

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. E. HARTER, Editor and Prop'r. MIDDLEBURGH, PA., AUG. 10, 1893.

Artistic coffins are nowadays made out of wood pulp.

Among the industries of the United States that of paper making now holds fifth place.

In the twenty years that have elapsed since the close of the Franco-Prussian war Europe has doubled her military strength.

Although worth \$35,000,000 at the time of his death, Leland Stanford borrowed money all his life, and said that he could have profitably used more.

A remarkable discovery has been made at Carrog, near Llangollen, Wales. While a number of workmen were carting stones from the bed of the river Dee, they discovered the remains of an ancient church, which was washed down by a heavy flood 300 years ago.

The scientific investigators at Munich claim to have discovered that Asiatic cholera is essentially a poisoning with nitric acid generated by Koch's comma bacilli. This is interesting. If we can't kill the bacilli, perhaps something can be devised to neutralize the poisonous acid.

The largest use of placards on record was prior to the Paris election in 1889. General Boulanger had 15,000 bill-stickers, who put up 45,000 daily, in all 900,000. In some places, when they were torn down after the election, there were found sixty layers of bills alternating with those of Boulanger's rival.

The collection of postage stamps has brought into existence a professional stamp repairer, who, for a small fee, dexteriously repairs mutilated stamps. His specialty is restoring the margin to envelope stamps that have been cut to shape, and have thus lost much of their philatelic value.

Mr. Dobbins writes to the Pittsburg Dispatch that the very objectionable bit of slang, "the wind blew through his whiskers," is not American at all. In fact, it was first used by an Englishman, one Dan Chaucer, who wrote the "Canterbury Tales." In the tale of "The Shipman" occurs this remarkable line, "With many a tempest had his beard been shaken."

The originator of the Concord grape is still living in Concord, Mass. He is Ephraim W. Bull, now eighty-seven years old, and one of the prominent men of the historic town. He was a friend of Emerson and Alcott, and has been greatly honored by distinguished visitors to Concord, and by horticulturists at home and abroad. In his garden at Concord he still shows the old mother vine of the Concord grape which he developed from the seed of a native wild grape planted just fifty years ago.

The conservative University of Virginia could not permit a woman to attend its lectures, observes the New York Telegram, but it did suffer Miss Caroline Preston Davis to stand its examinations in mathematics at the close of the year, and as she passed the whole course successfully the faculty bestowed on her the certificate of excellence and made her practically the first female graduate of the university. Dr. Thornton gave to the graduating class the privilege of conveying to her the honorary diploma and the boys did it with a yell.

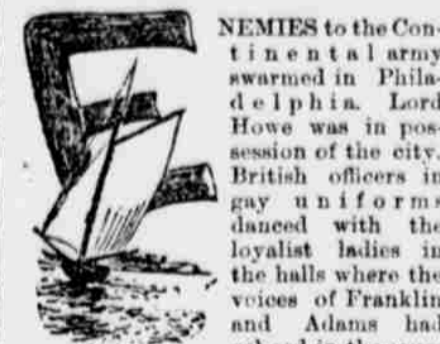
Says the New York Press: Four distinct invasions of the frozen mysteries of the Arctic region will be under way this year. Lieutenant Peary will endeavor to map the northern coast of Greenland and to investigate the archipelago which lies beyond. If conditions favor he may make a venturesome dash on sledges across the frozen sea toward the pole. The other American explorer, Gilder, will examine the movement of the magnetic pole. Two avowed attempts to reach the North Pole will be made, one by Doctor Nansen, of Norway, who proposes to drift with the ice in a craft especially designed to resist pressure from floes, and another by Mr. Jackson, whose effort to cross the ice on sledges assumes that there is no open Polar Sea, and is supported by the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain.

TWO BROTHERS named Hull went to New York to buy counterfeit money. They did not get any, of course, but the trip was not wholly fruitless. They shot a green-goods man, and this was something.

ONE AT A TIME.

One step at a time, and that well-placed, We reach the grandest height; One stroke at a time, earth's hidden stores Will slowly come to light; One seed at a time, and the forest grows; One drop at a time, and the river flows Into the boundless sea. One word at a time, and the greatest book Is written and is read; One stone at a time, a palace roars Aloft its stately head; One blow at a time, and the tree's cloth through. And a city will stand where the forest grew A few short years before. One foe at a time, and he subdued, And the conflict will be won; One grain at a time, and the sands of life Will slowly all be run. One minute, another, the hours fly; One day at a time, and our lives speed by Into eternity. One grain of knowledge, and that well stored, Another, and more on them; And as time rolls on your mind will shine With many a garnered gem Of thought and wisdom. And time will tell, "One thing at a time, and that done well," Is wisdom's proven rule.

A Valley Forge Sweetheart.



NEMIES to the Continental Army swarmed in Philadelphia. Lord Howe was in possession of the city. British officers in gay uniforms danced with the loyalist ladies in the halls where the voices of Franklin and Adams had echoed in the cause of freedom; men clad in tatters left bloody tracks with their bare feet as they moved from one hut to another among the snow drifts at Valley Forge. No man rejoiced more that the winter was severe and that the godlike heroes at Valley Forge were shoeless and starving than the rich Tory merchant, John McFarlane. He smiled the sentiment: "It pays to be loyal to the King." The night before Lord Howe had kissed the hand of his beautiful daughter, Dorothy, and had chosen her for his partner in the minut. There now stood before him a blushing young English baronet, the epaulets of a general upon his shoulders, who had just asked him for her hand. "It is a great prize you would rob me of, Sir Richard. Suppose I should say no," said Mr. McFarlane, enjoying the young man's suspense. "Then I should abide by your decision and bear it as best I could." "Well, Sir Richard, it is 'Yes.' And now does Dorothy know about your intentions?" "She does not. I thought it best to first obtain your consent." "Very proper, Sir Richard, very proper." And Mr. McFarlane called "Dorothy, Dorothy!" Dorothy heard and came at once. "I know your secret," her father began. Dorothy was astounded. It could not be that they had really discovered her secret. No, her father was looking too good-natured for that. "Father, will you please explain?" she asked. "Then, my daughter, Sir Richard wants to take you back to England with him when the rebels are whipped?" "I heard nothing of this, General Tarlequin," she said, turning to Sir Richard and bowing gravely. "No," put in Mr. McFarlane. "He thought to gain my permission first, Dorothy, which was very proper of him." "I prefer the American way of asking the woman concerned first," was the girl's half-defiant answer. "Then I will ask you," said the gallant Sir Richard. "Will you be my wife?" "You honor me, sir," she drew away from him a little—"but I must refuse." "What? What?" cried Mr. McFarlane. "What are you talking about, Dorothy?" There comes a time when a woman who has loved a man secretly, and he has returned her love, wishes to make it known to the whole world. For two years Dorothy had been in love; for two years she had kept her secret. She felt that the time had now come when she wished to tell them all that her heart was not her own. She wished her father to know it; she wished the proud young English officer to know it. To her it seemed almost sacrilege that any one should even ask for her hand when she was engaged to him. The color mounted to her face, and, throwing back her head, she said firmly: "I am engaged to an officer of the Continental Army." If the earth had opened before him Mr. McFarlane could not have been more surprised. As for Sir Richard, he bowed stiffly and said: "Miss McFarlane, I owe you an apology." Then he bowed again, this time to her father, who began in volcanic speech. "Sir Richard, I am ashamed of her; ashamed of her, sir. It's a joke of hers, Sir Richard. Ah! You leave her with me until to-morrow. I will arrange matters, Sir Richard." Sir Richard bowed once more. After he had gone Mr. McFarlane flew into a perfect passion. He denounced the Continental Army with all the oaths he could command. Dorothy made no answer. Finally he went off to his room yelling out threats of condign punishment on the way, and Dorothy went to hers where she threw herself upon her bed and cried as if her heart would break. It was after midnight when she slipped the brass bolt on the door. Mr. McFarlane's passion had meantime worn off until he slept peacefully. Dorothy found her way in the darkness to the kitchen, where she lighted a candle and sat down to wait. A soft rap at the door made her start and then brought a smile of expectation to her face. A moment later a stalwart young man held her in his arms. He looked little like the officer he was if one were to take the poor clothes he wore as a criterion of judgment, but the pale, earnest, firm face bespoke the soldier in no doubtful terms. "Did you think me a long time coming, my dear?" "I only feared they might capture you. All was right?" "Yes." He had braved the danger of being captured and hanged as a spy to spend an hour with the woman he loved. Six years before he had been one of the wealthiest of the young men of Philadelphia. Now his fortune was all gone for the cause of liberty. In silence he pressed his sweetheart close to him and lifting her face looked into it earnestly. Two hours had elapsed before she bade him go, lest daylight should still find him in the city. As she drew away from his embrace she took the little black bag lying upon the table and gave it to him. There were 200 gold sovereigns in the bag for the starving soldiers at Valley Forge. Once more he drew her into his arms and kissed away the tears that were in her eyes. There was a tramp of feet outside, the door was rudely opened, and a red-coated officer appeared at the door. "I apprehend you as a spy," he said gruffly. Behind the officer half a dozen bayonets glistened. "Come on, sir; I am at your service." He drew his sword out from under his faded coat and faced them with determination. General Washington was resting his head upon his hand and gazing at the fire and Mistress Washington was sewing a button on the General's great coat when Colonel Jeffries was announced. "So you are going to spend the night with the enemy, Colonel." "I am, sir," said the young man who stood before him, hat in hand, "and to-morrow night I shall return with something substantial." "I understand it is a woman who is helping you." "Yes, sir." "I must remind you that women are bad—"

At this Mistress Washington looked up in surprise. "General!" she said, warningly. "Some women, I mean, my dear," he continued as he reached across the table and took her hand in his own. "Women are the worst spies we have to deal with. I cannot let you go on this mission until I am sure that there is no danger." "There is none, sir," was the confident answer. "You may go," said Washington, after a moment's pause. "May you be successful." After the young man had passed out the General turned to his wife. "If it were not for the courage of such men as Colonel Jeffries I should almost cease to hope." Jeffries had no intention of being captured alive. He had raised his saber to strike at the officer and the muzzles of the guns were pointed at his face. The officer now spoke in a conciliatory tone. "We will take you before the General. If nothing incriminating is found upon you we can at the most only hold you as a prisoner." "I am no spy; but I prefer death to imprisonment." Dorothy threw her arms around his neck. "Let them take you," she begged. "I pray you do. I know General Howe, and I will plead with him for your release. So, for my sake, for my sake." He hesitated a moment and then answered with an effort and in a tone almost inaudible, "For your sake I will. Here, gentlemen, is my sword." Lord Howe had been drinking until long after midnight with some of his generals, and he felt that a half mile walk in the frosty air might ease the pain in his head which made sleep impossible. When he saw a group of men accompanied by a woman pass out of the gate in front of Merchant McFarlane's house, curiosity quickened his step. "Halt!" Lord Howe commanded when he was almost upon the men in the rear. The officer turned about quickly with a "Who dares—!" which was changed to an obedient bow as he recognized his general in chief. "Miss McFarlane, this is strange company and a strange time of night for you to be out," said the General raising his hat. "And who are you, sir," he continued, turning to the prisoner. "I have the honor to be an officer in the Continental Army, sir," was the defiant response of Colonel Jeffries. "Let me speak for him," Dorothy entreated, stepping before Lord Howe. "You will take this young man to my headquarters. Proceed," he commanded as he offered his arm to Miss McFarlane and they fell in behind the soldiers. The walk to the headquarters was a short one, and in that time Dorothy told him all, pleaded for her lover because of her own love and because she was to blame for his being caught in a trap and captured in a manner unworthy so brave a soldier. General Howe had given no intimation of what his decision would be when he sat down at his table and arraigned the odd company before him. He spoke sternly as he addressed Colonel Jeffries.

"You are charged with being a spy. What have you to say?" "Search me and you will find nothing save the valuables given me by Miss McFarlane and an empty scabbard." "There is no need of a man of your intelligence carrying his messages in writing. I fancy you have a good memory. You know the penalty." "Death, of course." "Death by hanging." "Even then you cannot take from me the privilege of dying for my country." The General could not repress a smile of admiration for the self-possessed young man who could see something cheerful even in a coward's death. "What do you do up at Valley Forge these cold days?" "We are learning to fight while you Englishmen are learning to dance." "But what pastime do the soldiers have?" "While shooting at a mark our bullets have cut down a whole forest. Each tree was named General Howe." "Your diet of potatoes and mush must develop your wit." "Not so much as it does our courage." General Howe was too old a soldier not to admire such courage as the men at Valley Forge had exhibited. The words of Lord Chatham, that the Americans could never be conquered, were ringing in his ears, and he believed them. "Some of the officers have their wives with them at camp?" he asked. Lord Howe smiled pleasantly as he turned to Dorothy. "Miss McFarlane, there is only one way by means of which he can be liberated. You must leave the city, for you are the real spy." When General Washington welcomed Colonel Jeffries back the next afternoon there was another woman added to the little social circle at Valley Forge.—New York Press.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS. THE WAY TO FRE. The ordinary process of frying is rarely understood. Food is made greasy and often indigestible because the fat is not as hot as it should be and the pan not deep enough. The fat must be smoking hot—about 400 degrees Fahrenheit. Experience will soon teach a cook that the required temperature is reached when a bit of bread browns in a few seconds if placed in the kettle. A thin coating is thus made on oysters, croquettes, or whatever is being fried, and all the juices and flavors are kept within, the fat outside not being able to penetrate it.—St. Louis Star-Sayings. HOW TO CLEAN UTENSILS. The European way of cleaning cooking utensils is one of the practices Americans could import without danger to their institutions. The tins and pans are boiled in strong soda, and water, then scoured with solution of oxalic acid and fine sand, and finally rinsed with clear water. The result is a delicious cleanliness and a shining exterior. To clean cane-bottomed chairs, turn them upside down and wash the cane work with hot water and a sponge, using soap if it is very dirty. Let them dry in the open air or in a draught, and the cane will become as tight and firm as when new. To clean enamelled wear used finely powdered pumice stone. To remove grease spots from the range, rub with a soft rag and a little paraffine. Clean sinks with boiling water and strong soda. Never scrub oilcloth, but wash it with a soft rag. Use neither hot nor very cold, but lukewarm water, and no soap. Powdered charcoal is the best cleanser and purifier of glass bottles in which milk or food has been carried. To clean papier mache articles, wash them with a sponge and cold water without soap, dredge with flour while damp and polish with a flannel. FRUIT SYRUPS. A store of fruit syrups is a delightful addition to the preserve closet, and surplus fruit can be used in no better way. Remove the hull from strawberries and pick over, without washing, if the berries are free from sand or grit, half a dozen quarts of ripe berries. Put them into a double boiler or a large stone jar, stand within a pan of boiling water, add half their bulk of sugar, that is, one pint for each quart, and heat slowly for an hour or longer until the berries are soft. Put into a jelly bag and leave them for two hours or more until the juice has completely drained out. They must not be squeezed. Put this juice into a saucepan, heat it to 200 degrees Fahrenheit and keep it at this temperature for one hour. It is best to use a thermometer, but if this is not at hand heat the juice until it steams, but do not allow it to boil, as this destroys the flavor. It can then be bottled and sealed for future use, and will keep indefinitely. It is important that it should remain at the above temperature for an hour, in order to complete the process of sterilization. Grape syrup may be made in the same manner, and furnishes a most healthful and acceptable drink for well and sick. Currants will require three-fourths of the bulk of sugar. Raspberries, blackberries, peaches and apricot syrup are all made in the same way as the strawberry syrup. To use, dilute the juice with cold water, or soda water, in the proportion of one-half juice to one of water, although these proportions may be varied.—American Agriculturist. WARM WEATHER DINNER FOR LUNCHEON. Galatine of Breast of Veal—Bone a breast of young veal, spread out flat over a board; trim the meat at the ends for an inch or two, so that the skin will hang over; take the scraps of meat, a quarter of a pound of veal cutlet, and a slice of unsmoked fat pork, chop fine and season with salt, pepper, a little minced thyme and parsley, with a dash of spice. Mix with half a pint of chopped beef tongue (cold boiled), and half a dozen olives. Form this dressing in a mass, roll the veal around it and sew it together; wrap in a cloth and tie with tape to keep in shape. Put in a braising pan, pour in a quart of stock, and cook six hours. Take up, let cool; unwrap and slice thin. Garnish with olives and square off as pie jelly. Eggs a la Croque—Take a dozen fresh eggs and cook in buttered molds. Take from the fire and let cool; slice off the whites at one end of each very perfectly cold; take out the yolks carefully so as to preserve the shape. Mix with a tablespoonful of chopped truffles; a little pepper and salt, and put back in the whites. Dip the eggs in aspic jelly, set on ice until cooled, and dip again. Set in a dish on a bed of fresh lettuce leaves; drop a teaspoonful of thin Mayonnaise on each egg. Set on ice until very cold. Olive Sandwiches—Stone a dozen olives; chop them fine; add an ounce of butter and a little cayenne; mix and spread on slices of buttered bread; trim neatly and arrange on a dish, and garnish with lemon. Chicken Fingers—Cut thin slices from the breast of a cold roast chicken; cut each slice in narrow strips; dip in Mayonnaise sauce; arrange four strips on each slice of buttered bread; cover with top slices and cut in four narrow strips, lengthwise; fold each slice in wax paper; pile on a napkin and serve.—Courier-Journal. Europe has 66,320,000 farmers; the United States, 9,000,000.

KEYSTONE STATE CULL. THE STATE FINANCES. THE TREASURY WAS NEVER IN A MORE DISHONORABLE CONDITION. HARRISBURG.—The State Treasury of Pennsylvania has never been in a more dishonorable condition than at present. Large payments have been made the last two months to meet the demands of school districts of the State, which amounted to \$5,000,000 a year, and for the payment of the quarterly salary of the judges of the courts, and yet the amount of the general fund aggregates \$8,133,747.40. The moneys in this fund are deposited in banks. TRIPLE KILLING. OIL CITY.—A Beebe and wife were stantly killed at Panama, N. Y., by Western, New York and Pennsylvania passenger train which leaves here for Buffalo shortly after 1 o'clock. They had with a son at the depot and were over a crossing when caught. Mrs. Gallagher, 81 years of age was struck by same train at New Castle and fatally injured. She was carrying a dinner pail to son-in-law, and saw the train coming, thought she could cross ahead of it. GAGGED AND ROBBED IN HIS OWN HOME. HUNTSVILLE.—Three masked robbers entered the dwelling of Chalmers Dugan Saltillo the other night, gagged, bound, beat the host and then stole every penny he had in the house, \$387.01. This was the saving of a life time. The robbers escaped to the mountains, but are being pursued. STATE BREEDING FISH POINTED OUT. ENR.—(Enry is greatly agitated by total destruction, at the State fish hatchery of the breeding fish, including the trout. When the keeper went to the pond on Tuesday he found the fish on the dead. Poisoning is suspected, and an investigation is being made. DEATH FROM A RAT BITE. ALLENTOWN.—Mamie Keating, aged year, until a few weeks ago a domestic of the family of Dr. Bank of this city, died from the result of a rat bite inflicted eight weeks ago. One night a rat entered her room and bit her on the little finger of the right hand. BABY BURNED TO DEATH. WILKESBARRE.—The house of Mrs. Vandenberg, in Hansom, was burned, an infant perished in the flames. Mrs. Vandenberg rescued two of her children, aged 4 and 6 years, but was unable to save the baby. LIGHTNING, it seems, does strike in the same place more than once. A house at Ebersburg has been hit three times. Two years ago it killed a man named Davis. The second time it did not do much damage, the third time was last week when it severely shocked Mrs. Higgins and damaged the house. A KENOTA COW has not been giving milk for three months, when one day came upon a brood of beef that had fallen from a wagon. The cow drank the beer and since then has been giving quarts a day—of milk, of course. THE COMPTROLLER appointed by Colonel B. D. Dineen, of the bank of J. B. & Co., Meadville reports the assets at \$895,520.23 and the liabilities as being \$755,500. A dividend of 10 per cent will be paid August 7. JOHN RIFFLE and Mollie Grove, of Johnston, were married and immediately set out for a buggy ride. Inside of an hour the horse ran away and both were badly injured. PHILIP MILLER, aged 61, a merchant of Valley Forge, near Sharon, was killed by the Jameson accommodation on the Erie and Pittsburg railway while trying to get his cow. A PREACHER at Warren surprised his congregation last Sunday by telling them that a number of the men were giving more money to church work than they could afford to. TRADE in the bituminous coal regions of the Westmoreland county, has a stalk of 15 feet high, which grew from a seed planted 50 days ago. CHARLES DUBB, a laborer at Huntingdon, as he emerged from his house, was stung by his porch by burglars, who then robbed the house of \$500. CHAS. IRONS, a brakeman, was killed by a train near Waynesburg, the brake he was setting snapping and throwing him between the wheels. THE EXODUS of foreigners from the coal regions continues and this morning the Hunt left Connellsville for their native land. MARY JOHNSON, a Greensburg domestic, fell on a red hot cook stove, receiving injuries which may prove fatal. PHILADELPHIA is flooded with counterfeit pennies. A SWEEPING PENSION ORDER. Evidence to Be Required as to the Credibility of all Witnesses Affidavits. Commissioner Lochren has issued an order requiring evidence as to the credibility of witnesses to affidavits residing in cities of 20,000 or more inhabitants. Hitherto the credibility of witnesses residing in towns of less than that number of inhabitants has been obtained from the postmaster of the town, but there has been no step taken to ascertain the credibility of witnesses in the large cities. —The Chicago grand jury made no report on the cold storage disaster at the World's Fair and Marshal Murphy, Director Barnham, Charles A. McDonnell, and John Skinner were not indicted. —Gov. TILMAN of S. C. has become incensed at the rough usage accorded to dispensary spies and states that he will arm them and instruct them to shoot whenever necessary. Grain in Europe Goes Up. In consequence of reports from New York showing an advance in the price of wheat, the prices of grain at Berlin have generally risen from 2 to 1 mark. —The much dreaded army worm has been at work in the grain fields in Polk, Kibb and Marshall counties, Minn., during the past 10 days and hundreds of acres of the crops are said to be ruined.