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Malaria is responsible for half the deaths of all mankind, according to an English physician.

It is said that two-thirds of all the cotton duck produced in the world is made within twenty miles of Baltimore, Md.

Dr. Baruch recently told the New York Academy that less drugs and more hygiene ought to be used in the cure of the sick.

A table showing the monetary system of the world has been prepared by Director of the United States Mint Proston. The statistics show that the aggregate stock of gold is \$3,582,605,000; silver, \$4,042,700,000, and uncovered paper, \$2,635,873,000.

It is stated by the Chicago Herald that an American house has concluded a contract for 2,500,000 tons of Japanese coal, to be delivered at San Francisco in the course of the next ten years. Hitherto the coal imported at San Francisco has been principally Australian.

The American Farmer admits that "the New Zealanders are more progressive than we are. They have passed a law giving women, married or single, all the rights and privileges of citizenship. Every woman in New Zealand is now as good as any other man, and better if she behaves herself."

The effect of a newspaper paragraph may be far-reaching in its legal consequences sometimes—especially in France. M. Cornet, overseer at the West of France Engine Works, was severely attacked in the columns of a railroad newspaper L'Echo des Chemists de Fer (English, "The Railway Echo"). He took these criticisms so much to heart that he committed suicide, leaving a widow and child. The said widow brought suit for damages against L'Echo, holding that her husband's death was the direct result of the criticisms in that paper, and the court, concurring in that view, awarded the full amount claimed, ten thousand dollars, and condemned the newspaper in the entire costs of the action.

In his annual report Brigadier-General Carlin, commanding the Department of the Columbia, says that the experiment of making the Indian a soldier is a decided failure so far as his experience goes, and he has recommended the discharge of the few Indian soldiers now in his department, less than a company. General Carlin reports that there has been a decided increase in desertions during the past year, due, in a great measure, to the unpopularity of the ten year service law, and he recommends the repeal of that law. He also recommends that the small posts in his department be abandoned and the troops concentrated at a general post at the principal railroad center.

The varieties of sleigh bells this season will be larger than ever, announces the Chicago Herald, and manufacturers will cater more to luxurious tastes. As one can now pay \$50 or more for a whip, so he can give \$40 for a body strap of bells. For that he can get a strap covered with Alaska seal skin, with sixty silver, brass, gold or nickel bells, the metal not being, of course, so precious as the names indicate. Somewhat cheaper straps are made of beaver or mink, wool seal, kangaroo, ounce calf or Persian lamb. Or if the pleasure-seeker wishes, he can imitate the tastes of the Russian, the Laplander or the Tartar. In foxtail plumes he can find the upright, the drooping and the hanging plumes, or some elegant horse hair plumes, for \$30 per pair.

That grand being, the American heiress, specially created for the relief of embarrassed nobles, says the London Speculator, has attained almost to the summit of her ambition. She has not won a throne yet, though she may, if the King of Serbia is a wise man; but she has almost approached that surpassing altitude. According to the Pall Mall Gazette, Princess Isenberg-Birnstein has been accepted by Miss Pullman, daughter of the lord of the dining cars, and the hereditary prince is not only the eldest son of a mediocrity, but one of the even-born who might marry a Hapsburg, but is himself an imperial highness, his mother having been an Austrian archduchess. At least so says the Almanach de Gotha, which is a final authority. American brides who have only von Colonnes, Borgheses or English dukes, will feel quite eclipsed and take no further pleasure in diamonds. The passion for rank is certainly not confined to England, though here it is so strong that even the Queen felt promoted when she was related Empress.

LITTLE ALL-ALONEY.

Little All-Aloney's feet Pitter-patter in the hall, And his mother runs to meet And to kiss her toddling sweet, Ere perchance he fall. He is, oh, so weak and small! Yet what danger shall he fear When his mother hoveth near And he hears her cheering call "All-Aloney?"

Little All-Aloney's face It is all aglow with glee, As around that romping place At a terrifying pace Lungeth, plungeth he And that hero seems to be All unconscious of his cheers— Only one dear voice he hears— Calling reassuringly: "All-Aloney!"

Though his legs bend with their load, Though his feet they seem so small That you cannot help forbode Some disastrous episode In that noisy hall. Neither threatening bump nor fall Little All-Aloney fears, But with sweet bravado steers Whither comes that cheery call: "All-Aloney!"

Ab, that in the years to come, When his feet are chill and numb, When his cross is burdensome, And his heart is sore, Would that he could hear once more The gentle voice he used to hear— Divine with mother love and cheer— Calling from yonder spirit shore: "All, all alone!"

—Eugene Field, in Chicago Record.

REGINALD.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.



ARTHUR CRAIG tossed his cigar away and strolled around to where a red-and-blue hammock was slung between two oak trees, in the big lawn which was the great attraction of the select summer hotel—though it was summer no longer; there was an autumn scent in the soft air.

But Lucy Winslow was staying here still, with her brother's wife and her little nephew; therefore Arthur Craig stayed on also. She was sitting in the hammock, with little Reginald beside her. Reginald always was beside her; their fondness for each other was great. It had been a source of affliction to Craig all summer.

He told himself that he wasn't jealous of Reginald, but if a fellow could get a chance to see a girl alone once a week or so, it would be a relief. Lately he had particularly wished to see Miss Winslow alone.

"Hello, Arthur," said Reginald. "Oh, Reginald," said his pretty aunt, flushing, "say Mr. Craig!" "That fellow that was down here to see him called him Arthur, and I'm going to," said Reginald.

He was eight years old, and had the blue-eyed, fair-skinned face of a cherub. But no cherub was ever so pert and precocious as Reginald. "Let him, Miss Winslow," said Craig.

He dropped down on the grass at her feet and looked up at her. Surely she must know by this time—"Say," said Reginald, "you said you'd take me boating on the river again and you haven't."

"We've been several times, haven't we?" said Craig.

"Miss Winslow," said Craig, desperately, "I don't know whether you know—whether you have guessed—I don't know, Miss Winslow, whether you—you have suspected—"

"My goodness!" said Reginald, with a high-pitched eight-year-old laugh; "what are you trying to say, Arthur?" Craig looked at Lucy. Was she laughing at him, too? His face grew warm with the sudden wretched suspicion that she was.

After all, was he not a fool to think for a moment that she could care for him? Of a sudden he saw matters in a new, a painful light. If she had cared for him, would she not have managed now and then that they might see each other alone? How rarely had that occurred—how continually had that little nuisance of a nephew dogged them! Had she contrived it? Had she made Reginald a defense, a guard against unbecoming advances? He was all at once miserably certain of it.

He was warm with mortification, and cold at heart with keen unhappiness. He had been stupidly slow of perception, that was all. But that was a thing which could be remedied. He rose from the grass, and looked down at Lucy Winslow with a set smile.

"Well, I don't believe I know myself what I'm trying to say, Reginald," he answered. "I needn't say good-by to you just now, Miss Winslow, for I'll be here a day or so yet. But I'll be off about Thursday, I guess, and after a month or so at home, I expect to go out West on business that will keep me there indefinitely, I imagine. I shall think of this summer often, and with pleasure, I assure you."

He bowed, and turned away. He took himself and his bitterness up to his room. He felt that every hour until Thursday would be a period of anguish; and he began to put things into his trunk in helter-skelter fashion. He had half filled it when Reginald walked in, without knocking. He sat down in the largest chair.

"Ho?" he remarked, scowling, "that the kind of a trunk you got, with cloth all over it? Mine's got wooden slats on, and tin and brass nails. What's that thing? Opry-glasses, ain't it? Say, 'il you give 'em to me!"

"Yes, take them," said Craig, wearily. Reginald spent several minutes in examining objects in the room through the glasses, for which he saw fit to return no thanks. "Say," he observed presently, turning them upon Craig, "she's crying. That's what I come up to tell you. I thought maybe you'd like to know."

"Who's crying?" Craig demanded. "His heart stood still. "Aunt Lucy's crying," said Reginald. "She began to cry soon 's you turned round, most. I told her somebody'd see her, but she didn't stop, and I wasn't going to stay there and her a blubbering, and I thought I'd come up and tell you." Reginald looked up with his angelic blue eyes and his cherubic smile. "Say, I'm going to see what's in that plush box, Arthur. You care?"

Craig strode from the room. He got down the stairs two at a time, and rushed around to the red-and-blue hammock between the shady oaks trees. "Lucy," he said, bending over her. "You're not—you can't be crying, because I'm going away, Lucy?" "There was a hot flush in the tearful face she raised to him. "Oh, Lucy," he implored, "don't be ashamed of it! If you are crying about me, don't you know I am the happiest man on earth? I was so certain you didn't care for me, and had tried to ward me off with—with Reginald, you know, because he was forever around. But if you can cry because I am going away, Lucy, then I can finish what I was trying to say to you. You know what it was."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Clouds are on the average about 600 yards in thickness. American tools are far better than those of European make. The largest fish known to science is the basking shark, an enormous but harmless variety.

A steel ship has been constructed in Cardiff, Wales, with the standing rigging, as well as the hull, all of steel. The largest known species of night-flying insects is the Atlas moth, a resident of the American tropics, which has a wing spread of over a foot.

Human hair varies in thickness from the 250th to the 600th part of an inch. The coarsest fiber of wool is about one 200th part of an inch in diameter; the finest only the 1500th part. South American ants have been known to construct a tunnel three miles in length, a labor for them proportionate to that which would be required for men to tunnel under the Atlantic from New York to London.

Many larvae of beetles and other insects are used for food; the bee gives honey and wax, the cocoon manna and cochineal, the Spanish fly a blistering drug, the gall insects an astringent, and the silk worm an article of dress. In Japan there are now twenty public electric companies in operation. Further companies are proposed, and there is a considerable demand for electrical engineers. Nearly all of the companies are conducted by Americans.

A New England firm is introducing an automatic gas lighter for street lamps, which works on the principle of an eight-day clock. It is explained that the only attention the lighter requires is a weekly winding of the clock movement, and that it lights the lamp at the required time and extinguishes it at daybreak.

Safety matches that can be used without a box are to be placed on the English market by a German inventor. The idea is to tip the two ends of the wood separately with those compositions which in the ordinary way go on the box and the other on the match. To use, break the wood across the middle and rub the ends together.

An agent of the Suez Canal Company has invented an apparatus to split the electric lights that illuminate the canal into two divergent streams, one sending out rays one way, the other in the opposite direction. This enables ships to approach each other and meet with perfect safety. Formerly the lights blinded pilots so that they could not see vessels coming in the opposite direction.

A physician points out that fat people endure most kinds of illness with less severity than thin people, because they have an extra amount of nutritive stored away in their tissues to support them during the ordeal. Moreover, there are many other consolations for persons of abundant girth. They are generally optimists by nature, genial and jolly companions, whose society is universally preferred to that of people with angular frames and dispositions.

At a recent State fair an inventor exhibited a machine that he had constructed for converting grapes into sugar and syrup. Experts who witnessed the operation and others affirm that the process is a complete success. The experiments were mostly confined to Muscat and other sweet grapes known to carry a large amount of saccharine matter. Heretofore the difficulty has been in granulating grape sugar. But by this new process it is claimed that granulation is perfect.

Tombs of the Danish Kings. In the resting place of the old kings of Denmark, the Cathedral of Roskilde, a recent visitor notes that there is a column against which a number of monarchs have been measured, and upon which their different heights are recorded. One of them is Peter the Great, and we learn by this means that the shipwright Czar measured no less than thirty Danish inches, equivalent to something like six feet, ten inches in our measurement. Only one other of the sovereigns was taller, and that was Christian IV of Denmark, who, according to this authority, was just a trifle over seven feet English. The Czar, Alexander III, is about six feet one inch, and is about a couple of inches taller than Christian IX of Denmark, and about four inches taller than King George of Greece, neither of whom, nevertheless, is what would be called a short man. It is worth noting that in the same ancient cathedral where this column is to be seen, Saxo Grammaticus, the Danish historian from whom Shakespeare borrowed practically the entire plot of "Hamlet," lies buried.—London News.

BIRTHPLACES OF FOODS.

THE NATIVE LANDS OF THE VARIOUS GRAINS AND FRUITS. Most of Them Have Evolved From a Wild State—The True Home of Indian Corn—The Cherry's Origin.

THE grains and fruits used as food by man originated in different latitudes, and first existed in a wild state some being indigenous to the tropics and some to temperate zones. As they became improved and differentiated they were distributed in different countries according to their utility and the spread of agriculture. It was but natural that the first gradual changes from a wild to a cultivated state should have taken place in general in warm countries where the climate and the advanced state of civilization conspired to effect amelioration. For instance, the grape is indigenous to America, and had existed here in a wild state long ages before the continent was discovered by Columbus, but it was first put to practical use in Egypt and Central Asia, to which localities its origin is sometimes attributed, and whence it was in reality distributed throughout the Western world. A similar remark may be made of rye, one of the less valued cereals, which is a native of the temperate zones, and spread thence toward the South. It is supposed to have been unknown in India, Egypt and ancient Palestine, and though it was more or less used by the ancient Greeks and Romans, it was from the north of Europe that they received it.

Nearly all the grains now in use are of unknown antiquity. Wheat was cultivated in eighty-six latitude as far back in the past as we have authentic knowledge. Barley is thought to have originated in the Caucasus, but it was known and used everywhere in the most ancient times. Oats, like rye, was unknown in ancient India and Egypt and among the Hebrews. The Greeks and Romans received it from the north of Europe. Had there been an early civilization on this continent the wild oats found here and there would probably have developed into the useful cereal now considered absolutely essential for the proper nourishment of horses. This continent is credited with having given Indian corn to the old world, but this useful cereal was doubtless known in India and China many hundred years before the discovery of America. Cotton was used for making garments in India at a date so remote that it cannot even be guessed at. The fact is mentioned by Aristotle. The first seeds were brought to this country in 1621. In 1666 the culture was mentioned in the records of South Carolina. In 1736 the culture was general along the eastern coast of Maryland, and in 1776 we hear of it as far north as Cape May. The use of flax for making clothing is nearly as ancient as that of cotton, and perhaps more so, plants of soft and flexible fiber having been without doubt among the first vegetable productions of the ancient world and their practical value discovered soon after the invention of weaving.

The cherry in its improved condition is of Persian descent and is another fruit that might have been improved from our wild varieties had our civilization been contemporary with that which preceded Egypt and Babylon in the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates. Peaches, plums and cherries were all known to the ancient Greeks and Romans. The apple, the most useful and satisfactory of all the fruits of the temperate zones, has been known from time immemorial. It originated from some of the hardy wild species that are found sometimes almost as far north as the Arctic circle. It is a fruit that like the cold, and is found in the greatest perfection in parts of New England, New York and Michigan, where the winters are severe. As it approaches the equator it loses its finest taste, while still preserving its beauty. It is a notable fact that, owing to care in the culture, and in part to a preference for the climate, all the fruits mentioned in this list are found of better quality in Europe and America than in the localities where they are thought to have originated. The oranges of India, Burmah and Cochina are also largely tasteless, and those of Malaga scarcely better. The best grown in Spain come from the region of Valencia, where they have been introduced at a comparatively recent date. So of the cherries, apricots and peaches which have attained a perfection in Europe and America of which the ancient Persians never dreamed. All these fruits appear to increase in size and improve in flavor in latitude where the winter is sufficiently severe to check the growth of the tree and give it a needed rest.

It could not be expected, for the reasons alleged, that America, inhabited until a recent date by savage tribes only, should furnish to the world products that require thousands of years of care and culture to give them their perfect development. The potato, however, is an invaluable boon conferred by the new world on the old. The tomato is also of South American origin, and though it plays a much less important part in alimentation, it is an article of food that Americans would not willingly part with. As to the fruits in common use, though America has done much to improve them, there is not one of them of which it can reasonably claim to be the place of origin.—San Francisco Chronicle.

In Brazil not one per cent. of the male or female servants will sleep in their master's house. They insist on leaving at the last by 7 o'clock in the evening and will not return before 7 or 8 in the morning.

The Cats Ate the Crickets. There is a man in Harlem who has a most respected aunt. The aunt is wealthy and eccentric. She came to live with this Harlem resident, and having recently come from there she missed the rural hum of insects and the agricultural noises of a country residence.

Being anxious to please his relative and make her reconciled to city life this Harlem man hired a number of boys to secure crickets for him. He bought twenty cans of crickets and turned them out to pasture in his back yard. For several nights the cheerful chirping of the crickets proved very soothing to the aged aunt. The various cats in the neighborhood soon became aware of the unusual number of crickets in this back yard. Cats are fond of crickets, and now the Harlem man has cats and no crickets in his back yard. He says that all the cats in Harlem have made his yard a trying place and the aunt threatens to move back into the country.—New York Herald.

Mexico's standing army numbers 44,000 men, or about double that of the United States.

WISE WORDS.

Love gains every time it is tested. Home is the fortress of the virtues. The truthful man is dead; been dead a long time. The real ruler of the man is within him, not without.

The man who throws a stone at another hurts himself. It is time wasted to argue with a doubt. Kick it out. It's the youngest man who thinks he has the least time to spare. The whisper of a slanderer can be heard farther than thunder.

There is no good quality which does not become a vice by excess. A woman is seldom quite so happy when she is thoroughly miserable. Finding fault with another is only a roundabout way of bragging on yourself. Some people are kept poor because they will not believe it is blessed to give. The man who is afraid to look his faults squarely in the face will never get rid of them. No man is perfectly consistent. He who is nearest consistency steers the crookedest course.

The Ethics of Weariness. In a lecture at Cambridge, England, on the subject of "Weariness," Professor Michael Foster said undue exertion was exertion in which the muscles worked too fast for the rest of the body. The hunted hare died not because he was choked for want of breath, not because his heart stood still, but because a poisoned blood poisoned his brain and his whole body. So also the schoolboy, urged by pride to go on running beyond the earlier symptoms of distress, struggled on until the heaped up poison deadened his brain, and he fell dazed and giddy, as in a fit, rising again, it might be, and stumbling on unconscious, or half unconscious only, by mere mechanical inertia of his nervous system, falling once more, poisoned by poisons of his own making. All our knowledge went to show that the work of the brain, like the work of the muscles, was accompanied by a chemical change, and that the chemical changes were of the same order in the brain as in the muscles. If an adequate stream of pure blood were necessary for the life of the muscle, equally true, perhaps even more true, was this of the brain. More over, the struggle for existence had brought to the front a brain ever ready to outrun its more humble helpmate, and even in the best regulated economy the period of most effective work between the moment all the complex machinery had been got into working order and the moment when weariness began to tell was bounded by all too narrow limits. The sound way to extend those limits was not so much to render the brain more agile as to encourage the humbler helpmate, so that their more efficient cooperation might defer the onset of weariness.—New York Press.

A Remarkable Career. A remarkable autobiography goes with a damage suit for \$5000 filed at Washington, D.C. The complaint is against a Washington street peddler, and the complainant is Henry Johnson, who says he was badly cut and bruised by the car starting while he was getting off. Attached to the complaint is the affidavit of Johnson that he was born in Georgetown on Christmas day in the year 1800; was hired out to General Walter Smith, who commended the militia at the battle of Bladensburg; was captured by Captain Patrick, and was present and saw them burn the Capitol, and when he was seventeen years old he went with Commodore Porter as a cabin boy on a four years' cruise. In 1824 he went as a footman with his old mistress to meet General Lafayette, and escorted him to General Smith's in Georgetown; was with General Macron in Florida during the war with the Indians; had waited on General Scott, Gaines, and Jessup; lived with General Totten, and waited on Daniel Webster, Clay and Calhoun when living with Mr. Nicholson at Georgetown Heights. Was with Captain Herndon on the George Law, that was burned, and when the women and children and crew were off he stood close to Captain Herndon at the wheelhouse, and he said to him: "You go and shift for yourself," and he begged the captain to come with him, when he replied: "No; I must stand by my ship." Then strapping himself to a door he was thrown into the sea and saved, and saw the ship go down with the captain.

Customer (in bookstore)—"I would like to get some good book on faith." Clerk—"Sorry, sir, but our rule is to sell nothing to strangers except for cash."—Buffalo Courier.

Miss Newcombe—"Seems to be rather a good year for this fruit, Giles? Are all your trees as full of apples as that one?" Giles—"Oh, naw, miss, only the apple trees."—July.

He had a sore trotting-horse which was so pesky slow. He named him "Chinese," after a while. Because he wouldn't go.—Detroit Free Press.

Van Noodle—"Dyer knew, Miss Tugbit, that old duffer Chapwith called me a muff the other night?" Miss Tugbit—"Indeed? Why, I think you more closely resemble a box."—Brooklyn Life.

Jack (who has popped)—"It takes you a long time to decide." Nettie—"I know it, and I've about concluded to wear a dem-trean of white chiffon over white silk and have no bridesmaids."—Texas Sittings.

THE SILENT BATTLE.

Shall I tell you about the battle That was fought in the world to-day, Where thousands went down like heroes To death in the pitiless fray?

You may know some of the wounded And some of the fallen when I tell you this wonderful battle Was fought in the hearts of men. Not with the sounding of trumpets, Nor clashing of sabers drawn, But, silent as twilight in autumn, All day the fight went on.

And over against temptation A mother's prayers were cast That had come by silent marches From the lullaby land of the past. And over the field of battle The force of ambition went, Driving before it, like arrows, The children of sweet content. And mothers old and olden Came up through the dust of years, And hopes that were glad and golden Were met by a host of fears.

And the heart grew worn and weary And said: "Oh, can it be That I am worth the struggle You are making to-day for me?" For the heart itself was the trophy And prize of this wavering fight! And tell me, O gentle reader, Who camps on the field to-night? —Alfred Ellison.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Kisses are the coupons of love. Don't be a valet to your hero; it may disgust him. The most lovable of dumb animals is a good listener.—Pack. After all, the love knot is the top-knot on the head of human happiness.—Pack. A cynic observes that the most popular air with the girls these days is a millinaire. A girl will never forgive a fellow whom she has jilted for making a success of life.—Pack. When a man gets a hearing in court, he is likely to hear something that he doesn't like.—Pack. It is the man who wears Congress gaiters who wonders how the shoe-string sellers make a living. She told the young man oftentimes She really couldn't love him: Six feet, she; but five feet, he— Of course she felt above him.—Detroit Tribune.

Solemn Stranger—"All flesh is grass." Deaf Man—"Hey!" Solemn Stranger—"No, grass."—New York Press. The bulldog has a pretty tight grip in this world, though he often escapes trouble by the mere skin of his teeth.—Truth. Gunson—"Another increase in your family, eh? Son or a daughter?" Elbe (gloomily)—"Son-in-law."—Kate Field's Washington. "I've come out of this tight squeeze in pretty good shape," said the new half-dollar, fresh from the stamping machine.—Chicago Tribune.

"Man wants but little here below," But 'tis this fact that daunts— His sure to get a little less Than the little that he wants.—Washington Star.

Some of the fashionable schools are making world-wide reputations by teaching the young lady students to spell their names wrong.—Galveston News. In the American Colony: She—"Is Miss Bond engaged to Prince Sanson?" He—"Not exactly. He has an option for ninety days, I believe."—Harlem Life.

When a woman has quail for dinner she wants to invite in a neighbor, so the neighbor may know it, but a man doesn't want anybody there but himself.—Atechison Globe. Customer (in bookstore)—"I would like to get some good book on faith." Clerk—"Sorry, sir, but our rule is to sell nothing to strangers except for cash."—Buffalo Courier.

Miss Newcombe—"Seems to be rather a good year for this fruit, Giles? Are all your trees as full of apples as that one?" Giles—"Oh, naw, miss, only the apple trees."—July. He had a sore trotting-horse which was so pesky slow. He named him "Chinese," after a while. Because he wouldn't go.—Detroit Free Press. Van Noodle—"Dyer knew, Miss Tugbit, that old duffer Chapwith called me a muff the other night?" Miss Tugbit—"Indeed? Why, I think you more closely resemble a box."—Brooklyn Life. Jack (who has popped)—"It takes you a long time to decide." Nettie—"I know it, and I've about concluded to wear a dem-trean of white chiffon over white silk and have no bridesmaids."—Texas Sittings. Mrs. Billus (after the company had gone)—"Johnny, you shouldn't have eaten those preserved fruits. They were not intended to be eaten. They were put on the table to fill up." Johnny Billus—"Well, that's what I used 'em for, mamma."—Chicago Tribune. Two cabinen a short time ago had a fishing match for half a sovereign and drinks. Suddenly one of the jarcies fancied he had a bite, and, being over-anxious, had the misfortune to fall into the river. On his regaining the shore, his rival shouted out: "All bets are off. Jim's none o' yer divin' in after 'em."—Tit Bits. Landgrave is the only one of the old Pontic titles that survives. It was invented in 1130 by Louis of Thuringia, to distinguish himself from the crowd of Grabs who filled the German courts. Mexico's standing army numbers 44,000 men, or about double that of the United States.