers, and Grasse, Cannes and Nice are famous for their perfumes of roses, violets, jasmine, lavender and orange. The French chemists have succeeded better than any other in distilling from the flowers the most delicate perfumery. Their methods of extracting the perfumery are supposed to be held secret and guarded with jealous care, and the difficulty in this country has been that no one has given the attention to the distilling part of the business that the occasion demands. A French chemist connected with one of the largest perfumery firms in France recently visited this country to make experiments with our roses, and he claimed that the flowers raised in the South and in California yielded about twenty per cent. more of the volatile oil than similar flowers in his own country. The report to his company was to decide them as to the question of trying to establish a branch house in this country, and it is rumored that negotiations are already under way to secure valuable flower land either in the "thermal belts" along the Atlantic coast or in California.

Meanwhile, however, progress in making American perfumery has advanced to such a point in the South that many growers are actually planting extensive gardens for this purpose. The damask roses of the Balkans have been planted not far from Fayetteville, N. C., and they are rapidly growing and producing large crops. Experiments with the blossoms have been made, and they have yielded a fair quantity of the attar. In their native home the roses are threatened with frost at night, but rarely injured, and it is supposed that this cool night atmosphere develops the precious attar. Now the "thermal belts" along the Atlantic coast are elevated above the damp air of the valleys, and are usually exempted from the late spring frosts, but the nights are very cool. The soil here is of the right texture to produce the rose bushes, and so far as experiments can be made everything seems to be in favor of the new industry. This year the first attar of roses will be extracted from the new plants in sufficient quantity to be sent to the market, and upon the success of this crop will largely depend the future outlook.

The attar of roses is not difficult to make. The chief question is to obtain the flower leaves that will yield the oil. The freshly opened roses are gathered early in the morning and carried to the distillery, where they are turned into rose water within twelve hours. The still is very simple of construction and is filled three-quarters with water and rose leaves. Then a fire is lighted under it. The worm runs through cold water, and in about forty-five minutes the contents of the still have been drawn off

through the worm. This first distillation produces rose water, and this has to go through the same process a second time to produce the attar. The liquid that comes out of the still the second time is highly perfumed, and when put into bottles with long necks an oily substance gradually collects on the surface. This is skimmed off the liquid and put up in ornamental bottles for the market. This oily perfume is the true undiluted attar of roses, but it is always weakened before using.

The process of extracting the odor from the more delicate flowers, such as the jasmine, tuberose and violet, is more interesting and elaborate than distillation. The essences of these flowers are so delicate that they are injured by heat, and the French chemists have devised various methods of extracting and retaining them. The process is by absorption or endosmosis, and the principle is based simply on the established law of affinity which hydro-carbons—that is, beef and mutton fats—have for perfumes. The difficult point in the whole process is to purify these fats so that the odors will be concentrated and caught by them, and not tainted in any way. It is in this respect that the French perfumers excel all others. They have elaborated a method by which the fats are made perfectly pure, and their flower essences are of the most faultless kind. If the grease is not absolutely pure, and the fat odorless, the pomade becomes rancid and worthless.

The modus operandi is plain enough to the visitor to the perfume factory, except the secret process of purifying the grease. Multitudes of wooden frames, having rims about two inches in depth, and fitted with sheets of ordinary window glass, are placed benches before the operators. The first sheet of glass a layer of prepared fat is spread less than an inch thick, and the top of the leaves of the flowers are scattered over it. The leaves are fresh and full of odor, and they must be handled shortly after being plucked. When all of the sheets of glass have thus been covered with a layer of fat and a layer of leaves, they are fitted into the frame carefully, one on top of the other, and the box closed up tight. A comparatively short time elapses from the leaves will pass into the fat, and be retained there for a long time. These particles of fat can be washed hundreds of miles without losing their sweet fragrance of the flower. The fat is cut up into small pieces and put into alcohol. The essence soon leaves the fat, and is mixed with the alcohol, so that the former is removed it is left in the Philadelphia Times.

Is There Any Hydrophobia?

At this season we occasionally find in the newspapers of a case of hydrophobia. It is supposed that the hot weather the dog is more subject to the disease. A printed has reached us which raises the question whether in fact there is any disease. It seems that physicians, having a practice of testing, testify that they have never known a well authenticated case.

At the Philadelphia dog show, where, on an average, one or two vagrant dogs are taken up, occurred during its entire history twenty-five years, and in which 150,000 dogs were handled.

One physician made a careful examination of this subject from the data he could obtain in this city and Europe for sixteen years. Charles W. Dulles, Lecturer in the History of Music, University of Pennsylvania—and he declares he could find a single case on record could be conclusively proven to result from the bite of a dog.

The letter appeals to us to make these facts known. It is the power of the imagination which causes the symptoms, and latter result either from the disease, which are known as "phantom" cases. In other words, the suits from scare rather than from pain. It appears, also, that there are thirty other diseases besides hydrophobia which cause dread of ability to swallow water. It is liable, inasmuch as nervous people to have the fearful symptoms from the effect of the imagination would be well that these facts be tensively known, and then the which results from the bite of a dog would pass away, and that such would be better than Pasteur's vaccination method.—New York Observer.

Poisonous "Snowballs."

The fatal effects of the use of are known as "snowballs," a compound of shaved ice and acflavoring extracts, should be warning to parents who allow children to invest their pocket money in these articles. The extracts contain large proportions of fusel alcohol, and they are colored with aniline, making their use unwholesome, if not positively gertous. The stomachs of young children are peculiarly sensitive to son. It is the fusel oil, physicians say, that makes the child become diotied to "snowballs," just as opium smoker, the victim of his or the drunkard becomes captivated by his peculiar vice. Thus the comes a disease that may lead to serious results.—Norristown Herald.

A Veracious Rifle.

The photographic rifle has proved a great success with Emperor of Germany and his on a deer hunt. A little camera fixed to the gun and exposed the instant the shot is fired. It is quickly developed in a portable picture shows whether the was struck and enables the hunter to avoid a fruitless chase if he his game.