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The stationary condition of France's population in point of numbers may be in part accounted for, explains the New York Sun, by the fact that among 38,000 communes there are 29,000 without medical men.

Ten years ago Maryland and Virginia supplied three-fifths of all the oysters of the country at a price easily within reach of ordinary means.

The salary of an Excise Commissioner of New York City is \$5,000 a year and a term of office three years. There is also a lot of valuable patronage.

The Spanish Columbian Exposition, to be held next September in Madrid, has been very rarely mentioned in this country.

By direction of the Secretary of War the following is published for the information of all concerned: It having been represented to the War Department that necessity exists for offering prompt and safe facilities to persons who desire to make contributions for the intellectual and moral welfare of the enlisted men of the army, the Secretary of War authorizes the Adjutant-General to receive, free of expense to the sender, such contributions of books, periodicals, pamphlets and papers as may be sent to him by philanthropic persons for distribution to the army, especially to the troops in the far West.

The boundary line between Mexico and the United States is so ill-patrolled that bandits in the guise of revolutionists have very little difficulty in raising a row in Mexico, and when closely pressed, retreating over the border.

The National Board of Fire Underwriters, which is formed of the leading fire insurance companies doing business in the United States, has seen an official letter to President Harrison, calling his attention to the great waste of values by fire in this country, which has now reached an enormous sum annually, and appears to be increasing year by year.

A SPRING POEM FROM BION.

"Tell me, Myrson, tell me true, What's the season pleaseth you? Is it summer suits you best, When from harvest toil we rest? Is it autumn with its glory Of all surfeited desires? Is it winter, when with story And with song we hug our fires? Or is it spring most fair to you— Come, good Myrson, tell me true!"

Another answereth: "What the gods in wisdom send We should question not, my friend; Yet, since you entreat of me, I will answer reverently: Me the summer time displeases, For its sun is searching hot; Autumn brings such dire diseases, That therefore I like it not; As for bitter winter, oh! How I hate its ice and snow!"

A STROKE FOR LIBERTY.

BY FREDERICK M. COLBY.

HE 9th of May, 1775, The day was serenely fair, and the warm sunshine of spring shone pleasantly upon a beautiful scene.

Champlain, which seemed to lie asleep in the rays of the descending lian. Through the clearing meandered a pretty little brook, which emptied itself into the lake at a place where a narrow bay indented the land.

"Supper will be ready as soon as Nathan comes," said a matronly woman appearing at the door of the farmhouse, sleeves rolled to the elbow, and the signs of culinary toil apparent on her person.

"It's time that he was here," replied Farmer Beman as he straightened up from bending over a harrow that he was mending, and turned his bronzed honest face towards the lake.

"I think he is coming now; yes, that is his boat. You can just see it in the glare of the sun. Well, I suppose you'll be ready when he gets here."

"You are late, Nathan," said his mother, who was just pouring a cup of the hot drink. "Yes, mother, I know I am, but there was a good deal to see, and I couldn't seem to get away."

But, Nathan, you are thoughtful. What are you thinking about?"

"Oh, I was thinking how easy old TI could be taken," answered Nathan. "Capture old TI!" exclaimed his father, "why, lad, the thing's impossible. Abercrombie lost two thousand men there in '58, and young Lord Howe was killed. I wasn't ten feet from him when he fell. The fort's impregnable. But what in the world put the thought in your head? Who is there to take it?"

"I don't know, father, but ever since we heard of the battle of Lexington between the redcoats and our farmers, I have been thinking how old TI might be taken. You don't know how careless they are. There were no sentinels on duty this afternoon, and the soldiers were drinking and gambling."

"They are not redcoats, but who can they be?" asked the elder Beman with honest surprise. He was answered by the appearance of two officers of rank—one a large, tall man of Herculean cast, dressed in high heavy boots, buff breeches and waistcoat, and a high collared white shagcoat; the other a slighter man, but well made and of noble bearing, whose garments were richer and more fashionable in their cut.

"You must be mad, Colonel Allen," cried the farmer agast. "General Abercrombie had fifteen thousand men and failed."

"I suppose you have made provision for boats to transport your troops across the lake, Colonel Allen," said the farmer. "I have sent a party to secure what boats they could above here, and another party has gone to Skenesboro, but I trust to find certain craft at this place," answered Allen. "Could I have been misinformed?"

"There is an excellent scow a half-mile above here, and there are a dozen skiffs down yonder that you are welcome to."

"I know the fort as well as I know our house yonder," declared Nathan boldly. "I've been all over it by daylight, sir, and I think I could find my way over it by night."

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AN AMERICAN LANGUAGE.

INTERESTING WAY IN WHICH AN INDIAN SYMBOLIZED SOUND.

A New System of Recording Speech, and How It Was Invented by an Illiterate Native American.

ETHNOLOGICAL PILLING, of the Bureau of Ethnology, said to a Washington Star reporter: "As a work of ingenuity the alphabet of the English language is not in it with the Cherokee syllabary. The syllabary I speak of was invented by a half-breed Indian named Se-quo-yah. He was entirely uneducated, not even knowing how to read any language. But he had become acquainted with the principle of the alphabet—namely, that marks can be made the symbols of sounds."

"He first went to work to collect in his memory all the syllabic sounds in the Cherokee language which he was able to recall. He found the number to be eighty-six, and for each of these he devised a peculiar mark. At the beginning he drew the marks in the sand and after he had made them to his satisfaction he transferred them to paper. For some of them he took the letters of our own alphabet, using various modifications of the Roman letters, together with some characters of his own invention, for the rest."

"Each of these eighty-six characters stood for a certain syllabic sound and the entire eighty-six comprised all the syllables used in the Cherokee language. With these symbols he set about writing letters, and by means of them a correspondence was soon actually maintained between Indians of his race in Wills valley and their relatives beyond the Mississippi, five hundred miles away."

"The remarkable point about this syllabary was the rapidity with which it could be learned and utilized for writing and reading. After the English alphabet has been learned a considerable period of schooling is required before the most intelligent person can read or write the language composed with it. But, with the aid of this set of Cherokee symbols, the average Indian, without any previous instruction in the written signs of any language, can learn to read and write in Cherokee fairly well within two weeks and fluently within four weeks. A more than ordinarily intelligent person can learn to read and write with the symbols in a week's time."

"As soon as Se-quo-yah had published his invention interest in it rapidly spread, until at length young Cherokees would travel for great distances to obtain instruction in this easy method of writing and reading. Within a few days they were able to begin writing letters, and upon returning to their native villages they taught others. At present the syllabary is in general use among the Cherokees, and there is no part of the Nation where it is not understood. In no other language can the art of reading be acquired with nearly the same facility. The first book printed in the characters was probably a collection of Cherokee hymns, published in 1829; but previously to that, in 1828, the first number of the Cherokee Phoenix, a weekly newspaper, were issued at New Echota partly in English and partly in the syllabary."

"This Cherokee alphabet is altogether syllabic except for one letter, which answers to the English S, and is placed between the syllables to give a hissing sound. There is not a consonant in the whole sixty-nine characters. In the Cherokee language there is not a sound f, j, p, nor v. The tongue is guttural, and a person speaking Cherokee can talk all day and not have occasion to close his lips. Se-quo-yah's English name was George Guess. He was born in Georgia in 1770 of a Cherokee mother. I am credibly informed that the father of the 'American Cadmus,' as he has been called, was Colonel Nathaniel Gist, who was with Washington at Braddock's defeat and who was taken prisoner by the Cherokees, among whom he remained five or six years."

"Se-quo-yah is said to have had as a boy no liking for the rude sports of other Indian youths, preferring to stroll alone in the woods, where he employed himself in building little houses with sticks. His first attempts in the direction of his invention were addressed to devising word signs, but he soon found that this plan would require too many characters. The syllabary was adopted by the Cherokee Council in 1823, a silver medal being awarded to the inventor as a token of admiration for his genius and of gratitude for the service he had rendered to his people. The medal was made in Washington."

"Four years later the American Board of Foreign Missions defrayed the cost of casting a font of type of the characters, and from this time on publications in the syllabary began to multiply. At present the literature of the Cherokee language, composed with these signs, consists of scores of books and pamphlets, including periodicals, almanacs, school books, tracts, laws, the Cherokee Constitution, the whole of the New Testament and most of the Old. Thus there came into use a new system of recording language, the invention of an illiterate man, ignorant alike of books and of the various arts by which knowledge is disseminated—a practical system devised by a native American for the perpetuation of a native American language."

It is estimated that 6,000,000 pounds of maple sugar, manufactured in Vermont, will receive the Government bounty, the aggregate of which will amount to \$100,000.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The wire-wound gun is the newest thing in heavy ordnance.

This belt, as wide as possible, give by far the best results working vertically. A thick vertical belt will not hug the pulleys.

A comet with three tails, each 10,000,000 miles long, has come into the view of a Lick (California) observatory astronomer.

Secret trials at Spandau, Germany, with a carbonic acid rifle reservoir have proved very successful. With one charge 300 shots can be fired.

The largest telephone switchboard in the world is that in the Exchange at Berlin, Germany, where 7000 wires are connected with the main office.

Mr. Allard, of Levis, Canada, has, after twenty years of labor, discovered a method of tempering red copper, and has sold his secret to a rich American.

A shoemaker in Berlin, Germany, has invented an artificial sole of stone for use in shoes. It is elastic and easy on the feet, and is calculated to last for years.

An English zoologist urges the systematic domestication of the zebra. It would be a most useful transport animal, and it would be saved from extinction.

A refrigerator has just been made in New York which will freeze five hundred tons of ice in twenty-four hours. The machine weighs 175 tons and was built for St. Louis.

An important invention has been made in the adaptation of magnetic electricity to the prevention of the slipping of car wheels. The use of it, it is claimed, will increase the hauling power of an engine many per cent.

Hiram Maxim, the American inventor, is still busy at Crayford, England, in constructing his flying machine, or, rather, his apparatus, "for ascertaining how much power is actually required to perform flight with a screw-driven aeroplane."

TREES.

Set out trees! adorn the homestead, Make it pleasant all around.

Let the elms and oaks and maples With the evergreen abound; Let the home be so attractive; That the boy that is to-day When he shall arrive at manhood And in foreign lands may stray, Then with longing heart and loving To his home these hills among, Thinking how the trees are thriving Which he helped to plant when young.

Set out trees! yes, plant an orchard; Dear, good farmers, do you know Of the wealth there is in fruit trees For the laborer you bestow? How the apples turn to money, With the peaches, plums and pears, And the luscious, bright red cherries, All the fruits the orchard bears? Little children love the fruit trees, How they wait, with what delight, For the coming of their blossoms, In their lovely pink and white; Never flowers were half so pretty; Never such profusion shown, As Dams Nature gives the fruit trees, With a glory all their own.

Set out trees! along the highway, Place them thick on either side, In the present joyous springtime, Every one his part provide; Set out walnuts, chestnuts, beeches, Where the playful squirrels come; In hickories, firs and spruces, Shall the song birds find a home, Let their branches grow and twine, Forming arbors o'er the way, Shield the horses and screen the rider Through the long, hot summer day, Thick green leaves the golden sunshine Hiding while the dogstar reigns; Then when autumn paints them gayly Creeping the hills and plains.

Set out trees! upon the common, Ashes, lin lons, poplar, birch; Set them out around the school house, Place them thick about the church, Have the children's play ground shaded, And the public walks as well, And the joys from these arising Coming ages glad will tell. These shall live and grow and gladden While we moulder 'neath their leaves, Let us then improve the present, Leave behind us priceless treasures.—Mrs. Annie G. Marshall, in N. E. Farmer.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The line of beauty—Aquiline. Always making brakes—Westinghouse.—Life. The deaf-mute is always ready to take a hand in conversation.—Puck. The stamp of truth won't take a letter through the mails.—Chicago Blade. The wing shot ought to be a bang-up marksman.—Binghamton Republican. The hungry boy is the first to realize when he is too big for half-fare.—Truth. The thief who made a break for liberty forgot that brakes were made to restrain.—Truth. Why shouldn't we speak of the driving clouds? Don't they hold the rains?—Lowell Courier. A live wire is so called because it is frequently the cause of sudden death.—Pittsburg Dispatch. Man is not merely the architect of his own fortune, but he must lay the bricks himself.—Galveston News. Little Edith gives expression to the thought that poetry is prose with its gloves on.—Boston Transcript. "I think I'll give the country the shake," remarked the malaria as it prepared for business.—Texas Siftings. The road-reform movement is becoming a land-slide. The country is fast getting ready to mend its ways.—Chicago Tribune. "Salvo!" "You wife doesn't look a mite older than she did ten years ago." "Hicks!" "According to her statistics she isn't."—Tit-Bits. "So Genevieve has married Miss Ruler and formed a copartnership for life?" "Yes. And he's the silent partner, too."—Boston News. An honest man is so jealous of his honor that he is indignant if he is not instantly believed when he tells the truth—and also when he lies.—Puck. Jess—"Did you know Harry's father was a Congressman?" Bess—"No; he never mentioned it; but I surmised there was a skeleton in the family closet."—New York Herald. Chollie—"Think I'll change me boot-maker." Chappie—"How?" "Have the beast ask me if I would water, and I'll prefer a fit."—Indianapolis Journal. "I don't think," said Clara, "that these flowers match my complexion, do you?" "No, they don't," said Maude, "and you must go out that way. But I wouldn't bother to change the flowers if I were you."—Clook Review. Rector Black—"I was glad to see you in church yesterday morning. What did you think of my exordium and peroration?" Mr. Easy—"Pretty good, but—" Rector Black—"But what?" Mr. Easy—"But they were just a little too far apart."—Boston Beacon. Sorry we haven't this Washington girl's name. An attaché of the British legation in addressing her said, "I am sorry that the Bering sea trouble is looking so serious, because with her splendid naval equipment Great Britain would wipe you off the face of the earth." The young lady retorted, "What, again?" And then came a flash of silence.—Utica Observer. A Novel Watch. One of the most ingenious and expensive novelties of the day is a gun metal watch, keyless and showing upon its face, month and state of the moon. The watch requires only to be wound in the usual way, and when the hour of twelve o'clock, midnight, arrives, with a slight click the day and date change in a magic, although automatic, manner.—New York Journal.

THE GREAT SWORD CITY.

Lieutenant Clarke, of the United States Army, in writing from Germany to a friend in Baltimore mentions a visit to Solingen, Germany, the famous sword manufacturing town. He states the sword blades, bayonets and knives are manufactured on a large scale, but that all the machines used in the factories are made in America. The files blades are made by hand and are mounted by the large manufacturers, by whom they are sold. One of the most skillful of these sword-makers was the keeper of a restaurant where Lieutenant Clarke took breakfast, the smithy being under the restaurant. The coupling of sword-making with other occupations seems to be common with persons who possess the secret of making the finest blades.—New Orleans Picayune.

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