

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

GEO. W. WAGENSELLER, Editor and Proprietor. MIDDLEBURGH, PA., DEC. 17, 1896.

Fully one-third of the land in Great Britain is owned by members of the House of Lords.

There are more than 230,000 volumes in the National Library of Mexico, and additions are being made by every steamer from New York and Europe.

The German miners are, in the opinion of the Berlin Reichsanzeiger, among the best paid in the world, their income ranging from \$225 to \$300 per year, with gifts of land and life insurance added.

The work of extending substantial aid to the suffering thousands of Armenia goes bravely on in the United States, while Europe is busy evading the question of Christianity and humanity versus political expediency and the balance of power.

There is nothing like being versatile! Princess Pauline De Metternich, who used to set the fashions in Paris under the Second Empire, has received the grand medal and diploma of honor for fat cattle at the Budapest (Hungary) Exhibition.

Two-headed snakes, like inventions, seem to originate simultaneously in different places, notes the New York Sun. Just as one is being exhibited alive as a curiosity in New York, Professor A. L. Metz of the Tulane University Medical School at New Orleans is exhibiting one, preserved in alcohol, which he got recently at Bayona Goula.

College training is coming indeed to be numbered among the necessities rather than the luxuries of life, declares the New York Advertiser. The day laborer is frequently quite as anxious to send a bright son to the university as is the millionaire. Each year a greater number of young men and women are matriculated; each year a greater number graduated than the year before. It goes without saying that much of the country's intellectual vigor and enterprise is sustained by its institutions of learning.

An Englishman, now in Washington, says: "The poor man in this country seems to be more self-respecting than the chronic pauper that has made the name of Whitechapel notorious all over the world. The latter is in such abject poverty that he has lost all hope of ever bettering his condition. How the miserable wretches live is a mystery. And when it comes to the women this Nation has an immense advantage. Your women do not frequent public drinking-houses. It is the greatest disgrace of London that the women of the poorer class are as good customers of the liquor shops as the men, and worse still, the poison is handed them across the bar by one of their own sex. In East London children of tender years accompany their mothers into such places."

Mr. J. D. O'Connell, of the Bureau of Statistics in the Treasury Department at Washington, prints in the New York Sun an open letter to President Eliot, of Harvard, whom he takes to task very courteously for neglecting to give due attention, in a recent magazine article on "Five American Contributions to Civilization," to what the Irish have contributed to the United States. Mr. O'Connell attacks Dr. Eliot's assumption that the "English race" predominated in this country in the eighteenth century, and gives interesting reasons for his belief that there were more people who derived from Ireland than from England among the eighteenth-century Americans. He makes it clear, explains Harper's Weekly, where a good part of the hitch is, however, when he claims all the Scotch-Irish emigrants to America as Irish. Irish they certainly were, to be sure, if they were born and lived in Ireland, but to describe a Scotch-Irishman as an Irishman is to describe him very insufficiently. "Irishman" conveys one idea; "Scotch-Irishman" another; and as long as there is so very substantial a disparity between the ideas conveyed it is a waste of ink to argue that one word would serve for both. Nevertheless, Mr. O'Connell's exposition of the value of Ireland's early contributions to the American republic is interesting and is a part of our history that is not generally appreciated.

He (telling a hair-breadth adventure)—And in the bright moonlight we could see the dark muzzles of the wolves. She (breathlessly)—Oh, how glad you must have been that they had the muzzles on.—Harris' Bazar.



A SECOND FLIGHT.

BY ZOR ANDERSON NORRIS.

THE Mills family were at supper. It was a warm summer evening, and the smoking lamp in the center of the table swarmed with minute insects attracted by its light and heat. The light, subdued by the blackened chimney and the insects, fell upon a common red tablecloth, greasy in spots, not too clean anywhere, upon which was spread the food commonly consumed by the family.

It also fell upon the faces of the different members of the Mills family, grouped unsystematically about the red tablecloth; upon the heavy face of the father, bending over his plate sullenly, and on the bland face of the mother who, hopeless of happiness in her earthly life, had turned to heavenly things, looking forward to a mansion in the skies, since her earthly habitation had been the humblest of cottages.

At her right hand sat her favorite son, James. Beside this young man sat his sister, a girl of about sixteen, who would have been pretty but for two slovenly buttons unfastened at the throat of her calico gown. A younger brother occupied the seat next to his mother on her right hand, and near him sat Luella, a baby on either side.

"I'll take some more meat, pa," said James, passing his plate for the third time.

The father raised his head. "What say?" he asked, for he was very deaf unless two heads nodded together whispering.

"Give me some more meat," repeated James.

"There ain't no more," said the father. "It's all gone."

"That comes of havin' two extras in the family when there ain't enough meat to go 'round as 'tis," growled James. And they all looked at Luella, before whom the insects about the lamp suddenly swam in a kind of mist. She raised her cup to her lips and choked as she tried to drink the muddy coffee. She rose, coughing, and left the table; going out through the kitchen door into the back yard, she sank down at the foot of a little tree, all trembling and crying, her wet face in her apron. The fit of crying grew upon her, she shook with sobs and little gasping moans; she grovelled in the wet grass, her face pressing against its cooling green, her nails sunk in her palms.

Does our Mother Earth sometimes comfort her children in their distress? Something in the smell of the earthy earth, in the mere contact with the sweet, green, dewy carpet soothed Luella's heart. Presently she ceased to writhe and moan; she only sobbed now and then like a hurt and tired child upon the bosom of its mother. After awhile she grew entirely quiet, turning her face sidewise and looking out at the brooding night, at the myriads of twinkling stars in the purplish dome overhead, and at the fireflies dancing here and there in the long, waving grasses.

As she lay there something of the night's quiet stole into her brain, and calmly, without any of that acute agitation that had shaken her at first, she began to think over her past life. She had married early—too early—in order to get away from this poor home, which was always on the verge of penury, and always had been as far back as she could remember; and she had not been happy. Her married life had been made up of petty quarrels, which had finally ended in her return to this meagre home nest with her children. Her brother's taunt was a common one; but perhaps to night the flesh was unusually weak. She found it impossible to endure the lash in silence. She had felt like turning upon them and blazing out in one great flash of indignation, and she had only come out here in the night to weep and wring her hands alone; she was so poor a worm she would not dare let them see she had made the feeblest attempt to turn.

She was an usurper, they had made her understand that from the first. A bird once mated has no right to return to the home nest. She was taking the very bread out of their mouths; and yet she had earned her living since the first day of her arrival; she had been the household drudge at the beck and call of every member of the family.

She clinched her hands as she thought of the cruel taunting of the little sister, whom, as a baby, she had carried about in her arms.

Her mother did not openly reproach her, but she was not the less cruel. Leading her life of perfection, it was her custom to read daily from some passage of Scripture, and lately she had invariably chosen this text: "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh. Therefore what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

And Luella knew her meaning right

well. It was as plain to her as if her mother had read, "For this cause shall a woman leave her father and mother and cleave unto her husband."

The droning morning voice had dwelt with her through the day, the words changed to suit her case as we change the words of most texts to suit our own cases, "A woman shall cleave unto her husband, cleave unto her husband." Well, why not? As she looked out into the dusky night her thoughts went back to John and to their last quarrel. What had it been about? She couldn't remember. It was perhaps some little thing that led to hot words, a flare of recrimination, tears, and in the end to this separation, this miserable separation!

If John only knew how she felt to-night, how like a lost dog left out in the cold, afraid of stones, afraid of blows from brooms, afraid of everything, he would feel sorry for her, she knew he would.

He had been kind to her in many ways. She had not had to work very hard ever. She had not worked in John's home as she did here, and then his bread had not been the bread of charity choked down with taunts. Oh no! John was generous and kind if he were a bit high tempered. She suddenly raised upon her elbow. What if she had been high tempered, too, and sullen and mulish? Perhaps it was her fault, after all, that they had quarrelled!

A flush came over her face in the dusk. Suppose, oh suppose she should go to him now this very night, and ask him to forgive her, would he?

So intent was she on this thought that a little hand, warm and moist, crept into her own unnoticed, then another, and baby Bess cuddled close, rubbing her soft cheek against her mother's.

"I want oo, momsey," she said, and Luella hugged her to her bosom. In her selfish distress she had forgotten her children.

She lay still with the child in her arms, John's child? There was a look of John in the pretty face, with its half-closed eyes.

If she should go back to him now with baby Bess surely he would take her in. She was so tired of doing battle with the cruel world single-handed.

Suddenly her mind was made up. She was ready to go now if he would take her. A thrill of joy shook her at the very thought of home, her own home, a place in which she had every right to live, where she would be no usurper, where she would no longer eat the bread that belonged to others.

She waited until the child's eyelids closed, and then she raised her and carried her to the house where she found little Alice asleep on the doorstep, her round arms supporting her dirty little face. The sight was like a spur urging her onward.

She wore the child and coaxed her into the house; there she stood, boldly upright, the baby in her arms, the child clinging to her skirts, a new independence in her attitude since her resolve to go back to her husband.

Her mother was reading by the dim light of the smoking lamp which she had never thought to turn down. James sat loosely in a chair, his legs far apart, his clasped hands behind his head. Eliza had pushed back the unwashed dishes and leaned her elbow on the table, a frown on her brow, her chin in her hands, devouring a yellow backed novel.

They looked up inquiringly as Luella stood in the middle of the room with her children. They wondered why she was not in the kitchen, as usual, washing up the dishes.

"I'm going home to John," she said in answer to the look.

"Well, go along, then," said James, spitting between two divided teeth at the black cavity of the summer fireplace and hitting the exact spot aimed at, "and good riddance to bad rubbish."

"I wish to goodness you would wash the dishes first, exclaimed Eliza, to whom the feel of greasy dish water was worse than perdition.

"The Lord be with you," said her mother, her eyes upon her book as if she were reading the words off, "the Lord be with you till we meet again."

Luella laughed hysterically, for her mother's intonation of the words "till we meet again" expressed to her sensitive ear that that meeting would be at some far-distant day.

With that worthless laugh she passed out of the house into the road that led to John's home. The way was not long, but baby Bess grew like lead, and her heart sank at every step.

What if he were away? What if he refused to take her in? What would she do then? Where would she turn?

Little Alice began to cry from sheer weariness. Luella pressed her hand and hushed her with a word; cowed by those weeks of dependence on her grandmother's charity, the child was very docile.

About half way Luella sat down by the roadside, the sleeping child was so heavy, and thought again. Should

she go on? Her heart failed her, and yet it was impossible to return. She could hear James's sarcastic words, Eliza's jeers and her mother's invariable text, and she felt that death was preferable.

Alice began to cry sleepily, it was past her bedtime, and rising, Luella walked hesitatingly to John's home.

No, he was not away, there was a light in the window.

She knocked timidly, and waited. She had not long to wait. In one moment he opened the door and looked out at her as she stood in the stream of light from the lamp within. A pitiful picture she made, and sweet, too, bareheaded, a half-frightened look in her wide, blue eyes, her tear-stained cheeks and wet lashes telling their own tale of suffering and unhappiness.

"I've come back home, John," she began, quivering, and before she could say another word he had her in his arms, she and her children.

"Poor little Luella," he said, and his voice sounded like music in her ears, "I've been waiting for you—I've been waiting all these weeks!"—Monthly Illustrator and Home and Country.

Canada's Forest Wealth.

The forests of Canada have supplied more or less the wants of Europe for centuries. From the earliest days of its occupation by the French, the forest wealth of the country washed by the St. Lawrence engaged the attention of the Government of France, who saw therein vast resources available for their naval yards. They drew from these forests large numbers of masts and spars, and issued stringent regulations for the preservation of the standing oak. When the country was first ceded to Great Britain but little attention was paid at first to its vast timber supply, owing to the fact that almost the whole of the Baltic trade was carried on in British bottoms, and that the timber of Northern Europe provided an unfailing and convenient return freight for the shipping thus engaged. When, however, the troubles of the Napoleonic era commenced, and especially when the continental blockade was enforced, the timber supplies of the Baltic becoming uncertain and insufficient, attention was directed to the North American colonies, with the result of increasing the quantity of timber which reached Great Britain from 2000 tons in the year 1800 to 125,300 tons in 1810 and to 308,000 tons in 1820. In 1895 the amount exported to the United Kingdom showed a total of 1,310,655 tons.—Northeastern Lumberman.

A Belgian Brigand.

A man named Witte Relens, chief of an audacious band of brigands who have infested the outskirts of Malines for some time past, has been captured. This man and his band have been a terror to the whole countryside, committing their crimes in broad daylight under threats of murder or burning down the habitations of those they attacked. The list of crimes against Relens includes several cases of murder, as well as over 500 charges of robbery.

It is stated that in the communes of Wavre-Sainte-Catherine, Wavre-Notre-Dame, and Putte at Bonheyden there are not ten of the inhabitants who have not been victims of this man and his band. Early in this year a gendarme who attempted to arrest Relens was shot dead by him. He has had a number of hairbreadth escapes from arrest. Recently he had publicly threatened to murder the burgomaster of Wavre-Sainte-Catherine and to burn down his house, and in consequence this functionary had to place himself under police protection. Recently Relens went to an inn at Wavre-Sainte-Catherine, and, information being given to the police, they surrounded the house and eventually overpowered him. A brother of Relens was recently condemned to penal servitude, for life for similar crimes.

A Baby Hugs Itself.

The two-year-old son of D. L. Cullen, of Los Angeles, Cal., died recently under peculiarly distressing circumstances. The little fellow accidentally hanged himself, and the injuries produced by partial strangulation resulted in death two days later.

The child had seen older children playing in a swing, winding themselves up in the rope and whirling around as the rope unwound, and he attempted to imitate their play when he was alone.

Not being able to get wholly into the swing, he placed his neck in the tight and twisted around until the rope was tightly wound about his throat. As his feet were still on the ground the rope did not unwind, and when the child was found he was unconscious. The little one never recovered full consciousness, although every known method was tried to restore him.

Ancient Toys.

A remarkable discovery was made some time ago in the Assuit necropolis, Egypt. Among various objects was an entire company of wooden soldiers, some fifteen inches in height. These little figures give a complete idea of the equipment of the regular soldier in the time of the Pharaohs. The soldiers carry lances which are precisely like those used in the Soudan to-day.

Air-Tight Compartments.

The air-tight compartment theory of building ships was copied from a provision of nature shown in the case of the nautilus. The shell of this animal has forty or fifty compartments, into which air or water may be admitted, to allow the occupant to sink or float as he pleases.



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