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More than 700 lives of Columbus have been written in various languages.

A daily paper can be sent from any part of the United States to Stanley Falls, in Africa, 1000 miles beyond Stanley Pool, for four cents.

The report by cable that defects in the new Russian made rifles will defer for three years the rearming of the infantry, seems, to the New York Sun, if true, to be out of sight of the most significant item of news received from Europe in many months.

Within six years Idaho has come to be a great fruit raising country, and is competing sharply with California in the Eastern markets. Last year the Oregon Short Line handled carload lots of apples, peaches, pears, prunes and grapes for Denver and Omaha.

The American Farmer states that the American wool grower has a home market for every pound of wool he produces. About sixty-nine per cent. of the wool manufactured in the United States is home grown, and the remaining forty-one per cent. is foreign wool.

In some parts of the West Democrats who become Populists are called "Demopops" and "Popocrats," while Republicans who desert to the Populists go by the name of "Poplicas." When they want a new word in the West, observes the Chicago Herald, they don't hesitate at anything.

After an existence of twenty-four years "Lorna Doone" has been republished in London in the original three-volume form. This event is said to be entirely unprecedented in the history of novels in England, and illustrates the great popularity of the book, the success of which, to quote Mr. Blackmore's own words, "is a paradox."

New York is the only State that allows an uncle to marry his niece, declares the Chicago Herald. In Florida and Georgia marriage is prohibited within the "Levitical degree"; these are set forth in Leviticus xviii., and forbid marriage of nephews and aunts, but seemingly not of uncles and nieces. No European country considers such a marriage lawful.

The Canadian Architect sensibly suggests that in building brick houses in positions where they are not protected by surrounding property, not to forget that hollow walls will add greatly to the convenience of the occupiers. They will render the house cooler in summer and warmer in the winter, and will assist in materially keeping the house dry. The cost of hollow walls is only very little higher than that of walls built solid.

The Eastern Shore of Maryland has been brought to give India the sweet potato for a food for the often famished millions of many East India Provinces. E. B. Francis, Director of Lands in the Punjab, has written to a Mr. Bennett, of Accomac County, asking for "roots well packed," as it is desired to introduce that vegetable into India, in the hope that soil and climate there will be found peculiarly favorably to it.

W. R. Burt, of Saginaw, Mich., has suddenly become wealthy on an unearned increment. Some years ago he bought a tract of timber land in St. Louis County, Minnesota, and recently discovered that forty acres of the tract is covered with an immense and very rich deposit of iron ore. There are said to be 10,000,000 tons in sight, and it is so accessible that it can be taken out with a steam shovel. He has leased the mining rights at rates that will fetch him \$300,000 year.

The Chicago Tribune says that there were recorded in this country in 1892 no less than 3800 suicides in the United States as compared with 3331 in 1891, 2640 in 1890 and 2224 in 1889. "To suggest haphazard a reason for so serious an increase would be folly," comments the New York Observer. "The figures are alarming and call for an investigation. A fifty per cent. increase in the number of suicides within three years seems incredible. If the figures are supported by facts, we cannot too soon seek for the cause."

Science is pressing relentlessly on the heels of the microbe, notes the Chicago News Record. "The latest method of coping with this minute but potent source of disease is to literally cast it out of the abiding place in which it has installed itself. Micro-organisms contain substances for the most part heavier than water, and this fact has led to the introduction of a method of separating them from water, milk and other liquids by centrifugal force. A speed of about 4000 revolutions a minute serves to clear a large number of microbes from the liquid and render it limpid."

OUR ANGELS.

We love to think they linger with us still, That when our souls are full of longings deep. They come about us at their own sweet will And steal into our being, soft as sleep. Shall they not come whose sympathies were ours, The friends we loved most tenderly and true— Whose graves are fresh with spring's first offered flowers And benedictions of the summer dew? We long have kept the chambers of our hearts Garnished and swept with sacred care for them, And memory hoards, as year by year depart, Their love and friendship as a precious gem. We may not see them with our mortal vision, Nor hear the music they have just begun; Still they may come to speak of fields Elysian, Or guide us to them when our work is done. Spirits intangible—we know they come! When our life tumults for a moment cease; They speak to us, although their lips are dumb, And the great silence has a cry of peace. O tender are the words of Christ, that fit Full argosies of love on time's wide sea— More musical than Israel's lullaby— More loving than a mother's lullaby— Dearer than fame or love's divine behest— Sweeter than sunshine after days of storm Are their still voices from a land of rest. These are our angels—flesh and blood no more, As ere we laid them in our kindred earth; And yet our souls may reach them gone before, And gather strength from beings of new birth. These are our angels, for love cannot die, Nor yet in heaven its tender lips be dumb— Our hearts; who will watch, and fondly cry In the great presence, "Lo, our friends, they come!" —Boston Journal.

TWO HIGHWAYMEN.

BY GEORGE E. WALSH.

HELD hard down the rough mountain trail the stage-coach rumbled heavily, jolting against rocks and stones in fierce defiance of all consequences, and swaying from side to side until the springs cracked and groaned. Tall, gaunt Ben Tiltson, the driver, kept his insecure seat as if he was a part of the vehicle itself, and with every motion of the coach his body moved with sinuous gracefulness. "Steady now, boys, steady," he shouted to the double team of plugging horses. "We want to make good time, but 'twont do to smash the company's coach to pieces. Whoa, now! We ain't got no load this time, but that ain't no reason for bein' reckless. Look out for the Devil's Cut, it's rough there. Ye'll stumble yerself. Git up there. I told ye so."

spurred that would astonish some of 'em. 'Twouldn't be bad, either. I've worked for the company nigh unto ten years, an' they ain't lost a cent by me. It ain't a losin' bargain for 'em. They've made me. But then they think of the shams! No, sir, git up there, boys, we must hurry. He snapped his long whip in the air and urged the horses on into break-neck pace. The rumbuling of the heavy wheels soon brought the man back to his reflective mood. "But how easily I could work the game," he mused again. "An' nobody would be the better for it. Right ahead in the canyon I could chuck the box in the hollow, an' all would be done. They'd send out scoutin' parties, but nobody would find it. Then months later I'd come for it."

take me to the town an' have my body grace a tree. Mandy Duvval will be there, an' she'll rejoice with you at the sight."

A WATERPOUT AT SEA

THE GREATEST OF MARINE PHENOMENA SEEN AT ITS BEST.

How the Captains of Vessels Prepare for a Waterspout and How They Encounter It.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Southern factories are making paper from palmetto. Liebig, the chemist, says the human body is composed of air condensed and uncondensed. It is said that men faint less frequently than women because their imagination is slower of action than it is with the fair sex. The extent of the oscillation of tall chimneys may be exactly taken by a close observation of the shadows they cast on the ground. The incandescence light is a yellow light just as gas is, and colors cannot be detected by it any better than they can by ordinary gas or lamp light. A slit in a piece of paper, even though it be not more than one forty-thousandth of an inch in width, is sufficient to transmit light to the human eye. On many of the railways in Germany the practice of starting locomotive fires with gas instead of wood has been adopted and proves economical. White or "Irish" potatoes are now used extensively in the manufacture of buttons. By means of certain acids potatoes can be hardened to almost the resistance of stone. It is asserted that waterproof sheets of paper, gummed and hydraulically compressed, make a material as durable as leather for the soles of shoes. It also makes serviceable horsehoes. A special commission at Toulon, France, has decided against the use of petroleum as fuel on torpedo boats. Out of ten cans of petroleum experimented upon eight became ignited, from percussion after twelve shot had been fired upon armor plate protecting them. The lungs will contain about one gallon of air at their usual degree of inflation. We breathe on an average 1200 times per hour, inhale 630 gallons of air, or 24,000 per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of the lungs exceeds 20,000 square inches, an area very nearly equal the floor of a room twelve feet square. A law has been enacted in Ontario, Canada, forbidding the spraying or sprinkling of fruit trees while they are in bloom with any mixture containing Paris green or other substances poisonous or injurious to bees. The object of the legislation is to protect the bees from harm, the honey from possible taint of poisoning, and to avoid possible obstacles to complete fertilization of the fruit. A remarkable discovery in the domain of medical science is reported from Vienna. Doctor K. L. Selech claims that the results obtained by the use of chloroform and cocaine may be secured by subcutaneous injections of a solution of sugar or salt, or even of simple cold distilled water, while the ill effects that sometimes follow applications of the former are avoided. This claim, it is asserted, is based upon a series of experiments, and some medical authorities are said to be satisfied of the genuineness of the claim. The assertion that the temperature of the earth increases about one degree for every sixty feet as we descend into it is not true for all localities. In some shafts sunk in mines the increase is one degree for every twenty feet, while in others it is not more than one in a hundred, showing that there is no uniformity in the temperature of the earth's crust. The Making of Scissors. Though no complexities are involved in the making of scissors, or much skill required, yet the process of manufacture is very interesting. They are forged from good bar steel heated to redness, each blade being cut off with sufficient metal to form the shank, or that destined to become the cutting part and bow, or that which later on is fashioned into the holding portion. For the bow a swarth hole is punched, and this is afterwards expanded to the required size by hammering it on a conical anvil, after which both shank and bow are filed into a more perfect shape and the hole bored in the middle for the rivet. The blades are next ground and the handles made smooth and burnished with oil and emery, after which the pairs are fitted together and tested as to their easy working. They have to undergo hardening and tempering and are again adjusted, after which they are finally put together again and polished for the third time. In comparing the edges of knives and scissors it will be noticed, of course, that the latter are not in any way so sharply pointed as the former, and that, in cutting, scissors crush and bruise more than knives.—Inventive Age. The Bergamot Tree. There is but one spot in the world where the bergamot tree can be cultivated with profit—a fact of some importance, since its essence is indispensable in the manufacture of numerous perfumes and medical preparations. The spot referred to is Reggio, in Calabria, that extremity of the Italian peninsula which is familiarly known as the "toe of the boot." Mr. Kerrich suggests that there is a good chance here for enterprising capitalists of getting a highly profitable monopoly of the bergamot tree by buying up from the producers all that they extract. At present the Reggio bergamot suffers both in quality and reputation through the frauds of small traders, who, it is said, mix it with ten parts of adulterating matter.—Chicago Tribune. Styles in Canine Mourning. Traveling up Fifth avenue a few days ago was a woman dressed in deep mourning. With her was a beautiful greyhound with long streamers of black ribbon attached to his collar. If the woman was in mourning for her husband he must have had hard work to conceal a smile as he gazed down on a ludicrous picture of this canine, decked out in yards of black ribbon. I suppose when the stage of semi-mourning comes the dog will be arrayed in purple.—New York Herald.

WHERE ARE THE SPRINGS OF LONG AGO?

Come near, O sun—O south wind, blow, And be the winter's captives freed; Where are the springs of long ago? Drive under ground the lingering snow, And up the greensward ledions lead; Come near, O sun—O south wind, blow! Are these the skies we used to know? The budding wood, the fresh-blown mead? Come near, O sun—O south wind, blow! The breathing furrow will we sow, And patient wait the patient seed; Come near, O sun—O south wind, blow! The grain of vanished years will grow; But not the vanished years, indeed! Where are the springs of long ago? With sodden leafage, lying low, They for remembrance faintly plead! Come near, O sun—O south wind, blow! Where are the springs of long ago? —Edith M. Thomas.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Humburg—Bumble bee. Buy words—How much? A shining light—Jupiter. A spokesman—The wheelwright. A pronounced failure—Stuttering. Room for improvement—The gymnasium.—Truth. "I am willing enough to work," said young Steer, "but I can't find anybody to work."—Elmira Gazette. Cholly—"What kind of a balance has me wawtsch?" Jeweler—"Probably an unpaid one."—Jeweler's Weekly. George—"I thought you were studying oil wells in the West." Fred—"Oh, I gave it up; it was such a bore, you know."—Exchange. Criticus (looking at a picture of the impressionist)—"If that's high art, then I'm an idiot." Cynicus—"Well, that is high art."—Tid-bits. Extreme loquaciousness seldom goes with an air of prosperity. The more a man talks through his hat the shabbier it gets.—Washington Star. Crinoline or cholera, Which one will it be To sweep the western continent In eighteen ninety-three? —Detroit Free Press. She—"Really, now, aren't you a married man?" He—"No, Why?" She—"Oh, you have such a settled look." He—"Yes, I've been refused by thirteen girls." Doctor—"I really believe you have some kind of poison in your system." Patient (Gloomily)—"I shouldn't wonder. What was that last stuff you gave me?"—Judy. A—"Hello, old chap! Congratulations! I hear you have married a lady with an independent fortune!" B—"No; I married a fortune with an independent lady."—Vogue. Daggs—"What are you reading there?" Scags—"The story of 'She Who Must Be Obeyed.'" Daggs—"Oh, yes; the romance of a hired girl."—Somerville Journal. Borker—"Spoodle has married a girl who knows half a dozen languages." Wagger—"Poor fellow, I pity him! My wife only knows one language, and I find that one too many." Love peeped into the cottage, And the butler seemed all right; But a scanty supply of postage Made him quickly take his flight. —Truth. Parisian (to intimate friend)—"I have brought the novel you asked me to lend you, but, as you are not fond of returning books, I will take back a couple of yours as hostages."—L'Echo Francais. Family Physician—"Well, Mr. Ayling, what is it now? Any fresh trouble on hand?" Caller—"No, I don't think you could call it exactly a fresh trouble, Doctor. It's salt rheum."—Chicago Tribune. A stump orator wanted the wings of a bird, to fly to every village and hamlet in the broad land; but he collapsed when a man in the crowd sang out, "You'd get shot for a goose before you flew a mile."—Tid-bits. Miss Poet-que—"How drearily delightful is the soothing sound of old ocean's waves rolling up in the moonlight upon the silver sands!" Miss Practical—"Yes, I always did like to hear the water sloshing around on the beach."—Somerville Journal. Biggs—"You say your wife always pins a flower on your coat before you leave home?" "Yes; she has for a month." Biggs—"Well, it shows she thinks of you." "No; it's because she never can remember to sew on the button."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. A man can grow sad, melancholy, dyspeptic, bilious, hollow eyed, pale, dejected, tired of life, cynical, cold blooded, repellant and too dangerous to be at large, and still he will laugh to see a fat man chasing a street car that is going three feet to his one.—Detroit Free Press. "Want to buy some of those apples?" inquired the grocer's clerk. "To buy some?" said the hopeless looking man near the barrel, with a dry sob. "No, I don't want to buy any; but if it doesn't cost too much I'd like to stand here a few minutes and indulge sparingly in smelling them."—Chicago Tribune. "Halloa, Major," said the Judge one morning; "I haven't seen you for a week; where have you been?" "Been home ill as anything," replied the Major. "You? Why you were always as healthy as a colt." "Well, I tried to follow some rules on health I saw in the paper."—Drake's Magazine. Emperor William of Germany has, much to the disgust of his subjects, inaugurated the practice of having all the game killed at the imperial shooting parties sold for the highest possible price. Heretofore it has been customary for such of the game as was not required for the royal household, or for presents, to be given to charitable institutions.