Editor and Proprietor

MIDDLEBURGH, PA., MAY 6, 1897

A Louisville man has been held for perjury for swearing he owned a lot worth \$400 when it was shown that the lot was in a cemetery. It was regarded by the court as a grave offense and the man is now entombed in jail,

That cigarette smoker who attempted to blow out his brains failed most miserably, of course, for obvious reasons. But why should he be in such a hurry, anyway?

A New York newspaper has issued a Cuban war map showing United States men-of-war in the harbor of Havana shelling the city. This sort of journalism is not "new" but "fresh."

A Maryland paper triumphantly exclaims: "We have the man for a crisis and his name is Brown." If we ever have on hand a surplus crisis we will gladly bear Mr. Brown in mind.

It is reported that last year the encumber crop of Indiana put about \$100,000 into the pockets of the farmers, and the doctors got about as much more.

Representative Bailey, of Texas, by becoming the minority leader of the House of Representatives at Washington, is the official head of the Democratic party in the United States.

The Transvaal Government has suppressed the two newspapers, the Critic and the Star, which voiced the opinions of the Uitlanders in Johannesburg, and they are now left without an organ.

The Government of Sweden has notified the Canadian Government that Mr. Andree will start from Stockholm about the end of June for Spitzbergen to attempt his balloon voyage to the North Pole, and it requests that instructions be given to Canadian officials at different points in the Northwest territories and Hudson Bay region to report the balloon if it is sighted.

Mr. Gladstone has issued a pamphlet on the Eastern crisis. Referring to Greece he says: "We have before as a David facing six Goliaths," "Greece, by her bold action," he continues, "has conferred a great service upon Europe. She has made it impossible to palter over this question as we paltered in Armenia. The nations of Europe are in various stages of their training, but I do not believe that it is the European people whose time, then, in which to make you must go, for it is mortgaged, and those judgment will tolerate the punishment of Greece for the good deed she recently performed."

The log of the Mayflower is to be given to the people of the United States, and to be deposited in Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth, Mass., or in some other safe place to be designated by the President, announces Harper's Weekly. Everybody knows about the Mayflower, but comparatively few Americans ever heard of the log. In truth the manuscript that is coming is not a log, though it has received that nickname. It is an account of the voyage of the Mayflower, and a history of the Plymouth colony from 1602 to 1646, written by Governor William Bradford, and handed down in his family through at least four generations. Massachusetts was originally a part of the Diocese of London, and this manuscript, with others, found its way to the library of the See of London, where it was discovered in 1846. It contains a registry of births, marriages, and deaths of Pilgrims, and records about their property. At the desire of the government of Massachusetts, the American Antiquarian Society, the Massacusetts Historical Society, the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, and the New England Society of New York, the President, through the American Ambassador, asked that it be given to the United States. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London backed the Ambassador's request, and a Consistory Court of the Diocese of London determined to gratify the President's wish, and to hand over the log to Mr. Bayard whenever he was ready to receive it. The only conditions of the transfer are that a photographic, certified copy of the book shall be left with the present costodians of it, and that the original shall be put in a safe place where persons concerned can have access to it.

A Snake for an Anklet. When a Coffeyville (Kan.) woman went out on the edge of the plazza to shake a mat, she felt something about her ankle, and thinking it was her dress blown by the wind paid so attention to it, until she realized that the ankle was being squeezed, when she looked and caw a snake colled about it.



CONTRACTOR OF THE PART OF THE PUCKABER & PURRAWAY.

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tion must go,"
"Oh, James,

по." "Yes, Maria; 1 have kept the knowledge of it from you as long as

I can, hoping against hope that something might be done-some way found out of the trouble. It would be cruel to let it come on you all of a sudden, with the notice to quit the home. To quit the home! Think of it, Maria! the home that has sheltered me all my life, and you, since you came to me, a happy and trusting bride, twenty-five years ago."

'Oh, James, can nothing be done? "No, dear; I have paid the interest until it has eaten up all my ready money- It would be better to take this money and live on it as best we can than to go on with the ruinous policy of paying interest on mortga-

ges."
"But to think, my husband, that you must lose the home of your childhood! Every part of it is dear to you, I know.

She took his hand within her own and tried to comfort him as much as her overflowing heart would permit.

He raised his head suddenly, a light coming into his eyes behind the tears. "In the kitchen, James. just would go to see about the potato pudding for your dinner. She thinks no one can make it for you like herself."

"And no one can!" declared the father proudly. "Oh, Maria,"-the knowledge of the dread news he had to tell breaking upon him with renewed force-"this thing will kill

"No, James; she will take it better than either of us, for there is a ing like stars when the professor took strength in her young heart that our off his glasses. But now they seemed old ones do not know.

"And where is Alice. ?"

will be. She will have only the less his life has been passed. But now it miserable.

The father sighed. What a difference there was between his two daughters!

"Oh, father, have you come at last?" cried a delighted voice at that moment. "I was afraid you were going to wait until the pudding was cold. Then it would be spoiled."

"Come to father, dame, and let the pudding wait, awhile at least. I have something to say to you,"

She came, and, despite her 13 years, perched herself upon his knee, and, throwing her arms around his neck, placed her check against his, rubbing it back and forth softly.

"Sing one of your kitten songs to father, Damie," he said, closing his eyes. He would put off telling the bad news a little longer.

She cuddled down against him, put her mouth to his ear and began to sing. No one else could have heard it. No one else did she wish to hear It was for him alone-a love song all his own-a song like the gentle purr of a kitten, comforting, soothing, yet a complete little song within itself, and its words nestled down in her father's heart, each as a tiny sougbird, making a music of its own.

It was this loving, cuddling, kittenish way she had that had gained for her the pet name by which not only her father, but others called her-"Little Dame Purraway." Her real name was Azalea, called for the flower that crowns with such glory the gardens of her native State.

It seemed indeed a cruel thrust to follow that purring heart-song of love and content with such dreadful news. "O, father, must you really give up

your home?" Her one thought was for him. "Yes, Dame Purraway."

He could say no more for the tears

that were ready to come. "But it is not so dreadful since we can all go away together," she said, comfortingly. "Yes, we will be together, father; only think of that, and surely we can find some place to call home. If it is only a cabin, and you were there, father, it will be home to me.

Then she snuggled still closer against his heaving heart and purred another love song in his ear. As they were sitting down to the table Mrs. Edgerton said suddenly: "Why, where is Professor Puckaber?"

"O, the dear old professor," said the Dame, starting up from her seat. "I know he is buried in stones and bones and roots and such things at this very moment, and not thinking a thing of his dinner. Why, he wouldn't know if he hadn't any all day long! I must run and wake him up."

Sure enough, the professor was sit- terests.

HERE'S no use put- ting in his room surrounded by what ting off the telling would have been to unprotessional of it any longer, eyes a most uninviting collection of Maria, the planta- the specimens he had gathered the day before.

"Professor Puckaber! Professor Puckaber!" called the Dame three times before an answer came. "Hey!" said the professor without

looking up. "Dinner! Come to dinner!"

"Yes, antediluvian beyond a doubt!" declared the protessor, absorbed in the task before him.

"No, professor," returned the Dame gaily; "the dinner isn't antediluvian; it is rather a modern affair of Hopping John (peas and rice), tomato pilau, broiled fish, sweet potatoes and corn bread. Do come, or it will be cold."

Then she took him by the arm and coaxed him away from his specimens, marching off with him triumphantly to dinner, for between the Dame and the professor there was a genuine good comradeship. He had been her father's classmate and was now his best and closest friend.

"I noticed your father was disturbed at dinner," said the professor later that afternoon to Azalea.

This went plainly to show that, although the professor could get so absorbed in stones and bones and the like as to forget his dinner, he yet had eyes for other things.

A cloud came over the bright face. She stopped in the path where she was walking with the professor to look up into his eyes, her own beginning to grow misty with tears.

"He was disturbed. O, dear Professor Puckaber, as his best and dearest friend, it need not be kept from you, 1 am sure. My father is about to lose his home."

"What? Bless my eyes!" They were very bright eyes, despite the years they had seen, usually shin-

to be troubled with a sudden dimness. "He only told us to-day," went on "She went to spend the day with the Dame sadly. "Oh, it is hurting who have the mortgages will wait no longer.

> "What is the amount of the mortgages?" asked the professor.

> "Three thousand dollars." "A pretty good sum! But the case isn't as bad as I thought," he added. Then he asked: "How long a time has your father? That is, how long will it be till the men come to claim the place?'

> "I think father said he had thirty days.

"Thirty days? Well, that is rather short. But much can be done in thirty days. And see here, Miss Azalea Edgerton," pushing back his glasses, to frankness, "you and I are the ones by whom it is to be done.'

"I, Professor Puckaber?"

"Yes, you, my Dame Purraway." "Oh, you surely are laughing at me!" and there was a note of pain in her voice. "What could I do? Oh, if I only could!"

"Of course you can," announced the professor, decidedly. "Now listen. Dame Purraway-by the way, that was a quaint conceit of your father to call you that - I am going to take you into partnership. Puckaber and Pur raway, how does that sound? Fine, ch? Now hearken, Partner Purraway! Well, I suppose you know, for I am sure you have heard your father say, the company by which I am engaged sent me out here to locate some valuable deposits. So far I haven't found them, that is to the extent I hoped, though I think I'm not far from the scent. But I want the help of your younger and keener eyes. Your father tells me you are the greatest little woodsman in all the country round."

"Yes, professor," she said, with some pride. "I do know a great deal about the pine lands of South Carolina; the dearest lands in all the world to me," she added, her eyes shining,

"because I was born among them."
"And about the ugliest, "declared the professor with candor." That is the loblolly pine lands, and the poorest, too, in themselves. But, if I am not mis-taken, Partner Purraway, there is that in these same poor lauds as will yet make the fortunes of some of their owners. I have my eye now on a parcel or two of land where I am sure the treasure is, only I don't want to locate it here," his eyes sweeping the rather stunted stretch of forest that lay around them. "Guess why, Partner Purraway?"

"These are my father's lands," an-

nounced the partner, promptly. "Exactly. You'll do for the partnership, I see. Widea wake as to in-

et part of the land, professor."
"I know it, Partner Purraway. Sethat marsh over yonder? Ugly, isn't it? and apparently of no value whatever. Yet, if certain signs I can read serve me fair, I wouldn't give it for all the rest of the land put together."

"Oh, professor. "That's all true, Partner Parra-

"Partner Purraway, of course you believe in the Garden of Eden?"

The professor asked the question a they were standing on a slight rise of ground at the edge of the forest. All around them were the brown needles of the pines, while in front stretched the selfsame marsh that had previously received the professor's highest commendation.

"Why, Professor Packaber, how can you ever ask the question?'

"Well, you never thought of it being located around her, did you?" She stared at him with opening "O! course not."

"Well, there are those who believe fully, I among the number," lifting his shoulders as though to bear the full weight of the assertion. "Far too many evidences to doubt it. The great Agassiz believes it with all his soul. He fairly routed the scientists who attempted to hold out against it. Situation, topography, prehistoric remains, such as found nowhere else, all go to show beyond doubt that-"

know the woods too well. The birds dropped the seed. Isn't it a glorious purple?"

"Purple? Purple?" repeated the professor, "and growing luxuriantly in one year? and by the marsh, too? I say, Partner-"

But the partner didn't hear. She had grasped the little grubbing hoe and started away.

"I am going to dig it up to transplant in the garden," she called to

She swung the hoe with all the force of her strong young arms. For the first stroke or so she had no trouble, the blade sinking deep into the dark. moist soil. But suddenly she eacountered something that gave her a great deal of exercise. She struck and pulled away at something, but it would not yield. It couldn't be the roots of the shrub; it was too hard, Besides she had been careful not to strike near enough to cut into these.

"Oh professor," she exclaimed, quickly, "I do believe I have dug into pile of rocks! but how could that be about here, where there isn't a single one?" She stopped, looking at him with a

deeply puzzled face.
"Rocks? What?" shouted the professof, starting and leaping down the slight incline in such a way his feet

almost went out from under him. Then he actually snatched the hoe from her hands-he, the polite and gentle professor-and there, before the astonished eyes of Partner Parra-Sarah Marston. The longer you de-lay telling her, James, the better it was born here and here every year of like one possessed, even digging it up way, he began to dig around the bush piece by piece in his excitement. The earth fell in showers and the partner had a time protecting face and clothing. Between such efforts she stared in bewilderment at Professor Pickaber. Had he lost his senses?

Suddenly he dislodged an oblong mass of hard, grayish substance, looking like rock, and yet not like it. He threw it above his head with a shout.

"I knew it would be found," he cried. "I said it! The marsh told it! But I wasn't expecting it here; rather over there by the bend of the river. Hurrah for you, Partner Purraway! I knew your scent would prove the keener of the two. Do you know what you have done for your father, my dear?" taking of his glasses, his eyes gaze at here with the most engaging shining like suns; "well, you have paid off those mortgages and a sight besides!"

"Professor Puckaber," pleaded the bewildered partner, "will you please tell me what you are talking about?

What is it you have in your hand?" "Why, phosphate!" cried the professor, looking at her as though he though she ought to know. 'Fertilizer! the finest yet found on the Ashley, the Euphrates, by the way, my dear. Never saw such a specimen before! Oh, it's grand!" eyes and fin-gers gloating over it." "Fors of this -and there are thousands of them here-when ground in that big mill the Etiwan company has just put up. will not only release your father, but make him a rich man.'

And so it proved. For, with the forming of the firm of Puckaber & Purraway the star of fortune of the house of Edgerton had arisen, never to go down again. - Chicago Record.

The Papal Succession.

Two hundred and ninety-three Popes have succeeded each other, and only eleven of them, including the present Pope, have reigned more than seventeen years. Leo XIII. has reigned nineteen years. Pius IX. reigned thirty-two years, thereby stultifying the popular superstition that no Pope would reign more than twenty-five. Leo owes his fine health and astonishing powers of work firstly, to his frugal up-bringing in the Italian hills, and in the next place to his regularity of life-long abstemiousness. He lives on less than \$2.50 a day. - New York Mail and Express,

The "Tombs."

A new prison, 45x186 feet, and 123 feet high, is to be built this year on the site of the old Tombs in New York City. It is said that it will cost \$720,000, and that it will be necessary to sink the foundation 100 feet, since the Tombs stands on the filled in site of the old Collect pond.

SELECT RELIGIOUS READING.

O God, O kinsman loved, but not enough, O man with eyes majestic after death, Whose feet have toiled along our pathways

Whose lips drawn human breath;

By that one likeness which is ours and thine,
By that one nature which doth hold us kin,
By that high heaven where siniess thou dost
shine,
To draw us sinners in;

By Thy last silence in the judgment hall,
By long foreknowledge of the deadly tree,
By darkness, by the wormwood and the gall,
I pray Thee visit me.

-Jean Ingelow.

THE ESSENCE OF CHRISTLINESS. The art of photography is now so perfect that the whole side of a great newspaper

The art of photography is now so perfect that the whole side of a great newspaper can be taken in miniature so small as to be carried in a little pin or button, and yet every letter and point be perfect. So the whole life of Christ is photographed in one little phrase—"not to be ministered unto, but to minister." He came not to be served—if this had been His aim He would never have left heaven's glory, where He wanted nothing, where angels praised Him and ministered unto Him. He came to serve. He went about doing good. He altogether forgot Himself. He served all He met who would receive His service. At last He gave His life in uttermost service—giving it a ransom for others. He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. You say you want to be like Christ. You pray Him to print His own image on your heart. Here, then, is the image. It is no vague dream of perfection that we are to think of when we ask to be made like Christ. The old monks thought that they were in the way to become like Christ when "Oh, Professor Puckaber, what a grand azalea! Do look! Did you ever see one in its first year growing so luxuriantly? For it wasn't here last year. I am certain of that. I Christlike thing. Instead of fleeing away from the world we are to live among men. from the world we are to live among men, to serve them, to seek to bless them, to do them good, to give our life for them.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

> BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY UNIVERSAL. When you laid the white flowers upon the coffin, and listened to the dull thud of earth to earth, ashes to ashes to ashes, dust to dust, and bent eagerly forward to catch a last glimpse of that which enshrined the loved one, hidden from sight, with pair lips and breaking heart you asked once more, "If a man die, shail he live again?" What proof have we, what evidences "the dead are not dead, but alive?" May not immortality be, after all, only "a beautiful dream," onl "a lofty aspiration of the human heart, doomed to disappointment? Generation after generation has come and gone, but not one of the myriads who have passes into the silent land has ever been permitted to return and tell us the great secret that lies beyond the grave. But through all that deep, unbroken silence of ages, men and women have never lost their faith in a future life. In every age, in every country men and women have had some belief in a life beyond the grave.-Rev. S. G. Fielding.

JESUS INSISTS ON OBEDIENCE.

Obedience is everything in a Christian Hfc. We are told that without faith it is impossible to please God, but faith can usually be spelled o-b-e-d-i-e-n-e-e. Obedience is be spelled o-b-e-d-i-e-h-c-e. Obedience is necessary always to prove our faith. "Faith, without works, is dead." Some people think that believing a sound creed makes one religious. But Jesus insists on obe-dience. He says that mere hearing His words without doing them is building on sand, and that all who build on such a foun-dation will be seen a sound who. dation will be swept away when the floods come. Creeds are important. We must have true beliefs about God and His truth. but no matter how right our creeds are, if we do not follow Christ and do His will, all our beautiful religion will be but a show; house built on the sand, which some day will be earried away in life's floods.—Forward.

A PRAYER FOR SACRIFICE.

O thou, who comest from Edom, giorious in thy apparel, traveling in the greatness of thy strength, who speaketh in righteousness, mighty to save, graciously behold thy peo-ple who call upon thee. In all our afflic-tion thou wast afflicted and the angel of thy presence saved us. Thou who didst trend the winepress alone, when of the people there was none with thee, see now the travail of the soul and be satisfied. Thee, sacrificed for us, do we here and now thee, sacrineed for us, do we here and now, in thy presence and in the week of thy Passion present ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy and living sacriffee unto thee, beseeching thee so to strengton us by thy grace that we may bot follow the example of thy patience and a so be made partakers of thy resurrection, was art with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

AS ONE SEES HE WALRS.

How differently do men walk! One bends forward, another backward; one steps firm, another cautiously; one is quick and another slow. These differences are not altogether matters of muscular strength or weakness or of nerve activity. A man's or weakness of of herve activity. A man's steppings and attitudes depend a good deal on his eyesight. If he has "progressive near-sight" he is likely to show it in his mode of bodily progression. And one's spiritual gait depends chiefly on his spiritual sight. If he sharply discerns the law of right and duty it will tell upon his "daily walk and conversation." If he lives in in-timate recognition of God's countenance his walk will be free, unwavering, upright, undaunted, full of grace. -S. S. Times.

KNOW OF GOD.

Pray and read and read and pray, for a little from God is better than a great deal from men....There is nothing that so abides with us as what we receive from God, and the reason why Christians at this day are at such a loss as to some things is because they are content with what comes from men smouths, without searching and kneeling before God to know of Him the truth of things.

O Corn of Wheat, which God for us did sow In the rough furrows of this world of woe, That Thou the Bread of Life for us might be, To nourish us to all eternity; Grant us, through faith, O Christ, to feed on Thee! —Anna E. Hamilton.

A bed of freshly turned earth, if allowed A bed of freshly turned earth, it allowed to lie undisturbed, will show itself to be full of seeds we knew not of. So our life on earth is full of germs—the beginnings of all the trees of paradise or of all the poison vines and upas trees on the backs of the river of eternal death,—Itsy. J. S. Wright-

Plants on hillsides and mountain slopes have no long stems. They keep close to the ground, and are thus protected when storms beat upon them. So Christians learn to cling close to God for protection, and in the tempests of life they are kept safe by nearness to Him. "The Lord shall cover him all the day long."—Windross.

We know that we are made in the image of God because we cannot in our best moments accept any standard but this—of perfection to be sought after through eternity; the grandeur of our being is that there will always be something beyond for us to seek.—Lucy Larcom.

it. Let poverty show its hard hunger here is a feast just beyond, and what with the feast. What of persecutions of the wave rising up, swelling, and the ening to engult us? The wave will take to the green shore of immortainy death come at any time in any form; it gets as far as the body, it reaches as soul. The real life is hid with Carisin—S. S. Journal.

So, whether on the hilltops high and to I dwell, or in the sunless valleys when The shadows lie—what matter, it there,

And more than this; where'er the pas He gives to me no helpless, broken red But his own hand, sufficient for my as

Se, where He leads me I can safely 20, And in the blest bereafter I shall know Why in His wisdom He hath led me s

NO MAN LIVETH ALONE.

Going up the Matterhorn we water together. In the perilous places as slopes, clinging to the face of reeky pieces, too faint to bear another possible of the property of the pr pices, too faint to bear another pean burden, if any one had slipped or slams it would have involved perii and almos tain death to all... No man lively be self nor faileth alone. We are all bean gether. We are always on key slopes as the face of precipices. We have as red do what is even safe for us, if it is day ous for others.—Bishop Warren.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS

TOPIC FOR SUNDAY, MAY 9. Why I Love Jesus." 1 John iv. 19: 1

iii. 14-17. WE LOVE JUSUS. May 3. Because he is compassionate.

viil. 1-10. Because he is self-sacrifleing 1 ix. 57-62. Because he is loving. Jon 30-36,

Because he is just. John the Because he is brave. Man 1-13. May 8. Because he is holy. I ret it ?

Scripture Verses.—Deut, vi. 5:1 lb 1, Josh. xx. 5; Ps. xxxl. 23; Matt x 23 37; I John iv; v.; Rev. ii. 4.

LESSON THOUGHTS. If Jesus loved us before we lost surely we ought to love him with all ag ing because he first loved us.

We love Jesus because it is impossible to love him when we know how man been his mercy and kindness and water self-enerifies for us.

Our love to Jesus is a debt which we him. He has bought our love with the precious price; no debt was ever has than this,—that we love God be used in

In full and glad surrender we give on

to Thee, Thine utterly, and only, and evens Oh, Son of God, who lovest us, well thine alone,

And all we have, and all we are stall
forth be thine own!

A backwoods preacher was once to conference committee for exam-"Brother," said one of his wise em-"what makes you think Christ is a With his eyes full of tears he sand feet, and stretching out his arms and he exclaimed: "How do I know head

Why, bless you, he's saved my sat a love him for it."

Love, it has been said, descends abundantly than it ascends. The is parents for children has always a more powerful than that of children is ever loved God with a thousands pe the love which God has manifested? As knowledge is commonly the a of love, the deeper and more extent knowledge shall be, the greater and

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