# THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

### GEO. W, WAGENSELLER,

Editor and Proprietor

#### MIDDLEBURGH, PA., SEPT. 2, 1897.

It is estimated that \$2,000,000,000 cf war material was affoat on the occasion of the British naval review at Spithead. This is a pretty little sum. Evidently peace nowadays comes at a high price.

<sup>a</sup>Alaskan enthusiasts who are not to be discouraged by the stories of high prices of the necessaries of life perhaps think they can make up for the other expenses by saving on their ice bills, suggests the Chicago Record.

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, who is Civil Lord of the Admiralty, with the statement that the navy department has had enough celebration for this year.

English Presbyterians are naturally making much of the laying of the corner-stone at Cambridge of the Westminster Theological college. One of their papers remarks that this return to Cambridge and to "classic ground" is one of the most important events which have happened in the history of the English Presbyterian church.

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, maintains the New England Homestead. If New York state can build and operate the Erie canal, finally making it free and appropriating an extra \$9,000,000 for its improvement, why may not the Empire state of the great Southwest have a state railway. The purpose of both enterprises is regulation of freight rates. If the Texas scheme should work as well in this prospect as the Erie canal has done, it would be more than vindicated.

The Indian mail brings a remarkable detective story. The detective was a professor Hankin. It was the cholera microbe he was after. Thirteen' people had sat at mess in Saugor. Nine of them got sick. Three had cholera. One died. The migrobe. was detected in a water-pot in the kitchen. But the supply from which that pot was filled was pure. The dish cloth, however turned out to have been dried on an infected sand bank. Conveyed into the kitchen, the microbe had not only got into the water-pot, but into a chocolate pudding. There it yielded 4000 million cholera microbes in eighteen hours. Chocolate pudding has been off at Saugor since.

# CASTLES.

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

grime-A fitting counterpart, In telling the tales of the long ago, Of the eastles where lord and liege The legions defied, but that fell before

Old Time's relentless sleg

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. But nothing remains of the loves and hopes Of the princely dwellers there. No pillars are left, no fragments are found,
- Of their castles in the air.

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. Delusions may come and litusions may go, The mirage may bring despair. Yet cheer to the soul, and joy to the heart, Are castles in the air.

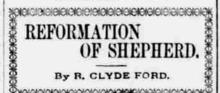
They take us away from the plod and the

grind, Away from life's wearisome road, And promise that somehow, in days to come. We shall bear us a lighter load.

Hope's anchor is fastened within the vell Of the faith abiding there; We smile at care and banish grief From our castles in the air.

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

And the sport of the ivy green. But grander and higher we build anew So high that we seem to be where The songs of the angels fill the dome Of our eastles in the air. - Will Cumback, in Indianapolis Journal.



The quarter-boat for the hands,

had been so christened by Joe Shepherd in a fit of melancholy and despair. was anchored in a little sandy cove on the Canadian side of the river near the Point. The gouge in the shore line here was due wholly to the removal of sand by a "sand sucker," a contrivance fitted up by the Canadians to get sand for their new locks at the Soo. However much the night men said they disliked the constant wheezing and puffings of the sucker, and the uncouth machine itself, which they claimed had set fire to their last year's quarter-boat and compelled them to crawl out of a sound sleep in the middle of the forenoon, leaving watches and clothes behind, still, in reality, they did not object very much to the sucker after all. It was their only re-

life. "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.

and run a sand-sucker," he would grumble on, peering through clouds of smoke from his corn-cob pipe out into the clear water, where, forty or fifty feet away, the long pipe of the sucker was feeling about on the bottom and pulling a steady stream of sand and water up into the big scow which served as a sort of stomach for it. And then some late comer would appear with suspenders dragging, and after contemplating the progress of the pumping, would call out to the imperturbable sand-sucker men, "That's right, fellers, dig away; you need sand, you fellers do!" And, in spite of Joe's expostulating snort that the night crew needed sand, too, this continued to be the regular daily joke which the forsaken party on Sibeery hurled at her majesty's subjects on the sucker. 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. What one did when off duty was of no consequence. The great channel between Duluth and Buffalo was strictly international, and anybody could help dig it, be he Jew or Gentile, white or black. Personal history counted for nothing, for pedigree and past life were never made subjects of study on the river. The river is one place in this democratic land, at any rate, where, as the poet says, "There ain't no ancient history to bother you nor me." 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. He stooped slightly with the languorous stoop of a scholar, but was not one. His face, turned a dusky brown by the wind and weather of the channel, was marked by a nose, large and plump, and burned a still fiercer red than the rest of his face. Joe's nose was a flaming promontory in a parched sahara. Surmount his face by a soft wool hat, and imagine him dressed in fairly good clothes, and you have Joe Shepherd, the person. But it would take long acquaintance to know Joe Shepherd, the man, the real personality, which was at once the life and soul-what little there was-of the night crew. 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. In the ghostly day we celebrate. The nation's wel-

fare is..." Here he stumbled and did not finish his sentence. electric light he presented a strange appearance, as seen from a tug or passing barge, his tall, gannt figure bending over the lever, which he pushed forward or backward at a mo-

"But Joe, you didn't come home last Sunday, either, and I git so lone-some all alone," and the woman began to cry. By this time the two were up near the tug. tion from the cranesman till the crane groaned or creaked. Occasionally his

"Oh, come, now, Mrs. Shepherd, Julia dear, guess you'd better go back, you'll be hinderin' proper navigation on the canal here." hand would reach up to the whistle signal, and a hoarse, bellowing blast would warn some passing steamer where it was to go. Sometimes, too, he would sing at his work, for he had a good voice. His favorite song was "I don't care, I won't go back, not

now aryway. If you're goin' off I'm goin' to see you a minut," and she fastened resolutely to Jee's arm with one hand, and wiped her eyes with the other. Joe was embarrassed and conscience-smitten. And it was an ordeal to appear like this before the men, some of whom did not even know he was married. While the provisions were being put aboard and the last stragglers collected, Joe sat near by on a stick of timber, with his wife holding to his arm. When all was ready the captain yelled "all aboard," and blew the whistle. Joe rose to go. "Give me a kiss, Joe, please," said his wife, and he hesitatingly and awkwardly kissed her. Then he stepped on the tug and the woman was alone by the canal. 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. "Yas," answered the inspector tersely. "Then I'll quit it," said Joe, and he kept his word.

#### A Mercurial Monarch.

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. He is always smiling when he is not laughing outright, never bows without a smile of such broadness that it is almost a fullfledged grin, and dashes off his hat with such a grand and vehement gesture that he almost knocks over the people nearest him. He can do nothing calmly, and managed, by his antics, to keep the somber and unhappy looking King Humbert in altogether abnormally good spirits throughout his entire stay at Rome. He made a perfect show of himself at the capitol. He ran from statue to statue, looking at them all round, in front, at the back and even underneath. When he saw the capitol Venus his enthusiasm knew no bounds, and he actually jumped, shouted and slapped his thighs with admiration. In fact, he is so lively that the stately blased officials of the various courts of Europe, where he is visiting. are in a great state of perturbation. He has already been nicknamed "King Quicksilver," owing to the rapidity with which he does everything, even his speaking of the English language.



Clover Seed.

If the farmer wants a crop of clover seed, he should cut the first crop as early as possible, says Hoard's Dairy-man. The clover plant is a biennial. That means that it takes two years for it to blossom and seed. Now, if the it to blossom and seed. Now, if the patch, long before the end of the first crop is allowed to stand until it the patch, long before the end of the blossoms and the seed commences to season, has succumbed. The way is form, there will be but very little seed in the second crop. The point is, to ably some sandy or mucky loam, rather turn all the seeding instinct and power moist than otherwise, but thoroughly of the root into the second crop. Hence, the necessity of cutting the first crop much earlier than is usually done, when it is cut for hay alone.

## Preventing Egg-Enting.

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. The only way to prevent the hens from eating eggs after they once begin is to make a nest with a top, compelling the hen to walk in to reach the nest, and have the box raised ten inches from the floor, so that the hen cannot stand near the box to eat the eggs. When she goes on the nest she cannot do any harm, as she must come off and stand up to eat the eggs.

### **Bules** For Chicken Balsers.

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

Ten hens in a house 10x10 feet are enough. The yard should be at least ten times as large as the floor of the house. Ten weeks from shell to market is the time allotted a broiler chick. Ten cents a pound is about the average price of hens in market for the and our experience leads us to believe whole year.

Ten cents should feed a chicken ten weeks, and it should then weigh two pounds.

Ten months a year is usually the highest limit of time during which a hen will lay.

Ten hens with one male is about the proper proportion.

Ten quarts of corn, or its equivalent, should feed a hen ten weeks, if she is of a large breed, but ten quarts for three months is a fairer proportion.

Ten pounds is a good weight for males of the larger breeds, one year old.

Ten eggs is the average number to each pound.

Ten flocks, each consisting of ten hens, are enough for an acre. Ten chicks, when just hatched,

weigh about one pound. Ten hens should lay about 1000 eggs during the year. This allows for some laying more than 100 eggs each, while

others may not lay so many.

#### Moulting.

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

the blight (leaf-blight, where terial blight) is a sure annual visitor. This disease often (perhaps usually, here and in many other local. ities) sweeps through the patches, first taking a plant here and there, and con-tinuing its attacks until every plant in to plant on strictly new soil, prefermoist than otherwise, but thoroughly drained. Persistent spraying with Bordeaux mixture seems to have good effect in keeping foliage healthy, and if Paris green is added to it, in keeping the beetles in check. Good cultivation and repeated hoeing are absolutely necessary, but the vines in these operations, as well as in picking, should be disturbed as little as possible. It is the large number of marketable pickles which is wanted rather than large size of the individual pickle. The size most in demand is three inches in length. The more promptly we pick the three-inch size, the more pickles the area will furnish. and therefore the greater the returns and profits. An experienced grower says in Michigan Farmer:

'The larger the number grown on a given territory the more profit, hence they should be picked very close. The bulk of the crop should be of the smallest or medium size. Those overlooked can be utilized, but the fewer the better, and none must be allowed to mature. Care must be taken to dis. turb the vines as little as possible; in this regard children with their bare feet are preferable to grown people, that children can, quite as easily as grown-ups, be taught to pick them clean."

#### 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. The cut shows a boiler that avoids this difficulty, for the boiler itself is made of sheetiron (the heaviest to be obtained)



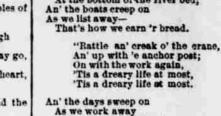
and rests upon the top of the brick work, so that it can be raised and removed. It has a handle at one end and a lip at the other, so that it can be emptied directedly into pails or tab or car, be pulled off the brickwork antil the process is completed. Some upon a wheelbarrow and wheeled away hens will commence to moult much to the barn or hog house. A lig earlier than others, thus finishing be- cover sets upon the top when over the fire. If the boiler is to be used out is very large, an iron rod can be placed across the middle of the opening is the brickwork to support the bottom often boiled for stock .- New York



gourd-like, nose colored a more pro-"Sibeery," the night men called it from the time it nounced red. Joe had a wife, too, who she did not see much of him. He went to town over Sunday, but he spent most of Saturday night with the bons vivants of Water street, and he did not rest Sundays. Of course he ought not to have been able to find liquor on a Sunday, but whoever knows the river and the river world, will see nothing 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 lonesomeness to seeing her husband Saturday night, is wretched and cries

laration, their only excitement in the lonesome hours of their quarter-boat

"Might jest about as well be a Canuck



a kind of river lyric:

"An' the waters sweep on

As we dig away At the bottom of the river bed;

As we work away Wherever falls the lead; An' our lives creep on Till our hearts gl' 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 est, 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 coze of the river. But whatever he might have been, it was evident that he had shaped himself so long to his environment that the adaptation had become real life with him. 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 Si-

berry, and he always came back with

lived in a little house in the Soo, but

The men said Joe's wife took his

from disappointment if he does not

come home till Sunday afternoon, and

drunk at that. Women are so peculiar

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 shricks brought out the

'exiles" who could sleep nights "as

white orter," said Joe. Everybody

remarkable in this.

about such things.

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 Western Australian government is borrowing all the money it can to open up this region, and for many years to come there will be a great deal of activity here in connection with property that has to be carried long distances. The camel is the beast of burden now, but the bicycle is beginning to drive him out. Miners find that they can pack fair-sized loads on the wheels and get over the country rapidly. A local syndicate has been formed in Melbourne to manufacture motor cars, and it is expected that this means of conveyance will force out all others.

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, for which only seven persons have been sentenced to death and eight to life imprisonment. Out of the total number of murders committed during this interval, fifty-one are shrouded in deep mystery, and the perpetrators of these foul crimes are still at large. Based upon the penal records of the past two years, as reproduced in the columns of the World, the chances of a murderer's reaching the gallows or the executioner's chair in New York are one in eighteen; of life imprisonment, one in sixteen, and of escape altogether one in three. This record is, indeed, most appalling.

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of by be

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

put on his best clothes and took all the money he had. The term "best clothes" among dredge men does not mean much; a \$10 suit at most, a white shirt with a few tobacco stains on the bosom, a collar laundered once or twice in the course of the summer. and a necktie of glaring colors-such it is to be well dressed on the river. By six o'clock the tug was puffing away toward the Soo with almost the whole population of No. 4 aboard of her.

There is no need to particularize specially as to the adventures of the Everybody celebrated with a dav. 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. But Joe Shepherd was unusually methodical and moderate in his jollification. He drank copiously at his own and other people's expense; but he combined exercise and pleasure so carefully that he was "still on the range" at noon. But his nose showed certain telltale signs. Joe's nose was like the water gauge of a boiler. One could tell about how he was filling up by it. At four o'clock the day runner went to the tug and blew a few short whistles, the rallying whistle for the men. And soon they came-those that were coming at all-but with steps very measured and slow. Now and then some of them would be moved to tears from patriotic fervor and stop to embrace one another and thank heaven they were citizens of our great republic-all of this within a step of the canal.

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

"Rattle 'n' creak o' the crane, An' up with 'e anchor post; On with the work again, 'Tis a blamed hard life at most— 'Zis 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 Desperate Ride of a Wheelman

Only desperate necessity could urge 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 cyelist turned on to the gravel track between the rails and scorohed down the road after the fast-receding train. As the last car passed Hvergreen place, moving at a speed which would have caused an experienced train jumper to hesitate, the cyclist rode abreast of the rear platform. Still pedaling with one foot and grasping the bar with one hand, the scorcher reached over and clutched the railing on the platform. With a quick movement he swung himself clear of the saddle, drawing his wheel after him by twining his other foot around the frame, and landed safely on the steps of the car The feat was witnessed by at least twenty persons, and all agreed that it had beat the record for any trick riding any of them had ever seen.-Washington Star.

Wooing and Wedding in Alaska. Wooing and wedding in Alasks among the natives are interesting and peculiar rites. When a young man is of a suitable age to marry, his mother, his sumt 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 wo-man 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. When the company is assembled the woman's people extol the greatness of their family. The young man's marriage gifts are spread out where they will make a fine show, and then his family sound their praises.

fore the cold weather sets in. This is very desirable, as hens seldom lay doors, it should be made of galvanized during the moult, or the larger part of iron to prevent rusting. If the boile it, therefore if they commence early, thus finishing early, it will be a decided gain, for then they can be gotten in a laying condition before cold of the boiler. This arrangement will weather, and we all know what that be found convenient where food it means. The feathers are composed largely of nitrogen and mineral mat-ter. The first process is the loosening stage, when the feathers loosen and drop out, at times leaving the bird

almost naked, thus cold and disease (from exposure) are apt to follow. Hens should be carefully housed if the weather is at all cold or damp. When the new feathers commence to come in it causes a great drain on the hen's body, especially of such substances as goes to furnishing nitrogen and mineral matter. Corn, wheat, etc. furnish the hen principally with carbon (fat), etc., while grass, bugs, worms, etc., furnish the nitrogen and mineral matter. Thus we see that the foods best adapted to the moulting season are the nitrogeneous foods. Tt will be seen from the above that at this period the hens should have unlimited range, so that they can themselves gather a good supply of such articles as they need. -The Epitomist.

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 enor mous amount of power, unless much hand digging is given beforehand. The sketch herewith shows a way to lift the stone as it is dragged out by a



stick can be placed as near to the boulder as is practicable and as it rises to the perpendicular it of course lifts the stone. The bight of the prop will depend upon the size and depth of the stone. The knack of "knowing how" to do such things often saves a vast amount of work .- American Agriculturist.

How to Grow Pickles. Before we can think of pickling ou-cumbers we must grow them, and that is not always an easy matter, especial-are calves.-Agricultural Epite

Dairy Dots. Color is subservient to taste in but

ter. Quality is of more importance the

quantity. Bad water will make impure, m

vholesome milk.

It is uncleanly to wet the hand while milking, and should always b avoided.

To improve the milking qualities of dairy herd, use bulls only from the pest milkers.

Dairy heifers should always be had lied familiarly from the first and the 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 ood butter unless his cows are is iberally with wholesome food.

Dairying has one advantage in the its products are always in the line food, and hence always in demand.

Proper management of the dair gives the farmer a continuous incom-something he does not have with me lines of farming.

Feeding and general care and ma agement have as much to do with creasing the product of the cows

If the air is warmer than the creat the purity of the cream and the fi-flavor of the butter will be impair

After cream becomes sour the m ripening given it the more it deprecia and the sooner it is skimmed churned the better.

The milk cans, pails and other a sels should be kept clean by first way ing in tepid water and then scald thoroughly in boiling water.

Clean pastures, with good e water and proper care, is the an preventive of bitter milk. We especially ragweed, cause bitter a

In a majority of cases kicking are made so by cruelty and harsh

WAY TO MOVE HEAVY STONES.

breeding or blood. by exposure to it.