

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

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A gigantic English syndicate is said to be gradually gaining control of American breweries.

In some of the Northwestern States the public schools were ordered to be closed on election day.

Colonel Veniukoff, a Russian traveler, estimates that a third of Asia, as well as a thirtieth part of Europe, still remains to be explored.

In consequence of the generally bad crops and bad weather in England, the farming population is giving more attention to fruit growing than formerly.

Sunflowers are used in Wyoming Territory for fuel. The stalks, when dry, make a hot fire, and the seed-heads with the seed in are said to burn better than hard coal.

A certain Herr Rudolph Falb predicts a profusion of earthquakes for next year. A few he thinks worth mentioning are arranged for March 17, April 15, May 15, August 11, September 9, October 24 and November 23.

Education is carried too far in Germany. The authorities have finally been forced to step in and compel a lightening of the weight of school books carried by children.

Miss Colquitt and Miss Breckinridge, one the daughter of a Georgia Senator and the other of a Kentucky Congressman, both rich and society belles, have applied for positions in the public schools of Washington city as teachers.

Lovers of coffee will be sorry to hear that advices from Rio de Janeiro are to the effect that the cost of producing the coffee crop is increased three cents a pound.

Alfred Marks, of Brooklyn, N. Y., aged 110, is now engaged in writing a book of reminiscences. He still has a fine memory and is a good talker.

At the election in Baltimore, by permission of the authorities, there was placed in the window of each polling place a tin can closed at both ends, with a slot to the top, in which contributions were placed to aid the fund for the erection of a monument to Francis Scott Key.

The Medical Record is not so sure that cheap quinine is such an unalloyed blessing. It has come about that nearly every family now has its quinine bottle, that it is sold at many general stores, and that the doctor rarely meets an invalid who has not been thoroughly dosed with quinine.

The Boston Herald says: "The demand for mutton in this country is clearly increasing at a more rapid rate than the source of supply. During a recent week 515,000 head of sheep were received at the Union Stockyards at Chicago, this being the largest week's receipts ever recorded.

SKIN AND BONES—The minstrel's tambourine and castanets.

A COUNTRY EVENING.

Away from sounding shore and mountain side, I came to where a country village lies; And here I watch the moon rise through the trees, And sit at rest beneath the summer skies.

A SECRET OF THE SEA.

"I suppose that by this time to-morrow we shall anchor in the Bay," said Col. Gray. "Yes this is the last of our pleasant evenings if the Ocean Greyhound is true to her promise," said pretty Mrs. Mortimer.

"You will not be sorry to exchange these pleasant evenings for something a little livelier, though," exclaimed Mrs. Mortimer's niece, a brilliant creature whose magnetic vitality rang in her clear voice and scintillated in her rippling hair and flashing eyes.

"Tell us something, Mrs. Odell," cried Mrs. Mortimer's niece, imploringly. "I know you must have seen real tragedies—shipwrecks and such things."

"I have seen many tragedies and more than one shipwreck," she said, half reluctantly, "and if you like I will tell you an incident that happened on a ship that was wrecked when I was on my way to the Cape in it."

"Mrs. Odell began her story, accentuating by a slight but impressive gesture her soft, rich voice and quiet delivery. "Several years ago—ten or a dozen—I was on my way to the Cape of Good Hope, in a sailing ship. My husband and children were living then—all three are dead now—but I left them in England to visit my parents in Cape Town, and I went on a sailing ship, because I had been very ill and was ordered a voyage. There were but few passengers—six or seven first class and some twenty emigrants in the steerage. Among the young women, scarcely 20, going out as governess to Australia."

"We put in at Madeira and took on board two passengers for whom the Captain's cabin was secured, a newly married couple not long over their honeymoon. Everything becomes known on board, especially during a long voyage, and the young wife had a maid with her, who probably supplied all the details she knew, and filled up the gaps with her imagination. It became known, at any rate, within a few hours, that the lady was an heiress of immense wealth, and the gentleman was the penniless younger son of a good family. The marriage was much against the wish of the bride's family, but she was just of age and perfectly mistress of her property, and she had been married a few weeks before I met her, and had gone to Madeira, intending to spend the winter there. It was quite a sudden freak, their coming on board, and could hardly have been the poor thing's wish; for she was a wretched sailor, and for two or three days after we put to sea again she remained in her berth, waited on by her maid and unnoticed by everyone else. The husband was about 30, a very handsome and attractive man—dark, tall, with a heavy

black mustache and gleaming white teeth, which were often enough seen, for he was a most lively and agreeable talker, full of wit and nonsense, with an amusing anecdote for every occasion, and generally the sort of man to be a prime favorite on board a sailing ship, where every one is sure to be bored more or less. Especially was he attentive and considerate toward the ladies, and I heard, though I did not see anything then, that the pretty governess usurped a large portion of his care. This seemed natural enough, as she was alone, and most of us took a little extra notice of her on that account.

"Well, after a day or two the bride began to come on deck a little, and when she gazed some flesh and color we would see how pretty she was, and how full of charming ways. Another thing was soon easily seen also, and that was that whatever might be the state of her husband's affections, she simply worshipped him. Her eyes followed him about with a kind of reverence, and when he spoke she listened with parted lips and glistening eyes, as though she heard the very angels singing in heaven. It is sad enough to see such madness where it is mutual, but when, as is almost always the case, one gives all, and the other takes and gives nothing—well, well—that's no part of my story.

"I should say that he was quite kind to her, and wrapped her up in shawls and made her sit in the deck-house while he read to her, for fear she might take cold. But of an evening, when she had gone to her cabin, he would always return to the deck to finish his cigar, and the little governess, who was as strong as a lion and not afraid of any weather, would be out there with him, leaning over the taffrail, and the two would stand there talking in low tones, until the officer of the watch sent them below.

"We had been about a fortnight out from Madeira when the weather, which had been pleasant enough, though cold, changed suddenly, and we were driven by storms every way but the way we wanted to go. For several days the hatches were on, and none of the passengers were allowed on deck. Most of the ladies, myself among them, were ill, and the rest were too frightened to notice anything; but I was told afterward that the only woman who was neither sick nor terrified was the governess, and she seemed very full of wild spirits, and keeping up a constant banter with the bridegroom, with whom she played at cards half the day.

"I do not remember how long the storm continued; but, just as we were beginning to take courage and pull ourselves together a little, we heard one morning a sound that made our hair rise with new terror—a peculiar, slow, regular clanking—and a whisper went round that the ship had sprung a leak and the pumps were manned. Oh, you who have only made this luxurious voyage of a week cannot imagine the feelings of those who have been for days together in a straining, struggling ship, pitched back and forth and from side to side like a cork on those tremendous waves, and then to hear, hour after hour, the dull, steady clanking that proclaims the presence of the enemy within the walls, gaining upon you hour by hour.

"For two mortal days and nights those brave, indefatigable men struggled with the encroaching foe, while signals were hoisted and rockets sent up to attract passing ships. At last the Captain came to tell us he had no hope of saving the ship, that the storm had abated, and that as soon as it was broad daylight he would get the boats out. He begged us to take some food, and added, as he left the saloon: 'I hope, by God's help, to save every one; but remember, it is women and children first, and if any man stay behind, I shall remain with them.'

"Nobody attempted to eat anything, but most of us went to our staterooms to secure such portable valuables as we thought it worth while to take, and then sat through the live-long hours waiting for the order to go out and trust our lives to those frail boats upon the tossing sea. The gradual sinking of the ship made her steadier, and besides, the wind had almost subsided, and the heavy swell of the sea was being beaten down by the steady rain which began to fall.

"I was standing at the foot of the companion when the bride came out of her cabin, which was immediately behind me. She was deathly pale, and her eyes were slightly distended, but otherwise she was perfectly cool and collected. She had on a thick waterproof cloak and a woolen hood, and carried a little satchel in her hand. 'Where's your husband?' I asked. 'He made a little movement of her head toward the cabin. 'He is securing some important papers,' she said, and 'I think,' she added, 'our marriage certificate and my will.'

"At this moment the officer came down the companion. 'Mrs. Odell,' he said, seeing me, 'there are but two serviceable boats—the others were injured during the storm. Come up at once, and I will put you in the first. Oh, Mrs. Blank,' he added, seeing the bride—'come, too; and I will try and put you together.'

"'Sir!' said the poor girl, 'I will not stir without my husband.'

"'Come, then,' he cried: 'there is no time to lose—I will call your husband—but go up stairs with Mrs. Odell, and I will bring him to you—take her up. There's a good soul,' he added to me. I took her hand and almost forced her up, but further than the top of the companion she would not move.

but a very small space, and almost every one was off the ship. I saw the young couple standing together, her hands clasped round his arm, and evidently refusing once more to be saved without him. At the same moment the pretty governess darted forward and flung herself upon his other arm, evidently imploring to be saved. A stentorian voice from the boat shouted: 'We can make room for two.' They evidently saw the wife's struggle to die with her husband, and were willing with true sailor-like generosity risk something to reward her heroism. I saw him clasp the girl with one arm and push his wife away, preparatory to making a spring. Then as she clung with agonized strength, he raised his cowardly fist and struck her full in the face. With an unearthly shriek she fell back as he sprang into the boat with the other women in his arms.

"The whole thing was like a flash of lightning, and as they cut away the boat, almost before she was clear, the ship sank slowly forward and went down head foremost, carrying the Captain, the bride and about a dozen men to the bottom of the sea.

"As the thrilling vibration of the narrator's voice ceased there was a momentary silence. Her excitement at the picture conjured up by memory communicated itself to the listeners, and at first no one seemed able to break the spell. At last the Colonel spoke: 'We are very glad to know that you were saved by ocular demonstration, Mrs. Odell; but how about that scoundrel and his companion in guilt: for she was every bit as bad as he; were they drowned? One could not help hoping so, except for the sake of the innocent people in the same boat.'

"'No,' said Mrs. Odell quietly—'every trace of her agitation had passed away now, and her tone was calm and inexpressibly bitter. 'We were picked up a few hours after, having separated from the others in the fog; but they were also soon rescued by a home-bound vessel, and carried back to England. There this loving husband proved his wife's death—there were plenty of witnesses, though none had seen his brutal act, and most believed, as I afterward heard, that she was left behind by mistake. He then proved her will, which he had carried off the ship with him, and which had been executed in Madeira within a month of her marriage, leaving him every cent of her immense wealth. Her relatives, I understood, made an attempt to upset the will, but without success, but before she had been six months dead, he bought an elegant villa near Florence, and married the rescued governess. I never saw him after that, but I have reason to believe he is living and prosperous.'

"I suppose you never saw his second wife again?" asked the niece, thoughtfully. "Yes," said Mrs. Odell, slowly, "I have seen her—quite recently."

"Your story was really quite too interesting, Mrs. Odell," murmured pretty Mrs. Mortimer, rising languidly from her steamship chair. "You quite made us forget how late and cold it is getting. Thanks, so much, Colonel, may I trouble you for that shawl? I think I will go down now. Come along, Sybil! A demain, gentlemen! Mrs. Odell—good night."

The Nile and the Egyptian Faunle. Egypt is made fruitful not by the rainfall, for there is none, but by the annual floods of the Nile, caused by excessive rains in the equatorial regions.

It is known that the river Nile is now unusually low, and has been so during the summer, so that a serious drought prevails throughout the greater part of its valley. Sir Samuel Baker, the eminent African explorer, has expressed the opinion that this is the result of the obstruction and deflection of the flow of water from the Atbara branch, a large tributary which rises in the mountains of Abyssinia and comes into the main river from the east, 200 miles below Khartoum. This gentleman says that there are places where the Atbara runs through sterile plains, that it could be dammed up and the waters turned into the desert to be swallowed up in the sands and thirsty earth, until in the course of time it could dig for itself a new passage to its former bed, where it flows between hills.

Mr. Baker thinks this diversion of the river might be occasioned by enormous rafts and accumulations of drift wood, or it could be done by the warlike tribes of that region to cut the waters off from Egypt. These waters could not, however, be turned out of the Nile basin, and in the course of time would find their way back into the lower basin. In just such a manner he conceives that the seven years of famine in Egypt during the time of the Pharaohs, as described in the book of Genesis, were produced. The river had been cut off by design or through the operation of natural causes and seven years were required for the waters to find their way through the desert back to the river channel lower down. The subject is an interesting one, and may explain the sagacity of Joseph, the Grand Vizier of Pharaoh.—Pittsburg.

Lightning's Motion.

Dr. Moses Greely Parker, of Lowell, Mass., recently read a paper before the Electric Club of New York on the peculiar rotary motions found in electric currents. He described the methods of photographing lightning in order to get details of the track of the electric current that may travel without dividing or may divide and subdivide and twist in its passage from cloud to earth.

Three of the motions which the lecturer had observed were twisted, resembling a loosely-twisted rope which twists both ways, the curled resembling a twisted ribbon or shavings from a carpenter's plane, and the straight, that presents straight lines in its track, and evidently travels with great speed. Sometimes the flash appears to meander in the air without any definite course, and forms a series of bright heads appear in the general white streak of lightning. The currents of electricity are influenced by the medium through or upon which they travel, and to the well-known theory that the resistance of the air changes its direction may be added another that the current changes in size and contracts in volume as it nears the earth.

The bloodhound as an agency to track fugitives is an ancient expedient.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Cold Food. Cold food, says the Boston Journal of Health, is more easily kept on a sensitive stomach than hot; so in cases where it is rejected in the ordinary warm or hot form, it had better be tried as nearly frozen as may be taken. In many fevers this would be a decided advantage. Milk may be administered in a frozen state, often with positive advantage. The Sanitary Era adds, from frequent instances, that ice cream suits admirably some conditions where hardly any other food is acceptable.

Delicious Pancakes. Pancakes made from the following recipe are delicious: Beat up three eggs in a quart of milk, make it up into a batter with flour, a little salt, a spoonful of ground ginger and a little grated lemon peel; let it be of a fine thickness and perfectly smooth. Clean your frying pan thoroughly, and put into it a good lump of dripping; when it is hot pour in a cupful of batter and let it run all over of an equal thickness; shake the pan frequently that the batter may not stick, and when you think it is done on one side, toss it over, if you cannot turn it with a cake turner; and when both sides are of a nice light brown, lay it on a dish before the fire, strew sugar over it, and do the rest in the same manner. They should be eaten immediately or they will become heavy. If you have no maple syrup, caramel sauce is very nice to serve with them.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Why Monday? Where so much depends upon order and accuracy in the management of the housekeeper, it is not always easy to proportion the work of each day. Too much is thrown upon Monday and Tuesday. Why not postpone washing till the latter day? On Monday the house can be put to rights, bread baked and desserts made for that day and the next. That night the table may be laid and covered with netting used for this purpose alone, the clothing put in soak, and all the materials made ready for breakfast. Where there is but one domestic, or none at all, the week's labor is thus under much better control. The first meal should consist of few dishes, and the dinner may all be previously cooked save the vegetables. The domestic, who swept hall, steps and piazza while the fire was kindling, has only to remove the breakfast things, wash the dishes and go to her laundry work. On Wednesday she is not over fatigued by the previous day's work and there is time enough to keep the house clean during the remainder of the week, finishing up odd jobs on Monday. Where two or more girls are kept the same custom might well prevail, by which means the cook will be able to do all the cooking so that the food may be as nicely served as usual.—The Home Maker.

How to Broil Beefsteak. The points of excellence in well-cooked meat are fine flavor, juiciness and nutritive quality; the best of meat can be spoiled during the cooking when the object of heat is not understood, or the effect of certain methods of cookery intelligently followed. The purpose of all cookery is to prepare food to yield its nutritive properties during the process of digestion. The first question is: In what form can its digestion be most frequently accomplished? Frying is most frequently done covers the surface of meat with an excess of fat, and also deprives it of some of its most valuable juices. Roasting proper retains these by surrounding the meat with a crisp surface of intense flavor that is not obtainable by any other method of cookery. Baking, if properly done, gives a brown surface, more or less crisp, according to the heat of the oven and the amount of steam generated, and the juices are preserved. Broiling when well done retains the flavor and juice of the meat, and gives a surface less hard and crisp than roasting, equally favorable in flavor, and more digestible. The free circulation of air about the meat and the application of intense heat preserves all the flavor and nutrition, while the rapidity with which it is cooked favors its perfect digestion. To broil perfectly, have a clear hot fire; either a red bed of wood embers, a glowing mass of coal, or a hot mass of charcoal which has ceased to burn with flame; there is an admirable device for broiling with illuminating gas, by combining enough atmospheric air with the gas to produce a blue flame intensely hot, and free from smoke, under which the meat is broiled; the temperature of this flame equals that of the hottest bed of burning coals.

After the meat is trimmed free from excessive bone and fat—both being reserved for soup and drippings—put it in a gridiron and expose it to the hottest fire available; brown it as quickly as possible, first upon one side and then on the other, being careful to avoid puncturing the meat so that the juice escapes; when both sides are brown, cook it to the desired degree without burning or smoking it; this can be done by taking a little care, holding the meat near or far from the fire, according to the heat. Have ready a hot platter upon which to lay the steak, season it platably with salt, pepper and butter, and serve it at once. With a hot fire an h-thick steak will broil medium rare in about twenty minutes.—Housewife.

Bodies Dried in the Air. There are on exhibition in the rooms of the State Mining Bureau at San Francisco four "desiccated human bodies" that were found by Sig. S. Marghier in a sealed cavern at an elevation of 4000 feet on the eastern side of the Sierra Madre mountains in Mexico. The bodies were found in a sitting posture, with the hands crossed on the breasts, the heads inclined forward, and facing the east. Two adults, male and female, were side by side, and by the side of the man was a boy, and a girl by the side of the woman. The bodies were apparently dried by the air, no embalming process being used. They are not like any known Indians of to-day, the hands and feet being particularly small, and the woman's hair brown and silken. The woman's forehead is large and the reasoning powers were apparently well developed. In the lobe of each ear is a piece of hollow reed. The burial garments are of cotton, hide, grasses and the bark of willows. In addition, the little girl is covered with the skin of some animal.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A TAP AT THE DOOR.

A hand tapped at my door low down, I opened it and saw two eyes of brown, Two lips of cherry red, A little curly head, A bonny, fairy sprite in dress of white, Who said, with lifted face: "What night?"

She climbed upon my knee, and, there, Lipped softly, solemnly, her little tongue, Her meeting finger tips, Her pure, sweet baby lips, Carried my soul with hers, half way Into some clearer and diviner air.

I tried to lift again, but all in vain, Of scientific thought the subtle chain, So small, so small, My learning all, Though I could call each star and place, My child's "Our Father" bridged the space.

I sat with folded hands at rest, at rest, Turning this solemn thought to rest: How faith would fade If God had made No children in this world—no baby, Only the prudent man or thoughtful, Only the woman wise, no little arms, No clasp around our neck, no baby's cry, No loving care, No loving prayer, No thrill of liping soul, no patter of No infant heart against our hearts.

Then if a tiny hand, low down, Tap at thy heart or door; all do not Bend low to meet The little feet, To clasp the clinging hand; the child Nearer heaven than thou—nearer!

—Little E. Barr, in Boston.

PITH AND POL.

Not a political heeler—The she Beware, as the potter said to A tidy fortune—An orderly wife.

Railroad smash-ups are a waste. South American tails—Meal pendages. The latest out—The boy who after school.

Point of observation—The man difficult wedded to divorce. It is hard to write on paper lines, because it is unruly.

A Western dramatic critic said of a play that it was as old cheese. An impetuous young man his "uncle" as a very dear Mar-hat Traveler.

It hurts a man just about as burn him in effigy as to laugh on a wall battered by a law Blade.

Nothing in my hand I bring Simply to my gun I cling. Soaring phasant, wait for me, Let me get a shot at thee.—Old '76.

Philadelphia Girl—"I heard Goodfellow is quite attentive to Chicago girl—"Oh, not at all, comes five times a week.—Philadelphia Record.

"Why did you leave your lot? "Sure I worr discharged for dum." "Where were you?" "In the hospital, mum."—Bazar.

A French humorist says superstitions, and that the only ever has of being thirteenth that there is only enough to twelve.

Mother—"One thing at a time. You can't do two things at once. Boy—"Yes I can, too. I can eat of pie and wad another at the same time.—Washington Post.

"What ever possessed you, let Mr. Spinner go out in the shower? He might be struck by lightning." "Oh, I think there's—his not attractive enough."

Burton—"Paperwork must be up in the world. Did you not politely his tailor bowed to Bolton—"Humph! The post knows he's got to be civil. He'll pests to collect a cent."—New York Times.

Brannigan was injured in an accident, and received from a life-pass over the road in settling damages. "Be gob," said the lucky thing that, "O' wasn't killed O' had been, O' had never this money in fares."

A correspondent of the Mercury says that "he heard playing from a phonograph been repeated more than a dozen times, and all the notes were as distinct as ever." Down a phonograph.—Drake's Magazine.

"But what an awful lot of high toned travelers were waste of Uncle Abner, as a man who newspaper. "A man who for a saloon passage to Europe he can go in the steerage for slave to rum—that's what I say."

Elderly Bride (to her plain, will you worship me as you do now? "Young man, as you do now?" "Ah, dear, can you doubt that I imagine for a moment that you are so short-lived?"—Lippincott.

"You should bear in mind, said the kind-hearted visitor, "that your loss is his gain—do—'I do," replied the bereaved, addressed, as he shook his head, "I cannot forget it. His note for \$175, due next week, is the security."—Chicago Tribune.

Kentucky Coroner—"Yes, I found upon the deceased person was Colonel Blood. Witness was also a quart bottle full of his pockets." Coroner—"No, full—hadn't been touched. "Poor fellow; he must have out a moment's warning."