

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, Editor and Prop.

MIDDLEBURGH, PA., SEPT. 3, 1888.

There are Frenchmen who say the close of the Exposition in Paris will be the beginning of a "Boulangier Revolution."

A sign of the business boom in the South, according to the New York News, is the rapid establishment of new banking institutions.

Spain must concede to Cuba the right of self government within certain limits or there will be trouble there, declares the Washington Star, and resident Spaniards will side with the Cubans.

The New York Sun suggests that one feature of the Paris Exposition which, by all means, ought to be transported to New York for the great Exhibition of 1892 is the mammoth globe, forty feet in diameter. It affords an object lesson in geography of incomparable value.

In China the inhabitants are counted every year in a curious manner. The oldest master of every ten houses has to count the families, and has to make a list, which is sent to the imperial tax house. Last year the whole number amounted to 879,383,500 inhabitants.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat, in a jocular vein, says: "The restaurateurs of the country are preparing to roast the skewer trust, which has just been formed. With toothpicks, skewers, frying pans and stoves all syndicated, the great American stomach is certainly in danger."

Taught by the experience in the case of Mrs. Maybrick, the London Live Times advocates a change in English law, so that prisoners may be allowed to testify in their own behalf, as they do with us. "The highest interests of justice are subserved by granting that privilege," declares the New York Sun.

Nevada is groaning under her State taxation and therefore laments a diminishing population and lessening wealth. "She is prematurely old," says the Philadelphia Record, "the dried-up dwarf in the sisterhood of young, lovely and blooming States! Where is the elixir that will renew Nevada's life!"

Electricity will be used in a practical way in the taking of the census. The census blanks will be the same as usual, but the information they contain will be recorded on a large sheet of paper by the punching of holes in it at certain intervals. An electrical circuit is formed through these holes, and counters are added electrically, recording on their dials all items of the same kind.

Boston is an unlucky name in our naval history. If Hanesly is right, the new United States cruiser is the fifth Boston we have had in our navy. The fate of three was disastrous. One fell into the hands of the British at the surrender of Charleston; another was burned at Washington in 1814 to keep her out of the British clutches; and a third was wrecked on the island of Eleuthera in 1846.

Suicide manias are often ascribed to atmospheric influences, but may be often due to a penchant for imitation, fostered by the graphic sensationalism of our periodical press. Jack the Ripper's exploits were emulated in not less than fifteen different American cities and a few days ago the manhole horror of the Cronin affair simultaneously repeated itself in Hamburg, Germany, and Cincinnati.

Says the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph: "Memphis is mad. It has been discovered that a geography procured for use in the public schools of that city summarized Memphis as 'a river port from which cotton is sent to New Orleans.' The enterprising agent who adapts his text books to different localities made a mistake in shipping them and sent the New Orleans geographies to Memphis."

The King of famous Dahomey in Africa is dead, and as his successor must prove before he ascends the throne that he is a brave and great man, the young aspirant is looking around for adventures. At last accounts he had gone hunting for King Tofa, of Porto Novo, declaring that nothing less than the head of that potentate would satisfy his ambition. King Tofa was at peace with all the world, but his country is suddenly plunged into terrible commotion simply because his head is wanted across the border in Dahomey. The French are now busily engaged in Porto Novo helping the King keep his head on his shoulders. It is such puerile quarrels as these that are playing the mischief with the West African trade, and keeping a long stretch of the coast in a uproar.

A rustic bridge just completed in Housatonic county, Ga., contains 57 different kinds of wood and vines, and all were grown in the county.

THE HUSKIN' BEE.

The huskin' bee wuz over, ez the sun wuz goin' down In a yellin' blaze o' glory jist behind the maples brown.

The gals wuz gittin' ready 'n the boys wuz standin' by. To hitch on whar they wanted to, or know the reason why.

Of all the gals whar set aroun' the pile of corn that day, A-twistin' off the rustlin' husks ez ef 'twas only play.

The nearest one of all the lot—'n they wuz poaty, too— Wuz Zury Hess, whose laffin' eyes cud look ye through and through.

Now it happened little Zury found a red ear in the pile, Afore we finished huskin', 'n ye orter seen her smile.

Eur, o' course, she hed the privilege, ef she wud only dare, To choose the fellow she liked best 'n kiss him then 'n there.

My! how we puckered up our lips 'n tried to look our best, Each fellow wished he'd be the one picked out from all the rest.

Till Zury, after hangin' back a leetle spell or so, Got up 'n walked right over to the last one in the row.

She jist reached down 'n togged her lips onto the tip of white head O' Peter Sims, whar's eighty year of he's a day, 'n said: "She looked so sweet 'n Peter tho't an angel cum to stay."

As how his harp wuz ready in the land o' ternal day, Mad! Wall I should say I was; 'n I tol' her goin' hum.

As how the way she slighted me hed made me sorter glum, 'n that I didn't think she'd shake me right afore the crowd— 'n I wuzn't goin' ter stand it—'n I said so poaty loud.

Then Zury drooped her laffin' eyes 'n whis pered to me low, "I didn't kiss ye 'fore the crowd—'cause— 'cause—I love ye so."

'N I thought ye wudn't mind it ef I kissed 'n Pete instead, 'cause the grave is closin' jist above his poor o' head."

Well—wimmin's ways is queer, sometimes, and we don't allus know Jist whar a-throbbin' in their hearts when they act this 'n so—

All I know is that when I bid good-night to Zury Hess, I loved her more 'n ever, 'n I'll never love her less.

—T. P. Ryder, in Courier-Journal.

UNCLE JED AND JANIE.

He was neither a tramp, a drunkard, nor a pauper, though a stranger encountering Uncle Jed might, at a casual glance, have easily mistaken for either the grizzled, slouching figure in garments much the worse for wear, frayed and ragged hat-brim, and broken shoes often bound about and held together with twine and withes of bark.

But a closer inspection would have noted that the lines on his face were not those which dissipation leaves, and that despite his unkempt appearance there was about him an air of sturdy independence, as of one who felt a right to his own place in the world, while the small troop of children that, mixed with a shaggy dog or two, unusually followed close at his heels, chubby and robust as to face and form, though somewhat disheveled and dilapidated as to garments and hats, showed that, whatever his circumstances, he was decidedly a man of family.

In fact, Uncle Jed, or more correctly speaking, Judah Cranston, was both a householder and a land-owner, and his excursions, so frequent as to almost seem continuous, along the quiet country road, through the bit of woodland, over the long hill, and between the rolling fields were in the nature of a progress from the weather-beaten, little old house that formed his residence to his "other place," something like a mile distant. To be sure, neither estate was of great extent, yet sufficient in the hands of an energetic, thrifty man to have rendered him in farmer phrase "free-handed." But Uncle Jed's industry was never of the violent kind. In a desultory sort of way he managed to raise enough to fill the mouths of the flock who filled the old house till it seemed in danger of bursting.

For the rest if a pane of glass chanced to get broken there were plenty of hats lying about with which to replace it and if the barn door threatened to part from its hinges a rail propped against it could keep it in position, all of which seemed to trouble the plump, placid wife of his bosom as little as it did Uncle Jed himself. Perhaps had his farms been adjacent his working hours might have been less intermittent, but his jaunts from one to the other were apt to be broken by periods of repose, if the weather invited, under the shade of a roadside tree or a perch on the rail fence that enticingly bordered the way and a long colloquy with whoever chanced to be working within conversation range or would spare the time for discussions that ranged in subject from national politics to local gossip.

Withal he was a good citizen and neighbor—honorable, honest, kindly, proverbially slow in the payment of his own debts, but always ready to become security on the note of a friend. Children and dogs gravitated to him naturally, and his horses and cattle, never any of them lean from overwork, rubbed around him unafraid. He was supposed to hold some nebulous theories as to paternal government, fragmentary memories of the stern rule of a grim old father. He had even been known to exhort a neighbor with cause of complaint against his numerous youngsters to "Get a good gad and sock it right to 'em," but under no circumstances was he himself ever known to practice Solomon's advice. And having lived a lifetime in one locality the people, most of whom had known him as boy and

man, were so accustomed to his easy-going ways, his many oddities and eccentricities that they regarded him hardly more of criticism than a natural feature of the landscape. With years the sturdy boys and girls grew into sturdy men and women and from sheer force of necessity warmed out from the old home-life. But Uncle Jed, a little more stooped and grizzled and slower of step than of old, and with garments that seemed never to wax older, yet gave no sign of renewal, still took his leisurely way between his farms and held still more extended conversations across the fences, as one who was relaxing the cares and anxieties of life.

Returning to the neighborhood after an absence of some years I chanced one June afternoon upon my old friend halted under a roadside beech in the cool shadow of the little stretch of wood, one of his favorite resting places, and with his old-time companions, a dog and a child, beside him. Stopping for a little chat I casually inquired if it were one of his grandchildren. "No," he answered, in his slow, soft drawl. "David 'n' Luke 'n' Sary 'n' Lije 'n' Mary Jane 'n' Carlino all hev children more or less, but this is none o' theirs. You see ours are all grown up now and gone but jist Reuben 'n' Elias 'n' Nathaniel 'n' Jim, 'n' they're only off 'n' on as it happens. An' mother 'n' me we'd had little shavers around the house so long that it seemed real lonesome without any, it jist did, and little Janie here, her ma's dead, 'n' her pa—well, he's sort o' onstiddy like, with an expressive wink to me, 'so she's come to live with us, she jist hes, 'n' we like her, 'n', well, I guess she likes us."

And with a smile that softened and illumined his grizzled old face he looked down to meet an answering smile of confiding affection in the blue child eyes raised to his.

When at last I had started on I heard Uncle Jed say: "Come, Janie, the sun is almost down; you and I must be going on for the cows." At a little distance I paused and looked back through the green wood vista at the two figures. The old man with the child's little hand clasped in his, his frayed hat brim bent toward her, and her diminutive pink calico sunbonnet turned and lifted aslant as he went. So with the shaggy dog close beside them and the sound of their voices floating back in a gentle murmur they went their way along the quiet country road between the ripening meadows toward the sunset.

"That child never should have been allowed to there," was the comment of Mrs. Elmathan Sharp, before whom I chanced to refer to the little circumstance a few days later. "They ain't fit to bring up a child."

"They certainly have had experience in that line," I observed. "Experience, I should think so!" in a tone of the severest scorn; "their own came up absolutely hap-hazard and without any kind of discipline, and this child will come up in the same way and never be taught the first principle of order or neatness or regular habits of industry. I did think of taking her myself, but before I had fully decided they had her and I suppose are letting her run wild as they did their own."

I glanced around Mrs. Sharp's faultless room and could but contrast her immaculate housekeeping with that which had held sway in Uncle Jed's domicile and mentally confess the prospect of Janie's learning aught of order or system there was scant, indeed. I hope I do not underrate the worth of systematic training, the lifelong value of early formed right habits; still as I looked at Mrs. Sharp's cold face and caught the faint acidity of her tone there came to my mind a memory of the smile that had flashed like a ripple of heart sunshine betwixt Uncle Jed and his little charge, and with a vision of Janie's delicate face, her soft blue eyes and sweet, sensitive mouth I could but wonder—I hope I was not heterodox—if of the two an atmosphere of kindly, warm affection might not be as conducive to the growth of the little human plant as the most perfect system of precepts and rules without it.

The same September Uncle Jed kicked with a fever. On his first visit the doctor looked grave, and as the days passed his face grew no more hopeful. In his delirium the old man was still going over the familiar round of his life. Sometimes on his way to the "other place" dragging his weary feet over the heavy and burning sand, sometimes stopping to rest under the old roadside beach, and wherever in his fantasy he wandered little Janie, the companion of his latter days, was beside him. And not only in fancy but in reality, for through those weariful days the child slung closely to her old friend, stroking his hand with her light touch, pressing her soft cheek against his, so scarred and furrowed and parched, answering when in unconsciousness he called her name, and watching him with a dismal pain in her soft blue eyes.

But there came a day when little Janie lay stricken with the same fever, and when the doctor felt the swift but weak pulse throbbing in the small, white wrist he shook his head again. It may be that the sanitary condition of the old house was bad, though it had never before affected those beneath its roof; possibly, as Mrs. Sharp intimated, their nursing might have been improved, but it was the best that those who tendered it knew how to give, and who of us can do more? And it might have been in that conflict with disease that the most skilled nurse would with the doctor have had to own defeat. Her fever was not of the violent type of Uncle Jed's. For the most part she lay quiet; sometimes crooning fragments of hymns that she had learned in Sunday-school or Scripture texts. But ever with it all the tide of life ebbed lower and weaker.

And at last one day, one sunny autumn day, clad with the glow and ripeness of the year, an unwonted hush seemed to rest over the weather-worn old house. The doctor made his usual visit, but it was a brief one, and his medicine-case remained unopened. Now and then a neighbor ran in with a quiet step, speaking in half whispers, and the group of big, broad-shouldered sons made no

pretense of work, but hung about the house with a strange dejection apparent in their attitude and faces. Slowly, so slowly to they who sat under the impending shadow the day wore away till late afternoon. Uncle Jed had fretted for Janie and they had lifted her from her little cot and laid her beside him. Soothed by her presence he sank into a half-dozed, half-stupor. Presently he roused himself. "Come, Janie," he said, "the sun is almost down, it is time we were going to the other place for the cows. Bruno! Bruno!" And the old dog lying inside the bed roused up and beat his tail loudly on the floor, responsive to the call of the master he would never follow again.

Then he dozed away again for a little while and when he woke the same fancy was still in his mind. "How long the way is," he murmured; "let us rest a little. I never used to get so tired. It must be I am getting old. Yes, I'd had little shavers around me so long I missed 'em, and 'twas lonesome going about alone, but you like to go with me, don't you, Janie?"

She nestled closer to him and slipped her arm about his neck. "Yes, Uncle Jed," she whispered, "I like to go with you."

In a few moments he spoke again—very faintly this time. "Come, little Janie, we must be going. How late it grows; the sun is almost down."

He put out his hand so thin and wasted and with all the sunburn faded from it now—and she slipped hers—small, white and chill—into it as if for the starting.

A long, long silence followed, the clock in an outer room ticked loudly, the sunset rays crept long and level across the uncarpeted floor; with bowed heads the sturdy sons went out one by one, treading on the toes of their clumsy boots; a little knot of neighbors gathered around the doorstep; the wife of many years swayed back and forth in the chair wherein she had once rocked her babies, sobbing softly. And by a way as old as the world, yet strangely unfamiliar—traveled by generations, but still an unknown way—the two friends, one whose years had covered so long and the other so brief a span, had gone beyond the sunset.—Chicago Times.

The Indians of Alaska. The Indian of Alaska is a different person, and the Indian problem in Alaska is quite unlike that which presents itself in the case of the aborigines known as the North American Indians. Whether they had the same origin is immaterial. Environment has created a marked distinction. Laziness is wholly unknown to both native men and women in Alaska. They are noted for their desire to accumulate, and there is one Indian Princess, so-called, in the village here who is really worth \$10,000 in silver, in furs, and in blankets. They are all shrewd and cunning in their pecuniary dealings with each other and with the whites. They are notorious liars when it comes to protecting any one of their own race from any apprehended harm, but they will neither steal from each other nor from the whites. About 1500 of these people wintered at Sitka during 1888, and there is a permanent population of about 500 in the village this summer, and while no white person yet thinks of locking a door, day or night, in the past eleven months I have not heard of a single instance of larceny. Families of natives go off in their canoes 150 miles to remain and work all summer at the salmon canneries, leaving a great deal of stuff behind in their huts and houses, and when they return in the fall, find everything as safe as when they left them.

No tribal relations exist among them. What are called chiefs are simply patriarchs or heads of families, and hence, the first important problem in the task of civilizing them, by breaking up their tribal relations, does not exist to vex the authorities. Not only that, they are eager to adopt the white man's ways, good as well as bad. They have totally abandoned their native dress, except on festive occasions, when they sometimes, not often, appear in it. Mr. Duncan, at Metlakatla, on Amelia Island, has established a saw-mill and a planing-mill, where he manufactures thousands of packing cases which are sold to the salmon canneries. This is an industry that is available for these people, and while giving thousands of dollars every year, under the plea of industrial training, as I have already pointed out, the Government so far, has profited nothing from the methods which have been successfully pursued at Amelia Island.—New York Times.

A Lecture on Fools. Last year, at the New York Chautauqua, when Dr. Hanson, of Chicago, came to lecture on "Fools," Bishop Vincent introduced him thus: "Ladies and gentlemen, we are now to have a lecture on 'Fools,' by one of the most distinguished"—there was a long pause, for the bishop's inflections indicated that he had finished, and the audience roared with delight, so that it was some time before the sentence was concluded—"men of Chicago." Dr. Hanson, whose readiness of wit holds every emergency captive, began his lecture when silence was at length restored, by saying: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am not as great a fool as Bishop Vincent"—and here he stopped, apparently through with the sentence, while the audience again wildly applauded, finally concluding—"would have you think."—Minneapolis Tribune.

The Tiger's Choice. The Java Bode records a singular adventure which recently befell a Government surveyor in the wilds of Sumatra. After a hard day's work on a mountain side he passed the night in the open air in a hut hastily run up by his coolies. As he was falling asleep after long watching, the sight of two fiery eyes glaring in at the entrance of the hut almost paralyzed him with terror. An enormous royal tiger glided in, smelled him all over, and then set to work devouring the remains of his evening meal to the last morsel. Afterward his terrible guest disappeared.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

TO WASH BLANKETS.

Put three cents' worth of borax in a tub of warm water, put the blankets in and see that they are thoroughly wet. Let them soak several hours, or half a day even, then squeeze them through the hands a couple of times, wring, rinse in plenty of hot suds, and they will come out fresh, sweet and soft. They should be pulled both lengthwise and crosswise, finishing with a lengthwise pull.

THE ART OF PRESERVING.

The housekeeper who congratulates herself upon being able to preserve anything and everything that comes to hand makes a mistake, which hideous demons in frightful nightmares or alarming cases of colic among the juvenile corps too often attest.

In preserving any kind of fruit the best flavored and most perfect only should be selected. And it is not a good plan to attempt to handle too large a quantity at one time, as it is difficult to watch, prevent burning or boiling over.

It is a good rule when preserves are not to be sealed to use one pound of sugar to every pound of fruit; if to be sealed less sugar will answer. However, that is often determined by the acidity of the fruit. Haste is of great importance in preparing for preserving, as natural flavor is thus more readily say—yet the preserves should be allowed to boil slowly. Avoid brass kettles;—certain is far better. If necessary to brass very great care should be taken have them scoured bright and perfect clean. Loaf sugar is best, though granulated may be used. Canning and serving establishments use granulated sugar altogether—hence the superiority of home made goods.—Washington

RAISE THE KITCHEN STOVE. We have made a discovery I think it seems now we ought to have made sooner, that the top of the kitchen stove is too little elevated from the floor, and that there is in consequence a good deal of backache and other discomfort inflicted upon the cook by so much of her work has to be done stooping posture. Rather we should perhaps, that we have discovered a reform for the trouble which we have born many years, and which we hasten to know to others in the hope of less their troubles. Our remedy is a lifting the stove upon a platform, which will raise it to such a height that the bringing the cooking utensils, when a stove, within easy reach to one standing in an erect or nearly erect posture, our case this required a platform nine inches in depth, and to save trouble and expense of procuring a penter to build it, we secured an empty packing box of the requisite size as the grocer, at a cost of only ten cents. Brushed over with some staining material corresponding with the color of the our platform looked neat, and as the only additional expense involved was of adjusting the stove pipe to the conditions. The top of the stove is as high as the kitchen table, or a higher, and the cook and every one has occasion to use the stove are delighted with the change and the greatly light labor.—Housewife.

Apple Charlotte.—Two pounds of pears pared and cored; slice them in pan, add one pound of sugar, the juice of three lemons and the rind of grated; boil all together until it becomes thick, which it will do in about four hours; turn it into a mold; serve with either a rich custard or cream.

Frozen Peaches.—A quart of canned fresh peaches, a heaping pint of grated sugar, one quart of water, the sugar and water twelve minutes, the peaches and cook twenty minutes longer. Rub through a sieve and freeze. Take out the butter, and stir in a pint of whipped cream lightly with a spoon.

Minced Beefsteak on Toast.—A favor and without doubt the best way to eat cold beefsteak is to mince it finely and put it to stewing for fifteen minutes in quite a little water. If the beef has been all dried up by pounding and cooking the first day add to the gravy good sized lump of butter, a small onion, and a teaspoon of vinegar or catsup, and serve it smoking hot on nicely browned toast.

Hot Water Sponge Cake.—Beat together until very light two cups of sifted sugar and four eggs; sift two cups of flour and two level teaspoons baking powder together three times; flavor with one teaspoon of lemon, add, the last thing, four tablespoons boiling water. Bake in a quick oven. This is white, delicate and very fine grained. By adding two more spoons boiling water and a very little more flour you have a nice batter for cream, cocoanut, or jelly layer cake. The secret tender, delicate sponge cake is to have thin batter.

Neapolitan Kale.—One cup of brown sugar, three eggs, half a cup of butter, half a cup of molasses, half a cup of strong coffee, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one cup of raisins and one cup of currents; a teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and mace; bake in jelly-cake pans. For white part take two cups of sugar, one of butter, three of flour, half a cup of milk, a teaspoonful of baking powder and the whites of four eggs; bake in jelly pans and put together alternately with dark, spreading icing, flavored with vanilla, between. Ice the top.

Cucumbers with Eggs.—Pare six large cucumbers, cut into small squares, and put them into boiling water. Take out of the water, put in a stewpan with an onion and a piece of pork, and a large lump of butter and salt, keep on the fire covered close for fifteen minutes. Sprinkle with flour and add sufficient gravy to cover. Stir well together and keep a gentle fire under till no steam will rise. Then take out the pork and onion, and add the yolks of two eggs and a teaspoonful of cream. Stir a moment, then take

from the fire, and squeeze in a little lemon juice. Have ready five or six poached eggs to lay on top.

The Japanese Jirikisha. One of the most popular features of the Paris Exposition is the Japanese Jirikisha, which is a two-wheeled vehicle with very little wheels and made very light that is drawn by a Japanese man. It is generally supposed that the jirikisha has been in use for hundreds of years in Japan, but this is not the case. Professor W. K. Burton, of Tokio University, has been doing some several hundred miles of riding by jirikisha. In an article which he contributes to the British Journal of Photography, and the Photographic News, Professor Burton says that this mode of travel is only about thirty years old. Thirty years ago the Japanese had two ways of traveling. One was by bull carts and the other was by chairs or baskets suspended between two poles and carried on the shoulders of two men, and this method is still in use where the roads are very steep. The jirikisha was practically introduced by the first English settlers, who brought out two-wheeled carriages with them, and the Japanese slowly got used to them, and smaller ones positively not be un-

most favors, I would recommend a continuance of pa-

able Clothing House

MIDDLEBURGH, PA.

and Summer. 1888

show you an immense variety

sonable

tions, Groceries, &

an elegant line of Combination

Wash Dress Goods

Century Cloth, White Dress Goods

line of Cassimeres, Embroideries.

s Groceries,

S., Selinsgrove

Stylish and Well Made Clothing

amount Tailoring business with room

Selinsgrove, Pa.

the people of Snyder county, Pa.

of simeres, etc.,

most reliable New York and Philadelphia. Cutting, Cleaning, Repairing.

heart good to go and the

pring Goods

AT—

return the basket. This request is rarely granted. The officials are very busy. In cloudy weather they have been known to feed the birds days before setting them free.

Water Cresses. The water cress is a weed, but it is so simple. It can never be overdone. Efforts to cultivate it and produce a more delicate species are made and signify failed. A special treatment it loses the pungent mustard flavor that is its especial taste and assumes much of the taste of the horseradish. It flourishes nearly nine months in the year, and is constantly renewing itself, the coarse leaves of the old plants may be withered, and only the young stems picked. It will not bear cooking of any kind, but eaten raw with salt and fresh bread and butter, well, try it.—Chicago Sun.