

GEO. W. WAGENSELLER, Editor and Proprietor

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Instruction in English has been added to the curriculum of the public schools of Mexico.

It takes each year 200,000 acres of forest to supply crossings for the railroads of the United States.

A proposition to reorganize forty counties in Western Kansas in four large ones is being agitated in that State.

Iceland, in the North Atlantic; the Isle of Man, between England and Ireland; Pitcairn Island, in the South Pacific, have full woman suffrage.

And now it is claimed that the jawbones of civilized peoples are gradually becoming attenuated, chiefly owing to the prolonged use of knives and forks.

The high hat nuisance in American theatres is completely outdone in Japan. On payment of a small fee an auditor is allowed to stand up during the performance.

Tenant farming in Great Britain is much more general than supposed by many. Out of nearly 33,000,000 acres of cultivated land in '95, nearly 28,000,000 were occupied by tenants.

Not long ago the United States Government was asked to appropriate \$1,000,000 for the suppression of the Russian thistle in the northwest. Now a South Dakota mill owner has offered \$1.50 a ton for all the thistles which may be delivered at his factory. He says it is nearly as good as coal for fuel.

One who has made a study of dyspepsia claims that in a large number of cases the disturbance is due to the use of lard. He suggests the liberal use of beef tallow to the exclusion of all pork fat as a remedy. He says a person who is fond of "grease" can saturate his food in this with no resulting digestive disorder.

A herakle authority in the Saturday Review cruelly says that out of the 231 worthy men who form the London Common Council, only three are legally "gentlemen." This must be a shock to the 228 who are accused of appropriating from old families, with whom they have no connection, the crests, the noble mottoes, and the complicated quarterings which they bear so proudly.

There is nothing slow in Boston's municipal financing. For instance, records the New York Mail and Express, she is building a great subway to cost \$7,000,000, for which she has issued bonds bearing 3 1/2 percent interest, and has already leased the system at a rental that will pay 4 7/8 percent on the investment. If there are any flaws in that sort of financial management they certainly don't show on the surface.

Writing in Scribner's on the subject of ill-advised Sunday-school literature, Miss Agnes Repplier observes, among other things, that nothing is more wholesome for children than dejection, which is especially pernicious when served out to young folks in their literary food. "It is time we admitted," she says, "even into religious fiction, some of the conscious joys of a not altogether miserable world." Miss Repplier instances the case of a little nine-year-old housemaid who was neat, capable and good-tempered, but so perpetually downcast that she threw a cloud over the spirits of all about her. Before long the cause of melancholy was discovered, in the shape of a book purporting to give the experience of a missionary in a larger city. The book was made up of nine separate stories, with titles as follows: "The Infidel," "The Dying Banker," "The Drunkard's Death," "The Miser's Death," "The Hospital," "The Wanderer's Death," "The Dying Shirt Maker," "The Broken Heart," "The Destitute Poor." No wonder the little housemaid had no spirits left after tarrying in such a literary mortuary chapel as that, admits the New York Observer. Children need to have their sympathies trained, as well as their wits, but there is no sense in deluging them with the sorrows of the world. Nothing can make up to a boy or girl for the loss of his happy, exuberant childhood.

A woman is about as sure to lose her intellect as she is to lose her pocket.

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY. We should fill the hours with the sweetest things. If we had but a day; We should drink alone at the purest springs In our upward way; We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour. If the hours were few; We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power To be and to do. We should guide our wayward or wearied wills By the clearest light; We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills If they lay in sight; We should trample the pride and the discontent Beneath our feet; We should take whatever a good God sent With a trust complete. We should waste no moments in weak regret, If the day were but one; If what we remember and what we forget Went out with the sun; We should be from our clamorous selves set free To work or to pray, And to be what the Father would have us be, If we had but a day. —Mary Lowe Dickinson.

LOVE IN A MINOR KEY.

THE inhabitants of Harplestowe had ceased to discuss Hannah Fletcher's questionable position toward her lodger, and any interest attached to her unconventional attitude had quietly fizzled out along with her meagre claims to beauty. When the world had gone well with Hannah, and she had possessed the irritable devotion of an invalid mother and the undivided love of a selfish father, she had worn modestly the good looks which belong to a middle class young woman who enjoys excellent health and a wholesome temperament. Now the light in her abundant hair and her bright color had died for want of vital sustenance, and her rather prominent features had bleached with the unrelenting struggle for existence. A stranger would not trouble to question if her unsympathetic manner was the result or the cause of an unsatisfied existence.

Hannah Fletcher had spent the best years of her youth subduing the passions and emotions which make beautiful woman irresistible, but she had not studied her own ugliness and mastered it as some women do. A plain woman's battle in life is defying her own ugliness. Hannah had fallen into the way of walking like a plain woman, and the world accepted her as such; for the assurance of a beautiful woman enters into her walk as it does into her dressing. Hannah's lodger was, it is true, an "elderly party," so the maid-of-all-work described him, "always mousing about with them chemistry fizzes; 's wonderful clever, but it don't bring in no money, and if it wasn't that Miss Hannah was a bit sweet on him she'd 'ave cleared 'im out along with his rubbishing smells long ago." Hannah was a "bit sweet" on the "elderly party." When her mother and father had died her lodger had not given a thought to the fact that it would be advisable for him to leave his comfortable quarters. Hannah had grown necessary to him in his work, and he had learnt to depend on her, as a man of powerful intellect grows to depend on a practical woman with an intelligent brain who is his daily and hourly companion. Habit is stronger in men than in women. Five or six years had passed since her parents' death, bringing little or no change into Hannah's life. She slaved, and toiled, and pinched for the "elderly party," who was too self-centered to guess at the true extent of her poverty. He was casual about his payments, and she would never remind him. To brighten up her rooms and bring a little pleasure into her day he would now and then go out and bring her home an extravagantly beautiful bunch of flowers, or a pair of palms, and present them to her with a touching enthusiasm for his own generosity and thoughtfulness. Her practical mind would fly with a woman's quickness of thought to the four months' rent which was still unpaid; but only a feeling of tenderness for his eccentricities would come over her, and she hugged to her heart the thought that she could help him in the work by waiting for the overdue rent. He was poor, and his income would have barely covered the modest necessities of his simple life if he had devoted it to them, but "he spends all his money on them messes and inventing things as aren't no use to no one," as Arabella remarked when he overlooked her tip one Christmas Day; "I ain't got no use for the like of his sort." Clothes he never bought, and Hannah, with a beautiful regard for the feelings of the man she loved, stitched and mended and patched, and bit by bit replaced his worn and shabby wardrobe. She was careful never to put into his room any new garment she had made until the ruthless laundress had robbed it of its newness. Then she would substitute it for one which was beyond even her clever needlecraft to mend, and the "elderly party" would put on the new shirt or wear the new socks without the slightest suspicion that the familiar patches and darns were missing. He acted as intellectual food and nourishment to her starved brain, and she became the practical part of his unevenly balanced character, which nature had left wanting. She often argued with herself that their existence together in that house was a proof that purely platonic friendship can exist between a man and a woman

was a false argument, and she knew it, for her love for him (of which he never for a moment suspected) was eating her strength away day by day, and undermining her constitution. She had his undivided attention, and he was fond of her, but the fact that she was a woman, and not much over thirty, had never really forced itself on his mind, and certainly not on his feelings. A man, if he could have made himself as useful and as companionable, could have taken her place.

One day the peace of Hannah's life was broken by the coming of a cousin, an orphan like herself, who had written and asked Hannah to give her a home while she looked for work. Hannah wrote and welcomed her with bitter misgiving at heart. She had to toil night and day to make money to pay for food enough for herself and her lodger. Madeline came, and like a hot wind passing over a sensitive plant, she withered up Hannah's courage. She was young, and the beauty of her animal health was startling. She stood in Hannah's humble parlor in the noontide sunlight, straight as a young palm tree and beautiful in symmetry, a pulsing, tingling piece of flesh and blood, colored like a pale pink penny. Hannah felt herself grow colder as she looked at her. Madeline's eyes were so blue that if you came into the garden and she was there it was her two gemmeters fringed with black that caught your notice, and her childishly perfect teeth closed tight when she laughed, and her passionate lips quivered into smiles. Blue eyes such as Madeline's, and white young teeth alone can make a face provoking to the dullest sensibilities; when she introduced herself (blushing for her own prettiness) to the elderly party he cursed the white teeth in his heart and blamed the beauty of her eyes for he knew not what. And poor Hannah, whose eyes had had color in them once, with a growing numbness at her heart for her own plainness in contrast, followed the pink flower that moved so glibly about the house, giving her the best that lay in her power, maturing at her cousin's beauty, which was after all principally the result of perfect health and a selfish disposition.

Weeks passed into months, and Madeline had planted herself firmly in the house; Hannah could not turn her out, and she never suggested going, and never made any serious attempt to get work. Her orphan and penniless condition served her as a useful means of appealing to the sympathy of the "elderly party." As time went on, Hannah saw less and less of her lodger, her cousin appropriated as her charge his study and laboratory, and it was bitterness and gall to Hannah to see her administer to him all the little attentions which she had been wont to perform, and the last straw was that Madeline talked as if she gave enough help to fully repay Hannah for her room and keep.

Hannah, with her heart smarting at the bitter injustice of things, could not tell her that she was day by day robbing her of all that made life bearable. Madeline had taken to using the "elderly party's" study as her sitting room; it was more attractive than the prim parlor downstairs; and when Hannah was hard at work during the hot August days—days that made her look paler and plainer than ever, her cousin would sit reading a novel in her favorite basket chair, with her feet up on the rungs of another—a pretty picture of ease and comfort. She never forgot to look up at intervals, with a cat-like something in her blue eyes and in her soft, purring voice, and say to her companion, "Don't you wish that Hannah would stop fussing and come and sit down?"

And as, when a woman is particularly busy, a man generally does think she is "fussing" and choosing to do something totally unnecessary, the "elderly party" came to look upon it as quite natural that Madeline should be his hourly companion, and that she should sit in an easy chair while Hannah, hot and weary in mind and body, should toil and strive for them both.

After Madeline had been with them three months Hannah's lodger came into a fortune. It was not a large one, but it would enable him to live in ease and comfort for the rest of his life. When Hannah heard the good news, what she dreaded most did not happen. He did not suggest moving into more luxurious lodgings; he seemed to consider himself a fixture in the old wainscoted room with its cottage window and old oak floor; but he bought more pretty plants and fresh hot house flowers, which Madeline now accepted with a blush and prettiness that sent his blood coursing through his veins.

She knew that she had appealed at first sight to the human passion latent in the scholar, as Hannah had never done. Intellectually she was nothing to him, but for that she did not grieve. As an intellectual companion only, a woman has no actual power over a man's heart; but as a beautiful woman she can use him as it best suits her purpose. Hannah's lodger paid his money in advance now, and she felt as a mother feels when her son grows into manhood and passes out of her care. There was no need now to substitute new skirts for old ones, and the "elderly party" was conferring a favor on her by remaining in his humble lodgings. Her self-sacrifices for her beloved teacher were useless now. She comforted herself with the thought that he never treated Madeline as an intellectual companion, but she knew that he was more a man and less of a scholar when Madeline's blue eyes and bright head were lighting up the corner of his dark study.

One morning when Hannah was ironing, with the table piled high in well bleached lines, the "elderly party" came into the kitchen with Madeline. He walked straight up to where

Hannah stood, with her hot face bent over the steaming shirt, and drew Madeline forward. "Hannah, your cousin has promised to marry me. She is young and beautiful, and I am only a plain scholar, but I will do my best to make her a good husband." As if it had been thrust through her body with the point of a bayonet each word went to Hannah's heart. It ceased beating. Madeline, of course, knew why her cousin had so suddenly fainted, and the poor little bit of triumph made her heart beat quicker, but when she looked up at her lover his face was pale with fear. She saw a look of agony in his eyes as he turned them to her for help, which told her that she did not possess the heart of the scholar so completely as she thought, and the vixen in her was roused.

"Oh, you need not be so alarmed; she has fainted through sheer jealousy."

For one moment she stood transfixed; all that he had been blind to for years was made plain to him now, and in that moment he recognized the heartlessness of the woman he had proposed to only ten minutes ago.

"Are you a woman to tell a woman's secret and make light of it?" Madeline was frightened at the look of scorn and contempt in his eyes, which had always looked at her so gently. She stood at bay, and watched his trembling hands sprinkle Hannah's face with the cold water she had used for sprinkling the linen. It was kept in a small white bowl on the ironing table.

"I've not said anything that the whole village does not know, Arabella included, that Hannah Fletcher has been waiting to marry her lodger for the last ten years."

"Then I'll marry her now. I love her, I tell you." He chafed the pale cheeks, and rubbed the thin hands. "I've always loved her. Oh, what a selfish fool I have been."

"You loved me but ten minutes ago. For a simple scholar you are wonderfully quick at love."

"Ten minutes ago I did not know that it was Hannah I loved as a man ought to love the woman he marries. Your beauty deceived me into believing that I loved you. I had not given a thought to love until you came, I ask your forgiveness."

Tears, which were always ready, came into her blue eyes at the harsh words he had spoken, but she knew that they were true. She had no love for the grave and elderly scholar; he was to be her refuge from work, and she loved ease. She stood for a moment or two and watched returning consciousness quiver over Hannah's pale face, and then she turned to go. "After all, Hannah is growing old, and she has been good to me; I will not rob her of her elderly lover."

A lover was waiting for Madeline half a mile out of the village. It was a provision dealer, and Madeline would have preferred being the wife of a scholar.—The Queen.

Origin of the Marine Band. A naval officer, who has the history of the service at his tongue's end, says that the Marine Band owes its existence to the eccentricities of one Captain McNeil, who was a gallant if peculiar officer of the United States Navy at the beginning of this century. The story goes that Captain McNeil, when in command of the Boston, off the coast of Sicily, engaged a band belonging to a regiment quartered at Messina to play on his ship, and that when it was safely aboard he sailed away with it to America, and so the Marine Band was acquired.

What became of this band is not written, but later, just before the War of 1812, another naval officer of reckless and venturesome spirit, when cruising along the coast of Italy, sent a boat's crew ashore with instructions to impress a band of strolling musicians as American seamen. This was done, and the poor stolen Italians were brought to this country. President Madison failed to appreciate the humor of this escapade and ordered the musicians returned to their own country. They were, accordingly, placed on a man-of-war bound for the Mediterranean, but on the way out this vessel met and captured a British warship, and, having to return with the prize, brought the men back to New York with her. This victory, perhaps, inspired the Italians with an admiration for the service, for it seems they abandoned the idea of returning home, enlisted shortly afterward, and subsequently were formed into the Marine Band. There is no doubt some truth in this story, although it is not much more than a tradition, for the early records of the band show on its rolls the names of thirteen Italian musicians. Its personnel to-day is almost evenly divided between Germans and Italians, but its leaders have been, with one exception, Italians or of Italian descent.—New York Tribune.

High Prices for Reliefs. The book sale at Sotheby's, London, when thirteen signed letters from George Washington to Arthur Young, the agriculturist, dated from 1785 to 1793, on farming in America, were auctioned for \$2350, attracted attention on account of the high prices reached.

Three leaves from Franklin's letter-book, containing copies of eleven letters, addressed to Dr. Rush and others, in Philadelphia and New York, on the canals of America and the slave trade, brought \$10. There was great competition for the first edition of Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler," the size being 5 1/2x3 1/2 inches, in the original sheep binding. It fetched \$2075.—New York Press.

The tiger's strength exceeds that of the lion. Five men can easily hold down a lion, but nine are required to subdue a tiger.

LONDON'S INTELLIGENT HORSE.

Alpha, the most intelligent horse that ever lived, is now being exhibited in London, where his performances have astonished even those who for a lifetime have studied the wisdom of his race. This intelligent animal has a companion named Beta, who is much smaller. Between the two of them they seem to comprehend about the highest intelligence that is to be found in the animal kingdom. The two animals appear upon the stage of the Aquarium, in London, with bells tied to their fetlocks and without the assistance of a prompter or any other adventitious aid, they play "Home, Sweet Home."

Much more surprising than this, however, is the performance of Alpha in drawing a portrait. A coarse pencil is grasped in the teeth of the animal, and Mr. Shaw, who exhibits him, holds a drawing board just under his mouth. Slowly and carefully Alpha proceeds to draw the portrait of Mr. Gladstone.

A more difficult trick is then performed by Alpha, assisted by Beta, his little companion. A target is set up at one end of the stage, and Beta comes out with a gun strapped to her back. Beta



THE HORSE THAT DRAWS PICTURES.

is so much shorter than Alpha that the latter can "sight" the gun over the ears of his companion. The distance fired is over 30 feet, and Alpha almost invariably scores the bull's eye. Alpha can also work out simple sums in arithmetic. The horse is good-natured and tractable, and there appears to be no doubt that he understands what he is doing, and rather enjoys it. We defy any man on earth to do up a package the way a woman does it.

RODE ON A DEER'S ANTLERS.

A Hunter's Exciting and Perilous Venture in California. William M. Stover, a mine owner in Tuolumne County, California, had some experience, recently, that he would wish to repeat for all the wealth in the mountains of the State. While out hunting near the Stanislaus River he shot at a deer that was standing on the crest of a hill. The bullet went straight, and the deer plunged forward and Mr. Stover laid his rifle down and hastened to his fallen game for the purpose of cutting its throat. Just as he reached the deer and leaned over to apply the knife, the animal leaped back at his feet and glared at Mr. Stover.

Instantly the man seized the horns by the horns. This action terrified the buck. He made a plunge, and down the steep sides of Devil's canyon he went, carrying the man with him and his antlers. The deer was making frightened, and Mr. Stover was more scared than the deer. He could not turn loose, and away went man and animal, over rocks, bushes and logs. When near the bottom of the canyon the deer fell against a tree, and before he could get up, Mr. Stover grabbed a large piece of quartz rock and killed the animal by beating it on the head.



A PERILOUS ADVENTURE. Mr. Stover had his clothes badly rent and his face and hands were scratched by the bushes like the results of a scrimmage with wildcats. He is unable to tell how he escaped serious injury while going down the side of a rough hill at a breakneck speed. When the deer was dead, an examination showed that the bullet had struck the square upon the horns near the base, which caused him to fall over in a stunned condition.

Fascinating Hungarians. Princess De Caraman-Chimay's visit with a Hungarian escort to the leader has turned the attention of the away from the similar case of Pallas Perko, who died there the other day. He appeared as conductor of a Hungarian band at the 1880 exhibition, though he was small and ugly, but he had a rich unmarried girl of noble parentage. She took the time to live with her, bought off his wife \$4,000, and spent \$200,000 a year on him, till her relatives stopped her by tainting a counsel judiciaire for her. Still had money enough, however, to enable him to drink himself to death.

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