

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, EDITOR AND PROP.

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Our "mitta of the sea" now num bers about 1000 men.

The Government, since 1890, has lost on its purchases of silver for coinage \$10,000,000.

Chauncey M. Depew is authority for the statement that a man forms few friendships after the age of forty and none at all after fifty.

The Welsh coal people are disappointed to find that the trans-Atlantic record-breaking steamer, the Campania, on her late brilliant trip, used Virginia coal, not Welsh. They think that with Welsh coal she could make a five-days' passage.

General Lord Wolseley, before he would accept a British peerage stipulated that the title should descend to his only child, Frances Wolseley. The favor is one seldom granted to the English nobility, though there are a great number of Scotch and Irish peerages which descend in the female line.

For the feeding of London a little more than 323,983 tons of meat, poultry and general provisions were delivered last year from the public markets alone. This total was some 15,000 tons more than in any previous year. There was an increase of over ten per cent. in the supplies of American meat, 939,442 animals passed through one cattle market of the metropolis, and 141,130 through another, all going to supply the city with food. These figures, of course, only indicate a part of the supplies.

Doctor C. G. Magunibar, a distinguished native physician of Calcutta, India, has been in this country attending the World's Medical Congress in Chicago, where he read a paper on the practice of medicine among the ancient Hindus. He will pay what, according to the New York Tribune, some would consider a heavy price for his visit to America, as he will henceforth be debarred from social life among members of his own caste. This will in no wise interfere with the practice of his profession, but he may not break bread or sleep in the same house with any of his former associates, and any one who receives him will suffer the same penalty.

China is no longer the feeble Nation she was a few years ago. Professor W. A. P. Martin, of the Imperial College, says: "A European force which should attempt to capture Peking—a thing easily effected by the Anglo-French alliance in 1860—would have to reckon with a naval force stronger than that of the United States at present. Supposing that it should overcome the ships, it would encounter a chain of forts commanding every vulnerable point of the coast line and fitted with casemates, revolving turrets and all the most approved appliances for defense. It would find the shallow waters and inlets sown with torpedoes, some exploding by percussion and others by the electric spark discharged from a distant battery. On land the way would be further blocked by an army of 200,000 men more or less drilled in European discipline."

In this money making, money loving and money spending age, it is refreshing to the American Dairyman to learn that there is a people in the world who are not troubled with the perplexities that attend its use. This race of people live in the Government of Tiflis. They are called Chechures and number 7000 persons. Their unit of value is a cow. The world is indebted to the Imperial Geographical Society of Russia for a knowledge of their existence. The degree of civilization present in a community where there is no cash must be small, and yet the degree of happiness as they understand it may be correspondingly great. One wonders what incentive such people can have for effort in the absence of the pursuit of the mighty dollar. The query naturally arises, how does the publisher of their agricultural paper get paid for his subscriptions, and how does he meet his bills for paper, composition, press work, postage and editorial services. The more we think about it the greater our difficulty to understand a people who use no money in their dealings with each other.

The Output of Flour

The "Northwestern Miller," Minneapolis, in its weekly review says: The output of flour at the mills last week was only 131,286 barrels, averaging 22,219 barrels daily, against 159,754 barrels the week before, 147,260 barrels the corresponding time in 1892 and 139,265 barrels in 1891. The direct export shipments by the millers last week were only 49,520 barrels, against 79,935 barrels the preceding week.

A MISLAID CONTINENT.

Now let us run the list over, Of men preceding Christopher, Who came before Columbus came, that lag-gard dull and slow; Those early Buddhist missionaries, The rapt religious visionaries, Who thirteen hundred years ago discovered Mexico.

An Irishman named Brendan (The list is never ending) He crossed the Sea of Darkness, crossed the wild, untraveled main. He thought that he would try a land Some miles away from Ireland, So he, twelve hundred years ago, discovered us again.

Leif Ericson, the Norseman, A regular old sea-horseman, Who rode the waves like stallions, and couldn't endure the shore, Five hundred years thereafter Said to his wife in laughter: "It's time to go and find, my dear, America once more."

And so he went and found it, With the ocean all around it, And just where Brendan left it five hundred years before, And then he cried "Eureka" I'm a most successful seeker? And then—went off and lost it—couldn't find it any more.

They fought the sea, and crossed it, And found a world—and lost it— Those pre-Columbian voyagers were absent-minded men; Their minds were so preoccupied That when a continent they spied, They absent-mindedly mistook it and it couldn't be found again.

But Columbus when he found us Somehow kept his arm around us, For he knew he must be careful when he found a hemisphere; And he knew just how to use it, And he didn't misplace and lose it, And mislay it in a corner where it couldn't be found next year.

Like a pretty worthless booklet He didn't put it in his pocket And drop the New World through a hole that he'd forgot to mend; But he kept his eye upon it, And he kept his finger on it, And he kept his grip upon it and held on to it to the end.

—Sam Walter Foss, in Yankee Blade.

"Old Rags and Bottles."

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

TINKLE, tinkle, tinkle! It was no sound of sheep-bells on the Apennines, no chiming of the Angelus at twilight across empurpled vineyards and Pontine marshes, yet it had a cheery echo under the white-blossomed elderbushes and close to the old faith, even though it was only a string of bells stretched across a wagon and agitated by the jogg-jog of an ancient white horse, that was as blind as the little god of love, while a shrewd old man trudged beside him, guiding his devious way.

"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!" "Anything in my line to-day, squire?" asked Moses Milton, checking his march as he caught sight of Mr. Ralston gathering the early apricots from the sunny side of the wall. "Git out!" was the terse reply. "Rags?" snarled added Moses, stretching his neck to look at the red-cheeked beauties whose subtle fragrance filled the air. "Bottles? Old iron? Newspapers?"

"Git out, I say!" growled Ralston, never once glancing up from his occupation. "I ain't no time to bother." "No offence, I hope?" said the indomitably cheerful itinerant. "I seen an old wood-stove in the shed as I came by."

"Well, and if you did, what business was it of yours?" retorted Ralston. "Wal, none, not if you look at it that ar' way," said Moses. "But if so be as we could drive a trade—"

"We can't then, and there's an end on't," answered Ralston. And after one or two second's further waiting, Moses Minton chirruped to Old Gray, and once more the bells jangled merrily on the air indicative of a move.

"Strange how persistent them miserable creatures is," thought Farmer Ralston. "Strange how crabbed Simeon Ralston gets, as he gets older," meditated Moses. "If that ar's what money brings with it, I, for one, don't want to be rich. Get up, Old Gray."

Farther down the lane, however, where the ripening blackberries hung their knobs of jet on every bough and spray and the sound of a little brook somewhere in the distance made a dreamy gurgling, Moses Minton came across Mrs. Ralston, a fat, comfortable old dame, as unlike her husband as the motherly barn-door hen is unlike the gaunt, high-shouldered game cock.

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Ralston, "if I wasn't just a-thinking about you, Mose Minton?" "Was you, though?" chuckled the old man. "Anything in my line to-day? Woowoo, Gray! I saw 'ar to goodness" (as the old horse contentedly buried his nose in a green bank) "that there critter couldn't find out where the clover crumps grow no better, not if he had forty pair of eyes, inste'd of being stun-blind!"

"Me and Comfort, we was a-sayin'," contentedly purred on Mrs. Ralston, who was in full pursuit of a flock of lemon ducklings who were evading her guardianship in every direction, "that you hadn't been along in quite a spell. And the bag of mixed rags is quite full, and there's a lot of old numbers of the Missionary Review, and— But don't speak so loud. I kind o' don't want father to hear. he's so mortal set

ag'in' partin' with anything. It's kind o' second nature to him to hoard up things; and as he gets further on in years, he's more set in his ways than ever. Jest you come round the back door. He's out and Comfort is out, and now's a first-rate chance to get rid of the old wood stove as has been rustin' in the shed for a bull year."

Moses Minton's eyes twinkled. It was not the first time he had become an accessory to just such harmless domestic plots as this. "I'm at your orders, mum," said he. "And prices warn't never better for you nor wuss for me. Half a cent a pound is what we're agivin' for old iron now."

"Taint much," said Mrs. Ralston. "It's better than nothing," argued Moses. "And really, now, ain't it wuth that to get a lot of old truck out of the house?"

"Well, I dunno but what you're right," said Mrs. Ralston. And while Mr. Ralston was yet pulling out the ripest and deepest-colored of the apricots for an especial order for a dinner party at Doctor Jessup's on the hill, old Moses loaded up his cart with the rusty wood-stove in the center of the bags of rags and bundles of old newspapers and drove away, jingling his bells through the purple twilight to the infinite disgust of the gray horse who knew an Eden of clover and daisies when he found it and was correspondingly reluctant to leave it.

Presently Comfort Ralston came in; a tall, rosy girl with limpid brown eyes and luxuriant auburn locks pushed off her fair, freckled brow. "Am I late, mother?" said she. "But they kept me longer than I expected."

"La, child, no," Mrs. Ralston responded. "I hain't but just hung the kittle over. I'm sort o' behindhand to-night. Old Mose Minton has been here, but don't, for goodness sake, tell your father! And I've sold the rags, and all them old paper and the wood-stove out in the shed."

"Mother! The wood-stove?" "I got forty-five cents for it," said Mrs. Ralston. "And it wasn't no use to us, all rusting away there."

"Has he gone, mother?" "Your father? Why, no, he's busy with them apricots out by the orchard wall for—"

"N, I don't mean father, I mean Mose Minton! Has he gone?" "More than half an hour ago," said Mrs. Ralston, scooping the top out of a little jappaned tea-caddy with leisurely composure. Comfort turned red, then white. She made a step toward the door, but almost instantly checked the movement.

"It's no use," she said, to herself. "I must wait until to-morrow." The morrow's sun was well sloping on toward afternoon, when Mr. Ralston hurried into the kitchen where his wife was pricking plums to preserve, piercing each purple sphere with a "gentlest fork."

"Mother," said he, "be I gettin' blind as well as deaf, or be I losin' my senses? If I ain't, where's that old sheet-iron stove as used to be in the corner of the wood-house?"

Mrs. Ralston's guilty conscience sent the red in a hot flood to her cheeks. "That sheet-iron stove, Simeon?" said she. "Why—I sold it!" "Sold it?" shouted Ralston. "When? Why?"

"Yesterday afternoon," said the old lady. "To Mose Minton, as goes around with the rag-and-bottle wagon. It wasn't no use standin' there—and he gin me forty-five cents for it."

"Forty-five cents?" roared Ralston. "For—ty—five—cents!" And he rushed frantically out of the house. "Mercy on me!" said Mrs. Ralston. "Is father crazy?"

About that time, Mrs. Minton, the tall and gaunt helpmeet of the itinerant hero, was down in the cellar of her house, rooting in the ash-drawer of the identical wood-stove which her husband had bought yesterday; while Comfort Ralston, upstairs awaited the result of her investigations with a palpitating heart.

"Here it is!" said Mrs. Minton. "A flat packet of papers! And it's a good thing you thought of it afore Mose had carted it off!" "Quick! Give it to me!" fluttered Comfort, as she caught sight of her father's figure trudging up the lane. "Let me get away before father comes! Mind, Mrs. Minton, not a word of this to him!"

And away she ran, disappearing into the pine woods before Mrs. Minton could realize what it all meant. "Well, I never!" said Mrs. Minton. "Then it's true that she and Ben Blihl are engaged ag'in her father's wishes! And these is love-letters. Well, I do declare! Nobody needn't never tell me that there ain't no romance, even in the rag-and-bottle business!"

Then entered Mr. Ralston, panting and perspiring with the haste he had made. "Be you Mis' Minton?" was his curt address. "Yes, please, sir," said the old woman, smoothing her stiffly starched white apron. "Your husband bought a sheet-iron stove at our place yesterday—the Ralston farm—didn't he?"

"Yes, sir," a little timidly. "It's in his way of business, you know, sir." "Yes, I know. But there was a package of papers in the pipe-joint—"

"No, sir, it wa'n't," said Mrs. Minton, temporarily thrown off her guard. "It was in the ash-drawer, for—"

And then, remembering herself, she screwed her lips close together and grew very red. "Where is the stove?" ejaculated Ralston.

"Down cellar, sir," said Mrs. Minton. "Look for yourself. I'm sure I don't want nothin' to do with none of your papers!"

And down rushed Simeon. In half a minute he returned, evidently much relieved. "They were in the ash-drawer," said he, "and your husband must have changed 'em around! I declare, between meddlin' men and meddlin' women, I'm 'most ruined!"

"Dear me!" gasped Mrs. Minton, looking feebly after him as he strode away. "There ain't neither beginnin' nor end to all this fuss. What will Mose say when he comes home?"

Once safe in his own room at home, Mr. Ralston fitted on his spectacles and hurriedly opened the fateful package. "Faugh!" he cried, dropping it in dismay. "It's a pack o' love-letters! My own love! My dearest treasure! Yours until death! What are these? And where's my five United States bonds for a thousand dollars each?"

He was answered sooner than he had expected, for while the exclamations yet hovered on his lips, Comfort rushed in with clasped hands. "Father," she cried, "here is something that belongs to you! Some government bonds with your name on them! And, oh, where did you get Ben's letters?"

"Ben's letters, eh?" said the old man, a slow smile breaking over his face. "Well, here they be. A fair exchange ain't no robbery." "Father!"—the girl's head drooped on his shoulder, the tears sparkled in her eyes—"you know it all now. We love each other. We shall be wretched unless we can be united. Take back what you said, father. Do not forbid us to be happy, dear, dear father!"

"Well, well," said Ralston, ready to concede anything in the immense relief of recovering the treasures that had been well-nigh lost, "have it your own way, if the case is really so bad as that. Follis says Ben's business is lookin' up of late, and p'raps he'll make a decent sort o' husband for you yet."

"Oh, father! Oh, father!" "There, there, Comfort, don't squeeze me so everlastin' close," remonstrated the old farmer. "But it's sort o' queer, now, ain't it, that we should both hev' selected the same hidin'-place for our things, eh? Like an old raven and a young un, eh?"

And Comfort Ralston hastened joyfully to her mother to impart the glad tidings. "It never would have happened, mother, if you hadn't sold the old stove! Oh, you should have seen father's face!"

And ever afterward the sound of Moses Minton's jangling bells was music in Comfort Ralston's ears.—New York Ledger.

An Artist Helps a Fakir.

Usually stories regarding the personal characteristics of foreign actors precede their arrival in this country, but the general rule does not seem to have been observed in the case of George Grossmith, the London comedian, who recently returned to England after a brief engagement in the East. He left many friends and admirers in this country, and if half the stories now told of him are true he must be one of the kindest of men.

One is related by the Buffalo (N. Y.) Commercial of his being in an inn at a well-known seaside resort, one evening, when a forlorn traveling "reciter," of the type as pathetically well-known to England as to America, gave a so-called "entertainment" in the drawing room. Like some of its sort, it was woefully unentertaining, and when he passed around his shabby hat at its conclusion it was but to gather a linden harvest of half-pence. As, disheartened enough, the fakir was leaving the room, Grossmith, just entering, caught a glimpse of his downcast face and empty hat. Straightway grasping the situation, Grossmith signalled him with a gesture to remain, and taking his stand at the end of the room, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, as the next number on the programme, I will give you a humorous sketch;" and thereupon did so in his most inimitable style. Amid the rapturous applause which followed, he proceeded to pass around his hat, exactly as his predecessor had done. The situation was appreciated; silver, in coins of generous size, promptly weighed it down. Grossmith rejoined his humble fellow entertainer; the modish hat emptied itself into the shabby one. Over them Grossmith smiled his own sly, quaint smile; and "Well, we've done pretty well this evening, haven't we?" said he, and was off before one could say "thank you!"

Bears Killing Cattle.

One night last week a bear killed and carried off a veal belonging to Peter Ficker, and so badly crippled a yearling that it died the same day from the effects of the injury. An old cow was also pretty badly used up at the same time and carries evidence of bruin's claws. The stock were all in the pasture at the time the attack was made, and after the calf had been killed the bear carried it a distance of over a mile into a gulch overgrowing with undergrowth, where it was eaten.

It is said that bears are plentiful in the country above where the Grand Ronde empties into Snake River, and they can be seen at all times of the day along the banks of that stream. A prospector's camp was visited by bruin last Monday during the absence of the men and a quantity of bacon and sugar eaten and destroyed. The tracks in the sand show there must have been three bears.—Asotin (Washington) Sentinel.

New York Baby Boarders.

There are quite a number of women in New York who earn their living by taking in "baby boarders." These little tenants are anything but a burden to their foster parents, many of whom are widows or old maids who have passed the frivolous age and get a great deal of comfort out of a baby guest.



THE MOST FASHIONABLE BODICE.

The round-waisted bodice, whether plain, gathered or draped, is that most generally adopted, although short peaks are permitted when more becoming to the figure. Sleeves puffed up above the shoulders are now quite gone out of fashion; they are still ample in the upper part, but come sloping down from the shoulders, draped to the elbow, and then clinging to the wrists. This shape is more graceful than the balloon sleeve, which is still fashionable, but becoming only to very slight figures.—New York World.

A PORTIERE OF SHELLS.

A lady who spends her summers at the seaside has collected about a bushel, more or less, of small, almost flat, thin yellow shells, which abound at so many points on the coast. With these she this year fashioned a portiere that is novel and pretty beyond description. Each shell is pierced with a hot wire, and then strung on a delicate wire, so that the narrow end of one is next to the wide end of the other. A number of strings were made in this way long enough to reach from the floor to the curtain pole, where they were securely fastened to a strip of plantation cloth of the same shade as the shells. Through the fretwork above this curtain is draped a length of sea-green India silk, falling half way to the floor on the right side.

A less ambitious woman has made a curious scarf by sewing these shells in artistic confusion on either end of a length of Nile Green silk, putting here and there among them bits of golden brown seaweed. A fringe is made for each end by stringing shells on green embroidery silk instead of wire.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

FASHION NOTES.

Black roses are novelties in millinery. Shot moire antique dresses are latest. English coats of rain-proof cloth in great demand. Bluish violet shades are now the better in Paris than the reddish shades craze now here.

Belted waists, which the modistes call blouses, are part of many of the imported dresses. Paris is advocating flesh-colored gloves for evening wear in place of the pure white so long worn.

Dress nets, more popular than shirtings, in large meshes, have a dandy trimming in guipure effects. Black organdies have clusters of cherries, unripe blackberries and berries tossed gracefully on the black surfaces.

A favorite combination of color for evening dresses is white and orange yellow, the soft, rich tone of ripe nectarine. Shoulder ruffles seem to suffer a decrease in popularity as the season advances. They are used on almost all dresses of all materials.

Waists are inclined to be shorter as they are finished at the bottom, where a frill or soft folds of silk, adding enormous drooping sleeves. Parasols are shown in all sorts of pretty and graceful shapes. They follow the dresses in being of fluffy order, and are literally white with lace.

Linen tatting, in the new style and really beautiful patterns, make exceedingly pretty trimmings for morning dresses for both women and children. The hair at present is completely waved all over the head. Fashionable women whose hair waves naturally must betake themselves to curling iron.

The latest fad for weddings and little girls act as bridesmaids is that they should be dressed as flowers and carry wicker watering pots and twined with roses. English walking gloves to be worn with promenade costumes come in the cloth shades to match the shoes. Gloves for the street fasten across over the wrist by four or five buttons and are made with piquette seams.

The half-hoop rings are in use, and are sold in sets of from five to five; ruby, diamond, sapphires enameled ones are worn together, two rings of colored gems separated by a couple of diamond hoops. Lace is to be worn to an extent heretofore unheard of. To be stylishly fashionable, one may simply swathe itself so readily to the ruffly effect of waist trimmings of material.

A fine quality of ladies' cloth is now called habit cloth, is extremely popular material. It is in all the exquisite new shades, used not only for tailor-made costumes but for those that are much more elaborate. There are few fabrics that surpass moirai and alpaca in their distinguishing and admirable wearing qualities. These goods are now dried, great many of the new shades, look particularly effective in rose shot with gray, and reseda shading to pale golden russet.

When will we hear the last of absurd talk about hair-cloth? We may search for hours through the establishments and never find a pair of it in most approved dresses. Just why there should be so much about it is something that no one seems to understand.

The belt-and-girdle furor seems to have no limit. Fitted belts of material elaborately embroidered with beads and jewels, velvet folds and drapings, silk, satin, bengaline, ribbon, lace—there is no end to the material and combinations as foundations for these popular accessories.

HER COSTLY ROBE OF SPUN GLASS. Princess Eulalia, upon her return home, will introduce into the royal wardrobe of Europe a new and peculiar product of American invention. Her Highness, since arriving in this country, has seen many things for which admiration was expressed. While making a trip through cosmopolitan Midway Plaisance, at the World's Fair, her eyes rested upon an object which seems to have charmed her above all others. She made no hesitation in saying it delighted her when it was first presented to her view, and long after she left the plaisance thoughts of possessing a sample filled her mind. Next day her mind was made up to procure it at any cost, and negotiations were at once entered into for it.

This product of our genius which the royal lady has so signally honored by her wish for it is, of course, a dress. But it is a dress such as no other woman has yet worn, although one of a distinguished actress, had found it before her and had made arrangements for having one made. The dress is to be made of glass, and will be woven especially for the princess at the works on the plaisance. The material is made