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NO. 33.

Pauperism is on the wane in Ireland, but is increasing alarmingly in England.

There were 1600 patents issued by the United States Patent Office for electrical inventions during the year 1894.

The detailed report of the Health Department shows that Brooklyn is healthier than any other of the world's great cities.

The trolleying process goes on, notes the New York Recorder. New York Central is to run its excursion business between Buffalo and Niagara Falls by trolley.

John Schultz, of Lautenburg, West Prussia, has invented a new kind of paper, but the authorities will not allow its manufacture because what- ever is written on it may be washed off easily.

The French idea that France is a good country to live in is illustrated by the fact that the French immigrants to this country in the last fiscal year numbered only 3662 persons—2112 men and 1550 women.

"The advantages of kissing," says Dr. A. E. Bridges in the British Medical Journal, "outweigh its infinitesimal risk; for it provides us with microbes useful for digestion." Even the strongest advocate of kissing will admit, opines the New York Tribune, that this is a somewhat gawky and unpleasant view of osculation.

There is still money in real estate in New York City, as is shown by a transaction of two young brokers, Flake and Dowling. Last December they bought the old building on the south-west corner of Nassau and Liberty streets for \$934,000. They sold out the property recently to a syndicate for \$1,150,000; a profit of \$200,000 in three months is not so bad.

Secretary Morton declares that the plow has been less improved than any other agricultural implement, and that it packs down the furrows it turns over, making them impervious to rainfall. He regards this matter of such importance that he has Chancellor Canfield, of the Nebraska State University, to ask the 1600 students of that institution to try to invent a new plow.

About ten years ago Rushden was a little village in Northamptonshire, England. Large shoe factories were established there and the place rapidly grew until now it has 10,000 inhabitants. The introduction of American shoes at prices which English manufacturers cannot meet has given Rushden a severe set-back, and the Chicago Times-Herald predicts that it is likely to go down as rapidly as it sprang up.

A well-known European engineer who has been exploring the Panama Isthmus for many years reports that he has discovered a route along the Toto, Javiera and Tuira Rivers by which the two oceans can be connected by a ship canal at a total cost of not more than \$18,000,000. The most important work on the route would be a tunnel under the Cordillera two miles long, which could be built for \$11,000,000. Only two tidal locks, one on each side of the mountain, would be required.

The London Spectator praises Lord Rosebery for granting a pension of a hundred pounds a year to William Watson, and thinks he might also have conferred the laureateship on him without risking the condemnation of any judgment worth considering. It regards Swinburne as Watson's only rival, and thinks that not even the richness and melody of Swinburne's early plays could outweigh "the lofty and singularly crystal beauty of Mr. Watson's elegiacs and the delicate humor of his more familiar verse."

The recent vote in the British House of Commons on the navy estimates was more than ordinarily significant and impressive, declares the New York Tribune. The estimates, as is well known, are unprecedentedly large. They provide for an increase of naval strength so vast as to startle even those who are most familiar with the "bloated armaments" of Europe. They commit Great Britain definitely and emphatically to the construction and maintenance of a fleet larger and more powerful than the combined fleets of any other two Powers, if not, indeed, of all the European Powers. They are such as would a few years ago have aroused against them the opposition of a formidable party in both House and Nation. Yet on this occasion not one man of serious importance raised his voice against them, and they went through the House with only thirty-two dissenting votes.

ADVICE IS CHEAP.

"Get up, young man," the poet wrote, "And breathe the air so sweet; Put on your light spring overcoat And walk before you eat; With lambskins in the early morn, Go sport upon the green!" Next day the poet all forlorn Arose at ten fifteen.

It is an easy job to give Advice—we all can teach— But such an awkward thing to live And practice what we preach! Of kindly precept none have lacked So far as I have seen; But words by good example backed Are few and far between.

The country stands in need of those, Who do as Enoch did, And while their weary jaws repose Walk right side up amid The mal, discordant surging throng That trends the pavement blocks— Such men do more to crush out wrong Than one who simply talks.

We have too much of vocal noise, Too great a waste of breath, This life is robbed of half its joys And talked almost to death; If more would bravely do and dare The land of heavenly bliss Would have a few recruits to spare From those who die in this.

—Nebraska State Journal.

LOVE AND HONOR.

ARTHUR EDWARDS, EDITH GRAVENEY, RICHARD EDMOND, AND EDITH.

Scene: Miss Gravenev's drawing room.

ARTHUR (summing up)—And so you must help me, my dear girl. I knew you would say it should make no difference between us. I expected that, of course.

Edith (looking down, and playing with her engagement ring)—It's rather hard, after not seeing you for two years, Arthur.

ARTHUR—It's rather hard on me, being away for two years and looking forward to coming home and everything, and then to come home to this.

Edith—I understand that your father did forge the check, and laid the blame on old Esmond, and now his son has got the letter your father wrote him on his deathbed and proposes to clear his father's memory. You would do as much, I suppose?

ARTHUR—Yes, of course. But we are in such different positions. You see the Esmonds are quite out of society. Besides it's all over now—so many years ago, and it's very hard on me to have it all raked up now. I haven't done anything. It's very hard on me.

Edith—And on your mother and sisters.

ARTHUR—Yes, of course, that was my first thought. I didn't think it necessary to mention that they were my first thought. But as I was saying, Richard Esmond has no one to think of but himself. He is the only child, and his mother is dead, and he has no friends. He is only an usher, and no one would think any the better of him if it was cleared.

Edith—He has some friends. You know, he visits here.

ARTHUR—Yes, I know. That's why. . . . Nothing would be easier than for you to get him to give up this idea of clearing his father's name. The man died twenty years ago, and I do wish, for my poor mother's sake, and the girls', of course, that my father had let sleeping dogs lie, and not written that incriminating letter. Why, I should never be able to stay in the place if it were known, and we could not be married for years, and everything would go wrong. You will, Edith, won't you?

Edith—Yes, if you wish it. Richard has lived in the place, though.

ARTHUR—Yes; but don't I tell you it's all blown over twenty years ago? What's the good of raking it all up?

Edith—You really wish me to try to get this paper for you, Arthur?

ARTHUR—Yes, dearest. Why, how pale you are! You mustn't let it upset you—a little thing like this. It will be all over directly. . . . There he comes down the road now, with his confounded swagger. I can't understand how a man can have grown up with a manner like that, when his father was convicted of forgery.

Edith—Convicted, Arthur, not guilty.

ARTHUR—Well, I said "convicted," dearest, didn't I? . . . I say, he's coming in at the garden gate. What shall I do? I can't meet him.

Edith—Hide behind the screen then. (He hides behind screen.)

Richard Esmond enters. He is tall and thin, and turns bored eyes on the world through double glasses.

Richard—I am hastening to keep an important appointment. Are you very busy? May I stay and chat for awhile? I have something I should like to ask you.

Edith—The world is full of coincidences. I also have something I wish to ask you.

Richard—Something serious? Yes, I see it in your eyes. Give me a moment to prepare myself. Two serious subjects in one morning! The prospect appals, and in July, too! Let us talk of something light for a few moments. The equalization of rates or—well, we might have a refreshing little talk on some set subject, perhaps, as the suburban debating societies do.

Edith—Let me be spared the "anguish of free debate!"

Richard (deprecatingly)—Not fierce. On such a morning as this who could debate fiercely? I have been thinking of writing an article for the Fortnightly on the influence of the County Council on modern lyric poetry.

Edith (smiles in spite of herself, but twists her hands nervously)—Mr. Esmond, are you ever serious?

Richard—I am serious for the nine long months of the scholastic year. But now, when each lamb has gone to its own fold, the shepherd wreaths his crook with garlands.

Edith—And his conversation with flowers of speech. Have you had a good time with the boys this term?

Richard—The lambing season has been excellent. Two of them, almost mutton, as one might say, passed for Sandhurst. The Oxford Local has showered its cultured bays thick upon us. And now—for I perceive too plainly that you are anxious to be rid of me—what is this serious thing that you wished to ask me?

Edith (promptly)—It is this? (A very long pause.)

Richard—Well?

Edith (with increasing agitation)—Is it very much more difficult to say than I expected.

Richard (gravely)—Don't distress yourself. Believe me, nothing is worth it.

Edith (desperately)—You know that I am going to marry Arthur Edwards?

Richard—I have heard that you are engaged.

Edith—He is very unhappy.

Richard—Indeed?

Edith—Your father—

Richard—Oh, that old story! His father forged a check and let my father be blamed for it. It killed my father, who happened to be a phenomenally honest man. Old Edwards wrote a letter on his deathbed and sent it to me telling me the truth and urging me to clear my father's memory. A most sacred duty, surely.

Edith—Arthur Edwards is very unhappy. It is a terrible thing for him that this disgrace should fall on his mother and sisters.

Richard—We are to be perfectly frank, I suppose. (She nods.) Then let me add that from the little I have seen of Mr. Edwards, I imagine he would feel far more keenly a disgrace falling on himself than one falling on any woman in whom he had an interest.

Edith (with an involuntary glance toward the screen)—You mustn't say such things to me.

Richard—Of course not; I beg your pardon. And what is it you want me to do?

Edith (rising and walking about the room)—Oh, it's impossible. I see now that it's quite impossible. Mr. Esmond, you don't know how contemptible I feel. I was going to ask you—yes, I really meant to ask you to destroy that letter and to save Mrs. Edwards and the girls—oh, yes, and him, too, from this disgrace.

Richard—You wished to ask me, in fact, to leave this slur on my dead father's name for the sake of these other people who are nothing to me?

Edith—Yes, I did. I am sorry! I did not ask you, though. I don't ask you.

Richard—I am glad you have not asked me; though, on reflection, I don't know why I should be.

Edith—There is nothing more to be said. It can't be helped. You are perfectly right.

Richard—My dear lady, there are some things which are dearer to a man than his honor. My father loved the woman George Edwards married. That's all.

Edith—Then what are you going to do with the letter?

Richard—Ah! you remind me! You remember I said I had something serious to say to you. I wished to offer you the letter as a wedding present. (Another pause. She turns her head away. When she looks at him again her eyes are full of tears.)

Richard—I detest serious conversation, as you know. But there is one thing I should like to tell you. I have known the truth about this ever since I was fifteen. My father, when he lost his good name and most things that made life worth living, retained a few treasures, among them the sheet of paper on which Edwards had practiced the forged signature. He left this paper to me and charged me to keep silence about it—as he had done.

Edith (half incredulously)—Then he had proofs, and he never cleared himself?

Edith—But your father's wasted life? The blight upon you? Your own lonely life? I must not take the letter. You must show it and the other proofs and clear yourself and your poor, poor father.

Richard—And so defy his wishes and make his sacrifices worthless?

Edith—But your own honor?

Richard—Honor is a catchword. It wants defining; but however you define it, there are some things which are more to a man than his honor.

Edith—But you—

Richard—Don't look so distressed. I only mean that I love you and that all one's life would be very little to sacrifice if one could lay it out judiciously in such a way as to add a little to your comfort. Please don't try to look indignant. There is no earthly reason why I should not tell you this. Otherwise you would never have understood, and I have a quite unreasonable wish that you should understand. (She hesitates, then gives him both her hands.)

Edith—I am very sorry, very, very sorry.

Richard—And I, believe me, am very, very glad. I have had such an opportunity as falls to the lot of few men. I have been able to tell you what you are to me in the presence of the coward who sets a woman to fight his battles and skulls behind a screen to wait for the fruits of victory. (He points to the mirror in which Edwards's crouching figure is seen reflected. For a moment no one moves. Then Esmond takes the papers from his pocket, puts them in her hands and walks out. She stands looking after him with the papers in her hand. Arthur comes out looking rather red.)

Arthur—Oh! I knew you would do it. How clever of you! It was a magnificent piece of acting. (Edith looks at him.) Come, don't look so miserable. It's all right now. Here, give me the papers. (He takes them.) Come, give me a kiss. What are you looking so glum about? Was it because he said that about the screen? My dear girl, it was only a guess. He couldn't possibly have seen me. Besides, we have got all the proofs here, and no one would believe a word he said. Why, what's the matter? Come, you ought not to grudge a kiss to your promised husband. Don't think any more about him; it was like his impudence, but he is beneath your notice.

Edith—Take your letters and go. They are all you will ever have from me. For the rest of my life I shall think more of him than of anything else in the world.

Arthur—Oh! but Edith, come. Edith (stamping)—Go, I say. Here, take your ring.

Arthur—I believe you mean to marry that swaggering cad.

Edith—I shall marry Richard Esmond, if he will stoop so far, but it will be a poor match for him, for he is a prince. (She goes out.)

Arthur—I suppose now he will start a school of his own with her money. He always did have the greatest luck. —New York Press.

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Hunting the Seal.

The Eskimo in his "kaik" is indeed great, for he faces the roughest seas, dodges the heavy waves, and some of the more expert "kaik" men receive a heavy roller by capsize and receiving the blow on the bottom, righting themselves afterward. The skillful fisher rights himself with the paddle, which is two-bladed, or with his open hand, while some can do it with the clenched hand. "I have seen," says Nansen, "a man take a stone in his clenched hand before capsize, and come up with it still in his hand." Nor must we forget that he has to tow his prey besides performing some of these feats, and a hunter will sometimes bring three or more seals to land safely.

His chief weapon is the harpoon, which he throws either with his hand or the ingenious throwing-stick; it has an easily detachable head with a line and bladder attached. Besides these, he has lances and bird darts, all being kept in readiness under loops of leather on top of his "kaik." Surely he must be cool and daring, for he must not miss a wounded and enraged seal, nor must the slightest hitch occur in the line when the prey rushes away with the harpoon. The greatest achievement in the hunter's art was to be able to dispense with bladders, and to let the seal tow the "kaik" man by his waist. —The Spectator.

Mirrors in Folk-Lore.

In the pleasant regions of folk-lore the mirror holds a fairly prominent place. To break one is considered an unlucky affair, a notion which is one of the most prevalent and persistent of modern superstition. In many parts of England, seven years of trouble is considered the penalty for such an accident; but the still more serious Scottish people regard it as a sign that a member of the family will soon die.

In the south of England it is looked upon as a bad omen for a bride on her wedding morning to take a last peep at the glass before starting for church, and the struggle between superstition and vanity is no doubt very keen. The Swedish girls are afraid to look in the glass after dark, or by artificial light, lest they should forfeit the good opinion of the other sex. Most people still appear to regard it as a bad omen to see the new moon for the first time through a window pane or reflected in a mirror.

In some districts the practice of covering the looking-glass, or removing it, in the presence of death still exists. The reason for this is not very obvious, though Mr. Darog Goud says there is a popular notion that if a person looks into a mirror in the chamber of death he will see the corpse looking over his shoulder. Such superstitions seem to suggest a near approach to the primitive modes of thought of the men who found mirrors in stones and glasses in the running brook. —Chambers's Journal.

Superstition in the Wilderness.

Strange tales have come from the Sourdabek region this season in regard to Jack Reed's depot-camp on the road leading to Strickland's Mountain. The camp is built over the grave of a man who was killed in some unknown way, and the woodsmen say the place is haunted. At any rate, on every moonlight night in winter a listener standing outside the camp can hear the sound of rolling stones that apparently are grating, grinding, rattling, plunking over each other, as though sliding down a steep bank. Diligent search has been made for the source of this strange noise, but so far no one has solved the mystery. Old lumbermen remember that the camp has been considered to be haunted for many years, and the sound of the rolling stones has been heard on many a moonlight night in the past. Many lumbermen who are on their way into the Sourdabek region prefer to push by the depot-camp and take a night tramp rather than sleep over that grave and hear those grinding stones. —Lewis (Mc.) Journal.

The Shortest Skipper.

Captain Whiting, seventy-two years old, five feet tall, with shaggy eyebrows, long iron-gray whiskers and an unusually mild manner, created a slight sensation on the Maritime Exchange by his appearance yesterday. He is the shortest skipper ever seen in port, and his vessel, the Liverpool, is the longest four-master that has arrived in years. —New York Mail and Express.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

With Three Men on Bases—A Misunderstanding—Got the "Throw Down"—A Matter of Fact, Etc.

Ah, the papers may seem With royalty's gleam, And laud the counts, princes and earls Who wander across— With their profit or loss— To wed our American girls; But long ere the rose By the garden wall blows, This extravaganza will flit, And a wreath we shall bring For the uncrowned king Who batteth a home run hit! —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Got the "Throw Down." Jack—"I proposed to May last night. Tom—"How did you come out?" Jack—"Head first."—Town Topics.

A MISUNDERSTANDING. Barber—"Shall I go over the chin once more, sir?" Customer—"No; I'd heard it all before you told me."—Harper's Weekly.

HIGH. "I understand that your picture received the highest consideration at the exhibition." "Yes," replied the mournful artist, "it was skied."—Washington Star.

A MATTER OF FACT. Customer (with a handful of worn currency)—"These greenbacks are tough." Cashier—I beg your pardon, they are legal tender."—Detroit Free Press.

FRANK, BUT NOT FLATTERING. Joseph—"If I should die, would you get another feller, Mary Jane?" Mary Jane—"There haint no other feller around here, Joseph; or I wouldn't wait for you to die."—Puck.

THE PHYSICIAN. Mamma—"O Jack, the baby has swallowed the contents of this ink bottle. What shall I do?" Uncle Jack—"Why make him eat two or three sheets of blotting paper."—Truth.

HAVING GREATNESS THIRST UPON HIM. School Visitor—"Now then, boy number one, who wrote 'Macbeth'?" Boy Number One (trembling violently)—"Please, sir, I didn't."

School Visitor—"I know you didn't; but who did?" Boy Number One (with a spasm of virtue)—"Please, sir, I don't want to be a tattler, but it wuz Bob Buster, over in de corner seat. I seen him a-doin' of it."—Judge.

WANTED A PLEASANT EXPRESSION. Mr. Grumps—"Good morning. Do you take pictures by the instantaneous process?" Photographer—"Yes, sir."

Mr. Grumps—"Well, this is Mrs. Grumps, my wife, you know. I want her picture taken."

Photographer—"Certainly. But are you particular about having it instantaneous?"

Mr. Grumps—"Of course. When you get things ready let her look pleasant, and then snap off the machine before the expression fades away. You've got to be quicker'n lightning."—New York Weekly.

A BENEFACTOR OF HIS SPECIES. Fran von S., well known for her kindness and generosity, was waited upon the other day by a well-dressed gentleman, who spoke to her as follows:

"I wish to draw your attention, madam, to the sad case of a poor family. The father is weak and advanced in years, the mother is bedridden, and their five little children are clamoring for bread. The poor creatures are about to be turned into the street with their wretched belongings unless somebody will undertake to pay their arrears of rent, amounting to thirty marks."

Frau von S. at once went to fetch the money. Handing it to her visitor, she said:

"Now, sir, I should like to know who you are, as you seem to take so warm an interest in these poor people."

"I am their landlord, madam!"—Wochenblatt.

HE WANTED TO KNOW. It was a farmer-looking man, with one arm in a sling and a bandage over his eye, who wandered into the office of the superintendent.

"I was in that tier little smash-down high Plunkville," said the farmer-looking man, and then he smiled.

"I guess he can be fixed up for not more than \$50," thought the superintendent.

"Yes, I was there," continued the visitor, with a chuckle. "Jist sailin' along, smooth as grease, listenin' to a hook-nosed feller tellin' a funny story, when all of a sudden—kerblip! That there ole car went sailin' so high that I could see the gray hairs in the whiskers of the moon, and then she come down. How she did come down! And when I come down too, there sot that hook-nosed feller with his hook-nose changed to a pug; another feller, 'bout seven foot high, was hung around the bellpore like a snake hung up for rain, and over in the woodbox was a fat woman jammed in so tight that she couldn't holler—couldn't do nothin' but make faces. By gawd, it was the funnest time I ever had in all my life. And so, I thought how much extry you thort I'd order to pay for the fun you gimme."

The superintendent sat there with his mouth open for so long that the farmer-looking man grew alarmed and fled. —Cincinnati Tribune.

A GENERAL PROTEST.

ALL SECTIONS INJURED BY FREE TRADE LEGISLATION.

Not Only the Sugar Planters of the South, But the Farmers of the West Are Up in Arms Against the Policy of Free Trade.

The New York World regards the movement of the sugar planters of Louisiana as "no surprise to those who have watched the drift of American politics during the past ten years," and says that it is the beginning of a movement that "must go on for a number of years to come."

The World is right in this and in its further prediction that other States in the South have the same element of citizenship as that in Louisiana, now hostile to Democratic principles, and that realignment of industrial forces must change the political makeup of the South. The World consoles itself in the belief that what its party loses in the South in the near future it will gain in the great cereal-growing States of the Northwest, upon the assumption that these States will favor the policy of free trade after trying the effect of the present tariff rates.

The temper of that section of the country will be fully revealed in the future elections, but up to the present time we can see no reason for the fulfillment of the World's expectation. On the other hand, there is ample reason for strong Western protest against the policy of free trade. Leaving out of consideration the serious injury to the wool industry and the dreadful impairment of the consuming capacity of the laboring classes all over the country, the result of free trade legislation, we have but to point to the vital losses sustained by the agricultural interests, chiefly in the Western States, which the World expects to espouse its cause, as follows:

During the first four months of the operation of the Gorman tariff there were imported in the dutiable schedule of articles of food and live animals \$11,096,419 more than in the corresponding period of the previous year under the McKinley law. The shrinkage in exports of the products of agriculture for the first four months after the passage of the free trade tariff, when compared with the exports of the same products in the corresponding period under the McKinley law, amounted to \$30,158,361. These are items of practical loss, amounting in the aggregate to \$41,254,780, covering a period of only four months. The loss in domestic trade cannot be definitely computed, but we know that during the period of depression since the beginning of free trade agitation it reached into billions of dollars.

The West will not long tolerate a system which is literally devouring her substance, but, along with the States of the South which in the last election made such strenuous efforts to shake off free trade ideas, she will see the true value of protection and bid adieu forever to free trade heresy, which, whenever and wherever tried, has operated so seriously to hinder individual and National progress.

Australian Wool Movement.

The civilized world is, in fact, apparently threatened with a calamity somewhat similar to that which overthrew the Roman Empire—that is, the seizure of the powers of Government by semi-civilized men or civilized men acting under their direction, and the management of States without the benefit of recorded human experience. —New York Evening Post.

Every one who has studied the history of the Roman Empire with care knows that the calamity which overthrew that empire was caused by free wheat. The free and lavish importation of wheat drove the Roman farmers from the Campagna and filled Rome with the very rich, their sycophants and slaves. Rome went the way England is going. It is the free trade way.

Why the Gold Goes.

During the six months ending February 21, 1895, the dutiable imports at New York amounted to \$121,968,148, as compared with \$31,433,993 for the dutiable imports during the corresponding six months ending February 21, 1894. Under the Gorman tariff, for the half year, New York has bought from foreign countries \$49,500,000 worth more goods than she did before the new bill became a law.

Cotton Workers Interested.

During the first five months of the Gorman tariff, ending January 31, there were imported at New York over 15,000,000 square yards of bleached cottons as compared with 8,874,000 square yards imported during the corresponding five months a year earlier.

Textile Trades and the Tariff.