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Fifty-four members of the new House of Commons, about one in twelve, have written books.

London has decided to convert into parks and playgrounds for children the 173 disused graveyards in that city.

They have found out in California that peach stones burn as well as coal and give out more heat. They sell at the rate of \$3 a ton.

Secretary Morton shows that Great Britain is our best customer. Our export trade to England alone is greater than with all the rest of the world put together.

Perhaps the new woman is responsible for the falling off in marriages in England. For the first quarter of this year only 10.6 persons in 1000 married, which is the lowest rate on record.

There are one thousand secret orders in New York City, remarks the Observer, and they have not a single woman member, and three hundred churches, the membership of which is three-fourths women.

More than 100 canning factories have been started in North Carolina this year, and hereafter there will probably be a great increase in the number of factories with each recurring fruit season throughout the whole South.

In casting about for a suitable title with which to characterize the passing century, it is not improbable, suggests the New York Telegram, that the "Age of Speed" will be found to be the most comprehensive. A glance at the news of the day shows, in addition to fast yachts, the trial trip of the fastest express train that has ever been run in America, a meeting of the three fastest four-year-olds that have ever run on the American track, the training of the fastest amateur sprinters for the international athletic contest, the fastest cable message ever handled by any of the cable companies, and the attempt of the St. Louis, one of the fastest of the ocean greyhounds, to break her own record.

Toronto, Canada, seems, to Harper's Weekly, to be one of the most regulated cities in the civilized world. Sunday is kept there like a suit of best clothes. There are no Sunday newspapers; the street cars don't run; nothing goes on except interest. Even the tides in Lake Ontario omit to ebb and flow on the Lord's Day. On week days you can ride on the Toronto street cars for four cents a ride, and if you are going to school you can ride at half rate, no matter how old you are or how big. The street railways pay the city a just rent for their franchises, and the resulting revenue is very large and saves taxes. Nevertheless, it is asserted from time to time that Toronto is losing in population. The good people don't care, for they say they would rather live in a good city than in a big one, but covetous persons who do business or own real estate in Toronto grumble, and say the town is too good to succeed.

The Chicago Times-Herald observes: "Albert Bach, who suggested before the medico-legal congress that physicians should have the right to destroy the life of a person afflicted with an incurable disease and suffering intensely from it, is not the first to advance the proposition. The subject, repulsive as it is to the imagination, has been discussed by more radical European scientists, who would also dispose of the congenitally insane and persons deformed from birth and liable to protracted pain. Their suggestions have never amounted to anything more than a temporary sensation. It may be conceded that in a few cases, such as acute mania or hydrophobia, where the patient is suffering from a pitiless malady without hope of relief short of death, the physician has taken the responsibility of ending the agony by administering an overdose of opiate. It is well known that during the war surgeons sometimes gave the coup de grace to tortured victims of battle. But what a responsibility these well-intending practitioners take! What an unholy function to gain the name of philanthropy or science! If the practice is common or if physicians generally approve of it they keep knowledge and approval to themselves. Their offense is murder under all laws, human and Divine. The sanctity of life is paramount to every other consideration, and it would be indeed deplorable if the right to slay and fear not should be delegated to any class of men, either by law or by common consent."

SWEET PATIENCE.

Oh, trifling tasks so often done, Yet ever to be done anew! Oh, cares which come with every sun, Morn after morn, the long years through! We shrink beneath their paltry sway— The irksome calls of every day.

THE MISSING WITNESS.

HAD just taken possession of the worst room in Diggs's tavern—I was a young lawyer on my first circuit, and Diggs kept his best accommodations for the old stagers—when the words, "I say, Bill," and Tom Mansfield burst upon me at the same instant. Tom and I had been cronies from the time we committed our first juvenile trespass on Deacon Broxley's watermelon patch till we afterward studied the action of that name together in Judge Thompson's office. "I say, Bill, I've got a case, and want your assistance."

John Andrews when he found his house had been robbed of its chief treasure. His first impulse was pursuit. It was night when he set out. Mr. Andrews's horse stumbled, precipitating his rider to the ground and falling heavily upon him. He was taken up insensible, and carried to the nearest house. A physician was called, who pronounced the injuries of a most serious character.

As soon as consciousness returned he dispatched a messenger for a nephew of his, a lawyer of not very good repute, residing in a neighboring town. The Jackson, the nephew, arrived, he was left alone with his uncle at the latter's request. At the end of an hour the doctor was summoned and requested by Mr. Andrews to note his signature to a paper, to which he then affixed his name, declaring it to be his will.

On his nephew's suggestion that another witness was requisite, Mr. Andrews named MacPherson, a Scotchman, and requested the doctor to send him in. MacPherson, it seems, had been sent on some errand; but as soon as he returned the doctor communicated Mr. Andrews's message, and went himself to attend a sick call in the neighborhood, not deeming his presence there immediately necessary.

When he came back he was astonished to find his patient dead. By the will, which was published some days after his death, the entirety of his property was devised to his nephew, who had attended him in his last illness. Everything was in due form. True, MacPherson, one of the witnesses, pursuant to a previous intention, had sailed for Scotland shortly after the funeral, and was not present before the Judge of Probate. But his handwriting was proved, and the evidence of the remaining witness was quite satisfactory.

Poor Effie's grief, when she received the intelligence of her father's death, was too profound to be deepened by the news of her own disinheritance. Under all the circumstances, one would have thought that the young husband would have been unremitting in tenderness and sympathy toward his sorrowing bride, who had sacrificed so much for his sake. And so he would, had he loved her, but he did not.

The fact is, his whole heart and soul and mind were occupied with a previous attachment—not for another; the farthest possible from that—its object was himself. This affection, which was of the most ardent description, had met with a blighting disappointment in his wife's loss of fortune; and with her unceasing grief and continued self-accusation—she offered no reproaches to him—he had but little patience, and soon gave her to understand as much.

At length he was found dead in his bed one morning, after a night of carousal. Effie's cousin, instead of making any provision for her whose rights he had most unrighteously supplanted, left her wholly dependent on others, and had she not found a home in the house of an old friend of her father, she might have gone shelterless.

Tom Mansfield, who had casually made the acquaintance of the young widow, became warmly interested in her cause, and, guided probably more by sympathy than judgment, had commenced an action to contest the will. And this was the case in which he wished my assistance.

We sat up nearly all night in consultation. There was a point which we both thought a "beautiful" one, and we devoted our principal efforts to strengthening it. Ours was the first case on in the morning. Arrayed against us were three of the oldest and ablest practitioners of the circuit. Jackson had plenty of money now, and was himself no fool in "putting up" a case. I felt not a little nervous. It was my first case of any importance.

My courage revived a little when our client came in, escorted by Tom, who introduced me as his associate, and handed her to a seat near our table. Almost immediately the trial began. The evidence varied but little from the facts already detailed. The attending physician was very decided in his opinion that the testator, at the time of signing the paper in question, was in the full possession of his mental faculties.

The signature of the absent witness was sworn to by Mr. Jackson himself, who further testified that the deceased had requested MacPherson to witness the instrument, at the same time declaring it to be his will. At Tom's instance I subjected this witness to a searching cross-examination, but he stood fire like a salamander. He swore that the testator had not only dictated every line of the will, but had heard it read, and had twice read it over himself, before executing it. I gave him up in despair.

At length the evidence closed, and I rose to present our point of a motion to direct a verdict for the contestant, on the ground that the witnesses had not subscribed in the presence of each other. I was about to address arguments and authorities, when the judge interposed: "The rule you claim undoubtedly was the law, and should be so still, but a statute has changed it. The witnesses need not now sign in each other's presence."

A hasty examination proved his Honor was right, and our main point was done for. To our great relief the court adjourned for dinner. We were to sum up in the afternoon. That task, on our side, was assigned to me, but I felt it was hopeless. It was determined, however, to take what satisfaction I

could out of Jackson by abusing him as roundly as the rules of the court would allow. And, after all, who could tell? The jury might take the bit in their mouth, and give us a verdict in spite of the law and evidence. Responsibility becomes amazingly light when divided by twelve. On the reassembling of court I was a little surprised as well as annoyed at Tom's absence. Could it be he was leaving me in the lurch, and staying away to avoid the mortification of our final defeat?

I had just risen to address the jury, when somebody plucked me by the coat. It was Tom, his eyes fairly gleaming and his whole frame in a tremor of excitement. "What's the matter?" I whispered. "MacPherson's here."

"What! the other witness?" "Yes; just arrived." "But will it help us to call him?" "Trust me for that. Put him on the stand at once." "What shall I ask him?" "No matter; you can't go far wrong; if you miss anything I'll prompt you."

In a few words I explained to the court our reasons for wishing to re-examine the testimony. Jackson turned pale, and whispered to his counsel, but they shook their heads; our application was one that would be granted, of course. "Call your witness," said the judge. "Donald MacPherson!" shouted Tom.

The witness, a brawny Scot, advanced to the stand and was sworn. "Mr. MacPherson, look at that signature and tell us if it is yours," I said. "It is."

"Do you know the signature to the right of it?" "Yes; that's the signature of Mr. Andrews."

"Did you see him write it?" "No; but I am well acquainted with his hand." "Were you requested to witness that paper?" "Yes."

"By whom?" "By Mr. Jackson." "Did Mr. Andrews say nothing about it?" "No; he was dead when I came in."

There was no cross-examination. "I submit the case without argument," I said, resuming my seat. Our senior opponent was one of those lawyers with whom it is a matter of conscience to show fight to the last. In a brief speech he admitted it to be essential that both the witnesses should have signed their names before the testator's death, but claimed that, inasmuch as the testimony of Jackson and MacPherson was in direct conflict on this question, it must be left to the jury.

"Certainly," answered his Honor. But when he had concluded his charge there wasn't much of Mr. Jackson or his testimony left. The jury gave us a verdict without leaving their box. Tom, I am sorry to say, behaved very unhandisomely in the division of the spoils.

Although I was liberally paid, he took the widow and her whole fortune for his share.—New York News.

A Case of Identification. A prominent uptown man tells the following story on himself. He says: "I was in Chicago a short time ago, and knowing that I would receive through the Post Office a money order within the next day or two, I went around to the Postoffice to identify myself to them in advance. 'I am expecting a money order to the amount of—' I said to the clerk in that division, 'and my name is—' I showed him some letters addressed to me from other parts. 'Now,' I continued, 'if I am not the man I claim to be I must have killed him, and an now impersonating him.' The clerk laughed, but I thought that visions of more Holmes murders were floating through his mind. Well, the order came on time, and when I called to get the money the same clerk was at the desk. He took one look at me, sized me up and without more ado counted out the money and handed it to me, saying: 'Oh, yes; you're the fellow who murdered the man.'—Philadelphia Record.

The Ups and Downs Myth. The nonsense about the poisonous exhalations of the upas tree were dispelled long ago. It is, however, a good old myth, with many variants in folk-lore. Professor Weisner believes that the upas tree is the Antiaris toxicaria, to be found in Java. There is one species, the innoxia, which is harmless, whereas a drop of the inspissated juice of the toxicaria will kill a dog. Anyhow, there are quite a number of the so-called upas trees growing in the botanical garden of Java, and you may walk around the grove in the most comfortable manner.—New York Times.

Working Under the Bed of the Thames. For months men have been working deep down beneath the bed of the Thames, in the very heart of London, in the construction of the electric railway from the city to Waterloo. The only opening is in the middle of the river, and through this the excavated earth is removed. The workmen have now passed beyond the river bed on either side, and are making their way under the city.—Tit-Bits.

FREE WOOL FRAUD.

FARMERS LOSE \$430 A YEAR IN ORDER TO SAVE \$7.20.

Practice Works Very Different From Democratic Promise—Wool Higher in Foreign Markets, but Cheaper Here—Facts That New York State Farmers Will Appreciate.

Many newspapers have republished a significant table prepared by Messrs. Justice, Bateman & Co., wool commission merchants of Philadelphia, showing the comparative value of wool on October 1, 1891, one year after the passage of the McKinley law, and October 1, 1895, one year after the passage of the free wool Wilson-Gorman law, as follows:

Table comparing wool prices for American and Foreign wools in 1891 and 1895. Columns include 'American Wool, Philadelphia and Boston Prices', 'Prices Oct. 1, 1891, One year of McKinley Law', 'Prices Oct. 1, 1895, One year of free wool Wilson-Gorman Law', and 'Cents per lb. lower.' Rows list various wool types like 'XX Ohio washed', 'Ohio medium washed', etc.

Commenting upon the foregoing, a newspaper defender of Grover Cleveland's ruinous free wool policy said: "Any newspaper disposed to be fair in discussing wool values would have



taken into consideration the fact that during the past two years the price of all agricultural products has been uncommonly low. In that period, for example, cotton reached the lowest rate on record, though cotton is not protected by the tariff at all. Wheat likewise reached its minimum figure. Every country in the world has been affected by this decline in the value of agricultural commodities, and wool has furnished no exception to the rule."

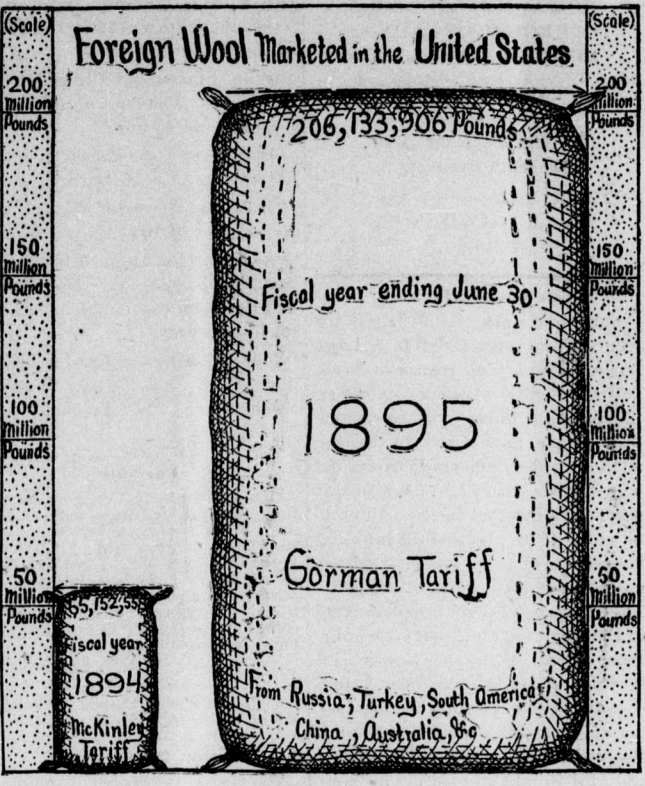
Table titled 'Foreign Wool, London Prices' showing prices for various wool types from 1891 to 1895. Columns include 'Foreign Wool, London Prices', 'Prices October 1, 1891, in London', 'Prices October 1, 1895, in London', and 'Higher.' Rows list 'Fort Philip greasy (similar to XX Ohio)', 'New Zealand crossbred greasy (similar to Ohio medium)', etc.

Since this table was prepared foreign wools have advanced. American wools are unchanged.

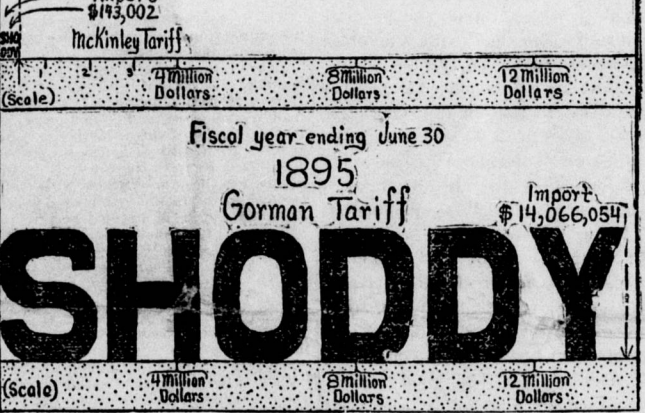
Another defender of Grover Cleveland's policy which is rapidly slaughtering the seventh largest American agricultural industry says: "The farmers of New York never could have imagined how poor they have become until told by the Republican State Convention that the Democratic party has 'robbed' them of 'millions of dollars through free wool and the reduction of the tariff upon agricultural products by the Wilson Tariff bill.' As to wool, sheep growing in New York, as in all the old States, not excepting Ohio, has steadily declined for many years in obedience to National laws that no amount of protection could overcome. As population increases in the older States land becomes much too valuable for sheep raising. In accordance with this law the number of sheep in New York fell off under protection and is still declining. The protectionist explanation of this decline is that the juices were not high enough. But the sheep culture in this country would have moved from the dealer to the cheaper lands had the duties been made prohibitive."

If New York, Ohio and the older States have lost millions of dollars annually because of the land becoming too valuable for sheep raising, why is

FREE WOOL MEANS FOREIGN WOOL.



Produced in Foreign Countries and Marketed in the United States. Fiscal year ending June 30 1894 Import \$143,002 McKinley Tariff.



that under the free wool policy of Grover Cleveland the loss on wool and sheep has amounted to millions of dollars in the Territorial sections, where sheep have increased in number. The following table, showing the effect of the free wool on the value of fleeces, is taken from the Department of Agriculture, and it is limited to the only States where land is cheap and where the sheep have increased:

Table titled 'The Effect of Free Wool on Value of Fleeces' showing the loss on wool and sheep in various states from 1891 to 1895. Columns include 'Loss on wool', 'Loss on sheep', and 'Total loss on wool and sheep'.

The Boston Commercial Bulletin of August 24 says: "These States comprise the region that produces what are called 'territory' wools. On March 1, 1893, fine territory staple was selling in this market at 60 cents the scored pound. On August 12, 1894, just before the passage of the Gorman tariff, it was selling at 40 cents. It is worth to-day 33 cents. "In two years the value of the American flock has dropped from \$125,909,264 to \$66,685,707, thanks to the success of our free wool friends in the elections of 1892. On account of the slaughter of sheep, and the shortage of the clip, some growers received more for their wool this year than last. None of them have received anything approaching the prices paid when wool was not under the blight, as it has been since March, 1893, of hostile control by the National Government."

In 1893 the farmers of New York State averaged 200 sheep each. They can easily see how they have been robbed by a glance at the following statement: The average production of clean scored wool by each farmer in Ohio, Michigan and New York States during President Harrison's Administration, and under McKinley's law protection, was 600 pounds, the value of which was 60 cents per pound. Under Cleveland's Administration and Gorman tariff free trade the value of the same has been 30 cents per pound. The net gain to each farmer by reason of cheaper free wool clothing (allowing three pounds of pure scored wool to eight annual new suits of clothing to each family) would be \$7.20. Giving credit for cheaper clothing, the net average loss on the wool and sheep by reason of free wool has been

ABANDONED WAR MATERIAL. Quite a quantity found on an uninhabited island. Recently a quantity of arms, ammunition, etc., was found on an uninhabited island, known as Grassy Cay, off the southern edge of the Andros Island, one of the British Bahamas. The attention of the United States State Department authorities has been unofficially called to the matter by the British Embassy in order that they might ascertain the source of these abandoned munitions of war. It is presumed that they were intended for the Cuban insurgents, and were temporarily deposited on Grassy Cay. The matter has been referred to the United States Attorney at Key West for investigation, on the theory that the articles may have been shipped from that vicinity and illegally landed on British soil. The names appearing on the packages are given, but for prudential reasons are withheld from publication. The cases contained twelve Remington carbines, a quantity of medical stores, 1000 cartridges, 19,500 rounds of Remington ammunition and 19,500 rounds of Winchester ammunition.