



W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

Terms—\$1.00 in Advance: \$1.25 after Three Months.

VOL. XI.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 10, 1893.

NO. 17.

During the last ninety-six years 848,918,000 pounds of gold were coined in France.

There are now 7000 loan associations in this country, with a membership of 2,000,000 persons.

The population of the Sandwich Islands is about 85,000, of whom 35,000 are natives, 15,000 Chinese and 20,000 Japanese.

Wong Chin Foo, the New York Journalist, is authority for the statement that the next Chinese Minister to the United States, if the people of this country do not object, will be a genuine, simon-pure Tartar.

Working expenses are increasing upon the French railroads. The ratio of working charges upon the Northern of France Railway in 1891 was 49.48 per cent. as compared with 47.46 per cent. in 1890, 48.01 per cent. in 1889 and 45.8 per cent. in 1888.

So alarming has been the increase in the ivory trade that if it continues much longer at the present rate the elephant will soon become extinct. One firm alone in Sheffield, England, last year received the tusks of 1280 elephants. A few years ago 800 pairs of tusks were sufficient for them.

Socialists and anarchists might have their opinions of millionaires changed somewhat, the Chicago Herald thinks, by learning of the act of Moses Loria, born in Mantua in 1814. Loria died lately in Milan, Italy, leaving \$3,000,000 to the city to establish an international home for laboring people out of employment.

It is reported that Indian Commissioner Morgan has received a letter signed by Lewis Miller, and fifteen other Indians, Cheyennes and Arapahoes, members of Troop L, Fifth United States Cavalry, asking him to take steps to procure their discharge from the army. They say that they are tired of military life, and can do much better for themselves by working on their farms. The letter has been referred to the Secretary of War for such action as he may deem proper. Military life is a little tiresome, but white men that enlist are not therefore discharged whenever they desire it; and to discharge these Indians now would be to destroy the, to them, most valuable part of their military lesson.

The degree of poverty existing in the city of London is not expressed by the figures of the census of paupers, although, admits the San Francisco Chronicle, they are formidable enough. It is appalling to think of 105,000 publicly registered paupers in one city, but if the assertions of missionaries and others who are familiar with the subject are to be credited, that number is scarcely a tithe of the whole. A writer in an English review, nearly two years ago, declared that there were a million persons in London always hovering on the verge of starvation and another million whose condition, while not so precarious, was always menaced by the wolf of want. Since these unchallenged assertions were made, the depression of business in England has been greatly increased, so there is good reason for believing that the conditions are much worse now. Whatever may be the cause of this extraordinary state of affairs, it is no credit to Nineteenth Century civilization, and there is little wonder that the contemplation of it drives sympathetic men into all sorts of vagaries of opinion.

Suicide is increasing as rapidly as murder in this country, according to the statistics gathered by the Chicago Tribune. There were 3860 last year as compared with 3331 in 1891, 2949 in 1890 and 2224 in 1889. The causes for this large number of self-murders are given as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Cause and Number. Rows include: Dependancy (146), Unknown (684), Insanity (53), Domestic infelicity (29), Liquor (312), Disappointed love (349), Ill health (276), Business losses (35).

According to this total a man had about one chance in about 16,820 of committing suicide in 1892, calculating the population at 65,000,000. In hurrying themselves into eternity 1300 of these suicides sought death by shooting, 1010 by poison, 608 by hanging, 396 by drowning, 319 by throat cutting, ninety-one by throwing themselves before locomotives, fifty-six by jumping from windows, fifty by stabbing, fifteen by burning, six preferred starving and the same number took the dynamite route, while one each chose freezing, a trip hammer or beating his head against a stone wall. It is not honorable to men to have to say that 2555 of these suicides were males and only 805 females, and that medicine heads the list of the professions whose members sought an untimely death, with thirty-seven physician suicides.

LOVE'S SEASON

In sad sweet days when hectic flushes Burn red on nuptial and smock leaf, When sorrowful winds wail through the rusher, And all things whisper of loss and grief, When close and closer bold Frost approaches To snatch the blossoms from Nature's breast, When night forever on day encroaches— Oh, then I think that I love you best. And yet when winter, that tyrant master, Has hurried autumn in walls of snow, And bound and fettered where bold Frost cast her Lies outrage! Nature in helpless woe, When all earth's pleasures in four walls centre, And side by side in the snug home nest We list the tempests which cannot enter— Oh, then I say that I love you best. But later on, when the Siren Season Betrays the trust of the snail King, And glad Earth laughs at the act of treason, And winter dies in 's arms of Spring, When bux and birds all push and flutter To free fair Nature so long oppress'd, I thrill with feelings I cannot utter, And then I am certain I love you best. But when in splendor the queenly summer Reigns over the earth and the skies above, When Nature kneels to the royal comer, And even the Sun flames hot with Love, When Pleasure basks in the luscious weather, And Care lies out on the sward to rest— Oh, whether apart or whether together, It is then I know that I love you best. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Lippincott.

PRISCILLA'S MANAGEMENT.



BY MARAH CROSSE FARLEY. BEACON DODGE felt "blue" enough, as he sat down to his six o'clock tea, in his humble home on Forest Hill. It was not that the tea was either badly served or poor in quality, for he invariably purchased the "best groceries" in the market afforded, and nothing Miss Prissy ever tried to do or make ever resulted in failure. It was neither the establish nor the drinkables that caused the cloud on the deacon's brow. As he expressed it, he "felt blue as a whetstone," and the cause arose from the tightness in money circles. Miss Prissy, the deacon's strong-minded daughter, perceived the lowering countenance, and wishing to conciliate the old gentleman a little, put an additional lump of sugar in his tea. "Third, and lastly," he said, in an abstract manner, as he passed the cup for refilling. Prissy smiled almost involuntarily at this "power of habit" exemplified. The worthy deacon, busy with his bread and butter, did not see his listener's face. "I'll tell you what," said he, carefully adjusting his knife and fork, "unless something happens in our favor pretty soon, we are gone to smash completely." Even the lingering shadow of the smile that had played round the corners of Prissy's mouth died out, and she looked anxiously at her father as he went on: "There is a four-hundred-dollar mortgage on the house, with interest at seven per cent., and no man can stand such a per cent. as that. There is that one-hundred-dollar note, and two of fifty dollars each, besides one hundred and sixty dollars yet unpaid on the lumber, seventy-five dollars—got to come somehow—for the carpenters, twenty-five for the mason, twenty-five more for the painter. Besides, that leaves us with the house not yet half finished, the ground yet to be grubbed and laid out and fenced, and not a cent, mind you—not a single cent—to do it with." The deacon leaned back in his chair and fairly groaned. The strong minded Priscilla got up, and walking round to his side of the table, laid her hand on his arm. "Listen to me, deacon," said she, thoughtfully—she invariably called him that when she felt particularly in earnest—"when I see, now, and I'll tell you the plan I have for extricating our affairs from financial annihilation." "Talk away," growled the bear. "Talk, at any rate, is cheap enough; even in these hard times." Prissy declined to notice the slight put upon her tongue, and continued, bravely: "You know you have always refused to keep a cow, pig, or chickens. Now, then, let us have all three, and I will show you this fall that your interest money shall be forthcoming, besides having our grocery bill footed as it is made." "Pshaw, Priss!" ejaculated he, with a groan of disapproval, "how could you do that? Besides, my credit isn't worth a blue bean. I haven't the money to pay for a cow, nor a pig, nor even the chickens, so there's an end of that." In no wise discouraged, the strong minded young woman coolly continued: "I have ways and means for all of 'em, deacon. And if you will solemnly agree to do in all things as I suggest and advise, I in turn will promise and ratify it, too, to take these debts and the unfinished house on my shoulders, metaphorically speaking, and in three years' time we will owe no man, and our house and ground shall compare favorably with any in the country." The deacon considered a moment. "Show me your ways and means, Priss." "Well," a little reluctantly, "you know the Laurels? Mrs. Laurel wants to trade a young new milch cow, with the calf, for twenty-four yards of that new ingrain carpet of our, and as I have already carpet enough, besides that to cover all the floor we shall use for a year

or so, I have accepted the offer. That is cow No. 1, eh?" "Cow No. 1—yes." "Uncle Beams has taken a fancy to my good watch, and wants to trade me a cow and a hog of the female persuasion for it, and as the watch is useless to me in our present circumstances, I have made up my mind to close with him. So there is cow No. 2, and aforesaid pig." The deacon opened his eyes. "Pon my word, Priss, you're a born trader. But what about the chickens?" "I have bought five—four hens and one rooster—of the Bowers, on 'tick,' as they say. The hens are wanting to set, and I shall send you to Neighbor Toole for eggs to set them with. Toole charges fifty cents per dozen for eggs, but his are an extra kind of large fowl that can be made to bring four dollars per dozen as early spring chickens by the first of June. I can have at least thirty or forty chicks for the June market and the proceeds therefrom will take up a certain note of yours. In the meantime the butter shall pay our household expenses as we go along. There shall be no butcher's bill, nor any other kind of a bill, run up for future settlement. The calves we will fatten and sell this fall, the hog ditto. Uncle Beams advises me to keep the litter of pigs until next year, when they will fetch us something over a hundred dollars. The eight acres of ground, for the use of which we pay forty dollars, must be planted with corn, and I have already selected the seed. As the land is particularly clean and of uncommon good soil, the yield should be not less than seventy-five bushels to the acre, which, if corn comes down to an unprecedented low figure, will still pay all expenses for seed, rent, tillage, and leave us enough to fatten our hogs after all." The deacon was silent from astonishment. "I shall raise as many chickens as possible through the heat of the coming summer; so that the next spring I shall have eggs by the quantity, when the market reports quote a good price, with supply less than the demand." "You talk like a farmer, Priss," ejaculated the deacon. "When did you learn so much, I wonder?" "Don't ask me questions, but promise me," giving him a tight squeeze. "I promise." She shook herself loose from him, and poured out for herself a cup of hot tea. "Very well; go to work and make me some chicken coops and a hen house, and fetch home my hens to-morrow, and this fall I will show square accounts with some folks I know of." In the course of time the cows were driven home, the chickens roosted in the deacon's hen house, and the "female hog" with her seven children, occupied the attention of the deacon's daughter. Of a morning Prissy went into the cellar and skinned, and strained, and churned, and outside the deacon himself, with the spade and ax made good time among the stumps, thereby saving hired help and the additional cost of a wood pile. The deacon had lived all his life under a lazy cloud. He couldn't cut wood, he said, because it made him so tired. He couldn't work at farming, because the weather was either too hot or too cold, or too wet or too dry. He couldn't stay all the while at his place of business (he was a photographer) and wait for customers, because he "wanted to get out and stretch his legs." But suggest the idea of an impossible enterprise to him, or ask him to invest in a lottery ticket, or talk travel, and directly the deacon was your man. He was utterly and abominably lazy and selfish. He forced Prissy to pinch and save a dollar, while he would squander fifty, and have nothing to show for what he had paid out. Such is man—that is, so much of it as went by the name of Deacon Dodge. One of the things the strong-minded girl got him to do was to make a fence, which she insisted should be hedge. A Hawthorne hedge, she declared, was both beautiful and attractive, besides just as useful as any other. So, under her vigilant generalship, he delivered some trees for the nursery-men and took his pay in hedge plants, which she made him set out and attend to as usual as any other.

Little by little she put the deacon on his mettle, until at last she herself was surprised to find how much she had made him accomplish. At the end of the first year he had grubbed their one and a half acres, put the first coat of paint on the house, made the fence, dug the cellar, built outhouses, cut all the fire wood and made five dollars a week besides. At the end of their first year Prissy found she had sold six dozen chickens at four dollars per dozen, and had as many more to winter over. She had sold six hundred pounds of butter, at an average of thirty cents a pound. The two calves fetched twelve dollars readily, and the fattened hog twenty-seven more. Their household expenses had been just one hundred dollars, aside from what she had raised in the garden, and the butter and eggs were of home manufacture, also. She spent not a penny for clothing.

Together they checked off accounts one evening, and to his intense surprise the deacon found a little master of four hundred and fifty dollars to his credit, besides having a much better start for the next year. He paid the balance due on his lumber, and thankfully took up three other notes, after which he breathed more freely. The next year the invincible Prissy sold two hundred dollars' worth of hogs, sixty dollars' worth of eggs, and ten dozen chickens, still keeping household and personal expenses at the lowest possible point. The deacon, too, had better luck, or perhaps attended more strictly to his business, and the end of the second year was also the death knell of the insatiable mortgage.

As this is no fancy sketch, but, on the contrary, is a veritable "leaf from life," I cannot state what the result was for

the third year of Miss Prissy's management. But I saw the deacon the other day trimming his hedge, which was all white and sweet with bloom, and he tells me that the carpenters are busy at his house, and that he shall have enough produce to dispose of in the fall to take him completely out of debt. He certainly has the handsomest place in the country, and by far the most stylish house. As for Prissy, her face is tanned a light brown, and her hands are not quite so white and small as they once were—"so useless by half," she says, turning them over carefully, and showing the little calloused lumps on the palms. "But we are out of debt anyway," she added triumphantly. "This thing of being dunned by every other person one sees is anything but funny."

May Forrest Hill long outshine its neighbors, and stand as a striking memento of one woman's will.—New York Weekly.

An Old Settler.

Geologists agree that many thousands of years ago—they do not agree on the number of thousands—great ice fields, like immense glaciers, moved slowly out of the north over a large part of the United States and Europe. These glaciers were so thick that they have left on the top of the White Mountain bowlders which they had carried hundreds of miles, and they had much to do with shaping the hills and valleys of New York, Pennsylvania, and New England. The marks made by these glaciers as they ground and crushed their way over the rocks are still plainly visible in many places, and it is easy to trace the large bowlders they carried northward to regions where such stone occurs in large quantities. Those were days of great things, and among the huge creatures that roamed about in the region of the advancing glacier was the Elephas Americanus, or American elephant. Part of the skeleton of one of these animals has just been unearthed at Carl Junction, Missouri, and sent to the Washington University. These bones show this animal to have been from twenty-five to thirty feet long, and fifteen feet tall. It fed on trees and bushes, and a wagon-load of pine branches and cones would have made a light supper for this monster. Its molar teeth had grinding surfaces nine by four inches in size, and its tusks were nine feet long. Coarse long hair covered the big fellow from head to toes, and a drove of such animals must have been an imposing sight, even in the presence of the mighty glaciers. In a cave in France, has been found, scratched on a bit of ivory tusk, a rude picture of one of these prehistoric mammoths. This picture is supposed to be the oldest known, and was made by some man or boy who was more clever than his fellows, but who lived in a cave, ate raw meat, and wore scanty clothing made from untanned skins of wild beasts which the filthy and savage men of those far-off times killed with clubs and stones. It may be, therefore, that human beings saw the living animal, pieces of whose skeleton were dug the other day from beneath twenty feet of soil out in Missouri.—Harper's Young People.

SETTING BOTTLES AFLOAT.

UNION SAM TAKES A HINT FROM SHIPWRECKED MARINERS. Studying Ocean Current by Putting Messages in Bottles and Throwing Them Overboard. SETTING afloat messages in bottles, writes Rene Bache in the Boston Transcript, has been an experiment resorted to by shipwrecked mariners for many centuries. Often has a writing thus consigned to the waves been the happy means of rescuing castaways, bringing succor to those whom hope had well-nigh forsaken. More frequently such a document, picked up years later perhaps, has relieved suspense by making certain the fate of missing voyagers. It seems odd that this idea should have been recently adopted by science for the practical and unromantic purpose of finding out about the surface currents of the ocean. The work is the newest that has been undertaken by the Hydrographic Office of the United States Navy. Within the last two years it has distributed tens of thousands of "bottle papers" among the 2500 skippers of sea-going vessels, from sailing craft to Atlantic liners, who contribute reports as voluntary observers in exchange for supplies of pilot charts, etc., given by the Government. These bottle papers are printed forms which the observers are requested to enclose in bottles and throw overboard, after marking upon each of them the latitude, longitude and date. On each paper is a separate space in which the person who may find the bottle is asked to write the date and locality, afterwards forwarding the paper to the nearest United States consul or to the Hydrographic Office in Washington. Directions as to these matters are printed on the paper in several languages. Up to the present time 261 of the bottle papers thus scattered broadcast have been returned, but thousands of them are still afloat, and of these a considerable percentage will be picked up sooner or later. Of course, it is impossible to know how many of those placed in the hands of observers have been duly bottled and launched. The courses taken by the bottles tell the story of the ocean currents, and knowledge of these is of the utmost importance to mariners. Clearly it is valuable for enabling vessels to seek such routes across the seas as will make it possible for them to take advantage of favoring streams and to avoid unfavorable ones. Columbus knew nothing about the currents of the Atlantic, and so he made his way to the New World by the path which the surface drift laid out for him. Thus, after being driven far to the southward, he finally brought up at San Salvador. Knowing where he started from and the point at which he finally arrived, hydrographers to-day can draw a curved line on the map showing exactly the course which he must have followed. Just at this time such a fact possesses no little interest. Only a few months ago the Hydrographic Office was called upon to determine the probable location of a Pacific Mail steamship which was lost in the Pacific Ocean. Her machinery having broken down, as was reported by a vessel which had signalled her, she had drifted off and nothing had been heard of her for weeks. The Pacific Mail Company, being unable to find her, appealed to the experts at Washington, who promptly pointed out the exact spot where she would be discovered. And she was found there, six hundred miles west of where the owners had been looking for her. This was figured out from known facts respecting the direction and velocity of the currents in that great waste of waters. Some of the bottled papers set afloat by the Prince of Monaco floated for more than five years before they were picked up. His Serene Highness, who is an enthusiast in such matters, has devoted much attention to experiments of this kind. For the purpose of studying the surface currents of the Atlantic, he launched from his sailing yacht in 1855 and 1856 a great number of floats consisting of wooden casks, copper globes and glass bottles. All of them were weighed to prevent any part of them from being out of the water to catch the wind, the object being to determine the drift. He finally determined that the best float for the purpose was a thick glass bottle coated with pitch and covered over with this copper. Of such bottles he launched 931 in the year 1887, in a line stretching from the Azores to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. Each of them contained a document in nine languages, asking the finder to record on it the locality and date of recovery and to forward it to the nearest maritime authorities. Of all the bottle papers thus distributed he got back 237, some of them bringing up in Iceland, others on the west coast of Africa, others on the shores of America, and fourteen as far away as Japan. The prince has published charts which show most interestingly the courses taken by the Atlantic currents as proved by the bottles.

A Marvellous Escape From Death.

GARY R. Griffith, of Jenner Township, Somerset County, had a remarkable experience last Wednesday. While out hunting with a shot gun he "let drive" at a covey of partridges. The gun exploded, leaving only a small piece of the butt in his hands. He was uninjured, but the charge of the gun got to the mark and killed seven of the birds.—Philadelphia Times.

Curiosities About Snow.

The pure white lustre of snow is due to the fact that all the elementary colors of light are blended together in the radiance that is thrown off from the surface of the various crystals. More than a thousand distinct and perfect forms of snow crystals have been enumerated and figured by the various investigators in that line. One hundred and fifty-one different forms were once observed by the English scientist, Gashier, who carefully made engravings of each and printed them in a paper attached to the report of the British Meteorological Society for the year 1855.—St. Louis Republic.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

A right to tread so softly Beside the couch of pain; To smooth with gentle fingers The tangled locks again; To watch beside the dying In we, small hours of night, And breathe a consecrating prayer When the spirit takes its flight. A right to cheer the weary On the battle fields of life; To give the word of sympathy Amid the toll and strife; To lift the burden gently From the sore and tired hearts, And never weary of the task Till gloomy care departs. A right to be a woman In trust woman's work If life should be a hard one, No duties ever shrink; A right to show to others How strong a woman grows, When skies are darkening and lowering An life bears not a rose. A right to love one truly And be loved back again; A right to share his fortunes Through sunlight and through rain; A right to be protected From life's most cruel lights By many love and courage— Sure these are women's rights! —Boston Globe.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Indian meal—Government rations. Short intervals—The periods between pay days. A bald headed man may yet be a hare-brained fellow. A no-account fellow—The man who never asks credit.—Life. On the roll of fame—The champion wheelman.—Galveston News. An all-round man—A fat freak in a museum.—New York Journal. Onions are healthy. Plumbers get fat on leaks.—Philadelphia Times. A high-binder—The publisher of ornamental books.—Washington Star. It is very convenient for a rapid writer to have a good train of thought.—Troy Press. There is no help for the case of the woman who can't get a servant.—Philadelphia Record. "What you need," said the aeronaut to the balloon, "is a good blowing up."—Washington Star. No one can know the value of a little scratch on a red wagon until he offers it for sale.—Aitchison Globe. Oh, roses, go and nestle Next the roses' breath her locks, That mingle with a marjar and poodle And cost one fifty a box.—Chicago News Record. "Did you ever go to Bins, the tailor?" "Yes. Got two suits from him. One dress suit. One lawsuit. Very expensive man."—Waif. A boy never looks in the glass to see if his face is clean after he has washed it; he looks at the dirt on the towel.—Aitchison Globe. "How long can a man live without air?" "It depends on the air. Forever if it's 'Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay.'"—Kate Field's Washington. Considering the fact that coal bills are presented every month, it's a wonder that more people don't die of heart failure.—Washington News. The best wishes one can offer the improvement-of-roads crusaders is that their chosen walk in life may be over smooth ways.—Baltimore American. An Irish carpenter fell from the roof to the ground, and when picked up remarked: "I was coming down after nails anyway."—Harvard Lampoon. Breathing through the nose is the only proper way to sleep. If you awake at night and find your mouth open get up and shut it.—Lamaqua Recorder. A fashion journal asserts that "the hoop skirt is coming in again." Queer that a thing that stands out so should come in, too.—Philadelphia Ledger. A servant girl puzzled a Chestnut Street druggist's clerk yesterday for a moment by asking for a dozen three-grain Queen Ann pills.—Philadelphia Record. "My first offense" the footpad cried, His victim hung his head. "To think that I should be taken by an amateur!" he said.—Washington Star. Clerk—"I advise you to try these socks, sir. We call 'em the messenger boy." Customer—"Why?" Clerk—"Because they don't run."—Cletcher and Furnisher. "Are those shirts of Wigby's ready?" asked the laundryman of his assistant. "No, sir," she replied, "I haven't had time to tear off the neckbands yet."—Buffalo Express. "I love you," he with ardor said; "At last I'll show it." She smiled and gayly tossed her head And said, "I know it."—Washington Star. Guest (angrily)—"See here, you've upset half that soup on my coat!" Waiter (soothingly)—"Never mind, sir; we've got a lot more in the kitchen."—New York Journal. "I have one advantage over you," said the Gifted Liar. "Do you know what it is?" "I can't imagine," replied the Truthful Citizen. "Exactly. That's it."—Chicago Tribune. Spellman—"Are you getting South on business or—?" Mr. Strick—"Well, business and pleasure combined. It's to attend the funeral of the uncle who left me a fortune."—Inter-Ocean. Teacher—"What part of speech is phonograph?" Big Boy—"A noun of the feminine gender." Teacher—"Why feminine?" Big Boy—"Because it always talks back."—New York Journal. Tommy—"Paw, I heard a man say that Mr. Watts was a self made man. What is a self made man?" Mr. Figg—"A man who knows how to buy a dollar's worth of work for fifty cents."—Indianapolis Journal.