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Americans are said to eat more than any other Nation.

The trolley has invaded the land of the Pharaohs. Cairo, Egypt, is to have a system.

Mr. Selous, the celebrated English traveler and hunter, says that the great course of the British Empire in Africa is drink.

Steam street railways are more common in Italy than in any other country. There are now nearly 2000 miles of such lines.

Captain L. S. Hinde, of the Belgian service in Africa, writes that in spite of their slave trading propensities the Arabs, during their forty years' domination, have brought the Manjema and Malala country to a state of high prosperity.

One of the proposed two-wheel or "bicycle" railways from New York to Washington promises a speed of 120 miles an hour as a result of the use of electricity and the minimizing of friction.

The whole population of the United States could be concentrated in Texas, estimates the New York Sun, without bringing up the density of her population to that of Massachusetts.

A plea is being made for the observance of a "bird day" in our schools, with the hope that it will create an enthusiasm and love for birds, and a love of nature which now has its beginning and ending in Arbor Day.

A number of prominent New York physicians were recently interviewed in regard to the use of hypnotism in their practice. They all admitted that they resorted to hypnotism when other means failed.

A curious case of dual brain action is described in Brain. An insane patient varied considerably in his mental condition; in one state he was subject to chronic mania, spoke English, was fairly intelligent, and was right handed; in another state he was subject to dementia, was almost unintelligible, but what could be understood was Welsh, and he was then left handed.

DAY BY DAY.

Walking with patience where the way is rough. Resting in quiet when the storm is nigh. Knowing that love Divine is strong enough To bear me up, as weary days go by.

GRANDMA'S HEROINE.

BY EDNA G. ROBBINS.

WHEN the new baby went to sleep "Maum" Penny turned the other children, Teddy, Tom and Penelope, out of the nursery that he might rest undisturbed.

Penelope thought of grandma, and, with one accord, they sought her room, told their grievance and begged for a story, and, as a fitting compensation for the loss of Maum Penny's society and the freedom of the nursery, Teddy and Tom settled themselves comfortably on a rug at grandma's feet, and Penelope nestled in her arms.

Grandma smiled at the different ideas of a heroine, then, when their excitement had somewhat subsided, said quietly: "My dears, I will tell you the story of my heroine, and you shall decide for yourselves what it means to be truly heroic."

"Once upon a time, a long time ago—not in Europe—but here in South Carolina, and not far from our own city of Charleston, there was a beautiful, old-time house on a vast plantation. It was owned by Mr. Hugh Porter, and was called 'Porter's Hall.' Mr. Porter was a young man and an orphan with no brothers nor sisters, so he found the big place too lonely to be pleasant, and, leaving it to the care of his overseer and his slaves, he spent his time in New York City and in Europe.

"They had then been in Europe more than a year, and they had a little blue-eyed baby daughter, so Hugh was really glad to return for he wanted to have the baby christened in the little stone church near his home where he and many, many Porters before him had been christened. But Lillian wept at the thought of returning. She dreaded the long ocean voyage, and more than all else, she dreaded living at 'Porter's Hall,' surrounded by strange beings of another race and color.

"Sometimes when Rose was in attendance upon her mistress, Maum Dinah was permitted to take care of the baby, and the baby soon learned to know and love her. When baby had the colic, and all Rose's efforts to relieve her were in vain, Maum Dinah was called, and very soon the cries would cease and baby would lie in peaceful slumber of Maum Dinah's knees.

"Now in those days it was customary to give to a baby a black child to be the playmate of its childhood, and the attendant, maid or body-servant when the child grew up.

"Lillian looked with surprise upon this queer present to her little daughter. Hugh explained to her the custom and advised her to let Maum Dinah take charge of baby with Penny to assist her, but Lillian said certainly not, and Maum Dinah took the baby to the 'Quarters' and to keep her there—on no account to allow her to come into the house.

"Lillian's ill-health made her a little bit impatient, and all was so strange to her, so Hugh seldom opposed her in any way, and poor Penny, her smiles gone and her eyes full of tears, was led away without even a glimpse of the baby she had thought and dreamed and talked so much about.

"But Penny's interest in the baby was not to be so easily disposed of. After a long cry over her disappointment, she left the little room at 'Quarters' and set out upon a tour of inspection. She went up to the house and stood under the nursery window, feeling very lonely and strange; but when Maum Dinah appeared at one of the windows with baby in her arms, the sight brought the grin back to her round, black face. True, she could see little more than a bundle of clothes, but even that was better than nothing. When the baby was taken away from the window Penny began to take note of the surroundings, and she noticed that a limb of the big live oak tree against which she leaned excitedly one of the windows of the nursery. Penny looked at it carefully, then grinned and fairly hugged the old tree for joy; the limb was small, but so was she, and she could climb like a squirrel.

"Did not take long for Penny to learn that Maum Dinah was alone with the baby in the nursery every evening while Rose was in attendance upon her mistress. One evening while Maum Dinah sat with the baby lying in her lap, watching it lovingly and crooning to it softly, Penny suddenly appeared beside her.

"'Why, Hugh,' she exclaimed, 'Penelope is the name of that little black monkey your uncle sent here—would you really name baby that?'"

"They were walking on the lawn when this discussion arose, and Penny, who was hiding behind a tree near by, heard Lillian's remark. 'Humph!' she mused, wrinkling her black forehead and nodding her kinky head thoughtfully, 'recoen Pen-el-o-p-mus' be me, 'cause missis allus calls me er black monkey.' And all that day Penny repeated over and over to herself the name Penelope, Penelope, admiring the grand, loud sound of it and wishing it might really be the baby's name.

"When she paid her usual visit to the baby that evening, she asked Maum Dinah if her name was Penelope. 'Yes, chile, but who done tol' you so?' asked Maum Dinah; 'I name yeh that myf' for ole Miss,' she added proudly.

tolled out the hour of midnight. Sometimes it seemed to strike louder than usual, and Hugh was awakened by its clangor. While lying half awake, he fancied he heard the sound of crackling flames and a strange roar filled his ears. He sprang from his bed and opened the door into the hall. The hall was filled with smoke, and the lower story seemed to be on fire. Hugh ran first to the nursery and roused Rose. Wrapping the baby well up in blankets and giving her to Rose he bade her follow him. Returning to his room he carefully wrapped his wife in a blanket and, taking her in his arms, fought his way through the smoke and flames down the stairs and out into the open air.

"By that time all the black people from the 'Quarters' were huddled, an excited, frightened, frantic mass, in front of the house. The men were confused and helpless, the women and children crying and screaming. Old Maum Dinah came forward, and Hugh gave his half-fainting wife into her keeping, and though his face and hands were blackened and blistered, he started off to see if anything could be done.

"Attend to your mistress and the baby, Maum Dinah," he had said, and with Lillian in her motherly arms, Maum Dinah called for the baby.

"The baby! There was Rose, a frightened, weeping creature, but no baby! 'Lillian suddenly grew strong in her mother-love and anguish, rushed toward her and caught her by the shoulders. 'Where is my baby? Rose, where is my baby?' she cried.

"There, there," cried the girl, pointing wildly toward the nursery windows. 'I was so frightened. O, mon Dieu! I laid her back in ze crib!'"

"With a cry of awful agony Lillian rushed toward the burning house, but before she could enter, her husband, knowing nothing of their baby's peril, caught and held her fast. He thought her delirious from excitement when she cried that the baby was burning; but when he saw the horror on the face around him, terror froze his heart and paralyzed his brain.

"Before he recovered Maum Dinah seized his arm and pointing to the tree beneath the nursery window, cried: 'Oh, wait, Massa Hugh; Penny will save the baby!' And then they saw a little, black figure, clad only in a short, white gown, showing weirdly in the red light of the flames, creeping carefully along the slender limb beneath the nursery window.

"Breathlessly they watched her. She reached the window, and without a moment's hesitation climbed into the room. The throb below stood with upturned faces, still and silent as though turned to stone; the horrible roaring and crackling of the flames alone broke the silence. The minutes seemed hours before she reappeared with the baby, still wrapped in her blankets in her arms.

"Firmly she held the baby in one arm, and nimbly and with cat-like care she climbed out of the window and settled herself astride the limb, then she slowly 'hitched' herself inch by inch along the limb till she reached the body of the tree. There Hugh Porter's arms received both her and the baby and bore them safely to the ground, and while the old house burned about them on a shout of thanksgiving arose to God. Penny, in her little night-gown, did not look much like the ideal heroine of romance; but those real ones made immortal by history; but children, I think she was one of the heroines God knows and will mark for His own.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

The Latest Idol—Not in Stock—A Slur—A Champion Feat—Just Cause—Shorter.

The statesman now becomes obscure, His glory has gone hence; The public's looking for the man Who bats it over the fence. —Kansas City Journal.

NOT IN STOCK. Customer (in hardware store)—"Do you sell the Golden Rule?" Clerk—"We don't even keep it." —Philadelphia Record.

WHERE HE WASN'T. Cleverton—"Strange I didn't see you at the theatre last night. I looked for you between the acts." Dasha-way—"Perhaps you looked in the theatre, old man." —Harlem Life.

THAT WAS DIFFERENT. She (tenderly)—"Sometimes I wonder why you love me." He (assentingly)—"So do I." She (indignantly)—"Sir!" He (exploratorily)—"I mean why you love me." —Life.

A CHAMPION FEAT. Prospective Tenant (to agent)—"You say this house is just a stone's throw from the depot." "Well, all I have to say is I have a great admiration for the man who threw the stone." —Life.

JUST CAUSE. "What perfect sympathy there is between Mrs. Plainface and her daughter." "I should think so! How could she help sympathizing with a daughter who looked like her." —Life.

A SEER. "I never borrow trouble," said Bilton. "Well," replied the man who had once lent him money, "there's never any telling how bad a man's credit will get to be." —Washington Star.

WITHOUT DOUBT. Herdso—"Don't those Chicago people beat the earth for being stuck on their own town?" Saidso—"Well, rather; the papers there would print the story of the end of the world as local news." —Puck.

SHORTER. She shook her head sadly. "My past is a sealed book," she answered with a sigh. "Say, rather," he implored, "say, rather, a sealed brochure." Tears of gratitude sprang to her eyes. —Detroit Tribune.

BROWN-STONE. He—"Wasn't Brown's wife named Stone before she was married?" She—"Yes; and it was a very suitable name."

He—"What do you mean?" She—"Oh, nothing; only she threw herself at his head." —Life.

A BAR TO COMPLETE ENJOYMENT. "I suppose you are looking forward to the baseball season with pleasure?" said Hobbes to his friend, the baseball crank.

"I don't know," said the crank, pathetically. "You see, my vocal chords are in wretched condition." —Chicago Record.

DISCIPLINE IN THE RANKS. First Lieutenant—"By Jove, as we were going over the river on the plank bridge it gave way and the men fell in."

Second Lieutenant—"What did you do?" First Lieutenant—"I ordered them to fall out, of course." —Pearson's Weekly.

NO DISPUTE SO FAR. "Well, old man, this is the first time I've seen you since your marriage. Allow me to congratulate you." "Thanks, dear fellow, thanks!"

"Have you and your wife decided who is to be the speaker of the house?" "Well, no; we usually occupy the chair together." —Pittsburg Chronicle-Dispatch.

UNREMARKABLE. "Do you not sometimes have soulful yearnings which you long to convey in words, but cannot?" asked the sentimental girl.

"Yes, indeed," replied the young man. "I was once dreadfully anxious to send home for money and I didn't have the price of a telegram." —Washington Star.

THE LADIES' TERROR. "Why," thundered the King of Dahomey, lowering his field-glass, "is the left wing of the Amazons firing without orders, and breaking into retreat?"

"Sir," answered the chief of staff, "a courier announces that a cow has appeared in front of the lines at that point." —Puck.

THE LAST WORD. "The ostrich is a queer bird," said Mr. Blykins. "There's no excuse for its behaving in the way it does. When it sees an enemy coming it sticks its head into the sand instead of running."

"That's its nature," replied his wife. "I know it. But just the same it isn't logical."

"Oh, yes it is, dear." "How do you make it out?" "It's ornithological." —Washington Star.

WOOLEN WORKERS.

FOREIGN GOODS ENOUGH TO INJURE 50,000 HANDS.

Over Five Hundred Factories May Close Their Doors—A Reduction of \$20,000,000 in the Amount of Wages to Be Earned—"Letting Ourselves Out" of Work With a Vengeance.

A summary of the value of our imports of all woolen goods during January and February since the woolen schedule of the new tariff went into effect, compared with our imports during the corresponding months a year earlier, is as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Year, Value, Increase. 1894: \$3,529,431; 1895: \$11,840,300; Increase: \$8,310,869.

It appears that during the two months we have bought \$8,411,000 worth more of foreign woolen goods this year. This increase is at the rate of over \$50,000,000 a year.

According to the census of 1890, the product value of all woolen and worsted manufactures in the United States was \$212,700,000 a year.

It is thus clear that the increase in our imports of woolens under the present tariff is almost equal to one-half of the entire product of our own woolen and worsted mills in 1890.

This is a very serious matter for our 1450 woolen manufacturers to consider.

In 1890 there were 122,944 hands working in our woolen and worsted factories. They earned over \$44,000,000 a year. An increase in our imports of foreign woolens at the rate of more than \$50,000,000 a year means that the earning power of the workers in our woolen and worsted mills must be reduced by nearly \$20,000,000 a year, unless there should be a sudden demand for the larger quantity of foreign goods that we are buying over and above the regular supply from our own mills.

We do not believe that this is the case. The outlook is a serious one for our wage earners as well as for the mill owners.

If the output of our mills be decreased by \$75,000,000 a year, then the cost of production will be higher for those goods that are sold. The greater competition at the same time must make profits smaller.

If our imports of foreign woolens and worsteds be increased by more than \$50,000,000 a year, and our mills are compelled to restrict their output by that amount, then fully 550 out of our 1450 factories will be closed. Instead of there being \$44,000,000 of wages earned and circulated, there will only be \$25,000,000 earned and circulated, thus injuring local trade where the factories are established.

The process of letting ourselves out so as to reach the markets of the world must result in also letting out the value of our capital employed in our own woolen and worsted mills. Its earning power will be less. It will also result in letting 45,000 hands out of a job and it will also result in not letting out for circulation nearly \$20,000,000 of wages a year. The evil results of free wool have not yet been fully experienced.

Those who are in any way interested in the manufacture of American woolens should study the following table, which gives the quantities of the different leading articles imported during the first six months of the present tariff as compared with the corresponding six months a year earlier:

Table with 3 columns: September to March 1891-93, 1893-94, Increase. Articles: Carpets and carpetings, Dress goods, women's and children's, etc.

Where the increase to February 23, 1895, was nearly \$1,000,000 more than in the corresponding months of the previous fiscal year, it was almost \$4,000,000 larger by the end of March, showing that our purchases of foreign goods were \$4,000,000 more costly to us at the end of March than they were at the beginning of that month. Thus the total money loss in our trade, both for exports and imports, during the single month of March amounted to very nearly \$14,000,000.

President Harrison paid of \$296,000,000 of the public debt and turned over to Mr. Cleveland's Administration \$124,000,000 surplus. There was not a moment from the inauguration of Mr. Harrison to succeed to the second inauguration of Mr. Cleveland in which we did not collect for every day of every year sufficient revenues to pay every demand and obligation of the Government. —Governor McKinley.

The Principle the Same. Democrats pretend to oppose tariff and bounty, but we notice our leading Democrats are right on hand to induce manufacturers to locate here, even if they have to put up a good big bonus. We fail to see a difference in principle. —Peabody (Kan.) Gazette.

The Latest From Paris. One of the largest Canadian lumber dealers is about to establish an agency in Pittsburgh for the sale of Canadian lumber. This is one of the results of the pauper tariff act which the Cleveland Administration has leveled upon the people. Just how the introduction of foreign lumber is going to start up the American lumber interest is just as foggy as the boom of American wool by the introduction of foreign wool. Nobody but a Democratic editor can explain it and nobody but an ass believe it. —Meadville (Penn.) Tribune Republican.

FACTS FOR DEMOCRATS.

Tin Plate Truths for Free Trade Fanatics.

Look here, you Democratic editors and stump speakers! A few short years ago you said tin plate could not be made in this country.

You ridiculed every plant that was established. You said they were erected for campaign purposes.

You said it was all being done for political effect. You lied about the matter and deceived your readers and hearers.

You said tin plate was not then made and never would be made in this country. Now what do you think of it? There are now 156 tin plate mills in operation or under construction in the United States.

This means an aggregate output of 4,680,000 boxes in all. And there are more than fifty-eight projected.

And now for some figures taken from Democratic records. The aggregate output of the mills now and soon to be in operation is 30,000 boxes each per annum.

This means an aggregate output of 4,680,000 boxes in all. When the projected mills are completed the total annual output will reach 6,420,000 boxes, or enough to supply the home market.

That, Mr. Democrat, is a result of Republican protection. It is a result achieved in spite of Democratic falsehoods and sneering predictions of failure.

It is a result of legislating in the interest of America and Americans. If there were such a thing as shame in the Democratic party it would hang its head at the growth of this infant industry. —Toledo Blade.

That Rooster in Trouble.



One Month Only.

Let us glance at the workings of the Gorman tariff during a period of a month only. By comparing the decrease in our exports for nine months ending March 31 with our exports to February 23, a month earlier, we have the following:

Table with 3 columns: Date, Value. July 1, 1894 to February 23, 1895: \$63,716,644; February 23, 1895 to March 31, 1895: \$9,666,314.

It is clear that the month of March gave a loss, in round numbers, of \$10,000,000 in our exports over and above the loss recorded up to February 23, comparing the shipments of American products and manufactures for the current fiscal year with those of the preceding fiscal year. Carrying a similar comparison to our imports, we find it to be as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Date, Value. July 1, 1894 to February 23, 1895: \$50,821,285; February 23, 1895 to March 31, 1895: \$4,655,443.

Where the increase to February 23, 1895, was nearly \$1,000,000 more than in the corresponding months of the previous fiscal year, it was almost \$4,000,000 larger by the end of March, showing that our purchases of foreign goods were \$4,000,000 more costly to us at the end of March than they were at the beginning of that month. Thus the total money loss in our trade, both for exports and imports, during the single month of March amounted to very nearly \$14,000,000.

The Result of Protection. President Harrison paid of \$296,000,000 of the public debt and turned over to Mr. Cleveland's Administration \$124,000,000 surplus. There was not a moment from the inauguration of Mr. Harrison to succeed to the second inauguration of Mr. Cleveland in which we did not collect for every day of every year sufficient revenues to pay every demand and obligation of the Government. —Governor McKinley.

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