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An investigation of the work of the turnpike raiders in Kentucky shows that 1500 miles owned by corporations have practically been confiscated and are being traveled free of toll. It is estimated that the destruction of tollgates in the Blue Grass region has affected \$4,000,000 worth of property.

The Madrid newspapers say that Spain is well able to punish the United States for "any interference." The Dons evidently expect to get things like this for their money, comments the New York Sun. It is impossible to imagine that the editors are foolish enough to believe the pugnacious statements they print in their sheets.

"Shade of Sir Walter Scott!" exclaims the London Chronicle, "Cluny Macpherson, of Cluny, as chief of the Clan Chattan, presided at the inaugural gathering of the clan in Glasgow recently, but apologized for not appearing in the kilt, as he was afraid of catching cold! He concluded his address by stating that whenever they wanted him to lead them he should be most happy, so long, we assume, as the weather is fine and warm."

Emigration to America has created such a scarcity of farm hands in Germany that land owners are now importing Chinese coolies in herds for field work in Silesia, East Prussia, Posen and Pomerania, says the Chicago News. The coolies work for twenty cents a day, and the land owners are enthusiastic, with the result that many Germans who have hitherto refused to emigrate are being forced to do so through lack of work. When the Chinese coolie has extended his grasp a little the Chinese problem of Germany will be the same as ours.

Iron made in Alabama is steadily pushing its way into the markets of the old world, the latest order being 1000 tons for shipment to India, notes the New York Mail and Express. Liverpool, Rotterdam and Genoa have already made liberal purchases of the furnace product of the South, and there is likely to be a still further demand for it in those and other European cities. The unexampled cheapness of production in Alabama and Tennessee is gradually but surely revolutionizing the manufacture of the cheaper grades of pig iron in this country, and the movement in that direction is bound to be greatly accelerated by the rapid development of the foreign demand for our furnace output.

Physicians and scientists agree that hot or fresh bread is much more indigestible than old bread, declares the American Farmer. In Germany there is a law that no bread must be sold before it is a day old. The Americans are credited with making the worst bread in all the world, anyway, and, besides, they consume an inordinate quantity of hot bread, and on the bread question generally, seem to be below the average in civilization. The American bread is soggy and heavy, and has too little crust to be truly hygienic, and, furthermore, the fine white flour has lost much of its nutritive value. All that goes to make teeth and bone and to build up a fine nervous system is bolted from the wheat.

Massachusetts has, according to details of the census of 1895, just made public, 547,385 families, of 2,500,183 persons, an average of 5.47 to the family. This large average is largely due to the fact that all occupants of a hotel, a charitable institution, a penal institution, or other buildings of that sort, are considered as of one family with the proprietor or superintendent, as the case may be, counted as the head of the family. The normal size of a family, in its commonly accepted sense, is a fraction over 3 1/2. The largest average size of the families is in Suffolk County, where it reaches 4.97, and the lowest in Nantucket, where it falls to 3.07. In the cities of the State the average number of rooms to the family is 6.02, and in the towns 7.06. The total number of buildings in the State intended for human occupancy is 428,494, containing 3,693,985 rooms. Each person in the State would have an average of 89,650 square feet of the superficial area of the State to move about in if the property were cut up and distributed pro rata.

A man is nolessly dull when he doesn't know when he is being mad fun of.

A FAMILY STORY

MISS CALAMITY'S WILL.

PRETTY RUBY RENFREW was summoned from school in haste. Her great aunt, wealthy Miss Calamity Crane, was dying.

Ruby, full of love and friendliness for all the world, though a certain wishfulness in the great, hazel eyes told of a want in the young heart.

Miss Calamity had been bountiful, considerate, kind to the girl—never tender. With her large, angular frame, her energy, her courage and iron will, she was more like a man than a woman.

She had given her grand-niece a home, and every advantage in education; she apparently realized nothing was needed beyond this.

Yet, Ruby loved her aunt with a love born of gratitude and respect; she was oppressed with dread and grief now that she approached Silverside, where Miss Calamity lay dying.

The family carriage was waiting for her at the station. "Mrs. Calista would have come to meet you, Miss Ruby," said Barney, the coachman, "but she could not leave Miss Calamity."

For the first time since the letter summoning her to Silverside had reached the seminary, Ruby remembered Mrs. Calista Crane. She had seen the woman first six months previously, when home at vacation.

Mrs. Calista was Miss Calamity's cousin.

She had attended Miss Calamity very closely; animatedly announced her success at "keeping up her spirits," though Miss Calamity had long borne ill-health with great fortitude.

And down the long line of terraces the poplars showed their silver sides. The beautiful mansion of brown granite rose above them.

The massive oaken doors swung on their silver hinges, and Ruby was in Mrs. Calista's arms.

"My dear, you are too late. She has gone!"

A cry of pain broke from the girl's lips. "Aunt Calamity dead!"

But she saw the waxen image which had been her kind aunt, and nearly broke her heart over it.

"Dear child, don't," said Mrs. Silcott, the housekeeper. "Miss Calamity wouldn't like it to have you cry so. Come into my room, dear, and get your poor little feet and hands warm. You're white as a ghost and colder, haunting this chilly room all the time. You can't do that poor woman any good, but you're making yourself sick."

On a lounge before the housekeeper's fire, Ruby heard the account of Miss Calamity's last hours.

"She lived a brave, good life. She's gone to her reward, and she provided for you, Miss Ruby, be sure of that. She set a great deal by you—that I'm sure of. Wait till you hear her will read."

Ruby thought of the future, and her perplexed meditation dried her eyes.

"There's one who hoped to profit by her stay here—that Mrs. Calista," said Mrs. Silcott, after a silence. "Not that she was ever needed at Silverside, or was ever sent for. She just crowded herself in—to serve her own ends, I say. I could have nursed Miss Calamity—she always liked my nursing in days gone by—and I wouldn't have pushed advice on her about her will, either!" added Mrs. Silcott, significantly.

Trembling in her black robes, Ruby gathered with the family, two days later, to hear the will read. Mrs. Calista Crane was also in deepest mourning. The bulk of Miss Calamity's wealth was great. Every servant and dependent was generously remembered, and then—five thousand dollars to Mrs. Calista, ten thousand and Silverside to Ruby, and the vast remainder of bank stock, railroad shares and real estate to John Steele, a nephew of Miss Calamity, whom Ruby had never seen and seldom heard her aunt speak of. Whatever he might be, a dozen fortunes rolled into one had become his, and Mrs. Calista announced that he would soon be at Silverside.

"John Steele—do you know him, Miss Silcott?" asked Ruby, wondering.

"I've seen him, dear, years ago, when you were a child—a nice enough gentleman. But what's willed to him should be yours by right. Miss Calamity would never have done this but for it's being put into her head. John Steele was rich enough before. As for Mrs. Calista, she is pretty well cut up by her legacy. But she hopes to make it up with Mr. Steele's share. Laws?" muttered Mrs. Silcott, "she's been mad after him these ten years."

Her last words were nearly ambiguous to Ruby. All truth and simplicity herself, she was blind to guile to others, and unsuspecting.

Her mind, too, was filled with her loss. By this last kind act of her generous aunt she was mistress of beautiful Silverside, and its income would afford her an ample living—she, who

had come, a homeless child, ten years before, to this good woman.

She wandered about the familiar, strangely-silent rooms, weeping a good deal. Her eyes were red, her cheeks pale, yet she was a sweet, lovable little thing, in her black dress, all the gold hair knotted plainly back, as John Steele came upon her, standing disconsolate upon the hearthrug before the ruddy drawing room fire.

Mrs. Calista was with him, and effusively performed the introduction. And what did this blue-eyed, curly-bearded, pleasant stranger do? Bow formally to pretty little Miss Renfrew, of Silverside? Not at all. He took both her little, cold hands in his warm, strong clasp.

"Why, you poor child!" he said. "Don't grieve so!"

Ruby met the kind yet piercing eyes with a quiver of the lip.

"She was all I had. I have no one now," moaned she.

"I don't know about that," said Mr. Steele.

In all her life Ruby had never seen any one so pleasant and hearty, with such an eye of courage and voice of cheer. All at once she felt friendless no longer.

And Mr. Steele evidently took care that she should not feel so. Soon the glances which rested upon this girl were more than kind—they were tender—and Mrs. Calista saw them.

One morning, Ruby rose with a strange dizziness and ringing in her ears. After an effort made to dress, she was compelled to return to her bed, and Mrs. Calista came to attend her.

"She has taken everything so much to heart, she is worn out," said the woman.

Her words seemed true. Ruby was robbed of all strength. No pain, no disturbance, but a strange languor, in which everything swam before her eyes.

She heard Mr. Steele urge calling a physician, but Mrs. Calista strenuously opposed.

"No—no, indeed! She does not need drugs, but rest and relief from excitement. Leave her to me!"

And Ruby, since she did not suffer, and was so heavy-headed, did not care what was done, since they did not disturb her.

But the languor grew deeper. Day and night were a dream. In this trance she sometimes saw Mrs. Calista turning something from a vial into the glass from which she drank, but she cared not for this, and thought of nothing.

One day she saw John Steele's blue eyes bending over her.

"Darling—my little darling!" he said, tenderly, "what ails you?"

She was conscious of longing to ease the pity and pain in his face, but the strange inertia hung upon her so heavily she could not lift a lid or move a finger.

Then came a long blank, full of strange dreams. Sometimes, in the night, Mrs. Calista held a feather to her lips to see if she breathed. It was long since food had passed them; she only drank from a spoon upon her pillow. And it was always Mrs. Calista who presented it.

She missed the others, yet could not dwell upon the thought of their absence.

But one day a piercing scream penetrated even her dulled ears. Before her eyes struggled two figures. Mrs. Calista held the glass and the vial in her hands. Mrs. Silcott grasped firmly her wrists, and called loudly for help.

"You are poisoning her! It is the truth! I have caught you! Help! help!"

John Steele rushed into the room, and the two combined to restrain the frenzied woman, who struggled madly to dash the vial upon the floor.

But John Steele secured it, and read the label with a blanching cheek. Then he closed his hand upon it, and directing Mrs. Silcott to make no outcry, but send for a physician, closed the door upon the only witness of Mrs. Calista's guilt, and sternly faced the woman alone.

"Why are you poisoning that innocent child?" he demanded.

"You love her, and I had loved you madly for years. I have won your fortune for you. You shall marry me; never her!" was the reply.

"Dreadful, infatuated woman! Mad, indeed!" he cried. "Calista, I could not love you, if you brought me the wealth of the Indies. Horrible, horrible! Oh, if she dies, I will give you over to the law—criminal that you are!"

For a moment he forgot her, and stooped over Ruby's pillow. In that instant Mrs. Calista slipped from the room.

The physician came, and Mrs. Silcott was stationed at the patient's bedside. But Mrs. Calista's work was nearly accomplished. The breath of life fluttered feebly on the girl's lips, threatening at any instant to take its departure. John Steele himself threw wide the windows, letting the strengthening breeze blow over those pale lips, and administered nourishment with his

own hand. They all started when the eyelids quivered and the breast heaved; but it was with life, not death, and the strong man trembled as he turned away, with the murmur, "Thank God!" upon his lips.

All night the physician was in attendance; but at dawn Ruby smiled, and knew them all.

One morning John Steele lifted his head upon his shoulder, bringing a flush to that pale cheek with the tenderest kisses.

"Darling, you are safe now in my care. Tell me, Ruby—could you learn to love me?"

"No," she whispered; "because I have loved you from the first."

By-and-by she asked for "that dreadful woman."

"Gone, my precious. I let her go gladly when I found she had not succeeded in her terrible plan. You would not wish her publicly punished?"

"No," Ruby said.—Saturday Night.

Beginning Life All Over.

According to the latest reports from Kansas, Herbert Spencer, who caused such a sensation last spring, when, it will be remembered, he was discovered by the police wandering about the streets, having completely lost his identity, is still a psychological mystery. Bit by bit Spencer is picking up his old life, but it is all approached from the view point of to-day. There is no recollection of the past involved in the process. Spencer is once more attending the University of Kansas.

In his letter to the Secretary of the university Spencer said that he had been informed that he had once been a member of the freshmen class and he wished to know if he could re-enter without an examination. The answer came that he could, and two weeks ago he started to college. At college Spencer acts as an entirely new student, with the exception that the studies of the first half of the freshman year seem familiar to him. He does not recognize his old teachers.

He was given the seat he occupied when he was there before, but did not know such was the case until some one told him. He had to become acquainted again with the different rooms and passageways. And so it is in going around town and to and from the university. He has to begin all over again, as though he were a child and a stranger, and yet he has the intelligence of a grown-up.—Philadelphia Press.

Domesticating Wild Turkeys.

The turkey is indigenous to America, and was never seen in Europe until imported there, it is consequently the fowl least removed from its wild state, more shy in avoiding close association with men than any other bird. Considering how man treats the turkey about holiday time, it is not surprising that the turkey's domestication proceeds so slowly. In one respect the wandering habit of the turkey is for its advantage, though he may not escape getting it in the neck when his proper time comes. The turkey that wanders, that is, one that is set under a hen turkey, has more vigor and vitality than the turkey set under a common hen. The latter will generally have more turkeys from the same number of eggs, but the weaker ones will die, while the turkeys hatched by a turkey hen will live. This is according to the law of natural selection, the stronger living and the weaker dying. To keep the smaller turkeys for breeding while selling the largest reverses nature's process. It tends to deterioration. Hence every few years breeders who do not understand this principle of breeding have recourse to the original wild stock to reinvigorate their flocks.—Boston Cultivator.

Blushing May Be Hereditary.

It is said in medical books that a predisposition to blushing is frequently hereditary, and in cases where peculiar kinds of blushing are observed a family history of the same habit may be obtained.

All voluntary actions are controlled by the brain. If a man drinks one glass too much, or smokes one cigar too much, the brain is responsible, but blushing is involuntary. It is not even affected by the spinal cord. It is part of the work of the sympathetic nervous system whose centers are huge masses of nerve cells in front of the spine. These centers control the blood pressure and size of the vessels.

If the stomach, for example, is out of order, the nearest "sympathetic" center is affected, and this will frequently transfer influences to the nerve centers, which control the blood vessels in the face, resulting in a red nose, or even a sore throat.—Atlanta Constitution.

Li Hung Chang's Tribute.

The Chungwen gate of Peking is the gate at which the octroi of the capital are collected, and the North China Daily News says that every time Li Hung Chang goes through he is obliged to pay the gateman about \$30,000 in order to be allowed to pass his baggage and costly presents to the court without examination.

Bullet-Proof Animals.

The skin of the whale is from two inches to two feet thick, and the skin of a large specimen weighs thirty tons. The rhinoceros is the thickest-skinned quadruped, with a hide so tough as to resist the claws of the lion or tiger, the sword, or the balls of the old-fashioned musket.

Monument to the Inventor of "Shoddy."

A correspondent of the Leeds (England) Mercury suggests that a memorial be erected to the memory of Benjamin Law, who in 1813 invented "shoddy," or, as he terms it, "that new cloth might be made out of old." Law was a small trader of Batley, Yorkshire.



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Advertisement for Columbia Bicycles. Text includes: "10 times out of 10", "The New York Journal recently offered ten bicycles to the ten winners in a guessing contest, leaving the choice of machine to each.", "STANDARD OF THE WORLD.", "POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn."

Advertisement for Baco-Curo and Revivo. Text includes: "REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY", "Baco-Curo", "FATFOLKS", "WANTED-AN IDEA".