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NO. 20.

California supplies Boston with cod-fish and beans.

In spite of the large bounties it enjoys the mercantile marine of France continues to dwindle.

For this area, the cost of street cleaning in New York is nearly double that of any other city in the world.

The New York Advertiser maintains that the frying pan is responsible for at least 5000 ailments that flesh is heir to.

It costs \$40,000,000 a year to govern New York City. The total expenditures of the National Government in 1850 were no larger.

The century is old; only six years remain to it. But this is quite sufficient to work mighty changes in the map of Asia, and perhaps in that of Europe, also.

The arrival of 6,748,000 hogs in Chicago during the past year would seem to indicate to the New York Advertiser that that city is getting the fat of the land.

Since the year 1891 more than 11,000 claims, aggregating \$40,000,000, have been made for land taken from the Indians. The sums paid since 1799 under the act passed that year for what are called deprecation claims will amount to more than one hundred billion dollars.

According to the Real Estate Record, office buildings which cost upward of \$1.50 a cubic foot ten years ago can now be erected for from thirty to forty cents a cubic foot. This great saving, due to the increasing use of steam and mechanical devices, must finally result in a marked reduction of rents.

Football playing is not only esteemed an excellent advertisement for a college, but some preparatory schools are said by the New York Sun to have gone to the length of enticing good players from rival schools by the offer of free tuition. This means a good deal, since tuition in a fashionable preparatory school costs a pretty sum.

The gypsy moth which is taking possession of New England is an immigrant from France. It reached New England in 1870, and has since multiplied in an alarming way. Its caterpillars are very destructive, and New England would like to have a Federal appropriation of \$200,000 to use in preventing it from interfering with interstate commerce.

Deputy Sheriff Hall, of North Carolina, stood in that State and killed an escaping prisoner who was across the line in Tennessee. According to a recent decision of the Supreme Court of North Carolina he seems likely to escape punishment, as he was not in Tennessee when he committed the crime, and the crime was not committed in North Carolina.

The Interior remarks: Asanation, Japan is a child of the nineteenth century. The progress of Christianity in Japan is one of the marvels of modern church history. The first five years of faithful Christian struggle produced one convert. In 1872 was organized the first Evangelical Church of eleven members. Now there are 365 churches with a membership of 35,535.

A little less than 2000 miles of railroad were built in the United States last year. That is almost the low-water mark in railway building, though the years 1865, 1866 and 1875 made likewise a meagre showing. For five years now the additional annual mileage has shown a steady and rapid decline. In 1890, 5670 miles were built; in 1891, 4282, and in the three ensuing years, respectively, 4178, 2635 and 1919, bringing the record down to January 1, 1895. But all signs now indicate that the bottom has been reached, and that the business will again resume its normal volume and activity. It is of great importance to the prosperity of the country at large that this form of industry be not impeded or prostrated by adverse and ill-considered legislation, as it sometimes has been, and it is to be hoped that all artificial obstacles to its resumption will be speedily removed. There are in the United States 179,672 miles of completed road, 54,300 of which has been laid in the last ten years. Between this and the year 1900, with any luck at all, we ought to reach the 300,000-mile line, and are quite likely to do so. It looks now as if steel rails would soon be turned out at \$15 per ton, a fact which in itself will impart a powerful impulse to railway building and all the industries allied with it.

MOUNT VERNON.

WHERE GEORGE WASHINGTON LIVED AND DIED.

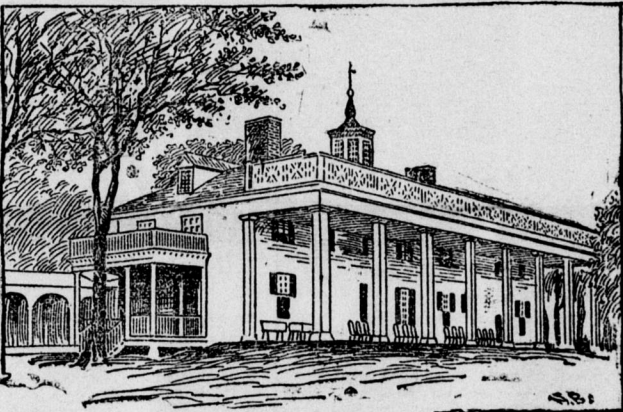
Hundreds Visit the Historic Homestead Daily—The First President Was an Extensive Farmer—Relics of the Revolution.

THE new and popular way of making the great American pilgrimage to the home and tomb of Washington is by way of the ancient and quaint old town of Alexandria, Va. For more than a century the only means of communication with Mount Vernon by public conveyance has been by the river. Steamboats have carried their hundreds of thousands of pilgrims to the sacred spot, and though that route was pleasant enough, it was slow, and up to a recent date expensive.

The new route is by way of Alexandria and the new electric railway which lands passengers in twenty minutes at the very gates of Mount Vernon. And it is a beautiful and novel ride from the quaint old town. The line leads out of Alexandria on Fairfax street and follows closely the river bank until it crosses Hunting Creek, at one time the northern boundary of the vast Mount Vernon estate. Then it cuts across the broad acres which Washington cultivated before the Revolution, and here and there crosses and recrosses the old Richmond turnpike, which in Colonial and Revolutionary days was the main artery of travel between the North and South. From the electric car windows the eye can follow the old road for miles by the rows of ancient poplars planted on either side.

A HISTORIC ROADWAY.

Over this road the Revolutionary armies marched south; by this highway the Northern cities of Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston were brought into communication with Richmond, Charleston and Savannah. Over this ancient turnpike rumbled the coach and four of General Washington when he set out upon his



MOUNT VERNON.

various pilgrimages to attend sessions of Congress in Philadelphia or take the oath of office as President. This highway, too, used to resound the hoof-beats of his thoroughbreds when he made his tri-weekly visits to Alexandria to attend church or look after his business affairs. In later years the old road resounded the tramp of old hoofs, for it was over this thoroughfare that the panic-stricken soldiery fled from Bull Run in 1861, and rushed pell-mell, horse, foot, dragoons and unmounted across Long Bridge into Washington. The last great spectacle the old turnpike ever saw was the march of Sherman's army, which followed it on the march from the South to Washington for the review in 1865. Since that day the old turnpike has borne nothing more exciting or sensational than the farm wagons and hayricks of old Virginia.

To the right, as the "trolley" crosses the bridge over Great Hunting Creek, is Fort Lyons, the strongest of all that great cordon which protected Washington in the war days. Near Fort Lyons is the old home, still standing, of the seventh Lord Fairfax—Rev. Brian Fairfax, who in Washington's day was rector of Christ Church at Alexandria, of which Washington was a vestryman. The old church is still one of the cherished landmarks in Alexandria, and the edifice with Washington's big square pew is carefully preserved intact. Lord Fairfax's home



ROOM AND BED WHERE WASHINGTON DIED.

was called Mount Eagle, and is still in excellent preservation. A mile beyond the bridge and the road enters the "old Mount Vernon estate," which in Washington's day comprised 8000 acres of as fine land as was ever known in Virginia. The estate was divided into five farms, known as River Farm, Dogue Run Farm, Mansion House Farm, Union Farm and Muddy Hole Farm. River Farm, which the railway strikes first and formerly known as Clifton's Neck, was bought by Washington in 1760 for \$3 an acre. It consisted of 2000 acres.

BUILT BY WASHINGTON.

The first landmark of Revolutionary interest that is reached after entering upon the oldest estate is Wellington Hall. It stands about four miles from Alexandria, on the Potomac bank, and occupies a site almost as beautiful as

Mount Vernon. Wellington Hall was built by Washington in 1768 on a portion of the estate comprising 600 acres, and during his life it was occupied by Colonel Tobias Lear, who lives in history as Washington's military secretary and life-long friend. Colonel Lear was also tutor to the Curtis children and for more than thirty years was a member of Washington's family. It is said the first President built Wellington Hall for Colonel Lear's use, but whether this be true or not, he certainly occupied it for most of his life. By his will General Washington made Colonel Lear a tenant for life, rent free, and he lived on the place until his death in 1816. His remains now repose in the Congressional Cemetery in Washington.

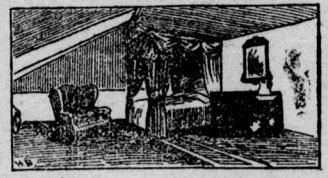
After Tobias Lear's death Wellington Hall passed into the hands of the collateral branch of the Washington family, the last occupant being Charles A. Washington, a grandnephew. He was a harum-scarum sort of chap, very dissipated, and under his management the estate soon ran down. The old inhabitants tell funny stories about "Charley" Washington and his career as a farmer. On one occasion he took some plowshares to Alexandria to be sharpened, and there were urgently needed in the spring plowing, but falling in with some cronies he was induced to go off for a month's sojourn at the "springs," and never came back until the wheat crop had gone by default. "Charley" Washington was a great theorist. He once read in a farm paper that the most profitable crop one could grow was barley. So he planted ten acres. When the barley ripened he had it "hauled" out and loaded on a four-horse wagon and started it for the Alexandria market. "Charley" went on ahead on horseback to dispose of the load. But barley he found was an unknown grain in the Alexandria market and there was no sale for it; but after a whole day's tramping he succeeded in trailing the load of barley to a brewer for a barrel of beer, which he sent home and stored in his cellar. The news of the transaction leaked out, and the same night a dozen of Charley's cronies in Alexandria paid a visit

to Wellington Hall, where they made a night of it with the general proprietor. Before morning they had disposed of the entire crop of barley. Charley Washington died in 1859 and the neglected farm passed into other hands. Wellington Hall is a frame dwelling, painted white, and with the outbuildings in good repair. A lane, lined with poplars, which the railroad crosses, connects it with the Richmond turnpike. From Wellington to Mount Vernon the distance is five miles, the last station being Riverside Park, at Little Hunting Creek, which stream divided the old River Farm of Washington's map from the Mansion House Farm. A mile beyond this creek the car stops at the gates of Mount Vernon. By this route there is no more climbing the steep hill from the wharf, but the visitor enters the grounds at the foot of the western lawn and walks up a long flagged path through the trees to the near side of the old mansion.

MOUNT VERNON.

It is not given to the average visitor to the home of Washington to see all the beauties of the place. Much less can he know the details of the home life of the great proprietor, or understand the splendor of his former environment. The visitor goes through the old mansion. He looks into the little, stuffy rooms with their old and incongruous mixture of old and up-to-date furniture. He gazes at the elegant and extremely modern tinted and gold frescoes, at the rich and brilliant Persian rugs with which the ladies of the association have covered the floors, and he finds it difficult to imagine this the home of the immortal Washington. To most visitors it seems a great pity that there has been such an effort made to impress the public with the fact that Washington led a luxurious life by means of the rich and modern trappings they have smuggled into the old mansion. The splendor of Washington's life at Mount Vernon was reflected by his broad acres, by his great farming operations, by his hundreds of slaves, including artisans and mechanics of all kinds, by the wealth of his hospitality and the magnificence of his military and official career. There were no frescoes of gilt and tints in Washington's day—no wall paper, even. There was nothing but white-washed walls and ceilings. Nor were there any Darghestan rugs or Axminster carpets.

There is an outbuilding on the grounds, which should have given the well-meaning ladies a hint as to what the Father of His Country used to cover his floors. The building is called the "spinning-room," and in it is a great loom for weaving the good old-fashioned rag carpets of our forefathers.



MARtha WASHINGTON'S BEDCHAMBER.

many that are, strictly speaking, relics of Washington. There is plenty of Colonial furniture, but Washington never saw it. There are portraits, engravings, etc., and a valuable collection of Washington's autograph letters, which are mounted in the former state dining-room. There are two or three swords, suits of military clothing, articles of camp equipage and a brown suit of clothes, the cloth of which was woven on the place which the General wore at his first inauguration as President.

After the death of Washington in 1799, followed two years later by the death of his widow, the estate began to go down. Washington had already given 2000 acres to his adopted daughter, Nellie Custis, upon which she and her husband, Lawrence Lewis, afterward built the beautiful Woodlawn mansion, located three miles below the mansion at Mount Vernon. By his will Washington left other large portions of his estate to other relatives, the homestead proper falling to the share of Bushrod Washington, his nephew, who afterward became an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. From Bushrod Washington it descended to his grandson, John Augustine Washington, who, in July, 1859, sold the mansion and grounds together with 200 acres of land for the rather munificent sum of \$200,000. It was a pretty hard bargain that Colonel Washington drove, but he got away with it. At the time the sale was made the mansion and outbuildings were sadly run down. There was evidence of neglect on every side. The broad acreage had diminished and passed into other hands. The remainder was largely given over to weeds and underbrush. The soil was worn out and no effort made to reclaim it. Verily, the glory of Mount Vernon had departed. About 1854 several colonies of thrifty farmers from New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York and the New England States were formed to buy and reclaim these worn-out lands. They bought tracts of from forty to three hundred acres to each family and by very much the same methods that Washington used they have rehabilitated the land so that now, out of the original acreage of Mount Vernon, there is very little that is not highly improved and worth \$50 to \$300 per acre.

Relics of Washington.

At the Libby Prison War Museum, in Chicago, there are an old brown velvet coat worn by Washington at his second inauguration, a family umbrella, much out of repair, two of his swords, some tarnished epaulets, a rusty field-glass, a belt and a needle case carried by Mrs. Washington.



GENERAL WASHINGTON'S COAT, UMBRELLA AND FIELD-GLASS.

In all there are enough Washington relics in Chicago to fit out a large museum. Most of them are well preserved and bear evidence to the fact of Washington's wealth and love of rich and beautiful clothing and articles of personal and household adornment.

George Washington's Birthday.

It was George Washington's birthday. The bells were ringing and the cannon were booming in commemoration of the Father of His Country. Little Ethel, aged five, wise and thoughtful beyond her years, was gazing out of the window, apparently in deep thought. Suddenly she awoke from her reverie, and, turning around to her father, said: "Papa, what are they going to give George Washington for his birthday?"

A Deserved Fate.

"Why did General Washington cross the Delaware on a dark, stormy night?" asked the funny man. "Give it up," answered the crowd. "To get to the other side," retorted the funny man; and then the crowd killed him gently, but firmly.—Halo.

FREE TRADE TRICKS.

CRAFTY ATTEMPTS TO CREATE REPUBLICAN DISCORD.

Trying to Make Protection Leaders Show Their Hands in Advance—A Vast Improvement Upon the Gorman Bill Will Be Made When the Party of Protection Again Grasps the Reins of Government.

It is a very shrewd game that the free traders have been playing since the November elections in calling upon protectionist leaders to outline some specific bill that will be passed in place of the Gorman bill. It is a sort of "heads I win tails you lose" game. Whatever the answer on the part of protectionists, the free traders hope to score a point.

If protectionist leaders should be beguiled into suggesting possible details, the free traders would at once seize upon these suggested possibilities as a pledge of party action. If, as would undoubtedly be the case, protectionist leaders should disagree in regard to some of the details, the free traders would cry out that the party was dissatisfied and the leaders at odds with one another. If, on the other hand, the protectionists should refuse to enter into details, the free traders would be ready with a plausible interpretation of such refusal.

For such interpretation there has been abundant opportunity. Protectionist leaders have in almost every case refused to enter upon a question of details. They have deemed it quite sufficient to state that, whatever the details of a new bill that should be passed, it should be a bill which should have for its fundamental principle the protection of American industries.

But the free traders have professed to see, in this refusal of protectionists to give details, a confession on their part that they have nothing better than the Gorman bill to offer. Absurd as such a claim is, since there would be difficulty in passing a worse bill, it is, nevertheless, for protectionists to permit not the slightest chance for doubt in regard to their position. If the recent elections meant anything, they meant denunciation of the Gorman bill and disgust with the whole free trade administration.

It is well, then, for protectionists to make it very clear that they will have something better than the Gorman bill to offer, and that they intend to enact a bill which shall protect American industries as soon as they possibly can. Let them, too, not cease to emphasize the fact that the present disaster and depression are due to the baneful effects of tariff reform, and that they have no intention of "letting the country rest" in the midst of such evils, but that they mean to place it again in the midst of such prosperity as it enjoyed under the McKinley tariff. Let them, above all, beware of all overtures and all proposals coming from the free trade enemy's camp.

See the Hornets Nest! Are the Hornets Alive?



Yes, the Hornets Are Alive—November 6, 1894.



Cheap Goods Mean Cheap Men.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has contracted to buy 30,000 tons of steel rails from the Pennsylvania, the Cambria and the Edgar Thomson Steel Works, at \$22 per ton, the lowest price ever paid for steel rails in the United States. The reduction in prices of rails and other steel productions precipitated the serious cut in wages, in consequence of which the present distressing labor strikes and disturbances were organized. We need not mention the main factor which operated to bring about these conditions. It is well known to the free traders.

Eternal Vigilance Needed.

The battle of November 6 was but the beginning. It is no time to lay down arms now. Great victories are proverbially dangerous. Eternal vigilance is the price of success. The evil effects of free trade should be laid at its own door, not accepted as due in any degree to any other fact or condition.

A Home Market for the South.

We are glad to see some faint glimmering comprehension in the young but thoughtful editor of the Columbia (S. C.) Register as to the benefit of the home market to those who have things to sell. He said, in a very interesting editorial on the progress of manufactures in his State:

"The mills of Spartanburg County are flourishing and are being steadily added to. They furnish a home market for the cotton raised by Spartanburg farmers, and everybody knows the home market is the best market for cotton."

We would suggest that this editor philosophize a little. Let him ask himself whether, the home market being best for cotton, is not probably best for the products of cotton. And if for cotton and its products why not for all the products of our American industries?

We are glad to see further that benefits from manufactures are general, even to free traders, apprehension. Speaking of what the mills are doing in their neighborhood our friend said:

"They create a good market for the small products, the chickens, butter, eggs, wood, meat and vegetables of the Spartanburg farms. They set adrift every week thousands of dollars, in the way of wages, which flow in arteries of trade and bring prosperity to business."

The experience of the East is fast finding its way South and we may yet see that section of our country favorable to the enactment of laws which tend to promote those conditions which in the main every intelligent man desires.

Encouraging, Yes, But—

Press dispatches announced the reopening of the Champion iron mine in Michigan. Resumption of operations in this mine, which has been inactive for the last two years, is pointed to by the free traders as an encouraging sign for the iron industry of the country. This mine was closed two years ago because of the pending tariff changes which the free trade party assured the working people of the country would be in their interest. Those changes have been enacted into law, but instead of benefits the very gravest evils have resulted.

The Champion mine resumes work, but with a very substantial reduction of wages. It is time that the iron industry of the country, so long pros- trated, should begin to hold its head up, even under an enforced lower scale of prices and wages, but it is in order also for every miner in the land to point to his lower place in the picture as a condition into which he was treacherously enticed by "the party of perjury and dishonesty," and to resolve that he shall never again trust his interests with the unfaithful and irresponsible free traders.

Free Ships of War.

It is reported from Washington that Congress will probably pass an appropriation authorizing the construction of three new ships of war for the American navy. This will be interesting news to the owners of foreign shipyards because, should the Fishan bill become law, there will be nothing to prevent the construction of vessels for the American navy in any other country. The United States Treasury may thus be enabled to save a little money, which it sorely needs just now, by placing these contracts abroad where labor is so much cheaper than in the United States. Any question of protection to American labor, or to the American shipbuilding industry, will not be considered by the present Administration, which is devoid even of American pride.

Equality in Wages Wanted.

Men do not mind working side by side with each other, no matter what their nationality, when established conditions of wages are the same. The refusal of the men at Homestead to work with a contingent of Hungarians was because the latter were introduced for the purpose of demoralizing the wage scale, not because they were Hungarians.

Getting in Its Work.

Disturbances of labor and much destitution at Homestead, Braddock, DeBois, Reynoldsville, Havahill and many other places in the Eastern and Middle States indicate how seriously the lower wage scale is pressing upon the labor of the country. The Gorman free-trade tariff is now in full operation.

Americans the Best Workers.

It is a well-known fact among mill men that young American rollers and others have quite recently produced better work and larger quantities in a given time than foreigners working their eight hours' shift with the same furnaces and machinery, and it is useless for any prospective manufacturers to imagine that a crew of foreigners is a necessity in a tin mill.—Iron Trade Review.

Went Unescorted to Prison.

E. B. Milliken, ex-City Clerk of Guthrie, Oklahoma, walked into the Kansas Penitentiary at Lansing, unescorted. The Sheriff, he said, was a friend of his and took his word that he would come to the penitentiary without an escort. He is sentenced to serve two years for embezzlement, having been convicted by the United States Court at Guthrie.

An Ohio County to Keep Bloodhounds. The Grand Jury at Columbus, Ohio, reported that the county ought to purchase a pack of bloodhounds to be kept by the Sheriff at the county jail, and the criminal, as soon as a crime was reported, ought to repair to the scene and place the dogs on the trail.

HEART-COIN.

One day I gave my heart's best power To one whose tears were flowing, My sympathy in that dark hour, Her poor, grief-stricken face was knowing.

To me she gave a rose, to-day, From out her love and sorrow; 'Tis ever thus along life's way, We lend, or else we borrow.

Did we remember "love or hate The like to us will render," Maybe, sometimes, before too late, Our words would be more tender! —Margaret May, in New York Observer.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A man who is crooked usually follows his own bent.

You can usually tell an ass by his lack of horse-sense.—Puck.

Miss Elderly—"I fainted last night." Maude—"Who proposed?"—Life.

A man would be surprised if he were what a woman thinks he is.—Detroit Free Press.

She—"And what would you be now if it weren't for my money?" He—"A bachelor."—Pall Mall Budget.

Elsie—"She says she is twenty-two." Ethel—"Then she must have deducted her time allowance."—Puck.

Let a playhouse be built! Which no one may use Than the girls with big hats And the men with big shoes. —Washington Star.

He—"Darling, will you love me when I'm gone?" She—"Yes, if you are not too far gone."—London Tit-Bits.

Miss Olds—"Yes; he said yesterday that to him my face was like a book." Miss Friend—"Is plain as that?"—Puck.

The first setback in many a man's life occurred at school when he was set back among the girls.—Rockland (Me.) Tribune.

"But what earthly use is it to discover the North Pole? I can't see." "It will save future expeditions."—Harper's Bazar.

"How can there be such a thing as a whole day, you know," raved Freddy, "when it breaks every morning?"—Chicago Tribune.

"You'll please look over this small bill." Exclaimed the duke. "The doctor took it! And then said he, with weary smile, 'I'd rather overlook it.'" —Philadelphia Record.

Pertly—"There is one thing I have to say in favor of the wind when it whistles." Dullhead—"What's that?" Pertly—"It never whistles popular airs."—Harper's Bazar.

No matter how good the deacon is, he will always look wise and pleased if anybody suggests that he was a pretty lively young fellow when he was a boy.—Somerville Journal.

"I thought you told me that Miss Brown had spent a great deal of money on her voice?" "Well, so I did." "But she can't sing." "Well, I didn't say that she could, did I?"—Truth.

Little Rich Girl—"Don't you wish you had a pair of lovely red gloves like me?" Little Poor Girl—"Don't you wish you had a pair of lovely red hands, like me?"—South Boston News.

Bronson—"Have the detectives found out anything about that burglar yet?" Johnson—"Yes; they've come to the conclusion that the motive for the crime was money."—Boston Herald.

There is a woman in Georgia weighing 600 pounds who makes moonshine whisky. Hasn't a woman who weighs 600 pounds got trouble enough of her own without making it for other people?—Rockland (Me.) Tribune.

She (at the dinner)—"I think our hostess is the most perfect lady I ever saw." He—"Yes, but I notice that she made one break early in the evening." She—"She always does that. It puts her guests more at their ease." New York Herald.

Rambling Raggy—"Will yer plossie give me a dime, sir, to get sumthin' to eat?" Citizen—"What can you get for a dime?" R. R.—"I kin get a plate of hash for a nickel, sir." C.—"What do you want with the other five cents?" R. R.—"That, sir, is for a tip for the waiter."—New York Press.

Sir George—"Look here, John! My lady complains that when you see her in the street you never salute her. What do you mean by it?" John—"Beggins' your pardon, Sir George, but in a book on etymology which I possess it is set down that the lady ought to bow first."—Household Words.

The neighbor who borrows your wheelbarrow and rake and sprinkling hose and lawn-mower and one thing and another in the summer never comes to borrow your snow shovel in the winter. And when he shovels off his own walk it is touching to note with what exactness he works up to the line where your lots divide, without infringing the smallest fraction of an inch upon the snow that lies on your part of the sidewalk.—Rockland (Me.) Tribune.

The Toad's Queer Way.

Paternal affection is not perhaps the precise emotion that we should be disposed to look for in the cold-blooded frog. But the Surinam toad—of which no fewer than ten specimens have just arrived at the Zoo—appear to exhibit this praiseworthy attitude of mind toward his numerous progeny. When his mate lays her eggs the solicitous father places them carefully upon her back, where in due time their presence causes an irritation that produces numerous small holes, into which the eggs forthwith drop. In those cells, which, from mutual pressure, come to be hexagonal, like honeycombs, the young frogs are finally hatched, and for a bit scramble about their mother's back, hiding in their nurseries when danger threatens.—London News.