

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, Editor and Prop.

MIDDLEBURGH, PA., OCT. 31, 1899.

While the price of emeralds and rubies is yearly increasing, diamonds and white pearls are not getting dearer.

The Sultan of Turkey is fretting because he is growing fat; and most of his subjects are disgusted because they can't get food enough to do likewise.

If it is true that gold in abundance has been discovered in China, the Cincinnati Enquirer considers the Celestial Government may as well abandon all hope of driving out the Americans.

John Bull is now discovering to his sorrow that the recent strikes are likely to cost London her East Indian and Australian trade. The smaller English ports will profit by London's misfortune.

In order to replace the field laborers who have emigrated to Mexico and South America a company has been formed in Havana to make contracts with a number of workmen in Spain and bring them to Cuba with their families.

The four new States lying in an area about equal to that of all New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana combined. It is an area three times as great as the British Isles.

The new dock at Halifax, Nova Scotia, was subsidized by the city of Halifax, and the Canadian and British Governments, to the merry tune of \$500,000. It cost a million, and being 691 feet in length, can dock the longest steamship afloat. It holds 8,500,000 gallons of water and can be emptied in three and a half hours. The greater part of the dock was blasted out of the solid rock.

The first practical attempt to light London with electricity has recently been made in that city, which up to this time, is far behind in this respect nearly every fourth-rate town in the United States. Three great companies have been formed, with an aggregate capital of \$12,000,000, and contracts have been secured by them for lighting many of the principal thoroughfares of the great city. The maximum charge for electric lights has been fixed at sixteen cents an hour for twenty lamps of sixteen-candle power.

Pigtails have still a role to play in the progressive dominions of the Mikado, of Japan. A new Shinto temple has just been erected at Tokio, the materials for which were dragged to the sacred site by ropes made of human hair instead of the conventional hemp. The hair was free, will offering from no fewer than 350,000 of the faithful. Twenty-four ropes were made of it, their diameter ranging from four to seven inches and their total length reaching 4528 feet. It is calculated that nearly 3000 pounds weight of pigtail was used.

The laws of most of the older States now prohibit persons not accredited by some incorporated medical school from the practice of medicine. This, the Detroit Free Press considers, is a safeguard—although not always an effective one—against the injurious work of quacks and incompetents. There seems, however, to be no means of preventing the fatal work of the fanatics or charlatans, who under the name of one or another ism, prevent people from receiving proper medical treatment and permit them to die of pure neglect. Here seems to be a chance for wholesome legislation.

The dreadful cyclone which struck the American, English and German war ships at Samoa, by which so many gallant officers and sailors lost their lives, was the means of demonstrating those noble qualities which have made the American seamen famed the world over. John Preston Dunning, the young Associated Press reporter who was at Apia at the time, is preparing an account of the fearful disaster for St. Nicholas. Although some doubt has been cast on the story, he positively asserts that when the Trenton drifted back on the Vandalia and it seemed as if the ship were doomed, he distinctly heard above the raging of the gale the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner," which the Trenton's band struck up. The fact, too, that the Trenton's men all cheered the British ship Calliope when she successfully braved the storm and steamed out to sea is amply verified by the report of the British Commander, Captain Kane, who declared he was never more affected in his life than when he heard the manly ring of their voices. The New York Sun declares that every actor in those stirring scenes may well be proud of the part he played in that day's great struggle against the elements.

'There's nothing like leather,' not even that imitation leather, made of paper.—Puck.

DON'T YOU CARE.

What are you crying about, little man? You have a hard lesson, you say? Well, there! Don't you care. That's no sad affair.

You are bound to have those in your day. Be brave, little man, hard work is your plan. You'll come out all right, don't you care. What are you grumbling about, business man?

What are you sorrowing for, aged man? Your end is approaching, you say? Well, there! Don't you care. You have no time to spare. Prepare for your journey away. Have patience, weary man, 'tis part of God's plan. You are safe in His hand, don't you care.

THE FELON'S RETURN.

"Will you ask whether Mr. Graham will see a stranger?" The clerk thus spoken to nodded, arose, and went into an inner office. The stranger remained, leaning against the walnut railing of the dock, his hand trailing with the little door that shut outsiders from the sanctum within. He was a tall, fair man, of thirty, with close cropped hair and beard. His shoulders were broad, his features handsome, but there was an old air about him that had puzzled the clerk, and would have perplexed any one. It was something that could not be defined, but it pervaded the whole man; a suppressed look, as of one forced in some way to hide his feelings; a manner of standing and holding his hat which had something apologetic in it.

"Mr. Graham will see you, sir," said the clerk, returning and opening the little railed door. "In there—the office to the right." The stranger passed into the room indicated, and closed the door behind him; then standing with his back against it, he fumbled with his hat in the same old manner in which he had handled it in the outer office, and instead of speaking, looked at the gentleman behind the desk with eyes that had a measureless appeal in them.

The other did not rise from his chair, nor hold out his hand, nor even speak for some moments; each looked at the other, that was all. But it was the elder one, at the desk, who broke the spell at last. "So," he said, "it is you, James?" "Yes, it is I," said the other. "Haven't you a word for me, William?" "I have a good many words that you might not like to hear," said William Graham. "I really can't say I'm glad to see you, delighted, honored, and all that, you know."

"I don't expect any one to be glad," said the other. "I know I've disgraced the family, but I've been punished for it. Ten years, William—think of that!—ten years of prison life, and prison fare, and prison friends! I'd had given my soul to undo what I did, even before it was found out; and I never meant to keep the money."

"We all know the story," said the merchant. "You were in a position of confidence; you betrayed it. It's the old affair. I've had it happen in my own office. I can't feel any sentimental pity for a fellow like you. What brings you here, James?" Shifting his hat from hand to hand, looking from under his eyebrows in an abject fashion, pitiable to contemplate, when one saw in what a gentlemanly manner he had been cast, James Graham answered, "I was twenty when I went to prison. I'm thirty now. The outside world has been a blank to me all these years. I want work. I want you to give it to me—any honest work, William. I'm a good book keeper, but I'll be a porter, an errand man, anything."

"O, no; not anything here," said the elder. "You've reckoned without your host, James. You are no brother of mine. I cast you off when you became a felon. For the sake of the poor woman who called you 'son,' I'll give you some money, enough to live on for a week or two. I will never give you another penny—don't expect it. I will have you turned out if you come here again." The prison taint was so strong upon the other man that his pride was not aroused; yet, he fumbled with his hat, ground himself against the door, looked abjectly from under his eyebrows again, and asked: "How is sister Jessie?" "Well," said the merchant. "Can you tell me where she lives?" "No," said the merchant. "Jessie is married, and has tried to forget the terrible grief you gave her. You are the last person a respectable brother-in-law would care to see."

to draw me back. You refused it. Money! Why, look at these hands, these shoulders—look at me! I can earn money somehow. And, by heaven! if this is all your respectability and Christianity amounts to, I don't care if I don't see no more of it. There are plenty to welcome me, and you have driven me to them. Remember that, son of my mother!" He thrust his hat upon his head, and dashed out of the room, striding through the outer office with no heed of any one there, and clanging the door as he departed.

One dark night, a few weeks later, James Graham, in full fellowship with a gang of burglars, was receiving instructions from a companion how to enter and conceal himself in a house that had been marked for robbery. The lesson was given in front of the doomed house itself; and after his companion had left him, Graham muttered: "Yes, I belong to the fraternity now. I am here to rob this house. I have the mask and the pistol in my pocket. I have my little dark lantern, too. I'm a burglar, and burglars were the only men who welcomed me back out of prison. My brother—I wonder what my mother would say if she could see me now? If she knew—"

He stopped himself with an oath—seemed, with a motion of his hand, to cast away the thoughts that were upon him—and in a moment more had mounted to the window indicated by his comrade; and finding that it opened easily, had clambered in. His shoes were noiseless. He made no sound as he moved; and guiding himself by the lantern's light looked for a place of concealment. It soon presented itself. A long wardrobe, with a door at either end. In this, behind a very certain of suspended garments, he hid himself.

He heard, after a while, a baby cry, and in a minute more a step ran across the entry, and a ray of light glanced through the keyhole at one end of the wardrobe. "Ada," cried a lady's voice, "come here. Baby is wide awake and I can't leave him."

Then another rustle, another step, and there were two women very near him—so that he could almost hear them breathe. "I'm so glad you came to-day, Ada," said the other. "When I am all alone, Charles was called away so unexpectedly this morning! I declare the thought of that accident makes me ill, and I am nervous all alone in the house at night, dear. Besides being always glad to see you, I am so thankful to have you to-night!" "And I am never nervous, Jessie," said the other. "I am as good as a man about the house, mamma says. I've hunted imaginary burglars with a poker many a night. Mamma is always imagining burglars, dear soul!"

"Don't speak of them," said the matron, who was evidently quieting her child, as only a mother can. "This house would be more of a temptation to them to-night than it has ever been before since we lived here. There are two thousand pounds in that safe, Ada. Charles hadn't time to deposit it in the bank. They telegraphed that Mr. Bird might be dying."

As she made this confession, the man, concealed so near her, listened with his very heart in his ears; but it was not to the statement so well calculated to rejoice a burglar's heart. That was forgotten. He heard only the voices and the names those two women called each other by. Ada! That had been the name of the girl he loved. Jessie! That was his sister's name. After all, what was it to him? Like his brother, the latter had cast him off, of course, and no doubt Ada only remembered him with horror. Still, how like the voices were. Could it be? He stole forward, and knelt down with an eye to the keyhole, but he could only see part of a woman's figure swaying in and fro, as she rocked her infant on her bosom.

"Dear little fellow!" said the voice of the other woman. "How sweet babies are!" She came forward now and knelt down, and he saw her profile. It was Ada Musgrove—for he had left her a girl of sixteen, and found her a woman of twenty-six, but handsomer than ever. "You love children so that I wonder you don't marry," said the matron; and now James Graham knew that it was his sister who spoke. "I know William wants you to have him. He always has loved you. And, Ada, he can give you all that makes life happy."

James Graham's cheeks flushed in the darkness. He hated the world more than ever now. He hated his kinsfolk—this cruel brother and sister of his most of all. "He cannot give me the one thing necessary for wedded happiness—love for him," said Ada. "No, Jessie; I have said this to you before, but I must say it now. I loved poor James too well ever to love any other man while I know he lives." "Ah, Ada," cried Jessie, stooping over, "it is a comfort to me to know you still love my poor brother. I thought I was the only living being who still loved him." And then James Graham, listening on the other side of the door, heard these two women weeping together, and for him. "Yes, Ada," said his sister; and though poor James is so sadly disgraced, still when he returns I will be glad to see him, and this shall be his home if he will, and my husband will help him to win back the place among good men that he lost so long ago. William is cruel to him, but then we women are softer. When he is free again I trust he will come straight to us. I fear William would hurt him by some reproachful speech. He will be free very soon, Ada." The man who had stolen into the house to rob it—the man of whom they spoke—could bear no more; his heart was softened as it had not been since he was a little child. It was as if the angels had spoken to him. Then he remembered why he was there; and kneeling and kissing the door that lay between him and those dear women who had saved him from desperation, he crept away, and finding his way to the

window which he had entered he departed as he had come, vowing to lead an honest life, and sometimes—perhaps when he was dying—to see those two dear creatures once again. At least, always the memory of their looks and words would keep his heart tender and life pure, lonely as might be his lot.

With these thoughts in his mind he stood on the ground, and remembered with a pang who would arrive soon and what their errand would be; and that, while he scored to betray them, he must stand between them on their purpose, and save his sister's home, perhaps her life, from their hands.

He felt in his bosom for his pistol. He would not use it until the last, but he must stand between those women and all harm.

He knew well enough the unforgiving ferocity of those with whom he had to deal, and he muttered a little prayer for aid—the first he had breathed for many a year—as he heard soft footsteps approaching.

"He is opening his eyes," said a voice. James Graham heard it and wondered what had happened and why he could not turn himself and who spoke.

Then came the remembrance of a quarrel, a conflict, and the report of a pistol. He knew all now. His fellow burglars had shot him and left him for dead. But where was he now?

"Ada, dear," said the voice, "I think he is opening his eyes."

Then they did open, and James Graham saw two women bending over him. "James," said one, "do you know sister Jessie?"

The other only burst into tears. "Yes, I know you both," said he faintly. "How did I come here? I am so full of wonder. How did you know me?"

"We found you wounded—dead, we thought—at our gate," said Jessie. "It was Ada knew you first."

"Dear Jessie," he said; "dear Ada!" "We don't know how it happened," she said. "When you are better, you must tell us. Only we have you back, and you shall never go again; never!"

He knew he never should. He knew it did not matter whether he told them how he had come to see them now. He knew that in a little while he should neither see their faces nor know their voices; but he was very happy. A foretaste of heaven was given to him. "They have been terrible years," he said; "terrible years! All that while I have never heard from you, but I have you now. Come closer; I can't see you very well. There's a mist before my eyes. I want Jessie to kiss me."

The sister threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him over again. Then he turned to Ada Musgrove.

"If I were going to live, I should not ask it," he said; "but you used to kiss me long ago, Ada. Will you kiss me now, my dear, just once more?" She took him in her arms. "God is very merciful," he said; "more merciful than man. Perhaps we shall meet again, darling."

These were the last words he ever said.

Good Roads and Public Economy.

The experienced traveler who finds himself at the beginning of a newly mended road will betake himself to the nearest house and learn how far the improvement extends; if for the distance of ten miles, he will then inquire by what circuit, not exceeding fifteen miles in length, he can escape from the danger of the repairs. After a time nature mends the damage done by the process of reconstruction, and the journeyer may find once again a way tolerable, save where the hill-sides are steep or the ground wet. In the winter season such roads, at least in the countries where the soils of a clayey nature, are often practically impassable. In such regions, after a distressing experience of some decades, the people find themselves willing to turn over to a corporation the precious privilege of controlling their highways. A little knowledge as to the art of road-making, an expenditure of not more labor than is normally given to the annual repair of the roads, would in most cases have secured to the community about as good roads as they obtain by the construction of turpikes. In other words, our system of ignorant mismanagement in the construction and maintenance of rural ways leads to a vast and purposeless expenditure. If we take the unapplied expenses of our country ways, if we count at the same time the mere social advantages which they bring to the people, it is probable that the sum of the road-tax in this country is greater than that of our ordinary taxation. From some data which I have gathered in my personal experience with roads, I am inclined to think that even in New England the cost to the public arising from ineffective roadways, as well as from the waste of money expended on them, amounts to not less than an average of \$10 a year on each household. In this reckoning I have included the loss of time and of transporting power of vehicles, the wear and tear of wagons, carriages, and the beasts which draw them. It is probable that the expenditure in this direction is greater than that which is incurred for schools or any other single element of public interest. I am inclined, indeed, to think that it comes near the sum of all our State and Federal taxation together.—Scribner.

Lost the Card.

There is a tailor in London who does not entertain the highest opinion of American perspicacity. A week or two ago the Mayor of a Southern city called upon Consul-General New with a letter of introduction from the State Department and asked him for the address of a good tailor. New recommended the artist whom he had himself employed, and wrote the Southern gentleman's name or the consular card. The Southerner proceeded to lose the card, and another man found it. This person saw its value and personated the Southern Mayor, obtaining clothes to the value of \$1200, which the tailor would like New to pay for.—New York Sun.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

GENUINE GEORGIA BISCUITS.

The Southern biscuit is a rather thin cake baked like New England soda biscuit, but much thinner, and made usually of buttermilk and soda, rather than sweet milk. This gives a crisp, flaky cake. Mix through a quart of flour, an even half teaspoonful of soda, sift it through several times, add a teaspoonful of butter and one of lard, rubbing them through the flour repeatedly. Stir a scant pint of buttermilk through the flour and beat the mass together very rapidly. Roll it out on a floured board and dredge, then roll out half an inch thick and cut with a small cutter. Bake in a very quick oven fifteen or twenty minutes. This is a biscuit that appears on the table of many Georgia families day after day as a regular breakfast dish. It is especially delicious made by practised hands.—New York Tribune.

SUGGESTIONS ABOUT OIL LAMPS.

The oil reservoir should be of metal, rather than of china or glass. Wicks should be soft, not too tightly plaited. Wicks should be dried at the fire before being put into the lamps, and should be only just long enough to reach the bottom of the oil reservoir. They should be so wide that they quite fill the wick-holder without having to be squeezed into it, and should be soaked with oil before being lit. The reservoir should be quite filled with oil every time before using the lamp. The lamp should be thoroughly cleaned, all oil should be carefully wiped off, and all charred wick and dirt removed before lighting. When the lamp is lit the wick should be at first turned down, and then slowly raised. Lamps which have no extinguishing apparatus should be put out as follows: The wick should be turned down until there is only a small flickering flame, and a sharp puff of breath should then be sent across the top of the chimney, but not down it.

IRONING BOARD AND NAPKIN HOLDER.

Is your ironing board fixed so it is a pleasure to iron on, and no trouble to keep clean? The following is a good plan: Take a long, wide board (a narrow one is a nuisance), tapering at the left-hand end; cover it within a foot of each end, thickly and smoothly on both sides, with a woolen blanket; do not make a seam on the flat side, but with carpet tacks fasten the blanket on the narrow end. Next cover tightly with a sheet doubled, keeping both sides of your board perfectly smooth. Now you are ready for the outside. Take stout muslin, and make a cover the same as you would for a bolster case, open at both ends, make it to slip on tight. This is easily removed and laundered, and your board is always neat and clean. Iron calicoes on one side, white clothes on the other side. You will find this a great improvement on the old plan of ironing all on one side, and having the colored lint coming off on the starched white clothes.

A convenience is a basket to gather up the small articles that are so useful on the table, but yet require so many steps between pantry and table. Take a small long basket (grape basket), stain with walnut staining, line with red silesia turkey red calico, tie ribbon bows at the sides of the handle and it is complete. All the salts, napkins, doilies, etc., in this, can be removed at once, and ready the next time they are wanted, as the dainty touches are a delight instead of a weariness to the host.—American Cultivator.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If ribbons need renewing, wash them in cool soap suds, cover with a cloth and iron when damp. A disk or wafer of sealing wax placed in the bottom of a glass bowl will crush ice a pretty, delusive glow. The bread of the hour is called cLadies' Cloth, Satines, and is served with the soup and ch courses. A small piece of paper or linen mended with turpentine, and put into wardrobe or drawers for a single day, two or three times a year, is a prevent against moths. To set delicate colors in embroidery handkerchiefs, soak them ten minutes previous to washing in a pail of water, in which a dessertspoonful of turpentine has been well stirred. Hard-boiled eggs served in a hot gravy or vinegar is a recent gastronomic introduction of some of the fashionable clubs in London. The dish is said to have had its origin in India. The yellow room has had its day, the blue room is passe and the crimson and gold apartment too emphatic to be aesthetic. Now it is white for brides, debutantes and young mothers. An excellent way of cooking eggs is to break them in boiling milk without beating; cook slowly, stirring now and then. When done soft pour into a dish and add a little pepper, salt and butter. When you boil a cabbage tie a bit of dry bread in a bag and put it in the kettle. French cooks say that all the unpleasant odor which makes a house smell like an old drain will be absorbed by the bread. Do not scrape the inside of frying pans, as after this operation any preparation fried is liable to catch or burn to the pan. If the pan is black inside, rub it with a hard crust of bread and wash in hot water mixed with a little soda. Unsightly fire places may be converted into spicy, woody, sylvian nooks by a rustic arrangement of balsam, palm, bitter-sweet and mistletoe branches. The greens are piled up on the hearthstone unless they can be interlaced about the fender and apron. Many people iron towels and put them away before they are dry. This is an error, and sometimes leads to results not expected. In this damp condition there is a mold which forms on them called odium, one variety of which causes numerous skin diseases. It is quite essential to have your towels

finish, otherwise known as the damask finish. Only the French laundress understands the trick. From her hand old napery is given such a beautiful finish that you can't tell it from the new loom.

When your table-cloths are worn out beyond mending, cut square pieces from the best parts of them and hem neatly. They will make nice napkins for holding the children's lunches, or for the little ones to use at the table, for if they are stained or lost your set will not be broken.

To remove mildew and iron rust—Spread the garment stained on the grass in the hottest sun and squeeze over the spots lemon juice, sprinkling it thickly with salt. This will draw out the heavy iron-rust stains if the sun is hot enough. Renew the process if it is not successful the first time.

Every mother knows how difficult it is to clean the baby's finger-nails. By folding some tissue paper into a sharp point, and when using it calling the attention of the baby to something else, this is a large stock of the holiday goods of every firm positively not be un-

ast favors, I would re-a continuance of pa-

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mon... lieve it when we read in the Oregon... tizer that the price has fallen from... pound to \$2, and occasionally of... less. This disaster is caused, it... the export of "chips," which used... worked up in the making of cinnam... oil. A combination was formed... years ago, what we call a syndicate... trust nowadays, to restrict the export... of "chips," but it failed. Another... is concerted, which, as is hoped, will... more successful. This syndicate, at lea... will have the good wishes of every... traveler.

Envelopes Not Transparent.

"Why are these envelopes blue on the inside?" was the query put to a stationer the other day by a Pittsburg Dispatch reporter: "For a very simple reason," was the reply. "One of the great results to be obtained in making envelopes is to prevent transparency. Many white papers are so transparent that by careful scrutiny the contents of such envelopes may be determined. For instance, let us put a sheet of paper with writing on it in an envelope. Let us also insert a business check. We will now seal it and hold to the light thus. There, you can only see the bank check, but you can also read many of the words on the sheet of paper. This can be prevented either by getting a very thick and high-priced envelope which is not transparent, or by taking a cheaper grade of paper which is blue on one side. Now we sell quite a number of blue envelopes—that is, envelopes which are blue on the outside; but most people do not like them for their color, so to get over the difficulty and still not make a high-priced article, we use paper which is blue on one side and white on the other.