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It is reported that the Cuban Junta has issued and sold in the United States and Europe between \$15,000,000 and \$20,000,000 of Cuban Republican bonds.

There was a large increase last year in the farm produce imported into England. The increase in butter alone is estimated at over a million sterling, and of cheese at a quarter of that sum.

In the last fifteen years about \$350,000,000 has been invested in 2,750 electric light central stations in the United States, and during the same period some \$250,000,000 has been invested in about 8,000 isolated plants. This shows the enormous development of the electric lighting business.

The Malagasy language is to be added to those taught at the National school of Oriental languages at Paris. Professor Aristide Marre will be the instructor. He is the author of several books on Malagasy subjects, and commentaries on certain of the native works. It is expected that men will be trained under him to act as teachers in Madagascar, where the French administration requires the French language to be used by natives in the public service. Already a large number of pupils have been entered for Professor Marre's courses.

German locomotives, according to the conclusions of a commission of expert engineers recently assembled in Berlin, are vastly inferior to those built in America, and the result of this decision will probably be the importation of locomotives from the United States. The opinion of the Germans in this matter agrees with that of engineers in other countries where American locomotives have had a fair trial, declares the New York Mail and Express, and the exports from the machine shops in the United States indicate an increasing use of their appliances on railroads in every part of the world. The Germans are so reluctant to approve of American machinery of any kind that this indorsement of our locomotives is a concession of vast importance.

Japanese enterprise has developed into an interesting and profitable form of trickery in India, where large quantities of paraffine candles, pencils and cheap watches branded as American goods, but really made in Japan, have been poured into the markets, greatly to the disgust of the buyers, who do not detect the fraudulent character of the articles until they use them. These imitations are greatly inferior to the American goods, and it is not unlikely that Japanese manufacturers will suffer from the deceptions they are practicing upon the tradesmen of India, who are more anxious than ever for merchandise made in this country. The trick of the Japanese is significant, however, in that it shows how the American models and workmanship are appreciated by the Orientals, and it is valuable also as indicating the cunning and somewhat dishonest competition which our manufacturers will have to contend with in their quest of larger markets in the far East.

Says the New York Times: The world is growing old and wiser as well as better, but every now and then we are brought suddenly face to face with conditions so anachronistic that for a moment we can hardly believe we are living in the dawn of the Twentieth century of Christianity and science. The Armenian massacres in the full face of Europe are a revival of the most horrible cruelties of medievalism, and the spectacle of the depopulation of Bombay by the plague recalls the stories of hundreds of years ago, when the science of sanitation was undreamed of. A city with nearly a million inhabitants in the grip of the king of terrors is a gruesome thing to contemplate in an age when a great savant has proclaimed with a plausibility that won him learned followers that he has discovered the secret germ of consumption, and when scientists enable the eye to look through flesh and boards. Is it not a reminder after all that man is as finite now as when the tower of Babel was projected, and that, strive as we may, there are still conditions of primitive barbarism that can never be wholly overcome?

Unless there is an old woman in the house, any child that is put in the family Bible is bound for years to come.

THE QUEST.

There must be a Somewhere just beyond Our Here, with its weary miles, Where there's no parting for hearts grown fond, And the blue sky always smiles, But the unseen shore is still before us, Though we strive till our courage fails; And never a man since the world began Has sighted its peaceful vale.

There must be a Sometime, better far Than our Now, with its gray old sorrow, And though never we've won where its outposts are, We'll try again to-morrow. For sometime land has a silver stream, And pleasant groves to shade us; So we cannot rest in our lifelong quest For joys that still evade us.

Why should we strain our weary eyes, For a land that we may not see; Or dream of brighter and kinder skies In a time that may never be? Ah! better is hope than to crawl and grope Through a life without its zest. Up! wanderers all! Sound the bugle call! And we'll follow the old, old Quest! —John Langdon Heaton.

How Blachita Rescued Her Mistress.

BY A. M. BARNES.

WONDER who will go and bring from Tonkenabah's some eggs for the cake," said the missionary's wife, looking up with an inviting smile. "Why, I will, white mother," replied Achonhoah, promptly. "I will go at once and saddle Blachita."

Achonhoah was the adopted daughter of the Rev. John Melton, who for fifteen years now had been missionary to the Apache, Comanche and Kiowa Indians. When a mite of a baby Achonhoah had been scooped up out of the sand by the Government physician, who was at the time on his way to the camps to visit some sick Indians. The little one had been buried in the hillock of sand and left to die, sent to her cruel fate by her own mother, who had hoped in this way to save the other sister. For Achonhoah had been born one of the twins, and among the Apaches and Comanches the dreadful custom still prevails of destroying twins, because their birth is believed to bring bad luck. Sometimes, if the little ones are born when the father is away, the mother, in order to save one, will have the other put to death, and pretend, on the father's return, that only one had been born. This was what had happened to Achonhoah. Her mother had given her to an old woman to destroy, and the old woman had buried her in the sand so that she might slowly smother to death.

The Government physician, being a bachelor, and not knowing what else to do, had brought the baby to the home of the missionary. Here she had been ever since, as kindly cared for as were any of the missionary's own, five in number. Achonhoah loved the missionary and his wife devotedly—as much so as though they had really been her father and mother, for she knew no others. She was now thirteen years old, tall, in almost perfect health, with a bright mind, a loving heart, and well deserving her name, which meant "to go quickly," for there was no one who could do errands more promptly than Achonhoah.

The parentage of Achonhoah had never been fully ascertained; but one of the Indians who came frequently to the agency, Harwepoyer by name, had begun of late to declare that she was his child—that he had discovered it and could prove it. But so far he had not brought forward the proof. Harwepoyer was a sullen, ill-tempered Indian, a tyrant, both in his tepee and in the camps, where he was especially dreaded by the women and children. It was no wonder, then, that both the missionary and the physician had made up their minds that they would protect Achonhoah from him at almost any cost, for she had grown very dear to them. Achonhoah herself felt a shudder every time she even thought of Harwepoyer, while the supposition that he might be her father was unbearable.

"Mind, now, no capers with Blachita," said Mrs. Melton, as Achonhoah was leaving the room. "If eggs are to be brought in safety, then Miss Blachita must be kept from Spanish fandangoes. As sober walk, remember, my dear, all the way back."

"Yes, white mother. Never fear. I will whisper to Blachita, and she'll understand every word I say, and go as softly as fairies walking on moonlight. I have only to tell her, and she will understand and will do as I say." Mrs. Melton laughed. "Oh, I forgot that Miss Blachita was an educated young lady—that she had, in short, been for two terms to the Melton high school! Next year I suppose she will be asking the faculty for a diploma, along with her mistress."

"She could get it now, white mother, if smartness could take it," and with these words Achonhoah ran away to saddle her pet. Blachita was in the inclosure back of the mission house, nibbling away at the grass. As soon as she heard her mistress give that peculiar little whistle she knew so well she stopped her nibbling at once and pirouetted up to the bars on her nimble black legs. Save for one white spot directly between the eyes and a larger one nearer the muzzle, Blachita was as black as a coal. Hence the name that had been given her, which was Spanish, and meant "Little Blacky."

"We are wanted to go for some eggs, Blachita mia" (my Little Blacky), said

Achonhoah, fondling the nose that had been pushed up against her. In a moment or so saddle and bridle were both on Blachita, Achonhoah in the saddle, and pony and rider flying like the wind over the grass of the prairie. If they had to walk like sober people coming back, why then they would make up for it going!

On galloped Blachita. Three miles or more were passed in this way, then Achonhoah pulled the reins tight. This was the signal to Blachita to slow up, then to walk. "You must take some good long breaths now, puerida (dear one). It wouldn't be best for your health to go on too long in this way."

Just about here there was a turning to be made, where the road enters a stretch of timber. Most of the trees had been cut away, and there were more stumps at this place than anything else. Blachita didn't at all like the stumps, and wanted to be constantly executing the steps of a hornpipe from one to the other.

"Char! a Blachita, kish, kish!" (steady, steady, my little Blacky!) said Achonhoah, coaxingly. Suddenly a loud hail in Comanche caused Achonhoah to look up, then to give utterance to a startled cry. There close beside her was an Indian in full camp dress, horribly painted on his face and throat, and with feathers stuck in his hair. It was Harwepoyer. She knew him the moment her eyes rested upon him.

"If you scream again, I give you something to scream for!" he announced, savagely, at the same time pointing significantly to the knife in his belt. Then he seized her pony by the bridle and attempted to urge her in the direction he wished to go. But Blachita had never in all her life been used to any such treatment, and, as any high-spirited young lady would, she resented it, and to the extent that she forthwith proceeded to make vigorous imprint of her teeth in the hand clutching so determinedly her bridle rein.

Harwepoyer uttered a fiery exclamation, then struck Blachita a stinging blow over the head. This was more than Achonhoah could bear. She burst into tears, and, bending over, began to stroke Blachita's neck and to talk to her soothingly. "Sit up, and stop that!" commanded Harwepoyer. "I give you soon what I give the pony if you no hush up."

What was he going to do with her? This was the question now uppermost in Achonhoah's mind. She knew that he claimed to be her father, and that he had said again and again that he was coming to take her away from the pleasant home and from those who loved her.

They passed along this narrow path for the distance of about three-quarters of a mile, then Achonhoah saw they were approaching a clearing. It was a very small clearing, however, and seemed to be in the very heart of the timber. In the midst of it stood a small, deserted cabin, built of cottonwood logs, chinked in with clay.

As they rode into the clearing Harwepoyer dismounted, and, coming to Achonhoah, told her to do the same. He then unsaddled both ponies, and tied each by a long rope to a stake so that they could graze. The cabin was very gloomy on the inside. There was no way to get light except through the cracks. The one door had fallen from its hinges, and was now merely propped up against the facing. Any good, big gust of wind could have blown it down.

Within the cabin there were some preparations for living. Harwepoyer had evidently been here and made them. Indeed, he told her so directly. There was a slab of bacon hanging up, and near-by, in a corner, a sack of meal and a jug of molasses.

"Sit down," said Harwepoyer, sharply, "sit down! You got to stay here, so you just as well make up your mind to it; yes, one, two, three, may be five, six days. Then your friends give up, I know, and pay the \$50, may be the \$100—his crafty eyes gleaming—" "I'm going to ask them, to get you again." So this was his design? It was not herself, after all, he wanted, but money. He would keep her concealed until those who loved her, thinking she was dead, would be so rejoiced to hear she was alive again, they would pay the money he demanded. The missionary might not have it, but the doctor would. And to think this man claimed to be her father! O, it was dreadful! She felt she would go nearly wild with the pain and the horror of it all.

The afternoon wore on. The very minutes seemed interminable. How was she ever to get through the days? There was not a soul near upon whom she could call; no ear to hear; no voice to respond. Oh, yes, there was one! Why hadn't she thought of it before? There was Blachita! A sob of joy came to Achonhoah's throat as she remembered Blachita. She wasn't, after all, alone. Blachita was near. Yes, Blachita, who loved her, and whom she loved. Oh, Blachita, dear Blachita. As she thought of her, Achonhoah unconsciously gave the little love call Blachita knew so well, and to which she never failed when hearing to respond. But Blachita could not come now; oh, no. She, too, was a captive as Achonhoah, tied to a stake.

Achonhoah's heart almost stood still with joy as back through the space came ringing Blachita's glad, responsive neigh. Blachita had heard her, she had responded, though she could not come.

"Shut up that!" commanded Harwepoyer. "I no want any more of your noise. I tell you that before." Achonhoah crouched nearer the earth. Was even this comfort to be denied her? "Kindle fire and get supper," said Harwepoyer after some moments. She obeyed. She was only too glad something to occupy her mind. She

had made the fire, and was turning to get the meal to mix for the bread, when there came the sound of the tramping of feet without and near to the door. It started both herself and Harwepoyer, but Harwepoyer the more. He was evidently much alarmed. He sprang to his feet and started toward the door. He had not more than done so when, with a loud crash, it fell to the floor, as though through some force without. Thinking it was surely an attack, that Achonhoah's friends had come to rescue her, Harwepoyer, who was really a coward at heart, turned and fled toward a pile of wood in the corner.

A terrible noise followed the falling of the door. It was as though a small tornado had struck and shook the building. It made the sticks of wood roll all about Harwepoyer, and even more than ever he was frightened. Not so Achonhoah. Though she had been frightened at first, she had nevertheless stood her ground, even at the falling of the door.

As the door fell with a crash, and within the opening almost immediately appeared a shaggy head, Achonhoah nearly cried aloud, but not with fear. "Blachita! Blachita!" her heart was saying. "Oh, you precious Blachita!" but she dared not say it with her lips for fear of arousing Harwepoyer.

Blachita poked her scrubby little head through the door. Her eyes sought her mistress's face. There was all the encouragement she needed. Every movement, every glance, seemed to say: "Now or never, my mistress. You called me, and I have come. You needed me, and you would not have called. Up and away! Spring upon my back, and we are off like the wind."

When Harwepoyer did look up he was for the moment struck motionless with amazement. There, standing not more than ten paces away, was the pony, and by the pony Achonhoah, her arms about its neck. Then, recovering himself, he started up, but too late! With one bound Achonhoah had sprung to the pony's back, without saddle, and with no bridle save a trailing bit of rope. But, forsooth, for what did Blachita need a bridle? Did she not know the way as well as her mistress—even better? So Achonhoah only gathered up that bit of rope, as she sprang, to prevent Blachita stepping upon it and tripping.

The pony's head was turned toward the door. Harwepoyer sprang forward. He saw in an instant what was about to take place. After all the girl would escape him if he did not act promptly. He reached out his hand and clutched at the tail of the pony. The next moment a pair of black legs flew into the air, and when they came down one had planted itself with sufficient force against the shoulder of Harwepoyer to send him spinning backward and over into the pile of wood, where he lay an almost senseless heap for a moment or so.

When he recovered himself and flew to the door it was to see the pony with her rider already across the clearing and into the belt of timber, where they were rushing along the path with the speed of the wind. His wicked plot had come to naught, his evil designs were thwarted, and all through the love of a little black pony for her mistress.—Chicago Record.

Cheap Lands in the South.

What a noble piece of work might be accomplished if the capitalists of Chicago would invest \$100,000, or even \$500,000, in land and improvements to make homes for the unemployed but deserving people of the city, where there would not only be a chance for them to make their own living, but an assurance of steady employment and constant occupation, placing them beyond the necessity of temptation and crime, where they could enjoy the fresh air, with a prospect of some day having a home of their own, and not dependent on the charity of a city like Chicago, writes F. A. Hall, of Clinton, Ill. This would be the means of relieving untold want and misery and leading the way to plenty and happiness, without sacrifice or loss to the capitalists, as at the same time it could be made a paying investment. Georgia, North-eastern Alabama or South Carolina would be good and desirable locations, giving Georgia the preference for health, good water, fine climate and shipping facilities. The State of Georgia has immense advantages, because of its situation being in the very heart of the best section of the South, extending from the mountains to the sea. It has every variety of climate and soil, and produces every kind of fruit or vegetable or farm product known to the other States. The annual rainfall is fifty inches, and the temperature averages forty degrees in winter and eighty degrees in summer, furnishing the best possibilities for crop development, as well as the best conditions for human comfort. The North and South are coming closer together every day. The South needs the labor and brains to develop her vast mineral and agricultural possibilities. The unemployed deserving people of our large cities stand ready to do this if capital will lend her assistance.—Chicago Record.

Sixty-two Years an M. P.

To represent one constituency for sixty-two years in the House of Commons is somewhat of a record. Mr. Charles Pelham Villiers, who is called the "Father of the House of Commons," has represented Wolverhampton for that time without interruption. He recently celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday at his London residence, and received the congratulations of a large circle of friends of both political parties. The right honorable gentleman takes a great interest in public affairs, and spends much time reading and attending to his correspondence.—New York Sun.

BUDGET OF FUN.

MUNEROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

How it Ended—Egging Her On— Couldn't Believe He Was Crooked—Anatomical— Simple, Etc., Etc.

Before he was wed He said He wanted a wife whose hand Contained the 'ologies Taught in the colleges. But he married his cook instead. —Philadelphia Call.

EGGING HER ON. First Hen—"Why don't you revenge yourself on the master for killing and eating your husband?" Second Hen—"Oh, I'm laying for him."—Judge.

COULDN'T BELIEVE HE WAS CROOKED. "Our cashier's defalcation was a great surprise to us." "Why?" "He wrote such a beautiful upright hand."—Chicago Record.

A LESSON. He placed a ring upon her finger and then lovingly kissed her hand. She indignantly drew back. "Please remember, Jack, that there is a place for everything," she said.—Town Topics.

SNAKE-LIAR. "And I went down into the hole a hundred and eighty feet." Listener—"But the rope was only a hundred feet long." Snake-Liar—"Yes, I know; but I doubled it."—Puck.

CASH AS WELL AS CONFIDENCE. The Young Pastor—"What I want to do is to get them to open their hearts to me." The Old Brother—"What you'll have to do will be to get them to open their pocketbooks to you."

ANATOMICAL. Teacher—"What peculiarity, if any, do you observe in the anatomy of the frog?" Pupil—"The frog consists of a pair of legs with enough other meat thrown in to hold them together."—Chicago Tribune.

UNRELIABLE MAN. "George told me that one of my golden hairs could draw him like a team of oxen." "Yes?" "And then when the harness broke down he asked me if I had a rope in my pocket."

A GOOD WAY TO HANG. First Tramp—"What do they mean by hanging a man in effigy?" Second Tramp—"That's when they just string up a stuffed figure of him."

First Tramp—"Well, if I wuz goin' ter be hung, I'd like to have it done that way!"—Puck.

SURPRISED. She—"There were only fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence." Lord Ninkumpu—"How very remarkable! In England, doncher know, you can get thousands of signatures to almost any sort of document."—Puck.

HIS TWO SUITS. Nipper—"Look here, old chap, I've been advised to go to Thompkins, the tailor. Did you ever go to him for anything?" Clipper—"Oh, yes; got two suits from him; one dress suit, one lawsuit. Thompkins is a very expensive man, I tell you."—New York Times.

A NATURAL GIFT. "Gee!" was all he could say when she told him he was the first man she had ever kissed. "Do you presume to doubt me?" asked the lady indignantly. "Me? Never. I was just thinking how remarkably well you did without practice."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

TRYING HARD. Mr. Harduppe—"Of course, as you are so wealthy, I feel that in asking you to marry me I ought to tell you how poor my own circumstances are." Miss Gotrox (reproachfully)—"Why don't you make an effort to improve them?" Mr. Harduppe (surprised)—"Don't you think I am?"

FORTHUGHT. "This butter seems strong," said the young husband, at their first breakfast at home. "Yes," she answered; "I talked to the market man about that, and he said it was economy in the end never to buy weak butter. He said that even though this might cost a little more, people could get along with less of it, and it would last longer."

WON THE CUP. "What are these cups for?" asked a well-dressed man of a jeweler, pointing to some elegant silver cups on the counter. "These are race cups, to be given as prizes." "If that's so, suppose you and I race for one?" And the stranger with the cup in hand, started, the jeweler after him. The stranger won the cup.—Pick Me Up.

A FETCHING CLIMAX. He—"I love you madly." She—"Who could blame you?" "I want you to be my wife." "I hear you." "My family would welcome you with open arms."

"That would be nice." "We would make our lives a tinal honeymoon." "Splendid idea." "I am rich." "My darling!"—Harlem Life.

The Biggest Sailing Craft.

The largest sailing craft in existence is the Potosi, now engaged in the nitrate trade with the west coast of South America. She was built by Loeisz of Hamburg, in 1895. Her principal dimensions are: Length, 362 feet; breadth, 49 feet; depth, 31 feet; gross register, 2995 tons; and net register, 3789 tons. She is a dead weight carrying capacity of 6150 tons, and besides being the largest sailing ship in existence, she also possesses the distinction of being the only five-masted one, with the exception of the La France of Danzig, which is of considerably smaller dimensions. During her first voyage, she covered a distance of 11,000 miles in seventy-two days, a remarkably fast trip.

The largest vessel engaged in trade on the American coast is the Garret Ames, a five-masted wooden schooner trading regularly between Newport News and Providence, R. I. She was built at Waldoboro, Me., in 1885. Her principal dimensions are: Length, 345 feet 5 inches; beam, 21 feet 2 inches; depth, 21 feet 2 inches, and her net tonnage is 1,689.84. Captain C. A. Davis is the master and owner, and her headquarters is Providence. She is one of a class of schooners engaged in carrying the celebrated New River coal from Newport News to Providence, and carries about 3000 tons on a draught of 12 feet. She is the only five-masted schooner on this coast, the largest in existence, and she has a sail area of about 7000 square yards.

Diseases of Gems.

The Philadelphia Times is authority for the statement that gems are afflicted with diseases just as individuals. Among the infirmities to which precious stones are liable, says the Times, is one common to all stones, that of fading, or losing color, when long exposed to the light. The emerald, the sapphire, and the ruby suffer the least, their colors being as nearly permanent as colors can be, yet experiments made a few years ago in Paris and Berlin to determine the deterioration of colored gems through exposure showed that even those suffered, a ruby which has lain for two years in a show window being perceptibly lighter in tint than its original mate, which was kept in the darkness. The cause of the changes are not very clear, even to expert chemists, but it is evident that the action of the light on the coloring matter of the gem effects a deterioration, slow but exceedingly sure. In the case of the garnet and topaz the change is more rapid than in the case of the ruby and sapphire. Opals that have successfully passed the ordeal of grinding, polishing and setting do not often crack afterward, but it is better not to expose them to even the moderate heat involved by the wearer sitting in front of an open fire, for the opal is composed principally of silicic acid, with from five to thirteen per cent of water, a combination which renders them very treacherous objects. The idea that they are otherwise unfortunate in the sense that they bring disaster to the wearer may be dismissed as superstitious.

Bottomless Meat Pie.

Mrs. Rorer gives this recipe for bottomless meat pie: "Cut one pound of cold meat into one-inch blocks and two large potatoes into dice. Have measured a tablespoonful of salt, a quarter teaspoonful of pepper, the same of celery seed, and a teaspoonful of onion juice. Put a layer of meat into a rather deep pie pan, then one of potatoes, and distribute some of the parsley, pepper, salt and celery seed through the layers. Build the pie up in this way until all the ingredients are used. Put a teaspoonful of butter over the top, add a half pint of stock water a poor substitute, and put your top crust, which must be rolled out rather thin and have an opening in the top so that the steam can escape. Glaze this with egg, to which a teaspoonful of warm water has been added, and it will give your pie that rich brown color which all meat pies should have. This is a delicious dish for luncheon."

The Eye a Perfect Camera.

The eye is a perfect photographer's camera, says a writer in the Ladies' Home Journal. The retina is the dry plate upon which are focused all objects by means of the crystalline lens. The cavity behind this lens is the camera. The iris and pupil are the diaphragm. The eyelid is the drop shutter. The draping of the optical chamber is the only black membrane in the entire body. This miniature camera is self-focusing, self-loading and self-developing, and takes millions of pictures every day, in colors and enlarged to life size.

Left His Card.

Voltaire and Piron were enemies. To their embarrassment they met one day at the country house of a friend. Piron got up early, went to Voltaire's door and wrote upon it the word "Rogue." At breakfast Voltaire smilingly said to him: "I thank you for showing your interest in my welfare by leaving your card at my door this morning."

Swiss Telephones.

In Switzerland, from the smallest village it is now possible to telephone to any place in the country at a fee from two cents to eight cents for the most distant points on instruments through which one can hear with perfect distinctness, and which are kept in thorough repair.