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The whole English press is full of ridicule for poet Laureate Austin.

A Georgia paper complains that the Atlanta Fair "scattered measles all over the State."

It is claimed that the "honor system" in colleges originated in the University of Virginia.

Campos says of Weyler's Cuba that "the dead will be his."

Polyn is a greater population in the

uncannous is moting again, former wonder-moting cash out pockets."

agressman Lawler, of old a Chicago audience of the people of this ad was vociferously ap-

A London weekly paper recalls the fact that at the breaking out of the Napoleonic wars, which lasted, in all, twenty-two years, England had about 16,000 mercantile seagoing vessels. During the war no less than 10,871 of them were destroyed or captured by the enemy.

The Southern States Magazine, of Baltimore, publishes reports from over 500 correspondents in all parts of the South as to the financial condition of farmers. "These reports show that the Southern farmers as a class are less burdened with debt than they have been at any previous time since the war."

"In a hundred years," said Napoleon the Great at St. Helena, "Europe will be Cossack or Republican." Russia has been doing her part to realize the prediction for the Cossack, observes the Chicago Times-Herald. The Russian frontier has been moved toward Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Vienna and Paris about 700 miles. It has been moved a thousand miles in the direction of Teheran, 1300 miles nearer British India and 500 miles on the road to Constantinople.

Professor Becker, of the United States Geological Survey, who has just returned from the Alaska gold fields, states that although the precious metal abundance in different parts of Alaska, gold seekers should take into account the hardships and chances of ill-fortune that they will encounter. Food and other necessities are very expensive. Notably rich mines already developed are the Treadwell, on Douglas Island, which produces \$500,000 worth of ore yearly, and the Apollo mine, near Delaroff Bay, with a yearly output of \$300,000.

Mutual fire insurance among farmers has proven wonderfully successful, remarks the American Agriculturist. The Legislatures of the Middle States have done much to aid this movement by passing about all the laws they have been asked to. The hundreds of farmers' mutuals in New York and Pennsylvania represent many millions of dollars' worth of property and without exception the members report adequate protection and a great saving in premiums. Actual losses and the necessary operating expenses are very small. The money is retained in the community and does not go to fill the coffers of those already rich. It is a practical demonstration of co-operation which can be practiced in other lines where farmers are honest and can trust themselves and each other.

Dr. Jameson is reported to have said in an interview that "our Maxims could have knocked the spots out of them, but we had no ammunition." That is going to be the trouble with the machine guns, especially for armies of invasion, predicts the Atlanta Constitution. No ammunition train, no matter how long, can carry cartridges enough to feed these greedy corn-poppers which shoot away in a minute as many rounds as a soldier can carry. The Maxims and Gatlings are all right in their place, but they will not lessen the importance of accurate small arm fire. A beleaguered fortress with big magazines might be able to fill the air so full of lead that no living thing could approach, but an army in the field will still find it necessary to shoot to hit, and it will take sharp oversight to keep the soldiers from wasting too much lead even with a magazine rifle, to say nothing of a machine gun spitting from 600 to 1000 bullets a minute.

AS YE WOULD.

If I should see
A brother languishing in sore distress,
And I should turn and leave him com-
fortless,
When I might be
A messenger of hope and happiness—
How could I ask to have what I denied,
In my own hour of bitterness supplied?
If I might share
A brother's load along the dusty way,
And I should turn and walk alone that day,
How could I dare—
When in the evening watch I knelt to pray—
To ask for help to bear my pain and loss,
If I had heeded not my brother's cross?
If I might sing
A little song to cheer a fainting heart—
And I should seal my lips and sit apart,
When I might bring
A bit of sunshine for life's ache and smart—
How could I hope to have my grief re-
lieved,
If I kept silent when my brother grieved?
And so I know
That day is lost wherein I fail to lend
A helping hand to some wayfaring friend;
But if it show
A burden lightened by the cheer I send,
Then do I hold the golden hours well
spent,
And lay me down to sleep in sweet con-
tent.

—Edith Virginia Bradt.

THE LITTLE OLD MAN.

BY CAROLINE CAMBLOS.

U!LE high up in a high house, in a poor quarter of Paris, lived a little old man. He blew a horn every night in the orchestra of a theatre. It was rumored he had saved considerable money.

What he would do with this money no one knew; only the mothers in the house hoped he would remember their children when he died. For he loved the children in the house.

There were many children, for many families lived there, so he had much to love. When he went to rehearsal he had to clear a passage on the stairs, the little ones crowded so to meet him. He usually had a paper of sweetmeats for them. Again, when a child of the house was missed, its mother would trudge up the many stairs to the top-most room and say: "M. Clerville, my little one should be here," and, sure enough, there it would be.

When the little ones were disobedient, you had but to say: "Ah, if M. Clerville could see you now," and the naughtiest one became an angel of goodness.

His love for their children made the mothers hope he would some time bestow some of his savings upon Jaqueline, Armand, and the like. For he had lived here for nearly eighteen years, had worked all that time and spent but little, so he must have saved much. And for what? No one ever came to see him, he went no where but to the theatre, and he had no friends save the children.

They did not know that the little old man was hoarding and saving for a child he had never seen. It was like this: He had once thought that he could compose a great opera. For years and years he had dreamed about it, worked at it. In these years he had earned but little money, his wife toiling hard to support herself and her daughter. At last, just before the daughter's marriage, M. Clerville finished his opera, sent it to a manager, and had it returned to him. His wife was angry; she had stood so much. She and her daughter left the disappointed man, and he had never seen them from that day to this.

He knew that his daughter had married a little child had come. He determined to work and save for this little child. He put away his opera, and went into an orchestra. This was eighteen years ago. He had lost sight of his wife and child, and grandchild; they had drifted somewhere. But one dream remained to him; he would some time have a goodly sum of money, and then he would hunt out his grandchild and give it to her, thus proving he had not been entirely useless in the world. He always thought of her as a little child. For this reason he loved all children.

Now, one night as he returned from the theatre and was going up to his room, he heard a sweet voice singing tune he had not heard for years. He stopped on the stairs. The song rose on the quiet air; it was an old Provençal song his mother had sung years ago, the tune he had sung to his wife in the early happy days, the tune she in turn had sung to their child.

The door opposite where he was standing opened—a young girl stood there. "Mademoiselle," he said, "I thank you for the song; my mother sang it to me when I was very young." In his garret he thought of the song and of the young girl—what a sweet face hers was. Was it really like a face he had once known? He thought and thought about it until he fell asleep.

Now Marie, the young flower maker, was alone in the world, and had moved into the house that very day. It pleased her that she had pleased the little old man. So the next night when she heard him toiling up the stairs she again sang the old song. "It must be pleasant for him to be reminded of his mother," she thought. "My mother sang it to me, too, and now she is dead."

The old song took the old man way back to happier days. "And where have I seen a face like this young girl's?" thought he. Night after night he heard the song when he came home from the theatre; he would leave his room door open that he might hear it to the end. Once—it was a soft spring night, and

the lilacs were blooming—he felt it more than ever.

"Oh, my dear grandchild," he said. "Will I ever, ever find you? And will you ever, ever love me?"

Again, one day he met Marie as he went down the stairs, the children all about him.

"Are you quite alone, mademoiselle?" he asked. "Quite alone," she answered. "My parents are dead. I had a kind grandmother, but she died, too. And this is my birthday, monsieur. I am seventeen years old."

He stepped up to her, raised himself on his tip-toes, and kissed her pure white brow. "It is thus I would have embraced my grandchild," he said to himself, as he hurried away.

After that he did not see her for a long while, though he often heard her singing the old song when she came back from the theatre. Yet, when he was practicing, up in his room, when the children were with him, when he was blowing his horn in the theatre—at all times he thought of Marie, and the thought of her brought back the old feelings he had once had, till he brought out his opera again, and dreamed once more of being successful.

One day, when he held a sleeping child in his arms and looked down upon its flushed face, he thought, "Marie is young, and should have some one to protect her. I am old—why, I am old enough to be her grandfather. Her grandfather! How strange."

"My own granddaughter may be as old as she! I never thought of that before." He leaned over the sleeping child, and presently something sparkled on its round cheek. May be it was a tear that fell from the little old man's eye.

Just then, Marie, making flowers down in her room, lifted up her voice and sang the old song of Provence. After that the little old man was braver in his clothes, and some times he even had a flower in his coat.

"I must look well," he said. "Marie shall teach me how my granddaughter would like me to look. My granddaughter! Ah, soon I shall go to her. I have saved a good deal."

But he did not see Marie for a good while, and only her song told him she was near. It bade him be hopeful of yet meeting the granddaughter who should love him as he already loved her. Then one night he came home and the song was silent. Startled, he hurried up the stairs. In the doorway of Marie's room stood a young man. Marie stood there, too, and seeing M. Clerville, she began to sing the well-known song. But the little old man passed on to his garret.

"Oh," he thought, "my granddaughter may not love me when she knows me—there may be someone else."

The next day the room was locked; the children knocked on the door and called, but he did not heed them. At night, when he went home, Marie was singing the song, but he hastened to his room and closed the door. Three weeks went on, and M. Clerville often saw the young man talking with Marie, and he thought that it might be thus with his granddaughter, and then she would never love him.

At the end of the three weeks Marie spoke to him as he came home from rehearsal. "The good people in the house remember that to-morrow is your birthday, monsieur," she said. "I was telling Raymond here that you kissed me on my birthday."

The young man at her side nodded. "I kissed you as though you were my granddaughter," said the little old man, "as though I were your grandfather."

"My grandfather!" and she frowned. "My grandfather was a useless, foolish creature, not right in his mind, with the insane idea that he could write an opera. I should despise him if I knew him."

It all flashed upon the little old man—her old song, her familiar look. Here is the grandchild he had been saving for for years; the grandchild whom he had longed for for years, and whom he had loved and whose love he had been sure of. And she called him useless, foolish, not right in his mind, and vowed that she should despise him if she knew him!

"How old and feeble he is," said the young man, Raymond, watching M. Clerville go up the stairs.

On the morning Marie and Raymond went up to the garret. Marie had a parcel in her hand. The old man's room was full of smoke—he had burned his opera.

Marie handed him the parcel. With trembling fingers he opened it. There was a little wreath of forget-me-nots. "I made it for your birthday," said Marie. "It is my last work. For to-morrow I shall be Raymond's wife, caring for no one else."

"Caring for no one else!" repeated the old man. "Now suppose your grandfather should be living?" "I should despise him," interrupted Marie. "He was useless in the world." M. Clerville took a paper from his breast and gave it to her.

"The savings of many years," he said; "it is your wedding gift."

He put the two happy young people on, and closed the door. He heard Marie singing the old song as she went away. He held the wreath of forget-me-nots in his hand, and he looked at the grate where smouldered the ashes of his opera. He listened to Marie's song growing fainter and fainter; he did not know that the children had opened the door and stood looking in at him.

In vain Marie waited to sing for him that night; his step did not sound on the stairs. She grew uneasy. At last she had Raymond go with her up to the garret. She carried a candle, and that was the only light in the room when they reached it. And there on his bed lay the little old man. The

wreath of blue forget-me-nots was pressed against his heart that beat no more. Under the candle light he looked almost young.

The house was roused, and men and women sorrowed. Had he not loved their children?

The clock struck twelve. "It is not too late," said Marie, with streaming eyes. "He kissed me on my birthday; I will kiss him on his—his grandchild might do." She leaned over and placed her face beside the white one on the pillow. "No one to love him," she wept, "and loving nothing but the memory of his mother who sang the old song I sing."

Ah, but Marie did not know.—Home Queen.

Statue Hidden by Verdigris.

An Egyptian statue, the finest of the kind existing, and as a work of art ranking with the Venus of Milo and the Venus of Capri, has just been discovered in the Egyptian Gallery of the Louvre, almost by accident. It is in bronze, and is the portrait of a queen of the thirteenth dynasty, named Karamana. This statue was covered with a thick coating of verdigris, which concealed its most striking beauties, so that visitors constantly passed it without even suspecting what a treasure was before them.

An almost invisible trace of gold having been detected on the surface, it was thought that perhaps some gilding lay under the verdigris, and the statue was scraped a little with extreme care.

Something was brought to view far different from gilding. When the beautiful queen was relieved from her verdigris she was found to be clothed in a robe damasked in gold and silver. The workmanship is of the most exquisite description, surpassing anything known in ancient or modern art. Indeed, the artists in work of the kind in Paris often stand for hours before this marvel in an ecstasy of admiration and despair. The face has a caressing fixity of purpose, not unlike that of the wonderful Venus of Milo in the same building, but even greater delicacy of outline. It sets one dreaming as to its meaning and mystery.—Boston Traveler.

Artisan's Discerning Eye.

A stranger in the city stood in front of a Columbus avenue apartment house in process of construction, apparently interested in what he saw, and picked up a brick which he turned over in his hand once or twice.

"I will give you a job if you want it," said the foreman, who had observed the stranger.

"What kind of a job?" asked the other, as he shook the brick dust from his gloves.

"Laying brick, of course," was the answer. "I know from the way you picked up that brick that you are a brick mason, and we are short handed, with the cold weather on us."

"Thank you," answered the stranger. "Once I would have jumped at your offer, for thirty-five years ago I wandered these streets looking for such a job and couldn't find it, though I needed it as much as any poor fellow in the city. I took Greeley's advice, and went West, where I have laid tens of thousands of bricks, and employed men to lay millions for me. Now I don't need the work, but am pleased that you recognized in me a member of the craft."

The stranger was William McMannus, one of the largest contractors in St. Louis.—New York Herald.

Mexican Cemetery.
A correspondent describes the queer cemetery of the Mexican city of Guanajuato. There is hardly room in Guanajuato for the living, it be-
lieves the people to exercise rigid economy in the disposition of their dead. The burial place is on the top of a steep hill, which overlooks the city, and consists of a cave enclosed by

what appears from the outside to be a high wall, but which discovers itself from within to be a receptacle for bodies, which are placed in tiers, much as the confines of their native valleys compel them to live. Each apartment in the wall is large enough to admit one coffin, and is rented for \$1 per month. The poor people are buried in the ground without the formality of a coffin, though one is usually rented in which the body is conveyed to the grave. As there are not graves enough to go round, whenever a new one is needed a previous tenant must be disturbed, and this likewise happens when a tenant's rent is not promptly paid in advance. The body is then removed from its place in the mausoleum, or exhumed, as the case may be, and the bones are thrown into the basement below.—Boston Traveler.

One of the Charms of Music.
"Do you find your orchestra a paying investment?" I asked of the proprietor of a restaurant.

"Indeed I do," he answered. "It's the best investment about the restaurant. It makes my patrons more comfortable and better pleased with themselves. People always feel more liberal when hearing music; so they eat more. Then the rhythm of the music increases the appetite, particularly for delicacies, and materially increases the orders. Besides, the music both draws customers from the street and holds them after they have entered. Yes, it does pay."—New York Herald.

Natural Reins and Bridle.

Certainly the bearded freak of the United States is James Brown, who lives near the village of Bealington, Braxton County, W. Va. His mustache is the longest in the world, being exactly six feet from tip to tip. Brown hasn't shaved since the war. He is more than six feet tall and has the build of a Hercules.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

The Cavalier's Lament—Not Inconceivable—An Odd Antediluvian—Retaliation—Its Value, Etc., Etc.

I cannot tune my mandolin, Havana! My lady's smiles I fail to win, Havana! For just when I begin to sing The insurgent bullets round me ring, And "snap!" goes every blessed string, Havana!

My lady from her lattice shrinks, Havana! Of shells and flashing swords she thinks, Havana! The wild insurgents rear and rip! I would not make a skyward trip, And so, my love, I'll skip, I'll skip—Havana!

—Atlanta Constitution.

ITS VALUE.

"Now that you've heard the poem tell me what you think? Oughtn't I to get \$10 for it?" "Y-e-e-s. Ten dollars or thirty days."

FREE SO HIGH.

Spencer—"Did you feel any pain at all when you went to that painless dentist's?"

Ferguson—"Only when he presented his bill."

AN ODD ANTEDILUVIAN.

Teacher—"Noah sailed forty days and forty nights."

Dick Hicks—"And did it all without a yachting cap."

WHERE TO FIND THEM.

"This age demands men who have convictions," shouted the impassioned orator. "Where shall we find them?"

"In the penitentiary," replied a man in the gallery.

NOT INCONSOLEABLE.

Passenger—"Man overboard! Man overboard!"

Mate (carelessly)—"It's only a deck-hand; had more'n we wanted, anyway."—Boston Courier.

RETALIATION.

"Hurry up, Maud," Mr. Jones has been waiting an hour already.

"Humph! Let him wait. Didn't he keep me waiting three years before he spoke?"—Harper's Bazar.

INCREDIBLE.

Mrs. Snaggs (reading from a newspaper)—"Gas meter manufacturers have formed a trust."

Mr. Snaggs—"I can't believe it. No trust is to be placed in gas meters."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

A HIGH OLD ONE.

Teacher—"Tommy, you may define the difference between a while and a time."

Tommy—"Wy—wy—when paw says he is going downtown for a while, paw says he'll bet he is going for a time."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

PURELY IMAGINARY.

"Maria," said Boggles to his wife, with an idea of instructing her in political economy, "do you know what civil service is?"

"Jasper," said Mrs. Boggles, with memory of recent contact with the cook, "there isn't any."—Boston Transcript.

A HOME GUARD.

Razzle—"That Major Darham you introduced me to doesn't look like a soldier. I'll bet he never drew a sword in his life."

Dazzle—"You are really mistaken, old man."

Razzle—"Well, he may have drawn one in a raffle."

INDISPENSABLE.

"You have left out an important statement in the resume story," said a professor in the School of Journalism to one of his students.

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes, you neglect to say that the boy was rescued just as he was going down for the third time."

INSIDE KNOWLEDGE.

Timdiddle—"I think Hugh Rugh has more assurance than any man I ever knew. I've seen him where a man of any sensibility ought to show a little embarrassment, but it didn't come out on Rugh."

Humph—"No? Well, I wish you had my account against him. I tell the man is always embarrassed."

THE GERM AGE.

Scene.—A schoolroom in the year 1900.

Teacher (to new boy)—"Have you got your certificate of vaccination against smallpox?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you been inoculated for crump?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you a written guarantee that you are proof against whooping cough, measles and scarlet fever?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you provided with your own drinking cup?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you make a solemn promise never to exchange sponges with the other boys and never to use any other pencil but your own?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you agree to have your books fumigated with sulphur and your clothes sprinkled with chloride of lime once a week?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hans, I see that you fulfill all the requirements of modern hygienics. Now you can climb over that wire, place yourself on an isolated aluminum seat, and commence doing your sum."