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There are about 2000 persons in France who are set down as Anarchists, and are under the constant watch of the police of the various European countries.

A Spanish mator recently wrote to a London paper to protest against the English habit of denouncing bull fights as cruel. He said the bulls were always killed in a humane manner, and as for the horses, it was a work of compassion to put an end to their existence!

The State of Washington is engaged in the task of reclaiming 1,000,000 acres of desert land within the State limits. In order to render the soil fertile it will be subjected to a thorough process of irrigation. For this purpose a canal 150 miles in length will be constructed within the next few months. Only a part of this immense tract will be irrigated at once and if the plan succeeds, as it no doubt will, it can be very easily extended. At present the land is useless, but when fertilized it will support something like 8500 families.

A curious parallel can be instituted between the President-elect and his predecessor, James K. Polk, notes Moses P. Handy in the New York Mail and Express. McKinley and Polk both sprang from the dominating Scotch Irish race; they both served in their State Legislatures; both entered Congress young, Polk at thirty, McKinley at thirty-four; both served the same length of time, fourteen years, and they were both Chairmen of the Ways and Means Committee, and shaped the revenue policy of their time. Polk became Speaker of the House, and McKinley barely missed it. After retiring from Congress, each became Governor of his State, and thus they had precisely the same legislative and executive experience before being elected to the Presidency.

Sixteen years have elapsed since the famous Lord Beaconsfield passed from the scenes of his earthy career, and yet the great English statesman is still without a biography. In view of the excellent position which Lord Beaconsfield occupied for so many years as Prime Minister of the greatest Nation on earth, it is strange that no one has arisen from among the number of his surviving associates to perform this service to his memory. Aside from doing honor to the illustrious dead, however, it seems that a life of the great leader should be written as a contribution to the history of England. Unless the volume makes its appearance soon many interesting incidents which ought to be incorporated in the story of his life will be overlooked and forgotten. Had d'Israeli been an American, observes the Atlanta Constitution, there would doubtless be in existence at this time no less than a dozen biographies of him, and the fact that England has waited so long to put the narrative of his career into tangible form emphasizes a marked difference between the two countries.

The whale has been described as a large ambiguous animal with no hair all over it; but, according to report, the remains of one have been discovered in the ice fields of Alaska which show traces of pubescence as copious as those displayed by the relics of the Siberian mammoth sometimes found inclosed in icebergs, which have preserved them from primeval ages. The story lacks confirmation, like the one recently put about that a North Pacific whale had swallowed Captain Warren, of Southampton, Long Island, promptly rejected in view of the registered official measurement of the average catcean gullet, showing that it was of insufficient calibre to take in amiable seamen and barely large enough to admit his compass and tobacco box. The anatomy of the animal in Biblical times, according to the record, gave it an ampler receptivity, but modern sentiment is opposed to the idea of making the case of Jonah a precedent, as the testimony of science is opposed to giving the whale a fur overcoat. Both narrations are probably fanciful, belonging in the category of ordinary fish stories, which are intended to amuse rather than convince. Only marines believe them, even when they are decked out in all the signs of plausibility, as those can in no wise said to be.

The State of Illinois has used this year more than 4,000,000 barrels of...

A FAMILY STORY



RAMBLING ROBIN.

Most people called him "Rambling Robin." You could have seen him almost any day walking along with his head hanging down, and his eyes fixed on the ground. Nobody spoke to him, nor did he speak to anybody. His clothes were in rags. He wore no collar. Sometimes a red scarf was fastened round his neck but often than not his neck and chest were bare to the cutting winds. Nobody knew where he came from, and nobody cared. Some said he had been an actor at one time—others that he had been a doctor, while many maintained that he was a man who had gambled away a large fortune. Whatever he might have been, we could all see that he was no common vagrant. I do not know whether the peace and good will which are supposed to come to all men at Christmas time had anything to do with it, but when I passed him one Christmas Eve a few years ago, as I was hurrying off home, a sudden impulse led me to stop. "Will you come home with me and have your supper, Robin?" I said. He stopped and lifted up his head. Poor fellow! I noticed the tears spring to his eyes. Kind words were strangers to him. "My—my supper!" he gasped. "I never have any supper." I quite believed him. In fact, if he had said he never had anything to eat at any time, I should not have contradicted him. "But make an exception to-night," I urged. "Christmas time, you know. People break the ordinary routine of their lives at Christmas. Come along." He made no answer; at least, not with words, but his eyes spoke plainly enough, and, quickening his pace, he strode along together toward my home. At last we reached the house, and my wife opened the door. My little Mabel came toddling to meet me, and as I lifted her up and carried her back on my shoulder, I told my wife I had brought a friend home for supper. Robin and I sat talking together while Annie was getting the meal ready. His face had brightened, and his brilliant conversation confirmed the opinion I had formed of him, that he was a man of culture. Mabel climbed down from my knee, and "Have no little dirt?" she hisped. He stroked her hair gently, and shook his head. "And no mamma?" she asked, looking first at me, and then at the smiling face of my wife. Robin turned his face away. Trust a child for finding the way to a man's heart. "No, no mamma," he replied, after a pause. Mabel sighed, and came across to me. "Is so poor man?" she asked. The intervention of my wife with the information that supper was ready saved me from replying. The meal over, my wife rose to take Mabel to bed, but before she left the room the little girl ran back, and climbing on Robin's knee, kissed him "Dood night." Then Robin and I pulled our chairs to the fire. His eyes were shining. He seemed a different man. I handed him a cigar, and we sat smoking for a while without speaking. "Would you like to hear the history of 'Rambling Robin'?" he asked, bending forward. "If you would, I will tell you the first part. The second part only begins to-night. You shall hear that in a year or two." I did not quite understand him, but I nodded and waited for him to start. "Two lines," he began, "frequently occur to me. You remember them: Who falls from all he knows of bliss, Cares little into want above. They are the truest lines ever written," he said, and he stared into the fire for a time without speaking. "Listen, and I will tell you how I fell. Five years ago I was a young man. Do I look young now?" and he pointed to his sunken cheeks and gray streaked hair. "And yet five years have made the difference. "My name is Robin Alerne. I was living with my father in Scotland, and it was there I met my Flora. I can see her now, as she was the day I first met her. It was a glorious day in June. I had sauntered out with my rod in the morning, and was whipping the stream which ran along the outskirts of the wood, when the sound of sweet music fell on my ear. I turned round and saw a woman. She had not seen me, and as she came along she sang in a voice as sweet and pure as was the singer: Her face is fair, her heart is true, As spotless as she's bonnie, O! The opening gowas, we wif' dew, Nae purer is than Nannie, O! "She was slinging her bonnet on her head, and the sun was playing with her golden hair. Her neck was

bare, its whiteness contrasting with her bonnie, suburban face. "When she saw me she stopped and blushed. Then she threw on her bonnet, and walked on hurriedly. "She was a girl from the neighboring farm. I fell in love with her, and we met in the wood, unknown to any one. Then my father heard. He forbade me to see her, and told me if I disobeyed him he would turn me from the house. "I met Flora the same night, and persuaded her, on that glorious moonlight night, to be my wife. We came south together, and I married her. I was successful in obtaining a clerkship, and after my work at the office was done, my wife would sit in the little chair by my side, while I sat writing at my desk. For I had the gift of writing bits of stories, and often when the night had drawn on, and work was put away, Flora and I would sit talking of the future, of the day when I should be a famous author, and the ordgery of the office should be a thing of the past. "But our happiness was too great to last. The ruses on my darling's face began to fade, and though she tried to smile away my fears, I felt sure she was going to be ill. "Then one night when I came from the office I found her ill in bed. In despair I sat down to write a story, which, if accepted, would enable me to get her away into the country, or to the seaside. I worked at it all night and finished it. Then a week later I received a letter at the office from the editor, telling me that my story had been accepted, enclosing a check, and asking for more stories. "Flora had been growing worse each day, but now, I thought, she would soon be better. I cashed the check and bought some luxuries for her, and, passing a flower shop, I went in and obtained a spray of lilies. They were her favorite flowers. "Then I hurried away home. I could hardly walk fast enough, but at last I reached my little house and entered. I ran upstairs, and threw open her bedroom door. "Flora, I cried. 'Success at last, my darling. You shall go away for a few days now.' "She did not answer me. 'She must be asleep,' I thought, and noiselessly I walked across the room. "I stood over the bed, looking at my sweetheart's lovely face. It was so calm, so beautiful, so pure. There was a sweet smile on her lips, and her hair was hanging down, framing her face in gold. My thoughts wandered back to that day in June, and the words of that song came back to me. "I knelt at the side of the bed, and, placing the spray of lilies in my Flora's little hand, waited in silence, watching and praying—praying that she should soon be restored to health again. "She awoke with a little start. "I am so glad you have come, Robin," she said, as I kissed her. 'I have had such a glorious dream. I was dreaming that you had written a book, and that the world was ringing with your name.' "I interrupted her. "Perhaps that day is not far off, love. See, my story has been accepted, and the editor begs that I will send him some others.' "She did not speak, but the proud look in her eyes told me what her thoughts were. Then she saw the lilies, and she kissed me for them." Robin covered his face with his hands, and a sob shook his frame. He rose from his chair and walked round the room. Then he stopped, and with his face averted he finished his story. "In less than a week she was dead. She died in my arms. I thought she was better, but it was not to be. She was too good to live. We were too happy for this world. Heaven would have had no meaning could we have lived together longer. And when her last breath had gone, I laid her back gently on the bed, and covered her face from my sight. I went on my knees, and cursed—cursed my fate and everything else. "Now, perhaps, you understand my fall. 'Why work,' I thought, 'when I have nobody to work for?' My literary work was neglected. I lost my situation at the office. I have sunk deeper and deeper, until now," he paused awhile, "now I am 'Rambling Robin.' "Then he came across and stood by the fire. "But the innocent prattle of that little child of yours has brought me to my senses. As there is a God above I will make the world ring with my name. Even if I cannot work for my dead Flora, I can work for her memory's sake. And so I will. I start to-night on the second part of my life. In two years I will let you know the result. In two years to-night I will come and see you. Good-by." I pressed him to stop the night, but he would not. I persuaded him, however to take the loan of a few pounds, and as he walked to the door I slipped a note into his hands.

And last Christmas Eve he kept his promise. He came to me, carrying a small parcel under his arm. It was a book—the book of the year. He had written it under a nom de plume. His name is known throughout the English-speaking world, and the book which made his name is dedicated: "To my angei wife and to Mabel."—Tit-Bits.

The Gray Wolf.

The gray wolf, the bane of the cattlemen and flockmaster, appears to multiply and flourish in defiance of the efforts of the hunter and the price set upon his head. Advices from all sections of the range country report that gray wolves are as numerous and destructive as ever. Range riders are witnesses to the fact that the fattest and strongest steers are frequently overcome by these ferocious beasts, while the weak and infirm surrender to their attacks almost without a struggle. The live stock loss of Montana from this source cannot be calculated, but from the nature of the case it must be tremendous.

If this gray wolf menace to the live stock interests of the State is to be successfully coped with, its extermination must be encouraged or assured by a more liberal bounty law than the one now in operation. Professional hunters state that the gray wolf is an exceptionally difficult animal to circumvent; his cunning is remarkable, and his suspicious nature causes him to avoid any locality which his keen senses notify him has been invaded by his human enemy. He is not a gregarious animal, preferring to roam in small bunches, which prevents such a wholesale killing as could be accomplished if a large band should fall within the power of the hunter. He avoids poisoned baits and dead carcasses; he is essentially a beast a prey, preferring fresh meat all the time, and when the pangs of hunger are felt he starts out to find something with warm blood in it.

For these reasons, wolf hunting is an extremely slow and precarious occupation; trapping, chasing and shooting are practically the only methods that produce results, and attractive inducements are necessary to encourage hunters to engage in that work as a means of livelihood.—Beuton River (Montana) Press.

Getting at the Facts.

Scene—The Buncomb County Coroner's Office: First Witness—Yes, I saw the whole affair from the very start. The man what done the shooting was passing down one side of the street, when he seen three men running across vacant lot, trying to get away from him. Then he draws his gun and fires, and that was the end of poor Jim. Nobody said a word during the whole affair.

Second Witness—Yes, I was right there through it all. The man who was shot came running across the street toward Rodgers, who was going along, minding his own business. Somebody yelled "There he goes!" and then Rodgers was hit on the head with a brick and knocked down. He tried to get up, but six fellows were beating him, and pulling out his revolver, he shot, one of the assailants falling dead.

Third Witness—Well, I'll tell you how it was. Rodgers, here, was riding down the street in a top buggy, and pretty soon Bullock, the man who was killed, came along on a bronco. When he caught up to Rodgers the bronco began to buck and there was a bad mixup. The buggy was upset and Bullock was thrown off. Then I heard the report of a pistol, and when the dust had cleared nobody was anywhere to be seen. All the witnesses having been heard, the Coroner flips a penny. "His 'heads,' and the verdict is that deceased came to his death because of a fatal bullet wound in the left breast, the identity of the shooter being as yet unknown."—Cleveland Leader.

Salaries of Consuls.

The highest salary paid in the United States consular service is received by the Consul-General at Havana, Cuba, and is \$6000 a year. The Consuls at London, Paris, Rio de Janeiro, Liverpool, Shanghai, Calcutta, and Hong Kong receive \$5000; at Melbourne, \$4500; at Berlin, Montreal, Yokohama, Panama and Mexico City, \$4000; at Halifax, Vienna, Amoy, Canton, Tientsin, Havre and Callao, \$3500; at the Samoan Islands, Constantinople, Dresden, Guayaquil, Frankfurt, Ottawa, Rome, St. Petersburg, Singapore, Cape Town, St. Gall, Switzerland; Prague, Antwerp, Valparaiso, Colon, Chinkiang, Fuchuan, Hankow, Chungking, Bordeaux, Bremen, Nuremberg, Belfast, Demarara, Glasgow, Kingston, Manchester, Nagasaki, Osaka, Kobe, Vera Cruz, Matanzas, Basie and Montevideo, \$3000. Thirty-one consulates in different parts of the world pay \$2500, and sixty-two pay \$2000 each. The remainder pay \$1500 and \$1000.—Chicago Record.

Where the Money Went.

The vicar of a rural parish, who had waxed eloquent on the subject of foreign missions one Sunday, was surprised on entering the village shop during the week to be greeted with marked coldness by the worthy dame who kept it. On seeking to know the cause the good woman produced a coin from a drawer, and, throwing it down before the vicar, exclaimed: "I marked that holy crown and put it in the plate last Sunday, and here it is back again in my shop. I knowed well them heathens never got the money."

Mushrooms grow in Every Climate.

Mushrooms grow wild in all parts of the earth, and are as plenty in Siberia as in the tropics.—Pittsburg Dispatch.



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