



W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

Terms—\$1.00 in Advance; \$1.25 after Three Months.

VOL. XIV

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1896.

NO. 19.

Socialism is said to make rapid progress in Spain.

Ordinarily when a European says "America" he means "the United States."

The Pleasant Sunday Afternoon movement in England has enrolled one hundred thousand members, and is rapidly advancing.

Census of 1895 shows that the Empire now has a population of 4,000,000, despite emigration, and 2,330,000 in four and a half years.

Using a row in Wisconsin university. It is being converted into a hall for the sons of rich men have no show.

Death of a public man. He was generous, almost practically universal in his sympathies, and a true leader. Notes Public men both for the man and for the deed.

Official census of 1811, taken before the beginning of the war with the United States, population of England was 10,000,000, of Scotland 1,800,000, and of Ireland 6,000,000, a total of 18,000,000. The census of the United States taken in 1810 showed the total population of this country to be 3,929,000. The last official census of Great Britain, taken in 1891, showed the population to have been 37,888,000, and the census of the United States, taken the year previous, showed the population of this country to be 62,622,000.

Dr. H. K. Carroll, in the Independent, says that the aggregate of colored church members in the United States is, in round numbers, 2,674,000, distributed as follows: Baptists, 1,403,559; Methodists, 1,190,638; Presbyterians, 30,000; Disciples of Christ, 18,578, and Protestant Episcopal and Reformed Episcopal together, somewhat less than 5000. According to the census figures, there has been an increase of 1,150,000 colored church members during the last thirty years, which Dr. Carroll thinks is unparalleled in the history of the Christian Church. The value of colored church property is \$26,626,000, and the number of edifices is 23,770.

An Australian agriculturist, Mr. Krichauff, has called attention to the fact that the potato will celebrate the 300th anniversary of its introduction into England this year. It was in 1590 that Sir Walter Raleigh returned to England from America with the first tobacco and potato, which originally grew in Peru. Although the potato, it is estimated, now furnishes one-sixth of the nourishment of the human race, for a long time it was a delicacy for the rich alone. Even at the beginning of the seventeenth century noblemen paid two shillings a pound for potatoes and seasoned them with saffron. People often visited the gardens of the botanist Gerard at Holborn to see the plants in bloom. There is talk of a celebration in honor of the anniversary.

The American Cultivator remarks: The fire fiend is an enemy to forestry. More stringent measures are necessary to prevent forest fires. The forests are becoming too valuable to be neglected. Their destruction by fire means not only the loss of property, but the serious loss of employment to woodsmen, teamsters, sawyers, wood workers and all the kindred trades. Ordinary cutting of trees need not destroy a forest, but a heavy fire works destruction. Dr. Rothrock, of the Pennsylvania forestry commission, thinks it an outrage that while a man under our laws cannot set fire to a hen coop without severe punishment, he may carelessly or willfully set fire to a forest and burn up many thousand dollars' worth of property without being molested. Pennsylvania loses \$1,000,000 annually through forest fires, and \$50,000,000 would not cover the annual loss to the country from this cause. It is found in many cases that when a man is pursued by one holding a mortgage on his woodland he sets fire to it to spite the man who forecloses. It is very difficult to convict such a man. Carelessness and ignorance are responsible for many fires, yet thousands of dollars' worth are burned every year from this cause without anybody ever being punished. Why one kind of property can be burned up with impunity when other kinds are protected by the severest fines is one of the curiosities of legal administration that is beginning to be looked after more and more.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy, With his marble block before him. And his face lit up with a smile of joy As an angel-dream passed o'er him. He carved the dream on the shapeless stone With many a sharp incision; With heaven's own light the sculptor stood— He had caught the "Angel Vision." Sculptors of life are we, as we stand With our souls uncarved before us, Waiting the hour, when at God's command, Our life-dream passes o'er us; If we carve it then on the yielding stone, With many a sharp incision, Its heavenly beauties shall be our own, Our lives that "Angel Vision." —Bishop Doane.

A STORY OF THREE.

BY ALBERT E. HOOPER.

There was a stalwart young farmer, a grandly built man, with a handsome, bronzed face; broad shoulders, feet which stood squarely upon the earth, and a pair of fearless eyes. Frank Maxwell, aged twenty-five, owner of broad acres, a physical frame in perfect condition and a well developed mind, was a man to be envied.

She was a dainty maiden, with a graceful figure, a complexion of mingled roses and lilies and eyes as bright and blue as the summer skies. Daisy Springfield, aged nineteen, owner of a beautiful face, a glad hearted, sunny disposition and countless pretty dresses, was a woman to be loved.

It was something less than a man, but more than an animal, with a face of satyr-like hideousness, a misshapen back, bowed legs and a pair of arms so long that the hands hung like those of a gorilla. Dumb Dick, of age unknown, owner of a half-witted mind, a body of abnormal strength and ugliness and a fierce and ungovernable temper, was a creature to be shunned and distrusted.

These were the invariable judgments of everybody who knew the three characters of this little story.

Frank was an orphan, living on his own farm, understanding his business and capable of conducting it in a thoroughly efficient manner; just the sort of man who would be likely to cut a very respectable figure in the world and end by leaving his children more money and more acres than his father had left him.

Daisy was the only daughter of a prosperous lawyer, a little inclined to be vain of her good looks, but good by nature and thoroughly pure hearted; just the sort of woman to make an affectionate wife, careful of her home, a comfort to her husband and a friend to her children.

Dumb Dick was presumably the orphan child of a gypsy woman, who had brought him long years ago to the workhouse and had died there. He was wild and unmanageable, had run away and refused all control, and lived where and how he could.

Frank and Daisy stood together in the path of a little wood. Dumb Dick was also in the wood, but was hidden by a thick screen of hazels. Frank and Daisy faced each other, and Frank held both of Daisy's little white hands in one of his brown palms. Dumb Dick, all unseen, clenched his fist and ground his teeth in fury, crumpling up his face into the new ugliness of mingled rage and misery.

The little wood was very still, save for a slight rustling among the dry leaves, or the crack of a twig beneath the swift foot of a squirrel, or the occasional fall of a ripe nut. And in the silence and the shadow Frank bent forward and kissed Daisy lightly on the lips.

Then the lovers walked away together, hand in hand, like a pair of happy children.

And all alone behind his screen of hazels, Dumb Dick flung himself down at full length, clawing at the brown earth with his hands and giving vent to his feelings in inarticulate growls of rage and dry choking sobs of misery.

Frank bought a new dog cart, a light and delicate turnout of the latest pattern, painted black and picked out with red, and with its polished lamps and new silver plated harness and its bright bay, it looked rather a smart and showy affair. He drove it round in triumph to Squire Springfield's, and his pride redoubled when he saw Daisy's delight. But when he had handed her in, dressed in her latest and prettiest costume, and had sprung lightly up to his place beside her, he felt that his pride and happiness were almost complete.

He gathered up the reins, clicked encouragingly to the bay, and off they went, bowling along the lanes in splendid style, laughing and chatting as only a happy pair of lovers can when the course of their love is smooth and prosperous.

The first slight chill of autumn was in the air; the hedgerows were brown, and the perfume of the flowers had given place to a faint scent of decay, but it was summer in the hearts of the lovers, and in the selfishness of their bliss they were heedless of the first signs of the year's approaching death.

On a piece of common land which skirted the little wood in which Frank had told Daisy of his love there were many clumps of bracken, now in process of change from green to ruddy gold. In the midst of one of the largest of these clumps lay Dumb Dick. He seemed to be unconscious, and he might have been either drunk or sleeping naturally.

Presently there was a sound of swiftly approaching wheels grating along the road, and then the sound became suddenly muffled, as if it

vehicle was being driven over the grass. Laughter and the sound of glad voices succeeded, and by some magical power they penetrated to the dull brain of Dumb Dick and made him dream for one brief moment of Paradise. Deep in his dream he heard the music of a woman's voice, and he saw the radiant beauty of a woman's face; and then—and then—still in his dream—some envious fiend seized his wrist in the grasp of a red-hot hand, and he awoke in agony.

A roar of anguish burst from Dumb Dick as he leaped to his feet, holding his wrist, and stamping madly about in the bracken. "Frank pulled in his bay. "Hallo, Dick!" he cried. "I'm afraid you are hurt. Did the wheel go over your wrist? How could you be such an ass as to stick your hand out?"

In his momentary excitement Frank poured out questions upon one who had no power to answer them. As for Dumb Dick, he turned upon his questioner with eyes which blazed with fury, and for a moment he looked ready to drag him from the cart and tear him to pieces. But he caught sight of Daisy's pitying glance, and instantly the fire died out of his eyes.

Daisy sprang to the ground, and, timidly approaching the spot where Dumb Dick stood, she laid her hand upon his wounded wrist. It was as cool and white as a snowflake upon the hot, hairy hand; and he at once surrendered to her will. Showing no sign of fear or disgust, but with only tender pity in her glance, Daisy examined the great hand, knotted and clawed like the paw of a wild beast. She saw that, light though the wheel of the dogcart was, its iron tire had cut the flesh nearly to the bone, and, taking the white silk scarf from her neck, she deftly bound it round the wounded wrist and stopped the bleeding.

By this time Frank was standing by her side.

"This isn't work for you, my darling," he said; "let him go to the nearest doctor. Here, Dick," he added, "see how soon this will heal your cut."

As he spoke he tossed half a sovereign on the ground at Dumb Dick's feet, slipped his hand through Daisy's arm and dexterously lifted her back into her seat. In another moment the cart had been driven away.

Dumb Dick watched it until it was hidden from view, and then he stooped and picked up Frank's half sovereign. There was a sudden flash of light and a tiny disc of gold went singing through the air in the direction of the wood.

Dumb Dick's next act was to tear Daisy's white scarf from his wrist, and then he walked away along the road, marking his track with blood.

The fiery finger marks of autumn no longer lit up the faded foliage of the little wood; only a few brown leaves clung to the skeleton branches of the tree, the rest lay in rotting heaps around the roots, fitting grave-clothes for the dying ferns, till the chilly blasts should arise again and scatter them abroad.

Approaching the same spot along widely diverging paths came two figures, the one tripping lightly and the other slouching along with slow, limping strides. Though the method of their advance was so different, the rate of their progress was about equal, and they met just at the point where the two paths formed a junction with the main road.

Daisy, who had all along had her eyes fixed upon the last visible point of the steeply sloping main road, looked up when she heard the shuffling footsteps, and, with a start, recognized Dumb Dick.

Dumb Dick, who had seen and known the first flutter of Daisy's dress in the distance, now halted; and his red eyes peered out strangely from the tangled masses of hair which hung over his face.

Daisy knew that Dumb Dick was feared and shunned by everybody, and she was not a little startled at finding herself alone with him. She wished he would pass her; but he stood quite still, and seemed waiting for her to speak.

"Is your hand better, Dick?" she asked, touching her own wrist."

He seemed to understand, for he thrust his hand clumsily forward. An ugly, deformed and much knotted hand it was, but to her surprise, Daisy noticed that it was now quite clean, and his great clawlike nails had been closely cut. Dumb Dick pointed to a purple scar on his wrist with the finger of his other hand, and Daisy saw that this other finger was both dirty and clawed.

She looked back at Dumb Dick's blinking red eyes and smiled. A single glance at that one clean hand, misshapen and ugly though it was, had driven all fear from her heart. It was as if the wing of Ariel had suddenly sprouted from the shoulder of Caliban, and Miranda felt a strange throbbing joy, for her woman's instinct told her that she had some mysterious part in bringing the first sign of order into this human chaos.

But hark! the sound of a wildly galloping horse and the swift roll of wheels!

Daisy looked up the steep incline of the road, and saw that Frank and his dogcart were in sight. But no smile of joyful welcome appeared on her face; she turned as pale as death, clasped her hands in an involuntary attitude of prayer, and cried out sharply in her deadly fear. For her first glimpse of Frank had shown her that he was standing up in his cart, swaying to and fro, and that although he still held the tightly gathered reins, he had lost all control of the bay, which seemed to be rushing to inevitable destruction.

Dumb Dick saw Frank's peril, and understood in an instant the catastro-

rophe which must occur at the bottom of the hill; and, flinging his long arms wildly above his head, he broke forth into a hideous cackle of laughter.

A new terror seized upon Daisy's heart at the sound, but, with it a new thought entered her mind, and, without hesitation, she laid her hands upon Dumb Dick's arm and shook it fiercely.

"Save him, Dick! Save him!" she cried.

No sooner did her hand touch his arm than he turned to look at her, and, at the sight of her pale and agonized face, his laughter ceased. Then Dumb Dick responded to her call; he obediently leaped into the middle of the road, and awaited the onrush of the terrified horse.

Nearer and nearer came the horse, and Frank swayed more and more in the cart, till at last he was so near that Daisy could see the terror in his eyes. Then, with a mighty leap, Dumb Dick sprang to meet him; two long arms swung upward, there was a whirl of dust, a wild beating of hoofs, a sickening crash and all was still.

Then came a cry. "Help, Daisy! Quick!"

It was Frank's voice! Thank God! he was safe!

Daisy ran forward and found Frank bending over the motionless figure of Dumb Dick.

"Quick, Daisy! take my hat and run and fetch some water from the nearest ditch."

Daisy obeyed, and then, kneeling in the road, Frank opened Dick's coat and coarse shirt and thrust in his hand. The hunchback's heart had ceased to beat; but when Frank withdrew his hand he drew forth a white silk scarf stained with blood. He quickly replaced it, and then ran to meet Daisy, who was returning with the water.

"He is dead, poor fellow," said he—The Quiver.

Best Hunting Ground for Meteors.

Twenty millions of meteors, according to Dr. Murray, fall upon the earth every day, their aggregate weight amounting to something like two tons. In a hundred years we should get at least one pound, at most twenty pounds, of cosmic dust distributed over each square mile of the earth's surface, and yet the organized search which has been made for cosmic dust in every quarter of the globe has yielded meagre results. The best hunting ground has proved to be the bottom of the Pacific Ocean, where, 1000 miles from any land, a red clay is brought up, which, on examination, is shown to consist of three kinds of particles. A magnet will pick out certain microscopic fragments of titanic or magnetic iron, leaving behind a mixture of blackish and brownish spherules, the former of which contain copper, and are seemingly of volcanic origin, while the latter (called "chondres") are of radial eccentric structure, and are judged to be cosmic dust. The slopes of Ben Nevis also yield traces of this extraneous matter, which, considering the millions of years during which it has been steadily raining on the earth, is strangely little in evidence.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Origin of "John Bull."

The origin of the term "John Bull" is thus explained by the London Golden Penny: Dr. John Bull was the first Gresham professor of music, organist of Hereford Cathedral and composer to Queen Elizabeth. John, like a true Englishman, traveled for improvement, and, having heard of a famous musician at St. Omer, he placed himself under him as a novice; but a circumstance very soon convinced the master that he was inferior to the scholar. The musician showed John a song which he had composed in forty parts, telling him at the same time that he defied all the world to produce a person capable of adding another part to his composition. Bull desired to be left alone and to be indulged for a short time with pen and ink. In less than three hours he added forty parts more to the song, upon which the Frenchman was so much surprised that he swore in great ecstasy he must be either the devil or John Bull, which has ever since been proverbial in England.

Growth of Trees at Different Times.

The growth of trees at different times of the day has been a subject of experiment by Mr. E. H. Thompson, the Government Entomologist of Tasmania, who has contributed his results to knowledge. Measurements were taken as far as possible every three hours. Of the total growth 84 per cent. were obtained between the hours of 6 and 9 a. m.; 14 per cent. between 9 a. m. and noon; none between noon and 3 p. m.; none between 3 and 6 p. m.; 14 per cent. between 6 and 9 p. m.; 34 per cent. between 9 and 12 p. m., and eighty-five per cent. between midnight and 6 a. m. The greatest growths in twenty-four hours were Banksia rose, 6 1/2 inches; geranium, 5 1/2 inches; wattle, 4 1/2 inches; apple, 2 1/2 inches; pear, 1 1/2 inches.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

Gold From Ocean Sand.

The Pacific Beach Mining and Dredging Company is the name of a corporation recently formed in this city for the purpose of exploiting the gold fields which it is claimed exist in the sand along certain portions of the shore of the ocean between Redondo and Santa Monica. The corporation has a lease on a mile and a third frontage on the ocean, which it proposes to treat as soon as proper facilities in the way of machinery, etc., can be placed upon the grounds. Already an analysis has been made, with the most promising results, and the company expects to develop an important mining industry.—Los Angeles (Cal.) Herald.

His Star Still Shines. AMERICAN PROTECTION. All England's Exports. (Annual Average, 1891-1894.) WOOL £2,434,463. WOOLEN GOODS £2,595,595. TOTAL £5,030,058. AMERICAN FREE TRADE. All England's Exports. (By Special Cable.) 1895. WOOL £4,618,224. WOOLEN GOODS £6,445,983. TOTAL £11,064,207. JOHN BULL: "This licks creation. No wonder they're all talking war. 'Ere, in one year of American Free Trade in raw wool, we've scooped in over fifty-five millions of their blooming dollars—just thirty millions more than we 'ad with their blasted Protection, and they've got to get the gold from 'ere to foot the bill. What a friend we have in Grover."

LIVE STOCK IN EVIDENCE. Live stock was imported to the extent of \$1,938,226 during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1895. During the previous year the value was \$1,222,741. In 1894, under the McKinley tariff, and the amount of duty collected was \$392,012, an increase of \$50,000. It is true that the Government was badly in need of this \$50,000 but, in order to get it, foreign

Cattle Raised in Foreign Countries and Marketed in the United States during the two fiscal years ending June 30 1894 and 1895. 1894 The Kinley Tariff Import \$16,704. 1895 German Tariff Import \$765,353. Cattle raised in foreign countries and marketed in the United States during the two fiscal years ending June 30 1894 and 1895. 1894 (Scale) 200,000 Dollars, 400,000 Dollars, 600,000 Dollars. 1895 (Scale) 200,000 Dollars, 400,000 Dollars, 600,000 Dollars.

tariff the amount of duty collected upon foreign cattle, hogs, horses, mules and sheep was \$342,010, the average of valorem rate of duty being 28.04 per cent. Under the Gorman tariff the average rate was 20.23 per cent., and the amount of duty collected was \$392,012, an increase of \$50,000. It is true that the Government was badly in need of this \$50,000 but, in order to get it, foreign

Want Another Message. We have been waiting for a ringing message from the President on the subject of protection for the United States. If Mr. Cleveland is willing to fight John Bull on behalf of the Venezuelans, why not on our own account? If he objects to John Bull's invasion here, why not object to his invasion here, at home, in our own markets? If there is to be a lock-out of Mr. Bull from Venezuela, why not also from the United States?

Is Grover His Nurse? There are perhaps few men in the country who have clearer conceptions on theoretic finance than Mr. Carlisle; but in practical finance he must be ranked among the babies and sucklings.—New York Journal of Commerce.

Points for Protectionists. Eleven Southern States mined 23,321,608 tons of coal in 1894, or more than 20 times the product of same States 20 years ago. Exports of manufactured goods nine months of 1895 were \$145,793,586, against \$133,378,609 a year ago. It is to be hoped the coming Congress will arrange to meet the Government's ordinary expenses by protection to American industries rather than aid aliens to get our gold and displace our laborer by filling our markets with foreign-made goods.—Clapp's Circular.

What, That Fuss in '91? Secretary Carlisle says that "no surplus revenue, however large, could extricate us from our present difficulties, or give assurance of safety in the future." Why on earth, then, was there so much fuss and bother about that "tariff for revenue only."

Electricity on Trains. The Australians have solved the problem of lighting railroad trains electrically, according to a report to the State Department from United States Consul General Maratta, at Melbourne. A dynamo placed in a baggage car is driven by a belt from the axle and charges storage batteries, which furnish the lights. Full details of the apparatus are given in the report, which shows that it has run for two weeks without failure, and at a cost, including steam engines for lighting, of \$3 1/2 per car, against \$4 for kerosene lights.

Revival of Six-Mule Freighters. A rate war in California has brought about the establishment of a line of old-fashioned six-mule freight wagons between Fresno and Stockton.

CHARITY OF LABOR.

Quiet and Effective Relief Given by Labor Organizations. Labor organizations do much charitable work that is never heard of. Wage earners are in a far better position to learn of the distress that surrounds them than others are. It is brought face to face with them every day, and the relief afforded is given quietly and unostentatiously. No free clothing and free bread funds are heralded throughout the world. The charity of labor is sympathetic. It is not a free advertising scheme.

The year 1894 was a hard one upon the labor organizations in New York State. The twelfth annual report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor shows that 474 organizations, with a membership of 121,957, expended \$106,801.69 among those who were out of work. This was in addition to \$89,150 distributed among men on strike. There was a further sum of \$151,545.22 expended that was not classified, and the report of the bureau says that: "Presumably a greater portion of this last named sum was paid to members who were unable to procure employment."

Evidently about \$200,000 was expended by labor organizations, in this State alone last year, to relieve the distressed condition of those who were out of employment during the period when the country was threatened with a free trade tariff. This good work was quietly and unostentatiously performed. The contribution of \$200,000 by labor to relieve its fellows, contrasts strangely with the much advertised free bread fund which, even if a million leaves were given away, would not cost more than \$25,000 or \$30,000. How different it is, too, to that second advertising scheme of giving away free clothing when the clothing was contributed by others than the one who got the credit for it.

Labor believes that "oblativity begins at home." It finds the need of it in its own ranks and sets quietly to work to relieve its distress. Labor, moreover, had no hand in bringing it about as those free advertising schemers had. No trade was more affected by the Democratic hard times than that of the printers—a non-protected industry. The sum of \$35,377.72 was distributed, within a year, to idle printers in New York, showing clearly how printers suffer under tariff revision that is injurious to American industries. Printers need protection as well as the labor that works in manufacturing.

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