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Mulhall estimates that the civilized Nations pay annually \$13,700,000,000 for food.

The Slaughter family, of Texas, are said to be the most extensive land owners in America, their combined holdings amounting to 500,000 acres.

Fatness in women is regarded as a mark of beauty in the Orient. Since their advent in the World's Fair grounds as sedan-chair carriers, the Turks have had a good deal to do with fat women, and the Argonaut avers that they have revised their esthetics.

Joint-stock farming, by which larger agricultural operations can be carried on under one management than is possible for the single-handed farmer, will probably be one of the future developments of our agricultural system. This is a practical way of reducing the cost of production.

An aerial electric railway, invented by Albert Leslie Widdis, of Detroit, is expected to perform wonders. The owner claims that it will send cars whizzing through space at the rate of 500 miles an hour! Think of it, exclaims the New York Ledger, a letter mailed in Chicago will reach New York in two hours!

Observes the Detroit Free Press: "There is a certain amount of scientific interest in knowing that it is not the high temperature that makes the people uncomfortable, but the humidity with which the air is charged. But unfortunately the scientific fact does not lessen the suffering. One is just as hot after finding it out as when he was in total ignorance on the point."

France is soon to adopt an interesting innovation in the postal-card system, announces the Argonaut. The cards will be issued in the form of check-books, with stubs. The sender of the postal card can make memoranda of its contents on the stub, and can have this stamped at the postoffice before the card is detached, so that a verified record of the correspondence can be kept.

At the moment when horses have taken a back seat in this country camels have come to the fore in Australia. It is said that five lines of traffic have been already opened up and are in regular operation there. Two thousand camels are in use daily. It is not necessary to carry any food for these animals, as they are able to subsist on the coarse grass and shrubs where horses or bullocks would starve.

Statistics concerning the failures of farmers in the first six months of 1893 throw bright lights on the present depression of agriculture in England. From last January 1 to last July 1 the number of failures among farmers has been forty per cent. larger than in the corresponding months of last year. In England and Wales more than 16,000 persons engaged in agriculture are living in sheds, barns, tents, vans and in the open fields. Thousands of unemployed agricultural laborers are hovering on the outskirts of London. In the same volume of statistics 52,484 persons are reported to be living now on coasting merchant vessels and inland barges.

Evidence of the most direct variety places the blame for the destruction of the British battle ship Victoria on the Admiral who went down with his ship, states the Washington Star. All the witnesses who testified before the court-martial at Valetta agree on that and every other material point and two of the officers heard Sir George Tryon confess the responsibility. In all great catastrophes there is generally an effort made to place the burden on a corpse, and when Admiral Tryon was first declared guilty many people imagined that the accusation was due almost entirely to the fact that he was dead and could not, therefore, defend himself, but it is now certain that he blundered and did so with persistence that brooked no interference.

It is satisfactory to the Scientific American to learn that the gentlemen who have urged the New York botanical garden project are nearly now in a condition financially able to begin actual preliminary work near the Bronx River. At least the sum of \$215,000 has been received. There are several large subscriptions yet expected from wealthy citizens, and when these are received it is probable the general public will be asked to contribute. There will be no pains or expense spared to make the garden worthy of the State and of the Nation. Kew Garden is the model which the fastidious men who have undertaken the charge of this enterprise have in view, and there is every reason to believe that their efforts will be crowned with success.

The silver producing States number a population but little more than one per cent. the total of the United States.

A new order of things has lately come about in Siam, and the young men are getting a great and unusual share in the government of the country. From the King downward there is scarcely a single minister who is above the age of forty, and many are much younger.

The pure Arab horse is now being largely used in England to invigorate the race horse, the hunter and the carriage horse. He is also used for the production of the best class of polo ponies by being matched with small Exmoor and Welsh mares. In those districts where he is obtainable he is in great demand by the breeders.

Not the least interesting portion of the newspapers of New York, to that which describes the efforts of the benevolent to better the condition of the women and children of the poor. In New York, before there were any such excursions, the mortality among the children of the working-class was enormous. It has been greatly reduced since they came into vogue.

The New York News thinks it is worthy of more than passing notice when the speed record of the bicycle reaches the astonishing pace of over 428 miles in twenty-four hours. This performance, achieved in London, surpasses the distance covered in the first six days go-as-you-please pedestrian race in New York City. The simple two-wheel contrivance has thus enabled man to travel as far in a day as his legs alone would take him in a week.

When Buffalo Bill's Indians get through their work, in Chicago in the afternoon, they like nothing better than to repair to a merry-go-round near the camp and reviveto the music of a bad hand-organ. The passer-by stops to see the show, for the bucks and squaws are in their full panoply of feathers and paint. Most people would get enough fun by riding noseback three or four hours every day without wanting to ride on wooden horses afterward; but, then, you see, real horses have no hand-organ attachments.

In other days the great area called Okefokoek Swamp in Southern Georgia was looked upon as utterly reclaimable and worthless. It was lately sold by the State for sixteen cents per acre and an enterprising company of lumbermen has penetrated the supposed swamp and found it to be a small inland sea with rich islands. It is strange, muses the New York News, that this mystery was not developed long ago. Many a time the old wildcat banking system was satirized by bogus issues of the "Bank of Okefokoek."

Doctor Edward Everett Hale has not much patience with the idea that a clergyman must work six days over a sermon. He says: "A sermon consists of about 2500 words. I take a cup of coffee before breakfast and write about six pages—that is, 650 words. In the morning I dictate to my amanuensis 1500 words. I am intensely interested in the subject, and this takes only a quarter of an hour. In the afternoon I look it over and add 500 or 600 words, and the sermon is done. In all, I haven't put my hand for over two hours to paper."

Says the Chicago Herald: "Secretary of State Walter Q. Gresham, will go down to history as the first member of the Cabinet who became acting President in consequence of the inability of both the President and Vice-President. On the same day in July President Cleveland and Vice-President Stevenson were both out of the country. Mr. Cleveland was on board the yacht Oneida, sailing out to find deep sea fishing off the coast of Massachusetts. Mr. Stevenson was on the steamer Corona, taking a Pacific Ocean voyage from San Diego to Santa Barbara, Cal. Both were more than three marine leagues, or say, ten and a half miles, from shore, which is the limit of the jurisdiction of the United States. It cannot be said they were the same as on United States soil, being on United States vessels and under the United States flag; for, if being on such a craft was the same as being on the land, they might have sailed around the world, claiming to be all the time in the United States. Perhaps Mr. Gresham did not assume the duties of acting President, but that he was the legal acting President while Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Stevenson both were ten and a half miles from shore does not admit of a doubt."

PATIENCE.

Be patient! Easy words to speak While plants fill the crop-life, While health brings roses to the cheek; And far removed are care and strife. Falling so glibly from the tongue Of those—I often think of this— Whom suffering has never warned, Who scarcely know what patience is. Be patient! when the sufferer lies Prostrate beneath some fell disease, And longs, through torturing agonies, Only for one short hour of ease. Be patient! when the weary brain Is racked with thought and anxious care, And troubles in an endless train Seem almost more than it can bear. To feel the torture of delay The agony of hope deferred; To labor still from day to day, The prize unwon, the prayer unheard. And still to hope, and strive, and wait The due reward of fortune's kiss; This is, in almost conquer fate, This is to learn what patience is. Despair not! though the clouds are dark; And storm and danger veild the sky; Let faith and courage guide thy bark. The storm will pass, the port is nigh. Be patient! and the tide will turn, Shadows will fade before the sun, These are the hopes that live and burn To light us till our work is done. —All the Year Round.

AUNT SUSAN'S QUILT.



If Jimmy and his bride ain't pleased with that, I don't know what would please 'em," said little Mrs. Duke with arms akimbo and head twisted to one side, as she stepped back and gazed with admiration at the object spread out on the bed. It was a carefully-pieced quilt, of a somewhat intricate pattern.

"Jimmy's bride can't help being tickled with that," said Mrs. Duke, as she smoothed out a fold; "and if she knows anything about nice quilting, she'll see that wa'n't quilted in a day. Well, I guess not! I quilted every last stitch of it myself, and there's a good half-day's work in some of them blocks with the feather and herring bone patterns and the shell border all 'round the edge. I had that quilt in the frames five weeks and three days, and I put all the time I could get on it, and there ain't no slack work, tired as I did get of seeing it 'round."

"Lemme see," she went on. "There's 2147 pieces, she quilted, and a good many of 'em are pieces of Jimmy's little baby dresses. That'll please his wife, I jest know. Here's a block made of calico like a little pink dress he had when his first put him into short dresses. I remember it was made with a low neck and short sleeves, like they made baby dresses in them days, and his little shoulders and arms was almost as pink as his dress."

"And here's pieces like a little double gown he had 'fore he went into short dresses. And this piece of blue chambray is like a little sunbonnet he had, all lined with fine white jaconet. And here is a piece of fine muslin with a little pink sprig in it like the first short dress Jimmy ever had. He did look so cunnin' in it, with the sleeves looped back, and a tumble-curl on the top of his head!

"I'll show his wife-to-be all these pieces, and if she ain't tickled with the quilt, she'll be a queer one."

Then Mrs. Duke went over to an old-fashioned mahogany bureau with brass knobs, and took from the upper drawer a large, square cream-tinted envelope, out of which she carefully drew the "invite" to Jimmy's wedding.

"Mr. and Mrs. William P. Holbrook invite you to be present at the marriage of their daughter Helen and James Berclay Larkin, Wednesday evening, September 14."

Then followed the address of the bride's parents, in a city 400 miles from Mrs. Duke's home.

"But I'm goin'!" she said gleefully, as she slipped the invitation back into its envelope. "I'd go if it was twice as far. I ain't seen Jimmy for near on to five years, and he always seemed like my own boy to me 'cause I never had none of my own, and I helped to bring him up after his own ma died, when he wa'n't but just in his first little trousseau."

"I aint been so far from home in many a long year, and I reckoned my travelin' days was done, but I've got to go and see Jimmy married. I must see Elvira Hodge right away about turning and making over my black silk, and I must see Samantha Ross about a new cup. I guess I'll have to have something kind of smart for a city wedding, where they'll all be finned up so. I don't want Jimmy to be ashamed of his old aunt; but lawdy me! Jimmy wouldn't be ashamed of me if I went in my plain calico house dress. He wa'n't raised to set clothes above his relations, and he ain't got nothing to be 'shamed of in any of his folks."

Then Jimmy's aunt, her face aglow with loving thoughts of seeing Jimmy again, folded up the quilt carefully in an old sheet, and laid it away in a lower drawer of the bureau, saying: "I s'pose they'll have lots of nice presents, but I'll warrant you they won't have one that represents much lovin' labor as that quilt. I must cry a little when I quilted them blocks with the pieces of his baby dresses in 'em. His wife ought to think the world and all of the quilt. I hope to the land she won't go to using it common."

Mrs. Duke, who was a widow and childless, lived in a small, remote country town in which her nephew, James Larkin, had been born, and from which he had gone to become a successful young lawyer in the city. He had not been back to the home of his childhood for five years. As his Aunt Susan said, he "wa'n't no hand to write letters," but he often sent brief notes and little gifts to his aunt to assure her of his affection and gratitude.

He had not announced his engagement to her, and the invitation to his wedding was one of the greatest surprises of Mrs. Duke's uneventful life.

"He jest wanted to give his old aunt a big 'prise," she said to Elvira Hodge, the village seamstress, when she came to "fix over" Aunt Susan's black silk. "I couldn't believe my own eyes at first. It don't seem no longer than yesterday that Jimmy was runnin' 'round here in pinafores; and to think of him bein' married—I declare I can't git over it!"

"But I'll give him a 'prise, too. I don't intend to give him a hint that I'm comin' to his weddin', and if he won't be took back when he sees me marchin' in on him, my name ain't Susan Elizabeth Duke! Don't you reckon his wife'll be tickled with that quilt, Elvira?"

"They'd ought to be, that's sure," said Elvira.

"I think it's a kind of special Providence that I put in the frames when I did. I didn't call late on quiltin' it until next winter, but I had a kind of feelin' that I'd better do it when I did, and now it's turned out that there was a good reason why I should quilt it then."

There was quite a company of Aunt Susan's friends at the little station to see her off on the morning she started. There was unusual color in her cheeks and unwonted sparkle in her eyes. She bade each of her friends good-bye two or three times, and promised to take good care of herself. Some of them she promised a crumb of Jimmy's wedding cake, and a full account of the wedding festivities.

"An' if you could git me a scrap of the bride's weddin' dress an' of any of her other dresses for my silk quilt, Susan, I'd be so pleased with 'em!" said old Mrs. Gray.

"I will if I can, Nancy," said Aunt Susan. "There's the train comin'! I'm so glad I could get my trunk checked clean through! I'd be in a nice fix if that trunk should get lost with Jimmy's quilt and my black silk in it! Who's my lunch basket? Oh, you're goin' to carry it away on the train for me, are you, Hiram Drew? I'm bleeged to you, but mind you git off the train 'fore it starts. Good-bye, Nancy; good-bye all!"

In a moment the train was on its way, Aunt Susan's handkerchief fluttered from one of her windows as long as the train was within sight of the little station.

All the people in the car noticed the happy old lady in her queer, old fashioned garb. Some had not seen for many years a shawl like the one she wore, with its fringe a foot long and silk embroidery in the corners; but nothing was coarse or amiss in her dress, and there was a quaintness and charm about her that attracted the sympathy of all the passengers.

She had not gone twenty-five miles before she was telling some of them nearest her all about Jimmy and Jimmy's quilt, and the wedding to take place on the coming Wednesday.

She was delighted to find that a middle-aged, kindly looking woman who was one of the passengers lived in the city in which young Mr. Larkin lived, and could easily show her his boarding-house.

"I'm so much obliged to you!" said Aunt Susan. "I've been dreadfully nervous 'bout trying to find the house myself. I hated to write to him to meet me, 'cause it'd take off the best part of the 's'prise. I jest want to walk right in on him."

"I thought of just what she had the pleasure of doing the next afternoon. James Larkin was taking his wedding suit from the box in which it had been sent home, when there came a knock at the door of his room.

Aunt Susan was trembling with excitement when her nephew opened the door.

"Why, Aunt Susan!" he cried, and then he took her into his arms and kissed her on both cheeks.

TRAPPING A LIVE TIGER.

HOW JUNO, THE LARGEST ONE IN THIS COUNTRY, WAS CAUGHT.

The Man-Eating Brute was Induced to Jump Into a Big Pit—Secured After a Hard Fight.

Many men have been around the world four or five times, but a man who has made the circle twenty-one times is an exception. This record-breaking globe-trotter, says the New York World, is Mr. J. B. Gaylord, of Independence, Iowa. Mr. Gaylord is known to all the circus people of this country as having owned shows of his own years ago, and having been foreign agent for P. T. Barnum for a number of years. He has amassed a fortune in bringing wild animals from their native jungles to the United States. He has captured and handled more tigers, lions and elephants than any other man alive in this country.

A year or so ago he severed his connection with the Barnum show, and is now about to make another animal-collecting tour of the world for a new zoological garden about to be opened in a Western city.

Mr. Gaylord looks upon the capturing of tigers and lions as a matter of ordinary interest. He says the work of trapping wild animals is done so systematically now that there is no more danger attending it than catching a tame pet. This is how he described the way the largest tiger ever brought to this country, Juno, now being trained at the Barnum headquarters in Bridgeport, was captured:

"First we located her drinking place. Then we set a force of 150 natives to dig a hole sixteen feet square at the top, twenty feet deep and twenty-five feet square at the bottom, and carried the fresh earth a quarter of a mile off in the baskets. This was necessary, for if we had left any fresh soil about the beast would scent it and change her course in going to drink. Long before nightfall our trap was ready for the tiger. The surface of the ditch was covered over with light bamboo very carefully. Then dead leaves and foliage were spread about until there was no sign that there was an excavation anywhere in sight. This last work was done with extraordinary precaution, for if we had left any trace of our preparations our work would all have gone for naught. Now, in all this work there was absolutely no excitement or thrilling escapes in beating off other animals. We knew we were laying a trap for the largest man-eater ever seen on the Malay peninsula, but what of it?"

"Well, after we had covered the hole carefully, we took our young lamb and placed him in a specially prepared jacket of straps and hung him in gypsy-kettle fashion directly over the centre of the big hole that had sloping sides.

"Now, I suppose you think the tiger just walks into that hole. Not at all. He is attracted by the lamb's bleating, and prepares for his meal. He reaches the trap, but instead of walking right up and putting up his paw to seize the lamb, he circles round and round at a distance. He is wary. But the desire for a meal gets the best of him, and he makes a leap for the lamb. He has gauged the distance so well he lands right over the center of the pit. Down he goes with a roar—a roar of rage and fear, for he has found himself in a bad hole at last.

"Juno made a great fight. It was more than four hours before she was exhausted, as all we had to do was to wait until she had completely tired herself out by attempting to leap out of the pit. Then we brought up the tiger cage, a ten-foot square bamboo affair, with one side open. The bars of bamboo were a few inches apart, and about four inches thick. These bars were securely fastened by smaller bamboo and ropes of wiry grass. Our flock of natives grasped the cage on all sides and let it down quickly on the exhausted beast below. As the cage was let down over the tiger a score of the natives quickly slid down on top of it. Juno was too exhausted to make another struggle, and she lay quietly in the cage.

"We took a number of prepared bamboo poles about an inch thick and pointed at one end. They bend but do not break, and are very strong. The men on top of the cage in the tiger pit poked these pieces of bamboo under cage and tiger—an easy matter, as the soil was very soft. They fastened them lengthwise and crosswise a great many times until the tiger was in a cage so strong that if she had the strength of a dozen animals she could not get out.

"Ropes of bamboo were put down and cage and tiger were lifted to the surface and placed on a litter of poles. A score of natives picked up cage and tiger and trotted off to the seaport town.

"There are men who make a splendid living out of trapping tigers and lions. The king of them all is a man who lives at Padang, one of the Malay Island towns. For three generations the relatives of this man, who is known as Sineen, have been tiger and lion-killers. They have killed and captured more lions and tigers than any other known family, and Sineen has broken the record, too. He is almost an object of worship at Padang. He has been in the business all his life and kills or captures about 100 tigers every year. The Government pays him fifty dollars for the head of a tiger, and he gets a good sum besides for all the specimens. He is really a splendid specimen physically, for his height, five feet four inches. He is like a block of iron, his muscular power is so great. Sineen has made a fortune out of tiger-hunting and dresses in silken garments.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

Are you almost disgusted With life, little man? I will tell you a wonderful trick That will bring you contentment If anything can— Do something for somebody, quick! Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you awful tired With play, little girl? Weary, discouraged, and sick? I'll tell you the loveliest Game in the world— Do something for somebody, quick! Do something for somebody, quick!

Though it rains like the rain Of the flood, little man, And the clouds are forbidding and thick, You can make the sun shine In your soul, little man— Do something for somebody, quick! Do something for somebody, quick!

Though the skies are like brass Overhead, little girl, And the walk like a well-beated brick; And all earthly affairs In a terrible whirl? Do something for somebody, quick! Do something for somebody, quick!

Be sure you're right, then agree with your wife.—Reading Times. It is generally a great blow to a cat-dog to have its light put out.—Rock-ester Democrat. You never see an old man who asserts that he understands woman's nature.—Milwaukee Journal.

A dumb man frequently makes his presence in a community known by his calling.—Boston Courier. Almost any employe can tell you that some one is liable to be fired when the boss gets hot.—Troy Press. Maude—"Did he marry her for her money?" Leila—"No; for her father's."—Kate Field's Washington.

Hattie—"See Chollie Softed over there, buried in thought." Hannah—"Whose?"—Detroit Free Press. All the world may love a lover, but before an average jury the maid's chances are as ten to one.—Life.

When a man is about to fail he usually tries to work all of his friends into the trouble.—Athenion Globe. Speaking of hollow mockery, doesn't a hungry parrot come very near answering that description?—Buffalo Courier. Many may understand woman, but it generally puzzles her horse to tell what she is driving at.—Dumbas Courier.

Our idea of a Christian is a man who doesn't laugh when it rains on a picnic party to which he was not invited.—Athenion Globe. Mrs. Banks—"I do hate to discharge my servant." Mrs. Rivers—"I wish you had mine. You'd enjoy it."—Brooklyn Life.

Tom—"How do you know she was out when you called?" Jack—"I heard her ask the girl to tell me she was."—New York Times. Leave an order for work with a man and tell him that you are in no particular hurry and he will do it that day.—Athenion Globe. No matter how hopeless the future may be to other men, the good mathematician always has something to count on.—Troy Press.

Ragson—"How are you, old fellow? What are you working at now?" Old-iron (tired and cross)—"My vacation."—Chicago Tribune. Miss Prim is of the opinion that no lady who had any claim to modesty would regard undressed food as a delicacy.—Boston Transcript.

"Is your friend Wilkins the sort of a man who would borrow a dollar from you and never pay it back?" "Nixie! Not from me."—Detroit Tribune. Mrs. Van Twiller (who mistakes Doctor Jovial for a physician)—"And where do you practice, Doctor?" The Rev. Doctor Jovial—"Ah, madam, I do not practice; I only preach."—Harlem Life.

Young Wife—"Now, sir, I've given you half my picnic pies, and you promised to work for them." Tramp—"Bless your sweet eyes, mum, I did—as I wuz eatin' of 'em."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. Jess (in restaurant)—"I'm hungry enough to eat a horse and chase the rider." Bess—"What are you going to order?" Jess—"Waiter, bring me three cream puffs and a cup of cocoa."—New York Times.

She—"I never saw such a man! He never has any money but he fritters it away." He—"Aren't you then afraid of marrying him?" She—"Oh, dear, no. After he has married me he'll never have any money."—Boston Transcript. "You see that young couple in front of us? Well, they're just married." "How do you know?" "Because he treats so carelessly on the skirt of her dress." "But that is no sign." "Oh, yes, it is; he'll be much more careful as soon as he finds out what her dresses cost."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Rain, But No Clouds.

A curious natural phenomenon is reported from the neighborhood of Pittsburg. It was a bright clear day in Pleasant valley and the entire neighborhood, when suddenly a heavy rain began to fall, without the slightest warning, and a dense black cloud appeared over the valley. For forty-five minutes the rain fell in torrents, swelling the little stream that flows through the valley into a raging torrent, which inundated houses, swept away several bridges and nearly drowned several people. Two miles away there was no rain at all and no signs of a storm.—Pittsburg.