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A literary genius remarks that Japan needs an epic and China an epitaph.

New Mexico ranks eighth in its output of silver, and seventh in its output of gold.

Strange to say, the improvement in firearms has not increased the murderous result of battles.

A French picture dealer says that all of his unsold pictures are sent to the United States, where they bring fancy prices.

A recent parliamentary return shows that there are upward of \$21,000,000 of unclaimed money in various Government departments of Great Britain.

Of the 12,000 miles which form the land girdle of China, 6000 touch Russian territory, 4800 British territory, and only 400 French, while 800 may be described as doubtful.

The warden of the Missouri Penitentiary feeds the 2000-odd convicts in his charge at an average cost of eight cents each a day, and according to the New Orleans Picayune, they live reasonably well, too.

The deliberate judgment of Judge is "that the continuance of the Turkish Government after the last slaughter in Armenia is an insult to decent humanity the world over, and the European politics that treats it feebly or overlooks it is a hideous crime."

The mountainous regions of the western part of North Carolina truly afford a typical section for both summer and winter resorts. This fact has been taken advantage of by Northern people, who are now found in large numbers, enjoying life in this most delightful spot.

Land suitable for fruit culture in California commands a much higher price per acre than in New York. Anywhere near railroads the price is from \$100 to \$300 per acre, without any improvements, and of course if there are buildings and fruit trees planted, the price is more.

Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, London, is warring with the reporters for reporting his sermons. He thinks that newspaper reports interfere with the profits of his published sermons, and has been asking advice as to how he can prevent reporters taking notes of his addresses. It is believed his only remedy is to make a contract with his audience that they will not publish his sermons.

The age limit in the Chinese army is elastic, if there is any truth in an edict which is attributed to the Chinese Emperor. The document grants a piece of silk, ten bushels of rice and ten pounds of meat to soldiers upward of eighty years of age. A double quantity is allowed to those who have reached ninety years. A patent of nobility is granted to those who have survived their hundredth year.

A man in Australia had a new and brilliant idea not long ago in regard to the interpretation of the clause in his marriage vows: "Till death us do part." His wife died, luckily for her, as the following facts demonstrate, and since he was bound only till death to his wife, the husband refused to pay her funeral expenses. The court promptly decided that a husband's duties only cease when the undertaker's bills are paid.

Says the Electrical Review: In 1891 a young electrician, now in Paris, on looking through Carnegie's great steel plant at Braddock, Penn., casually suggested that electricity could be made to operate the widely separated pieces of machinery at a saving of many thousands a year. Recently Andrew Carnegie visited the plant for the first time in two years and saw electricity doing the work. This improvement, together with others, makes it possible for eight men to do the work 500 did in 1891.

An unusual thing, related by the Cleveland Plain-Dealer, in connection with the court is the holding, by the United States Grand Jury, that Scriptural quotations may be libelous. H. A. Busby, of Meigs, Harrison County, was indicted for writing letters and postal cards to David Handley, of Columbus, Ohio. On the envelope of the letters were the quotations: "Owe No Man Anything," "Let Us Walk Honestly," and "Many Years Thou Shalt Be Troubled." He was indicted on four counts on the ground that the language used was libellous and calculated to injure the character of Mr. Handley.

THE TELEGRAPH.

The darkness and the silence lie Between your soul and mine, Like some great river rolling by Beneath a night of stormy sky, Where not a star may shine. But, as beneath the sullen brims 'Twixt lands of kinship speech, There runs a slender, living line O'er which there flash by lightning signs, The thoughts of each to each, So, 'neath the parting flood of death There runs a living line Of steadfast memory and faith, Of love not born for mortal breath, Between your soul and mine! -Samantha W. Shoup, in Independent.

AS IN A LOOKING GLASS.

SCENE--Boudoir and toilet of a society belle. The belle, who, besides being very beautiful, is still young and fresh, is seated in front of her dressing table under the hands of her maid, who is preparing her hair for the night. On the dressing table are a mirror and various articles of the toilet.

THE MAID--"Made-moiselle was a great triumph to-night; no?"

THE BELLE (abstractedly)--"Yes, Celeste, I think so."

THE MAID (with pride)--"The men all fall down and adore made-moiselle; no?"

THE BELLE--"No, not all the men. Some of them. Enough of them. (Sighing.) Too many of them."

THE MAID--"That is good. Made-moiselle has embarrassment of choice."

THE BELLE--"Yes, an embarrassment of choice. You speak truly, Celeste. (Sighing again.) It is that which makes me--but, bah! why think of it all? I suppose it is the experience of all girls like me in society, with a fortune, a face and a facile tongue. There! That will do for to-night, Celeste; I am going to sit up for a little. I may read and I may write, I cannot say."

THE MAID (horrorified)--"But made-moiselle has already lost so much of the beauty sleep."

THE BELLE--"I am restless. Besides, if all be true that men have told me to-night, I do not need it. Good night, Celeste."

THE MAID--"Good night, made-moiselle!" (Exit maid.)

THE BELLE (alone)--"Five proposals in one night. That is, counting one that I suppose does not--ought not to count. Four of them at any rate such as a girl in her second season should jump at. As for the fifth--well, I won't think of it, I mean, if I can help it. I won't. Yes--but what nonsense! Let me review the others. First came old Totty. Sixty years old he said he was. He is eighty, if he is a day. Worth four millions, he said. That part is probably true. But, oh! Let us pass on to the next. Philip Egerton Denning, the writer and thinker; the literary lion of the season. Funny he should fancy me. I like him, too, myself. I cannot help admiring his intellect, and I feel that I should always respect him. Yet--(muses several minutes, then sighs.) Who next? Oh, yes. (Laughing heartily.) I must not forget him. Lord Tuffnut, the latest British importation, who did me the honor to offer me, with a monocle in one fishy eye, his title, his mortgage and estate, and the family tree that, in its time, has borne an abundance of just such overripe fruit as he is. And for what? My youth, beauty, and money. Nonsense. Next. Ahem! The same thing, in a measure, only of our own manufacture. Tracy de Puyster Van Treffer, of the most certain blue blooded Knickerbocker stock. Truly our country has reached a wonderful height in her industries when she can turn out anything so nearly like the English article, even to his morals, as Tracy de Puyster Van Treffer! There they are, all of them, labelled to the best possible advantage. All--except Jack. Poor Jack! Well, I might as well list him. Jack Willoughby. Something down town. Poor as a church mouse, hounded as a cat, and true as steel, ah, well! (Sighing.) I suppose I must not think of him. It is lucky, though, that some one interrupted us when he proposed, or I might have said yes. I was overcome with the heat of the ball room; and when he put his arm around me, and whisperingly begged for an answer, I felt so weak, for the moment, that I don't think I should have had strength to refuse him. But somebody came, somebody always does, and I suppose I am safe. I promised them all an answer in a week. An embarrassment of choice, Celeste said. (Closes her eyes and thinks.)

A half hour or more passes, during which the belle appears to sleep. Suddenly she opens her eyes.

THE BELLE--"I must have slept. But nothing in my dreams seemed to offer me any help. Oh, dear! Is there anything or anybody that can show me what to do?"

A voice--"There is."

THE BELLE (startled)--"Good gracious! What was that?"

A voice--"Don't be frightened. It was I."

THE BELLE (still more alarmed)--"But who are you? Where are you?"

A voice--"Your mirror."

THE BELLE--"But, good heavens! Mirrors cannot speak."

THE MIRROR--"Mirrors can do a great many more things than people give them credit for. We reflect; why should we not speak? That we can do so is proved by my talking to you now. I have listened to all you have thought and would help you."

THE BELLE (trembling)--"Was I thinking aloud?"

THE MIRROR--"No. But you cannot think and look into my face without every thought being known to me even though I may not reveal what is

in your mind. I want to help you to decide your future. Are you willing, that I should?"

THE BELLE--"You mean with regard to--"

THE MIRROR (blandly)--"I mean with regard to the five proposals you received to-night."

THE BELLE (after a pause)--"Which shall I accept?"

THE MIRROR--"That I may not tell you. I can simply help you to judge for yourself."

THE BELLE (anxiously)--"How can you do that?"

THE MIRROR--"By showing you yourself, your surroundings and your condition of mind, five years after your marriage with any one of your would-be husbands of this evening."

THE BELLE--"Oh, dear! This is worse than chrymancy. Wouldn't it--wouldn't it be wicked?"

THE MIRROR--"Not so wicked as it would be to marry the 'wrong man.'"

THE BELLE--"I suppose that must be true. Well, what must I do?"

THE MIRROR--"First, turn down the gas. Then place yourself facing me, and light the spirit lamp of your curling-iron apparatus. Now, take some of your pearl face powder, sprinkle it on the flame, and wait. (She does so.) The surface of the mirror becomes heavily clouded. Which would you see first?"

THE BELLE (laughing hysterically)--"Oh, take them in their regular order."

THE MIRROR--"Then, Mr. Totty, the eighty-year-old millionaire, first. What can you see? Speak!" (The cloud on the face of the mirror gradually clears in the centre, disclosing a picture.)

THE BELLE (in a low voice)--"I see myself, handsomely dressed, covered with jewels, at an evening reception. Many men are around me offering me attentions. For some reason I dare not accept them. In a corner, jealously watching me, I see Mr. Totty. He scowls every time a man pays me a compliment. Everything is bright around me, but the very brightness seems to weary me, and remind me of something lacking."

THE MIRROR (grim'y)--"Are you happy?"

THE BELLE (shuddering)--"No. Although bored to death where I am, I dread to go home, because I shall be alone with him, my husband. I see nothing but despair and waiting, constant waiting for release." (Picture vanishes.)

THE MIRROR--"You will not forget that. Now look upon this. (Again a picture forms.) What do you see?"

THE BELLE--"I see myself again, but alone. I have been reading, but have tired of it. There is something I want to do, something I want to feel, but I cannot. In a little room nearby I see Philip Egerton Denning, my literary, intellectual husband. He is very busy, writing. In my utter loneliness, I get up and go to him. Stooping over, I gently kiss him on the brow. He frowns, pushes me away, and tells me I destroy his ideas. I sigh, turn away, and go to bed."

THE MIRROR (ironically)--"Are you happy?"

THE BELLE (bitterly)--"No. All the warmth in my heart is gradually being frozen by the cold indifference of the man I have married. He is too brainy to lavish any affections on his wife; his growing fame is more important than domestic ties. Show me the next."

THE MIRROR--"Well, what see you here?"

THE BELLE--"Another reception. I am sitting alone, however, utterly ignored by the many women present except in the way of an occasional supercilious glance at my gown, or a whisper to some one else about me behind a fan. I think it must be in England. Some of the women have red noses, and they all look tired and bored to death."

THE MIRROR--"It is. It is the fifth year of your reign as Lady Tuffnut."

THE BELLE--"I see myself moving into another room where everybody is playing cards. His Lordship, my husband, is there, gambling like the rest. I tell him I do not feel well and would like to go home. He advises me to go home alone or amuse myself in the conservatory. He says there is too much of his money on the table to go then. He means my money. I have seen enough of this."

THE MIRROR (mockingly)--"Are you happy?"

THE BELLE (sadly)--"No, but I am gradually becoming deadened to my misery."

THE MIRROR (as a new picture appears)--"Now you are Mrs. Tracy de Puyster Van Treffer, a member of the native aristocracy of New York. Can you see yourself?"

THE BELLE--"Yes. I see myself once more alone. The room is handsomely furnished; everything looks rich and good. But I am waiting anxiously and listening intently. At every sound I get up and look through the blinds into the dark night. At last, as dawn is breaking, a cab drives up. I hear it. A few minutes afterward my husband enters the room. He scolds me in a thick voice for remaining up. A quarrel ends in my bursting into tears. He stoops over me to kiss me and I nearly faint with a nausea."

THE MIRROR--"Are you happy?"

THE BELLE (hysterically)--"No. I am humiliated by his neglect, disgusted with his manner of life, and harassed with constant suspicion. I am utterly wretched."

THE MIRROR (slyly)--"There is only one more picture. Do you want to see it?"

THE BELLE (confusedly)--"Yes, I suppose I may as well. It is probably like all the rest."

THE MIRROR (as the last picture appears)--"Then behold! And tell what you see."

THE BELLE (very softly)--"I see my-

self again. I am sitting in front of a cozy fire of soft coal, sewing something light. Near me is--near me is--yes, it is Jack. Mr. Willoughby. I mean. He is talking to me very gaily, and I am smiling and listening. Now the door opens and two children come bounding into the room; a boy and a girl. They want to bid us good-night, they say. They look so much like Jack they might almost be--almost be--his nephew and niece."

THE MIRROR (gently)--"Are you happy?"

There is no answer from the belle, for she wakes up with a start.

THE BELLE (after looking earnestly at the mirror, which is as bright as crystal)--"I have been dreaming and it is nearly five o'clock. But I am not sorry. An embarrassment of choice, Celeste said. I thought so, too, but we were both young. I told her I might read and I might write. (Smiling.) Well, I have read a great deal; I think I will write a little. (Writes.)

My Dearest Jack: I don't think I will keep you waiting a week for my answer. I am yours as soon as you come to claim me. ETHEL.

Life.

WISE WORDS.

A rogue is a roundabout fool. A full jail is better than an empty one. Gossip is generally a desire to get even.

A drop of ink may make a million think. It is a rare man who can do a favor delicately.

You seldom admire a man you see a great deal of.

Rank and riches are chains of gold, but still chains. It is not hard to forgive a lie told with good intent.

One drop of scandal will spread over a whole life-time.

What we place most hopes upon generally proves most fatal.

Everything a man likes to do a woman can prove is wicked.

The man who knows the world and is not a cynic is usually a fool.

An evil intention perverts the best actions and makes them sins.

In the meanest hut is a romance, if you but know the hearts there.

The fools are not all dead yet, and, what is more, they never will be.

Every human heart ought to be a bird cage with a singing bird in it.

Of all virtues justice is the best. Valor without it is a common past.

The happiness of your life depends upon the character of your thoughts.

The wise man expects everything from himself; the fool looks to others.

The people pay more for love than for any other necessary evil on earth.

The more friends a business man has the more things he sells below cost.

The trouble with most people's economy is that they don't save any money by it.

The younger a woman is the more indignant she is when she hears of a bad husband.

It is all right to vote for the country's prosperity, but you must work for your own.

What is birth to a man if it be a stain to his dead ancestors to have left such an offspring?

A Remarkable Fall of Stone.

M. L. Fletcher, an English mineralogist, tells of a remarkable fall of stone which took place at some early date in the history of Mexico. He describes fourteen huge masses in all, and advances the very likely theory that they originally formed a single meteoric mass that was shattered by the intense heat engendered while passing through the earth's atmosphere. The fragments of this immense meteorite are scattered over a section of country sixty-six miles in length and twenty-two in width, and it is estimated that its total weight was but little short of 20,000 pounds. One piece of it, now in the National Museum at Washington. --Atlanta Constitution.

How Horses Sleep.

When the horse sleeps, one ear is directly forward, why it is not known. A naturalist thinks this is to guard against danger, being a survival of their original wild habits. He says: "Watch a horse asleep through the window of his stable, and make a faint noise to the front. The ear will be all attention, and probably the other will round sharply to assist. Now let him go to sleep again, and make the same noise on one side. The forward ear will keep his guard, with possibly a lightning flick round, only to resume its former position." --New York Dispatch.

Tamed a Pair of Elk.

A Chelasis County (Wash.) farmer has lately been creating a good deal of interest with a pair of elk which he had tamed and trained to do many things usually done by horses. A few days ago a traveler offered him a good price for his elk, but the farmer refused to part with them. The same night a cougar got into his barn and ate up one of the creatures. --Chicago Herald.

"Wroth Silver."

"Wroth silver," from the several parishes of his hundred of Knightlow in Warwickshire, in England, was collected a few days ago by the Duke of Buccleugh as lord of the manor. The custom dates back to feudal times. For every penny not forthcoming the prescribed penalty on the defaulter is \$5 or else the forfeiture of a white bull with a red nose and ears. --Chicago Herald.

REPUBLICANS FOR PROTECTION. SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE.

As Usual It Is An Expensive Institution? but We Have Learned Some Valuable Lessons in Political Economy.

Democratic organs which assert that the Republican party is disposed to abandon the protection issue convict themselves of stupidity as well as mendacity. The protection of American industry, in every form and in every State of the Union, is a fundamental and undying principle of Republicanism. The American people, speaking through the ballot box, have just delivered an overwhelming mandate for protection. The issue of protection against free trade, of American wages against British wages, of American prosperity versus foreign interests was never more directly presented to the people than in the recent Congressional campaign. It was the principal theme of debate on every platform from Maine to California. It was discussed at length and with elaborate fullness in the columns of every daily paper throughout the United States. It was the one great dominant question upon which the voters of the American Republic were asked to render their verdict. And that verdict, read in the election returns, which portray a North absolutely solid under the standard of Republicanism, a South torn from the mailed grasp of Bourbonism, a House of Representatives Republican by more than two-thirds majority, is the most imperative command ever pronounced by American voters in behalf of equitable and consistent protection to American labor.

With the mighty mandate still ringing throughout the land, with the knowledge that they will control one, if not both, of the legislative branches of the government after next March and with the certainty that 1896 will witness the election of a Republican Congress and President, Republicans have every reason possible for firmly upholding the great principle which has been one of the chief tenets of Republicanism since the days of Abraham Lincoln. In defeat the Republican party has remained loyal to protection, confident in the justice of its cause and assured that it would be ultimately sustained by the people. In this hour of splendid triumph, when the voters have crowned the policy of legislative approval, it is the height of folly for Democratic mouthpieces to chatter about alleged Republican retreat from the ground on which Republicanism has stood entrenched from the hour of its birth.

The duty of Republicans in the present Congress is plain, and that duty will be performed. The people have decreed that the country shall have rest and peace from the disasters of tariff reduction. This demand will be loyally obeyed by the Republicans at Washington, and every Democratic attempt to break down still further the bulwark of protection will be resisted and defeated. The course of the Republican majority of the Fifty-fourth House of Representatives will be governed by the requirements of the situation when that House comes into formal existence. But of one thing the people may be absolutely certain. The Republican party will take no step backward in respect to protection. Whatever the next House may do regarding the tariff will be for the promotion of just, impartial and national defense for American interests. --New York Press.

The Education of Experience.

Experience educates by contrasts. Men do one thing and note the results. They do the other thing, and again note the results. The new educative outcome is that they know which was the best thing to do.

In 1854, after eight years of experience under the Democratic low tariff of 1846, there was a soup-house for the poor in every ward of New York city, and thousands of unemployed laborers paraded the streets demanding work that they might support themselves and their families.

In 1892, after thirty years of protection, there was no public soup-house in all this broad land, and no honest laborer was unemployed.

In 1893, simply because the party pledged to the support of the principles of the Government, there were in every large city public eating-houses for the poor, organized relief committees for the distribution of charity, and hundreds of thousands of able-bodied workmen without employment.

In the State of New York in 1851 there was 1 pauper to each 24 inhabitants; in 1856, 1 to every 17 inhabitants; and in 1859, at the very close of the last Democratic low-tariff period, there was 1 pauper to every 134 persons.

In 1890, after thirty years of protection there was only 1 pauper to each 850 persons.

The number of paupers in free-trade England is just about 1 to every 50 of her population.

In the United States, in 1890, the census ascertained the number of paupers to be 73,045, or 1 to each 850 persons, which, relatively to population, was seventeen times less than in free-trade England. To-day, of course, it is different.

In Great Britain, the home of free trade, with a population of 38,000,000, there is \$536,000,000, or \$14.60 per capita, deposited in her savings banks.

In New York with protected industries and a population of 6,000,000, there was, in 1879, before the Democratic hard times began, \$550,000,000 deposited in savings banks, or \$90 per capita.

While the country was reveling in the prosperity of 1892 the majority of the voters elected a Democratic President and gave the Democrats a majority in both houses of Congress.

The people pressed the button for a "change," and a Democratic tariff did the rest.

A Partlyless President.

President Cleveland occupies a strange, but not an unusual position. He is a Chief Executive without a party behind him. He is no longer the head of the once great Democratic organization, for a majority of his past associates--the men who worked and voted for him two years ago--re-garded him as a political pariah. In New York, every follower of Hill is, by virtue of that fact, a foe of Cleveland, and at this time the followers of Hill in this State are in sympathetic harmony with the Democrats throughout the country.

Mr. Cleveland stands with his Cabinet alone. He has still the power to appoint and remove certain officials of a certain class, but there it ends. To be sure he has the veto prerogative, but as the legislation of this session of Congress will have to do only with appropriation bills and such matters of routine, he will hardly dare to show his power by stopping the wheels of Government.

In the history of government there have been but two presidents who found themselves in the same position. The first was Tyler, who was an accident, and the second was Johnson, who was an accident and a misfortune. Mr. Cleveland in no way resembles his unpopular prototypes. He has opposed his party, but he has not attempted to Taylorize it. Johnson simply went back on his pledges, and returned, in the languages of the Scriptures, to the democracy of his early days "like a dog to his vomit or a sow to her wallowing in the mire."

If Mr. Cleveland ever had a day of usefulness it is in the past. He is a President without a following. For the remaining two years of his term there is nothing left him but to perform his perfunctory duties and draw his pay. --New York Advertiser.

PITHY POLITICAL POINTS.

No matter where Mr. Cleveland fishes now he catches nothing but bluefish.

The President can't make Congress believe the tariff reform ice is strong enough to bear its weight.

The Administration might start a finance night school for Congressmen, with Hoke Smith as instructor.

It begins to look as though Carlisle's financial scheme will have to sue the Democratic majority for non-support.

The cuckoo chorus in the Senate now consists of two voices, owned respectively by Mills of Texas, and Vilas of Wisconsin.

Speaker Crisp is kept busy these days in avoiding a glimpse of Tom Reed's joyous face that he forgets to use his gavel.

There isn't enough of the Democratic platform left to make a lean-to to shelter the party from the cruel blasts of winter.

In the year to come but very few members of the present Congress will care to have the fact that they were members thrown up to them.

LULLABY.

Dear little girl, good-night, good-night! I hear the frogs in the meadow call; I watch the sun as he sank from sight, Over the tree tops on yonder hill. Two stars have come since the daylight went, Away over there in the sky's dark blue, They must be angels that God has sent To watch my baby the whole night through.

Dear little girl, good-night, good-night! I hear the frogs in the meadow call; They croak and croak in the evening light, Down in the pond by the old stone wall, I think, perhaps, that they tell the flowers Never to fear, though the world is dark, They know the fiery lights the hours All night long with his cheerful spark.

Dear little girl, good-night, good-night! Dear little baby with your silky hair, Dear little form that I hold so tight, Cozy and warm in the nursery chair! White lids are veiling the eyes so clear, Over their bluntness the fringes creep, Slower and slower I rock you dear, My little girl is asleep, asleep. --Good Housekeeping.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Only the married man wholly trusts himself. --Dallas News.

What nine men out of ten want is a home with hotel comforts. --Pack.

A preferred creditor is usually one that doesn't fight for prompt payment. --Pack.

These balloon sleeves evidently come of a desire to widen woman's sphere. --Boston Transcript.

A man who is a complete failure is nearly always particularly fond of giving advice. --Athenion Globe.

It was a junior in the Abilene High School who wrote "Evening Dawned at Last." --Leavenworth Times.

An egotist reminds one of a lizard; lo! off a bit of him, he squirms a little and straightway grows on again.

Some future generation. If we make no mistake, Will kick about the biscuits That papa used to bake. --Detroit Tribune.

If you can't remember what the string tied on your finger was to remind you of, you are getting old. --Athenion Globe.

"That must be a very good book Jumper is reading." "Impossible. He seems to be profoundly interested." --Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A housekeeper up town says her grocer is so slow with his delivery that when she orders eggs the boy brings her chickens. --Philadelphia Record.

Morton--"Are you sure that Penam is really reconciled with his wife?" Crandall--"Yes, I am sure of it, for she reads what he writes and he eats what she cooks." --Truth.

"They say it is electricity," said Pat, as he stopped before the incandescent street-light, "but I'll