



W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

Terms--\$1.00 in Advance; \$1.25 after Three Months.

VOL. XI.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1893.

NO. 42.

The Celestials buy \$6,000,000 worth from us per year. We reciprocate by buying \$18,000,000 worth from them.

The city of New York, the population of which is now beyond 2,000,000, must within a very few years, predict the New York Sun, be the second city in the world.

One very novel feature of the new suffrage law which was recently wrested from the Belgian Parliament by the uprising of the working class is the bestowal of a double vote upon every man who is married, or who has attained the age of thirty-five.

A curious exodus has been from some years and is still going on from Canada to the United States. The descendants of Revolutionary Tories and sympathizers with Great Britain in the war of 1812-14 are emigrating to the State of New York and to the Northern New England States in large numbers.

Among the most beautiful charities of New York, remarks the Independent, is an estate of about 184 acres ten miles north of the city, left by the late Robert B. Minurn as the seat of a number of buildings crowded out of the city itself.

The Sultan of Turkey has, it is said, got the notion into his head that he must have a world's fair at Constantinople in 1894. It is to be hoped, observes the New York World, that the civilized nations of Europe will frown severely upon the scheme.

The inventor of the bullet proof uniform, Herr Dowe, in Mannheim, who only a few months ago refused to fill an American order for a single bullet proof overcoat, for which garment the American offered \$250, has had the misfortune of accumulating small debts as fast as newspaper notoriety, and the other day all his personal property, including his furniture and the evening dress suit which he bought to wear at a hoped for audience with the Kaiser, was sold at auction.

Table showing the armies of Europe on a war footing in 1869 and 1892. Columns include Country, 1869, and 1892.

WHERE HELEN SITS.

Where Helen sits, the darkness is so deep, No gleam of sunbeam strikes athwart the gloom; No mother's smile, no glance of loving eyes, Lightens the shadow of that lonely room.

BARBARA'S ESCAPE.

BY HELEN FORRESTER GRAVES.



EALY and actually engaged! It is a strange sort of feeling, and yet it isn't unpleasant. Barbara Esmond stood in the middle of the room, one slender hand poised by its forefinger on the table, the other holding back the jetty tresses from her pure, low brow.

Eighteen years old, and engaged to be married! It was a new leaf in the book of life for Barbara Esmond; a sensation as novel as it was delightful. "I wish I had a mother to go to, or a loving, tender, elder sister," mused Barbara, restlessly. "I scarcely understand my own feelings. I wonder if I do love him as I should love the man I intend to make my husband."

"I'm a fellow of talent," mused Mr. Milbrook, "and fellows of talent never could endure to work like common cart-horses. Therefore it follows that I must have money, and, possessing none of my own, I must marry the article. And although I object to red hair and a crooked spine, I am quite willing to accept the incumbency of a beautiful girl along with said cash."

"Oh, is the lady, you mean?" "Yes, I mean the lady." "It's old Esmond's daughter." "What, the star-eyed Barbara?" "Exactly so."

There was a general laugh among the youths of fashion in the club room at this scintillation of wit, and Mr. Milbrook sauntered leisurely out. "I promised she should have my picture," thought Mr. Harry, "and I suppose the cheapest place I can have it done is at the establishment of that poor devil of an artist in Grove street. It was hard for so exquisitely gotten up a youth as Mr. Milbrook to be compelled to hide his light under the bush of so obscure a street as that toward which he now bent his footsteps, but economy was just at present something of an object with this modern Apollo of our."

style, he saw through the open door a dark silk dress brush by, and the pure, clear profile of a face that he well knew Barbara Esmond's face. "Hello!" ejaculated our hero. "Ferneli, who the duse is that young lady, and how came she here?"

Harry Milbrook stared at Signor Ferneli like one demented. "Which size did you say sir?" "I—I don't think I'll make a selection to-day. I will call to-morrow." And Mr. Milbrook rushed headlong down stairs, greatly to the surprise of Signor Ferneli.

"The duse!" he ejaculated to himself as he strode along the narrow street, with difficulty restraining himself from tumbling at every other step over the babies who swarmed on the sidewalk. "A music-mistress! Giving lessons in such a hole as that. Upon my word I've come precisely near being taken in and done for! So it's all show and empty pretense that wealth of hers, and she was going to entrap a husband on the strength of it. My stars! it's enough to make the hair stand right straight up on a fellow's head. What a lucky thing it was I saw through the stratagem before I was netted past escape."

He lifted his hat, and wiped the chill beads of perspiration from his forehead. "No, you don't, Miss Barbara Esmond," he muttered to himself with a bitter, sarcastic smile wreathing his lips. "I am not quite such a fool as that, thank goodness."

Barbara Esmond had fluttered lightly up the narrow staircase, all unconscious of the eyes that were noting her, through Signor Ferneli's partially open door, and entered a small room in the story above. A pale young girl, with a sweet, spirituelle face, sat at her sewing by the window. She brightened up as the delicate figure came in.

"Miss Esmond, it is so kind of you to remember me so punctually." "Not at all kind. I am a genius worshiper, Pauline, and I have discovered the divine spark in you." "How shall I ever pay you, Miss Esmond?" "By cultivating the talent heaven has bestowed upon you. Nay, my Pauline, I am but following out a pet whim."

"And the piano, too, that you sent here. Oh, Miss Esmond, one of heaven's angels could hardly be more generous!" "Hush, hush, Pauline! Begin your lesson. I never thought, when first I heard you singing at your work and paused to listen to the flute-like notes, that you would be half way through the exercise book in less than six months. When you sing at the opera I shall be the first to throw bouquets at your feet."

Pauline looked with a shy brightness at her benefactress. Would that time ever come? The lesson was longer than usual that day. Pauline and Miss Esmond were both deeply interested, and it was nearly twilight before Barbara emerged from the house, closely veiled, and walked swiftly through the darkening streets.

strove, one Pauline Delatour, because the child has a glorious voice and can't afford to have it cultivated. I wish you could hear Pauline rave about her benefactress. I think her enthusiasm would satisfy even your true lover's ear. Really, it isn't often that an heiress like old Esmond's daughter stoops to perform so toilsome a benefit as that."

Harry Milbrook had sat down his chocolate cup, and was staring with glassy eyes at Mr. Kenward. "Why, what's the matter?" demanded that gentleman, somewhat shortly. "N—nothing!" "Dyspepsia, eh?" "No. I tell you I'm well enough."

Harry had made a mistake—a mistake that was likely to be fatal to his brilliant matrimonial aspirations. "Why didn't I wait? What the mischief was I in such a hurry for?" he demanded of himself, without any very satisfactory answer, as he hurried along the street toward Barbara's residence. The boy might not have delivered the note—Barbara might not have read it—there were a thousand "might nots," and he resolved to try his luck, even in a forlorn hope.

"Is Miss Esmond at home?" he asked of the old housekeeper, who came to the door. "Miss Esmond wished me to say specially that she was never at home to Mr. Milbrook any more," was the cold reply. And Harry went his way lamenting. He had chosen his lot, and he must abide by it. And thus Barbara escaped the snares laid for her.—New York Weekly.

A Thrilling Adventure.

Erza Thomas, a prospector of Shasta County (where he is known as the "Mountain Boy"), had an exciting adventure on Sunday last in the neighborhood of Taylor's Flat. While leisurely walking along the trail with his pick on his shoulder his attention was suddenly called to the fact that something was running along behind him. On turning around he saw a deer coming on the dead run and within a few feet of him. He stepped aside, and as the deer reached him, he struck it on the head with his pick, the point of which was embedded deep in the deer's forehead. The deer dropped dead. No sooner had he dispatched the deer than his attention was again directed to the trail over which the deer had come, when, to his utter astonishment and alarm, he saw a huge California lion bounding along after the deer. The "Mountain Boy" had barely time to step aside to give the animal the right of way and get his pick in readiness for an attack when the lion came leaping to where he was. He made a lick at the animal's head with the pick, but as the lion was going at such velocity he missed his mark and struck one of the lion's hind legs, breaking it. The lion with a savage growl and snapping its teeth in rage bounded away on three legs and disappeared. The dead deer was brought to the residence of J. D. Hayward, where it served to satisfy the cravings of the inner man.—Weaverville (Cal.) Journal.

Dried Flies From Mexico.

"No matter what it may be, if an article brings a fair price I deal in it," said a commission merchant to a writer in the Waverly Magazine. "My last venture consists of dried flies, just common flies which come from Mexico. People buy them for their singing birds. I sell them retail to the dealers. Flies are plentiful in the tropical valleys and the time of the Mexican Indian is not particularly valuable. When he can no longer sleep in his hut on account of the swarms of flies attracted by the filth which accumulates about his front door, he sometimes is stung into a desire for revenge on his enemies. Revenge is sweet, and sweeter if there is any money in it. He goes to the woods and collects a number of green twigs of a certain tree. These he lays in a pile on the floor of his hut, with some dry twigs under them. Then from another tree he gets a gum which he boils into a thin syrup and spreads on the walls of his hut. The flies are attracted by its fragrant and far-reaching odor. They gather to feed on it. When the hut is black with them the Indian sets fire to the twigs on the floor, and closes the aperture from the outside. The twigs emit an aromatic smoke which kills the flies and they fall to the floor in thousands. Then the native's wife dries them while he goes to sleep again."

The First Posts.

The first posts are said to have originated in the regular couriers established by Cyrus about 550 B. C., who erected posthouses throughout the Kingdom of Persia. "Augustus was the first to introduce this institution among the Romans, 31 B. C., and he was imitated by Charlemagne about 800 A. D. Louis XI. was the first sovereign to establish posthouses in France, owing to his eagerness for news, and they were also the first institution of this nature in Europe. This was in 1470, or about 2000 years after they were started in Persia. In England in the reign of Edward IV. (1481) riders on posthorses went stages of the distance of twenty miles from each other, in order to procure the King the earliest intelligence of the events that passed in the course of the war that had arisen with the Scots. A proclamation was issued by Charles I. in 1631, that whereas to this time there had been no certain intercourse between the Kingdoms of England and Scotland, the King now commands his Postmaster of England for foreign parts to settle a running post or two between Edinburgh and London, to go thither and come back again in six days."—Chambers's Journal.

MARKETING FARM PRODUCE.

LOADED FARM WAGONS CARRIED TO NEW YORK ON TRAINS.

How the Long Island Farmer Gets His Truck to Town for the Early Morning Trade.

LONG ISLAND farmers who bring fresh country produce to town each morning and offer it for sale on the big west side plaza called Gansevoort Market do not, as is generally supposed, drive their teams all the way in from their farms. That used to be the way in the old days, but now the farm wagons are placed upon flat cars and come in by rail.

The only way by which farmers could reach their early morning customers in the city a few years ago was to drive; but this was very inconvenient, for the country roads were usually bad and the distances great. The morning market was an early one, and it was generally necessary to start the evening before and drive all night in order to reach Gansevoort in time. From 10 to 11 o'clock every night the long and dusty roads reaching out from Long Island City into the North Shore were traveled by long lines of big two-horse wagons loaded with fresh country produce and driven by sleepy farm hands. It was an expensive matter for the farmer, too, for it was necessary to have two complete outfits of horses and wagons and men. The round trip, including the market, required in most cases nearly all of the twenty-four hours.

Nowadays the North Shore farmer loads his truck wagon the evening before and goes to bed. He gets up before the sky has yet shown signs of dawn, hitches up his horses and drives to the nearest railroad station. He finds there an elevated platform the height of a flat car, built alongside the track. It is approached by a long incline of slight pitch, up which his horses have no difficulty in dragging the wagon. Then he rolls over on his seat and goes to sleep, or falls to talking in country gossip with his neighbor. Long before the train comes the platform is filled with wagons, and others are waiting below. The train at length comes puffing and rumbling along and stops beside the platform. It consists of a dozen or two broad flat cars and a caboose or an old and shabby passenger car. The farm wagons are pushed aboard the flat cars, the wheels rolling in grooves which hold them in position. They are strapped fast so they won't roll off, for the wagons are run cross-way on the cars. Each car carries four wagons placed side by side. When the wagon is secured the farmer takes his horses into one of the box cars and puts them in stalls which are built in the car and plentifully strewn with straw. Finally he betakes himself to the caboose or passenger car and smokes black tobacco in a wood pipe all the way to Long Island City while he talks crops and markets to his fellow farmers. The chances are ninety-nine in a hundred that he grows the whole distance over the bad season and low prices.

Long Island City is reached and the farmer hitches up his horses again, drives on a ferryboat and finds himself in Thirty-fourth street. He then makes for Gansevoort Market at a round trot so as to get there early and secure a good place; for at Gansevoort Market first come is first served in matter of position. By this time it is daylight, but the sun is only just out of bed. The big plaza is full of farm wagons from Long Island and Westchester County and New Jersey. In a short time the streets all around are choked with grocers' and butchers' wagons, and a great swarm of retail dealers call upon the farmers and buy the vegetables they require for their day's trade. If the farmer is lucky he is sold out by the middle of the morning. Then he drives on to Long Island City again, puts his horses and wagon on the train and comes back to New York, if he has time, to enjoy himself after the fashion of farmers when they come to town, until the afternoon hour arrives for the market train to go back into the country. At home the farmer finds that his men have gathered a supply of truck for the next day's marketing. This is loaded on the wagon at once, and the farmer goes indoors to his lam and bed-potatoes, his pipe and his feather bed.—New York Herald.

Found Hoeing Profitable.

As J. M. Cook, formerly of Woodland, but who is now farming on the ranch of W. M. McGriff, about one mile below Knights Landing, was engaged in hoeing potatoes, says the Woodland (Cal.) Democrat, he unearthed a half dollar, and after a short while he uncovered another coin of like denomination. Believing that there might be more in the vicinity, he abandoned all thought of potatoes and turned his attention to a search for more coin. By digging to a depth of about two feet, he was rewarded by his hoe striking some metallic substance, and upon seeking the cause he found a veritable gold mine for an almost comical hole there lay before him four twenty-dollar gold pieces, one ten-dollar piece and \$4.50 in silver, making the total amount of his find \$95.50. Mr. Cook immediately desisted the remainder of the day a holiday and came to this city, feeling quite elated over his fortunate discovery. He informed a reporter that the entire ground on which the money was found was less than six feet in extent and that none of the coins were of later date than 1870. He also announced his intention of resuming the search upon his arrival at home. The mystery is, how came the coins there?

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

THE SEA CONTAINS A SOLUTION OF 2,000,000 TONS OF SALT.

Blackhead cakes, according to a Berlin physician, will give heartburn. A scientist has discovered that women live longer than men because they talk more. In the northern hemisphere all storms revolve from right to left; in the southern hemisphere they revolve from left to right. Simultaneous telephoning and telegraphing on the same wire has been successfully tested in Germany on a line 120 miles long. Poison ivy is considered less poisonous when the sun is shining on it, while at night or in the shadow it is especially dangerous. At Selma, Ala., there is an artesian well provided with two tubes, one of which spouts pure cold water, the other warm water strongly impregnated with iron. A petrified whale, 216 feet long, has been discovered in Costa Rica in a rift between two mountain peaks some distance from San Jose, and 3300 feet above the level of the sea. The world's rainfall record has been broken, with a foot or so to spare, at Cromhamstead, a small settlement on the western slope of Mont Blanc, in south-east Queensland. The standard gauge at the meteorological office registered 101, 20, 35 and 101 inches, respectively, on four successive days. Brilliance of color is obtained by placing complementary colors together and a combination of uncomplimentary colors subdues them. Thus, when green and red are placed side by side each becomes brighter, but if yellow be placed beside green it throws a blue shade on the green and the green throws a red shade on the yellow, both thus losing some of their brightness. According to a table prepared recently by a French scientist, the average growth of the human species varies at different ages. During the first year after birth the growth is 7 1/2 inches; from 2 to 3, 4 1/2 inches; from 3 to 4, 1 1/2 inches; from 4 to 5, about 2 1/2 inches annually; from 5 to 8, 2 1/2 inches; from 8 to 12, 2 1/2 inches yearly; from 12 to 13, 1 and 8/10 inches; from 13 to 14, 2 1/2 inches; from 15 to 16, 2 inches; from 16 to 17, nearly 2 inches. After this, although growth continues until sometimes late in the 20's, it rapidly diminishes in quantity. Professor Wiggins believes that telegraph wires cause drought, that the atmosphere cannot absorb moisture unless it is charged with electricity, and that upon an oblate spheroid like the earth the electricity will inevitably collect at the equator. In this way he explains the frequency of rains at the equator. "If, however," he says, "there be elevated spots on a sphere, electricity will collect on them. Should these spots or continents be connected by wires it might accumulate on each alternately. This has happened this year, and America has all the electric energy and Europe has lost it; so that our continent is flooded and Europe is burned up with drought." His conclusion from all this is that electric wires should be buried.

Curious Growth of Rattan.

Every one knows the pretty, light and graceful chairs and other articles of furniture made from rattan, but every one does not know that the extremely tough and flexible wood called rattan is that of the climbing palm tree. This curious climber, which is more of a vine than a tree, is said by the Philadelphia Times to be one of the singular characteristics of forest growth in the Celebes and other Malay countries. Starting with a trunk a little thicker than a man's arm, it winds through the forest, now wrapping a tall tree in its fold, like some gigantic snake, and then descending again to the earth and trailing along in snake-like curves until it can find some other stately tree to fasten and climb upon in its pursuit of light and air. The forest is so thick and jungle-like that it seems impossible to follow the course of any of these serpent climbers, but there is little doubt that at the last the successful aspirant, which stooped and cringed so long below, will be found shooting up like a flag-staff a dozen feet or more above the tree which has helped it to rise. A use of rattan, which is unknown to those who have not seen it in its native forest, is as a water carrier. The thirsty traveler has at all times a tumbler of cool, refreshing water at his command by cutting off six or eight feet of rattan and putting one of the severed ends to his mouth or holding it over a dish to catch the water.

Living Over a Volcano.

China is populated so thickly that hundreds of thousands of people live all the year round in house-boats. Japan is not so overcrowded as China, but it is populated so thickly that about twenty thousand persons live in the crater of Aso San, a volcano about thirty miles distant from the city of Kumamoto. "Think," says a writer in the Chicago Times, "of walking for miles among fertile farms and prosperous villages, peering into school-house windows and sacred shrines, all within the shell of an old time crater, whose walls rise 800 feet all about you, who gains a queer feeling. Hot springs abound everywhere. In one place I saw the brick-red water utilized to turn a rice mill. The inner crater is nearly half a mile in diameter, and a steady column of roasting steam pours out of it. The last serious eruption was in 1884, when immense quantities of black ashes and dust were ejected and carried by the wind as far as Kumamoto, where for three days it was so dark that artificial light had to be used."

ALWAYS SWEEP UNDER THE MAT.

A story is told of a poor servant girl, who once was moody and strange, who asked for admission to the fold of the church, as she had experienced a change. When asked by the pastor a reason to give for a step so important as that, she answered—"Before, sir, I slogged my work. But now I sweep under the mat." There's a world of good sense in this simple reply. And well worth study and thought to those who are traveling the way that is broad. Not doing the things which they ought. Be true to yourself; do the best that you can. In business, at law, or the bar. Whatever you do, be faithful and true, and always "sweep under the mat."—Fitz Nigel, in New York Tribune.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Many a man is sunstruck trying to make hay while the sun shines. When a man is generous to a fault, it is never one of his wife's.—Chicago Inter-Ocean. People speak of the face of a note, when it's really the figure that interests them.—Sparks. A small boy says if time is made of days and nights, it must be striped like a circus zebra.—Puck. It is contended that there is nothing in a name, and yet about all one has is in it.—Galveston News. The man who strikes for shorter hours is always willing to except the one allowed for dinner.—Puck. Independence is the inclination to mind one's own business, combined with the ability to do so.—Puck. A great deal of repentance nowadays is done in broadcloth and ashes of roses, instead of sackcloth and ashes.—Texas Sittings. No girl's musical education is considered complete these days until she can sing as if she were having her teeth pulled.—Athenion Globe. A correspondent wants to know if it is the "correct thing to eat shad with a fork only." It would be safer to eat it with a sieve.—Statesman. The chappie of to-day is the old-fashioned dude dipped in a little depravity. He has just brains enough to be a nuisance.—Texas Sittings. She—"How do you suppose the apes crack the hard shells of the nuts they pick." He—"With a monkey wrench, of course."—American Hebrew. Alas for the story of gloom. That chases a chill through the blood; He starts with a wonderful boom And concludes with a sickening thud.—Washington Star.

The peck of trouble we hear so much about, if handled properly, could be easily gotten into a quart measure without knocking the bottom out.—Puck. Strucklike—"I am beginning to think that one's ancestors are important." Miss McBean—"Yes, they come under the head, 'Important, if true.'"—Vogue. No matter how finely the display window of a store may be fitted up, the pretty young lady clerk will always prove a counter-attraction.—Rochester Democrat. You have all seen the little thimble-sized affair after dinner coffee cups, that are so awkward to handle; well, that's the size of most men's cup of joy.—Athenion Globe. Johnny—"Mamma, can't you tell me a new fairy story?" Mrs. Briggs—"I don't know any, Johnny. Maybe your father will tell me some when he comes in to-night."—Bulletin. "Here, mamma, is the clock-key. Will that do?" "Do for what?" "Why, for you. I heard you saying a while ago that you were all run down."—Rochester Democrat. Little slots for nickels. Open-mouthed but dumb, Gives the javious schoolgirl Wads of chewing-gum. Detroit Free Press.

A woman will face a frowning world and cling to the man she loves through the most bitter adversity; but she wouldn't wear a bonnet that was out of fashion to save the Government.—Tit-Bits. Husband—"Can't I help you pack that trunk?" Experienced Wife—"Yes, you can help me immensely by going straight in town to your office and leaving me to think it as I see fit."—Somerville Journal. "Is Sir Robert Paulton a very tiny man, mamma?" inquired little Mand carnately. "No, my dear, not very. Why do you ask?" "Because father says he's to sit on your right hand at dinner to-night."—Fanny Folks. "Boys," said the teacher, "we must all work in this world. Did any of you ever get something for nothing?" "Yes," replied every boy in the room. "What?" asked the teacher in surprise. "A lickin'," was the reply.—New York Tribune. "You understand, Betty," said the mistress, "that we are to move out of this house the first of next month?" "Yes'm," answered Betty. "I've been sweepin' all the dirt into the registers for the past three weeks."—Chicago Tribune. Hicks—"Look at Gaddings! He has sat listening to Miss Podalpour play that piano for over an hour. I thought you told me that Gaddings wasn't fond of music." Wicks—"He isn't. But he's just daft on athletics."—Boston Transcript. "No, sir," said the milkman, "I am not going to have the sin on my head of injuring any one by giving impure milk. I have had the water in my well analyzed and it is bad. The well wants to be cleaned out, the analyst says, and I'm going to have it cleaned out, and don't you forget it."—Boston Courier.