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NO. 23.

Less than one-half of our farms are mortgaged.

A Chicago University teacher will be known as "Mr.," not "Prof."

Our Animal Friends has collected statistics which show that 102 cases of lockjaw resulted in the year 1891 from docking horses' tails.

Among the new postoffices established in Washington State, noted by the Chicago Record, are Pysht, Quitlagnette, Utsaladdy and Kllickitat.

It is said in the New York Recorder that until the year 1895, no colored man ever served on a jury in Maine. W. A. Johnson, of Bangor, is the pioneer.

The Atlanta Journal remarks that while illiteracy decreased greatly in the South from 1880 to 1890, it increased in the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, New Jersey, Michigan, Montana, Nevada and Wisconsin.

The Sioux Indians propose to raise by popular subscription a fund for the erection of a monument to their Chief, Iron Nation, who died recently on the reservation near Chamberlain, South Dakota. Iron Nation had been a prominent figure in Sioux affairs for sixty years.

Queerer suit at law was never brought than that of H. Magill against the Osage Council. Magill was going through the reservation when the Indians caught and tied him, cut his hair and held a war dance round him. He sues for \$10,000, and the Council offers \$500 to settle.

Scotch banks will at an early date reduce the interest on deposits to one per cent., the lowest ever paid. The managers state that they are compelled to take this course because the English banks are only paying one-half per cent. They also say that they never experienced such difficulty in reinvesting money.

A new language has just been added to the Bible Society's list, bringing up the total number to over 320. This time, as in some other recent instances, the new version is for Africa. It is a translation of the gospel of St. Matthew into Kinkuma, the language of the Baskuma people, whose country lies immediately south of Lake Victoria Nyanza.

The New York Mail and Express observes: The Mikado, having conferred the Grand Order of the Imperial Chrysanthemum upon the German Kaiser, the latter has returned the compliment by sending the collar of the Black Eagle to the first gentleman of Japan. As the regalia of these distinguished Orders are only lent to the recipients, it doesn't cost much for monarchs to be civil to each other.

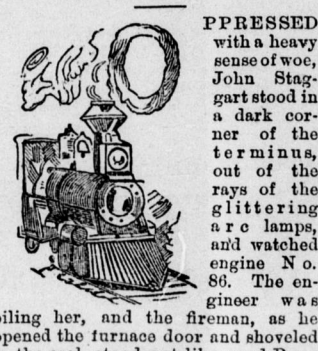
The vaunted protection of the seals in Alaskan water is a myth, in the opinion of the New York Mail and Express. Secretary Carlisle reports that 121,143 were killed by pelagic sealers last year. This statement has caused a suggestion to be made in Congress that the Government undertake the slaughter of the remaining seals, estimated to number 450,000, and sell the skins, which would be valued at \$10,000,000 if properly cured. It is strange that the two greatest Governments in the world cannot protect the seals. Possibly there is some reason not apparent on the surface why this is so.

Dr. Chauncey M. Depew in a recent interview in predicting 1895's progress in railroading, very pertinently stated: "Take, for instance, the New York Central Railroad. Our trains might almost be termed flashes of lightning, but their rate is not a circumstance to the speed we are now aiming at. Then there is the matter of safety. I need not assure you that the safety of passengers is the most important thing a railroad man has to do with. This coming year we expect to attain what some people may consider a chimera—namely, perfect freedom from risk in the transportation of human beings by rail. We have, we believe, solved the problem, and that I should say, will make 1895 an unequalled year in railroading. In the far as in the near future, romantic things are done, or are being projected. A tunnel to the summit of the Jungfrau is one of the things possible. The Trans-Siberian Railway and the South African line to Mashonaland are two projects on the edge of the future—the former already under way—and the poetry of railroading will be experienced in the new rush of railroad building certain to ensue in Japan when the Chinese war indemnity is paid—which will certainly happen in 1895."

THE GOOD WE ALL MAY DO.

Oh, the good we all may do,
While the days are going by!
There are lonely hearts to cherish,
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish,
While the days are going by!
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue;
Oh, the good we all may do,
While the days are going by!
There's no time for idle scolding,
While the days are going by;
Let your face be like the morning,
While the days are going by!
Oh, the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes;
Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by!
All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by;
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by!
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and sun will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by!
Oh, the good we all may do,
While the days are going by!
—Rosa B. Holt, in Philadelphia American.

OLD EIGHTY-SIX.



PPRESSED with a heavy sense of woe, John Saggart stood in a dark corner of the terminus, out of the rays of the glittering arc lamps, and watched engine No. 86. The engineer was oiling her, and the fireman, as he opened the furnace door and shoveled in the coal, stood out like a red Rembrandt picture in the cab against the darkness beyond. As the engineer, with his oil can, went carefully around engine No. 86, John Saggart drew his sleeves across his eyes, and a gulp came up in his throat. He knew every joint and bolt in that contrary old engine—the most cantankerous iron brute on the road, and yet, if rightly managed, one of the swiftest and most powerful engines the company had, notwithstanding the many improvements that had been put upon locomotives since 86 left the foundry.

Saggart, as he stood there, thought of the seven years he had put in on the footboard of old 86, and of the many tricks she had played him during that period. If, as the poet says, the very chains and the prisoner become friends through long association, it may be imagined how much of a man's affection goes out to a machine that he thoroughly understands and likes—a machine that is his daily companion for years, in danger and out of it. No. 86 and John had been in many a close pinch together, and at this moment Saggart seemed to have forgotten that often the pinch was caused by the pure cussedness of 86 herself, and he remembered only that she had bravely done her part several times when the situation was exceedingly serious.

The cry of "All aboard!" rang out and was echoed down from the high arched roof of the great terminus, and John, with a sigh, turned from his contemplation of the engine and went to take his place on the train. It was a long train, with many sleeping cars at the end of it, for the heavy holiday traffic was on, and people were getting out of town by the hundred. The engine had put away his oil can and had taken his place on the engine, standing ready to begin the long journey the moment the signal was given.

John Saggart climbed into the smoking carriage at the front part of the train. He found a place in one of the forward seats and he sank down into it with a vague feeling of uneasiness at being inside a coach instead of on the engine. He gazed out of the window and saw the glittering electric lights slowly slide behind, then more quickly the red, green and white lights of the station lamps, and finally there flickered swiftly past the brilliant constellation of city windows, showing that the town had not yet gone to bed. At last the flying train plunged into the dark, and Saggart pressed his face against the cold glass of the window, unable to shake off his feeling of responsibility, although he knew that there was another man at the throttle.

In many a tight place together, but we won't be any more. It's tough, as you say. I've been fifteen years with the company and seven on old 86, and at first it comes mighty hard. But I suppose I'll get used to it."

"Look here, John," said the conductor, lowering his voice to a confidential tone, "the President of the road is with us to-night. His private car is the last but one on the train. How would it do to speak to him? If you're afraid to tackle him I'll put in a word for you in a minute and tell him your side of the story."

"I wouldn't do," he said. "He wouldn't overrule what one of his subordinates had done, unless there was serious injustice in the case. It's the new manager, you know. There's always trouble with a new manager. He sweeps clean. And I suppose he thinks by bawling one of the oldest engineers on the road he'll scare the rest."

"Well, I don't think much of him, between ourselves," said the conductor. "What do you think he has done to-night? He's put a new man on 86—a man from one of the branch lines, who doesn't know the road. I doubt if he's ever been over the main line before. Now it's an anxious time for me, with all the holiday traffic moving, with the thermometer at zero, and the rails like glass, and I like to have a man in front that I can depend on."

"It's bad enough not to know the road," said John, gloomily, "but it's worse not to know old 86. She's a brute if she takes a notion."

"I don't suppose there's another engine that could draw this train and keep her time."

"No. She'll do her work all right if you'll humor her," admitted Saggart, who could not conceal his love for the engine, even while he blamed her.

"Well," said the conductor, rising and picking up his lantern, "the man in front may be all right, but I would feel safer if you were further ahead on this train than the smoker. I'm sorry I can't offer you a berth to-night, John, but we're full clear through to the rear lights. There isn't even a vacant upper on the train."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said Saggart. "I couldn't sleep anyhow. I'd rather sit here and look out of the window."

"Well, so long," said the conductor. "I'll drop in and see you as the night passes on."

HOW FARMERS FEEL.

ONLY TWO PER CENT. IN WISCONSIN'S STATE BELIEVE IN FREE TRADE.

A Business Man Questions 100 West Virginia Agriculturists With Most Suggestive Results—'Wilsonism' on the Decline.

My business takes me into many farming homes in West Virginia, and for the last two months I have been sounding farmers on the tariff question. West Virginians, as a rule, are truthful, and I would just as soon believe one of them as any one else. Of 100 farmers questioned, forty were Democrats, fifty-five Republicans and five Populists and "nondescripts." The fifty-five Republicans declared to a unit in favor of unqualified protection, as did also thirty of the Democrats; eight of the remaining Democrats believed in a conservative tariff, and only two were out and out free traders. Four of the Populists had no views on the tariff and one said whatever Jerry Simpson and Pepper did was all right with him. Some of them told me that while morally certain that free trade would lessen the cost of what they consumed fully one-third, that they still would be losers in the glatted markets with their own products depreciated one-half in value. One farmer advocated a uniform tariff of 100 per cent. and the appointment by the Government of a commission to fix the price of all articles consumed in this country, this commission to be in session every day, issuing daily reports of fluctuations in the markets.

Now this inquiry elicited the information that only two out of 100 farmers questioned, and selected without regard to politics, believe in free trade, and taking the late elections as a guide this percentage will hold good everywhere and will be taken as an indication that "free traders" or "Wilsonism" is on the decline, and in fact, never had any footing in this country so long blessed with glorious protection. WILL S. GREENLEAF, Grafton, W. Va.

CHEAP LABOR COMPETITION.

The Southern Cotton Manufacturers Fear Products of Japanese Mills. While some parts of the Southern section of the country are rejoicing because the new tariff may induce the erection of more cotton mills in those localities where cotton is grown, because the mills can there be more economically worked chiefly owing to the lower value of labor, they have suddenly awakened to the fact that labor is cheaper in other parts of the world than it is in the Southern States, and the Atlanta Weekly Constitution has this to say:

"How is it?" he cried. "It's all right. No. 86 got her nose broke, and served her right, that's all. Tell the passengers there's no danger and get 'em on board. We're going to back up to Pointville. Better send the brakeman to pick up the other engineer. The rounds' hard to-night, and he may be hurt."

"I'm going back to talk to the President, said the conductor, emphatically. "He's in a condition of mind to listen to reason, judging from the glimpse I got of his face at the door of his car a moment ago. Either he reinstates you, or I go gathering tickets on a street car. This kind of thing is too exciting for my nerves."

The conductor's interview with the President of the road was apparently satisfactory, for old No. 86 is trying to lead a better life under the guidance of John Saggart.—Detroit Free Press.

OVER THE SNOW.

Sweet Millicent put on her furs,
Nor cares how hard the north wind blows—
So many hearts would capture hers,
She has no lack of anxious beaux.
Now jingle, jingle go the bells,
Past burdened fields, past wood and shore—
With joyous hope her bosom swells,
And all the world is fair before.
One summer day she chanced to meet
Her escort, near the ocean's tide—
But now he comes with couriers fleet
And asks her to a winter's ride.
Jingle, jingle go the bells,
As off the happy couple starts—
But only Cupid's record tells
The union these of hands and hearts.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Advertising is the root of all money. A game leg—The quarter of venison. One man in a thousand—The Colonel. A resolution is easier to pass than to keep. An "invention of the enemy" is never patented.—Statesman. Selfishness often shows a very bad social taste.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Figg is always setting a trap for his wife." "Jealousy, is it?" "Nope! mice."—Inter-Ocean. "History repeats itself," but that is because it is getting old and voluminously garrulous.—Puck. Love shows itself by deeds; but it is often confoundedly hard to get a wife to sign one with you.—Puck. Men are either good because they have not been found out, or because they are not married.—Arlington Globe. "Dr. White is a specialist, is he not? What is his specialty?" "He has two—consultations and fees."—Vogue.

A man has been known to stand in a corner all day, wondering at the world's idleness.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. The Diner—"Waiter, why didn't you keep your thumb out of the soup?" The Waiter—"Oh, it isn't hot."—Detroit Free Press. Microbes in the kiss, you say? Right you are, my boy. Little germs of purest bliss, Bacilli of joy!—Harper's Bazar.

One of the lessons of life which many people never learn is that it is not necessary to make an ass of oneself merely because one has a magnificent opportunity. "Looking for work, are you?" asked the good lady. "Oh, not that bad, mum!" answered Mr. Everett West. "Just merely waitin' fer it."—Cincinnati Tribuna. Hairdresser—"Madam, what color do you wish your hair dyed?" Miss Oldgirl—"Oh! I am not particular; any color so you 'keep it dark.'"—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Tommy—"Paw, what is the difference between a vest and a waistcoat?" Mr. Figg—"The vest is the most likely to have a big roll of bills in its pocket."—Indianapolis Journal. Binly—"That man ahead of us is an inventor out of luck." Finly—"How do you know?" Binly—"Why even the ends of his trousers' legs are infringing."—Philadelphia Inquirer. Embarrassment and shyness frequently differ from each other. When a young man is embarrassed for money, his shyness doesn't stop him from trying to borrow some.—Philadelphia Life.

A young lady singer asked a gentleman which of the two he would prefer, to be blind or deaf. He answered—"Deaf, miss, when I am looking at you, and blind when I hear you sing."—Wisconsin Star Journal.

"I see," observed Mr. Chugwater, looking over his morning paper, "they're making another effort to put a tax on bachelors." "Is that the single tax I've heard so much about?" inquired Mrs. Chugwater.—Chicago Tribune.

What a contradictory thing is man. When we are a boy and love molasses, on our bread we can only have a little of it, but when we grow up and can have all the molasses in the world we do not care for it at all.—Portland (Me.) Tribune. "You ought to know better than to put small coins into your mouth," said the old gentleman to the boy who had just blacked his boots. Whereupon three richly apparelled ladies who were hurrying past to catch a street car paused a moment and looked indignantly at the speaker.—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis. I saw Mrs. Jefferson Davis the other day, says the New York correspondent of the Chicago Herald. She's a bright, whole-souled old lady with snow white hair drawn smoothly back from her forehead. She dresses in the deepest mourning, knows everything and gets off a bonnet now and then which convulses her hearers. Mrs. Davis and her daughter live in handsome apartments in the Gerard. Miss Winnie is tall, refined, a semi-brunette with great repose of manner, a student of music, a fine conversationalist and very popular in society. She dresses in great taste, a gown she wore at a recent reception, of gold-laced silk, costly white lace and garnished with clusters of violets, being declared one of the most successful costumes seen this winter.

