LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1895.

NO. 3.

The most densely populated district in the world is said to be sanitary district A, in the Tenth Ward of New

VOL. XIV.

A New York company expects to bring out shortly an "automobile," or self-running carriage, adapted to American roads. These horseless vehicles make a speed of about fifteen miles an hour on a good road.

At the end of the Civil War the Government had 671 ships in its navy, with 7600 officers. Of the officers only one-seventh had been educated by the Government, and only 277 of the ships were Government built.

China used last year 17,000,000 yards of American cloth less than her usual consumption. It is thought that the war with Japan caused the falling off, which meant quite a series loss to a considerable number of American workers.

The desert of Sahara is not all a desert. In 1892, more than nine millions of sheep wintered in the Algerian Sahara, paying a duty of \$352,000. These sheep were worth \$4 apiece, or in all \$35,000,000. The Sahara nourishes also 2,000,000 goats and 260,000 camels, paying a duty of \$200,000. In the oases palms, citrons and apricots abound; there are cultivated also onions, pirentos and various leguminous vegetables. The oases contain 1,500,000 date palms, on which the duty is \$112,000. The product of a date tree varies from \$1.60 to \$3.20; these of the desert give about 15,000, 000 a year.

Minnesota papers speak with pride of the results achieved by the Girls' School of Agriculture in that State, said to be the only one in the country. It has been established for some time and has sent young women into the world who will be valuable aids to the farmers lucky enough to win their educated hearts and hands. The students receive instruction in cooking, canning, sewing, dairying, fruit and flower culture, household chemistry and entomology, certainly good sub jects for farmers' daughters and farmers' wives to know thoroughly. The example of Minnesota in this regard would be a good one for other States

According to the Pathfinder New York is pluming herself on some recent reports of her postoffice business as compared to that of Chicago The recipts of the New York office for the last quarter of the fiscal year were \$1,526,000, while Chicago's for the same time were only \$1,176,000. This, it is argued, proves the greater magnitude of the great Eastern met tropolis as a business center, leaving numbers of inhabitants out of consideration. But it is also pointed out that Chicago's figures include her whole business neighborhood or basin, while New York's leave out Brooklyn, Jersey City, etc. New York mer chants, too, draw from the country at large over a million dollars annually in stamps for goods. These stamps are used instead of so many bought a the local postoffice.

Officers and others interested in the Army have been expressing their views in the columns of the papers and mag azines devotee to defensive branche of the Government, on "Why Don't They Enlist?" and "Why They Don't Enlist." The former question recognizes that there are a large number o unemployed who would make good soldiers and who would in the Army be a great deal better off in the matter of a comfortable place to sleep, and as to quantity and quality of food to eat clothes to wear. Besides, at the end of each month they would have dozen or more dollars in pocket. But they don't enlist; at least, those who offer to serve Uncle Sam. "Why They Don't Enlist" gives the true reason for men not enlisting." It says that the soldier is not thought well enough vice are too likely to call them rogues drunkards, etc., and that the enliste man is too often required to do too much with the axe, pick and shovel in building earthworks and making Another complains that particular. An instance is cited when, recently, 200 applicants were exam ined in Chicago and only four of the number were accepted. These were for the infantry. One athletic young feilow was rejected because he had "hammer-toes." That is, his toes re-sembled the claws of a hammer, and he was not deemed capable of marching and carrying a knapsack. He offered to go into the cavalry, and because his offer was declined he concluded that the Army only wanted the IF YOU WERE HERE

If you were here, the changing se Now gold or green, now purple Now winsome blue at smiling noon— And fading pale at eve too soon— Would prove a fairy palace, where My thoughts a million gems would wear To celebrate their joy.

Meandering now hard by the sea, Avoiding, claiming, risking sheer, Now hiding in a woodland drear, Would be a magic lane, whose end

Would golden gifts and rubies lend To lure us constantly.

That stretches long and dark and still The white sand girding all the land, T'affright the steps of pirate band— Would be a mystic shore, where we Would search the key of things to be, And find it at our will.

Queen regnant of the fitful tide, Who gilds the crest of every wave, Proclaiming it her loving slave, Would fill the sea from brim to brim Forgetful of her ebbing whim; And here our bark would ride

And all the shells along the strand Would empty out their sea-song lore Upon the flying evening gale; And both should push our silken sail Far off to a sweet-scented land. Where we would wander, hand to hand,

Nor part for evermor

ANN TOD'S LOVERS.



Treddennac Church struck noon, Noah Capel and Thomas Bullasy laid down their brushes and ing their way up the narrow path to the Three Pilchards, sat

the bench at the there in the sun on the bench at the edge of the cliff garden, and ate their pasties in wide-eyed silence, looking away across the water, with brains inactive and mastication slow. And in such manner, indeed, might they have sat until the dinner hour was over had not a movement on the beach below caucht Noah Capel's eye and enticed caught Noah Capel's eye and enticed his mind towards mundane matters. This having occurred, he stared for This having occurred, he stared for many moments at the cause of his awakening; then he chuckled heavily once or twice, and, arranging the corner of his pasty in the side of his cheek, made way for speech.

"That's Peter Tod's maid down poddling about them boats," he volunteered in food-muffled tones.

"Aw," drawled Thomas Bullasy, "is 'er 'ome agen?"

er 'ome agen?"

"Iss, an' a fine handful, too. Peter

"as, an a nine handin, too. Feter won't get her to chapel more'n 'er's a mind to, I'm thinkin'."

"There was always a sight of divilment in that there gurl," quoth Thomas Bullasy slowly, "but 'er's got a purty face."

Thomas Bullasy slowly, "but 'er's got a purty face."

Together the youths looked down upon the girl in question; and truly Ann Tod was good to look upon, either because, or in spite of, the devilment which lay-in her eye. Her face was short and round; her eyes were golden brown, and but lazily opened; her cheeks were warmed by the sun, and her nose freckled by that same power; her head was a mop of dark brown curls, and her blue frock well became her very shapely form.

curls, and her blue frock well became her very shapely form.

As she passed slowly inland, under the shadow of the cliff, and out of their sight, the youths shifted a trifle on their bench and looked at one another.

"Tis a brave-lookin' maid, sure enough," decided Thomas Bullasy again; "I've a mind to do a bit of courtin' in that quarter."

"Aw," grinned Noah Capel, "you'm too late, my dear soul, I'm a-goin' to do a bit that way myself."

Then Thomas Bullasy opened his big ox-eyes in wonderment. "Why, law me, how long's the maid been 'ome?"

"Comed last night."

"You began yer courtin' pretty slippy then."
"Well, I 'aven' begun yet, as you
might say; but I'd a-made up my
mind."

"Aw, well then," declared Thoma Bullasy, "I'm so good a chap as you; let the best man win." But Noah Capel seemed not wholly

pleased with the arrangement. "You'd never a-seen her if I 'adn' a-pointed her out," he grumbled. "It was Thomas Bullasy who chuck-

led now. "But I 'ave a-seen her 'aven't !? Eff you con cut me out, do

it."
'I don't see no 'cashun to grizzle
like a great.bufflehead even if you are
goint keepin' company with a giglet
like Aun Tod," declared Noah Capel,

like Ann Ted, "declared Noau Capel, with some warmth.

Thomas Bullasy's grin died slowly from the corners of his mouth.

"Well," he said at last, "I don't want no ballywragging bout the matter; us'll toss fer the maid, an' settle

it fair."
Noah Capel still looked glum, bu after some slow thought he decided that the chance was worth the taking, so he took it; and Thomas Bullasy, drawing a penny from his far corner of his fustiau pocket, heaved it in the

of his fustian pocket, heaved it in the air.

There were full five minutes spent in a vain seeking for the coin; then the gamblers slowly rose again, their faces toward the sea; then they sat down suddenly, with fallen jaws; and then they strove to smile. Just below them, on a ledge of the cliff, sat Ann Tod, her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands; and how long she had been sitting there was a question uncomfortably uncertain in the

for moments they sat there staring ... the girl, and the girl at them; then he, being more clear of conscience, and therefore self-possessed, spoke

If you were here, the wilful road,

The thickly wooded island there,

If you were here, the crescent moon,

Sarah Stirling McEnery, in Harper's Baza

"I wouldn't try agen," said Ann Tod, soberly; "a penny's a penny, an' there's no use wastin money 'bout the matter."

matter."
Then she ceased being sober, and smiled up at them with allurement in her half-closed eyes.
"I'll settle it," she declared; "you come long with me," and her smile was indeed so alluring, and her mood so convincing, that they rose without protest and followed her down the cliff.

When they had reached the water's

When they had reached the water's edge they began to wonder as to their future; but there was no manner of hesitation about Ann Tod.

"Get in the little boat," she murmured coaxingly, and they did so.

"Tis nigh I o'clock," chuckled Thomas Bullasy aside to Noah Capel;
"not much time to spare."

Thomas Bullasy aside to Noah Capel;
"not much time to spare."
But Ncah Capel was smiling in broad contentment as he watched'Ann Tod; and she, smiling also guilelessly, made fast the little boat to the stern of the ferry-boat, and, springing into the latter, grasped the oars.
"Now, I tell'ee," she said, as she pulled away from shore with her two swains well in tow, "whichever of 'ee wants me most by the time us gets'ome agen, shall have me. An' that's plain enuff; isn't it?"
"Us won't agree upon the matter,"

"Us won't agree upon the matter,"
they protested, chivalrously. But
Ann Tod laughed softly and shook her

curly head. It was Tredennack dinner hour when they left Tredennack Beach, so there were no witnesses of their departure, and they were well out upon the face of the river before the clock in Tredennack church tower sent its clanging notes across the water to tell

A half-nervous smile lay on the A nair-nervous semie tay on the faces of Noah Capel and Thomas Bul-lasy as they heard it, and they grew uncomfortable upon their plank. "That's work time," ventured Noah

"That's work time, ventured Noin Capel, with a giggle.
"Law, now, is it?" remarked Ann Tod calmly, as she looked away at the tower meditatively.
"Us ought'er be back," ventured

"Us ought'er be back," ventured Thomas Bullasy.
"This is better'n work, don't 'ee consider?" queried Ann Tod, turning her sleepy, smiling eyes full on him.
"Better'n work," Thomas affirmed, with half-dazed appreciation. "But—us—ought'er be back."
They were nearing the other side by this time, and as Aun Tod looked up at the sloping gardens there was more

this time, and as Ann Tod looked up at the sloping gardens there was more in her eyes than the sleepy smile with which she had looked on Thomas Bullasy; mayhap it was the devilment he had remembered earlier in the day.

And in these gardens sloping to the river, where the water lapped the thick stone walls and left them green and slimy to the measure of the tide stood matrons with babies in their arms, old grandfathers smoking after-

stood matrons with babies in their arms, old grandfathers smoking after-dinner pipes, youths netting, maids coquetting, children playing in the sun. And as the boats came alongside Ann Tod's arm slackened stroke, and jerking her head toward the lovers in her wake she called upward to the groups:

There's no time for the considerin' of such things on dry land."

And then she threw back her head and showed her broad, white teeth, and laughed and laughed, a most infectious laugh. Then the idlers in the gardens leaned upon their walls, and gazing upon the boats as they drifted slowly by, sent back words of rare appreciation. And Noah Capel and Thomas Bullasy sat and chafed upon the seat, and regretted the artistic prominence of empty hands and the over-brilliance of blusbing cheeks, as they endeavored to swallow back the mortification which rose in their throats, and grinned sheepishly the blaze of ruthlessly critics.

All along by the houses/

the blaze of rathlessly critics
All along by the houses'
with the stream, and whe
treble-voiced children also realized
that there was humor in the scene
shrill shouts of derision added to their
elders' broad guffaws.
All this Noah Capel and Thomas
Bullasy bore awhile with feeble
smiles about their lips, but the weight
of the part they were called upon to

of the part they were called upon to play grew irksome to them, and they fretted under the burden of the com-

edy. "Us'll go back now, eff you please," marked Nosh Capel severely.
But Ann Todd only smiled upon

him.
"Eff you'll let me take them oars,"
"I'll be suggested Thomas Bullasy, gettin' back to work."

gettin' back to work."

"Law, now! I wouldn't for worlds,"
declared Ann Tod. "I do love a
good long ride on the water."

"Then I'm blest eft I don't cut this
'ero 'tarnal rope!" cried Noah Capel,
roused into aggression by the sight of
the nearing quay, with its knots of
idlers.

idlers.
"Where'd you be then, my dear?"
queried Ann Tod.

queried Ann Tod.

And truly Nosh could not have answered her with any definiteness, for the ways of the waters are uncertain.

The sulky faces of the lovers, towed all helpless and protesting, their fingers idle and their cheeks aflame, were yet more droll than their sheepish smiles had been, and Ann Tod seemed to find them so, for, as they neared the quay, her whole-lunged laugh rang

asked, calmly.

There was silence again for a full

out upon the air, until the idlers ceased their gossp, the chaffers ceased arguing, and looked upon the boats as they drifted idly by.

"We'm out fer a holiday," called Ann Tod; "my sweethearts are decidin' which wants to 'ave me most."

"'Aw, you little imp!" burst forth Thomas Bullasy, "will'ee let me land, or won't 'ee?"

"'Won't 'ee,'" gibed Ann Tod.
"Ee's a bit shy, is that one at the left," she called up again to her andience on the quay; "'ee dot rike bein' looked at. Will 'ee be so good as to turn yer 'eads while we'm passin'?" minute, and then Thomas Bullasy gig-gled; and then he trusted to the humor of the situation and answered boldly: "Nuther of us; us'll try again,

And the audience opened its mouth without reserve, and shouted at the entertainment.

entertainment.

"I'll get 'ome some'ow," declared Thomas Bullasy, goaded to fury by the prominence thus thrust upon him. "Won't 'ee get out an' walk?" Suggested Ann Tod, sweetly.

"I'd like to have the handlin of year are," funed Carel.

your ears," fumed Capel.
"An' to think I 'put 'ee in anuther boat?" deplored Ann Tod.

"Will 'ee take me back?" roared

"Will 'ee take me back?" roared Noah Capel.
"Bless yer 'eart, I'm a-doin' of it all the time," cooed Ann Tod, "but 'tis a brave way round."
"Aw, you little imp?" cried Thomas Bullasy again, variety of expression failing him in his wrath, "I'd like to have my foot on land; I'd let 'ee know."

ng in have my loot on land; I'd let 'ee know."

"Iss, my dear; I thought you'd 'ave made up yer mind by time us got 'ome," agreed Ann Tod. And then she grasped her oars again and rowed out toward the sea; and the lovers sat inactive in the little boat as it bobbed over the wayes, and sickened of the sight of water.

It had been scarce one o'clock when Ann Tod left Tredennack beach, it was nearly seven when she pulled toward the shore once more, and the sun was growing ruddy, and the waters touched with fire. On their voyage they had passed by many habitations, and great was the wealth of badinage which had floated out to greet them.

Now, as they drew near land at last, it Now, as they drew near land at last, it was borne in upon the fuming youths that here also lounged another audi-ence; and the wrath within their

hearts grew fiercer. hearts grow fiercer.

Then from the shore there came a fire of fierce upbraidings, and Ann Tod recognized the voice of Peter, her father. At first the words were indistinguishable; but Peter Tod, being wont to "make prayer" at chapel, could hurl a word as far as most

"Gurl! gurl!" he thundered, as he shook his fist at Ann Tod's straining shoulders, "must a second Titus come upon this earth to teach young whimmen to be sober and home-keeping? Suchlike transgressions should be set to rights by the rod, an' such brazenfaced iniquity with stripes. There's that lumberin' great hoss-ferry bin across that there bit of water fourteen times fer fifteen blessed humans, mostly infants, in less than half a dozen hours."

But Ann Tod only laughed again guite settly.

quite softly.

"All this blessed afternoon have I been a wastin' space with that great floatin' cattle shed, till my back's nigh broken; while you, child of unreason-

"Law, father, I am a bit weary in "Law, father, I am a bit weary in well-doin' myself," confessed Ann Tol as her boat grounded on the beach, "fer I've a-bin pull'n' round this old ark of yours for nigh 'pon six hours on

a erran' of mercy."

Then she tittered in the very teeth jerking her head toward the lovers in her wake she called upward to the groups:

"What do 'ee think of my sweethearts? They's come for a bit of a boatride for to see which loves me. There's no time for the considerin' of and they "haw-hawed" in sympathy.

"What've 'ee bin up to, Ann Tod?"

her sides and grinned.
"We've bin decidin' of matters,"
quoth Ann Tod. "Decidin', av 'ee? You've took yer

time bout it, I mus' say. An' what've 'ee bin a-decidin' of?
"They two young chaps was powerful disturbed in their minds' bout which was more set on courtin' me; so us went out on the water to think it over quiet-like. 'Ave'ee made up yer minds, do 'ee think?" she called to the lovers as they bobbed upon the

"You young vixen!" answered Thomas Bullasy, goaded into strong

language.

"I pity the chap what goes a-courtin' you," volunteered Noah Capel,
stung to incivilty."

"You can tell 'en that yerself, Mis-

"You can tell 'en that yerself, Mister Capel, laughed Ann Tod, "Ier 'ee's a-comin' all the way from Plymouth town to take no out come Sunday." And, blowing a resounding kiss from her trembling fingers, she turned from the water's edge and abandoned herself to the reasonable wrath of her size.

"Mister Luckey was nt aware as "Mister Luckoy was'nt aware as you was a-needin' of a sea voyage fer yer 'ealth," called a grinning youth from the shore to the frowning youths in the boat; "'ee was wisht to think as you was forced to leave a-caulkin' of the vessel; an' 'ee said as 'ow 'ee was afcered you was too fraygile fer such as 'ee."

But when the chuckling crowd had chuckled sufficiently they pulled the chafing cavaliers to land, and offered sympathy which mortified. Noah Capel and Thomas Bullasy however, were in no mood to appreciate the excellent virtue of consolation; they preferred to go home to tea.

virtue of consolation; they preferred to go home to tea.
"Ole Peter's got 'is 'ands full with

Sweetheart, the day is done. Sweetheart, the day is done,
And in the amber west.
The shallop moon her port has won,
By twilight breezes pressed;
And faint through the sky rings a tender

cry, Sweetheart, in the fading light,

While the night winds sigh as they linger by---Sweeth art, good night!

Sweetheart, 'tis night's high noon, And through the blue sky's are The stars drift down to the harbored moon In the western portal dark; And low in your ear I whisper near

Sweetheart, do you hear aright? As with answering sigh you make reply, Sweetheart, good night!

Sweetheart, the short night goes, The daylight comes apace,

And high in the east the morning blows, A flower like your face. The lark's cry rings and the linnet sings,

Sweetheart, good night!

-Winthrop Packard, in Munsey's Magazine

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

There is a charming elasticity about a girl of eighteen springs.—Texas Siftings.

The cold ham is far more welcome to the unlucky than the "cold shoulder".—Puck

The burden of one man is a bag of gold, while the burden of another is an empty pocketbook.—Dallas News.

Go to the sea, athletic one, Nerves, health and strength to reach; For sand and grit you'll find galore And mussels on the beach.

She (Ireamily)—"Only fancy—a month from to-day we shall be married." He (absently)—"Well, let's be happy while we can."—Illustrate 1

"It is the hand that cradles the rocks," erooned Old Bullion, gloating over the contents of his strong box, "that moves the world."—Chicago The new woman may not be able to

sharpen her own lead-pencil, but she has the paragrapher on the jump just now keeping a point on his.—Yonkers Dagget-"I wonder what's the mat

ter with Growium to-day?" Nagget

"Why, is he sick?" Dagget—No;
he seems to be all right to-day." he seems to be an able to Boston Courier.

Though I take medicine at night To give mea by appetite,
I'd rather have take any day,
To take my appetite away.

P.

Bighead—"They say a man should never look a gift horse in the mouth." Wisely—"That is very true. He knows nothing of its habits and it might bite him."—Trutb.

"Heve a good time at the lecture?" "Naw, didn't amount to shucks. His subject was 'Ancient Greece' and he never once mentioned the price of pork."—Dausville Breeze. Optician (to his new clerk) - "Now

Optician (to his new clerk) — "Now, in sending out those price lists write the addresses as small as possible, so that those reading them may feel how badly they need glasses." — Tit-Bits. Said Jones: "I think the Indian Who follows out his bent Would make a good detective, for He's always on the cent."

Ready and Willing: He-"Will 'Certainly. you marry me?" She—"Certainly."
He—"Thanks. I was afraid you were
going to say it was too sudden." She
—"It couldn't be."—Washington

Piano Tuner—"Good day, madam; came to tune your piano." Pianist I came to tune your piano." Pianist

—"But I did not send for you."
Piano Tuner—"I krow, but your next
door neighbor did."—Memphis Scim-

A correspondent asks-"What should a bow-legged man do?" This is a hard question to answer, but when he hasn't got anything else to do he should be whooping for wider styles in trousers.—Texas Siftings.

"I wonder," said a young lady,
"why Hymen is always represented as
"torch?" To which her carrying a torch?" To which her bachelor uncle sneeringly responded: "To indicate that he always makes it warm for people who marry."—Tit-Bits.

Bits.
"Of course," said the practical girl,
"there is such a thing as love at
sight." "I'm so glad to hear you say
it," replied her romantic friend.
"Yes—but I'd always advise giving it
at least thirty days to settle, just the
same."—Washington Star.

Elsie—"Yes, dear, my husband is a doctor, and a lovely fellow, but he is awfully absent-minded." Ada—"Indeed!" Elsie—"Only fancy! During the marriage ceremony, when he gave me the ring, he felt my pulse and asked me to put out my tongue." Ada—"Well he won't do the latter again." -Tit-Bits.

Steinitz, the chess player, some in the most crowded thoroughfare. It is related of him that on one occasion he caused such an obstruction that a policeman told him to move on. "Excuse me," replied the champion absently, "but it is your move."—Argo-

The commonest name in the new British Parliament is Wilson. No fewer than eight gentlemen of that name have secured election to St. Stephen's. The task of distinguish-

CAPTURING THE MARKETS OF THE WORLD.



"PLACID OLD FOGIES."

FREE TRADE COBDEN CLUBITES MEET IN LONDON.

Regard Labor Unions as "Dangerous" to Their Low Wage Ideas— Believe in the Free Sale of For-eign Prison-Made Goods.

At the last general annual meeting of the members of the Cobden Club, which was held in London August 17, Lord Farrer seems to have been spokesman of the day and he noted with satisfaction an approach to free trade in the Australian Colonies and the United States. At the same time, however, Lord Farrer found it necessary to "strongly advise all free traders to keep a careful watch upon Lord Salisbury's doings," as he "wished to have protective duties upon foreign manufactures in order the better to fight the foreign tariffs." At the last general annual meeting

fight the foreign tariffs."
We are not surprised to find Lord
Farrer regarding trade unions as "danrearrer regarding trade unions as "dan-gerous," because they always must be in free trade countries where the sole desire of the manufacturers is to de-press the value of labor and make men, women and children work for the lowest possible wages. A tendency was noted in England among the workmingmen to "stop foreign importation," and when this tendency was united with that "of capitalistic producers to try and get protection for themselves there was no knowing what mischief

might have been the consequence."

From one who regards trade unions as "dangerous" it is but natural to find From one who regards trade unions as "dangerous" it is but natural to find an opinion favorable to the free use and importation of goods made by prison labor in other countries, Lord Farrer saying that "the stoppage of the sale of prison-made goods was wrong—economically, socially and morally." The free trade branch of the Cobden Club, which has its head-quarters at the Tariff Reform Club in New York, has not yet dared to go as far as Lord Farrer in advocating the free importation and sale in this country of goods made in foreign prisons. A Radical member of the Cobden Club, Mr. J. S. Leadam, urged "that the free membership of the club should be maintained so that they might protect a ministry favorably disposed toward free trade against the assaults of their own misguided fallacies." While the Cobden Club greeted approvingly [Hear! Hear!] this suggestion of protection for an administration "favorably disposed toward free trade," there was not one word said in favor of protection for Eng.

free trade," there was not one word said in favor of protection for Eng-lish industries or English wage-

earners. The suggestion that the club should adopt and support the principle of bi-metalism was frowned down by the chairman, "as it might lead to differ-ences in the club." It was evidently thought advisible to leave the money question in the hands of the American branch of the Cobden Club, the Tariff Reform Institute at New York.

Editorial criticism from the Man-chester Courier indicates that the free traders are hard up in England as well as in Naw York traders are hard up in England as well as in New York. "They are unable to maintain their publications, as "a question of funds prevents them." The same trouble exists here, but "the placid old fogies" of the Tariff Reform Free Trade Club appealed to the protectionists for funds to aid them in the dissemination of their destructive literature in this country. We are very sorry to say that many We are very sorry to say that many protectionists have unwittingly aided their enemy.

Plucking the Eagle.

The cable letters from London tell how the Englishmen are making much of Americans this year. They can afford to on the bond deal alone, to say nothing of the great revival of British manufacturing and trade consequent upon the passage of the Gorman-Wilson bill. Englishmen would be ungrateful dogs not to coddle the innocenta they pluck.—Salt Lake (Utah) Tribune.

One of the cuckoo organs stepped to the little door and with flapping wings shouted: "The great corn crop will make good old-fashioned Demo-cratic times." Indeed, and did it al-

Lesson of a Democratic Farmer.

A prominent farmer from Western New York was, four years ago, an uncompromising free trade Democrat. I told him at that time that if the country should be so unfortunate as to elect a President and Congress in favor of a low tariff or free trade, he would get an object lesson that would convince him of the injurious effects of such a policy, especially upon for-

convince him of the injurious effects of such a policy, especially upon farmers. During the past two years this gentleman has had the object lesson, and it has made of him a good Republican. He informs me now that he has voted his last Democratic ticket. He says that in 1892 he had a flock of about 165 sheep, which were worth from \$3 to \$3.50 a head. He sold his wool at that time for from 35 to 45 wool at that time for from 35 to 45 cents a pound, depending upon the grade. Since the election of Cleveland the price of both wool and sheep has gradually gone down until now his wool is in a storehouse in Philadelphia and 15 cents is the highest price offered for the best grades while delphia and 15 cents is the highest price offered for the best grades, while he has just sold the poorest of it for 13 cents a pound. Three years ago the dogs in the town where he lived killed about fifty of his sheep and the town paid him \$3 a head for those destroyed. This summer he has sold quite a large number of sheep at 60 cents a head. He sold the pick out of his flock for \$1.50 to \$1.70 a head, a year and half ago. He has now re-

of his flock for \$1.50 to \$1.70 a head, a year and half ago. He has now reduced his flock to forty sheep and would like to dispose of these if he could get any decent price for them. Three years ago he sold spring lambs at from \$4\$ to \$6\$ a head, and this season he sold the very best for \$1.25 a head. He said, "it is very true that I can buy a suit of clothes cheaper now than I could three years ago, but if I could get the price for wool and sheep that I got at that time I would be willing to pay two or three times as much for a suit of clothes rather than to buy them at present prices."

prices."

He does not attribute the deprecia-He does not attribute the depreciation in prices of farm products to the demonetizing of silver, but to the lowering of duties and the destruction of confidence that has resulted from the election of Cleveland and the carrying out of the Democratic policy on the tariff question. He knows of hundreds of Democrats in his section who say they will never vote the Democratic ticket again. The town in which he lives for years gave a very large Democratic majority, but last fall and the fall before it was carried by the Republicans, and this last

spring the Republicans had 136 majority in the town.

If all the farmers of the United States could realize the injury done their industry, by tariff tinkering, the country will be in a much better con-dition after the next Presidential campaign than it has been since Cleve-land went into the White House in E. P. M.

That "Banner Day,"

Carried away by its free trade en-Carried away by its free trade enthusiasm, the New York World said recently: "Yesterday was the banner day of the Custom House. The entries for customs were 1519 and the receipts were \$438,265.95. No day in the history of the customs at New York, under the McKinley bill, approached these receipts within \$50,003."

As for ourselves, we would much As for ourselves, we would made rather hear of "banner days" at Ameri-can factories, on which more goods would be made and more wages paid than ever before. There is something absurd in this boasting of the influx of

absurd in this boasting of the influx of foreign goods at a time when many worthy people are out of work and many more are working for low wages. The McKinley bill can stand the implied sneer in the above paragraph. It did not destroy foreign commerce as its opponents held it would, but it held in check foreign imports that competed with home industries. It was not framed to create a "banner day" at the Custom House.

Preparing to Shut Down.

Machinery is better employed to-day than it is likely to be two months from now, and the fact that the mills are fairly busy now, is misleading to the average man, who points to it as a favorable condition.—Textile Manu-facturers' Journal.

A House of Paper.

Atlanta has a house built entirely of paper,
coundations, chimneys and ail.