THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

GEO. W, WAGENSELLER, Editor and Proprietor

MIDDLEBURGE, PA., JULY 1, 1897.

Russia's population has increased nearly a million a year for one hundred years.

A Reading (Penn.) girl has just recovered \$151.62 in damages as the result of an action brought against a lady who called her (the girl) a "chippie." It is to be assumed from this that the term "chippie" is defamatory, the opinion of the girl who brought the suit and that of the jury before which the case was tried operating to justify this assumption. "This goes to show that it isn't safe to monkey with the vernacular of the street," observes the Lowell News.

Says the London Chronicle: Many wrongs have been laid to the charge of the bicycle, and now, it seems, it is accused in France of being a literary destroyer. Publishers complain of their shelves being encumbered with piles of yellow-covered novels, and even of more serious works, for which there is absolutely no sale. The market for Zola, Ohnet and Daudet is falling off, and the percentage to be deducted from their issues grows larger day by day. So long as it is light every ablebodied human being is upon wheels, and when they come home people are too tired to read.

"When Victoria was called to the throne the United Kingdom contained 26,000,000 people," writes William George Jordan, of "What Victoria Has Seen," reviewing, in the Ladies' Home Journal, the world's progress during the sixty years of the English sovereign's rule. "To-day it has over 39,000,000. The 'wise men' of the time said the nation would go to pieces. They claimed it could never govern its home and colonial possessions. Under Victoria the new territory acquired alone is one-sixth larger than all Europe. To-day Victoria rules over 402,514,000 people, or twenty-seven per cent, of the population of the globe. Her Empire extends over 11,399,316 square miles, covering twenty-one per cent. of the land of the world. The United States, at the time of Victoria's coronation, had only 17,000,000 people; to-day it has 70,000,000. Arkansas, Missouri and Louisiana were then Western frontier States. All our territory west of the Mississippi contained less people than Philadelphia has to-day. Our present trans-Mississippi population exceeds in number that of the whole country in 1837. Our territorial area has increased seventy-five per cent.; our National wealth has increased about seventeen hundred per

In speaking of American Presbyterianism and the stirring part which the church took in the great Revolutionary drama, a writer in the Chicago Times-Herald says: "Calvinistic influence in American history is familiar to all who know the story of the Plymouth Rock and the band of Puritans who settled New England. The Revolution here was formed by Presbyterians, and the Whig club of New York, founded in 1752, to whose action Bancroft ascribes the inception of the Continental Congress, was so largely composed of Presbyterians that the Tories called it the 'Presbyterian junta.' The synod of the Presbyterian church of Philadelphia was the first religious body that urged the American colonists to take up arms. While all the clergy of the Church of England in New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania were on the side of the mother country, the Presbyterian preachers preached Revolution, and Bancroft gives the Presbyterians full credit for their share in the bringing about of American independence." It is claimed by the Presbyterians that the Government of the United States is modeled after the Government of the Presbyterian church, and in support of this claim is cited not only the similarity existing between the two systems, but also the fact that Rev. John Witherspoon, President of Princeton College, one of the early American patriots, had much to do with the original framework of the Federal Government. Whether or not the claim of the Presbyterians can be fully substantiated, comments the Atlanta Constitution, it nevertheless remains that the Presbyterian church has been a potential factor in American history, and that its influence is still felt in both religious

There is one thing about having trou ble; only live men are bothered. Dead

and political affairs.

A CENTLEMAN OF '76.

He cut a galiant figure
In bonnie buff and blue;
A goodly sight his buckles bright
And primly powdered queue!
A more courageous quester
Ne'er served Sultan nor Shah

Than he, my brave ancestor, My great-great-grandpapal And then in his elation

And then in his elation
Did my forefather gay,
Speak out the word he'd long deferred
For fear she'd say him "Nay;"
And when he saw how tender
Within her eyes the light,
He cried: "In your surrender
I read—we win the fight!"
And when the freedom-pæan
Swept, surge-like, through the dells—
A might clang whose echoes rang
From Philadelphia bells—
Loud from a stern old steeple



My great-great-grandpapa. He held the brutal Briton

A "thing" beneath his scorn; A Tory he conceived to be The basest caitiff born;

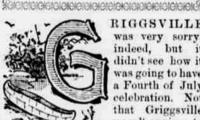
And not a neighbor wondered He looked upon them so— Forsooth, that was one hundred

And twenty years ago!
How true the happy presage!
In faith, how leal and true
Thy whole long life of love and strife,
Thou saint in buff and blue! Beyond all touch of travail.

With great-great-grandmamma, Now flooding time, slips by in rhyme For great-great-grandpapa! -Clinton Scollard.

GRIGGSVILLE'S CANNON.

A Fourth of July Story.



RIGGSVILLE was very sorry, indeed, but it didn't see how it | ing it." was going to have a Fourth of July celebration. Not that Griggsville wasn't anxious to

set off firecrackers and have a balloon ascension, with fireworks in the even-Quite the contrary, for the Fourth of July in the past had always been the greatest day of the year. Griggsville had thought it all over, remembering that crops were bad, that the times were hard and that taxes were high, and had come to the conclusion that it would need all the money it could get for winter fuel and buckwheat flour and bacon.

All of the older folks agreed with this decision; not without many mournful shakes of the head, but the boys of

"It's what I call a burning shame," sniffed Jack Morris when he heard the

"Yes," chimed in Ruddy Wilson, "Alden's Mills and Norcross and Simpson's Landing and nearly every town in the county is going to have a celebration, and now Griggsville has backed out.

"Course all of our games are off," remarked Dick Lansing, disconsolately; "no team will come here to play un-

less there is something going on. Dick was the manager of the Griggsville Baseball Club and he felt the dis-

appointment deeply. For a moment all the boys were silent, as if the weight of the affliction was too great for expression. Presently

Will Spencer blurted out: "Let's have a celebration anyway.
I've got a few dollars I'll put into it and we can get enough more among the boys to make something of a show at least-and we'll leave the old folks out of it, too."

"That's all very well," returned Dick, "but it's easier said than done," and there the matter dropped.

The next day when the boys met at the ball field Will came rushing up the street, evidently much excited. As soon as he was within hearing he shouted:

"I've got it, fellows, I've got it." "Well, out with it, old man; don't keep us in suspense," replied Dick, who didn't think much of Will's many plans. For Will had only lived in Griggsville a short time and Dick was

a little jealous of his popularity. As soon as Will recovered his breath he unfolded his scheme. It was to go down to Sullinger's Hole and find the cannon and muskets that were supposed to lie hidden in its depths. During the war the part of Missouri in which Griggsville is located had been overrun by roving bands of marauders belonging to both the Confederate and Union armies, and it was on one of these raids that the Southerners had pounced down upon a quantity of stores and ammunition held at Griggsville, and, being unable to get entirely away with their plunder, they had dropped it into Sullinger's Hole. All this had been long known to the boys of Griggsville, Wwhose' fathers and mothers often told of the wild day of the raid, and pointed out the bulletfurrows in their homes. And they knew, too, all about Sullinger's Hole. It lay at the end of a tangled path among the hazel brush and prickly ash at the bottom of the bluff which sheltered Griggsville. It was a quiet, glassy pool with a harmless little stream trickling into it, but no outlet that any one knew about. Grass and weeds and a few yellow water lilies

UNCLE SAM'S FOURTH OF JULY BICYCLE.



found bottom, although more than one had all expressed their intention of of the men of Griggsville had sounded the pool. The earliest settlers in the county had called it the "haunted pool," but ever since old man Sullinger had scoffed at the idea and had gone bathing in its waters, never to of snags. return, it had been known as Sullinger's Hole. All these things the boys knew and they avoided the dark pool. They neither skated on it in winter nor swam in it in summer, although a few of the braver ones had fished around its edges and caught big, lazy, old bass and pickerel. It was, therefore, not off in raising it from the bottom, beat all surprising that Ruddy Wilson cause there were the marks of a fresh shrugged his shoulders and laughed when Will made the suggestion.

"None of that for me," he said. "Oh, well, you needn't go along un less you want to," responded Will, impatiently. "All this talk about Sullinger's Hole being haunted is foolishness. I've caught a good many fish there, and it's a beautiful place. May be the old cannon and muskets were never dumped in there at all, but if they were it would be a great thing to drag 'em out and have a parade with 'em on the Fourth and fire the cannon early in the morning. I tell you, boys, it would be the biggest celebration that Griggsville ever had." Will was very much excited, and several of the boys at once grew interested. Will didn't know as much about Sullinger's Hole as the other

"I'd help," said Dick Lansing, "if I was sure there was any way of do-

boys, and so he was less afraid.

"All right, Dick, we'll show 'em,"
put in Will, whose eyes fairly glowed
with excitement. "We'll have the old
guns all up here by the Fourth and it will be a celebration worth seeing.'

When Dick went over, all of the doubters except Ruddy went with him. The company was pledged to the greatest secreey, and work was to begin at once. The baseball practicing It was a critical moment. What would was forgotten, and seven boys set off Will find? Would he be sucked down gin at once. The baseball practicing down the narrow pathway that led to to his death as Sullinger had been? Sullinger's Hole.

That night and the next evening through Dick's hands. Then it pulled

going there often to fish.

The next night Will was handling the drag rope. Suddenly it began to pull, and, assisted by Jack, he drew it carefully in. At the end was a mass

"What's that?" shouted Dick, suddenly.

Will pulled the rope nearer and Jack lifted out a long, narrow object. It was a gun barrel, rusted beyond recognition. The stock was wholly gone, but it had evidently been broken fracture Forgetting that he was on a raft

Will threw up his cap and shouted at the top of his voice: "We've found 'em! we've found

But although they dragged an hour

they could bring up nothing else. 'I don't see how we can ever get

the things up even if they are there,' said Dick. "Dive," answered Will, quietly.

The other two boys looked at him with horror. But when they parted for the night Will had expressed his firm intention of diving to the bottom to see if he could find the cannon. And the next day all seven of the boys came back very much excited. The finding of the gun barrel had reassured them. Carefully they poled out so as not to make the water muddy, and then Will stripped and stood poised for a moment on the edge of the raft. Dick had insisted that he tie a rope around him. The word was given, and, with a look at the clear sky above, Will splashed head-first into the Sullinger's hole. They saw his white body go down and down through the water and then fade out of sight. No one moved nor uttered a sound; every muscle was strained and every eye was fixed on the water.

But the rope had ceased to spin



"A HUNDRED WILLING HANDS DRAGGED THE OLD CANNON."

they dragged or rolled a number of again and a dozen feet away from the big dry logs and poles down to the edge of the pool. These they cut off water. Will shook himself, sputtered into equal lengths and fastened together in the form of a huge raft that would support a dozen or more boys. As early on the afternoon of the third day as possible the seven slid quietly out of the town and down the hill to the pool. They carried with them ropes and a crowbar or two and a number of long poles cut in the woods, besides hammers and nails and other implements. On reaching the shore of the pool they mounted the raft and pushed it out. They all whistled and shouted and sung until the birds of the woods, unused to being so disturbed, flew away much frightened. Every one of the workers felt just a little nervous in spite of the bright warm sunlight and the clear sky overhead. Once out on the pool they poled themselves along until they were about twenty feet from the shore.

One of the ropes with a big iron hook on the end was let down in the water and dragged back and forth. Suddenly it pulled against something hard. Half shivering with excitement Dick and George Merton pulled away on it. The raft swayed and lurched, and the other boys came to help them. At last a big, dark object came to the surface, and they saw that it was only the limbs of a big dead tree. As long as there was light they poled about the edges of the pond with their drags, but with the exception of snags and weeds and mud they could find nothing at all.

After two more discouraging after noons of work "Lank" Everson said he wasn't going to waste any more of his time. Three of the boys agreed with him, but Will Spencer was able to persuade Dick and Jack to make one more trial. By this time they had not own.

boat a wet head popped out of the and shouted:

"It's there, it's there; I touched it." Then he struck out for the raft, dragging something along in his hand. When he crawled out he laid an old, worn, rusted musket on the logs. All the boys were wild with excitement. Dick insisted on stripping and making a dive, and he, too, brought up a musket. Then Will went down with one end of a small rope in his mouth. This he ran through the fork of the cannon. A larger rope was dragged down, and before dark the boys were on shore ready to begin pulling in their prize. But it would not stir. It was too deep in the mud.

The next afternoon they came down with Tom Fisher's old white-faced team, fastened it to the rope, and with one strong pull the cannon came loose and then it was no trouble to pull the battered and rusted and wholly worthless old piece of artillery out of the water.

Somehow, in spite of all the boys could do, the news spread about like wild-fire, and every one in town came out to see what Sullinger's Hole had given up to the light of day. A hundred willing hands dragged the old cannon to the top of the bluff, and on Fourth of July morning it was loaded with powder-but that is getting ahead of the story. For when Griggsville heard what the boys had done Will Spencer became the hero of the hour, and the money for a great celebration was quickly subscribed. And on the morning of the great day Griggsville was out in her best with ags waving and firecrackers popping and anvils booming. The news of the great find had spread, and men and women and children came from all

And Dick Lansing's ball team won

two games.

About the old cannon? When it was fired it split from end to end, but Griggsville still keeps it as a proud trophy. And she is probably cele-brating around it to-day, for Will Spencer made the dive which brought him fame all over Missouri many years ago. - Chicago Record.

"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER." A Little Boy Was the First Person to Sing

In Lossing's "Pictorial Field Book of the War of 1812" it is recorded that the "Star-Spangled Banner" was first sung in a restaurant in Baltimore, next door to the Holliday Street Theatre, by Charles Durange, to an assemblage of the patriotic defenders of the city, and after that nightly at the theatre. This statement is slightly inaccurate,

and though it is one of no great historical importance it involves a matter of sufficient interest to justify a correction. The first person to sing that spirited song—which, though given a foreign air and commemorating a single episode in our country's history, has filled millions of hearts with patriotic devotion-was a lad of twelve years of age, the scene of his childish effort being neither a restaurant nor a theatre, but the open street in front of Captain Benjamin Edes's printing office in Baltimore, the second day after the bombardment of Fort Mc-Henry. It is worthy of record, too, that the person who first "set up" the song, printed it and distributed it to the citizens of Baltimore was also a boy-an apprentice of Captain Edesthe whole thing being done while the gallant captain was still out of the city with his regiment, the Twenty-seventh Maryland Infantry, which three days before had acted with conspicuous bravery at the battle of North Point.

The name of the apprentice boy, then seventeen or eighteen years old, was Samuel Sands. He lived a very much respected citizen of Baltimore to a very old age. The little singer was James Lawrenson, who afterward, for nearly seventy years, was connected with the Postoffice Department, and also employed, for probably half that time, as a writer for the National Intelligencer, the Philadelphia Ledger and the Baltimore Sun. He died nearly ninety years old, at his home in Baltimore, universally loved and hon-

A Four-Legged Fire Extinguisher. I guess most boys think all the fun of the Fourth is to light firecrackers, but the writer had a dog named Democrat who had lots of fun putting out firecrackers as they exploded. He was a plucky bull-terrier, and earned the title of "four-legged fire-extinguisher" in this way. After an exciting day with him, when he had put out many crackers with mouth and paws, we were on the lawn, watching the fireworks, when the thin dress of a child caught fire from a smoldering cracker, and Democrat saw the blaze and put it out before the older people had noticed it.

We first discovered his taste for firefighting when he jumped and took a lighted match from my father's hand. He finally burned his throat while put-ting out a blazing paper, and died, much missed by all the boys in the neighborhood.—Chicago Record.

Costly Displays of Fireworks.

The cost of a finely managed display of fireworks is no small consideration. At the Presidential inaugura-tion at Washington March 4, 1885, \$5000 was paid to one company for fireworks, and I was shown one check for \$11,000, which was given for a similar but more extensive display at the Centennial of Washington's inauguration, April 30, 1889. Paris and London have always been exceedingly lavish in this regard. As early as 1697, \$60,000 were spent in London on fireworks to celebrate the peace of Ryswick. In 1814 an even larger amount was spent to celebrate in St. James Park the 100th anniversary of the reigning family; and at Crystal Palace, where fireworks are frequent, three tons of quick-match are sometimes let off in a single evening.

The Prisoners' Holiday.

Once a year, on the Fourth of July, the prisoners at the Wisconsin State's prison at Waupun have a half-holiday. They are let out of their dark cells into the prison yard. They can't have firecrackers, but they are so glad to get out that the time goes away quick-

They have boxing, wrestling, running, races, ball playing and all kinds of games. On the Fourth two years ago one old man, who was a little bit crazy, wanted to make a stump speech, so he got on top of an old windmill tower and began to shout. He was very much excited, and some of the men turned the hose on him. He was wild with anger, and could think of nothing more to say.

An Epitaph. Stop, traveler, and weep for him Who's lying here below. He filled his cannon to the brim— That's all you'll ever know.



SELECT RELIGIOUS READING

PREGNANT THOUGHTS FROM TH WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS.

Let Jesus Lift the Load Test of Tr Worth - Faith for Guidance Frett Over Small Things-Christ's Sept tions Feet That Go Up To God.

The camel, at the close of day Kneels down upon the sandy plain To have its burden lifted off, And rest to gain.

My soul, thou, too, shouldst to thy knees When daylight draweth to a close, And let thy Master lift the load And grant repose.

Else how couldst then tomorrow meet With all tomorrow's work to do,
If thou thy burden all the night
Dost carry through?

The camel kneels at break of day
To have his guide replace his load, Then riseth up anew to take The desert road.

So thou shouldst kneel at morning dawn, That God may give thee daily care, Assured that He no load too great Will make thee bear.

The Test of True Worth,

The Test of True Worth.

That which I would have every one is quire respecting every work of art of und termined merit submitted to his judgmer is not whether it be a work of especial grandeur, importance or power, but wheth it have any virtue or substance as a link the chain of truth, whether it have record to interpreted anything before making the chain of truth, whether it have record or interpreted anything before unknow whether it have added one single stone our heaven-pointing pyramid, cut away of dark bough, or levelled one rugged hillor in our path. This, if it be an honest we of art, it must have done, for no man exyet worked honestly without giving sor such help to his race. God appoints to exe one of His creatures a separate missionate if they discharge it honorably, if they discharge it honorably, if they uthemselves like men and faithfully fold the light which is in them, withdrawing far it all cold and quenching influence, the will assuredly come of it such burnaus, in its appointed mode a measure, shall shine before mand be of service constant and holy. I grees infinite of justre there must always and be of service constant and holy. I grees infinite of lustre there must always but the weakest among us has a gift he ever seemingly trivial, which is peculiar him and which, worthily used, will be a also to his race forever. "Fool not," a George Herbert,

For all may have

If they dare choose, a glorious life or gre If, on the contrary, there be nothing of a freshness achieved, if there be neither p freshness achieved, if there be neither a pose nor fidelity in what is done, if a an envious or powerless imitation of a men's labors, if it be a display of mere a ual dexterity or curious manufacture, or in any other mode it show itself as had its origin in vanity—cast it out. It man not what powers of mind may have be concerned or corrupted in it, all have it their savor, it is worse than worther perilous—cast it out.—John Ruskin,

Faith for Guidance.

Take from the navigator his nautical struments, and the stupid booby that so on the mast of his ship to refresh its we frame can make its way to land, and le him to perish at the mercy of the wind waves. The sea gull that follows his waves. The sea guil that renew had to pick up the crumbs of breadthat falls his table, always keeps its reckoning itself—but man can never depend himself for guidance. A law himself for guidance. A law an instrument is his guide, his faith in following them determ his course. "Yea, the stork in the haw knoweth her appointed times, the tark crane, and the swallow observe the lin their coming, but my people know as judgment of their God." The bee, will compass, square or line, can so shape cell that the mathematician demonstration it loses the least space. Brought oversidistance of two thousand miles, over mains and deserts, shut out from all con nication with the world a his teams and wash his clothes

the capabilities of the little er-opened their habitation and let Yet, in this strange country to were brought in darkness, the feetly at home; and among the strange substances, eight or of them made several selection yet, not in a single instance is and in perfect confidence we ca their labor, involving millions with a definite understanding made a mistake our life would alty. Yet we eat without excannot trust the God who gave it!

or, perhaps, deny the relation cause and effect by doubting His Fretting Over Small Things. The great and serious plans for

that belong to the solemnities august occasions of existence absolutely sacrificed and even yielded, because great grace is the supreme hour of choice; bu daily plannings for work and p often held fast tenaciously, and are broken we fret and fume will chafing, if not with outward irritati for taking joyfully the interruption dering things by way of accidents us out and put us about, so that can be finished as desired, it does if human nature could never flat the sible. . . Would it not be a triumph of indeed to be able to take joyfull "spoiling?" How do we crave our over in the smallest affairs! Life! even in the smallest affairs! Life wo undisciplined indeed, if we always is Here is really a great opportunitem emulate ancient worthies of this ent work-a-day life, and take is a spoiling that may often be as hard a as loss of goods. The records of matrand of great achievements will not be larged by deeds well worthy of remain but the small, joyful surrenders will be pleasing in His sight "who knows and all;" and, putting these small sacrifications.

"We shall see life may be A rosary of little deeds
Done humbly, Lord, as unto The
—Julin H. Johnston, in last

"Run Over" With Jey.
Rejoice! Be glad! Be chesful
merry countenance, of a smiling far of good courage—never somer, a gloomy. Let the joy of the Led be strength. Bubble up and ran our joy; let it well up from a great head like a reservoir of God from which it everyone else can draw inexhaust exuitant joy. Your business is a your mission is to bind up the hearted; to lift up the fallen. and encourage the despondent and it to make everyone to be glad and to —The King's Messenger.

The feet that go up to God into its tain, at the end, are the same that off their shoes beside the busing this is why the Christian, more the men, not merely dares but love back and remember.—Phillips from