

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

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The railroad companies of the United States owe \$4,600,000,000. Last year the amount of interest paid by the railroads of the United States was \$207,000,000, and the amount in dividends \$80,000,000.

Joaquin Miller, who, after he went into Wall street and lost his little pile, used to rail at the rich and revile leading New York capitalists, has become a capitalist himself.

The whole trade of Calcutta was almost paralyzed recently by a general strike of native bullock-carriers, 30,000 in number. They are forced to pay a heavy municipal license. A local firm endeavored to levy a further fee for private registration, and the carriers thought that this was an endeavor to impose an increase of taxation.

It is said that the common cowcatcher attachment to locomotives is about the only article of universal use that has never patented. Its inventor was D. B. Davies, of Columbus, who found his model in the plow. Red lights on the rear car of trains, it is further said, were adopted at the suggestion of the late Mrs. Schwelhelm, after a railway accident in which she had a narrow escape.

The number of the blind in the United Kingdom according to the last census was 32,296, being at the rate of 879 blind persons per million of the general population as compared with 359 in 1871, 564 in 1861, and 1021 in 1851.

Treasury statistics show that the exportations of Mexico for the first half of the fiscal year 1888-9 amounted to \$26,846,990, indicating a total exportation for the year of \$53,000,000, the largest ever known in the history of the country.

Rev. J. Cressett, an independent American missionary recently died in China, where he had been devoting himself to labor among the heathen. He had charge of a winter refuge for the poor at Peking during several winters, and made it his business to seek out the sick and unfortunate for the purpose of affording them relief rather than to change their faith.

The inquiry is not infrequently addressed to a millionaire. "Why do you not discontinue business? You have wealth enough, you need not work any longer"—and the answer almost invariably is, "What shall I do with my idle hours, if I have no employment?"

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat is quite sure whether we should rejoice at Chinese progress or regret it, for the waking up of the vast Mongolian masses means the precipitation of an overplus upon the Aryan world that we do not yet know how to deal with.

It cost a negro prize-fighter of Sassafras, Pa., just 67 cents each for 81 rats, and a Greenville man the same rate for a considerable string.

SECRET THOUGHTS.

I hold it true that thoughts are things. Endowed with being, breath and wings, and that we send them forth to fill the world with good results or ill.

THE TRAMP.

BY MINNIE F. BRIGHAM.

"Do unto others as we would that they should do to us." The short wintry afternoon is drawing to a close; the wind is chilling, and there are signs of a snow storm; every one seems to be housed in the small town of C—; but just now there may be seen the figure of a man coming up the road.

He stops at Farmer Moses's gate—stops and looks about as though he were a stranger in the little town. He wears a long and shabby overcoat, and a slouched hat drawn low over his forehead. He leans against the gate as though very weary. A small, piping voice, speaking close to him, startled him from the reverie into which he seemed to have fallen.

"Yes, I am, little one; but what makes you think so?" The man's voice is strong and kind, if the figure is shabby.

"Why, because you act so home and laid down and get rested then?"

"Alas! I don't know that I have any home, child," he answered slowly, while the child looked at him in astonishment.

"Be you a tramp, sir?" she asked.

"Well, yes, my dear, I suppose I might be called a tramp in good faith."

"Be you hungry, sir?" is the next question; "if you be, I will get you something to eat, and I would let you come in to the house, and lay down on the lounge, so you would get rested, but my mamma is afraid of tramps. Oh! halloo, Sarah," cries the child at this moment, and the man turns and looks to see who she is speaking to, and sees that it is a young lady approaching. She may be twenty-eight or thirty years of age; a trim, neat figure, but the features are sharp, and the bright black eyes look anything but kindly upon the tramp.

"What are you doing here, Flossy?" asked the woman. Before the child could answer, the house-door opened and a man slipped out; while a woman's figure was just discernible behind him in the doorway; then before anyone had time to utter a word, the child sprang to her father's side, exclaiming, "Oh, papa, he's so tired and he ain't got any home to lay down in, and I guess he's hungry too." She whispered this last to her father; "I asked him but he didn't tell me; Sarah came just then; can't he come in and rest and have something to eat, papa?"

"No, no, John," said the low timid voice of John Moses's wife; "don't let him come in; give him something to eat and let him go."

"Why, Flossy," said the sharp voice of the woman, whom the child had called Sarah, "want a tramp to come in to your house? why of course not. I am astonished to find you out here talking to one. If I had my way I would put them all in the penitentiary. Why don't you tell that person to tramp on, Mr. Moses? I would not give him anything to eat; and she drew her drapery about her and brushed with scornful mien past the man who still stood leaning by the gate.

"Don't be too hasty, Sarah," called John, after her. "I have not been asked by him yet, and it is always my custom never to deny before I am asked." Flossy had not stopped to hear Sarah's harangue, but had rushed past her mother into the house, and now came out again with one hand full of doughnuts, while in the other was a huge piece of pie. She went directly to the man and held up her offering to him.

He looked at her a minute in silence, drew his hands across his eyes, then took them from her, saying, "Thanks little one for your kindness to the tramp." Then turning to Mr. Moses, he said, "I see it will be of no use for me to ask for a night's rest in your house, sir?"

The tones of the man's voice impressed the farmer as they had his child.

"Well, no," said honest John, "my woman is a bit nervous, and strangers put her out a great deal."

"How far is it to the village?" the man asked.

"Four miles to the tavern," replied Mr. Moses; "but you might get put up somewhere on the road."

"Thank you, sir, I hope I may, for I am very tired and need rest; good night, sir."

"Good night," returned the farmer; and the tramp passed on. He had not gone far, when he heard the little voice of Flossy at his side, "I know who will take you in Mr. — and let you rest all night. Granny," she cried eagerly, "she lives right there in that house on the hill, and she and Grace will make you real comfortable. My Granny and Grace are the goodest womans you ever see."

"And who is Grace? Grandma's daughter?"

"Oh, no, she ain't Granny's girl. She's Grace Seyton. Her mother died ever so long ago, when I was a little girl, I guess, and Granny made Grace come and lived with her. She's just awful good all the time; not one mite like Sarah Boston. She's as cross as two sticks, 'cause she can't get married. Roy says he's my big brother, but I don't see why. My Grace ain't married, and she's never cross."

"Sarah Boston is the lady that came into the yard while you were speaking to me?"

"Yes; but I must go back now. You go to Granny's, and she'll let you come in sure. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, little girl, and many thanks for your kindness to the poor tramp; some day I may see you again. Good-bye, dear child," and the tramp turned and went on toward the house on the hill, while the child ran swiftly home. She found her father, mother and Sarah at the gate waiting for her. When Mr. Moses entered the house, after bidding the tramp good-night, he found his wife and Sarah talking about the stranger. They did not notice the absence of little Flossy for some time. The mother, of course, was the first to think of her, and at once exclaimed:

"John, where is Flossy?"

"Sure enough, I thought she came into the house."

He opened the door and called, but no response. "Shouldn't wonder one mite if she had gone a piece with that man."

"Oh, John, go quick!" and the mother ran past her husband down to the gate, but he was there beside her instantly, while Sarah followed. "Yes, there she is," exclaimed Mrs. Moses; "go quick, John, and get her; he may try to get her off with him."

"Oh, no he won't; don't get excited, Mother; let's see what the little witch is going to do. Just as likely as not she is telling him to go to mother's to get rested. She was very much interested in the man. That child's got a heart of gold."

"Humph!" came sharply from Sarah Boston's lips, "a heart like John Moses's you had better say; she's a chip of the old block. If she belonged to me I wouldn't have her running off down the road with that ragged tramp, I know."

"Well, Sally (John knew she disliked to be called Sally), I do hope for one that your children will be brought up all right, and no mistakes made. Ah! here comes Flossy now; we'll see what she has to say about it; Flossy ran up to them with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, and soon confirmed her father's statement concerning the tramp being told to go to grandma's for rest. Her father laughed and said: "Well, Flossy, we shall have to go up and see about it after supper. I have not a doubt but my mother will take him in, and it will not be the first one, either. She has an idea that what she does for wayfarers will be meted out to William, and I do hope if Will is in the land of the living that he will come home before a great while; but I doubt if we shall ever see the dear old fellow again;" and Farmer John looked very sober.

"Coming in, Sarah?" he called to Miss Boston, who was running away.

"No, I am on my way to the mission circle. I took an early tea to-night, as there is a lot to do at the meeting to-night; you had better join our circle, Mr. Moses, and assist us in our efforts for helping the poor heathen."

"Well, Sarah, I ain't quite ready for that," John replied; "there are quite a lot of suffering poor in our own country that I must try to help first."

"Good-night, Mrs. Moses," said Sarah, completely ignoring John, who laughed good naturedly as he passed into the house with Flossy. Those two, John and Sarah, never got on well together.

As Flossy and her father entered at one door, Roy, the oldest child of John and Ruth Moses, came into the house by another. Two bright boys had been laid at rest in the old church-yard. "Well, Roy," said his father, "I don't know but you will have to go up and stay with grandma to-night."

"Why, father?" asked the young man. He was told of the strange man, and that Flossy had sent him up to grandma's, and that after tea his father and sister would go up and make a call, and see if the man was there. "Very well, I will go if he is there," said Roy. "Did Sarah call here to-night?" "Yes, she did," exclaimed Flossy, "and she scolded that poor man."

"Yes, she got quite excited over the tramp," said Mr. Moses.

"I met her," said Roy. "Report has it that she is after that missionary now, and if she manages to catch him he'll have a harder time converting her than the poor heathen, I am thinking." Supper over and chores done up, Flossy and her father made preparations for a call on grandma.

We will precede them, reader, and see how the tramp was received.

As he neared the low-roofed farm house, he drew the slouched hat lower over his forehead, then stepped up and rapped upon the door. It was opened almost immediately by one who must have been Flossy's Grace Seyton; a slight figure, with goodness written in every feature of the expressive face; dark hazel eyes and wavy golden brown hair. The tramp asked if she would let him come in and rest a while as he was very tired. A voice spoke from the inner room: "Yes, Grace, yes, let the stranger come in."

Grace opened the door and the man stepped in. An old lady of about seventy summers sat in a large armchair knitting. I say summers, for it did not seem as if that fair and placid face had ever witnessed the rough storms and blasts of cold dreary winter. "Take a seat by the fire, sir; it is growing colder, and I fear we may have a storm before morning; have you much further to go, stranger?"

"I was thinking of reaching the tavern, madam," the man replied. "I inquired of a man who told me that it was four miles to the village. It seems a long and cold walk. Do you think to-day that you could keep me all night; I really dread to go out in the storm and cold again."

"Well, sir," replied Mrs. Moses, "I have never turned the stranger from my door. We are two women here alone, Grace and I, and if I let you stay all night, I trust the good Lord will care for His own. For the sake of my son, my boy, who has been wandering these six long years, I do to others as I would have others do for him."

"You have a son, madam, out in the world. How could he leave his home, and such a mother, for so long a time; he must be an ungrateful, undutiful son."

"My Willie will come some day, and

then I shall know all about it; we will not discuss the matter," said the old lady, with dignity. Then turning to Grace, she said: "Now, dear, we will have some supper; I dare say the man is hungry."

As Grace disappeared down the cellar stairs on hospitable thoughts intent, Mrs. Moses again addressed the stranger.

"Will you please take your hat off, sir? I always like to see who I am talking to."

The stranger arose, threw off the old coat and slouched hat and stood revealed a tall, handsome and well dressed man; the kindly blue eyes beaming with love and tenderness upon the old lady. Mrs. Moses's hands released their hold of the stocking which she was forming. It fell to the floor unheeded save by the kitten, who in less than two minutes was perfectly wound up in yarn, stocking and knitting needles, while the kitten's mistress tottered forward, crying out, "Is it possible, can it be my son, my Willie?"

The stranger received her in his arms, murmuring: "My mother, yes it is your Willie, come back to your faithful heart at last." Grace Seyton, hearing the commotion hurried from the cellar, dropping meat, doughnuts, bread and pie, which she had been collecting for the tramp's supper, all in a heap together. She feared the man had attacked the old lady in her absence, and her astonishment was unbounded when she reached the head of the stairs and saw Mrs. Moses clasped in the stranger's arms. They both looked up at her exclamation of astonishment, Mrs. Moses's face beaming with joy and happiness.

"The lost is found, Grace; this is my son, my Willie; and Willie you surely remember little Grace Seyton."

"Yes, indeed I do," he replied, taking the blushing and bewildered girl by the hand, "though I should hardly recognize in this young lady the child which I used to know, had I not been prepared to find her here with mother."

"Why, who told you that she was living with me, Willie?" asked Mrs. Moses.

In reply he told her of his conversation with little Flossy and her father, and of the child's eager desire that he should go to her granny's to get rested.

"Blessed child," said the grandmother, "she has been a great consolation to me in your absence, William."

She had hardly ceased speaking when footsteps were heard, and in another instant walked Flossy and her father. The child gazed in surprise at the nice looking gentleman who was seated beside her granny. Her father was quite as much surprised as the child. For the space of one minute no one spoke; but presently, a joyful light of recognition passed over John Moses's face, and he exclaimed: "William, my brother! Can it be possible?" and the brothers were clasped in each other's arms—boys again for the moment. It was some little time before quiet was restored. During this time Flossy stood bewildered; even Grace had not thought of her. It was Uncle William who went to her and taking her in his strong arms, untied and removed her hood, the warm cloak and little red mittens, explaining at the same time who he was, and showing her the old shabby coat and hat, and telling her that it was her own uncle to whom she had been so kind. She understood him fully, and when he had finished by asking her if she was not going to love him too, as well as grandma and Grace, she answered him by putting her arms about his neck and giving him a hearty kiss.

They all laughed as her father exclaimed: "I guess that settles the question. Now, Will, old fellow, where have you been all this time?"

"It is a long story, John, but I will try to make everything clear to you."

We will not try, reader, to tell his story in full, but let it suffice to say that he had met with misfortune the first four years of his stay abroad; he had grown tired of trying to grow rich farming, and had gone to the gold mines to make a fortune, and there fortune favored him; but the letters to and from home were misarranged, and the yearning for home and mother became so great that he could stay no longer, and, as we have seen, returned home. Toward spring of the same year a noble house was erected near the old one in which Mrs. Moses lived; great pains were taken with its finishing and furnishing. A large sunny room was reserved for Grandma Moses; sweet Grace Seyton became its beloved mistress, loved by her husband for her own self and also for her goodness to his mother while she was comparatively alone; loved by little Flossy and we may say by everyone excepting Sarah Boston, who was very much chagrined when she learned that the man whom she had treated so scornfully was none other than William Moses, rich and handsome. Sarah knew that in the olden time she had some influence with handsome Will; so after his return she decided to leave the missionary to his fate, and the poor heathen, and try her arts on William Moses. Her disappointment was great when she learned that Grace was to be mistress of the new house.

"Marry that chit of a girl," she said in her sharpest tones to Mrs. John Moses. (John wasn't anywhere round) "Why he is old enough to be her father."

"Oh, no," Mrs. Moses returned, "there is but ten years difference in their ages, and I never saw a happier couple."

She spoke truly, they were very happy. Grandma Moses was happy, too, and little Flossy was happy every day by some present or attention from Uncle Will, who almost worshipped the little girl, and she returned his love with interest.

Reader, do you see the moral of this story? Perhaps, all may not be deserving, but let us be kind and charitable, and let God be the judge.

A business firm in Chicopee, Mass., offered a prize for the best guess as to the number of marbles in a big boot exhibited in their window. A shoemaker of the town, anxious to win the prize, made a boot, as he thought, of the same size, and filled it with marbles. Then he counted the marbles, and gave the number as his guess. He was over 2000 out of the way.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMINE READERS.

HOW THE FAIR CORSEAN DRESSES.

In general effect the dress of the Corsean lady is not so very different from that of our own ladies of fashion, but in detail the difference is very marked. They wear an ornamental short jacket of gay colored silk. They wear also a short upper jacket of grass cloth. A dress skirt is of sky blue cotton plaited at the waist and left open like an apron. A long coat is made of green brocaded silk, faced with white cotton; the sleeves are plain, similarly faced; in the armpits are gussets of purple silk and the collars are not rolled. The women have a way of not putting their arms through the sleeves but merely throwing the garment over their heads, so they can hide their faces by drawing the folds together. This garment, the Corseans say, was designed by a wise King to imitate the soldiers' coats and to be of blue, the purpose being to have it so that upon the approach of an enemy the men could take them from the women and put them on as uniforms—a sort of volunteer service uniform. Two finger rings are worn by the women for ornaments.—Washington Star.

THEY PREFERRED THE HIGHER PRICE.

The story is told of a retail dealer who obtained a rare bargain in ladies' hemstitched linen handkerchiefs, which he designed to sell at a fair profit at twenty-five cents each. On examination of the goods, he determined not to give such value for so small a sum. Taking one-half this lot he marked each handkerchief in the corner with a lead pencil, twenty-five cents, and the other half of the lot precisely the same style and quality, he marked in the same way thirty cents, and displayed the goods on his counter side by side.

Imagine his surprise when he found that his lady customers on their own judgment, and after a seeming careful and critical comparison of the goods, in two purchasers out of three selected the bargain at thirty cents leaving him with the larger part of those marked twenty-five cents on his counter. As it was impossible to alter the marks on the goods from twenty-five to thirty cents without selling them, he was actually compelled to purchase another invoice of the same lot to oblige the dear creatures who preferred to pay thirty cents for the article rather than twenty-five cents.—Cloak and Suit Review.

TO WHITEN AND SOFTEN THE HANDS.

A very excellent method of making the hands white is to moisten them well at night with glycerine and draw on a pair of gloves. This must be done for many a night, and to stop for a little while may counteract the good effect of weeks of care. A pair of soft, undressed kid gloves are the best for this purpose, and they can be bought at a very small price if some unfashionable color is selected. Then again, the glove must be a large size or they will do exactly what you do not wish—cause the blood to rush to the hands. Sometimes vasoline is preferred, as some skins are irritated by glycerine and will become brown by its use. This, however, may be determined by those using it. I have read of a quick method of whitening the hands, which is to rub them well at night with almond oil, and then cover them over with as much fine chalk as they will take. It is claimed they will be white in three days. Lemon juice is much better than oxalic acid for taking out stains on the skin. It softens it and leaves it in better condition. There are a certain number of drugs that every one should have at hand in convenient places, kept in glass bottles with glass stoppers. Among these is ammonia, which is perfect in its cleansing properties; then comes vasoline, glycerine, borax, alum, camphor and alcohol. Every one of these is needed. If you get a little feverish and your breath not sweet, a few drops of camphor in a tumbler of water will be found excellent to rinse out your mouth with.—Courier-Journal.

HOW TO COAX A MAN TO PROPOSE.

An elderly man was telling to a group of giddy young girls the other day how he proposed to his wife when he was a young man. She was sewing at the time, he said, or he never would have had the courage to do it. If girls would sew more he thinks they would have more matrimonial chances. Sewing he considers the best accomplishment that a woman can have. A woman engaged with a needle has a domestic, homelike air that is irresistible to a man who loves her. It is a picture of what she would be in her own home, and makes him long that it should be his also. How can a man propose to a girl who sits straight up in her chair staring hard at him with a pair of bright eyes? But when she is bending gracefully over a bit of plain or fancy sewing, apparently absorbed in counting the stitches, and the arrows of her eyes are sheathed for a few minutes, he plucks up courage enough to offer her his heart and hand. The average young man is bashful in such affairs, though bold enough at other times, and needs encouragement and opportunities. What sort of encouragement is a pair of bright eyes staring into his, watching his embarrassment? Listen to the advice of an old man, who has been all through it; drop your eyes and give the young man a chance. Remember this, girls, when the favorite young man drops in to make an evening visit, get out your bit of fancy work and look domestic, and with every stitch of your needle you will bind his heart more firmly to your own.—Chicago Herald.

A BONANZA QUEEN AT HOME.

Mrs. Mackay's entertainments, says Marshall Wilder, in his book, are delightful. Although as rich as the richest and the owner of a beautiful house to which the best people in London like to come, she never forgets her nationality to the extent of forgetting Americans—of the right kind—in London. Many of

our people get letters of introduction to Mrs. Mackay when going abroad, and it is amusing to note the astonishment of some of them when they meet the lady. Because she is the wife of a bonanza king, they expect to see her home to look like Aladdin's cave and to see her arrayed like an Oriental princess. Well, it would be impossible to find anywhere a home where there is less attempt at display; everything is there which taste and comfort suggest, but nothing designed only for show. As for the warm heartedness, I never saw a more unassuming lady, nor did I ever see her wearing jewelry of any kind. She never says or does anything to remind a person that she is richer than any but two or three of Britain's six hundred peers, and that she knows every one in England worth knowing. Beside being a society queen, she is very enterprising and noble charitable; where some one else hearing of a case of suffering, will sigh "poor thing!" and think her duty done, Mrs. Mackay will have the case looked into, and substantial relief provided at once if really needed. Some Americans seem to think she has become entirely Anglicized, and has cut her native country; but one day I asked her when she would return, and she quickly replied: "I want to go home as soon as my sons complete their education."

ASIATIC CHILD WIVES.

The Indian reformers who have taken in hand the re-marriage of girl widows find no difficulty in obtaining plenty of candidates. Where trouble comes in is as to the disposal of these matrimonially disposed ladies pending the discovery of suitable partners. No sooner does a widow announce her intention of securing another husband if she can than she is disowned by all her kith and kin, cut by her acquaintances, and in some cases sent adrift to pick up a living for herself. The reformers feel under an obligation, therefore, to soften the severity of the marriage law to the best of their ability, and with that object widow homes have been established here and there. The expedient is, perhaps, as good a one as could be devised, but the managers of the homes are not to be envied. In order to carry out the rest of the scheme, suitors have to be admitted to make choice among the bereaved beauties, and then, of course, a certain amount of philanthropy must be allowed to enable the high contracting parties to come to terms. All maternal heads of families well know that even when only one affair of this sort is going on in a household, a deal of fuss and circumlocution often have to be exercised. Dire, then, must have been the perplexities of the native matron at the Julpigot home lately, when twenty-five amorous youths were daily courting a very skittish widow. The bridegrooms expected actually had the audacity to apply for lodgings in the house, but this request was, of course, sternly refused. Still, however, the system appears to bring about a considerable number of marriages, these little imperfections in the machinery may be pardoned. There's no fate more terrible than that of the Indian child widow, doomed to an isolated and hopeless existence while yet in her early teens.—London Globe.

FASHION NOTES.

Handsome street costumes of white wool are worn. The demand for ball screw earrings is considerable just now.

Black and red are combined in many dressy toilets prepared for autumn wear. Lilac, heliotrope and mauve are with us again, in all the exquisite old-time tints.

The trim velvet pelerine is the favorite wrap to wear with dressy street costumes this fall.

English dressmakers have adopted the fashion of having the seams on the outside of the skirt and binding them with ribbon.

Trade for shoemakers will look up dresses which show the imperfections in favor. They are the latest importations from abroad.

Red, tan-color and pale almond colors are used for Louis XIV. jackets, Commodes cloaks, and tailor made gowns for autumn wear.

Autumn house dresses of deep red cloth striped with black velvet are shown. The bodices are trimmed with black velvet and lace.

More attention is given to-day than ever to evening costumes, and more beauty and novelty is involved in their construction.

Stylish autumn costumes are made of ladies' cloths and English cashmeres, which are shown in the finest qualities and coloring.

The Marquis coat is very much the fashion for walking toilet. It is invariably made of black faille or pearl-colored without any trimming whatever.

The new camel's hair, with borders of bengaline broadened with spun silk, is costly, but while pretty enough upon the counter are too pronounced to be desirable.

New sun umbrellas are perceptibly smaller, but what is lost in size is gained in stick, as many of the handles are so huge as to make the carrying uncomfortable.

Many of the new straight skirts are pleated on the belt; but they are more stylish if shirred three or four inches deep and drawn to fit the foundation skirt.

The new loose sleeves come very high on the shoulder, and are puffed or shirred or pleated throughout their length in more ways than the mind of any one can conceive.

Fancy jackets and sleeves, high forming part of the turnover or pointed girdles, jaunty silk shirt waists are all entirely permissible this season, even on a smart out-of-door costume.

Tiny capotes of velvet, black, moss green, reseda, heliotrope or red are worn with dressy street costumes. These capotes are so small as to be visible only from the back of the woman's head.