# REPUBLICAN.

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# LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1894.

"No'm. I shall never see my papa | Steele-ah, here is a Steele. Bobby,

#### The Atlanta Journal calls for an increase of the army.

It is estimated that England exrends annually \$15,000,000 on pictures.

Writers on vital statistics state that there are two persons sick for every death during the year.

There are 280 iron and steel manufacturing establishments in Pennsylvania, with an invested capital of over \$200,000,000.

The colored element is increasing much less rapidly than the whitenot only in the country at large but in the Southern States, avers the Chicago Herald.

The New York Independent exclaims: "One man, Josiah W. Leeds, succeeded in having the wholesome laws so far enforced as to remove from the news stands of Philadelphia the papers which are devoted to illustrations of crime."

A steel rail costs twice as much as an iron one, muses the New York Recorder, but the universal use of the former means millions to the farmers of the West. It has enabled railroads to use larger and heavier cars, and the results are cheaper freights and quicker transportation.

Statistics show that in 1000 marriages, 332 men marry women younger than themselves, 579 marry women of their own age or near it, and eightynine marry women older than them selves. The most notable difference in ages brought to the notice of the New York Mail and Express was in Camden, N. J., last year, where the bridegroom was twenty-two and the bride sixty-nine.

An undue importance is given to the bullet-proof armor lately brought out by Dowe and others, the New York Recorder thinks. It is intended to protect the vital parts only, and the head, arms and legs are exposed. In a conflict the ratio of wounded to dead combatants is very large, and a wounded man is as harmless as a dead one for offensive purposes. Probably a body of men so equipped would possess a stronger element of courage, and therefore add to its efficiency; but this added daring would only serve to bring the combatants closer together, and thereby largely increase the number of wounded. Would not a protected army lose, in the greater number of wounded what it presumably would gain in courage?

The Contemporary Review says Englishmen are the milch cows of the world. They are the great lenders from whom all other nations barrow. For generations they have been rich and saving, until at last their annual accumulations have become greater than the annual openings for legitimate investment. So severe has the pressure become that latterly the money lender has been forcing his money into every kind of undertaking, in all parts of the world, creating, by his own eagerness to lend, the corresponding desire to borrow. It is th weight of uninvested money which stimulates borrowing, not the cupidity of the impecunious. Borrowing has not produced lending, but lending borrowing. Interest has continued to fall because there are more lenders than borrowers. If Englishmen think, then, that any communities have dipped too deep into the English purse, they can easily apply the corrective by a little self-control. They should abstain from further lending. This may seem a heroic remedy, but it is the only remedy. Very significant, indeed, according to the Baltimore Sun, are the figures from the Bureau of Statistics showing the export from the United States in the eleven months ended May 31, 1894. The total was \$834,000,000, against \$782,000,000 in the like period of the preceding year, an increase of \$52,000,000. But more than half of this increase was in exports from the South, showing the decided revival of business activity in that section. The exports from Southern ports aggregated \$285,700,000, or \$27,000,000 more than in eleven months of the year ended May 31, 1893. Baltimore's exports aggregated \$73,963,000; those of Charleston, \$13,028,130; Galves ton, \$34,985,000; New Orleans, \$79,-373.000; Newport News, \$13,638,000; Norfolk and Portsmouth, \$10,039,000 : Pensacola, \$3,694,000; Richmond, \$3,965,000; Savannah, \$24,815,000; Wilmington, \$6,999,000. These totals, as respects some of these ports, are surprising. Baltimore's increase was \$7,400,000; that of Savannah, \$5, 900 000 ; of Newport News, \$6,000, 100; of New Orleans, \$5,100,000; of arleston, \$4,000,000,

A shortage of billions of feet of pine lumber is predicted from the great Northwestern territory.

SULLIVAN

According to the Catholic Herald there are about 152,000 colored Catholics in the United States.

The chief maritime cities of the United States in their order of importance, are New York, Boston, New Orleans and Baltimore.

The long distance electric railroads are coming rapidly. One is to be built from Columbus, Ohio, to Cin cinnati, 120 miles, and is expected to be in operation by December, 1896.

Mr. Murray, the head of the famous London publishing house, holds that novels should not be admitted to public libraries until, by having lived five years, they have proved their permanent value.

Lightning does strike twice in the same place, the New York Mail and Express maintains, and a Honesdale. (Penn.) farmer who was stunned twice during one storm in his barn one day last week lives to certify that an old belief to the contrary is erroneous. When even electricity takes to repeating, the need of reform must be ad mitted.

One after another, notes the Chi cago Herald, the theological seminaries of this country are opening their doors for the admission of women and especially for such as would fit themselves for labor in the mission field. The Cumberland Presbyterian Seminary at Lebanon, Tenn., is one of the last to fall into line in thi great matter

Colonel Thornton W. Washington, of Washington, D. C., is dead. His death removes one of the direct lineal descendants of General George Washington. He was a great-grandson of Colonel Samuel Washington, the oldest brother of the illustrious first President of the United States, and the fifth generation in descent from Colonel John Washington, the first immigrant of the Washington family in America, who came over in 1659 and settled on the border of Pope's Creek, near its junction with the Poto mac River, in what is now Westmore land County, Virginia. He served in the Confederate army. His wife and seven children survive him.

A report on the uncultivated bast fibers of the United States by Charles Richard Dodge, special agent in charge of fiber investigations, has just been issued from the Department of Agriculture. Among the plauts described are species found in every section of the United States, from Maine to Florida and from Minnesota to Arizona. Some of them are jute substitutes, while others, if cultivated, would produce a fiber rivaling hemp. Over forty fiber plants are treated in the report, the history of twenty forms being given in full with statements regarding past efforts an 1 experiments toward their utilization. Special chapters are devoted to th asclepias or milkweed fibers, okra cotton stalk fiber, the common abutilon-known commercially as "China jute," but growing in the fence corners of every Western farm-Colo rado River hemp and many others. The Republican Senators who terms will expire in March next are Joseph M. Carey, Wyoming; William Chandler, New Hampshire ; S. M. Cullom, Illinois; N. F. Dixon, Rhode Island : J. N. Dolph Oregon : William P. Frye, Maine; A. Higgins, Delaware; G. F. Hoar, Massachusetts; C. F. Manderson, Nebraska; J. McMillan, Michigan : R. F. Pettigrew, Sonth Dakota; T. C. Power, Montana; G. S. Shoup, Idaho; W. D. Washburn, Min nesota; J. F. Wilson, Iowa; and E. O. Wolcott, Colorado, The Democrat are: J. H. Berry, Arkansas; M. C. Butler, South Carolina; D. Caflery, Louisiana; J. N. Camden, West Virginia; R. Coke, Texas; I. G. Harris, Tennessee; E. Hunton, Virginia; W. Lindsay, Kentucky; J. Martin, Kan sas; A. J. McLaurin, Mississippi; J R. McPherson, New Jersey ; J. T. Morgan, Alabama; M. W. Rausom, North Carolina, and P. Walsh, Georgia. In a number of States, the Atlanta Con stitution remarks, the election of Sena tors has already either been made o has been settled. George Peabody Wetmore will succeed Dixon, of Rhod Island; ex-Governor Gear will take the place of Senator Wilson, of Jowa, and J. S. Martin will succeed Hunton. Lindsay and Caffery have had their seats already voted to them and Mor gan's return is assured. Other Sena tors, including Dolph, Frye and others will be returned without any great effort.

THE CLOSING CENTURY. s one who, roused from sleep, hears fan away The closing strokes of some cathedral bell Tolling the hour, strives all in vain to tell If denser grows the night, or pales the day-So we roused to life's brief existence, say on whose waking falls a century's

knell). Is this the deepening dusk of years, the fell And solemn midnight, or the morning gray? We stir, then sleep again -a little sleep ! (Howbelt undisturbed by another's ring !) For though, measured with time, a century Is but a vanished hour toiled on the deep, Vet what is time itself? 'Tis but a swing

Of the vast pendulum of eternity. -Henry J. Stockard, in the Century.



was sauntering leisurely down one of the boulevards in Paris. It was a lovely spring morning; the air was crisp and ven-dure fresh and in-C

had disdained her fashionable equip-page. She had walked all the way page. She had walked all the way from her neat and artistic temporary to the shopping district, had pur-chased sundry trilles and looked at thousands of articles she had not bought; had fascinated a number of clerks by her dash and brilliancy until they were ready to display for her especial benefit the wealth of the

world in feminine odds and ends, and now she was making her way home-ward, care free, and happily con-scious that many covert glances were cast at her stylish figure. At sixteen she was a charming girl; at twenty-six a beautiful wife and hostess; at, well, say thirty-an irre-

isistible widow, perfectly satisfied to saunter all by herself along what re-msined of life's floral pathway. With a more than comfortable competence, she regarded the future with complacency and the past with resignation. Not that anything very tragic was interwoven among the yesterdays. Ex-istence had flowed smoothly enough-a broken engagement, a heart wrung for a time, a trip abroad, a wealthy

suitor, a fashionable wedding, a pleas ing honeymoon, a series of social triumps, the demise of her better half, a brief period for mourning, and the com-fortable present. She was childless, but she had many

She was childress, but she had many friends. It is true that sometimes something like a pang came to her when her mind reverted to children, and she told herself that possibly a little one would not be at all in the httle one would not be at all in the way, but, on the contrary, might give sweet solace to the few lonely mo-ments which came to her, who, gener-ally speaking, did not know what lon-liness was. As she walked along with superb movement, she observed two pretty girls in charge of a nurse. The children were playing on the grass be-neath the shade trees with which the boulevard was lined, while the nurse,

who had the expressionless features of a peasant girl, was seated on a bench knitting. Mrs. Van Altine stopped impulsively. "Ob, you darling," she said, and

thereupon in her own peculiarly graceful way began to question the children and coo over them just as if she knew all about the language of childhood. Nearby on another bench was a little bench and another bench

childhood. Nearby on another bench was a little boy dressed in sailor's at-tire, with the word "captain" on his cap. He looked forlorn and discap. He looked forlorn and dis-turbed, for his mouth quivered and there were tears in his big, blue eyes. "What's the matter, my little man?" continued Mrs. Van Altine, in the language of the country. He only stared at her and rubbed one of his eyes with his dirty fist. She it. placed her hand on his golden curls in a caressing manner. 'Why don't you play with the other children?" she continued. For answer he rubbed his other eye with another dirty fist. "There, now, sailors don't cry," re-sumed Mrs. Van Altine, as she wiped the grime from his face with a lace handkerchief. "They go to battle and fight and are brave. Are you my brave little captain "I don't understand," said the boy in English, plunging both fists into "What! you speak English? You are an American boy?" 'Yes'm. "And are these your sisters?" "No'm." "And what's your name?" "Bobby." "Bobby what?" "Bobby Steele." "And where are you from, Bobby ?" "Oh, a big place, much bigger and nicer than this "What is it called?" "Cleveland--oh-boo-boo--I want to go home.' But you can't go back to Cleveland to inght, Bobby. You are thou-sands of miles from home." "I don't care--I want to go home." "Is your mamma with you in Paris?" No'm. She's in heaven. She's dead. dead. My mamma died when I was one year old. I'm all my pape's got and now-boo! hoo!-he hasn't got me. I'm lost and shall never see my papa again.

"Nonsense! of course you will. Why, we'll go and find him now." "Will you?" Do you know my papa?' "I can't say that I do. There are so many Steeles in the world. "Is your pape slender, and does he wear a little ustache?" "No; my papa's big and has a

again.

beard "Then I guess I don't know him. ow long have you been waiting How long here?

"Oh, hours!" "Well, you are my brave little cap-tain, after all. I'll buy you some bon-bons.

"Will you?" With great show of interest. "Yes. "And a candy cane?"

"Yes. "And a tin soldier I saw?" "Yes." "And I saw an elephant I want and

two toy lions and--" "My dear child, you evidently want

to start a zoo of your own. "What is that!" "What is that!" "Oh, a menagerie." "I went to a menagerie with my papa here yesterday. We saw them feed the lions."

"Where are you stopping here, my child?"

"I don't know. A big place. Will you take me there?" "I will, if I can find it from your in-

definite description." "What's 'indefinite' mean?"

"Never mind that now. Are you stopping at a hotel?" 'I guess so.' "Would you remember the name of

the hotel? "No." Mrs. Van Altine repeated a num-

ber of names. "I don't know," he said.

"Well," she remarked with a little sigh, "I suppose we had better call a carriage." "That'll be fine," he said. "I've

got a velocipede home." "Have you? Well, just go and wave your hand at that man with the carriage. Remember you are my gallant little escort, and you must be very polite.

"All right." In a few moments they were comfortably seated in the carriage. "How do you like this?" she asked.

"It's great." "Where to, madam?" interrupted the coachman.

"Yes, where to? That's the ques-"New where to? I hat's the ques-ion," runnated Mrs. Van Altine. "Where shall we go, mon. capitaine?" "Get the tin soldier," said the boy. "Very well. That will give me time o think. Drive to a toy shop." As they dashed down the boulevard Wr. Ver. Miting Joyne the shill porced Mrs. Van Altine drew the child nearer

to her. "You don't feel lost any more, my brave captain?" she asked.

"Not so much so, thank you." "And if we don't find your papa can

I have you?" The boy's lips quivered.

"Oh, I want my papa." "Even it I should buy you an ele-phant and—and a real pony to ride in the park?" The boy hesitated. He was evident-

ly sorely tempted. The real pony weighed against his papa was a per-plexing problem, but finally he said stoutly

"I want my papa." "And you shall have him," said Mrs. Van Altine.

"But I want you, too." "I'm afraid you can't always have

They drew up in front of a toy shop They drew up in front of a toy shop and Mrs. Van Altine and her charge entered. They purchased an elephant, a tin soldier dressed in French uni-form, a candy cane, and the young

me.

them.

riage.

is your father's name Richard?" "No'm," "Too bad. How my heart jumped when I saw that name! What if-nonsense! By the way, Bobby, what is your father's name?' "Dick, ma'am." "Dick?" "Yes'm."

"Don't you know that Richard and Dick are the same names?" she asked

severely. "No'm. My uncle Silas calls my pa Dick."

pa Dick." "Well, here is a Richard Steele at one of the hotels. We will call and see. But remember if your papa doesn't want you, Bobby, you are go-ing off come and live with me." "Do you think my pa don't want

"Bless my little sailor, no. Why,

every golden lock must be precious to him. Do you know what I'd do, Bobby, if I had a little boy like you?"

"No, ma'am." "I'd—I'd love him to death." At the next hotel Mrs. Van Altine was informed that Richard Steele was was informed that Richard Steele was stopping there; that he had a boy; that the aforesaid boy was lost; that Mr. Steele was nearly frantic and that he had just gone to the prefect of po-

lice "And where is that?"

"And where is that?" "Just across the way, madam." "Come, Bobby, we will surprise him. He must be bearly crazy." A handsome American, thirty-five years cf age, solid and prosperous looking, was conversing with the of-ficial in the magistrate's office. "I will do what Lean monsion

"I will do what I can, monsieur. The lad will be taken in, and our system of communication is such that the fact will be known at headquarters. will then at once inform you of the

circumstances." "Your reward shall be a handsome

At this moment the clerk looked in. "A lady to see you, monsieur." "Say I am engaged," responded the

"I did tell her that."

"Well?"

"Well?" "She asked if an American gentle-man was here. I told her 'yes,' and she said she must come in at once." "Very well. Show her in." Mrs. Van Altine, a vision of glorions womanhood, stood in the doorway with Bobby by the hand. "He this your son sir?" she said

with Bobby by the hand. "Is this your son, sir?" she said. Richard Steele sprang to his feet. Bobby dropped his elephant and the next moment was folded to his father's breast. Mrs. Van Altine seemed strangely moved as she regarded the scene. Her face was overgread with Her face was overspread with scene. Her face unusual pallor.

"I was not mistaken," she told herself. "There are, truly, many Steeles in the world, but it must have been some psychic sense that caused my heart to beat when I heard this name. Let me see, now; it is sixteen years since—and there he stands and does not know me. Time, time, how you level romance! He was slender. Now he is stout. He had such a dainty mustache. Now he has a beard. Really, he is much better looking."

These and other thoughts flashed through Mrs. Van Altine's mind at that moment. The American turned. "Madam, how can I thank you? Words failed him. He gazed in

growing amazement. "Fannie !"

"Dick

They clasped hands. The years that had passed were bridged by that pres-sure of hands. Plighted faith, resentment, broken vows, pique, misunder-standing, separation-all, all vanished, and in the sunlight of the present they gazed gladly into each other's

eyes. "And Bobby is-"

IN A SUGAR REFINERY. PROCESSES BY WHICH THE RAW SUGAR IS REFINED.

Terrific Heat Endured by Some of the Workmen–Life in the Drying Rooms–Frightful Toll. T is doubtful if there is any other

group of buildings in or near New York where the fearful difficulties under which men labor 6 culties under which men labor for the bare privilege of living, are so plainly shown as they are in the towering, forbidding, fortress-like structures on the East River front of Brooklyn, owned by the American Sugar Refining Company, better known as the Snear Trust.

known as the Sugar Trust. The big buildings cover a space of four blocks on both sides of Kent avenue, from South First to South Fifth streets, and on the west side of the avenue extend to the river front. their grimy, dull-red walls extending seventeen stories above the street level. A close inspection of the Havemeyer refineries is necessary to a thorough realization of the im-mensity of the establishment, and this group is one of the refining places owned by the trust. It has no equal in size or in the amount of its busi-ness in the limits of the Greater New York. The employes of the great concern are disciplined with rules as strict as those which govern an army. If one attempts to get into the refineries he meets the discipline

in the shape of a gruff watchman and a club, and a call at the offices reveals it in the shape of a more or less polite negative from the clerks, who will say Few of us need a lantern in order to find fault.--Milwaukee Journal. that they cannot answer questions. There are about 3000 men employed Take care of the pennies, and the dollars will be blown in by your heirs.

in the big refineries, and these are divided into day and night shifts. About 5 o'clock in the morning half of the force can be seen filing down into the basement of one of the great

buildings. Work is begun im-mediately, and continued until 5 in the evening, when the men are sup-plied with checks, showing that they were on hand when work begun. The majority of the workmen are

The majority of the workmen are Poles and Hungarians, and the severity of their labors is shown by the fact that they are nearly all thin and stooped, and rarely above middle age, it being a well-known fact that men employed in the refineries rarely live to old age. They are nearly new im-migrants when first employed, and be-fore med in stirst them they they must be fore work is given them they must be found perfectly docile and obedient. The rules of the refineries are laid The rules of the renteries are had down to the applicant for employment, and he is told that he will receive \$1.12, \$1.25 or \$1.50 as the case may be, for the first year, and then, if his marking activity of the second work is satisfactory, he may receive an additional five or ten cents a day. The man is assigned to work in one of the many departments, and if he has

received the "tip" from friends of his own nationality before going to work, he trembles lest the edict may con-demn him to the "dry room." It it be that, however, he receives it with characteristic stolidity, and is thankful for an opportunity to earn his m'

erable pittance, even under such te-rible circumstances. When the raw sugar is dumped from the ship in which it is brought to the refineries it is placed in a great cistern near the river's edge, and is dissolved in hot water. From this vat a sweet, sticky steam constantly arises, and Judge-"Then you gave us a wrong age?" Elderly Female--"Not wrong exactly--at least it was all right some years ago."-Fliegende Blaetter. every little while a workman, dressed in overalls and an undershirt, pops out from it, and in a minute or so pops out from it, and in a minute or so pops back again, and is lost to sight in the moist cloud. The liquid is pumped up to the top story of the pile, pass-ing through a wire strainer, which re-moves any particles of size which may be in it, and is emptied into great cop-per receptacles heated to 298 or 210 degrees Fahrenhett, known as boilers. The process of boiling requires con-

## NO. 48.

A SEA SHELL. Sea shell Murmurs swell To the roaring of the sea. When my ear is laid to thec, From thy walls A storm sprite calls With siren's voice to me. Sea shell Fairies dwell In thy tiny tinted hall ;

Dainty, fleeting footsteps fall

To rhythmic strain

And sweet refrain,

Sea shell

Dulcet bell

In thee I hear it ring,

Charmingly

Of the sea

Sea shell

In a cell

All the world a prison find

Thy fair portal

Palace of a dreaming mind.

Is to immortal

Tolls a knell,

To the shore

"Evermore," Saying as they sweep the ground. —Philadelphia Ledger.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

Narrow minds go beyond the deed and search for the motive-Syracuse

Who ever made a dollar by envying

It never cools a man off when the

anybody better off than himself?-

street sprinkler throws water on him. -Atchison Globe.

One thing a woman never can learn -that liquids will leak out of a paste-

Take out of some people all the af-fectation and they will have nothing left to live for.—Galveston News.

Oil for troubled waters is nothing

compared with water for allaying the

He (passionately)--"You are my life." She (practically)--"Have you got it insured?"--Detroit Free Press.

"With all her faults, I love her still," "We have a faults, I love her still," They heard him sadly say; "The trouble is, she never will Consent to keep that way." —Washington Star.

Don't fool with a wasp because you think he looks weak and tired; you will find out he's all right in the end.

"That's what I call a good deal of

a take off," lamented the carriage

horse, turning to look at its docked tail.-Chicago Tribune.

"Another dey gone," said the Sul-tan as he saw the head fall off. "But it doesn't matter so long as it isn't 'ours."—Princeton Tiger.

If you're waking call me early ; Ring the breakfast bell at three. Nothing matters so I miss our Neighbor's singing "Sweet Marie."

Head of the Firm-"Humph ! Book-

cuse this time? A lame one, I'll bet?'

Clerkmen---- 'Yes, sir; broke his leg, sir."--Buffalo Courier.

Teacher- "The race is not always to

er off again to-day? What's

-Lowell Courier.

rampant tendencies of dust. -Puck.

board lunch box. -Puck.

-Puck.

Courier.

Sea shell

While ethereal voices sing

To the lute's enchanted string.

Far sweeter than them in kind,

While I hear thy whispers sound

Of the waves unceasing bound,

Dancing at the sea nymphs' ball.

You poor child, you mean to say you can't find your papa? "No; we went out for a walk and 1 stopped in a crowd to look in a win Then my papa went away an: left me.

And you couldn't find him anywhere

My boy? Yes." "She wanted to keep me, pa, man would have ordered half the store Bobby, with the elephant clasped to if Mrs. Van Altine had not prevented

asked the clerk.

said

"You will come?"

No, to see me.

"Even when-

"When?"

'To-morrow night?'

"I will come."

-Detroit Free Press.

"To meet clever people?"

ave Paris to-night-'

sked the clerk. "Where? I don't know. We'll take tem. Bobby, carry this elephant." Bobby was only too willing to do is, and again they Bobby was only too willing to do this, and again they entered the carmany years! Goodby-no, au revoir, for I trust I shall see you. My salon,

"To the Hotel St. Petersburg," commanded Mrs. Van Altine. She vaguely remembered that many Americans went to this hotel. In about twenty as I call it, is quite a resort. Come and I will introduce you to many clever people-true Parisians." "Who will bore me?" he said,

minutes they dashed up to this estab lishment and the carriage door was opened by a big porter who looked around for their luggage. "You can take the elephant and the tin soldier," said Mrs. Van Altine, bluntly. "The same honest, outspoken Dick !"

imperiously. The porter hesitated, his sense of dignity injured, but Bobby settled the matter by declaring:

"No; he can't have them, I'll car-"But now?" "I shall remain --- so as to call on ry them." Mrs. Van Altine and the boy enyou and thank you more fully for tered the parlor there and the handyour great service to-day.

some American woman said : "Send the clerk to me."

"Send the clerk to me." Bobby set the clephant of the floor and seemed indifferent just then whether he would be found or not by his bereaved parent. The clerk ap-"When we quarrelled ! Yes, indeed. You were the most delightful man to quarrel with I ever met. If you had not been— But I must be going. Be sure and come—" peared "Is Mr. Steele of Cleveland stopping

"As early as you can." "He is not madame?"

"Has he been stopping here?" "No, malame."

'He is an American and is at some hotel, probably. How can I find him? This is his boy, who is lost." and-

"I will send you a hotel register, a list of all Americans at the

Thank you. That is what I want. The list was duly forthcoming and Mrs. Van Altine scanned it engerly.

the United States are those of the Mancos, in a Southern Colorado can-"Steele-Steele-let me see Smith, Brown, Jones-no Steele-perhaps it is further down-n ecommon name, Walker, Melville - hum ! - Steele, gress is a mystery.

of boiling requires con siderable skill, and the men who have charge of it are paid \$100 or \$150 a month, the number receiving the lat-ter figure being extremely limited, only one man in a hundred who receives employment in the refineries becoming a boiler, which is the highest

ambition of the workmen. The boiling and babbling sugar is passed down through funnels to the next floor, where it is emptied into a box, the bottom of which consists of two thicknesses of canvas, one being coarse, the other fine. This thorough-ly filters the stuff, and the room is

kept at a terrific temperature in order that the liquid sugar may flow freely, and not become cool and thick. On the floor below is another great cop-per tank, some twenty-five feet deep Then as she entered the carriage, she and nearly filled with bone black This purifies the sugar, and, after be-ing used for a few hours, becomes sur-"Yes, I will come. I had intended charged with foulness, and is sent to the lower floor, where it is burned again. The sugar, which is still kept at a temperature of about 150 degrees. is passed into another receptacle, which is made airtight, and the air "How adorable. You always were charming, Dick." and steam are exhausted by means of a pump. As soon as the sugar is gran ulated, if it is to be soft, it is let off by means of centrifugal mills. If not, it is passed on to the great plates to be dried.

The rooms in which the drying is carried on are veritable infernos. man can stav in them over ten minates without falling down u prostrated by the terrific heat. utterly "At once; to-night. I am all impaone but an employe is ever allowed within these walls, and no one but an employe would dare to go in them when the heat is on and the sugar is tient to tell you a hundred things, 'And--bring Bobby, if you want !" drying. Clothing is discarded, the exception of a "breech clout" and shoes, and there is absolutely no yen-The most wonderful cliff dwellings in tilation, as the windows are kept tightly closed, and at the windows in other rooms which are open the men may be seen gasping for breath, and with their hair and bo lies as wet as if they had been plunged in the East River, in their short respite from their frightful toil.—New York Tribune,

the swift. Do you understand the inner meaning of that?" Bright Boy-"Sometimes the head feller's tire gets punctured."--Good News.

If you are out of work a clean face, blacked shoes, and a nose without blossom will be a better introduction than a diamond stud or a gold watch chain .--- Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"You are nothing but a big bluff," remarked the river to the bank. "Is that so?" retorted the bank. "If I take a notion to come down on you, your name will be mud."-Indianapolis Journal.

Kittie .- "I heard to-day you married your husband to reform him. Sarah - "I did." Kittie-"Why, I didn't know he had any bad habits." Sarah -- "He had one---he was a bachelor." .-. Tit-Bits

"Mrs. Blimber is very nervous about there being thirteen at the table to-night." "Does she think something unpleasant will happen?" "Yes; " has only a dozen knives and forks." Chicago Inter-Ocean. "Yes; she

to place you in a position to owe me anything."-Boston Transcript.

Tonix-"My friend Soarer's busi-ness frequently puts his life in danger, but I've never yet known him to de-sert his post." Toddies-"What's his business?" Tonix--"He's an a ronaut." .-- South Boston News.

Figg--"I've got a good story I want to tell you." Fogg--"I'le! ha! ha!" Figg--"What in time are you laughing at?" "Fogg-"Your story. You say it is a good one; so of course I must have heard it."-Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Newitt-"I discovered this Mrs. Newitt-"1 discovered this morning that we need a doornat for the haltway very budly." Mr. Newitt ---"Is there any particular necessity for it?" Mrs. Newitt-"Why, cer-tainly! I've got to have some place to hide the key when I go out, haven't 1?"-South Boston News. South Boston Ne