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Edison thinks that the railway speed of the future will be 150 miles an hour.

It is estimated, from the census of 1890, that the insect pests cost the fruit growers of the United States about \$4,000,000 a year.

The financial crisis in Spain has seriously reduced railroad traffic, so that nearly all lines are badly crippled, and some have been forced to offer new issues of bonds on the market.

One of the scientific sharps has announced, notes the Detroit Free Press, that if the funny little bean from which castor oil is squeezed be grown around the windows and doors of dwellings, instead of hop vines, hollyhocks, burdocks, fennel or sunflowers, flies will keep so far away that you can't hear one buzz.

The Rev. Thomas Craven, who has been a Methodist missionary for nearly twenty years in India, is visiting Chicago. He says, reports the New York Tribune, that almost the only news cabled from this country to India during the last few months has been that relating to silver.

The Government of Japan has in hand plans for the construction of fourteen new railway lines. At present the railway mileage of the empire reaches some 1500, of which 894 belongs to various companies.

Foreigners are wont to classify Austria among the German countries. As a matter of fact her German speaking population is but limited, and annually losing ground.

The trials of the rainmaker are, indeed, numerous, remarks the Washington Star. For a long time it has been asserted that a rainmaker is a myth.

France has the distinction of being the most carefully cultivated agricultural country in Europe.

More than half of the marriages in Kansas last year were of colored people, although this race constitutes only one-twentieth of the population.

Count Tolstoi, the Russian philosopher, declares that, he entertains a great dislike to all poetry, because it prevents one from giving a "clear, intelligent and comprehensive expression to one's thoughts and ideas."

At a meeting of railway employes in Chicago recently Eugene V. Debs, long connected with labor movements, said that out of 1,000,000 railway employes in the United States but 150,000, less than one-sixth of the entire number, were members of the various existing unions of railway employes.

Says the New York Independent on the subject of irrigation: The earliest agriculture of Europe, Asia and Africa began in arid lands. Turning to America it is discovered that this fundamental art began everywhere under like conditions of great aridity, on sandy plains and hot deserts.

The Southern States Magazine observes: "There appears to be an impression among those who have seen but little of the South, particularly during the past two years, that the Southern planter or farmer is so absolutely dependent upon cotton that if that single crop fails, ruin and desolation to the entire farming community will follow.

The trials of the rainmaker are, indeed, numerous, remarks the Washington Star. For a long time it has been asserted that a rainmaker is a myth. People may think they produce rain, and they may make other people think so; but, according to the doubters, it is a case of imagination purely.

THE DEATH STROKE.

'Twas the sunny Syrian sea Off the coast of Tripoli And the ironclads of England were at play; While their masts thunder rent As they tacked and they manoeuvred in the bay; For our navy is the pride Of that sea without a tide, And our home is on the deep amid the spray.

A MAN WITH A BABY FACE.

JIMMY ELLIS is indeed a funny boy," laughed Julia Costello to a friend. "They say he is head over heels in love with you," follows you, is to be found some where near you most of his time. They tell me you have completely bewitched the boy," rejoined the friend.

James Ellis was a better manager of the farms than his father had been before him. He gave them his constant attention. There was no part of the work on the farm he could not do.

His greatest happiness, and at the same time his greatest unhappiness, was his love for Julia Costello. He was not content unless near her. He worshipped her. It was the love of a strong man; the only love of a lonely life.

Shortly after the conversation between Julia and her friend, James Ellis succeeded in gaining a long-looked-for opportunity. Taking Julia's hand in his, he said, in his squeaky voice:

"Oh, don't, Jimmy! Don't, Jimmy!" Silence ensued. He began again: "Won't you give me your answer? Can't you love me?"

So it was decided that at the end of four months she would give her answer, yes or no, to his suit, or whether he might hope or whether it was hopeless.

As the crowd watched James Ellis disappeared. Another second and there was a fall of heavy timber into the house; a column of sparks went upward. Seconds passed. The fire was in the roadway rapidly. James Ellis had not appeared.

It was only after weeks of careful nursing by the faithful aunt that James Ellis was pronounced well. He had recovered from the wound to fall into a fever. It was June when the doctor told him he had done all he

could for him, that it was for him now to grow in strength. It was not until that time that James fully realized that a great change had taken place.

At the evening passed they talked of the events of the past months. As he spoke in that low, tender, pleasing, manly voice, Julia listened enraptured.

As he held her in his arms, Julia, tenderly caressing the scars with the tips of her fingers, whispered: "These don't disfigure you, dear. You are not ugly to me."

Imitation American Physicians.

American medical missionaries are now very popular in China. They are everywhere welcome, more especially because they offer medical advice and medicine gratis, prefaced with religious exercises.

The Great Game of the Chinese.

Weight is the greatest game of the Chinese, especially with the literary class, and is ranked by them superior to chess. Like chess, this game is of a general military and mathematical character.

An Educated Snake.

A cow belonging to John H. Snavely, a farmer living two miles south of Sharpsburg, was observed to stop and bellow regularly at a large tree in the lane, while the cattle were being driven from the field.

Roosters vs. Weasel.

A weasel snaked out of his lair near Stroudsburg, Wednesday, and gobbling up one of Mrs. Joseph Frymire's little chickens. Two bantam roosters were near by and they set upon the thieving beast with such vigor that both his eyes were picked out, and he died soon afterward.

FORETELLING A TORNADO.

HOW THE WEATHER BUREAU WARNS THE ENTIRE COUNTRY.

The Methods Used to Announce the Recent Terrible Storm in Iowa Taken as an Example.

THE signal achievement of the Government Weather Bureau in predicting the recent disastrous tornadoes in Iowa twenty-four hours in advance of their awful visitations has brought into new prominence the remarkable accuracy with which in these days of advanced science a weather forecast can be made.

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Major Dunwoody was the officer who read the signs aright. The Government observers at Sioux City, Des Moines, Ia., Keokuk and Omaha, had all reported threatening atmospheric conditions, and their reports, when reduced to tracings on the maps, showed that the centre of the atmospheric disturbances was at Cheyenne, with the winds racing from all four points of the compass toward the Wyoming capital.

He was sitting on a high stool in the forecasting room at the Weather Bureau, calculating on the tornado's probable evolution. The Major read the report of the storm sentinals at Sioux City and Des Moines over again, and then drew a circle, with the centre at Cheyenne and the circumference towards the East, touching Davenport.

Hours before the storm broke with its terrible fury express trains running through the isolated communities had carried the bureau's intelligence, and those who lived far from the railroad station were warned by whistles, which were blown according to an established and well-understood code.

How quickly all this was accomplished illustrates the efficiency of the Government system, as directed by Chief Harrington. At 8 o'clock on the night of the 5th the observations were made, and an hour later Major Dunwoody, with quick judgment, based on long experience, had located the storm, and had sent out a forecast to the threatened community, telling of the dangers to be feared.

One Hundred Years Old, Still in Practice

Doctor DeBossy, of Havre, France, has passed his hundredth year. He is still in active practice, and at a dinner given in honor of his hundredth birthday, he made a speech in which he stated that his father had lived a hundred and seven, and he intended to do the same.

BOOH!

On afternoons, when baby boy has had a splendid nap, And sits, like any monarch of one, in nurse's lap, In some such wise my hand of I hold before my face, And cautiously and quiet re about the place; Then, with a cry, I suddenly expose my face to view, And you should hear him laugh and crow when I say "Booh!"

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A tea party—An old maid.—Truth. The time to burn a letter is before it is mailed.—Galveston News.

A deaf man cannot be legally convicted. It is unlawful to convict a man without a hearing.—Siftings.

A minister who was given a match sealed in an envelope for a wedding feast made light of the imposition.—Philadelphia Record.

The fool seeketh to pluck the fly from the mule's hind leg, but the wise man letteth the job to the lowest bidder.—Memphis Appeal.

Applicant—"Will there be a chance to get up in the world?" Proprietor—"At half past three in the morning."—Kate Field's Washington.

She—"I wonder why they call these angel sleeves?" He—"What else could they be called when you wear them?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Philosophers go about saying this is woman's age. According to her own account woman denies it—denies having any age; she is always young.—Flaming Sword.

Novelist—"I'd like to have my heroine do something absolutely unique!" Friend—"Yes? Why don't you have her faint when there's no one looking?"—Detroit Tribune.

Tramp—"Can you assist me along the road, mum?" Lady of the House—"Personally, I cannot; but I will unchain my dog, and I know he will be most pleased to do so."—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Flockton—"I wonder is it true? People say that you sometimes go to sleep over your sermons." Parson Dunleigh—"People, I suspect, judge me by themselves."—Boston Transcript.

English farmers furnished the United States last year \$1,000,000 worth of pickles.

First Traveler—"What is your business?" Second Traveler (laughingly)—"I am a gentleman, sir." First Traveler—"Indeed! How long have you been out of work?"—New York Herald.