## THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

GEO. W. WAGENSELLER, Editor and Proprietor

MIDDLEBURGH, PA., JUNE 3, 1897.

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 mu nicipal 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, chould 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. Where the plumes of the paims by the south wind swayed Fling on the dewy terraces their fliagree of shade. 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."

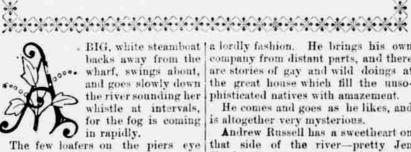
"Pretty soon," "Pretty soon," cries Youth, I shall make A home amid the happy hills for her dear sake. There I will lead my darling as Dawn doth lead the Day, While God is making morning I will sit with her and say, You river to its ocean troth will never be more true. The best of life is mine to-day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

And heart shall rhyme to heart as unto the summer moon.

The swinging sea doth sing "Pretty soon," "Pretty soon."

"Pretty soon," "Pretty soon," sighs Age, I shall see That hily we call Heaven in the stream Eternity, And pluck the rosy amaranths 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'Intyre, in Chicago Times-Herald.

## ALL'S WELL THAT



whistle at intervals, for the fog is coming o 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?'

taking out his pipe to stare at her Barrington's. with astonishment. "The steamer goes into port jest below here ter wait "The steamer fer the fog ter lift. Thar's no gittin' the river ter-night, marm "Can you manage a boat, my good

All the loafers smiled at this. Old

sends a perfect net-work of wrinkles over his brown face.

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 quettishly. looks at it with one eye closed and shakes his head. "If it warn't fer the fog, marm,

nothing. But we couldn't see the boat's length to-night." The lady utters a sharp exclamation, inger and disappointment clouding

her features. A brown-faced lad steps by fits. rom the corner of the little red bagzage house where he has been stand-

"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 air, waving hair.

Jed and one or two of the other men emonstrated with him to no purpose. to the flight of weather beaten steps eading down from one side of the

The big trunk is lowered into it, and he lady handed down by Andrew nto 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?" "P'haps she's bound for Barring-

"P'haps. She looks like his kind." It is late in the evening when Andrew Russell returns. Old Jed neets him hurrying up the village

"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, is the boy passes on.

'nrther information than that Andrew anded her at the road which leads up that Barrington is to accompany them, by Barrington's, and that she expected some sort of conveyance to come for belief that she loves him, and he can

BIG, white steamboat | a lordly fashion. He brings his own backs away from the company from distant parts, and there . wharf, swings about, are stories of gay and wild doings at and goes slowly down the great house which fill the unso- There, prostrate upon the floor, with the river sounding her | phisticated natives with amazement.

is altogether very mysterious.

ENDS WELL.

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 and motions Andrew back to the outer of woodland across lots until he room, where, after a few more ques-"I reckon not," declares old Jed, reaches a sheltered vale this side of tions and some fatherly advice, he

Here he meets the mysterious lady again and again. Andrew is twenty —tall, 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 de-Jed breaks into a mellow laugh which | termined to make a nun of her. That Barrington, being her cousin and friend, she has come to him for pro-"Why, leddy," he says, "there ain't tection, 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 co-

Andrew returns a decided negative, never once dreaming that she is ten years older. Jen Hardy is too proud eny one on us 'nd take yer acrost fer 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

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 A small brown wherry is brought up week later, one hour before midnight, he crosses the river in his little brown

On the big rock which serves for a pier, a man and a woman await him. Barrington carries a valise in each Russell, who is thrilled by the touch of | hand. They enter the wherry, and her cool, satiny fingers. He pulls off 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 Some purchases the lady go ashore. are to be made here, and Barrington is to see a man who will buy the boatthis 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 All subsequent inquires elicit no from a neighboring wharf.

Andrew is not particularly pleased but nothing can dampen the joy of his never förget that her lips have touched Barrington is reported to be im-mensely wealthy. He never mingles for the time, and does not dream that with the people there, and he lives in 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 Rus-Andrew nods, and the boy hands

"A big swell uptown sent this to 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

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

with, cast aside, when he had served

their turn!

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 adventuress. 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

He opens the door to an inner room and utters an exclamation of dismay. her jewelled hairpin stuck through He comes and goes as he likes, and her heart, lies Madge Delaphine quite

"Is this the woman?" "Cars Ferris had dark hair," returns Andrew, who is white to his

The Magistrate lifts a wig of dark hair from a table nearby. "A very simple disguise," he says,

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 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 af-

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

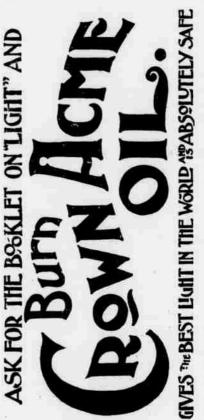
Making Vinegar From Honey.

The experiment of making vinegar from honey has been tried in Europe, and, as might be expected, was suc cessful. 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 metheglin. 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 wil 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 stalwart 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.



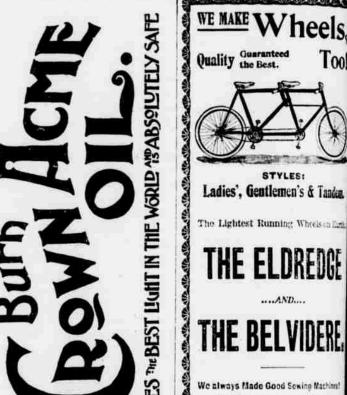


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