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NO. 1.

The "scramble for Africa" goes steadily on among the European Powers.

Arizona is looming up as a honey-producing Territory. The shipments this season will, it is estimated, be not less than 123 tons.

The remarkable growth of business is steadily illustrated by the activity of the railroads, especially in the South, West and Southwest sections.

Chief Justice Fuller, of the United States Supreme Court, said the other day in the course of an interview: "If we want to live to a green old age we should stay in harness. The dry rot of aimlessness eats out existence."

France reports 213 centenarians, all except sixty-six being women. They are generally ahead in the tables of longevity, a fact sometimes explained, the New York Tribune states, by the superior tranquility of their lives, but this does not hold good in the case of the women of France.

By act of the Legislature of the State of Ohio a clay-workers' school has been established in the Ohio State University, where the chemistry, mechanism and manual work of everything connected with clay industries is taught. Professor Orton is the director of this school.

Two more slabs of stone inscribed with words and music have been found in the Treasury of the Athenians at Delphi by the French. By using some of the fragments previously discovered, a second Hymn to Apollo, with its notes, has been put together. The date is after the conquest of Greece by the Romans. The Greeks seem to have used twenty-one notes in their musical notation, where modern musicians use only twelve.

A congregation in Kansas seems to have found a new way of raising funds for their church work, relates the New York Independent. They have agreed to sow 160 acres of land with wheat, and, after deducting a certain sum for rent, devote the rest to paying church expenses. The members furnish teams, plows, laborers and seed, and expect to be able to provide preaching for every Sabbath from the proceeds.

It is claimed that the first trolley line ever operated in America was opened at Richmond, Va., in February, 1888. "Since then," says a writer in the Engineering Magazine, "there have been put in operation in England, France, Germany, Italy and the United States not less than 700 electric railways, covering 7000 miles." This is a good beginning, but it is only a beginning. The capital already invested in such roads is likely to be doubled in the next twelve months, predicts the New York World.

The number of the pioneer missionaries of the early part of this century is fast diminishing, observes the New York Independent. One of the latest to go is the venerable Dr. Dean, who sailed for Siam among the early Baptist missionaries in 1834. He labored for many years at Bangkok and afterward at Hongkong, then again at Bangkok until 1884, when he returned to his native land. Dr. Dean gave much attention to translation both of the Bible and other books, and to the writing of commentaries. Notwithstanding his more than fourscore years, he has been well until within a few weeks, when he suffered an accident at the age of eighty-eight. This was more serious than had been a younger man; and he died at San Diego, Cal.

The Bureau of Animal Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture has, for the last five or six years, been experimenting upon the connection between ticks and the Texan cattle fever. In the blood of cattle affected by this disease there is an infusorian which quickly destroys the red blood-corpuscles, and the same infusorian has also been detected in the body of the tick. It has been repeatedly transferred from diseased animals to healthy ones by means of the tick. The presence of this infusorian is regarded as diagnostic of the disease, and, adds a writer in Nature, the effect of its corpuscle-destroying powers is seen all over the body, as well as in the red-colored urine, giving the name of "red-water" to the disease. The "lumping-ill" or "trembling," of the north of Britain, has been traced by some directly to the presence of ticks upon the sheep; and the same may be said of a disease called "heart water" at the Cape of Good Hope. It is quite possible that certain other obscure cattle diseases in different parts of the world are caused by ticks.

**HOPE.**  
We sailed and sailed upon the desert sea,  
Where for whole days we alone seemed to be.  
At last we saw a dim, vague line arise  
Between the lonely billows and the skies.  
That grew and grew until it wore the shape  
Of cove and inlet, promontory and cape;  
Then hills and valleys, rivers, fields and woods,  
Steeples and roofs, and village neighbor-hoods.  
And then I thought, "Some time I shall embark  
Upon a sea more desert and more dark  
Than ever this was, and between the skies  
And lonely billows I shall see arise  
Another world out of that waste and lapse,  
Like yonder land. Perhaps--perhaps--  
perhaps!"  
--W. D. Howells, in Harper's Magazine.

### ABBIE COLEMAN'S NEPHEW

ABBIE COLEMAN was strangely destitute of kith or kin. So far as she knew there was only one person in the world whose veins ran red with enough genuine Coleman blood to entitle him to be called a relative of hers, and that was a half-uncle of her father's, who had long since passed the three score and ten and who was still fighting daily battles with his chronic aches and pains for the sole reason that Providence had never seen fit to let him die.

On the morning when she was thirty-two Miss Coleman thought sorrowfully of the unnumbered plagues that had swept away her kith, and more than one tear rolled off the end of her nose and plashed in the cup of lukewarm tea that stood on the table before her. She finally swallowed the last drop of the concoction of Oolong and waters of Marah, at the same time drying her eyes with the corner of her white linen handkerchief, that she might make sure of the identity of the messenger boy who came slowly up the walk and round the corner of the house to the door of the dining room, which occupied the front portion of the north L.

He had a telegram for Miss Abbie. That worthy lady had learned to look upon telegraphic communications as the most potent disturbers of the public peace that were allowed unbridled circulation throughout the land; perhaps she had well grounded reasons for so regarding them when it was taken in consideration that every one she had ever received had notified her of the death of another Coleman. So that day she let the yellow envelope lie on the table where the boy had put it and eyed it suspiciously for several minutes after he had gone. Consoling herself at last, however, with the thought that there was only one more Coleman to die except herself, she opened it and read:

"Dear Aunt--Will arrive at 10.30 over the Wabash road. Your loving nephew,  
"TOM COLEMAN."  
She pinched herself as she had been wont to do in childhood days to assure herself that she was not dreaming and then she read it again. A second reading necessitated a second pinching. That reviving process having been brought to a satisfactory termination, she called in the man-of-all-work, who was trimming rose bushes just outside the window and proceeded to lay the matter before him, in the hope that both brains in conjunction might evolve some plausible solution of the strange message.

"John," she said, holding the telegram out for inspection, "I have just heard from my nephew Tom."  
John laid down his pruning knife, which he had unwittingly carried into the house, and removed his hat.  
"Have you, ma'am?" he said quietly.  
"Yes," she returned, "he will be here this morning at half-past ten."  
John shifted his hat quickly from one hand to another and looked at Miss Abbie wondering.  
"I didn't know you had such a thing as a nephew," he said at length, his curiosity getting the best of him.  
"I've been here fifteen years come next month and during that time I have seen everybody die out that was any known relation to you. Where's he from?"  
Miss Abbie gave vent to her emotion in a shrill little laugh.

"You know as much about him as I do, John," she said, confidentially.  
"I never heard of him before in my life. Of course, I have no nephew, never did have a nephew and never can have a nephew, but what am I to do? There is no other Abbie Coleman within fifty miles of here, so, of course, the telegram is meant for me. In some way this young fellow has gathered up a scrap of my history, and the only way I can get even is to investigate his pedigree in return. Anyway, it will be a comfort to shake hands with a young man who has for a time supposed himself to be my bona-fide relative. Let the rose bushes alone this morning, John, and get ready to drive down to the station and meet him."

The 10.30 train over the Wabash road was three minutes ahead of time that day and when Miss Coleman's man, who was five minutes later than he had intended to be, drove up to the unpainted wooden station, the only persons left in sight were the station master and a middle-aged gentleman, who seemed to be harassing that crusty official with numerous unwelcome questions about the topography of the country thereabouts and the means of reaching any desired destination.  
"There's Miss Coleman's man now," said the station master, locking the door and throwing the mail sack

across his shoulder. "He can tell you whatever you want to know," he called back, as he started down the road toward the village, "and maybe give you a lift in the bargain."  
John drew the horses up beside the platform, where the stranger sat, leaning against the wall of the station, and clambered out of the wagon.  
"Are you Mr. Tom Coleman?" he asked, producing the telegram as he would a letter of introduction and handing it to the other as an evidence of good faith on his part.  
The man took off his hat, brushed back his grayish-brown hair and nodded. Then, as if fearing that that silent acknowledgment of his identity was insufficient demonstration, he added:  
"Yes, I am. Who are you?"

"I'm the general manager of Miss Abbie's place," John answered, with a touch of resentment at the brusqueness of the speaker. "She sent me down to meet you. Are you ready?"  
For answer the gentleman climbed up to the seat beside the driver, and twenty minutes later he followed John up the path to the hall door; it was as a grave dignified exponent of an old-school politeness that he met Miss Abbie on the threshold.  
"My dear aunt," he said, taking both her hands in his and drawing her toward him. "I am glad to see you. Can you honestly say as much?"

That dainty little woman's lonely heart was filled to overflowing with the joy of having some one who called himself by the family name come into her life and greet her affectionately, and her ever-ready tears trickled down on his strong white hand.  
"Ah," she cried, forgetting that she had no nephew, never did have a nephew and never could have a nephew. "You are welcome, indeed. I am more than glad to see you."  
At dinner, when Tom Coleman sat opposite his new found aunt, he had an opportunity to study her minutely.

"Do you know, Aunt Abbie," he said, ruefully, "it makes me feel like an overgrown schoolboy to address you so. I had you all pictured in my mind. You were to be at least fifteen years my senior, and I am forty. Yet here I find you still in the thirties, and as pretty and fresh looking as a girl in her teens. I can't account for it. Had I not already known that you were much younger than my father, and only a half-sister, I would think I had made a mistake and got switched off on a side track somewhere."

Miss Abbie's face flushed and she was on the point of making a confession of her poverty-stricken condition, so far as blood relations were concerned, but the delusion of fancying herself communing with some one bound to her by ties of nature was sweet and she hugged it to her heart and let the mistake drift on for future reparation.

"There are many things I want to know about my father's family," he said to her that evening, "and you, of course, are the one I look to to straighten out the tangle of circumstances that has been vexing me for several months. When are you ready that each of us should turn biographer?"  
"Not yet," she said, hastily. "If there are any unpleasant and unanswerable questions troubling you put them aside and let things take their own course for a time. We will consider them by-and-by."

"I bow to your superior judgment, my dear aunt," he said, with mock humility. "When, in your opinion, the proper time has arrived, let me know."  
It was two weeks before he broached the subject again.  
"I ought to go away to-morrow or the next day," he commenced abruptly one evening, when they sat on the steps watching John at work among the rose bushes, "and before I leave I think it only just that you enlighten me on the family history in general. But perhaps I ask that you will consider it a point of honor that I take the initiative and tell you what I know of my father after his family lost sight of him. I should have done this in the beginning, but you will remember that my attempts to lead up to any such a conversation were discouraged by you."

He paused.  
"Yes," she murmured, "I remember. Go on."  
"I have but little to tell, and I shall say that without any attempts at rhetorical embellishment. I was born in the far West. When I was less than a year old my father died. My mother lived but a short time after that and I was brought up--if bringing up you could call it--by her people, who had moved to a neighboring town the year before. From somebody, I presume it was my father, I had inherited considerable independence and ambition, and as soon as I was old enough I commenced to try to make for myself a way in the world. How far I have succeeded you can perhaps judge the best and most impartial judge. It was only within the last few years that I have entertained any active interest in my father's family. One day I asked an old woman who had been my mother's nearest neighbor and closest friend if she had ever heard either of my parents, anything about his life before he came west, and she told me that just previous to his death he had spoken to his mother of a Judge in St. Louis to which she could write if she ever found necessary or expected to make any inquiries about his past. There was but little hope that the Judge was living, so if he could be found, but relying on that slight bit of information, I set to work. Strange to say, he was still well known in St. Louis, although he had retired from active life. All he could tell me was that my father had lived in the southern part of this State; that he had been well-to-do and had run away from

home when only a boy. His father married again after several years and they had issued a daughter named Abbie. I followed up branch after branch of the Coleman family, but nowhere could I find a woman with such a phenomenon. At last I heard of you and straightway started to see you. Guided by some strange and perhaps unparadoxical impulse I telegraphed you the news of my expected arrival without taking time to notify you in a more formal manner of my existence and discovery of your whereabouts. So here I am, your wayward nephew, ready to atone, so far as it is possible, for my own transgressions, a nose of my fathers."

John had finished his work, and for several minutes after Tom ceased talking they looked out in silence over the garden of rose bushes and the fruit orchards beyond.  
"I thank you for your confidence," she said at length, catching her breath between words, as if choking with some sudden emotion. "You have made a mistake. I knew it from the first, but for my own sake I did not like to deceive you. My father and mother both died when quite young, as did my two little brothers. I never had a relative who could possibly have been connected in any way with your people. I knew it when your telegram came, but I told John we would find out who you really were. Then after you came it seemed very hard to set the matter straight. You see, I have been so lonely sometimes," she said in a tone of self-justification, "and you cannot know what a comfort it was to me even to claim a relationship with some one who only fancied I was his aunt. I am very sorry I let you drift on and on in your false impression so long. Of course, I saw it would all have to come out some time. Pray forgive me."

"My dear aunt," he said with a laugh, "for so I shall continue to call you in spite of the absurdity of the title when applied to you by me, I cannot blame you. I should not have plunged into the matter headfirst as I did. In spite of the mistake, I do not see why our relationship should be counted a thing of the past. I shall leave to-morrow, but it is necessary that I stay away a few days. 'Certainly not,' she answered. 'You will always be welcome.' His interests demanded his presence in many places and John was trimming the rose bushes the next summer when he came again.

"I found out the truth of the case during my absence," he explained, when he again brought up the old subject of their relationship. My father's sister Abbie died when only a little child. The same scythe that has laid your own house low seems to have reaped a rich harvest in mine as well. We are the only Coleman left in which either of us has any interest. Do you think it well that we should spend our lives apart?"  
She looked at John, who was toiling patiently over a refractory trailing rose bush, and then she glanced up at him.  
"I don't know," she said, naively.  
"How can it be helped?"  
He laughed again.  
"By marrying your loving nephew, Tom," was the prompt reply.--Chicago News.

**A Human Autograph Album.**  
A singular medical freak has been exhibited before the Cleveland (Ohio) Medical Society. The subject, whose name is Brokaw, and who works in a steel mill, is twenty-four years of age and finely developed physically. He went to Dr. Aldrich a few days ago to have his lungs examined, and as the physician tapped and hammered on his brawny chest he presently noticed that little elevations and ridges were appearing everywhere he struck.  
Amazement succeeded interest as the doctor discovered in a few minutes that the man's whole breast was swollen and angry looking. He was informed that that condition had long existed and that the effects of irritation on the skin in like manner lasted sometimes for hours. When the patient was placed on an exhibition before the society a letter, which had been impressed upon his arm during the afternoon, was still visible.  
Some of the physicians experimented with match sticks until the man's back was a veritable autograph album in embossed letters. Brokaw said he was in perfect health and that this peculiar sensitiveness caused him a slight burning. Letters and words written upon him during the time the society was in session appeared with distinctness when he retired from the room.--Philadelphia Record.

**Wanted to Steal Cars of Steel Rails.**  
A Chicago man undertook to steal eight car loads of steel rails, which were stacked up at Grand Island, Neb. He chartered the cars and began to load the rails in the night, but the station agent soon found what was going on, and the game was up. If the man had succeeded in getting the rails away from Grand Island he would have had an elephant on his hands, for he never could have found a purchaser, and would have certainly been caught. Such things are too easy to trace. One can hardly believe that Chicago has such a fool.--New Orleans Picayune.

**Stone Sawing.**  
Did you know that stone can be cut with a saw, and marble, too? The saws look very like the big saws used in steam saw mills, but are heavier. Perhaps when you know that it takes one hour to cut through eight inches of stone you will realize what a hard substance it is. A man in Philadelphia has invented a saw which recently cut through a stone ten feet long and two feet thick in forty-five minutes, so that a great gain has been made in stone sawing.--The Outlook.

### THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

**Strayed--A Veteran--The Mother of Invention--Misunderstood--Possibility of Roosters, Etc., Etc.**  
Mery had a little lamb,  
It followed her each day,  
Till Mary put the bloomers on,  
And then it ran away.  
--Louisiana Times.

**A VETERAN.**  
"Lawyer--"The cross-examination didn't seem to worry you a little bit. Have you had any previous experience?"  
Client--"Six children."--Brooklyn Life.

**THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.**  
"What ye be pullin' off the pig's tail for, Mandy?"  
"Well, you see the diener horn's broke, and my voice ain't strong enough to reach where the hands are, so I hit on this idea."--Harper's Bazar.

**MISUNDERSTOOD.**  
Boarder (suspiciously)--"There is no foreign substance in this coffee, is there?"  
Landlady--"Um--er--well, I'm afraid there is, sir. The spoon in it is a souvenir from India, I believe."--Detroit Free Press.

**POSSIBILITY OF ROOSTERS.**  
At the gardeners':  
Lady--"What are these little green plants?"  
Gardener--"Eggplants, m'm."  
Lady--"Well, now, if I should buy some and set them out are you sure they'll lay?"--Chicago Record.

**HIS DEEP-SEATED TROUBLE.**  
"Doctor, kin yer prescribe for a sick feller for nothin'?"  
"What's the matter with you?"  
"Indigestion."  
"Overeating?"  
"Naw; nothin' in me stumick to digest!"--Chicago Record.

**THOSE SENSELESS QUESTIONS.**  
"Whose funeral is that?"  
"Charley Hookersmith's."  
"What! Is Charley dead?"  
"Oh, no! It is his twin brother who is dead, but as Charley is a bachelor and his brother has a wife and four small children, Charley prevailed upon them to bury him in his brother's stead."--New York World.

**NOT A BOMBARDMENT.**  
Kissam--"Has her papa ever fired you?"  
Higgins--"He has never resorted to bombardment. His tactics are more in the nature of a passive blockade."  
"How is that?"  
"When I call to see his daughter, he remains in the parlor during the whole of the interview."--Detroit Free Press.

**WOMAN'S PEERS.**  
The new woman prisoner looked over the jury of gentlemen in the box.  
"May it please the court," she said with great hauteur, "I desire to be tried by a jury of my peers."  
"That is impossible, madam, I am sorry to say," replied the gallant judge. "This court hasn't the power to summons angels to serve on juries."--Detroit Free Press.

**HE COULD BE TRUSTED.**  
"Do you think, sir," said the girl's mother, "that you have the patience and forbearance to be a kind husband?"  
"Madam," replied the young man, in earnest tones, "I can put a fourteen and a half stand-up collar on a number fifteen shirt without saying a single strong word."  
And she consented to the match at once.--Household Words.

**ONE OF THE UNITED STATES.**  
Miss Upid--"How many States are there, Mr. Jester?"  
Mr. Jester--"Forty-four, I think, without counting matrimony."  
Miss St. Upid--"Matrimony?"  
Mr. Jester--"Yes; it's one of the united states, you know."  
Miss St. Upid--"No, no, I didn't know, but they've admitted so many lately that I never can remember all their names."--Harper's Bazar.

**IT STOOD THE TEST.**  
A public writer had a partition wall fixed up in his study, and ordered the carpenter to make it in such a way that no sound could penetrate through it.  
"The best thing will be to fill it in with shavings," said the man, and set to work.  
When he had finished his employer went and stood on one side of the partition and called out to the man, who was on the other side:  
"Do you hear me, Jantke?"  
"No, sir!" was the prompt reply.

**MR. BIGGS'S ACCUSTOMED AWAKENING.**  
"How do you manage to wake up so early every morning?" inquired Biggs of his friend Biggs, who goes to work at 6.  
"Alarm clock," replied Biggs.  
"I have one, too, but I never hear it go off."  
"I never hear mine, either," declared Biggs.  
"Then how in the world do you wake up?"  
"My wife wakes me up every morning saying: 'For goodness' sake, get up and stop the alarm on that clock! It will arouse the neighborhood.' By the time I am awake it has stopped."--San Francisco Post.

### CAPTURING THE MARKETS OF THE WORLD.



### THEORY SMASHER.

**FACTS OF TRADE DISPROVE DEMOCRATIC ASSERTIONS.**

Larger Imports Consist Entirely of Goods We Can Manufacture--Fewer Goods in Crude Condition to Help Home Industry--Decrease in Our Purchasing Power.

Comparing the 1895 year's imports, during which the Gorman tariff was in force for ten months, with the full twelve months' imports of 1892 and 1893, the Gorman tariff imports are in some cases larger than those for 1892, and in other instances larger than the imports for 1893, and sometimes greater than the figures given for both of these two McKinley protection years. When considering the effect of the present lower tariff, it should be remembered that in 1892 and early in 1893 the bulk of the people were far more prosperous than they are to-day and consequently were better able to pay for the luxury of foreign goods. Now the lower tariff permits the larger quantities of imports at such low prices as enable keen competition with our own manufacturers and interference with their business in our home market, the people not being able to afford to purchase so many articles of voluntary use and luxury as they did in 1892 and 1893.

This fact is very evident from a comparison of such imports as follows:

Imports of Articles of Voluntary Use, Luxuries, Etc.	1892	1893	1895
Value	\$104,764,252	\$125,865,541	\$93,255,736

During the year just ended, to June 30, 1895, we bought over \$11,500,000 worth less of articles of voluntary use, luxuries, etc., than in 1892, and \$32,600,000 less than in 1893.

Turning next to our imports of articles manufactured and ready for consumption, articles that enter directly into competition with the products of our own factories, we find that we bought \$5,300,000 worth more in 1895 than in 1893, an increase of 2.33 per cent. of all imports, while the increase was 2.97 per cent. over the 1892 figures.

If we look at those imports of articles in a crude condition, or which were wholly or partly manufactured for use in our mechanic arts, we find that in both cases they were less in 1895 than in 1893 and 1892, the exact figures being:

In crude condition in 1892, \$204,093,995; for use in mechanic arts in 1892, \$83,206,471; in crude condition in 1893, \$226,711,939; for use in mechanic arts in 1893, \$98,753,902; in crude condition in 1895, \$191,119,810; for use in mechanic arts in 1895, \$73,656,655.
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In 1895 we imported nearly \$13,000,000 worth less of articles in a crude condition than we did in 1892 and \$35,000,000 worth less than in 1893. Of articles for use in the mechanic arts we imported to the extent of \$9,550,000 less in 1895 than in 1892 and over \$25,000,000 less than in 1893. These values show that the Gorman tariff has been a hindrance to our manufacturers in supplying them with an abundance of cheap raw or partly finished material, and it has been a hindrance to them in supplying the demands of the home market because our imports of articles, manufactured and ready for consumption, have been of greater value even than they were in 1892, when our ability to purchase them was so much greater.

**May Yet Succeed.**  
The last change in the law was evidently intended to lift woolen goods out of the range of politics by completely annihilating the domestic industries.--Textile Manufacturers' Journal.

**Protection for Cotton.**  
One of the New England cotton mills has not used a pound of American cotton within two years. It is not surprising that our cotton planters are beginning to bestir themselves for protection.

