MIDDLEBURG POST.

COMPENSATION.

Ohi were I blind, I still should know The splendid sun were shining: His warmth would, through the unseen

glow. Fill eyes for vision pining.

And were I denf, I still should feel Elystan music round me: In soundless cars would yet be real The thrill that once had found me.

So, were I dumb, 'twould matter not That words could ne'er be spoken: For soul to soul can volce its thought Though silence be unbroken.

-Clay MacCauley, in N. Y. Independent.



G YP, maybe because of her opportunities, was the only one to suspect tragedy breathing behind the curtain. None of the ever-changing occupants of Archer's tenement had time to pose as the students of the psychological. There was a ripple of dull excitement as the dark, set-lipped young man from nowhere, carrying a small trunk and a puzzling air of refinement, was seen going consciously up the common staircase; but it fizzed out the first time he was heard to drop his voice when the landlord's agent called. Down on his luck, asking for a few days' grace, a sympathetic chord was struck at once. After that only one person troubled about him and his fugitive ways, and that was Gyp. the delicate, deformed girl in the lowest room, who was paid to keep the stair and landings respeciable, and who was at the beck and call of anyone in the tenement wanting an odd job done cheaply.

He had the sky parlor, so high up that the invalid who rented it before him had been known to pause for breath on the staircase 20 times, Gyp, with the keen intelligence of her kind, was bound to note what a farcical smount of furniture had been carried up, and how adenan the scent of cooking found its way through the door chinks. She knew his name must be Frank Meredith, because letters-a. rarity in the tenement-came frequently for him. They were mostly in long envelopes, and once or twice, when she carried them up, she had been struck 1, the twitch of his lips as he took them and hastily closed his door again. Strangest of all, he was a man who could five without work and without friends. Regularly, at dusk, he went out for about an hour: for the rest of the day he followed the lead of the invalid and sat alone in the quiet room. Doing what? Heaven alone had an inkling. Twice a week she washed the stairease down; and she often paused over that top landing and wrung out her flannel holf a dozen times unnecessavily, in hopes of hearing something. Once he had opened his door softly and caught her at it.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" he whi pered. [Fancy that language.; 1] wondered what the scrubbing noise was."

Gyp didn't scrub that bit again. Finally her feelings took the form of half of what I said!" a vast wonder and pity; because, with her woman's infuitant, she di-

He threw back the door. She studiously avoided looking pointedly round, but she could not help seeing something that brushed away another slice of the mystery-a table in the corner by the window covered with writing paper. That's what he did then, wrote all day long. He had no carpes down; in five minutes her small broom had lightly flicked round the walls; in five more her long one had gathered up the worst of the dust and flue. He waited on the landing outside. As she brushed the heap past him he held out two coins that had grown hot in his hand. He knew that she often thoroughly cleaned a room for fourpence. "What's that for?" she whispered,

sharply-a girl who seldom saw occasion to whisper. "Put it back, or I won't ask to do it again. You know better!"

"I know you're kind," he said again, past a throat lump. "These-these rooms soon get dirty."

They do, in six or seven weeks. He went in; the dust had subsided. She knelt there, wringing her flannel, and picturing him at the table in the corner. No, she should never dare to offer to cook him a meal. It seemed the most ridiculous thing in the world that day, but somehow, her heart was beating faster under the clouse, that suddenly seemed too shabby for the daylight, at the thought that she had "done him that morsel o' good." He was one of the men who painfully need some one to look after them, and, in the nature of things, that some one could only be a woman. It was all well to have "broken hearts." Busy fingers are the things a helpless man needs.

And after that-after that Gyp, supremely unconscious of her own tact, found regular opportunities of doing him that little service. No one knew; and if he could never seem to find his voice in thanks he seemed to know that any mention of payment would bring the blood surging to her cheeks. Just as you may find a faultless kernel in a fool of a husk, so you may have the heart of a true woman beneath an impossible bodice. Gyp d it for the love of the thing. If any one had suggested that she did it for love of the man Gyp might have found herself unable to an-

The lower door of the tenement generally stood open. One day, at an hour when most of the occupants were out, Gyp saw a tall, aristocratic old gentleman, with white hair fringing his silk hat, staring incredulously

"Does-does my son lodge here? I mean, a Mr. Meredith?" he asked, some emotion. keeping b

right at the top," she "The re's tim doubtfully. "Yes, sain, even. I think he s in. I'll-I'll show you." m. She pointed and They w hen ref to the next landing. life could she help lis-Not for ning, 1 . heard a husky "Frank!"

then a dull bound, as if the man ore multicaped convulsively from s writing table. And then-

"What! I asked you not to try and find me. I told you-'

"My boy! I've searched all New York for you. You-here, in this den! Frank, you know I never meant

"But you said it. I was a good-fornothing-I could go, I simply took vined many little things that only a you at your word. Perhaps, when I

to see the shabby girl who shivered back on the second landing, and Gyp's own staring eyes merely focused a strange mist.

Gyp knew all now; knew in her crude way that that book had come to seem a matter of life and death to the man. The words he had dropped. the way he came out and listened when the postman knocked, the gray fear on his face, that vanished as she came up with only a long entelope. And here-here she was, carrying the parcel up the endless stairs, with a numbed sensation. It had come back to him. She had taken it from the carrier's hand. The publisher's printed address was on it. She had only to lay it down beside his door, tap once, and creep down again as fast as possible. How right down silly of her!

She was nearly up to his landing. She had paused. "If-if a parcel comes," he hud said a dozen times, "you might let me have it at once." She had paused, she knew not why. The silence of his room awed her. into her head came that queer recollection of the man down the streetthe man who, out of work and desperate, had swallowed a dime's worth of carbolic acid. And she heard a rustle- a soft, silken, slow rustle on the stairs behind, as if some great lady were feeling her way up. Gyp looked den, good roads, breeds of dairy catand looked. A sweet oval face framed in for, came above the landing, the dark, velvet eyes in it were looking beseechingly, fearfully, up into hers. And Gyp knew what had happened. It was the woman-the woman whose heart was his, the oleomargarine and renovated butter, woman who had come to find and take tree planting on rural school him away. And Gyp's red hands clutched the parcel in a spasm of jealousy.

"Mr. Meredith? They told me he " The whisper broke off.

"Yes, I know you. He's here," Cyp breathed back, "That's his room, up there. And this-here's his book. come back as it went. Will you take 11.2"

A pause. His door had opened! He knew nothing of the tragedy breathing outside, of the two women their business have been the most who looked into each other's eyes. diligent readers of the publications He never knew, and never would of the department of agriculture. It know, of the last whisper.

"His-his book! And he does not know? O, thank you! Bless you for telling me! Give it to me-his book! longer! Not a word. He need not know now, God-by, good-by!"

She had taken the precious parcel close against the furs of her breast. and was gone.

wearily down to wash the top stairs, the man's door opened. In the man's eyes was a wild light, in his hand that morning's letter. For one of the most wonderful things in life had happened. And it seemed so natural that it should happen!

"Gyp," he said, "I knew you'd be glad-I know you will. They've taken shall be roing soon. They are -ah, but you have! I wanted-I meant all along to give you a little present. You must-you must; you

have been so thoughtful." piece inside. He went hurriedly down masters, whose works are supposed the stairs. For him a new life had to be the sole consideration of the begun. He was treading a golden, dancing path, with a woman's sweet oval face at the far end of it. His book had been taken! He could not be expected to know of the huddled, dreary figure on the top of the landing there; of the red, twitching course this state of affairs was hands that covered a face. He had given her an eagle. Women like Gyp have no hearts to break .-- Chicago Tribune.

Six million two hundred thousand farmers' builetins on a hundred and A Balletin for forty different sub-

jects were printed Each. for the department of agriculture during the past fiscal year. As there are about 6,000,.)00 farmers, exclusive of agricultural laborers, in the United States, this is one pamphlet for each one. If any farmer did not get his copy, it was because he did not apply for it, for they are nearly all turned over to the members of congress for free distribution. There is hardly a subject in which farmers are interested that is not discussed in some one of the various bulletins. Information | is contained in them about the feeding of farm animals, hog-cholera, how to kill weeds, the care and feeding of chickens, butter making and the care of milk, the vegetable gartle, bread making, how to raise apples, rice culture, tomato growing, sugar as food, insects affecting tobacco, cotton and grapes; diseases of potatoes and apples, how to detect grounds, the Angora goat, and scores of other things. It would be difficult to estimate, with any degree of accuracy, says the Youth's Companion, the financial benefit which has accrued to the farmers from the perusal of these bulletins. Such men as believe they must be continually studying to keep abreast of the times and to understand the possibilities of is the benefit which these men have derived that justifies the continued exenditure of money by the govern-I came to the minute. It-it was to ment for free education of this kind, be. I waited till I dared wait no an education almost as necessary to national prosperity as that provided for the children in the public schools.

Objection is made to what is called Just a week later, when Gyp knelt ragtime by those who favor "classic" What Is "Rag- music. Yet a writtime" Musict er in the Milwau-kee Wisconsin tells a story which tends to show that ragtime may be only another name for the syncopations that even the writers of "classic" music loved: "In a large institution of musical learnmy book. You shall have a copy. In ing the stadents were want to gather in groups of three or more in one of them the unoccupied rooms to play enknow this address. You've been kind semble-sometimes violin and piano, but oftener four and six hands at the keyboard. Strange to say, however, at these improvised musicales there It was an envelope with a gold were never strains from the great and improvisations of such trash as other incidents in ragtime life. Of cured. shocking and not to be tolerated within those sacred precincts. Conse- Philadelphia Professor Announces quently there was placed in a conspicuous position the next day a placard bearing this legend: 'The playing of ragtime strictly forbidden under all circumstances in the rooms of this college.' It is said that since this injunction the pupils persist in ironing out all the crinkly syncopations in the studies that are given them, and that even Beethoven suffers by the process. The pupils are now waiting for the judges to interpret the law on the meaning of

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HELPING THE HORSES.

They Work Hard and Faithfally and At the NEW STORE Sunbury Therefore Are Entitled to Considerate Care.

What an unpleasant hindrance a sore hand or foot is when one is doing active manual labor. How about the horse that has to work when lame Goods, Silk Waists, Dress Sil or with raw sores on his back or shoulders? asks Rural New Yorker. After a forenoon of agony with the collar pressing on these sore places it is little wonder that he hnngs back when taken from the stable for afternoon and is not enthusiastic about wearing the harness again. Most collar galls or similar sores are needless trade-marks of bad management, laziness or thoughtless cruelty of line of underwear ever shown those handling the horses.' Ill-fitting or dirty collars cause part of the trouble, and a large share of the remainder comes from excessively long, hard pulling in hot weather, so that the skin under the collar's really cooked. A bit of tinkering will often help the fit of a collar. If not, it is poor soonomy use it. The part which touches he purnt the best in the d there. A little washing of the shoulders at noon and night will help. The blistered

skin may be avoided by stopping for a minute now and then to lift the collars and let the shoulders cool. But no matter how well the harness fits, a horse doing such work as plowing, harrowing or mowing is entitled to have his harness removed at noon youthful aspirants for piano-fistic This takes but a few minutes, yet we honors, but instead weird medleys know of men so lazy or thoughtless that they seldom do it. A galled shoul-'Coon, Coon,' 'I Need the Money' and der is more easily prevented than

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goods, Grenadines, Wool D Beautiful line of Ruffs, S Jackets, Wrappers, Muslins, Cali Ginghams and White Spreads, We will have a special sale

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Timizandian and + opras. Herroin, lase show. H. F. Clemmer 446 Market St., SUNBURY, Three doors east of the Market He

woman would notice. He was not mad; he was not a criminal in hiding-his face told that. He could only be a man with a mystery. One night she saw him step sharply

out as usual. As it happened, she was just about to run on one of her own furtive errands. Gyp had no notion of weighing impulses. She followed him at a little distance. He put two or three long envelopes carefully into the pillar box and then vanished through a doorway. It was a branch of the public library, and no place for Gyp. There were two hushed rooms. She ventured uncertainly in. Ostensibly engrossed by a medical directory, she watched through the glass partition. He had turned to a certain corner of a newspaper and was staring as if fascinated. Just as he made to tear himself away the lights blazed up disconcertingly. Both noticed somethingshe that he was two shades whiter than usual, and he that she had been watching him. He flicked back the sheets and walked out, with a pink spot on either cheek. Again the impulse was open to criticism, but a minute or so later she found herself scanning that printed corner. Her Hps began to work-as they always did when she read. There it wassomething that helped to solve the mystery, and at the same time thickened it:

"If Frank Meredith will only communicate with known addresses he will learn that bygones are bygones in the fullest sense. Ethel heartbroken.'

That next morning, as she set her rail steadily down on the top landing, his door clicked; he looked out. It made her jump. She had been picturing the face of "Ethel" in her soapsuds, and her lip curied.

"I hope as you didn't think she began, and stopped, glowing with strange confusion. Ten to one he had forgotten all about it.

"What's that?" he asked, absently. In her trepidation she slopped the water all around his feet. She was used to men who would have nailed fown her clumsiness with an oath; but this one only stepped back.

"I was going to say all along," she stammered, "if you'd like your room fust swept out I could do it all under me. It's no trouble, and-and it must "Under one? You're kind," he said.

"I don't know-perhaps it does. Did rou mean now?"

"Just as you like. I mean it's no mouble," she repeated.

can show you that I'm not so worthless, I'll think of coming back. Not before! You musn't come here. You need not worry. I can eke out a living by writing, and I'm in hopes-"But, my boy, it's impossible-it's starvation! Look at you now! People are saying I let you go to your ruin!"

"To just the reverse, it may be. Dad, if I have your obstinate, hasty spirit, that is hardly my fault. I've had to swallow the lump; I'm quite comfortable here, whatever the place is. No, you had better not come inside. You'll go back and say I'm mad. 1'm not. I'll tell you this much: I" -his voice trembled here-"I've been writing a book-a novel. I'm in hopes it may be the beginning of an end. If it comes back-if it fails-then I'll realize that I've made the mistake of my life; and I may make another. But it won't. I can't talk about ityou'd never understand. You'll know soon."

"My boy, you know it will come back-you know what things are! You're an unknown. Publishers play upon names nowadays; they're bound to. You know well I-why, I'd have paid for it to be printed and let you have your fair chance. You'd be certain then of getting a hearing. I don't wish to thwart your ideas, but -let me pay that!"

A pause, as if he were struggling against the sharpest temptation that ever came to a man clutching the lowest rung of that slippery ladder. Then an amazing answer,

"No! No, sir! A month ago I might have thought twice of that; but now -now I feel that I want my look to stand upon its merits. You don't know what a book becomes to its author. Heaven knows I had to realize it was all or nothing with me! I want to make my own way in the world." "Then, my boy, if you won't consider me, think of that poor girl with her breaking heart. You left her without a word, after you had won her affection. Think of her!"

"I do," he said, brokenly. "I think of her every moment I live. I would never let it be said that I married her for her money. I wrote to her-I gave up all thoughts of it. She knows-she knows that if ever I make to be found. a name for myself---- Don't-don't dare to tell her where I am. If you the bell. It was the saddler, whip

His door banged on a sob. The old gentleman stood for a minute as if stupefied, and then groped back down the sternal stairs. He did not seem'

ALL IN A NAME.

The Famous Wife Thought the "Profession" of the Frenchman Evidently a Splendid One.

During the summer a distinguished member of the French academy rented a cottage in Savoy, and when the time came for his return to Paris he went to say farewell to the owner of the cottage, a prosperous farmer's wife, says the Brooklyn Citizen.

"I hope you will write your name in my album before you go," she said.

"With pleasure," he replied, and, taking the pen, he wrote his name in the book.

"Thanks," she said, "but won't you please tell me your profession, so that I can write it after your name?" "Oh, put it down 'land owner.' " he answered.

"But that isn't a profession," she said.

"Well, then, put down 'academician,'" was his answer.

These words seemed to puzzle her, and therefore he asked with a smile, "Don't you know what an academi-cian is?"

"No, not quite," she answered, "but it's such a long word that the pro-**KIDNEY** and fession must be a splendid one."

Knew Where the Whip Came From. Signor Marconi, of "wireless" fame, is fond of dogs, and used to own a cocker spaniel of unusual intelligence. The young inventor says that one day he took this dog to a saddler's with him and bought there a whip. That afternoon the animal was disobedient, and he punished it with the whip he had just purchased. But in the evening, when he came to look for the weapon again, it was nowhere

Just then there came a ring at the bell. It was the saddler, whip in hand. "Your dog, sir," he said, "brought this to the shop in his mouth this afternoon and laid it on the floor and ray off quickle "-N N the floor and ran off guickly."-N. Y. ST. VITUS'DANCE Sure Cure. Circular. Dr.

Editors out west still occasionally sling ink with breezy emphasis. For instance, a rival journalist recently aroused the ire of Editor Bayse, of the Belleville (Kan.) Telescope, and this is how the gentleman named began his reply: "From time immemorial it has been customary for ants and fleas and flies and fools, scoundrels and skalawags and skunks, Januses. jackasses and Judases, lizards, leeches and lice, to assail mankind in general and their superiors in particular. The attack last week," etc.

DR. FENNER'S

Backache

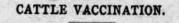
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"Eight months in bed, heavy backache

All diseases of Eidneys, Bladdor, Urinary Organs, Also Ensumatism, Baok ache, Heart Disease, Gravel Dropsy, Female Troubles.

He has

ragtime."



Sure Way of Defeating Tubercalosis in Bovines.

Dr. Leonard Pearson, dean of the veterinary department of the University of Pennsylvania, announces that he has discovered a method of vaccination whereby cattle may be made immune to tuberculosis. He has been assisted in his experiments by Dr. S. H. Gilliland, demonstrator in bacteriology in the veterinary school. In a recent experiment Dr. Pearson used four young cows which were as free from symptoms of disease as any that could be procured. Two of these were vaccinated in March. In July all four were inoculated with tubercle bacilli. All were killed in the following October. The two which had been vaccinated showed no signs of tubercular infection, but the others had marked traces of the disease.

In the process of vaccination a suspension of tubercle bacilli which is nonvirulent for cattle was injected. The operation was repeated at intervals and the quantity of matter infor a few times failed to appear.

"I consider that the principle of immunization," Dr. Pearson said, "as shown by our experiments, is proved and it is now only remains to work out the details of the method. This work is to be continued on a larger scale for the purpose of ascertaining the simplest and shortest practicable method of vaccination."

Golden Barvest.

The Druggist-Did old Bullyon's case yield to your treatment? The Physician-It did. I treated him for six months and his heirs paid me \$1,500 .- Chicago Daily News:

Sure Enough. Yeast-It's hard to keep a good man

down. Crimsonbeak-That's why they put such heavy monuments over some of them, I suppose .-- Yonkers Statesman.

Difference in Rank. "Say, captain, won't yer please gim-

me a dime?" "Naw! I jest gave me last dime to guy wot called me admiral."-Chicago American.

diam'r.



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