MIDDLEBURG, PA., AUG. 8, 1889.

The venerable Mrs. Polk is now that only living widow of a President from the Southern States.

The question of women sitting in county councils in England has been decided in the negative.

Both France and Great Britain lead the United States so far as exports to South America are concerned.

During the first six months of the present year 1522 miles of new track were laid by the various railroads in the

The question of leprosy in India is assuming a serious character. It is reported that a British beigndler-general has been sent home with the disease.

Leading financial authorities report that there never was a period when somuch investing was going on in parely industrial and commercial characts.

Leprosy has existed in Norway for meanly a confury. It is a hereditary disgive, and branks out among the children of Scholinavian settlers in Minnesoto, Wisconsin and Illinois,

The Carr of Russia has suppressed the Lutheran Church in his countins. There were three years ago about three million members of this body in the Russias, westly in the Baltie provinces.

The World's Sanday-school Convendual recently held in London, was atunded by 900 foreign delegans, 500 of whom were from the United States. The acat convention will be held in the United States in 1893.

Says the Washington Stor: "Talk thout alleg landholders in Ireland, there as twice as much land owned by aliens in the United States as there is owned by Englishmen in Ireland. Think of It! More than 22,000,000 nercs of land awned by men in Europe?"

Now comes Mr. David A. Weils, obcorves the Boston Headd, and allows that to would despair of getting into college nowadays were he required to pass upon the examinations that young men are called upon to pass before they receive their entrance papers. And yet Mr. Wells is reckoned a learned man, and Harvard has just made him an LL. D.

A novel exhibition is to be made in Chicago this fall, namely, a horse show, to be held in the big Exposition Building. It is predicted to be the finest show of this kind over held in the United States. Prizes will be distributed for the best horses and equipments; as curtiages and vehicles of various designs will also be included in the exhibition.

There has lately been unprecedented activity in building new cotton seed oilmills, most of which are independent of the Cutton Oil Trust, though the Trust has, it is generally reported, recently virtually secured control of the Southern Oil Company, with its eight large mills. The Mensatteturers' Resert, of Bairlance, passe lishes a complete list of all the cutton seed oilmills in the South, showing 215 milis, with an aggregate envital of about \$20,000,000, against 30 milts, with a capital of \$3.500,000, in 18 0.

With all our boasted scientific progres, re really know very little, useerts the San Francisco Chroniele, of the laws or meteorology. We can measure the force and intensity of the wind when it plows, and gauge the min when it falls; but as for foretelling a wind-storm or a rainstorm we do not know much more about it than the untutored Indian, who wateres the chipmunks and muskrats and makes his prognostications in accordance with their movements. Even the barometer takes freaks and gets unreliable at times, and then we are all at sea as regards what is coming next, except that we shall probably have a "spell of weather."

North Carolina has had bad luck with ner histories, remarks the Atlanta Constitution. The Rev. Dr. Hawkes, spent a life time collecting material and writing the early history of the State, but after his death all his collections were sold to the New York Historical Society, Mr. Hugh Williamson collected many valuable historical documents, but they have all disappeared. Judge Martin was checked in his historical work by the damage sustained by his papers on a sea voyage. Colonel John H. Wheeler made extensive and valuable collections, but they were sold at public auction and seat tered throughout the country. All this re enough to make a writer pause before attempting a history of the old North SLEEP.

Thou best of all, God's choicest blessing, Better then Earth can afford-wealth,

power, fame: They change, decay; thou always art the

Through all the years thy freshness thou doet keep;

Over all lands thine even pinions sweep, The sick, the worn, the blind, the lone, th

Hearing thy tranquil footsteps, bless thy patter:

Anguish is soothed, sorrow forgets to weep. Thou ope'st the captive's cell and blo'st him room; Thou giv'st the hunted refuge, fre'st the

Sinve. Show'st the outcast pity, call'st the exile

home Beggar and king thine equal blessings reap.

We for our loved ones wealth, joy, honors

But God, Me giveth His beloved-sleep. -Thomas Nelson Page, in the Century.

A WILD GOOSE CHASE.

Mrs. Jeannette Borroughs, for many of some six months previous. years a client of the law-firm of Hibden & Holden, in whose office I was underclerk, was at last dead; and by a will had left the greater part of her comfortma Brookes, who had for five years lived | was: with her as companion.

Mr. Holden was appointed executor of here? the will, in which especity it became necessary that he should immediately communicate with Miss Brookes; but here an imexpected difficulty presented. Everybody knew that the young lady had left Mrs. Royal some six months since to take charge of her father, who had become blind and paralyzed; but heyoud the fact that she was in New York, nothing was known of her address. Advertisoments were inserted in the papers; but, as after two weeks no answer was received, Mr. Helden began to think of employing a detective to hunt out the missing legates.

It was just at this moment that Mrs. Royal's late cook suddenly remembered that shortly after she herself came into the old lady's service, Miss Brookes had visited a relative in Greenville, whom she called "Cousin Mary Dixon."

Here was at last a clue, and Mr. Holden straightway directed me to proceed Miss Mary Dixon, and through her ascer-

As Greenville, though a considerable had no other alternative but to canvas the place as it were; and thus, after a day's arduous work, learned from a clergyman that a member of his congregation bore the name of Dixon, and also, he thought, the Christian name of Mary. that Miss Brookes, ignorant of Mrs. She was a widow, and resided on Orchard street. He did not remember the number, but the street being a short one I could easily find her.

This indeed I did, for the first person of whom I inquired on the street in question-a small boy-not only pointed out to me the house in which he said Mrs. Mary Dixion resided, but volunteered to arouse the immates, which he did by a vigorous pounding on the door, until I bought him off with the present of a nickel.

In answer to the summons, a neat wo man presented herself with a broom in her hand, which she quietly dropped at

I apologized, explaining that the performance on the door had not been mine, and inquired if Mrs. Mary Dixon lived

"Yes, she lives here," the woman replied. "She owns the house and I and my son reat part of it from her. Do you want to see her particular?"

"I wish to see her on a little business Anniine.

"What sort of business!" "A Rithe private matter, which I will

explain to Mrs. Dixon herself. "Oh, there's no call to be so particular. I asked merely because she ain't at home, and I thought I could explain when she comes back. She's gone to Middleton to and left the little boy with me help nurse her sister's children, that's down with the measles."

just as my search seemed crowned with But there was no alternative save to follow Mrs. Dixon to Middleton -a journey of two hours by rail-and I accordingly inquired her address in that

"Well, I don't know the number; it's at Mr. John Smith's she's staying. Somewhere on Cherry Street- Or, stay! it may be Peach, I dare say my son's wife knows.

Then lifting her voice, she called: "Mariar!"

There was no answer, but from the kitchen came the strong odor of baking bread, and the woman hurried oif, ex-

"Jest wait a minute and I'll send Tom's

In a mimite, accordingly, there came quietly along the passage a tall, ladylike young woman, with a pretty child in her arms. She was neatly and tastfully dressed,

and struck me at once as being of an order quite superior to that of her mother-in-law. Glancing at her from head to foot as

she advanced, I noted her handsome, pleasant face and intelligent look, and in my own mind set down Tom as a fortunnate individual. I took down the address as she gave it

to me and the next day was in Middle- tering into a business talk. ton, where I experienced no difficulty in finding Mrs. Dixon, though the finding of her relative, Miss Emma Brookes, seemed nearly as remote as ever.

Mrs. Dixon gave me an account of the family, and described Mr. George Brookes as "a gentleman-born, and one of those clever men who could do everything ex-

cept work and support his family.' His wife had done the last, until, broken down in health, she died, and one daughter had married and gone to Nebraska, and the other, Emma, answered an advertisement for a companion.

She was a fine, self-reliant girl, Emma

it by her kindness and attention. But where to find Emma she did not New York, where her father always resided. He had been a daily newspaper reporter and in the babit of frequenting the public libraries, to some of which she had heard Emma remark, he was a sub-

Beyond this Mrs. Dixon could really rive no informatron; and with this slener clue I proceeded to New York.

My inquiry at the office of the newspaper met with no success. They reknew nothing of his present place of abode, except that one of the staff of reporters was positive that he had removed to the country for the benefit of his health.

This was discouraging, but I proceeded to inquire among the libraries and here was more successful. On the list of subscribers to the Mercantile, was the name, "George E. Brooks, No. 8 India street, Green Point, Long Island," with a date

In less than an hour I presented my self at the door of the designated house, which I found to be a plain, but respectable little property to a certain Miss Em- by the name of Miles. My first inquiry

"Does Mr. George E. Brookes live

Mrs. Miles surveyed me solemnly from above her spectacles, and replied slowly "He did live here, young man." "Tuen he has removed?"

"Yes, he has been removed to a better "Will you be kind enough, madam, to

give me his present address?" She stared at me stoully, and apprending that she had not understood my Quiry, I repeated it:

Where can I find Mr. Brookes at presenta"

"He is where I trust you will some day find him-in heaven!'

With some difficulty I obtained from died some three weeks previous; that he had been kindly eared for by his daughter and a beneficial society of which he the furthest parts of the country. In was a member; and that after the funeral the young lady had left the house, as she said, to return to the friends with whom to Greenville, and there hunt up Mrs. or she had lived before joining her father. She had mentioned the name of the town; tain the whereabouts of Miss Emma but it had entirely escaped the landlady's memory in the trouble and worry of getting the two vacated rooms ready for new town, could not boast of a directory, I occupants. Ava thus again had Miss Emma Brookes, will-o'-the wisp-like, escaped my grasp just as she appeared ac- or round the neek. tually m my reach.

After transacting some business, I next day took the cars for home, in the hope Royal's death, might have returned to raphy on films indestructible by water, her house, and there learned of what so nearly interested her.

On taking my seat in the car, the first erson whom I recognized was the young lady whom I knew only as "Tom's wife," but this time unaccompanied by the baby. I saw that she recognized me; and some slight attention in regard to the window

She replied to my inquiry that Mrs. Dixon had not returned home when she some well known landmark, and then left there on Tuesday, but she expected make off, continuing on the wing without to find her arrived, her sister's children

being now so much better. She said this so sweetly, and was such pleasant, ladylike young woman, that essayed to make myself agreeable by sapiently remarking upon the prevalence of measles and whooping-cough, and hoping that her little one had escaped the

At this she gave me a quick, inquiring glance and blushed.

epidemic.

"I mean the little fellow that you had in your arms when I saw you. I supposed it was yours, as the lady called you her son's wife

A swift, laughing glance lighted her

"That was a mistake. Mrs. Landon's daughter-in-law had just stepped out

It was now my turn to feel embarrassed, though this was almost swallowed I was vexed to find myself thus belked up in an unaccountable sense of satisfaction at flading that my companion was not "Tom's wife.

"Pray excuse my absurd mistake!" said. "It was only because Mrs. Landon told me that she would send her son's wife, and you came."

She laughed, and we chatted on quite pleasantly, until at Greenville she left

It was not strange that I should on the following day have suggested to Mr. Holden the advisability of my going to Greenville to inquire again of Mrs. Dixon in regard to Miss Brookes, of whom she might have received information since

my first interview with her. It was little more than an hour's ride. and a pleasant excursion for a summer's

evening. On ringing at the door of Mrs. Dixon' house it was, to my gratification, opened ing well represented. The mother is by my fair traveling companion of the day previous, and I was sure that she blushed at the-to her-unexpected meeting.

Mrs. Dixon had not yet returned, she said, though they were expecting her by the next train, which would be due in fifteen minutes, if I did not object to waiting.

Then she showed me into the parlor; and fearing that she was about to leave me there, I essayed to detain her by en-

"My business with Mrs. Dixon is of rather a peculiar nature," I remarked. "She has a relative—a Miss Emma Brookes-whose whereabouts we are very anxious to discover." She looked up with an expression of

surprise. 'Emma Brookes?" she said, doubtfully. 'Yes; who lived for some years with

Mrs. Royal. May I inquire whether you know the lady?" "I ought to know her," she replied, quite gravely. "I am Emma Brookes."

was, and Mrs. Royal had been very fond self. What a stupid idiot I had been! of her; and for her part she wasn't surprised to learn that the old lady had left her; a legacy, for she had surely deserved it by her kindness and attention.

HI I had only when I first saw her put the inquiry which I had just spoken, how her a legacy, for she had surely deserved it by her kindness and attention.

But instead I had been racing about know, except that she was somewhere in the country in search of Emma Brookes. and even traveled in company with her, and never found means to ascertain her identity.

I had to explain to her now about Mrs. Royal's death and bequest to herself.

She had heard of her friend's death, she said, a day or two before that of her father, and in consequence, instead of returning to her fermer home, had gone to Mrs. Dixon's house, only to find that lady absent. There she had awaited her membered Mr. George E. Brookes, but return, only running up once to New York on some business.

Thus ended my amateur detective work. When I returned I informed Mr. Holden that I had at length found Miss Emma Brookes.

He actually complimented me, and hinted at promotion to the second clerk's

I returned to Greenville next day, and brought down Miss Brookes to our office, and after that all was, as regarded my own interests, pretty easy sailing. I had no difficulty in convincing my

darling of my disinterestedness, for, asshe has confessed since our marriage, she able boarding-house kept by a widow knew that I fell in love with her that day on the cars, before I had an idea that she was Miss Emma Brookes and Mrs. Royal's legatee. - Saturday Night.

Homing Pigeons.

A "homing club" is devoted to the rearing and training of carrier pigeons, which process is called "homing." In Turkey, where the art is supposed to be carried to its highest perfection, the procedure adopted is this: The person who has charge of rearing and training them takes the young pigeons when they have got their full strength of wing in a covered basket to a distance of about half a mile from their home; they are then set at liberty, and if any of them fail in returning home from this short distance, they are considered stepld and regarded as valueless. Those that return home her the information that her lodger had are then taken to greater distances, progressively increased to 1000 miles, and they will then return with certainty from England it is customary to keep these birds in a dark place for six hours before they are to be used. They are then sparingly fed, but are given as much water as they care to drink. The paper on which the message is written should be carefully tied round the upper part of the bird's leg, but so as in no wise to impede its flight. In olden times the custom was to suspend the message from the wing

During the siege of Paris in 1870 carrier pigeous were employed to carry messages beyond the German lines; very long documents printed by micro-photogand weighing only a few grains, were thus transmitted with great success. The ordinary rate of flight of the carrier pigeon is believed not to exceed thirty miles per hour, but instances are on record where ninety miles have been covered in that time. When thrown u When thrown up good flight will at first fly round and round, evidently for the purpose of finding stop or stay, unless prevented, till its home is reached. Thus pigeons, when loosed from a balloon at a great height, have, after flying round and round, returned to the balloon for want of objects to guide them in their homeward flight, -New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Indiana's Siamese Twins.

One of the most wonderful freaks of nature ever known in this part of the country is now enusing a good deal of talk in Kokomo and adjoining counties. Twelve miles southeast of Kokomo, Mrs. Henry Jones had born to her twins, ineparably connected at the hips and lower abdomen. The two trunks are joined together at the base, with a head at each end, and the lower limbs protrude from each side of the body, where the trunks are connected at the hips. No vital organs are connected, except the spinal column, which is continuous from one end to the other. Each breathes and pulsates quite independent of the other, and both are perfectly formed and have free use of their limbs. Along the abdomen there is no line or mark to show where one begins and the other ends, except one umbilical cord, which served for both. The infants are very plump, well developed, and apparently as hearty as any children of their ages. Both curse from the mother and bottle with regular movements. Both are females. Their joint weight is twelve pounds, and they measure, from crown to crown, twenty-four mches. The lower limbs are of normal size. They have bright, sparkling blue eyes, and are not in the least peevish, and when not nursing or asleep, content themselves sucking their thumbs.

Thousands of people are flocking to see the infants, the medical fraternity begetting along nicely. The father is twenty-four years of age, the mother but eighteen, and the present is the second birth in the family. The mother is a spare built woman, weighing but ninety pounds. All the physicians who have made an examination express the belief that the children may live, and think the indications entirely favorable.-Indianapolis Journal.

Ants Make a Temperance Drink.

"Did you know that ants would make lemonade?" said a Bridge street grocer to a Tribune man the other day. will, for I have seen them do it several times. The other day I left a slice of lemon on the counter, and there happened to be some sugar not far off, and directly I noticed the ants carrying the sugar to the lemon juice. I thought it was rather queer as well as cute, and, to test the matter, have tried it several times by putting a piece of lamon on the counter and placing some sugar near by, and the ants never fail to carry the sugar to the lemon. I What do you think of that now? It is She was not more surprised than my-, an absolute fact."-Tampa Tribune-

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

CLOTHES CLEANING.

Soiled and faded black cashmere may be made to look almost as good as new by washing in soapsuds, rinsing in water, and then putting in water with so much blueing in it that looks black. The cloth is to lie in this for some time-as long as over night, if it is much faded. Do not wring the cloth after taking it from the water, but hang up to dry in a shady place. If the gown is elaborately trimmed. the trimming may be ripped off and treated in this separately. Dark blue cashmere can be made to look beautiful if renewed in this way. For silk cleaning, paper and a hot iron is the old and best method. Put brown paper under the grease spot, on a board, and over the spot place several sheets of paper. With a medium heated iron press firmly on top, and several times renew the sheet of paper next to the silk on top. The paper will finally absorb all the grease. This method is applicable to any unwashable cloth, except velvet, plush, etc.

Ammonia is a favorite substance for cleaning cloth. The ammonia should be well diluted with water-fifteen drops are enough in a small basin of water. A piece of flannel is saturated with this dilution and rubbed on the grease spot until it is removed, after which that place on the cloth is sponged off with clear water. Dry somewhat, and iron when damp.

Ammonia water is also recommended to remove the shiny look from a black cont, but it is not good for much for this purpose. Strong black coffee, to which have been added a few drops of ammonia, is said to be good for cleansing a black coat that needs a thorough renovating .- St. Louis Star-Sayings.

now to BUY AND USE BROOMS. Mrs. J. M. Milligan writes as follows in the American Agriculturist: It is doubtful if there is any surer index to the qualifications of a housekeeper than the condition of her brooms. In buying brooms those with varnished handles are to be avoided, the natural moisture of the hand being sufficient to make them sticky. It is usually cheaper, and will be found a convenience to buy brooms by the half dozen or more. If kept in a dry place they are not injured by keeping except in the elasticity and toughness of the brush, and this is easily restored by dipping in hot water. Brooms of medium weight and size are preferable to the very heavy or very light ones. Those made of fine greenish straw are of better quality than those made of coarse There should be in every house one or

more fixed places for brooms on each floor, three at least for the first floor, so that carpet, kitchen and scrubbing brooms may be kept distinct. A broom that has not a fixed place is a time waster and a worry. A good simple way of suspending brooms is by a stom cord run through holes bored in the upper ends of the handles. It is well to select brooms with the holes already made, as the wood of some handles is so hard that it is almost impossible to pierce them without the proper tools. There are several reasons why it is better that brooms should be hung up. If a broom is stood on its brush it becomes an angular, for forn object, with which it is impossible to sweep easily or well. Walls are marred by handles or brush being dropped against them many times a day. An inverted broom suggests a laborious worker; two unnecessary turns of this implement every time it is used might, in time, prove "the straw too much." Finally, if a wet broom is inverted, the moisture has free way to the closely-laid parts of the brush and soon causes mustiness and decay.

Dr. Franklin is credited with introducing broom corn into the United States, he finding a single seed in a ladies' brushsaid to have been imported from India -which he planted. There are now thirty thousand acres of this plant cultivated here, with an annual crop valued at \$1,500,000.

Apple Custard-Pare and grate a quart of apples; stir in a quarter of a pound of melted butter and half a pound of sugar. Beat the yolks and the whites of the eggs separately; stir in the whites the last thing. Bake in a deep dish, lined with puffed paste.

Snow Pudding-One quart of milk, one cup of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of corn-starch dissolved in a little of the milk; let come to a boil, stirring constantly; beat the whites of three eggs to a froth and stir in and remove from the fire when thick, and flavor; make a custard of the yolks of the eggs, put in a deep dish and pour the sauce over it.

Green Corn Fritters-Cut through the centre of each row of kernels, then press out the centre pulp with the back of the knife. Beat two eggs thoroughly, and add to them a heaping saltspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne, one pint of corn pulp, and flour enough to make a moderately stiff batter. Drop the batter in smoking hot fat by tablespoonfuls, and brown them evenly.

Ragout of Beef-For six pounds of the round of beef take a dozen ripe tomatoes sliced, three sliced onions, half a dozen cloves and a little whole black pepper. Cut gashes in the meat, into which stuff half a pound of salt pork cut in thin squares; place the meat upon the other ingredients, and pour over them half a cup of vinegar and a cup of water: cover tightly and bake in a moderate oven five hours. When about done salt to taste; strain the gravy through a colander and thicken with flour.

Cauliflower Salad-To make a salad that will suffice for ten persons procure three heads of cauliflower. Let them be parboiled in salt water, and when thoroughly done put them in a stone jar and cover them with water. When they become cool place the cauliflower in an icebox and let remain till they are ready to serve. Then strain off the water, arrange them in a salad bowl, and garnish with small leaves of lettuce. Pour over one pint of French dressing, and when serving do not omit putting some of the dress. ing upon every plate.

THE CRY OF THE DREAM

I am tired of planning and tolling In the crowded hiver of men Heart weary of building and spe-And spoiling and building spin And I long for the dear old rive Where I dreamed my joste arqu For a dreamer lives forever,

And a toller dies in a day, I am sick of the showy seening Of a life that is half a lie Of the faces lined with scheming

In the throng that burrlesh From the sleepless thoughts end I would go where the children For a dreamer lives forever, And a toiler dies in a day, I feel no pride, but pity

For the burdens the rich colors There is nothing sweet in the city But the patient lives of the pag. Oh, the little hands so skillfer And the child mind chotsi was The daughter's heart grows and And the father's heart that best

No, not from the street's rule bate From trophies of mart and mar I would fly to the wood's low rate And the meadow's kindly page.

Let me dream as of old by the rise And be loved for the dream along For a dreamer lives forever, And a toller dies in a day. -John Boyle 92

PITH AND POINT

Dining room-An empty score A man experiences other sin ing" when he falls overless! Volumes of gas must furnish up

teading .- Baltimore America, Motto for the buzz-sur held fter taking)-"Hands off - he Free Press. A Burlington girl who has a eleven suitors is fond of saying a men are brothers.—Burlington Fra.

"Have you any childrent at landlord. "None but a goat" reply. "All right; you can a house."-Boston Courser.

The proof of the pudding least ng, and then it is too late in typographical errors that may be red. - Harper's Baser. When "Lo" puts on his data of 'Tis for remembrance that is Since, truthfully, it may be so To be a sort of Spartyper

"My dear friend, I am i Alma's heart is as hard as stad ose you try it with dienes narder than steel, you know!"-Blactter.

The Artist (to his model have

mail)-"What's the matter, Fa you keep still?" The Modelor. Yez shut a bluebouble hilmit."- Time. The Chicago Idea, - Will's my lot with me?" asked heeft tate agent's daughter. "What

a front foot?" calmly inquired renture. - Chicago Mail. Miss Boston-"Papa, I fals lessor of pathology interests Boston—Our what?" Miss feet

professor of pathology-our snow."-New York Sun. Typewriter Agent-"I call ou in reference to

Would you exchange if some improvements?" mn't; I'm engaged to her."-Bride-George, dear, who own let us try to avoid it pression that we are rawl

'All right, Maud: von valise."-Nebruska State J. He's like a gun, this has Whose bill has been a Because he's very ap When he is overyas

Mrs. Gabble-"What at ried, anxious, despairing soul has," Mrs. Dabl she's stopped doing her ans gone to keeping a girl Weekly.

She (in the art depotelerk sny, Jim, that them? that there pitcher were I pinia?" He-Ol don't re whether he said Virginia ginia."-Judge. According to the d

on the London papers. th sia, when on dress parad greatly the front window when the sale of unrede on. - Now York Herald. "Court the fresh air," was!

vice
To a widow quite feelde, par
So she set her cap for a rice
And she easily caught then Eccentric Old Club Ma footman)- "Now, then,

me a cab." Pat (who the dodge to try his since yer honor! It's not me ing you any name, at all It nearly killed the jest It came so unaware.
But the other fellow of
His spectacles had salt
And so he said: "Are.
To mount the gradient

Scene, Inn: Prince 'Go off, Pistol' go Thanks, your highnes be discharged." (Claps 6 Prince-"Off with y Where's your manners! don most merry Prince. pistol go off without so Hal faints: Pistol expl Curtain - slow music Press.

Two Chickens From

A curious feature of ported from Eckington where a hen has hate from one egg, both o perfect state, exceps that together on one side of the the wing. Beyond this and feed in the usual ma

A discovery of tin of made at Kansas.