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England has 200 men each worth over \$5,000,000.

Two thousand patents have been taken out in this country on the manufacture of paper alone.

Greater New York, with 317 square miles of territory, would be three times as big as London on twelve times the area of Paris.

In the past seven years the German production of beet sugar has doubled, while the home consumption has only increased one-third during the same period.

A few years ago the Chinese cabinet advised the conquest of Japan to stop the spread of western civilization. It seems the plan was put off a little too long.

The New York World observes: The courts in Brooklyn are trying the efficacy of \$25,000 verdicts for damage when a trolley car kills a person. We predict that the death rate from this cause will be greatly reduced.

Good apples are said to be dearer than eggs in the New York market. The reason is that most of the good ones have been exported to England, where the demand for American apples has been unprecedented during the past season.

Chitral, in the region of Upper India, the inhabitants of which the British are now attempting to punish and, perhaps subjugate, was, until the entrance of the British Army, entirely without commerce and without money. The people accepted the rupees given them by the British officers for the performance of petty services, esteeming them highly as ornaments; but they made serious objections to receiving too many of them as their use of ornaments was limited.

A shaft into the earth is proposed by M. Paschal Grousset as the sensation for the Paris Exposition of 1900. His plan is an inversion of the idea of the Eiffel tower. Elevators will carry the public down the shaft; at intervals there will be restaurants and concert rooms, decorated so as to harmonize with the temperature, which will increase with the depth, as far as 2100 feet below the surface. Beyond that point, as the heat will be too great for comfort, a narrower shaft is to be driven for scientific purposes only to a depth greater than has ever yet been obtained, possibly 5000 feet.

It is a question whether the Seminole war is over yet or not. The Secretary of the Interior has asked the Secretary of War to tell him, as it involves a question of the Seminole lands. Most of the people who fought in the war are dead long ago. Secretary Lamont replying to the communication from Secretary Smith informed him that the first Seminole war in Florida, from 1836 to 1842, was officially announced as closed August 14, 1842, and that the second Florida Seminole war began December 20, 1835, and was officially declared closed on May 8, 1858.

When the great Salt Pond of Block Island has been connected with the ocean by the ship channel that is now being dug, it will become an important roadstead for the largest ships. It is perfectly land-locked, and covers 1200 acres, of which 800 are navigable, the depth ranging from fifteen to sixty feet. The New York Tribune thinks the value of such a refuge, situated as it is so near Gardiner's Bay, Long Island Sound and New York City, must be of considerable consequence from a naval point of view; it would surely be worth holding by an enemy preying on our coasts, especially by a fleet of warships operating against New York City. The possibilities are interesting.

Max Nordau, a German investigator, has published a work entitled "Degeneration," which is startling Europe. He seeks to demonstrate that the brain of man has been put under a suicidal strain by the enormous increase of activity in the last fifty years, and that it has produced in the upper 10,000 of every great city a race of "degenerates," that is, men who, though perhaps brilliant mentally, are physically and hereditarily on the downward grade, and who are bound in a generation or two to perish through partial insanity and sterility. In discussing this overpressure he cites the immense increase of mail matter and declares that "a cook receives and sends more letters nowadays than a university professor did formerly." The increase of suicides throughout Europe helps Herr Nordau's deductions. St. Petersburg, for instance, reporting 445 successful suicides in the past twelve months.

THE ANGELIC HUSBAND.

There are husbands who are pretty, There are husbands who are witty, There are husbands who are public as a snail as the morn; There are husbands who are healthy, There are famous ones and wealthy, But the real angelic husband—well, he's never yet been born.

Some for strength of love are noted, Who are really so devoted That when their wives are absent they are lonesome and forlorn; And while now and then you'll find one Who's a really good and kind one, Yet the real angelic husband—oh, he's never yet been born.

So the woman who is mated To a man who may be rated As "pretty fair" should cherish him forever and a day, For the real angelic creature, Perfect, quite, in every feature, He has never been discovered, and he won't be, so they say.

—T. B. Aldrich, in Boston Budget.

"ONE GOOD TURN."

FROM the tiny village of Dewhurst to Bersea, a small town on the English coast, is eight miles by road and nine by river. The train takes twenty minutes between the two places, good going indeed "for one of those Southern lines."

One dull, heavy, October Sunday night, George Langley would gladly have sat a whole hour in the most unpainted, unpadded, draughty and jolly carriage of any "one of those Southern lines" if he might get from the village to the town. He had been paying a stolen visit to Kate—to lovely Kate Bassett, of Dewhurst. He had said good-bye to her at the bottom of her father's garden, and run all the way to the railway station, only to find the last train gone. Eleven had struck and the one street of Dewhurst was as empty of people as the churchyard.

Langley sat down on a hand-truck which he found chained to a post. He lit his pipe and proceeded to consider his position. Hardly had he begun the reflection that he had walked many miles that day, and was glad of his rest on the hand-truck, when flashed into his mind the picture of a punt, with sculls in her, seen moored below the bridge to-day. Then he felt a flush of pleasure when he brought to mind that it must now be about eight at Dewhurst. In a light punt, and on the back of a six-knot tide, he should fly along the nine miles of water to Bersea in less than half the time it would take him to reach the half-way house on his weary feet.

At the bridge he had to proceed carefully for he did not know the ground well; there was no regular landing place, and hardly a glimmer of light trickled through the lowering clouds. With a feeling of profound relief he found the skiff with skulls lying on the thwarts. Casting off the painter he stepped aboard with a chuckle of remorse when he fancied the owner's arrival later to find the boat gone.

Rowing alone through the damp darkness of that autumn night was not inspiring; but he realized with delight the great pace from the light swiftness with which the skiff moved to him through the water, and from the ponderous, silent sliding by of the black banks.

His course lay nearly due south. There was something in the manner of the ghostly banks, and in the hurried whispering of the water at his bow, which told him he should not reach home before the storm broke.

"In a few minutes the gale will break," said Langley to himself. "This is a nice sort of o'clock-shell to be abroad in the dark if the water gets sloppy. It would be no easy job to land here. I suppose if the storm does come down particularly heavy I must take it as a judgment sent as punishment for stealing the boat."

All at once the trees on the bank set up a shrill whistle of alarm, and the woods on the hills took up the alarm and burst into a roar. The channel of the river was filled with a barrier of wind and rain, through which, in spite of Langley's utmost efforts, he could not press the skiff. Water dashed in spray from the bows, and slopped aboard at the counter. He tasted the salt water on his mustache. He bent his head under the rain flung upon his neck, and felt it run down his back.

The banks were steep and almost indiscernible. If the punt were swamped it would go hard with him. He was strong and healthy; only twenty-seven; full of life and hope; he was just beginning to see a road towards competency. Then there was Kate—there was Kate?—there was his Kate! No, no; it would never do to drown here.

But the boat was half full, the banks high and dim, the storm tremendous. It looked as if he were to perish after all.

By Jove, that gust had whirled the punt's head round as if she was a cork! Yet it would be cruel as well as ridiculous to die here.

And still the tempest was overwhelming; the water getting sloppy; the punt heavier—deader and deader. Let him try to make out the exact point of the river where the water was jolting, and tossing and wounding his puny skiff.

Yes; he was in the Long Reach, where the bank on either side is steep.

Stay! What that low-coffin-shaped thing standing back against the frantic sky?

That was the old deserted boathouse with the slip!

"Thank God! If he could only reach the slip and jump ashore, scramble ashore, swim ashore, all would be well. Think of it—all would be well! He should again see the sunlight in the fields, and the sails on the shining sea, and Kate in her white gown! He should again move back the straying tresses of golden hair from the forehead—he should move back her straying tresses with this same palm which he was now grinding against the harsh wood of the oar, in desperate endeavor to tear his life from the trough of the water."

At last firm earth held his limbs and body up! He no longer rocked and swayed in all his body. Drenched and sodden, he scrambled up the slip. He made no effort to save the punt. The moment he stepped ashore he had been swept away. "I must make that boat good to the owner, though she has been nearly the death of me. I'll never put my foot aboard another craft less than a five-tonner from this until I die."

Oh, what hard work it had been to keep one's feet when staggering up that treacherous old slip to gain its place, with its shelter and its security, from the mouth of the lipping, ravening waters!

This boat-house was now used, they said, by Black Billy, the gamekeeper, as a lair from which he might surprise poachers by night. Poachers were many and daring in this neighborhood. Black Billy entertained a particular hatred against them and they against him. Pray heaven they might not mistake him for Black Billy, or Black Billy for any one of them.

No door on the boat-house. That did not matter. It afforded plenty of shelter, and that was what one now needed, and lo! in the light of a match, a heap of straw, a large heap of straw, at the end far from the door.

In his saturated condition to lie down on the straw would be to secure illness and invite death. If he walked briskly up and down until he became warm and then crept under the straw a fellow would not only escape a chill, or rheumatism, but enjoy the advantages of hydropathic treatment.

Langley began pacing the floor as rapidly as the limits of the building and the darkness would permit. In half an hour he had worked himself into a glow; then he crawled under the straw, taking care to cover himself completely with it.

The heat of the body increased to such a degree that he was sorely tempted to creep forth again, but a chill now would be disastrous, so he lay still and suffered. He listened to the wind roaring in the wood, and to the fall of the rain thrashing on the roof. Little by little the burning heat of his body subsided, and after awhile he fell asleep.

He was awakened by voices. The storm had ceased, and Langley was on the point of struggling out and declaring himself when his ears caught words which held him still.

"It's a hanging job, Jim," said a deep, gruff voice.

"Well, that's your affair. You knocked him into the river," said a high tenor voice.

"We were both of us in it, and when he started on us 'twas you clinched."

"I was only holding on by his gun, and was holding on with my two hands when you but-ended him and he tumbled in. I couldn't have struck the blow for my two hands were on his gun, Sam."

"And when I saw you in trouble did I turn tail and run away? Did I? No, 'or did I shorten my piece and let drive at him? And isn't the dark look of his eyes turned on me ever since?" Sam's tone had become subdued as he went on, and at the end it had lost all its anger, and was not addressed to Jim, but spoken to reluctant vacancy where the dead eyes lived.

Langley felt a cold shiver down his back. He had been listening to the history by poachers of Black Billy's last encounter with their fraternity. The man with the high voice stood so close to Langley that his feet were in the straw, and Langley could feel the straw move when the man moved. Yet Langley durst not stir an inch away.

After a pause, Sam, the more distant man, the one with the rough voice, the striker of the blow, recovered himself, and said as if awaking from sleep: "What are we to do?"

"Strike a light and let us see what's in this cursed hole."

"But any one could see a light from the river."

"And who would be on the river at such an hour, and after such a night?" Langley's heart stood still. Up to this his only feeling was one of loathing and horror of the presence of two men, red-handed from murder. Now the fearful peril of his own position struck him. Here were two desperate men, fresh from the most awful crime, with no other thought than, How shall we escape the terrible consequences? They were armed, they were going to strike a light. If they discovered him? He tried to lie still as a log.

A match was struck. The high voice said: "What a heap of straw! I suppose it was his bed. It looks more like as if he had been sleeping under rather than on it. Nothing but the straw in the shanty. There, the match is out! What are we to do, Sam?" "Twirl soon be day, and then 'twill find it in the water." With the going out of the match Jim's terrors returned.

Silence for a while.

Langley felt sure his breathing, or the ticking of his watch, or the beating of his heart must be heard. The cold sweat ran down his face and neck. He was madly impelled to shriek. The muscles of his legs twitched. He had to dig his nails into his palms to keep his hands still.

Suddenly, with an oath, Sam cried: "I have it! I have it!"

"Are you shouting for the police, even before they have light to find anything in the river?" whispered Jim. "I have it, I tell you," cried Sam, in triumph. "What fell in the river was carried to the sea in the dark, when there was no light."

"What's your opinion, then?" "Old Billy often slept here. There's the straw to show he did."

"I heard the straw move as if he was on it now," said Jim, in a whisper of horror.

"Black Billy is in the channel long ago, you fool!" Jim moaned. "Either the straw moved or I'm mad."

"You're crazy with fear. You haven't the heart of a hare. Listen. To-night old Billy slept on the straw."

"Don't! Don't, Sam! Let the straw alone. It hears you! He has come to it up out of the water. I'm nearer the straw than you. I can hear him breathing."

"Hold your prate, or I'll put a charge into you. To-night he set fire to the straw and was sworn to dust. What do you think of that my white-livered Jim?" cried Sam, exultantly. "—I—I think it might do if he was in the river or the sea. But he's here. He's lying on the straw, listening to us, and whatever you do or say, he'll hang us. I can feel the straw striking against me now. For God's sake strike a light! My hands are shaking so I can't."

"Ay, I'll strike a light fast enough." The action followed the words, and Sam thrust the flaming match into the straw.

A cone of fire shot up. Langley, pale and resolute, determined to make one desperate plunge for the door, leaped from the blazing straw and, dashing the smoke from his eyes, staggered, pained motionless, and stood staring with distended and open mouth at the door.

"It's Black Billy himself!" shrieked Jim, cowering against the wall and pointing to the ghastly face of Langley.

Quick as lightning Sam covered Langley. "If you move you are a dead man. Who are you?"

"It's Black Billy himself," whimpered Jim. "Black Billy himself, come out of the river to hang us!"

"He's the makings of another murder. It's a spy. His hair is tight, not dark, you fool!"

Langley did not move. He glanced from the muzzle of the gun to the doorway. He spoke:

"I am not Black Billy. There would be no good in my saying I did not and you did not."

"Then it was a bad hour for you when you did hear it," said Sam, with the gun still pointing at Langley.

"I'm not so sure of that, and I think it a very good thing for you I did overhear it."

"I don't want to take you too sudden, for you may not have been here as a spy; but you know too much for ever going out of the door of 'this place alive.'"

"I know more than you think, and therefore I will go out of that door alive."

"Come; the house is filling with smoke. You can have ten minutes."

"Can't I have ten days?" "No. In three minutes this place will be too hot and too full of smoke to go in it."

"Not till day, not to see the sun once more, and it is already dawn. Look!"

The poachers already turned their eyes towards the door.

With a groan Jim fell forward insensible.

With an oath Sam dropped his gun to the ground.

The figure of Black Billy, the gamekeeper, stood on the threshold. Jim was dragged out of the burning building and Sam's hands were bound.

"When I was just exhausted in the water, after that ruffian had knocked me in," said the gamekeeper later, "I gripped the gunwale of a half-swamped punt, and with the other half of her keel I jammed him ashore."

"That must have been my boat," said Langley, "so that my punt saved your life, and then you saved mine. Well, 'one good turn deserves another,' I dare say."—St. Paul's.

Animated Barometers. Says an old Pennsylvania farmer: "I always know when there is to be a windstorm by watching the turkeys and chickens go to roost each night. In calm weather the fowls always roost on their poles with their heads alternating each way; that is, one faces east, the next west, and so on. But when there is going to be a high wind they always roost with their heads toward the direction from which it is coming. There are reasons for these different ways of roosting, I take it. When there is no wind to guard against they can see other dangers more readily if they are headed in both directions, but when wind is to arise they face it because they can hold their positions better. But the part I can't understand," he concluded, "is how the critters know that the wind is going to rise when we mortals lack all intimation of it."—New York Tribune.

The Butcher's Chopping Block.

Butchers' chopping blocks made in sections are now sometimes used instead of the old-time block made from a section of a single large tree. Perhaps the scarcity of timber has something to do with the introduction of the new sort of block. It is made of maple in long parallel-pipedons about one and a half inches square. It is said that such a block may be made of uniform hardness throughout, a thing not usually found in the solid block.—New York Sun.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

A Sign of Spring—Lovers' Lunacy—Her Own—Limited—Conditional—There Are Tricks, Etc., Etc. We know that spring time has come round, For as we walk the street, We see a shining, brand-new tie On every man we meet.

LOVERS' LUNACY. She—"What effect does the full moon have upon the tide?" He—"None, but it has considerable upon the untied."—Life.

CONDITIONAL. "Will you love me when I'm gone?" asked Mr. Linger of his sweetheart. "If you'll go soon," replied the faithful girl with a yawn.—Judge.

IN THE GLOAMING. She (pointing at a star)—"Ah, there is Orion!" Voice (from the darkness)—"Yes are mistaken, mum, it's O'Reilly."—Life.

HER OWN. "The duke seems to be completely blinded to Miss de Million's true character." "Yes; she threw dust in his eyes."—Puck.

BEATING ABOUT THE BUSH. A.—"What! You called me a swindler?" B.—"No; but I am prepared to give ten dollars to any one who proves to me the contrary."

LIMITED. Patient (about to have his leg removed, cheerfully)—"Well, doctor, I'm afraid that I won't be able to go to any more dances." Dr. Knifer—"No. After this you'll have to confine yourself to hope."—New York World.

HIS PREFERENCE. A Millynn Haire—"My daughter returns from Europe to-day, sir. Make arrangements for a stunning reception to her. I give you carte blanche." His Secretary—"I would be perfectly satisfied, sir, if you would only give me Blanche."—Truth.

"THERE ARE TRICKS." Visitor—"Are all these ladies waiting for change?" Merchant Prince—"Oh, dear, no! They are connected with the house. They stimulate trade by struggling with customers who try to approach the bargain counter."—Puck.

A PASSION WITH HIM. She—"And tell me now, are you more interested in science?" He—"Interested in science? I should say so. Why, I know the history of all the champions of the ring, and there isn't anything about any of the big fights that have taken place in the last forty years, that I can't tell you. Science? The manly art is just food, drink and lodging for me."—Boston Transcript.

THE LONELYWOOD HOSE COMPANY. City—"I see you wear a badge of the Lonelywood Hose Company. Isn't it pretty tough to have to respond to an alarm on a cold, rainy night, when you've worked hard in the city all day?" Commuter (lightly)—"Pooh, pooh, man! Why, you can stay at home and pay a dollar fine. That's what everybody does except the man whose house is afire."—Judge.

SLIGHTED. "What is this?" exclaimed the prima donna, as she crumpled the printed sheet, threw it upon the floor and stamped upon it. "What is the matter, my dear?" asked her husband. "A brand of piano has been placed on the market without my knowledge, and I have not written a testimonial saying it is the finest instrument I have ever used. This is the first time such a thing happened and it is an insult."—Washington Star.

JUSTIFIED SUSPICION. "Yes," said the landlord, who was showing a prospective tenant through the house, "the flat is fitted with all modern improvements, good sanitation, ample heat and light arrangements, a fine kitchen, elevator service all night, and the rent is only \$35." "Say no more," interrupted the flat-hunter, sadly. "I must refuse the invitation. There can be only one inference from your low rent—there is a young lady pianist in the flat above."—Chicago Record.

SUFFICIENTLY REWARDED. The latest joke at the expense of the French Society for the Protection of Animals is to the following effect: A countryman, armed with an immense club, presents himself before the President of the society, and claims the first prize. He is asked to describe the act of humanity on which he founds the claim: "I saved the life of a wolf," replies the countryman. "I might easily have killed him with this bludgeon," and he swings his weapon in the air, to the immense discomfort of the President.

"But where was this wolf?" inquires the latter; "what had he done to you?"

"He had just devoured my wife," was the reply.

The President reflects an instant, and then says: "My friend, I am of opinion that you have been sufficiently rewarded."—New York Post.

THE WEIGHT OF IT.

DISASTROUS RESULTS OF TWO YEARS OF DEMOCRACY.

Railway Receiverships, Bank Suspensions and Shrinkage in Industries Represent Losses of Billions—National Prosperity Has Been Stifled By Free Trade.

Various estimates have been made of the cost to the country of the Fifty-third Congress, and of the present free trade Administration. It is difficult to arrive at a true estimate of the loss that the people have suffered through their folly in November, 1892. This period of our history has been concisely described by Messrs. Clapp & Co., the New York bankers, in their weekly circulars. On November 11, 1892, they said:

"The recent election shows the people want to speculate." Four months later, on March 17, 1893, shortly after the inauguration of President Cleveland, they said: "The shadow of general liquidation falls over the door step of National prosperity."

Three months later, on June 30, Clapp's Circular said:

"The credit panic appears to have crossed the continent, and scarcely four months have passed and a billion of representative money has disappeared."

In their 1893 souvenir, they show that the seventy-five railway receiverships rendered necessary that year involved an indebtedness amounting to \$1,212,217,033, and the total liabilities of banks suspended was \$210,998,808. The business shrinkage in textile trades was almost \$40,000,000 and in other industries over \$90,000,000.

Adding the record of the trade failures they found that the disaster brought upon the country by the free trade party during 1893 was "equal to about twenty-five per cent. of the annual production average for the country during the past decade."

Our artist has explained the extent of the disaster for the two full years from March, 1893, to March, 1894. According to the record of the bank clearings the shrinkage in business was \$5,665,000,000, during the first six months only that this new tariff has been in force, below the amount of business done during the first six months when the McKinley tariff was in operation.

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