# **REPUBLICAN**.

Me and My Party.

ceived little and the protected indus-tries much. while under "tariff re-form" the protected industries received little and the Government much. Mr.

Wilson was right in one part of his statement. American industries do receive little under "tariff reform."

They receive nothing, in fact. So far, indeed, nobody in this country seems to be getting anything out of "tariff

to be getting anything out of "tariff reform." The Government is running behind every day, our people have been out of work and our industries

are at a standstill. The only ones who are at a standstill. The only ones who seem, so far, to have succeeded in getting anything out of "tariff re-form" are the foreign manufacturers and exporters, judging by the statis-tics of our increased imports.

Too Much Wilsonism.

The tariff was claimed by those in

# W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

# LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1895.

New York, Paris and Berlin combined lack forty-two square miles of having as great an area as London.

VOL. XIII.

Among the European countries Germany by far outstrips her neighbors in the number of electric railways, both in operation and course of construction

As the year 1895 advances, it will, in all probability, be found that manufacturing, commercial and agricultural interests will show signs of returning prosperity.

Cadetships to Woolwich and Sandhurst, in England, to St. Cyr, in France, to the German, Austrian and Russian military academies, are all obtained by open competitive examinations or by appointments, tempered by the same.

Night refuges in Paris shelter the arts. The nine establishments in 1893 were used by 137 actors, forty-three singers, seventy-one musicians, twelve pianists, twenty architects, 398 artists (painters), fourteen authors and eighteen journalists.

Twenty years ago Dr. E. H. Dewey, of Meadville, Penn., wrote a book proving that the way to be healthy was to go without breakfast. The cult has lived since then, and, according to the New London (Conn.) Day, there are more than one hundred persons in that town who eat no break fast.

The proportion of women suicides to that of men is small; whether because their moral courage is less, their moral courage more or their woes lighter, it would be interesting to know. It may, however, be safely assumed that the last named is not the reason, observes the New Orleans Picavune.

The importance of forestry is urged by Professor W. T. Thistleton Dyer on account of the probability that the supply of timber may be exhausted before that of coal. It further appears in view of our complete dependence upon the products of the vegetable kingdom for the necessaries of our existence.

The proposition of some romantic writers to put their romances to the test by actually living through the experiences described should be discouraged, maintains the Chicago Record. Anyone trying to live the experiences of a romance of the modern sensational school would come into contact with the police before he had lived past the first chapter.

One of the tendencies of the age in the way of railroad improvement, noted by the New York Telegram, is the increased length of rails. The Penn sylvania has laid a few miles of sixtyfoot rails, and the Lehigh Valley has been trying forty-five-foot rails. Now the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo will lay a few miles of the sixty-foot rails as an experiment. The utility of the long rail is that it requires fewer joints, and, in conse quence, affords smooth riding.

The growth of scholarships in the leading universities of this country in one of the best signs of educational progress, declares the San Francisc Chronicle. A scholarship can only be obtained by a good student who has mastered his specialty, but at Cornell University the system is now tried of offering eighteen scholarships, each worth \$200 for two years, to freshmen who pass certain special examinations in addition to the usual test for matriculation. If many of our colleges spent less money on buildings and more on scholarships the work done would be greatly improved in quantity and quality. say.? "Dime Novel" Beadle, the man who became famous as the publisher of "dime novels" long before cheap literature was so plentiful as it is now, died at residence in Cooperstown, N Y., recently, announces the New Orleans Picayune. Seeing the immense profit to be made on cheap and sensa tional literature, in 1853 Mr. Beadl established a printing office for that purpose in New York, and thus became the forerunner of the many concerns which now flood the country with flashy stories-stories that fill the small boy's heart with delight and his soul with crime. Parents and police who have been called on to discipline little boys whose heads have been by the wild adventures of turned "Blue Mick, the Bowery Tough," and stories of that ilk, hardly regard Mr. Beadle as a public benefactor, but, on the other hand, one must remember with abiding gratitude that he inaugurated the movement that put the best urated the movement that put the best thoughts—the greatest books—within the reach of the poorest. They passed through the outer cir-cle of 'elderly women, who were un-packing baskets and tastfully arrang-

LIFE'S CONTRASTS. Perfume of roses and warbling of birds, Sweetest of sweet June days, Kindliest glances and tenderest words, Shadlest woodland ways; Murmuring brooklets and whispering frees Drowsiest song of the soft humming bees ; Hope, love, trust, peace 1 and he, he and L. And besides Wintry winds rustling the fallen, dead leaves

SULLIVAN

Sullen and lowering the sky; Creeping mists hiding sad earth as grieves, Mourning for days gone by ; Cataracts foaming 'neath bare, leafless trees Chilly blasts sweeping o'er lone, - barren

leas ; Heartache, doubts, tears, And besides I alone, only I.

> BREAKING THE ICE. HEN William Lar-

ker irrevocably made up his mind to take Mary Kuch-

enbach to the great county picnic at Blue Bottle Springs, he did not tell his

tather, as was his

custom in most mat-ters. To a straight-laced old Dunkard

geneous one.



like Herman Larker the very thought of ttendance upon such a carousal, with would have seemed almost impiety. Henry Kuchenbach was likewise a member of that strict sect, but not quite so narrow is his idens as his more pious neighbor. Yet to him also the suggestion of his daughter bea participant in such frivolity ald have met with scant approval. But William was longing to dance. For many years he had secretly and fondly cherished the belief that he was possessed of much inborn ability

was possessed of much inform ability in that art—a genius compelled to re-main dormant by the narrowness, the strictness of his family's ideas. Many a rainy afternoon had he given vent to his desire by swinging corners and deux-et-deux-ing about his father's have does with you of her norther have the Kuchenbach, clasping her hands. "Thet's good dancin', I tell yer," her companion replied, enthusiastically. She had seated herself upon a stump, barn floor, with no other partner than a wheat sheaf, and no other music than that produced by his own capaand he was leaning against a tree a few feet away. "Good dancin'. Jest look at them

cious lips. It was for this reason that when or one beautiful July day William Lar-ker, attired in his best-a plain black

"Good dancin'. Jest look at them three ceety fellers, with their high shiny hats, a swingin' corners. Now a'n't they cuttin' it? Next comes 'a la-man all.' Jest watch 'em—them two on th' fur set, th' way they throw their feet—th' gal in pink with th' feller in short pants and a striped coat. Now back. Thet there's dancin', I tell yer, Mary. 'Gents dozey-dough' next. Thet 'ere feller don't call figgers loud enough. There they go—bad in the near set—thet's better. See them ceety fellers agin—swingin' partners! Grand chain! Good all 'round—no-there's a break. See thet girl in biue sating ker, attired in his best—a plain black frock coat, trousers of the same ma-terial reaching just below his shoe-tops, a huge derby hat no longer black, but green, as a result of long exposure to the elements, and a new pair of shoes well tallowed—stepped into his buggy, tapped his sleek mare with the whip and started at a brisk pace toward the Kuchenbach farm, his stern parent believed that he was go-ing to the great bush-meeting at stern parent believed that he was go-ing to the great bush-meeting at Bunkertown, twelve miles up the pike, and was devoutly thankful to see his son growing in piety, and when Mary Kuchenbach, buxom and resy, wear-ing a plain black dress, the sombre-ness of which was relieved solely by a white kerchief about the neck, and a gray poke bonnet, as became one of her sect, climbed up and took the va-ent place heride him. Henry Kuchena break. See thet girl in blue sating -she's turned too soon. Thet's bet-

--she's turned too soon. Thet's bet-ter--tother way--bow yer coners--now yer own. All over." The music stopped and the dancers, panting from their exertions, fanning and mopping, left the platform and scattered among the audience. William Larker's eyes were aglow with excitement. The opportunity of his life had come. He was to dance to real music, with a real flesh and blood partner, after all those years of secret practice with a wheat sheaf in the seclusion of his father's barn. He would put his arms around Mary her sect, climbed up and took the va-cant place beside him, Henry Kuchen-bach, standing at the gate with his wife

by his side, called after them as the vehicle rattled away: "Be sure an' tell Preacher Book when he comes this way to stop in an' get that crock o' sausages we've be'n keepin' fur missre." the seclusion of his father's barn. He would put his arms around Mary Kuchenbach, a feat for the accom-plishment of which he had probably longed more than the other. While his companion, seated upon the stump, gazed curiously, timidly, at the gay crowd around her, he, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, stood frigidly be-fore her, mentally picturing the pleas-ure to come. missers." And good Mrs. Kuchenbach threw up her hands and explained: "Ain't them a lovely pair?" "Yes," replied the husband grimly,

"an' they've be'n keepin' company six years now, an' that there fellow ain't never spoke his mind."

never spoke his mind." Meantime the buggy sped along the smooth road, the rattle of its wheels, the clatter of the sleek mare's hoofs and the thrill call of the killdee skim-ming across the meadows being the classifier of the silence is a visitin' with the rosy girl beside the silence is a state of the silence silence is a state of the silence is a state of the silence st sole sounds that Droke the sheare of the quiet country. A mile was gone over and then the girl said fal-teringly: "B-e-e-ll, a'n't et wrong?" William in response hit the horse him. The man with the bass viol began to rub resin on his bow; the violinist was tuning up and the cornetist giv-ing the stops of his instrument the usual preliminary practice, when the floor manager announced the next dance. One after another the couples sifted from the crowd and clambered upon the nelatform vicious cut with the whip and reolied "Et don' seem jest right to fool 'em, but you'll fergit 'bout et when we git "I a'n't never b'n ter one o' them picnics an' I feel afraid."

self-conscious, but triumphant and ing their contents on table-cloth, spread on the ground—jars of pickless cans of fruit, bags of sandwiches, bot-tles of cold tea, and the scores of other composed. "Bow yer partners," cried the floor master, when the orchestra had starttles of cold tea, and the scores of other dainties necessary to pass a pleasant day with nature. They wort through another circle of peanut, watermelon, lemonade and ice-cream venders, about which were grouped many el-derly men discussing the topics of the day and exchanging greetings, and at length arrived at the centre of inter-est, the dancing platform. The young Dunkards joined the crowd, which was watching the course of the dance Down went the gray poke bonnet; down went the gray poke bonnet; down went the great derby, and a smile of joy overspread the broad face beneath it.

beneath it. "Swing yer partners!" The great arms went around the plump form, lifting it off its feet; their owner spun round, carefully re-placed his burden on the floor, bowed, smiled and whispered, "Ain't et grand?"

was watching the course of the dance with eager interest. An orchestra of three pieces, a bass

viol, a violin and a cornet, operated by three men in shirt sleeves, sent forth wheezy strains to the time of which men and women, young, old and which men and women, young, old and middle-aged, gayly swung corners and partners, galloped forward and back, made ladies' chains and gentlemen's chains, winding in and out and then back and bowing until William Larker and his companion fairly grew dizzy. The crowd of dancers was a hetero-concernent one

placed his burden on the floor, bowed, smiled and whispered, "Ain't et grand?" "Corners!" The young woman in blue satin gave a slight scream that was meta-morphosed into a giggle as she felt herself swung through space in the arms of the muscular person toward whom she had careened. Her partner, one of the young eity men with a high silk hat, grinned and whispered in her ear, "Oat cake." "Leads for'a'd an' back!" William Larker seized his partner's plump hand and bounded forward, bowing and twisting, his free arm ges-ticulating in unison with his legs and feet. He was in it now, in the thick of the dance; in it with his whole heart. Whenever there was any dozy-doughing to be done William was there; if a consin went 'visitin' " he was with them; when "Ladies in tho ecnter!" was called he was there; in every "Grand chain" he turned the wrong way; he gripped the ladies' hands until they inwardly growned; he tramped on and crushed the patent leather pumps of the young city man, and in response to a muttered some-There were young men from the neighboring county town, gorgeous in blazers of variegated colors; there were young farmers whose movements were not in the least impeded by the sombre, heavy clothing, or the highsombre, heavy clothing, or the high-crowned, broad-rimmed hats that they somore, heavy cooling, or the high crowned, broad-rinmed hats that they wore; there were a few particularly forward youths in bicycle attire, and three gay young men from the neigh-boring city of Harrisburg, whose shining high silk hats and dancing pumps made them the envy of their more rustic companions. The women, likewise, in beauty and dress, went to both extremes. Gayly flowered, airy calico, cashmere and gingham bobbed about among shining, frigid satins and silks as modest as their owners in demeanor. Now in appar-ently inextricable chaos; now in per-fectly orderly form—six sets; now winding into a dazzling mass of silk, calico, high silk hats and blazers, then out again went the dancers. he tramped on and crushed the patent leather pumps of the young city man, and in response to a muttered some-thing smiled his unconcern, bolted back to his corner and swung his part-ner, and whispered: "Ain't it grand." The young women giggled facetiously, and winked at their acquaintances in the next set; the forward youth in the bicycle costume talked about roadsweepers, and the city young man said "Oat cake."

But the young Dunkard was unconout again went the dancers. "Oh, a'n't et grand !" exclaimed Mary scious of it all to the end—the end that came most suddenly and broke up the dancing. "Swing yer partners!" bawled the

floor master. William Larker obeyed. A ragged

William Larker obeyed. A ragged bit of the sole of his shoe, worn through by shuffling, caught in a crack and over he went, his partner clasped tight in his arms, off the high platform. There was blood on the big boulder and a cash in William's scale when he

and a gash in William's scalp when he was picked up a moment later and car-ried down to the spring. The doctors poured water over him and bandaged up his head, and when he recovered his senses he found himself the center of all eves of all eyes.

His first glance fell upon the white face of Mary Kuckenbach, who, seated on a stump, was weeping heartily, despite the efforts of a large crowd of sympathizing women to allay her fears. He looked up and his eyes met those of the young woman in blue satin, who was looking down on him, and he saw her giggle, and turn and speak into the crowd. He thought that he noticed a high silk hat and heard the word "Oat cake," and then and there he resolved to return and

never again depart from the quiet ways of his fathers.

of his fathers. They drove home in the early morn-ing. William Larker and Mary Kuch-enbach. And they had crossed the last ridge and were looking out over the broad valley toward the dark mountains at the foot of which lay their homes, when the first word was evoken

spoken. The girl looked at her companion and said: "Be-el, ain't dancin' dang'-

The 'young man cut the mare with the whip, blushed, and with much confusion, replied: "Yais, kinder. But -but--I'm sorry I drug you off th' platform like that."

She covered her mouth with her

# SPEED THE DAY

WHEN THE ROPE WILL BE LONG ENOUGH TO HANG DE-MOCRACY.

A Southerner's Vigorous Denuncia-tion of the Wilson Monstrosity-Iniquity of the Democratic Posi-tion-A Party Which Stands in the Way of American Prosperity.

the Way of American Prosperity. The free trade party opened their last National campaign with the re-markable declaration that protection was "unconstitutional." Of course no schoolboy who had ever read the Constitution of his country gave any serious thought to this unfounded.as-sertion. If he had ever studied the history of the party that originated this new doctrine, he knew this was the last desperate objection always brought against any measure which it opposes. As Mr. Reed said in his great speech against the infamons Wilson monstrosity and sugar coated hybrid between protection and free trade, "They don't really mean that it is unconstitutional; they simply mean they don't like it." undersell him. The canny Scot added that in every respect but herring he was a thorough free trader. Mr. Wil-son pointed the moral by saying that he hoped that no Democrat would that day think more of his herring than he did of the great cause of "tariff reform." We wonder if Mr. "tariff reform." We wonder if Mr. Wilson remembered this story of his when he urged, a few months later, the passage of the Gorman bill, all of whose 634 amendments smelled very strongly of Democratic herring, sugar cured?

mean they don't like it." But it was left to Senator Hoar to expose the full iniquity of this Demo-cratic position. He clearly showed that the Wilson-Gorman bill gives that the which cornar bin gives home protection on a few articles, as collars, cuffs, rice and sugar, which, to every Democrat who believes the Chicago platform told the truth on the Constitution, is a violation of that great instrument. Therefore, every Democrat who would for the Democrat who voted for the every Democrat who voted for the bill, after having taken an oath to support the Constitution, violated his oath of office and became a perjurer. But, of course, the men who waged war against that Constitution for four

are not imbued with prejudice engen-dered from "the late unpleasantness," are thinking favorably of protection. especially since the present Adminis-tration has given us a practical object lesson on the subject. Were it not for the sad plight that

Were it not for the sad plight that Democratic ascendency has cast over our fair land, we could stand by in the greatest enjoyment while behold-ing the blanders of Grover Cleveland and his Cuckoo Congress. This is the first time for over thirty years that the Democracy has had rope enough with which to hang itself. This it is doing nicely, and it is only a matter of time till its corpse will be ready for the grave of oblivion. May God speed the day when this greatest of speed the day when this greatest of obstacles will be removed from the pathway of American prosperity. M. E. Morrow.



to heat and moisture, is naturally adapted to produce wool of all vari-eties. God was six days paintin' it A Red Herring Scent. A Red Horring Scent. In the course of Chairman Wilson's speech on the Wilson bill, delivered in the House of Representatives last February, he told a story of a Scotch-man who had written to Sir Robert Feel, when the latter was leading the cause of tariff reform in England, pro-testing against the lowering of the duties cn herring. The writer said he was afraid if the duty was lowered that the Norwegian fishermen would rundersail him. The canny Scot added Jest fer me an' you An' unendin'

Terms --- \$1.00 in Advance; \$1.25 after Three Months.

Every time it blossoms fair I keep sayin' : "That's your share ! Roses growin'-Rivers flowin' !"

So I'm happy everywhere !

Don't care where I'm at. So much of the country's mine-Praise the Lord fer that !

"Takes after his father"-The boy with sawed-off trousers. -Puck. When a man is resigned to fate, fate usually accepts the resignation. -Puck. Things are not what they seem. Free lunch, for instance, is not free. --

Tell a girl that she writes an inter-esting letter, and she begins to dream of writing a book.—Atchison Globe. It is all right to court the Muse : but her editorial guardians make it awfully hard to get hold of any of her money.-Puck.

If we may judge by wigs and shaven faces, the barber seems to have been the most important eighteenth-cen-tury personage. --Puck.

The tide taken at the flood only bears a man on to fortune when smart enough to walk ashore before it can take him back .-- Puck.

Caller -- "Where are you going for your vacation, dear?" Mrs. Make-bread -- "Going to let cook go for a couple of weeks."-- Inter-Ocean.

Mistress (thinking about dessert). "What kind of pies are you most fa-miliar with?" New Girl-"Baker's pies, Mum."-New York Weekly.

pies, Mum."-New York Weekly. "I cannot live without yos," The love-lorn suitor signed: "And I could not live with you," The wealthy maid replied. -New York Morning Journal. Harry-"I understand she gave you a flat refusal?" Jack-"Yes; nothing but a four-story brownstone would satisfy her."-Kate Field's Washing-ton. ton.

You can not raise flowers with last year's sunshine; but the rosiest flow-ers of fancy often spring from the glowing warmth of last year's overcoat.

Jinks—"I understand you were pretty well off before you were mar-ried." Blinks—"Yes; but I dida't know it."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Little Boy—"How old are you?" Miss Antique (confusedly)—"You Miss Antique (confusedly)—"Jou should not ask a lady how old she is." Little Boy—"Oh, 'xcuse me. How young are you?"—Good News. me. How

"Bland if I see any fun in having to put up at a hotel," muttered Bik-er to himself as he handed his watch and chain over to the elerk as security for his board. -- Buffalo Courier.

The ancient knight leaned lightly upon his lance. "Marry—" The modern maid was on his neck in an in-stant. "Oh, Roderick," she cried, "This is so sudden!"—Pick Me Up.

Young Sculptor -- "Well, Bronson, what do you think of that bust?" Bronson-"H'm-it may be a good bust—but, really, Chizzle, it strikes me as a bad break."—Harper's Bazar. Ob, don't you remember Sweet Alice, Ber Sweet Alice with hair so brown; How she clipped it all off and bought a blon is wig As soon as she got into town. —Philadelphia Record.

NO. 19.

A HAPPY FELLOW. From the meadow where I sit, See a sky o' blue,

> Every time it strikes my eye I keep sayin' : "There's your sky! Blue an' bendin'

So I sing, an' never sigh. Sunshine over hill an' glen-

Birds in every tree ; When Gol made the country, ten Acres came to me

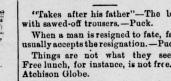
Spring or winter-rain or shine,

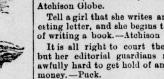
Sky an' meadow, high or low,

I keep sayin' as I go : "There's your birthright !"

Got the earth right— That's why I'm a-singin' so ! —Frank L. Stanton, in Truth.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.







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long years, and tried to dissolve the proud Nation over which its flag floated, can easily be guilty of the small offence of perjury without al-lowing it to disturb their slumbers at

night. Many young men in the South who

upon the platform. "Two more couple," cried the conductor.

Then there was a silence between them — a silence broken only at rare intervals, when one of the pair ven-"Come 'long, Mary. Now's our chanc'," whispered the young Dunkard to his companion. "Oh, B-e-el, really I can't. I never

tured some commonplace remark, which was always rewarded with a laconic reply of "Yais" or "Yer don't

danced in puberlick afore." "But you kin. Et ain't hard. All yer'll hev ter do is ter keep yer feet a-movin' an' do what the fellar that's Up hill and down rattled the buggy, Up hill and down rattled the buggy, following the crooked country road across the wide valley. Over three low, wooded ridges, then several miles up the broad meadows that line the picturesque Juniata it wended its way, until at length the green grove in the centre of which lies the Blue Bottle Spring was reached. The festivities had already begun.

callin' figgers says." The gil hesitated. "One more couple!" roared the floor master. "You kin dance with th' best uv

'em. Come along." "Really, no. I'm too narvous. Jest

wait." The 'twang of the fiddle commenced; the cracked, quavering notes of the horn arose above the buzz of

conversation.

Bottle Spring was reached. The festivities had already begun. The outskirts of the woods were filled with vehicles of every description— buggies, buckboards, spring wagons, omnibuses and ancient phaetons. The horses had been unhitched and tied to trees and fences, and were munching their midday meal of oats, gnawing the bark from limbs or kick-ing at the flies, while their owners gave themselves up to the pursuit of pleasure. After having seen his mare comfortably settled at a small chest-nut, from which she began playfully learing all the foliage, and taken the innch basket on one arm and his com-panion on the other, William Larker proceeded eagerly to the inner portion of the grove, the portion from whence came the sounds of the fidde and cor-net. conversation. "Bow yer partners—corners," cried the leader. And the young man sat down on the stump in disgust. "We'll hev ter git in th' next," he said. "Why it's dead easy. Yer see, this 'eres only a plain quadre-ll. Youse orteo see one 'et ain't plain. One of them where they had such fig-gers ez 'first lady on th' war dance,' like they done at the big weddin' up at Bunkertown three years ago. These is plain. I've never danced before meself, but I've seen 'em do it, an' I've be'n practica?. All you'll hev ter do is mind me."

the pair on the platform among the first. The girl trembling, blushing and self-conscious; the young man

d and giggled. the corner of one of her eyes as she looked up at him from under the gray bonnet, and replied: "Oh! I didn't min' that. Et was jes' lovely—tell we

The mare swerved to one side to-ward the fence and the driver seized the rein he had dropped and pulled her back into the besten track. Then he whip fell from his hands and he stopped and clambered down into the road and recovered it. But when he regained his seat in the buggy he wrapped the reins twice around the whip, and the intelligent beast trotted home unguided. -New York Sun.

### Jacketing Guns.

The officers at the Washington Navy Yard have decided to return to the Lard have decided to return to the old system of jacketing guns. The re-cent test of the Sellers method has proved somewhat unsatisfactory. It was tried in the case of an eight-inch nickel steel gun, and while the jacket was put in place, the operation was attended with some difficulty. Under the Sellers plan the jacket is heated in a horizontal furnace, and the tube is then inserted in it. Hereafter all the then inserted in it. Hereafter all the big guns will be assembled in the old way by heating the jacket in a vertical pit and then dropping it over the gun tube. The workmen have become so expert in the operation under the old system that accidents rarely occur, and the officers have concluded that better results can be obtained under it than under the Sellers plan. — Wash-ington Star.

Stevenson left a half-finished novel. Dickens left "The Mystery of Edwin

Dickens lett - Andrews prood" unsolved. Death came to Thackeray as he was those words in "Dennis writing these words in "Dennis Duval": "Behold Fints itself came to

an end, and the Infinite began." Wilkie Collins had not concluded "Blind Love" when he was seized with his fatal illness. - Home and Farm

Carpet Wools.

Carpet wools are the coarsest, cheap est grades of wool imported. The im port, value of clothing wools, 1884-1893, ranged from 23 to 19 cents, and combing wools from 25 to 22 cents per pound, while the carpet wools were imported at an average of 13 cents in 1884, at 10 in cents 1892, and only 8 cents in 1893. cents in 1893. The very low price of carpet wools

in 1893 may account in part at leas for the enormous import of this grad in that year. Note the great increase indicated by the uplift of the 1893 dot in the carpet wool import.

dot in the carpet wool import. Do we import carpet wools because our climate is not adapted to their growth? This question may best be answered by an extract from the let-ter of a wool dealer, to the Secretary of Agriculture of the United States, published in 1889. The Secretary re-ported that this was but a sample of mean such letters. The ortropt is as any such letters. The extract is as follows:

"I beg to say that our house some years back received millions yearly of the best carpet wools that the world can produce. These wools were raised in Colorado, New Maxico and other localities. While some of the fleeces were small, much of it was long staple

wool, weighing about eight pound per fleece, and had not the harsh working qualities of much of the for-eign carpet wool. It would take a better color in dyeing than the foreign, and was admitted by the large carpet factories to whom we sold it to be superior in every respect for their carpet factories to whom we sold it to be superior in every respect for their uses, excepting in price. The duty on clothing wools being so much higher than on carpet wools, the grower was forced to cross his sheep with a finer grade, and consequently domestic carpet wool has gradually al-most disappeared." This evidence corroborates what would seem to be a common sense judgment, v.z.: that a country having such a wide range of climate, both as

liner, the St. Louis, is the arrest result of the partial extension of the postal subsidies to American steam-ship companies that was advocated by Postmaster-General Wanamaker. Had of a century ago, and maintained in accordance with the growth of the country, the American merchant ma-rine would by this time have been of h a policy been a presentable size. Our shipbuilders can build the vessels, but the capital that orders and uses them must be placed upon the same footing as the steamship owners of foreign countries, who, while paying lower rates of wages to their sailors than we do, receive sub-stantial subsidies from their respective

Give Us the Chance.

The launching of the new ocean iner, the St. Louis, is the direct

Wider Market for England.

Governments.

We may now hope to see some re-vival in a number of the British in-dustries which suffered most under the MoKinley ban. It is pointed out that on certain classes of woolen dress goods imported to the value of \$18,-000,000 last year the duties were \$18,-250,000, but will now be rather less than half of that sum. It may follow

that the United States will continue to that the United States will continue to buy such goods to the extent of \$36, 000,000 a year, in which case the value of the stuff imported would be \$24, 000,000, and the duties only \$12,000, 000. Thus, on this one class of goods 000. Thus, on this one class of goods a much wider market should be opened to our manufacturers. -London Finan-

## The Verdict Was Plain.

The Nation uttered its verlict in plain language. It will have no free trade. The verdict cannot be mis-taken or misunderstood. All the in-dustrial States of the Union have declared in trumpet tongues that they will have none of a policy that seeks to degrade free American labor to the level of the pauperized labor of Eu-rope.-Brooklyn (N. Y.) Times.

> It Takes the Cake. Gorman, Wilson, Johnny Bull, Can take a parting shake; Tasir cup of grief is nearly tull, Protection takes the cake. .-.J. B.

Mande (at the piano) - "I do hate these finger exercises. I think they're just horrid." Edith -- "Why, I think they're lovely. They 'do show off one's rings to such advantage, you know."-Boston Transcript.

Nettie-"What did Mr. Knowall write on the card he put in the basket of flowers?" Blanche -"For the one I love best." Nettie-"The horrid creature has bought them for himelf."-Chicago Inter-Ocean.

If marriage is a failure, as the critics oft have said, And the wedding-bell but tolls Love's

elegy; If marriage is a failure, and love so soon is

dead, A clear case of heart-fal ure it must be.

First Pater-"Loaded down as usu-Al." Second Pater-"Yef. It's pisno music for my daughter." First Pater ---"Apparently she gets it by the ton." Second Pater (wearily)--"Yes, but she delivers it by the pound."--Pitts-burg Bulletin.

burg Bulletin. "I can tell you, baron, that when my offer of marriage was rejected by the prima donna I was so utterly mis-erable that I was on the point of throwing myself out of the window." "What prevented you?" "The height."-Karlsbaden Wochenblatt.

In Active Practice at Ninety-eight,

Dr. Westbrook Farrier, of Biddeforg, Me., is said to be a physician in active practice, though ninety-eight years old, and, still more remarkable, to be in the habit of visiting his patients regularly on a bicycle. He attributes in the habit of visiting his patients regularly on a bioyole. He stributes his exceptional vigor at this advanced age to the use of wintergreen tes, of which he is said to be an ardent ad-vocate.—Chicago Times.

ington Star. Unfinished Work.

