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ISS WITTEMORE

a young girl had spent several seasons abroad. During a winter in Paris she had met a young Frenchman, who, although untitled, was of an excellent tamily and a Lieutenant of Engineers in the French army. They had loved each other at first sight and soon became engaged. She had returned to America for the season preceding their appointed nuptials. He had resigned his commission in the army and become an engineer on the Panama Canal. There was a long period of correspondence between them, folwed by a period of silence on his art—the conventional percurser of n estrangement. One day she

Song of the koad.

All the mills in the world like my heart must be fain.

All the mills in the world like my heart must be fain.

For my foot goes in time to a holiday measure.

And the bird in my bosom is singing for pleasure.

I know not what end to my wanderiag shall be.

Or what fairy prince rides a-seeking for me; Ho may be a gallant in gratithing of gold, or a graybeard who tarries for young maids and old.

Meanwhile I go tramping the merry world over

With the flower of my heart folded close for my lover;

Folded safely and close till my prince come to claim

The bud long asleep, and the flower turns a flame.

Meanwhile I go tramping, a masterless maid, With flowers blowing for me in sunshine and shade,

White popples, red popples, sea-popples of amber.

And a wreath for my head of all wild vines that clamber.

I am one with the world and the flowers in the corn,

And I and the world laugh aloud in our scorn lands over

While there's roses on bushes and honey in clover.

Nora Hopper, in Black and White. the bedesmen who quarrel its meadow lands over
While there's roses on bushes and honey in clover.
Nora Hopper, in Black and White.

THE LAST CHAPTER IN MISS
WITTEMORE'S ROMANCE.

Wiss Wittemore seemed to interest herself in but one being—her niece, Mand.

HALL.

It was the night of the garden party. The gathering was interested in the little romance that was culminating that evening, mainly because rumors of a somewhat disagreeable nature had preceded the arrival of the count. But again, within a count. But again, within a count. garden party at her country home. There was nothing unusual about it except that she was to meet, on this occasion, for the first time, the first time or the counts before and had found them to be like all the rest of mankind, good and bad—mostly bad.

There was a large attendance at the garden party, however. There always was at any function given by Miss Wittemore. She was an old maid it is true, but she was the sweetest, most it is true, but she was the sweetest, most it is true, but she was the sweetest, most it is true, but she was the sweetest, most it is true, to the first time of the count. Still retaining the hostess, Thornton was at the count's side when he was presented to Miss Wittemore. She was an old maid it is true, the first time of the count. Still retaining the hostess, Thornton was at the count's side when he was pr

wed by a period of silence on his art—the conventional percurser of n estrangement. One day she pecived information that he had seeme an embezzler. A year ter the news came that he had seeme as windler in a South Amerins State. Later, through the alleged idness of friends, she had learned of continued degradation, until atlast heard of him no more in any way, e average woman would have speed ileved that she was like the oryrun of women (there were many men) and proposed, with the deful hope of winning a celebrated and a fortune at the same time, then, with the exposure of your own in famy?"

The server of writs signified his as and call it off."

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The server of

ton.
"Raoul," said Miss Wittemore, suddenly, "if I do not reveal your true character, if I permit you to swindle this poor man who has never harmed you or any one else in this world, will you go away and find some way out of this, so that she will never

know?"
"I will," he answered. "Nothing could suit me better. We will make a compact, an agreement to swindle. You and I who have been lovers. Ha, ha, it is too good! To-morrow Count Kanolky will be suddenly called to Passil and on the way he will dis-

to seek them, and those of Mask withemore seek who remained had me interest entered to compare the seek of more than the like all the rest of meakind, good and bad—mostly bad.

There was a large attendance at the garden party, however. There always was at any function given by Miss Wittemore. She was no old maid it is true, but she was the sweetest, most lovable and youngest old maid in all. Christendom. And beades, there was about her the stronghere of that most interesting thing, a romance in read aday, had been the belle of all America; she had been, and still was, a very rich woman, and she was of the very incermost social circle of New York. She was an old maid. Yes, she laught asknowledged the fact herself. But her friends considered her such more because they thought she would eventually become a print, old, unmarried woman, than because she was received an average of a proposal a day for over temporate of the plate of her figure, her bearing, her manner, were royal.

Old Colonel Tom Appleton used to declare that she had received an average of a proposal a day for over temporate than all the young fellows in low nor to with all all the young fellows in low nor to with the lustre of her hair, or the brills and of the statement. The frank old soldier was alleged to know, the mainties that he had right to be father confessor to all of them. But it was darkly hinded that the Colonel based his statement more on his intimate knowledge of the actions of his friend and boon companion, Charley Honton, than on any thing slee. And Charley was noted frong, therefore the surface of the rounds of his intimate knowledge of the actions of his friend and boon companion, Charley fhornton, than on any thing slee. And Charley was noted frong, the proposal of the proposal case of the surface of the surface of the proposal case of the surface of the proposal case of the surface of the surface

and, being a good looking young fel-low, the young woman seemed not averse to being bussed. All doubts of the propriety of the act were soon set at rest, for the husky groom stepped before her with air of determination upon his face that showed it was life and death to him. He gave his hands an imaginary washing and

said:
"'Squire, this yere lady b'longs to
me now an' what she did afore I took
her ain't my business, but if this constable is willin', I'll give him a dollar
and call it off."

YORKEHIRE PUDDING.

A VISIT TO THE ENGLISH SHOD-DY MANUFACTURING CENTRES.

Working Day and Night to Supply the American Market—Cheap Goods Made From Rags, Shoddy and Waste—Free Wool a Good Thing for Bradford.

Bradford, Eng., Nov. 12, 1895.
What is commonly known as the heavy woolen district of Yorkshire, comprising principally Dewebury, Batley, Morley and a good dozen large villages, have very great reason to be thankful for what the Gorman tariff thankful for what the Gorman tariff has done for them. These centers, situated about eight miles from Leeds, are at this moment "sweltering" in the heat of activity, and many manufacturers in that neighborhood are literally "choked" with orders. Since the inauguration of the Gorman tariff, manufacturers of heavy shoddy woolens have been able to get a footing in your American markets, from which, prior to the passage of the bill, they had been excluded for many years. To this alone the increased activity of the heavy woolen manufacturers is almost heavy woolen manufacturers is almost entirely due. Presidents and low wor-steds have been shipped, and are being made for shipment, in large quanti-

Said a woolen buyer to me two days ago: "You cannot buy in Batley at this moment presidents or even any-thing else for immediate delivery for neither 'love nor money.' Manufac-turers, even with many of them run-ning their factories day and night, find they have their full capacity taxed and they have their full capacity taxed to execute their orders up to time. In fact, their difficulty is not to secure orders but to refuse them."

Any stranger putting his foot down in Dewsbury for the first time, would be at once struck—not with palatial shop windows loaded with tasty things

-but with an army of signboards an-nouncing that the firms inside were rag dealers, mungo merchants, cotton nouncing that the firms inside were rag dealers, mungo merchants, cotton dealers, woolen manufacturers, leald and slay makers, and all the rest of businesses connected with that of textile manufacturing. It is just the same with Batley and Morley, and as one looks down upon the varied towns he can see nothing else but smoking mill chimneys. This is indeed the greatest seat of wool manufacturing in all the world, and it is also the greatest seat where, in point of cloth adulteration and a blending together of foreign products other than wool in the production of cloth, it likewise stands unrivaled. From morn to night and from night to morn, scribbling machinery is rolling together every conceivable raw product, from a pulled old castaway felt carpet, which some poor beggar has picked up from a dung heap and carried to a rag dealer that he might make an honest penny, or else the same has been cast into the bag of the rag seeker or pot dealer by some disgusted housewife, to find its way ultimately back to the rag puller to be converted again into "raw material," known here as "cheviot mungo."

"How long is it since Batley and

mungo."
"How long is it since Batley and
Dewsbury were so busy?" This question was put the other day to one of
the leading makers in that district and he frankly replied, "Over twenty years have elapsed since the woolen manu-facturers of Batley experienced such a facturers of Battey experienced such a busy time as they are now enjoying." "But what do you consider has been the greatest factor in bringing about this present state of prosper-

ity?"
"The repeal of the McKinley tariff and the substitution of a lower scale of import duties have opened the Ameri-can markets, for a time at any rate, to

our heavy woolens."
"Then you really have found that
the opening of the American markets, under this present low tariff, has been

the means of causing more of your dis-trict class of manufacture to be sold on American account?"
"Undoubtedly, presidents and beaver cloth are being shipped to the United States in very large quantities, but when the McKinley bill was in force there was a duty imposed upon them of nearly 200 per cent., which really meant total prohibition."
"What per cent. think you of your district goods is being shipped to America?" I asked.
"Well, that is hard to say, but American account?"

America?" I asked.
"Well, that is hard to say, but
everything in the shape of presidents,
pilots, naps, Devons, serges, curls, low
fancy worsteds and woolens have found
a ready sale."
"Could you give me a few of the

a ready sale."

"Could you give me a few of the lowest prices per yard at which these goods are being made, together with weights and widths?"

"Well, now, presidents are being made as low as 13 pence (26 cents) per yard, weighing twenty-six ounces, and fifty-four inches in width. Serges have sold well at any price from 9 pence (18 cents) and upward for fifty-four inches wide. Low fancy woolens can be bought at 1 shilling 10 pence in width. Until recently you could buy a worsted coating weighing twenty-three ounces, fifty-four inches wide, at the nominal figure of 1 shilling 9 pence (42 cents); but this advance in the price of yarns has caused the maker to put up his figure to 2 shillings (48 cents)."

"Have you any idea what profit the shippers get on your goods after they leave you says clears."

"have you any idea what profit the shippers get on your goods after they leave your place?"
"Well, I believe that they, too, have of late had to work for very lit-

have of late had to work for very little, for one responsible man in a very
large shipping house in Bradford told
me very recently that their turnover,
although very large, was simply done
on a umall commission."

"And what are your future prospects? Do you think that your makers of heavy woolens will be able to
maintain your present hold in the
American markets?"

"On that point," he said, "Dews-

bury makers have a divided opinion, but it appears to the majority that some years must elapse before the Americans can produce low worsteds and mantlings of such a quality and price as to shut English goods entirely out of their markets. So long as this low tariff exists we shall be able to do some trade, and we sincerely hone some trade, and we sincerely hope that its existence will continue."
YANKEE.

Dalcy Farms Under Free Trade:

fitable business for British farmers. During the last thirty years the British imports of butter have moreased by \$45,000,000 a year, of cheese by \$11,000,000, of eggs by \$17,750,000 a year. Free trade in England must be a good thing for the farmers in foreign countries who supply these dairy products. Dairy farming can hardly be a pro-table business for British farmers.

CAPTURING THE MARKETS OF THE WORLD.



The Manufacturer's Record, a good The Manufacturer's Record, a good Southern authority, says that the number of cotton mills projected in the South, during the last three months from June to August, inclusive, exceeds that of any similar period in the history of cotton mill building in that region. There were projected seventy-seven mills which will have an aggregate of over 300,000 spindles. These, with the new mills projected prior to May 31, will make an addition of 800,000 spindles to be added to the number now in operation in the South.

000 spindles to be added to the number now in operation in the South. "If these mills," says the Manufacturer's Record, "be all built as indications promise, the aggregate investment will represent over \$15,000,000." Now, we ask the people in the South, do they suppose that if the duties on cotton goods were swept away, that capitalists, large or small, would invest \$15,000,000 in new cotton mills? We are sure they would not. Lancashire could undersell them in their own markets and the investment would not pay. In the face of such considnot pay. In the face of such consideration, Southern politicians and journals clamor for that free trade policy which, if carried to its logical conclusion, would abolish cotton and woolen duties and raise revenue by imports on sugar, tea, coffee and the like. There should be a great Southern uprising

Now that the South is coming to the front as a great manufacturing region, all the States should follow Maryland and Kentucky and fling to the breeze the bander of protection and rally

Wheat a Free Trade Curio.

As the production of wheat is decreasing so rapidly in free trade England, a correspondent of the Mark Lane Express suggests that before Lane Express suggests that before this crop becomes entirely a thing of the past, samples should be secured to place in the British museums.



WHERE IS THE FREE TRADE DONKEY?

Free Trade, No Money for Clothes,



THE LATEST THING IN ART.



LOVE'S SEASONS.

Full flowered summer lies upon the land, I kiss your lips—your hair—and then you hand

That love is sweet.

The rose leaf fath and color fades and dies

There comes a shade across your wistfu eyes—. Is love so sweet?

The flowers are dead, the land is blind with

rain, The bud of beauty bears the fruit of pair

The world is cold, and death is everywhere.

I turn to you, and in my heart's despair Find peace and rest. We know, through fou-or fair, That love is sweet.

-Pall Mall Gazette.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A preferred creditor—One who never presents his bill.—Texas Siftings. Anxious Versifier—"Do you pay for poetry, sir?" Exasperating Editor—"Yes; but this is verse."—Somerville

Taylor—"Can your stenographer write as fast as you can talk?" Naylor—"Sure! Why, she can write as fast as she can talk!"—Puck.

Jack—"Well, I called on her father last night." Tom—"Ah, what did he say?" Jack—"Not a word. He fired me in profound silence,"

Softliegh—"Will you marry me? I would die for you." Miss Pert—"Well, then, get your life insured in my favor."—Philadelphia Record. "Why do you suppose they always represent Capid as a boy?" he asked. "Because he never arrives at years of discretion," she replied.--Houshold

Jones—"I've always been sorry for one man who didn't have an opportun-ity to see much of the world." Brown—"Who was that?" Jones— "Poor Atlas; he had it on his back."

--- Truth. "Bigbee has a nerve." "Why so?"

"Bigbee has a nerve." "Why so?"
"I threatened to sue him for those
ten dollars he owes me." "Yes."
"And he asked me to sue him for
twenty dollars and give him the other
ten."—Puck.

Johnnie—"What's the difference between a visit and a visitation?" Pa

"'A visit, my son, is when we go to
see your grandmother on your
mother's side." "Yes." "A visitation is when she comes to see us."—
Tit-Bits.

Featherstone—"I wonder if your sister realizes, Willie, that during the last month I have given her ten pounds of candy." Willie—"Of course she does. That's why she is keeping her engagement with Jim Burling a secret."—Harper's Bazar.

Hicks—"I hear that Miss Jilter has thrown over Dr. Pulseleigh." Wicks -"Yes; but he will have his revenge. He has sent a bill for \$150—fifty visits at \$3 each that he has made her dur-

ing the past year. His next move will be to sue, not her, but her father."— Boston Transcript, Boston Transcript,
Mrs. Slimson (severely)—"Willie,
this lady complains that you have
been fighting with her little boy, and
wants you to promise never to do so
again." Willie (to lady)—"You
needn't be afraid, ma'am. Your boy
will keep out of my way after this."
— Harper's Bazar.

Margins—"Do you think smoking is injurious?" Buggins—"We!, I know a man who smokes 1500 a day a day and—" Muggins—"Impossible! Fifteen hundred cigars a day! Bah!" Buggins—"Who said anything about cigars? I referred to herring."—Philadelphia Record.

First Italian Count-"Why, my dear fellow, where have you been fo the last six months or so?" Second Italian Count—"Over in America hunting heiresses." First Italian Count—"Did you bag anything?" Second Italian Count—"Yes; my trousers."—Somerville Journal.

A Blind Surgeon.

When Dr. James R. Cocke, of Boston, Mass., was two months old both of his eyes were runned by a blundering doctor, who administered a wrong medicine. Since then he has been totally blind. He is now thirty-two years of age. He locates a disease by his sensitive touch, and he tells the color of goods in the same way, singular as it may appear. A lady, who had eight or ten samples of dress goods, each about three inches square, handed them to Dr. Cocke the other day, and them to Dr. Cocke the other day, and them to Dr. Cocke the other day, and he at once told accurately the color and even the shade of color of each, and selected the samples of the best quality. When handed several Na-tional bank and Government currency bills, he at once told the denomination of each and the color, whether green or black. He tells the complexion of a person by touching the skin. It is difficult to believe that a blind man could do this, but he is seen to do it, and accurately, too. —Hartford Times.

Only Bird Domesticated.

Our barnyard fowl, says the Chicago News, is the only species of a large family of birds that has been truly domesticated. In its wild state this bird had already to a great extent lost the power of flight, using its wings only to escape from its four-footed pursuers or to attain the branches of the trees in which it sought safety in the night time. With this measure of loss of the flying power the creature abandoned the habit of ranging over a wide field and thus was made more fit for domestication. Moreover, in their wilderness life these birds dwelt in more established communities than their kindred species. Our barnyard fowl, says the Chi-