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Juvenile crimes have increased in France from 16,000 in 1890 to 31,000 in 1895.

The Baltimore News believes that there is nearly \$150,000,000 of Baltimore money invested in Southern securities.

One of the important matters to which the New York Sun is directing attention is whether to say "tooth brush" or "teeth brush."

According to the Paris Revue Horticole, the largest forests in the world are in Central Africa, Southern Siberia, North and South America.

Public Opinion thinks it is matter for congratulation that the teaching of English in our schools and colleges is at last beginning to get a modicum of the attention that it has long demanded.

The Allahabad Pioneer, the principal journal of British India, and the one on which Rudyard Kipling began his literary career, recently contained a paragraph in the "want" columns as follows: "Situation wanted as snake charmer in respectable family. P. S.—No objection to looking after the camel."

The status of the fiancée has recently come up in Texas. A railroad man had his life insured for the benefit of his betrothed. He died from injuries in a wreck. His family enjoined the insurance company from paying the money. In Missouri the Supreme Court has decided that such insurance is invalid. The family got the money.

That it costs something to launch a big battleship is shown by the statement that at the expense of getting the Victorians, the latest addition to England's fleet, afloat was about \$10,000. She is a sister ship to the Magnificent and the Majestic, and is 390 feet long, seventy-five feet beam, and 27½ feet draught. There were used up on the ways over which she slid into the water 7000 pounds of Russian tallow, 160 gallons of train oil and 700 pounds of soft soap. The gross weight of the ship, equipped and ready for sea, is 15,725 tons.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, in a recent sermon, speaking of our near approach to the twentieth century, said: "Only four summers more; four autumns more; four winters more; four springs more, and then the clock of time will strike the death of the old century and the birth of the new." It is easy to forget, recalls the Pathfinder, that there are still five more years before dawn of the twentieth century. The nineteenth century will not end, remember, till midnight of December 31, 1900, not 1899. You must spend your 100th cent before your dollar is gone, and it is so with the years of the century.

The Atlanta Constitution remarks: Out in Indiana an old lady of seventy-four offered \$20,000 for a young husband. An enterprising fellow of twenty-six came forward, but the woman's family sued out a writ of lunacy to prevent her from marrying. The jury pronounced her sane, and she eloped with her purchase and married him. The Chicago Record in commenting on this case makes the point that a short time ago a young woman in New York wanted a husband with a title, and got him after a big cash sum of several million dollars had been settled upon him by her relatives. Nobody hinted that the New York girl was insane. On the contrary society thought that she had distinguished herself. Our Chicago contemporary thinks that it makes a difference when the purchased husband is an imported article with a title. If he is a home product the woman who offers a good price for him is supposed to be crazy.

The Italians imported by Austin Colbin to become land owners at Sunnyside, Arkansas, are represented in the New York Post to be superior in morals and intelligence to the Italian laborers with whom people in other parts of the country are more or less familiar. They are reported to have been carefully selected from a very respectable and prosperous class. At home they were small farmers, gardeners and fruit growers, and the methods of farming and careful cultivation to which they have been accustomed are expected to be great aids to them in their new surroundings. They have strong religious inclinations, and their first act after arriving at their new home was to conduct religious exercises in thanks to God for the kindness bestowed upon them. They were heartily welcomed at Sunnyside, and at once announced their intention to become citizens. Other ship loads of immigrants are expected to follow this first importation.

BY THE FIRE.

Within my door, good Dame To-day Spins by the hearthstone bright, And keeps me at my task away, Till taps my neighbor Nigh; Then brushes she the hearth, betimes, And bids the wheel be still, And, with her gossip Dury, climbs The path up yonder hill.

A TEST OF THE COMMON-PLACE.



WHEN Clinton's engagement to Miss Lanston had been broken because of Greta Morry's, confessor grew and thrived in all directions as to whether or not Greta was betrothed to Mr. Clinton. That he had asked her to marry him, even before the break with Miss Lanston, was certain, but whether she had said yes or no, nobody was able to say.

Her manner to him was the same as before—a brilliant coquetry that belonged to her alone—and nobody dared question her. When early in the week it became known that Francis Greyford was coming down from Bar Harbor to Squirrel Island, apparently for no better reason than that Miss Morry's was there, those interested made sure that at last they would be able to solve this riddle.

Then, the day before Mr. Greyford came, Clinton went off to New York. There was a whisper that he went to buy Greta the handsomest diamond ring at Tiffany's, but those things are rarely to be believed, and the hotel realized with a dull throb of disappointment that now, perhaps, the riddle could not be solved.

There were, of course, several girls ready to tell Greyford about Clinton, but he did not seem to mind much, and only this morning he had been heard to ask her to go rowing, in spite of the stormy sea, because he liked to be with her where nobody else dared go.

She had laughed at him carelessly and looked out at the windswept ocean thoughtfully before she answered: "Yes, let us go; it will be an experience that will forever after prevent surface acquaintance between us." He gave her a quick glance. "Do you want it prevented?" "Yes. Surface acquaintance with a man cannot be anything but commonplace, and I do not like a man who is that."

"Will you tell me, Miss Greta, what kind of a man do you really like best?" Greyford's handsome eyes were very earnest. Greta pondered a moment; then, with a little laugh, she brought her eyes back from the stormy sea to the man at her side. "I would rather not," she answered. "Why?" "Because there is a possible chance that there is that kind of man, and that would be an embarrassing admission for me to make."

She threw back her head and looked at him through half-closed lids. "How does it feel to be afraid?"

He gave her a wrathful glance and moved away to the long, narrow boat waiting on the beach. Without a word he helped her in, took up the oars, and with the long, steady stroke of a Harvard crew man swept out into the channel. It may have been that the group of girls watching them from the piazza had something to do with Greta's persistence. Now, however, they passed out of view, and Greta's attention was claimed by Greyford. She watched him admiringly; the broad shoulders, the proud poise of the head and the annoyed determination of his face; then she laughed softly.

Greyford looked at the lowering storm-cloud and then at the expressive face of the girl before him, into which no touch of seriousness had come. "If we go round the island," he said, "we take our lives in our hands, probably to dash them to pieces on the Hypocrite rocks." He rested on his oars, still looking at her. "I have never been near death," said Greta, thoughtfully.

His lips came together firmly. "I will not take you near it. Have you never a serious moment in your life? Is there nothing more to you than effervescence?" She had said truly that in such an experience as they were now experiencing conventional acquaintance would vanish.

Very gravely she looked at him now, with all the carelessness fled. "Yes," she said, simply, "there is much more to me. Because it has never been put to the test in your presence, you ought not to think it lacking. The effervescence would not be attractive if its foundation were poor."

"Thank you," he answered. "I am glad. It is time, then, that we stopped this madness; we will go back." Greta made no answer, but the woman in her approved of his quick tone of command. The boat swung round under his skillful guidance. They were almost a mile out from shore, with the wind and tide against them, and Greyford's teeth set firmly as he saw the little headway they were making.

A wave of foam-crested water rolled over the boat, dashing itself up into Greta's face and over her gown, but she did not even start. "Most girls would have screamed," thought Greyford, with an observant look at her quiet face, with the clustering curls, that the water had not straightened, about it.

Suddenly one of the oars gave an ominous crack, and Greyford's face whitened almost to his lips. "God!" he muttered. "This thing cannot stand the strain, and we are a half mile from shore." Greta leaned forward to the white, determined face. There was no terror in her own; the Morryses had not been used to lose their heads in peril. "It is my fault," she said in a low voice. "You would not have gone but for me. Before—anything—happens, you must let me ask you to forgive my selfishness, and to thank you with all my heart for the friendship of a man that you have given me."

He met the bright blue eyes with a new light in his own—the approving look that bravery gives to courage. "There is nothing to forgive," he answered hastily. Another long stroke and then once more that ominous crack. For an instant Greyford paused; then again the oar swept through the surging water. It splintered and splintered in his grasp. Greta's face grew paler as the broken oar tossed out on the wind-lashed sea. The boat swayed around in the waves, rocking and shivering.

Greyford looked up. "I can do nothing with this one oar in such a sea. I loaned Dale the other pair yesterday." "And the storm will break in a few minutes," answered Greta, looking from the dark sky to the island, where all the girls were doubtless dressing for dinner, and then at the mass of water that lay between them and safety. The boat had been swept around to the south shore, where there was no chance of their being seen or assisted; the hotel and its people had long been out of sight.

"There is only one chance"—Greyford's steady voice paused, and he looked at her critically—"for life. We must swim for it. The tide carries the boat further out each moment, and if the storm overtakes us there will be nothing to hope for." For a moment she did not answer. Perhaps she was thinking of Clinton, for her eyes grew tender. Then she threw off her hat and said: "I think you are right. If it means life or death, I must do my best to make the swim easier; my shoes—and—"

"If we get the boat back they will be unharmed," he said.

The water gurgled around them and over them, the singing waves lashed their faces and tressed their bodies to and fro. For many minutes they were almost at the mercy of the waves, but at length the long, steady strokes told, and both were carried slowly forward. It was true that Greta was an expert swimmer. Each summer that had brought her to the coast had proved it. But the strain now was almost too severe. Slowly they battled on, gaining, gaining. The shore could be seen between the great waves that the wind lashed over them.

"Can you last five minutes longer?" he asked. "We will reach it then—if only the storm does not break." Greyford's voice over the water sounded singularly tender. "Yes," she sighed, though on her face lay an almost mortal weariness. She rejected his offer of help, and they struggled on. "What a woman you are!" he muttered. "I—I am giving out!" she said in low gasps.

"Float again," he answered, "until you are rested." "No," she said, "no—progress." A great wave dashed over them, drowning his answer, and low peals of thunder broke on the air, lashing the waves to wilder fury. Greta's arms felt powerless to her side and, with a faint cry, she felt the water close over her head. Only an instant of that awful sinking down, down into death; then his strong arm went around her and buoyed her up—a choking, breathless burden. She made one last effort and then her feet touched land. She staggered and fell.

With his face gray with the struggle that was not yet ended, he lifted her from the shallow water and carried her bodily up the sandy beach out of reach of the waves. Another crash of thunder pealed through the air and the storm broke over sea and land. Far out on the water a tiny boat swayed and rocked under the storm cloud. Some minutes they rested motionless, exhausted, the salt water dripping from their hair and clothes. Then he spoke to her, with that new tenderness still in his voice, and from their friendship for each other the common-place fled forever.—Chicago News.

Chinese Mail Service.

The mails in China are different from the postal arrangements of any other country in the world. In China the mail service is not in the hands of the Government at, but is left to private persons to establish postal connections, how and wherever they please. Anybody may open a store and hang out a sign advertising that he is ready to accept letters to be forwarded to certain places or countries. The result of this arrangement is that in populous towns there are a great number of persons accepting letters to be forwarded to all parts of the country; at Shanghai, for instance, there are not less than 3500 stores competing with each other and carrying on a war to the knife as far as rates are concerned.

This system, although having great faults, has some good qualities. There are several parties accepting letters in one certain town. The Chinese merchant who writes letters two or three times will patronize several of the concerns, and asks his correspondent to inform him which he got quickest. Having experimented for awhile he will select the firm giving the best service, but he always has the choice of several mailing agencies for his correspondence.—Philadelphia Record.

Warts Are Contagious.

Warts are supposed to be somewhat of the nature of a cancer, and are believed to be contagious. It is a matter of common experience that a person who milks a cow having warty teats will often have warts on his hands, and that the warts spread from one place to another is quite certain. This may be, however, the result of some constitutional tendency to these diseased growths, but, as it is best to be on the safe side at all times, it will be wise for a person having warts on his hands not to milk cows, or one who milks a cow with warty teats should wash the hands before milking another cow. To get rid of warts is not a difficult matter. Any kind of caustic applied to a wart, so as to corrode it to the healthy flesh, and then an application of carbolic acid to the sore, will make a cure.—New York Times.

Born in the Tower of London.

Mrs. John Heaton, historical personage of the Old World, and a highly respected and early settler of Virginia, Ill., died the other morning, aged seventy-six years. Her maiden name was Mary J. Fullerton, and she was born in the Tower of London, England, February 29, 1820, when her father, Major James Fullerton, was in command of the tower. All visitors to this famous prison of the Old World were shown the room and especial attention was called to the fact by the guides that Mary J. Fullerton Heaton was the only female ever born in the tower. She leaves a husband, Captain John Heaton, aged eighty-five, and nine children.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Farmer's Predicament.

A farmer near Eaton Rapids, Mich., recently purchased a suit of clothes of a merchant there. When half way there he thought it would be a good scheme to put them on. He took off his old duds and threw them into the river. But when he came to feel for his new clothes they had disappeared. He presented himself in neglectful attire. The next morning he found his new suit hanging to the brake of the wagon.—Boston Cultivator.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

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

The Usual Episode—Comparative Sadness—Old Enough—A Reasonable Inference, Etc., Etc. "An estate worth many millions is awaiting your command. So to a voracious person wrote a lawyer friend and blast! But he added this brief postscript: 'You will have to send a fee—' Please forward draft for dollars 'steu' made payable to me.' The voracious person told his lack to every one he owed. And sent the draft without delay. Thus closed the episode. —San Francisco Examiner.

OLD ENOUGH. Winebiddle—"Boston is two hundred and sixty-five years old." Gilderleeve—"No wonder she wears spectacles."—Judge.

COMPARATIVE SADNESS. "This is a sad occasion for you, sister," essayed the comforter. "I allow it is," assented the widow. "But it is a heap sadder for Bill,"—Indianapolis Journal.

A SANCTUARY. Student (hurriedly accosting a mate of his)—"Sapperlot, there are a couple of creditors close on my heels." Fellow Student—"Quick, run into the savings bank over the way; nobody will look for you there."

A GRIM REALITY. Merchant (on discovering a man in his cellar)—"Who are you?" Stranger—"The gas man. I have come to see by your meter how much gas you have used during the last month."

A REASONABLE INFERENCE. Manchester—"I think Snaggs has concluded that it is about time some of his daughters were getting married." Birmingham—"Did he tell you so himself?" Manchester—"No; but he has given away his two dogs."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

OUT WITH IT. Judge—"Remember that you are to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Witness—"All right, my lord. The fact is, I want to keep it to myself. But if I am bound to state the whole truth—then I must confess that you are the ugliest man I ever clapped eyes on in my life."

AFTER THE FRENCH. See the young woman. Is the young woman being suddenly and unexpectedly kissed? Ah, yes. And does the young woman raise a hue and cry? The young woman raises a slight hue, but no cry. No.—Detroit Tribune.

DIDN'T WORRY HIM. An old man and his wife were last summer sailing on a steamship between Blackpool and the Isle of Man. As the sea was rather rough, and the old woman unaccustomed to sailing, she said to her husband: "Oh, John, this ship is going down!" "Well, never mind," said her husband, "it isn't ours."—Tit-Bits.

A SEVERE TEST. "Do you think Algernon and Ethel will get along nicely when they are married?" said one lady to another. "I am sure of it," was the reply. "I took care to find out shortly after they were engaged." "How?" "I gave several whist parties, and arranged that they should play as partners. They never quarrelled once."—Tit-Bits.

AN EPICURE. Waiter—"I can't satisfy that guest nohow. He says the steak doesn't taste right yet." Cook—"Where's he from?" Waiter—"From the West." Cook—"And this is Western beef." Waiter—"I told him so, but he said it didn't taste right somehow." Cook—"Oh, I see. He's used to steak cooked on a soft-coal fire. Hold it over that lamp chimney awhile."—Boston Budget.

A PERPLEXED INVENTOR. Old Friend—"Well, how is your flying machine getting along?" Inventor—"Getting along? I finished that twenty years ago. Every detail is complete. There it stands ready to go." "Urucky! Why don't you show it to the world?" "Can't. All men are fools." "What's the matter?" "Can't find a man anywhere with sense enough to climb up a steeple and try it."—Harper's Weekly.

A BAD DOG. Among stories told by country doctors, this one certainly deserves a place. The doctor had prescribed for an Irishman, and visited his cabin the next day to see how he was getting on. "Well, Patrick, are you better today?" he asked pleasantly. "Oh, murther, no—I'm worse, with turrible pain in me inwards!" "Why, didn't you take the pills I ordered?" "I did that, an' I'm worse; but maybe the cover hasn't come off the box yet!"—Argonaut.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A new photograph of the heavens shows 68,000,000 stars. It is proposed to run a street car line in Richmond, Va., by compressed air.

Over 150 ambulances are provided in London for the transport of persons injured or suddenly taken ill in the streets.

Neat's foot oil, purified by strips of lead and sunshine, has been found by an English chemist to be the best lubricant.

There is no reasonable foundation for the belief that pine from which the turpentine has been drawn is of inferior strength and quality.

Eighty varieties of microbes, some entirely new, have been discovered by M. Van den Steen in Amsterdam drinking water. None of them are cholera bacilli.

Tobacco stems were long considered almost a waste product, but will soon be utilized in many ways other than for fumigating greenhouses and to make sheep wash.

Mineral waters, preserves, etc., are now sealed electrically by simply electroplating the cork and the upper part of the neck of the bottle with a thin deposit of copper.

Washington City is now having trouble with its water pipes. They are being rapidly eaten up by electrolysis by the trolley currents turned loose in the ground.

Not less than 700 cases of premature burial have been collected by Dr. Franz Hartmann, of Hallen, Austria, and are claimed to be authenticated. Particulars of more than 100 are given in a work now in press.

Lieutenant Baden Powell, of the British Army, claims to have made successful experiments with a monster kite of 500 square feet, supplemented by three smaller kites, the team to carry a man aloft. The tests were made only when gentle winds prevailed. The device is to serve as an occasional substitute for the captive balloon.

It is well known that sugar and alcohol can be extracted from wood. But now comes a chemist and says that far better results may be squeezed out of peat. He has found that by judicious treatment 1000 pounds of peat can be made to yield as much alcohol as can be won from 500 pounds of potatoes. So that, in future, peat will warm poor men outside and burn them inside.

These Good Old Roads.

It appears from the following from a correspondent, the "good old Roman roads" are pretty much like the "enormous pippins" so many old people handled "when they were young." He says: "At page 187 it is stated that travelers tell us that the old Roman roads are far superior to the modern road. If they say so, they do not tell the truth. In going to the top of Vesuvius, the usual route is from Resina by a route path several miles to the foot of the cone. On the way you go for several hundred yards over a part of the Appia, one of the longest of the old Roman roads. It is not and never was a good road. It is about fifteen feet wide, paved with blocks of trap rock of irregular size and shape, varying in diameter from six inches to two feet. Trap is a very hard volcanic stone wearing smooth by use. The road is perfectly preserved and is as good for travel as it ever was. The stones are polished by the ancient traffic, and are very slippery and unsafe. There is no ditch on either side of the road. No good road is possible without good drainage ditches at the side."—Mechan's Monthly.

A Model Industrial Village.

George Cadbury, one of the most active members of the celebrated cocoa firm, has just entered upon a novel experiment for the benefit of his workpeople. He recently purchased nearly 200 acres of land adjoining the works at Bourneville, near Birmingham. The estate is to be divided into 800 plots for building purposes. Semi-detached villas will be erected, and a sixth of an acre will be apportioned to each residence. A 999 years' lease of the ground, at a nominal rental will be given, and the \$1250 necessary for building purposes will be advanced on mortgage by Mr. Cadbury's solicitor. A park, a public building, baths and several playgrounds will be established. The tenants, by weekly installments, repay the cost of building and become owners.—Westminster Budget.

Sparrows Losing Their Furnacity.

The English sparrow is evidently losing some of its pugnacity, or the other birds are learning that the sparrow's "bark is worse than its bite." A few years ago the quarrelsome immigrant had driven out all the native songsters, and are living in the same groves with the intruders in apparent harmony. The queerest instance reported is from a Maine town, where the bluejays brought the sparrows to subjection by hiding in thickets and imitating the notes of a hawk, afterward coming out into the open with the same cry, which continued to prove effective.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Good Names for a Polter Dog.

A collie dog did an excellent bit of constabulary work in Glasgow, Scotland. The shop girl of a dairy noticed a young man behind the counter at the till. As he had no right to be there she called "Help! Help!" Luckily that was the name of an adjacent collie, who promptly stepped up and pinned the thief by the leg, and handed him over to the police. It is as well sometimes to give a dog a good name.—New Budget.

THE HOLIDAY TRADE.

SHOPPERS AND SHOPKEEPERS NOT AS BUSY AS THEY USED TO BE.

Valuable Information as to the Volume of Holiday Business—Hundreds of Millions of Dollars Less Trade Than in 1892—But Little Improvement Over 1894.

A year ago the free trade papers were pointing with pride to an increase in the volume of last November's business as compared with 1894. They stated that the real movement of goods for the Christmas trade begun in November. Let us see how it has been this year.

Bradstreet's, December 7, told us that the totals of last month's bank clearings were smaller than for October, and that "the falling off shown from October is not unexpected, in view of the recent lull in trade reported from week to week." This seems peculiar. Here we had been approaching Christmas when there should be an extra boom to business, over and above the free trade boom that is said to be in existence, yet Bradstreet's reported a "lull from week to week." Again we quote from that authority: "Rather more than the usual number of decreases (in bank clearings) are shown to have occurred during November as compared with November a year ago."

This is disheartening Christmas cheer. Let us turn to Dun's Review for something brighter. "Business is still sluggish, as if gorged by excessive indulgence of the appetite for buying when prices were advancing. In nearly every branch stocks not yet distributed to consumers stand in the way of new orders, and competition of a producing force largely exceeding the present demand puts down prices, that decline retarding purchases yet more. After the holidays men look for a larger demand."

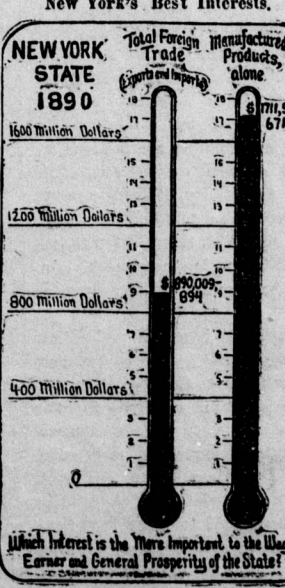
This is about as cheerful as missing the last car at night and having to walk home. Not even the expectations of a larger demand after the holidays can be inspiring, because business men know perfectly well that there is always a sluggish season after the holidays, so they are likely to "look" in vain for that "larger demand." To the producers of raw material, to wage earners and to manufacturers, Dun's Review gave this cheerful Christmas greeting: "In this country the manufacturer meets with a much reduced demand, and prices are gradually sinking. Not even free wool can brighten the gloom of the holiday season, for Dun's Review says of this branch of trade: 'Manufacturers have much machinery idle at present, and orders thus far are not encouraging.'"

A later issue of Bradstreet's, December 14, confirmed this opinion when it said that "among more conspicuous trade features are the disappointing Christmas trade at several cities. It also gave a comparison of the bank clearings of the country during the two first weeks of December, 1895, and for five preceding years, which we reproduce as follows:

Table with columns: Year, Week ending, Bank Clearings. Data for 1890-1895.

The rise of the Christmas trade under an Administration favorable to protection and its decline under the free trade Administration form strong contrasts that should attract the attention of all traders, whether wholesale or retail. Even this year the holiday trade has not yet reached its proportions in 1890. It looks as if we had been having a regular old dull Democratic Christmas time. Let us hope it will be the last one.

New York's Best Interests.



Department of Agriculture reports give the foregoing farm figures. Since McKinley protection in 1892 the number of horses increased by 400,000; their total value decreased in three years by \$430,865,056; the loss per animal was \$28.72. This is the way the free traders kept their promises to improve the condition of our farmers.