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Marriage seems to the New York Mail and Express to be a failure in Switzerland, where one divorce is granted for every twenty-two weddings.

It appears that canned horse meat is really to come on the market. It is said, in the New York Sun, to be sweetish and not so good as dog, but it is not nasty.

Herbert Spencer takes a gloomy view of the future. He believes the world is approaching an era of State socialism, "which," he says, "will be the greatest disaster the world has ever known."

The Chicago Times-Herald offers four prizes, aggregating \$5000, for the best American inventions in the line of "horseless carriages." They must be ready to run from Chicago to Milwaukee in November.

The San Francisco Examiner believes that the English habit of carrying one's wife into an active political campaign could be adopted in this country without the wife being pelted with a stale cabbage or an out-of-date cat.

Some of the republics south of us are said to order a good deal of railroad iron from the United States. "If these States would buy more railroad iron and fewer guns they would get much more comfortably," remarks the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

When it is remembered that on the lines of a single railroad system in Georgia there are 2,088,000 peach trees that grow fruit for shipment, something may be known of the present magnitude of an industry that scarcely existed twenty years ago. The peach belt now extends over the greater part of the State, and some single orchards number 100,000 trees.

Western Pennsylvania, according to the report of the United States Geological Survey, has twenty-one or twenty-two bituminous coal seams of commercial value. Dr. Chance, the Assistant Geologist of the State Geological Survey, estimates the quantity of coal contained in these seams at 33,547,200,000 long tons. It is estimated that this supply would not be exhausted for 330 years taking the average annual production for the past five years, which has been 43,000,000 tons.

The existence of an international criminal league, recently discovered at Brussels, is only another proof that the world is growing smaller day by day. Just as with one State is too bounded a sphere for the exuberant activities of the artists in the craft of appropriating other people's goods, so it is abroad. A European federation of thieves, secret agents and receivers of stolen goods has been unveiled. The headquarters were in London, where the fence had his quarters. This is a development of the theory of the solidarity of Nations that is not reassuring.

The Chicago Tribune observes that a newspaper reporter named William Weldon invented the idea of the "bicycle sulky," the record-breaking sulky with ball bearings and pneumatic tires. He suggested the innovation in a newspaper "fake" article, not really as a practical thing. The Tribune bewails the fact that he never took a patent for the idea, thus losing "millions." The Tribune is off-secant, however, comments the Pathfinder, for the application of bicycle wheels to a sulky would not be patentable. To entitle to patent the invention must be "novel," and the Patent Office holds that a mere adaptation of a device to a logical though new use, is not such a "novel" use as will carry a patent.

This is apparently to be the greatest corn year ever known, and the season is now so far advanced, according to a contemporary, as to reduce the chances of disaster to a minimum. In 1891 we raised the greatest corn crop ever grown, but we are going to render it insignificant this year. In 1891 corn covered 76,204,000 acres and yielded an average of twenty-seven bushels to the acre. This year the corn fields amount to 82,304,000 acres, or 6,000,000 more than in 1891, and all reports indicate a larger yield per acre than in that year. But at the same average yield the crop will amount to 2,222,208,000—two billion two hundred and twenty-two million two hundred and eighty thousand bushels. Corn is worth about fifty cents a bushel, not only in the markets, but in the feeding of hogs. This crop will therefore add \$1,111,104,000 to the country's wealth. Think of it! More than a billion dollars of actual wealth produced in a single year in the shape of a single crop!

A LITTLE SONG.

A little cot in a little spot, With a little heaven bath sent; A little way from that cot each day; A song to sing, and a word to say; A little winter—a little May, And a heart content, content!

A little wife, and a little life In love and duty spent; A song and sigh as the years go by; A grave, perhaps, where the violets lie; But a heaven on earth and a heaven on high— In life and death content! —Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

OLD SWANLEE'S DAUGHTER



WOMEN were riding tired horses down an ill-fated trail through North Carolina woods. The one was a New Yorker—keen, alert, dark haired and chronically one day behind with his shaving. His companion, who rode with difficulty his rough-gaited Kentucky mare, was obviously British. Everything, from his deer-stalker cap to his yellow pigskin gaiters, with their buttons down the shin, betrayed him for a recent importation from the islands beyond the sea. They were not friends, scarcely acquaintances; they had foregathered some few miles back at crossroads, and, finding that they were heading in the same direction, had joggled along in company.

For the past hour the multitude of trails had bothered them much, and there had been a good deal of toss up in their choice, and at last neither had any further ideas to offer about the route, and there was no question that they were most satisfactorily lost. The last blue of the sky was turning to a cooler purple, and a couple of tree toads were already commencing the overture of their nightly opera.

"Say," remarked the American, "have you ever ridden down a strange trail of this sort after nightfall?" "Can't say that I have."

"Then, sir, you've an experience in store which won't be all molasses. You wait till the trees begin to sneeze up and hit you on the knee-cap, then you'll—Great Co-lumbus! see that?" "What, these green shrubs?"

"Corn, sir. Indian corn, you call it 'way back in the old country. And here's a house."

They wheeled round the edge of the corn patch, their horses picking a way cautiously over the outshooting roots of the timber, and pulled up before a small frame dwelling. As though their arrival had been expected, the rough door swung open and a man stepped out and faced them. He was an old man, and heavily bearded. He stood quite four inches above the fathom in his boots, and in the hollow of his left arm he carried a weapon, single barreled and hammerless.

He pointed to this and introduced it. "Gentlemen," he said, "that is about the latest. Rawnsley's 10-fire repeating shotgun. The first of you that slips a hand toward the sly pocket of his pants will get a hole into him that a yoke of steers could drive through. If you want to stay, you've got to fight it out."

He of the yellow gaiters laughed. "What quaint people you Americans are!" he said. "Why you should threaten war in this unexpected fashion, I can't imagine!" "Ho! you're a Britisher?" "English—quite English."

"And your companion, isn't he an ex-ciseman, either?" The Englishman shrugged his shoulders, and the New Yorker answered for himself.

"S. T. Vaurenann, real estate agent, Irving place, New York City. Stick to my own trade, Colonel, and shouldn't know what a blockade still was if I were shown one."

you, you seem straight. Please remember you've seen nothing."

"I'm under the tie of broad and salt," said the Englishman. "You needn't fear me," and fell to talking about the game in the woods.

When the Englishman awoke next morning he found that his traveling companion had already departed.

"I didn't press him to stay," said the old man, "but I hope you will honor me with a longer visit. My name is Colonel Swanlee, which you may have seen mentioned in accounts of the war, and once I had a forty-room house here and close on two hundred hands working on a fine estate. The house and the hands are gone, and the estate has run back for the most part into forest. I've been luckier than some. I haven't sold a rod of ground. I've been spared seeing a filthy railroad plowing through my land, and I've some other mercies to be thankful for. Come, sir; you said last night you were in no hurry to get on. Will you stay awhile and rough it with me?"

The invitation was genuine, and because the life was fresh and interesting to him, and because Old Man Swanlee was loath to let him go, he stayed on till the weeks grew to over a month. There was much to occupy his time. Any one with a taste for scenery may gratify it to the full in the wooded mountains and valleys of the Alleghany country. Sometimes he took his horse and rode along the rough trails far afield—over the great Smokies, and looked down on Tennessee. Sometimes he roamed through the second growth forest, which had sprung up in tropical luxuriance over the once cleared land, occasionally shooting a wild turkey or a hawk or a flying squirrel, or whipping in two a small rattlesnake, but for the most part finding full enjoyment in admiring this gallery of pictures which nature by herself had painted.

Once, indeed, he visited the distillery in its weird hiding place under the waterfall, and glanced curiously over the crude appliances with which the fiery corn whisky was produced. But that was only once, and, indeed, the still was seldom referred to. In the evening, when they sat together under the wooden piazza, the Englishman and his host either smoked and smoked in silence, looking into the warm Southern night and listening to its myriad insect noises, or else the old man would talk and the Englishman would listen with a kind of polite interest. Sometimes he seemed to be living then in an atmosphere of nearly half a century before, and at times the Englishman had hard work to bring himself back to the true realities.

But at last there came a breaking up of the pastoral, and it arrived in a barbarous shape. The place was raided by the revenue men. The visitor was away bee hunting in the woods when they arrived, but hastened back when the sound of heavy firing came down to him over the timber. He gained the hut, perhaps luckily, too late for interference, but the history of what had occurred was written out before him in ruddy lettering. Three officers of the excise lay twisted and dead on the red soil, shot down by that terrible 10-fire repeater, which carried its charge like a heavy ball for the short distance. Farther out was Vaurenann, doubtless up over a stump like a half-filled meal sack. Flitting in and about the trees, still farther down the trail, were four saddled horses leisurely grazing.

There was no sign of Old Man Swanlee. Had he run for the woods, or— The newcomer rushed cross the clearing and into the cabin. The blockade distiller, was stretched out on the floor with blood oozing into pools around him. The Englishman shuddered and bent down for examination. An ear shredded through by one bullet, temple grazed by another, left elbow shattered by a third; none of these were mortal, none could cause this prostration. Ah! there was a worse wound, in the groin—that meant death.

Under the impromptu surgery the old man woke up. "That blasted detective, Vaurenann! However, he's got his gruel, and so have the revenue men, and I'm dying, and—Hullo! who are you?"

Old Man Swanlee gripped his gun again and started up full of fight. "Oh, it's you, sir, is it? I ask your pardon, I'm sure," he said, bowing with old-fashioned courtesy, "but this little domestic trouble must be my excuse. Those fellows have pumped lead into me till I've been a trifle thrust off my balance. Thanks, if you would assist me on the floor again and bring the corner of that box under my head."

He rested a minute to collect his thoughts, and then went on afresh. "Now, Mr. (I've forgotten your name), circumstances compel me to ask you an intense favor. I've had staunch friends, but some were shot in the war and some have died since, and the rest are scattered. I know not where. There isn't a soul to whom I can trust my little girl."

"Your daughter is this that you're speaking about?" "That's so. I haven't mentioned her before. I don't let her have any truck with the lot down here, and didn't intend to until the place was really to receive her as she should be received—as my mother was received when she came upon the estate. Yes, sir, that's what I've been toiling and slaving for all these years, barely spending a dollar in cash except a few cents an acre for taxes; holding onto the land with a miser's grip, while the forest stamped the snake fences out of sight, brewing a vile brew for the mountaineers around. No, sir, I've not sold moonlight whisky because I liked it, or lugged my balance at the banks merely to put myself back on the ancestral dunghill. I've done my rowing. But, sir, when my little girl was born in Richmond dur-

ing the siege, my wife made me promise before she died that, come what might, I'd see the child mistress of the house we'd been driven from here; my wife was a very proud woman, sir; her family claimed descent from Pocahontas. I sent the child to a convent in Paris, and there she's remained ever since. But she's finished her education, and she's coming home right now—coming home to her inheritance. Yes, sir, the estate will be hers in an hour or so's time, and with it a matter of \$50,000. Now, sir, will you give a dying man a hand?"

"I will do anything that lies within my power."

"Then find out my daughter," came the astonishing reply, "and marry her." Horror struck the Englishman, started to his feet. Did not this man realize that he was a murderer, still red handed?

"My God!" said Old Man Swanlee, "you are not going to refuse me?" He stretched out a bony hand and caught at the other's gaiter. "Heavens, man, think what you are saying. Think what this means to me!"

The other turned away his head in despair. "It is not much I am asking. She's beautiful. I had her photograph sent me only the other day. She's highly educated; she's well born; she's rich. What more can a young man want in a wife?"

"But," broke in the Englishman, desperately, "I am not free. I met a girl in Paris a while back, and crossed with her here in the boat from Havre. Before we landed in New York she had promised to become my wife. I never could marry any one else. I—er—in short, I love her."

The old man's knotted hands wrestled with one another tremulously. "I see," he said at last, with heavy sigh. "I should like it to have been, but what you say is final. Still, sir, you must do something else for me, if you will."

"Anything that lies within my power," exclaimed the other eagerly. "Believe me, anything."

"Then find out my daughter and act as her guardian. Give her my dying command to obey you in everything, and she will do it. See that she has her rights; guard her from adventurers; watch that she marries a good husband, a man that is worthy of her, one who will treat her well."

The old man's voice had died down almost to a whisper. His companion stooped over him. "I will do all you ask," he said earnestly. "But you had better tell me now where I shall find Miss Swanlee."

"Thanks; you are very good. But I ought to have told you she is not bearing that name now. To avoid complications which arose after the war I made her take another, which she has carried ever since. She was christened Miriam, after mother, and—"

The old man's voice drooped. "Yes, yes," said the Englishman, impatiently; "but what was the surname?" "Lee."

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

After Tribute—Neighborly Feeling—Instantly—Doubly Afflicted—The Small Boy's Idea, Etc., Etc.

Come let us wander o'er the mead This pleasant summer day; Let's watch the bovine at his feed, The farmers toss the hay; And through the clover let us stray, O summer girl—and I The usual tribute sweet will pay When coming through the rye. —Harper's Bazar.

DOUBLE AFFLICTED.

"Hi, Jimmy, wot's de matter?" "Back's blistered."

"Swimmin' or lickin'?" "Both."—Chicago Record.

NEIGHBORLY FEELING.

Fond Parent—"She's got a lot of music in her."

Sarcastic Neighbor—"Yes. What a pity it's allowed to escape."—Truth.

INSTANTLY.

Thomas—"Have they named the twins over at your house yet?"

John—"Yep; pa called them Thunder and Lightning as soon as he heard about them."—Puck.

THE SMALL BOY'S IDEA.

Boy—"I want to buy some paper."

Dealer—"What kind of paper?"

Boy—"I guess you better gimme fly paper. I want to make a kite." —Philadelphia Record.

HE WANTED TO KNOW.

Little Clarence—"Pa?"

Mr. Callipers—"Well, my son?"

Little Clarence—"Pa, which is the biggest nuisance—the man who talks in his sleep or the man who sleeps in his talk?"—Truth.

A GREAT SACRIFICE.

Miss Upperprust—"She's awfully self-sacrificing. Do you know, she stayed away from church last Sunday in order to sit with a sick friend."

Mr. Crumple—"I don't see anything so self-sacrificing in that."

Miss Upperprust—"Yes; but she had just got a new dress and hat." —New York Ledger.

INTRICACIES OF OUR LANGUAGES.

"Mother," said Johnnie, after deep thought, "suppose I should knock this vase off the table and catch it—then I wouldn't catch it, would I?"

"N—n—no, I suppose not," his mother slowly assented.

"But," continued Johnnie, still toying with the vase, "if I should knock it off and not catch it—then I would catch it, wouldn't I?"

"Yes, you would," his mother grimly returned, this time with quick decision. —Rockland Tribune.

TWO CORPORATIONS CLASH.

"This bill," protested the man at the window, "calls for \$2.64 for gas burned in June, and there wasn't anybody in the house during the entire month to my certain knowledge."

"The meter tells a different story, sir," replied the cashier at the gas company's office, "and we have to go by the meter; \$2.64 is right."

"Well, I'll pay it," said the other, taking out his pocketbook with great apparent reluctance. "Your name, I think, is Ruggles. Here is your ice bill for last February, amounting to \$2.96. We have called your attention to it several times, but you have refused to pay it on the ground that you did not know any ice was left at your door during that month, and you didn't need it. It wasn't our fault if you didn't know it. The books show that the ice was left there, and we have to go by our books. The difference is thirty-two cents, and if you will just hand over the amount—"

Here they clinched.—Chicago Tribune.

THIS WAS A GOOD ONE.

"Did I tell you the latest bright thing my little boy got off?" asked McBride, as he joined a group of friends at the club.

"Yes, you did," replied all, in concert, with discouraging unanimity.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The electric lines in Chicago now extend over 500 miles.

A metallic ribbon is the latest substitute for bicycle chains.

The only dyes impervious to the bleaching power of the sun's rays are Prussian blue and chrome yellow.

The meat of the herring gives the muscles elasticity, the body strength and the brain vigor, and it is not flesh-forming.

A mastodon skeleton unearthed in Border County, Texas, in August, 1894, had tusks attached to the skull which were ten feet long.

The problem of employing spirits for lighting on a new principle similar to the incandescent gas light is reported to have been successfully solved by a German.

A French medical authority asserts that death caused by a fall from a great height is absolutely painless. The mind acts very rapidly for a time; then unconsciousness ensues.

It is urged that photographers generally should be prepared to catch glimpses of lightning in order that it may be studied photographically as effectively as astronomy is now done.

A new method for identifying handwriting is reported to have been discovered. It consists in enlarging the letters by photography and measuring the alteration due to beating of the pulse.

One of the most recent projects for rapid transit is the suspension of the cars, the motive power being electricity. The inventor claims that the enormous speed of 186 miles per hour may be attained.

The Cincinnati Enquirer has discovered that a drop of air at a temperature of minus 180 degrees will freeze a hole through a person's hand just as quickly as would the same quantity of molten steel or lead.

An expert says that in the nerves at the finger tips of blind persons well defined coils of gray matter, in all respects identical with the gray matter of the brains, are formed. They carry their brains in their hands.

Slag brick chimneys are being tried abroad. The weight is but half that of brick, and a special cement binds together the blocks composing the chimney so firmly as to require neither chain nor iron band for strengthening.

It has been pointed out that the hairs of some caterpillars, prevalent at this season of the year, may cause serious inflammation of the eye, and impairment of vision. They should be removed from the eye at once if introduced there.

A Lucky Accident.

As an example of how a remunerative specialty in hardware forced itself on a receptive and appreciative Yankee, the following incident will be of interest:

Among manufacturers small castings are often put in revolving cylinders with pickers or stars made of cast iron, having usually six points, the extremes of which are about an inch apart.

They are also familiar to toy dealers, who sell them to children as "jackstones." The pickers, together with small castings, are put into the tumbling barrels, so that any particles of sand adhering may be removed and a better finish given the castings.

A large and well-known New England concern, which, in addition to the other lines, manufacturers screw wrenches; largely, formerly used a peculiarly shaped malleable iron ferrule, with irregular openings at the two ends and circular openings at the two ends, weighing about an ounce. Some of these ferrules chanced to be a part of the contents in one of the tumbling barrels. When the barrel was opened the attendant noticed, what to him seemed almost incredible, that the picker with all its prongs was inside the ferrule, the openings of which were comparatively small. The observant mechanic logically concluded that as it had got in it could be got out again.

The phenomenon was brought to the attention of parties who decided to apply the idea in a puzzle, and the result has been that the original manufacturers are now making the two parts under contract, in ton lots, while the first order is said to have netted a profit to the promoters of \$1700.—Iron Age.

A Risculous Custom.

If there is nothing more amusing, perhaps, in all the quaint and curious "customs" of the House of Commons than the strange ceremony which marks the termination of its every sitting.

The moment the house is adjourned, stentorian voiced messengers and policemen cry out in the lobbies and corridors: "Who goes home?" These mysterious words have sounded every night for centuries through the Palace of Westminster.

The performance originated at a time when it was necessary for members to go home in parties for common protection against the footpads who infested the streets of London. But, though that danger has long since passed away, the cry of "Who goes home?" is still heard night after night, receiving no reply, and expecting none.—Chambers's Journal.

The South American Teat.

One of the principal products of Paraguay is the yerba mate, which is largely used as tea in South America. It was discovered recently that adulteration was practised in the commerce and preparation of that plant, and the Minister of the Interior, at Assuncion, has recently taken severe measures to detect and punish those who practice adulteration.—New York Tribune.

IN THE ORCHARD.

A lengthening vista of yellow and green, With shafts of deep shadows and sunlight between;

The branches, wind-tossed, dapple tree-trunk and ground, With ripples of light on the soft waves of sound.

The apple trees old, with arms gnarled and gray, Like sentinels grim stand in martial array.

Their armor of green discolored or ahead Rich treasures of fruit shining yellow and red.

The vanishing point is a crooked rail fence Where scampers a squirrel with malicious prepense;

A chattering robin doth hotly pursue The little red thief and chases him through. —B. E. Jaques, in American Agriculturist.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

It's war club—The triple alliance. A's all up with a man when he's turned down.

Some people can keep their minds on a mighty small object and not feel cramped for room.—Puck.

A large majority of those who think they need coxing really require clubbing.—Milwaukee Journal.

Mrs. Peastraw—"How on earth did you get yourself so dirty?" Johnny—"I was in swimmin'."—Truth.

You can sail down your money, but you cannot catch golden eagles by putting salt on their tails.—Truth.

It's the summer fly that bustles. Till within the spider's gates, And the spider never hustles, But he gets there while he waits. —Truth.

Too many men regard death as they do their banker, and expect ample notification when their time will be up. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Inventors of college-yells can find a mine of inspiration in sitting around listening to women talk baby-talk to their babies.—Acheson Globe.

Isn't there some way in which we can arrange to get our weather properly mixed instead of taking the ingredients separately?—Troy Press.

"Our landlady says she likes to see her boarders have good appetites." "Well, I'm not surprised. Some women are naturally cruel."—Life.

Johnny must have got his gun. By exhortations goaded; But his silence is suggestive that He didn't know't was loaded. —Puck.

"What is the name of that man?" signaled one deaf mute to another. "It's queer, but I can't recall it," was the reply; "though it is right at my finger ends."—Puck.

"Why is it," asks the Manayunk philosopher "that when a man is afflicted with chills and fever the chills always come on the cold days and the fever on hot days?"—Philadelphia Record.

Prepared for the Worst: Edna—"Whom is Miss Gollyght going to marry?" Millie—"Old Moneybags." Edna—"How do you know?" Millie—"She's having most of her trousseau made in black."—The Mourners.

Stern Father—"Do you realize, young man, that up to the present time it has cost me at least \$20,000 to bring up and educate that girl?" Fond Lover—"Yes, sir; and from my point of view I should say, sir, that she is fully worth it."—Somerville Journal.

The Third Time Proposal: She (bored)—"No, Mr. Lytely, I can never love you. I honor and respect you. I am sure you would make some other woman a good husband. I—" He—"Well—er—could you—er—give me a letter of recommendation to my next place?"—Vogue.

An Extra Lady—"Your testimonials are satisfactory and I am willing to take you on the terms you ass, namely, thirty florins, only I expect that you will treat my children with affection." Nursery Maid—"Affection? Then I shall want five florins a month extra."—Der Floh.

Squidly—"Did the bride's father do the correct thing when you, Spunkkins married Miss Casaboe?" McBride—"Well, he gave the bride." Squidly (interrupting)—"I knew he would do something handsome." McBride (restraining)—"He gave the bride away."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Mercy!" cried the editor's wife, as she arose in the morning to find two windows pried open and the lamp overturned in the middle of the floor. "There was a burglar in the house last night—a burglar!" "Yes," said the editor with a yawn, "he struck us just before daylight, but he was evidently a very poor man. I only got \$6 out of him. You'll find it in the bureau drawer. The key's under my pillow." —Atlanta Constitution.

The Clock Didn't Run on Sundays.

A London gossip writes: "The Aquarium people have organized an exhibition of curious old clocks and watches. Among the 2000 examples acquired are several of special interest. Of the general exhibits one of the most interesting is a clock built by a pious Scotchman a century and a half ago. To guard against any possible consequences of breaking the Sabbath he so constructed it that at midnight on Saturday it stopped dead, and never so much as ticked until Monday morning began."—Jewelers' Circular.

Bismarck's Gold Chessboard.

Prince Bismarck was recently the recipient of a handsome present in the shape of a chessboard inlaid with alternate squares of yellow and milk white amber laid on an under surface of gold. The figures, which are marvelously carved, are also of amber, and each minute detail is faultlessly carried out.