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It is said that 750,000 Americans belong to the criminal class.

Michigan is to adopt the Massachusetts reading and writing qualifications for voters.

Owing to the unusual activity in potato planting the price of fertilizer has advanced fifty per cent.

Tippling is the latest British institution to be threatened. The Prince of Wales has declared that he will put it down.

A Boston church has decided to hold services at 8.30 a. m. during the summer, so that the congregation can spend the rest of the day at pleasure resorts.

If the experiments now in progress succeed, the Detroit Free Press figures that paper stockings sized with potato starch and tallow will be put on the market and sold at three cents a pair.

The New Orleans Picayune says: "The feeling in Georgia is so strong against women's suffrage that the State convention of the W. C. T. U. adjourned without discussing the subject, though it was on the programme."

Rev. Mr. Fairbanks, an American missionary in India, attributes a large part of his success to the use of a bicycle. Not only is he enabled to cover a more extensive territory with it, but the natural curiosity of the natives brings large crowds to see "a horse that needs neither grass nor grain."

Gypsies in France have hitherto managed to avoid being numbered and traced. They roam through the country in bands, and as long as they did no serious harm were left alone by the police. Now the gendarmes have orders to take a census of these nomads and to see that those who are not French are registered like other foreigners.

Every Paris school has its "canteen," where free meals are given to the children who cannot pay, while those who are better off pay in part or in full, states the New Orleans Picayune. Each child brings his clean napkin, his little bottle of vin ordinaire, and sometimes fruit or a bit of cheese for dessert. The cooking is usually done by the janitor, and the meals are served at little tables in the play room. The cost of the portions, generally stews of meat and vegetables, is about two cents for each child.

To the thoughtful stranger within our gates, observes the New York Press, the exodus of Americans, indicated by the cabin lists of the great steamship companies, amounts almost to a depopulation of certain quarters of our city. He is tempted to figure a little on the subject. Over 3000 persons leave this city for foreign shores every week, and each goes with, say, \$1000 to spend in having a good time. He thinks this estimate is within bounds. If so, the steamship companies and Europe get out of us every week \$3,000,000. There is one thing certain. If you are worried about poverty and hard times just go down to the piers of the leading lines and look at the crowds going abroad. You will forget then that there was ever a thought of distress or depression. There is a story going around that a man may go to Europe, remain two weeks in London and Paris, and return safe and sound for \$260. It may be possible, but precious few get off under \$1000, if they see anything of life in the Old World.

The New York Tribune announces that New Jersey has successfully pointed the way in the matter of road betterment, and the work is to be carried much further immediately. Hudson and Bergen Counties have done considerable. Union County has done more. Camden and Burlington have shown a like commendable spirit. Now Morris County is giving an earnest of its purpose to keep up other progressive counties. About 100 miles of road in that county are to be improved this season, and it is estimated that 2000 men will be kept at work for several months. Not only are these roads to be macadamized, but the grades are to be improved, a four per cent grade (that is, a rise of not more than four feet in 100 feet) having been adopted. Much heavier loads can thus be carried by the farmers and all others engaged in transportation, while for pleasure driving and bicycling Morris County bids fair to become a paradise. The entire work is under competent engineering direction. Morris County just now is furnishing a valuable object-lesson to all who are interested in road reform.

ANITA. She's a pretty puss in boots, With a saucy name that suits Every glance. It whisp'ered, is it sung, Still it ripples on the tongue In a dance. Oh, she walks so pit-a-pat, And she talks of this and that Such a way, Just to watch her witching blush Even Socrates would hush Half a day. She is not an angel, no! They are out o' place below, Let us grieve. Yet beneath there is a wing Hid beneath that puffy thing Styled a sleeve. Her singing makes me think Of a tricky bobolink All delight. With his silver strain aflow Where the apple-blossoms blow Pink and white. Like a wild rose, newly born, Bursting into bloom at morn, Dew a gleam. So entrancing is her smile, Lo, it haunts me all the while In a dream. —Samuel M. Peck, in the Century.

A TEST OF LOVE.

ASSURE you, mother, that I do not want to marry yet," said Antoinette to Mme. Odiot. "I am so happy with yourself; but should I enjoy the same happiness, the same peace and the same contentment when I change your fireside for another? I doubt it! No, no, I have plenty of time yet, I am only eighteen years of age. While I am much honored by the attentions of M. le Baron de Merillac, I repeat that I must refuse him!" "My dear child," replied Mme. Odiot, "you should reflect that one of these days you will lose me. I have been suffering for a long time, and very little would suffice to carry me off. You will then find yourself without support, since your dear father is gone, and a husband is the natural support of a young girl when she has lost her parents. Baron Merillac is a very estimable young man. You will probably never get such another offer. He is enormously rich, and he has a title and is the only son of parents who will adore and worship you as if you were their own child. It would surely be madness to persist in a refusal that has no basis. The Baron is a handsome cavalier, and his manners are of the best. What more can you wish?" "Then you know him?" asked Antoinette, with surprise. "Without doubt." "Yet I have never seen him here," persisted the girl. "No, he has never been here, but I have met him several times at the house of Mme. de Saverny, where you would never accompany me, under the pretext that she displeased you, and it was Mme. de Saverny who spoke to me of the Baron as a man who would be suitable for you, from every point of view." "I shall like Mme. de Saverny still less now," exclaimed the girl. "What business is it of hers? If she is so anxious to get M. de Merillac married let her take him herself. She is a widow." "You are foolish, ma honne cherie. M. de Merillac is twenty-five years old and Mme. de Saverny is fifty. She might be his mother. But you should not get angry. One would almost think that you had some other reason than the one you give so vehemently for refusing M. de Merillac." "Some other reason," stammered Antoinette, lowering her eyes, while a pretty little flush came into her cheeks. "Mme. Odiot watched her smilingly, and several minutes passed in silence. Antoinette took up her sewing again, and being aware no doubt that her mother's eyes were fixed upon her, presently rose and went over to the piano. Mme. Odiot stopped her as she went. "We will settle the matter once for all," she said, "never to return to it. The reason you refuse M. de Merillac is because you don't want to marry, is it not?" "Mais oui, maman," said Antoinette, in a voice that nevertheless lacked the ring of sincerity. "So that, no matter who else may come to me to ask your hand I may tell him no, and send him about his business?" "Oh! I don't say that—perhaps later—when I am older—if the—if I liked him," stammered the young girl, much embarrassed. "So be it! We will talk of something else. For instance, my dear nephew Gaston has now been with us for three weeks, and has nearly finished his picture. He has been very busy making some sketches in the woods for another one he has in view. I think he is with you uncle at this moment. Let us go across and see him—I mean my brother—he has not been very well of late." "Oh, no, mother! my uncle is quite well again," said Antoinette quickly. "Ah! you have some news about him?" Antoinette bit her lips. Her answer slipped out too quickly. "The gardener told me," she added naively. Mme. Odiot pretended not to notice her daughter's embarrassment. "Will you come with me? I am going at once. As he is your guardian I ought to let him know at once of your decision with regard to M. de

Merillac, for he knew all about him!" "Oh! my uncle knew?" "Yes." "And he approved?" "Yes." "Then Gaston knew that it was proposed I should marry this Baron?" "Perhaps." "But he had said nothing to me about it." "I thought you had not seen him." "Oh! yes—that is—oh! no, I have not," replied the girl, turning her face away in her confusion over her little fibs, with which she was inexperienced. "Let us go. Are you coming?" Mme. Odiot turned away to hide a smile. "Is my presence very necessary?" the young girl asked. Then she added: "I think that my uncle and yourself will be able to talk more at your ease if I go away; besides my uncle will question me and I shan't know how to answer him." "That is quite simple. You will answer him as you answered me!" "You are making fun of me, mother," replied Antoinette, peevishly. "Not the least in the world. It is not quite natural that you should refuse a match so agreeable to your mother and your tutor for so plausible a reason; you do not want to get married. But here we are talking again on this subject, which we had agreed to leave alone! It was you that started it again, you must notice!" "Oh, now, mother, you make me cry!" "And Antoinette burst into tears and threw herself upon her mother's neck." "Why do you cry, ma mignonne? There is surely no cause for tears in our conversation." At this moment a servant girl entered the room and announced that the Baron de Merillac and his son were waiting outside. "Monsieur le Baron de Merillac and his son," she said. Then she withdrew. Antoinette hurriedly made up her mind to conceal herself, when there appeared upon the threshold of the room her uncle and Gaston. She stood gaping at them without moving and examined them. "What does this mean?" she stammered, turning toward her mother. "Ask your uncle and Gaston himself," replied Mme. Odiot. "It means," said M. Lambert very seriously, "that I come as your guardian to ask for you in marriage to the Baron de Merillac." "But—the announcement just made by Justice!" interrupted Antoinette, who could not understand why the Baron and his father did not make their appearance, and why her uncle made this request, when they were evidently both waiting in the next room. Her interrogating glances passed from her mother to M. Lambert and Gaston, the latter of whom appeared a little disturbed and nervous in spite of his smiling face. Antoinette had dried her tears, but her eyes were still red and swollen from crying. "You have been crying, Antoinette?" he asked her, while M. Lambert and Mme. Odiot stood apart and conversed in low tones. "Yes," she replied to her cousin's question. "Why?" "I cannot tell you." "Oh!" was all he said. "Well, Antoinette," interrupted M. Lambert, "you have given me no answer!" "Mother has already spoken to me about this gentleman, uncle, and—"

"And?" questioned Gaston's father. "And—" continued Antoinette, playing nervously with a skein of wool she held in her hands. "Well?" insisted M. Lambert, "is it difficult to say?" Gaston made a step in the direction of the young girl, as though to encourage her. "Tell them, mother, what I answered you," murmured the poor girl. Gaston's attitude was torture to her. "Well," began Mme. Odiot, exchanging a glance with her brother, "my daughter does not wish to get married." Gaston made another step toward Antoinette and seized her hand. "Not even with me?" he asked with a trembling voice. "With you?" cried the young girl, blushing and growing pale by turns. "Yes, with me, for I love you. Do you not know it?" "I was sure of it," replied M. Lambert with a wink. "For goodness sake, explain your feelings!" exclaimed Antoinette, looking at all of them in turn. "It is easy to explain," said Gaston. "I thought I had guessed your love for me, and I told my father, confessing my love for you at the same time. He and your mother talked it over and laid this trap to see if your love was strong enough to resist a rich and titled lover." "Oh, Gaston! and you have fallen into the trap?" "Yes, petite cousine, for I too wanted to feel quite sure that I was being loved for myself alone. Now I know, and can no longer doubt, can I?" "You will be my wife, won't you?" "But she has not said so," interrupted Mme. Odiot mischievously, without giving her daughter time to reply, and having hard work herself to keep a serious face. "Yes, I have mother," cried Antoinette, with delightful simplicity. "Ah! Antoinette! Antoinette! Thank you, my darling little cousin," exclaimed Gaston, mad with joy. The young girl had flung herself upon her mother's neck and embraced her with all her heart. "Naughty mother!" she murmured in her ear as she kissed her. "You are crying still?" asked Mme. Odiot, happily.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. Why?—A Preference—In 1920—A Backward Boy—His Discomfort Explained, Etc., Etc. Thus runs a wise and ancient saw: "Uneasy lies the crowned head." But what I cannot understand Is why kings wear their crowns in bed. —Howling's Monthly. A BACKWARD BOY. Green Gates—"Is your son doing well at college?" Halsey Putnam—"Not as well as I expected; he's only playing center field. A PREFERENCE. He—"I don't believe in long engagements—do you, Miss Althea?" She—"No, Mr. Bunthorn; I prefer short ones and many of them."—Judge. DENIED THAT SHE HAD INTENTIONS. "Come, Molly, I've known you boy and girl ever since you was a baby, and you're a girl after my own heart." "Why, Captain! I never thought of such a thing."—Truth. HIS DISCOMFORT EXPLAINED. "You seem very uncomfortable," said Mrs. Cayenne. "I am exceedingly uncomfortable. I have something on my mind." "Ah? Then it's no wonder."—Washington Star. AT WORK ONCE MORE. Strawber—"You know Spicer, who has been out of a job so long. I hear he has something at last." Singler—"What is he doing?" Strawber—"Running an employment agency."—Judge. IN 1920. Mrs. New Woman—"Be calm, my dear; I think there is a woman under the bed!" Mr. New Woman—"Oh, Maria, do be careful! If you shout her try to hurt her very much!" HIS ESCAPE. Smythe—"She wasn't sure which she liked better, Jones or me, but she gave me the benefit of the doubt." Bluffs—"And made you happy?" Smythe—"Yes; they have been married more than a year now."—Puck. SAFER. Stranger (to mule)—"Hi-up, there! Step around out of the way, you worthless brute!" Farmer Hawback (to stranger)—"If you have anything mean to say about that mule you'd better say it to his face not behind his back."—Puck. ENCORE. The bicyclist who was riding a very high wheel took a genuine header and turned an almost complete somersault. After he had recovered himself and wiped the dirt from his face and clothes he was very much astonished to hear one of two small boys on the sidewalk say: "Master, do that again, will yer? This feller didn't see it."—Judge. NO SACRIFICE SALE. The Count came near and whispered softly: "I am ready," he said, "to make a sacrifice for you." She gestured deprecatingly. "Sacrifice?" she repeated. "No, Reginald, I am able to pay the regular price." She smiled, as in the consciousness of power.—Detroit Tribune. HE SCORED. "Look here," he said, coming breathlessly into her presence, "you are the goal of my affections; are you not?" "You have always assured me that I was." "And I've been making steady gains toward you, haven't I?" "You have." "And I'm on your fifteen-yard line, am I not?" "Well, I guess you are." "Well, your father kicked me out of the house last night, and I want ten yards for interference, see?"—Life. THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION. "What's this?" said Li Hung Chang in a startled tone. "That's your bill for sundry purchases in our peace department," replied the Mikado. "But this last item?" "That's what it will cost you in addition if Russia won't let us hang on to your territory." "This Western civilization is ruining us Orientals," the Viceroy said with a sigh. "What do you mean?" "You people are ringing in extras on me like a hotel keeper at a summer resort."—Washington Star. ALL FOR NAUGHT. "No," said the pensive maiden, "it is impossible that this engagement should last longer. I thought I loved you once, but I know better now. Can you forgive me?" "Well, I should say not," hissed the young man, making a grab for his hat. "For more than a year—all for you—I have not been to a picnic; I have played no billiards; I have not taken a drink; I have turned the cold shoulder on every girl that has tried to flirt with me. How am I going to get paid back for all the fun I have missed? Oh, yes, I will forgive you—I don't think"—Indianapolis Journal.

FREE TRADE, FREE GIFTS.

WONDERFUL WAY IN WHICH THE NEW TARIFF WORKS. Giving Away Our Goods so as to Reach the Markets of the World—Farmers' Products Passed Over the Democratic Gift-Counter. While it has always been claimed by the friends of free trade that their policy would open the markets of the world to American products and manufactures, they have never shown the extent of the free gift distribution that has to be made in reaching those markets. The Gorman tariff had been in force seven months on March 31, 1895, and in that time our exports of cotton were as follows, compared with the corresponding seven months a year earlier: EXPORTS OF COTTON. Seven months to Pounds. Value. March 31, 1895... 2,924,315,673 \$166,873,289 March 31, 1894... 2,230,428,409 176,223,789 Increase, 1895... 693,887,264 90,649,500 *Decrease. In reaching the markets of the world we have sold nearly 694,000,000 pounds more of cotton than we did a year earlier, but we have received \$9,350,000 less money for the larger quantity than was paid us for the smaller quantity shipped a year earlier. It practically cost us this \$9,350,000 to make free gifts to foreign manufacturing countries of 694,000,000 pounds of cotton. Let us now look at other farm products and see if the producers of bacon and lard, for instance, have fared any better than the cotton growers, our exports of these two commodities for nine months ending March 31, 1891 and 1895, comparing as follows: EXPORTS OF BACON. Nine months to Pounds. Value. March 31, 1895... 348,855,694 \$29,053,333 March 31, 1891... 311,733,139 29,610,738 Increase, 1895... 37,122,555 *57,595 EXPORTS OF LARD. Nine months to Pounds. Value. March 31, 1895... 363,153,597 \$28,420,889 March 31, 1891... 317,147,119 29,819,103 Increase, 1895... 46,006,478 1,398,217 *Decrease. It seems that under the Gorman tariff we sold 36,652,534 pounds more of American lard in the markets of the world than we did a year earlier, but we received \$57,465 less money for the larger quantity than was paid us for the smaller quantity that we shipped abroad a year earlier. In other words, we have paid out this \$57,465 for the privilege of making free gifts of 36,652,534 pounds of American bacon to the consumers in the markets of the world. No wonder they are so eagerly waiting to take our products from us. The figures of our exports of lard show that we have sold over 46,000,000 pounds more of American lard under the Gorman tariff period than we did during the corresponding months a year earlier, but we received \$1,398,217 less money for the larger quantity that we sold than was paid us for the smaller quantity. In other words, it has cost us this \$1,398,217 to present free gifts of 46,000,000 pounds of lard to foreign consumers, who are anxiously waiting to use our lard in those markets of the world that the Gorman tariff has opened. Summarizing these results, under tariff reform or free trade, of letting ourselves out into the markets of the world during the few months of the Gorman tariff, we find that the American farmers have made free gifts of nearly 694,000,000 pounds cotton, of 36,652,534 pounds of bacon and of 46,000,000 pounds of lard to the manufacturers and consumers of the world, and that it costs us \$11,300,000 hard cash to distribute these free gifts. The free gift scheme is generally worked on the understanding, and with the expectation, that subsequent trade results will be beneficial to the giver, compensating him in the long run for the gifts that he has given away. In the distribution from our National gift counter no compensating profits seem yet to have been realized. Possibly the free gift scheme was not advertised enough during the 1892 and 1894 election campaigns. We do not recollect having seen any notices thereof. It was a serious oversight and one that should be remedied as speedily as possible and explained away by free trade and tariff reform orators. The Cleveland-Carlisle-Gorman-Wilson free gift counter, while proving a satisfactory grab-bag to the markets of the world, has only served to deplete the Treasury till. The American people, and the American farmers especially, will not forget that free trade means free gifts. It was a glorious opening day when we let ourselves out with our free gifts. The markets of the world have been struggling to reach our free gift counter. How long can we afford such a distribution? What are we getting in return for it? Democracy and Deficiency. The way to stop loans is to stop deficiencies. The reserve is sure to be drained if you cut off the supply. The outflow of gold will never trouble us when the inflow of gold is only large enough. Loans and deficiencies seem to be inseparable from the Democratic party, and we should ever remember that we cannot replenish the Treasury of a Government by impoverishing the people who sustain the Government. Home prosperity is the key to an easy treasury and a high credit.—Governor William McKinley. Never. In Vermillion Parish, La., over 1000 tons of cane were abandoned and left standing, notes a Southern paper. Did this ever happen during any season when the country was under a policy of protection?

England's Silver Lining.

A very extensive review of the commercial and financial record of English trade is given in the London Economist. It appears that the imports of foreign countries retained for English consumption would have shown an increase of 9.95 per cent. in 1894 as compared with 1893, with the exports of English goods 8.35 per cent. larger than in 1893, if allowance were made for the decline in prices last year. As a matter of fact, however, the actual values showed an increase of 0.9 per cent. in imports and a decrease of 0.9 per cent. in exports. In 1894 there was an enlargement of the foreign trade of the United Kingdom, but at prices that indicate stagnation. The smaller margin of profit derived from trade in 1894 showed that the average prices of that year's imports were 7.91 per cent. lower than in 1893, while the average prices of exports were 4.27 per cent. lower. As the Economist says, "It meant not only more and more work for no more or even less money; but when prices were persistently slipping away the value of stocks deteriorates, and losses accrue." It would seem, however, that there has been at least a little silver lining to this dark cloud, and that the English manufacturers did not transact such a bad business as appears upon the surface. Owing to the lower prices, the English imports cost \$150,000,000 less than they would have cost had the prices of 1893 been maintained, whereas, the loss in their exports reached only \$48,000,000. In textile industries there was a gain of \$46,350,000 through the lower value of raw materials imported, as against a loss of \$25,000,000 in the lower prices of yarns and fabrics sold to other countries, making their gain in this respect over \$21,000,000 at the expense of the producers of the raw material and the purchasers of their manufactured goods. The Way Out. Is Also the Way In.



Free Trade Pamphers. In England the House of Commons is considering plans for the relief of the unemployed. At a recent sitting of the committee Mr. James Kier Hardie, M. P., testified that the distress was so widespread that the proposed grant of \$5,000,000 would tide over the needs of the unemployed for a few weeks only. This condition of affairs in England is what free trade leads to inevitably. Although Great Britain's industrial activities, in some important lines, are greater than for several years past, thanks to our free trade Administration, she has, nevertheless, by her free trade policy, created a paper class of which she cannot now rid herself. The United States would do well to note the decline of trade and labor conditions in England traceable unmistakably to free trade heredity. American Women's Fashions. I imagine women would open their pretty eyes wide at the idea of their owing anything to their own city. But they do. They owe to their own country a sort of loyalty that will make it fear no competition with the luxury vendors of other countries. I once heard a most excellent woman—a modiste with a clientele of a high class—agonizing over the great National question of protection or no protection with such frenzied earnestness that I was compelled to ask her why it touched her in such personal fashion. She was for protection. "Touch me," she answered tragically, "of course it touches me. Free trade and the country is inundated with the gowas that I now import for my ladies; ladies who will wear nothing of American manufacture." What a great people the Americans would be if the women of the country, would wear nothing that was not of American manufacture. How easily they could set the fashions for the world if, with their wealth, independence and love of luxury they choose to be leaders where now they are satisfied to copy and follow.—Jeannette H. Walworth, in the Mail and Express.