

GEO. W. WAGENSELLER, Editor and Proprietor

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It is estimated that \$2,000,000,000 of war material was floated on the occasion of the British naval review at Spithead.

Alaskan enthusiasts who are not to be discouraged by the stories of high prices of the necessities of life perhaps think they can make up for the other expenses by saving on their ice bills.

British enthusiasts who wished to celebrate what they call the thousandth anniversary of the foundation of England's navy by King Alfred have been snubbed by young Mr. Chamberlain.

English Presbyterians are naturally making much of the laying of the cornerstone at Cambridge of the Westminster Theological college.

That scheme for a state railroad to run from its northern boundary to the Gulf is again being agitated in Texas. Some of the talk is wild, but lots of it is quite sensible.

The Indian mail brings a remarkable detective story. The detective was a professor Hankin. It was the cholera microbe he was after.

One of the most promising fields in the world for the motor car is Western Australia. There are thousands of miles of flat country, and into this auriferous region English capital is flowing in big blocks.

The New York World in a recent issue publishes official data showing that the situation in the state is most distressing. From the figures cited by the New York paper it appears that within the past two years something like 131 murders have been committed in New York city.

There is always hope beyond; we are bound to have colder weather next winter.

CASTLES.

The tottering walls, the crumbling arch, The columns, the works of art, Are mingled with briars and weeds and grime.

But the cornerstones were deeply laid, Below the rage of the storm, And mark the spot that will tell the tale To the ages yet unborn.

Yet the castles of Love, and the temples of Hope, And Ambition's gorgeous goal, Have aisles as broad and domes as high As the concept of the soul.

Like the castles we have seen, With moss-covered ruin—the jeer of the winds, And the sport of the ivy green.

Our castles may vanish, but never decay, Like the castles we have seen, With moss-covered ruin—the jeer of the winds.

REFORMATION OF SHEPHERD.

By R. CLYDE FORD.



REDGE No. 4 was stationed one summer on the range between Bay Mills and Point aux Pins. The quarter-boat for the hands, "Sibeery," the night men called it from the time it had been so christened by Joe Shepherd.

"Mighty hot Sibeery, ain't it, boys?" Joe would remark, when about 10 o'clock the men came down from their hot rooms to sit in disconsolate groups in the shade of the house on broken anchor chains and dredge machinery.

It was a strange sort of regimen which prevailed on the dredge. When there were places to be filled anybody who offered himself was accepted. No questions were asked. It was, however, expected that no one would get drunk while on duty.

The make-up of the night crew was remarkable, and it had some striking characters in it. But the most remarkable man of all who sat down to midnight dinner on No. 4 was Joe Shepherd. He was tall and slim, almost lathy indeed, and not very old.

Joe was the boss at night, the "runner" in the vernacular of the dredge. He presided over the machinery in the engine room and regulated the great crane and dipper.

electric light he presented a strange appearance, as seen from a tug or passing barge, his tall, gaunt figure bending over the lever, which he pushed forward or backward at a motion from the cranesman till the crane groaned or creaked.

"An' the waters sweep on As we dig away, An' the boats creep on As we list away— That's how we earn 'r bread.

"Rattle an' creak o' the crane, An' up with 'e anchor post; On with the work again, 'Tis a dreary life at most, 'Tis a dreary life at most.

An' the days sweep on As we work away, Wherever falls the lead; An' our lives creep on 'Till the stars of way— That's how we earn 'r bread.

"Rattle an' creak o' the crane, An' up with 'e anchor post; On with the work again, 'Tis a weary life at most, 'Tis a weary life at most.

If the night crew had stopped to think they could have seen that Joe was their superior in everything but morals. Morally dredge men are pretty much alike. He swore like the rest, he talked illiterately like the rest, but now and then there would flash into his conversation an expression beautifully turned, some illusion foreign to his surroundings, indicating a life and history not quite covered up by the ooze of the river.

Joe's besetting sin was drink. In this he did not differ any from the rest, but one noticed it more in him because the gentleman was not quite rubbed out of him. Whenever the tug went to the Soo in the day time, Joe went along if he could get passage from Sibeery, and he always came back with gourd-like nose colored a more pronounced red.

The men said Joe's wife took his dissipation very much to heart for she was young and an utter stranger in the town. And of course a wife who looks forward through a long week of loneliness to seeing her husband Saturday night, is wretched and cries from disappointment if he does not come home till Sunday afternoon, and drunk at that. Women are so peculiar about such things.

The Fourth of July came that year in the middle of the week, and at four o'clock in the morning of the eventful day Joe blew a long blast of the whistle, and the dredge stopped work. As soon as the men could wash up the tug took them down to Sibeery, where a few hoarse shrieks brought out the "exiles" who could sleep nights "as white as erter," said Joe. Everybody put on his best clothes and took all the money he had.

There is no need to particularize specially as to the adventures of the day. Everybody celebrated with a will; celebrated as only river men whose minds are filled with the significance of the day can celebrate. The night fireman of the dredge was drunk by ten o'clock. Bill Sykes, the day cranesman, was in the lock-up by noon. Reddy, fireman of the tug, took part in three fights in the course of the day and was worsted in all of them.

Last of all came Joe, somewhat perturbed in manner, but still enduring. He was singing with all his might the refrain of his favorite song, with some variations:

"Rattle an' creak o' the crane, An' up with 'e anchor post; On with the work again, 'Tis a blamed hard life at most, 'Tis a blamed hard life at most.

He had just started on this for the third or fourth time when a little woman turned the corner and came up by the side of him. The song died on his lips. "Tis a blamed hard life," was the end of it.

"Joe," said the woman, "you haven't been home this week now and—" "Mrs. Shepherd," interrupted Joe oratorically, "this is the day we celebrate. The nation's wel-

fare is—" Here he stumbled and did not finish his sentence.

"But Joe, you didn't come home last Sunday, either, and I git so lonesome all alone," and the woman began to cry. By this time the two were up near the tug.

"Oh, come, now, Mrs. Shepherd, Julia dear, guess you'd better go back, you'll be hinderin' proper navigation on the canal here."

"I don't care, I won't go back, not now anyway. If you're goin' off I'm goin' to see you a minute," and she fastened resolutely to Joe's arm with one hand, and wiped her eyes with the other. Joe was embarrassed and conscience-stricken.

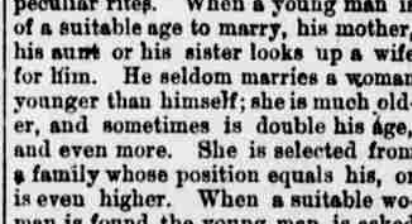
Joe was sobering up fast, but he talked with nobody and during the run back to the dredge stood by himself on the bow and let the cool breeze clear the cobwebs from his brain. That night the dredge started up again with Joe running. For several hours he scarcely spoke, but toward midnight he turned to the inspector, who stood near. "Mr. Hunter, a man who gets drunk is a fool, ain't he?" he asked, half in question, half in meditation.

To those who are accustomed to look upon Oriental potentates and dignitaries as the impersonification of repose and decorous gravity, most of them being so impassive that it is perfectly impossible to interpret their feelings, the King of Siam is a perfect revelation, says a correspondent. He is literally bubbling over with enthusiasm, excitement, curiosity and delight and impresses everybody that has met him since his arrival in Europe as being the jolliest little fellow imaginable.

Desperate Ride of a Wheelman. Only desperate necessity could urge a wheelman to take such chances as were faced one day recently by Joseph E. Everett of Brick Church, N. J. Mr. Everett is a lawyer, and having a most important engagement in a neighboring town, determined to take the morning train to the place in question. He miscalculated the time, and did not discover his error until warned by the train whistle. He is elderly, but is an expert wheelman, and, jumping into the saddle, he dashed off to the depot. Just as the train started persons on the platform saw him riding with head down and feet moving like piston rods down Harrison street to the railroad. At the crossing the cyclist turned on to the gravel track between the rails and scorching down the road after the fast-receding train.

Wooling and Wedding in Alaska. Wooling and wedding in Alaska among the natives are interesting and peculiar rites. When a young man is of a suitable age to marry, his mother, his aunt or his sister looks up a wife for him. He seldom marries a woman younger than himself; she is much older, and sometimes is double his age, and even more. She is selected from a family whose position equals his, or is even higher. When a suitable woman is found the young man is asked how many blankets and animal skins he is willing to pay for her. When that important question is settled, a feast is arranged in the home of the bride and the friends of both families are invited.

Lifting Large Rocks Out of the Ground. Field boulders are usually buried either wholly or in part in the surface of the ground. To pull such a boulder out of the ground requires an enormous amount of power, unless much hand digging is given beforehand.



WAY TO MOVE HEAVY STONES.

Before we can think of pickling cucumbers we must grow them, and that is not always an easy matter, especially where the blight (leaf-blight, bacterial blight) is a sure annual visitor.

How to Grow Pickles. Before we can think of pickling cucumbers we must grow them, and that is not always an easy matter, especially where the blight (leaf-blight, bacterial blight) is a sure annual visitor.



Clover Seed. If the farmer wants a crop of clover seed, he should cut the first crop as early as possible, says Hoard's Dairyman.

Preventing Egg-Eating. If an egg is broken the hens will eat it, and it is by eggs being broken that the hens learn the vice, as they never eat eggs unless they first find one broken.

Rules For Chicken Raisers. P. H. Jacobs, in the Poultry Keeper, gives a few rules that should be often referred to by chicken raisers.

A Handy Farm Boiler. The ordinary farm boiler, or set kettle, is unhandy from the fact that the contents after each boiling must be laboriously dipped out.

From July to December is the moulting or shedding period for the poultry. It takes about one hundred days from the time a hen first commences to moult until the process is completed.

Dairy Dots. Color is subservient to taste in butter. Quality is of more importance than quantity. Bad water will make impure, and wholesome milk.

To improve the milking qualities of a dairy herd, use bulls only from the best milkers. Dairy heifers should always be handled familiarly from the first and they will be no trouble.

The chief advantage of the creamer system is cheapness of product from the saving of labor. No dairyman can make uniform good butter unless his cows are handled liberally with wholesome food.

Dairying has one advantage in that its products are always in the line of food, and hence always in demand. Proper management of the dairy gives the farmer a continuous income something he does not have with other lines of farming.

Feeding and general care and management have as much to do with breeding the product of the cow as breeding or blood. If the air is warmer than the cream the purity of the cream and the flavor of the butter will be impaired by exposure to it.

After cream becomes sour the ripening given it the more it deteriorates and the sooner it is skimmed and churned the better. The milk cans, pails and other vessels should be kept clean by first washing in tepid water and then scalding thoroughly in boiling water.

Clean pastures, with good water, and proper care, is the best preventive of bitter milk. Weeds, especially ragweed, cause bitter milk. In a majority of cases kicking is made so by cruelty and harsh treatment to have gentle cows it is essential to treat them kindly from the time they are calves.

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