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NO. 25.

But one per cent. of the entire population of this country has been divorced.

A Minnesota judge has just ruled that a husband is responsible for slanders uttered by his wife.

The nineteenth century will be ended with the end of the year 1900, and not at its beginning, as a great many people suppose.

The year 1894 in the United States closed with 9800 murders to its debit. "There are not 300 murderers on trial in this country at present," significantly remarks the Detroit Free Press.

Lord Coleridge and others have formally protested against the use of anti-toxine in English hospitals on the ground that "public money ought not to be devoted to experiments in physiology."

A Texas judge has declared the anti-scalper law unconstitutional. He says that when a railroad company sells a ticket it presumably gets all it is worth, and that a scalper has the same right that dealers in other second-hand articles have.

W. H. Harvey and his wife, Mrs. L. M. Harvey, of Pullman, Ill., have been admitted to the bar of Whitman County. The New York Sun shudders to think of what would happen if they happened to be retained on opposite sides in the same case.

It may be fairly questioned, admits the New York Recorder, whether the army and navy of Japan are not now equal to those of several of the European powers, and whether the new Nation on the Pacific isn't in a commanding position for future diplomatic victories.

The Meade County (Kentucky) Messenger complains that there are many prominent farmers in that county who take no interest in politics. "Men who own hundreds of acres of land and who are rated high in their communities," says the Messenger, "cannot tell you who are the probable candidates on the State ticket."

The number of desertions in the French army increases constantly. In a single week lately no fewer than five deserters arrived at Strasburg alone; while at the present time some six hundred French deserters live in Alsace-Lorraine. About the same number have taken up their residence in Belgium; and Switzerland boasts a still larger contingent.

It will be remembered how the torpedo boat, the Cushing, sneaked into Newport harbor in spite of the fact that a sharp lookout was kept for her ashore with the assistance of big search-lights. The value of these little destroyers is shown to the New York Sun in despatches from the seat of war in China. The destruction of the biggest ironclads in the Chinese navy seems to have been the result of audacious and successful dashes by these tiny craft. They can finish anything afloat so long as they are not found out in time.

The fish supply in Lake Ontario is substantially exhausted, and the Chicago Herald announces that the supply in Lake Erie is going rapidly. Fishermen have caused the fish famine by selling for fertilizing purposes the small fish caught in the nets with those of eatable size. The Ohio Legislature is trying to devise a law for fish protection in Lake Erie, but such legislation practically would be useless unless similar laws were enacted by other States bordering on the lake, and by Ontario. The magnificent fish preserves of the United States are not exhaustless, and, unless care is taken for their perpetuation the funny tribes in public waters will follow the fate of the buffalo.

An attractive feature of the Cotton States and International Exposition, to be held at Atlanta, Ga., next September, will be the reproduction of the World's Columbian Exposition in miniature by G. W. Ferris, the builder of the Ferris wheel. The great World's Fair will be reproduced in its entirety, complete in every detail, on a scale of 1-140th. This makes the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building about ten feet long, and the whole exposition seventy-five feet long. Searchlights will be shown on the battleship and the various buildings, the intramural railway will be seen with cars in motion, the whaleback steamer will be seen arriving and departing, and Lake Michigan will appear in the distance. By electrical and mechanical effects, sunrise, daylight, moonrise and the White City by moonlight will appear in succession.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

You can never tell when you send a word—
Like an arrow shot from a bow
By an archer blind—be it cruel or kind,
Just where it will chance to go.
It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend,
Tipped with his poison or balm;
To a stranger's heart in life's great mart
It may carry its pain or its calm.
You never can tell when you do an act
Just what the result will be;
But with every deed you are sowing a seed,
Though its harvest you may not see.
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
In God's productive soil;
Though you may not know, yet the tree shall grow
And shelter the brows that toil.
You never can tell what your thoughts will do
In bringing you hate or love;
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier doves.
They follow the law of the universe—
Each thing must create its kind;
And they speed 'er the track to bring you back
Whatever went out from your mind.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Munsey.

HE DREW TEN THOUSAND.

A T.345 on the afternoon of March 6, 1887, the paying cashier of the bank, in the city of London, cashed a check for \$10,000, drawn by the highly respected firm of Ployd, Gow & Co., of Fenchurch street, merchants. It was presented by the manager of the firm.

At 3.55 the manager of Ployd, Gow & Co. handed in his books and checks amounting to \$20,000. The paying cashier looked up as he heard his voice.

He called some one to take his place and disappeared into the secretary's room, and within twelve minutes the police were at work on the case.

The check presented at 3.45 was a forgery and the man who presented it some "bummy," who had made himself up like Mr. Smith of Ployd, Gow & Co.'s.

This was not a difficult task. The counterfeit man was the same height as the original and about the same make. Smith had not spoken 100 words to the cashier during the five years his firm had dealt with the bank.

He always wore a blue serge office coat whatever the weather. He always wore a silk top hat, and it invariably worked its way to the back of his head before he had worn it three minutes.

No one ever saw him at the bank without his gold-rimmed eyeglasses and his tightly rolled umbrella.

Smith had a friendly nod for the patrons he knew in a business way, but he seldom spoke a single word to any one.

Officers were sent to every railway terminus; they searched the hotels and very likely place for a man to try to change his clothes. If the fellow had not some safe hiding place selected in advance the chances were more than ten to one against his making an escape.

In room 5 of Cremane's private and commercial hotel, which I will admit was not a first-class establishment, but still good enough for a traveler earning \$20 a week, I read most of the particulars given above in the evening paper. The officials had done their best to keep the whole affair dark until some clue was gained, but the reporters had been too many for them.

I had come in from my round of calls utterly tired out. Reaching my room, I pulled off my boots, lighted a pipe, sat down with my feet on the bed, and this bank business was the first thing which caught my eye as I glanced over the paper. I had just finished the article when the night porter came up.

"Heard about the bank swindle?" he asked, as he entered my room, without the preliminary trouble of tapping.

"Just read it."

"Cool chap, wasn't he? And, I say, there are a couple of detectives downstairs now. They say they've shadowed him here, and they're going to search the whole place. They are on the floor below now, and will want to come in here in a minute."

He had scarcely finished speaking when the man appeared. I was a head shorter than Ployd's manager. I was thin, while he was stout, and I was young, while he was middle aged.

But those old sleuths came in on tiptoe, looked at me out of the corners of their eyes, and sat down on the edge of my two chairs to question me, the bigger of the two taking the precaution to place his seat between me and the door. It was fully a quarter of an hour before they had finished, and then they seemed to take it as a personal injury that I hadn't committed the crime.

Before my visitors left one of them suggested with a wink to his comrade that I might as well be taken along on general principles, as there was no telling what I would not own up to after a week in prison. But the other was not so evil minded.

In fact, he took a fatherly interest in my welfare and put his hand upon my shoulder pleasantly and compassionately as he advised me it would be better to restore the money while there was yet time. I refused to disgorge, and he went out sorrowing, saying that I had missed a golden opportunity and that I should like to repent and wear a convict's suit.

The hotel was thoroly searched. Those men did their duty; and I think would have carried off every soul within the place as a suspicious character had not the manager interfered, and the detectives finally withdrew, with at least two pocketbooks crammed with notes.

At 10 o'clock I was finishing my third pipe and had long before exchanged my paper for a novel. I was just getting sleepy when a queer thing happened.

My bed was in one corner of the room. I sat on a chair on the left hand side, with my feet across the middle. I had my book on a line with my eyes, and all had been quiet for the last half hour, when suddenly a voice exclaimed:

"Well, old man, that must be an interesting yarn."

I bounded to my feet and—~~now~~ no one. I looked around the room carefully, peering into every corner—no one. I slipped toward the door on tiptoe and opened it with a jerk and saw—no one.

Then I turned, and there was a man standing on the other side of my bed. He wasn't a ghost. He was made of blood, flesh and bones like myself.

To say I was frightened is putting it mildly. I was scared. I sank right into a chair, with my mouth open and my eyes bulging out, until my visitor laughed outright.

"Who are you?" I gasped, faintly.

"Well, that's a fair question," he replied. "I suppose you've got a right to ask. For the last three hours, up to a minute ago, I was the man under the bed, and now I'm the man on the bed, and sniting the action to word he lay himself out at full length."

He was a cool hand. I knew human nature well enough to know he had plenty of nerve behind his cheek.

"It wasn't all put on. As he lay there I noticed a revolver in his hand. Then I began to understand."

The evening paper had given a portrait of Smith, and I saw this was his double. It dawned on me all of a sudden that he was the identical chap.

"You were under the bed when I came in?" I queried, as we sat looking at each other, and I was wondering how to reach the bell.

"Exactly," he replied.

"And you heard what the porter said and the detectives?"

"Every word."

"And, to come to the point, you're the man they want."

"I am."

"How the dickens did you get here?"

"I didn't choose this abode for its comfort," he said, "nor for its company. I had other plans, in fact. But they miscarried. I dodged into this hotel in search of a temporary asylum, and it looks as if I had found a lunatic asylum. Did you ever see \$10,000 in one pile? It's a refreshing sight. See here."

He watched me with piercing eyes, and though he was toying with his revolver, he seemed to me to be looking at me with the finger of the trigger all the time. He bent over from the bed and picked up a bundle of notes from the floor.

"This means a visit to the tailor's, quail on toast with champagne, a long trip to America or the Continent," and he fondly patted the money. "So they've got an account in the papers, have they? I'd like to read it. Thanks."

He skimmed through the article with evident enjoyment, now and then chuckling to himself. The he said:

"Pretty close shave, that. I'm sorry for the cashier, but suppose he will wriggle out of the responsibility somehow. Excuse my asking the question, but what do you do for a living?"

"I'm a traveler in calicoes."

"Married?"

"No."

"Ever been abroad?"

"No."

"Look here, old chap, he went on with easy familiarity, as he stretched himself on the bed, "you're giving me shelter and I'll do you a turn. Hand in your resignation and come with me. It will do you good and, open your eyes. This little pile will do us first class for a year."

"I'll see you hanged first, you cheeky villain," I shouted. "I'm not making tours with bank thieves and jailbirds. Your trip will end in prison if it doesn't start there."

"Too peppy, altogether too peppy for the head traveler to a respectable firm," he quietly observed. "And do you think I'll be arrested, as you know so much about it?"

"Certainly. I'm going to take you down stairs and hand you over to the police."

"That's a lie," he said, as he swung his feet off the bed and stood up. "I don't blame you for refusing a trip to America, but please don't make an idiot of yourself in other ways."

"How do you mean?" I asked, also getting up and trying to keep my head.

"Just look at things straight and you'll see. I'm no chicken. Having played for a big stake and won it, I am not likely to let myself be balked by a kid like you. I'm armed, as you see. You're not, so keep your back hair on. Even without arms I could do for you, being the larger of the two."

"You cold-blooded scoundrel," I muttered.

"No, don't call names. It's low," he said, pleasantly. "Let's consider what is your path of duty. I've got the best of the bank. And how many people have the bank got the best of before? Last year over twenty banks closed their doors in the face of depositors. Every failure was brought about by some kind of fraud. And don't flatter yourself that you owe a duty to the public. The public would

let you starve or freeze and not move a finger. You owe a duty to yourself. It is to take change of air. And now's your chance. Preserve the present state of your health, that's my advice, and very good advice, too."

"All of which means," I interposed, "that you will shoot me if I give the alarm?"

"Precisely."

"Then I shan't do so."

"I thought as much."

He climbed again onto the bed and continued: "I thought I was right when I sized you up. We have now come to an understanding. I've got one or two favors to ask, but I won't keep you long, and I see you want to go to bed. Ah, there are your scissors. I must sacrifice my mustache. Please sit over by the window."

He laid his revolver on the dressing table and cut off his fine chestnut mustache. I sat watching him and wondered if I had gone out of my mind, or if, perchance, I was dreaming.

"You shave yourself, don't you?" he finally asked, as he turned round and faced me.

I pointed to my razor and strap, and in barely another moment he stood before me clean shaven.

He had sandy hair, while his eyebrows were almost red. There was a bottle of black ink on the table. He dipped his handkerchief into it and painted his eyebrows. With the same fluid he made as neat a black eye as any prize fighter would care to boast, and he was chuckling as he turned to me:

"Just one thing more, old man—a suit of clothes. I must get off this blue serge. Perhaps it will fit you. Your oldest suit, please. I will pay cash for it."

I handed over a much worn suit.

"Rather a tight fit, but it will do," he said. "Here's \$25 for it."

"I don't want your dirty money," I said, savagely.

"Don't be finicky, it's silly. Now, then, to wrap up the money in a newspaper, and I'll be off. Look here, my boy, take this \$500; it will make up for my little inconveniences I have caused you."

"I'd starve first."

"Oh, come now, you're too good for this world. What are you going to do when I leave the room?"

"Kick myself for an ass and then go to bed most likely."

"Go to bed without the kicking part. You are a very sensible young man, you may take my word for it. If I'm arrested I'll say nothing about what happened here. Ta, ta."

He reached the doorway and then he turned. "Here's a present for you," he sang out and threw his revolver on the bed. "It's no use to me, I lost my cartridges getting here. Adieu," and he was gone.

I locked the door and sat down. After a quarter of an hour I slipped into bed. The next morning I awoke with a fearful headache. I went to my dressing table, and there, rolled up in a neat parcel, was the \$500.

Did the man get away? Yes; he walked downstairs and out into the streets, and the detectives never got a clew of him after that night.

About the money. I returned it to the bank by post, and that part of the business is still worrying the detectives. I could tell them a thing or two, but I won't.—Boston Post.

A Wonderful Stone Saw.

A newly devised stone saw that has been put in operation in West Philadelphia is demonstrating extraordinary cutting powers as compared with former processes. It is the invention of an expert stone mason and carver. By tests made with the saw, using a chilled-iron shot abrader and cutting through the hardest of all brownstone, known as the Hummelstown, using a block of stone ten feet by six inches long and two feet two inches in thickness, the following results were attained:

The first cut through was made in one and three-quarters hours, the second, with increased feed, in one hour, and the third cut, with the full limit of speed, in three-quarters of an hour, which is equal to cutting thirty-three inches per hour. Four inches per hour has been considered good work in the ordinary mills of the country with other saws.

Thin slabs are also cut, leaving no ridges on the face of the pieces after cutting, although the saw passed through various veins of flint.

In the improved saw is used a lineal or horizontal motion, while in other saws the pendulum motion has been depended on. Further, the improved saw has a thinner blade, with thicker teeth, which allows the abrading material to fall down between the teeth to the bottom of the kerf.—Philadelphia Ledger.

He Killed Superstition.

The Count de Lesseps never seemed to lose sight of the education of his children, even in the smallest detail. One morning at breakfast a beautiful Dresden teacup was broken. "Ah!" cried the Countess. "A disaster! Two more of that set will now be broken. It always happens so." "Are you so superstitious?" asked the Count, "as really to believe that two more will be broken?" "I know it." "Then let us get it off our minds." And, taking up two of the cups by the handles, he dashed them together. The anger and dismay of the Countess proved conclusively that she had not seriously held to her superstition. It also loosened any hold the absurd idea may have had on the minds of the children.—New York Recorder.

Lucky For Her.

Concealed in candle moulds that had been used since her grandfather's time, Mrs. White, of Middletown, Mass., found a quantity of bank notes a few days ago.—New York Journal.

A SUICIDAL POLICY.

THE SOUTH HAS CUT OFF ITS NOSE TO SPITE ITS FACE.

Cheap Foreign Wool Now Used in the North as a Substitute For Cotton—Sugar Can Save the Planters—Elli Perkins in the South.

I have visited several old sugar plantations in Florida during the last week. The great freeze which dropped the mercury twenty degrees below freezing point from Palatka to St. Augustine has frozen a third of the orange crop and killed all the old trees. The calamity brings sadness to all Florida. When I asked Judge Hunt, of Palatka, how he felt about it he said:

"This frost has been a calamity to our State, but it stops with the orange. Overproduction is killing the orange industry and providence has come to our rescue. But there is another overproduction in the South in a worse condition than the orange crop."

"What is that?" I asked.

"It is cotton, sir. Our farmers are now getting 31 and four cent a pound for what we used to get ten cents for, and it is going lower every day. When I think how foolish we Southerners have acted it makes me sick. We had the chance to save ourselves offered us and we threw it away. We are now convinced of our own foolishness."

"Well, what have you done?" I asked.

"We could not have done worse," said the Judge. "We know now that cheap wool is a substitute for cotton. That is, cheap cotton was substituted for wool, but now cheap wool is a substitute all over the North for cotton. Cheap Thibet, Asiatic and Australian wool used to cost from sixteen to twenty-five cents. We Southerners thought it was smart to stab the wool farmers and take the ten cent tariff off of wool. We did it and now that same wool is being sold to Northern knit shirt and cloth factories for from six to fifteen cents. With six-cent wool the mills are throwing back our cotton. Who would not give two cents a pound more for woolen shirts or cloth than for the same things made of cotton?"

"How much cotton will this throw out of the market?" I asked.

"A million bales, sir. A friend of mine who has been in the New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts mills writes me that 'cheap foreign wool is hurting the South more than the North. It will reduce the demand for cotton a million bales,' he says, 'and send the price of cotton down to 31 cents for our cotton farmers.' Then see what idiots we have been on the sugar question!"

"What have you done?" I asked.

"Why, we Southern men voted solidly against the bounty on sugar. Sugar was growing prodigiously in Florida, Southern Alabama, Louisiana and Texas. It was spreading all along the Gulf of Mexico from Lake Charles to Corpus Christi. It was going up the Brazos. In five years, with the bounty which Germany kept on till she now makes sixty million dollars' worth of sugar annually—I say in five years this sugar would have taken 2,000,000 bales of cotton out of our way and put \$50,000,000 worth of sugar in its place. Think of it, we Southerners have cut off the demand for cotton a million bales in the North and increased our product 2,000,000 bales in the South."

"What made you do it?" I asked.

"Oh, politics. Dog-on silly, idiotic politics. We thought we must back the Democratic party, and now they've swamped themselves in the North and made paupers of us in the South."

"And what do you propose to do?"

"Why, let us put that wool tariff back and let our cheap cotton take the place of Asiatic wool, and then put that sugar bounty on again and send sugar into the cotton fields. Editorials in the papers and prayers in the churches won't save us now. We must quit politics and use our brains!"

ELLI PERKINS.

Avenues That Are Open.

Free traders, as a proof of the beneficial effects of the Walker tariff of 1846, are accustomed to speak of the number of miles of railroad built during the years from 1846 to 1860. They tell us it was the time of the opening up of the great West. They might as well say that the discovery of gold in California was the result of the Walker tariff. Those very things which they cite—viz., the building of many miles of railroad and the opening up of the West—show the reason why the panic was delayed until 1857 instead of following on the heels of tariff reform, as did the panic of 1893.

In the years following the Walker tariff, men who were thrown out of employment went into the undeveloped West as miners or as pioneers; they found work in the construction of railroads. While these avenues of employment were open the panic was warded off. In these present days of tariff reform our workmen have no such refuge, but tramp our streets searching for work. These have been the only avenues recently open to them.

Know It Now in London.

It is now apparent to the country at large that the Democratic administration at Washington is merely bungling through an attempt at government, and that character and brains are thoroughly lacking, as well as proper appreciation of public sentiment. The true hypocrisy of this Administration threatens now to be fully exposed during the last two years of its curious existence.—Horncastle's (London) Monthly Circular.

FARMERS AS BOOKKEEPERS.

Must Attend Commercial Colleges to Supply Income Tax Information.

While the American farmer is busily engaged in making a statement of the valuation of his property and his stock, so as to be ready for the income tax collector, who is as necessary an evil in this country under the policy of free trade as he is in England, it may console the American farmer to learn that his brother farmer in England has been receiving a little gift in the shape of a revised circular concerning the income tax in that country.

There the tax is payable on January 1, a sort of New Year's gift which the farmer is compelled to disgorge as his tribute toward free trade. There the farmer has the option of being taxed at a rate of six cents in the pound upon the actual value—that is, the rental value of his land, although he may decide to be taxed as an ordinary trader upon his average profits during three preceding years. In the latter case an examination of his accounts during that period is necessary, so as to show the farmer's exact position.

During his leisure moments the farmer here, as well as in England, should take a course in bookkeeping, if he is not already an expert in that necessary branch of business. We are not aware of the exact form in which the farmers must make their returns in this country, but in England a blank balance sheet is prepared and distributed for the farmers to fill out, requiring many items and particulars which the average farmer could only furnish as an estimate, and many others which it would be impossible for him to furnish unless he were an expert bookkeeper.

Should the farmer desire to appeal against the amount of his taxation, the time wherein he can appeal or lodge a claim for the repayment of a portion of his tax is very limited. The tax collector, however, is allowed at least six months wherein to consider such claims and make repayments, so that if the farmer be compelled to pay unjustly any amount in excess of what the law properly demands, he may make up his mind that fully a year will elapse before he secures any refund. These are a few of the incidents of an income tax, which is and must be always a necessity and part of a policy of free trade.

Carlisle in 1892.

Carlisle in 1895.

Their "Vantage Ground."

Both President Cleveland and Mr. Wilson have described the present Democratic tariff as merely a "vantage ground" from which to wage further attacks upon the protective system, and they pledged themselves to continue to "shell the camp of monopoly" the moment that Congress reassembled. "Shelling the camp of monopoly," in Democratic phraseology, means closing the workshops and factories—in brief, to wage war upon the industrial and agricultural pursuits that are the bedrock of the country's wealth and welfare.

A Stormy Trip.

Couldn't Stomach It.

The heaven (of tariff reform) didn't have time to work and soured on the stomachs of the people.—Birmingham (Ala.) Age-Herald.

"That's so, and they spewed it up at once. It was too nauseous to digest and it will never again be tasted."

THE DRAMA OF THE ROSE.

Once I was white as any snow that falls
From the far skies, with storm and sun
Light blended;
Until that day when stood a hero splen-
did
Before the lion in the Roman stalls.

Then, when the beast's loud roaring shook
The walls
And cheer on cheer in thunder tones
As ended,
A woman's hand, all white and unde-
fended,
Plucked me and cast me from their coro-
nals.

He caught me—kissed me—held me to his
heart;
A momentary glitter in the air—
A roar of voices! . . . Well he played his
part!

And I—prone with him, but vigorous
there,
Caught on my petals, scented by the south,
The red rain dripping from the lion's mouth
—Frank M. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

No man ever traveled to fame on a
pass.
When a man is his own enemy he
can't help winning the fight.—Puck.

"There goes an old flame of mine!"
as the sun said when the comet came
into perihelion.—Puck.

Dentist—"What are the last teeth
that come?" Brilliant Student—
"False teeth, I guess."—Life.

Example is stronger than precept;
but precept is expected to do a great
deal of example's work.—Puck.

His love, he said, was like the sea.
The maiden answered quick
She thought that he was right in that