

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

W. H. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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A few years ago, American-made violins were hooted at and called fiddles.

The discovery of a new chemical compound for the reduction of refractory ores promises, announces the St. Louis Star-Sayings, to materially increase the output and consequently lower the price of silver.

The Baltimore American thinks it has found a way of restoring baseball to the confidence of the American people. It remarks that the only way to elevate the game and make it once more popular is to weed out from the ranks of the players all men who are a disgrace to it.

The Scientific Commission appointed to select a site for a new capital for Brazil, consists of five civil engineers, two astronomers, a naturalist and an expert in hygiene.

In his great speech in the German Reichstag in opposition to the Army bill Eugen Richter made the striking statement that already the German laborer has to work a month and a half to enable him to pay his share of the cost of the army and navy.

Perhaps one reason why the recent Chilean loan was so quickly taken in the European markets, suggests the New York Post, "was that it was designed, in large part, to enable the Chilean currency to be put on a gold basis.

On the Island of St. Helena they have taken up the silk worm industry, and are pushing it with great energy, learns the Boston Transcript.

The venerable Academician, Jules Simon, has in a recent article in the Paris Temps discussed the alarming fact of the threatening depopulation of France.

Rabbits were first introduced into Australia by a Melbourne squatter, who thought a pair of them would remind him of the old country.

SWEETEN LIFE WITH KISSES.

A good-bye kiss is a little thing, with your hand on the door to go. But it takes the venom out of the sting of a thoughtless word or a cruel ding.

THE SAVINGS BANK.

BY BERTHOLD BRENNER.



I don't know that I love my father and mother in my infancy, and that I had not a relative in the world.

ter was, on the other hand, a grave, reserved man, so that a very few words from him were important. When for the first time he paid me a week's wages, he said: "Peter, you do not need more than half of what is due you; the other half I will set aside for the savings bank."

Would that I had continued to talk alone to myself! But I soon confided in a companion from the Palatinate, and whom for that reason we called the Palatin.

Very good," I answered, "but who will give us the money to make the voyage?" "Haven't you your bank book?" "You called it a trifle yourself."

body could detect the least falsification in these words, and the great register was buried. We returned to bed. I already saw myself across the ocean, picking up nuggets of gold.

On Christmas Eve, Counselor Menninger's servant came running to our workshop. I was in the door-way. She said she had come for me, and that I must go at once with my tools to her master's house.

"My father was a locksmith," said she. "St. Peter is our patron, and for many people the key to Paradise is the key to their money-box."

Catherine stepped to the door and called her master; but no sooner had he glanced at the basket than he rudely seized my hand, saying: "The brooch with the large diamond in the centre is gone!"

And seeing this honest maiden outraged by such odious suspicions, I yielded myself to his hands. But I never can tell what I felt at that moment. I felt no longer like a man, or even a slave, but like some vile animal.

I thought often to see Catherine, but seldom successfully. She was afraid that, if we were seen together, it would cause fresh suspicion. One day, however, she met me with a joyful expression and said: "God be thanked! We are now completely justified. My master's sister has written him that she forgot to put the brooch into the basket."

I entered the counting room. Counselor Menninger was there. At first I was frightened, and then the sight of him gave me new courage. He was the man who had insulted me.

very monotonous ticking of the clock. My heart knocked hard against my side. "You have been very economical," said the counselor. "Will you have coin or paper?"

The York telescope, which will be the largest in the world, will be made by the firm of Warner & Swasey, of Cleveland, Ohio, the builders of the great Lick telescope, the contract being just made.

The driving clock, which is to automatically move this immense tube with a motion corresponding to the exact apparent motion of the star being observed, will weigh one ton.

"Convicted by the Mule." "One day last summer one of our boy mule drivers asked me to let him and the other boys of the next day so that they could go to a game of baseball."

"What plant we in the apple tree? Fruits that shall swell in sunny June. And redden in the August moon. And drop, when gentle airs come by, That fan the blue September sky."

It is conceded that there is no fruit in this country, writes M. J. Ashton in the New York Observer, which can be cooked in so many different ways as the apple.

Peel Baked Apples—Select medium sized tart apples, peel and take out the core, but leave the apple whole, fill a new tin with the apples, then fill the cavities with sugar, place in a quick oven and bake, remove from the tin as soon as done; serve in individual dishes.

The King Praised the Soup. The King of Sweden popped in the other day at the Sailors' Home at Stockholm just as dinner was being served up, and asked the permission of the sailors to be their guest, which, with great condescension, they consented to.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

KEEPING JUICE IN PIES.

To prevent the juice from pies running over, thrust little funnels of white paper into the cuts on top, through which the steam may escape and the juice boil up, and then run back into the pie again when it stops cooking.—New York Journal.

WASHING OILCLOTHS.

The old-fashioned rule was to wash oilcloths off with equal parts of skim milk and water to insure them being bright and preserving the varnish. The best way is now to put two tablespoonfuls of kerosene into the water used in wiping the oilcloth.

MEMORANDUM PRAYED LINES.

Clean, whole linen is often a mark of the real gentleman, as distinguished from the imitation article that is so unpleasantly numerous. Train your boys to be careful in this respect, mothers, if you want them to be a credit to your bringing up.

Never wash a steak if it can be avoided. This advice does not meet with the approbation of some cooks, but these neat bodies are very careful if the meat is given a drenching to wipe it perfectly dry before cooking.

BRUISING A STEAK.

Watch it carefully, and turn so dexterously that it will not smoke or scorch. Ten minutes is all that is needed for a rare broil. Take a keen blade and cut into the thickest part.

What we never forget the speech made by Wm. Taylor on Africa, which made him bishop of that continent. The General Conference had debated itself dry on the subject.

A BASKET OF APPLES.

Coddled Apples—Select smooth tart apples, when they are about two-thirds grown. Wipe clean and cut the blots out, leaving stems on, make a syrup of sugar and water in proportion of two cupfuls of water, to one and one-half cupfuls of sugar.

Apples Cooked in Syrup—Peel, quarter and core, place in a quick oven and bake, remove from the tin as soon as done; serve in individual dishes.

The well-known editor of the Philadelphia Ledger, Geo. W. Childs, who, by the way, does not publish a Sunday edition of his paper, gives excellent advice to young men as follows: "Would you learn the lesson of success? Here it is in three words. Work, temperance, industry. Temperance, Frugality. Besides these, I have had during my long career the following mottoes: 'Be kind, 'Keep out of debt,' 'Do not be stingy and leave the rest.'"

RELIGIOUS READING.

A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE.

I lately read a pathetic article depicting the last days of a man who, living in a married son's family, had not been unkindly to him, yet they all had their business, their pleasure, their friends, and the old man was meekly and spiritually gone.

We commiserate the dearth of such an old age and do not remind ourselves that it may be the natural outcome of the son's lonesome childhood. There is a similarity between the condition of little children and that of old men and women. At both ends of life there is need of sympathy, help, a soothing, brooding kindness. The child is going to take hold of life, the old man is letting go.

What traveler has not seen in the cars a group of bright, eager, curious children anxious to be told about this or that on the way? The mother is making the house, and the father is making the home. The mother's mind is absorbed with thoughts of business, of gain or loss, with far-reaching plans, it may be with grudges or hurts. The approach of the little intelligence asking to be admitted to mingle itself with the father's mind is felt to be an intrusion, a disturbance.

Walking through a forest a gentleman saw a grand old tree which had fallen across the path. The tree appeared strong and sound; there had been no wind or storm. Why had the tree fallen? He looked at the stock, and found that the "hol" horns were eaten out by decay. For scores, perhaps for hundreds of years that process of decay had gone on, and though the outside seemed firm and strong yet the inward life of the tree was gone, and it had fallen without stress or strain, let by its own weight.

There is a solemn lesson here. That lesson is the importance of the inner life. If that tree had been strong within, men might have hacked and chopped it till a large portion of it had been cut away, and still it would have repaired its own damage, and stood for generations; but when the heart and the trunk was rotten; when the inner vitality was eaten out, then was it ruined by a crash?

The man who goes down before the breath of temptation, who loses his soul, and makes us fear that humanity is rotten to the core, are men whose hearts for a long time have not been right in the light of God. They may have lived correct lives, they may have put forth fair pretensions and professional reputations, but they are rotting within, and at last the sudden destruction comes. "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." (Eccles. 10:12)

We will never forget the speech made by Wm. Taylor on Africa, which made him bishop of that continent. The General Conference had debated itself dry on the subject. It was his way, and he was there, he was elected to that field. At length Brother Taylor spoke. He described the man Africa needed, one who could adapt himself to the country, the people, the work to be done. Then, swinging his arm around in a grand circle of bishops seated on the platform, he said: "None of these gentlemen would do. And let me give the reasons why. 'There are no parlor-car fares here—the nearest approach to them being ex-cats. There are no fine Episcopal residences there—even a razor is sometimes a luxury. There are no hotels or homes of wealthy laymen to welcome even a chief officer of the great Methodist Episcopal Church.' And so on. He said a great deal more, but his point was plain, and he presented the case clearly to all present. Of course his speech brought down the house. But it also brought it up to the point of seeing that the man who had made it was the only man in the church on whom it could bestow the greatest honor it had to give, that of opening up the door of Africa to Methodism. And so William Taylor was made bishop of Africa.

When he was yet a young man, and he but a boy, we heard him sing with a fervor inspired by faith: "O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When I shall lay my armor by. And rest in peace at home!"

For a third of a century since, at God's call, and with brave Annie Taylor's consent, he has been wandering through the four quarters of the globe, singing the same song of faith and hope. —(Baltimore Methodist.)