

GEO. W. WAGENSELLER, Editor and Proprietor

MIDDLEBURGH, PA., APRIL 1, 1897.

France is in trouble because her population is not increasing.

Europe has four times as many cities as it had in 1831, and the United States fourteen times as many.

M. Chaille Bert, son of Paul Bert, is making an effort to have the French government send wives to the settlers in its colonies.

If the data furnished by the Publishers' Weekly can be relied upon, there were 5,101 new books published in the United States last year, of which 1,050, or more than one-fifth of the entire number, were books of fiction.

The cry against the large theatre hat has reached Australia. The men of those antipodean regions are holding meetings denouncing it.

A New York paper, after careful investigation, fixes upon \$25,000 a year as "the amount that is absolutely necessary to dress a fashionable woman in a satisfactory manner and make her happy."

A university professor has testified in a damage suit that the popular impression that a rushing express train creates a suction calculated to draw under the wheels a careless bystander is erroneous.

Man's limitations in space are not inspiring. Vast as are the distances perceived, in no direct line can he travel more than 25,000 miles, and his north and south excursions exceed 10,000 miles.

A special report on the statistics of occupations has been made by Carroll D. Wright of the United States Census Bureau.

There were 22,735,661 persons ten years of age and over who were engaged in gainful occupations in 1890, of whom 18,821,090 were males and 3,914,571 were females.

Every woman looks upon herself as an aut. and is indignant with some man because of his admiration for but-terflies.

THE MEN WHO LOSE.

Here's to the men who lose! What though their work be ever so nobly planned. And watched with zealous care, No glorious halo crowns their efforts grand; Contempt is failure's share.

An Unusual Burglary.

PEOPLE are decrying the sophisticated state of the country, and by people I mean writers in particular.

Such were my thoughts as I alighted from my wheel at nightfall, one cold autumnal day, and rapped (there was no bell) at the door of a low-browed cottage.

Presently an old lady came to the door. Her comfortable, rotund form and mild blue eye but decided chin impressed me with instant respect.

"Do you ever keep travelers over night?" I inquired after a decent interval had elapsed.

"We do and we don't," she replied; "but you can stay in welcome. Sit up and eat with me if you hain't had no supper."

"I haven't," was my reply; and presently the old lady and I were discussing her homely but toothsome supper, and doing it ample justice in the way of testing its qualities; at least I did.

"My husband has gone to town," remarked my hostess, "and if you hadn't come I should a ben here all alone to-night."

"Would you have been afraid to spend the night alone?" "Oh, no! But to-night I feel different, for, you see, at last we're ready to lift the mortgage."

"Oh, no!" she said, laughing pleasantly, "I know an honest man when I see him, and I was glad the minute I see your face and knowed that you wanted to stay all night."

"They are Jameses," she said, "or will be when husband and I are done with them. James is my nephew, and he's out to China now."

"Mr. Bradley, you look zif you daughter be to bed. I'll light you up." Ascending the short flight of stairs, I learned that my room was exactly over the old lady's "settin'" room.

Evidently the first word had roused me, for as I sat up in bed, wide awake in an instant, I heard the old lady say in a matter-of-fact tone—

"Good-evenin'. Set up to the stove and warm ye."

"That's so, I be. You shall have that money back if I live, old lady, and 'nrest too, I promise ye. I feel like a man ag'in, and it's you that made me."

"Well, here's your note. I've wrote it to pay in a year's time, if that will do."

"It's terrible cold out for a fall night, ain't it?" "Yes, it is," said the man.

"Wall, jest set here by the stove while I set the teapot for 'ard and git you somethin' kinder warmin'. Mebbe you're hungry, too," she added.

"I want a week," I hain't washed for a week," he replied. "I want a week! Ben trav'lin' and hain't had no chance, most like."

"I'll use the com'ny soap," said the man with a sardonic laugh. And then he sat down to the table. He must have eaten ravenously, for where I sat I could see his elbows working rapidly.

"I want a week!" And rising, his hostess brought from the pantry a plate of cold meat and set it before him.

"How do you know I've got any there?" she asked, without a quaver in her voice.

"I see you pack it away just before your husband left. Then I crept into the cellar when you went to see him off, and here I be come for it. I've ben hid there six hours. Come, hustle round, old lady, and fetch it out, or I shall have to git it myself."

"I know better." "Know better?" "Yes, I know you ain't no seck kind of a man as to steal from an old woman like me. You are too much of a man."

"I be, be I? Wall, I guess not! You won't never miss it, and it would be the making of me."

"How long you s'pose me and Josiah's ben gittin' that together to lift the mortgage?" "I don't know. Ain't your piece paid for?"

"No, and we've ben twenty years a scrapin' together two hundred and thirty-three dollars and one cent. You see Josiah's lame and can't earn much, and I ain't so smart as I was once, and we haf to live. The times got hard, jest the wrong time for us."

"Why don't they help you?" "They're jest beginnin' to do for themselves, and we don't want 'em to. James is in China, Eben's workin' his way through college, Philaster's clerkin' down to the Corner, and Horace's jest married and come in but for a little place of his own. Can't you get no work?"

"No, I can't. I've tried for weeks, and tramped miles; but nobody wants a tramp when there's them they know ready to work."

"That's so. I see how 'tis. I wish I could do for you, but I don't see how I can. I s'pose I might lend you our seck money?" "Seck money?"

"Yes, we've always kept laid away fifty dollars to bury us with, which ever goes first, Josiah or me; but we don't like to speak it right out, and so we call it 'seck money.' I could lend you that."

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A POISON FACTORY.

ONE OF THE STRANGEST ESTABLISHMENTS IN THE WORLD.

It is Dangerous Even to Use the Power of Smelling-Workmen's Horrible Longing—Intoxicating Effects of Ether Swallowing.

PACKED away behind a wilderness of gigantic warehouses and tumble-down tenements in a remote suburb of South London is one of the strangest establishments in the world.

The massive gates leading to this strange establishment are locked and jealously guarded, for inside them lurk danger and death to the unwary trespasser.

"Why!" she said, starting to her feet in alarm at my entrance, "I clean forgot there was anybuddy in the house but me."

"No, I pitied the poor cretur' so! He'll pay it back if he can, and if not it'll be jest another orphan we've helped. Most like bein' so old, both of us up 'ard of seventy, we shan't do for no more as we have done, and we shall git buried some way."

"You needn't think nothin' about it. I've saved the mortgage money and given a man a lift on the road to heaven, and I'd oughter be satisfied. I be satisfied," she said fervently.

"And you have reason to be," I said. "We did not go to bed, either of us, and in the morning I returned to the city."

"Next to anhydrous acid," remarked the proprietor of the works in question, while piloting the writer around the factory one day recently, "the most deadly stuff we make is cyanide of potassium."

"While we were conversing we had entered one of the workrooms, where a number of men were engaged round a sort of gigantic witch's cauldron, containing over a hundredweight of molten cyanide."

"It looks good enough to eat," I remarked jokingly. "Ah," replied my guide, gravely, "that is just one of the dangers we have to guard against."

"Extremes in the weather," remarked a druggist who handles a large line of thermometers, "either in cold or heat create a run on thermometers."

"Cause a Run on Thermometers." "Extremes in the weather," remarked a druggist who handles a large line of thermometers.

"The interest! I didn't ask you to interest." "But I mean to pay it."

"I do not know whether he ever heard that I was in the house that night or not. It doesn't matter. I saw him several times afterward, and he seemed both prosperous and honest."

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pipes and reports, resembles an 'old-fashioned' laboratory.

Of course, not all the products of this weird factory are poisonous. Neither are all the smells unwholesome, nor all the sights uncanny.

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