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In the cholera plagues since 1848 the death rate has been tolerably uniform, about forty per cent. of the cases terminating fatally.

The New Hampshire Experiment Farm finds that milk from the best cows costs 11 cents a quart; from their poorest, 41 cents, as it costs just as much to feed the smaller producer.

It is estimated that an average of more than 2000 vessels and 12,000 lives are lost in the various seas and oceans every year, the value of ships and cargoes being roughly averaged at \$100,000,000.

The most unique bequest Yale has ever received has just been recorded by the will of Minot Booth, an eccentric citizen of Monroe, Conn. It consists of several large quarries which though of great practical value for building purposes, Mr. Booth has bequeathed for geological purposes, having always believed they would be invaluable for scientific research.

Englishmen, Irishmen and colored men are the usual employes about stables in New York, though elsewhere Italians have come to be employed at all sorts of unskilled manual labor. The fact is, explains the New York York Sun, that Englishmen are bred to the care of horses, Irishmen have a curious sympathy for the brutes, and colored men enjoy the cosy warmth of stables in winter time.

Nicaragua has enacted laws that bears very hard on the alien, notes the San Francisco Examiner. The underlying idea seems to be to have the alien furnish the money for a government devoted mostly to his own oppression. When Nicaragua shall have acquired the largest standing army in the world and the largest navy it may be able to execute these laws. In the meantime much satisfaction may be derived from contemplating the fact that such august enactments adorn and glorify the statute books.

The production of cotton is rapidly increasing in quantity in the transcas pian provinces of Russia. Last year as many as 72,565 tons of raw cotton were transported across the Caspian to Batoum and Poti. After reshipment at these places the cotton was conveyed to Odessa and Sebastopol, and thence to the weaving mills at Lodz, Warsaw and those in the Moscow district. It being cheaper than either American or Egyptian cotton, which pays a very heavy import duty, it may be, suggests the Chicago Herald, that in a few years, when the cotton crop of the transcaspian provinces will suffice to furnish the raw material required by the Russian mills, American and Egyptian cotton will cease to be bought in Russia.

Various cities in Germany have established municipal eating houses as a means for minimizing begging and to relieve the worthy poor of the necessity of accepting food given in charity. Our Consul at Chemnitz, James C. Monaghan, in a report to the State Department, gives a most favorable ac count of an institution of this kind in that city, as the result of a visit. "The a hard-working man with appetite sharpened by exercise, the dinner is excellent. The meats, vegetables, etc., are properly cleaned and prepared be fore they are cooked. Everything is kept clean, and smells sweet and wholesome. The people, who look hearty, gather in large rooms on benches placed by long tables. Besides the dinner, the midday meal, supper is served to those who wish it.' the list of the food given, observes the Boston Herald, it appears to be substantial and excellent in kind and variety, and that the institution is appreciated is evidenced by the fact that last year 435,360 dinners were sold-The food is sold by the portion, and an ample dinner never costs more than ten cents. The establishment is s practically managed that it yields something of a profit to the city; the expenditures last year were \$15,557.28, and the receipts were \$17,501.68, leaving a balance of \$1944.40. At our municipal lodging house here in Bos ton, meals and lodging are paid for in work. Our custom of giving out free soup at the police stations through the winter has little to commend it. It is demoralizing and encourages vagrancy unworthy recipients, and instances

ad pauperism. The bounty often goes ave been related of keepers of cheap coarding houses obtaining supplies for heir tables regularly in this way. On the other hand, many who may really need the food are too sensitive to reeive it in charity. It would be much better to sell the soup at cost, together S with bread and perhaps other simple kinds of food.



Let this day see all wrongs forgiven Let peace sit crowned in every heart, Let bitter words be left unsaid, Let each one take his brother's part ; Let sad lips learn to smile— A day is such a little while!

Of all the days, this is the shortest! Let rich and poor together meet, While words of kindness fill the air. Let love spread roses in the way, Though winter reigneth everywhere Let us know naught of craft or guile,

Of all days, this is the shortest! Let us help each with loving care. Our brother on the way to heaven, Let's lay aside all selfishness

Let pride from every heart be driven. Let Christmas Day bring many a smile. A day is such a little while! Of all days, this is the shortest!

### SALLY JACKSON'S GRIT.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.



DON'T like the looks of the sky this mornin' Mary, observed old Corn Jackson to his wife as he stood in the back door of his big log farmhouse gazing upward. "'Most wish Sally hadn't started to school; ef I nin't mistaken we're due to hev a first-class blizzard. I'm sorry them Christmas exer-cises wan't held a ef Sally's missin

when he gets here."

"Oh. stop your nonsense, Caleb," returned his wife, with some asperity, in which, however, a trace of anxiety was discernible. "Sally's no fool; she's been caught out in bad weather before this and knows enough to make herself and the youngsters comfortable." herself and the youngsters comfortable if the worst comes to the worst. One ud think the schoolhouse was fifty miles across the prairie 'stead of on'y five. Do be sensible." Sally Jackson, their nineteen-year-

old daughter, taught a district school in Lyons township, for which the com-missioners of Minnehaha county allowed her the sum of thirty dollar a month. Her father cultivated 640 acres of Dakota prairie land, and it was his success in raising corn that had earned for him the sobriquet of "Corn" Jackson among his neighbors. Both he and his wife were pioneer set tlers in the county where they were highly respected, the popularity of home with the young men being greatly enhanced by the presence of their vivacious daughter, whose charms

But Joe Chalmers. a sturdy young settler living at the farther end of the county, was generally understood to be the most favored of Sally's admirers, his good looks, abundance of that caused her heart to beat like a mother wit and genial disposition altriphammer, for a ten years' residence ways insuring him a pleasant recep-tion. Perhaps the fact that he held a patent from Uncle Sam for half a sec-She had seen that queer haze in the tion of good land, on which a neat sky before and experienced that same frame house had given place to the palpitation in the atmosphere which original log shack, may have added to his popularity with the old folks, whose warm welcome when he called and cordial invitation to "drop in chimney, the windows rattled in their often" when he rode away were nevertheless quite sincere.

There was to be a real old fashioned son's homestead Christmas day, and as over Christmas eve and occupy their

Joe had been mentally laying great Sally would be kept busy Christmas first in helping her mother and later in entertaining the company, of whom there were to be several aunts and uncles, together with sundry marched round the room with nephews and nieces, who were sure to American flags upheld, singing mean appropriate all Aunt Sally's atten-

Christmas morning Joe had determined to do his share of monopolizing the night previous, and to ask Sally to be his wife was the central pivot of his plans. He was fully satthed this proposition in his own mind to shrick with fright.

Sally jumped forward to close the door and found it an effort which redifferent to her he felt sure, but door and found it an effort which redifferent to her he felt sure, but whether she liked him well enough to be his wife was another matter. Joe two of the boys drag a bench forward is since the store has building and boldly dashed into the open in the direction of the woodpile.

An accurate knowledge of its location arrive and by 1 o'clock in the morning the last load had driven away, a fervent whether she liked him well enough to be his wife was another matter. Joe tled this proposition in his own mind he was feverishly anxious to receive Sally answer. That he was not in-

was not a self-satisfied young man, and realized that women are complex creatures, often loving where none suspect and disilking where the exact review might reasonably be counted. However, the first dinners at school, which the self-should be contained to the task of entertaining here the season of the self-should be contained to the task of entertaining here the season of the self-should be contained to the self-should be self

tied. The people were few in number and the nearest farmhouse was two miles away, but Sally's scholars had the true Dakota contempt for distances, and a two or even four mile tramp across the prairie twice a day was of little moment to their student of sales in the life, and by the supply was so nearly exhausted that it was evident that more must be obtained or all would freeze to death.

Although the woodpile lay within thirty feet of the schoolhouse there worms of little moment to their student or all would in her sweet contralto voice soothed them with simple melodies until the sorrows in sleep.

Brave little woman! A dozen lives depending on her fortitude and good

would—well, she would offer no obtions.

The schoolhouse was in the center of a district that was not very thickly settled. The people were few in number of the children called for a drink.

So fierce was the draught that the fire, on which she bade them lie down, then taking the youngest girl in her arms she sat in her swivel chair and there called the children called for a drink.

the true Dakota contempt for distances, and a two or even four mile tramp across the prairie twice a day was of little moment to their sturdy physiques. They were sure of a warm room on arrival, for in the back yard

freeze to death.

Although the woodpile lay within thirty feet of the schoolhouse there was great risk in venturing out to it. In that fearful blizzard, where it was impossible to see five feet in any direction of their slumbers, their rebellions etomachs would crave nourishment. stomachs would crave nourishment. Her only hope lay in the storm abating, when help would surely arrive, for she realized how great must be the anxiety of the parents for the safety of their children.

Relieved of the necessity of entertaining her scholars, Sally's thoughts reverted to Joe, and the girl wondered if he were seef from the storm. After stomachs would crave nourishment.

if he were safe from the storm. After settling this problem satisfactorily in her own mind she began a series of inward self-questioning something after

this fashion: Did she like him? Yes; she felt sure Did she like him? Yes; she felt sure of that. Better than anybody else? Than Jim Carleton, for instance, or Dick Staples? Yes, better than either of those two. Did he like her? She knew he did "Did he love her? She closed her eyes, let her lips rest upon the curly locks of the sleeping child in her lap, while a blushing smile stole across her face. Did she love him? Love! What was that? To leave home, father, mother, and give herself entirely and unreservedly to him. self entirely and unreservedly to him.

Ah! she did not know; she could not tell; the question was too hard to an-

problem was solved. She knew by the glad leap of her pulses, the yearning

"I was pretty cold, that's a fact," returned Joe, "but not now. I have forgotten everything else but you."

Fortunately for the schoolma'am the room was dark, or the children, some of whom had awakened, might we told a queer story about Miss Sally ing hugged by a big man in a buffalo overcoat wearing green goggles, they saw nothing and Sally wa overjoyed to think of repressing her

biggest boy in the room, then unfast-ening the shutter she instructed him to raise the window and pass the rope that terrible afternoon and evening, in an agony of doubt and fear, within miles two of Sally, yet utterly unable wrapping herself in her thick ulster to render her any assistance. At the pulled the hood over her head, untioned the frightened children not had thrown a blanket over his horse. to stir on any account until her return and then, opening the door, plunged forward in the snow, now almost waist thoughtful wife, and disregarding all warnings started across the prairie to the schoolhouse, which he reached mainly owing to the sagacity of the

the Christmas carol are of older date. We may trace their ancestry to the "Saturnalia" of the Roman. The early church saw danger to its converts in these practices and prohibited the green boughs, but later the prohibiwas incorporated into the canons of the church. But these acts of natural religion were brought to us by our Saxon forefathers and are remnants of the worship of their heathen gods.

tion of Christmas is not unlike our own. The week preceding is a week of fast or fish days. Christmas Eve ushers in the great festival. Then asymble the children and friends to partake of a sumptuous supper, after which a curtain is withdrawn, and shows the table of gifts wrapped in paper. The "Urn of Fate" is brought into use. Each person draws in turn, and the presents are distributed as determined by the oracle. Exchanges of gifts are made until each person is satisfied.

In Germany, tha Christmas tree is tion of Christmas is not unlike our

In Germany, tha Christmas tree is the special care of the housewife, who sees that the members of her house-hold are represented, from the least to the greatest. The social gatherings are held on New Year's Eve. The bells of the city ring in the new year, fol-lowed by a burst of congratulation from all present, with the greeting Prosit, Neu Jahr.

Christmas morning in Norway sees the roads crowed with sledges. A simple service in the churches is followed by an early dinner given to relatives tell; the question was too hard to answer.

At that moment Sally heard the whinny of a horse and the next instant came a voice from the storm calling in unmistakable accents, "Sally! Sally! let me in, let me in!"

Did she love him? Like a flash the problem was solved. She knew by the moonlight.

In England the theatres are turned giad leap of her pulses, the yearning of heart, the outpouring of her whole being to the man whose voice she heard that she would willingly go with him anywhere he beckoned—to the end of the world if necessary.

Placing the sleeping child on the floor she felt her way to the door, and the next minute was folded in the arms of the politics and leading topics of the day. Children are the principal. Placing the sleeping child on the floor she felt her way to the door, and the next minute was folded in the arms of her lover.

"O, Joe, dear Joe," she sobbed, "I'm so glad you came. I knew you would."

"My darling, my darling," was his as a time of riot and carousal. It is preast to the strength of t

response as he drew her to his breast now universally recognized as the and kissed her upturned lips, "then you do love me?"

and kissed her upturned lips, "then feast of all children because of the you do love me?"

holy child. In our own country gift you do love me?"

"Better than life," she whispered as she led his snowy figure toward the stove; "but you must be nearly frozen?"

holy child. In our own country give giving is no doubt the prominent feature. Many regret the custom, saying that it engenders hypocrisy and selfishness. Our lives, they think, and the prominent feature. The store of the sto would be more spontaneously gener-ous if no day was set apart for gift giving. Let us therefore look to it lest we lose the spirit of Christmas, of which the gift is the mere expression for "Peace on earth and good will to-wards men." wards men."



"Excuse me, Santa, I thought you were a burglar."

# Christmas.

Oh! Christmas, merry Christmas— Is it really come again, With its memories and greeting, With its joy and with its pain? Oh! Christmas, merry Christmas, 'Tis not so very long Since other voices blended

In the carol and the song. As they are singing now f we could but see the shining Of the crown on each dear bro

There would be no sigh to smother,

No hidden tear to flow,

A MAN MISJUDGED.

The world goes by, and fancies he is cold, Self-wrapt in coils of egotistic thought-Fettered with links of subtle cobweb,

wrought
By selfish meditation. Men have told Each other laughingly that once he sold His heart for love of knowledge—that he bought

A calm content (so oft and vainly sought) By breaking every dear affection's h They read him lightly; he has never known The loose emotions that can weep at will, The void that makes each passing wind its

own, Yet in his breast are caverns hard to fill— Not to be fathomed by the careless stone Of those that cast to show their petty

He is of alien character to theirs Who brand him with their foolish, worth-

less scorp;
His careless seeming is a vesture worn To hide the troubled front of many cares, Beneath the cloak of callousness he bears A beating heart, with sorrow often torn:

He has a burden heavy to be borne
Of love and sympathy; his thoughts are

pray'rs.
When most he seems unheedful he is sad For that vast trouble which is life's below-Longing to teach the tearful to be glad.

The helpless hopeful—wearying to know What food for famished spirits may be had,

What solace for the mass of human woe.

--Arthur C. Salmon, in Temple Bar.

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Man's a fool and Cupid can prove it. Galveston News.

Every dog has its time, especially the watch-dog. -Statesman.

Apropos of college colors, the favor-ite seems to be yeller.—Philadelphia Record.

Football players might rightly be classed as chronic kickers. - Hartford "This is a still hunt," said the man

the was looking for moonshiners .-Union County Standard. It is a trying ordeal to be drawn on

a jury and quartered in a fourth-rate hotel.—Boston Transcript. Sewing schools are not a bad idea. Girls generally are not too much stuck on the needle.—Philadelphia Times.

A man is very much like a razor, because you can't tell how sharp he can be until he is completely strapped.--Jillson says that the man who is hab-

itually non-committal has no business on a police court bench.—Buffalo

Courier.

He—"What do you think of cremation? Do you believe in it?" She—
"No; I think it is a burning shame." -Rochester Democrat.

This question every man must face As he looks his flannels through: "Must I purchase a new stock,
Or can I make these do?"

—Dansville (N. Y.) Breeze.

There is a great deal of truth in the saying that politics makes strange bed-fellows. Ballots of all parties lie together in the ballot box. -- Harrisburg

No marriage engagement should be more than six months long; the most ardent lover gets tired of living up to his girl's ideal any longer than that.— Atchison Globe. Mrs. Wickwire-"Just think-" Mr.

Wickwire—"Guess I'll have to. I never get a chance to do anything else when you have started in to talk."— Indianapolis Journal. Fin de Siecle Young Ladies: Fond

Mother—"My daughters have received foroughly practical education; each hem is capable of making work for a servants."—Fliegende Blatter. ie's delicate, she's tender, often times of

frail physique, s dove-like, she is gentle, she is mild and she is dov she is meek.
She is meek.
She is modest and retiring, but somehow she finds her way
Through the crowd to reach the counter on a bargain day.

—New York Press.

-New York Press "Sakes alive," said grandma, "what vill they think of next? Here's an advertisement in the paper 'Watches Reduced.' I sin't got any watches that's too big, but if they would reduce our big clock about one-half, I think I'd like it better."—Dansville (N. Y.) Breeze.

"What is the matter with Dickie Van Wibbles? I saw him in the gymasium just now going through the nost horrible facial contortions." most horrible facial contortions. "Oh, that's all right. Dickie is de veloping his facial muscles, so as to get a good grip on his monocle."get a good grip Washington Star.

"See here," exclaimed the redheaded woman in wrath, "if you ain't out of this yard in ten minutes I de-clare I'll run this umbrella down your clare I'll ran this umorena down your throat and open it." "There ain't a bit o' use of that, mum," responded Dismal Dawson; "anybody that's as-dry inside as I am ain't needin' no umbrella in hum."—Indianapolis Jour-

It has been long since any wolves, were reported in Maine, but the latest news is that a few have got across the Word comes from Spencer border. Word comes from Spencer Pond that one was shot near there the other day. A woman at a camp about twelve miles from Spencer having ventured some distance from the camp was chased by a wolf clear up to her own door, and believes she heard two or three more of the beasts lot far behind. On her arrival a man at the camp spatched a cup, rushed out and camp snatched a gun, rushed out and shot the beast before he had time to retreat to the woods.—Lewiston Jour-

# The Tree as a Compass.

The points of the compass can be told from trees by the following simple observations: The side of the trees on which the most of the moss is found is the north. If the tree is exposed to the sun the heaviest and limbs will be on the south side.



was a whole cord of sawed wood Sally used in the big stove without

stinting. the little schoolroom when the teacher became aware of an atmospheric change she had once likened to nature trembling at the fear of impending disaster. The wind shrieked uncannily down the casements and the doc lently that a chair had to be propped

against it to meet the resistance Still the girl had no thought of curtailing the exercises, but rather of Joe's claim lay thirty miles away, prolonging them, for, with a wisdom across the prairie trail, he had arbeyond her years, she leaped to the ranged with Sally's parents to drive conclusion that the children must not be allowed to venture out in the face of the storm that was almost upon them. Lighting the lamps, a process plans for the proper spending of that that was rendered necessary by the Christmas eve ever since he received leaden skies, she sent one of the boys s invitation. He wisely figured that outside to close the wooden shutters and another to bring in a fresh supply

Before the last recitation had been ppropriate all Aunt Sally's attentions.

As they would not arrive until girls, alarmed at the violence of the elements, began to whimper, and Sally, to quiet them, told a Christmas story, which was having the desired effect when the chair at the door suddenly gave way and the latter, with a loud bane, flew onen admitting an idea the lown in her boy to lean out plenty for everybody, and by the light

tion, to make a false step meant certain death, and this Sally well knew. Often she had heard her father tell of settlers losing their way in going from the house to the barn during the progress of a blizzard and of being found frozen in the snow within Experiences such as those

was over. Experiences such as those crowded thickly on the girl's memory and resulted in anything but pleasant But Sally never shirked her duty nd now bravely prepared to accom-

plish the dangerous feat. Knotting together some pieces of string used by the boys in playing "horse," she made the boys in playing "horse," she made a rope long enough to reach from the side window to the woodpile. One end of this she tied to the arm of the biggest boy in the room, then unfastening the shutter she instructed him leaving the shutter she instructed him leaving the shutter she instructed him the state of the shutter she instructed him leaving the shutter she in the shutter shutter she in out to her when she tapped on the

she pulled the hood over her head, cautioned the frightened children not

grily leaped to inclose her in its deadly embrace. Fine particles of snow dashed reached the further window on which she rapped sharply with a stick.

isfied that she was the only girl that could make him truly happy for life, and now that he had thoroughly settled this proposition in his own mind to shrick with fright.

I oud bang, flew open, admitting an icy blast, followed by a furious gust of fine snow, causing the more timid ones abandoned the shelter afforded by the building and boldly dashed into the building and boldly dashed into the storm.

With the abatement of the storm

blinding her. But the brave girl had no intention of turning back. Closely hugging the side of the building she cautiously felt her way until about the stars were out, the air was stilled, the deep, billowy snow received the few to the stars were out, the air was stilled, the stars were out, the air was stilled, the deep, billowy snow received the few to the stars were out, the air was still raging, but the worst was over. By midnight the stars were out, the air was stilled, the horse he drove. before that hour Sally had aroused all the children and supplied each with a