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California has just adopted the golden poppy as the State flower.

On the Belgian State railways fares are lower than anywhere else in Europe.

Seventy-five per cent. of the enlistments in the regular army last year were of Americans.

Something like a boom is reported in the gold region in the North Carolina foothills. The field is like that of Georgia's.

Lord Roseberry thinks that the "new Eastern question" is one of the gravest that England has ever been called to consider.

Professor Frank Parsons asserts that in New York City it costs a man from \$30 to \$100 a year for the same amount of transportation he gets in Berlin for \$4.50.

Cleveland, Ohio, the city of bridges, is to have the first bridge operated by electricity and compressed air. The bridge will be poised on huge stone piers, and give a clear channel over the river of 115 feet.

A league has been formed in France to assert the rights of pedestrians against bicyclists. The members agree never to get out of the way of a bicycle; they think that in case of collision the cyclist is sure to get the worst of it.

A girl baby was born at Kokomo, Ind., the other day who is the fourteenth daughter of a fourteenth daughter of a fourteenth daughter, a record which is thought to be unprecedented. The New Orleans Picayune maintains that she ought to be a witch, if there is any truth in tradition.

The big statue of William Penn which surmounts the tower of the Philadelphia City Hall faces the old Penn Treaty Park. This displeases the citizens who get only a rear or profile view of the statue. So, to please everybody, J. Chester Wilson has proposed to put the statue on a revolving pedestal, which will be turned around once every twenty-four hours by means of clockwork.

The Popular Health Magazine observes: "The desire in a child for candy and sweets is a natural one and should not be stifled. Good candy and sweets in moderation, if that point can be found, not only do no harm, but are actually beneficial. Too much sweet upsets the stomach and spoils the appetite, but candy in moderation if it is not taken before a meal is a food which children crave naturally."

The hansom cab will, in the opinion of members of the cab fraternity, eventually give place to the bicycle, except that in this case the bicycle is to be a tricycle, states the Chicago Times-Herald. The vehicle will have two seats, one for the driver and one for the passenger. This will save the expense of keeping a horse and give the cabman needed exercise. It is conceivable that two sets of pedals might be provided and reduced rates given to sturdy passengers who would help push themselves.

One of the strangest coffins ever told of is that for which the British War Department is said to be responsible. The story is that a workman engaged in casting metal for the manufacture of ordnance at the Woolwich Arsenal lost his balance and fell into a caldron containing twelve tons of molten steel. The metal was at white heat, and the man was utterly consumed in less time than it takes to tell of it. The War Department authorities held a conference and decided not to profane the dead by using the metal in the manufacture of ordnance, and that mass of metal was actually buried and a Church of England clergyman read the service for the dead over it.

Exit Sir Philip Francis in the role of "Junius," exclaims the New York Independent. Mr. W. Fraser Rae, in a letter to the Athenaeum, introduces new and convincing evidences that Francis could not have been the author of the "Letters of Junius," as he has discovered in the London Morning Chronicle of August 24, 1774, a hitherto unnoticed letter of Junius, published nearly five months after Sir Philip had sailed for India, and referring to current political events which he could not have known. There is concurrent testimony of several leading statesmen of the time that they knew who Junius was, and that it was not Sir Philip Francis. His vanity, however, encouraged people to attribute the letters to him.

## MABEL ON THE FOURTH.

"You light two crackers thus," she said. "That's yours, and I'll take this. And now, if you should go off first, why, you can claim a kiss."

We watch the powder quickly burn, Fizz, bang! Oh, happy sight! I fold the maiden in my arms And take what's mine by right.

Alas! It seems so easy thus To win what many men Will envy later on in life, For Mabel's only ten.

—Tom Masson.

## A FRESH AIR FOURTH.

BY TOM P. MORGAN.

It was during the hottest hour of the hottest day thus far of the season that a small boy presented himself at the office of the Secretary of the Fresh Air Fund Society. He seemed weak, as if ill from the intense heat.

"Got a chance for me, sir?" he asked, timidly. "No, my boy," answered the Secretary. "No one wants boys yet."

The lad made no answer. His weak, dragging footsteps carried him out of the building and down the hot street for a few blocks. Then he staggered a few steps, threw up his hands weakly, wavered blindly and fell in a heap on the pavement.

"Another sunstroke," said the policeman who picked him up. Next day another boy came to the Secretary's office with the question, "Any chance for me, sir?" And again



"A REGULAR PICNIC."

the Secretary answered that nobody wanted boys yet. This boy limped in and out on a crutch, for one of his legs hung withered and useless, but his limb was bristling with the heat and his evident weariness. But he stopped when out of hearing, and one hand slipped furtively up and dashed a tear or two away.

Upon the following afternoon a tall, angular man came striding briskly into the office. The Secretary looked up from his writing, then greeted him politely.

"Paul Hallett, I reckon?" inquired the new-comer.

"That is my name, sir. What can I do for you?"

"I want to see you, John Joplin," said Mr. Hallett, with a hearty ring in his voice. "And I am truly glad to see you again, old friend."

Mr. Joplin in his well known pepper-and-salt suit, did not look particularly prosperous, and the Secretary was afraid that he had been obliged to save and hoard in order to make this journey back East from Colorado, to visit old scenes. But he was very glad to see him, and he was talking over old times when he was interrupted by the entrance of the lame boy who had come the day before and gone away disappointed with a whistle on his lips and tears in his eyes. To-day his face seemed to look a little older and thinner. But he hopped in briskly on his crutch.

"Got a chance for me yet, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, my lad," the Secretary answered. "I have just one chance for a boy. You can spend your Fourth of July week in the country. What is your name?" As he spoke he held out a card.

"Hi!" The boy fairly snatched the card and hopped out of the room with a smothered whoop.

"That boy has a happy week before him," said the Secretary. "I wish it were in my power to make many more such little fellows happy in the same way."

"What's this business, anyhow?" asked Mr. Joplin. "I don't exactly see through it."

Mr. Hallett briefly explained the society. Its beneficiaries were among the children of the very poor, who could never hope to escape for even a day from the exhausting heat of the stifling city unless helped. Kind people living out in the cool country sent in their names signifying their

willingness to entertain a girl or boy for a week. The society paid for the transportation of the children to and from the country.

"It's a good notion," commented Mr. Joplin.

"But very few of these kind people want boys nowadays," continued Mr. Hallett. "The little chaps are inclined to be riotous. Nearly every one has asked for girls of late. The boys do a good deal of mischief, and behave, I presume, like wild Indians."

"Or, just simply like boys?" suggested Mr. Joplin.

And then little Knucks, the lame boy, returned. He hopped in and laid the card on the desk.

"Here is the ticket back again, sir," he said. "Let some other boy use it; I don't need it. I'm not going." He was outside of the door by this time.

Mr. Joplin's tall form arose suddenly from his chair. He took a few long steps and placed his big hand on the lad's shoulder.

"Here!" he said, fairly propelling the little chap back into the room. "Come back here!"

"I'm not going to the country to-morrow," the lad persisted. "Lemme go! I'm busy!"

"Sit down there!" commanded Mr. Joplin.

"Now, when Knucks had received the precious ticket entitling him to the country week he had flown homeward as fast as his crutch would carry him. Little Jimmy Patton, the sun-stricken lad, lay on the brink little the cripple's bed. He looked up weakly as his friend hopped into the room.

"I've got it, Jim!" Knucks cried, eagerly. "I've got a ticket for one, an' you can go to the country to-morrow!"

The sick boy's face lighted up and he took the ticket and looked at it.

"Mebby we oughtn't to eat too much, sir. It costs lots of money an' perhaps Mr. Joplin—"

"Mr. Joplin is the owner of a great cattle ranch out in Colorado," answered Mr. Hallett. "He can afford this."

"We didn't know," said Knucks. "His pepper an' salt suit looks kinder—well, we—we didn't know."

And, when Mr. Hallett told the man from Colorado what Knucks had said, Mr. Joplin laughed a big, hearty "Haw-haw!" and then he looked himself over, and then he colored, and then he laughed again.

When they had all eaten and were filled, Mr. Joplin stood up at the head of the mighty breakfast table in his seedy pepper and salt suit and said rather awkwardly:

"I asked Mr. Hallett to make you a speech, but he says I've got to do it. I haven't much to say. This is the Fourth of July. It's the proper thing to read the Declaration of Independence on the Fourth of July, but the only Declaration of Independence we're going to have here is that we're going to do just exactly as we please all day long. We're going to yell as much as an' as loud as we please. There are two big boxes of firecrackers over there, an' we're going to help ourselves to all we want an' shoot till they're all gone. We're going to eat again at 1 o'clock, an' again at 6 o'clock, an' we've got to keep busy in the meantime or we won't have good appetites. After dinner the ice cream freezers will be opened, an' every feller will grab a spoon. There are four or five barrels of red apples—the heads will be knocked in pretty soon, an' we'll fill our pockets an' hats. This is my potlatch, understand, an' everybody takes all he wants an' does what he pleases with it. Fall into the brook if you want to, or eat yourselves sick, or break your arms; it's all right. A doctor goes with the rest of the potlatch if he need him. We—"

"Oh, John, that is not the way to talk to them," interrupted Mr. Hallett.

"I'd like to know why it ain't," answered Mr. Joplin. "A potlatch that ain't a free pitch-in ain't no potlatch at all. Well, then, I'll make this condition: No boy shall take advantage of any smaller boy—if he does I'll thrash him."

"So will we," yelled the boys.

"I think I ought to add something to what Mr. Joplin has said," spoke Mr. Hallett. "In the first place, I presume you are puzzled to know what a potlatch really is. I was myself till Mr. Joplin explained. Away out West, among certain tribes of Indians, when a savage aspires to stand high among his fellows he saves up blankets and all sorts of desirable articles till he has as great a store of them as possible. Then he invites his tribe to a feast and gives away all the accumulation. It makes him a bogger for a long time, but he has won the esteem of his tribe as long as he lives. Mr. Joplin has given you a potlatch of happiness, and I think he has won more than the giver of any Indian potlatch ever won."

"Hurrah! Yes, sir-ee!" whooped the boys.

The day was one long day of unalloyed happiness. They ate, shot firecrackers and swung and raced and chased, and the band played every time it was requested.

During the afternoon Mr. Joplin arranged with various families in the village to take care of such boys as needed more than a day of the country air as long as they might require it; and the next week Knucks and Jimmy found that it was all settled that they should live in the country for a year at Mr. Joplin's expense.

At night, after the fireworks had been shot off and it was time to begin the march for the train, the boys cheered for Mr. Joplin till they could have been heard nearly a mile, and when they stopped Mr. Joplin said:

"Thank ye, fellers!"—New York Press.

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facel, skimpy little fellows—but every face ashen with eagerness.

While Mr. Hallett had been issuing the invitations the giver of the potlatch had been equally busy. He had strode hither and thither, made purchases and sent telegrams.

Presently all was ready. Across the ferry they were bundled into the cars, and a variety of boxes of all sizes were thrust into the express car and away they went.

It was still early in the forenoon when they reached their destination—a pretty green bowered country village that Mr. Hallett had recommended—and there was a brass band at the depot to meet them.

"We're here, fellers!" cried Mr. Joplin to his boys. "This is the place. It's out in the open air, an' to-day's the Fourth of July. Yell all you want to. The band will now play!"

The musicians headed the procession of whooping lads to a pleasant grove just outside the town. The boys who couldn't run, walked, and those who couldn't walk rode in a long wagon on top of the boxes that had come from the city.

In the coolest, shadiest spot in the grove a long, long table was set, all most staggering under its load of delicious eatables.

"The first thing," said Mr. Joplin's big voice, "is to eat. Some of us didn't have as much breakfast as we wanted, an' mebbe some of us didn't have any at all. So, eat now, fellers, an' talk later on."

All these urchins fell upon that long table almost like as many ravenous wolves. And then in a moment Jimmy whispered something to Knucks, and Knucks hopped over to where Mr. Hallett was and whispered to him:

"Mebby we oughtn't to eat too much, sir. It costs lots of money an' perhaps Mr. Joplin—"

"Mr. Joplin is the owner of a great cattle ranch out in Colorado," answered Mr. Hallett. "He can afford this."

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## LOVE.

Love makes the path of duty sweet  
With roses of the May,  
Though winter rains around it beat  
And winter skies are gray.

And sweeter far,  
"Neath storm or star  
To walk with love alway.

He gives the rose its white and red;  
He gives the lamb its fleece;  
Unto the poor dispenser bread  
And bids their hunger cease.

And all his ways are pleasantness  
And all his paths are peace!"  
—Atlanta Constitution.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The great divide--Socialism.--Pack.

The acrobat may not always be good at making jokes, but he can always tumble.--Philadelphia Record.

A girl who can't sing, and who doesn't want to sing, shouldn't be made to sing.--Boston Courier.

The man who never forgets anything never forgets to boast about it to everyone he meets.--Boston Globe.

"Did you read," he sweetly asked her, "that poem I wrote last week?"  
"I read it years ago," she said.  
And now they do not speak.  
—Spare Moments.

Jasper—"Jones is a man who grows on people." Jumpup—"Well, I consider him a mighty poor crop.--Puck.

He (protestingly)--"Poverty is no crime." She—"Possibly not morally, but it is matrimonially."--Detroit Free Press.

In spite of the fact that money talks, there are hundreds of people who are always complaining that they never hear it.--Life.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"  
"I'm going a-moving, kind sir," she said.  
"I'll move along with you, my pretty maid."  
"Your motion's not seconded, sir," she said.  
—Chicago Tribune.

Much of the failure in this world may be attributed to the fact that too many people are firing at the bull's-eye of success with blank cartridges.--Puck.

Sweet are the uses of adversity; but it generally happens that while one person gets the adversity some other person corals the sweetness.--Boston Transcript.

Mother—"You are at the foot of the spelling class again, are you?"  
Boy—"Yes'm." Mother—"How did that happen?"  
Boy—"Got too many zs in scissors."--Tid-Bits.

"That's about as crooked a piece of work as I ever saw," mused Uncle Allen Sparks, looking at the track the lightning had made on the body of the big tree.--Chicago Tribune.

So devotedly does the Habite love his native city that when he calls to the telephone girl, "Give me Boston," he invariably adds involuntarily, "or give me death."--Boston Transcript.

"Why, she actually cut Mr. Stordington, and Stordington, you know, is one of the better sort." "Yes; choice cuts come high now, but we must have 'em."--Boston Transcript.

Mr. Dunn (unpaid bill in his hand) "When shall I call again, Mr. Owens?"  
Mr. Owens—"Well it would hardly be proper for you to call again until I have returned the present call."--Harper's Bazar.

Student—"Several of my friends are coming to dine here, so I want a big table." Mine Host—"Just look at this one, sir. Fifteen persons could sleep quite comfortably under it."--Pileggi's Blatter.

"Doesn't Mrs. Noowoman strike you as a person of remarkably decided opinions?" "Naw. She can't make up her mind, apparently, whether she wants to be a gentleman or a lady."--Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Hayson—"What is the price of that bonnet over there?" The Milliner—"Just \$18." Mrs. Hayson—"What will it be if you cut that ugly piece of ribbon off the side?" The Milliner—"Only \$30."--Chicago Record.

## Bicycle Mannerisms.

Each man retains the peculiarities of his gait on a bicycle to a certain extent. One man, for instance, who limps a little in walking does the same thing on his wheel, emphasizing one stroke more than another. A second, who moves with long strides when his feet are on terra firma, simply translates this motion to meet the new environment when he goes out for a ride. A third, being a brisk, energetic little person, always walking rapidly, keeps his legs going at a relative speed on his safety and couldn't stroll along if he tried.--Chicago Times-Herald.

## Crusade Against Street Cries.

C. H. Campbell, of the London County Council, has begun a crusade against street cries in the metropolis. He proposes that the council shall regulate them, prohibiting the crying of wares where it can be shown to be a nuisance to residents. Shades of Charles Lamb!--Chicago Times-Herald.

The Blind May Read Roman Characters. By means of a recent invention the blind are enabled to write with facility, using the ordinary Roman alphabet. The invention is described as a hinged metal plate with square perforations arranged in parallel lines, inside of which the stylus is moved in making the letters.--New York World.

## To Foretell Earthquakes.

A Mexican professor of physics proposes to foretell earthquakes by connecting telephones to the pipes of deep artesian wells and to metal plates sunk in deep mountain crevices. Any unusual noise in the bowels of the earth would be audible in the telephones, and would indicate trouble.--New York Mail and Express.

## FAILURE ELSEWHERE.

## FREE TRADE RUINS ENGLISH INDUSTRIES AND EXPORTS.

British Iron and Steel Trade Loses \$200,000,000 a Year--A Pernicious Policy That Does Damage and Destruction--England Kindly Advises Us to Try Her Medicine.

We have already shown how the first step toward free trade is affecting quite a number of American industries; also how the breaking down of our wall of protection is enabling us to reach the markets of the world. Let us now see how it works in other countries. Taking the United Kingdom, where free trade has been longest in force, and her iron and steel industries, we find that the imports and exports of iron, steel, tin plate, wire, hardware, coal and machinery compare as follows for a period of ten years, from 1884-1894:

	1884.	1894.
Total imports	389,774,519	498,508,718
Total exports	232,927,575	216,194,239

	Pons.	Tons.
Total exports of iron and steel	3,496,352	2,656,123
Imports of iron and steel	121,853	71,835

There has been no wall of protection around the United Kingdom during this decade, and her manufacturers have had every possible opportunity to let themselves out into the markets of the world, yet we find that the total British exports of iron, steel, tin plate, wire, hardware, coal and machinery combined decreased by over \$80,000,000 a year between 1884 and 1894.

It would almost seem as if the absence of a wall of protection had worked entirely contrary to all free trade theories in England's case, because it has enabled the foreign manufacturers and producers of iron, steel, tin plate, wire, hardware, coal and machinery to sell in the English markets nearly \$100,000,000 worth more of their products and manufactures in 1894 than they did in 1884. Free trade in England has increased the imports of the above mentioned goods by nearly \$20,000,000 sterling and has decreased the exports by more than \$16,000,000 sterling. The figures quoted are from official Board of Trade returns.

Taking the quantities of the English exports we find that the United Kingdom has sold under its policy of free trade \$40,000 tons less of iron and steel in 1894 than she did in 1884. Her exports of pig iron decreased by nearly 440,000 tons; of bar, angle, bolt and rod iron by nearly 170,000 tons; of railroad iron by 805,000 tons, and of hoops, sheets and plates she sold 219,000 tons less in 1894 than in 1884. Her exports of railway carriages decreased in value from \$504,315 in 1884 to \$277,000 in 1894. Her exports of railway trucks declined by \$254,000, her exports of hardware and cutlery fell off by \$1,300,000 within ten years, and her exports of steam engines decreased by \$1,100,000 a year.

The English desire that we should adopt their policy of free trade can hardly be so friendly a suggestion as our English admirers would have us believe. If it has resulted in such enormous losses in business among the iron, steel, tin plate, wire, hardware, coal and machinery trades of the United Kingdom, it is hardly a friendly act to encourage us to practice similar tactics that will result in similar losses to the United States.

While England has lost so much money and so much trade in these industries during a few years of free trade, the United States, on the other hand, under its policy of protection, has built up similar industries to an enormous extent--to such an extent that we are undoubtedly buying less of these commodities from our English neighbors and have helped materially to diminish their manufactures and their output. Perhaps this is the real reason why they wish us to drop our policy of protection. It would not be an entirely unselfish reason.

## How Farmers Feel.

A New York State farmer tells us that the markets are very dull for all kinds of produce. He sends us a Cooperstown market report which shows that farmers receive only twelve cents a dozen for their eggs, sixteen to seventeen cents a pound for their butter and from four and a half to ten cents a pound for their hops. As it costs ten cents a pound to raise hops, and that price is paid only for the choicest growths, it is evident that the process of letting the hop growers out into the markets of the world by reducing the tariff on hops, so that foreign grown hops can reach our markets more cheaply, has not proved to be the great success that the free traders predicted.

## Where Factories Are Wanted.

In the West and South there is just now an eager desire for more factories, especially in young growing towns. Why? Because most people in such places are convinced that factories increase the value of real estate and benefit the merchants and neighboring farmers by putting money in circulation. Yet these same free traders who favor local industries oppose the National protective policy that promotes the public welfare in the more general establishment of factories throughout our country.

## Iron Ore Coming.

Iron ore is fighting its way here from abroad. In March we imported over 30,000 tons as against 5700 tons in March, 1894. Of pig iron also we bought \$31,000 worth from foreign countries last March as against \$9332 worth in March, 1894.

## Deed and Reciprocity.

The recent worry and fret over the deed situation could have been settled in