



W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

Terms---\$1.00 in Advance; \$1.25 after Three Months.

VOL. XIII.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1894.

NO. 11.

Germany has \$2,375,000,000 invested in foreign countries.

A North Georgia farmer proposes to make a fence around his land with cotton bales.

French physicians assert that men whose only meat is horseflesh are in better health than those who have more variety.

Porto Rico if to have a gold standard of currency, announces the New York Independent, the Mexican dollar to be retained as a basis of weight for the value of silver.

The Minnesota Supreme Court has decided that bicyclists have the same rights as horsemen on the streets.

The Crown Prince of Germany is a very precocious boy, according to the Chicago Herald. When the court chaplain told him all people were sinners he said: "Father may be, but I know mother is not."

Professor Rudolph Virchow told the convention of anthropologists at Innsbruck the other day that the Darwinian theory of the origin of species, commonly known as "evolution," was unproven, non-scientific, and evidently false.

Vermont is restocking its forests and streams by good game laws strictly enforced, and the people find that land is worth more all over the State than it was before this policy was adopted.

In one of the New York apartment houses there are 226 pianos—one to every four persons, besides a whole orchestra of piccolos, violins, guitars, cornets and an old-fashioned melodeon.

Andrew Lang, the English essayist, says that the idle, the imitative and the needy had better adopt some other calling than literature, and advise all not to try to write a novel, unless a plot, or a set of characters, takes such irresistible possession of the mind that it must be written.

The St. James Gazette (English) asserts that the "railway station speech," or, as it is called in this country, "the rear platform speech," was invented by Mr. Gladstone.

Says the New York Ledger: "Wherever Americans plant stakes, we hear of political agitation. The speeches at the great mass meeting of Alaskans at Juneau had the true American ring. There may have been other political mass meetings in Alaska, but the news of them has not reached us."

There are in successful operation in the South a number of cotton factories constructed with money raised on the installment plan, the payments being made as in a building and loan association.

In view of the great number of post office burglaries and highway mail robberies recently, the Postmaster General has deemed it proper to offer rewards for the conviction of persons concerned in such transactions, which embrace \$1000 for conviction of robbing the mails while being conveyed in mail car on a railway; \$500 for conviction of robbing the mails while being conveyed over any post route other than a railway; \$250 for an attempt at such robberies; \$150 for breaking into and robbing a post office, and \$200 in the latter case, where the amount stolen exceeds \$500.

A westward ocean trip, between Europe and New York, is usually seven per cent. longer than an eastward one.

In the City of Mexico every well educated person speaks at least three languages. The Mexicans have a craze for mastering languages.

In Mexico the custom is common of excepting new manufacturing enterprises from all save general taxation for ten to twenty years.

The Argentine earthquake occurred the night before one of the "critical days" in the list of Professor Falb, the Austrian earthquake prophet.

London pays forty-two per cent. of the income tax of England and Wales, and its government and management cost about \$55,000,000 a year.

More than two hundred French cities have resolved to erect statues in honor of the late President Carnot, and it is expected that soon almost every French town will have a Carnot street or square.

There can be no doubt, maintains the Chicago Herald, that the talk of grape seeds and appendicitis has affected the price of grapes unfavorably, in spite of the fact that the grape cure a few years ago was in high vogue.

Ornithologists do not tell us that the chicken is the most wonderful of birds, yet the fact remains, avers the Chicago Herald, that in proportion to weight, it is far more important to the human race than any other animal.

The refrigerating systems for the transportation of fresh meats, fruits, etc., are coming more and more extensively into use. The New York World thinks it is too early to predict the future in store for this scheme, which is still in its infancy.

Judge Child, of Newark, N. J., set aside a verdict which awarded a man \$4000 for the killing of his son by a street car. He said that the amount was preposterous and that if the plaintiff would accept \$1500 he would dismiss the case. The father refused.

The greatest obstacle to the growth of the lemon industry of this country is the fact that the fruit is not properly cured, and will not keep like the foreign article. The lemons themselves are equally good, but the curing process has yet to be learned.

It has been estimated that of the \$1,500,000,000 of property held in New York \$300,000,000 is in the hands of women, but this is certainly well within the real facts (since the women of Boston pay taxes on \$120,000,000). Even so, however, this would make, at the present rate of estimate, over \$600,000,000 of property owned in New York State by women, adds the Dispatch.

About twenty years ago Germany adopted the system of compulsory insurance of workmen against accidents. Since that time, declares the Hartford Courant, there has been paid into the reserve fund about \$88,000,000, of which about \$20,000,000 now forms the capital. In the year last reported more than \$7,500,000 was paid in indemnities, and more than \$3,000,000 was added to the reserve fund. It is now proposed to extend the system to apprentices and employes whose wages do not exceed \$476 a year.

The annual report of Dr. W. T. Harris, Commissioner of Education, says that twenty-three per cent. of the population attend school during some period of the year. The average period of attendance during the year, however, is only eighty-nine days for each pupil. The report says: "It would seem to be the purpose of our system to give in the elementary schools to every child the ability to read. When he leaves school he is expected to continue his education by reading the printed pages of newspapers and books. The great increase of public libraries in the United States is significant of progress towards the realization of this idea. In 1892 we had over 4000 public libraries, with more than 1000 books in each. The schools teach how to read; the libraries furnish what to read. But far surpassing the libraries in educational influence are the daily newspapers and magazines. We are governed by public opinion as ascertained and expressed by the newspapers to such a degree that our civilization is justly to be called a newspaper civilization. The library and the newspapers are our chief instrumentalities for the continuation of school and the university. Lecture courses, scientific and literary associations are assisting largely.

AT CHRISTMAS TIDE, So blithe this hour, when once again The stars glow steadfast in the sky; So hope attend, when human pain Groves less, for faith that help is nigh; So hallowed, when the angel train With song and harp are passing by. Once more, between the midnight's gloom And the pale rose of breaking dawn, Heaven's matches lighted with a bloom, And far without the east are drawn The pedalled umbrellas which illumine All pathways men must journey on. Again the Sages and the Seers Bend low before a little child; And o'er the long and stormy years, The desert spaces vast and wild, The strife, the turmoil, and the tears, He looks, and smiles, the undetled. 'Tis Christmas tide! At Mary's knee The shepherds all the princes meet! Love-bound in dear humility, To sleep the infant in his nest. The Star is bright o'er land and sea; The Gloria song is full and sweet. —Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Bazar.

HEYSEYER'S CHRISTMAS.

BY FLORENCE E. HALLOWELL.

It was 7 o'clock on Christmas Eve, and the streets of the busy factory town of L— were crowded with eager, excited shoppers. Sill's variety store was like a great beehive, and the clerks were kept busy wrapping up dolls, trumperies, drums, toy pistols and other toys dear to the heart of child hood; while the buyers jostled and crowded each other good-naturedly, too thoroughly imbued with the peace and good will of the season to mind a dig in the ribs or a bruised toe.

"How happy everybody is!" exclaimed a bright-faced, middle-aged woman, pausing a moment on her way past the store to look in. Then she drew her old plaid shawl closer around her and hurried on, the sawdust-filled limbs of a big doll dangling from a cumbersome parcel on her left arm. If she had paused a moment longer she might have caught the derisive, contemptuous sneer on the face of a young man who lounged in the open doorway, his hands thrust into his pockets and his soft hat pulled down over his scowling brow. His eyes followed the woman in the plaid shawl until she disappeared in the crowd, and a short, hard laugh escaped his lips.

"Everybody happy!" he muttered, "What fool remarks some women do make!" A little girl passing before him just then dropped a bundle; but he didn't stoop to pick it up for her. He wasn't in the humor to do a kindness for any one. All this Christmas excitement and hurry had filled his heart with anger and bitterness. In his pocket were his week's wages—twelve bright silver dollars; but he didn't expect to spend a cent. There was no one to whom he felt inclined to carry even a dime's worth of candy, no one who expected anything from him.

He remembered Christmas Eve of last year. He and Nan had gone shopping together. They had bought a woolen cape for old Mrs. Bosley, with whom Nan had lived previous to her marriage, and a trumpet for a little orphan boy Mrs. Bosley was "raising," and stockings and flannel for the Widow Wisk and her imbecile daughter. They had also laid in a stock of good things for their Christmas dinner, to which old Mrs. Bosley and Sammy had been invited, and had deliberated a long time whether to have plum pudding or fruit for dessert. Nan hadn't been sure the plum pudding would prove a success, for she had so little experience in cooking, and so, they had bought fruit.

What fun it had been to buy their presents for each other! Nan had made him promise not to look while she made a hasty tour to the counter on which were men's furnishings, and where she had bought a crimson muffler and two bordered handkerchiefs.

Then they had stopped at a jewelry store, and Nan had waited outside while he went in and made a mysterious purchase, which she found under her plate at breakfast the next morning, and which proved to be a plain gold ring.

Heyseyer remembered how she had kissed him and told him it was just what she had wanted, for she had always regretted not having been married with a ring. The wind caught one end of the red muffler around his neck and whipped it against his cheek, and Heyseyer flung away from the store door with an angry growl, the scowl on his face growing darker. He turned from the busy main street into one that was comparatively quiet, and in a few minutes was at the door of the great, barn-like tenement house in which he had lived ever since he and Nan had quarreled and parted. That was nearly nine months ago, and he had never seen Nan since—had never heard a word from her nor sent her a message of any kind. He had parted in hot anger; he had told her she was a wretched cook, and he'd warrant she could spoil anything she turned her hand to; and when she had replied that she wished she had never married him, he had rejoined that she didn't wish it half as much as he did, and that he could have had Sarah Humes for the asking. Nan had always been a little jealous of Sarah, and this remark had fanned her anger

to white heat. Recriminations and reproaches followed, and the quarrel had ended in his leaving the little house which he had bought on their marriage, vowing never to enter it again until Nan apologized. The next day he had sent a messenger for his clothes, half hoping the apology would come instead. But it hadn't. He had felt angry at himself, not only for being disappointed; and he had sworn to make Nan sick of her "blasted pride."

He had left his place in Hinckle's store in Bridge City, where he had been employed since boyhood, and had gone to L—, to take a place in the iron works. And not a word had ever come from Nan.

A bitter loneliness filled his heart as he entered his cheerless room with its carpetless floor and curtainless window. The fire in the rusty little stove had gone out, and the cheap kerosene lamp on the wooden mantel gave out a sickly light.

Heyseyer shivered and flung out of the room, muttering something between his teeth. It was too early to go to bed, and he had lived so entirely to himself during the past year that he had no friends in the tenement house upon whom he could drop in for an hour's talk. What was he to do with himself? Walk up and down Main street, he supposed, and see people stare at him because he had no bundles.

As he went downstairs he heard the Payne children laughing, and through a door that stood a little ajar saw them hanging up their stockings.

Heyseyer's heart swelled with self-pity, and he tugged at the muffler about his throat as if it were choking him as he went stamping down the bare, dark stairway. In all this Christmas festivity he had no share. There was no one to give a thought to him, no one of whom he must think. And it was all Nan's fault. She had ruined his life. How could he help hating her? Why had she never sent that apology? Evidently she had never repented her share of their quarrel.

Reaching Main street again Heyseyer hesitated, gave a quick glance around him to see if any one were looking who might suspect his purpose, and then turned abruptly down a street that led directly to the river. He walked rapidly, with his head down, the collar of his coat high above his ears, and his slouch hat pulled down over his scowling brow.

It wouldn't do any harm to go and give a look at his old home—that pretty brown cottage in which he and Nan had lived for four short months. He had nothing else to do—and he needed the exercise.

The wind blew stiffly as he crossed the bridge. On the other side a woman was crossing in the opposite direction. She had a shawl about her shoulders and wore a white hood. Heyseyer remembered that Nan had worn a white hood on Christmas Eve just a year ago. The keen air had made her cheeks rosy, and given a sparkle to her black eyes. People had turned to look at her on the street, and he had felt proud of his pretty wife. He had not dreamed then that in less than three months from that time he and Nan would have gone separate ways.

It was only a short walk from the bridge to the heart of Bridge City, and the little brown cottage Heyseyer had bought stood on one of the steep, ungraded streets. He felt a chill sense of disappointment when he reached it and saw that it was dark and all the blinds were closed.

He stood at the little gate and stared at the cottage for a long, long time. Nan had deserted it, of course, and it had stood empty all these months. He ought to have known she wouldn't stay there alone, and yet—somehow he had always thought of her as keeping a home there, waiting for him to come back.

He was stiff and chilled when at last he turned from the gate and went slowly up the hill, with a vague idea of walking through the village before returning to L—. Not that he expected to meet Nan—that was most unlikely. In all probability she had left Bridge City and was following her trade of dressmaking in some larger place.

As he reached the top of the hill he saw a sudden tongue of flame shoot up from the roof of an old house which

stood back from the street at some distance from any other. It was the home of old Mrs. Wisk and her weak-minded daughter, and Heyseyer sprang forward as if electrified, wondering if any one were inside. As he approached the gate he saw the imbecile girl run out from the front door, and at the same moment the flames burst from half a dozen places in the roof.

"Is any one in there?" shouted Heyseyer, seizing the girl by the shoulder. She only whimpered and smiled in reply, and Heyseyer released her, and with one bound was at the door and had dashed it open. Before the wide, open hearth was a wickerwork carriage, and in it, staring up with bright black eyes, lay a baby perhaps two months of age. Heyseyer seized it in a rough but careful grasp and rushed out—just in time, for the old roof fell with a crash behind him, sending the sparks flying over him and his precious charge.

The yard was full of people now who had come running from every direction, and as Heyseyer staggered forward with his burden he heard a loud, piercing cry, and a young woman in a big shawl and a white hood sprang through the gateway and tore the baby from his arms. She was weak and almost breathless from fright and her run up the hill. Heyseyer looked down at her, passing his hands over his eyes as if to clear away a mist.

"Nan!" he cried. "Jerry!" and around his neck went one round arm, while the other held the baby close to her heart.

"Let's get away from here, Nan," said Heyseyer, thickly; and he led her through the gateway and down the hill, paying no attention to old Mrs. Wisk who ran after them, crying; and

to Nan and the baby—which as yet he hardly realized as his own—he had taken time to go to his lodging house for Nan's note, and he read the words it contained with eyes suspiciously dim. How gayly his heart beat as he tramped across the bridge! How happy he felt! Christmas was a glorious time! He didn't wonder people enjoyed it! And this time when he reached the cottage it was all aglow with light and warmth, and Nan met him at the door and exclaimed over the number of his bundles, and laughed because he had bought the baby a drum and a toy engine.

"But we can save them for him," she added; "and just come out into the kitchen, Jerry." Jerry followed her, wondering what he was to see, and gave a little gasp of surprise when he found a nice supper spread upon the table and a delicious aroma from a coffee pot filling the room.

"I've learned to cook, Jerry. Mrs. Bosley says I can't be beaten at it," said Nan, laughing, though her eyes were full of tears. Jerry's lips quivered, and he swallowed a lump in his throat. Then he put his arms around his little wife and drew her close to his happy heart.

"This is a Christmas, sure enough, Nan," he whispered, huskily.—Independent.

CHRISTMAS IN EGYPT.

The following Christmas experience in Egypt is related by a writer in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly. He was at the house of a Greek who was apparently not a Cressus, as the entire furniture of his case consisted of a stone-and-mud fireplace in one corner,

a palm-branch divan occupying the remainder of that side of the banquetting hall, and a lot of rush mats on the earthen floor. I took the place of honor on the divan, says the writer, and soon the Arabs commenced dropping in and squatting on the floor. Our Copt had made so much noise that he had awakened the whole village.

It was Christmas Eve, or, rather, morning, and I felt liberal, so I ordered coffee and mastic for the party, and kept the landlord busy until I had filled the whole lot—a feat never before accomplished in Tel-el-Baroud. I began to feel hungry, and the landlord fished out from under the divan, which also served as a chicken-coop, three squabs, which he killed, plucked, broiled and served up on Arab bread. This bread is baked of unbolted flour in round ovens, seven inches in diameter. It is hollow like a doughnut, and of about the consistency of heavy blotting paper.

After breakfast everybody went on a hunting expedition. After their return they all went for their bath, a change of clothes, then to dinner—and such a dinner!

The bill of fare could scarcely be equalled at that season of the year in this country; the little oysters from Alexandria Harbor (they were first planted there by McKillop Pasha, who was admiral of the Egyptian fleet under Ismail Pasha), soup, fish from the Mediterranean, turkey, ham, ducks, snipe, fresh vegetables of every description, figs, grapes, oranges, bananas and the flaming English plum-pudding.

As Usual. "Did any one remember you on Christmas Day?" inquired Jhees. "Oh, yes," responded Smith, showing a handsome collection of lately opened envelopes, "my creditors did."

Mme. Regnen a florist of Roostoen, Holland, is the owner of a giant rose bush, which had 6000 roses in full bloom at one time during the past summer. Impatient as he had been to return

WHAT WOULD WE DO?

If all the world was always bright, Without a shadow creeps in, An' suns kept shinin' day an' night— What would we do for sleighin'?

If all the skies was always clear, An' Spring just kept a-stayin', An' bees made honey all the year— What would we do for sleighin'?

If everything went just our way, An' not a storm was howlin', An' cash came in for work or play, What would we do for growin'?

Just let the plan o' Nature rest— Be glad for any weather; The feller who still does his best, Brings earth an' heaven together —Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

There is something crooked about a man who carries a corkscrew.—Boston Courier.

A good many men believe in advertising, but seem to think it should be free.—Albany Argus.

No malice can exist without thought; so how can there be such a thing as malice before thought?—Texas Siftings.

It is a pathetic fact that the hand that rocks the cradle can't throw a rock and hit anything in sight.—Somerville Journal.

Minnesota women who are going to vote should remember that they cannot use a hat pin to scratch a ballot with.—Minnesota Journal.

American Heiress—"Would you ever marry for money, Baron?" Baron—"I don't know—how much have you?"—New York Ledger.

He had no overcoat to wear. Though chilly days had come, But he'd slaved and saved almost enough For one chrysanthemum.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Taylor—"I hear that you have paid my rival, while you owe me for two suits." Student—"Who dares to accuse me of such a preposterous thing?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Chawler—"Did yer go inter see de snake chamer?" Hengout—"Yes, an' it's a question in my mind welder she charms de snakes or paralyzes 'em."—Boston Courier.

Minister—"Good evening, sonny! Is Brother Hapenny at home?" Brother Hapenny's Son—"Course! Don't ye see us all outside th' house!"—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Maude—"I hope you are not going to marry that Mr. Korter!" Kate—"Really, I don't think it wouldn't make any difference to you, dear, if I didn't."—Boston Transcript.

Helen—"Funny you didn't notice that Tom had been drinking." Maude—"Yes, but then he talked to me under his breath."—Boston Transcript.

"I wonder you women never learn how to get off a street car." "Umh? If we got off the right way it wouldn't be long before they'd quit stopping the cars for us."—Boston Courier.

Johnnie (with history book)—"Papa, what was the Appian Way?" Papa—"I suppose it was a way Appian had, though I don't know much about him personally."—Detroit Free Press.

"Have you ever loved another, Tom?" said Miss Gush to her intended. "Certainly," replied he. "Do you wish written testimonials from my previous sweethearts?"—Harper's Bazar.

She—"But how can you think I'm pretty when my nose turns up so?" He—"Well, all I have to say is that it shows mighty poor taste in backing away from such a lovely mouth."—Standard.

Exceptional Case—"I told my friend Emma, under promise of the strictest secrecy, that I am engaged to the lieutenant, and the spiteful thing actually kept the secret."—Fliegende Blaetter.

"No," said the busy merchant; "I don't care for no dictionaries to-day." "Thank you," returned the fair book agent from Boston; "how many shall I put you down for?"—Smith & Gray's Monthly.

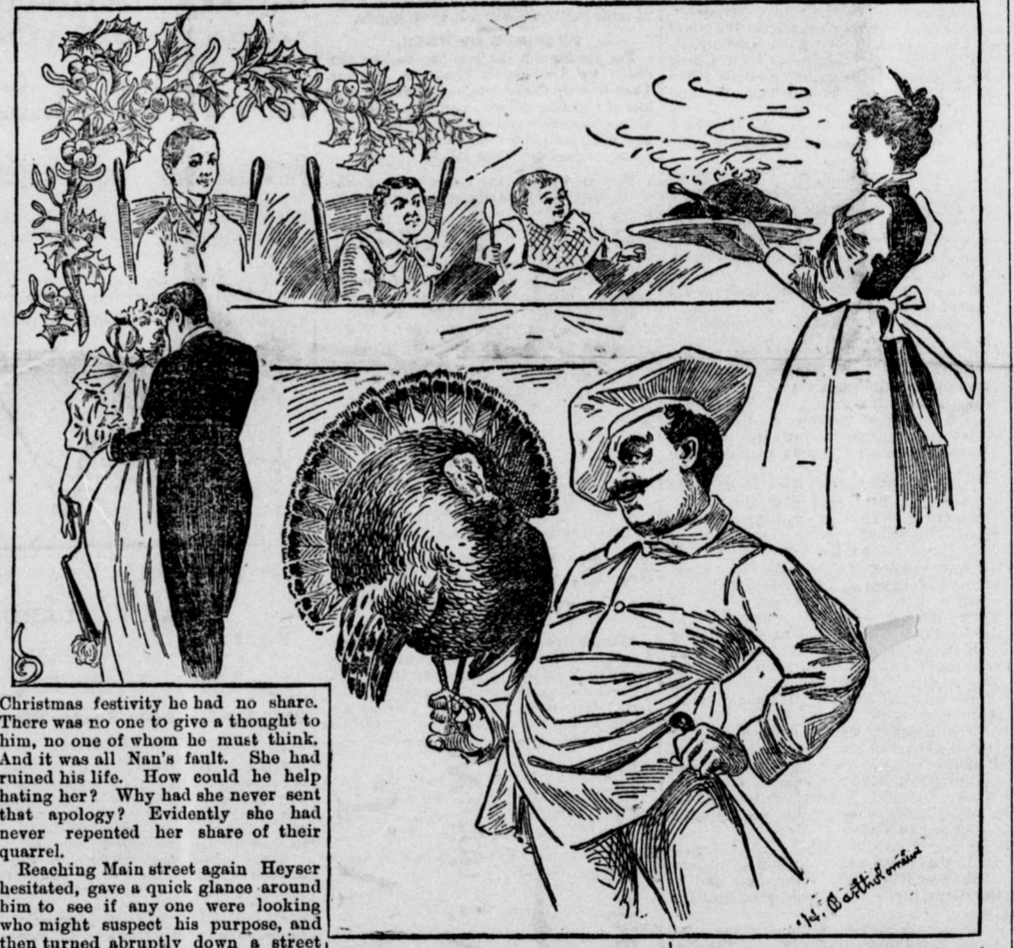
Mr. Scripp—"My dear, I don't see how you had this counterfeit bill passed on you!" Mrs. Scripp—"Well, you don't let me see enough real money to enable me to tell the difference."—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Benedict—"Now, what would you do, Mr. De Batch, if you had a baby that cried for the moon?" De Batch (grimly)—"I'd do the next best thing for him, madam; I'd make him see stars."—Kate Field's Washington.

"There is something about you that I like exceedingly," said Mr. Callow-hill to Miss Ricketts. "That's your own inordinate egotism," replied the girl. "My egotism?" "Yes, sir, for nothing is about me quite as much as you."—Harper's Bazar.

Tibbie—"How did you manage to get Manger to vote for our side? Did you convince him that on the great political issues of the day his party is wrong and ours is right?" Dibble—"Well, it amounted to that. I just praised his dog."—Boston Transcript.

"CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR."



Christmas festivity he had no share. There was no one to give a thought to him, no one of whom he must think. And it was all Nan's fault. She had ruined his life. How could he help hating her? Why had she never sent that apology? Evidently she had never repented her share of their quarrel. Reaching Main street again Heyseyer hesitated, gave a quick glance around him to see if any one were looking who might suspect his purpose, and then turned abruptly down a street that led directly to the river. He walked rapidly, with his head down, the collar of his coat high above his ears, and his slouch hat pulled down over his scowling brow. It wouldn't do any harm to go and give a look at his old home—that pretty brown cottage in which he and Nan had lived for four short months. He had nothing else to do—and he needed the exercise. The wind blew stiffly as he crossed the bridge. On the other side a woman was crossing in the opposite direction. She had a shawl about her shoulders and wore a white hood. Heyseyer remembered that Nan had worn a white hood on Christmas Eve just a year ago. The keen air had made her cheeks rosy, and given a sparkle to her black eyes. People had turned to look at her on the street, and he had felt proud of his pretty wife. He had not dreamed then that in less than three months from that time he and Nan would have gone separate ways. It was only a short walk from the bridge to the heart of Bridge City, and the little brown cottage Heyseyer had bought stood on one of the steep, ungraded streets. He felt a chill sense of disappointment when he reached it and saw that it was dark and all the blinds were closed. He stood at the little gate and stared at the cottage for a long, long time. Nan had deserted it, of course, and it had stood empty all these months. He ought to have known she wouldn't stay there alone, and yet—somehow he had always thought of her as keeping a home there, waiting for him to come back. He was stiff and chilled when at last he turned from the gate and went slowly up the hill, with a vague idea of walking through the village before returning to L—. Not that he expected to meet Nan—that was most unlikely. In all probability she had left Bridge City and was following her trade of dressmaking in some larger place. As he reached the top of the hill he saw a sudden tongue of flame shoot up from the roof of an old house which