REPUBLICAN. SULLIVAN

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The Flag of Protection.

The Flag of Free Trade

AUCTION

OF BANKHUP GOODS

Elmo

The Judge and the Deacon,

There lived once in the little city of Williamsport, Penn., an old Judge of the name of Williams. This old Judge

NO. 43.

FIRST AND LAST.

ALSO OF GREATEST IMPORT ANCE AT ALL OTHER TIMES.

Question That Will Never Be

helved in the United States-Our

Own Interests Are and Must Be Paramount.

The natural activity and mental ex-

citability of the American people lead them to a very ready acceptance of new ideas. It has often happened that

a few persons who can gain newspaper notoriety will start an agitation that, if cleverly directed, will arouse the

whole country. An effort in this direction has re-

An effort in this direction has re-cently been made and is still being continued. It consists in diverting the minds of the people from the in-dustrial conditions of the country to other issues, and it is hoped that our prosperity in 1892, under the best protective tariff that the country has ever had, will be forgotten now that there is some temporary improvement in business over the disastrous condi-tions that existed in 1893 and 1894, when the threat of free trade was hanging over us.⁴

When the threat of the transformer than the threat of the the threat of the country as the free traders had desired to make

the best interests of the country as the free traders had desired to make it, but they have not lost hope. The free trade idea is not dead by any means. Its friends are now conduct-ing a more active and vigorous cam-paign than they have ever done. Their work is more thorough and system-atic, and they are openly advocating a plain, unadulterated policy of free trade, which they were formerly afraid to do, and which used to be concealed ander the cloak of tariff reform. Every effort is made to create the impression that business interests must not be disturbed by reopening tariff discussion. Meantime, the free traders are vigorously urging the adoption of the free trade policy and are endeavoring to gain converts to

adoption of the free trade policy and are endeavoring to gain converts to their cause by steady and systematic work. Is it possible, however, to avoid tariff discussion when the present Ad-ministration within two years has added \$170,000,000 to our debt and its desire to provide for deficiencies has been demolished by the Supreme Court? What prospect is there that the debt under the exisiting policy will be diminished? Is there not a much greater prospect that it will be increased?

nuch greater prospect that it will be increased? The precedent has been established that we must pay exorbitant rates of interest for money that we are com-pelled to borrow, and as the existing tariff simply creates a deficiency that grows larger from month to month, is not this prima facie evidence that we must again, and before long, become borrowers?

borrowers? What will be the outcome of this

policy of debt? Can we, and forever, continue borrowing? What signs are there for the better? Where are the

there for the better? Where are the signs of prosperity? Can we expect to borrow and borrow without the slightest hope of making a settlement with our creditors? What has England done in the case of Nicaragua for a pal-try \$75,000 debt? How are we to pay the sixty odd million dollars borrowed recently from the Rothschilds with iour present economic system that pro-

our present economic system that pro-duces a Governmont deficit of upward of \$50,000,000 a year? Is the new tariff creating greater

Is the new tariff creating greater prosperity among the people than the McKinley tariff did? Are the people earning as good wages now as in 1892? Are they saving as much money now as then? Is the output of our facto-ries as great? Are prices as satisfac-tory both to the producer and to the consumer?

consumer?

VOL. XIII.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1895.

The American bicycler divides the honors abroad with the American trotter.

Colonel John Cockerill thinks that the attitude of Russia in the East must force an alliance between England, Japan and China.

Cornwall, in England, leads all other countries in freedom from orimes against property. Next in comparative honesty come the western counties of Wales.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton says that if she was Street Cleaning Commissioner of New York City, she would organize a brigade of needy, deserving women to do the work, and it would be done.

The Boston Journal of Commerce announces that an electrical type-setting machine has been invented in Italy by a Dominican friar, which is said to produce words in type faster than the linotype can make them in metal.

The Salvation Army is said to have secured a strong foothold in Buenos Avres. During the financial troubles it was able. according to Ram's Horn. to help thousands of men out of work to food and shelter. It has a thriving farm colony, and is training Spanishspeaking cadets.

If some archaeologist in the year 5000 A. D., happens to dig up a fash-ionable woman's costume of the present day, he will draw som e very queer conclusious from it concerning the shape of its one-time wearer, predicts the Washington Pathfinder. Women wear big sleeves because they are ' If a thing is pretty, that "pretty. settles it with the conventional woman. Next thing one shall see society belles hanging themselves about with oil paintings and water colors in gold frames to make themselves "pretty."

The whaleboat Kite is to be sent Arcticward after Peary, and in a little while a new Peary will probably have to be sent after the whaleboat Kite. That, adds the New York Tribune, is the general operation of Polar discovery. The magnet of the North draws eternally, operative on ships and men, perhaps finally on balloons and bicycles as it is on the mariner's needle. Whether the fruits of Polar adventure equal their cost and peril is a question on which the economist and the geographical and scientific enthusiast are entitled to hold different opinions; but it is a quest never likely to be intermitted. The line of discoverers will continue, however lean and conjectural their tales of discovery, and such of them as are not lost in Symme's Hole will have to be sent for now and then to organize new expeditions and keep alive a healthy interest in the region.

We look with horror on the pictures left us by Assyrian and Egyptian conquerors of prisoners' hands and feet cut off, their bodies impaled, and their heads nailed up against the city walls, forgetful, suggests the New York Independent, that just such things may happen nowadays within a

[One of the most treasured relies I have is a poem which my father wrote when I was a little boy. My father was anative of Maine, bu for all that he was a man of sentiment, am he had much literary tasic and ability, too The poem which he gave and which I hav-always treasured, will (if I am not grievous) in error) touch a responsive chord in man a human heart, for all humanity looks back with tenderness to the time of youth.--Eugene Field, in Chicago Rocord.] A bird sat in the manle trea A bird sat in the maple tree

THE MORNING BIRD

A bird sat in the maple tree And this was the song he sang to me, "O little boy, awake, awake, arise! The sun is high in the morning skies; The brook's a-play in the pasture lot And wondereth that the little boy It loveth dearly cometh not To share its turbulance and joy;

The grass hath kisses cool and sweet For truant little brown bare feet— So come. O child, awake, arise! The sun is high in the morning skics!"

So from the yonder maple tree The bird kept singing unto me; But that was very long ago-I did not think - I did not know-Else would I not have longer slept And dreamt the precious hours away; Else would I from my bed have leapt To greet another happy day— A day, untouched of care and truth, With sweet companionship of youth-The dear old friends which you and I Knew in the happy years gone by! Still in the maple can be heard The music of the morning bird, And still the song is of the day That runneth o'er with childish play; Still of each pleasant old-time place And of the old-time friends I know-

The pool where hid the furtive dace, The lot the brook went scampering thro The mill, the lane, the bellflower tree That used to love to shelter me— And all those others I knew then, But which I cannot know again!

Alas! from yonder maple tree, The morning bird sings not to me; Else would his ghostly voice prolong An evening, not a morning, song; And he would tell of each dear spot I knew so well and cherished then,

As all forgetting, not forgot By him who would be young again O child, the voice from yonder tree Calleth to you and not to me; So wake and know those friendships all I would to God I could recall!

"THOU ART THE MAN!"

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES

BY HELEN PORREST GRAVES. TS the last straw that breaks the came's back," sald Lucy, burst-ing into tears. The pleasant June sunbeams came e peeping into the cool, stone-paved dairy, - where pans of milk and cream were ranged in or-derly array; great stone pots stood under the shelves, and a blue-painted churn was already placed on the table churn was already placed on the table for service. Mr. Bellenden was justly proud of

his dairy. Not a chance guest came to the house but was invited down to see it; not a housekeeper in the neightorhood but secretly envied its many conveniences and exquisite neatness

many conveniences and exquisite nearness. "And it isn't the dairy alone!" tri-umphantly remarked Seth Bellenden. "And you may go through the house from garret to cellar, and you will never find a speck of dust or a stain of rust. There never was such a housekeeper as my wife." Mrs. Bellenden was yonng, too-searcely three-and-twenty. She had been the daughter of a retired army officer, delicately reared and quite ig-norant of all the machinery of domes-tic life until she married Seth Bellen-den.

den. "It's very strange," Lucy had writ-

"I could do that!" said Lucy, with sparkling eyes. "I will try it!" "You can do anything, my dear!" said Mr. Bollenden, admiringly. And Lucy felt that she had her rich

And Lucy felt that she had her rich reward. Company began to come as soon as the bright weather set in. All the affectionate relations of Mr. Bellenden soon discovered that the farmhouse was cool and shady, that Lucy's cooking was excellent, and that the bedrooms were neatness itself. Some of them were even good enough to invite their relations as well, and so the house was full from April to De-cember.

the house was full from April to De-cember. All the elergymen made it their home at Brother Bellenden's when they came to Silvan Bridge for ecclesi-astical conventions; all the agents for unheard of articles discovered that they knew somebody who was ac-quainted with the Bellendens, and brought their carpet-bags and valises, with that faith in human hospitality which is one of life's best gifts. Mrs. Bellenden's fame went abroad among the Dorcases of the neighbor-hood in the matter of butter and cheesc. She took prizes in the do-mestic department of all the agricul-tural fairs, and the adjoining house-wives took no trouble to make things that they could borrow of Mrs. Bel-lenden, "just as well as not." -And one day, when poor Luoy, un-der the blighting influence of a horri-ble sick headache, was endeavoring to strain three or four gallons of milk into the shining pans, the news ar-rived that Uncle Panl was coming to

into the shining pans, the news ar-rived that Uncle Paul was coming to the farm. "Another guest!" said Lucy, de-

spairingly. And then she uttered the prover b

And then she uttered the prover b that heads our sketch. "Oh, it's only Uncle Paul!" said Mr. Bellenden. "Don't fret, Lutie; he's the most peaceable old gentleman in the world. He'll make no more trouble than a cricket. John's wife thought she couldn't have him, be-cause she has no hired girljust now—" "Noither have 1!" said Lucy, re-bellionsly.

belliously. "And Sarah Eliza don't like company." "I am supposed to be fond of it!"

"And supposed to be fond of it?" "And Reuben's girls don't want old folks staying there. It's too much trouble, they say," added Setb. Lucy bit her lip to keep back the words she might have uttered, and said, instead:

said, instead:

said, instead: "Where is he to sleep? The Bel-fords have the front bedroom, and your Cousin Susan occupies the back, and the four Miss Pattorsons sleep in the two hall chambers, and the hired men have the garret room." She might have added that she and here hered and the help he delet in She might have added that she and her husband and the baby had slept in a hot little den opening from the kit-chen for four weeks, vainly expecting Mr. and Mrs. Belford to depart, and that she had never yet had a chance to invite her father to the farm in pleasant way that

pleasant weather. But she was magnanimous and held Her peace. "Oh, you can find some place for him?" said her husband, lightly. "There's that little room at the end of the hall where the spinning-wheel

"But it isn't furnished?" pleaded

16." "But it isn't furnished?" pleaded Lucy. "You can easily sow a carpet to-gether out of those of pieces from the Bedfords' room, and it's no trothle to put up a muslin curtain to the win-dow and lift in a cot-bed. There are plenty of good sweet husks in the corn-house, and you can just tack to-gether a mattress and whitewash the ceiling, and — What's that, Beniah? The cows in the rys lot! Dear me! Everything goes wrong if I step into the house for a moment. And really, Lutie, these things are your business —not mine!" he added, irritably. Lucy could not help laughing, all by herself, as her husband ran up the staps.

house-boat -men, women,

brute," said Seth, tightening the han-dle a little. "All the sewing, too," added Uncle Paul--"the mending and making. Never went anywhere except to church. Eliab didn't believe in women gad-ding about." "The old savage!" said Seth. "She was fond of reading, but she never got any time for it," said Uncle Paul. "She rose before sun-up, and never lay down until eleven o'clock. It was hard work that killed that it was sheer laziness when she youldn't drag herself around any longer. And when she died he rolled up his eyes and called it the visitation of Provi-dence."

arg herein around any longer. And when she died her rolled up his eyes and called it the visitation of Provi-dence." "Why didn't the neighbors lynch him?" cried Seth, fairly aroused to indignation at last. Uncele Paul took off his glasses, wiped them vigorously and looked his nephew hard in the face. "Why don't the neighbors lynch you?" said he. Seth dropped the sickle and started. "Nephew Seth," said Uncle Paul, impressively, "thou art the man I Are you not doing the very same thing?" "1?" gasped Seth. "Your wife is doing the work of a household of sixteen people," said Uncle Paul. "She is drudging as you could hire no foreigner to drudge. She is rising early, and lying down late; she is offering up her life on the shrine of your farm and its require-ments. I have seen her grow thin and pale even during the few days I have been here. I have carried water and split wood for her because thore was no one elso to do it. I have seen her carry up Mrs. Belford's breakfast daily to her room, because Mrs. Bel-ford preferred to lie in bed; and cooking dainty dishes for Helen Pat-terson, because Helen wouldn't eat what the rest like. No galley-slave ever worked as she does. And you, with your hired men-whose board only adds to her cares--and your array of labor-saving machinery, stand coolly by and see her commt slow snicide. Yes, Nephew Seth, I think it is a case for lynching?" Seth had grown pale. "I--I never thought of this," said he. "Why didn't some one tell me?" "Where were your own eyes?" said Uncle Paul.

Uncle Paul. Seth Bellenden rolled down his shirt

sleeves, put on his coat, and went into the house. He told the Belfords and Pattersons

He told the Belfords and Pattersons that it was inconvenient to keep them any longer. He gave Cousin Susan to understaud that her room was needed. He made arrangements to board the hired men at the vacant farmhouse, and engaged a stout dairyman and a house-servant to wait on Lucy. And he telegraphed to her father to come to Silvan Bridge at once. "She deserves a treat," he said. "He shall spend the summer with us."

us." And then he went to tell Lucy. She had fainted among the butter-cups, picking strawberries for tea. Poor little Lucy! The machinery had utterly refused to revolve any longer. His beart grees cold within him His heart grew cold within him. "She will die," he thought, "and I shall have murdered her?" But she did not die. She recovered

"It is better than any medicine," she said, "to know that Seth is think-ing of me and for me." And Uncle Paul—"the last straw," as she had called him—had proved her selvation

salvation. "I don't want her to go as Eliab's wife did," said Uncle Paul.—Saturday

Night. "How was that," Chorac others, "She was the only women I ever met who would have me."—Detroit Free Press.

In Chinese Villages. Mr. Weldon and I often went into

the villages, walking between the fields of shivering rice, but far oftener the villagers came to see us in our babies,

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

> The Angler's Guide-Her Choic Faithless-The Imperious H Girl-A Humorist, Etc., Etc.

Burnish up the reel and rod, Straighten out the line, Take a spade and turn the sod-Fishin's gettin' fine, Tramp along to where they say Specked beauties swish. Sit around for halt a day-Go and buy your fish. -Buffalo Courier.

A HUMORIST

A-"I fail to see how you can augh at such a silly remark." B-"My dear fellow, I can't help it, owe the man a hundred dollars."

UNDER THE BAN.

Teacher-"Speaking of imports, rith what does Canada supply us?" Bright Boy-"Silver coins that ron't pass in the horse-cars."-Judge.

HER CHOICE FAITHLESS. "I love, and I am loved."

"Then you must be perfectly happy." "But it isn't the same man !"-Life.

THE IMPERIOUS HIRED GIRL

"Are you the boss here?" Mr. Meekly—"Do I look like a man that would allow his wife to get along without a cook?"--Chicago Inter-Dcean.

PRESUMPTIVE PROOF.

"When your son graduated did he leave anything behind him to enrich the traditions of the college?" "I guess so; his manners are gone." -Puck

RATHER SNAPPY.

Man (to Baker Boy) - "What is your

log's name, sonny?" Baker Boy--- "Ginger." Man--- "Does Ginger bite?" Baker Boy--- "Naw, Ginger snaps." --- Atlanta Journal.

RAIL REPARTEE. Trolley Car Conductor-"Settle now or get off." Dignified Citizen-"What do you

take me for, sir?" Conductor--"Fi' cents, same as anybody else,"--Indianapolis Journal.

A COAL-OIL JOHANNA.

"Rich," exclaimed one emancipated woman to another; "why, she's the queen of the stock exchange." "She's very lavish, I'm told, in her

There lived once in the little city of Willamsport, Penn., an old Jadge of the name of Williams. This old Jadge was noted for two things, for getting mellow occasionally and for being plucky and courageous under all cir-sumstances – a gamey old man. It was a peculiarity of the old Judge that whenever he got mellow he grew cor-respondingly religious. One night he wandered into a protracted revival meeting and seafed himself upon the front seat, full of spiritual influence of some kind. The clergyman, en-gaged in his proaching, rose to a for-wid pitch of eloquence. and in the midst of it exclaimed: "Show me the drunkard! Show me the drunkard! Of all men on earth the most unfor-tunate; show him to me." To the consternation of all present the old Judge arose, and unsteadily maintain-ing himself, exclaimed: "Well, sir, here I am." The clergyman, having realized upon his investment much sooner than be anticipated, didn't know what to do with it. They finally pulled the old Judge down, and the incident had passed out of memory almost, when the olergyman again attuck an impassioned period and ex-olaimed in the honesty and fervor wit his heart: "Show me the hypocrite! The old Judge rose the second time, and reaching his cane over to a certain shaky old deacon, exclaimed: "Dea-con, why the devil don't you get up when you are called on." display." "She can afford it. She's so rich that she uses hundred-dollar bills for curl papers."—Washington Star.

NOT UP TO DATE.

Jones found Smith vigorously polishing his shoes. "What are you doing that for? I always thought you wore patent

leather?'

leather?" "These used to be patent leather," replied Smith,- painfully bringing his spinal column into its normal posi-tion; "but the patent on them has ex-pired."---Washington Pathfinder.

UNLIKE ALL OTHERS. Several men were talking about how they happened to marry. "I married my wife," said one, after the others had all had their say, "because she was different from any woman I had ever met." "How was that?" chorused the

capitals. A telegram from Tangier reported the other day that four load of human heads were being brought to Fez, to show the Sultan that people were really punished for the last re The telegram in the London Times says that the "heads were in bad condition when they reached Rabat, and were re-salted at that place, the work being done by Hebrews under compulsion of the Government." It was pictured deeds no worse than this which led Gutsmid to declare that the old Assyrians were the schreklichste of all Nations.

Opposition to crime is growing fast in the mountains of Kentucky, notes the Louisville Courier-Journal. The Jackson (Breathitt County) Hustler says: "Word comes to us from every direction of the revolution in the ser timent of the people of this section o the mountains in regard to punishing criminals. A man told us this week that he had been in eight countie since the Fields-Adkins trial at Bar boursville, and that the intense feel ing against lawlessness was universal A gentleman who has been in Perry County much of the time in the pas six weeks told us that there would b Lo trouble to get a jury in that coun ty to hang a man if he deserved it. In the counties where lawlessness has been worst this feeling is greatest. The revolt from the state of terror and death will sweep a number of men into the State Prison and some into their graves. Wos to the despera-does of these counties now. Their race is run. The grand juries are doing their work and the petit juries heir duty.'

beautifui. You never saw such monstrous old buttonball trees, nor such superb roses, and the meadows are full of clover and the strawberries supero roses, and the meadows are full of clover and the strawberries shine like jewels on the sunny hill-sudes. But nobody sketches or reads. I don't think there is a copy of Ten-nyson in the whole neighborhood, and no one ever heard of Dore or Mil-lais. All they think of is how many dozens of eggs the hens lay, and how many cheeses they can make in a year. And the woman who has a new re-ceipt for waller, or a new pattern for a borritle thing that they call crazy quilts, is the leader in society." But presently young Mrs. Bellenden herself caught the fetter and became a model housewife. Example is all-powerful, and Lucy began to believe that the whole end and aim of life was domestic thrift, money-saving and the

century ago, and Lucy thought she should like him very much, if only she had time to get acquainted with

that the whole end and aim of life was domestic thrift, money-saving and the threadmill of work. "My dear," said Seth, "if you thought you could get along without Hepsy, the maid, I might be able to afford that new reaper before the oat oran comes in." But she was churning ten pounds of butter a day, and there was the baby, and the company, and the young chickens, and the baking to do for the chickens, and the baking to do for the sewing society, which was to meet at her house this week. She was almost too busy to sleep. But Uncle Paul was watching her quietly all the time. He came out one day to the barn, where his nephew was putting a new handle on a sickle blade.

crop comes in." "I'll try," said Lucy. And after that she rose before day-break and worked later into the night

"What is the matter with your "What is the matter with one day. hands, Lucy?" Se'h asked one day. "They are not so white and beautiful as they used to be."

handle on a sickle blade. "Pretty busy times, eb, Uncle Paul?" said the farmer, scarcely taking the leisnre to look up. "Aye," absently answered the old man. "Did I tell you, Nephew Seth, about the reason I left your Cousin Eliab's!" Lucy colored as she glanced down the members in question. "I suppose it is making the fires,"

said she

And then she took to wearing old kid gloves at her sweeping and dust-ing and digging out of ashes. "My coat is getting shabby," Seth one day remarked. "Why don't you buy another one?" asked his wife.

asked his wife. Seth laughed—a short laugh. "What do you think Mrs. Higgin-botham has done?" said he. "She ripped up ber husband's old suit and cut a pattern by it, and made a new one, and entirely saved him teu dol-lars!"

steps. But it was a very sad little laugh,

and soon changed into a sigh. "I wonder," said she, in a whisper, "I wonder," said she, in a whisper, "if my poor, tired-out ghost would haunt these stone pavements and scrubbed shelves if I were to die? I nover heard of a ghost in a dairy be-fore, but I should think that it might easily be." But the little bedroom was filled up for all that as frash as a rose, and

house-boat - men, women, babies, dogs, and all. Always some little side canal, the offshoot of a main water-way, was the only street between or before the village houses. There was always the towpath, but the best route was by a second path leading behind the houses. By following that we passed through the farms and yards. We saw the men and women thrashing the rice by beating a log with handfuls of it to scatter the ker-nels on the ground. We saw the farmers turning the soil over and breaking it up laboriously, or punch-ing holes in the thick clay, dropping seeds in them, and then smearing the holes over with a rake. We went into the inner courts of the better houses, and noted how the men, and even tho tiniest baby boys, thrust themselves forward to greet us, while the women and girls slunk behind or merely peoped through the doorways and open windows- the latter being Eliza-bethan contrivances, framed for little panes of oiled paper or the enamelled inner coating of seashelis. White But the little bedroom was niled up for all that, as fresh as a rose, and Uncle Paul arrived, a dried-up, yel-low-complexioned old man, with an old-fashioued cravattied in many folds around his neck, and a suit of navy-blue, with brass buttons. He had the polite way of half a reautiny ago, and Lucy thought she

panes of oiled paper inner coating of seashells. White goats, wolfish dogs, common-sense chickens, hump-backed cows and nose-led buffaloes make up the animal life that is so painfully missing in Japan and so abundant in China. —

Fortunate Walters.

In Frankfort, Germany, there is a restaurant the waiters of wh.3h have just received what must assuredly be the largest "tip" on record. Among their customers for many years was a gentleman of independent means, Herr Wilhelm Pentzel. Recently this continent work on a trin to Revut Bind's!"
"Not that I remember," said Seth, breathing on the blade and polishing it with his silk handkerchief.
"Dorothy died—his wife!"
"Oh, yes!" said Seth. "Malar al fever, wasn't it?"
"No !" bluntly answered Uncle Paul. "It was hard work. That wo-man, Nephew Seth, did the housework for eight persons. Eliab did't even let her have a woman to help with the washing and the ironing."
"Must have been a regular-going
"Bind's!"
Bind's!"
Herr Wilhelm Pentzel. Recently this gentleman of indepenties in dependent meths, Herr Wilhelm Pentzel. Recently this gentleman went on a trip to Egypt, and died while there, at Port Said. By his will, it is found, he has left \$4000 to the fortunate waiters in ques-tion.---London News.
Extent of Cotton Making.
Cotton manufactories are found in nearly every State except the extremo for this manufacture hasaiways been in New Englaud.---St. Louis Globe-Demo-crat.

"Did that farmer's wife give you the cold shoulder?" asked Wobbly Wibbles of his pal, as he came run-ning down the road.

HOW HE GOT IT.

'She didn't give it to me," replied Wiggley Waggles, with a grin, "I swipped it when her back was turn

And, as he produced the remains of a fine piece of roast mutton from un-der his coat, his comrade saw the joke and joined in the laugh. -Brook-

LIKE MOTHER. LIKE DAUGHTER

"Please, sir," whistled the boy with two front teeth missing, "Minnie Williams's mother says Minnie can't come to school, 'cos she's got a stitch

"Who is Minnie Williams's moth-er?" the new school teacher asked. "She's the dressmaker."

"She's the dressmaker." The teacher turned reflectively to the blackboard. "How wonderful are the influences of heredity," muttered he. - Rockland Tribune.

THE RULING PASSI

"Gentlemen," said the college Pres-ident at the meeting of the faculty, "we must take means at once to stop the game of football. It is bringing our grand old institution into disce-pute."

but grant out institution into disre-pute." Just then a great noise was heard outside, and the President demanded the cause of it. "Nows has been received." ex-plained one of the younger professors, apologetically, "that nine of our eleven will surely be back in college next year, and that our chances of beating Yale next fall are of the best." "Good!" shouted the President, flushing with pleasure. "Er -I think -er, young gentlemen, we had bet-ter not be too-er-hasty in this mat-ter,"-Harlem Life.

It is stated that Assam tea is the richest in theine, that Ceylon and In-dian teas will not keep, and that Day-celing is the best of all.

United states in 1886 was estimated at 600,000 kegs. In 1837 the produc-tion was estimated at 1,253,00) kegs, and in 1898 at 1,550,00) kegs. In 1889 direct reports from most of the works and estimates for the others showed the total production to be 2,435,000 kegs. In 1810 and subse-quent years complete returns of production were received from all the vire nail works. The production of wire -nails in 891 was 5,681,891 kegs against 5,095,

The Wire Nails Supply,

The production of wire nails in the

1897, was offer an increase of 585, 945 kegs. The wire nails made in 1894 were produced by forty works, the same number that made nails in 1893.

The Idea of an Idiot.

It will be impossible to keep up the present rate of wages unless the ex-port trade of the United States in manufactured goods is fostered and enlarged. —New York Herald. By increasing "the avect trade of By increasing "the export trade of the United States in manufactured

goods" to European countries, to In-dia, China and Japau, where similar manufactured goods can be made at much less cost than in this country, we must first reduce American wages to the level of wages in those coun-tries, to say nothing of paying freight and insurance charges on the goods while getting there.

Want the Food Hirst

Edward Atkinson, the active "reve-nue reformer," has been explaining in public how food materials might be cooked economically. This is all right, but many American workmen have been puzzing how to find the fool. It was not so when under maple under It was not so when, under ample pro-tection, wages were good and work was abundant. Then food was plenti-It may be so later on again when the produce of the free farms is har-

Hard on Car Hens.

Canadian eggs are coming along in good shape. Last year, in March, we imported only 9855 dozen; this year in March we bought from foreign countries 43,566 dozen. How does the farmer like this?

there is a regular monthly deficiency tariff. The people cannot be prosper-ous; with a bankrupt Treasury this is

There was no monthly Treasury de-

ficiency during the enactment of the McKinley tariff for protection, but

tarin. The people cannot be proper-ous; with a bankrupt Treasury this is impossible. To avoid tariff discussion is simply the act of a man driven to despera-tion, who would rather sink than make an effort to save himself. Shall we be content to be carried along like driftwood, stranded on some bank or rock, or washed out and lost in the occan! No, we must stem the tide. Never was there more need, nor more cause, for active and vigorous ob-'struction to the policy of free trade that is now in its incipiency and which must, if persisted in, ultimate-ly result in onr utter extinction as a leading commercial and industrial Na-tion, placing us in a subordinate po-sition among the great Powers of the world, without influence and without world, without influence and without respect.

A Mugwump Squawks.

Are the Republican leaders likely to

Are the Republican leaders likely to constemance a resort, even tempor-arily, to the tariff-for-revenue-only policy of the Democracy, as in the case of duties on tea and coffee?--Springfield (Mass.) Republican. Not much. The "tariff-for-revenue-only policy of the Democracy" is an English policy. The Republican lead-ers are Americans. They have ideas of their own and are for American protection. They don't have to go woolgathering to the London Times to get ideas.

It Wil Do It.

If it has a fair chunch there is no If it has a fair church there is no reason why the protestive phicy-which is only one form of calightened, progressive and independent Ameri-eanism—should not do for our ship-ping what it has already done for our manufacturing. It has made us first in the world in the one; there is no reason why, if it is intelligently and systematically applied, it cannot make us first in the other.-Boston Jour-val.