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NO. 11.

The London Times would have all foreign live cattle excluded from Great Britain.

A number of the finest coaching teams in and about Paris belong to American amateurs.

They do not seem to stop at large thing out West. An irrigation canal in Utah and Idaho will irrigate 100,000 acres of land.

Henry H. Fowler, President of the Local Board of London, says that no quarantine would keep cholera unless it should be strict enough to ruin commerce.

The Pennsylvania Agriculture College has announced a short winter course in agriculture. This is especially designed for farmers' sons who desire to obtain knowledge regarding the sciences that underlie agriculture.

The salary of the Prince of Wales is \$200,000 per year; Duke of Connaught, \$125,000; Duke of Edinburgh, \$125,000, and the Duke of Cambridge, the Queen's cousin, \$60,000. The royal family costs British taxpayers \$40,000 a week.

The Touristen Zeitung publishes a list of all the accidents in the Alps during the season of 1892. The total number of fatal accidents was only thirty-two. Of these, twenty-six occurred in the case of ascents that were undertaken without guides.

A wonderful improvement has been made in the varieties of tomatoes during the last five years. They are now smooth on the surface, and are very solid compared with old varieties. If improvement progresses as rapidly in the future as in the past with tomatoes the Chicago Times predicts that they will at some day contain but few seeds and be as solid fleshed as apples.

Congressman Outhwaite, of Ohio, addressed a letter to the State Bankers' Association, asking them to adopt a resolution petitioning for the replacement of mutilated and soiled paper money by new issue. He calls attention to the discovery of disease bacilli on such money and the claims of medical science that infectious diseases are imported in this way. In view of the threatened epidemic of cholera, he thinks immediate action of Congress necessary.

"Some day," predicts the Boston Transcript, "stock raisers will turn their attention to the common donkey, and with a few generations of liberal feeding, careful grooming and judgment in selection, will raise a breed that for all draught and carrying purposes will be superior to either horse or mule. The hoofs of the donkey seem absolutely incapable of lameness, his endurance is without parallel save in the camel, and with good treatment there is no reason why the size of the breed should not be greatly increased. The donkey has a bad name, but ages of ill treatment have given him a bad temper, which can be overcome only by kindness."

The official reports forwarded by Colonel Dodds, the commander of the French forces in Dahomey, ascribe new terrors to the new explosive, melinite. He says that the wounds inflicted by the bursting of a shell charged with this compound are especially severe, while the gases which follow the discharge are so mephitic that not only the enemy but the attacking troops are likely to be overcome by them. When he shelled the Dahomeyan stronghold at Sabovi, the place was reduced to a dust heap in an hour, but the vapors that arose from the ruins were so noxious that he was compelled to order his troops to retreat to the distance of half a mile, in order to avoid the danger of suffocation. In the warfare of the future, remarks the New York Post, possibly, armies will fight each other with discharges of chemicals instead of shot and shell.

Mexico is progressing. The natives played American baseball all summer, and now the skating rink has reached them. The City of Mexico newspaper, Two Republics, says: "Skating in the rink" is becoming a popular pastime, although introduced here only a few months since. The old rink near the Y. M. C. A. rooms continues to draw crowds every night, and on the special 'ladies' nights' it is as full as on the ordinary nights. Many young ladies of the leading families may be seen there whirling around the hall on the skates and all merry and contented. In the new rink in Hospital Real street, just beyond the Hotel Jardin, the attendance is great, and both sexes patronize the exercise and enjoy themselves as they rush and mingle in the whirl. On Sunday, from 10 to 1 o'clock in the day, there was a special skating party of the elite in the old rink, for which special invitations had been issued, and the hall was crowded.

CHRISTMAS.

Oh, the glorious Christmas weather, when all hearts keep time together, And we never have a feeling that is not serene and bright; When the snow is falling, falling, and the sound of cozzlers calling To their fellows on the hillside echoes clearly through the night. How the sleighbells tinkle, tinkle, while the snow goes crinkle, crinkle, And the furs and robes about us hardly serve to keep us warm; And our feet and fingers tingle to the music and the jingle, As we drive on swiftly homeward through the thick flying storm. How the lights shine out to meet us; how the dogs rush up to greet us, As we draw up at the gateway; and the horses, in a steam, Stand there restless, stamping, stamping in the biting snow, and clamping At their bits, impatient of us--like the shadows in a dream. How the blazing hickory fire flashes higher, higher, higher, As we pile the wood upon it and draw closer all around; And the crackling and snapping of the logs, like wood-gnomes rapping For release from out their prisons, has a weird and wintry sound. Oh, the warmth and love within there! Oh, the stories that we spin there To the children, of the goblins who live out in all the snow; And at length we leave the fable, and recall the lowly stable Where the King of Love was lying many centuries ago. Till, as we all sit there thinking, little eyes with sleep are blinking, And the old clock in the hallway tells of Christmas once again; And the whole white earth rejoices as we hear the angel voices Sing again the old, old story: "Peace on earth, good will to men." Then to wake up at the dawning of a glorious Christmas morning, To find everybody happy with the warmth of Christmas cheer. Ah, when love is such a feeling, all our better selves revealing, Let us dwell in love forever and have Christmas all the year. --James G. Burnett.

THE CHRISTMAS PIKE.

BY MISS L. V. BULLOCK-WEBSTER. "WHERE shall I go for Christmas," was a question that much disturbed my mind last year; for I had a great many invitations, and only a few days to spare. I particularly wanted to be back for the big dance at the Hawthorns, and with open weather, and four good horses in the stable, I grudgingly missed even one day's hunting. Still a bachelor's hunting-box, seven miles from anywhere, was not exactly my idea of the place to Christmas in; so I turned over in my mind the merits and demerits of my various friends' establishments, but could not come to any conclusion as to which I intended to honor with my presence. The evening post settled the matter for me. "The very place," I cried, when just as I had finished dinner the maid brought in a letter from my old chum, Langham Carter, who was home on a six months' furlough from India. He and I had been close friends at school, but we had not met again until one winter when I went out to India for some tiger and big game shooting. My were both staying with Sanderson, at Mysore, and good sport we had. He showed us how to catch elephants, as only he knows how, and put me in the way of bagging my first tiger. "What fun it was! and what a good sort old George Sanderson is--very few like him, worse luck," I mused, as Langham's letter recalled that jolly time which we had spent together. "Dear Frank," his note ran, "I am going down to The Mount for Christmas and I hope you'll come, too. You can have a good mount on any of the dad's horses--they are all your sort, well bred and good performers. If you bring a rod you can catch pikes galore and of sizes large in the moat. Father and mother and the girls (you remember Nellie and Nora when they were little) will be delighted to see you once more. Come by the early train on Christmas Eve and I'll meet you at the station. Don't bother to write, just send a wire to say you're coming." So next morning I sent my message, "Thanks, delighted to come," and spent the rest of the day in pleasant anticipation of the fun I was going to have. If there is one thing I like, or love, next to hunting, it is a bit of good fishing, and a big pike is my especial in the fish line; so I packed up my rod and looked out suitable tackle for the mighty monarchs of whom Lang spoke. It was only midday when I reached the Carters' station, for I had got up betimes. Two very pretty girls were waiting for me on the platform; and I instantly recognized one as an improved edition of the little Nellie I used to chase and kiss under the mistletoe long ago. She had been my first love, and we made all sorts of vows and promises during the winter holidays that I spent at The Mount as a boy. Her companion was not Nora--I felt sure of that--but I thought she was the most beautiful woman I had ever beheld. Medium height, and fair, with curly golden hair under an Astrakhan cap, she looked quite the regular Christmas-story-book picture girl, with the advantage of a merry party of sparkling gray eyes and a laughing face. In her arms she carried a mite of a toy bull terrier, in a smart red coat. As I pulled my traps out of the train Miss Carter came up and shook hands.

"Langham was so sorry he couldn't meet you. He won't be back till this evening, so we--let me introduce Miss Mildred Palgrave, who is staying with us--thought we'd drive to fetch you instead. I am afraid we are a poor substitute for brother Lang, but you must make the best of it and take us on merit." Looking at them I thought myself lucky, and thanked heaven that Lang could not come, in spite of his being a poor substitute for brother Lang, but you must make the best of it and take us on merit. Miss Palgrave held out a well-gloved hand, saying, "I am so glad to meet you, for Langham has told me so many stories about you as a boy that I quite feel I know you already. But they tell me that I must treat you with respect, for you're a mighty Nimrod now, and a slayer of wild beasts." "Not many, I'm afraid. Mere travelers' tales. Some of dear old Langham's yarns," answered I, modestly, but I was secretly gratified at her taking such a friendly interest in me. "You're not to take Mildred and Goliath (the tiny terrier) in front and drive," said Nellie, when my luggage had been stowed in the bottom of the dog cart--and I was expecting to have to sit behind; "I want to have a rest. Old Banjo--we call this cob Banjo because he is so musical--pulls like a demon as soon as his head is turned for home." Nothing loath, I helped the girls into their seats, and we were soon at The Mount, which was only five miles from the station--a very short way, and I hated Banjo for making the journey so brief, when I should have liked it to have lasted forever. My companion chattered on as if she had known me all her life, and I fell desperately in love with her and quite forgot my boyhood's sweetheart, who only reminded me of her presence as we drove up the avenue by exclaiming: "This is where you shot your first rabbit that Sunday after--"

A CHRISTMAS PUDDING.



Old Christmas comes With frozen thumbs, His long beard white with snow; 'Tis right good cheer His knock to hear, And grief to have him go.

The children dance, And the babies prance, For the tiniest toddler knows 'Tis a world of drums And dolls and plums, Where the jolly old pilgrim goes.

required investigation, and when the bright red top disappeared longer than usual he could stand it no more, but jumping with a dash, regardless of the bitter cold water, swam out for the point where he last saw the boat. Mildred's face was a study. "Oh, my poor little dog!" she cried. "Do get him out at once, Mr. Galloway, and bring him in. Don't lose a moment." As well as his laughter would let him Johnson was paddling to meet the bold swimmer, and I leant ready in the bows, with my sleeves turned up, to grab him as soon as he was near enough. His round, little head and big eyes and red coat made him look like some strange new water-baby come to view the world. When he was within six feet of the boat, and I was just making ready for the grasp, there was a mad swirl that sent the water flying into my face, a rush, a huge pair of jaws swept the surface, and in a moment the Patriarch had pulled poor Goliath under the water, and he was lost to our sight! All the girls screamed in chorus, and Mildred gave such a weird, wild, agonized cry, as she saw her darling disappear to certain death, that I felt almost as if I were a murderer; for had I not been finishing this would never have happened. Johnson had all his wits about him. "He's gone for his hold there under the willow," said he, driving the slow punt forward, and plunging the pole deep into the water in hopes of frightening the monster off his prey. As he did so up came fish and dog, the latter struggling gamely, but still held across his quarters in the cruel jaws. I could not help myself--in a moment I dived from the punt right on to them, and quick as thought with my left hand grabbed Goliath by the collar, whilst with my right I struck a heavy blow across the pike's jaws, which made him leave go. Johnson seized my hand as I turned round, and was helping me into the punt when the Patriarch, wildly enraged at losing his prey, made another dash, grasping my arm just above the wrist in his effort to get at the dog. But his Nemesis had come. Johnson had the

gaff in his hand, and did not lose a second in gaffing Master Jacob behind the shoulders. Luckily it was one of the old fashioned, home made ones--a huge hook big enough to gaff sharks, with a big holding barb on it--and struggle and fight as he might the monster could not get away. Meanwhile I had chucked the half dead Goliath into the punt and struggled in myself; then, slipping a cord over the fish's tail, we soon had him in the boat, where a judicious tap on the head with a leaded "pike stick" settled his lash. The sight of his enemy seemed to bring new life into Goliath, and seizing him by a fin he shook and shook to his heart's content, quite oblivious of his own broken leg and torn sides. When we touched the shore I scrambled out with the plucky little terrier in my arms and restored him to his anxious mistress, who thanked me heartily and gratefully while she showered kisses upon her rescued treasure. The squire hurried me off to the house, wisely thinking that a hot bath would prevent any evil effects from this cold dive. My coat sleeve had protected my arm so well that a few deep scratches were the extent of my ill, and I felt as if I would gladly have lost a hand to be thanked once more like that by my darling Mildred. For I quite regarded her now as my own, and determined I would propose that very night after dinner. For the first time in my life I felt grateful to the uncle who had worked hard and left me the money which had made my life so easy and pleasant; and I kept repeating to myself the old adage, "Enough for one is enough for two," and thinking how I should spend next Christmas at home, and how Mildred and I would ask Langham and Nellie and Nora to stay with us, and how we would talk over this day's proceedings, and enjoy ourselves. By the time I had dressed I felt quite "good," and had no doubts at all about the future. "Tea is served in the drawing-room," said the pretty parlor maid, "and the ladies are waiting." "How's Goliath?" asked I. "All right, sir. Johnson has set his leg, and tied up his wounds, and he's doing nicely. He is asleep now, sir, on Miss Palgrave's lap." "Say I'll be down in a minute," I answered. And as soon as I brushed my hair, and tied my scarf to my satisfaction, I stalked down stairs as if I was walking on air, to receive the renewed thanks of my idol, and to try and tell her that my life was at her service. As I stalked into the drawing room Langham rushed forward and shook me warmly by the hand, exclaiming, "I am so glad to see you, Frank, you dear old man. A thousand thanks for your boldness in rescuing Millicent's pet. She treasures that little brute above creation." For a moment I was thunderstruck. My dream was over! Fool that I was, I served me right, and good sense soon returned. Heartily could I congratulate them both on their good fortune, and I hope no one ever guessed my disappointment. "Bar one thing," Mildred broke in, as she slipped her hand caressingly into his arm. "And says it's just because I gave it to her," continued Langham. "You know it was my first present to her after we were engaged." When he had done talking over our adventure, and saying how thankful we were that it had terminated so well, we all went out to inspect the foe, the sight of whom made Goliath bristle with rage, and struggle to get out of his mistress's arms, and attack once more his would-be murderer. Certainly he well deserved the name of the Patriarch. He weighed forty-eight pounds and was long and lean and lank, with jaws like a crocodile. Had he been in condition in proportion to his length he would have weighed fully sixty pounds, and I felt quite proud of having played even an subordinate part in the capture of such a monster. Johnson got a couple of sovereigns from Langham for his share, and we'll he deserved it. If it had not been for his prompt action I believe old Jacob would have snatched Goliath from my arms and left his mistress lamenting. We spent a jolly evening, and never have I enjoyed Christmas more than I did that one, though this year I fancy I may prove even pleasanter still; for now I am grog even Nellie's accepted lover. Don't laugh; in spite of one day's infatuation for her friend I discovered that it was Nellie, my first and only sweetheart, that I really cared for, and the girl I loved as the boy of twelve I now love with the strong and lasting love of manhood. Oh, yes, the Patriarch and Goliath, what became of them? Goliath went out to India six weeks later, when his mistress married my old friend, and I am afraid he will carry the marks of that day's adventure till his death. I trust he may never again encounter so cruel a foe, for a pluckier little dog was never wrapped in a skin. And the Patriarch? We ate some of him on Christmas Day. In life he was terrible, and in death he was horrible; may I never taste so vile a fish again. Peace be to his memory, we never shall look upon his like again. His skin is stuffed, and holds a place of honor in my hall, and I look upon him, indirectly, as the means of giving me my love. What's Nellie like? Well, my friends, you'll see next year when we are married, and then you'll agree with me that she is the sweetest girl in the world.--Holly Leaves.

A Suggestion.

Head of Firm--"You had better give the office boy a couple of dollars, Mr. Penwiper, for Christmas." Mr. Penwiper (the bookkeeper)--"I think we had better make it a New Year's gift, sir. I have just sent him out with a telegram, and I don't think he will get back by Christmas."

THE CITY OF JEYPORE.

THE CAPITAL OF ONE OF INDIA'S WEALTHIEST PRINCES.

A Wonderful Astronomical Observatory--People Who Labor for Five Cents a Day.

JEYPORE is the capital and residence of one of India's wealthiest princes. The Maharajah's estate covers 15,000 square miles and has a population of 2,500,000 souls. The city of Jeypore is encircled by a crenellated wall with seven gateways. These are all well guarded during turbulent times in India. The city is typically Indian, with crowded streets and bazars. In the center is the Maharajah's palace, beautiful gardens and pleasure grounds adorned with fountains, tropical trees, plants and flowing shrubs. The palace and grounds occupy one-seventh of the walled city, and are surrounded by a high embattled wall built by Jey Sing when he left Amber. One of the interesting sights in Jeypore is the observatory built by the celebrated royal astronomer and founder, Jey Sing. It is one of the largest in India, and is remarkable even to this date on account of the many curious instruments, dials, gnomons, quadrants, etc., built of solid stone. Some of these astronomical instruments are hundreds of feet in height and in diameter, and of great interest to astronomers. Many of the instruments are unknown to scientists at the present day, although they served the purpose of Jey Sing's wonderful accurate calculations and observations. The Royal stables are also of considerable interest. These cover perhaps ten acres of land, with stalls on each side and large exercise grounds in the center. There are several hundreds of fine horses, some of choice Asian blood from all parts of the country, of various build and color, from the finely spotted Arab to the graceful delicately limbed Deccan, the fleet-footed Punjab mares and blood-bay English troopers. Each horse has a special attendant and each attendant--knight of the horse--has several servants. Each horse is double quilted, although the temperature ranges ninety degrees to 120 degrees Fahrenheit. All of them are too much blinded and hampered and most ruinously fat. They stand upon clean dirt in spacious stalls. Each horse is tied--not by its head and neck as we do, but by its feet. Around the fetlocks are fastened leather bands to which ropes are attached, so that the animal can neither paw, strike nor kick. The ropes from the hind feet are fastened to a stone pillar some twenty feet away. If in spite of these noble animals will surge about, lateral ropes are fastened to each foot so that the poor creature cannot move in any direction more than six inches. Should they still be uneasy a large hood is drawn over their heads and eyes to keep them quiet. The horses are fed on a mixture of meal, brown sugar and butter, which makes them as fat and plump as a porker, regular poly-poly ponies used much too little. Several of the finest are kept constantly saddled and richly caparisoned to be ready at a moment's notice, for the Prince brooks no delay; anything he wants must be supplied at once. The hundreds of attendants are paid four rupees a month (\$1.25), and by the time they pay their board and clothe themselves there is not much left for their families out of four cents a day. The average wages per day in India is from three to five cents--prices not at all exorbitant when one considers that most of the men raise large families, pay house rent, etc., to say nothing of luxuries, such as betel nut. Even with these prices of say four cents a day the people are happy and contented and one never hears of trades unions nor strikes. Besides these ample stables the rajah has twenty-five huge Indian elephants for excursions. These noble beasts are about twelve feet high and of enormous size. A car is strapped on the elephant's back and a whole family rides on one animal. To mount an elephant is quite a task. The animal is made to kneel, and then, by means of a stepladder, one climbs into the car on his back as if it were a house. When one is comfortably seated, with the shade drawn to keep off the sun, the elephant swings along at an easy gait of twenty miles an hour. Our elephant was richly caparisoned with gold embroideries; his ivory tusks were set with jewels and clasped with a golden band, for he was one of the Prince's favorites. The Maharajah also keeps another lot of elephants which he did not like the looks of. These are the fighters--huge, powerful fellows, with sharp tusks and vicious eyes. They are trained to fight anything and everything, but especially the wild elephants in the mountains. They charge at these at full speed and plunge their tusks into their antagonists and gore them to death. An elephant fight is part of the royal sport in India, and not one to be missed if one has the opportunity to witness one. Jeypore is also famous for its enamel works and the cutting and setting of garnets and other precious stones found in the State. The native school of design is exceedingly interesting. Here children are sent as apprentices for five years before they can earn anything, but the work they do in copper and brass is unexcelled in any part of the world. They sit on the ground with a piece of brass held by their toes, a small hammer in one hand and a small piece of steel in the other, and with these crude implements they will hammer and hammer until they finish a highly ornamented vase or cup, the equal of anything we saw in any other country.--San Francisco Chronicle.

A SONG OF LOVE

When the sunset tinged the meadows Where the grasses gently blew, Whisp'ring mild the falling shadows Came the words: "Love, will be true? And the maiden's cheek was glowing And the light that filled her eyes From a heart with love o'flowing, Seemed to dim the Western skies. And her voice was low and broken As she answered, tenderly: "Take this kiss as love's sweet token, For I love none else but thee." Thus it is that love's sweet story Fills the greater part of life; Better far than gain and glory Won from marts and fields of strife. Thus that 'midst the care and sorrow Falling from the wheel of time We may know there is a morrow, With a wealth of love sublime. --Albert E. Hunt

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A put-up job--Pickles.--Puck. The stock exchange--A horse trade.--Washington Star. A cereal tale--The story of a wheat deal.--New York Journal. A very hungry person never relishes cold facts.--Chicago News. Bread cast upon the water is supposed to be in soak.--Dallas News. Some men are insulted by money, and others pocket the insult.--Truth. It rather puts a belle on her mettle when she is extolled.--Statesman. The scarecrow has its uses, though it doesn't aid the caws any.--Elmira Gazette. A peculiarity of certain cranks is that they can't be translated.--Philadelphia Times. It looks as if Yale's Greek letter societies were destined to be translated.--Boston Herald. The coming war will probably walk on one foot and kick with the other.--Elmira Gazette. Unyielding self-possession prevents many a man from giving himself away.--Elmira Gazette. The fortunes of war seem to be accumulated principally by the gun makers.--Washington Star. When a barber talks too much his stories are generally illustrated with cuts.--Texas Sittings. Unflattering interest has made many a fortune and wrecked many a railroad train.--Rimira Gazette. Oh, half election day give The gratitude we owe it, It finishes the labor of The eager campaign poet. --Washington Star. "He is an artist by profession." "I know that; but what is he by occupation?"--Washington Star. Flamme--"What do you do to cure the blues?" Flamme--"Paint everything red."--Brooklyn Life. "All men have their ups and downs." "Yes, even the tallest of us get short at times."--Philadelphia Record. "He has a high idea of art, I think." "I should say so. He wants \$2000 for a picture."--Washington Star. "Isn't it funny that a lady can cut a gentleman dead without fear of being arrested?"--Philadelphia Record. Always credit a wise man with what he does not say, and charge the fool's words up to him.--Galveston News. "Do you fear a depression in business as the result of the election?" "No, sir; I am a hatter."--Washington Star. "There is always room at the top," but you had better carry up with you a big basket of victuals.--Galveston News. Little drops of water, Because they were so tiny, Are not compensation For a sleepless night. --Washington Star. What does it profit a man to drink to drive away trouble? He simply exchanges one load for another.--Statesman. The baggage man has a big contract on his hands when he undertakes to check the cry of a baby on his train.--Statesman. On her cheeks there were roses, roses, But now, alas! they're not there, The gaslight but dimly discloses They rubbed off on the parlor arm-chair. --Chicago News Record. Mrs. Bridle--"How much is your income, Charlie?" Mr. Bridle--"You ought to know, you spend it all, my dear."--Brooklyn Life. "Well, I never got off anything that tickled me more than that," remarked the dog as he flicked the flea from his left ear.--Elmira Gazette. Bertie--"Why did you buy this picture? It is only a flight of sparrows." Algie--"Why, they are very English, don't you know, dash boy."--Inter-Ocean. Women appear to have a decided advantage over men in literary pursuit in the fact that long hair is simply a normal circumstance with them.--Washington Star. Lady Friend (to Mrs. Newlywed)--"Well, how do you like your flat?" Mrs. Newlywed--"Which do you mean; the one I married or the one I live in?"--Tit-Bits. Each morn a saintly resolution strong, He feels within him rise, Each eve ere midnight strikes her gong, That resolution dies. --Chicago News Record. This is the way she wound up her letter: P. S.--If this letter never reaches you, you will know that it is not my fault, as I shall give it to my husband to mail.--Minneapolis Journal. "Is football a gambling game?" Rusher--"Well, Dodger lost \$25 in gold yesterday." "Why didn't he leave it at home?" "He couldn't; it was in his teeth."--Inter-Ocean. Mrs. Schuivliant--"My son is a regular Bohemian." Mrs. Harlem Philat--"Oh, pshaw, now don't be puttin' on. You know he was born right here in New York."--Chicago News Record.