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Experiments made in tobacco cultivation throughout Europe have not given much promise of success.

The Harpers, the great New York publishers, are said to have on hand more than \$50,000 worth of accepted manuscripts.

Welsh newsboys have a picnic in the opinion of the Chicago Herald. Imagine yelling "Ere's yer wuxtry Goluids, Gwylyddys, Genelids and Serencynus! All 'bout der turble acident."

There are yet a million acres of Government land in Kansas open to settlement, not a little of which was tramped over by "strippers" in order to take chances on getting land in the Cherokee Strip that is no better, and in many cases is worse, which they had to travel further to reach, and which is very uncertain property to its possessor.

Justice John M. Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, and one of the arbitrators of the recent Bering Sea Tribunal of Arbitration, stated in a private conversation in St. James's Hall, London, at a Sunday mission meeting, that he personally believed that on the occasion of a future difference between England and the United States the intervention of strangers would not be invoked, but an equal number of the judges of the highest courts of both countries would be appointed to settle the difference.

A keeper at the London Zoological Gardens was employed on account of his supposed fondness for animals. He was soon found to be disliked by the animals, who exhibited their aversion in many ways. It was suspected that while outwardly treating them with kindness, he must secretly hurt or annoy them. He denied having done anything of the sort, and his general manner seemed to bear out his protestations. A watch was set upon him, with a curious result. It appeared that he never spoke to the animals, and for that reason alone his presence was intolerable.

A Mexican paper predicts an immense invasion of that country by American tourists this winter, and says that the railroads are already preparing to handle the expected throng. It thinks that the prevalence of cholera in Europe is sure to thin out the ranks of tourists thither, and that they must have somewhere to go to escape the winter's cold. "The prediction," adds the New Orleans Picayune, "seems to be founded on reason, and the same causes will doubtless contribute to swell the number who will seek the delightful climate of our own State and of the Mississippi coast. We may prepare for a specially large invasion this winter."

Since the loss of lives on the coast of New Jersey at the time of the recent great storm there has been an agitation in the seaport towns and summer resorts along that coast in favor of an extension of the time of employment of the men in the United States Life-Saving Service. Four seamen of the wrecked schooner Mary F. Kelly were drowned at Asbury Park, for instance, within thirty feet of the shore, while hundreds of people stood on the beach unable to help them. Twenty-four seamen were drowned off the New Jersey coast in a range of ten miles, where there were then four unoccupied life-saving stations. The life-saving crews are discharged on May 1, and do not get employment again until September 1. It is argued that violent storms occur in August, and that the life-saving crews at least should be employed from the beginning of that month.

An electric funeral-car is a California innovation. About nine miles distant from San Francisco are four large cemeteries and a crematory, and it was to bring them near the city that an electric railroad company introduced the new hearse. Its first patron was a benevolent organization, one of whose members had died. At the time appointed for the mourners to leave the city the electric funeral-car, appropriately draped in black, was in readiness. The body was lifted by the pallbearers from an undertaker's wagon to the car, and the bearers took their seats in a section reserved for them. The conductor rang the bell twice, the motorman changed his gong to clear the way of a mob of interested spectators, and the funeral procession started, the mourners in electric cars following the hearse. The run from the starting point to the cemetery was made in an hour. The car was switched off on a track inside the cemetery gates and the pallbearers lifted out the coffin. Then the funeral procession was reformed and moved slowly off towards the chapel.

THE GRATEFUL HEART.

I thankfull am for all good things; For every blithesome bird that sings; I thankful am for May and June; When most my life with Life's in tune; I thankful am for strawberries, And very glad of cherry trees; Of apple blossom and the fruit; Of mellow nut and pungent root.

Great good and solace come to me From flowers upon the dogwood tree; An unknown warbler sets me wild With wonder like an eager child; To my charmed and seeking eyes Each varied toadstool's a surprise.

I thankful am for all fair things; For life and all the bliss it brings; My soul is very glad thereof; Because God made me out of love; And most I joy, beneath his trees, To thank the Father-Heart for these.

-Danske Dandridge, in New York Independent.

HER ROMANCE.

By S. A. WISS.

THOUGHT that you loved me, Elaine."

"I do love you, Carol. You know that I do."

"Then why are you so unwilling to have me ask your father's consent to our marriage?"

The speaker was a blonde young man, faultlessly attired in the latest style, and apparently very much in earnest.

His companion was a young girl with dark, wistful eyes and a pensive troop of a pretty mouth.

Her baptismal name was Ellen, but being of a highly romantic turn, she had lengthened it into Elaine; and also preferred to call her lover, Mr. Charles Northrop, by the name of Carol—having learned that Carolas was the Latin of Charles.

With a sigh she replied to her lover's question:

"I must tell you the truth, Carol. I do love you, and can never care for any one else; but I think I should love you more if—if you were poor."

"Poor?" he echoed, in surprise.

"You see, the whole course of our love has been so prosaic and commonplace and conventional that it hardly comes up to my idea of what love should be. We fell in love with each other at a party which Aunt Minturn gave特别 to bring us together, and we are both rich—at least, you and papa are, and we will be sure to give him the consent the moment it is asked—and there will not be a single thing to give a tinge of romance or poetry to it all. Isn't it disappointing?"

The young man looked into her eyes and thoughtfully stroked his blonde moustache. He was doing his best to take in her view of the case.

"Do you mean, Elaine, that you would prefer for us to be poor, and have everybody opposed to our marriage, and obstacles placed in the way of our happiness?"

"Don't put it in that practical way, Carol. I wish you could understand me better, and had just a little more poetical sentiment. You, who are an artist—"

"An artist! Why, darling, I have never touched a brush or palette except to paint scenes for our amateur theatre."

"But you did that so nicely, which shows that you have talent and some knowledge of the art. And I like to think of you as an artist."

Just here they were interrupted by Peter Eddie, the youngest of the Minturn household, suddenly kicking open the door and flashing a Kodak upon them, and then refusing to give up the picture until Mr. Northrop had promised him a circus ticket. And so their conversation was put a stop to for the time being.

But next day Elaine met her lover with a radiant light in her eyes.

"Oh, Carol, I have thought of the loveliest plan! You know I'm going home next week, and you must follow me, and pretend to be a poor artist—"

"I could be any other kind," he interjected.

But she went on, breathlessly:

"And set up a plain little studio, and paint landscapes and portraits—"

"Elaine!"

"Oh, just the kind of things you paint for the stage, and nobody in Rieeville will know the difference—or if they do you can say that they are only sketches, or beginnings, and will look differently when completed.

"But when are we to be married?

"Oh, well—in about two weeks, I suppose! Only think what a row we will make when he finds us gone!

"How people will talk, and how astonished they will be to find out at last that I have married a rich man instead of a poor artist. Why, it will be just lovely!"

He did not appear to see much love-lines in the prospect, and she fancied him a little sullen and discontented.

Yet he dutifully acquiesced in her plan; and thenceforth Miss Waymack and her grandmother daily repaired to his studio, and the artist daubed away at a painting supposed to represent Miss Waymack—who was a very pretty and lively girl—and in which, as it had blue eyes and golden hair, the old lady soon began to perceive a striking likeness to her granddaughter.

It was not, however, every day that Elaine could come, she being closely watched at home; yet she enjoyed the affair all the more for the obstacles thrown in her way, and imparted sweet confidence to her dearest bosom friend, Josephine, who in turn described how her lover was mourning over her absence, and pining for her.

So Miss Fitzsimmons returned home to her father's elegant residence, overlooking the little town of Rieeville, and in due time there arrived a handsome young artist with blonde hair and moustache (she had allowed them time to grow), who established himself in a small room

which had been a barber's shop, and daubed away upon canvas from morning until night.

People came in and looked dubiously at these productions, but he had only to direct their attention to several "completed" pictures (purchased at an art store) to impress them with an idea what these sketches would be "when finished."

And, meanwhile, it was observed that he appeared immensely struck with Miss Fitzsimmons, and never took his eyes off her at church, and that finally he secured an introduction and became a daily visitor at the big house on the hill. And then people who knew Mr. Fitzsimmons began to predict trouble.

It came at length sooner than had been anticipated.

Carol Northrop became weary of his artist life, and impatient for the happy ending promised by Elaine, and the consequence was that she found herself to give her consent sooner than she had intended to his proposing to her father for her hand.

When he preferred this modest request Mr. Fitzsimmons, who had made his fortune in the tannery business, locked him over from head to foot with a supercilious air.

"You are a poor artist, I understand?"

"Yes, sir," he answered truthfully. "And you want to marry my daughter?"

"I love your daughter, sir!" he replied, with fervor.

"Ugh! I confess that I never expected much better of Ellen. At school last year she fell in love with an Indian chief belonging to a traveling circus, decked out in war-paint and feathers, and I verily believe would have married him if he had not turned out to be a Welshman. But if you are a fool, I am not, and I now tell you candidly, young man, that I will never consent to my daughter marrying a poor artist."

Carol was, of course, prepared for such an answer, and he appeared so little affected by it that Mr. Fitzsimons's ire was aroused.

"With this understanding," he resumed, scowling at the young man, "you will, of course, discontinue your visits here, and no longer presume to Miss Fitzsimmons's acquaintance."

Carol smiled, remembering the real state of the case.

"Sir," exclaimed the hot-tempered old gentleman, "do you consider that I am in jest that you presume to laugh in my face? Now, to convince you that I am in earnest, I will give you just half a minute to get out of my house!" and he pointed to the clock on the mantle.

"I have no desire to remain, sir, where a gentleman is subject to such treatment. But I love your daughter, and—"

"Get out, sir!" shouted the irate father.

And he took the young man by the arm, and leading him to the front door, thrust him out into the rain, and flung his hat and umbrella after him, and to the unspeakable delight of a lot of urchins on the opposite pavement.

Elaine, who had witnessed it all from the landing, ran to a window and dropped a rose at her lover's feet as he stooped to pick up his hat.

Such ignominy! ... and the young man, in great disgust, ventured a remonstrance with his beloved.

They had, by her arrangement, met at twilight in a flowery lane, she wearing a red shawl and a coarse straw gipsy-hat as disguise.

"But Carol, dear, if we marry now, we shall miss these delightful stolen interviews, which are so much sweet than a formal call and a tête-a-tête in a parlor!" she pleaded.

They had, by her arrangement, met at twilight in a flowery lane, she wearing a red shawl and a coarse straw gipsy-hat as disguise.

"People would talk, you know; and only see how that old woman is staring after us!"

"I have arranged about that," she answered, with great animation. "My dearest bosom-friend, Josephine Waymack, has promised to help us all she can; and she is to go to your studio every day at a certain hour, accompanied by her grandmother, to have her portrait taken—"

"I could be any other kind," he interjected.

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lover a note, requesting that he would have a carriage in waiting in the shady lane at eight o'clock that evening, to take them to the nearest railroad station.

How delighted the dear boy would be to find his troubles ended at last; and surely he would prize and love her all the more for the trials through which they had passed.

It was a rainy evening, yet punctual to her appointment, Miss Fitzsimmons was in the lane as the town clock struck, disguised this time in cloak and sunbonnet over her handsome traveling suit.

There was no carriage in sight, and after waiting an hour, she concluded to go to Carol's studio, feeling sure that he could not have received her note.

She found the door open, and stepping within discovered everything as usual, except that the artist's palette and brushes lay strewn about the floor as if purposely thrown there, while Miss Waymack's portrait, still mounted on the easel, was adorned with a pair of spectacles, and a moustache daubed across the upper lip.

When irritated the sea cucumber, a species of holothuria, can eject all its tentacles, its stomach and digestive apparatus, and reduce itself to a simple membranous sac.

It has been ascertained by Professor Kerton, of the Melbourne University, Australia, that the usually assumed weight of eighty to 100 pounds per square foot, produced by a dense crowd of persons, may be largely exceeded.

The most curious thing about the butterfly is the size of the case from which the insect proceeds compared with the size of the insect's body. The case is rarely more than one inch in thickness; the butterfly covers a surface nearly four inches square.

In support of the modern theory that sound does not consist of a given number of countable wavebeats, a well-known writer adduces the fact that a plate of iron, even an inch thick, when used as the diaphragm of a telephone, will respond to and transmit perfectly the sound vibrations of the human voice, a result which it is almost inconceivable to suppose could be effected by mere mass vibration.

Another most valuable series of investigations in regard to the metal best adapted for the construction of bridges has been made by the Austrian Society of Engineers. Some 216 mechanical tests were made by the committee having the matter in hand, to determine the quality of wrought iron, of basic, Bessemer and basic open-earth plants, the conclusion being that the latter excels all the others in resistance to mechanical attack and distortion.

A remarkable illustration of the progress of electrical appliances in the electrolytic painting. Hitherto, if copper or other metal were to be deposited electrically, a bath of solution was needed.

Now this is changed, and a technical journal says a ship's hull can be plated as easily as a spoon or teapot. Instead of a bath, insoluble salts ground to a fine powder and mixed with water, are used. This mixture is painted on the metal to be plated by a fine wire brush, to which one pole of a dynamo conductor is attached, the other pole being connected with a plate. Not only pure metal but all sorts of alloys can be used.

During a residence in Tunisia, M. Vercoutre made a study of the tattoo marks which the natives cover their limbs and face. He discovered that the most complete designs represent a human figure—a kind of doll, seen in front, with extended arms. In this figure, for which no explanation had been offered before, he perceives nothing else than a representation, rigidly exact and preserved by tradition without perceptible alteration, of the manikin on the monuments of Phoenicia and Carthage, which archaeologists have named the "Symbol of the Punic Trinity"—which is found, for example, on the Phoenician and Punic stela, and on the neo-Punic lamps of Carthage.

This plant resembles in appearance a diminutive bulrush, and the two, animal and plant, are always found inseparable. One is apt to relegated to the domain of imagination, among dragons and mermaids, but then its existence and nature have been accepted by the late Frank Buckland. How it propagates its species is a mystery. One traveler, after describing its dual nature, calmly states that it is the grub of the night butterfly. If so, then the grub must also become a butterfly, or what becomes of species?