

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, Editor and Prop.

MIDDLEBURGH, PA., JANUARY 8, 1901.

Don Pedro's throne was recently sold at auction in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, for \$400.

"No vote, no fare" will hereafter be the rule of the street car in Washington. Congress has passed a law to this effect.

Mathematical honors multiply for women. Miss Julia Hopkinson, of Middlebury, Vermont, took honors in Greek and French at Middlebury University at the age of sixteen. Now, at the age of nineteen, in the examination for the clerical division of the Victoria civil service, with 197 competitors, the diligent young lady scores 492 marks out of a possible 500 in mathematics—the highest mark ever taken in such a competition. She goes to take her degree at M. A. and to study law.

Julio Mitre, a draper, sued Joanna Shapiro for \$3900 damages for a breach of promise of marriage. The action was brought in Glasgow, Scotland, and an award of \$498 has been obtained by the plaintiff. The defense admitted a breach of promise, but pleaded justification, because on a salary of \$344 a year the defendant could not support a wife. To the court it was said that the defendant always used the plaintiff's salary when she was considered as well-to-do, but she had never the contract withfully and should not be held responsible for the unpaid portion of the promise.

Commissioner Ruman of the Pension Bureau, recently submitted to the Secretary of the Interior for decision, a case involving the question whether a Confederate soldier who afterwards served in the Union Army is entitled to draw a pension under the act of June 27, 1890; and if he may draw a pension, whether he would be required to establish that the disability for which he makes his claim did not originate in the Confederate service. The case was referred to Assistant Secretary Binger, who ruled that the previous service in the Confederate Army did not enter into the question of pension. It is an exactly the same footing as all other Union soldiers.

The number of patents granted to women in this country, and in England since 1885 shows a great increase over previous years. It is particularly noticeable, however, the New York Tribune, that while American women fear right into the masculine atmosphere of mechanical and scientific research and invention, English women are mostly content with what is generally regarded by men as their own domain. While in America an inventor is a woman, in England she takes out a patent for an improved baking powder. At the same time the English law, although it is very small, is accompanied with the American one, which makes a difference of eight or ten times.

The London Press also gives the following as the fact values received by holders of British investments in the United States of America, as reported in the annual report for 1900, and 18 other American countries: \$725,000,000, South American railroad investments, \$299,000,000, in total \$1,024,000,000. U. S. with African mines \$97,000,000, and thus companies \$800,000,000. At the highest average paid this year the total value of these investments was \$1,177,000,000, and at the close of October 15, 1900, it had slipped to \$1,024,000,000, or been reduced about 15 per cent. Since then there has been further shrinkage. The total does not include an investment of \$500,000,000 in Argentina, an office holds the value of the present year.

John H. Morgan is the inventor of an instrument for testing water which is proving the scientific world. The reason is that since the invention was first made in 1898, and is now being used both in the United States and Europe. The inventor says that the instrument is a very simple one, and is made of brass and steel. It is used by dipping it into the water, and the instrument will show the amount of impurities in the water. The inventor says that the instrument is a very simple one, and is made of brass and steel. It is used by dipping it into the water, and the instrument will show the amount of impurities in the water. The inventor says that the instrument is a very simple one, and is made of brass and steel. It is used by dipping it into the water, and the instrument will show the amount of impurities in the water.

SUCCESS.

If to some theme 'tis thy intent to rise, Then must attend how best to raise thy lyre; Also will disdain thy well-picked notes in spare. Herein the secret of the triumph lies, When thou wouldst rear a creak of mighty skies. Advance but slowly as a growing tree. See well thy path, lest hasty action thee. Or like a flame thy ardour's impulse die. Proceed with hope, believe the goal in view. Let not mere failure prey upon thy heart. Great odds, remember, from small seeds arise. Though it be trivial, well perform thy part. And interweaving all thy labor's thread, Full compass of thy life into long years—'tis thus that comes the Deloit of the Great.

AN IDYL OF THE 'HT.'

It is some at the HT ranch. Four or five cowboys all glibly about, outside the stable house, waiting supper. The Mexican cook has just begun his frequent task, so a half hour must elapse before these Amos meet. Their ponies are turned into the wire pasture, then the Colored saddle-horse, astride the bay pale horse which surrounds the house, and it is evident that their riding is over for the day.

Why are they gloomy? Not a boy of them, says the man from Princeton, Tex. They have been partners and companions together, and the HT ranchmen, though from different parts of the country, are all of the same understanding or class. The man from Princeton has been here for some time, and has been the cause of much trouble for the HT ranchmen.

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"See here!" said Watkins in an exasperated tone—he was as vicious as Moore—"if you're platin' out for a war with me, don't fool 'round none for reasons, but just let 'er roll. Come a-runnin', an' don't bother none with ceremony." "A man don't have to have no reasons for crawlin' you none," said Moore. "You're fair game, you are. Anyone's licensed to chase you 'round jest for fun an' exercise."

"You can gamble," said Watkins, confidently, "any man as chases me 'round me' will get fat at, none whatever." "As you all seem to feel that way," said Moore, "I'll step out an' shoot with you right now." "Well, I'll share go you," said Watkins. They arose and stepped out at the door. It was gathering dark, but it was light enough to shoot by.

The other cowboys followed in silence. Not one said a word in comment or interference. They were grave and serious, but passive. It is not good form to interfere with other people's duels in the Southwest. The pretty girl was still sitting on the porch, watching the fight, whether onlooker or principal, felt inspired with a liking, pleased anticipation of the fight to be soon set flowing. Nothing was said of distance. They separated to about forty paces and turned to face each other. Each wore his "rough" 45. The heavily buckled letting it fall down on the right hip. Look three times his big lateral stood at attention, with his thumbs caught in the pistol belt.

"Still you give the work, or me?" said Moore. "You give it," said Watkins. "I'll be a found passage in American history if you get your artillery to the front any sooner than I do, then." "Do you really," asked Moore. "Shore." "The range." "Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!" went both pistols together, and with a resplendent flash, Moore got a severe wound in his left shoulder—a mere wound to the flesh—and Watkins fell with a bullet in his side. Rawlins, the range boss, came running out. He understood all of a look. Hastily examining Moore he discovered that his hurt was nothing serious. The others carried Watkins into the house.

"Take my pony, saddle at the fence, Jack," said Rawlins, "and pull your freight. This yere man's goin' to die." "Which I shoudly hope he does," said Jack Moore, bitterly. "I'll go, though; I ain't got no use for none of those yere horse-thieves around the HT." "So he took Rawlins's pony, and when he stopped riding in the morning it was ascertained that the poor pony hung his head dejectedly, while his flanks steamed and quivered. He was almost 100 miles from his last room, and cooled his nervous muzzle as he took his morning drink in the Rio Pecos, a stream far to the east of the HT.

"Some smiting scrape about their saddles, Moore that's all." So reported Rawlins to the pretty girl. "Isn't it horrible?" murmured the pretty girl, in reply. "The next morning the pretty girl and her maid and a twisted maid paid the injured Watkins a visit. This sight saddened the other three cowboys that they were called and rode away to the northwest to work some cattle on the Rio Mesa. They intended to be gone three months. They looked black and dejected as they galloped away. "It's a pity Jack Moore ain't no better pistol shot," said one, as the picture of the pretty girl visiting the wounded Watkins was in his mind. "That's whatever," assented the others. "The pretty girl was full of sympathy for the stricken Watkins. It appeared to her, too, that his profile was clear and handsome. He was certainly very pale and this showed the depths of her feminine nature. She and her maid came to see the cowboy every day. Once, the pretty girl said she would bring him a book to read and while away the hours, which seemed staid with lead. "I can't read," said Watkins, in a tone of dejected shame. "I never learned. I should like to read, too, but there's no one to teach me. So that settles that," and the maid expressed a deep sigh. Watkins had. It was he who was the Princeton man.

So the pretty girl came every day and gave Watkins a reading lesson, while the maid read a book and watched them through the open door. "By the way," said Watkins one day, "where's Moore?" "Why?" asked the range boss, to whom the question was put. "You ain't him," said Watkins, his eyes beginning to gather rage. "That when I get out, I'll be lookin' for him with something besides a field glass." "Well, no," said the pretty girl, rising and avoiding toward her coach. Her tone showed disturbance and fear at the thought. As he gazed at her the look changed in his eyes. Hate for Moore gave place to something else. "No," he said at last. "Tell him it's all right, Rawlins." The pretty girl thought him very noble. Watkins was out in five weeks and could go about the ranch. One night Rawlins thought he heard a pony in the yard and arose to remedy the matter. As he stepped out a couple pushed him in the moonlight. It was Watkins and the pretty girl. The cattle area was round her.—Kansas City Times.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

CLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMINE READERS.

A RECRUIT WITH A TITLE. The Salvation Army in Berlin has found a new and unique recruit in the Baroness Margarethe von Lilienkrantz. She is beautiful, and only thirty years old. She is the daughter of a Swedish knight and the widow of a Swedish captain. Before her conversion to the principles of the army she led a gay life in St. Petersburg, Stockholm and Berlin society. The Salvation Army has not, however, as the conversion of the Baroness might indicate, had a very easy task trying to "trench the sinners of the Babylon on the Spree."—New York Star.

A FAMOUS COLLECTION OF RINGS. Mrs. William Astor's collection of rings is the most famous in this country. She has bought many of the old French jewels and has several of the rings belonging to the Empress Eugenie. One is the noted "Napoleon ring," which represents a lily in diamonds with drops of dew upon the petals. The dewdrops are pearls and the petals are diamonds. Another is of turquoise, band and setting, the band forming leaves in a wreath and coming up in the center to the shape of one large forget-me-not. She also has a snake ring which came from Egypt. It is constructed of fine gold wire, which entwines and moves as if alive, each scale of the snake's back is a tiny wire on which is a ruby, an emerald and an amethyst. The effect is marvelous.

A WOMAN LOOKSMITH. A novelty up town is a woman locksmith who has worked at the trade so long that she is able to perform satisfactorily all of the lighter duties of the work. Her husband, who has a store for plumbers' supplies over on Sixth avenue, has been crippled by inflammation of the knee, and is not able to walk more than a block or two at a time. It has been coming on him gradually, and with every recurrent attack he has doubled his exertions as a tutor, until his wife can now fit a key to a lock, frank or door, or attend to any of the other duties of the work as well as a man. She is an active little woman, on the wrong side of forty, and extremely ambitious in a mechanical way. She said a few days since that she had made so many friends among the people in whose houses she had worked in the neighborhood that she had now a special line of custom which nobody could take away from her. "At least," she said, "no man can take it away from me. Perhaps if there was another woman locksmith I might be in danger."—New York Sun.

TO PROVIDE for the very general fashion of wearing fur bands upon the costume, there are certain new woven textiles which bear a close resemblance to fur. There are productions of the loom so like the expensive Persian lamb skin that an expert alone could tell the difference. Gray kidder and black astrakhan are like very admirably copied, new productions in these imitations being displayed recently. These imitations in soft silky wool are really a better taste than the best of cheap feather bands and inferior skins indifferently dyed to imitate more expensive fur. For instance, "blue fox," which is sold for a genuine blue fox is made only on scraps of great value, but many women walk abroad in the dreadful imitation of "blue fox"—a dyed fur and a dyed blue that would scare any fox who saw it. Of course blue fox is not blue at all. "It is so-called because it isn't," a wise furrier once explained. Few people know the fur when they see it, or have the least idea of its actual value, and as it is neither valuable nor soft, its price when given is invariably proportionate of equal value.—New York Post.

AT BARRIZ, a favorite French bathing place on the Bay of Biscay, the principal morning recreation for visitors is watching the groups of idlers waiting for the return of the boats on the sands below. Some were moving about; some half lying or sitting on the rocks and sands; most of them knitting, their brown fingers moving deftly, while their eyes now and then were eagerly strained seaward, watching for the first speck of the boat's head to appear. They were very handsome women in a strong, muscular way. Their hair, feet, bronzed and roughened as they were, would have served a sculptor admirably, and the richness of limb, strong waists and shoulders and free play of the arms showed how little trace of physical weakness they or their ancestry knew. The women, young and old, were dressed in short, dark skirts and loose, short-sleeved blouses. On their heads they wore the usual gay bandanas. Now and then a brown old face looked out from the handkerchief knotted under the chin, but chiefly the bit of colored linen was wound about the back of the head, and frequently fastened by long brass or silver pins.—New York Journal.

AGAINST RITTOEN TYRANNY. No more will the aristocratic ladies of Evanston, Ill., be dominated over by those tyrants of the kitchen—the servant girls. The ladies of Evanston, or some of them at least, have an arrangement which they think beats the servant girl all hollow. Last summer a dozen or more of them put their heads together and mapped out a scheme whereby they could rid themselves of what they deemed a universal nuisance. The Evanston Co-operative Housekeeping Association is the outcome of that summer conference, and already the kitchen girls of the pretty northern suburb have begun to migrate. The association roll contains the names of the heads of fifty families. It is not to be considered an uprising of the aristocracy, but simply the

association of fifty families who wished to be freed from the kitchen tyrants, of whom they had begun to have great horror. The co-operative concern will serve three meals each day, or as many more as are desired, to the subscribers to the associations articles, and will also remove from each subscriber's house the dreaded inconvenience of a wash day. The temporary building is a two-story and basement affair and is fitted throughout with the most modern and complete kitchen and laundry utensils. The whole enterprise is in charge of Harry L. Grau, until recently at the head of the "Trois Freres Provencaux," a famous Paris restaurant. The laundry department is to be operated by persons thoroughly familiar with that branch of the housekeeping art. The kitchen is furnished with a massive and specially manufactured cooking range and an ice chest, steaming tables and all that is needed. The plan of operation is this: The subscribers may order in advance the meals they choose to eat and then the stuff is cooked at the general kitchen and served to the different houses in "Norwegian kitchens." A "Norwegian kitchen" is a galvanized iron box divided into four compartments and capable of holding in an outer compartment enough hot water to keep a meal warm for three-quarters of an hour. The laundry will be collected on different days and done up in the highest style of the art. In this way the Evanston ladies will be able to dispense with their kitchen girls. The housemaids and coachmen will remain.—Chicago Herald.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

A POT ROAST OF BEEF BRISKET. For a pot roast the brisket of beef which sells for five cents a pound is generally used. Brown it on all sides in a hot frying pan over the fire, then put in a kettle with a close lid, add one pint of boiling water and cook slowly fifteen minutes (after it begins to boil) for ever, pound. Do not add any more water. Season with salt and pepper to taste when the meat is half done. Make a brown sauce of the fat left in the pot after the meat is cooked.—New York World.

CREAM OF RICE. Pearl barley, cracked wheat, sago or rice can be used for this soup; either is to be picked over, washed in cold water, put over the fire in a thick saucepan which cannot burn and boiled long enough to reduce it to soup, with milk and water; as the grain softens it may be heated to a pulp with a fork, or rubbed through a colander with a potato-masher, the object being to make a soft, smooth paste of the cereal preferred; sufficient time should be allowed for boiling to accomplish this result, as without it the soup would be a failure. To this pulp add enough hot milk to make a creamy soup; season it with salt, pepper and the least grating of a nutmeg, and serve it hot. This is a very good breakfast for invalids and children, or for supper when the day's work has not been hard. A few raisins improve it as a supper porridge.—Housewife.

SAFETY ALMONDS. This method of salting almonds has proved perfectly successful: Select Jordan almonds—the paper-shell almond is not rich enough or large enough for this purpose. Blanch them. This is done by throwing them into boiling water for two minutes, then into cold water and rubbing the skins off with a rough towel or the hands. Rub them well and dry them. For every pint of nuts add two tablespoonfuls of the best olive oil. Stir the almonds in the oil and let them stand two or three hours, then add two tablespoonfuls of salt, and set them in a clean tin baking dish in the oven, stirring them every five minutes till they are crisp and brown. It will take about twenty minutes. Serve them in the prettiest small shallow dishes of porcelain or silver that you have. The new dishes to hold salted almonds are of bon-bons for the table are made with open-work or pierced borders.—New York Tribune.

QUINCES IN PLACE OF APPLES. Quince marmalade, in good generous stone jars, will take the place of apple sauce to a very considerable extent. Baked quinces make a good relish, but quince pie may be failed as a discovery. There are two good ways of making it, and either makes a fine pie. One way is to rub the quinces thoroughly with a soft cloth, but do not pare them. Have and remove the cores, then slice them very thin and then sprinkle rather liberally with granulated sugar. Bake between two crusts in a moderate oven. As with apple pie, cream is a luxury. Another is to pare and core the quinces and stew gently with a little water until thoroughly cooked. Sift the sugar and colander and add half the quantity of sugar. Bake in one crust of rich crust; when almost done cover with a meringue made of the well beaten whites of four eggs and four to six large tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar. This makes a hat of some and a delicious pie.—Country Gentleman.

HAIR COMBS of Spanish style, either of gold, silver or tortoise, are to be worn by women this season, as was the fashion many years ago. Variety in the style of shoulder capes is infinite. Any kind of material "goes," and each and every woman believes her cape the fashion. The smallest toque yet invented is made of two rows of jet beads and a cluster of black feather pou-pous and a bow of pink ribbon. Among the most recent productions in deposit work is a coffee set of eggshell china in pale sea-shell pink, with engraved silver exterior. There seems to be a new way of arranging the black crape mourning veil that is not worn over the face. The art is exclusive with milliners. Originality of design is shown in a scarf-pin representing a three-armed railway-signal post. Two rubies and a diamond simulate the signal-lamps. By order of the Prince of Wales, whose word means law in the English social world, dinner, which for the last few years has gradually been advancing toward 8 o'clock, is now to be served at 8. A Louis XVI. dinner set, in which the various pieces are exquisitely engraved with mythological devices, with simulated frames of pure silver in figure, is a rare and beautiful specimen of the silversmith's art. Small muffs for evening wear have been received in Paris. They are made in shades to match the gown, and are suspended by a gold snake chain which goes around the neck. They are of little use except as a means of showing off jewelry and lace. It may interest the slim-handed American ladies to know that no glove smaller than a 6 is kept in the ladies' stock in London stores. The favorite sizes in New York, 5 and 5 1/2, are relegated to the misses' counter, there is so little demand for them by ladies. The fashion of narrow puffs around the armhole of the bodice is decidedly pretty upon slender women and children, and is also far more becoming to stout figures than the abnormally high-standing, distended leg-o'-mutton model. These puffs, pointed at the ends, which reach under the arms, are put on over the close sleeve after it is finished and adjusted.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS. A POT ROAST OF BEEF BRISKET. For a pot roast the brisket of beef which sells for five cents a pound is generally used. Brown it on all sides in a hot frying pan over the fire, then put in a kettle with a close lid, add one pint of boiling water and cook slowly fifteen minutes (after it begins to boil) for ever, pound. Do not add any more water. Season with salt and pepper to taste when the meat is half done. Make a brown sauce of the fat left in the pot after the meat is cooked.—New York World.

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