

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, Editor and Prop.

MIDDLEBURGH, PA., APRIL 24, 1890.

From Finland comes the news that the Czar of Russia is preparing to abolish the liberties of that country...

A general suspension of payments for one year has been found necessary in the Argentine Republic to allow the commercial and financial men to get over the results of the wild speculation in which they have been indulging of late.

Among the criminals "wanted" in New York city, on charges ranging from the confidence game to bank robbery, are fourteen men who have received college educations.

Two English army officers were recently killed while following the hounds, both being thrown by their horses refusing to jump a high fence...

Chinese officers draw pay according to the number of men serving under them. From time immemorial every officer has been permitted to lie to the number of ten men...

Small stockkeepers often complain of being ruined by the monster establishments which sell everything and monopolize the trade formerly shared by their minor neighbors.

Now that the new extradition treaty with Great Britain has gone into effect Canada will no longer be a safe asylum for embezzlers or swindling bank officers and agents from this country.

A dentist at Rockville, Me., has successfully replanted four teeth in a boy's mouth. The boy was taken to the dentist about eight hours after an accident, when the hemorrhage had ceased.

Attention is called to the extension of orange growing in California by the holding of the annual citrus fair. The product of the season recently ended is estimated at 3000 car loads of 250 boxes to the car...

The Philadelphia Ledger proposes to frighten Russia into a more speedy reform of her barbarous penal code by an international boycott against a country that treats its political prisoners far worse than moderately humane individuals would treat their nines and dogs.

The girl looked around like one who views the enchantments of a fairy palace. "Oh, mamma, how pretty you are!" said she, "and what a lovely room! Are you glad to see me, mamma, darling?"

AN OBSTINATE OLD MAN.

An old man lived all alone, all alone, And a jolly old man was he, He was ruddy and fat and sleek as a rat...

"Oh, ho! I'm a hearty and hale old man, Ah, ha! Such a sturdy and I would old man!"

Not a creak nor a child had he in the world, Though his coffers were full of gold, He had money in chest, in trousers, in vest...

"Oh, ho! I'm a likely and portly old man, Ah, ha! Such a merry and I would old man!"

His brothers were all and longed in vain, And for years I wear a scow, They would meet each day and pleasantly say...

"The old man is right at DeWitt's door," Then the first one shot and he in the seat, But he laughed and sang the merriest...

"Oh, ho! I'm a healthy and happy old man, Ah, ha! Such a vigorous and I would old man!"

Each night his neighbors and missus dreamt Of how rich they were going to grow, And they loved to hear, "We will never start...

"Oh, ho! I'm a hardy and stout old man, Ah, ha! Such a lusty and tough old man!"

And he's living yet all alone by himself, This man I am singing about, Oh, his eyes are bright, and his nose is bright...

"Oh, ho! I'm a healthy and well old man, Ah, ha! Such an obstinate, tough old man!"

—George Harton, in Chicago Herald.

HORSESHOE LUCK.

"Am I too old to think of a second marriage?" said Mrs. Blythe, looking wistfully into the glittering sheet of mirror that extended at the other side of the room...

Mrs. Blythe was a very pretty woman—not the best, but the full-blown rose—a plump, dimpled, peachy-checked matron...

"I shall never be such a fool as to marry again!" said Mrs. Blythe. For the Major had by no means been perfect...

But Algernon Vane was a really handsome fellow, and the pretty widow was but human, and she had scribbled "Rosamond Vane," "Mrs. Algernon Vane," over and over again in her blotting book...

"He likes me a little now," said the widow, "and I'm determined he shall like me a good deal more. I'm tired of this solitary life; I'm tired of counting every penny half a dozen times before I spend it..."

"Where did I see you, this money, child?" suddenly asked Uncle Joshua. "I—I borrowed it," confessed Lydia. "Don't ask me any more questions, uncle. I'll pay it back if I have to pick blackberries at four cents a quart all summer..."

"I hope that will give up this hoydenish business of scamping about on horseback, Lydia, after this," severely spoke Aunt Rebecca. "But, aunt, the old fortune-teller told me that my fortune would one day be made by a—"

"Please, ma'am," said the maid, "she wouldn't wait for me to take her card up." "Mamma, I'm Lydia!" cried the breathless apparition. "Little Liddy, mamma—don't you remember? Tell that hateful girl to go away! A card, indeed! Am I to send up cards to my own mother?"

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"Seventeen, mamma," confessed the culprit. "But aren't you going to give me the hundred dollars?" "I have not got a hundred cents!" impatiently cried Mrs. Blythe. "And if I had, I wouldn't give it to you, you naughty, ill-behaved, rumping—Yes, Matilda, tell Mrs. Dappleton Ames that I shall be down directly, and bring some tea and luncheon for Miss Blythe before the next train goes."

But when Mrs. Dappleton Ames had finished her call, and Mrs. Blythe came back, the bird had flown. Lydia, deeply wounded and resentful, had promptly returned to Shady Plains. "That old gipsy must have been a humbug, after all," thought the despairing girl. "Oh, what shall I say to Uncle Joshua? Why was mamma so cold and cruel to me? Oh, dear, I am very, very unhappy!"

"Steady Plains!" shouted the conductor. And as Lydia crept sorrowfully out of the train, something bright, like a fallen drop of dew, scintillated on the floor at her feet. She stooped to pick it up. It was a diamond scorpion in the shape of a horse-shoe.

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"Is it worth a great deal of money?" asked Lydia, lifting her sea-blue eyes to his face. "About a hundred dollars, I suppose." "I wish it was mine," said Lydia, with a long sigh, as if she were thinking aloud.

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HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

CHICKEN IN JELLY.

Put a fowl on to boil in cold water enough to cover it, add salt and pepper and a saltspoonful of sage, allow it to cook until all the bones can be easily removed, reduce the liquor to a little less than a quart, strain it, and when cold remove all the fat. Cut the white meat into strips and the dark meat into dice-like pieces, boil three or four eggs hard and slice them thin, dissolve one-half a package of gelatine in one cupful of cold water, heat the broth and add the gelatine with a saltspoonful of mace. Place strips and dice of the meat in a mold and a layer of egg slices, with a good supply of capers sprinkled over; let the broth become nearly cold, then strain it over the chicken, and place the mold where it will become thoroughly cold. This is an attractive dish. Serve, cut in slices, dip the mold lightly into hot water in order to remove the contents well.—American Cultivator.

SPINACH.

There is only one way known of cooking spinach in this country. That is boiling it in an abundance of water. The French have a number of ways. They serve spinach in a delightful cream soup, and a la creme as a vegetable, a manner of serving entirely unknown to us. As a rule, greens of all kinds are cooked too much in this country. Tender, young spinach will cook in ten minutes if it is plunged into boiling water; twenty minutes is long enough to cook older, tougher greens. The addition of one-part of tender, young dandelion leaves to a peck of spinach leaves gives a pleasant and wholesome bitter flavor to the dish. Only the inner heart leaves of the dandelion should be selected for this purpose. After cooking and draining spinach leaves the French cook pours cold water over them to freshen them and brighten their color. After this they are again drained and heated up, with a little butter and half a cup of cream or rich milk and well-seasoned, and are then spinach a la creme. They may be eaten simply with butter, or if heated in stock instead of cream, in the American way with vinegar. A wreath of slices of hard-boiled eggs served around a mound of spinach adds to its appearance and is an addition to the flavor of the dish.

A spinach soup is almost as good as the sorrel soup of the French, which is dignified by the name of "soup a la boume femme," or good woman's soup. For a spinach soup cook a quart of tender spinach for ten minutes in boiling water. Drain it; throw it into cold water and drain again. Chop it fine with a knife and press it through a puree sieve. Take this strained spinach and add to it three pints of white stock heated to the boiling point; add two tablespoonfuls of flour mixed in a tablespoonful of butter and stir the soup constantly till it boils. When it has cooked ten minutes, add two pats or tablespoonfuls of butter, and a cup of cream, in which the yolks of two eggs have been beaten. Remove the soup to the back of the stove before adding the cream and eggs, and serve it with little squares of toasted bread in the tureen.—New York Tribune.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

The best liquid for cleaning old brass is a solution of oxalic acid. A damp cloth dipped in common soda will brighten tinware easily. Glaze bottom crust of fruit pies with white of an egg, and they will not be soggy.

A wash of equal parts of glycerine and lactic acid will remove moth and freckles from the face. The mending of kid gloves shows far less if done with cotton thread than it does if done with silk.

To iron a silk hat: Holding the hat in the left hand, pass a warm iron quickly around, following the lay of the nap. If a dish gets burnt in using, do not scrape it; put a little water and ashes in it and let it get warm. It will come off nicely.

Iron and polished steel, when not in use, may be kept from rusting by wiping with a cloth on which a little kerosene has been poured.

Paint stains that are dry and old may be removed from cotton or woolen goods with chloroform. First cover the spot with olive oil or butter.

When giving the final polish to stoves, before putting away for the summer, mix the blacking with a little kerosene instead of water, to prevent rust.

To clean bottles, put into them some kernels of corn and a tablespoonful of ashes, fill them with water, and after a vigorous shaking and rinsing you will find the bottles as good as new.

Saturate the edges of carpets with a strong solution of alum water, to destroy moths; if an unpainted floor, wash the floor with it before putting down the carpet. Do the same to shelves where black ants appear.

Hyposulphite of soda is recommended for cleansing tarnished silverware. It is applied simply with a cloth or brush dipped into a saturated solution of the salt, no powder of any kind being necessary. In two or three rubs all tannins are removed.

A heavy under-tablecloth of white cotton felt should always be used under the white damask. It throws out the pattern of the damask clearly and prevents the table from wearing the linen. Crocheted mats of heavy white cotton are the daintiest choice for ordinary use.

A little powdered potash thrown into rat holes will drive the rodents away that are so annoying in cellar or kitchen; cayenne pepper will have the same effect on rats and cockroaches, and a mouse will never gnaw through a piece of cotton sprinkled with cayenne, that is stuffed into his hole.

George Murray, a colored man of Baltimore, Md., is one hundred and fifteen years of age. He walks about and is in possession of all his faculties.

IN SLUMBER-LAND.

Here where God's angels are, Each shining as a star, White-winged and crowned with radiance immortal.

I breathe a wordless prayer, And then with head all bare Open the door and step across the portal.

The perfume of sweet flowers Makes faint the drowsy hours, O'er floor and walls the moon's white light creeps.

While in soft slumber shrouded, Their rosy arms entwined, Upon this bed two little souls are sleeping.

I know not what they dream, But by their smiles they seem Blissed with a vision beautiful and true.

Perennials all hand in hand They roam through fairy land Or sail o'er seas the stars gild with splendor.

Whites as a daily bloom, One face shines through the gloom The hair like sunset o'er the West's sober.

Red are the other's lips, His looks the dusk of sleep, Of leafy woods in days of brown October.

Oh, peacefully they rest, Within their snowy nest, The vagrant feet are quiet till day is long.

Their April byssant curls are blown, Flashed with the twilight prayers, And Love bows down to kiss their lips waking.

Ah, little lass and lad, Whose white souls never had A doubt, a fear, to make your light a factor.

So beautiful a grace, Brooks ever your cooling place, My heart must worship here as at an altar.

As one from Paradise, Turneth his longing eyes, Then leaves that heaven he had by a doubt.

As softly and as slow, I kiss sweet lips and so Back to the world, the cold hard world, without.

—Elmer S. Miller, in Centinel.

PITH AND POINT.

The men who work in the mint should be well off. They just can't make money.—Boston Courier.

It becomes second nature for an ampler man to do things in an off-hand way.—Junkies Gazette.

It is often the man who has the most confidence in his constitution that will soonest run it down.

"Come, Nellie, don't be a baby. Being won't mend your doll." "Well, mamma, will laughing?"

If you have a non-laying pullet, to hold of its neck and pullet. Then it lay—still.—Danville News.

"Well, Johnnie, do you enjoy going to school?" "It's pretty good fun like comin' home the best, though."

"Jinks—'Lend me a dollar!'" "Bless—'Till when?'" "Jinks—'Till you get it back again.'—Lawrence American.

"I don't like your friend Smith. He is always making eyes." "He helps it; it's his business. He's an oculician."—Bever.

"My dear child, what are you crying so for?" "Oh, dear! My father is gone and lost me, and I know my mother will scold him so when he gets home. The maiden fair had had a fall—But when a mouse leaped through the ceiling she jumped upon the table."—Yankee Blade.

"I just dote on your daughter," remarked young Goslin to Amy's mother. "Then I will supply the antidote," replied the old gentleman, raising his right foot.—Knox.

A lady wishes to know the best way of marking table linen. Blackberry is our choice, although a lady with gray dirt is highly esteemed by me.—New York News.

"Did you make much on your last deal?" "No; just \$700." "But thought that MacDollars gave you a pointer." "He did; but it proved to be a disappointment."—Murray's Weekly.

Mrs. Gazzam—"Mr. Jaysmith is a man of great penetration, even if he is inclined to be miserly." Gazzam—"Penetration! Oh, yes; everybody knows his penny traits."—Murray's Weekly.

"Is His Nibs in?" asked a man who had entered the office in search of the manager. "You should say, 'Are His Nibs in?' corrected a clerk who was studying