

GEO. W. WAGENSELLER, Editor and Proprietor

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A movement is on foot in New York City to get rid of the middleman in the coal trade.

Statistics just made show that in Massachusetts, in spite of the advent of the trolley car and the popularity of the bicycle, the number of horses is greater by 3,085 than a year ago.

It is said that more than ninety percent of the railway passengers in England travel third-class. They contribute about eighty-three percent of the receipts. A goodly portion of the remaining seventeen percent, it is safe to say, is contributed by wealthy American tourists, who are conspicuous patrons of the first-class carriage during the summer months.

Some of the people who have a notion of what they mean by the word "evolution" may be surprised to see how closely it agrees with Herbert Spencer's definition, which is as follows: "It is a disintegration of matter and a concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent heterogeneity to a definite, coherent homogeneity, and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation."

Nansen invented the model of the Fram, making her hull round and slippery, like an eel, with no corners or sharp edges for the ice to seize upon. She is the strongest vessel ever used in Arctic exploration. He said that pressure would simply lift her on the ice, and so her bottom, near the keel, was made almost flat in order that she might not capsize while on the ice surface, and her screw and rudder were also ingeniously protected. The many experts who said her design would not save the Fram from instant destruction were mistaken, for she met these resistless ice pressures, and they merely lifted her out of her cradle, and she rested safely on the surface.

In spite of the adverse conditions which have prevailed during the last few years it is gratifying to observe that the progress of electric science has not been in the least interrupted. This statement applies with special force to electric railways. In 1887 there were only thirteen of these railways in the United States, with barely a hundred cars. Since that time, however, the progress made in this department of enterprise has been such that in 1895 there were no less than 850 electric roads in this country, operating over 9,000 miles of track and 23,000 cars and representing a capital of \$400,000,000. At the present time, however, a still greater activity is to be observed. From recent reports there are 1,000 different lines in the United States, including a mileage of 13,000 miles and operating 30,000 cars. In 1896 alone something like 1,900 miles of track were laid, representing an additional capital of \$35,000,000. In other lines the progress which electricity has made during the last few years has been no less marked, but the above figures will suffice to indicate the measure of activity.

A woman with a history died recently in San Francisco, Cal. She was Miss Julia Spaulding, who reached the great age of ninety-seven years. She was a washerwoman in the early days, who trusted her savings, which amounted to several thousand dollars, to Meiggs, a shipping merchant and banker. Meiggs got into difficulties and one day fled to Chili on one of his ships, leaving an army of mourning creditors behind. After several years she discovered that Meiggs had made a great fortune in Peru, so she set off for Callao, called on Meiggs and demanded what he owed her with full interest. He received her like a princess, entertained her lavishly, and sent her home with all her demands paid in full. She shrewdly invested in San Francisco real estate, which brought her in a good income. Her example induced others to apply to Meiggs. In time he paid all his creditors, and his friends had a bill passed by the state legislature giving him immunity for his crime, committed over forty years ago. Meiggs' discovery in another land and his voluntary payment of all his old debts forms one of the most curious episodes of pioneer life in California.

William McKinley, Garret Hobart and Hanna are the names of triplets recently born to Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Hard of Anderson, Ind.

OLD MEMORIES.

Strong in my heart old memories awake, To-night! Live on my lips dead kisses burr; Hot to my eyes wept tears return; Forgotten throbs my pulses shake, To-night! Love is avenged—my buried love— To-night! The weakling Present slips away; The giant Past alone has sway— Potential as the gods above— To-night!

And let him reign! I'll hold my soul, To-night! In grand fleet to this mighty Past, In false allegiance off I cast— Deny the Present's petty toll, To-night! Take loyally, great Past, my king, To-night! To-morrow's sun may thee unthroned; But eyes, lips, heart—all that I own Of treasure—I before thee fling, To-night!

—Household Words.

MRS. ELWOOD'S GOVERNESS

BY JENNY WREN.



WHEN first Edith Loring realized the sad truth that she was orphaned, that the father who had lavished upon her all that wealth could yield had died a bankrupt at an unexpected crisis in the financial world, the double shock seemed more than she could bear. For a time it paralyzed her energies, but when at last the dread question, "What should she do?" was put before her in all its unvarnished plainness, pride and her own strength of will came to her rescue, and she answered, brushing the tears from her bright eyes and holding erect the regal head: "Anything rather than live dependent upon others. I will work."

Then, when the weary days merged into weeks and months, and she finally sought and obtained a position as governess in Mrs. Elwood's family, and bade farewell to her old home, where she had spent so many happy hours to enter upon the threshold of her new life, it seemed as though a hand of iron had grasped her heart and clutched it in a vise. She lived two lives—an outer life, in which her sweet voice never wavered, and where she wore a smile whose hollowness the children, her little charges, could not fathom; and an inner life, which sometimes grew to such agony that almost it betrayed her; but the tears rarely rose beyond the fountain-head. And though at times the crown of thorns she daily wore pressed hard upon the tired young brow, she carried it unflinchingly. At first, as the days brought each their fresh burden and every hour seemed to give birth to some new and harder duty, a hope, unbidden, shone ever through the darkest clouds that Douglas Rallings would release her ere her thralldom became unbearable. In bygone days, though no positive engagement bound them, his words, his every act were unmistakably the words and acts of a lover. At her father's death she had heard nothing from him, but each day some fragrant flowers had been sent her, which she felt assured could come only from him.

Then followed the announcement of her loss of fortune, and from that day she had heard nothing of the recreant save the news which came to her through others that he had sailed for Europe. Not even this did she learn until weeks had passed, and then she bade farewell to the hope which had served to buoy her through these many trials, and wrapping herself in a mantle of icy reserve, piled high the sod upon a grave within her heart, nor shed one tear to keep its memory green. It is winter to her, within as well as without, and as now and then, glancing from the window, she sees the handsome sleighs, with their merry occupants, dash past, she wonders could it be she who, one short year ago, revelled like these, the gayest of the gay?

"Miss Loring," a sweet, childish voice cries, interrupting her reverie, "mamma says will you not join us in a ride? There is a vacant seat in the sleigh, and she should be very glad to have you fill it." "Certainly, dear; I will be there in a moment," and, rising to her feet, she donned her outer wraps and hastened to meet Mrs. Elwood in the hall below. Before the door stood two sleighs, one that belonged to her hostess, the other a beautiful little cutter, with a pair of prancing steeds, held by a groom in full livery, while in the drawing-room sat its owner, waiting for Miss Elwood, the daughter of the house, who had this winter made her debut in society. Edith, unconscious of any one's presence, ran hastily into the room to see if Mrs. Elwood awaited her, and for a moment the blood surged up in a glad tide, for there before the open fireplace stood Douglas Rallings, alone. He had come then at last; but her outstretched hand drops to her side, her look of happy surprise vanishes, as she reads in his face only utter amazement at her sudden apparition. In a moment she realizes it is not she whom he seeks. "Pardon me, Mr. Rallings. I thought the drawing-room deserted, or expected to find only Mrs. Elwood. I imagined you were abroad." "I returned only last week, and this is a most welcome surprise. May I not tell you how very glad I am to find you? Are you visiting Mrs. Elwood?" "I am residing here permanently, as Mrs. Elwood's governess. Good morning."

"Stay, Edith; why are you so cold? Let me be your friend—do something, anything, to lighten your burden." "Thank you. My own shoulders are sufficiently broad to bear any burden laid upon them. Once more, good morning," and in another moment Edith stepped into the sleigh beside Mrs. Elwood, and was whirled from her sight. As he turns a moment later to meet Miss Elwood, there is a perplexed look in his face which he

can scarcely hide in the smile of welcome he so well knows how to assume. But she detects nothing beyond the seeming delight which he can so well express in courteous words; and springing lightly into the sleigh by his side, as the groom releases the horses and they speed off as an arrow sent from his bow, she feels only honored by his preference and his companionship.

Two days later a little note is placed in Edith Loring's hands. It is a polite invitation from Mr. Rallings to accompany him that afternoon to drive, which she as politely and formally declines. Occasionally she hears his name mentioned in the household; learns that his attentions to Miss Elwood are growing marked; sees the happy flush mount to her brow at mention of his name, and wonders at the icy indifference with which she hears it all. Sometimes for a moment the old pain throbs and surges, but she bravely fights it back and comes forth conqueror.

In all these months she rarely meets him. Once, as she is passing through the hall with her little charges, she unexpectedly confronts him. In his old, winning way—a manner which she has learned so well—he asked her once more to let him be her friend. "At least, Edith, let me explain." "Explain, Mr. Rallings? I cannot understand, sir, what explanation is necessary. Allow me to assure you I consider none due me."

This is all that passed between them until one morning, when Mrs. Elwood has given her a holiday and she has taken advantage of it for a quiet walk, she hears behind her a quick tread, and in another moment Mr. Rallings had accosted her. "This is a most unexpected pleasure, Miss Edith. Will you allow me to join you?"

"I came out, Mr. Rallings, to be alone, and I should prefer it." "Edith, listen to me; I must speak. Why do you avoid me? When I left this country for Europe I wrote you a little note, explaining why I was called away, leaving you my address and begging you to write to me. No letter reached me, and on my return I heard of your added misfortunes. I could hear nothing more. When I found you at last, so bravely earning your own support, it gave me a new respect for you. I know full well how little worthy I am to ask a favor at your hand, but at least let me try to win back some of the friendly feeling I feel assured you once gave me."

"That I will not deny, Mr. Rallings; nor will I deny that, for a time, I missed my friend; but I have so schooled myself that that feeling has grown into callousness. The rose, once blighted, cannot reblossom; the heart once trampled upon bears the cruel impress forever. I have learned at least contentment, and let me beg that this shall be our last interview."

"Have you indeed grown so hard, Edith? When I knew that you had lost everything, and was dependent solely upon the labor of your own brain and hands, I longed, darling, oh, so earnestly, to say to you: 'Come to me. Let me share your burden, or lighten it all I can.' You have judged me cruelly, Edith. I am not so base as you imagine. I have enough for both. Let me try to win back at least a little of the old feeling, with the hope that at a later day I may plead with you to be my wife."

For a moment Edith wavered. There was a ring of truth in his words she could not recognize. But was he not, in thus addressing her, playing false with Miss Elwood? How foolish for her to listen to his idle words.

"Let the dead past bury its dead, Mr. Rallings," she answered at last. "Too many changes have taken place for us ever again to be the same to each other. Words are very empty things, and though you have learned their fullest power, you are no longer addressing the girl who, one short year ago, thought all the world was true. Can you think that I, living in the house with Miss Elwood, can be ignorant of the attentions you have paid her? Nay, do not attribute this to personal feeling, for, believe me, it is a matter of indifference, save that your conduct is unworthy a gentleman."

"In visiting Miss Elwood, if I have erred, it has been through my love for you. I have gone there hoping to see you, yearning for the knowledge that you were well at least, and longing to break through the crust of ice in which you inhaled yourself. I admire Miss Elwood only as a friend, and do not for one moment flatter myself she entertained a different feeling toward me. This is folly, dear. Look at me once, Edith, with your old, frank gaze, and if my eyes speak falsehood, banish me forever."

"It is hopeless, Mr. Rallings. I have ceased to care for you. If I did not know how small a matter it was to you I should say, 'I am sorry,' but in the long months when a friendly word would have been, oh! so welcome, only silence met me; and if, as you say, a mantle of ice in folds me, it is because I have so long lived banished from the

sun that its rays can no longer penetrate the frozen interior. It is best so."

"You call it best, then—best that the heart, once so warm and true, should become an iceberg; best that your faith should be converted into skepticism, your belief into unbelief. Rent happy in your creed, then, Miss Loring, but take care lest you do not wreck yourself against the sharp rocks of suspicion."

Six months later, Edith Loring, sitting in her school room, is interrupted by Miss Elwood. "Oh, Miss Loring," she says, "Mr. Rallings has been thrown from his horse and badly injured. They fear he will not live. Is it not sad?" "Very sad," was the quiet reply, but as she spoke the words the ice seemed breaking from her heart, and she fell fainting to the floor.

During all these months she had scarcely heard Douglas Rallings's name, and, to her surprise, his absence from the household had been but casually mentioned; and Miss Elwood, in her daily round of pleasure, seemed to have no time to note that such was the case. His words were true, then, when he told her he had been to her only as a friend. Could it be that it was she who had honored him, and not he her!

When consciousness returned, and with it the memory of their last meeting, her coldness and indifference, his earnest, loving words, she knew she had deceived herself, and the love she supposed buried beyond resurrection was deeper, truer, more intense than before it had been tried by fire. Poor child! She was weary of the fight, and now she could never tell him that she owned herself worsted in the battle. But one evening a few weeks later his card is put into her hand. She has learned ere this of his recovery, but she is amazed when she goes forward to welcome him to see what an impress his illness has left upon him. Pale and worn, he stands before her with outstretched hands, but it is with the old tone he speaks. "Little one, I came to find my wife. Is she here?"

Her answer was not word-spoken, but with her fair head pillowed on his breast, he needed none; and when, two months later, he claimed his wife, Miss Elwood stood with her at the altar as her chosen friend.—New York Ledger.

A Wondrous Waterfall.

The Olympic Mountains have produced another attraction, the beauty of which is not excited on the western slope. What is said to be a grand waterfall coming from the snow-capped peaks above the clouds over a bluff, falling a perpendicular distance of over 1000 feet and disappearing in the bosom of a beautiful plain, has just been discovered near Lake Crescent by two ranchmen. Their description of the scene would exceed anything of similar character in the Yellowstone Park.

From the snow on the crests of the Olympics, where white men have never visited, comes a little stream, which rapidly grows in volume until it reaches the edge of a perpendicular cliff overlooking a beautiful plateau of 300 acres a thousand feet below. For centuries the water has poured over the precipice until it has cut a smooth passage, something like a large pipe split in half, in the side of the mountain. Here and there it strikes an obstruction, and out of the mountain's side spurt other falls. Standing alongside of the cliff a short distance away the scene is beautiful and looks as though there were half a dozen rivers bursting out of the mountain.

The huge volume of water disappears in a wild-looking cavern, and becomes an underground river. It flows beneath the plateau for a distance of two miles, and then again bursts out of its imprisonment in the shape of an oval bridal veil, and dashes over the rocks and cataracts down to Lake Sutherland and out to sea.

The country is very rough, wild and hard to penetrate. There is an abundance of wild game isolated around the falls. The discoverers of the falls killed nine elk in half an hour and said there were 100 more in sight.—Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer.

Firing Under Water.

A stage was erected in the harbor at Portsmouth within the tide mark; on this an Armstrong gun of the 110 pound pattern was mounted. The gun was then loaded and carefully aimed at a target while the tide was low.

The target itself was placed only twenty-five feet from the muzzle of the gun. It was composed of oak beams and planks, and was twenty-one inches thick. In order to make the Griper invulnerable, a sheet of boiler plates three inches thick was riveted to the water logged hull in direct range with the course the ball was expected to take if not deflected by the water.

On all of these—the oaken target, the boiler plates, and the old vessel's hull—the effect of the shot from the submerged gun was really startling. The wooden target was pierced through and through, the boiler iron target was broken into pieces, and driven into its "backing," the ball passing right out through both sides of the vessel making two huge holes, through which the water poured in torrents. Taken altogether, the experiment was an entire success.

Tiniest Shears Ever Made.

A clever workman in a cutlery factory in Sheffield, England, has recently made a dozen pairs of shears each so minute that they all together weigh less than half a grain. That is about the weight of a postage stamp. Each pair was perfect, and would cut if sufficiently delicate material could be found. Lying on a piece of white paper, they seemed no larger than fleas.—New York World.

CURIOS FACTS.

The date, which has been successfully cultivated in Arizona, needs little water, and will thrive where the cacti grow.

At a recent meeting of Montana woolgrowers it was decided to form a stock company to sell their wool on the co-operative plan.

The Chicago Historical Society has been enriched by the acquisition of forty-six bound volumes of early Chicago newspapers, published between 1835 and 1862.

The new naval barracks, which the British government is about to erect at Portsmouth, will be the biggest thing of the kind in the empire. The building alone is to cost \$3,000,000.

There are forests of leafless trees in some parts of Australia. They respire, so to say, through a little stem, apparently answering the purpose of a leaf. The tree is known as "the leafless acacia."

An Italian peddler from whom a New York policeman demanded a license, showed confidently a certificate of discharge from Sing Sing prison, which he said he bought, believing it was a license.

A frog makes his home in the wheel pit of the engine room at F. W. Hunt's tannery at Island Falls, Me., and comes up from below only before a rain storm. He is honored as a prophet in the tanners' country.

At an auction sale of postage stamps in Chicago recently a reprint set of thirteen United States stamps of the 1872 issue brought \$430. Other sales were: Baltimore local stamp, used before the Government stamps were first issued, \$250; St. Louis green local stamp, same price; St. Louis lilac local stamp, also same price.

While the head of the house was sleeping with a gun under his pillow at Mobile, Ala., and his family were also enjoying the sleep of the just, burglars entered, cooked a meal in the kitchen, and ate it in the dining-room, ransacked the house, took everything portable of value, and escaped without disturbing any one.

An interesting discovery has just been made at Woking, England, by some workmen engaged in excavating earth for the purpose of laying out a lawn tennis court. A brick kiln, between six and seven feet in diameter, was unearthed, and was found to contain several pieces of pottery which, with the kiln, are believed to date from the Roman period.

Kicked the Wrong Chap.

She is his "really" girl and lives in Jefferson avenue. He called on a certain forenoon to arrange for a joint social engagement. A January rain was turned on by the weather department while he was there, and he felt justified in accepting an invitation to lunch.

It so happened that she and her father were running things on a sort of catch-as-catch-can system, while the rest of the family were away for a few days' visit, and the larder was not reliable as to needed supplies.

"Now, papa," she said to him impressively, "these two pieces of pumpkin pie are all we have. I'll not take any, and don't you say anything more after you and Charley have each had a piece. He'll think the omission is just carelessness on our part."

But all of poor papa's mental energies were concentrated on a knotty business proposition and he didn't know they had pie till it came time to eat it.

"This is the only pie for winter use," he declared as his piece rapidly vanished. "You can have all your pastries and knick-knacks, but give me the good old pumpkin pie for cold weather. You'll have another piece, young man. Plenty more where this came from and you can't eat enough to hurt you."

Charlie evidently started to accept, but his countenance suddenly changed and he could not be induced to have more. When he was gone she went at the pater with flashing eyes: "What did you mean, papa, insisting as you did, after I told you that was all the pie we had, and me kicking you under the table as fast and hard as I could?"

"Why, child, you weren't kicking me."

Then she staggered to the lounge and wailed for smelling salts.—Detroit Free Press.

The Papal Army.

The Pope's army is divided into five separate bodies—the Noble Guard, the Swiss Guard, the Palatine Guard, the gendarmes and the fire brigade. The Noble Guard is composed of fifty young members of the Roman nobility. The Swiss Guard is 100 strong, and the men are selected for their youth and strength. They guard the doors and entrances of the Vatican. The Palatine Guard is raised from among the citizens of Rome, and is only called out on special occasions. The gendarmes number 100, and are recruited from ex-soldiers of the Italian army, specially recommended by Italian bishops for their religious fidelity and fervor. The firemen number thirty, and are always in the Vatican. The Pope's army has its special daily journal, the Fedelta Cattolica.—New York Mail and Express.

A Dishonest Beadle.

British institutions have received a severe shock by the conviction of a beadle of the Bank of England of larceny. He had been thirteen years in the service of the bank, and was employed regularly at the banquets of the lord mayor and the city companies, where he flished plate undetected. Unfortunately he stooped to stealing from the army and navy stores, when he was caught, and the treasure of plate he had collected during nine years from sixteen companies was discovered.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS.

TOPIC FOR SUNDAY, MAR. 22. Luke ix. 18-26, 31-32

Mar. 22. Like Paul's. Acts xxi. 7-14. Mar. 23. Like David's. 1 Sam. xvii. 17-48. Mar. 24. Like Caleb's. Josh. v. 14. Mar. 25. Like Hesekiah's. 2 Chron. xxxii. 1-8. Mar. 26. Like Nehemiah's. Neh. vi. 1-14. Mar. 27. Like Christ's. Mark x. 32-45.

SCRIPTURE VERSES.—Prov. xvi. 7. Luke xxi. 36; Rom. viii. 18, 28; xiv. 8. Cor. x. 4. Eph. vi. 10, 11; 1 Thes. v. 13; 1 Tim. iii. 16. Tit. ii. 11, 12; 1 Peter iii. 15.

LESSON THOUGHTS. Christian heroism is not reckless, thoughtless boldness, but a brave willingness to face danger, privation, suffering, and sacrifice, after a careful consideration of the cost. Christian heroism is constant, not intermittent. It is a life-long struggle, kept up without flinching against the powers of selfishness and sin. There may be occasional defeats, but the Christian hero will rise to the might of the Spirit, to battle with the renewed energy and boldness, against the full powers of darkness.

COURAGE IS A TRAIT ALWAYS ASKED OF before he is enrolled among the great. The courage of the battlefield. The courage of the Christian hero is more than that, and that ruling the spirit is better than taking a city. Though often very tardily, the world has crowded as the truest men those that have braved and scorned even the charge of cowardice, for the sake of a righteous cause. Strength and beauty should be the characteristics, not only of God's heroes, but of God's people. Young men are too apt to be ashamed of confessing Christ openly before men, under the fear that they would be regarded as destitute of manliness. It is most necessary that we should add to our faith courage, fortitude. Our faith should be manifested as it was in the Christian hero, a victorious strength which is able to overcome the world, which fears the Lord and knows no other.

Selfishness leads to courage, and courage would long command admiration. The purpose that prompted it were noble. Resolute following of a chosen course, in spite of all obstacles, is branded as obstinacy and because, unless the motive be a noble one. To be praised for it, courage and selfishness both must spring from noble motives.

CHRISTIAN LIFE IS SUPERNATURAL. Since our spirits are the breath of God within us; since they can be only renewed by the spirit of God; since we can only walk in the spirit when we are in Christ; so are a new creation; therefore we may truly say that the life of the Christian is a supernatural life. It could not be lived at all by virtue of that supernatural change, the blessed resurrection, that new life which draw from union with Christ, from a new vine branch drawn only from the true purple fruitfulness.—E. W. Farrar.

To rest from weary work one day in seven. One day to turn our backs on the world. Its soil wash from us, and write our names in heaven. Whereto we daily climb, but speedily buried. Down to the deep of human pride and sin. Help me, ye powers celestial, to overcome. Ah, let me catch one little glimpse with The heavenly city, lest my spirit die.—W. W. Alden.

An exchange tells this dog story. A dependent of Trimble, Tenn., taught his pup to remain in the yard by pushing when it went outside. The pup took the lions to heart, and one day when it was family cat go across the street and sit it ran over, caught the cat by the neck and brought it home.

Ben Hogan, the retired pugilist, is conducting a mission in Chicago, where he feeds from 1,900 to 1,800 persons a day.

MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods like Wheat, Corn, Oats, Flour, etc. Columns include item names and prices.

Table with market prices for Dairy Products like Butter, Eggs, etc. Columns include item names and prices.

Table with market prices for Fruits and Vegetables like Apples, Beans, Potatoes, etc. Columns include item names and prices.

Table with market prices for Poultry, Eggs, etc. Columns include item names and prices.

Table with market prices for Flour, Wheat, etc. Columns include item names and prices.

Table with market prices for Philadelphia Flour, etc. Columns include item names and prices.

Table with market prices for New York Flour, etc. Columns include item names and prices.

Table with market prices for Live Stock like Cattle, Hogs, etc. Columns include item names and prices.

Table with market prices for various types of wool. Columns include item names and prices.