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Sir George Trevelyan, Prime Minister Gladstone's Secretary for Scotland, says we may read books, but we must read newspapers.

There is said to be a distressing amount of lunacy in Ireland, the number of cases per 100,000 of population having increased from 249 in 1880 to 355 in 1891.

The demand for Percheron horses for export is so great that the purity of the breed is threatened, and a stud-book has been started in France by which the pedigree may be preserved and the race kept up to the standard.

About the last logging that will be done in Michigan, Wisconsin and other lumbering States, according to the Woodworker, will be that of reclaiming the millions of feet of sunken logs which now lie in the streams of those States.

There are fourteen colored female teachers in the public school service of New York City. Two private kindergartens and several day and evening schools are also supported by colored women. These are all taught by colored teachers. The colored women in the public school service of Brooklyn approximate twenty. In the other cities there are very few colored women teachers.

It may be of interest to the supporters of the early closing movement to know that, according to a little pamphlet issued for the guidance of commercial travelers, 632 towns in the United Kingdom recognize the early closing movement in some form or another. There is no early closing day in Liverpool. In Manchester they close on Wednesday at 5. Glasgow is marked as a town where they close daily at 8.

General William L. Cabell, of Dallas, Texas, sends to the Baltimore Sun a roster of the surviving Generals of the Confederate Army, compiled from the most reliable data to be had to October 1, 1892. The number of general officers of all grades appointed and commissioned was 498. One hundred and two rose to the rank of Major-General and twenty-one rose to the rank of Lieutenant-General. General Joseph E. Johnston, six Major-Generals, and twenty-two Brigadier-Generals are reported dead since January 1, 1891. One hundred and sixty-six Generals survive.

The Hartford (Conn.) Medical Association has adopted a resolution depreciating the so-called medical contract system. The growth of this system, notes the New York Tribune, has been great during the last few years. In Hartford alone there are twenty societies which provide their members with medical attendance for a small annual fee, ranging from fifty cents to \$3. One society got the doctors to bidding against each other, and finally secured the services of a doctor in good standing for 37 1/2 cents per capita. The physicians who go into this sort of thing claim that it is remunerative and that their connection with a society brings them outside practice.

The superstition about the number thirteen being unlucky is put to multipled test in the new twenty-five-cent pieces, notes the New York Sun. On one side of the coin there are no less than ten repetitions of the number thirteen. There are thirteen stars, thirteen letters in the scroll held in the eagle's beak, thirteen marginal feathers in each wing, thirteen tail feathers, thirteen parallel lines in the shield, thirteen horizontal bars, thirteen arrow heads in one claw, thirteen leaves on the branch in the other claw, and thirteen letters in the words "quarter dollar." There hasn't seemed to be anything unlucky in the thirteen original States nor in the thirteen stripes on the flag, and now it remains to be seen if the man who gets his pockets full of these new quarter dollars will be unlucky.

The President has received a letter from William Hosea Ballou, of New York, urging him to ask authority of Congress for the issuance of invitations to the various marine Nations to join with the United States in appointing delegates to an international conference for the amelioration of the condition of animals in shipment and quarantine; to formulate and recommend international laws for the punishment of steamship officers for cruelty of animals at sea, and to make steamship companies liable to damage to shippers for wanton destruction of and injury to animals in transit; to recommend new quarantine regulations to replace those which at present require the cruel slaughter of cattle in quarantine before they have recuperated from long voyages and while still suffering from seasickness; and to suggest ways, means and regulations by which the lives of more than ten million dollars' worth of animals now annually destroyed at sea may be saved.

LOVE MUST BE WON.

Love is not free to take, like sun and air; Nor give away for naught to any one. It is no common right for men to share— Like all things precious it is sought and won.

THE WAX FLOWERS.

How beautiful, Lily! It seems as if I could almost smell the fragrance. I wish we could afford to keep them.

And little Mary Melbrook stood gleefully on tiptoe to examine the delicate little bouquet of wax lilies of the valley that lay on the table—a chubby child of seven years.

Agnes Melbrook was a cripple; yet you scarcely pitied her when you looked upon the happy serenity of her sweet, pale face. He who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" had given Agnes Melbrook patience to bear her affliction and Lily herself sometimes envied her young sister the unruffled peace of her daily life.

Lillian Melbrook had been left sole guardian and protector of her two sisters at the age of eighteen, and she had unhesitatingly assumed the charge. Dr. Melbrook died suddenly, and on the investigation of his affairs, they proved to be so embarrassed that Lillian found herself obliged to toil for her daily bread, and now was the time when her accomplishments proved themselves of use.

Lily looked very pretty as she sped through the frosty October sunshine, with glowing cheeks and fresh lips slightly apart, to put her little bouquet on exhibition. She was small and plump, with peach-red cheeks, hair of the real flaxen gold and soft gray eyes, whose appealing glance spoke to you with an irresistible charm; and her simple dress of some drab worked fabric, trimmed with bars of scarlet velvet ribbon, set off her beauty with artistic contrast.

Lily sighed involuntarily. It was very hard to live upon the slender wages of her work; and a woman fighting the battle of life alone strives at a fearful disadvantage. But she thought of Agnes, uncomplaining and serene upon her couch of suffering, and of little Mary, eager in her studies, that she may one day be able to teach, and thereby "help sister Lily," and resolved to harbor not one repining thought.

All of a sudden, as she glanced upward, a familiar face seemed to flash across her vision—a dark, bronzed face, with pleasant hazel eyes, and a puzzled, half-recoiling expression.

"Major Draper!" she murmured, looking around almost bewildered. And then, as the tall form, borne unconsciously forward by the crowd, seemed to pause and hesitate, she drew the veil over her face and darted down a side street—why, she could hardly have told herself, except that Major Draper had known them in the days of their prosperity, and Lily Melbrook—over sensitive, perhaps—shrank from meeting him again.

And Lily thought for one fleeting moment how pleasant it would have been, could she, as Angus Draper's wife, have offered a luxurious home to Agnes and little Mary.

delusive visions of what might have been.

"I don't think I'll settle on the bracelet to-day. The turquoise is so pretty that really I can't decide between that and the topaz."

Miss Fontaine sauntered gracefully toward the door, with her father and Major Draper in attendance. "Upon my word," said Mr. Fontaine, with a grimace expressive of relief, "I begin to think you never could tear yourself away from the contemplation of these trinkets, and it grows late. What now, Helena?"

"They are made by a young lady, an acquaintance of Mr. Gold's, ma'am," said the clerk. "Any order you may choose to leave—"

"Yes—well, tell her to make a circular garland, large enough to be an ornament to a parlor table. And I must have them by Wednesday, without fail."

Helena Fontaine was handsome, in her haughty, Cleopatra-like way—a golden-haired girl, with a dazzling complexion of snow and carmine, almond-shaped blue eyes, and lips as velvet-fresh as on the heart of a fiery pomegranate flower.

Angus Draper's nature was too perceptive not to see through the flimsy strategies. He smiled moodily to himself.

"What matters it?" he mused. "If she likes me, I may as well marry her as any one else. I never saw but one whom I really fancied, and she—"

It was nearly a week subsequently that Miss Helena Fontaine sat in her dressing room, the victim of a very bad temper.

"Papa," began Helena, frowning until her pretty forehead looked as if it were quitted, "that wreath has not come home from Gold & Jett's, and Stephanie Wyllys is to be married to-morrow!"

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The diamond drill is pointed with black diamonds. The diamond drill is pointed with black diamonds. The diamond drill is pointed with black diamonds.

A cure for lumpy jaw, says Secretary Ruak, is iodide of potassium. In a recent parade in Youngstown, Ohio, the search lights were operated by thrashing engines.

Some recent investigators claim that sweetness and fragrance of the very flowers is due to a certain beneficent bacteria.

Chlorine gas, decomposed from sea water by means of electrical machines, is employed for disinfecting the hold, storeroom, etc., of vessels of the Italian navy.

Some of the English pumping engines perform work equaling the raising of 120,000,000 pounds one foot high by the consumption of one hundredweight of coal.

Joseph B. Strause, of Cincinnati, claims to have perfected an electrical signalling device by which a fireman at a large nozzle can communicate with the man in charge of the fire engine.

It is proposed to erect an electric overhead road from the Chicago Postoffice to the Exposition grounds, to transmit the mail at a high rate of speed. The road will be built over the tops of the houses.

The facility and speed with which temporary field telegraph lines may be constructed and operated is shown by General Greely, who tells of a corps working for the International Boundary Commission, which set up and took down a telegraph line thirty-five miles long in three days.

An English firm is introducing an ingenious safety device for use in electric generating plants. When the current in any circuit is too great, a compound metal strip bends till it breaks a mercury contact. There is also a small wire fuse so that no sparking takes place. The mercury contact is under oil.

A paper in Philadelphia lately printed a tale about a party of American travelers digging in the ruins of Pompeii and finding jars of figs which had been sealed up during the first century of the Christian era; and the figs were just as fresh as when canned 1800 years ago.

THE OCEAN'S GRAVEYARD.

An immense Area of Water Which is Covered With Floating Wrecks and Other Strange Objects. FOR several years past the Hydrographic Bureau at Washington has been trying to acquire a more intimate knowledge of the movements of the waters of the ocean and a great number of bottles, containing messages and all securely corked, have been dropped overboard by vessels.

The general directions of the currents were thus ascertained, showing that the waters acted upon by winds and currents circulated round and round like a pool.

In all pools floating objects are quickly cast outside of the revolving currents, or they are carried with them in their circular route for some time, until they are washed nearer the centre or side of the pool. The bottles that were forced outside of the currents of the ocean were cast upon the shores of some country, but those which were worked toward the centre eventually found their way in the calm waters of the Sargasso Sea.

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A curious scientist, who has been giving careful attention to the matter, says that man's sense of touch, or feeling, resides almost wholly in the skin and in those parts of the body, as the lips and the tongue, that are most exposed, while some of our most important organs, the heart, for instance, and the brain, are quite insensible to touch, thus showing that not only are nerves necessary for the sensation, but also the special end organs. The curious fact was noticed when the greatest astonishment by Harvey, who, while treating a patient for an abscess that caused a large cavity in his side, found that, when he put his fingers into this cavity, he could actually take hold of the heart without the patient being in the least aware of what he was doing.

REMEMBER.

Remember, when the timid dawn unclothes Her magic palace to the sun's bright beams; Remember, when the passive night reposes Beneath her silvery veil in tender dreams, When pleasure calls thee, when the heart is light, When to sweet fancies shade invites at night, List, through the deep woods ring Sweet voices murmuring— Remember!

Remember, when Fate's cold hand has broken For aye the tie that bound my life with thine; When, with long years and exile, grief unspoken, Despairing heart and blasted hopes are mine, Think of my sad love, think of my last adieu; Absence and time are naught when love is true, Long as my heart shall beat Ever it shall repeat— Remember!

Remember, when beneath the cold ground lying, My broken heart forever is at rest, Remember, when some lonely flower is trying Its petals soft to open on my breast, Thou wilt not see me, but my soul, set free, Faithful in death, shall return to thee, Then hark to the sad moans If a deep voice groans— Remember! —Alfred De Musset.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

In the soup—Meat. Pretty well off.—The leaves. A blind man—The shutter manufacturer. A man of might is too often a man of wont.—Puck. Horse sense seems to consist in the ability to say "Nay."

All work and no play makes Jack a dull old millionaire.—Puck. The spur of the moment is about as dangerous as the pistol that isn't loaded.—Truth. "What makes Rustler so round-shouldered?" "Oh, he's trying to make both ends meet."

"Eyes operated on at two dollars a week," as the cook said when she was paring potatoes.—Danzville Breeze. If strict ideas ever come, That Boston lady had 'em. She never said "chrysanthemum," She said "chrysanthe-madam." —Life. "She is very distant in her manner." "Distant! Why, her disposition is so freezing that she is constantly taking cold from it."

Old Lady—"If I had your face do you know what I would do?" Beggar—"No'm." Old Lady—"I'd wash it."—New York Herald. "It is dreadful, Maria, that you always will have the last word." "Please, ma'am, how am I to know that you have nothing more to say?"

By the way, isn't a little late for Lieutenant Peary to start for the North Pole? It is generally understood that the poles are closed.—Boston Herald. Is he a business man? Of course; And constant are his labors; He is in a village here and there, The business of his neighbors.—Yankee Blade. He—"Is this the first time you've ever been in love, darling?" She (thoughtlessly)—"Yes, but it's so nice that I hope it won't be the last!"—Tid-Bits. Barbers, it can not be denied Are honest fellows—But Whom'er they chance to cut your hide They try to hide your cut.—Puck. "There, mamma," said the small boy as he gazed at the dromedary, "that must be the camel that had the last straw put on its back."—Washington Star. Know-it—"Animals are naturally of a quarrelsome disposition. As the poet says, dogs delight to bark and bite." Howitt—"Yes, and even the oyster often gets into a broil."

"I've been working hard all day," said the music-teacher, as he entered the parlor of his boarding house. "Well, now you can play a while," replied Cub-bison as he vacated the piano-stool.—Judge. The Husband—"You're net economical." The Wife—"Well, if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding dress for a possible second marriage I'd like to know what you think economy is."—Mercury. He wrote a story, very short, "Accepted. Quite a hit." But it was very, very long. Before they printed it.—Detroit Free Press. Suitor—"Madam, I love you!" Widow—"That's an old story." Suitor—"I adore you!" Widow—"A hackneyed phrase." Suitor—"I cannot live without you and wish to marry you." Widow—"An original idea at last; yes, I like that."—Mercury.

Mr. Wade, a husband who deserves canonization, once mentioned to his wife a tragic circumstance that he had read that day in the newspaper. A passenger on a transatlantic steamer had fallen overboard, and had never been seen since. "Was he drowned?" "Oh, no; of course not," said Wade; "but he sprained his ankle, I believe."—Argonaut. Five Billion Deaths in a Century. A French paper amuses its readers by employing the services of a distinguished arithmetician, in order to discover the number of persons who die in a century; his calculation embraces the whole world. He has taken as a basis the number now living, and thus arrives at the conclusion that the number of deaths in the whole world during a century amounts to 4,847,500,000. Pretty figures these, but only within the means of Rothschilds to take into exact consideration as to their meaning.