



W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

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

VOL. XIII.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1895.

NO. 24.

The farmlands of this country are estimated to be worth \$13,279,252-649.

A prominent Guatemalan official said that though war between Guatemala and Mexico might be delayed for a year, it was sure to come.

The Peoria Herald says it is almost impossible for the average American mind to comprehend how Casimir Perier, with a salary, as President of the French Republic, of \$300,000 a year, could make up his mind to resign.

According to the figures of Chief Engineer Parsons, of the New York City Rapid Transit Commission, the cost of the proposed electric railway under Broadway will be \$66,000,000, exclusive of expenses for right of way, damages to buildings, etc.

The proposition to build a memorial bridge across the Potomac River, connecting Washington City proper with the great Arlington estate and National Cemetery, is again before Congress. It is hoped by the Inventive Age this matter will be given the serious consideration its importance merits. Such a structure is needed, and that it should be a magnificent piece of engineering—a monument to the genius of the present day—goes without argument.

The cigarette youth merits almost any treatment that will squelch his fatal habit, believes The Pathfinder. The latest method, that of denying him admission to the public schools unless he gives up smoking has been employed in a Missouri town. This sort of ostracism may bring pretty effective influence to bear through the parents. But may it not cause some stubborn youngsters to go the other way into deperate paths?

We have in this country many churches with a very large membership, some of them numbering over 2000. But in Europe the churches boast of many more members than this—2000 being as a rule but a fair-sized congregation. There is one church in St. Petersburg, Russia, numbering nearly six thousand souls. The largest membership, perhaps, in the world is that of a church in Elterfeld, in Rhenish Prussia, which has over six thousand. The congregation has six pastors and two churches, while a third church is in course of erection. Several members of the famous Krummacher family of preachers have been pastors at that church.

A remarkable trial has just ended at Bucharest, Hungary. Two boys, one six years and the other fourteen, were charged upon their own confession with attempting to drown a child two years old. Their defense was that the long drought had to be terminated, and that the crime for which they were on trial was the only successful method known to accomplish the end. An explanation of this curious defense is that the children of the villages in times of great drought are made to throw the clay figure of a child into the water. The boys threw in the child merely because they had no clay figure. The elder was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and the younger returned to his mother for chastisement.

In his speech in the United States Senate, at the acceptance of the Webster statue, Senator Morrill, of Vermont, spoke of the fashionable garb worn by "Black Dan" when he dined with him in Washington in 1852. "Mr. Webster," said the Senator, "appeared in his blue coat with gilt buttons, light buff vest, low shoes and white silk half-hose, and led the conversation most happily, whether grave or gay." This was the custom of the great American statesman a little more than forty years ago, a period which can be recalled by hundreds of thousands of our living citizens. What would be thought of any man, even a Webster, who should appear thus dressed in our time? Would he not be an object of ridicule? asks the San Francisco Argonaut. The clothes of the American people have been getting plainer and duller right straight along for over a hundred years. Look at the costumes of Washington, Adams and the other great men after peace had been won through the Revolution. Look at the rich and gay dress which was worn by men who could afford it when our own immediate sires trod the land. Then look at the black and white dress of fashion in the banquet hall in this nuptialreous and blustering age. It is lovely woman alone who dares to make a display of colors, frills, flowers, fringes, spangles, jewelry and ornaments at this dismal time.

THE UNSEEN.

When eyes are bright with hope, the skies are blue, The seas are mother-o-pearl, the world is fair, Sunshine falls sweet on drops of diamond dew, And fairies dwell in flower bells everywhere. When eyes are dim with tears, the skies are gray, The seas are foaming floods, the world is cold, Sad mists creep down and shadow all the way, And every face we meet seems strangely old. But when the eyes are closed to outward sights In Sleep's dear dreamland, glories meet their gaze, Visions of hope-filled noons and love-filled nights, Of light eye radiant, made of rainbow rays. Then, when they look within, the realms of thought Lie all untroubled—what has been, what shall be, Mountain and plain into right focus brought, "The Unseen," say you? Nay! what we best see!

AN OLD DICTIONARY.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.



"ES, I know," said Aunt Nabby, in a voice about as cheerful as the croak of a consumptive raven. "The family is all broke up, and everything is scattered. And the furniture was sold at auction. Such a thing never would have happened if I'd been at home!" "I don't say so," said Mr. Wellgood, tapping the feather tip of his cigar against the Japanese ash-receiver, and thinking secretly what a fortunate thing it was for the amicable settlement of the Wellgood estate that Aunt Nabby—"Abigail Maria" her name was written in the family record—had not been at home. For she was a veritable thorn in the side of her relations—this querulous, ill-tempered, domineering old lady. "Not that I care for the old chairs, and tables, and bed-quilts," went on Aunt Nabby, knitting energetically away at the silk mitten which never seemed to grow any larger. "Samuel's wife was a dreadful poor housekeeper, and things was 'most used up, anyhow. But there's one thing I'm determined to have!" "What is that?" said Mr. Wellgood, more in compliment to Aunt Nabby's sudden stop than out of any active curiosity on the subject. "The old dictionary," said Aunt Nabby. "What! that old thing?" said Mr. Wellgood. "Why, it's the edition of 1840, and all battered to pieces—one cover gone, and half the leaves out!" "No matter," said Aunt Nabby, rescuing her ball of silk from the paws of the irreverent kitten; "I want it. And I mean to have it. And I want you to help me get hold of it, Matthew!" "I don't think it will be possible for you to find it," said Mr. Wellgood, thoughtfully. "But I must find it!" said Aunt Nabby. "Why?" point-blank demanded Mr. Wellgood. "Because," answered Aunt Nabby, "I want it for a family relic. I ain't got nothing to remind me of Samuel's wife. And that's what I've come on East for—to get hold of the old dictionary. I'm goin' out to Pelt's Point to-morrow to see Squire Sadler—he was the lawyer that settled the estate, what there was of it to settle—and he'll be able to tell me what became of the old dictionary." "I don't regard that as especially likely," said Mr. Wellgood. "How should he know?" "There ain't no tellin' what's likely and what ain't," said Aunt Nabby, resolutely. And here the subject was allowed to drop. But when Aunt Nabby had gone up stairs to bed, with a pitch-plaster in one hand, for her back, and a tumbler of boiling hot water in the other for her digestion, and a box of nerve pills in one pocket, and a bottle of corn curer in the other, Mrs. Wellgood—a shrewd, sallow-complexioned little woman, who had all this time been staring quietly away at a basket of stockings in the corner—looked up at her husband with quick, intelligent eyes. "Matthew," said she, "what does this mean?" "I think," said Mr. Wellgood, "that Aunt Nabby has some sort of method in her madness this time. And it is not for any mere sentimental association that she wants to get hold of the old dictionary." "I remember it well," said Mrs. Wellgood, thoughtfully. "A queer old book, with the edges bulging out, the title-page gone, half the cover torn off, and a round black ring on the other half, where little Polly once set down a tin-ot of hot salve. Do you suppose, Matthew—"

"It was in that old dictionary!" cried Mrs. Wellgood, dropping her darning needle. "And Aunt Nabby knows it." Mr. Wellgood nodded his head, and smoked harder than ever as he read into the fire, as if seeking from the rector's counsel and advice. "Where is that dictionary," said he. "Goodness only knows!" despairingly sighed Mrs. Wellgood. "Try and think!" eagerly urged her husband. "Perhaps Mrs. Grubb would know," said Mrs. Wellgood. "She packed all the things that were left, and locked up the house." "Write to her," said Mr. Wellgood, eagerly. "Oh, no—that would only be uselessly arousing suspicion! Go there yourself, Sarah. Ask her to come here and make a visit." "What! Mrs. Grubb!" "Yes, Mrs. Grubb." "But, Matthew, she is such a dreadful old bore!" pleaded Mrs. Wellgood. "Never mind that," said Wellgood, impatiently, fingering his cigar stump into the red-hot coals. "Only think of the fortune that may possibly reward our efforts! Sarah, we must get hold of that dictionary."

So Mrs. Wellgood went to Mrs. Grubb, and courteously intimated that lady to make her a visit. Mrs. Grubb accepted promptly. She had always wanted to visit the city, and here at last was a golden opportunity. She brought her little nephew and her two tail girls with her. "I know you didn't specially invite 'em, Sarah Ann," said she, "but the dears will so enjoy the museums and the park and the Brooklyn Bridge, and all that sort of thing; and they won't be no more trouble than three kittens. There never were such good children!" The three young Grubbs were something worse than a pestilence. Mrs. Grubb was nearly as bad. And at the end of a week, Mrs. Wellgood felt herself fully qualified to enter a laetic asyrum.

But on the last day, while George was smearing himself with bread and butter and honey in the kitchen, and the two Misses Grubb were pounding desperately away on the piano, in imitation of the hand-organ man outside, Mrs. Wellgood ventured to put the fateful question which had so long trembled on her lips. "The old dictionary!" said Mrs. Grubb, who was not over particular regarding her pronunciation. "La, me! What would any one want o' that old trash?"

"Well, nothing much," hesitated Mrs. Wellgood. "But Mr. Wellgood is rather a bibliophile—"

"A which?" said Mrs. Grubb, with one hand back of her ear. "A collector of old books," explained her hostess. "Humph!" said Mrs. Grubb, scratching her head with a knitting-needle. "If I was going to have books at all, I'd far and away rather have new ones."

"Tastes differ," said Mrs. Wellgood, with a pang, as one of the piano chords snapped resoundingly and Master George's voice was heard loud in loud altercation with the cook. "But where's the old dictionary?" "Lesbia Field has got it," said Mrs. Grubb. "Mrs. Walker's grandniece—don't you know?—Leopold Field's girl. She's a factory hand, up to Foke Hollow—a dreadful likely girl! Soon you'll be married to Zeke Hamersley."

"Are you sure of it?" said Mrs. Wellgood. "About a widdin'? Oh, yes! Zeke's folks, they set a deal of store by Lesbia." "No, no," interrupted Mrs. Wellgood—"about the dictionary." "Sartin sure," said Mrs. Grubb. "I see Lesbia pick it off the floor herself, when I was a-packing the woollen blankets that Mrs. Seeder bought at auction. Says she, 'I ain't goin' to hev the dithery that Aunt Hanner thought such a deal of sold for old paper,' says she. 'I'll keep it myself, jus' to put me in mind of Aunt Hanner and Uncle Samuel.'—And she wrapped it in a bit of old calico—I remember the very palm-leaf pattern on it—and took it away, under her arm. What is it, Georgie, darling? The hired girl won't give you no more honey? Never mind! Mrs. Wellgood'll give you some damson preserves, I know."

As soon as Mrs. Grubb departed—a period of time which Mrs. Wellgood began to fear would never arrive—she packed a little traveling satchel to go to "Foke Hollow" and see Lesbia Field, a relation with whom she had hitherto very little acquaintance. Lesbia was at home—a blooming lass, with cheeks as pink as roses, and sparkling black eyes—and she was evidently much puzzled to account for this unexpected notice on the part of her city relation. But Mrs. Wellgood, while making herself as agreeable as possible, kept her eyes vigilantly on the alert, and was rewarded at last. For there, on the top shelf of a little, glass-fronted corner cupboard, was the old dictionary itself, bulging leaves, missing cover, and all. "Oh, that darling old relic of antiquity!" cried she, nervously feeling of the twenty-dollar bill in her pocket with which Mr. Wellgood had entrusted her the last thing. "Aunt Hannah's dictionary! Oh, Lesbia, I must have that!" "Well, isn't it funny?" said Lesbia, laughing over the chicken she was stuffing with bread-sauce for dinner; for pretty Lesbia was cook, chambermaid, waitress and all in that particular establishment. "I had a letter from Aunt Nabby Wellgood, yesterday, about that dictionary. She wants it. She's coming to-day to see about it."

Wellgood, coaxingly. "Dear Cousin Lesbia, Mr. Wellgood is so anxious to obtain it for his collection of antique publications." "Oh, it isn't old enough to be of value as antique," said Lesbia, who was "honest enough." "But he has set his heart on it," pursued Mrs. Wellgood, growing more earnest, as she heard the rattle of wheels in the distance, and beheld through the tiny-paned window a depot wagon, bringing to the scene no other than Aunt Nabby herself. "Do let me have it, Lesbia!" And she placed the twenty-dollar bill, coaxingly, in Lesbia's hand. "But I shall be cheating you," said Lesbia, looking at the bill in amazement. "Do let me see Aunt Nabby about it first!" "No, no," said Mrs. Wellgood, as Aunt Nabby's voice was heard without, in high dispute with the driver as to whether a coin she had given him in payment was genuine or not. "Give it to me now! And here is my sealskin cape; you were just admiring it. I'll make you a present of it, Lesbia—a wedding gift, dear."

"You are very kind," said Lesbia, with a radiant face. "And if you really care for the dictionary—"

And so it came to pass that the dictionary was safe in Mrs. Matthew Wellgood's possession, when Aunt Nabby bustled in, full of the indignities of drivers, the inconvenience of traveling, and the threatening twinges of her annual rheumatism. "What!" she cried, as her eye caught sight of the fat volume in her niece's lap, "you've got the dictionary, after all! But of course you'll let me have it, Sarah Ann?" "Certainly I shall not!" said Mrs. Wellgood, exultantly. "Mr. Wellgood has set his heart on possessing it."

"And I've just sold it to her," added Lesbia, as she assisted Aunt Nabby to untie her bonnet strings. The old lady heaved a deep sigh. "Wal, it don't matter so much," said she. "The main thing was to find the dictionary. And if you'll just let me copy out the recipe for making waffles, Sarah Ann, that's pinned on the page W—first of the W's, you'll see—it'll be just as good as if I had it myself."

"The recipe for waffles!" cried Mrs. Wellgood. "Was that all you wanted of it?" "That was all," said Aunt Nabby, briskly. "Samuel's wife, she was a dreadful good hand at waffles, and she never would give nobody the recipe. But I know where she kept it, and I was always tryin' to get at it. And if you'll just let me copy it out—"

Mrs. Wellgood grew pale. The ceiling of the little, old-fashioned room seemed to swim around her. Was this the end of the dictionary mystery? Had she entertained the Grubb family for ten mortal days, had her piano broken, her china cracked, her nerves shattered for this? Had she paid twenty dollars, a seal-skin cape and her traveling expenses to Foke Hollow all for a recipe for waffles?

The buzz of conversation went on all the same, and Mrs. Wellgood recovered at her leisure. She returned to New York that afternoon, carrying the old dictionary, although Lesbia endeavored to induce her to remain, by the promise of waffles for tea, made after Aunt Hannah's famous recipe. And when Mr. Wellgood discovered that there were no thousand-dollar bonds, nor hundred-dollar bank-notes hidden in the dictionary—nothing but definitions, ink-blots, and one or two cooking-recipes pinned to the pages, he indulged in execration more deep than loud.

"It's all that meddling old cat's fault!" said he, referring doubtless to Aunt Nabby. "And I'll never have her in the house again!" And he never did. But all that didn't restore the twenty-dollar bill and the seal-skin cape. And innocent Lesbia was the only one who reaped benefit from the transaction.—Saturday Night.

DEMOCRATIC DISTRESS.

THE GREAT ORGANS OF NEW YORK CITY OVER THE RUIN THEY HAVE WROUGHT.

The Advent to Power of the Party Which They Supported Has Resulted in Financial Disaster—Trying to Shift the Responsibility—There is But One Remedy.

The New York Times, referring to the outflow of gold from the United States, asks the following very pertinent questions: "Why did it go? It did not go for nothing. It did not go to pay for purchases of goods. It did not go in to great a degree as in the past to pay interest on borrowed capital. It went to pay for American securities which foreign holders were not inclined to keep—were, in plain English, afraid to keep. Why were they afraid?" Assuming for a moment that the New York Times is correct in saying that our gold has gone "to pay for American securities which foreign holders are not inclined to keep, were, in plain English, afraid to keep," let us answer the question "Why were they afraid?"

English capital was not afraid of American securities in 1892. There was nothing the matter with American affairs during the two previous years, or while the McKinley tariff was in effect without any certain knowledge that it would be overthrown, so "why were they afraid?" The weakening of the value of American securities became noticeable toward the end of 1892, and immediately after the election to Congress of a majority of the party that is pledged to free trade, the election of whom, by the way, was somewhat assisted by the New York Times itself.

Early in the following year, in 1893, the depreciation in the value of American securities became still more marked. The system of currency was the same then as it is now and as it has remained for many years past. There was no hesitation as to the value of American securities between 1890 and 1892 when our currency was of the same stability as it is to-day. During these years neither the New York Times nor any other free trade newspaper could have thought of saying with any degree of truth, as it does now, that "disaster and bankruptcy are possible at any moment."

The New York Times knows just as well as the New York Herald knows that the value of American securities has only been depressed by foreign holders since the advent to power of the New York party which was elected by the New York Times, the New York Herald and their ilk. The New York Times knows just as well as the New York Herald knows that the depreciation in the values of the securities has nothing whatever to do with our currency, but that it is due to the fact that such American "country is cured" with such unpatriotic sheets as the New York Times and the New York Herald, which are forever advocating a policy that will render "disaster and bankruptcy possible at any moment."

But now having brought this "disaster and bankruptcy" right to our very doors, or to their very doors, perhaps, like the contemptible cowards that they are, they are afraid of the result, and are squirming around seeking for some other reason than the true one and seeking to shift the responsibility on to other shoulders than those to which it rightfully belongs, which are the shoulders of those editors with which this "country is cured" by their contemptible advocacy of the policy that cheapens wages, ruins the people and makes "disaster and bankruptcy possible at any moment."

Following the lead of its two brothers in sin, the New York Evening Post said:

"The fact is not to be discussed that the financial situation is serious and that the feeling of distrust in American finances is growing both at home and abroad." The World also fell into line, saying:

"The condition of the Treasury is again growing serious. * * * It is not strange that the President is in a quandary. With chaos in Congress and helplessness in the Administration the outlook is not agreeable." As far as New York is concerned, we have now seen the four leading free trade papers, every one of which worked its hardest for the election of a free trade Congress and a free trade President, acknowledging that their administration has brought the country into a condition of bankruptcy bordering upon ruin. It must be pleasing for the Post to say that the present Congress "sits supine and imbecile from day to day," when its editor remembers how hard he fought to secure that supineness and imbecility. It must be gratifying to the World to have to acknowledge that there is "chaos in Congress and helplessness in the Administration," which it fought to elect by the publication of an uninterrupted tissue of deliberate lies.

Each one of the four Democratic papers—the New York Herald, the New York Times, the Evening Post and the New York World—has to acknowledge the utter failure and incompetency of the leaders of its party to administer the National affairs of the United States without bringing the country to the verge of bankruptcy. If we felt assured that the lesson thus learned would be of benefit to the fools who edit these papers we would be content, but this will not be the case. They have seen things go from bad to worse during the last two years under the Administration which they wanted. They have suggested one remedy after another, and they know most positively that the fault is

RAIN AND SHINE.

Can't have sunshine all the time—Got to come a rain; The dry land—it gets thirsty, An' the mountain an' the plain, They cry on a drow'ning creek, An' all the willin' flowers Is glad to see the rain fall free, An' freshen with the showers. Can't have sunshine all the time: Glad for rain to fall; Fills the wells an' makes the dells Look fresh an' sparkling—all. The raindrop makes the roses grow, An' if the rivers rise, They water all the land, an' go Just singin' 'neath the skies! Can't have sunshine all the time: I like a rainy day; For that's the time for readin' books Or makin' fiddle play. To home, or to the grocery store, I'm happy when it rains; For they need it on the mountains, An' it's welcome on the plains! —Atlanta Constitution

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Hot and heavy—A cannon ball.—Boston Courier. Sooner or later pride is sure to step on dynamite.—Ram's Horn. The mistakes of the past are the signboards of the future.—Puck. "Our engagement is quite a secret, you know." "So everybody tells me."—Fall Mail Budget. Content is the feeling we experience the first week after our salary has been increased.—Puck. Nobody can help noticing the shortcomings of the man who is always behind time.—Dallas News. Japan has found in China what might be termed a hasty pudding.—New York Mail and Express. My friend's conceit usually consists in his inability to recognize the higher order of intelligence.—Puck. Misfortune seldom gathers friends; and when it does they all stand around and say, "I told you so!"—Puck. Do not keep a good movement on hand when it should be put on foot without delay.—Galveston News. Would you keep a woman's love? When you earn it. Here's a way I'll tell you of—Don't return it! —Judge. Scientists believe it impossible for a man to have a double. If this is so how can a man be beside himself?—Life. A girl is a good deal like a problem in mathematics—You don't always understand her when you get her.—Puck. He who wrote, "All the world loves a lover," Failed to note an exception and: 'Tis that the lover is but seldom loved By his dear loved one's darling. —Buffalo Courier. New Boarder—"What's the row upstairs?" Landlady—"It's the professor of hypnotism trying to get his wife's permission to go out this evening."—Tit-Bits. A barber is the easiest person in the world at meeting people. Go into his shop almost any time and you will find him scraping an acquaintance.—Rockland (Me.) Tribune. Benevolent Old Man—"Here's a quarter. So you were sent to Yale when you quit young?" Ragson Tatters—"Did I say that? I meant jail; I can't pronounce de 'j'!"—Philadelphia Record. Old Mr. Goodfellow—"Little boy, can you tell me the way to the ferry?" Gomin—"Yassin; jus' follow the street along where you hear the teamsters usin' the wust langwidge."—Harper's Bazar. There were 190 lynchings in this country last year, but they didn't get around to the man who beats time to the music by tapping on the rounds of your chair with his foot.—Rockland (Me.) Tribune. First Footballer—"Did Halfback go around and wallop that editor who wrote about 'The Brutality of Football?'" Second Footballer—"No." "Why not?" "Halfback is in the hospital."—Good News. Bobby—"Our dog's name is Cicero, but since my brother has been to college he calls it Kicker." Johnny—"I s'pose that's the way they pronounce it at college. They're all crazy on football."—Good News. "Yes, young ladies," said the professor, "Pallas Athene, the Grecian goddess of wisdom, was unmarried." And from that day the goose wondered why those girls wouldn't study. It was a bad break.—New York Recorder. A German scientist says that 3000 years hence there will be one man to every 220 women. This is a less gloomy outlook than if there were to be 220 women after every man—a condition that already exists at the summer resorts.—Norristown Herald. As the train drew up at a country station on the Southeastern Railway a pleasant-looking gentleman stepped out on the platform and inhaling the fresh air, enthusiastically observed to the guard, "Isn't this invigorating?" "No, sir; it's Catorham," replied the guard.—Wonder. Aged Tortoises. Tortoises live to a great age. In the library at Lambeth Palace there is the shell of one of these animals which was brought to that place in the year 1633 by Archbishop Laud, and lived till the year 1753 when it was killed by the cold weather, a laborer in the garden having dug it up from its winter retreat and neglected to replace it. Another was placed in the Bishop of London's garden at Fulham in 1628. This died a natural death in 1754. The ages of the tortoises when first placed in these gardens were not known.—New York Observer.



It Makes Johnnie Smile.

Build American Ships. Not less than four and a half billion dollars, or an annual average of \$150,000,000 a year during thirty years past, has been paid out to foreign ships for ocean transportation. Is it any wonder that we are called upon to export gold to Europe? We can stop doing this by building up the American mercantile marine, by carrying our own freight and paying our own gold to our own ship-owners.

Farmers Feel the Benefit.

In 1880 the freight on a barrel of flour from St. Louis to New York, by rail, was eighty-four cents. In 1893 it was only fifty-seven cents—a reduction of twenty-seven cents per barrel within thirteen years, as the result of protection to our coal, iron and steel industries.

A Dead Cut.



No Free Ships.

What ails the Free Ships bill? continually asks the New York Herald. Nothing ails it; it has simply been consigned where it belongs—into the Congressional waste basket.

Dump the Trash.



Australian Wool Active.

The latest advices from the Australian wool market, December 11, 1894, show that during the previous four weeks "a very large business has been transacted." We are told that "the competition, with one or two trivial exceptions," was keen, especially for the good wools. There was an improved feeling "in the best merino growths," which are now receiving more attention, and "a stronger and more consistent demand" has been experienced for them. These are the growths of wool of which it is reported that "the American buyers have purchased largely."

Protection in Louisiana.

The State of Louisiana exempts from taxation the property and capital employed in manufacturing within its borders. This is neither more nor less than a direct bounty for the promotion of American industries, and we should like to have explained the difference between that method and a sugar bounty.