

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, Editor and Prop'r. MIDDLEBURGH, PA., MAY 2, 1880.

Immigration shows a falling off for the first quarter of this year.

Syndicates are rapidly buying up all the Southern timber lands that they can get their hands on.

Low farmers last year raised enough corn to pay off all the mortgages in the State and leave a balance of 109,000,000 bushels.

The Emperor of Brazil is about to issue an edict prohibiting Brazilian girls from marrying until they reach the ripe old age of ten years, and the girls are mad about it.

The school banking system was introduced in the public schools of Long Island City, N. Y., about three years ago, and already the pupils in the nine schools have \$10,791.95 to their credit.

The Boers of South Africa have whipped England five different times, and one of their prophets is now predicting a coming war in which a Boer will be raised to the British throne.

The English, Germans and French are all assiduously visiting Mexico as a possible field of commercial enterprise and English capitalists are hopeful of a speedy control of it from this country.

Even Californians tire of their perpetual sunshine. The Visalia Delta re-echoes "Dwellers in the San Joaquin valley would like to swap off a few square leagues of Italian sky for a little Oregon mist."

The English courts hold that when a man writes asking another to "favor him with a check" for a bill the intent is that the check is to be sent by post, and the creditor is liable if the check is lost in the mails.

According to a statistician the lions of Connecticut would reach twice across the State if placed in a straight line, head to tail. Any one who has tried to induce a lion to remain in any straight line for a second will appreciate that "if."

Says the Detroit Free Press: "California imported the dandelion and is sorry; the United States imported the English sparrow and is sorry; Brazil, like the United States, is importing paupers, and, like the United States, will be sorry for it."

The newspapers of Porto Principe and Sancti Spiritus, the principal cattle-breeding sections of Cuba, urge the cattle men to devise some plan by which the surplus of their herds may be exported, especially to the United States, where, it is said, they would find remunerative markets.

The police are exerting extraordinary vigilance to prevent emigration from Hungary, and women and children who seek to escape from the country to join husbands and fathers already in America have to submit to great hardships, and often are unable to get away at all. The authorities profess to fear a dearth of farm laborers.

American cotton oil is becoming a valuable and acceptable substitute for drier products in the markets of the world. Prejudice against it, scates the Chicago Star, is being steadily overcome. The factories under way are being hurried along. Demand is increasing. Stocks are small. As a substitute for lard it promises to become a valuable article of commerce.

The late Aaron White, by whose will each county in Connecticut receives \$1000 for law library purposes, was known widely for his copper coin mania, which was first recorded when two men were sent to prison for stealing \$100 from his hoard, but there was great astonishment after his death when his administrator shipped from the village station five tons of copper coins.

Stanley is, of course, well understood to be the agent of England in Africa, and certainly England, the New York Commercial Advertiser believes, could not have a more capable and energetic man to look after its affairs in a quarter of the globe toward the partition of which among themselves various European powers are now straining every energy, each in its own way.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmadge has a simple and easy plan for converting the world to Christianity. It is for each Christian to secure one convert and each one of the converted to do the same. He calculates that if this is done every year for a decade the 1,400,000,000 people of the earth could be brought into the Christian fold and that the close of this century will witness the dawn of the millennium.

WASHINGTON.

Sing of one who lives, and is not dead, Whose name and fame can never, never die; The grave, calm man, of solemn voice and eyes, Of martial soul, great heart, firm hand, clear head, Who through the gates of hell his legions led Beneath a flaming sky;

I see him in the rich Virginia fields, Amid the clover and the asphodel, While round him loom the bees, 'neath burnished shields, And over him the wood-birds' clear notes swell;

A happy boy, with butterflies at play, Through a long summer day, And then I see the young surveyor tramp Where the wild red man and deer had gone before;

And when the day is dead, I see him camp Beneath the stars, where swollen rivers rear, I see him with his sweetheart lead the dance; I catch the words he pours into her ears; I see him spinning a daisy song, perchance, And all his disappointed sighs I hear;

I see him through the French and Indian wars, In training for the work that's sure to come; When King George's long endured, tyrannic laws Will be repealed from, to the music of the drum;

I see him when the shot at Lexington Goes whirring through the balmy, generous South— And I see that strong, indomitable mouth Of Virginia's most illustrious son, As he lashed on his sword his change of stripes, And northward rides!

I see him swing through streets in Boston town; I hear him, through his almost sleepless nights, Speak words of cheer, out on Dorchester Heights, When his ragged Continentals groan and frown;

I see him even the icy Delaware, Beneath December's icy, stormy skies; And Trenton, Princeton, rise before my eyes, And then, again, grim, awful, blank despair! No food—no clothes—no blankets—hardly fire;

No shot—no powder—nothing to inspire Their weary souls—but our great Hero thurs; With his bleeding hands and feet, they watch the day Go sadly down the West;

Upon the white and frozen earth they rest, In that bleak, wind-swept gorge, While their great commander kneels him down to pray, Upon the frozen sod, To the Almighty God, At Valley Forge!

"Dear God, who sees each little grassblade that grows; Dear God, who gives the forest minstrel's song; Who commandest every wind that ever blows; To whom all stars, all hearts, all minds, belong;

Who sees, with an all-seeing eye, the souls Of puny man—make our hearts, our souls, strong; To fight the good fight in our holy cause, And guide us from the cruel deeps to shores;

Then givest wandering birds in storms a prey; Then temperest the wind to the storm lamb; Thou hast made the dead to rise, the blind to see;

Lo, I have my soul to Thee for what I am— A poor, weak mortal, with a love for Thee, And with a love for country and for peace, And Liberty

Vouchsafe to lead us on to victory, And from bondage and from tyranny release The children and their land, Turn our night to day, And still hold us in the hollow of Thy hand, Lord, here we pray!"

had not yet been raised when we knew that robbery and murder had taken place. When we got the full light we saw Peter lying on his back on the floor outside of the railing. He was fully dressed, and had been struck on the back of the head; and the blow had crushed in the skull. The body was cold, showing that death had occurred some hours before.

Further investigation proved that the door of the vault had been drilled and blown open, and that the bank had been robbed of every dollar of its cash on hand. Taking the loss of bonds, stocks and cash, the aggregate was about \$80,000, about half of which fell upon the bank. Burglar tools, fuse, a flask of powder and other articles were lying about, and on a desk we found the loaded club which had dealt Peter his death blow. When we came to investigate as to how the robbers had effected an entrance everybody was at sea. They could only have come and gone by the front door. None of the windows had been raised, the back door was heavily barred, and the door leading to the cellar had not been tampered with.

Peter had no key to the lock of the front door. He could open it from the inside, but not from the other. The cashier and bookkeeper, both old and trusted men and stockholders, alone had keys. He must, we concluded, have admitted the robbers to the bank, but the fact of his having been murdered was proof of his integrity. Had he put up a job with them, they would not have finished him off. He was a sharp, shrewd fellow, and what excuse they could have urged to gain admission was beyond our figuring. Detectives were put to work on the case, but not the slightest clue could they get for weeks. It seemed as if the robbers had taken wings as they left the bank. Three months later two men, who were suspected of being "good fell-ows," were arrested at a point 200 miles away, and in another State, for stealing a horse and buggy. In following up this case to a conviction it was proved that they had arranged to do a bank in a country town, and that the rig had been stolen as a part of the programme. One of the men was recognized as a person seen in our town about the time of our robbery, and the bank people became satisfied that both of them had a hand in it. They had no proofs, and the matter would have been permitted to drop but for me.

The loss of cash was only about \$11,000. About \$35,000 in securities belonged to depositors, and the balance was the loss of the bank. None of the securities had been negotiated thus far, and it was my theory that the robbers had them securely hidden away somewhere. While I could not be positive that either of the men arrested for stealing the horse and buggy was the party wanted for our job, two of our citizens were so positive in identifying one of them that I was ready to chance it. The bank had offered a big reward for the arrest of the robbers and murderers, and after due deliberation with myself and several consultations with friends, I determined on a plan. The men had been sent to prison for three years apiece. When arrested they made a fight, and burglars' tools were also found in their possession.

I visited the prison and learned that one had been assigned to the boot and shoe department, while the other had gone to the chair works. I walked through this department and saw him engaged in chair painting. The two were so widely separated that there was no possibility of a meeting except in the chapel on a Sunday. The one in the chair department was the younger by several years. One day, when I had my plans all laid, I entered a jewelry store in the city from which the men had been sentenced and asked to look at some watches. A tray of them was set, and I grabbed one valued at \$40 and ran out. I could have got clear off as well as not, but my examination I pleaded guilty and was bound over. When the case came to the higher court a lawyer was assigned me, and had I worked with him the jury would have cleared me. I refused to answer any questions, admitted my guilt, and was regarded by some as light in the head. The jeweler did not desire my conviction, and but for my impudence I should have failed in my purpose. A verdict of guilty was finally reached and his Honor gave me a year in prison, though I believe he was ready to suspend sentence in case I broke down and promised reform.

When I arrived at the prison I gave my occupation as a chair finisher, and, to my great satisfaction, I was assigned to that work, and soon found myself alongside the man I was after. He was recorded on the prison books as Jordan Hatch, No. 2180. I was down as Charles Merritt, No. 2185. We were at least thirty feet apart for the first three weeks, and I had been there a full month before we passed a word. Then, as we were carrying some work to the stock room, I got a chance to growl to him: "I thought the horse thieves were put into the slop department."

He gave me a fierce look and gritted his teeth, and next time we passed he whispered: "And I thought the cheap-watch grabbers were used as kitchen mops!" "He knew, then, as I suspected, what I had been sent for. No convict is in prison a week before his offence is pretty generally known. As we passed again I whispered: "It's a good thing sometimes to be laid by."

His reply to this was: "Then don't size me up for a horse thief." During the next two weeks, owing to the illness of one of the finishers, and the fact that another was pardoned, I got nearer to Hatch, but while I seemed to be utterly indifferent to him, I several times caught him looking me over as if interested. He was very handy, and very tasty with brush and stencils, and as I was equally, so it finally came about, after I had been in prison about three months, that we worked side by side at the same platform. There was one over-

seer for fifteen of us, and we had only to exercise prudence and discretion to be able to communicate in whispers. I carried out the idea that I grabbed the watch on purpose to be laid by until the hue and cry over a big job had died out, and by abstaining from asking him any question about his past I gave him no reason to distrust me.

I had been in prison for seven months when I was called to the office one day to see a friend, one of the few who were in the plot. He had called to ask what progress I had made. Upon my return to the shop Hatch was curious to know what had passed, and I informed him that I had got word that a pard of mine who had been in the big job with me, but who had escaped arrest, had converted our hidden swag to his own use and gone to Europe.

"I'd kill him!" he replied. "My pard hadn't better try that on me!" "But he may." "Not this pull. Isn't he here with me?" "It was a month before I made another move. I then feigned sickness and got four days in the hospital, and when I returned to work I had some news for Hatch. It was to the effect that another horse thief, whose name I could not remember, but who was in the shoe department, had been receiving the visits of a lawyer, who was doubtless seeking to get him a pardon or a new trial.

"The deuce he is!" hissed Hatch, jumping to the conclusion I hoped he would. "I purposely prevented any other conversation for several days, but it was plain enough that my shot had told and that my man was greatly worried. I pretended to have no interest in the matter, and one day when opportunity offered he observed: "I'd give a thousand dollars to get a letter out of here to a certain party."

"Better not try it," I briefly replied, and I let him worry again for a week. It so happened then that I was detailed to the yard for a couple of days to assist in repiling some lumber, and when I returned I had some gossip for Hatch. It was to the effect that the Governor was being worked for a pardon for one of the shoe men, and it was reported that the lawyer who had the case in hand was to get \$10,000 if he was successful. I could not give his name not having heard it, but ventured the opinion that the man must have rich relatives at work for him.

"No," he replied. "He's selling some one out on the quiet!" "It was a week before anything further was said. I had saved my good time and was almost ready to go. Four days before I was granted my liberty Hatch handed me a piece of paper on which he had written about a dozen figures and in many letters of the alphabet, and said: "It is to my mother. She will understand it. If you can get this out with you and mail it to the address on the back, enclosing your own address, you will receive at least \$1000 within a week. That shoe man is my pard. If he is working the Governor it is to beat me. I'll take the chances of trusting you. We were in a big diamond robbery in London last year, and the swag is secured in New York. If this gets to the old woman she will put it in a safe place."

"But the address is Chicago," I said, as I got a look at it. "That's all right; she'll understand," he said. I had a sore finger, and I carried the note out hidden in the rag wrapped around the digit. I went straight to Ohio, put the paper in the hands of the bank officers and detectives, and after working over the cipher for three days we were wiser than at first. The address was "Mrs. Ann Walsh, Chicago, Ill.," and on the second day after our arrival in Chicago a woman dressed in mourning called at the ladies' window and inquired for the name. We followed her to a saloon and restaurant on State street and discovered that she kept house up stairs while her son, a young man of about twenty-five, ran the business below. The place was looked upon by the Chicago police as suspicious, and with their aid a search warrant was procured and a search made. In a tin box in an old trunk in the garret we found the securities stolen from the bank at Ohio. Jordan Hatch's right name was Billy Walsh, and the woman was his mother and the young man his brother. Both claimed entire ignorance of the securities, proving that Billy had the run of the house where home and that he had every opportunity to bring home and conceal stuff. It was not until after their acquittal that we found the key to the cipher. The note then read:

"Put the swag into a safe place at once. Don't reply to this." Hatch had promised me a thousand dollars, but he did not mean I should get it. Mother and son both knew he was in prison, but were afraid to visit him for fear of being suspected of having the securities.

Upon leaving the prison the men were tried for murder and robbery. They admitted the robbery, but denied the murder. They explained that they knocked on the bank doors, and told Peter that his wife was dying. In his confusion he opened the door and both pushed in, and as he staggered back he fell and hit his head on the tile floor. It had been so long since the murder and their lawyer made such a plausible theory that they were acquitted of murder though doubtless guilty, and sent for fifteen year apiece on the other charge.—New York Sun.

Secret of Health in China. The Chinese live in houses where the supply of air is so limited that no European could endure the vitiated atmosphere; yet they are a very healthy nation. This is due probably to the fact that their food is invariably simple and clean and thoroughly well cooked. Meat, potatoes and rice are all boiled together. When cooked the mixture is put into small bowls, and as it is eaten with tiny chopsticks, it is impossible to try the mouth or stomach by scalding them with a quantity of very hot food. Moreover, they rarely drink water if they can get tea, either hot or cold.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

VERY PRETTY RUGS. Very pretty rugs can be made as follows: Take a piece of a quilt, one square yard, or any thick cloth; cut out of worsted pieces a circle six inches across; work any pretty design for center; mark circle five inches across in center of the foundation cloth and then cut strips of worsted two inches at the top, one-half inch at the bottom, eighteen inches long, sew on so that they will come three in circle revolving around the center; fill in the corners with bright colors and sew small pieces around the edge, or fringe will be very pretty if the colors are mixed good.—Washington Star.

CARE OF SILVER. Silver articles, when not in use, should be kept in prepared cotton-flannel bags to protect them from the sulphureted hydrogen of furnace and illuminating gas. They should be kept in a dry place, and if likely to remain there a long time, the silver should be perfectly clean, and the bags closely wrapped in stout paper. For daily care of silver it is best to use hot water, castile soap and a stiff brush and chemists leather. Gilding ought to be rubbed as little as possible, and silver etched, decorated with colored alloys, or oxidized, can be kept in condition by rubbing with a damp linen cloth with a very little plate powder.—Rural Home.

BUFFALO MOTHS. The troublesome hairy little grub which is known as the buffalo moth and which is so injurious to carpets, may be destroyed by wetting the carpets with water and going over them with a hot iron. Benzine will kill them, but this fluid is explosive and inflammable, and is to be handled with care. To avoid this household pest the carpets should not lie close to the walls, but a space of a few inches should be left all around the border, so that the edge can be turned up and swept frequently. The crevices in the floor should be filled with plaster or with putty, so that no hiding places are left for the insects. It is quite possible, and perhaps probable, that this insect has come for a good purpose, viz., to get rid of the unhealthful practice of using dusty carpets constantly on the floors uncleaned, by which the atmosphere of the dwelling is filled with injurious dust and the throat and lungs become diseased by it. If the carpet is laid loosely and is taken up and shaken once a week the buffalo moth will no longer give any trouble.—New York Times.

TO REMOVE INK STAINS. Inks made with outgals and coppers can be removed by using a moderately concentrated solution of oxalic acid, followed by use of pure water, and frequent drying with clean blotting paper. Most other black inks are erased by use of a weak solution of chlorinated lime, followed by dilute acetic acid and water, with drying with blotters. Malachite green ink is bleached by aqua ammonia; silver inks, by potassium cyanide or sodium hypochlorite. Some aniline colors are easily removed by alcohol, and nearly all by chlorinated lime followed by dilute acetic acid or vinegar. All these remarks apply to goods. The removal of such stains from tinted papers or colored dress goods is nearly impossible, in many cases, without impairing the color of the fabrics; and silk and woolen goods are liable to be seriously injured. In all cases apply the substances with camel's hair brushes or feathers, and allow them to remain no longer than is necessary, after which rinse well with water, and dry with blotting papers. There is no reliable method for the removal of printing ink.—Pamman's Art Journal.

GOOD SOUPS. To make good soup, says the Detroit Free Press, requires the judicious blending of the different factors so that nothing shall predominate. Always remove the scum before the soup boils, or it will not become clear even when strained, no matter how fine a strainer is used. Simmer slowly, for if allowed to boil quickly the goodness of the meat cannot be extracted. Put the meat in cold water and allow two tablespoonsful of salt to each gallon of water. From a pint and a half to a quart of water to every pound of meat will make good soup. When adding water after the boiling has commenced always use water of the same temperature. Excellent soup stock can be made as follows: Take a leg or shin of beef weighing eight pounds, saw the bone in three parts and remove the marrow. Put into a kettle with four quarts of water and let it simmer. Put the marrow into a saucpan with a pound of lean ham cut in small pieces; fry a good brown, then add to the meat bone and let it simmer five hours. Strain and set away to cool. When cold remove the fat and pour it into glass fruit jars and set in a cool place. If you desire to make vegetable soup, take a sufficient quantity of water and add enough soup stock to make it of the required strength. Cut into it two onions, three turnips, a half dozen carrots and a little celery, all chopped fine; season and boil for two hours.

Ox-tail soup is quickly made from soup stock. Thin the stock with two quarts of water, take three tails, cut them in pieces at the joints, put them into the liquor and stew till tender, but not until the meat leaves the bones. Some people like the addition of vegetables; when these are added they should be cut in thin slices and when the soup is served should be strained and the vegetables placed on the table in another dish. Sorrel Soup is relished if rightly made. After washing the sorrel leaves put them in a kettle with just enough water to cover. Stew till tender, giving them an occasional stirring. Have ready a pint of white beans that have been soaked in cold water and boil till they are soft; pour over them enough water to make the necessary quantity of soup, add the soup stock and a chopped onion. After the soup is strained put in enough of the sorrel to make it taste pleasantly sour. It is not necessary to keep the soup stock on hand, as fresh liquor can be

made each time soup is served: It is simply to save time and trouble, as a plain soup can be made in ten minutes by merely thinning the stock and seasoning, or by adding chopped parsley and a small quantity of barley. Egg balls also make a pleasant addition. Take the yolks of half a dozen hard boiled eggs, wash to a paste, season, roll into small balls, cover with flour and drop into the stock taking care not to break them.

Noted Plants of Commerce. The olive is by botanists called Olea, from a Greek word, signifying smooth, on account of its oil. O. Europaea is a native of the South of Europe, an evergreen with lance-shaped leaves, and flowers quite small and white. There is another variety, called fragrans, or sweet scented olive, introduced from China in 1771. The flowers are also very small but very fragrant, smelling not unlike the highest-perfumed green tea. In all ages the olive has been held in peculiar estimation, and as a bounteous gift of heaven. It is considered emblematic of peace and plenty. Even Virgil and Pliny, in their day, mention many varieties, showing it one of the cultivated plants of their time, the differences being noted mostly in the size and color of the fruit.

Hungary water is a distillation from the rosemary, an old shrub, very common in England, it is supposed, from very ancient times. Shakespeare makes the poor Ophelia allude to it as a memory-strengthening. "There's rosemary, that for remembrance." The sage of commerce belongs to a very extensive genus, containing many showy flowers, as in the different varieties of the garden. From S. sclarea, which in flower, is made clayey white, white narcotic. S. pomifera, furnishes a pulp that, when combined with sugar, has some repute. The seeds of S. veronica, produce, when moistened, a mucous matter, serviceable in removing extraneous matter from the eye. The name salvia derived from salvere, to be in health, or to save, on account of its supposed sanative qualities. The common sage of the kitchen is S. officinalis, a native of the south of Europe. There are two members of the family natives in this country, the lyre-leaved and purple-leaved sages. The saffron of the market obtained from a crocus, C. sativus, a native of England. The stigmas of the flowers are carefully picked, dried in a kiln, and then pressed into a cake. It is a very bright yellow, approaching to orange, coloring water strongly when thrown into it.—Pencil Farmer.

Most Remarkable Run in Railroad. The locomotive A. G. Darwin, designed by George S. Strong, of the Strong Locomotive Company, arrived at Jersey City, N. J., last evening, having completed the most remarkable railroad history. Yesterday morning Darwin left Buffalo and made the run through on time, drawing a train of heavy coaches along most of the route two extra coaches along certain sections. The engine made the run over several grades without any assistance, thus making the record all the more marvellous. This engine is different in design from other yet built, and the features which make her a success are that she smokes or cinders from her stack, burn the cheapest kind of Illinois coal, and is a quick and able steamer. She has two fire boxes made of corrugated rolled steel, welded together. One of these fire boxes is fed at the top. Both lead into a spacious combustion chamber, so that when the fresh fuel in the smoke and cinders are fed into it and consumed, instead of passing out through the stack, they are drawn greater than the heaviest engine on the road.—New York Sun.

A Fish With a Serrated Propeller. The strangest creature ever seen in these waters was captured in the Delaware River at Burlington yesterday morning. Charles Woolen and Charles G. Hill, while they were fishing for such a fish, captured a fish of a peculiar shape, about six feet long, with a mouth furnished with two rows of teeth. The head is attached to the body by a long sinuous neck, and the deep sunken eyes are prominent long lashes. The body, which tapers to the tail, is covered with fine fur, and two short, horn-like formed legs, with attached webbed feet of a duck, are attached to the neck. The tail is peculiarly shaped, having four blades exactly like the propeller of a steamship. The strange creature captured with difficulty. It was half dead, uttering a noise that was like a half bark, it seized an ear in its mouth and crunched it to splinters. Its odor resembling musk was emitted in repeated blows of a hatchet directed at the animal and enabled its captives to capture it.—Delaware Record.

Paper From Sugar. The Beeve Scientific states that a long been known that the stalk sugar cane might be used in the production of a paper of the best quality, therefore, surprising that, with a constant decline in the value of sugar to overproduction, and the consequent increasing price of paper, it has not occurred to sugar planters to employ manufacture of paper as a supplementary sugar producing. The fibres of the cane give an excellent paper, and the mechanical and chemical processes are easily carried out. A correspondent of the French National Acclimatization Society reports that Mr. Walter, of New Orleans, has lately exhibited several samples of white paper made from the sugar cane, which were of a very good quality. The first quantity was one franc per 100 kilograms of stalks, worth 21 francs per 100 kilograms of paper, worth 21 francs per 100 kilograms of stalks. The Beeve Scientific concludes by recommending the planters in Louisiana to produce colonies to the same end.

The human skeleton consists of 209 distinct bones.