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### Japan cracked the Chinese nut, and now Russia wants to eat the kernel.

"Go South, young man," says the West, as reported in the Chicago Times-Herald.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean is very much concerned because Chicago is eating 40,000 more sheep a month than it used to.

There are some 15,000,000 pupils enrolled in the public and private schools of the United States, more than twenty-two per cent. of the entire population.

The costly experience of the people of Iowa in dealing with speculative building and loan associations promises to bring about the enactment of adequate laws for the government of all associations, remarks the New York Post.

Sudden death has carried off two very prominent figures in American literature recently—Professor Boyesen and Eugene Field. They had neither of them reached the age of fifty. Cut off in their prime, it is sadly possible, nauses the Chicago Times-Herald, that they left their best work undone.

A learned German asserts that the aversion against horse meat as an article of diet is a senseless prejudice based wholly on an interdiction issued by the church during the Dark Ages to prevent the revival of heathen worship, in which the sacrifice and subsequent consumption of horses had played a cherished role. The New York World maintains that horse flesh is clean, remarkably free from disease and contains more albumen than beef does. "Corned horse" smells and tastes like goose meat. In many European hospitals horse flesh soup is especially prescribed for patients in need of strengthening food.

Mr. Labouchere says in London Truth: "Lord Salisbury is suffering from a severe attack of ultimatum upon the brain. His condition is the cause of grave anxiety to every foreign Government. There are now five British ultimatums out, addressed respectively to Ashanti, Belgium, China, Turkey and Venezuela. The irrepressible anxiety displayed by foreign Governments, especially by the independent Republics of Central and South America, to have a British ultimatum presented to them is easily explained. The present value of a British ultimatum in the autograph market is \$2500."

Rhode Island will join Pennsylvania in an effort to preserve the lines at the famous camp ground of the Revolution, Valley Forge. Rhode Island has appropriated \$2000 and provided a committee to erect a monument to the memory of John Waterman, a Rhode Islander, who died at Valley Forge during the encampment, and was buried within the lines. The grave is located on the Piersol farm, now occupied by I. Heston Todd, about 500 yards east of Fort Huntington and about 100 yards south of the road leading from Valley Forge to Port Kennedy. Governor Lippett, who is chairman of the commission, has written to Governor Hastings, of Pennsylvania, saying that the Rhode Island Commission will visit the place soon and desires to co-operate with the Valley Forge Commission.

President Schurman, of Cornell University, in presenting his annual report to the trustees of that institution, recommended a provision for the superannuation and pension of professors in the university and the better regulation of salaries. Concerning the questions of intercollegiate football and college athletics in general the report says: "If the game of football cannot be redeemed from brutality and trickery, public spectacle, and commercial speculation, it is certainly better that it should go and never return to plague us. But at present the faculty refuses to believe that the flower of American youth in different colleges and universities cannot, under proper regulations, come together like gentlemen and play football in a spirit of fair and generous emulation. As intercollegiate athletics are to be tolerated only when they do not interfere with the work of students or do not distract institutions of learning from the purpose of their existence, so, furthermore, they must not be encouraged. They should be forbidden unless players and managers recognize that far above records and victories, higher than sports, higher even than physical culture, are self respect and courtesy to others, good manners and morals, and that generous manliness which is a spirit of the amateur and the confidence of the sportsman."

### FOR HER SAKE.

All day long, with sigh or song,  
Toil for her sake,  
She is where the roses thrang;  
I where thund'rs break;  
From the reckless city's mart;  
But a rainbow's round my heart!  
For I sing: "The day will die—  
Till will soon be past,  
And the stars in Love's own sky  
Lead me home at last!  
Home, beneath the tranquil skies,  
Where she waits with wistful eyes.  
"Home! where love is kindest, best,  
Where the heart is bright;  
Home! sweetly on my breast  
Fall her curls of light!  
Home! from all the world beguiled  
By the kiss of a child!"  
—F. L. Stanton in Chicago Times-Herald.

### UNCLE COTTLE'S WOOLING.

"M going to get married, Tim."  
Uncle Cottle sat very upright in his chair, and spoke with an air of invincible decision.  
"What a gain!" drawled his nephew, wearily.  
"A gain, sir? When was I married before?"  
"But this isn't the first time you've been going to do it, uncle; that's what I mean," Tim explained. "Do I know the favored lady?"  
"It's Miss Sybil Holt, Tim," said Uncle Cottle, confidentially. "The most lovely—the—the—oh-h! I met her the other evening at Mrs. Dynham's silver wedding party, and she—er—quite seemed to take to me. I'm older than she is," he sighed, pensively, "but I look a good ten years younger than I am; don't you think so?"

Young Tim regarded him critically, without hazarding an opinion. He was past middle age, and looked it, with a short, dumpy little gentleman, a bald, dumpy legs and a bland, moon-like face, whose prevailing expression was of imperturbable simplicity.  
"Have you proposed?"  
"Why, no; I've only seen her once. Besides," Uncle Cottle sighed again, "I'm so shy, you know, Tim—so infernally shy! The only time I ever managed to propose was when I wrote to that widow—you remember, you helped me with the letter—and she never answered. You didn't say," he added, "whether you knew Miss Holt?"  
"I don't remember ever to have met her."  
"Ah? If you had, you couldn't forget her. She's an aunt you'll be proud of, my boy."  
"But she may not appreciate the honor of obtaining me for a nephew."  
"If she refuses me, Tim—if I lose her as I've lost all the others," cried Uncle Cottle, wildly, "I shall think there's a curse on me, and I'll give in I'll never love again. I'll live and die single!"

Young Tim hoped he would. Uncle Cottle had been his guardian ever since he was quite a boy, but since he came of age, some six years ago, he had rather reversed the position of affairs, and looked upon Uncle Cottle with the jealous eye of a sole proprietor who didn't want anybody to meddle with his business.  
"I'm his only relative," he complained to his cronies, Ted Merrows, as they sat at breakfast next morning in the chambers they tenanted in common.  
"What's his name. He's said so lots of times. If he gets married, though, his wife will expect at least half; and if he has children—there'll be no meat left on the bone for me!"  
They were both reading for the moment, but Ted Merrows put aside his paper for the moment, and placed all his intellect at the service of his friend.  
"What's the use looking black about it? He's been going to marry often enough before."  
"But he's never seemed so determined as he is now. He's dyeing his hair and cultivating a figure."  
"Gone so far as that?" exclaimed Ted. "Then I'm afraid nothing will stop him."  
"I shall try, anyhow," growled Tim. "If I can hit on anything better, I shall tell him I've found out she's engaged. I've stopped him a few times; but he's so nervous and afraid of seeming presumptuous. That widow was the most dangerous—three months ago, I really thought I'd lost him that time. He was so bewitched, he was going to call at her house, only I persuaded him it wasn't etiquette, and that he ought to write first and disclose his sentiments, and ask permission to call. I undertook to post the letter on my way home here to the Temple, and I put it in the fire. When he got no answer, he wished he hadn't written—felt he had been impertinent and she was offended."  
"Suppose he meets her and mentions it?"  
"He daren't; I know him too well. He'd be so ashamed and panic-stricken he'd run away at the sight of her."  
"Well, you have been lucky so far, but it can't go on like this forever," observed Ted Merrows. "Take my tip, and make hay while the sun shines."  
"How do you mean?"  
"You are old enough to marry, and, as your uncle's sole heir you'd be a valuable article in the matrimonial market; but if he marries, you'll find yourself on the self among the damaged goods and remnants. Dispose of yourself while you are still heir and the fitting lord for an heiress. You can't stop the old man marrying, but you can take care he doesn't spoil you by marrying first."  
"But I don't know anybody!" remonstrated Tim. "How am I to find the heiress, get introduced, and engaged, and marry her out of hand in—"

"You might find one through the matrimonial journals."  
"Nonsense! Heiresses don't advertise."  
"Don't they?" All heiresses are not in society; some of them want to get there, and they advertise. They wouldn't marry a gentleman with nothing, perhaps, unless they happened to be old and ugly, but they would be glad to snap up a man like you, moving in good society, with a liberal allowance from your uncle and hopeful prospects. Then, if your uncle deserts you afterward, her money will keep the wolf from the door and save you from working yourself to death."

Young Tim had a morbid horror of poverty and overwork, and that story haunted him all day. It shone through his dim forebodings like the moon through a mist; it seemed almost too good to be true. He dined alone that evening at a restaurant in the Strand; and, passing a newsagent's on his way back into the Temple, he noticed some matrimonial journals in the window, and went in and bought one. He was somewhat relieved, on entering his chambers, to find that Ted Merrows was not yet at home. He opened the journal, and studied the crowded columns in private, and lighted at length on a business like advertisement which impressed him favorably:

MAUD, young, dark and good looking, with private income, wishes to correspond with middle-aged gentlemen of means and position, with view to matrimony. References exchanged.  
Replies were to be sent to a letter of the alphabet at the office of the paper.  
Tim was not middle-aged, but he considered that, if anything, that should tell in his favor. He read and reread the advertisement till from feeling tempted to answer it just to test the probability of Ted Merrows's story, he began to encumber to fresh fears for his future, and became anxious to answer it for his own sake.  
"There's no harm in writing," he argued. "If I change my mind or it doesn't seem good enough I can drop it."  
And while the impulse was upon him he wrote. He wrote vaguely of his income and said nothing of his age, but created an interview. If he explained his precise position, he feared she might fancy it was too insecure to render him eligible; but if he could see her, he flattered himself that the charm of his conversation and personal presence would dazzle her and divert her attention from his less pronounced monetary qualifications. He signed his own name, "T. Cottle," because, if the negotiations came to anything, it might shake her confidence when he had to acknowledge that he had approached her under a false name; and at the same time, as she had withheld her surname and address, he felt justified in requesting her to direct her reply, in the first instance, to the postoffice in Baywater Road, and to be left till called for. "I can look in for it the next time I go to see uncle," he reflected. "If it turns out a frost, I needn't tell Merrows anything; he'd only grin about it. I'll get the letter off before he gets in."

And he ran out and posted it at once.  
He half regretted his impetuosity when he contemplated what he had done in the cold light of the next morning.  
Nevertheless, a couple of evenings later he journeyed to Baywater and inquired at the Postoffice for his letter, but it hadn't arrived. So he walked on to see Uncle Cottle, but his uncle was not at home, he told them to say that he had called, and wouldn't wait.  
His interest in his rash matrimonial project had cooled considerably; but going to see his uncle on the following Saturday afternoon, he inquired casually at the Postoffice again, and was not altogether displeased that there was still no letter for him. He decided that his epistle had not created a satisfactory impression, and that he should hear no more of it.  
Turning the corner a little beyond the Postoffice, he was surprised to run into Uncle Cottle, gorgeous in a new white waistcoat and with a flower in his buttonhole.  
"Tim, my boy," he ejaculated, "I've been expecting you daily. Sorry I was out when you called last—I was out on particular business."  
"Oh!"  
Tim had dim premonitions of disaster; he inly upbraided himself for neglecting the affairs of Miss Holt.  
"Yes."  
Uncle Cottle winked his left eye and smacked his nephew on the shoulder exuberantly.  
"I was arranging to get married."  
"To Miss Holt?" faltered Tom.  
"No," laughed Uncle Cottle. "You'll never guess. It's the widow—Mrs. Netley. You remember, you wrote to her? She answered my letter that evening, an hour before you called."  
"But you said," he stammered, "that Miss Holt rejected you and you know there was a curse on you, and—"  
"I haven't asked Miss Holt—besides, it's three months since I wrote to the widow, so, in any case, she has a sort of prior claim over the—"  
"The other curse," suggested Tim, bitterly.  
"Here's her letter," said Uncle Cottle, disregarding his interjection. "Read it for yourself."  
He thrust the missive into Tim's hands, and he read it dazedly, as they walked on together.  
"Dear Sir—If you care to call on me I shall be pleased to see you. I regret you did not give me your address, as I should have thought it implicit in a want of confidence in me or candor in yourself, but it isn't been that we are almost neighbors, and I had the pleasure of meeting you a few months ago, and I know you by reputation."

Under the circumstances you will appreciate my preferring to send this to your private address, which I have taken from the directory. Yours, truly, MAUD NETLEY."

"That's all right, Tim, ain't it?" chuckled Uncle Cottle.  
Tim realized in a flash that this was his "Maud," and it was his letter she was answering, not his uncle's; but he could not see his way to saying so.  
"What does she mean about your address?" he said.  
"Why, I was nervous when I wrote that letter, and I must have forgotten to put my address in; that's why she didn't answer before; she couldn't. And it's just occurred to her to look in the directory. See? I meant to have asked her about it, but she was so nice and amiable and smiling, and I was so—so—well, I hardly know how I was—but there didn't seem any need to apologize, and, in fact, I never thought about it till I was coming away."  
"Is she young?" asked Tim, for the sake of saying something.  
"I thought at first she was nearly forty, but she's only twenty-nine—she told me so herself. I showed her my bank book and a list of my securities."  
"Oh, that's all right," she says laughing.  
"Then when's it to be?" says I.  
"And it's going to be next month."  
"Next—"  
"Month. I'm going around to the vicar's now to put up the banns—you come with me. And, I say! she's an orphan, so we want you, my boy—age don't matter; it's only a matter of form—to be a father at the wedding, and give her away."  
Tim was gloomy and reckless, and said he would. Why shouldn't he? He had given away his prospects; he might just as well do the thing thoroughly and give away the widow as well; then he would have nothing and nobody left to keep—but himself.—Fit-Bits.

Capable of Lifting 100 Tons.  
League Island Navy Yard will soon have hoisting shears capable of lifting a weight of 100 tons. Contractor John Tizard is now at work with a large force of men erecting these shears, which will be the largest in this country, with the single exception of those at the shipyard of the Maryland Steel Company, at Sparrow's Point, near Baltimore, Md., which landed the great Krupp 120-ton gun. The shears at League Island are intended to handle heavy guns and machinery. The weight of these shears is 110 tons, and the two front legs are 120 feet high, while the back leg is 140 feet long. By means of an immense screw, running horizontally through the base of the back leg, the top of the shears can be moved backward and forward forty-five feet over the water, or twenty-five feet inward from the edge of the wharf. The screw is sixty-eight feet long, eleven inches in diameter and weighs fourteen tons. The shears stand on the Broad street wharf, each of the front legs resting on an iron pedestal two feet by three feet, upon massive concrete foundations. A steel rope, 1 1/2 inches in diameter, 1800 feet long, and weighing five tons, will be used for hoisting. There are two separate engines, of fifty horse power each. The shears were constructed by the Tacony Iron and Metal Company, and the cost of the whole apparatus, including the machinery, will be between \$38,000 and \$40,000.—Philadelphia Record.

Wedded Eighty Years.  
Marriage does not seem to be a failure in Black Falls, Wis., in one family at least. It has had a fair trial, too, for Louis and Amelia Darwin were married eighty years ago. And now, although the husband is 107 years old and the wife 101, they are living happily together. Twelve children have been born to them, five of whom are living.  
For thirty years Grandma Darwin was "totally blind. Strange and incredible as it may seem, in her ninety-ninth year she recovered her second sight, and was able to distinguish her children. Yet during the period of her blindness she performed her household duties without any assistance.  
The old gentleman has been a remarkable man. When he was 100 years old he could dance a jig equal to a dancing master, but the past four years he has gradually wasted away, until to-day he is but a shadow of his former self. The aged couple are descendants from a race which, for many generations, was noted for remarkable longevity.—New York Press.

Noble Waiters.  
Henry Fleischman, proprietor of the Vienna restaurant, corner of Tenth street and Broadway, New York City, is quoted as saying that the kind of waiters he wanted were princes, barons and counts, "for they know how people should be waited on." Prince Rohan, of Austrian-Hungary, who threw money around in Chicago with a prodigious hand a few years, was once in the Vienna cafe, and it is said he could fry eggs on both sides or wait on a table with skill. The prince was quoted as often saying: "I can't be a god, I don't want to be a ruler, and that is the reason I remain a Rohan."  
Prince Rohan finally gave up his position as a waiter, returned home and committed suicide.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Afraid of Bears' Noses.  
For many years the furrers have noticed that all the skins of polar bears which they have received have been mutilated by the loss of the nose. A Parisian furrier has discovered that this is a result of a superstitious belief among the Eskimos that whenever a polar bear is killed his nose must be cut off and thrown upon the ice or bad luck will follow the hunter.—New York Advertiser.

### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

German papers assert that gas pipes made of paper are a success.

It has been discovered that it is possible to become intoxicated on gasoline.

It is said that Tamango, the Italian tenor, has a collection of butterflies valued at \$20,000.

Several clay tablets, covered with what are thought to be inscriptions, were unearthed in a Michigan mound the other day.

Utah beet sugar manufacturers are going into cattle feeding on a large scale. Their bagasse makes a capital feed for cattle.

The recent earthquake has stirred up all the gas wells in the natural gas belt, and given them increased pressure and a new lease of life.

The village of Artesa, near Rome, Italy, is said to be a "community of criminals. Its inhabitants perpetrate more crimes than any other known people, except, possibly, the Kurds.

There are more than twenty species of fur-bearing animals known to inhabit the Hudson Bay country, ranging in size all the way from the meadow mouse and sand rat to the caribou, musk ox, bison and polar bear.

M. Pictet has discovered that four parts of carbonic acid and six parts of sulphurous acid combined to form a gas that will kill any microbe in the world, and penetrate into a book. It is called Pictet's gas, and is the greatest antiseptic known.

M. Lagny has ascertained that the military mortality per thousand is as follows in France and the French colonies: France 7, Algeria 11, Tunisia 12.20, Martinique 50, Cochinchina 21, Tonkin 77, Madagascar 75, Senegal 74, Guiana 237.

Naturalist W. Victor Lehman, of Tremont, Penn., has just sent to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington the first fossil insect ever found in the Southern Pennsylvania coal field. The specimen was found in the coal mine and is a very rare one.

The St. Lawrence River is subject to a mysterious tidal movement. It falls regularly for seven consecutive years, and then rises during a like period. The total difference of level is about five feet. This unexplained movement is demonstrated by the pilots and fishermen, who spend their lives on the river.

A Curious Migration.  
A writer in the New England Magazine presents the results of his personal investigation of a curious migration that has been going on for a few years past from the Northwestern portion of the United States to Manitoba, Assiniboia, Alberta and other portions of British Columbia lying north of the Dakotas and Montana. According to S. A. Thompson, the writer of the article, a steady stream of emigration from the Northwestern portions of the United States to the wheat-growing regions of British Columbia mentioned has been noticeable for some time. In one place in Alberta he found a settlement containing a population of about one thousand, of whom seven hundred were from the United States. He discovered that the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company was selling land in small tracts to hundreds of American families, and he found a record of no less than 513 homestead entries made by settlers from the United States, representing 1552 persons.

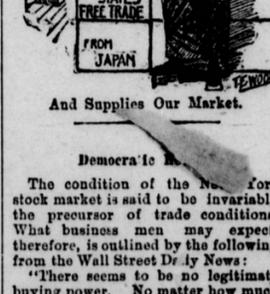
Mr. Thompson was curious to discover the motives which led these American farmers to leave their own country. Many individual reasons were given, but the main cause, as Mr. Thompson says, is to be found in the fact that the desirable public lands have been exhausted by entries or gobbled up by the great railroad monopolists in the United States. In British Columbia there is almost an inexhaustible supply of farming land suitable for stock raising and grain culture, to be had on terms quite as favorable as those extended to American settlers in their own country.

Mr. Thompson's views as a remedy for this emigration, reclamation of the vast arid region of the United States by irrigation, his would open up an immense region for settlement in a climate more moderate than that of the Far North.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Remarkable Railway.  
One of the most peculiar railways in America is the elevated railway across the Isthmus of Panama. The only steam used on this remarkable railway is supplied by the brawny arms of half-naked Indians, who, turning a handle, work the machine like a rude velocipede. The car is something after the shape of the small hand-driven machines used by navvies on our railways, and holds about three passengers, not including the native propellers, who have to walk while working. The position in which the passengers are placed, if scarcely so comfortable as a seat in a Pullman car, affords at least a capital opportunity of studying the peculiarities of the beautiful tropical scenery below, of hearing the morning call of the whistling grasshopper, the screeching of green parrots, and the minstrelsy of the woods, with, it may be, the howl of an occasional baboon. A collision on this line, however, and an abrupt descent into the mass of foliage beneath, might lead to a closer acquaintance than desirable with spiders, centipedes and snakes, which abound in the vicinity of the railway.

Remedy for "Hole in the Throat."  
A raw egg, swallowed immediately, will generally carry a fish bone down that cannot be removed by the utmost exertion, and has got out of reach of reach of the saving finger.—Courier Journal.

### INDUSTRIAL EVOLUTION OF THE JAPANESE.



The condition of the New York stock market is said to be invariably the precursor of trade conditions. What business men may expect, therefore, is outlined by the following from the Wall Street Dr. J. News:  
"There seems to be no legitimate buying power. No matter how much stocks decline they offer no temptation to the public; hence the dry goods plan of marking goods down to figures that will create buying must be followed. Until a genuine absorption of securities takes place, it is idle to expect any permanent improvement in prices. For the moment the uncertainties in the situation will undoubtedly prevent any general or large buying for long account. Aside from the fact that farm products are at starvation prices and that there is a halt in industrial activity, is the coming meeting of Congress and its unsettling consequences. There is also the question of gold exports, which are likely to take place at almost any moment."

Reports from all hands on the general condition of trade in every line of business, and from all authorities, are indicative rather of the nature of a wake. Perhaps this is the free trade notion of a revival.

When Labor Was Busy.  
More employment was given to labor in the woolen mills of Massachusetts in 1892 than in either of the two preceding or subsequent years, the average number employed that year being 1383 more than in 1890, and nearly 4000 more than in 1891.

### THE RAG MAN.

FINDS BUSINESS ACTIVE IN SUIPLYING THE AMERICAN MARKET.

Description of the Rags Used in Making Clothes for Americans—The Kind of Good We Must Wear Under a Democratic Free Wool Tariff—"Muck" of the Cheapest Class Most in Demand.

BRADFORD, November 20, 1895.  
"Good morning, Mr. —, sharp and crisp; such like mornings as these make one quicken his steps to keep abreast of the frost and cold." This was my greeting as I entered a well-known rag merchant's shop in Leeds the other day.

I was standing on the second floor of his warehouse, and all around me were huge piles of old, dusty, supposed to be cast away forever and worn-out, garments and rags, of every imaginable shade, color, quality and condition. Around the windows were standing a dozen women, both young and middle-aged, single and married, all engaged in sorting these rags into distinct and separate colors and qualities. These are what are called rag-rollers, and of all the nasty, dirty, filthy, objectionable jobs human nature is put to, this, I think, comes out "on top."

"Well, and how are things in the rag trade to-day," I asked.

"So far as the demand is concerned, it's of considerable dimensions."

"Considerable! Is that all? Surely with this great trade in Leeds, Batley, Dewsbury, Morley and Huddersfield, the rag and shoddy trade must have received a good fillip."

"So it has. All through the year there has been a good deal more doing than for a long time back, but we can only reckon since last June as being a busy time. Although, as you know, our low goods manufacturers began to be busy last January, yet the stocks of pulled mungo and shoddy in merchants' and dealers' hands were somewhat heavy, hence it took a few months' time to absorb and clean them out, but to-day, on certain descriptions of rags and mungo, the supply does not near equal the demand."

"Then if there is this great call for mungo, what has been the effect on the price of rags?"

"Well, on all things in general there has been some slight advance, but on special descriptions a rise of 100 per cent. has taken place."

"And what are the special descriptions on which this great rise has been effected?"

"Linsays," he said. "Six months ago or a little over any quantity could be readily bought at from 2s. 3d. to 2s. 9d. (66s. per cwt.), but to-day the price is 8s., or \$1.20 per cwt."

"Linsays? That's a very vague expression. What are Linsays?"

"Linsays are simply rags having all cotton one way of the fabric, which is always the 'warp,' and woolen the other, which comprises the 'woft.' This, as you will know from the description thus given, that such rags are of the lowest quality it is possible to secure, and produce, of course, a shoddy destitute of any wool fibers. These rags come from such descriptions of old cast-off garments as cotton warp serge, presidents, beavers, meltons, in fact everything having a cotton warp and low woolen woft for filling."

Continuing, he said: "To me it is remarkable that this—the very worst description of shoddy—should have shown the greatest advance; but, of course, that goes to show distinctly what manufacturers are making. Price with them is certainly an object, and no doubt through their having to deliver their goods at a low figure they must have a cheap mungo."

"As a seller of such like rags, will you tell me into what district you are sending them?"

"Undoubtedly. The heavy woolen district around Batley, Batley Carr and Dewsbury, and even parties in Leeds and district are using them; but, in and around Batley a great weight is being consumed. To all these parties I am supplying this cheap class of rags."

"But can you tell me what description of goods this 'muck' is being made into?" I asked.

"Yes, this shoddy is taken, put down on the 'willy-house' floor, a few stones of cotton is blended with it, and then spun into very thick woft for backing purposes. This character of woft yarn is very extensively used in backing these low, cheap worsted coatings, presidents, curls, etc.; and the woft being thrown on to the back of the woven fabric, and then 'raised' in the art of finishing, all this coarseness is hidden, and to the inexperienced in cloth, because he thinks it looks nice on the face and handles full in the hand, it is therefore a good piece of cloth, while in reality it is nothing else but the vilest of stuff imaginable put together, and goes up to blind the public."

Cheapness.  
"With cheap bread, cheap meat and cheaper clothing in 1896 it will take a good deal of courage to try to make calamity a political issue."—New York World.

But you forget cheap wages which always travel in the same coach "with cheap bread, cheap meat and cheaper clothing." In fact cheap wages compel the cheapness of bread, meat and clothing, and when cheap wages strike the people they are more likely than not "to make calamity a political issue." Wage earners always have a decided objection to putting less money than usual into their pockets.