# LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1891.

NO. 5.

Robert Bonner does not think the rotting mile will reach 2:05.

It is said that the general use of the typewriter has greatly injured the ink

Although the summer of 1891 was exseptionally cool, murders and suicides were unusually numerous, a fact, that maintains the New York Commercial Advertiser, that throws some discredit on the old/theory that heat provokes to

A steamboat line will begin running in A few weeks between Chattanooga, Tenn., and St. Louis, Mo. The business men of Chattanooga are delighted at the prospect, which means a reduction in freights to that point. Within fifteen days \$1000 each were subscribed by 107 of Chattanooga's citizens as a guarantee fund. The trip of the steamer Herbert a few months since over the same route, made in the interest of Chattanooga merchants demonstrated the entire feasibility of the scheme, as the Mussel Shoal Canal made the worst part of the river navigable, and below that the voyage was perfectly easy.

The American Wool Reporter sees the solution of the deserted farm problem in New England in the rising of sheep. "Many of these deserted farms." it says. "can be bought from \$5 to \$15 per acre, and there are clusters of them where 1000 or more acres can be secured in a body. These farms can be stocked with grade Shropshires and Southdowns costing at from \$5 to \$8 per head, but these breeds of course should not be run in flocks of more than thirty to forty head each. We have recommended Shropshires and Southdowns because of their superior mutton qualities, and because they are hardy and early to develop. The Hampshiredown will also please, perhaps equally as well, and furnish most toothsome mutton. The New England mutton raiser is not only favored with sweet feed among the limestone and granite ledges and in the green valley of his domain, but is also additionally favored by a close proximity to the best markets in the country, where early lambs need never to hunt a buyer and where prices for prime mutton are always good.

The eastern shore of Maryland has been so little disturbed by immigration. remarks the Chicago Herald, that the region numbers comparatively few surnames, so that at various times it has been necessary to resort to odd but very ancient devices to distinguish between men bearing the same name. The commonest device is the patronymic by which of two men bearing exactly the same Christian and family name one is distinguished from the other by the addition "of William," "of Thomas," or "of John," as the case may be, the meaning of the phrase being "son of William, Thomas or John." Another device once commonly employed was to couple with the name an adjective to indicate some physical peculiarity, as "long" to indicate a tall man, "black" to indicate a dark man or "red" to indicate a ruddy man. Occasionally the distinguishing word is uncomplementary. "Devil" is not an unusual prefix to the Christian or surname of a man having a reputation for vice or recklessness. A man bearing one of the best known names in Maryland carried to his grave this pre-

The agent of a commercial bureau who has been through nearly fourteen counties in western Kansas, for the purpose of obtaining information on which to base a judgment of the business conditions of that part of the country, reports that that portion of Kansas is enjoying the most prosperous era in its history. The banks, he says, are in excellent condition; their deposits are increasing, and they are not using much Eastern money, large amounts being received from farmers who are paying off mortgages and have money on deposit after doing it. The abundance of the crops this year is such, he declares, as to make up for the losses sustained by the farmers in previous seasons. According to his obser vation the chief difficulty they have to contend with is the lack of threshing machines to handle the wheat. But the farmers do not let this trouble them much as they are disposed to hold the grain for higher prices, believing that by next February they can get \$1 : bushel instead of sixty cents, which is the present price. The prosperity of the grangers is having its effect on retail

THE WORLD AND LIFE The onward rushing stream of life Engrossed his every thought.

The turmoil of the day, the strife
With which man's breath was w

Made up existence to his mind; The world was all in all.

He was a captive—passive, blind— To struggle or to fall. Such was his thought; he never knew What force beyond it lay, Until across his path Love threw

A rosy, sunlit ray. He drank its warmth, and then it so 'Twas he who ruled the world; And sweeter than he ever dreamed

Before him life unfurled.

-Flavel Scott Mines, in Harper's Weekly.

DORA.

Duncan Holmes (soliloquizing in street car)—I don't believe in love at first sight, but I believe in fate. Ten minutes ago I was on my way down town with the fixed intention of going in that direction and no other, yet here I am riding up town, with not the vaguest idea of stopping anywhere. What induced me to change my mind so suddenly? I have never done such an erratic thing before. What lovely, lovely eyes she has!

she has! Conductor—Change cars for Thirty-

tourth street ferry.
Duncan—Shall I change cars? Perhaps
I'd better. A voice outside-Bananas! Ten for a

A voice outside—Bananas: The lot a quarter! Put 'em up in a bag for yer?

Duncan—No, I'll stay where I am. It is true, I saw Sissy Tomkyns in this car as it passed me, but I would never run three blocks for the pleasure of talking to him. Much more likely to run the theorems. Ho is an unprificated nine. other way. He is an unmitigated ninny—every one knows that. I was immensely relieved when he got off the car.
Voice at the window—Ten for a quar-

Duncan-And then I got this seat directly opposite her. How fortunate! Was there ever such a face? And such beautiful hair! The old lady must be her grandmother—no, I don't want ban-anas. We were so near her when we were hanging on that strap together that she heard every word we said. I could see that plainly. That's Tomkyn's one virtue, he gives a person such opportunities for being brilliant.

(Car goes on.)

Voice in distance—Ten—quarter—bag

for yer—— Duncan—It's fate, that's clear. It is

Conductor—New Haven depot!
Duncan—Nearly every one is getting
off the car. A little trip\in the country would be agreeable, perhaps. No, I'll stay in town and go up the avenue. What is the old lady saying to her now? Some-

old Lady—We must notigo too far up,
Dora. You will have to ask the conductor. (Looks round anxiously.)
Duncan (raising his hat)—Can I be of

Small Boy in the street—Look out for

(Car stops and frightened cur runs

Wait for me; you will fall, grandma! Conductor—Well, I never seed such

stampede. senger (to Duncan)-The young lady dropped her cape. There she goes you can catch her. Duncan (taking it and rushing out)— Fate is with me!

Duncan Holmes (smoking in his room)

—What a race I've had all the afternoon
with that fur cape! I distinctly saw
her and the old lady getting into a cab,
and I ran blocks and blocks to catch
them. There was such a crowd in the them. There was such a crowd in the avenue that I could hardly keep the cab in sight—I knew it by the blue curtain at the back. At last it stopped; I came up breathless making my best bow; the door opened and two gentlemen got out. There were two cabs with blue curtains, and I falleged the wrong one. What a There were two cabs with blue cut and I followed the wrong one. What a dilemma I was in. I was determined to find her before an advertisement for the find her before an advertisement for I would but a large section of the paper. For I would but a large section of the paper. For I would but a large section of the paper. For I would but a large section of the paper. For I would be cape appeared in the paper, for I would not relish going to her as if to claim "twenty dollars reward." I turned the cape inside out in hopes of finding some clew to the owner, and in the little pocket was a slip of paper with three memoranda written in a delicate, runmemoranda written in a delicate, run-ning hand: "Notepaper, milliner, Charley's slippers." How I envied Charley, whoever he might be. Her brother, I thought, and she was going to ning hand: "Notepaper, milliner, Charley's slippers." How I envied Charley, whoever he might be. Her brother, I thought, and she was going to order his slippers—a good, kind sister. There was nothing else in the pocket except the handkerchief. I have kept it as a souvenir. There can be no harm in such a theft as that. Some day, when

we are both old, I shall hunt her up only few weeks before my great, great again and give it back to her, and we shall laugh together over the mad-dog Duncan—Oh, pardon me. I did not There is metancholy satisfac episode. There is metancholy satisfaction in the prespect. It is a pretty little trifle daintily embroidered in blue, with her name in one corner—Theodora; a sweet, stately, name, just suited to her. This shall never leave me until I give it into her own hands. When that time comes my hands will be wrinkled and shaky and my hair white, her blue eyes will be dim with years and her voice cracked—bah! what is the use of thinking of it? I don't believe in fate, but I believe in love at first sight. Ah, me! James is staying a long time. I me! James is staying a long time. I told him to ride both ways. What a mercy it was that I did not carry out my first plan of applying for information at the house in Fifth avenue to which they were going. I should have looked a precious idiot. I had made up my mind to relate the car incident in an off-hand way and to describe the two ladies, par-ticularly the old one, her soft, white hair and grey eyes, and all that, but any one, at least any woman, would have seen I was in love and would have taken infinite pleasure in enlightening me. I thank my lucky stars that I did not go there, but received another inspiration when within five yards of the house. I took one more look at the cape and saw that it was quite new and had the maker's name inside the collar. I dashed over to the elevated, caught the next train, rode down town, and reached the furrier's shop just as it was closing up. The pro-prietor was very obliging, called up his men, had the matter looked into, and inmen, had the matter looked into, and informed me that a cape similar to the one I showed him had been made a week ago for a Mrs. Charles Botan. Married, married—Theodora! He gave me her address. I shall leave on Saturday and join mother and the girls in Switzerland. Here is James. Well?

James—It's all right, sir. The lady described the cape exactly, so I gave it to her. She was very much obliged to you, and the gentleman gave me five dollars, sir.

Duncan—Yes; very well. Now I want you to pack my small trunk. I am going to Europe. And, James, about what age is—er—the gentleman, Mr. Botan? Did he seem to be a feeble, delicate-looking sort of man at all?

James—No, sir. I took him to be

Duncan Holmes (in his married sister's Duncan—It's fate, that's clear. It is a little dark in the tunnel, so now I can look at her without her knowing it. I have never seen such a pretty profile nor such a lovely smile. And what a soft, sweet voice she has! I would listen to it sauddenly," of Charles Botan, at the adall day. The old lady seems to be a sensible sort of party. Why does she not drop her fan or her handkerchiel, or do something to give me a chance of making myself usefui?

Conductor—New Haven depot!

Duncan Holmes (in his married sister's drawing-room two years later)—It was certainly a strange coincidence, to say the least. Soon after reaching Geneva I saw in a New York paper the death, "suddenly," of Charles Botan, at the address to which I had sent the fur cape. Two weeks ago I came home, and while attending an afternoon tea, here at Margaret's, saw sitting in a corner, dressed in black, Theodora. I went to my sister and whisperred. "Who is she?" "She?" garet's, saw sitting in a corner, dressed in black, Theodora. I went to my sister and whispered, "Who is she?" "She?" in black, Theodora. I went to my sister and whispered, "Who is she?" "She?" returned Margie, "in black? Oh, that is Dora Botan. Poor dear! she has only just left off her crape. You must meet her; she is charming." In another minute we were standing before her. Margie said, hurriedly: "Dora, this is my brother, Duncan Holmes. You have heard me speak of him," and then flew off to greet a new-comer. Ah, what a delightful half-hour I passed talking to her, listening to her voice, and looking any service, madam?

Old Lady—Thank you. I want to know where number — Fifth avenue is.

Duncan—I am not quite sure, but I will ask the driver. (Goes out on front platform.)

delightful half-hour I passed talking to her voice, and looking into her eyes! She is not much changed, though sadder than she was, and I fancied once that she had a dim recollection of me, but that is hardly massible. cied once that she had a dim recollection of me, but that is hardly possible. She did not speak of the fur-cape incident nor of her husband. I have met her twice in the street since then, and last Sunday I went into church with her. Similarly 1 West find character and it.

She promised me she would be here this evening, and she has kept her word.

(His sister shows Dora in.)

(Lady passengers scream and rush out be other door.)

Dora—Don't be frightened, grandma.

(His sister shows Dora in.)

Dora—I am early, I see. Goodevening, Mr. Holmes; are we the first

Duncan-No; there are several persons in the next room, but it is very comfortable here.

Dora-I have not been anywhere for born—I have not been anywhere for so long that I feel quite strange.

Duncan—Yet, a musicale is not a formidable affair. Have this arm-chair, and I will take this one. Now, I want

to tell you a secret. Dora—A secret, Mr. Holmes? Duncan—Yes; and to restore Duncan—Yes; and to restore to you a piece of property of yours which accidentally came into my possession two years ago, and which I have feloniously

retained and concealed until now. Oh

you need not think this a joke, it is

Dora-Have I forgotten what? Duncan—That we met two years ago you and I. There is recollection written in your eyes, but you do not quite place

a street car, and as we reached the tunnel I heard a familiar voice which gave me a thrill of delight. The words it said were unpoetic and commonplace: "Bananas! ten for a quarter. Put 'em up in a bag for yer?" In an instant I seemed to see you sitting conseits me a sweet force. listen. I came uptown to-day in a street

Duncan—Oh, pardon me. I did not mean to grieve you so. H.rk, the music is beginning. Shall we go into the other

room?
Dora—No, thank you; we can hear very well. Are you fond of music?
Duncan—Yes; very. That fellow plays well, too.
Dora—I am so glad you thought dear

grandma had a sweet face. It suited her character exactly. I nearly died when I lost her, and now I am quite alone.

Duncan—Is she dead? I am shocked

to hear it. I had no idea you were in mourning for her. (Aside.) Where on earth is Botan, then?

earth is Botan, then?

Dora—Your face shows you are grieved.

Thank you. I remember that you were very kind that day. (Singing begins.)

That is a fine voice, but I very tired of the song. Are not you?

Duncan—I do not know it.

Duncan—1 do not know it.

Dora—Not know "Marguerite?"

Duncan—Yes, yes; of course! Pardon me, I was thinking of something else. I am glad we are not to have another verse. It is time I restored the rest of your property to you. This hand-kerchief has been all over Europe with

me.
Dora—Did I drop it in the car? But,

Duncan-Not yours? I found it in the pocket of your fur cape, and it has your name. Look—Theodora?

Dora—Indeed you mistake. My name

is Dorothea.

Duncan—I do not understand. Did not my servant go to your hour in Seven

Dora-No; he could not have done so, for I have always lived in Madison ave-

Duncan-But he saw your-your-

Mr. Botan.

Dora—Who can you mean? I have no brother, and my father has been dead

for ten years.

Duncan—But—but do you mean to say you did not lose your fur cape that day?

say you did not lose your fur cape that day?

Dora—Mr. Holmes, I assure you I never had one. I begin to understand now. The lady who sat next me in the car had one on her lap.

Duncan—I see, I see; I was on a wild-goose chase. But tell me, what is your name? Margie called you Dora Botan.

Dora—Here is my visiting card in her card-basket—look!

Duncan—Miss Dorothea Boughton—Miss Dorothea Boughton Miss! Well, well, what an absurd mistake I made! Was there ever such a stupid?

Sissy Tomkyns himself could not have done worse. Let me explain from the beginning. beginning.
Dora—Hark! A duett.

(Tenor sings.)

"For one brief space we met, I looked on thee and loved, and lov-ed thee!"

Duncan—That is just my case.

Dora—It is not polite to talk during

the singing.

Duncan—For two years I have loved you hopelessly, Dora—Dorothea. What say you? Dora—Hush—sh! Listen!

(Soprano sings.) "Look, look in mine eyes And ask, and ask no more!"

-Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

The Edinburgh evening papers have a trained service of carrier pigeons for use at race meetings, football or cricket matches, shooting competitions, etc., and in out-of-the-way districts where there is no telegraph or telephone within easy reach they are often very useful. They are housed in quarters specially erected for them on the flat roof of the office, the dovecote including an ingen-ious trap arrangement and electric bell. When a reporter desires to use the pigeons he leaves word the night before pigeons he leave.

pigeons he leave.

with the person in charge of the pigeons he leave.

Is very necessary. When they are to my is very necessary. When they are to my is very necessary. When they are to my is very necessary.

The pigeons—two or four, another the pigeons—two or four, and the pigeons—two o as may be required—are caught in the morning and placed in a comfortable wicker or tin basket, like a small luncheon basket, with compartments. The reporter, when he leaves the office, carries the basket with him. He also provides himself with a book of fine tissue paper, "filmsy," and a sheet of carbonized paper, "a black." He writes his report very legibly and report very legibly and compactly, so as to put as much on a page of "flimsy" as to put as much on a page of "flimsy" as it will possibly hold. Then he rolls the riflinsy" neatly up and attatches it to the leg of the bird by means of an elastic band. Or he may send two pages of 'flimsy," one on each leg. The pigeon, being released, makes straight for home. - Times-Democrat.

# Sidewalk Rope-Balancing.

The sidewalks in Hayana, Cuba, are along as though walking on a pole fence. About every second person you meet is a colored woman, with a big laundry basket on her head. At first it is a little awkward, but before you have been here long you get so taat you can pass the laundry woman without knocking the basket off her head, and, if you stay long enough, you could get a job in most out the basket of the any circus as a rope walker. On the principal streets the sidewalks are a little better, but two feet and a half is considered a very wide sidewalk.—New

### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

An average locomotive costs \$10,000. Iron has been rolled to the thinness of 1-1800th of an inch.

A new method to utilize coal culm has been successfully tried.

Antimony is found extensively in Por largest beds being situated

near Braganza. An electric flying machine was re-cently made to rise to a height of seventy feet and fly about 400 yards.

The French make paper umbrellas, rendered wholly waterproof by gelatined bichromate of potassium.

By the use of the camera, with power-ful telescopes a new and very large crater has been shown upon the moon's surhas been shown upon the mood's surface.

A French electrician has gotten up a device by which he can send 150 type-written words per minute over a single

The sturgeon is toothless and draws in its food by suction, but the shark has hundreds of teeth set in rows that some-

The largest locomotive yet built in

Europe was recently sent out of the Hirschau works in Munich, Bavaria. It is forty-six feet over all and weight eighty-four tons.

Telescopic steel masts or rods are to be used in lighting the public squares in Brussels, Belgium. The object of this system is to preserve the beauties of the parks in the daytime.

The effective range of the modern magazine rifle is not less than a mile, and the maximum range not less than two miles. There is danger from richochet up to a distance of a mile.

As heat resistants we may mention as-bestos, plaster-of-paris, uncalcined gyp-sum, sand, clay, ashes, charcoal, soap-stone, pumice stone, chalk, infusorial earth, mineral wool, rock, wool.

The Majestic is the most economica coal burner of any of the Atlantic flyers. She burns but 220 tons a day, shows 19,500 horse power and makes an average

19,500 horse power and makes an average of over twenty-three miles an hour.

Electricity is playing an important part in the working of heavy guns, ammunition hoists, and winches in the French Navy. New ships are being fitted with electric appliances in lieu of hydralic greek. draulic gear.

The practice of placing the green boughs of the eucalyptus tree in sick rooms is growing in Australia. They not only act as disinfectants, but the volatile scent has also a beneficial influence on consumptive patients.

Smoke is finding its champions in Eng-land, notwithstanding the efforts made to prevent its diffusion in the atmosphere. It is claimed that the carbon in the smoke is a powerful deodorizer, and as such, is a blessing rather than a nuisance.

By means of a powerful jet of com pressed air a German engineer drives dry cement down into the sand or mud at the bottom of a stream, so that the water immediately fixes the cement and it be-comes like solid rock, suitable for founda-An American machine which will suc

An American machine which will successfully work out the fibre of sisal from the plant has produced a boom in that industry never realized with the English machines heretofore used. The new machine does not cut the fibre, and the product leaves the machine ready for the market. market.

After the passage of an electric storm

there is quite an appreciable amount of ozone in the atmosphere, so much so that its presence may be frequently de-tected by exposing a piece of blotting paper, previously dipped in a solution of starch and iodide of potash, when it will

The French are now painting their war vessels a dull, sulphurous gray, exactly the color of smoke as it arises from cannons. They say this color has the advantage of being as illusive and indisdarkness as during the smoke of battle. It is more baffling in the search light than any other tint.

A five-inch shot was recently fired through the cellulose belt of the Danish through the cellulose belt of the Danish cruiser Hepla, entering the bow in the port side, and coming out on the starboard side. The Hepla steamed for three hours at a speed of sixteen knots per hour. The cellulose is reported to have proved so effective that at the end of the three hours. of the three hours the water-tight com partment through which the shot passed contained but two feet of water. During the run the water rose high above the hole. Cellulose is a water-excluding

The Carnegie Free Library in Allegheny, Penn., has become the fortunate possessor of a copy of Audubon's "Birds of America," the gift of Mrs. William J. Alexander, of Monongahela. The vork is one of considerable rarity and of great value, copies of the original edi-tion of 1844 selling at from \$2500 to \$4000. It is not generally known that the great naturalist's daughters live in old homestead near Audubon Park, overlooking the Hudson. They were once possessed of considerable wealth, but it was lost through unfortunate investments, and they are now in somewhat straitened circumstances. Some of the big handsome plates from which Audubon's monumental work was printed are preserved in the Museum of Natural History in Central Park.—Boston Tran-

## A HAUNTING THOUGHT.

If the wind is the breath of the dying, As ancient legends say, What rebel soul, defying, Sweeps down the storm to-day? What fruitless, mad regretting Uttered that lingering wail? What life of war and tempest

Is spilled upon the gale? If the wind is the breath of the dying, Across this sea of light, What saintly soul, replying. Goes out to God to night? Whom does this moonlit zephyr Uplift on its white breast?

What spirit, pure and patient, In rapture sinks to rest?

-Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in Independent.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The tramp's style of expression is never labored. — Washington Star.

Jagson says it's a long loan that has no returning.—Elmira Gazette.

Even the strictest vegetarian believes it is meet that he should eat.—Boston We have hair-dressing parlors, and why not dental drawing-rooms?—Boston

The "balance of the season" is what

troubles paterfamilias .- Boston Common

"No, Gubbins, you will never be a brain-worker." "Why not?" "Haven't got the tools."—Dansville Breeze.

There's one good thing a bad boy won't take, and that is good advice.—
Richmond Record. The dear hunting season has been trans-

ferred from the beach to the drawing-room.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

In the world of fashion every old hen has her set. And they manage to hatch out a good deal of mischief.—Texas The barber who will invent a style of

whiskers which the wind can't blow through has a fortune awaiting him.— Buffalo Express. "So you live in Chicago?" "Yes." "Are you interested in the fair?" "You bet, I'm engaged to three of 'em at present."—Cape Cop Item.

Some one says "poets are declining;" this is evidently a mistake. Every poet will tell you that it is the editors who are declining.—Richmond Recorder.

are declining.—Richmond Recorder.

The young man who says "Thank you!" when the girl he loves has promised to be his wife ought never to say it in words.—Somerville Journal.

He took the coin they gave him there, Its looks he could not trust;
He raised it to his lips with care—'Twas thus he oit the dust.

"Washington Star.

"You have set (in discust).—"You

Mrs. Pendergrast (in disgust)—"You call these shades alike! Is there anything you can match?" Mr. Prendergrast—"Yes, Pennies."—Kate Field's Washing-

"Father," asked a boy, "why do they call this place the Exchange?" "Because, my son, it is where we exchange money for experience."—Boston Bulling

He (seriously)—"Do you think your father would object to my marrying you?" She—"I don't know. If he is anything like me he would."—Brooklyn If some people were to do unto others as they would have others do to them they would not have a single moment in which to look out for themselves.—

"You had better accept Mr. Hipple," said Mrs. Elder to her daughter; "it is your last chance." "You think this is the court of last resort, do you, mamma," asked the girl.—Detroit Free Press.

Editor-in-Chief (to managing editor) —"I understand that James has resigned." Managing Editor—"James has abdicated, sir, not resigned. James, you know, was office boy."—Jury.

The husband was reading the news at night,
And his wife said: "Tell me, pray,
How many balloonists were killed outright
Who made ascensions to-day?"
—New York Fress.

"H'm—that young man of yours—is he worth anything, financially?" "Why, yes, papa. He is worth at least \$35 a week to the store, he says, though they only give him ten."—Indianapolis Jour-

Jinks—"Waite would be a good man to start a church." Finkins—"Why so?" Jinks—"He has sisters enough among our leading families to start a good-sized congregation."—New York Herald. Miss Pearl White—"I wish you to paint my portrait." Dobbins—"I'm sorry, ma'am, but I cau't do it." Miss Pearl White—"Why not?" Dobbins—"I

never copy other paintings."—Cincinnati First Jeweler-"Do you sell that new

house of Upson, Downs & Co?" Second Jeweler—"No longer; I sold them several large bills. They paid promptly at maturity, so I stopped."—Jeweler's Circular. Visitor-"I have often wanted to visit a lunatic asylum, but I suppose there is none in the city." Resident—"No, but we've got a Board of Trade. (Proudly) Come along. It's in session. It will do Come along. It's in session. just as well."—Boston Herald.

First Youth (at railway depot)—
"Traveled fari" Second Youth—"Not "Traveled 1atl" Second Youth—"Not yet, but I expect to before I stop. I am going west to seek my fortune." First Youth—"I just got back. Lend me a dime, will you?"—Kansas City Journal.