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'The blarney stone at the World's Fair is a sham rock,' according to the Rochester Post-Express.

The production of cotton yarns in Japan has increased from 1,000,000 pounds in 1888 to 64,000,000 in 1892.

Three-fourths of the earth's surface is unfit for cultivation on account of mountain ranges, deserts, swamps and barren ground.

The cost of the world's wars since the Crimean war has been \$13,265,000,000, or enough to give a \$10 gold piece to every man, woman and child on the globe.

Dr. Forbes Winslow, the expert on insanity, seems to be veering round to the idea that suicide is an epidemic and that mental contagion is as possible as physical.

Something like \$100,000,000 is now invested in cotton mills in the South, as compared with \$81,000,000 in 1890 and \$22,000,000 in 1860. There has been an increase of about 450 per cent. since 1880 in capital, spindles and looms.

President Eliot, of Harvard, says that there is scarcely a single subject taught nowadays in the same way it was taught thirty years ago and that even law, the most conservative of studies, is now treated in an entirely different method from that which prevailed in former years. The method, he adds, is being adopted all over the country and is making its way into the English universities. Then, too, the teaching of the sciences and languages has been greatly changed.

Some queer stories are told by the Chicago Herald about the United States cruiser Charleston. The plans were purchased in England and now it turns out that they were a very sorry lot of drawings. Not only that, but the machinery plans were so defective that the entire scheme of motive power for the ship had to be remodelled. The English plans were practically of no account, and hence the charge that the Charleston is a ship of English design is absolutely without foundation.

New York is now wondering at the arrest of an express robber in a way that, in the opinion of the St. Louis Star-Sayings, wipes out all the detective stories in which Sherlock Homes, Vidocq, Lecocq and their kind figure. More than \$30,000 was stolen from an express package in transit. The company had possession of the envelope which contained the key to the safe from which the money was taken. This envelope had thumb marks on the seals which had been broken. Impressions of the right thumb of seven men who had handled the envelope were taken, and an official of the company was held in \$10,000 bail on the evidence furnished by the microscope of the lines in his right thumb.

A correspondent of the American Dairyman for the annual value of the agricultural products of the country. The question is one of the most difficult to answer. The census of 1890 does not do it satisfactorily, and since that date the aggregate value of farm production has steadily increased. President Harrison, in one of his latest messages, estimated it at \$4,500,000,000 annually. The present Secretary of Agriculture, in his late report, is silent on this point, although he does say that there are six millions of farms in the country on which thirty millions of the population live. Our opinion is that the Secretary's estimate of the number of farms exceed by a full million the actual figures. To answer our friend's query, nothing better than an approximate estimate can be offered, and his own is about as valuable as any other. The whole thing is mere guesswork.

The cost of transportation has been on the decline for the last ten or twelve years, and even for a much longer period, remarks the Boston Cultivator. The decline in rates per ton per mile on all the railroads of the country has been from 1.236 cents to .967 cents from 1882 to 1892. The decline for this period was the least in the middle and central northern States, and the greatest in the South Atlantic and Gulf States and the northwestern States. The latter embraced the Granger systems. The result of these heavy declines has been disastrous in many instances, being more than the railroads could bear. It goes to show, however, that the cost of transportation is downward, which is an important factor in the cost of merchandise. Time and cost per mile of transportation are great agencies in equalizing prices in different markets.

SPRING FEVER.

Spring fever--ain't no cure for it: I have it once a year; It takes me in the city, And it makes me drowsy there. And I nod, And I nod, Like a Georgia fish'n'rod. When it feels the trout-a-pullin' 'Fore you land him on the sod! Spring fever--don't know how it comes, And no one ever knew; And all I know is when it's here, It creeps all over you! And you dream, And you dream That you're floatin' down a stream; Floatin', floatin' like a feather Where the water-lilies gleam! --Atlanta Constitution.

AT CHARITY'S MERCY.



BY FRANK H. SWEET.

HERE was no prettier piece of land in all the country round than that occupied by the Tinker County poor farm. It sloped to the north, to be sure, and that did not add to the comfort of such paupers as were able to work in winter, but in compensation it had splendid woods and a fine lake front. The lake was deep and clear and dotted with small islands. On the opposite slope, and half hidden by noble trees, were the outlines of a country mansion; and in the distance were blue hills which might almost be mistaken for mountains.

But it was not on account of natural beauty that the Tinker County poor farm had been selected. The town officers were hard, practical men and did not care for such things. When it was decided that it would be for the town's advantage to farm its paupers instead of selling them at auction, the selectmen looked around for a suitable place.

The Bowen farm had the reputation of being the poorest in the town. It was rocky and unproductive, and had already ruined several small farmers who had been imprudent enough to trust their little to its keeping. Of late both purchasers and renters had given it a wide berth.

But it was just the place the selectmen were looking for. It was off the highway and was cheap. They approached the owner cautiously and found that he was anxious to sell--so much so that he accepted their first offer. The next thing was to rent the farm and the paupers to the lowest bidder. This happened to be Sim Pratt, a man who had always been an unsuccessful farmer, because he was too stingy to become a prosperous one. He was not a bad man, but he was poor and covetous and narrow-minded, and all these pointed to a questionable future for the paupers. And as the years went by all the indications were fulfilled.

Pratt had been keeper of the farm for ten years now, and in all this time there had been found no one to underbid him. The pay was small, the farm poor and the paupers not very desirable, even to men of dull sensibilities. No one tried to succeed him.

But Pratt liked to rule. Before his advent to power he had never been able to hire help. Now he was autocrat of a small colony. In a few months he had fixed upon the maximum work which could be had from each of the paupers. Some were able-bodied, some could only work part of the time, some could not work at all. But, as a rule, it was the able-bodied who were the hardest to manage; it was their laziness which had brought them to the town farm.

Tinker County had little money to spare its paupers for clothing, and Pratt and the farm needed all the work they could give. Consequently there was much suffering during the winter. When it was too cold to mend stone walls and fences, the strongest were sent to the beach after seaweed. All the rest who were able to work were put into the barn and sheds to stamp out beans and shell corn. It was nothing unusual for a pauper to die, and the town physician sometimes expressed his views very decidedly. By a physician's views had little weight with the practical guardian of the county's finances.

One afternoon several of the old men were at work in the lower field. The wind was sharp and cut through their clothing until their teeth chattered with the bitter cold. All of them were thily clad; and at last a little, round-shouldered man began to fidget nervously at his coat which was already buttoned.

you're 'bleeged ter. 'Tain't decent! I'm a soseberlg man myself, an' I don't like bein' tied to a stick."

The Squire gazed at him vacantly for a moment. Evidently his thoughts had been far away, and he was bringing them back by a powerful effort. As he straightened himself up to his full height he looked very tall and thin; and there was something pitifully incongruous in his rough, ill-fitting garments and his clean-cut, scholarly face and snow-white hair.

"What is it, Thomas?" he asked gravely. "I was thinking, and did not hear you. We old men, with a slight smile, 'have so much past and so little future that we are apt to go wool gathering.'"

"Speakin' fer yourself an' not me, then," said Thomas, hastily. "My past ain't a good place ter gather wool, an' I don't go to it 'ceptin' I'm 'bleeged ter hear you speak, so I'd know you was 'live and not a purnamblatin' machine." He spread seaweed for several minutes in silence, then once more leaned upon his fork. "Come ter think on't, Squire, there is one thing I'd ast ye. When I come ter this place I found you was 'a'ready here, an' I got to callin' 'n Square-cos the rest did. But down 'n the kitchen last night they told me 'twas raly so. Is it?"

"Is what?" dreamily. "That you was high-toned onct, an' had money an' things, like rich folks?"

"I had all I wanted, I believe," said the Squire, looking at the old man. "An' owned that house across the lake, an' had horses an' stables an' servants an'--an' Government bonds?" excitedly.

"Yes"--a slight tremor came into the grave voice--"but we will not speak of that, Thomas. Suppose we go to work. We will freeze if we stand here talking."

"They set to work vigorously, each taking one side of the long row of piles which the wagon had left and spreading as far as the seaweed would cover. But occasionally Thomas glanced furtively at his companion.

"So it's raly true," he muttered under his breath, 'son gambled an' run off an' old man paid his debts an' come here. 'Tarnal pity! fer the old feller's a good sort, if he don't talk. An' the son--well, I guess it's them kind o' sons as makes langin's."

All through the afternoon they worked, and only stopped when the shrill call of the supper horn came across the field.

As they passed through the barnyard, a great, hulking figure slouched from one of the sheds.

"Hullo, 'Sias!" called Thomas, jeeringly; "got over bein' sick, have ye?"

eyes grew wistful. It was the road which led to the mansion among the trees.

As he stood there he saw a carriage approaching. Driving his team to one side he waited; but the carriage stopped as it came opposite.

"Does Squire Burke still live at the old place?" a man asked. "No;" he left many years ago. At the sound of the voice the stranger started and glanced at the old man sharply. Then he sprang from the carriage. But as he drew near he paused and bowed his head, like a man waiting sentence.

"Richard!" The Squire tried to keep his voice steady; but it broke as the young man sprang forward and caught him in his arms.

"Where have you been all these years, Richard?" the old man asked. "What have you been doing?"

"In South America--working. After you--disowned me I wandered about the country for some weeks and then shipped on board of a vessel as a common sailor. Finally I drifted into a place where I obtained a good situation. After a while I went into business. Then I wrote to the man whose name I had--forged and told him I was able to pay some of the money and would pay the rest as soon as I could. He answered that it was all paid. Of course I understood. After that I worked harder than ever. I determined to repay every cent, and thought that if I could make you believe I was not all bad you might--perhaps--change your opinion."

The Squire raised his hand deprecatingly. "Don't, Richard! I changed it many years ago. I was harsh--cruel--unjust!"

"No!" in eager protest. Then, for the first time, he seemed to notice the Squire's garments. From them his eyes wandered to the oxen.

"Surely you are not so--so--" "Poor? Yes; I have been on the town farm nearly ten years. I was ill, and could get no employment. There was nothing else."

The young man's face whitened. Stepping quickly to the carriage he said something in a low tone to the driver. Then he returned and took the whip from his father's grasp.

"I will drive the team," he said. "The carriage will come for us in an hour and take us to the hotel. Tomorrow we will see the owner of the old place and buy it back. But you are cold!"

Removing his overcoat, he threw it around the shivering form; then he took off his gloves and forced them on the old man's hands.

INDIANS OF NEW MEXICO.

QUEER CUSTOMS PRACTICED BY A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

Few Changes in Their Life Since Prehistoric Times--Land is Held in Common by This Peaceful Race.

SCATTERED all around through New Mexico and Arizona are to be found Indian villages, called pueblos, where the red-faced Americans live, almost as their ancestors did hundreds of years ago. The habits and customs of these Indians are interesting, but most interesting of all to the ordinary tenderfoot from the land where idolatry is looked upon as dead and gone long ago are the idols which are to be found constantly in many of the pueblos.

One hears of the heathen from China and occasionally from the ends of the world of benighted men who are idolatrous, but in New Mexico, within three days of New York City, are to be found men and women who, it is claimed by many, are Christians, but who not only make idols, but keep them in their houses. Whether they worship them or not is a question which is much discussed, and it looks very much as if the testimony to the effect that some of the Indians do worship their idols outweighs that to the contrary. The idols of the Indians are most ridiculous looking concerns, and are a source of constant and varying amusement to the Easterner who loves to dig about in old villages and museums.

The Indian pueblo nearest the city of Santa Fe is the Tesuque pueblo, and here a man may buy a whole bagful of gods, large and small, for a dollar or so. The Indians are not very much in love with their gods, for a hundred gods may be made in an hour or so and exchanged easily for ready money.

The people of the Tesuque pueblo are not a bad sort. They live in comparatively well-made houses, mostly of adobe clay. If you say "Good day" to them in Spanish they will repeat your greeting; if you remark to a gray old buck, "Hello!" he and his little ones will cry out, "Hello, boy! Hello, boy!"

There is no sense in being bashful when surrounded by the squaws. They certainly are not. The majority of them have no reason to be so; their age and ugliness are sufficient protection. But among the women are to be found four or five very pretty ones. These young ladies are from fourteen to sixteen years of age. They are not very tall, but their figures are good, and they are as bright and as pretty as any of the darlings of New York, Philadelphia or Baltimore. It is true they are decided brunettes, but then some men prefer brunettes. Their features are regular, their eyes bright and flashing, and never dazed and heavy-looking from too much dancing or too many cups of tea.

Their teeth are white and regular and there are not half a dozen chunks of gold and silver scattered about among them. The girls do not lounge about in hammocks or read novels all day long. They get out and rub about and play with their brothers or help them at work, and if they don't like what is said to them floor the young men with a good right-hander from the shoulder.

It is difficult, in fact impossible, to get the Indians to talk about their gods, their religion and their traditions and superstitions, unless one lives a great time among them. Several gentlemen, in the interest of science, have lived among the Indians, but as they say very little in their writings about the superstitious beliefs and the gods of the Indians, the chances are that the Indians managed to keep their secrets to themselves. It is not pleasant to live among the Indians.

There are very few Indians to be found in the larger towns and cities of New Mexico and Arizona; they prefer to keep to themselves. They live in their pueblos or villages in the houses which were probably built hundreds of years ago. The Indians have changed but little in the few hundreds of years since the Spanish conquest. Their pueblos are built on almost the same style as those found by Cortez. Their habits have changed very little. The Indians speak but little of anything but a patois of Spanish. Their women are not fond of overmuch dressing. They work pretty hard, much harder than the lower class of Mexicans, whom they despise and look down upon with contempt.

They farm and make very good pottery, and shoot and sell their furs and carry wood in turn to the towns, where they sell it or exchange it for the necessities of life. As in olden times, land is held in common, and there are chiefs, just as of old, who govern the pueblos. Each pueblo is like a little republic of itself, and it is very seldom that an Indian manufacturer ever gets into the outside courts. The punishment meted out to wrong-doers by the heads of the family in the pueblo is generally just, and one rarely or never hears of family matters being taken before the white men for adjustment.

The people, on all subjects but their religion, talk freely and pleasantly to strangers, and haven't the least objection to a man's walking all over the pueblo. The women and children follow the visitor around, and when he leaves hurrah for him and wave their hands at him until he is lost to sight. --New York Sun.

Small Boy (to mother): "If you please, Mr. Welby, my mother wants to know if you will give her an almsman?" Grocer (dusting over the counter): "But, my little man, your mother does not get her groceries here." Small Boy: "No, Mr. Welby, but we borrow your wheelbarrow." --Tit-Bits.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

There are aluminum bath tubs. Incandescent lamps now sell for twenty-five cents apiece.

More than 16,000 Hindoes have been inoculated for the prevention of cholera.

Illinois physicians endorse the theory that sun spots and smallpox are connected.

The human skin is exactly like that of a fish, as it is covered with minute scales overlapping each other.

Peach stones find ready sale to be used in manufacturing perfumes, flavoring extracts and prussic acid.

Illinois University is to have a summer station for the natural history laboratory and the study of aquatic fauna.

Opticians say that the eye can detect the color produced by adding but one-millionth of a grammo of fuchsin to a glass of water.

The projected Pan-American Railway will be from six to ten thousand feet above sea level, and a good many long and expensive tunnels will be necessary.

The largest passenger engine in the United States belongs to the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railroad. Weight, sixty-five tons.

Zoologists claim that the strength of the lion in the fore limbs is only fifty-nine per cent. of that of the tiger, and the strength of the hind limbs sixty-five per cent.

The cylinder head of a Connecticut locomotive blew out while at full speed. The train's momentum carried it to the station, five miles away, without a pound of steam.

It is said that Paris will build a tubular railway eight miles long for the exposition of 1900. It will be for passenger service and electricity will furnish the motive power.

Joshua Hoopes, of Westchester, Penn., has been collecting American birds for forty years past, and now has carefully mounted what is believed to be one of the finest collections in the United States. It numbers 6900 specimens.

As to where man first appeared it is beyond doubt that his earliest home was in southern Europe, or Asia, or North Africa. No earlier traces of him have been found than those found in the area that is now England, France and Spain.

DEVELOPMENT.

Yes, people change; we did, you know; Last August, just a year ago, You wore red poppies in your hair. That night at Brown's; I called you fair, And you were pleased I thought you so.

The music, throbbing soft and low, Seemed filled with joy--or was it woe? I could not tell, for you were there-- Yes, people change.

To-night your gown's like drifted snow; The wedding-march peals softly slow; For Tom a bridal wreath you wear, And I--some way I do not care. I should have cared a year ago-- Yes, people change. --Helen Nicolay, in the Century.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Experience tries to teach some very slow pupils. --Puck.

Fogg refers to his glasses as an over-sight. --Boston Transcript.

If advice cost anything we would all spend money to get it. --Acheson Globe.

Gossip is talk about other people's affairs which are none of our business. --Truth.

It is hard to be grateful to the man who fought your battle for you and got licked. --Sittings.

Necessity may be the mother of invention; but more often than not, she is childless. --Puck.

It is useful, often, to hold your tongue; but far more so to know how to hold your pen. --Puck.

Teacher: "What is it, Harry, that stings like an adder?" Harry: "The end of a leather strap." --Truth.

"You've the advantage of me, sir," said Pomps, loftily. "Naturally, as I'm not you," replied Scens. --Puck.

"Delay is dangerous," remarked the train-robber, as he requested the passengers to hand over their valuables. --Puck.

Waiter: "What kind of fish will you have, sir, bluish or whitish?" Guest: "I don't care; I'm color blind." --Hullo.

"Does Flagon practice what he preaches?" Great Caesar! No; he never gets through preaching. --Inter-Ocean.

When it transpires that a speaker has only one idea his audience is always anxious for him to carry it out. --Dallas News.

Illison says he has noticed that when a discreet man goes to the pawnbroker's he generally puts up and shuts up. --Buffalo Courier.

Her tastes were so expensive, So inclined to prices steep, She was uniformly silent From the fact that talk is cheap. --Puck.

"I fear," sadly said the postage stamp, when it found itself fastened to a love-letter, "that I am not sticking to facts." --Indianapolis Journal.

Teacher: "I don't suppose any one of the little boys here has ever seen a whale." Boy (at the foot of the class): "No, sir, but I've felt one." --Brooklyn Life.

Irate German (to stranger who has stepped on his toe): "Mine frent, I know mine feet vas meant to be walked on, but dot privilege belongs to me." --Tit-Bits.

Yager: "I made one ringing speech in my life, anyway." Chorus (derisively): "Where, when?" Yager: "The night I proposed to Mrs. Yager." --Buffalo Courier.

Lady (in a book store): "Can you tell me where Packer Institute is?" Clerk (trying to think): "I'm not sure, madam, but I should say it was in Chicago." --Detroit Free Press.

If men were true to their first love, as stage heroes, novels and women demand that they should be, every man would marry the cook who made him little cakes when he was a boy. --Acheson Globe.

First Samoan Belle: "What horrible instincts those Christian women must have." Second Samoan Belle: "Why, dear?" "I am told that they actually wear live lizards for ornaments." --Indianapolis Journal.

Ambitious Young Person: "What do you think is the first step one should take in order to become a poet?" Experienced Editor (thoughtfully): "Well, I should say take out a life insurance policy." --Somerville Journal.