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Kansas has more miles of railroad than all the New England States put together.

Brazil is larger than the United States. but in the whole twenty States, which make up the Republic, there are not as many people as we have in New York and Pennsylvania.

The value of a large coal traffic to a railroad is indicated, thinks the Mail and Express, by the fact that the coal tonnage of the Northern Pacific is greater than its tonnage of wheat.

The wholesale price of whalebone is now \$10,000 a ton. A project is on foot to organize whaling expeditions from Australia to the Antartic seas, where it is believed plenty of whales are to be found. It is an almost untouched whaling ground.

"Sundown Doctors" is the appellation said to be applied in the city of Washington to a class of practitioners who are clerks in the Government offices, and who have taken a medical degree with a view to practicing after the hours of their official work are over.

While an Austrian regiment was on dress parade recently, says the Detroit Free Press, a bug crawled into the ear of a sergeant. He put up his right hand to remove the insect and a court-martial reduced him to the ranks, fined him \$18 and obliged him to carry a weight of sixty pounds on his back for fourteen days. It is the big bugs who have the call over there.

The Boston Cultivator admits that "improved farm implements have undoubtedly enabled farmers to cultivate and harvest larger areas; but it is not certain that crops by them cost less per bushel than they used to do. The more a man can do the bigger wages he claims. and this, with cost of machinery, its wear and tear, and the lower prices consequent on increased production, have given to the worker rather than to the capitalist or owner of land the advantages which improved machinery have conferred."

The German Emperor will shortly is sue an edict to the Prussian ministry directing that teachers in national schools must be familiar with the principles of political economy, to enable them to demonstrate the errors of socialistic teachings. In religion less attention must be paid to memonic exercises and more to the comprehension of the ethical side of religion. In the higher schools recent modern history, especially of Prussia, must be taught, and the benefits which Prussian Kings have always conferred upon workingmen must be inculcated. It is stated that the edict was drafted before Prince Bismarck resigned.

The degree to which America offers prominent advantages to the emigrant is just now shown strikingly, notes the Commercial Advertiser, by the existing conditions in Iceland. It is said that that country is gradually becoming depopulated, owing to the constant emigration of its people to the shores of Canada and the United States. These emigrants send back such favorable accounts of their new home that others quickly fol-It is estimated that 20,000 natives nearly one-quarter of the whole population, have left the country in the last year. The emigrants are said to be chiefly from the northern and eastern districts, where labor is carried on only under great difficulties, besides which recent harvests have been very bad and have entailed much suffering.

WHERE LIES THE LAND Where lies the land? I asked, in sorre drowned-

Tell me, I pray, where the enchanted ground not weary heart, no know

Nor wild regret, nor sore and anxious dread, And I will seek it to earth's utmost bound. Here my voice faltered—dropped to faintest

sound; sound; A whisper startled me, and, looking round, I heard an echo mocking me, which said, Where lies the land?

My eyes then caught a little grass-green

mound, With pure white roses and with lilles

crowned, That sweet fragrance all around them

shed, And as I looked upon that quiet bed, Full answer to my question I had found, Where lies the land? — Charles D. Bell, in Lippincott.

# THE DOWNWARD STEP.

# BY ANNA SHEILDS.

Some four miles from the centre of the busy manufacturing town of B — there is a row of small cottages, very simple in construction, and having little attraction, excepting the low rent de-manded for them. They are far from town, and there is no public conveyance to shorten the distance so that only these to shorten the distance, so that only those who are compelled by poverty to choose a cheap residence reside there. But each house has a little garden at-

tached to it, with hedges between, and some of these wee domains were bright with flowers. One day, two children sat under one of the hedges, busy in build-ing a house of chips. Close enough to touch them, but separated by the hedge, a man crouelied, listening to the baby-prattle as eagerly as if it held important information

information. "If we touch any of old Bates's posies he'll eat us. Hannah say so!" said the younger of the children, a bright boy, three years old.

The other one, a grave-looking little "Men don't eat boys and girls. Mamma says we must say 'Mr. Bates,' not 'old Bates.' And she says perhaps he's not cross but sick or sorry. He looks

cross! "Mamma says not to touch his posies, ause it's stealing!"

'cause 'cause it's stealing!'' "We've got some!" said the little girl; "but mamma's so busy, she can't have posies." And, indeed, there was a strong con-

trast between the few poor plants in Mrs. Grey's garden and those that met Mrs. Grey's garden and those that met the eye in the next one. The old man who lived there alone, ragged and for-lorn, seemed to have but one pleasure, and that was working in the tiny gar-den, making every foot of it beautiful with choicest flowers. That he always listened intently the avery moior from his listened intently to every voice from his neighbor's cottage, drawing as close as the hedge permitted to the open wine knew but himself. dows. n

He had been three months in the poor house, and listened eagerly to any scrap of gossip about Mrs. Grey. He heard the servants pitying her "come down" when her husband's failure in business was her husband s influe to the head heard followed by his death. He had heard Hannah, the one servant telling another from across the street of the luxury her mistress had enjoyed only one year fore, and bewailing the poverty that made her walk to town, day after day, to give music lessons to support her chil-dren. Ever shrinking from notice, Mr. Bates was as watchful of his neighbor as a detective. He was a tall man, bent over as if crippled by age or pain, and his face, deeply lined and very stern, was shaded by gray hair, soft and abundant. Green spectacles concealed a pair of large, dark eyes that softened strangely as he listened to the children.

speak 'better not! better not!" But on this day he went from bush to bugh of his rarest flowers, until he had his hands filled, when he tossed the whole fragrant mass over the hedge into haps of the astonished children. When they looked up, a face over the hedge amazed them still more, for the old man was smiling. This was the beginnig of their friend-This was the beginnig of their friend-ship, and every day saw it grow stronger. Evening found Mrs. Gray at home, and at bedtime there was always some new story of baby prattle, telling how Mr. Bates had let the children wander about in his house and garden, in perfect freedom. But he avoided her, giving her no oppor-tunity to thank him. She would have but he avoided her, giving her hooppor-tunity to thank him. She would have been glad, out of her own scanty means, to offer some neighborly help to his greater poverty, but there was something repellant in his face and voice that held her back. She wondered even that the children were not afraid of him. It was in September that for the first time she, too, crossed the boundary of his garden, timidly, for she was a shy, gentle little woman. Only twenty-five years old, she looked, in spite of her heavy mourning and pale, sorrowful face, even younger. Widowed and an orphan, her life was centered in her children, and she could not be ungrateful for kindness shown to them. So when they told her their eccentric friend had "hurted his foot drefful bad," she conquered her shy their eccentric friend and "hurted his foot drefful bad," she conquered her shy timidity, and went to offer assistance. "It was nothing," he told her, gruffly, as she entered the bare, mean sittingas she entered the bare, mean sitting-room, where he iay upon a sofa, but he let her bring him some dinner and wait

upon him, owning that the pain of a bad sprain had prevented his cooking for himself. The children trotted to and fro, delighted to wait upon him, but he was not very gracious, and said but little until Mrs. Grey said: "Cyril, dear, get mamma another slice of bread." "What did you call the boy?" he asked, sharply. "Cyril. Oh, you have only heard his pet name 'Birdie.' Birdie, come here

"What did you can the bey asked, sharply. "Cyril. Oh, you have only heard his is pet name 'Birdie,' Birdie, come here and tell Mr. Bates your name." "Cyril Preston Grey," said the child. "Cyril Preston I" said Mr. Bates, harshly. "I knew a man of that name once."

Every shadow of color left the widow's Every shadow of color left the widow's face, and she looked for a moment as if she would faint. Then, conquering this weakness by a violent effort, she said: "You knew him?" "I know no good of him?" me the

"I knew no good of him," was the qnick reply. "He was a thief!" She tried to speak, but her white lips

"The man I mean," continued Mr. Bates, "was a defaulter from the B\_\_\_\_\_ Bank. He had been cashier there, and

he stole money." The blood rushed back to the widow's face, and her voice trembled with anger,

as she said . "Since you know that, you should also

know that Cyril Preston repaid every dollar, principal and interest, to the bank, five years ago." "You knew him, too?"

"He was my dear brother." "Dear? You surely do not hold a brother dear who disgraced you!" "Cyril," the mother said, "what do

"Cyrl," the mother said, "What do you pray for every night?" The child repeated a baby prayer, and added: "God bless dear mamma and Nannie, and bless dear Uncle Cyril, and being bin here to represe?" bring him home to mamma!

There was a moment of silence, and then Mrs. Gray sent the children away. When she was alone with her neighbor, she said

"You say you knew my brother. Can you tell me anything of him? Oh, if you could know how I long to hear!" "Is it not better to know nothing of a man who was only a curse to those who

loved him?"

loved him?" "You are a harsh judge. If he sinned, he atoned. He has repaid everything." "Killed his parents?" "Not so. If they sorrowed for his sin, they rejoiced in his repentance. His name was never harshly mentioned in his home, and earnest prayers were daily offered for him. Where is he? Tell me all you know of him." And then, with a sudden movement, Mrs. Grey bent her head and broke into a passion of tears, sobbing:

a passion of tears, sobbing: "My brother! My brother!" She had wept violently, but when her

sobs grew more quiet, a gentle hand was put upon her bowed head, and a low, tender voice said: "Anna!"

"Anna!" She looked up. A gray wig lay on the floor, and on that a pair of green spectacles, but the face bending over her was that of a man of thirty-five or six, with brown hair and soft, dark eyes. It was ten long years since she had seen that face, and sorrow had made it far older than the years would have done older than the years would have done,

older than the years would have done, but she knew it at once. "Cyril! Cyril!" she cried, kneeling beside him, with her arms around his neck. "Oh, my dear, dear brother!" "You are glad!" he said in a low voice of amazement. "Glad to see me!"

"Glad, for I love you! Who was al-ways the kindest brother to his little sister? Cyril, could you think ever I did

not love you?" "A thief! A forger!" he said, bitterly. "I have no excuse for my sin, Anna, save that mean one only too often pleaded, that I meant to replace the money. large, dark eyes that softened strangely as he listened to the children. Many times he had seemed about to speak to them, starting forward, but al-ways drawing back with a muttered the transfer of the highway to ruin, when I saw that discovery of my theft was inevitable, and I fiel. But my punishment began at the provide the bighway to ruin, when I saw that discovery of my theft was inevitable, and lifed. But my punishment began at the provide the bighway to runner was remove more the provide the bighway to runner the provide the bighway to runner the provide the bighway to runner was remove more but doer without better was remove more but doer without better at the provide the bighway to runner the provide the bighway to runner the provide the bighway to runner the bighway to runner the bighway to runner the provide the bighway to runner the bighway to runner the provide the bighway to runner the bighway to runner the provide the bighway to runner the bighway to runner the provide the bighway to runner the provide the bighway to runner the provide the bighway to runner the gnawing, penitence more sincere." "You were never out of our prayers, Cyril."

it for me!" "Gladly." He held her in a close embrace for a few minutes; then he said whispering: "Anna, tell me where Lena is?"

She shivered a moment, and her voice vas full of sorrow, as she said: "Lena is in Boston

"Married?"

"Yes." "She did not forgive me?"

"No; she was very bitter." "I deserved it. I had no right to risk

"I deserved it. I had no right to risk her happiness as well as my own name. How could I ask her to marry me after I became a shame to all who loved me? Yet I loved her, Anna." "I know, dear; but Lena was proud." "She was right to forget me. I sinned and was justly punished. But, oh! if I could make all young men, all boys real-ize the importance of that first step in dishonesty, I would gladly give my life. Only a five-dollar bill, Anna, at first, but the temptation was repeated, the strength to resist grew weaker, until the end. Can you-dare you trust me, dear, with those

you-dare you trust me, dear, with those young lives so dear to you?" "Yes; more willingly than I would to one who did not know the bitterness of sin and penitence."

So two cottages were vacated, and in her brother's beautiful home Anna Grey tries to make the life of a repentant sinner one of peace and usefulness. Cyril Preston, humble and penitent, thanks God daily for the love that could not die, even when bitter shame came to crush it. He is a prosperous, envied man, but ever in his heart is the sorrow and shame that will follow sin, no mat-ter how deep the recentinge. And care ter how deep the repentance. And ever his prayer is that Cyril, his nephew, may learn from him to avoid that first downward step that leads to sin. -- The Ledger,

Alaska's Agricultural Possibilities. Alaska is almost the last place in the world where one would think of prosecuting agriculture, though popular knowl-edge of the subject may be said to be

edge of the subject may be said to be limited to generalities. The Seattle (Washington) Telepraph the other day zeported Governor Knapp, who is down from his northern province for a few weeks, as follows: "Agneulture in Alaska is as yet only a matter of theory. Very little has been done in the way of agricultural pursuits. Special farming, like cultivatio of roots, berries, and the keeping of airies for local demaud has proven very advantage-ous. The climate is too cold and wet for the cultivation of grains. Furtherfor the cultivation of grains. Further-more, clearing it is to difficult for rapid development of the country, and even if our experiments should prove successful we should have no markets for our produce. The potatoes, cauliflowers, onions and turnips raised in Alaska are the finest In a turnips raised in Alaska are the finest I have seen anywhere. We had some cauliflowers that we intended to send to the Spokane Falls exposition, but our poor transportation facilities prohibited

us from doing so. "Alaska abounds in berries. Along the Chilcat River, the Yakuat River, Prince William's Sound and on Corak Island fine and good strawberries are raised in abundance. Our cranberries are smaller than those raised in the States but excel them in favor. We have a kind of berry called the salmon berry, which is similiar to your raspberry but larger. Our blackberries are not by any means like the eastern blackeerries. They are similiar to the blueberries, but a little more tart and probably are a variety of

extraordinarily ing winter, when it is extraordinarily cold. The snowfall is light and the winters are not very severe. In Sitka the thermometer has been down to zero only once in forty-six years. Last year it reached four degrees above zero in one How Tin Soldiers Are Made.

Mow The Soldiers Are made. M. Leon Duplessis, the Vice-Consul of France at Nuremberg, has contributed to the *Bulletin Consulaire* a very interest-ing description of the manufacture of the toy soldiers in lead for which the arti-sans of Nuremberg and Furth have long been famous. The first thing is to make sketches of the intended figures. Great pains are bestowed on them. The best artists do not hesitate when asked to sup-ply models for these toy soldiers, and in ply models for these toy soldiers, and in making their sketches they have to bear in mind certain fixed rules, while when ia mind certain fixed rules, while when they make colored sketches they have to avoid deep tints and select gaudy colors, which children so much prefer. They must also possess a full knowledge of the military costumes of the period to which the soldier they represent be-

At Nuremberg and at Fruth slate molds are used for the plain figures, while brass molds are employed for those in relief. The slate for the former is bought at Sonneberg, in Thuringia, and the tin which is wurchesed in England bought at Sonneberg, in Thuringia, and the tin, which is purchased in England, is melted and poured into them through a small orifice. The metal soon hardens when it has been boured in, and the workman then removes the figures, cut-ting off any excresence which may fays been caused by the molten metal running over into the inter ices. The soldiers then have to be paint 1, and this, is al-ways done by women, who" work at home, each woman being given a certain number of figures at the beginning of the week. The system generally adopted number of figures at the beginning of the week. The system generally adopted is to place a dozen figures or so upon a piece of wood slit up the centre, sogs to hold them in a fixed position. When one side of the figure is dry ons it round and paints the other. Her wages are very poor. The final process, also intrusted to women, 's that of packing the soldiers, which are placed in boxes of 30, 60, 120, or 240 pieces (weighing one-sighth, one-ouverter, one-half, or one or 50, 50, 120, or 240 pieces (weighing one-eighth, one-quarter, one-half, or one pound) for the infantry, and of 12, 24, 48, or 96 pieces (of the same weights) for the cavalry.

# The moon shines down for two short weeks, And then a rest a while it seeks, While on the clouds the fairies sit, And try to shine it up a bit. There's a time for everything. Taking off your boots after you get in bed indi-cates a high old time.—Binghamton have drawn public stention to the ex-traordinary growth of our Italian popu-lation, says a New York letter in the Pittsburg *Dispatch*. There are 50,000 Italians in this city alone, and they are coming in at the rate of about 2000 per week. Most of these come from lower Italy and sail thence from Naples, though they are not Neapolitans by any means. The abolition of the padrone system in New York has rather encour-aged Italian emigration than decreased it. The padrone system, while it seemed to Leader. pocket, but she never has it filled with letters she has forgotten to mail.—*Elmira* Gazette. remarked the woodchuck when he gol caught in a steel trap.—Binghamton Republican. The padrone system, while it seemed to offer an easier way for poor Italians to come to America, kept them in slavery big and attractive get on top, while the little ones are crushed out of sight in the bottom.-Puck. while they were here for such a length of time that it served as a warning to those of their native land to remain where they .eeds on steel. There seems to be such a thing as hard eating as well as hard drinking.—Puck. of their native land to remain where they were. The laws of the United State which have operated beneficially or American labor, have also operated in favor of Italian emigration. It would really seem as though the de-scendants of Christopho Columbo had made up their minds to claim this coun-try. So far as the Italian population of New York is concerned, they form a very industrious feature of the community drinking.—*Piuci.* You imst call me early, mother, For I'm learning politics; Learning how to prove another Mar's half dozen isn't six. —*Pittsburg Bulletin.* Maddox—''I suppose you call that politician 'Razor' because he iss o sharp?'' Gazzam—''No; because he has a pull.'' New York is concerned, they form a very industrious feature of the community without being degraded to the extent of the Chinese. They are also economical livers, and quite as desirable as American citizens. They have monopolized here the large portion of all the smaller The reason why women do not pro-pose is supposed to be due to the fact that they want to have the last word.— Boston Transcript. "Do you distrust fat men, Captain?" "Well, no," returned the old sea dog; "not exactly, but I always give them a wide berth."—Harper's Bazar.

the larger portion of all the smaller trades, and especially that which relates to street traffic of all kinds. As most of the Italian emigrants stop here in New York, it will soon form a difficult prob-lem to grapple with.

## Folding-Guns Instead of Stilettoes.

The Italian assassin of New Orleans has long since abandoned the stiletto. Occasionally the banana knife, a more and skips every other step in an endeavor to keep quiet he always seems to skip the steps that don't creak.—Elmira effective weapon, is used, but the blunderbuss or sawed-off gun is the favorite. It is objectional in this, that it makes a noise that alarms the police, but it has the merit that it never fails Thomas sins take an old double-barrelled gur and file off the barrels, leaving them about fifteen inches in length. The stock is also removed and fitted to it with a hinge. The weapon, therefore, is like a clasp-knife, three feet or more in length, but when closed only fifteen inches. The Italian using it can easily conceal the gun n his coat or pants, effectually hidin When it is ready for use, he opens it and he has a double-barrelled musket, which will shoot further and better than a re-volver. This is loaded to the muzzle with rough slugs, which scatter in firing, and which tear the victim badly. Near-ly all of the men killed by the Stopag-herra have been found with from six to ten fatal wounds.—*Philadelphia Press.* 

NO. 12.

SUMACH. Coarse-grained and harsh the slender stalks Of wayside sumach stand; And each lithe branch uplifted s

As some cup-bearer, tanned, Who holds to autumn's lips divine A goblet of sun-tinted wine With mute, adoring hand.

And deeply to the very lees

The russet goddess drains These jewel cups that erst were filled From summer's glowing veins-Red draughts that hold the subtle sense Of pungent sylvan frankincense And misty later rains.

Then, like some alchemy of old,

The magic ichor flies From pulse to heart, and rising lends New glory to her eyes, Where shadowy fire an instant leaps

As lightning from a cloud that sleeps Fast moored in stormy skies.

And blithely as she passes on Sound autumn's chariot-wheels, As gliding through her being swift

The sumach's life she feels; 'While over all the landscape brown A flood of sunlight rushes down And baffled winter kneels.

-Ernest McGaffey.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Playing the gentleman-The bunco steerer.

Dry books cannot be expected to satisfy a 'irst for knowledge.—Puck. "No; 'hakespeare never repeats." "Yes; I'v noticed it in his autograph." —Puck.

Washington's most famous ride was when he took a hack at the tree.ington Star. Flute-"I wish I could get out on a

toot."

A woman may not be able to find her

"This is the worst snap I ever struck,"

This world is like a fruit-basket. The

A worm has been discovered which

New York Sun.

Gazette

Chiel Van Deman, of the Pomological Division of the Department of Agriculture, predicts that the cultivation of nuts is soon to be one of the greatest and most profitable industries of the United States. The pecan, he says, is the nut of the future, but he also forecasts big returns for walnuts, chestnuts, pine and hazel nuts, almonds, filberts and other varieties. One man in Florida has now a grove of 4000 pecan trees six years old. When they begin to bear their product will be worth \$100,000 yearly at wholesale-a figure which certainly makes to baccco-raising and orange-growing seem far less tempting than they are held up to be. What about the peaput? Well, despite its name, it isn't a nut at all; it is a species of pea-an annual that has to be planted every spring. Thus, laments the New York Telegram, departs another cherished tradition, but the humble roasted goober will not, on that account, lose its flavor

"Darling, that was as the bitterne of death, that certainty that I had brought disgrace upon my home—made my father's name a reproach."

'But you did all you could to atone.

"You can never know, dear, through what privation and toil I earned the money to pay the bank. I went hungry, half clothed and half frozen, working early and late, saving every dollar. But when the debt was paid, fortune smiled on me. My employers were kind men, and they gave me an opening in their factory. Do you remember, Anna, how I was laughed at because I thought I could invent? I think, even now, if father had let me have my dearest wish and study machinery, I might never have fallen. But I hated the bank, and any temptation is doubled to escape from drudgery. My love of machinery was laughed out of me at home, but it be-

night. "The product of roots and vegetables does not as yet supply the local market. The interior of Alaska has, in my opinion, great possibilities as regards agriculture. The climate is not as wet as it is along the coast, but private enterprise cannot afford to experiment with it. The Gov-ernment should take some steps to solve the question.'

## An Oil Projectile.

A mong the latest inventions patented in England is a projectile, containing a reservoir of oil, to be shot ahead of a ship for the purpose of calming the an-gry waves. Of course everybody is aware that the phrase "pouring oil upon the troubled waters" is nowadays ac-control in its literal not morphy in a came my friend when I needed one. In the short intervals of leisure I had at the factory I perfected a patent that my em-ployers adopted and helped me to intro-duce into other factories. It has made me a rich man, Anna. But I craved a sight of my old home, and the dear faces there, and so I came to B—. My parents were dead, and you a widow and poor. Dear, do you guess how I have longed to help you since I came to he your neighbor, and yet facered you would curse me if I spoke?" "Hush!" she said, softly, "I am al-most sorry you are fich, Cyril. I was

Where Most Violins Are Made. There is really but one place in the world where violins are made extensively. That place is Markneukircnen, when its surrounding villages. There are al-together about 15,000 people living there who do nothing else but make vio-lins. The inhabitants, from the little urchin to the old gray-headed man, the small girl and the old grandmother, all memoraged in making some part of a fiddle.

Time: The year 1930 .- The Tourist-"What is this spleadid old ruin over-grown with wild vines, untenanted and neglected!" The Gnide—"That, sir, is the remnant of a once famous university wherein, in the latter part of the last century, athletics were opposed by the faculty."-The Week's Sport. - Now, what kind of policy would you advise?" Blinkins-"Well, I've always heard honesty very highly recommended." -Boston Post.

Budgkins (about to get his life insured)

de berth."—*interfer s incart*. This world is like a crowded 'bus, A few good men, perhaps, May find a seat, but most of us Must hang on by the straps. —*Chicago Journal.* 

When a man goes upstairs late at night

Father-"Why don't you work?" Son "" Why, I am as busy as a bee." Father -"You do nothing but eat." Som-"Well, that is all the bees are doing just now."-New York Herald.

A man with a feverish love of gold Will find no sure cure nor reliever, Because in all life's list of ills, One of the worst is yellow fever. —Philadelphia Times.

The Edge Was Taken Off .- Maid (to æesthetic mistress)--"What, madam, is broke in French?" Madam--"Casse." "Oh, yes! Well, I think your Maid\_ royal Worcester centerpiece is cass American Stationer.

Doctor-"I have the pleasure of informing you, Mr. Captious, that you are the father of triplets." Mr. C.—"Ex-cuse me, Doctor, but as there have been so many discrepancies in the census lately, won't you oblige me with a recount."-Mercury.

"Grindstone, were you ever a candi-date for office?" asked his friend. "Yes, ate for omcer "asket his friend. "Yes, I went through a campaign once as a candidate," replied Grindstone, as a look of pain flitted across his face, "but I lived it down, Kiljordan—I lived it down."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Talk about extravagance !" exclaimed a Marseilles man, to whom some one was recounting the luxury of the Parisian youth, "why, I know two young men who actually keep a couple of African servants merely to bring up black edged letters."—London Globa

Among the latest inventions patented