

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, EDITOR AND PROP'R.

MIDDLEBURGH, PA. AUG. 29, 1889.

There are eighteen persons in England with rent rolls of over \$500,000 per annum.

There are 1,000,000 Canadians in the United States, who have emigrated here to remain.

They have politics in Japan now, under the constitution, and one of the parties is called the Jijito.

Of the 300,000 qualified voters in the city of New York 14,000 pay taxes on property and 260,000 pay rents to those who own the property.

A Washington correspondent of the *Utica Observer* says that "there probably never were so many women seeking office as there are this year."

All the States and Territories of the Union have an organized militia. Of these, 5759 are cavalry, 5054 artillery, and 99,133 are infantry.

Suicide among German officers increases shockingly. During May twenty-three shot themselves, and the number for June was larger still.

The *New York Sun* suggests that the true cure for the fisheries and seal hunting troubles is for Canada to settle the whole business once for all by joining the great American Union.

Finance Minister Dulban says the financial outlook in Mexico was never better than now. Business is increasing, and the customs receipts on imports from the United States are greater than ever.

The value of France, estimated by M. de Paville, a recognized authority, has depreciated since 1875 about fifteen per cent. of the entire national wealth. This, in property held at home and abroad, is estimated at 200 milliards of francs, or \$40,000,000,000. Such a depreciation is tremendous.

The *Baltimore Sun* states that Georgia is fast becoming a great fruit growing State. It is already recognized the banner melon State, and the enormous crops of peaches and pears now being shipped will place the State in the front ranks with these fruits. Diversified crops are making the land more productive, and lands are now becoming profitable that formerly did not pay the taxes.

Captain Wissmann, the German explorer, has employed horses in West Africa with the utmost success, and claims to be the first explorer who has tried the experiment. He thinks that a force of mounted infantry would be invaluable for expeditions against the natives, as the soldiers could then see over the high African grass, which often conceals an enemy, and would also reach their destination with much less fatigue than those on foot.

Says *Popular Science News*: "An absurd paragraph has been going the rounds of the papers, stating that a mild winter always indicates an unusual number of thunder storms in the succeeding summer. Thunder-storms, more than any other meteorological phenomena, are dependent upon local and temporary conditions, and the unusually warm weather of last winter will have no more effect upon the summer's electrical disturbances than it will upon the next Presidential election."

There is a strong movement for co-operative purchasing among the farmers of southwestern Indiana. Everything needed by a farmer is now purchased by them under a contract made by their organization, "The Alliance," at a stipulated profit for storekeepers of about ten per cent. One of the consequences of the new system has been, announces the *New York Tribune*, that many of the storekeepers of Indiana have been compelled to abandon their business or remove to places where competition is still free.

The State Department at Washington is in receipt of a report from United States Consul Hollis at Cape Town, Africa, suggesting that citizens of the United States contemplating a visit to the diamond diggings in that vicinity be warned of the danger of buying diamonds from others than licensed dealers. The illicit traffic in diamonds (the stealers being diggers and others who have succeeded in smuggling stones in the rough from the mines) grew to such dimensions that, in order to break it up, a law was passed punishing the buyer of a stolen stone with seven years' imprisonment in "Breakwater convict station" in company with the vilest and lowest of criminals of all races.

The cotton prospects throughout E. York are excellent.

A DROWSY DAY.

The butterflies flit here and there About the tawny, dust-deep road, Like flakes of gold, in quivering glare. Heat-shrivelled vines, and leaves that showed Life in each leaf all breezy June, Droops languidly along the way; And a lone bee, with muffled croon, Seems moodily to say: "It is a drowsy, drowsy day."

No silver ripple stirs the brook Whose glassy flow slips noiselessly; There seems no life where eyes may look, The clouds are ships becalmed at sea. The song lies hushed in pausing throat Of bird; grasshoppers tire of play; The cricket seldom chirps its note, And only then to say: "It is a drowsy, drowsy day."

So moonlight lapses unto its eve. The farm-house passes flash ruby-clear; And bats their secret places leave, And katy-dids again we hear. The fire-flies gem the gathering shade; The swallows chimp, in circling play; And weary flowers, in field and glade, Seem whispering to say: "It is a drowsy, drowsy day."

—George Cooper, in *Independent*.

THE NEW NEIGHBORS.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

"I hate those people," said Tinette, with a very emphatic nod of her curly yellow head.

"My dear, my dear! Isn't that a heathenish sort of speech!" reasoned her mother.

"Well, it's the truth," declared Tinette. "And where's the use in disguising it? A woman who would drive my darling little kitten out of the garden with a broom! A man who don't like dogs! and Mrs. Parry said they were going to be such nice neighbors."

"You must remember, Tinie, that people don't like their flower-seeds and young lettuce plants to be scratched out of the ground, even by your pet kitten."

"But, mamma, Fairy wasn't scratching — Fairy never does scratch. She was only playing about. And you know some people dislike cats, out of sheer depravity."

"We must respect the prejudices of our neighbors, Tinette."

"I have made up my mind, mamma," said Tinette, with the air of a martyr. "I shall send Fairy to Uncle Bob. He likes cats. And then," with a sob rising spasmodically up in her throat, "I hope Mr. Vallinger, and that gress of a mother of his will be satisfied."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Wylie. And she went out to the butcher's cart, which stopped daily for orders in front of these little suburban cottages.

"Mamma can talk about sweetbreads and veal cutlets, when poor Fairy's life is in danger," said Tinette to herself.

"Oh, I do wonder if I shall grow as tall as I get older!"

Just at that moment, however, a trim little maid servant, in a ruffled white apron, presented herself, bearing a bunch of radiant red and gold tulips.

"Mamma can talk about sweetbreads and veal cutlets, when poor Fairy's life is in danger," said Tinette to herself.

"Oh, I do wonder if I shall grow as tall as I get older!"

Just at that moment, however, a trim little maid servant, in a ruffled white apron, presented herself, bearing a bunch of radiant red and gold tulips.

"For Mrs. Wylie, please, miss," said she. "With missus's compliments."

The tulips were so fresh and dewy and fragrant, and the little maid looked so smiling, that Tinette's heart melted for the time being.

"I suppose," she thought, "she means it for a sort of flag of truce. I suppose she's ashamed of shaking the broom at poor Fairy so spitefully. But it's too late now; the die is cast, the carrier is to call for Fairy at noon."

And a sort of natural consequence of her age and temperament—Tinette Wylie rather enjoyed the thought of the sacrifice she was making. She was only seventeen, and very romantic at that.

Mrs. Wylie was fond of tulips. She put the gold and scarlet treasure into a vase of water and beheld them with admiring eyes.

"Very kind of Mrs. Vallinger, I am sure," said she. "I wonder if she would let me have a bulb or two, in exchange for something that she might fancy out of my flower beds?"

"I wouldn't ask any favors of those horrid people," said Tinette.

"But that wouldn't be a favor; it would only be an exchange. And really, dear, this is such a pretty little attention that I feel I must send something back. Run, darling, and gather me a basket of those big strawberries, that are just beginning to ripen, down by the south terrace. Put a few vine-leaves over them, and tie the lid down with green ribbon-grass, and I'll send them over, by-and-by. I do like to live in peace and harmony with my neighbors!"

Tinette obeyed, reluctantly enough. Down by the south terrace, however, she found some delicious cream-colored roses just opening, and discovered the tiny perfection of a hummingbird's nest, so that, in the course of time, her mood softened, and the strawberries were not only culled of the largest and sweetest, but were covered, under the basket-lid, with half-open rosebuds.

"There may be something in the new neighbors, after all," said she to herself. When she had gathered the fruit and flowers, she took a blue-and-gold edition of Mrs. Browning's poems, and went down into a certain woolly nook that she loved, to read and dream.

"I can't be there when dear little Fairy is sent away," thought she, with a quivering lip. "The darling! she is so lumpy in her nest of cotton wool in the basket. Little does she dream that she will never see me again—or at least not until I go to spend the day, next week, with Uncle Bob at Eyrie Cottage?"

It was when she was trying to lose all recollection of her sorrows in the musical numbers of "Little Ellie and the Swan's Nest," that Mrs. Wylie sent a neighbor's chubby-cheeked child over to the Vallinger cottage.

"You'll find it on the dining-room table, Bessy," she said. "Take it over to Mrs. Vallinger with my compliments, and if she'll hang it down the well for half an hour, the fruit will be much fresher and cooler for tea. And here's a bunch of pansies for you, Bessy; and be sure you do the errand correctly."

While Bessy was gone, the postman, who was also general carrier, called for the package for Eyrie Cottage. Mrs. Wylie hastened to give him the basket.

"The little creature must be fast asleep," said she to herself. "She's as quiet as a can be. Well, I'm glad to have her taken away while Tinette is gone. It will perhaps save her a pang; and after all, a kitten is a very insignificant thing to make trouble between neighbors, if only Tinette would think so."

Her olive branch was graciously received at the cottage next door.

"Strawberries, eh?" said Mr. Vallinger. "Tell Mrs. Wylie we are much obliged. We have heard of the exquisite fruit she raises, and are glad to have an opportunity of tasting some of it."

So she hung the basket down the well with a long, stout cord, and went to her son's study to tell him what had happened.

"The neighbors appear to be quite friendly," said she. "I'm glad I adopted your suggestion, Walter, and sent over those tulips. If that crazy little yellow-haired child—"

"Gently, mother," said the young man, smiling. "She is a very pretty young lady!"

"Would only keep her mischievous cat at home, we might get along nicely," said the old lady, without heeding the interruption. "But I always did detest cats! Don't you suppose, Walter, we might poison the creature without any one being the wiser?"

"The young lady with the golden tresses, mother? I'm afraid a coroner's inquest would bring the whole matter out."

"Nonsense, Walter!—the cat, of course! A little strychnine, now, carefully placed between layers of fresh fish, or just a grain or so of arsenic on a little meat—"

"Mother, you are a second Lucretia Borgia," said Walter Vallinger, with a gesture of mock horror. "I dare say the cat won't prove as troublesome as you are inclined to anticipate. And I prophesy that we and the next-door neighbors shall be great friends, after all."

When tea-time came, Mrs. Vallinger prepared a modest feast—cold tongue, edged around with a green fringe of parsley; sponge-cake, faintly iced over; and a glass pitcher of real cream, procured from the people at the end of the lane, who kept cows.

"Come, Walter," said the old lady, in great glee. "Bring me the basket of strawberries from the well. They have hung there, within three feet of the water, long enough to be deliciously cool. And tea is quite ready now."

Walter obeyed. It was his habit to wait on his mother, with a sort of loving, unquestioning loyalty.

He brought the basket in, untied the knot of pale-green ribbon that fastened down the lid, and out leaped a half-frozen kitten into the midst of the lettuce salad, which formed the centre dish of the banquet.

"Kill the creature!" shrieked Mrs. Vallinger, receding. "This is one of those people's practical jokes, I suppose. I never knew anything so dreadful in all my life!"

But Walter had rescued the kitten from his mother's avenging hands.

"It's a pretty little creature," said he.

"And it's had luck to maltreat a present. No, we'll keep the little shivering ball of snow, mother, and try and teach it to respect our garden-beds. But it is rather a singular proceeding on the part of our neighbors—now, isn't it?"

Three days afterward there came a knock at the door and Tinette Wylie stood there with pink cheeks, sparkling eyes, and hair all instinct with the gold of the declining sun.

"Is this Mr. Vallinger?" said she.

"Miss Wylie, I believe," said Walter, who had the kitten nestling in its cotton-lined basket on his study-table in full view.

Oh, treacherous Fairy, who was already so entirely reconciled to her new lot that she had not even a recognizing purr for the little mistress who had loved her so dearly!

"I am so sorry—so ashamed!" began Tinette. "But I never knew it until this morning. Oh, what must you have thought? What sort of people must you have supposed us to be?"

"I beg your pardon?" said Walter, himself beginning to get a little confused.

"The kitten, you know," explained Tinette—"I feared—that is, I was quite certain that she was going to be an annoyance to you, so I packed her in a basket to send to my uncle, who lives on the other side of the mountain. And I gathered some strawberries on the same day, and mamma thinks she must have sent the wrong basket—because, when I went to Uncle Bob's to see how dear Fairy was getting along, there was no Fairy there, and I couldn't understand what he meant when he thanked me for the lovely strawberries and roses. So then it flashed over me all of a sudden, and mamma can't think how she could have been so careless, and oh, please," with a pretty clasping of the hands that had a pink dimple in every knuckle, "do forgive us, and let us have Fairy back again!"

"But I don't think," said Walter Vallinger, "that I can spare her. I've become very fond of that kitten, do you know, Miss Wylie?"

"I thought you hated cats," said Tinette.

"So I did," said Walter—"at least I didn't like 'em. But I have changed my opinion in regard to this particular cat. She is the dearest, gentlest, most sagacious little creature—"

"Oh, isn't she?" cried Tinette, with kindling eyes. "I knew you would find it out in time!"

"And my mother is as fond of the kitten as I am, strange to say," he went on. "You will let us keep her, I am sure?"

Tinette's eyes fell; her color rose; this was too severe a trial of her loyalty.

"Couldn't—couldn't we own her together?" she murmured.

Walter Vallinger could not resist this appeal. He took the basket and placed it in Tinette's hands.

"You have the best right to her," said he.

"How can I ever thank you enough?" said she.

She was almost ready to cry, but she laughed afterward, while he related their amazement, when the kitten leaped into the midst of the lettuce salad, their perplexity and their gradual conversion to the cat question.

And it was a full hour before she went home to tell her mother what charming people the next-door neighbors were!

"And I am to take Fairy over to see them every day," said she.

"I declare," said old Mrs. Vallinger. "I didn't think it would be possible for me to miss a cat so much! She was a deal of company for me. By the way, Walter, how very pretty that young girl is?"

"Very," said Walter.

Mrs. Vallinger said no more, but her thoughts traveled afar into the future. Like all women she was a born match-maker.

"Who knows what may happen," she said to herself.—Saturday Night.

The Spread of the Sparrow.

According to the most authentic information that can be obtained, the English sparrow was first brought to this country in 1850, when eight pairs were imported into Brooklyn by directors of the Brooklyn Institute. They were liberated in the spring of 1851, but did not thrive. The next year a large number was imported. Fifty were let loose at the Narrows, and in the spring of 1853 the rest were liberated in Greenwood Cemetery, and a man was hired to watch them. They did well and multiplied. In 1854 and 1858 sparrows were introduced at Portland, Me., and in the latter year at Pensacola, Fla. Some of these birds escaped in Boston, but nothing was heard of them, and it was ten years later when they were first let loose on the Boston Common. Twelve birds were liberated in Madison Square, New York, in 1860, and four years afterward they were introduced to Central Park. In 1866 200 sparrows were set free in Union Square. The following year forty pairs were let loose in New Haven, Conn., and a colony was established in Galveston, Texas. In 1869 1000 sparrows were imported in one lot by the Municipal Government of Philadelphia, this being probably the largest single importation of sparrows ever made to this country.

By this time the "eraze" for the saucy little sparrows had become fully developed, and they were rapidly colonized in all parts of the country. Some idea of the marvelous rapidity of the sparrow's multiplication, the swiftness of its extension and the size of the area it has overspread may be gained from the fact that at the close of the year 1866 it had established itself in thirty-five States and five Territories, occupying a total area of 385,000 square miles in the United States and about 148,000 square miles in Canada. In 1888 alone the sparrow spread over 516,500 square miles. It is a hardy, prolific and aggressive bird, intelligent and with more than ordinary cunning. It is domestic and gregarious in habit, and through the protection afforded by proximity to man it escapes nearly all the enemies which check the increase of native birds. Beside all this the sparrow had food and shelter provided for it for many years.—*New York Times*.

Tricks of Lightning Sketch Artists.

In the illustration of his lectures by the drawing of rapid caricatures on the stage, Thomas Nast, the cartoonist, is said to resort to one of the most helpful tricks which every artist who attempts this sort of "lightning" sketch business before audiences finds it necessary to make use of. No man, however practical and expert, can be sufficiently sure of his nerve and skill under such circumstances to rely wholly upon them, and thus he is compelled to resort to some little harmless deception. The important lines in cartoons so executed Mr. Nast has pricked out beforehand with pin holes invisible to the spectators, and by these his chalk is guided. Others lightly sketch their outlines with a solution of gum-arabic, which is made visible to the artist by the reflection of the glare of the footlights. The most common way, however, is to do the tracing with a mixture of soap-suds and Canada balsam, with a drop or two of some fixed oil. This leaves an invisible but sticky line. When the artist goes to work before the audience he holds in his hand a rag on which crayon-dust has been rubbed. This dust catches on the outline, and really makes the mark that is apparently produced by the stick of crayon held in the fingers.—*Pictaryne*.

The Drammer's Ruse.

A short time ago a drummer from abroad called at a Bangor livery stable and wanted a double team for a ten days' trip into the country, and the stable man refused to let him have one on the ground that he was a stranger. There was much discussion over the matter, and finally the drummer said:

"What is your team worth?"

"Four hundred and fifty dollars," was the reply.

"If I pay you that sum for it, will you buy it back again when I return?" asked the customer, and upon receiving an affirmative reply, he promptly put up the cash. Ten days later he returned, and driving into the stable, he alighted and entered the office, saying, "Well, here is your team, and now I want my money back."

The sum was passed to him and he turned and was leaving the place when the liveryman called out, "Look here, aren't you going to settle for that team?"

"For what team?" asked the drummer, in a surprised tone.

"For the one you just brought back."

"Well, now," drawled the drummer, "you aren't fool enough to think that I would pay anybody for the use of my own property, are you?" and he shook the dust of the place from his feet.—*Bangor (Me.) Commercial*.

The regular army of Great Britain now numbers about 210,000.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

TO WASH MUSLINS.

Some of these wash admirably with a little care in the laundry. If the colors are not fast, add a handful of salt to each lot of rinsing water. It is best to try a small piece first if possible. Lay them in cold water to soak, to get the worst of the dirt out of them, then soap them lightly and put them in tepid water, and wash them thoroughly with good soap; rinse them through cold water (with salt, if needed) and dry quickly. Use no starch, and fold them before they are quite dry, ironing them lightly with a not too hot iron. Washed in this way whenever they get a look soiled they should look as good as new.—*Washington Star*.

ART OF COOKING VEGETABLES.

Vegetables form a most agreeable and useful part of our daily food, and they should be made the object of greater study than they usually are. They should be dressed with taste as well as care. The fresher all green vegetables are the more wholesome. When they are so they break or snap crisply, but should they bend without breaking, or have a wilted appearance they are stale.

Soft water is much the best to use for cooking vegetables, if pure and clean, but if hard water is used have it fresh drawn and put in a little soda to soften. Nearly all vegetables should be thoroughly cooked and are spoiled if either under done. Those young and tender require less time than those maturated.

Green vegetables with some exception should be cooked in plenty of salt water, putting them in at its first boil. The quantity of salt to be used is a tablespoon to one gallon of water. Vegetables are done as soon as they should be immediately taken up, drained in a colander.

Onions should be soaked in salted water previous to cooking to partly remove any strong odor they may possess. Peas, string-beans and green corn should not be prepared for cooking until already ready to be used.

Turnips, carrots and onions should not be split, but sliced in rings across they cook thus sooner.

A very small bit of red pepper put in the water in which either meat or vegetables are boiled will, to some extent, deodorize the steam and save the disagreeable odor arising from cabbage onions, etc.

Potatoes should be peeled as thin as possible, as the better part lies near the skin.—*New York Press*.

HOW TO MAKE STARCH.

There are very few housekeepers who do not admire the "laundry finish" shirts and collars, etc., and wish to have them as soft and as white as possible. The required amount of the quality and mix it with a little water; take out a fourth of it, and stir the rest, stirring to keep it from being lumpy; let it cool a little, when it is cooked enough—ten minutes, perhaps stir in the rest, which both whitens and stiffens the cooked starch. It should now be very thick, as thick as you rub it into the clothes, which of course must be dry.

Rub the starch into the clothes which is as hot as you can handle it, rub well with the hands, straighten out garment and rub well with the ball of hand, using a little fresh starch to rub then roll up and let lie about ten minutes. The shirt is then ready to iron.

You want hot flatirons, as hot as can use them, so hot they will scorch cloth if left on it. Iron the body of shirt rapidly; this will make the heat right for the cuffs. Rub them over lightly on the wrong side, then a little hot, then turn and finish on the right with pressure, then iron the band, another hot iron for the bosom, by ironing a rag or a towel. See that there are no wrinkles in the bosom or back under it, turn it on your table, the centre of the bosom is parallel the edge of the table, rub quickly with all the muscle you have; the other half. Put in your shirt bladder about half of one side of bosom, and with your polishing press as heavily as you can and as fast. That brings the polish—an perspiration.

You cannot do fine work with polishing iron. With it and plenty elbow grease you can. And you want wax, tallow, spermaceti or something else in your starch.—*M. Farmer*.

RECIPES.

Coffee Jelly—Take two tablespoons of gelatine and pour it over one good coffee. When dissolved strain set away in the ice chest to co thicken. Serve with sweetened flavored with vanilla.

Fricandeau of Veal—The part leg of veal which is called fricandeau used for this purpose. Lard the same as a fillet of beef; roast in a hot oven; baste frequently and thicken, but not too well done; nice sauce in pan and serve with it.

Lettuce Salad—Take lettuce, wash and chopped coarse, and dressing as follows: Mix one sa of salt and one-half teaspoon pepper in a cup. Add one tableful of oil. When thoroughly mixed one tablespoonful of vinegar and more tablespoonfuls of oil. Pour lettuce and serve.

Fruit Tapioca—Pick over and three-quarters of a cup of pearl Put it in a double boiler with a half of boiling water. Cook and transparent, stirring often nearly a saltspoonful of salt, a cup of sugar, one good sized and one large, juicy, sweet orange in thin slices. Serve with cream.

Cauliflower au Gratin—Boil cauliflower well done in salted water, then plain vegetable dish a ladeful sauce; put in cauliflower; arrange fill dish nicely; cover the top with

Hat Finishing is Unhealthy.

Hat finishing is conceded to be most unhealthy branch of the hat trade. Statistics on the subject show that a larger percentage of finishers every year than in any other branch of the business. The semi-annual report of the Hat Finishes' International Association shows that during the past six months twenty-five members have died.

is, large stock of holiday goods of every description, positively not be un-

able Clothing House

BURGH, PA.

and Summer. 1889

show you an immense variety of

sonable

itions, Groceries, &

an elegant line of Combination

dies' Cloth, Satines,

Wash Dress Goods

Century Cloth,

White Dress Goods

Line of Cassimeres,

d Embroideries.

ss Groceries,

OS., Selinsgrove

Stylish and

Well Made

Clothing

Merchant Tailoring business with rooms

ner, Selinsgrove, Pa.

forming the people of Snyder county, the

ad stock of

Cassimeres, etc.,

your heart good to go and the

f Spring Good

—AT—

& Getz', Beavertown, Pa.

all New and Fresh

of years. They are not s

in Everything

at almost challenge belief when compared to

ot Hesitate in Going

ow much finer and cheaper their goods is