# THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

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A Washington physician has off-red \$100 "to any one producing a wellauthenticated case of hydrophobia in either man or dog."

The Philadelphia North American asks "if the theatre hat is to be legislated against, what is to be done with the men who crowd out between the

McKinley is the first President to have a "Me" in his name, says the New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger. It is a singular fact, considering the prominence of the Scotch and Irish blood among the American people, that not a single "Mc" has served as President, Vice President or Speaker. Several "Macs," however, have served in the Cabinet.

Suez canal traffe has been the most remuerative ever experienced, amounting to almost \$16,000,000. Great Britain supplied two-thirds of this, while not a single ship under the United States flag passed through the canal. A total of 3107 steamers used this great waterway last year. In view of the possibility of the Nicarangua canal, relating to our own commerce, these figures are interest-

During 1896 the United Kingdom purchased on this country 17,930 horses, compared with only, 10,351 in 1895. England bought nearly 12,000 horses in Canada, or no increase over a year previous. Total imports of horses into the United Kingdom in 1896 were 40,677, an increase of nearly 7000 compared with the previous year. The average value of horses shipped into the United Kingdom last year from the United States, who had come to Paris, many years was about \$145. All this goes to show reasons for encouragement in the and a little silver fied up in a corner horse industry, especially that part of it devoted to raising serviceable animals suitable for foreign trade. \_\_

A young widow in France whose husband left her all his property on condition that she should forfeit the whole, except dower, if she married again, was inclined to contract a new marriage, and prudently went to the local court to see if there were any escape. It upheld the will, but a higher court to which the question was taken then reversed the decision on novel grounds. The judges there said that celibacy, being contrary to nature, was something which no man, nlive or dead, had a right to impose, and that such an act, particularly in a country like France, where the population is stationary or waning, was contrary to public policy. Upon this the widow married, but it seems she was too lasty after all, for relatives carried the case up to the supreme court, which ungalishtly reaffirmed the original opinion. This French decision agrees with the law in this country, and, we believe, in England. Conditions in restraint of marriage are generally held to be void, but there are exceptions to the rule, and one of these exceptions is in the case of a second marriage.

Very few yeople have any idea of the magnitude of the trade in gentlemen's "neckwear." The quantity of collars and neckties consumed in this country, says the San Francisco Chronicle, is fabulously large and out of all proportion to the consumption of other countries, because in the cities and towns of the United States all classes wear linen and adorn their throuts with silk ties. The natural effect of this great consumption is to stimulate the designing of new styles, This art has reached such a degree of success that the foreigners have agents on the ground who imitate American modes in neckties as soon as they appear. While the work of fashioning collars and ties is almost wholly American, foreign materials are largely used, the linen being chiefly imported from Ireland. But while French and other silks are employed, it is gratifying to note that American fabrics are gradually displacing them. That is not strauge, for Paterson silks of fine designs are made up into ties which are sold for fifty cents, while the imported, no better in shape or quality, eaunot be had for less than \$1 to \$1.50. It is needless to say that with such a difference the foreign article cannot stay to the race long, and must give way to the home-made product,

There are almost as many erises in the average love affair as there have been in the rule of the Sultan of Tur-Rey.





with violence and kin on the table. hear me? Never!" ter mason paced

cozy dining room, turning on his heel furiously, like a bear in a cage; while poor mother Bourgueil, her tearful eyes lowered on her plate, was disconsolately nibbling almonds.

For two years the same dispute had been springing up between the old couple-just as now at the end of their evening meal. For it was two years since they had fallen out with their son, loot. Edward, who, in spite of their opposition, had married a woman picked up somewhere in the Latin quarter-just when he was about to take his degree as a lawyer, too. How they had loved him and petted him, this Edwardthis long wished for child, who had come after ten long years of married hoping for a son. The happy Bourguest, then only a simple builder, had they waited for him for a game of rubbed his hands, saying to his wife : "You know, Clemence, that smart fellow Haussmann is improving and changing the whole of Paris, from one ond to another. Here is a good chance can make a fortune in twelve or fifteen years. And I know one thing, the little rascal of ours won't need to climb up into scaffoldings, like his father, nor come home every night with spots fit to drop with fatigue. We will make Clemence?"

All Bourgueil's ambitions had been realized. At college Edward was a ago, carrying his shoes on his back of his handkerchief, had the satisfaction of seeing his son congratulated and felt highly flattered to be comand-loaded with prizes by the Minister of Instruction himself. What a future he left the cafe and found himself in the boy had before him! He would the cold dark night, he would say to pass the most difficult examinations himself-oh! very softly-that Brutus without any trouble-they would be a mere joke for him-and then choose any career he had a fancy for. "We will leave the boy a good 25,000 francs income," father Bourgueil would say, cheerfully, slapping his wife's shoulder with his strong, broad hand. "And, saperlotte! we will make him marry



"YOU NEED NOT EXPECT A SOU FROM

right soon. It will be easy to find some pretty girl, with a good education like his, who will make him happy, and of whom we can feel proud!"

Ab, those lovely plans! where had they gone? The kind old parents had marry some rich marquis' daughter? been foolish enough to furnish a room in town for their boy, that he might name, but it wasn't the girl's fault be more independent. Then he met that woman, and immediately his his wife, no one could breathe a word studies were dropped. At twenty-five he had not even taken his licentiate's degree. They were dreadfully disappointed, after having built such fine castles; still they did not give up all hope. They consoled themselves, saying: "He is so young! It will pass. Let him alone awhile,

But one day the imbecile had the audacity to inform them that he had adored this girl, and was determined to make her his wife. This was too them; but won't you help them, just much. If Bourgueil did not fall with a little? We are living in plenty, a stroke of apoplexy it was a miracle indeed; the veins in his neck were from Bourgneil, who was pensively swollen like cords. He ordered his son out of the house and cut off his

"If you dare to give your name to that woman," the old man roared, crimson with wrath, "you need not effort! Bourgueil, suddenly rememexpect a son from either of us as long as we live.'

But the stubborn, ungrateful boy had outraged them to the end, and now he was married to this doll of his, and living on a wretched clerk's salary, in the suburb of the city-like some vagabond! Poor old couple! How their ron's conduct had made them suffer for these two horrible years! Life was a pleasure no longer, and lately the situation 'was getting worse every day. It was the mother's fault-she was too wretched and she had relented at last. Her sorrow had got the better of her resentment, and now she was actually inclined to forgive. One day she mustered up sufficient courage to mention the subject to her husband. But he fell into a frenzy of passion, crying, "Never!" with a force that shook the doors and windows, forbidding the poor woman to say another word about it. She had not the heart to obey him, and pleaded the cause of the guilty son

cried | again and again. And at every new Bourgueil, rising attempt Bourgueil was furious and made a terrible scene. Their home throwing his nap- became a purgatory. These two old people, who had nothing to reproach "Never! Do you themselves with, who had loved each other faithfully, who had lived and and the old mas- toiled side by side for more than thirty years, became almost hostile. Every up and down the night at the dinner table the quarrel broke out anew, and it always ended with some of those stinging thrusts that wound the heart.

"Do you want me to tell you what I think, Bourgueil?" the old woman would say. "You are without pity!" "And you are a coward to want to give in," the mason replied, leaving the room with a stamp of his heavy

Left alone in the soft light of the lamp in the comfortable parlor, the poor mother, who was still true to her white linen caps, would quietly drop burning tears on her knitting and pray for her boy. Bourgueil had lost ail love for his home, now that he had continually a sad face to look upon. life, when they had almost given up He had got into the habit of joining some friends in a cafe close by where manilla. In dealing out the cards the irritated mason made long and violent specches against the present state of morals, where paternal authority was defied by children. But he swore for me. If things go on this way, I that he, at least, would set a good example; he would be stern to the end. He could speak of nothing else, and his partners proplaimed him "a tiresome, old fellow," as soon as his back was turned. In his presence, however, of plaster all over his gray vest, and they deplored his ill luck in having such a scamp of a son, and highly a real gentleman of him, won't we, praised his firmness. One man in the group, especially, invariably, hailed the mason's imprecations with an approving word or iwo: "Bravo! Father Bourgueil, you are a Roman!"

Bourgueil was from the province of Marche, and possessed very indistinct notions on antiquity. Still, he had some inkling of the story of old Brutus, pared to such a personage. Yet when must have had a cruel, hard heart, and that it was a borrible thing to condemn a son to death.

Easter Sunday has come -a joyous, bright, happy day, merry with the chimes of bells and 'the promise of warm spring days. The city itself looks gay and coquettish. Women are coming home from church, and all are carrying a bunch of box plant that fills the nir with sweet, fresh odor. Even the old cab horses have a bit of it stuck behind their ears!

who sat up last evening at the cafe till midnight, wakes up very late. He is in a horrible mood; and what man would not be, 1 should like to know? Last night, at the usual hour, he had again to listen to his wife's absurdities. She again mentioned Edward, and tried to soften him, Bourgueil! She had made inquiries, she said, and learned that in spite of all his anger, was not the bad woman they had first thought. A poor girl? Yes; she had worked in a they themselves but simple working people, even if they had become well off? Could they expect their son to And ever since Angelina-an ugly after all-ever since Augelina had been against her. She was a model little wife. "Can it be that you will not have pity on these poor children?" the old mother had asked him tearfully. "They are poor, very poor. What do you think Edward earns in that insurance company where he has found a place? It breaks my heart to think of it; only 200 francs a month! As much as you spend on your cafe and your eigars. I don't ask you to see while they-" and receiving no answer turning the glass he Mad just emptied between his fingers, the old woman had risen from her seat and come up to him putting a trembling hand on his shoulder, silently pleading. Vain bering that he was a Roman, had again poured forth maledictions and his formidable "never.."

And on this lovely Easter morning he is more than usually sad and illtempered - this strong minded old mason. He teels very nervous; he lowed up in fruition. has cut his chin twice while shaving. Oh, no; he will not be weak enough to pay an income to his undutiful son, course not. And last night he was on the point of yielding! That is what comes of listening to women. They haven't energy for two sous, the women haven't. Bourgueil is firmer than ever in his resolutions as he puts on a white shift and his gray holiday suit. He goes into the parlor, that cozy, pretty parlor he was so proud

from church with a large bunch of box plant. She places it on a little side table, and suddenly the whole room is filled with the strong, fresh odor. Bourgueil is no poet; he has not a very refined nature. Yet he is impressionable for all that-like you or me-and the sight of the green branches recalls far off memories. While the old woman is busy taking apart the twigs to decorate the rooms with them, the penetrating perfume affects his old heart. He remembers a certain Easter morning-ab, so long, long ago-when he was still a workman, and his young wife a dress-maker's apprentice. It was their honeymoon, for they had married a few days before Lent. Then, too, she had returned from church with a fragrant burden and made their only room bright and festive. How pretty sas looked, and how he loved her! And by a rapid effort of imagination he recalls in an instant their long years of married life; she has ever been so industrious, so thrifty, so devoted. And now he tortures herthis good, brave woman-he makes her suffer on account of his wicked

But is Edward really so wicked as all that? Of course a fellow ought to honor his father and mother, and obey them; but then, are not youth and love sufficient excuses for many a fault? He watches Mother Bourgueil with moist eyes, as she goes to place a spray of box above Edward's picture on the wall-a picture of their boy in his college suit, when they felt

so proud of him and of his studies.
"What is the matter? The old mason hardly knows what he is about. His head swims; it is that strong odor of the plant, doubtles. But his heart fills with something that seems very much like mercy and pardon. He goes up to his wife, takes her hands, and, looking at the picture, mutters, his rough voice grown strangely soft; "Say, Clemence, shall we-forgive him?" Ah; the cry of joy that bursts from the mother's lips! And he has called her "Clemence," just as in their young days. He has not given her that name for more than fifteen years. And she understands that he loves her still-her husband, her old companion.

She throws herself in his arms and kisses him frantically, all over his face, takes his head in both of her bands, and whispers in his ear. The other day-she couldn't help it, really-she want to see their boy. He is so unhappy to have offended them. And it he has not come a hundred times to beg their forgiveness, it is simply because he did not dare. "You know," she adds-andsher voice becomes soft and caressing-"you know I have seen his wife, and you really cannot blame him for loving her, she is so sweet, and as fresh as i rose. She just worships our Edward kaeps their little home in such applepie order."

Bourgueil feels oppressed-he is choking. Putting a trembling finger on his wife's hips: "That will de!" he says. "Send for a cab. Let us take some of these sprays to them in sign of peace, and bring them home with us!

And while the old mother, stunned with joy, falls sobbing on her husband's shoulder, Bourgueil-the Roman, the old Brutus-begins to cry solt y, like a child.

## Easter Thoughts.

It seems clear that a pure spirit will arise from the seed of a pure body, and a loving spirit from the seed of a loving body. If the body we sorrow-fully put aside has been one full of charity, helpful, kindly, and eager to speak tender, pitying words-one that their daughter-in-law, for she was that has thought no evil, and has believed all things, and hoped all things, and endured all things-can any one doubt what should come of such a seed plantstore. But what of that? What were ing? The natural comes first, and after that the spiritual. But "as is the natural, so is the spiritual." It is far more glorious, but after all-the

So we may bring Easter, with its wonderful deep meaning, into the life of every day. How? By teaching ourselves to comprehend the truth that while we live this human life, and develop this natural body, it is not alone the natural body we are creating, but the seed of the spiritual body which is to come after.

This is not a mystical doctrine. All those who in this life have attained some knowledge of their spiritual natures will testify to its truth. The change from a natural to a spiritual living is like the growing of a plant whose seed we have sown. The right plant surely grows in a man who has sown the right seed.

As the spiritual nature of such a man begins to develop, the purer, higher elements in him grow stronger, and one by one the baser sort die. Hate dies, and revenge, and anger. Cruelty dies, and all unkindness. Narrowness of mind dies, and contempt for the frailties of others. The part that lives and grows stronger

is love. Purity and truth and courage are but parts of love, and, as it grows greater, by and by comes the sureness of knowledge, and faith itself is swal-

This is the daily burial of the old men, who was "earthy," and the daily rising of the new, was is the "Lord Would old Brutus have relented? Of from Heaven." To such a heart Easter comes every day. - Harper's Bazar.

## Easter Pleasantries,

Like all other holy days, Easter scon became a holiday. countries the people dance about a heap of flowers at Easter; in others they distribute colored eggs and have of when things had still some interest great "egg-fights," in which the ownfor him, and looks at the clock. It is er of the hardest egg wins and the only 11 o'clock, and Bourgueil, who other egg is enten by the victor, so a has a fine appetite this morning, feals man or boy with a very hard egg is with Seoul, the capital, a distance of cross at the thought of cating only at able to accumulate the basis of an twenty five miles, and will cost \$1,850, died soon after of heart discuss. Soon Mother Bourgueil returns | Easter Monday headache.

HIDING EASTER EGGS.

Climbing o'er the great straw stack, And hunting thro' the Bay; Finding all the new-laid eggs, Then hiding them away In the queerost kind of places-Boxes, baskets, holes and kegs; Steulthily they come and go, Hiding Easter eggs.

From the eldest, twelve years old, Down to the youngest born; Striving whose the greatest store, Laid by for Easter moral Drinking youthful happiness

To the very dregs, In the early, chill spring days Hiding Easter eggs. He who finds another's store,

He may add it to his own. So, throughout the lengthening days, The secret fun goes on. Old Speckle, and the top-knots, proud, White Leghorus brought from Cleggs Cackle most exuitantly Laying Easter eggs.

They never, do their very best, Can fill a nest a day: Some dimpled hand or dirty fist Purloins them right away. No matter where they hide themselves, In haymow, boxes, kegs, Sharp eves will find, as soon as laid, And hide again their eggs.

Hugh, the younger, five years old, Joeand Sam have an old box, Together 'neath the drag. In the old, abandoned stable, High on the harness pegs, Hangs "Ole Charlie's nose basket With Jennie's Easter eggs.

Down on the sloping hillside, Way out behind the barn, Waere, underneath a patea of sod, Soug and sate from harm, He'd hollowed out the sandy soil, And hid some old paint kegs; John slyly goes from day to day Hiding Easter eggs.

Pair and bright dawns Easter mora, And ends the secret strife. Each one brings out his hidden store-Old emblems of new life. A corn basket full to the brim! - No longer mother begs Foreggs. All have their fill

Esting Easter eggs.

Nettie Overfon

EASTER-EGG LORE.

Carlous Customs the Origin of Which is Lost in Antiquity.

The distribution of eggs at Easter has descended to us from the greatest of the Chinese Spring festivals, mangurated more than seven hundred years before the Christian era.

The custom was particularly popular during the fifteenth and sixteenth -one can see that at once; and she centuries in Esgland. The Pope sent Henry VIII. an Easter egg in a silver

In Russia it is common to exchange cialta and eggs on Easter day.

In Italy dishes of eggs are sent to the priests to be blessed, after which they are carried home and placed in the center of the table.

In Spain and Germany the eggs are not blessed, but they are highly colored and are distributed among callers to be eaten or taken away according to the taste of the individual.

The custom, in one form or another, exists among the Jews, Greeks, Tu and Persians.

"Pass" was the ancient name for Easter, and the eggs were often called "pace," "pach" or "pass" eggs.

In Scotland eggs are taken to church to be blessed. They are afterwards distributed among the members of the household and are either eaten or saved as keepsakes.

The decoration of ordinary eggs originated in England. Gilding the shells was the first step. This was forlowed by the addition of ribbons, pictures and various other devices to please the little folk.

These eggs were given and received with the familiar Easter greeting, "Christ is risen!" and the answer, 'Re is risen, indeed!"

Germans first introduced games into the Easter celebration. Eggs were hidden about the lawn or grounds or in the house. Then the children hunted for them, the finder of the greatest number receiving a prize.

Sometimes the eggs were all put in one nest over which a rabbit was placed on guard. How this animal became identified with Easter is not known, but in time the young children began to believe that the colored eggs were laid by the raboit.

Egg racing is a favorite amusement of Russian, German and French children. The eggs are rolled down hill, and the prize goes to the boy whose egg rolls the greatest number of races without damage to its shell.

This game is played by Washington children in front of the White House on Easter Monday.

of twigs down which each egg may roll without interference from any other one. The boy whose egg arrives unbroken at the foot of the hill collects "toll" of his opponent whose egg is cracked. Another game is played by two boys

who stand, each holding an egg, and saddeuly strike them together. owner of a heavy-shelled egg can, if he possesses skill, brook the eggs of several players before his own is injured. Then he is a "cock of one, two, three or four eggs," as the case may be.

Eggs are colored by means of aniline dyes. By the addition of horns, known reasons, he dropped entite ears, tails, legs or fins eggs may be transformed into many grotesque

J. R. Morse, an American, has the contract for the first railway in Korea. It will connect the port of Chemulpo

DEFIANCE Come on, fil-visiged demons. and Despair. Come on! I hurl defiance, and will to anywhere; tom armed for battle royal, and will

fight ye, both My weapons, good digestion and a never sloth.

When I seent a fight impending, with onists like these,

I avoid hot, sodden biscuits, nor bolt mid and cheese; I don't 'Tond up" with coffee fruits with cream, And then, awake, He wondering why

paths to hopeless seem I just go into training, and exercise I dine upon such wholesome meats are mon sense deems fit. And when I toss my easter, and jump light

in the ring, Fil knock Foreboding "silly," put Desail eye "In a sling."

## PITH AND POINT.

Some of our happiest moments , spent in air castles.

The man who rocks the boat should be made to paddle his own canne. "Fisherman's luck"-When he a

find some one who believes him Puck. . "Madge can read her husbandlik book." "Yes; like a black book Norristown Herald.

Trying to look like a sheep that neep yet produced any wool on the barry a goat. - Ram's Horn All the world's a stage, and the po-

duction seems to require a tremen-She-"Did you ever try the ray
"Bu-"Oh, yes." "For may array of "supes."-Puck, cure?" He-"Oh, yes."

matism?" "No, for love." The man who takes a short enta-success generally has to go turned learn the regular road. - Life.

Cholly-"I believe I am getting of the brain. Doctor-'Are you sure it was ever hard? Darkside-"I see one of our war-in doomed." Fenilworth.-"Har

that?" ; "She's been ordered to m -Life. "My mother-in-law flust enter the train, driver—so hurry up." Date —"Count on me! I shall drive an she were my own."—Fliegende Eat-

ter. "Do you enjoy novel realing, Ma Belinda?" ."Oh, very much; outqu associate with people in tietion the one wouldn't dare to speak to in in life," Tit-Bits.

Drixer (arriving at a cliff, turning to the passengers in his wagon, Here the road is only passable asses, and I request the party to an out and walk ahead." . "Is your boy precocious?" "Tea

if I may say it. He's only east, and yet he already thinks he keen little if any more than his mate and I."-Detroit Journal.

Drawbacks of Art-"Isabel, 14 haven't painted any angels on the presentation cards," "No; I ent make them look stylish without in sleeves."-Chicago Record.

Mrs. Newed-"Mrs. Highton has lovely new bonnet." Mr. Newdthing." Mrs. Newed-"Why tainly; but just think what it as have cost!"-Truth. Anchor to Windward .- Patient-

'Say, doctor?" Surgeon and opening his case of instruments "Well?" Patient - "Remember 1-"Well?" Patient—"Remember-nare insured in the same mutual corpany !"--Chicago Record.

Cholly—"Have you seen any of its society buds yet?" Chappie—"is and I have almost rained myself by ing them blossoms." Choly-"Si aint it? We must buy them of dowers or be cut ourselves. - Irai "Yes, the Bosleys must have as

with severe losses lately." have they had to give up their ham! "No, I don't think it'll be as latt that, but they are going to ride the last year's bicycles this reach. Cleveland Leader.

## A Hunter's Fancy.

The last buffalo killed in lend County was on May 23, 1872. And rode up to the ranch of Columb Palmer and reported that he had set a buffalo in a draw a mile or two suf Palmer took his dogs and started a thus describes what subsequenty curred: "The dogs ran on sheds me, but pretty soon they came take back with a big buffalo bull is is pursuit. Gallopin' Jehosephat' that bull did look big as he chap down on me with his tail in the and his shaggy head shaking in fit I tried to move off to one side that was no use, for the dogs in coming toward me whichever us turned. It is said to be impossib In Germany there are tracks made | kill a buffalo which is coming had to | twigs down which each egg may on, but I saw something had to | done mighty quick, so I dropped my knee and plugged him square the forehead. He fell deal ! tracks, and I am now convinced to any man who says a budulo cannot shot through the skull is a list Kansas City Journal.

## An Eccentric Count.

The late Count Ernest von Det berg, by whose death the town Regensburg in Bayaria came inte legacy of 15,000,000 marks, sr brilliant soldier and a gay gains his youth, but very suddenly, for out of society. His castle west rack and ruin, and the solitaty ener retained about the palace to see his master wander with her features about the forlors One day recently he spoke for first time in months to his so sttendant, and returning to the