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Even little Belgium spends every year \$9,000,000 on her army.

Ohio produces fully one-half of the total quantity of iron and steel roofing sold in the United States.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat states that the house property of Australia is more valuable, compared with population, than in Europe.

"It is somewhat of a joke," thinks the Chicago Times, "for bankrupt Spain to talk of building a navy big and powerful enough to stand any show besides those of England or Russia."

The total value of the crops of the United States during 1892 is estimated at \$3,000,000,000, of which the largest item is \$750,000,000 worth of hay.

A consignment of about thirty stallions, broodmares and some trotters for road and campaigning have just been sent abroad, notes the New York World.

Owing to the ruthless manner in which orchid hunters and other Europeans have devastated the fauna and flora of the domains of Sarawak, Rajah Brooke has decided to prohibit the collecting of natural history specimens within his territories.

Sixty per cent. of the Hungarians, more than half of the Italians, thirty-five per cent. of the Austrians and Bohemians, twenty per cent. of the British, eighteen per cent. of the Germans, forty per cent. of the Irish and ten per cent. of the Scandinavians who came to the United States between 1880 and 1890 returned to their native lands in the decade.

In spite of the substantial nature of the buildings of London fires in the great metropolis is not infrequently, observes the San Francisco Chronicle, the most destructive are those which occur in large store and ware houses, but they are generally confined to the premises or block in which they originate.

The early and deep snows in the mountains of the Northwest are causing a wholesale slaughter of deer. The animals, compelled to leave the hills, are the easiest kind of prey for the sportsman, the pot-hunter and the wanton slaughterer.

French engineer named Bozin calls to the fore with a scheme for a steamship on rollers or drums. These rollers are to be supplied with paddles, or creepers, and driven by engines, so that the craft will progress more like a street roller or a locomotive than an ordinary ship.

SERVICE AND SONG.

"I am worn with work and watching; My home is humble and lone; Why lift up my voice in singing For no human heart but my own?"

SAVED BY A SNOW-SLIDE.



AD DLE-HOSS Pete's record in the mining-camps of the San Juan District was as unsavory as his cringing form was unsightly and his hoarse voice disagreeable.

His brain was quick though his physical movements were slow, and he was strong as a beast. His record was that of tin-horn gambler and all-round thief.

Nine-tenths of the population had departed before the first storm had come, as was the custom in new camps in the early days before the railroads had broadened the trails and opened the passes through the Rocky Mountains.

Parson Tom had come to the camp in the previous spring and had made a good impression on his own kind of people, though the present remaining population knew little of him, and did not care whether he remained or not.

The extreme length of the winter had led Paymaster Bill to inquire into the parson's finances; and, learning that there was a probability of his running short before his parishioners should return, Bill proposed to the men in the camp that a purse be raised.

Parson Tom declared he could not accept the money unless he should have an opportunity to earn it. "But we don't want none of us want ter die," objected Bill, "jist ter give ye a chance ter earn the money."

That night Parson Tom appeared in Big Frank's saloon, where the entire male population was endeavoring to break the bank, having cleaned up the Corner saloon early in the evening.

Upon entering his cabin, Parson Tom stirred the fire, thinking of his visit, and, after sitting by its warmth till he had thawed himself, he went to his trunk, which held his treasure, and look at the little board of gold and silver which these rough men of the mountains had so kindly donated.

It was not there! Perhaps, in his excitement at his good fortune, he had hidden it from himself and forgotten the hiding-place. But, no, it was not in the cabin!

had been so kind to him would be guilty of robbery. And yet the money was gone. The buckskin bag, in which he kept his money and which bore his name worked in silken thread, he found behind the trunk.

When he met Paymaster Bill on the following morning, he mentioned his loss. Bill was astonished. He did not believe that any man in the camp was mean enough to steal, "at any rate, not a parson's money."

The story of the loss of Parson Tom's money was told about the camp, and while it was a mystery to some, the more irreverent smiled and said they guessed the parson was excited, and it would turn up all right in time.

On Sunday the sun shone out bright and clear, and old King Solomon was as glorious a sight as one might wish to see. His biblical namesake in all his reputed glory could not have furnished a grander inspiration.

Every male person was promptly on hand that night at the little school-house, and there was a sprinkle of the other sex—women who had not listened to a preacher's voice since they were little girls.

The half-hour was devoted to reading stories, which were responded to by hearty laughter and a few pathetic exclamations.

When Parson Tom had finished and was about to say good-night, Paymaster Bill arose and reminded his companions that on the night the parson had called on them, it had been proposed that a fund be started toward building a church.

There was not a dissenting voice, though the amount of gold and silver dropped in the parson's pretty buckskin bag was not so large as it might have been had the parson not "lost his first winnin'."

The moon had dropped down behind the peak of King Solomon, leaving the camp in darkness, while soft snow fell with that monotony which indicates a heavier fall to come.

Parson Tom had just opened the door of his cabin to step in, when a heavy hand was laid upon his throat and a hoarse voice demanded: "Give me that money! Quick!"

The parson was by no means a coward. He struggled with his assailant, and together they fell into the cabin and rolled out into the light cover of fresh snow which had fallen on the frozen crust.

Parson Tom knew not how long he had lain there, and, despite the warmer temperature, he was numb with cold when he crawled into his cabin. He was so completely overcome by the struggle with his assailant and the cold that he lay upon his bed in a stupor far into the night.

Swift as a meteor it came, and, like the bursting of a thunderbolt, had spent its wrath; and its dreadful harvest lay scattered far and wide, like dead and wounded soldiers on a battlefield.

And when the sky had cleared there lay, at the feet of them who held a life within their grasp, a dead and frozen human form. Tight against the breast, the clutched and stiffened fingers of the dead held the buckskin bag of money—the evidence of Parson Tom's innocence!

The crowd fell back, aghast! It was Saddle-Hoss Pete!—Argonaut.

Two hundred and eighteen thousand tons of phosphate have been mined in South Carolina during 1893.

There are fifty miles of electric railway and 1600 telephones in use in Grand Rapids, Mich., a city of 90,000 inhabitants.

A deposit of iron ore has been discovered near Chipman, New Brunswick. Specimens are now being tested with a view to working mines.

P. Silvert, of Dohlen, Saxony, proposes the manufacture of glass pipes by rolling down molten glass in grooves or flutes, and using a core to complete the formation of the pipe or tube.

The strongest timber is said to be that known as "bilian," or Borneo ironwood, whose breaking strain is 1.52 times that of English oak. It becomes of ebony blackness under long exposure.

The Yale Medical School has received a new respiration apparatus, an invention of Professor Vort, of Germany. It is said that it will make an innovation among the medical schools of the country.

Petrified horse tracks are among the curiosities attributed to Missouri. They are said to be found in the bottom of a creek in Ray County. The ancient bird tracks of Connecticut thus have present-day rivals.

The highest pressure used to drive a water wheel is claimed by a valley near Grenoble, France, where a turbine ten feet in diameter has been operated since 1875 with a head of 1688 feet. A flow of about seventy-five gallons of water per second gives a force of 1500 horse power.

On French canals some boats have apparatus by means of which they pull themselves along, drawing in (and discharging behind) a chain cable that lies along the bottom of the canal. Formerly the machinery was worked by steam; but electricity has been used, with a trolley system, for the last two months on the Bourgogne Canal.

Thousands of photographs of lightning have been secured during the last few years, but until last month there was no known record, made in this way, of the globular form of lightning. Such a one is said to have been obtained by Dr. Kempill, of Kingstown, England, on November 9, during a terrible storm.

This negative exhibits both the ordinary sinuous flashes, and, on the surface of the sea, a number of fireballs, joined together by horizontal lines of light, and resembling "the course of a ball of wool played with by a kitten."

Under the Thibetan system of polyandry, as observed by Mrs. Bishop (Isabella Bird), the eldest son alone of the family marries, and the wife accepts the brothers of her husband as secondary spouses. The whole family is thus held to the home. The children belong to the elder brother, while the other brothers are "lesser fathers."

The natives are strongly attached to this custom. The women, in particular, despise the monotony of European monogamy, and the word "widow" is a term of reproach among them. Children are very obedient to their fathers and their mothers, and the family feeling is strongly developed.

The coat fitted. Deacon Ironside (after the service)—"Elder, I got in a little late this morning, but I don't think you had any right to take it out of me in your sermon."

Elder Keepaloug—"Take it out of you? How?" "Get back at me. Ain't that what you did? I hadn't hardly got inside the door when I heard you say: 'And now comes the worst of them all, the chief rebel against the government of heaven.' And then you went on describing my character, and putting all failings in the worst light you possibly could. You didn't mention no names, but I knew who you was drivin' at, and I must say, Elder, that I didn't like the way of—"

"But, my dear Deacon Ironside, you totally misapprehend. The subject this morning was 'The Rebellion in Heaven,' and when you came in I was trying to picture the depravity of Lucifer, the arch-apostate. I am truly sorry, Deacon, if I seemed to—"

"Never mind, elder; never mind. We'll-h'm—we'll say no more about it. Rather a nasty morning, ain't it?"—Chicago Tribune.

Following Her Example. It is often remarked that an unaccustomed traveler can get on pretty well if he will keep his eyes and ears open. A native of Ireland landed at Greenock and wanted to take the train for Glasgow. Never having been in a railway station before, he did not know how to get his ticket, but he saw a lady going in and determined to follow her lead. The lady went to the ticket box and, putting down her money, said:

"Maryhill, single." Her ticket was duly handed to her and she walked away. Pat promptly planked down his money and shouted: "Patrick Murphy, married!"—Youth's Companion.

ODD LAPSE OF MEMORY.

CASE OF A FARMER WHO THINKS WITH ONE BRAIN HEMISPHERE.

Operation of Trephining Performed on the Skull Results in a Queer State of Affairs.

A MOST remarkable medical case has originated at Keokuk, Iowa, which is giving physicians something to study about. It is what some surgeons call Jacksonian epilepsy.

Turnbull had a wife and four children, and on account of his infirmity so abused his family that his wife secured a divorce. He was operated upon by surgeons at a hospital there Thursday and has so far recovered as to relate some very queer things.

When told that he was in a hospital his amazement was something surprising. He wanted to know how he got there, why he was there, and in reply to the explanations of the attendant seemed more dumfounded than ever.

He did not know that his wife had secured a divorce, and realizing that fact the surgeon made an evasive answer. "My God, is she dead?" exclaimed the poor man.

Turnbull has returned to his home in Packwood, but he cannot remember a single thing that has happened since September, 1892. He thought Harrison was still President, had not heard of Cleveland's election, nor of Boies's defeat!

He never had but two, replied Turnbull, "and they were in September, 1892. Have you told my wife of this?" asked Turnbull.

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VIRTUE.

Sweet day—so cool, so calm, so bright The bridal of the earth and sky; The dew shall weep thy fall to-night, For thou must die!

Sweet rose—whose hue angry and brave Bids the rash gazer wipe his eyes; Thy root is ever in its grave, And thou must die!

Sweet spring—full of sweet days and roses, A box where sweets compacted lie; My music shows ye have your closes, And all must die!

Only a sweet and virtuous soul, Like seasoned timber, never gives; But though the whole world turn to coal, Then chiefly lives.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Fast colors—"The" regimental flag in a cavalry charge.—Lowell Courier.

A small soul has plenty of elbow room in a narrow-minded man.—Texas Sittings.

When a real-estate agent begins to go down hill he loses ground very fast.—Texas Sittings.

A man can talk himself out of a job easier than he can talk himself into one.—Acheson Globe.

A baby always helps to make home happy—particularly when the baby is asleep.—Texas Sittings.

Professor A.—"Whom do you regard as the greatest linguist of the age?" Professor B.—"Mrs. B."—Tit-Bits.

Hicks—"Your heart goes out in sympathy for the poor?" Wicks—"Yes, but it sounds like rank egotism to say it."

The new fad, pedestary, or the telling of your fortune by your feet, is getting science down pretty low.—Hartford Journal.

Many a chap thinks himself brow-beaten when he is only beaten by the gray matter behind the other fellow's brow.—Puck.

Checkerly—"Baw Jove, Cholly, I wish I knew some polite and easy way to put off duns." Stripes—"Just pay cash."—Harper's Bazar.

He—"I want to marry a woman who I know knows more than I do." She—"Well, if she is wise she will never let you know it."—Detroit Free Press.

Chappie—"I—aw—beeh that the football playah cut you out with Miss Daisy." Cholly (shuddering)—"Cut me out! He thwem me out!"—New York Press.

The Youth—"Does a man ever get too old to take any interest in life?" The Sage—"Oh, yes. But he generally recovers by the time he is twenty-five."—Indianapolis Journal.

"My!" exclaimed Alice, "the Mr. Jones that Aunt Clara knows must be an awfully small man. Aunt Clara says that his wife keeps him under her thumb."—Philadelphia Times.

"Is there any chance for a man to rise in this community?" asked the stranger. "There is, sir," replied the old inhabitant. "Lunched three this morning by daylight."—Atlanta Constitution.

Dinwiddie—"Bookkeepers and sleight-of-hand performers have much in common." Van Braam—"How so?" Dinwiddie—"They both flourish in the ledger domain."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

"It's queer about Jaywalk never taking his wife out into society any more." "Well, no it isn't; his doctor told him he should not take anything that disagreed with him."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Wife—"I want to talk with you about some things we need for the house." Husband—"What are they?" Wife—"Well, to begin with dear, don't you think we need a new bonnet?"—Tit-Bits.

Artist—"I painted this picture, sir, to keep the wolf from the door." Dealer (after inspecting it)—"Well, hang it on the knob where the wolf can see it, and he'll skip quick enough."—Detroit Free Press.

"And what is that a photograph of?" she asked of the young man who was exhibiting his collection of instantaneous pictures. "Of a football game." "Dear me! I thought it was a lot of musicians having a quarrel."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Dobson—"Bridget told me she saw Mr. and Mrs. Hobson going to church this morning. I wonder what the matter." Mr. Dobson—"Why, either Mr. Hobson has had another attack of his heart trouble or Mrs. Hobson has a new hat."—Puck.

"There goes Judge Sohkm," said Meandering Mike. "An old acquaintance of yours, I s'pose." "Rejoined Flooding Pete, sarcastically. "Oh, we're just on speakin' terms. I know him well enough to say 'not guilty' to 'im once in a while."—Washington Star.

"Domestic (trembling)—"Oh, please, I hear burglars in the house." Mrs. Blinksers (rassuringly)—"Most likely it's Mr. Blinksers just in from the club." Domestic (positively)—"No, mum, it's burglars. They haven't stumbled against anything at all."—New York Weekly.

"Can you let me have five dollars? I left all my money at home and I haven't a cent with me," said Johnnie Fowensald to his friend, Hostetter McGinnis. "Sorry I can't lend ye five dollars. But here is a nickel car-fare. You can ride home and get your money," replied Hostetter.—Texas Sittings.