

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, Editor and Prop.

MIDDLEBURGH, PA., SEPT. 21, 1893.

The proposed cork trust will have little weight.

A good resolution is a better stimulant than a nightcap.

It costs 75 cents an hour to "get into the push" at the World's Fair.

A little knowledge is sometimes a dangerous thing to the party about whom it is known.

If people will pay their small bills the big bills will be better able to take care of themselves.

Queretaro, Mexico, has solved the financial problem. Soap is legal tender there.

The most accurate available source of information disclose that 920,000,000 gallons of distilled spirits were consumed in the United States last year, and that there was paid for intoxicating drinks in this country during the same period \$1,600,000,000.

A fissure has been discovered in the bluff four miles south of Ponce, Neb., from which issues a blast of intensely heated air. In the report in which the discovery is announced it is stated that "the breath of the blistering wind" has sufficient force to carry away bits of paper and even twigs.

France has the credit of being the pioneer in co-operative organizations, and in that country there are now 1100 co-operative societies with a membership of 600,000. Great Britain has 1516 associations and 900,000 persons interested in them. In the German Empire no less than 5550 organizations have been formed on this principle.

The war of tariffs now fairly on between Germany and Russia is no doubt due to more than one cause. Traditional enmity and jealousy have doubtless had a good deal to do with it on either side. Then there have been some indications that Russia, through negotiations with Austria, has been trying to put Germany in a position of isolation. This has not pleased the rulers here. They have had the further political motive of gratifying the members of the Agrarian Party in the border provinces, and so making sure of needed votes to pass the Army bill. Judging by the figures of Russo-German trade, the New York Post predicts Russian exports are likely to suffer more than German from the mutual application of maximum tariffs. Russian exports to Germany in 1891 amounted to about \$114,900,000, while Germany exported to Russia in the same year only some \$61,900,000.

In the Chronicle Fire Tables for the present year will be found some statistics of unusual interest. Fire destroyed in 1890 in the United States, \$100,000,000 worth of property; in 1891, not less than \$144,000,000, and in 1892, the round sum of \$132,000,000 went up in smoke. The fire loss in this country passed the \$100,000,000 limit in 1883, and it has increased nearly every year. The insurance men are shaking their heads ominously over these figures. They know that they will have to advance rates, but they dread the opposition of the people and the newspapers. "It is a very serious problem—this matter of the waste," observes the Atlanta Constitution. "In the past seventeen years nearly seventeen hundred million dollars' worth of property has been reduced to ashes. Georgia's loss for the period footed up over \$42,000,000. Now, what are we going to do about it? At one time it was thought that incendiarism cut a big figure in these losses, but it is now agreed that the main cause is to be found in the notorious fact that there is a craze for cheap and hastily constructed buildings, with defective flues and other drawbacks increasing the risk of fire. The way to counteract this evil in cities and towns is to have a rigid system of inspection that will prevent construction of such dangerous buildings. Out in the country it will be a matter largely under the control of each individual house owner. We need a reform that will give us better buildings, even if we have fewer houses. Between the fire demon and the storm of the average cities of lathes, plaster, paint and glass has few chances of escape.

GERMANY will now have a bigger standing army than ever. This is due to the Reichsrath not sitting down on the tax—Philadelphia

THE SWEETEST HOUR.

Oh, many a merry year has life, And many a month the year, And many a day The month makes gay, And the day with golden hours is rife And the world is full of cheer. But the sweetest hour of the fairest day Of the loveliest month and year, Came that summer night, When your eyes so bright Were telling me aye while your lips said nay, And your heart became mine, my dear. —Phil Jansen, in New York Sun.

BRIXTON'S ENGAGEMENT



HERE are many varieties of matrimonial proposals beside those which appear in novels, and one of them made a lot of trouble a year or two ago for John Brixton. Brixton was one of the intelligent fellows who also are adaptive, so he had acquired a lot of acquaintances who were the envy of every one that knew him. Although he was only a salesman on salary—quite a good salary, it must be said—for a large firm of iron manufacturers, he was frequently accosted familiarly by bank Presidents and other business magnates, and could slap any of these gentlemen on the shoulder without giving offense. As he was a bachelor, and old enough to have outgrown the habit of lounging through successive evenings in houses where there were pretty daughters, he was available for dinner parties given by men who knew no better way of spending an evening. Everybody among his acquaintances wished him well, and wished they could do something for him, but they respected him all the more because he never tried to borrow money nor asked for any other favors.

It seemed one day to old Budder, President of the Forty-seventh National Bank and a hearty admirer of Brixton, that he was just the man to throw a fortune in Brixton's way. The plan came to Budder's mind suddenly, but sudden inspirations and quick action thereon are part of the daily life of the most stolid of Presidents of big banks. Brixton had promised to lunch with the bank magnate at midday, and he appeared at the bank just in time to see the old man bowing out a lady with more courtesy and ceremony than he imagined Budder capable of.

As the old man caught sight of Brixton he exclaimed: "One moment, Miss Fewe. Allow me to introduce you to my dear old friend, Mr. John Brixton, son of the late Mr. John Brixton, Sr., of New York. Miss Fewe, daughter of old Ben Fewe, whom every one has heard of." Brixton bowed, and looked curiously at the lady. He had seen her father occasionally, before increasing years and doctors had sent Mr. Fewe to his final home, and his eyes searched the daughter's face for indications of her father's distinguishing traits. He found them too, although the interview was short. Miss Fewe was richly yet simply dressed; her figure, like her father's, was dumpy, and her face, though not rude, was as broad and heavy, and her forehead was as low as that of old Ben himself. Still, her manner was womanly, and as she finally took her departure Brixton, who had a dear old mother, as well as a sister whom he regarded as the best young woman alive, sorrowed to himself that a man as rich as old Ben Fewe could not have married some one whose blood could have atoned for the rashness of his own.

"Well, John," said the President, after handing Miss Fewe into her carriage, "you owe me one. Any one of a thousand good fellows in New York would give ten years of his life for such an introduction to Miss Fewe as I gave you just now. Go right ahead, now, and make use of it."

"You're always doing the friendly thing, Budder," replied Brixton, sinking into an easy chair; "but I don't quite understand it this time."

"Don't, eh?" said the President, hastily relighting a cigar which he had laid on his desk when Miss Fewe was unannounced. "Well, (puff) Miss Fewe is joint heir with (puff) her brother—her only brother, mind you. Old Ben's estate is estimated by his executors at eight millions; I don't know how close that comes to the truth—I don't take much stock in what I can't see with my own eyes—but this much I know." Then the President clapped two pudgy hands upon Brixton's knees, looked squarely into Brixton's eyes and said, in a low, measured monotone: "John Brixton, I know of my own knowledge that Ada Fewe has over one—million—dollars—in good railroad bonds right in my safe here. 'Nough said, eh?"

"Enough money, I should say, for an unmarried woman who doesn't look as if her tastes were expensive. But what have I to do with it? You said—"

enough character to want a husband whom she can respect, and none of the fellows who have offered themselves thus far have been of that kind."

"Upon my word, Budder," said the younger man, "I never would have taken you, good fellow though you are, for a man whom an unmarried woman would have selected as confidant. It does you credit, though, that she seems to have opened her heart to you."

"Oh, well, Ben and I have been in many speculations together, and she knows he always trusted me. Besides, there's no sentimental nonsense about her—she isn't afraid to unload her ideas upon an old friend of the family, so we've talked very freely about it. By the way, she has such a matter-of-fact manner that she looks older than she is—she's really five years younger than you. Your fortune's made, my boy, unless you make a fool of yourself in some way. Let me sound her about it; you may count upon me to do it without lack of proper respect for either of you, and I'll bet the entire assets of this bank against a bad penny that you may announce your engagement within a week. Then you'll be hand-in-glove with a lot of us fellows in a business way as well as socially, and we want you—we really do."

"Budder," said John Brixton, rising from his chair, "you've got a heart as big as an ox, and I'm heartily obliged to you for your interest in me. You must give me time to think about it, though."

"Time to—" ejaculated the President, firing his cigar-butt at the cuspidore with such energy that he overshot the mark and elicited a howl of anguish from the bank's cat as she mistook the missile for a mouse when she opened her eyes from a peaceful slumber.

"There're some things that a fellow can't afford to think about. Do you stop to think when a trout rises to your fly? Come along to lunch—and make up your mind on the way."

But John Brixton wasn't able to give a decisive answer over the coffee and cigars. A million dollars in good securities seemed well worth the taking by a man who had worked industriously for fifteen or twenty years only to reach a salary of five or six thousand dollars, and an appreciative wife thrown in seemed like so much extra luck, for John's mother and sister had for years warned him that wives who hold good husbands in proper regard are as scarce as model husbands. On the other hand, old Ben Fewe's daughter, who looked as much like her father as a woman could look like a man, would be a strange life-companion for a man who, in spite of much attention to material things in the way of business, had inherited many fine tastes and sentiments which he kept in good, usable condition. Whoever he might marry ought to be fairly companionable with him, and he could not imagine enjoying Miss Fewe's society.

But while John Brixton went on thinking and wondering and compromising, old Budder took the case in hand as earnestly as if it were a promising investment for his own bank. He was too good a business man to exceed his authority, but he and his wife took Miss Fewe out driving the very afternoon that he had made his suggestion to Brixton, and they took her home to dinner with them, and the old man made opportunity to sound the praise of John Brixton and to tell what fine women John's mother and sister were. So, before the evening was over, Miss Fewe was conscious of a mighty wish that some man like John Brixton would ask her to change her name and share her life and fortune with her.

Brixton had been at his office only half an hour the next morning when one of the clerks shouted:

"Some one on the telephone for you, sir."

"Who is it?" John asked, raising his eyes from a letter he was reading.

"Forty-seventh National Bank—President Budder," the clerk replied.

"Wait a moment," said Brixton, dropping the letter, seizing his hat and starting for the door. "I'm out—you don't know when I'll be in."

One of the firm who had overheard the conversation asked his partner whether he supposed Brixton had been speculating in Wall street and got more accommodation from the Forty-seventh National than his collateral would warrant, and the partner replied that it might not be a bad thing to keep Brixton out of temptation by sending him to South America to look after a railway contract which they had been trying to secure through correspondents.

As for Brixton he went straight home and prowled about the house until he found his sister.

"Ettie," said he, "you and I have always been confidential friends, although we're brother and sister. I want to ask you an unusual question, and I want you to answer it without joking, or raising of your eyebrows, or any other tensing. Suppose that I should suddenly determine that I wanted to marry, whom would you best like for a sister?"

"What do you suppose she thinks of me?"

"Well, on general principles, she can't help liking you; for the rest, unless she forgets everything I say to her, she must think you're the one supremely perfect man on the face of the earth."

"H'm! What wonderful things you must have said of me—behind my back. Do you suppose you could arrange for us—she, you and I—to take a drive this afternoon?"

"Yes, but—"

"Exactly; then find some excuse, after you return from inviting her, to find something which will unavoidably prevent your going."

By way of reply Ettie Brixton sprang from her chair, kissed her brother effusively and hurried off to dress for a morning call.

Miss Hammice went driving with John Brixton that afternoon, and although she was very sorry that dear Ettie wasn't with them, she enjoyed herself greatly, after the manner of busy people whose special pleasures come infrequently. As the drive prolonged itself she changed her mind about Ettie—she wouldn't have had the girl with her for worlds; for, although there was more happiness in that carriage than she had ever before imagined the whole world could contain, there was only enough for two, and the mere presence of any one else, even her dearest friend, would have entirely spoiled it. Instead of taking her directly home after returning from the pleasant country lanes through which he had driven, John Brixton drove to his own home and called his sister down to the little parlor, while he remained outside to watch the horses. It seemed to him that he sat there alone at least twenty-four hours, although the parlor clock had ticked off only twenty minutes when Agnes tore herself away from Ettie with the remark that she could not be entirely happy until she had reached home and told her mother all about it.

President Budder was still at his dinner-table that evening when a letter was brought in—the servant said a special messenger had brought it, with instructions to deliver it at once.

"One of the delights of being a financial magnate!" growled the old man, as he tore the end from the envelope. "Can't eat my dinner in peace. Any customer in such a hurry must be—great Scott!"

"Has some one failed?" asked Mrs. Budder.

"I should say so—failed to make a fortune. Listen to this:

"MY DEAR BUDDER: "Perhaps men grow more bashful as they grow older. At any rate, I'd rather write you than tell you face to face that the reason I hesitate to avail myself of your kind suggestion regarding Miss Fewe is that I am already engaged to a most estimable young woman. I shall expect you and your wife to dance at the wedding, which will be within a month. "A thousand thanks, my dear boy, for your kind interest in me. As your own married life has been very happy, I trust you'll understand me when I say that I'm marrying a tremendous fortune—though every bit of it consists of human nature. "Yours always, "JOHN BRIXTON."

"A million dollars—yes, three million dollars out!" exclaimed President Budder, dashing the letter to the floor. "Did you ever know such a fool?"

"I hope so," said Mrs. Budder. "I'd like to believe you'd have been just such a one yourself, if a rich woman had been thrown at your head when you were paying attention to me. Goodness knows, you got nothing but me when you married."

"Right you are, my dear, as usual," said the bank president, going to the head of the table and giving his wife a kiss which might have been heard a block away had the windows been open. —Once A Week.

New York's Butter Supply.

Commissioner Schraub, of the State Department of Agriculture, has collected, compiled and issued in pamphlet form statistics showing the production of the butter and cheese factories in this State for the season of 1892. The summary gives in detail the amount manufactured in each city, town and village of the State, and is the first information ever collected by a State department which shows the amount and locality of these productions.

The statistics show that in twelve of the counties of the State—Greene, Hamilton, Kings, New York, Putnam, Queens, Richmond, Rockland, Seneca, Suffolk, Ulster and Westchester—there is no butter or cheese manufactured in factories. In the remaining forty-eight counties, the whole amount of butter and cheese made in factories during the season of 1892 was as follows: Whole number of butter factories, 255, making 14,024,019 pounds; whole number of cheese factories, 1155, making 210,448,691 pounds; whole number of factories making both butter and cheese, 213, making 5,473,338 pounds of butter and 20,542,619 pounds of cheese; whole number of factories in the State, 1623, making 19,497,357 pounds of butter and 130,931,310 pounds of cheese.

The ten counties producing the largest amount of cheese in factories follow in the order of amount of production last year: St. Lawrence, 14,730,278 pounds; Cattaraugus, 13,202,919 pounds; Oneida, 13,037,442 pounds; Herkimer, 12,297,012 pounds; Jefferson, 12,031,638 pounds; Lewis, 8,694,914 pounds; Allegany, 8,543,800 pounds; Otsego, 7,994,850 pounds; Oswego, 7,934,703 pounds; Wyoming, 5,148,340 pounds. The ten counties producing the largest amount of butter in factories in the order of amount of production last year follow: St. Lawrence, 3,705,819 pounds; Franklin, 1,649,291 pounds; Chenango, 1,597,021 pounds; Otsego, 1,110,007 pounds; Tioga, 1,028,329 pounds; Clinton, 1,024,932 pounds; Chenango, 974,300 pounds; Madison, 933,381 pounds; Delaware, 909,900 pounds; New York, 894,000 pounds.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

A VELVET SEASON.

The French and English fashion journals predict a velvet season, such as the fashionable world has never seen, and these rich fabrics will be further enhanced by a profuse trimming of jet. These, with the old Moorish and Persian gorgeousness of detail will produce splendid toilettes for our American queens.—Detroit Free Press.

LITTLE-TEMPERED LITTLE QUEEN.

Little Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, is credited with the possession of a particularly intractable temper which she inherited from her disreputable old papa. Not long ago, while driving out with her governess, she became sulky and refused to return the salutes of the people in the streets. As a punishment she was ordered to bed immediately upon her return to the palace. "What!" she exclaimed, "am I, the Queen of the Netherlands, to go to bed at 7 o'clock? I won't do it." But she did do it, being persuaded thereto by a slipper wielded by the Queen Regent, who brooks no disobedience.—Chicago Herald.

RHODA BROUGHTON'S LOVE AFFAIR.

When Rhoda Broughton, the novelist, was a young girl she was very poor, moderately plain, and altogether unfamous. At the beginning of her career (which was then so small a thing as to be scarcely perceptible to the naked eye) she, and a likewise young, likewise impoverished, and likewise unknown cavalry officer fell madly in love with each other. "I think, my son, that it is time you were sent to India," savagely remarked the father of this youth on hearing of the state of affairs. So the cavalry officer dutifully sailed for India, where in time he became a portly, liver-troubled person of some importance, while Rhoda remained in London to write of poor, talented young girls whose yellow-moustached lovers (all army men) invariably went off to India just at the most exciting and sentimental part of the narrative.

A NEW IDEA IN SERVANTS.

A plan proposed in London is to provide servants for households and run the whole establishment. The agency would engage all servants, be responsible for them, and change them if they did not suit. It would pay all bills and order all provisions. The first step toward carrying out the plan would be to find cooks of various capacities, but all good in their way. Without the provisions costing more to the householder, the agency would make money by the catering, because it would be done on a large scale. A plain cook might be provided for ordinary requirements, and a first-rate cook for parade dinners. A householder would state the exact number of servants required, and would be told what the wages would be and what it would cost to feed them. He might explain how large his family is, and an approximate estimate would be given of the cost of catering for them.—St. Louis Republic.

SEWING WOMEN.

People who are old enough to remember the advent of the sewing machine, cannot have forgotten the fears entertained by many conservative persons that the novel invention would cut seamstresses out of fashion. The first thought of inexperience, on seeing the rapidity with which the machine ran up a seam, was, very naturally, that all the seams would easily be finished, and that one time-honored employment of women would be taken from them. Nobody realized at first that by the aid of the sewing machine more frills, more flounces, more ruffles and tucks than ever before would be added to our garments, and that garments would themselves be multiplied.

The sewing machine did not do away with the seamstress. It made her, instead, more than ever a necessity. A house in which there is neither a machine nor a seamstress can hardly be found in town or country, and sewing remains, as much to-day as in any former period, woman's peculiar work. The machine is the seamstress's best friend as well as her beneficent fairy.

Men, it must be owned, achieve remarkable success in sewing, as, for example, the skillful and deft handed emroiders of the East, or the Paris and New York makers of tailor gowns, whose stitches are so fine, so even, and so strong that they wear longer than he cloth they fasten. Notwithstanding this, sewing continues to be peculiarly feminine work, with which men do not largely compete.

A woman who knows how to sew is able to clothe herself and her household, so to speak, in purple and fine linen at a smaller relative cost than her friend who has no such knack. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sits among the elders of the land, Harper's Bazar.

ROMANCE OF A NEW ENGLAND POET.

Emily Dickinson, the Amherst poet, was a woman of few friendships. The few with whom she was intimate seldom saw her, for when they called she invariably insisted upon their being seated in the hall while she conversed with them from over the bannister in the upper hall. It was her custom to correspond by writing with these friends, and her letters were marvels of poetic expression. Emily Dickinson wore white at all times of the year. In pleasant weather she used to go walking in the garden and in the spacious grounds around her father's residence, and her companion out of doors was a large Newfoundland dog named Carlo. Mrs.

Luther W. Bodman, of this city, recalls the time when, as a little girl, she went walking with Miss Dickinson, while the huge dog stalked solemnly beside them. "Gracie," said Miss Dickinson, suddenly addressing her child friend, "do you know that I believe that the first to come and greet me when I go to heaven will be this faithful old friend Carlo?"

It is said that Miss Dickinson's eccentricities resulted largely from the appointment in love. While she was still a girl she became deeply interested in a young man who was pursuing his studies in Amherst college. This young man subsequently became an instructor in the college. Mr. Edward Dickinson, Miss Emily's father, disapproved of the intimacy, and gave promise of ending in marriage, and at last (being a somewhat violent man) he peremptorily forbade the young man the house. It is said that at that time Miss Emily told her father that, as he had closed the doors upon her, she had closed the doors upon her, and from that day she seldom left the house—and, for the matter, so seldom left her room—that she was for thirty years practically as much a recluse as any nun doing penance.

It will be of interest to Chicago people to know that the man identified in Amherst gossip as the object of Miss Dickinson's hopeless yet loyal affection was the late George Howard.—Chicago Record.

FASHION NOTES.

Duck and sail-cloth materials are extensively used for morning gowns.

Leather bindings are superseded by velvet for the bottom of dress skirts.

Pale gray gloves, stitched with blue are much in favor, while biscuit shades also with black points, may be worn when gray is not permissible.

A pretty finish for flounces is a row of heading let in as insertion, as these are threaded with dainty colored wash ribbons, and can be made very effective.

Scarfs of a bright scarlet are worn with blouses intended for town or boating suits, and they give a lightful bit of color, and are especially becoming to dark women.

A new necklace is of light links of yellow gold. From this depend light open-worked geometrical or conventionalized designs, which possibly a jewel in the centre.

A novelty in black silk is a corset-bengaline. There are also some pretty and effective striped patterns which a wide broadened stripe of alternates with one of taffeta.

In making the new dress styles, tailors and dressmakers appear to form a bit of magic, for while the hips without gore or pleats suddenly expand and flare out at the feet, where they measure yards in circumference.

Stock collars, girdles and all sorts of knots of white and colored ribbons are a feature of the collection of accessories to the toilet, and by means of these dainty sets one gown of Swiss can be worn many times, producing the effect of new costumes.

The popularity of the sailor seems limitless. Young women, old, fat women and lean, wear it. This year's manifestation has a brim than last year's sailor, and less trimming, but is only the first trying to the wearer for this season.

Most of the dress bonnets are airy nothings of lace and downy capable of affording any protection against sun or wind. Were it a matter of custom one might dispense with bonnets altogether without in the least inconveniencing by their absence.

Lace parasols in black or white favorite wedding gifts, and should be accompanied by a pretty parasol—a long, narrow bag of satin ribbons together at the top by satin ribbons. The case is lined with silk, and between the two folds of material a violet sachet is laid.

A pretty idea for children's eyes is a wreath instead of sunbonnet formed of a bit of lace drawn up a crown-shaped piece, and alternating of dotted muslin and lace. The ribbon make the cap, which is fastened with an edging of lace, a twist of ribbon, and rosettes of baby ribbon front.

For a simple dress there is no more stylish or prettier than a colored crepon trimmed with green and a girdle of two or three bands of satin ribbon. Usually these are with a simple round corsage with lace forming epaulettes, a fluted deep lace collar falling over the shoulders.

Drap d'Alma, a very fine diagonal, will be among the popular autumn fabrics, also satin fantasias of all wool material with self-colored dots and splinters. The latter are rich in appearance and will stand any damage from water. They are also soft, pliable and easily manipulated.

The very latest Parisian parasol, indeed, gorgeous. It is called Juno, and is literally covered of doted with moek gems. Its splendor in the sunlight is dazzling. It is the owner others suffer as it is before their eyes. But it is to be considered a most charming addition to a rich toilet of Oriental dress.

Hats and bonnets are made in their style than they were in the season. The round hat is into almost every shape, and the chief feature is a pair of Mooc wings which stand up in front little distance apart. The wings are made of gauze, loops of ribbon, lace or silk. Large ostrich feathers also worn and upright clusters of flowers. But little ribbon is used this season.