

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, EDITOR AND PROP.

MIDDLEBURGH, PA. FEB. 13, 1890.

HON. HANNIBAL HAMLEN said recently on presenting a flag to a Bangor (Me.) school: "Perhaps a little history of this flag will not be out of place. First, consider the beautiful red stripes, an emblem of valor; the white, an emblem of purity; the blue field, the broad arch of heaven, and the stars which bestad it, the freest government on earth."

A NEWSPAPER MAN went to interview the superintendent of one of the elevated roads in New York, a few days ago, with a lot of letters complaining that the cars on the road were too cold. "You'll save me a lot of trouble if you'll let me have these letters," said the superintendent, reaching into his desk and taking out a package of documents. "How is that?" "Why, here is a bundle of complaints we have received about the cars being kept too warm. If you'll let me have yours I can send the cold letters to the hot writers and the hot letters to the cold writers, and so make all the growlers answer each other."

The last Legislature of Delaware abolished a mode of punishment in that State which, though legal, had not been imposed since 1870. It was the punishment by whipping or compelling them to stand in the pillory of women who had been found guilty of counterfeiting, horse-stealing, burglary, arson, poisoning, perjury, forgery, receiving stolen goods, assault with intent to kill, conjuraction, witchcraft, fortune telling, or dealing with spirits. The last person punished by this means was a colored woman, who in 1870 was whipped at the public post. The last white woman to be whipped went through the operation in 1836, her offense having been larceny.

Two young Australian cyclists have just completed a twelve months' journey on their machines. Their route was through a portion of Australia, thence to Java, where they rode 250 miles. Taking steamer to Singapore, they rode to Penang. Again sailing to British Borneo, they went overland to Calcutta; thence to Bombay via Delhi, a trip of 2,000 miles. From India they shipped to Egypt and did Palestine. Entering Europe at Sicily they rode across Europe, and came out at Rotterdam. In England and Scotland they added the distance of 1,500 miles. The whole journey was done on ordinary bicycles, and marvelous to relate, they did not have a single fall. Their whole luggage was a spare shirt and water proofs.

HANK REYNOLDS, of Cadillac, Mich., has a trick horse which rivals the famous Dan Rice horse or Forepaugh's tight-rope walker. He is master of twenty-one tricks, and among them will open his door, walk out on an elevated plank twenty feet and back into his stall; climb upon a scaffold and "toe," and do it as nicely as a school girl; go to the water tank, wash his face, and wipe it on a towel; climb up stairs and down; open and shut the barn door, and back the buggy out without a hitch or miss, etc. Hank is not so bad-looking but that the horse will waltz up to him and imprint a loving kiss upon his brow—not so tastefully, perhaps, as a Cadillac girl would do it, but still a kiss—and he does numerous other things a horse is supposed to know nothing about. He is a fine, powerful iron-gray, and his master would trade him for the rest of Cadillac, maybe, but for not much less.

The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, in the Independent, holds up for our scorn "the bogus preacher, the charlatan, who makes a parade of rhetoric, and seeks admiration from his eloquence, who courts notoriety, and subsidizes the press. The true preacher," continues the Doctor, "is amazed by any notoriety. He wishes to hide himself behind his message. He finds his joy, not in the great world, but in his conscience and his God. If in his world he prides himself he feels that he must have been indiscreet or unfaithful. Such a man wishes no triumph that is denoted by the waving of flags and the blowing of trumpets, but that which is recorded by the penitent tear, the prayer of faith, the renewed life, the happy heart." This ideal of the true preacher is so lofty that we might suspect it to be only imaginary if Dr. Crosby and many other clergymen did not so perfectly illustrate it. Yes, there are such men, whom we have all known and loved. But would it be heresy to confess, just between ourselves, you know, that there are many great preachers who fall far below Dr. Crosby's standard? Who are they? Oh, well, you don't expect that I am going to answer that question. May be I don't know.

A SONG  
A good ship bore  
From its native shore  
A hundred hops from land,  
But a mad storm flew  
Over the ocean blue  
And the good ship strewed the strand;  
And the hundred hops that sailed from land  
Were thousands wrecked on that foreign strand.  
A youth with hope  
Set out to cope  
In life's uncertain strife,  
But his plans were crossed  
He himself was lost,  
With the thousand aims of life;  
For ships well sailed and plans well planned  
Will oft be wreck'd on the longest-for-land.  
—Nature.

CAUGHT IN A BLIZZARD.

The tremendous hurricane of snow and wind which swept over our great, level Northwest in January, 1888, was accompanied by incidents tragic, thrilling and heroic, that will no doubt become a part of the history of the vast region over which the storm swept.

It was in connection with hay-hauling in one of the marshy, unsettled townships of Iowa that there occurred an incident of extreme peril, of fortitude and intelligent exercise of the faculties amid great danger, which, at the time it came to light, was almost lost sight of in our interest to the widespread calamities which fell upon our unprepared neighbors on the more newly settled prairies of the North and West.

The little railway station of Dupont, in one of the thinly settled districts, was built entirely in the interests of the hay-hauling business, for which the uninhabited flats of Loveland and Gull Lake townships furnished thousands of tons of grass.

Over this tract, a dozen miles in extent, as far back from the railway as hay can be hauled with profit, are scattered every summer the camps of the haymakers, and the low ricks or "stacks" grow and accumulate until they dot the prairie so thickly as to become for the time the distinguishing feature of the landscape.

There are at the station large hay racks, containing steam presses, to which, from September until April, the hay is hauled, stowed and baled, ready for shipment.

Among those who were hauling hay at the time of the great storm were Dick Jordan and his small brother Orr, a little fellow, too young to attend school regularly, who went along on pleasant days to tramp along the hay in the frame of the big rack.

It had been pleasant enough for Orr to go on every trip that week up to the night of the blizzard, and the day was so warm and fine that Dick's sisters, Jennie and Carrie, younger than himself but older than Orr, obtained the permission of their mother to go home at recess, in order that they might go with their brothers for a ride to the hay field. Their mother had promised that they should go upon the first warm day after sleighing came.

could not be induced to turn their heads against the storm. They stood as if paralyzed by the fierce blast of wind and sleet. Another and more furious sweep of the hurricane came almost immediately, and this time the rack was lifted completely off the sled and overturned with hay and riders.

Fortunately, there was a considerable drift of snow beside the road, and neither Dick nor the younger children were hurt by the fall. They had all, with a common impulse, jumped from the top of the load as it careened over, and so fell, or rather tumbled, outside the sweep of the rack.

As they scrambled to their feet the stiff wind was so filled with hay and snow that they could scarcely distinguish each other. The rack turned bottom side up, and, as it was built in the shape of a "figure four" quail-trap, held most of the hay securely beneath its frame.

Dick still held to one of the lines, and the horses stood shivering with fear and cold, for the temperature had suddenly dropped far below the freezing point.

He stripped the harness from his horses and turned them loose. Then, without waiting even to see which direction the animals took, he ran to his brother and sisters.

Although it had been so warm when they started from home, their mother had insisted that Jennie and Carrie should dress warmly, and take cloaks and comforters with them. These they had put on before the storm came, and Dick, after digging in the hay for a few minutes between the boards of the rack, discovered the horse-blankets upon which the children had fortunately been sitting when the load overturned.

While digging for them he had prepared a "nest," as he termed it, for the three small ones, and he now ordered them to get in there while he tucked the blankets around them. Frightened and hushed by the terrific storm, they obeyed without a murmur, and the brave young fellow told them that they must "cuddle close together and never peep outside" till they heard him call them.

He said that he would go and bring them something to eat as soon as he could get back from Mr. Waldman's across Gull Lake, and then after the blizzard was over they would all go home.

and joyfully discovered it to be a fence. As it afterward proved, it was an extension of the cattle-yard, a corner of which was built down into the edge of the lake to afford water for the stock, and had he missed it by even a few feet he would undoubtedly have perished.

The discovery of it gave him new life at once and aroused all his faculties. He climbed over the fence so as to get inside the yard, and then, by feeling, followed it until he came to a connection with the cattle-shed.

Once in the shelter of these, he whipped his numb arms and stamped his chilled feet until circulation partly restored, then felt his way along to the barn, and at length managed to reach the ranch dwelling guided by the glimmer of a light which he could see through the storm.

He was welcomed and warmed and fed, and promised that by every possible effort that could be made the men should help him to rescue his brother and sisters when daylight came.

Dick found that he had escaped with only a slight frosting of his face and fingers, but his anguish on account of the little ones he had left buried in the hay was intense. He did not sleep at all, but walked the floor of the ranch kitchen, where he was allowed to keep a roaring fire all night. Every few moments he would go to the windows, scratch the frost, and endeavor to peer out into the storm.

He could gather no encouragement until daylight, when he discovered that the snow was no longer falling, and that the sky would soon be clear.

He roused the ranch hands at once, as two of them had agreed to go with him. In a short time the men were up. Some hot coffee was drunk, a jug of it was filled from the pot, and a sharp-shod team was harnessed. The horses were blindfolded, their heads wrapped in blankets to protect them from the blinding drift which was still driving hard from the northwest.

This team was hitched to a double sleigh filled with robes and wraps. Then, muffling themselves in the bottom of the box, the party set out across the lake in the very teeth of the wind.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

CARING FOR FURNITURE.  
With care, furniture may be kept looking nice for years, but without this care it soon becomes dingy and shabby. A thorough cleansing, once a month, at least, should be given to upholstered furniture that is in every-day use. Articles covered with plush or any goods with a pile may be brushed with a bristle brush, but for hair-cloth a light switch works best, wiping off the surface afterward with a damp cloth. Wipe the wood with a damp cloth, and if there are any dents in it, it is said the application of several thicknesses of wet blotting paper held in place till dry by a warm flatiron will remove the dent, unless a very deep one, when several applications may be necessary. When the wood-work is dry, rub with warm linseed oil and polish with chamois skin. White spots may be removed by alcohol simply pressed on the spot by a cloth that is not linty, and not rubbed, as rubbing will take off the varnish. A flannel cloth moistened with kerosene is good to rub the furniture with, and the disagreeable odor of the oil soon disappears.—Courier Journal.

IRONING SHIRT WAISTS.

First, be sure that the waist is properly starched in boiled starch and thoroughly dried; then make a weak, cold starch and dip the collars and cuffs into it, being careful not to wet into the other parts of the garment as it takes longer to dry, and the starch in those parts is not needed. Lay the waist (wrong side out) with the back to the table, fold one sleeve upon it, then the other, lay over these the fronts, sprinkling each part according to the thickness of the cloth, roll tightly and let lie the desired length of time, then proceed as follows: With the sleeves still wrong side out, rub quickly the wristbands; now turn, and we are really commencing (what seems to many) an arduous task. We will iron first the outside of one wristband, then the inside, shaping it as we dry it. Next fold the sleeve (at the opening) from wrist to shoulder, and iron; the upper half of the sleeve can be ironed better with it folded that way. Now fold by the under-arm seam and finish, and the sleeve will have the same appearance as a nicely laundered shirt. Follow with the second sleeve, and we are ready for the other part. Rub over the part below the wristband, then press the tucks in the front into shape with a moderately warm iron; now use a hot one, and thoroughly dry on the wrong side; in this way the shoulder seams can be easily dried. Next iron the back in the same way, pressing the plaits into shape on the right side, but doing the greater part of the ironing on the wrong side. At last the collar is reached, requiring but a few moments' time, and the garment which has been so much dreaded is finished, and the result is satisfactory. Sometimes it is desirable to press a little on the right side at the last; in that case do not iron as dry on the wrong side.—Good Housekeeping.

RECIPES.

Raisin Pie—One lemon, juice and rind, one cupful of raisins, one cupful of water, one cupful of rolled crackers; stone the raisins and boil till soft, grate the lemon rind, mix well together, and bake with two crusts.

Macaroni With Cheese—Prepare macaroni with cream sauce, and pour into a buttered scalloped dish. Have half a cup of grated cheese and half a cup of bread or cracker crumbs mixed, sprinkle over the macaroni, and place in the oven to brown; it will take about twenty minutes.

Milk Toast—Toast a goodly number of slices, and arrange in a deep dip. Put into a saucepan one quart of sweet milk, and stir into two tablespoonfuls sifted flour made into a smooth paste with a little milk. Stir constantly till it boils; cook a moment or two; add a little salt and small piece of butter, and pour over the toasted bread.

Potato Toast—Grate four good-sized, uncooked potatoes into a quart of hot water, stir over the fire, and cook slowly for five minutes. Turn into a jar, add a half-cup of sugar and a tablespoonful of salt, and when lukewarm add a half-cup of good yeast. Allow this to ferment for six or seven hours, stirring it down as it comes to the top of the jar. Keep in a cold place, well covered.

THE ANSWER.

Forgotten you! Well, if forgetting Be thinking through all the long day, How the slow seconds drag since I left you, Days seem years now that you are away; If counting the moments with longing For the time when I'll see you again; If this is forgetting, you're right, dear, And I have forgotten you then.

PITH AND POINT.

"A white lie"—City milk.  
A slip of the pen—A young pig.  
The sewing girl is never what she seems.  
Think before you act—very saucy to a bigger man than yourself.  
An exchange speaks of a "regular blizzard." The most regular of them are irregular.—Danville Breeze.  
Poets are born, not made. There's the rub; if they were made, we could stamp the manufactory under the business act.—Time.  
Dignity is a good thing; but if you're in the rear of a big crowd and wish to see the procession, don't stand on it. Get on a barrel.—Puck.  
"What makes you so lame to-day?" "I've got an accident policy for \$27 a week. Ain't that enough to make any body lame?"—Munsey's Weekly.  
This world has an abundance Of deceitfulness and pretense; Now what we stand in need of Is squareness and common sense.—Danville Breeze.  
Mrs. Kawler—"I suppose Willie is almost old enough now to eat himself?" Mrs. Stayathome—"No, indeed! You don't suppose he is a cannibal, do you?" Lawrence American.  
She (laughingly)—"Why are you looking so intently into my eyes? Am you looking for the motive?" He (seriously)—"No; for the beam." Thus she beamed.—Lawrence American.  
"Did they treat you cordially?" "Indeed, yes. Why, about midnight her father came to the head of the stairs and called down to know if I wouldn't stay to breakfast."—Munsey's Weekly.  
Patient (to unsuccessful physician)—"Doctor, you are not experimenting on me, are you?" Physician—"Certainly not, sir." "Well, then, doctor, may I please experiment on me a little?"—Time.  
"George," she said, "do you believe in the old saying: 'Out of sight, out of mind?'" "Well, no, not altogether," responded George, hesitating. "For instance, take a boil on the back of one's neck."  
"How will you have it bound?" asked the binder of a man who had brought a dictionary to have new covers put on. "I think it would be appropriate to have it spell bound," was the reply.—Pittsburg Chronicle.  
A Western politician who lost both his eyes in a railroad accident has failed to recover damages because, in the jury's mind, his present inability to read was the newspapers say of him must be viewed in the light of compensation.  
Old Gentleman (to little girl on the horse car)—"How old are you, little girl?" Little Girl—"Are you the conductor?" Old Gentleman—"Why, no; I have nothing to do with the railroad." "Then I am seven years old."—Buffalo Courier.  
POETS WRITE WHOOPS.  
When poets write Of "voiceless night," We feel like saying "rats!" Because out-doors We hear the rats Of several hundred rats.—New York Journal.  
Politician (to inexperienced Assembly man)—"You're busy writing, I see. That's something new for you." Experienced Assemblyman—"Yes, I'm engaged in writing my first extensive speech that I shall make ten words hence. So you'll excuse me from talking."  
She—"Charlie, you know you promised me something handsome on my birthday." He—"Yes, I know." She—"Well, I saw a diamond bracelet yesterday in a shop window that was perfectly heavenly." He—"Perfectly heavenly, was it? Say, Fanny, what you have any earthly wishes? Do you think of nothing but heavenly things?"—Texas Siftings.  
A Giant Elm Over 400 Years Old.  
A monster elm stands on the Avery farm in Wayne County, N. Y., between Palmyra and Marion. Two feet above ground it measures 33 feet in circumference, and five feet above ground 20 feet 10 inches. It is six feet to the first limb. The body would contain five 12-foot logs, averaging 3250 feet the total amount of lumber in the body of the tree is 16,250 feet. It is estimated that there is sufficient lumber above the sawlog to make four cords of first quality wood. Taking one-half of the diameter of the tree three feet from the ground, which is forty-eight inches, and allowing each inch to represent ten years' growth, the age is found to be 480 years. Cut the inch boards the elm would cover two-fifths of an acre of ground. If cut into stove wood sixteen inches in length there would be sixty cords.  
Eighty years ago, when the farm was cleared, this tree was left as a landmark. It was then a giant among the forest trees.—New York Sun.