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The ancients knew how to cheat. Loaded dice have been found in the ruins of Herculaneum.

The horseless carriage has come to stay. The automobiles have been lately introduced in the Paris fire department.

At the present rate of growth of population, France will have only 40,000,000 at a time when Germany will have reached 100,000,000 and Russia 200,000,000.

Statisticians declare that only sixteen out of each 1000 insane persons become so by reason of love affairs. These figures apply, however, only to persons in asylums.

One of the few communistic societies, the Adonai Shomo, has passed out of existence and its property in Petersham, Mass., has been sold. It was of Adventist origin, originating about thirty-five years ago, and was most prosperous in the '70's.

The project of turning Brussels, Belgium, into a seaport seems to have set the citizens almost crazy. The municipal council has passed a resolution for the construction of a huge electric lighthouse in the centre of the city, on the Place de Brouckers, to serve as a beacon to ocean steamers, as well as an ornament to the city.

New York City is to have a new Academy of Design, to be erected on the Boulevard near the tomb of General Grant, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and the new University of Columbia, and will add another to the magnificent group of buildings that is now rising on the west side of the city between Central Park and the Hudson River.

Ignatius Donnelly says the great floods are caused by sun spots. Why the sun spots, which must exercise an equal influence on the entire circuit of the globe every twenty-four hours, should cause the Mississippi to burst its banks and leave the Rhine, Danube or Volga practically undisturbed, may not be very clear. But since Mr. Donnelly has said it, it is evident the planting forests or building levees on a broader plan is of no use. The only way to cure the floods, suggests the New Orleans Picayune, is to knock the spots off the sun.

A story was recently started by the newspapers, relates the Trenton (N. J.) American, to the effect that Mrs. Cleveland had melted the spoons in the White House which had been used by Dolly Madison and had had the silver made into prettier spoons. The story was a circumstantial one, going on at much length to state that the silversmith had offered their weight in gold for the spoons, but that Mrs. Cleveland rejected the offer, sent the spoons to the mint, had them melted into ingots, and then required an affidavit of the silversmith that the same silver was put into the new spoons. It is scarcely necessary to say that the story was made out of the whole cloth. It was promptly denied at the White House, and the declaration was made that the Dolly Madison spoons are still there. The denial has not kept pace, however, with the original story, which is still going the rounds of the press.

A writer in Public Opinion observes: "The French and Germans have frequently made much fuss about alleged trichina in our pork, and pretended that other of our exports, that they wanted an excuse for excluding, were adulterated; and all the time the people of those nations have sent over here liquid poison, in the shape of wines, brandies, beer, ale, etc., and their confections have been notorious for containing deleterious ingredients. Both the German and French wines and food articles—candies, etc.—are shamelessly adulterated, and often with materials that are dangerous to health. Not six months ago the chemists of the British Board of Trade tested a long list of German, French, American and British food and drink materials. The revelations were decidedly favorable to the American articles, and much to the discredit of German and French honesty. Several of the German food articles were found mixed with stuff dangerous to health, and all the French and German wines were discovered to be about as bad as bad could be.

Probably the first thing a bride finds fault with after her marriage, is the newspaper account of her wedding.



"Pretty soon." "Pretty soon." How the soft phrase slips, With limpid, laughing cadence, through the languid lips. When the plumes of the palms by the south wind swayed Fling on the dewy terraces their flagrant shades. When the almond and the myrtle have taken in their net, The doves that tread the measure of the tender minuet, And the nestlings of the nightingale cuddle low and croon To the laughter of the laurel, "Pretty soon." "Pretty soon."

"Pretty soon." "Pretty soon," cries Youth, I shall make A home amid the happy hills for her dear sake. There I will lead my darling as Dawn doth lead the Day, While God is making morning I will sit with her and say, "Yon river to its ocean troth will never be more true, The best of life is mine to-day because of love and you." And heart shall rhyme to heart as unto the summer moon, The swaying sea doth sing, "Pretty soon." "Pretty soon."

"Pretty soon." "Pretty soon," sighs Age, I shall see That lily we call Heaven in the stream Eternity, And pluck the rosy amarantus that make its meadows sweet Still swaying to the paces of the silver sandaled feet, When beneath the healing trees they refill the crystal urns, O how the soul within me for their blessed welcome yearns, But the band of shining spirits, with lips and lutes in tune, Bid me wait and bide their coming, "Pretty soon." "Pretty soon."

—Robert M. Intrye, in Chicago Times-Herald.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.



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A BIG, white steamboat backs away from the wharf, swings about, and goes slowly down the river sounding her whistle at intervals, for the fog is coming in rapidly.

The few loafers on the piers eye curiously the tall, elegant woman who has come ashore.

She, casting a half scornful glance about, approaches old Jed Rawson, and puts this query: "Can I hire any one to take me across the river?"

"I reckon not," declares old Jed, taking out his pipe to stare at her with astonishment. "The steamer goes into port just below here ter wate for the fog ter lift. 'Thar's no gittin' across the river ter-night, marm!"

"Can you manage a boat, my good man?"

All the loafers smiled at this. Old Jed breaks into a mellow laugh which sends a perfect net-work of wrinkles over his brown face.

"Why, leddy," he says, "there ain't nary a boy of ten or up'ard alongshore as don't know how to handle a boat."

The lady laughs, too. She is very charming; even old Jed realizes that. She takes a gold piece from her dainty purse and says:

"If you will take me and my trunk across the river, this shall be yours."

The trunk is a huge affair and Jed looks at it with one eye closed and shakes his head.

"If it warn't for the fog, marm, eny one on us 'ud take yer across fer nothing. But we couldn't see the boat's length to-night."

The lady utters a sharp exclamation, anger and disappointment clouding her features. A brown-faced lad steps from the corner of the little red baggage house where he has been standing.

"If you dare to go, madam, I will take you," he says.

She gives him a radiant smile at which he flushes to the roots of his hair, waving his hand.

Jed and one or two of the other men remonstrated with him to no purpose. A small brown wherry is brought up to the flight of weather beaten steps leading down from one side of the wharf.

The big trunk is lowered into it, and he lady handed down by Andrew Russell, who is thrilled by the touch of her cool, satiny fingers. He pulls off into the fog bank while the loungers on the wharf make their comments.

"Mighty fine looking craft that."

"Carries too much sail."

"What can she want over the river?"

"Phaps she's bound for Barrington's."

"Phaps. She looks like his kind."

It is late in the evening when Andrew Russell returns. Old Jed meets him hurrying up the village street.

"Well, Andrew, you got across all right?"

"Yes, I had a compass."

"Where'd she go?"

"I can't tell you," is the curt reply, as the boy passes on.

All subsequent inquiries elicit no further information than that Andrew landed her at the road which leads up by Barrington's, and that she expected some sort of conveyance to come for her there.

Barrington is reported to be immensely wealthy. He never mingles with the people there, and he lives in

a lordly fashion. He brings his own company from distant parts, and there are stories of gay and wild doings at the great house which fill the unsophisticated natives with amazement.

He comes and goes as he likes, and is altogether very mysterious.

Andrew Russell has a sweetheart on that side of the river—pretty Jen Hardy, the fisherman's daughter.

It is only natural that frequently he should row across in his wherry. But Jen Hardy does not see him every time he goes during the next fortnight. He tramps through a strip of woodland across lots until he reaches a sheltered vale this side of Barrington's.

Here he meets the mysterious lady again and again. Andrew is twenty—all, strong and manly looking. Cars Ferris, as she calls herself, uses all her blandishments to complete his enthralment. She tells him a pretty story. How that her uncle is determined to make a nun of her. That Barrington, being her cousin and friend, she has come to him for protection, until she can get out of the country.

She wants to go to Europe, for as soon as her uncle discovers her hiding place he will follow her. She is apparently very confiding with Andrew, who is too innocent to see the flaws in her story. "Would he think she was twenty-five?" she asked coquettishly.

Andrew returns a decided negative, never once dreaming that she is ten years older. Jen Hardy is too proud to own that Andrew does not come to see her any more. Andrew has no mother, and his father, who is not a very clear-sighted man, sees no change in his boy, who is moody or exalted by fits.

In two weeks' time Andrew imagines himself madly in love with this woman. He does not stop to reason over the absurdity of so brilliant a creature finding any attraction in an ignorant boy like himself.

One night he goes home intoxicated by the memory of a round white arm about his neck, and the pressure of soft, warm lips to his own. A week later, one hour before midnight, he crosses the river in his little brown wherry.

On the big rock which serves for a pier, a man and a woman await him. Barrington carries a valise in each hand. They enter the wherry, and Andrew pulls swiftly and silently down the river. In about an hour they come to a small cove, where a commodious sailboat is tied to a ring in the rocky, shelving bank.

They go aboard this, the little wherry is fastened astern, the sails are unfurled, and on they go dancing lightly out into the waters of the bay.

At nightfall of the next day they come to a great city. Barrington and the lady go ashore. Some purchases are to be made here, and Barrington is to see a man who will buy the boat—this is what they have told Andrew. In the meantime he is to wait here with the boat until their return, when they will all go aboard the great ocean steamship whose black funnels rise from a neighboring wharf.

Andrew is not particularly pleased that Barrington is to accompany them, but nothing can dampen the joy of his belief that she loves him, and he can never forget that her lips have touched his own. The poor boy is quite daft for the time, and does not dream that he is being duped.

The city clocks are striking 10, when a ragged street gamin crosses the wharf and hails Andrew.

"Hi, there. Be your name Russell?"

Andrew nods, and the boy hands him a note.

"A big swell uptown sent this to yer."

Andrew takes the note and tears it open. He knows, of course, that the "big swell" is Barrington. The note reads as follows:

"When you read this we shall be aboard an outward bound express. Goodby, my dear boy; many thanks for your gallantry. Mr. Barrington makes you a present of the boat as a reward for your services. C. F."

For a moment Andrew stares at the note in dumb amazement. His brain reels. The letters dance blood red before his eyes. He staggers down into the little cabin, and throws himself prostrate upon the floor. He breaks into great sobs which shake him from head to foot. To be fooled, played with, cast aside, when he had served their turn!

Oh, the bitterness, the grief, and rage in the boy's hot heart as he rolls to and fro upon the cabin floor!

All night long he battles with this first great trouble. In the morning he rouses himself and goes up into the city to find a purchaser for his boat, for the sight of it is hateful to him, and he must have money to get home with. He sells it for \$150, which is a pretty sum for a poor lad. At noon he has a sunstroke, and is conveyed to the city hospital.

When he comes out of his stupor he finds himself under arrest for being the accomplice of an adventurer. He learns, to his horror, that Cars Ferris is Madge Delaphine. That she engaged herself as companion to a little, miserly old woman. That she and Barrington, who is her lover, planned the old woman's murder, in order to obtain possession of the money and jewels which she hoarded about her. That Madge Delaphine accomplished the murder by means of a subtle poison, packed the body into a trunk, and conveyed it to Barrington's house, where it was buried in the cellar.

The very trunk which Andrew ferried across the river! Andrew is taken before a Magistrate, where he tells his story, omitting the love passages. But the Magistrate is an astute old man, and reads between the lines and pities the lad.

"The woman and her lover have been arrested. I want you to identify her."

He opens the door to an inner room and utters an exclamation of dismay. There, prostrate upon the floor, with her jewelled hairpin stuck through her heart, lies Madge Delaphine quite dead.

"Is this the woman?"

"Cars Ferris had dark hair," returns Andrew, who is white to his lips.

The Magistrate lifts a wig of dark hair from a table nearby.

"A very simple disguise," he says, and motions Andrew back to the outer room, where, after a few more questions and some fatherly advice, he dismisses him. The misery of Andrew's journey home is boundless.

When he reaches the familiar spot he is taken ill and for weeks is delirious with brain fever. Jen Hardy is his patient and faithful nurse. To Andrew it seems as if the memory of his folly must torture him forever. But as the months go by the shame and agony die away little by little.

Jen, faithful soul, believes in him and loves him. He is young, and the world is fair, and life is pleasant after all.

So gradually he returns to his old allegiance, and it all ends as it should—with a wedding.—Dublin World.

Making Vinegar From Honey.

The experiment of making vinegar from honey has been tried in Europe, and, as might be expected, was successful. Water was added to the honey, which, when in the first stage, made a palatable alcoholic drink, which has long been known under the name of methegin. Of course, when this fermentation progressed to its final stage it became vinegar. But some American experimenters with honey vinegar have found that it possessed peculiar properties. A writer in American Bee Gleanings says that this honey vinegar is absolutely worthless for making sour pickles, as of cucumbers or other vegetables often preserved by being put in vinegar. This hardens their exterior surface and prevents decomposition. When such vegetables were put into honey vinegar, on the contrary they were made soft, and soon when exposed to air spoiled. This seems to be a very suggestive fact. Ordinary cider or other vinegar made from sweet fruits or sugar is reckoned injurious to digestion. Why? It is evidently because of this hardening process, which prevents the digestive fluids from penetrating it. Honey is nectar of flowers mixed with gastric juices of the bee which digests its food. It is likely, therefore, that vinegar from honey will not be injurious to digestion. If the honey remains in condition to soften vegetables immersed in it, that is just what is needed to be done for food in the stomach to aid digestion.

A Famous Fat Boy.

Currituck County, North Carolina, has long been famed for the most staid men in the State, and now it adds a product of a fat boy thirteen years and six months old who weighed on April 6th 436 pounds. His name is Lewis T. Lewark. He has ten brothers and sisters, whose weight ranges from 180 to 250 pounds. His parents are under medium size and weight; his ancestors were some times fat people, showing that qualities skip children and reproduce remote ancestors.—Atlanta Constitution.

Advertisement for Monarch Cycle Co. featuring a large illustration of a bicycle and the text: 'You Can't Make Look Under the Enamel! We want bright business men to represent us everywhere. MONARCH CYCLE CO., Chicago New York London.'

Advertisement for Acme Crown Oil. Text: 'ASK FOR THE BUCKLE ON LIGHT AND BURN ACME CROWN OIL. GIVES THE BEST LIGHT IN THE WORLD AND IS ABSOLUTELY SAFE. For sale by the Atlantic Refining Co.'

Advertisement for Baco-Curo. Text: 'The only scientific cure for the Tobacco habit. Baco-Curo. Has cured thousands where other remedies failed. (Write for proofs.) Does not depend on the will power of the user. It is the Cure. Vegetable & harmless. Directions are clear: Use all the Baco-Curo you want until Baco-Curo notifies you to stop. Is the Original Baco-Curo. Investigate Baco-Curo before taking any remedy for the Tobacco Habit. All druggists are authorized to sell Baco-Curo with our iron clad written guarantee. One box \$1.00; 3 boxes (guaranteed cure) \$2.50. If your druggist does not keep it, we will send it. Write for free booklet and proofs. EUREKA CHEMICAL & MFG. CO., LaCrosse, Wis.'

Advertisement for Chocolate Coated Ripans Tabules. Text: 'Chocolate Coated RIPANS TABULES are intended for children, ladies and all who prefer a medicine disguised as confectionery. They may now be had (put up in Tin Boxes, seventy-two in a box), price, twenty-five cents or five boxes for one dollar. Any druggist will get them if you insist, and they may always be obtained by remitting the price to The Ripans Chemical Company, NO. 10 SPRUCE ST. NEW YORK. ONE GIVES RELIEF.'

Advertisement for Eldredge Sewing Machine. Text: 'WE MAKE WHEELS Quality Guaranteed the Best. Tool. THE ELDRIDGE THE BELVIDERE. National Sewing Machine Co. 339 Broadway, New York. Factory: Belvidere, Ill.'

Advertisement for Blood Poison. Text: 'BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY. Primary BLOOD POISON permanent cured in 15 to 20 days. You can be cured at home for same price under guarantee. If you prefer to come between us, we will pay railroad fare and hotel charges. If we fail to cure, if you have any more cases and challenge the world we will cure. This disease has baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500,000 capital behind our national guaranty. Absolute professional application. Address COOK REMEDY CO. 307 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.'