VOL. XIII.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1895.

NO. 49.

Our export trade is rapidly increas-

It is estimated that, on an avergold in circulation wears out in 240

that it will give 1000 guineas in prizes for the best forms of horseless vehi-

The new Salisbury Government has gone into power in England absolutely untrammeled. It published no platform and stated no issues.

And now a chap out in Kansas in sists that the Russian thistle is good fodder for milch cows, and declines to desist from raising a nice patch for the purpose.

The system of kindergartens estab lished on some of the Indian reservations has proved so successful that it is to be widely extended, especially in the Southwest, where the Indian children are extremely shy.

For some remarkable reason not made apparent to the New York Sun, Portland, chief commercial city of the Pine Tree State of Maine, is buying clapboards in the State of Washing ton, 3000 miles away.

There are between 600 and 1000 deaf mutes scattered through the city of Chicago, and, according to the Detroit Free Press, they are all industrious and fairly prosperous, earning their living honestly and uncomplain-

Texas still does things in a big way, or not all, admits the New York Mail and Express. For instance, one woman owns 2000 square miles, embracing an entire Congressional District, and, as she controls the votes of all her employes, she practically selects There's a new the Congressman. woman and a half.

A new street railway company is Detroit, which has just begun to op erate its lines, is obliged by the conditions of its franchise to sell eight tickets for twenty-five cents. These tickets are good only up to 8 p. m., af ter which time night tickets, sold six for twenty-five cents, are accepted. The holder of a ticket is entitled to general transfer privileges. The company's franchise runs for thirty years. the city reserving the right to purchase the property at the end of that

The English idea of speed has been so often illustrated by somewhat dis concerting the examples of American progress in various departments o human endeavor, that it is not sur prising to the Washington Star to learn from a London technical journal that it was considered aggreat feat for certain engineers to replace a section of a great English railway bridge with new materials inside of thirty days. Commenting on this declars tion the Engineering Record, published on this side, declares that American railway managers would have had the job done in a few hours and would have considered the loss of a day's traffic as inadmissible

Says the New York Times: It would probably puzzle most people to tell, off hand, in what shape the Arctic regions have supplied even a quarter "the products worth \$1,200,000, 000" which General Greely told the geographers assembled in London had come out of the frozen North during the past two centuries, and upon which he based his appeal for a vigorous continuance of Arctic exploration Voyages in that direction are usually regarded as leading to frightful tragedies, rather than to any practical benefit for mankind. These tragedies, indeed, have developed and served t display heroism never surpassed and perhaps never equaled in other parts of the world, but that cannot be measured in money, valuable a possession as it is, and, of course, does not count in the twelve hundred millions. First among the things that do, no doubt, are the whales, vast numbers of which have been captured in the icy seas since the hardy ex plorers proved that those waters were not impassable; other Arctic products are fossil ivory, the mineral cryolite, rich in aluminium; the furs of seals, bears, foxes and a few other animals small quantities of gold-and about there the list begins to become diffi cult to lengthen, though specialists could probably continue it through line or two more. Some day the North Pole-an object no less, or more. worthy of respect than the equator—will be added, but even then the enormous sum mentioned by General Greely will seem quite beyond the average statistician's power to account

LONG AGO

When opai tints and gray invode The crimson of the west—
When daylight's lingering traces fade We live in memory once again The days of long ago.

And friends of days forever o'er Around us closely stand, We feel the kindly grasp once more Of many a "vanished hand;" And though fond, loyal, brave and true

May be the friends we know, No friends can match the friends we kn And loved long, long ago.

Though smiling fortune on us shower Her gifts with right good will— Fhough every passing day and hour Be filled with sunshine still—

Upon the way we go, We sigh and dream o'er joys we found

And though we form new friends, new tie New joys, new pleasures try, And though new hopes like phantoms rise As in the days gone by,
When comes the holy calm of eve
Our tears unbidden flow;
We love, we hope, we plan and grieve

DOWN THE CHIMNEY.



AGGIE MILLS came aggle MILLS came out of the woods with her hands full of the pretty things she had gathered there, and ran singing across the field. Sue Murry saw her coming and ran to meet her, with her appron full of daisapron full of daisies. Then for a few minutes they were very busy compar-ing and dividing

their treasures.
"Where's Polly?" Maggie asked
suddenly, remembering her little sister, who ought to be claiming her

"Why, she stayed in the woods with "No. she didn't; she went with you

after the daisies."
"I haven't see her since I came out of the woods."
"Neither have I. Oh, dear! Polly!

"Neither have I. Oh, dear! Polly! Polly Mills! Polly-o-e-e".

The two girls beginning to be really frightened now, dropped their flowers and hurried back among the trees. They ran this way and that, calling all the time to the lost baby, but no answer came to their calls. The region was wild, the woods reached far over rocky hills and deep ravines, and little Polly was only four years old; altogether the trouble was a pretty serious one.

"Sue Murray, you run as fast as you can to the village and find some men to come and hunt for my little sister. I'll stay here and look all through the woods and all over the field while you words and an over the field without some one. Don't come back without some men!"

Without a word Sue started away in

prompt obedience toward the village. Sue ran on as fast as she could go, and Maggie resumed her almost hopeand Maggie resumed her almost hopeless search. At first she ran back and forth through the woods, calling, but presently she realized that no good could come of that. Then she sat down and studied the situation. She had a clear brain, and was fairly in working order by this time. She could reason things out, and she could form some sort of plan for the work that had to be done.

field to gather daisies, she was sure that little Polly had gone into the

that little Polly had gone into the field also. She remembered hearing the child call to Sue to wait for her, and seeing her run in that direction. Polly had not come back, and Maggie had seen and heard nothing of her since; the field, therefore, was the place to look for her.

It was a rough place, as many of the fields about there. Like most of the land in that region, it belonged to "The Company," and the company made use of it at present. All the valuable land was away in another direction, the mines at this side of the village had been worked out and village had been worked out and abandoned so long ago that not many people remembered anything about people remembered anything about them. But Maggie thought nothing about mines or anything connected with mines; she thought only of her lost sister, and of the most likely place in which to look for her.

The only clue that she could think

The only cine that she could think of at first was the daisies. Polly had gone there to pick daisies, and when she could not overtake Sue she was likely to go where the daisies grew thickest. Over yonder, by that great clump of weeds and bushes, was a place that looked like a snow drift, it place that looked like a snow drift, it was so thickly strewn by the pretty white flowers. Maggie went there, and looked and called and listened. Once she thought she heard an answer to her calls, but it appeared she had only disturbed a meadow lark at reat in the clump of bushes.

She was about leaving the place when she made a little discovery—she found some plucked daisies lying

She was about leaving the place when she made a little discovery—she found some plucked daisies lying scattered in the grass. Somebody had been there then! Was it Sue or was it Polly? Sue had come to meet Maggie from an entirely different direction; it must have been Polly that picked those scattered flowers. Yes! there among the fallen daisies was the crushed fern that Maggie had given to the baby in the woods. Sue had brought no fern out with her. Polly had been here. But where was she now? Maggie called again, and only the chimney. Sue nad come to meet landmark after another in the effort to maggie from an entirely different discount of the chimney. In the effort to locate "the chimney," and impatient Sue was driven to distraction by their deliberation. She started away from the baby in the woods. Sue had brought no fern out with her. Polly had been here. But where was she low?

Maggie called again, and only the

meadow lark answered her; she searched among the high grass, hoping to find the tired child asleep on the ground; she went close and pecred in among the thickly growing weeds and bushes of the clump. It was a forbidding place in there; Polly was enterprising but she would hardly choose such a place as that to explore. More likely she had followed on after Sue. Maggie went in the direction Sue had come from, calling as she went.

She stopped running just in time to save herself from falling into a great, ragged hole in the ground. A second look showed her that the hole was not very deep, but it was quite deep enough. At the bottom and all about the sides, were fragments of rough and broken rock mingled with the earth. It was evident that the ground had caved in there, forming a dangerous trap for an incantious rambler. Maggie trembled to think what must have happened if poor little Polly had fallen into it.

Very carefully she examined the edges and sides of the hole; there was no signs that even a baby footstep had disturbed the ground there recently. She made her way cautiously down the side of the opening, and then she saw that the hole was deeper than it seemed. Rocks and earth had choked

She made her way cautiously down the side of the opening, and then she saw that the hole was deeper than it seemed. Rocks and earth had choked it some distance above the bottom, but narrow openings here and there

revealed greater depths below. It was not a safe place to stay, and Maggie climbed back to the solid ground.

"Polly isn't in that place; that's a comfort," she said to herself. "The company ought to be sued for having such holes about for folks to tumble into!"

That last thought brought another. It's the company's old mine, that's what it is!" she cried out. "And this is a cave in. Part of the mine is down there under those stones, and I might have tumbled to the bottom of it. Oh,

suppose Polly has fallen into it!"

The only way to find out was to get in there and search, but she could not do that alone. The minute Sue brought

do that alone. The minute Sue brought those men they must find the entrance to the mine and explore every nook and cranny of it.

At that moment she heard the same faint cry that she had heard back here among the daisies. It was fainter this time and seemed to come from the depths of that hole in the ground. It was not the note of a meadow lark; how could she ever have thought that? It was the faint cry of a child! It was

It was the faint cry of a child! It was little Polly calling, and Polly was somewhere close at hand! Heedless of all danger, Maggie clambered down into the hole once more and began to toss about the stones that lay there. In a few seconds she had moved enough of them to make an opening into the passage below. Peering down into this she saw that the passage appeared to lead back in the direction of the patch of dassies.

"Polly! Where are you, Polly?"

She heard a faint answer, and seemed to come along the buried passage from the direction of the daisies. That clump of weeds and bushes beside the daisies—that was the possible hiding place of the mystery. It must be She heard a faint answer, and it ing place of the mystery. It must be explored at once. Maggie got safely out of the hole and ran at full speed out of the hole and ran at full speed back along the way that she had late-ly come. As she ran she heard another voice; Sue had come back and was calling to her from the word. calling to her from the woods.

calling to her from the woods.

"Here I am! Here! Come quick all of you." Crying out these words at the top of her voice, Maggie plunged out of sight into the hoart of the clump of bushes. Sue had heard her answer and came running out of the woods, followed by two men. The two men were old and decrepit, past their working prime: but they wara two men were old and decrept, past had, the old man came again to the bort of plan for the work that had to their working prime; but they were to pof the chimney.

The only ones that Sue had been able to find. The others were all away at the work and went out into the their work in the mines.

The three new comers stopped and looked about the field for Maggie. Her voice had sounded near, but now "Where in the world can she have

gone to?" Sue cried in amazement. "I thought she was right here!" At that instant they were all startled by hearing Maggie's voice again. It sounded farther away this time, and was different from the clear, ringing cry that they that they had first heard. "That's Maggie," said Sue, "but she sounds underground?"

"An 'good reason she have." Parket

she sounds underground?"
"An' good reason she have," Reuben
Jossup remarked solemnly. "For she
is underground. David, it's my belief

as the two childers has somehow fell into the old mine hereabouts."
"But she was right here only a min-uto ago," Sue urged, in great alarm.
"How could she fall into a mine just

"How could sae fall into a mine just in a minute, that way?"

"Reuben's right," said David.
"Ther's pits an' ther's cave-ins an' ther's the chimney. The chimney's the likeliest place ch, Reuben?"

"She couldn't fall into a chimney it than the chimney. without climbing up to the top of it first, and she hasn't had time for that. And besides, there isn't any chimney

anywhere about here."
"Just the shaft o' the old mine, child," Reuben explained. "Men fell to calling it the chimney after tramps set fire to timbers in the idle workin's an' the smoke rose from the shaft days and nights. Where would the chimney be, David? I've lost my bearin's through all the changes that has come over the place."

The two old men began to compare

recollections, and to recall one landmark after another in the effort to

The words came with startling force and clearness from somewhere in the chimney, and they seemed not to come from the bottom of it. The voice was Maggie's, and it was strong and in good condition.

"Just bring the ladder from our house, that's all you need," Maggie went on. "The timbers and planks have fallen in and lodged crosswise, so as to make a sort of platform down here. We're so far down that we can't climb out without help, that's all. Neither of us is hurt a bit. Hurry with the ladder, please, for we don't find it pleasant here!"

"If the ladder will serve, then we'll waste no time with ladders."

This was slow croaking old Reuben. He seemed to have grown young and

He seemed to have grown young and active within the minute.

He seemed to have grown young and active within the minute.

"Lay yourself down just there, David," he commanded. "Put one arm about the end o' that timber for steadiness, an' hold hold fast to me with the other hand. So, I recollect now the lay o' these timbers after they fell down the chimney. An'you, lass," to Sue, "you stand by to take the baby from my hand when I lift her up there."

Holding fast by the hand of his old friend, the miner went slowly down into the darkness of the pit. A misstep as he put his foot now on one and then on another of the fallen timbers, would have meant grave disaster to all of them; but there was no misstep.

of them; but there was no misstep.
And there was no locsening of the withered hand that held him. For the rescue of the two imperiled children, the two old men were strong again with the strength of their respectives. They know as Margin payer. prime. They knew, as Maggie never knew, what peril there was in every moment on that rickety platform of

Happily, as Maggie had said, the Happity, as Maggie had said, the platform was not for down. In a few minutes old Reuben climbed a little way up again, and delivered little Polly into the outstretched hands of Polly into the outstretched hands of waiting Sue. Next he leaned far down and caught the upreaching arms of Maggie. He pulled her up to the timber he stood upon and from there she nimbly made her way to safety without further help.

Not too soon. Younger hands were needed now for what had to be done. David's old hand was trembling pitfully, and Reuben's weight was heavier

David's old annul was remaining pur-fully, and Reuben's weight was heavier upon it than it had been. Maggie and Sue caught the hand of Reuben and pulled with all their strength. Very slowly, and with feet that had lost all the firm confidence they so recently had, the old man came again to the

rest. "It took but little time to prove

that a mistake," David remarked, as he sat down beside him.

And the children sat with them and held their hands until the old men were able to totter home.—Philadel-

A Remarkable Indiana Family. Isaac Martz contributes an article

o the New Arcadia in which he give some history of a remarkable family He and Moses Martz are twin brothers eighty-three years old. They were born May 27, 1812, in Pickaway County, Ohio. They married twin sisters, Levina and Tabitha McCarmick, who were born near Conners-ville, Ind., in 1816, also on the 27th day of the month. They were mar-ried on the 27th day of November, 1834, and each brother reared a fam-ily of twelve children, there being seven boys and five girls in each fam-ily. There were but four days dif-ference between the birth of their first children and six days between the last

Knew What He Didn't Want.

Charley went out to an afternoon party the other day, says the Boston Record. His mother had enjoined on him to be very polite. She went with him, and all the mothers of the other boys were interested in the success of their sons. The cake was passed to Charley.
"Will you have some cake, Char-

'No," was his short and prompt

esponse.
"No what?" said Charley's mother.
"No cake," replied he, quickly.

The Largest Check Ever Drawn. It is said that the largest check was drawn on the Cape of Good Hope Bank on July 18, 1889, in settlement of the amalgamation of the Kimberley demond mines. It was for £5,333,650, or about \$25,000,000.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

he Ideal and the Real-A Fashion able Physician-Likely to Win-Anti-Paradoxical, Etc., Etc. Anti-Paradoxicai, Etc., 284.
Years and years he spent at college, Filling up his head with knowledge, Learning Hebrew, Latin, Greek, Growing wiser week by week, But one thing he did not learn—How his daily bread to earn.
Now his time he does employ Hunting for a job, poor boy.
—Kansas City Journal,

OBVIOUSLY TRUE. He—"They say there's no end to Mrs. De Smyth's jewelry."
She—"I guess that's true—she has two rings and a bracelet."—Chicago

Ho-"Will you be my wife?"
She-"Oh, this is such a surprise!"
He---"I can't help that. It isn't my
fault that you've never heard anything
like it before."---Life.

A FASHIONABLE PHYSICIAN. Carson-"What makes Dr. Crum ner so popular?" Volses—"He considers laziness

voises—"He considers laziness a disease and treats it with palatable medicines and European trips."—Puck.

Dime Museum Manager—"Want a pesition here, eh? Huh! What are you remarkable for?"
Hungry Tramp—"Td like to take part in an eatin" match."—New York Weekly.

Farmer Hayrake—''Did your son learn anything at college?''
Farmer Oatstraw—''Yes; I gave him a hammer to mend the barn with, and be threw it so far I hain't been able to

ANTI-PARADOXICAL.

Frizzer—"That young Doctor Few-calls is a remarkably patient man, isn't Sizzer—"For a person who has no patients at all, he is."—Browning, King & Co.'s Magazine.

Mr. Citiman (who has brought his family to board at a farm house for the summer, as he comes down stairs af-ter his arrival)—"But I am usually never asked to pay my board in al-vance. Are you afraid to trust me?" Mr. Medders—"No, but the store-keepers round here be 'fraid to trust me."—Puck.

HIS INVESTMENT. "Mister," said the man with the suspicious side glance, "can you tell me where the nearest trolley road is?" "Certainly," was the reply. "For a dollar and a half I ought to be able to ride about three dozen times, oughtn't I?"

"Well, I guess that'll do. Some-thing is bound to happen within that

space of time."
"You look like a kind-hearted man, and I'll take you into my confidence. All I've got is an accident insurance policy, and this dollar and a half. My once chance is to cash that policy, and, as there hasn't been a smash-up of any kind for several days, I feel purty sure that I'm due to draw a dividend."—Washington Star.

"Good gracious," roared the policeman, springing upstairs three steps at a jump and dashing with uplifted truncheon into the photographer's

studio, "what are you fighting about up here? Are you all in this row?"
Grandpa and Uncle John and Aunt Sarah and pa and ma and Cousin Bessie and young Mr. Thinlegs, her young man, and the two cousins from Birmingham and Uncle Charley and grandma, all looked kind of silly and were quiet, but the photographer said:

"Oh that's all in the photographer and the said is the said is the photographer and the said is t

"Oh, that's all right, officer, there's no row; we're just trying to keep the baby quiet while we take its picture, bless it."

Exit policeman. Chorus—Ram, bang, smash, jingle, whistle, crash, slam, toot te toot, bang, bang, smash! Picture is taken. —Tit-Bits.

SHE KNEW THE DIFFERENCE.

When he came around to the back of the house he found one lone woman shelling peas on the door-step—no other person in sight; no dog. Clearly, this was a time to act boldly.

"Madam," he said, "I don't look it, but I could fed an ox with one blow."

"My goodness!" she exclaimed;
"you must be quite a blower—I

"My goodness!" she exclaimed
"you must be quite a blower—
mean, you must be quite a feiler."
"I'm a whirlwind, woman!"
"Is pose you are sometimes blowin
in one quarter, an I sometimes an
other." she remarkal without an

"Is pose you are sometimes blowin' in one quarter, an I sometimes another," she remarked, without apparent agitation; "but I don't think you'll find any quarters around here to blow in, nor any nickels, nor any hot coffee. No," she continued: "I know the difference between a whirlwind and a nasty little fresh breeze from the fertilizer factory, and I'd a little rather you'd move along. I'm afraid somethin' ill blow off from you into these peas."

He thought he'd made a mistako and mumbled that he meant nothing by what he'd said, and so forth; but she remarked emphatically that she by what he'd said, and so forth; but she remarked emphatically that she meant nothing by what she'd said, too; and, as he walked toward the street, she might possibly have been shelling peas a little faster than be-fore, but not much.—Puck. "JAPAN AS A MARKET FOR US."

The New York Herald of recent date

The New York Herald of recent date had a two-column illustrated article with the above heading. Out of the entire forty-one inches of space occupied, exactly two inches, less than five per cent. of the whole, is devoted to the subject of "Japan as a Market for Us." We quote this portion of the article as follows:

"Throughout the dinner the conversation turned mainly upon the desire of Japanese merchants and business men to not only increase the traffic between Japan and the United States, but to make, if possible, Japan a better customer of the United States. All present admitted that our country was not only the best friend sentimentally that Japan had, but the best friend commercially. Every gentleman who could speak English convoyed to me personally his appreciation of the just and fair course of the Herald toward Japan, and the advantage it was to have in the United States a journal so influential to advocate Japan's interests. Some of them expressed the hope that the Herald would advocate a policy that would enable our manufacturers to place their goods in Japanese markets in competition with the manufactures of Europe, and which would open up our cotton field especially to the Japanese manufacturers."

The foregoing impression of Colonel Cookerill's, it would appear, was ar-

Japanese manufacturers."
The foregoing impression of Colonel Cockerill's, it would appear, was arrived at after dinner when he had been the recipient of a banquet accorded him by some Japanese ladies and gentlemen. Before the dinner the gallant Colonel was presented with a souvenir which he describes as a "rare beauty." We should mention that the "rare beauty" was not a Japanese

beauty." We should mention that the "rare beauty" was not a Japanese maiden, as some of the Colonel's friends might perhaps imagine.

We await with interest, in a subsequent letter, the details and particulars that will show how the Policy of Idiocy advocated by the Herald "would enable our manufacturers to place their goods in the Japanese markets." Let us have something more than two inches of balderdash, so that the next article may be worthy of its caption. of its caption.

During eleven months of the last fiscal year, up to May 31, 1895, we imported almost \$1,500,000 worth of crude feathers and downs. Under the McKinley tariff a protection of 50 per cent. ad valorem was accorded to American feathers and downs. The free trade slaughterers abolished this protection, placing crude feathers and protection, placing crude feathers and downs upon the free list.

The largest goose growing State in this country is Missouri, where Sena-tor Vest comes from. In Missouri two French breeds of geese, known as the Emden and Toulouse. the Emden and Toulouse, have been imported and improved upon. The States of Kentucky and Tennessee are the two next largest producers, and the three best markets for goose feathers are at St. Louis, Nashville and Louisyille, these three cities receiving and distributing fully two-thirds of all our domestic goose feathers that are grown in the United States.

The protection given to this South-

The protection given to this South-ern industry under the McKinley tariff largely stimulated an increase in the number of geese, but not even the boss free trade gander, Senator Vest, raised his voice for protection to a Southern industry, but he was content to pluck the last feather from the goose that lays so many golden aggs for his fellow citizens in his own State.

Their Bad Memory.

While the free trade papers jubilate over the restorations voluntarily made in the wage schedules of some factories, they invariably forget to state that such increase does not make the such increase doe that such increase does not make the rate of pay now received by the wage earners equivalent to their earnings in 1892. Another point to which they fail to refer is that, where wages have been advanced it is very often the been advanced, it is very often the case that such an advance was made case that such an advance was made to far fewer people than were employed in 1892. A firm may then have been employing 500 hands, and even if the same rate of wages should now be paid it is often the case that only 350 hands are employed. What then has become of the other 1591 Has some other industry made such marked progress under tariff reform as to be able to absorb these idlers? If so, why have not the free trade editors recorded the fact? It is most likely that the 150 have either left the likely that the 150 have either left the likely that the 150 have either left the country or are tramping around still looking for that job which they had before they voted for President Cleveland and tariff reform.

An exchange tells of a man out in the western part of the State who went into his cow stable the other night and mash in a box full of sawdist listerated for hear. The cow merely supposed the hard times were the cause of the economy, meekly ate her supper, and the man never discovered his mistake until the next morning, when he milked the cow and she let down half a callon of turnentine, a quart of shoe a gallon of turpentine, a quart of shoe pegs and a bundle of lath.—Middle-burgh (N. Y.) News.

Free Trade in Eggs.

Free frace in Eggs.

Free oggs are of a great assistance to the British farmers. The imports of eggs into the United Kingdom during 1894 were worth \$15,426,118. With a protective tariff upon eggs most of this money would have been retained in the British Islee instead of heing sent to Farman Belling and the Paraga Characa Ch being sent to France, Germany, gium, Denmark and Russia.

FREE WOOL'S WORK.

MANUFACTURER PREDICTS A SERIOUS STOPPAGE OF MACHINERY.

English Correspondent's Statistics Confirm the Gloomy Fore-boding—Free Wool Gives No Protection to Labor in the Mills —Foreign Factories Reap a Great Harvest.

An illustration of the manner in An illustration of the manner in which American woolen manufacturers are faring with free wool, we have been advised by a manufacturer at Franklin, Mass, that "had I thought Grover would have allowed such a bill (the Gorman tariff) to become law, I would have stopped and retired. There is nothing in the business today for the worsted maker."

This manufacturer was in receipt.

There is nothing in the business today for the worsted maker."

This manufacturer was in receipt,
July 22, of a letter from Bradford,
accompanied by samples of serge and
fancy worsteds. The serge is sold in
grease from the loom by the manufacturer at twenty-eight cents per
yard. It is woven, burled and sewn
and ready to dye. It is sixty-four
inches wide. The American manufacturer cannot buy yarn, or stock,
necessary to make similar goods and
place it in his loom at the same price,
twenty-eight cents per yard, at which
the Bradford serge is sold, the stock
alone costing here thirty-five cents;
yet the Bradford manufacturer can
buy his yarn, weave it, sell it at
twenty-eight cents per yard and figure out a profit. The same is the
case with fancy worsteds, selling at
fifty-one cents by the Bradford
maker.

As we have free wool and the English manufacturers have free wool, the
mills in both countries can start upon
nearly the same footing as far as their
raw material is concerned. What,
then, is the difference? It is in the
labor of spinning and manufacturing,
which in weaving is 112 per cent.
higher in the United States than in
Bradford.

This simply confirms the argument
of protectionists that the bulk of the

Bradford.

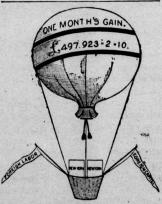
This simply confirms the argument of protectionists that the bulk of the cost, in this case fully ninety per cent., of a manufactured article is the labor employed in making it. Free wool affords no protection to American labor in the woolen mills.

Our Franklin correspondent states that one importing house has sold for a Bradford firm, this season, to the extent of 10,000 pieces of fine worsted cloth at \$1 a yard, and he anticipates that "in less than eighteen months"

that "in less than eighteen months there will be more machinery stopped than in 1893, unless the tariff is advanced.'

vanced."
Confirming this opinion of the manufacturer at Franklin, we append, without any comment, a letter received from a correspondent at Bradford, England:

"Bradford, July 13, 1895.
"The great manufacturing districts "The great manufacturing districts of Yorkshire, but more especially Bradford, are full steam ahead. Work is plentiful, competition is keen, wages low. That may seem to be a paradox to some readers of the Economist, but it is nevertheless so and must continue. On every hand, our merchant princes and the press claim, as one of our leading daily papers said last week, that our manufacturers as one of our leading daily papers said last week, that our manufacturers have taken your market by storm. Whether that be so or not I will leave your readers to settle, but it does appear to me that when I consider the amount of exports that are leaving these shores destined to your market, the English operators must be receiving a fair share of patronage, which patronage your own operators and patronage your own operators and employed have a just right to de-mand. The few returns which I have



FOREIGN IMPORTS ARE RAPIDLY RISING. reflection in all those who have the reflection in all those who have the power to think, and especially among your own responsible parties. The following are the increased shipments when compared with the corresponding month of July, 1894:

Bradford. 2995,331 12 7
Glasgow. 36,563 3 17
Sheffield. 41,916 6 1
Leeds. 49,169 6 5
Manchester. 85,737 13 6

£497.923

"The exports from Bradford alone during the half year reached £2,169,265 12s. 9d. more than during the same period in 1894. Further remarks just now are needless. Consider these figures soberly and rationally. My sketch speaks loudly the fact that foreign imports are rapidly rising. How long is this to continue?"

Richest State in Proportion to Size. Rhode Island, in proportion to size opulation, is among the richest of the o nonwealths, being assessed at \$252,536,