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NO. 30.

It is said that the late patent decision is likely to cheapen telephone service amazingly.

Athletics are said to be languishing in our colleges. Football is under ban and baseball is too slow.

There are about 12,000,000 houses in this country, with less than six people to each on the average.

"Ninety-six per cent. of our trade is confined to the home market," estimates the Atlanta Constitution.

An educational qualification will hereafter be required of men seeking enlistment in the United States Army.

The world's chief supply of alabaster comes from the quarries of Volterra, some thirty miles southeast of Pisa, in Italy, where this industry has been handed down for generations.

Schools of stenography and typewriting turn their pupils to use by doing at rather low rates typewriting for lawyers and others. The copying makes good practice for the pupil and incidentally brings in considerable revenue to the school.

The Boston Transit Commission will relieve the narrow, crooked and crowded streets by a subway, beginning in the Public Garden and ending at Park street. The subway will be partly double-track and partly quadruple, and will be lighted by electricity.

England is not generally thought of as a gold producing country, but knowledge says that there are perhaps few countries in the world in which the metal is more generally distributed. The principal mines in Wales, now abandoned, were worked as long ago as the Roman occupation.

The Southern Florist and Gardener says: The last census shows that the earth yields to the Southern farmer twenty-five per cent. on his capital annually, against a yield of only fourteen per cent. to his Northern brother. If the value of machinery and live stock is included as capital, the difference in favor of the Southern farmer is even greater.

Says the New York Observer: The death of John Stuart Blackie removes one of Scotland's most interesting characters. While a local subject of Her Majesty of Great Britain and Ireland, he was pre-eminently a Scotchman, and opposed with decided earnestness all influences calculated to ignore or lessen the distinction between things English and things Scotch. His services to his own country have been very great; his influence for good upon the young men who have come in contact with him during his long professorship is beyond computation.

The Boston Transcript says that the British Iron and Steel Institute has just awarded the Bessemer gold medal, the highest prize to which metallurgists may aspire, to Henry Howe, of Boston, a son of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. "This honor," it adds, "has been conferred on only four Americans hitherto—Peter Cooper, Abram S. Hewitt, Alexander L. Holley, who introduced the Bessemer process into this country, and John Fritz, who designed and built the great Bethlehem iron works. Mr. Howe received the medal for his writings and investigations into the scientific features of steel making. Among the European recipients of the medal are Sir William Siemens, the inventor of the open-hearth steel-making process; Sir Joseph Whitworth and Lord Armstrong, of gun fame, and G. S. Thomas, the inventor of the basic Bessemer process."

The St. Paul Pioneer-Press remarks: While the farmers of the Northwest are deploring the advent of the Russian thistle, a new forage plant, also of Russian origin, has made its appearance, which promises to prove such a blessing to farmers as to more than atone for the damage done by its pestilent compatriot. It is known as escauline. It requires no cultivation. Once planted, it propagates itself in any soil, in dry, sandy, barren or in wet, alluvial swamps. It stands the drouth, for its roots strike deep. It drinks in the rain, when there is any, like a camel loading up for a journey through the desert. It is as nutritious as any of our grasses. It possesses a combination of remarkable properties, which adapt it wonderfully well for the conditions existing in Minnesota, and especially the Dakotas and beyond. Our impression is that the Minnesota agricultural college is trying it, or has arranged to try it on the State experimental farm.

## CRADLE SONG.

The maple strews the embers of its leaves  
O'er the laggard swallows' nest 'neath the leaves,  
And the moody cricket falters in his cry—  
Baby!—  
And the lid of night is falling o'er the sky—  
Baby!—  
And the lid of night is falling o'er the sky.  
The rose is lying pallid and the cup  
Of the frosted calyx folded up,  
And the breeze through the garden sob and sigh—  
Baby!—  
O'er the sleeping blooms of summer where they lie—  
Baby!—  
O'er the sleeping blooms of summer where they lie.  
Yet, baby—oh, my baby—for your sake  
This heart of mine is ever wide awake,  
And my love may never drop a drowsy eye—  
Baby!—  
Till your own are wet above me when I die—  
Baby!—  
Till your own are wet above me when I die.

## STOPPING AN EXECUTION.

NE spring some years ago I was living in seclusion in a small town about thirty-five miles north of London. I was writing a novel. I knew very few people in the town where I was living, and for five or six weeks had scarcely seen anyone to speak to.

So engrossed was I with my task that I had no time to read even the newspapers, and was quite ignorant of what was going on in the world. The only relaxation I allowed myself was a good brisk walk into the country every afternoon. With this exception I had hardly stirred from my house, except to run up to London once or twice for the purpose of visiting the docks and making certain technical investigations concerning them. This I did, as a good portion of the novel I was working at was about the life of dock surroundings.

It was a little after 8 o'clock one evening in April that I finished the second volume of my work. I put on my hat and coat and started off for an evening stroll. I had no sooner stepped into the street than a boy accosted me with a bundle of papers under his arm with the request: "Buy an evening paper, sir?" I bought one, put it in my pocket and resumed my walk.

It was a fine night and I went some little distance, reaching home a little after half-past 9.

I had laid down the newspaper on the table when entering the room, intending to read it during supper, but my appetite had got the better of my craving for intelligence, so it was not until I had lit a pipe and subsided into a cozy armchair by the fire that I unfolded the paper joyously—nay, lazily. I looked at the "leader."

Something about a new "Greek loan." That didn't interest me. I skipped through the little item of news and hurried jottings and summaries peculiar to our evening papers. Presently my eye was caught with the following paragraph heading: "Impending Execution."

There is a morbid fascination for most people in an execution, and, so yielding to this feeling, I proceeded to read the paragraph.

"The murderer of the unfortunate James Renfrew will be hanged to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock. The wretched man, whose name—Charles Fenthurst—is now in everybody's mouth still insists in his plea of innocence."

Here I became deeply interested. The name of Fenthurst was most familiar to me. I had formed a deep friendship with a man of that name. He was a good fifteen years my senior and had died two years previously. I knew he had a son named Charles, a young fellow, who had emigrated to South Africa early in life and who was generally supposed to be working at the diamond mines. Could this be the same man? I read on.

"It will be remembered that at the trial the strongest circumstantial evidence was brought to bear upon Fenthurst. The murder took place in a house on the outskirts of the small town of Clinfold. It was proved that Fenthurst was in the habit of frequenting Renfrew's premises, and that apparently he was expected there on the evening in question. He was seen near the place soon after the crime was committed, and several other proofs of a strongly condemnatory character were also laid against him. He has persisted from the first, however, in maintaining that he was absent from Clinfold at the very time the murder took place. This was about 7 o'clock in the evening. At that hour, he says, he was returning from London, where he had been spending part of the day. Only one witness, he says, could prove this, and that is an individual who traveled with him as far as F— and entered into conversation with him. Advertisements have been inserted in all the papers by Fenthurst's legal advisers for the purpose of discovering the individual in question, but as no answer has been forthcoming it is generally believed that the whole story is a myth. At any rate, there seems but small chance of the alibi being proved at the last moment. The murder was committed February 6. Since his condemnation the murderer has been confined in Silkminter jail, where his execution will take place."

Astonishment and dismay confronted me as I laid the paper down. I was the missing witness they had so vainly sought. I distinctly remembered, early in February, running up to town rather late in the afternoon, spending just half an hour there, and returning by the first train I could catch. My landlady didn't even know but that I had been for rather a longer walk than usual. I had entered into conversation with the other occupant of my compartment, a young man with a small black bag, on which was printed the letters "O. F." I remembered all this distinctly. In order to make sure I snatched up my diary and quickly turned to the date of the murder, February 6. There was the entry: "Ran up to town in afternoon. Inquired concerning material for chapter vii. Saw D— for half hour. Returned by 6.42 train."

The horror of the situation now flashed upon me. A man's life—the life of my old friend's son—depended upon me. I looked at my watch. It was just 11 o'clock. Hurriedly I dragged on my boots, thinking the while what I should do. My first impulse was to rush to the telegraph office. Then, with a dismay, I remembered that I was shut for the night after 8 o'clock and that the postmaster took the 8.30 train to the large town of F—, about five miles off, where he lived, leaving the office for the night in the charge of a caretaker and returning by an early train the next morning. It was impossible to telegraph. Then I thought of going to the police, where I was just two constables and a sergeant in our little town, but what could they do more than I? Country police are proverbial for the leisurely "routine" manner in which they set about any inquiry and it would never do to trust them. I was in despair.

Madly I threw on my hat and rushed out. I ran in a mechanical way to the postoffice. Of course it was shut, and if I had aroused the caretaker he couldn't have wired. Besides, all our wires went first to F—, and as I have said, all communication was shut off after 8 o'clock. Then I started for the railway station. This was about half a mile from the postoffice and well outside the town. As I hurried along I thought, with fresh dismay, that this would also prove a fruitless errand, for the last train to Silkminter was the 8.30 p. m., by which I have mentioned the postmaster always traveled. Silkminter, I must mention, was nearly 150 miles down the line.

Should I wait till the morning and telegraph? I remembered that the office did not till 8 o'clock. I thought of the signalman, who I knew would be on duty, and I hurried along I thought, with fresh dismay, that this would also prove a fruitless errand, for the last train to Silkminter was the 8.30 p. m., by which I have mentioned the postmaster always traveled. Silkminter, I must mention, was nearly 150 miles down the line.

A little after 8 we drew up at Silkminter station. There was a policeman on the platform, and I at once told my story to him, the result being that we drove around to the jail and insisted upon seeing the Governor. Of course, he was deeply interested in what I had to tell him, and at once made arrangements to stop the execution.

What an idiot I had been, after all! However, I should be in time to stop the execution. A little after 8 we drew up at Silkminter station. There was a policeman on the platform, and I at once told my story to him, the result being that we drove around to the jail and insisted upon seeing the Governor. Of course, he was deeply interested in what I had to tell him, and at once made arrangements to stop the execution.

Well, said the Governor, "I don't know which I ought to congratulate most, Mr. Fenthurst or yourself, for you have both had a most narrow escape." Little remains to be told. I soon identified the condemned man as the person on whom I had met in the train. He also turned out to be the son of my old friend, as I had fully expected. After the due formalities he was discharged. Suspicion having strongly attached itself to his name, however, he was very miserable, until about a fortnight afterward the real murderer was discovered and captured. Charles Fenthurst and myself became fast friends, and although I was fearfully shaken and upset for some weeks after the adventure, I never regretted the night on which I was picked up with the mails.—Strand Magazine.

The Deadly Candy Bar. There is an immense amount of nonsense uttered in the guise of scientific advice, and nothing more thoroughly foolish than the perpetual attacks upon candy and confectionery, says Margherita Ailina Hamm. The arguments are the same as those employed fifty years ago, when two-thirds of the bonbons of the market were made with terra alba and other abominations. At the present there is scarcely a pound of candy in the market that is not pure and wholesome. Good candy in moderation is healthful and nutritious. The desert Arabs of Africa use their chief article of diet the dried dates, which are so rich in sugar as to be almost candy in themselves, and they are about the strongest and healthiest men in the world.

Every child who is healthy craves candy, and the craving merely represents the food value of the thing desired. To forbid a little child a few bonbons now and then does far more harm than to gratify its natural and unobjectionable desire. Candy in excess is injurious, but no more so than ripe fruit, roast beef, plum pudding, or even mashed potatoes.—New York Mail and Express.

Dressing Wounds With Ashes. Recent wounds should be dressed, says Dr. Pashkoff, with a thin layer of ashes prepared extempore by incinerating some cotton stuff or linen. The ashes mingling with the blood form a protecting scurf under which the lesion heals very rapidly. This simple and convenient method has been practiced by the Cossack peasantry from time immemorial, and the doctor mentions that in his own experience of twenty-eight cases of cuts, stabs, crushes, etc., twenty-six healed without any suppuration. He also recommends that dirty-looking wounds should be washed with a boracic solution being dressed, and New Orleans Picayune.

small a compass as possible. It did not take me half a minute to do all this. Then I waited. It was but a few seconds, but it seemed hours. I heard the roar of the approaching train. Then the engine dashed past me. I shall never forget the row of lighted carriages passing about a foot away from me—closer than even that, as it came to a halt. There was a dull thud and a crash, and all was dark. When I came to my senses I was lying on the floor of the postal van. Two men in their shirt sleeves were busily engaged in sorting letters at a rack. I felt bruised and stiff all over, and I found that my left arm was bound in a sling made out of a handkerchief.

"Where are we?" I asked. They turned around. "Oh, you've come to, have you?" said one of them. "Now, perhaps, you'll give an account of yourself. It's precious lucky you're here at all, let me tell you, for if you had been a taller man you must only have got part of you in the net. As it is, you've got your collar bone broken. We've tied it up a bit. Now, perhaps, you'll speak out, and look here, if we find you've been dodging the police, don't you go thinking you'll give 'em the slip any further. The mail van isn't a refuge of that sort."

I told them the motive that had prompted me to take the desperate step I had done. They wouldn't believe it at first. Luckily, though, I had put the evening paper and my diary in my pocket, so I showed them the paragraph and the entry. They were civil enough then.

"Well, sir, we shall be in Silkminter about three or a little after. I hope you'll be able to save the poor beggar. You must excuse our getting to work again, and the best thing for you will be to rest yourself."

They piled a quantity of empty mail bags on the floor and made me a rough shake-down. Before he went to his work again the other one said: "What a pity you never thought of a better way out of the difficulty than coming in here so sudden like."

"There was no other way." "Yes there was, sir." "What was that?" "Why, you should have got the signalman to telegraph to Silkminter; he could have done it all right."

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## \$120,000,000 LOST!

## EIGHT MONTHS OF THE DEMOCRATIC ADMINISTRATION.

How the Business of the Country is Beginning to Revive—Bennett Says We "Ought to Thank the Framers of the New Tariff."

The statement of our import and export trade for February is not encouraging, our exports being \$3,600,000 less than in February, 1894. A year ago our February exports were \$11,812,190 greater than our imports, but in February of the present year our imports were \$2,017,809 greater than our exports. Taking the figures for the eight months ending February 28, 1894-5, we have the following:

EIGHT MONTHS ENDING FEBRUARY 28.	
	1894. 1895.
Domestic exports	\$619,377,183 \$549,680,640
Foreign imports	415,415,162 405,238,447
Excess of exports	\$203,962,021 \$83,442,193
This shows that during the eight months ending February 28, 1894, we exported almost \$204,000,000 worth of goods more than we imported, but during the corresponding eight months of the current fiscal year our exports were only \$83,442,193 more than our imports, showing a loss of \$120,557,828 in excess of exports.	
Next, comparing separately the exports and imports for the eight months, we have the following showing:	
EXPORTS FOR EIGHT MONTHS ENDING	
February 28.	Value.
1894.	\$619,377,183
1895.	\$549,680,640
Decrease.	\$69,706,543
IMPORTS FOR EIGHT MONTHS ENDING	
February 28.	Value.
1894.	\$405,238,447
1895.	\$415,415,162
Increase.	\$10,176,715

From this it is plain that our exports during the current year for eight months decreased by \$69,716,543, while our imports for the same period have decreased by \$50,828,285. In this connection it is interesting to quote the following from the New York Herald:

"There could be no better proof that the business of the country is beginning to revive than this increase of the import trade. From several quarters come well founded reports of a decided increase also in the exportations of American manufactured goods, for which the manufacturers ought to thank the framers of the new tariff."



## Farmers Are Interested.

Mr. David Bingham, the veteran grain exporter, said that the grain port trade was in about the same condition as a year ago, and that was unsatisfactory, and promised to remain so, with little prospect of improvement this crop year either in demand or prices. Mr. H. O. Armour, whose concern is recognized as the largest packers in the country and does the largest domestic trade in hog as well as beef products, said that trade is not as good, has not been and does not promise to be as good as last year, owing to the general industrial and agricultural depression and the consequent inability of laboring people and farmers to buy the usual amount of goods in their line, of which consumption is less than during the panic year of 1893.—New York Journal of Commerce.

## More Money Goes Abroad.

The quantity of cement received through the New York custom house under the first five months' operation of the Gorman tariff was 162,111,463 pounds as compared with 123,672,962 pounds received during the corresponding five months a year earlier.

## THE MULE MARKET.

Farmers and Teamsters Losing Money Under Democratic Administration.

Farmers who own Jacks and Jennies will be interested in a study of the Government mule report, which was issued by the Department of Agriculture last month. There was 2,333,108 mules in the United States at the beginning of 1895, as compared with 2,314,699 mules in January, 1892, showing an increase of 18,409 mules within three years. This is a gain of less than one per cent., and so small that it should not in any way affect the price of mules. But comparing further the value of mules on the farm, we find it to have been as follows:

	Value per head.
January, 1892	\$75.55
January, 1895	47.55
Loss.	\$28.00
It seems that mules which were worth \$75.55 each at the beginning of 1892 in the time of McKinley protection were worth only \$47.55 a head at the beginning of the present year under Gorman free trade, the loss to farmers and others being \$28 upon each and every mule which they owned. Applying these average values to the total number of mules we get at the entire values at each period, as follows:	
Total value of mules.	
January, 1892	\$174,882,070
January, 1895	110,927,834
Total loss.	\$63,954,236

Farmers, teamsters and mule owners generally can see that they have lost almost \$64,000,000 through the depreciation in the value of mules since our good protection times when the McKinley tariff act was in force. This is a little extraordinary, because under the new tariff we were promised a larger demand for all American products from the markets of the world that were to be opened to us as soon as the McKinley tariff was abolished. Unfortunately, this seems to be another instance where foreign buyers have failed to keep their part of the agreement that was promised for them by our free trade falsifiers.

## Cheap Goods Come High to Idle Men With No Money to Buy.



We are pleased to note that the New York World is beginning to realize the necessity for protection in the United States. Referring to recent matrimonial events, it said: "But is it not about time that we should take steps for future protection? How far is this thing to go? How much of the wealth of the country is in the hands of our heiresses? How many noblemen are there in Europe with genuine titles but with limited means? How much of our wealth will be left after all these noblemen have discovered the opportunity offered them by their title-worshipping society?"

If the World is afraid that the wealth of our heiresses will leave us through matrimonial alliances and thinks that it is "about time that we should take steps for future protection," what about the bank accounts of our business men and of our wage-earners—those who endeavor to put by some little savings as the result of their toil and industry? Are they not equally as much entitled to "future protection"? Why should the wage-earners, whom the World always professes to befriend, be deprived of a portion, if not all, of their earnings through the foreign alliances and entanglements entered upon by our American administration, which the World helped to elect, for the benefit of foreign labor, of foreign manufacturers and of foreign industries? It is time that the World began to look after the welfare of the masses of our people more materially than by giving them free bread. It should not merely develop into a "title worshipping" sheet, seeking only "for future protection" for the bank accounts of American heiresses, but it should be careful of the smaller bank accounts of the wives and daughters of labor.

## Will Blow in 1897.

When President Cleveland was inaugurated two years ago Duffy Bros., silk manufacturers of this village, muzzled their factory whistle and it has not blown since, the working people going to and from their work without its melodious sound. The whistle will be again blown in 1897 with the inauguration of a Republican President and good old times.—Fort Plain (N. Y.) Free Press.

## Big Timber Land Deal.

F. H. and C. W. Goodyear, of Buffalo, N. Y., have purchased 4000 acres of Potter County (Pennsylvania) timber land from William Bent, and the timber and hemlock bark on another tract of 4000 acres. These tracts are estimated to contain 1,000,000,000 feet of standing timber. The price paid was \$150,000. The timber lands of Potter County are now all practically in the hands of the Goodyears, whose sawmills are at Austin.

## THE AFTER-VISION.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,  
And sun and stars forevermore have set,  
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,  
The things of earth which we grieved with lashes wet,  
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,  
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;  
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,  
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

So long as your gray hairs can be counted they don't count.  
A man can earn a fortune on paper in twenty minutes.—Acheson Globe.  
The saying that "silence is golden" probably originated with some blackmailer.—Puck.

It has always been a mystery how straight an insane murderer can shoot.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It is better to be alone in the world than to bring up a boy to play on the accordion.—The South-West.

Cupid isn't any more like the picture we see of him than courtship is like marriage.—Detroit Free Press.  
If you do not believe there is an exception to every rule, consult some lawyer who has lost his case.—Adams Freeman.

A deaf mute student recently broke three knuckles while conjugating the Russian verb "to love" with his left hand.—Puck.

Bank checks are considered the best kind of note paper for absent husbands to use in corresponding with their wives.—Syracuse Post.

Mr. Usher—"I have always been afraid of being buried alive." Dr. Pulser—"No danger, man; I am your doctor."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A man is always proud of his children who are large for their age, except when he is trying to pass them on half-fare tickets.—Acheson Globe.

Traveler (inquiring at famous castle): "Can I see the antiquities to-day?" Servant—"I am afraid not, sir. My lady and daughters have gone to town."—Household Words.

Fig—"I guess you would have been glad to get a slice of pie when you were in the army?" Fog—"If I could only have been at home to eat it."—Boston Transcript.

Wife—"Do you really love me, my pet?" Husband—"I adore you, my sweet, and am prepared to give you any proof of the fact not exceeding a hundred francs!"—El Carlinio.

Little Miss Freckles (proudly): "My new doll winds up and walks." Little Miss Mugg (airily): "If I'd a-known that kind was 'bein' sold, I'd a-got one for a waiting maid for my dollie."—Good News.

Mistress (on the second day to new cook): "Kathi, just be so good as to lend me five marks." Cook (aside): "Ha, ha! that's why she said yesterday the cook in her house was treated as one of the family!"—Der Schalk.

Mrs. Smallworth—"I don't know what has come over my husband. He seems to be suffering from an attack of pessimism." Old Mrs. Beddoes—"Law, me! Why don't you give him a good dose of tansy and bitters?"—Cincinnati Tribune.

## Felled by Cold Fire.

Lieutenant John P. Finley, one of the best-informed meteorologists in the service of the United States, tells a wonderful story of a most remarkable snowstorm which he once encountered in making the ascent of Pike's Peak, and which, he says, could be best described as a "shower of cold fire." In reality, the "shower," as he explained to a Republic reporter, was a fall of snow, in which every flake was so charged with electricity as to present a scene that can be better imagined than described. At first the flakes only discharged their tiny lights upon coming in contact with the hair of the mule upon which the Lieutenant was mounted. Presently they began coming "thicker and faster," each flake emitting its spark as it noisily sank into the drifts of the same substance or settled upon the clothing of the observer, or the fur of the beast upon which he had essayed to make the ascent of the peak. As the storm increased in fury and the flakes of snow became smaller each of the icy particles appeared as a long blaze of ghostly white light, and the roaring produced by the electric explosions conveyed an impression of nature's grandeur, which Mr. Finley declares he will never forget. When the electric storm was at its height, and each flake was as a streak of fire, sparks of the electric fluid escaped in streams from Mr. Finley's finger-tips, as well as from his ears, beard and nose.

## Amusing Admiralty Blunders.

Admiralty blunders are not, says the Paris correspondent of the London News, a privilege of Great Britain alone. The French Minister of Marine kept at St. Pierre Miquelon, near Newfoundland, a stock of empty barrels which had contained lard, wine, and salt meat. The Colonial Governor, not knowing what to do with these "empties," which were rotting and falling to pieces, asked that they might be removed. The Commissioner of the Minister Marine ruled, however, that they must be sent to France as no transport is to be found in the Newfoundland waters, it was necessary to charter a sailing vessel, the Seaflower, which was on its way to St. Malo. The vessel landed, the other day, its precious freight, a sum of \$500 being paid by the Admiralty to the owners. The barrels were sold by auction the other day, and fetched the sum of \$30.