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NO. 7.

Edison says that gold is not as valuable nor as necessary as iron or lead.

The District of Columbia has the largest death rate from consumption of any part of the United States.

A Montana man has just completed and applied for a patent on an automatic machine that bids fair to revolutionize the cutting of precious stones. This machine can do the work of at least twelve men.

The Chicago Herald has discovered that every crowned head of Europe, with the exception of that of Turkey, is descended from one or two sisters, the daughters of Duke Ludwig Rudolf of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel, who lived about one hundred and fifty years ago.

The Chinese doctor's lot is not wholly a happy one, the Courier-Journal is convinced. Four members of the Imperial College of Physicians at Peking failed recently to make a proper diagnosis of the Emperor's indisposition, and were punished by being fined a year's salary.

We have an idea that the United States is a great place, with its 60,000,000 people, observes the Detroit Free Press, but there are 800,000,000 people in Asia, and more than 200,000,000 in Africa. The scientific estimate is that there are 1,450,000,000 people on the earth, of whom not more than 500,000,000 wear clothing from neck to sole.

One of Boston's pleasantest small charities is the furnishing of street car tickets in summer to poor invalids for rides in the suburbs of that city, but it is now asserted by the conductors that very many of these tickets are misused, being tendered to them by persons who not only are not ill, but are, from their dress and appearance, abundantly able to pay their own fares.

M. Francisque Sarcey, the French dramatic critic, announces himself as a convert to vegetarianism. He has written a letter to a Paris paper describing his experiences, in which he says that he is only a "moderate" vegetarian—that is, he eschews only meat and admits eggs, butter and cheese, milk and fish to his regimen. He finds that he is in much more vigorous health and in better working condition than before. The first week, he says, is rather hard to bear, but the benefit is soon felt thereafter.

Since the advent of Leo XIII. to the pontifical throne he has created ninety-two cardinals, that number having died in the course of his pontificate. The College of Cardinals, since the nominations at the last consistory, numbers sixty-three, of whom thirty-four are Italians and twenty-nine foreigners. The foreigners are divided as follows, according to their nationality: Seven French, five Austro-Hungarian, five German, four Spanish, two Portuguese, two American, one English, one Irish, one Belgian and one Australian.

A great English firm of hatters send their wares all over the world, and in doing so have a good chance to study the distinctive features of the heads of the various nationalities. A synopsis of their studies is given below: German heads short and round, average head measures twenty-two inches; English, well shaped, rather long, average hat, 7 1/2, which means a head measuring 22 1/2 inches; Scotch, long and thin; Canadians exceptionally large; average United States head and hat same as English. South Americans and Australians have very small heads, seldom measuring over twenty inches.

The Atlanta Constitution says: "After sixty years of restricted suffrage, Belgium, under her new constitution, is about to try a startling experiment. The new law gives a vote to every male citizen who has reached the age of twenty-five. A married man who pays taxes, or a tax-paying bachelor of thirty-five, is entitled to an extra vote. A third vote is given to a citizen of independent means, possessing a certificate of high education, or who holds or has held a public office of a certain rank. It is believed that every husband will place his extra vote at the disposal of his wife, thus indirectly giving her the elective franchise. Under the new constitution the number of votes in Belgium will leap from 150,000 to 1,200,000. A well-equipped Belgian will now be able to cast a vote on election day just after breakfast, and if he feels particularly interested in the campaign he can stick in another vote at dinner time, and still another on his way home to supper."

GIVE THANKS.

For leaf and bud and bloom
That came with dawn of spring,
For balmy laden breeze,
For tuneful birds a-wing,
Give thanks.

For sun and moon and stars
That heat and light and cheer,
And mark the flight of Time,
With day and month and year,
Give thanks.

For mellowed fruit and grain
From earth, and sea, and air;
For earth's full generous wealth
Into our garner poured—
Give thanks.

For love and hope and faith
In friends both old and new,
With willing, helpful hands,
And trusting hearts, and true—
Give thanks.

For life and all its gains
From earth, and sea, and air;
For all the great outpour
Of blessings that we share—
Give thanks.

—H. T. Hollands, in Detroit Free Press.

A Thanksgiving Party.

BY HELEN FORRESTER GRAVES.

H, yes, it was such a mistake," said Christine Collingwood, dreamily.

"What was a mistake?" said old Peggy.

"Our coming to live in a dreary country place like this," said Christine. "Where nobody ever visits, and one sees no one but the meat man and the tin peddler. It's no better than being buried alive. I don't see why mamma ever left New York."

Christine sat in the deep window seat, whither she had climbed, with a pair of shears to cut away the clustering ivy vines that darkened the kit-

"You know, Chris," said she, lowering her voice, "that Peggy is getting stiffer and more rheumatic every day, and we must do something to help her. Mamma knows nothing about the housework; and, besides, she is far too delicate to come down here!"

"I prefer some other way of occupying my time," said Christine, superciliously.

"Yes, but what?"

Rosamond had reached down the hammer, and was now balancing the broad end of a smoothing-iron in her lap, preparatory to the operation of cracking.

"We have been educated for ladies," said Christine, "and not cooks!"

"Are the two incompatible, Chris?"

"And I am fully resolved one day to be an artist. A landscape, to immortalize just such scenes as that!" pointing with slim, taper fingers toward the burning glow in the west.

"Yes, but in the meantime?" dryly observed Rosamond. "We must live, and we must eat. And really I've made rather a good thing of those Brahma chickens, at thirty-five cents a pound, while your picture of 'Wynd Mill in a Thunderstorm' still hangs in the bookseller's window, and not a soul has so much as asked its price."

Christine colored again.

"I prefer to retain my position in society as a lady!" said she, with some emphasis.

"But we have no society."

"We are asked to the Thanksgiving party at Bramblethorpe!"

"We can't go!" averred Rosamond. "Why can't we go?"

"Nothing to wear," Rosamond succinctly answered, giving a sharp, sudden tap of the hammer to a plump nut on the edge of the flintstone.

"How do you know that?"

Rosamond lifted her eyes in surprise, and Chris tined went hurriedly on:

"There was a traveling salesman here this afternoon with some lovely pink cashmere, at little more than half price. Mamma thought it was a bar-

Mrs. Edgeley, won't you? It ain't none of your lard-and-molasses baker's stuff, that I can tell you!"

"Never tasted anything so delicious in my life," said Mrs. Edgeley, nibbling away at the cake with teeth that were still as white and perfect as when she was sixteen. "You don't mean to say, Peggy, that you made them?"

"I, mam? Not I!" protested Peggy. "Not but what I call myself as good a hand at cake as most folks, but I'm free to confess I hadn't the light touch and the easy knack to stir up a batch like this. It's our Miss Rosamond that made 'em, Mrs. Edgeley, and I'm proud to say it, that I am!"

Mrs. Edgeley's spectacled eyes grew big and round. She came a step or two nearer.

"Peggy," said she, in a mysterious whisper, "these are just what we want for our Thanksgiving party. Aurilla isn't much of a calculator, and I'm afraid we're going to run short on cake. Would you sell me this batch? And would the young lady bake me another—a very special favor?" she added, insinuatingly.

Peggy tossed her head.

"We don't buy nor sell our cake," said she. "But you're welcome to it, Mrs. Edgeley, and I'm sure my young lady will be very pleased to accommodate you."

"Humph! humph!" commented Mrs. Edgeley. "Much obliged, I'm sure! I called in about that setting of Missovy duck eggs, but I'll just take this baking of nut cakes instead. It's just exactly the sort of thing one wants for a Thanksgiving party. There's something homelike and homemade about it. And I can have the rest day after to-morrow?"

After Mrs. Edgeley had hobbled away on her gold-headed cane, Peggy found a crisp, clean five-dollar bill lying on the table.

She eyed it shrewdly.

"It's no more than they're worth," said she. "And she pocketed the bill."

"Yes, Miss Rosy, I gin 'em every one away," said Peggy, craftily, "to a

she sobbed to herself. "Oh, how could Peggy do such a thing? Of all things to sell my cake to the Bramblethorpe people! What must they think?"

"Oh, come now!" said Jack Bramble, when the merry clamor of Black Sam's fiddle and Georgia Dick's cornet proclaimed the opening dance on that merry Thanksgiving Eve, "if Rosamond Collingwood isn't here, my cake's all dough."

"It's a matter of cake, any way," said Fernand Edgeley, satirically; and there was a general giggle. "And the blue-eyed sister is here. Why can't you be contented with that?"

"Because I like Rosy the best," said Jack, with delightful frankness. "Thanksgiving isn't Thanksgiving if Rosy isn't here, and I'll tell you what, I mean to go after her!" And he went.

One solitary light shone in the windows of the old stone house—the windows of Rosamond's room, where the poor little girl was crying her heart out.

All of a sudden a fearful face-gleamed in—a jack-o'-lantern pumpkin, with eyes of fire, elevated on the extreme end of a bean-pole.

"Goodness me!" fluttered Rosamond. "What's that?"

And she flung the sash open.

"It's me, Rosy!" bawled Jack. "Come down here; I want you?"

"What for?"

"To come to the Bramblethorpe party! Come, make haste! Dick and Sam are in royal time to-night, and the music has commenced already."

"I can't go!" murmured Rosamond.

"Then I can't!" said Jack. "I shall stay and spend the evening with you!"

"Do take that horrible jack-o'-lantern away," pleaded Rosamond—for all this time the pumpkin features and the flaming eyes were flattened against her window-blind.

"Not until I get an answer," said Jack, the indomitable.

"Go away!" said Rosamond. "I won't!" said Jack.

Suddenly the jack-o'-lantern countenance disappeared; there was a crash.

"Oh, Jack, you have fallen off the piazza roof!" Oh, cried Rosamond, wringing her hands, "what shall I do?"

"No, it wasn't me," said Jack; "it was only the pumpkin. It wasn't balanced just right on the pole. Do you suppose that I go around peeping into people's windows? Come down, Rosy, I say!"

This time Rosamond did not repeat her formula of "Go away!" She came down in the blue dress, a white, floppy shawl wrapped around her head.

"How nice you look!" said a familiar Jack. "Get your hat. Come!"

"Never!" asserted Rosamond.

"Oh, very good!" said Jack. "Then it's never with me also!"

"Never what?"

Rosamond looked puzzled.

"Why, never to go away from here."

"Jack!"

"Darling, don't you understand?" said Jack, slipping his arm around her waist (there were only the peaceful stars to see them, and the red, blinking eye of the jack-o'-lantern, smouldering away in the box borders). "I can't be happy, except where you are. I love you, Rosy. I want you to be my wife!"

"Oh, Jack, you faltered, 'I never thought of that!'"

Ann Edgeley, in ruby velvet and barbaric pearls, was "matronizing" the Philadelphia beauty whom the Bramblethorpe people intended for Jack.

Miss Melliter, of Melliter Park, kept a sharp lookout from a pair of diamond-rimmed eyes for the young heir; and Christine Collingwood, looking like a pink rose in her new gown, was also on the qui vive—when the door swung open, and Jack entered, leading a fair damsel in blue, who hung back, after a shy, pretty fashion.

"Mother," he said, going straight to the head of the room, "Ann Edgeley—this is the future Mrs. Jack Bramble! This is my promised wife. Give her such a welcome to Bramblethorpe as she deserves. Dick, where is your corset? Sam, what are you waiting for? Come! Thanksgiving is going to commence in real earnest now!"

The elders were considerably astonished, but Jack's will had always been law with them, and remained so still.

The bride-elect was warmly greeted, and old Peggy never could be convinced that she and the nut cakes together had not made the match—Saturday Night.

Disaster Invited.

Duck—"It's no wonder you get depressed at Thanksgiving; you invite such disaster."

Turkey—"How so?"

Duck—"By strutting about, yelling 'Gobble, gobble, gobble!'"

Turkey in Asia—A Thanksgiving Study.

"Have you come to help us arrange the chrysanthemums and ivy?" said she. "Oh, I'm so glad to see you!"

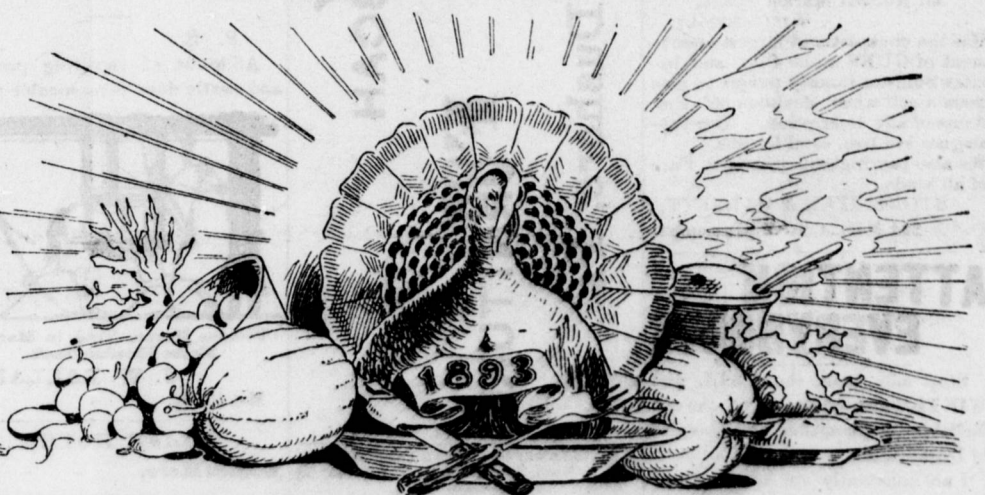
"I couldn't possibly," said Rosamond. "My dress isn't done yet, and I've got to hurry home and finish it. But I've brought you some of my nut cakes, Lizzie; they're a Thanksgiving sort of thing, and I made them after an old family receipt that no one has but me."

"Nut cakes?" Miss Bramble surveyed the tempting show, wrapped in a red-bordered dolly. "Why, Rosy, we've got a lot of 'em already that Aunt Edgeley bought! Beauties, too! You never mean that you made 'em, dear?"

Rosamond colored a hot scarlet. All of a sudden the mystery cleared itself. She knew now where the forget-me-not daisy came from. She put down the box with a murmured word or two, and flew swiftly home.

"I never can go to that party now!"

A THANKSGIVING FEAST.



You can hear Thanksgiving' comin' with the jolliest kind of sound; You can hear the turkey boiler for a mile or two around; For he knows that he is in it, as he is in the past; An' he thinks that every minute is jes' sure to be his last!

You can hear Thanksgiving' comin' with a rush an' an' with a roar, An' the knives an' forks a-hummin' as we pass the plate for two more; O, it's jolly every minute, in the North an' in the South; For the turkey-popper's n't an' we're waterin' at the mouth!

—Atlanta Constitution.

chen window with their green tendrils. In one hand she held a bunch of ivy-trails; from the other the shears dangled.

Her profile, sharply outlined against the ruddy carmine of the sunset, was exquisitely pure and delicate; her blue eyes were full of dreamy fire.

Old Peggy, from her position in front of the kitchen table, looked sharply up.

"Well," said she, briskly setting aside the pan of baked apples that she had taken from the oven for tea, "I can tell you why, Miss Chrissy. It was because you hadn't money enough to keep on living in the city since the Barbazon Bank failed, and because this old stone house that belonged to your dead-and-gone grand-uncle was standing empty. House rent is house rent, and there's lots of nice fruit and vegetables in the garden, though I won't say but it's been sadly neglected, and the air can't be beat. Of course it's a bit dull for you young ladies; but beggars can't be choosers, you know, and Miss Rosamond amuses herself with the chickens and the ducks, bless her heart!"

The sudden flush rose angrily to Christine's ruddy soft cheek.

"We are not beggars yet," said she. "And as for Rosamond, she never had a soul above a scullery maid."

"What's that you're saying about Rosamond?" cried a gay young voice, as a tall, brown-haired girl came in, with sparkling hazel eyes, cheeks flushed with exercise, and an apronful of nuts. "See what I picked up on the hill beyond the stone wall; and a nice fight I had with the squirrels and little Tom Evans, for 'em."

The squirrels chattered at Tom from every tree in the copse, and Tommy sat on the wall end sulked. But the trees are on our land, and I was determined to have our share of the nut harvest. Only look, Chris! Aren't they beauties?"

"Nuts!" scornfully uttered Christine, vouchsafing only a single glance at the treasures, and turning away her face toward the red sunset glow.

"What on earth are you going to do with them?"

"Do with 'em?" echoed Rosamond. "Why, crack 'em, to be sure! And then pick 'em out, and then I shall make some nut cookies!"

Christine shrugged her shoulders.

"I beg leave to amend my verdict," said she. "I should have said that Rosamond had the soul of a cook!"

gain, and—pink is my color, you know, and I bought a dress."

Rosamond's eyes were still fixed on Christine's face.

"And how did you pay for it?" asked she.

"I took the money from the India cabinet drawer. There was enough."

"My chicken money!" exclaimed Rosamond, reproachfully.

"Oh, I knew you wouldn't mind!" said Christine, nonchalantly. "I can easily pay you back when my picture is sold, and I did want to go to Bramblethorpe so much, and how could I go without a decent dress?"

"Did you ever consider how I was to buy my dress?" slowly uttered Rosamond.

"Oh, you're the younger sister, you know, and you can wear anything. Besides, if only one of us is to go, on account of the gown, I am the eldest, and it's my right. Everybody knows that."

Rosamond said nothing, but worked diligently away. Her lifelong experience of Christine's varying moods had taught her that it was best to swallow her discomfiture and make the best of things; but she could have burst out into a child's passionate weeping as she thought of all the little comforts for her mother, the many conveniences for the house, that that seven dollars of "chicken money" had been destined to procure.

"I wish you wouldn't go on crackin'—crackin' in that sort of way!" querulously spoke Christine, springing down from her aerial perch in the high window seat. "It makes me so nervous!"

"Perhaps then," said Rosamond, curiously, "you had better go up stairs, inasmuch as this work has to be done, nervous or no nervous."

"I never saw such a girl as you!" said Christine. "You are always losing your temper!"

And she flounced away upstairs, while a single crystal-bright tear fell like a diamond spark among the hosts of nutshells at Rosamond's feet.

poor old creature, lame and almost blind. You'd he' done it yourself if you'd been here. Her folks is dread-fel partial to nut cakes, and I've promised her another batch to-morrow."

They're expectin' company, you see. You won't go back on old Peggy, will you, my dear? I'll trudge up the hill with you after the nuts to-morrow mornin'."

"You oughtn't to have done it with-out consulting me, Peggy," said Rosamond.

But she was a soft-hearted little maid, and very fond of Peggy, and so she set diligently forth to gather nuts the next day.

Peggy knew where the traveling salesman put up—at a wayside inn, kept by a friend of hers—and she lost no time in speeding thither.

"Pink is Miss Chris's color," said she. "And I think Miss Rosamond would look well in blue—a pale, forget-me-not blue. If there's one new dress in the family, there's no reason there shouldn't be two. Only we've got to make haste and get it made up."

Rosamond was overjoyed when the compact little brown paper parcel came home.

"I'm quite certain Peggy knows all about it," said she, "though she wraps herself in mystery. But she's the best old soul in the world, and she sha'n't lose her reward when my ship comes in; that is, if it ever does."

The afternoon preceding Thanksgiving Day she went up to Bramblethorpe with a paste-board box in her hand. Lizzie Bramble ran down stairs to greet her.

"Have you come to help us arrange the chrysanthemums and ivy?" said she. "Oh, I'm so glad to see you!"

"I couldn't possibly," said Rosamond. "My dress isn't done yet, and I've got to hurry home and finish it. But I've brought you some of my nut cakes, Lizzie; they're a Thanksgiving sort of thing, and I made them after an old family receipt that no one has but me."

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APACHES IN THE ARMY.

THE NEW SYSTEM TRIED IN ARIZONA TERRITORY.

The Indian Has Not Proved a Very Good Soldier—Lured into Service by the Charm of Brass Buttons.

COMPANY, attention! The long line of colored soldiers presents a unique and picturesque appearance. The straight-cut regular army jacket, trousers that are a compromise between the native garment and the "garments of the line," met at the knee by buckskin leggings; on the head a cloth of red muslin or calico in a band and tied tightly behind, leaving the crown of raven hair completely exposed. This is the Apache soldier of the United States regular army on duty, says an Arizona correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle.

The Indian troops of the Department of Arizona are recruited solely from the various tribes of the Apache Nation, and are in nowise similar to the Indian police force of the Sioux or other Indian tribes. They are regularly enlisted for the full period of service, receive full pay, and are held strictly amenable to military discipline. Their uniforms vary slightly from those of the other troops, resembling a sort of Zouave equipment, a concession which the department found it necessary to make in order to satisfy some whims of the aboriginal mind. The Indian is essentially narrow-minded and superstitious. Matters of importance have to him sometimes an immense significance.

The Apache problem has been a thorn in the side to the commanders of the Department of Arizona. There are ten large tribes in the Territory, making an aggregate of some 40,000 persons. Of all these, the Apaches alone have given the Government any trouble within the past quarter of a century. They occupy a reservation in the heart of the Territory larger than the combined States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and Delaware; and their whole tribal population numbers less than 5,000. There has not been a year since the white occupation that some Apache renegade was not off the reservation, making life interesting for some one, and a very few years have passed in which upon to quell a general outbreak.

With the end of the Geronimo campaign the authorities adopted a new policy toward these implacable and the formation of the Indian auxiliaries is a part of the new programme. Gradually the more lawless chiefs have been vanquished until now there is hardly a corporal's guard of the old warriors to be found in all the tribes which comprise the Apache Nation. Then supplementary proceedings were begun by enlisting all the able-bodied young bucks between the ages of sixteen and thirty into regular companies. Under these conditions—with all the old men deported and all the youngsters under the eyes of the regular soldiers—it is hoped that the solution of the Apache trouble is not far distant.

While the question seems in a fair way to be settled with regard to the Indian, the new deal does not give universal satisfaction in army circles. The soldiers do not take kindly to the change. At Fort Huachuca an incipient mutiny was raised on the arrival of the red-skinned troopers. Regulars who have been years fighting the wily Apache from behind rocks cannot readily accustom themselves to the idea of messing and sharing quarters with their hereditary foe. The officers, as a rule, are not very enthusiastic over the innovation either. Their general opinion is that the novelty will soon wear off with the recruits, and that eventually they will either desert, singly or en masse, or else at best, when their term of service expires they will refuse re-enlistment and return home with their newly acquired knowledge and discipline to become more troublesome than ever.

As to the merits of the Apache as a soldier he doesn't seem to have many. He can withstand an incredible amount of fatigue. A body of Apache infantry will make a forced march in better time and can arrive in better fighting trim than the average regular cavalry. When the line of battle is drawn up Mr. Apache is not there. From time immemorial the Apache warrior has fought only from ambush, and no amount of military discipline can compel him to face a fire in which he has no better chance than his enemy.

The one thing which lures the Indian from the reservation into the army is his love of the uniform. He cares more for bright colors and gilt trappings than for his wife—even more than he does for eating. The glittering epaulettes and shining buttons irresistibly charm the savage eye. An Apache sergeant in full regimental uniform is an object of the profoundest reverence to every male in his tribe and to the squaws he is a thing to be adored. Then they like the evolutions and military manoeuvres. They enjoy the music, especially "lively and spirited" martial airs.

The number of Indians now serving in this department is in the neighborhood of five hundred. They are organized into companies of fifty each, with white officers, though there have been some few promotions to junior grades. The companies are not all full, however, by reason of occasional desertions and natural causes. A well known officer, in speaking of the situation, says that while the experiment has not proved so successful as its originators prophesied, the first squaws will be mastered out, but enlistments will be constantly encouraged.

AS IN THE LONG AGO.

As in the long ago, my love,
As in the long ago,
I wander o'er the dear old place,
Each object there recalls thy face,
Each fragrant zephyr breathes a sigh,
For tender joys in days gone by;
Now fade again the evening glow,
And calls the thrush so soft and low,
As in the long ago, my love,
As in the long ago.

As in the long ago, my love,
As in the long ago,
We wander slowly, hand in hand,
In young love's dreary wonderland,
Again the light of evening skies
Shines in mine own from thy dear eyes,
Again the distant chiming so low,
Peal forth the hour in measure slow,
As in the long ago, my love,
As in the long ago.

As in the long ago, my love,
As in the long ago,
The vespers' dying echoes peal
Among the hills. Again I kneel
And moan and weep beside thy grave,
Where grass plumes in the wild winds wave,
And sway in mute grief to and fro,
While calls the thrush so sad and low,
As in the long ago, my love,
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—Emile Pichardt, in Boston Globe.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A rattlerate—The policeman's club.