

GEO. W. WAGENSELLER, Editor and Proprietor

MIDDLEBURGH, PA., JULY 29, 1897.

By a curious coincidence Captain Marryat's "Snatley-yow," the only novel reviewed in the reprint of the London Court Journal for June 24, 1837, was also reviewed in the literary papers for June, 1897, as a new edition has just appeared.

There are two piles of gold in New York City which aggregate 260 tons. One pile is in the Sub-Treasury vaults, is valued at \$77,940,000, and weighs 150 tons. The other is in the cellars of the Clearing House, weighs 110 tons, and is valued at \$55,180,000.

Mr. John Usher, of Norton, who has given \$40,000 toward the foundation of a Chair of Public Health in Edinburgh University, once provoked Mr. Gladstone into exclaiming: "I am responsible for the understanding that the Almighty has been pleased to lodge in this skull of mine, but I am not responsible for the understanding that the Almighty has been pleased to lodge in that skull of yours."

Part of the surplus revenue, which Great Britain is happy in having this year, is to go towards improving the postal and telegraph services. It seems that there are about 16,000,000 of letters annually which the Government does not attempt to deliver into the hands of the persons to whom they are directed. These letters are directed to persons living in the sparsely populated districts and are left by the officials at some central point where the owners can call and get them. This is to be remedied, and direct delivery of letters to every house in the kingdom is to be made. Greater scope is to be given in the matter of parcels, and the charges on delivery of telegraphs outside the set limits are to be materially reduced.

Much good is done in Minnesota with an annual appropriation by the State of \$10,000 to encourage the establishment of school libraries. Twenty dollars the first year and ten dollars annually thereafter are given by the State to any school district which raises an equal or a greater amount, the stimulus of which proposition has resulted in an excess of private giving over the State appropriation. In the ten years during which the appropriation has been granted libraries have been established in over 1800 schools, the average number of volumes in each library being sixty-five. This number is not large, but the growth of each library is continuous. Moreover, the rules governing the choice of books give these little libraries a value not represented in the number of volumes. The books are not chosen at random or promiscuously, but each season's purchases are confined to some one subject, the purpose being to create good reference libraries to supplement the instruction by the teacher and the text book.

Says the Atlanta Journal: "Texas has furnished a large share of the lynchings in this country for ten years past. An attempt to institute a reform is seen in the anti-lynching law passed by the Texas legislature at its recent session. It makes all participants in a mob which for any reason whatsoever inflicts death upon any person guilty of murder in the first degree. Texas, like all other States, had a law against lynching before this act passed, and in the eye of the law all participants in lynchings are guilty of murder. It was thought, however, that the enactment of a specific statute against lynching would have a salutary effect. Governor Calhoun took this view, and in a special message to the legislature urged the passage of just such a law as has been enacted. The press of the State has very generally commended the action of the legislature, but it remains to be seen if the new law will have any effect. In nearly every instance where a lynching occurs the community has been shocked by some hideous crime and is in sympathy with the mob. Under such circumstances it is impossible to convict anybody connected with the lynching. The Texas law is an official condemnation of mob violence, but it will not change the nature of men or make them less easily driven to frenzy by the perpetration of those crimes which are so frequently visited with vengeance at the hands of a mob."

When you have a country woman to dinner, notice how shy she is of the butter you serve.

THE GREEN LANES OF THE PAST.

I care not to gaze at the years coming on, Thick-mantled in mist and with doubts overcast, But would rather stray back to the days that are gone, Along the green lanes of the past— Across the cool meadows of memory, where The birds ever sing, and the wild waters fall, And the laughter of children is borne on the air, And love shineth over it all. The painter may picture the future in eyes That rival the rose and the rainbow, and still It may leave him at last but a guerdon of sighs, And a hope that it failed to fulfill; The poet may sing of the splendors supreme, Of the opulent ages, far-coming and vast— I question him not, yet I ask but to dream On the old quiet hills of the past. The past is my own—there is nothing uncertain In all its wide range, and my title is clear— While the future, at best, is a face on the curtain, That fades as my feet draweth near; Then give me the blossoms, the birds and the bowers, And every loved scene where my soul clingeth fast, Like an evergreen ivy that mantles the towers And feeds on the dew of the past. —James Newton Matthews, in Ladies' Home Journal.

NORA'S BLUNDER.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

Miss Matty Rice had yawned once since breakfast she had yawned a score of times; and even pretty Eveleen was growing drowsy over her embroidery by the window. For it was a hopelessly rainy day in mid-October, with the sky veiled in dark gray mist, the tinted leaves floating down into matted layers of dim color around the columns of the piazza, and the tall dahlias nearly prostrated by the steady downpour. No walks, no gathering of ferns, mosses, berries, in the still, delicious woods; no dreamy rambles to the mountain tops—and, worst and saddest of all, nothing to read.

"And I won't be deluded into working worsteds," said Matty, "nor yet into crewels and Kensington stitch. Eveleen, what is that delightful book that papa was reading aloud out of last night?"

"Do you mean the 'Recreations of a Country Parson'?" said Eveleen, comparing two shades of rose-colored wool.

"If that's the name of it—yes." "He took it to the city with him," said Eveleen. "I saw it sticking out of his coat pocket when he was running for the train."

"How provoking!" sighed Matty, clasping her dimpled hands above her head; "when it's the book of all books that papa was reading aloud out of last night!"

"Mr. Winton has a copy of it," said Eveleen, threading a worsted-needle with the very darkest shade of garnet. "But what good will that do me?" said Matty, disconsolately.

"Borrow it," suggested Eveleen. Everybody borrows everything in a place like this; and I'm sure Mr. Winton would be glad to oblige you."

"But how?" urged Matty. "The hotel is at least half a mile away."

"Nora, indeed! I don't suppose Nora ever did an errand in her life," said Matty.

"Then it's high time she began," laughingly suggested Eveleen. "Write a note!"

"I'd rather send a verbal message," said Matty; "and I wouldn't send at all if I wasn't dying to read the end of that essay that papa began last night."

"There," said Nora, as she turned away from Teddy O'Hara, "an' sure I've forgotten the name as clane as if I niver had heard it."

"Whose name was it, alanna?" consolingly demanded Colonel Ross's coachman, whose soft nothings had put the message completely out of Nora's head.

"There was somethin' in it about the 'Rectory of a Country Parson,'" said Nora, twisting herself into the letter S, with the violent attempt at recollection to which she forced herself.

"There ain't no rectory hereabouts," said Teddy. "Sure it ain't built yet! But the parson he's up on the hotel steps. I seen him there as I came beyant. A tall young gentleman, with a high vest—for all the wurreld like Father Rockwell—an' spectacles as gintale as ye plaze. Is it a message you've got for him, Nora, mavourneen?"

"I'm to borrow him!" said Nora, fixing her dull, glassy glare on Teddy O'Hara's astonished face.

"To—borrow him?" repeated Teddy. "Yis, sure!" Nora answered, doggedly.

Teddy uttered a whistle. "It's the queerest loan as iver I heard of," said he. "An' if it's a fair question, who is it wants him?"

"Miss Matty Rice's compliments," repeated Nora, with parrot-like promptitude, "and she wants to borrow the parson."

Teddy exploded into a laugh. "Sure, an' if it was leap year," said he, "I should think it meant something. I niver heard such a message in all me born days before. But I must make haste, or the mail will be off."

Away trudged Teddy, while Nora kept on to the hotel, all unconscious of the curious transformation that had befallen her luckless message.

"Is the parson here?" demanded she, shaking her umbrella, and stamping the mud off her feet on the steps of the mountain hotel, which was still well-filled with guests who had lingered to see the splendors of the October frosts among the woods.

The hotel clerk, who had just come out to glance at the barometer, stared at her; the young ladies on the wide veranda giggled; the stout old gentlemen, who were walking up and down the boards to gain their daily two miles of exercise, stopped short; and a spectacle, grave-looking young man, who was talking with a lady just beyond, glanced around, as if he fancied that he were personally interested.

"Do you want the—clergyman?" said the hotel clerk, doubtful, yet polite.

"Is it a stone-mason or a chimney-swape I'd be manth', d'ye think?" retorted Nora, beginning to imagine that she was being made game of.

"I am the clergyman," said the spectacled gentleman, stepping courteously forward at this juncture. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Miss Mattie Rice's compliments," said Nora, without in the least abating the shrillness of her voice, "an' she wants to borrow you."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Fontaine, "but—I'm not quite sure that I understand you, my good woman."

"I'm speakin' the English language, sure," said Nora, somewhat affronted. "She wants to borrow you."

"But what for?" said he, ignoring the titters of the group which was now fast gathering on the veranda.

"To amuse herself wid this rainy day," said Nora. "You're to come back wid me, p'lease. I was to bring you, Miss Matty Rice's compliments, and—"

"Really," said Mr. Fontaine, "this is very strange."

"The Rices live in the little Swiss cottage by the Haldino Falls," suggested the hotel clerk. "Gentleman goes up and down to the city every day. Keeps a little pony carriage, and—"

"You're to come back wid me, please," interrupted Nora. "The Rectory, or the County Parson, Miss Matty Rice's compliments, and—"

Mr. Fontaine, hurriedly surveying the situation in his mind's eye, decided that it was better to obey this strange behest.

And putting on his water-proof wrap, and arming himself with a light silk umbrella, he accompanied Nora McShane, to the great buzzing and whispering of the group on the veranda.

Miss Rice was listlessly watching Eveleen's embroidery, as the door bounced open and Nora rushed in, exclaiming:

"Here he is! I've brought him!" "Brought whom?" said Matty, in surprise.

"The country parson," said Nora. "There wasn't no rectory. I inquired for it, but it wasn't built."

"What on earth is the girl talking about?" said Matty, in amazement.

And then Mr. Fontaine walked in, holding his hat in his hand.

"I am the clergyman," said he. "Can I be of any use?"

Matty colored a deep cherry-pink. "Oh, dear, I am so sorry!" she faltered; "but there is some dreadful mistake here. I sent Nora to the hotel to borrow a book, and she has brought me back—a man!"

"Dear, stupid old Nora!" says Matty Kice, "it was all her doing. And she shall have a home with me always."

"But blunders don't always terminate so successfully," Eveleen gravely remarks.

Matty shakes her head. She will not concede this to be a blunder at all. Only—a coincidence.—Saturday Night.

Living on a Dollar a Week. Four of the students of the local Young Men's Christian Association training school are experimenting in cheap methods of cooking, says the Republican, of Springfield, Mass.

About two months ago Dr. McCurdy, in one of his talks to the physiology class, spoke of the work done by Edward Atkinson in experimenting with different kinds of food in order to find out which is the cheapest and at the same time the most nourishing.

One of the class became interested and read extensively on the subject. Not being satisfied with what others said he bought an Aladdin oven and with three other fellows began to experiment on himself.

The Aladdin oven is an invention of Edward Atkinson, the well-known economist, whose idea was to cover an oven with asbestos in order to keep in the heat, and in this way to save fuel, space and time.

With this oven the four young men began the experiment, which they now declare to be the "greatest thing out."

They put whatever they want for breakfast into the oven the night before, regulate the heat according to directions, and when they get up in the morning breakfast is ready.

After breakfast the dinner is put into the oven, while the same is done after dinner for the supper. This long and slow method of cooking renders the cheaper cuts of meat tender and palatable, so that although they have lived well and have eaten even more than usual their expenses have only been \$1 each a week, which not only includes the food, but the fuel and the hire for the oven.

One of the members of the faculty and his wife were entertained a few days ago with fine success. The guests politely pronounced the dinner to be the best cooked one they had ever eaten.

Weight of the Earth. The weight of the earth has been fixed by the calculations of astronomers, extending over many years, as 6,069,000,000,000,000,000, or six thousand and sixty-nine trillion tons.

Our planet weighs as much as seventy-eight moons. If the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland be considered to extend downward to the centre of the earth—3963 miles—its weight would be 3,733,000,000,000,000 tons.

The earth weighs 1625 tints as much as the United Kingdom. Further, its weight is fifty-two and a half times as much as Europe, eleven and a half times as much as Asia, seventeen and a half times as much as Africa, and thirteen and a third times as much as the Americas.

J. Holt Schooling, endeavoring to make these figures clearer, imagines the Coliseum at Rome, peopled with ghosts of 87,000 persons, who have been counting since A. D. 73, at the rate of 100 tons per minute. They would not have made a perceptible impression on the total. If the inhabitants of a hundred million stars, each with a population of one thousand five hundred millions, were to begin to count, they would finish the task in seven hours.

A Great Catalogue. It is said the great catalogue of books which the British Museum has in process of compilation will be completed within a year or two. This work will contain a list of nearly all the books that have ever been published. One hundred and ten years ago the museum completed its first catalogue. It consisted of two volumes folio in manuscript. In 1819 this catalogue had grown to eight volumes. A new edition was commenced in the thirties. Only the first letter was printed. The rest were written. It was completed in 1851 and consisted of 150 folio volumes. In 1875 the list had grown to 2000 and five years later to 3000 volumes. The new edition commenced in 1881 will be printed and consist of 600 volumes, containing a list of 3,000,000 titles.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS. TOPIC FOR SUNDAY, AUG. 1.

"Putting Religion into Our Daily Tasks." Kings vii. 13, 14; Acts xviii. 1-4; Mark vi. 1-3.

DAILY READINGS. OUR DAILY TASK. July 26. Willing work. Neh. iv. 1-4. July 27. Work with God. Hag. ii. 1-4. July 28. My Father's business. Lu. ii. 41-52.

LESSON THOUGHTS. All through the Bible records duty is regarded with honor, and Jesus himself was known as "the carpenter's son." We can therefore with perfect right to ask God to bless up our honest labors, and while we are fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, may at the same time be diligent in business.

Putting religion into our daily tasks means to do all things as unto the Lord. It will add energy to our efforts, cheerfulness to our labors, honesty to our principles, and put character in all our dealings.

SELECTIONS. The busy fingers fly, the eyes may see Only the glancing needle which the hold; But all my life is blossoming inward, And every breath is like a litany: While through each labor, like a thread of gold, Is woven the sweet consecration.

In one of Murillo's pictures in the Louvre he shows us the interior of a convent kitchen; but doing the work there are not mortals in old dresses but beautiful white-winged angels. One serenely puts the kettle on the fire to boil, and one is lifting up a pail of water with heavenly grace, and one at the kitchen dresser reaching for the plates. . . . What the old monk legend that is represented is, I do not know. But as the painter puts it you on his canvas, all are so busy, so working with such a will, so so fervently the work as they do it, somehow you forget that pans are pots and pots are pots, and only think of the angels, and how very natural an beautiful kitchen work is—just what the angels would do, of course. It is the angel aim and standard in an act that consecrates it.

Christ Must Make You. If you are to be anything in the world Christ must make you. You can succeed only by His permission and help. He will let Him into your life to work and to build up and to transform? You are neighborly with Him; but that will not do. He must be allowed to become something more than your neighbor. He must be admitted into your heart. He must be allowed to abide at the very heart of your being, and in the very springs of your life. Here neighbors will never have made Paul or John. It took personal enthusiastic faith and love and sacrifice to make them. That you may reach the goal of life, that you may realize your best self, that you may be what Christ can make you, I call upon you to make an absolute surrender of your soul and body and will to Christ. Open your whole life to His coming.—David Gregg, D. D., in "Our Best Moods."

God Thought It Cheap. A man lived fifty years—joy dashed with tears; Loved, toiled, had wife and child, and lost them; died; And left of all his long life's work one line of song. That lasted—naught beside, Like the monk Felix' bird that sang was heard; Doubt prayed, Faith soared, Death smote itself to sleep; That song saved souls, You say the man paid stiffly; Nay, God paid—and thought it cheap. —Vida Brien.

Folly to Brood. When trouble comes it is folly to sit down and brood over it. No situation was ever proved in that way. Great energies are for great strength of spirit and for great activity. The harder the pressure, the more is the reason why you should give up the man. If you once give up, and waste an idle repining the energy that ought to be spent in courageous effort, then you may as well die. Your case, let it be as difficult as it may, is no worse than that of the sands of others who have, nevertheless, a stout heart and won the day. God is simply putting you to the test in order to determine the quality of your manhood. He has no evil designs against you. All He sends or suffers to come will turn out for your good if you only accept it in the right spirit.—Nashville Christian Advocate.

A Helpful Sign. Sign the pledge: it makes a strong obligation. When a man gives up the idea he must do all that can be done to strengthen his obligation. If he is to withdraw from a resolution, he feels at liberty to do so if he chooses. But if he has made a pledge, he has put his hand to a double-knots his resolution with a solemn promise to which he has put his hand, then he feels bound by the most solemn obligations. He cannot think of breaking his word. He dare not violate his pledge. And in the moment of temptation, his self-respect, his love for his word, his written will be a strong reason for saying "No." Sacred Heart Review.

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