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It is estimated that about 30,000 horses were ousted from street-car service last year by electricity.

Michael Davitt, the Irish Home Rule agitator, urges the Imperial Government to loan, at low interest, \$50,000,000 to the Canadian Dominion for the advancement of immigration in the Northwest.

In New York State during 1891 the deaths by consumption were 13,445, as compared with 13,831 in 1890. This is equivalent to 109 deaths in 1,000 deaths from all causes, a ratio decidedly lower than was observed during the last quinquennial. The ratio has been known (in 1886) to arise to 137 in a thousand deaths.

A bureau of press clippings in London has received the royal "command" to furnish twenty distinct sets of newspaper cuttings from every periodical in the world, so far as obtainable, referring to the death of Prince Albert Victor. The sets are to be pasted each in a separate album. The section devoted to American clippings should make a very edifying collection, in the opinion of the Chicago Herald, if the bureau is faithful in obeying the command.

Professor McCook, of Hartford, Conn., finds in his investigation of the tramp nuisance that of 1293 cases coming under his notice, fifty-six per cent. were American born, while but about ten per cent. were unable to read or write. Of 1314 tramps, 439, says the professor, claimed to be strictly temperate in their use of alcoholic drinks, while thirty of them boldly declared themselves as total abstainers. It is more likely that the only really temperate ones of the 1300 and odd were the thirty who never touched a drop.

Says the Baltimore Sun: The great increase of insanity in the United States, an increase far in excess of the increase of population, is justly attracting attention. An illustration of this increase is given in the statistical tables of the New York Board of Charities, which has just been reported to the State Legislature. The figures show that the number of insane patients in New York asylums has increased from 9337, in 1853, to 16,617, in 1891. It is further estimated that counting the insane not in the asylums the total number in the State will reach 20,000.

Some of the revelations of the census will startle a good many people, remarks the Boston Transcript. For instance, there are now more than half a million almond trees actually bearing in the United States; there are hundreds of thousands of bearing coconut trees; there are more than a quarter of a million olive trees, producing fruit equal to the best Mediterranean varieties. There are more than half a million bearing banana plants, 230,000 bearing lemon trees, 4,000,000 orange trees and 21,000,000 pineapples. And the value of tropical and semi-tropical fruits grown under the American flag is nearly \$2,000,000.

"Walnut lumber as a commercial quantity in the lumber trade is almost a thing of the past," said a prominent local dealer to the Man About Town of the St. Louis Republic the other day. "It is not because there is any real scarcity in the supply of timber from which walnut lumber may be made, but from the fact that the craze for walnut furniture has died out entirely or nearly so. Oak, ash and maple have taken its place, principally oak. The craze for all sorts of furniture in the latter timber is causing a wholesale onslaught on the best timbers in the country, and has run the prices of first and second grades way up. A few years more of the craze for oak will exhaust the supply of best grades and then some other wood will become the fashion."

Says the New York Sun: The magnetic needle has been acting in a very erratic manner recently in some parts of France and Scotland, where its declination now is twenty to twenty-five minutes greater than it was a few months ago, though no change has occurred in the adjacent regions. Scientific men do not know how to account for this magnetic anomaly, unless it indicates that metal-bearing rocks in the depths of the earth have been displaced by some profound geological disturbance, which is made apparent at the surface by these unusual vagaries of the needle. The theory was long ago advanced that terrestrial magnetism, if we could read it aright, would explain what is going on in the bowels of the earth; and in the connection that the geologists are disposed to trace between the recent magnetic disturbances and subterranean geology, we have another illustration of the sciences, a great truth to which Wallace called attention so vividly when he issued conclusions relating to prehistoric geological changes upon the present distribution of fauna in the Malay archipelago.

A SPRINGTIME IDYL.

The bluebirds they are calling. The robin plumes his wing. The snow-born streams are falling. Upon the feet of spring.

The wee frogs wake from sleeping. They're getting out of bed; And thro' the cold turf peeping.

Go sound the cow-bell loudly; Wake feather, fur and fin. My brothers, see how proudly The splendid spring comes in.

All hail, oh Southland, Come soon, oh Southland, And greet the hills of brown; Invaids the Northland, Go smite the Northland.

And pull that snowbank down. —Dundas (Can. ad.) Banner.

TOLD IN THE TWILIGHT.

BY BELLE MOSES.

ILES around Briar Lodge the snow lay heaped, deeper there than about the other villas, which were built on elevated ground, while Briar Lodge nestled in a hollow.

But if the two inmates of this abode were now at the harvest-time there were no disappointing tines among the golden grain. The mother was in the fullness and perfection of maturity, and the daughter in that sweet first glow of youth—fair of face and joyous by nature as a girl of nineteen should be.

Briar Lodge was a fitting bower for two such charming women. It was the home of Mrs. Viciars's girlhood, where, as Madeline Hunt, she had made it the most attractive place on the hillside.

The Prince came at last, invaded Briar Lodge and took Madeline captive; but he died in the flush of happiness. Little Mildred gave warmth to her mother's life, urging her to cast off the blighting influence of her sorrow; and Madeline's nature blossomed afresh, all the better and stronger for its earlier test.

"I—am glad to see you home, Herbert. When did you arrive? As she spoke she came slowly up to the hedge that divided them, and reached over her little gloved hand in greeting to the newcomer, who caught and kissed it passionately before he released it.

"Didst thou know I was coming to-day?" he asked reproachfully. "I am sure you expected me, Mildred. Answer me truly. I cannot believe that you have forgotten."

"Forgotten! Oh, no!" returned Mildred quickly. "I thought—I imagined—well if you must have it—I did look for you to-day."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Viciars sat alone with her thoughts, marveling at the short afternoon were on, at the intricate weaving of circumstances which had brought these young people together. She was thankful that it was so, for it partly effaced an act of her own which had cost her many a bitter pang of self-reproach.

She had once been engaged to Colonel Overton, Herbert's uncle and guardian; but with the dawn of her love for Ashley Viciars she felt that she could no longer keep her promise. He released her—it was all he could do—for her happiness was his first thought. But from that day he never set foot in Briar Lodge.

"I am sorry for this, Herbert. Had you confided to me sooner, I might have spared you much pain, but I cannot do so now. My boy, go back to the city. The only hope for your peace of mind is to root out this unfortunate love."

Herbert looked flushed and indignant. "It do not wish to root it out, uncle, you do not know Mildred. She is truth and sweetness itself."

"The girl is like her mother," answered Colonel Overton; "she loves you now—at least, she thinks she does; but let a handsomer man appeal to her fancy, and her over-tender conscience will blight your happiness. Withdraw before it was too late."

"It is too late now," burst out Herbert vehemently. "I cannot understand your prejudice against Mildred."

"I have no prejudice against the young lady. I do not know her," answered the Colonel. Then, after a pause, he continued, "I am the last person to oppose a true love match, Herbert; besides I know that opposition only adds fuel to the flame. But this much I ask of you—leave things as they are for awhile. You are both young, and can wait. Go back to the city and your work, and in the end I find that I can give my full and free consent I will send for you."

"Yes—but—" began Herbert. Colonel Overton smiled rather sadly as he laid a hand on his nephew's shoulder. "I know what you would say, Herbert. You are of age and quite your own master, fully capable of controlling your own affairs; but I deserve from you some slight consideration after years of faithful guardianship. The same hot blood flowed in my veins once that now courses through yours, and I will not have its warmth chilled if I can help it. Can you trust me for awhile?"

There was a short struggle, then Herbert held out his hand. "I owe you too much, uncle, to refuse such a request," he said, in a trembling voice.

"I have never seen that." "True," he interrupted. "It was voluntary banishment. I was afraid to come here, Madeline. I am afraid to be here now, but that necessity forces me."

"You speak of the children?" she questioned. "I speak of your daughter and my nephew, who have most unfortunately formed an attachment for each other."

"Unfortunately!" "Yes, I say unfortunately, for you know from experience how it may end. I cannot allow Herbert's life to be wasted as mine was. He is young, ambitious and clever. He has great hopes of him."

The tears slowly filled Mrs. Vickers's beautiful eyes. "You are hard," she murmured. "I thought—I thought—" she paused. "Mildred's happiness is even dearer to me. She loves your nephew truly, and perhaps, Grenville, their marriage may—may bridge over the gulf between us. We may be friends once more."

Madeline was weeping bitterly; but Colonel Overton continued: "I do not mean to reproach you. Your course was better than deception; but I will protect Herbert to the best of my ability."

Madeline rose from her chair, and coming close to him laid a beseeching hand upon his arm. The Colonel seized it, and fixed his passionate, pleading eyes upon her.

"Madeline, Madeline! you try me past my strength. Did you think of my feelings when you told me the cruel truth years ago, and now am I required to make still greater sacrifices? Even if all should turn out happily, do you think that it would cause me no pang to see Mildred—your very image—fitting about the old place which has known no gentle presence since you refused to enter it? Would you force me into exile again? Madeline, I am too old—leave me my solitary heart, where I may spend a few peaceful twilight hours."

"Mildred could make them much happier for you," pleaded Mildred's mother. "Never!" he said with sudden fire. "There is but one way of happiness for all. I am mad to dream of such a thing, for when I gave you up, Madeline, I swore I would never approach you again. I shall keep my vow. But, if you truly wish to mend the breach between us, then it is your place to seek me—not for Mildred's sake, nor Herbert's, nor even mine, but at the bidding of your own heart and desire."

He gently disengaged her clinging hand, and left her to ponder his words. So while Mildred sang in the joy of her heart, Madeline went about her accustomed duties dazed and bewildered. When the twilight came that meant so much to her, she could bear it no longer; she left the lovers to their dreams, and secretly giving herself time for thought, she took her way across the moorland, halting at last at the familiar gate. The spirit of the place was dead—the serene old gentleman who had brightened the homestead for her children.

THE GREAT TULIP MANIA.

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY CRAZE OF TREMENDOUS VIOLENCE. Fortunes Won and Lost On the Pretty Flower Bulb Origin of the Spring Beauty of Our Gardens.

THAT gay flower, the tulip, belle of the garden, has reason to carry itself with proudly up-lifted head, for its history is a unique one. A native of flowery Persia, growing there in prodigal luxuriance and making the earth flame with its crimson corollas. Coming from there to Turkey, it received its name, tulip, from tulband, the Turkish name for turban, which it resembles.

At last in its migratory mood it chose its home among the good people of Holland, henceforth with quiet effrontery ignoring its birthplace and going out into the world as a Holland bulb. But the flower which in the rich soil of Persia glowed a bright crimson, in the sandy loam of its new home appeared in a new and fantastic dress of "two-fold beauty and a parted streak," and ever since florists have been trying to vary the garb of the flower. For years otherwise sensible men devoted their lives to finding some way of producing black tulips, but with no better success than their contemporaries who sought blue roses.

Tulips were introduced into Northern Europe about the close of the sixteenth century. In Holland they quickly became the popular ornament of their prim gardens, and by one of those strange freaks which seem to seize a nation as well as an individual, they became articles of commercial speculation. The rise and fall of the tulipomania has no parallel in the business world. In 1636 tulip marts were established in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Haarlem and other cities, where they were sold as stock on Wall street is to-day. Prices rose higher and higher. Bulbs bearing all kinds of high-sounding names were offered for sale. They were bought and sold again without the buyers receiving, indeed, without an expectation of ever seeing them. All classes entered into the speculation. An old book gives a pleasant picture of General Lambert, one of the noblest officers of the Puritan army, turning from battles to cultivate the bulb with such loving care that the cavaliers satirized him as Knight of Ye Golden Tulip.

A sailor in a warehouse picked up a bulb and bit it, supposing it to be an onion. The cost to the merchant of that one bit would have banqueted the Prince of Orange and his retinue. Suddenly this strange inflation ceased and was followed by a panic. Prices fell, merchants could not meet their engagements, rich men found themselves beggared—but the tulip had come to stay.

Even in England amid the excitement of civil war and the stern, joyless rule that followed, the tulip gained its place and friends. An old book gives a pleasant picture of General Lambert, one of the noblest officers of the Puritan army, turning from battles to cultivate the bulb with such loving care that the cavaliers satirized him as Knight of Ye Golden Tulip.

But while those bright flowers blush "in gay diversitie" at our feet, and make our lawns and parloirs brilliant for so long a time as nature, aided by the florist's skill will allow, they have companion blossoms that refuse to lend themselves for such lowly ends. They bloom but for the stars, and choose for their admirers birds with plumage as showy as themselves. Perhaps the eagle pauses to wonder at the gay coloring of the tulip tree.

Although common in the Middle States, comparatively few have seen the magnificent blossoms of this tree. This is because of the great height it attains before it branches out. It seems strange to think of those great cup-shaped flowers glowing in their stange beauty of variegated scarlet, yellow and orange over a hundred feet from the ground. For hundreds of years those trees, the largest in America except the California group, will bear their blossoms and people living in their shadows will never see the coloring of their canopy. By some law of "attribution, perhaps that instinct which makes birds frequent those trees whose foliage will best conceal them, the tree attains to itself the gayest hues birds, notably the oriole, to which Hawthorne compares its flower.—Detroit Free Press.

Poison by Lead Pipe. The use of lead pipe for the conveyance of water for domestic use is rarely dangerous. It is only so when the water stands for some time in the pipe and when it is largely charged with carbonic acid. Then the acid may act on the lead and produce a soluble carbonate which is not safe to take in the stomach. But even in this case, if the water is run for a short time so as to clear out the standing water, the danger is avoided. Hard water soon makes a deposit of carbonate of lime or alumina in the pipe, which acts as an insoluble lining, and thus protects the metal from the action of the water. When a pipe has been in use for some months without any evidence of action on the lead, it may be considered safe, as then it may be believed that the lead has not been acted upon or has been coated over safely. The purest water has the most effect upon lead.—New York Times.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Italy is experimenting with liquid fuel for torpedo boats. The naval ordnance smokeless powder continues to produce satisfactory results. There is a thermometer at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, Md., which is considered worth \$10,000.

The Hollerith electrical counting apparatus has saved the census bureau \$600,000 in the expense of enumerating the population of the country. Frost has a variety of effects upon different products. Under the same influence eggs will burst, apples contract and potatoes will turn black.

It has been found that sandstone as an engine foundation is far from perfect. The stone soon becomes saturated with oil, making it soft and easily friable. Broommakers dry their brooms so green that housekeepers are afraid to break off one of the splits to test a cake with, for fear they may be poisoned with paris-green.

To find the relative distance of the sun and stars, suppose the earth and sun but one inch apart. At the same relative distance the nearest fixed star would be just eleven miles away. It is said that the latest improved guns are able to give a velocity to their projectiles of 2887 feet per second, which is at the rate of 1968 miles an hour. This is the highest velocity yet recorded.

It has been found by experiments that ordinarily the blood travels from the heart through the arteries at the rate of about twelve inches a second and through the capillaries at about 3-100 of an inch per second. The floating fire-engine, propelled by steam, which has been lately built for the service of the prefecture of the port, says the Levant Herald, made a short swift trip in the Marmara recently. It steams twelve to thirteen miles an hour.

A new English pattern of stair thread is made of alternate strips of lead and steel, the lead furnishing foothold and the steel grooves in a plate of steel, and it is asserted that this form of step has unusual durability, not wearing smooth even under heavy travel. The microphone is the latest absolute test for death. Recently a St. Petersburg (Russia) woman, who was subject to fits of catalepsy, apparently ceased to breathe, and was looked upon by her friends as dead. Her medical attendant, who knew the history of the case, applied the microphone to the region over the heart, and was thus enabled to hear the faint sounds of its beats. After strenuous exertions the doctor was enabled to restore the woman to consciousness.

A new means has been found for shutting off an electrical current without injury to the dynamo when wires happen to get crossed or there is overheating from any cause. The essential parts of the apparatus are four needles so arranged that when the voltage in the wire is increased above the limit from any cause one of the needles will emit sparks and so burn through a fine thread. This thread is connected with springs which shut off the current when the tension is broken.

The Follow-up and the Cook. The follow-up, or, which is not new, will bear retelling. During the earlier visits of the Royal family to Balmoral, Prince Albert, dressed in a very simple manner, was crossing one of the Scotch lakes in a steamer, and was curious to note everything relating to the management of the vessel, and among other things cooking. Approaching the "galley," where a brawny Highlander was attending to the culinary matters, he was attracted by the savory odors of a compound known by Scotchmen as "hodge-podge," which the Highlander was preparing. "What is that," asked the Prince, who was not known to the cook. "Hodge-podge, sir," was the reply. "How is it made?" was the next question.

"Why, there's mutton intill, and turpiss intill, and carrots intill, and—"

ON A ROSE PRESSED IN A BOOK.

I win the summer back again At touch of this dead rose— O lavish joy! O tender pain! The very June wind blows, And thrills me with the old refrain! Whose music my heart knows: I win the summer back again! At touch of this dead rose.

—Louise Chandler Moulton, in the Century.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Out on a lark—Feathers. "Has a settled look"—A receipted bill. A counter-irritant—The vinegarish saleslady.

Makes little things count.—The teacher of the smallest class in arithmetic. It is sometimes hard to tell where business sagacity leaves off and downright rascality begins.—Texas Siftings.

The mother hunts for bargains. And the father handles stocks. But the babies in the cradle Are the ones that get the "rocks." A woman is never so likely to be mistaken at any other time as when she is "perfectly sure."—Somerville Journal.

There are twin brothers in Brixton so much alike that they frequently borrow money of each other without knowing it.—Tid Bits. Gummy.—"Now that is what I call a taking picture." Glanders.—"Yes; it's a painting of a pickpocket at work."—Detroit Free Press.

He (at the dinner table to young wife)—"My dear wifery, I begin to think that there are a few misprints in your cookery book."—La Tribuna. Lady (to her legal friend)—"You won't charge for a question, I hope?" Lawyer—"Oh, no; only for the answer."—Pittsburg Blatter.

"I wouldn't marry the best man in creation," said Estelle. "That lets me out," said Chappie. "Farewell forever."—New York Herald. "Manly is the toughest paper known, I believe," said Wickwire, incidentally. "Say," queried Madge, "where can I get a copy?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Ike, Jr.—"What are you smiling about, mother?" Mrs. Parington's Niece—"I'm reading a funny story and have just got to the climax."—Buffalo Express. "Sweet, I must go; 'tis late," said he: But, looking at him smilingly, Said: "Better late than never."—Chicago Sun.

Teacher—"How many scruples are there in a dram?" Dick Hicks—"Supposed to be three, but most druggists sell 'em without any."—New York Herald. "I'm so sorry," said Mrs. Parvenu, bidding good night to her guests after the reception, "that the storm kept all our best people away!"—Boston Herald.

Victor—"Do life prisoners survive very long?" Keeper—"Only those whose sentences were commuted because they had but a short time to live."—New York Sun. "Papa, what is patrimony?" "It is what is inherited from a father, my dear." "Oh; and then is matrimony something inherited from the mother?"—Brooklyn Life.

Jack—"She is not generally considered a belle, and yet I have seen her look killing." Charlie—"Indeed! When was that?" Jack—"At a ball once when I trod upon her train."—Kate Field's Washington.

Editor (of monthly magazine, after reading the manuscript).—"Your poem, sir, has great literary merit." Author of poem (in a voice of agony).—"Then of course you can't use it!"—Chicago Tribune.

How we do laugh over the pictures we had taken when we were young! By the way, wonder what we would have thought in early life could we have seen the photographs we have had taken since we reached middle life?—Boston Transcript.

A teacher of natural philosophy once asked the bright boy of the class how many kinds of force there were, and was astonished to receive the following reply: "Three, ma'am. Mental force, physical force and police force."—Pharmaceutical Era.

"What book is that you are reading?" asked Mrs. Snuggs of her husband. "It's a book on tree culture, my dear." "You don't want to know anything on that subject, do you?" "Yes; I want to learn how to raise an ambush."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Bank Clerk—"It's a shame, the way some men rob their employers by loading when they're paid to work. There's a bricklayer on that new building across the street who hasn't done a stroke for an hour—I know it because I've done nothing but watch him."—Kate Field's Washington.

Shamrock and Clover. There is a prevalent notion that the shamrock is nothing but clover. Indeed, many Irish people will show you clover and tell you that it is the shamrock. But, according to the best authorities, the true shamrock is the oxalis, not the trifolium repens. All the Irish flags which bear the shamrock represent the former plant, which is different from the other in this: Clover leaves spring in a bunch from a common root; shamrock leaves spring in alternating order from either side of a stem which creeps close to the ground. The leaves are smaller than those of the clover plant, more delicate, and the plant is, as compared with clover, very rare.—Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier.