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We pay a million a year for imported potatoes.

They are going to erect a monument in New England to the memory of the man who discovered the Baldwin apple.

New York schoolmasters are urging that children be taught vertical handwriting, as it encourages them to sit up straight while writing.

Michigan people will have a chance to vote on a Constitutional amendment limiting the right of suffrage to those able to read and write.

It is noted in England that Lord Rosebery, Mr. Balfour and Lord Elgin, as well as Mr. Rhodes, who between them rule the British Empire, are all men under fifty years of age.

The belt line tunnel just opened under Baltimore was undertaken in order to avoid the transferring of trains across the Patapsco River. It is seven and a half miles long, being one of the longest soft earth tunnels ever driven.

Gladdone is a believer in the theory that a man can do better mental work every year to extreme old age if he takes care of his body. He claims that the mind grows stronger and clearer as the body loses vitality, and that it is only disease of the latter that can prevent an intellectual progress that will go on to the end. He is certainly a good illustration of his working theory, observes the Argonaut.

The New York State Forestry Commission has recently made provision for a State park of some 30,000 acres in the heart of the Catskill Mountains. It will be situated in a very beautiful region in the vicinity of Slide Mountain, the highest peak of the entire Catskill range. This is a very populous region and may readily be reached by the local railroad. The announcement will doubtless be received with great pleasure by the many thousands who make this region their summer home, thinks the Chicago Times-Herald.

There is great excitement in England over the discovery that Birmingham metal manufacturers have been engaged in making idols for export to the heathen subjects of the Queen of India. No doubt English enterprise and skill can turn out a superior, as well as cheaper, article than native workers in metal can make. But it seems to the Boston Cultivator a strange thing for a professedly Christian Nation to thus aid and abet idolatry in their devotions. Perhaps the fact that money is made thereby will cover the sin. It is money rather than anything else that serves as an idol to millions who little suspect themselves of idolatry.

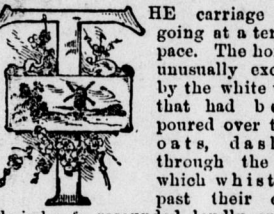
The use of the bicycle is spreading. The Rev. Henry Fairbank, a missionary of the American Board in Bombay, writes to the New York Independent that his touring has been much facilitated by a bicycle, which he was enabled to purchase through the kindness of friends in America. Whole villages turn out to see the "foot carriage." Some are much astonished at the speed of the machine. Others think he ought to go much faster, and frequently, while going along quietly, men say: "Now, brace up; let us see what you can do." He is frequently asked whether the propelling power comes from his feet or his hands. Wherever he goes he finds plenty of people willing to come and listen to his preaching if they can only catch a glimpse of the horse that needs neither grass nor grain.

The center of our population in 1790 was about twenty-three miles east of Baltimore; in 1810, about forty miles northwest of Washington; in 1830, about sixteen miles north of Woodstock, Va.; in 1850, about fifteen miles southwest of Moorefield, W. Va.; in 1870, about sixteen miles east of Clarkburg, W. Va.; in 1890, about twenty-three miles south of Parkersburg, W. Va.; in 1900, twenty miles south of Chillicothe, Ohio; in 1870, forty-eight miles east of Cincinnati; in 1880, eight miles west of Cincinnati; in 1890, twenty miles east of Columbus, Ind. Perhaps the most remarkable feature in this march is the directness of its westerly progress. In the full century it has not varied half a degree from a due west direction or gone north or south of a belt about twenty-five miles broad. Yet in this century it has moved across more than nine meridians, or a distance of 505 miles westward. In comparison with the center of population we may note the center of area, which, excluding Alaska, is in the northern part of Kansas.

A SONG OF LOVETIME.

Here's a song of lovetime, All the world is light, There's a ripple on the river, And suns and stars are bright. Here's a song of lovetime, All the world is sweet; Rainbows round the heavens-- Flowers at your feet! Here's a song of lovetime, Sorrow in eclipse; Little children climbing To the mother's leaning lips. Here's a song of lovetime, Chorus of the birds, And just the sweetest music To the sweetest human words! Here's a song of lovetime-- Eddied all the strife, And a heaven that is beaming With a sweet, eternal life! -F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.



HE carriage was going at a terrific pace. The horses, unusually excited by the white wine that had been poured over their coats, dashed through the air which whistled past their ears. Their hoofs resounded loudly on the hard frozen road. The two carriage lanterns shone in the night like the glowing eyes of some huge, prehistoric monster.

The mad, furious course in the darkness had something strange about it, something mysterious, sinister, and all the more so, perhaps, that it was taking place in the arctic territories--the terrible year when the Germans were in Alsace.

The carriage, like a vessel in distress on a raging sea, oscillated from left to right and from right to left. When the vehicle, which had been flying down the slopes of Oitrot, raced through the village, passing like an express train the houses with their little low roofs, on which the moon cast a silvery light, the good women suddenly frightened, made the sign of the cross with a trembling of the knees and a whispered prayer.

"Mon Dieu! What is going to become of us?" The children crouched terrified against the knees of the older persons. Everywhere there was a sense of depression and evil presentment and--a characteristic sign of general terror--the fires in the huge, white stoves were allowed to sink low and go out, for no one thought of keeping them alive.

The fact was the Prussians, for several weeks past, had been cruelly ravaging the country.

The flying carriage contained some German officers, who were the bearers of secret orders to S.

"Faster, faster," they cried, whipping up the poor horses, which were already breathing fire and smoke out of their nostrils. The wretched driver, terrified, obeyed mechanically.

"Tonnerre!" he growled, "my horses will die when they reach their stable if they do not break their necks going round one of these steep curves!"

And the strokes of the whip redoubled and the dizzy course became still more reckless.

The trees seemed to fly past. Nature herself protested against the wild, headlong career, for at this moment the moon hid her face behind a cloud, as if she did not wish to be a witness to the scene. And still they flew onward.

That afternoon the enemy had taken possession of the village of Oitrot, and, as their custom was, had installed themselves in the people's houses.

Four superior officers were domiciled with the Mayor. They sat there in the middle of his best drawing room, talking loudly in their guttural jargon and smoking their long pipes of porcelain while they dried their boots at the hot fire blazing in the grate.

Their unwilling host, a tall old man, with a white beard, served them with drinks as graciously as he could. His eye passed sadly from one to the other, his venerable head shaking melancholy, as if to say: "It is the right of the strongest, what can one do against a hundred?"

bring worse upon us. Let him in; he probably wishes to speak with his colleagues."

Lux did as his master told him, much against his inclination. It would have given him such a huge amount of pleasure to twist one of those German necks with his great sinewy fingers.

The new arrival burst into the drawing room. The four Prussian officers uttered cries of surprise. They rose at once, in a body, and saluted with great respect the stranger who had come to disturb their peace.

"Be seated and let us talk," said the new arrival in German, and in a voice of command.

"You will set out at once," he said, "and take this sealed message to the Prince of X-- at S--" and he drew out of the pocket of his long military cloak, white with snow, a large, white envelope, and handed it to one of the officers.

"Go all four of you, and place yourselves at the disposition of the Prince. Further orders will be given to each of you later. You must get horses and carriage and start at once! Is it understood? Then hasten!"

Then, turning to the host, he said in French: "Please accommodate these gentlemen with a carriage and two fresh horses. General's orders!"

Lux, who had remained standing at the door during this scene, anticipated his master's reply.

"It is well, monsieur l'officier, you shall be accommodated as you desire!" He spoke in a peculiar tone of voice. Only his master, however, noticed it.

A mad thought had been born in his brain, something superhuman, preposterous. Any one who could have read it in his mind would have been shocked, terror-stricken!

While a farm hand harnessed the horses to the carriage Lux put a saddle on Barka, an Arab horse, a faithful animal which he loved and cared for himself with his own hands.

He spoke to it as he spoke to a friend, and the noble creature seemed to understand. When Lux mounted into the saddle he was trembling with joy.

A mysterious dialogue seemed to commence between the man and the horse, which, suddenly sending the sparks flying from beneath its four feet, vanished into the darkness like a phantom.

Barka, like some great mythological creature with wings, devoured space. Her fine, nervous legs hardly seemed to touch the earth, and Lux kept her going at her utmost speed.

At length they stopped. Barka was white with foam and Lux covered her with his cloak. He did not feel the cold, for the awful thought in his mind kept his whole body warm and tingling.

"It is yonder," he said to himself in a deep-voiced growl, "it is there that they are to perish."

At this point the road made a sudden turn, and apparently came to an abrupt end. As a matter of fact, however, it did not terminate, but continued in a steep, terrible slope.

On the right was a dark, mysterious wood, and on the left a deep and dizzy precipice such as are often seen by mountain roads.

Children were afraid to pass it by. The Gulf of Death, as it was called, had its legend. The old folk said that it was within its gloomy depths the monsters lived that ravaged the country at night.

"If my calculations are correct," said Lux in a low voice, "they will be here in ten minutes."

He tied Barka to a tree stem on the border of the wood, and a strange smile passed over his lips.

An extraordinary scene might then have been witnessed. Lux knelt down in this solitary, accursed, haunted spot in the night time and turned his face to heaven. It looked like a sinner asking forgiveness for his sin, rather than one planning an awful deed for the satisfaction of his rage and hate.

WOMEN TOILING IN IRON.

NEW DEPARTURE IN A PITTSBURGH ROLLING MILL.

An Experiment in Manual Labor That Cuts Out a New Field for the Enterprising Woman.

SIX sturdy women in Pittsburgh, Penn., are cutting out a line of work for the sex that may have interesting effects on the wage-earning opportunities for men.

Up to this time when women have boldly entered fields hitherto monopolized by men those lines of work have been chosen that call for comparatively little physical effort. Or, to put it in another way, the ambitions of the new woman are intellectual rather than physical.

In the iron mills at Pittsburgh intelligent women are doing work which heretofore has been done by men or strong growing young fellows, "boys" they are called.

Mrs. Hattie Williams was the first woman to make the experiment. She is the wife of a hard working Welshman, a tinmaker by trade. She knew something of the work before she began, for she had seen women working in the mills and mines in Wales. Her example was soon followed by five other women.

The labor at which these women spend their time is termed "opening," and the operators are known as "openers." The duties consist in separating the sheets of tin, rolled iron after they leave the rolls and preparing them for the process of tinning or being soaked in molten tin.

In rolling out the iron sheets from which the tin plate is made, the block plate, after being given one pass through the heavy rolls, is doubled and again sent through, when it is once again doubled, this being continued until, when the plate is finished, it is made up of eight sheets. These sheets after being sheared and then gradually cooled, are separated or "opened."

The work is accomplished by blows from a hammer on an iron instrument, shaped like a chisel. Once this is done the plates go to the tinning department.

This is the only known instance where women have worked right in among the heavy machinery of the sheet mills. To the women themselves the labor is not disagreeable. Mrs. Williams declared that she prefers the work to scrubbing. It is not nearly so hard, she says, and while it may seem rough, it really is not except on the hands. In handling the tin thin the fingers are often cut or torn by sharp edges or ragged points.

The manager of the Monongahela Tin Plate Company says that he has had considerable trouble with the boys formerly employed. They would go out on strike for some grievance, real or imaginary. Not being able to employ other young fellows to take the place of the boys on strike he hired the women for an experiment. He is satisfied so far.

President M. C. Garland, of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, thinks the innovation will not result seriously for men.

"There is," said Mr. Garland to a New York Press representative, "no scale set for the work those women are doing. We do not consider that it comes under the head of skilled work and hence do not cover it in our agreements. I hardly think that the employment of women as 'openers' is likely to become general in this country for the reason that there are few women so situated domestically who can find opportunity to do such work. The work is so really unattractive that it is hardly likely it will find favor."

The dress worn by the women working in the tin mill differs from the ordinary working garb only in the use of a heavy leather apron to save the clothes.

Tortoise Shell. The tortoise shell is not the bony covering of the turtle, but it is the scales that cover or shield the turtle.

There are thirteen of these scales, eight of which are flat and five are a little curved. Four of the flat ones are large, being sometimes a foot in length and seven inches in width.

The fishers do not kill the turtles, but when they capture them they fasten them and cover their backs with dry leaves, to which they set fire. When the heat makes the scales separate, a large knife is inserted under them and they are carefully lifted from the backs of the turtles.

Many of the poor turtles die under this cruel operation. The coating sometimes grows again on those that live, but when they are again caught it is found that only one scale forms. -Boston Commonwealth.

Noblesse Oblige. "Whew!" exclaimed Fellare--formerly Rasty Rufus--after a lengthy consultation with his lawyer regarding certain investments. "I've done more hard work this morning than I used to do in four years in the good old days. When I think of the summer that's coming and the fat lunch round covering two whole States that's waiting for some other fellow to run it, I'm dinged if I don't think that rich old uncle of mine was in mighty poor business when he died! I can't take the road again now--that's certain. Blame it all, a man's got to sacrifice something to his position!"

With a dismal sigh Fellare went out of doors, climbed into his buggy and drove aimlessly about town, stopping now and then to throw a silver dollar at some greasy vagrant. -Chicago Tribune.

Mosaic floors, laid with small pieces of different colored stones set in regular patterns, were known to the Egyptians 2300 B. C. In Babylon, floors of this kind dated from 1100 B. C.

WISE WORDS.

Duty is disagreeable. Silence doesn't give a content. Like father, like all fathers. The pin is mightier than the pen. Handsome is and handsome knows it. We need sorrow as the flowers need night.

Don't ask a mountaineer's judgment of shell-fish. The poorer the man, the richer his imagination. Our National anthem is the finest song unsung.

Prosperity makes more fools than adversity does. "Youth comes but once," but neither does old age. "Pot call kettle black" and then kettle call pot down.

Be wary in using your influence over yourself, lest you lose your "pull." Whoever tells you what is said of you, good or ill, relishes the telling. Dishonesty is constant in its appeal that Justice be tempered with Mercy.

When a woman knows she is well dressed it is difficult to ruffle her temper. Most people who cast their bread upon the waters expect it to return to them as pie.

Women ought to learn that matrimony was never intended as a salvation for men.

Points From the White House Gardener. The head gardener of the White House, the President's residence in Washington, tells a reporter for one of that city's papers some interesting things about flower pots. He says, to begin with, that for use in the grounds and conservatories of which he is in charge from eight to ten thousand new pots are required every year. They do not wear out, but they get broken, and also decay from moisture gathering. The tiny little pots about two inches in diameter, which are used to put little slips in, are called "thumb pots," and of these 35,000 to 40,000 are needed in the beds about the White House.

Flower pots are made everywhere, and are of two kinds, the machine made and the hand made. The latter cost more, but last longer. All the potteries have standard sizes, so that whether the pot is made in Boston or Philadelphia or somewhere else the size of each pattern remains the same. In all sizes the depth of the pot must be just equal to its diameter at the top. Some very large pots are made measuring sixteen inches across the top, with, of course, an equal depth. These are expensive, costing fifty-five cents a piece, and are used for palm and other large plants. They are a great contrast to the tiny two-inch "baby" pots. Whoever made the first flower pot had a good artistic eye, for the dull red color which they all show is a good tint to go with any plant and never seems to look out of place. -New York Times.

The Cost of Living. Although the cost of living has been materially reduced in most articles of necessity and wages are much higher than they were thirty years ago the majority of the people are but little better off financially. The reason is to be found in the higher scale of living which has to be met to retain any social position. Thirty years ago men in moderate circumstances thought themselves well off with living rooms furnished plainly and simply, the chambers with enameled bedsteads and chairs and plain linen and plated silver throughout. This is all changed and the living rooms must copy as closely as possible the appointments and belongings of wealthy families.

There is no enameled furniture for sale and where rag carpets were formerly thought good enough for ordinary use there are Brussels carpets, imitations of imported rugs and all sorts of useless bric-a-brac that runs away with many a hard earned dollar. All classes consume and enjoy a great deal more than they formerly did. All classes travel more frequently and longer distances than they were formerly accustomed to. They have more clothes, more food, more finery, more books and papers than their fathers had, but they do not save as much as they did. -The Engineer.

Story of a Walking-Stick. Rather a curious story has reached the London correspondent of the Eastern Morning News about club thieves in the West End. A member of a well-known club lost a special stick, which he valued highly, and which had his name engraved upon it. Some one saw it in a shop a short time afterward and told him about it. He went to the shop, and there was his stick. "I am just going to take the name off for a customer," said the shopman, when the owner claimed it. The customer was coming back shortly for it. The owner waited; the man turned up--a member of the same club, a man the owner knew. He became confused, was threatened with exposure, and accepted the owner's terms to avoid it--resignation of membership and payment of \$250 to a charity. Value of the stick, \$5.

A Famous Tapestry. A piece of Berlin Gobelin tapestry of the seventeenth century kept in the Hohenzollern Museum has just been repaired and hung in the Royal Palace. It represents the great elector at the siege of Stettin, is fifteen feet by twelve, and is valued at \$75,000. The moth-eaten pieces were replaced by new ones, and the tarnished silver by new, in the Berlin factory. -Chicago Times-Herald.

PRISON-MADE GOODS.

CARLISLE IGNORES THE LAW ON THE SUBJECT.

American Wage Earners Are Entitled to Know Why Goods Made Abroad by Convicts Are Imported to This Country, Contrary to Law.

A very interesting debate took place in the House of Commons a few months ago upon the importation of prison made goods into the United Kingdom. The protection sentiment existing among members of Parliament was very marked, and the Government endeavored to terminate the debate by counting out the House, but the effort failed. It was a long time before Mr. Bryce, the President of the British Board of Trade, responded to the taunts of those who desired protection for English labor. The subject of his remarks was that it was impossible to check the importation of prison made goods, because there was no method of proving what goods had or had not been made by prison labor, and the Board of Trade has not framed any regulations upon the subject. Referring to our own law to check the importation of foreign prison made goods into the United States Mr. Bryce said:

"I had taken steps to ascertain what regulations the Secretary of the Treasury had made, and he was informed that he had made none." (Laughter.)

For the information of our Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. John G. Carlisle, we quote Section 24 of the Gorman tariff as follows:

"That all goods, wares, articles and merchandise manufactured wholly or in part in any foreign country by convict labor shall not be entitled to entry at any of the ports of the United States, and the importation thereof is hereby prohibited, and the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to prescribe such regulations as may be necessary for the enforcement of this provision."

American labor would like to know what regulations our Secretary of the Treasury has prescribed to enforce this provision. We are not aware, and we do not suppose Mr. Carlisle is aware, to what extent foreign prison made goods are imported and sold in our markets. The law, however, is mandatory that they "shall not be entitled to entry at any of the ports of the United States."

During the debate in Parliament it was stated that the prison labor was hired out to manufacturers and that goods were made to which English marks and labels were attached, the goods then being shipped to England and sold in the English markets. Undoubtedly this is being done in our own markets in the case of dry goods, brushes, buttons, coil matting, etc.

As an instance, we draw the attention of Secretary Carlisle to the fact that, from the beginning of September, 1894, up to the end of February, 1895, during the first six months' operation of the Gorman tariff, our imports of foreign brushes amounted to \$264,260.

Will Secretary Carlisle kindly explain to what extent these brushes were prison made? Will he also explain what regulations he has prescribed under the authority given him by Congress to enforce Section 24 of the present tariff law. In case the Secretary of the Treasury has failed "to prescribe such regulations as may be necessary for the enforcement of this provision," will Mr. Carlisle be good enough to explain, for the information of American wage earners, why he has failed to prescribe any such regulations?

Chickens Come Home to Roost. A Louisiana correspondent tells us that "some remarkably fine chickens have come home to roost this year." The free trade policy is now bearing fruit of the heaviest kind in Louisiana. Wages have been cut down from 30 to 40 per cent.; sugar has sold at prices below the cost of production. No money can be obtained for the expenses incidental to the cultivation of the next crop. Sheriffs and marshals have been busy selling out plantations at unheard of prices.

A few cases in point are the Rose-hill plantation of 1200 acres, with a central factory which was erected during the last bounty year at a cost of over \$100,000 for the new machinery alone, the whole property, including factory, mules and tools, being disposed of at a forced sale for \$15,000. Another plantation, the Marshfield, of two thousand acres, with its large crop, with mules, tools, sugar house, dwellings, laborers' houses and numerous other buildings, were all sacrificed on the altar of free trade for the sum of \$5500. At recent sales by the United States Marshal in New Orleans 108 farms and plantations have been sold, most of them improved homes, at prices ranging from \$30 to \$2 per acre, several forty-acre farms being sold for \$25.

Each day adds to the long record of ruin, and very many are now feeling the effect of what they themselves have helped to bring about. Surely this terrible state of affairs will arouse the people of Louisiana to shake off those fetters that have bound them to the party of free trade, which is directly responsible for all their woes.

Freedom From Labor, Too. The Democratic party is always for something free. It has advocated free whisky and free trade, and of course it must next declare for free silver. The only thing which the Democrats did not want free was the negro. -Cleveland Leader.

A Vital Point.

There is one point in the whole discussion that we must not lose sight of, namely, that whatever the causes of the draining of our Treasury of its gold, we are getting nothing whatever to do with the fact that, under the new tariff, the income of the Government is not sufficient to meet its expenses.

In other words, it is being demonstrated that the lowering of duties has not increased the amount of imports to anything like the figures that were expected.

What does this show? That the people have no purchasing power, and when that is the case they cannot buy, never mind how cheap things are.

And why have they no purchasing power? Because so many are out of work, and because even those that are at work have had to put up with heavy reductions in wages.

It all comes down, therefore, to that first principle, that if we want great National prosperity we must do everything in our power to provide work for everybody at high wages, to uphold--and constantly increase--the purchasing power of the masses, for without that we may pass all the tariff laws and financial measures we like; we can go on indefinitely issuing bonds; it will all ultimately end in just one way--the individual will be just as unable to make both ends meet as will be the Government of the Nation of which he is a citizen. -John C. Freud, in Music Trades.

That Dollar Wheat.



Buy American Cutlery.

A half year's operation of the tariff reform free trade bill gives interesting statistics regarding our imports of foreign cutlery, which were as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Year, Value, Increase. Rows for 1894-95, 1893-94, and 1892-93.

During the first six months ending February 28, 1895, we bought from other countries over \$1,000,000 worth of cutlery, as compared with less than \$400,000 worth during the corresponding six months a year earlier. The actual increase was \$586,943, which is at the rate of \$1,373,886 a year.

We do not believe that the improved condition of trade will create a demand for this excess over and above the full amount of our own cutlery factories. If it does not there must be a glut in the market--a surplus of cutlery, which will result later on in lower prices, so that manufacturers and importers can exchange their stocks for money. If this be not done the surplus stocks will increase. The workers in our cutlery factories know what this means.

If the manufacturers are stocked up with more cutlery than there is a market for, they must close down and the hands they employ must be idle. If the foreign cutlery secures the trade, then our manufacturers must either shut up shop or reduce their expenses in some way. The only way in which this can be done is by reducing wages. The outlook is not a bright one for those who work in our cutlery factories.

Johnnie's Nest Egg.



Free Trade, Free Farms.

Efforts are being made in the direction of establishing free farms in England, the idea being to employ the largely increasing number of paupers in that free trade country to at least raise food enough from the soil that would pay for the cost of their own maintenance. This is the result of the long experienced free trade in that country. But here in the United States we are reaching the same result much more quickly. It is less than three years ago that the first threat of free trade was assured us, yet in the immediate vicinity of New York the use of land has been given for precisely the same purpose--to support pauper labor in this country.

When the McKinley tariff was in full force a few years ago we had no pauper labor, but the result of tariff reform compels the free use of land, after being plowed free of cost, to enable those who are free from labor, through our free trade tariff, to endeavor to get food enough out of the soil to keep themselves from starving.