

T. H. HARTER, Editor and Prop'r.

MIDDLEBURGH, PA. AUG. 8, 1899.

The venerable Mrs. Polk is now the 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 country.

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

Leading financial authorities report that there never was a period when so much investing was going on in purely industrial and commercial channels.

Leprosy has existed in Norway for nearly a century. It is a hereditary disease, and breaks out among the children of Scandinavian settlers in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Illinois.

The Cur of Russia has suppressed the Lutheran Church in his dominions. There were three years ago about three million members of this body in the Russian, mostly in the Baltic provinces.

The World's Sunday-school Convention, recently held in London, was attended by 999 foreign delegates, 500 of whom were from the United States. The next convention will be held in the United States in 1893.

Says the Washington Star: "Talk about alien landholders in Ireland, there is 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 acres of land owned by men in Europe!"

Now comes Mr. David A. Wells, observes the Boston Herald, and allows that he 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 ever held in the United States. Prizes will be distributed for the best horses and equipments; as carriages and vehicles of various designs will also be included in the exhibition.

There has lately been unprecedented activity in building new cotton seed oil-mills, most of which are independent of the Cotton 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 Manufacturers' Record, of Baltimore, publishes a complete list of all the cotton seed oil-mills in the South, showing 215 mills, with an aggregate capital of about \$20,000,000, against 30 mills, with a capital of \$3,500,000, in 1890.

With all our boasted scientific progress, so really know very little, asserts the San Francisco Chronicle, of the laws of meteorology. We can measure the force and intensity of the wind when it blows, and gauge the rain when it falls; but as for forecasting a wind-storm or a rain-storm we do not know much more about it than the untutored Indian, who watches 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 her 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 scattered throughout the country. All this is enough to make a writer pause before attempting a history of the old North.

SLEEP.

Thou best of all, God's choicest blessing, Sleep:
Better than Earth can afford—wealth,
power, fame:
They change, decay; thou always art the same;
Through all the years thy freshness thou dost keep;
Over all lands thine even prisons sweep.
The sick, the worn, the blind, the lame,
Hearing thy tranquil footsteps, bless thy name;
Anguish is soothed, sorrow forgets to weep,
Thou op'st the captive's cell and bid'st him sleep;
Thou giv'st the hunted refuge, frost the slave,
Show'st the outcast pity, call'st the exile home;
Beggars and kings thine equal blessings reap,
We for our loved ones wealth, joy, honors crave;
But God, He giveth His beloved—sleep.
—Thomas Nelson Page, in the Century.

A WILD GOOSE CHASE.

Mrs. Jeanette Burroughs, for many years a client of the law-firm of Hildon & Holden, in whose office I was under-charge, was at last dead, and by a will had left the greater part of her comfortable little property to a certain Miss Emma Brookes, who had for five years lived with her as a companion.

Mr. Holden was appointed executor of the will, in which capacity it became necessary that he should immediately communicate with Miss Brookes; but here an unexpected 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 beyond the fact that she was in New York, nothing was known of her address. Advertisements were inserted in the papers; but, as after two weeks no answer was received, Mr. Holden began to think of employing a detective to hunt out the missing legatee.

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."

There was at last a clue, and Mr. Holden straightway directed me to proceed to Greenville, and there hunt up Mrs. or Miss Mary Dixon, and through her ascertain the whereabouts of Miss Emma Brookes.

As Greenville, though a considerable town, could not boast of a directory, I 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. 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.

In answer to the summons, a neat woman presented herself with a broom in her hand, which she quietly dropped at sight of me.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Soiled and faded black cashmere may be made to look almost as good as new by washing in soap-suds, rinsing in water, and then putting in water with so much blueing in it that looks black. The cloth is to be 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 coat, 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.

HOW 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 the greenish straw are of better quality than those made of coarse red straw.

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 stout 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, forlorn 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' brush—said to have been imported from India—whence he planted. There are now thirty thousand acres of this plant cultivated here, with an annual crop valued at \$1,500,000.

Apple Custard—Pure 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 puffd paste.

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 ice-box 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 dressing upon every plate.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

What a stupid idiot I had been! If I had only when I first saw her put the inquiry which I had just spoken, how easily the matter would have been settled!

But instead I had been racing about 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 former home, had gone to Mrs. Dixon's house, only to find that lady absent. There she had awaited her 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 desk.

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 easily sailing.

I had no difficulty in convincing my darling of my disinterestedness, for, as she has confessed since our marriage, she 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.

Indiana's Siamese Twins.

One of the most wonderful freaks or nature ever known in this part of the country is now causing a good deal of talk in Kokomo and adjoining counties. Twelve miles southeast of Kokomo, Mrs. Henry Jones had born to her twins, inseparably 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 nurse 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 inches. 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 being well represented. The mother is getting 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. "They 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 lemon on the counter and placing some sugar near by, and the ants never fail to carry the sugar to the lemon. What do you think of that now? It is an absolute fact."—Tampa Tribune.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Soiled and faded black cashmere may be made to look almost as good as new by washing in soap-suds, rinsing in water, and then putting in water with so much blueing in it that looks black. The cloth is to be 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 coat, 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.

HOW 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 the greenish straw are of better quality than those made of coarse red straw.

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 stout 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, forlorn 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' brush—said to have been imported from India—whence he planted. There are now thirty thousand acres of this plant cultivated here, with an annual crop valued at \$1,500,000.

Apple Custard—Pure 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 puffd paste.

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 ice-box 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 dressing upon every plate.

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER.

I am tired of planning and falling
In the crowded halls of smart
Heart weary of building and spending
And spoiling and building again
And I long for the dear old days
Where I dreamed my youth away
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a lie,
Of the faces lined with scheming,
In the throng that hurries by,
From the sleepless thoughts of dreaming,
I would go where the children play
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I feel no pride, but pity
For the burdens the rich saddle
There is nothing sweet in the city,
But the patient lives in the city,
Oh, the little hands so skilled,
And the child mind chased with will,
The daughter's heart grows wild,
And the father's heart that yields.

No, no! from the street's side hurrying
From trophies of mart and state
I would fly to the woods' low ranging
And the meadow's kindly page
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved for the dreamer's sake
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.
—John Doyle

PITH AND POINT.

Dining room—An empty chamber.
A man experiences "that sinking feeling" when he falls overboard.
Volumes of gas must first be read.
Motto for the buzz of the
after talking—"Hands off!"
Free Press.

A Burlington girl who has eleven suitors is fond of saying to her men are brothers.—Philadelphia
"Have you any children?" asked a landlady.
"None but a great one," replied the lady.
"All right; you can go home."—Boston Courier.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and then it is too late to correct typographical errors that may be made.—Harper's Bazar.

"My dear friend, I am in Alma's heart is as hard as steel," pose you try it with difficulty, harder than steel, you know.—Blotter.

The Artist (to his model in a maid)—"What's the matter, how you keep still?" The Model—"I'm sorry. You've shut a bluebell to tilt."—Tine.

The Chicago Idea.—"Will you marry me?" asked the late agent's daughter, "Walter front foot!" calmly inquired the creature.—Chicago Mail.

Miss Boston.—"Papa, I feel professor of pathology interested Boston—Our what?" Miss Boston—"Professor of pathology—our know."—New York Sun.

Typewriter Agent—"I called you in reference to your case. Would you exchange if you were some improvements?"
"Yes, sir; I'm engaged to her."
"Bride." "George, dear, how soon let us try to avoid being pressed that we are ready to be married."
"All right, Maude; you can't callise."—Nebraska State Journal.

Who's like a gun, the better? Who's ball has been shot? Because he's overpaid the When he's overpaid the.
—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Mrs. Gable—"What an excited, anxious, despairing-looking soul has." Mrs. Dabb—"She's stopped doing her own housework, she's gone to keeping a girl.
—Weekly.

She (in the art department)—"I'm clerk say, Jim, that then that that pitcher were the gin!" He—"I don't remember whether he said Virginia or gin."—Judge.

According to the Quaker on the London papers, the State, when on dress parade, is greatly the front window of the when the sale of unwedded son.—New York Herald.

"Court the fresh air," was the video
To a widow quite feeble, who
So she set her cap for a rich
And she easily caught the
—Judge.

Eccentric Old Club Man (to a footman)—"Now, then, what's your name?" Pat (who had been a cab)—"Pat (who had been a cab) dodge to try his sincerity; your honor! It's not my name, but I'll give you any name, at all."
—Judge.

It nearly killed the judge.
It came so unawares.
But the other fellow was
His spectacles had
And so he said: "An
To mount the judge
—Judge.

Scene, Inn: Prince the
"Go off, Pistol! go off!"
"Thanks, your highness, I'll be discharged." (Claps his hands.)
Prince—"Off with your head! Where's your manners?"
Don most merry Prince, the pistol go off without a word.
Hal faints; Pistol explains.
Courtain—slow music.
—Press.

Two Chickens From
A curious feature of a
ported from Eckington,
where a hen has hatched
from one egg, both chickens
perfect state, except that
together on one side of the
the wing. Beyond this
and feed in the usual
—Judge.

A discovery of tin ore
made at Kansas.
—Judge.