## VOL. XIV.

## LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 1896.

NO. 23.

The whole English press is full of ridicule for Poet Laureate Austin.

A Georgia paper complains that the Atlanta Fair "scattered measles all over the State."

It is claimed that the "honor sys m" in colleges originated in the Uniy of Virginia.

l Campos says of Weyler' Cuba that "the dead will

> oklyn is greater popula-

une announces is moting again, former wondermoting cash out 3' pockets."

agressman Lawler, of old a Chicago audience y of the people of this uted the bulk of the nd was vociferously ap-

A London weekly paper recalls the fact that at the breaking out of the Napoleonic wars, which lasted, in all. twenty-two years, England had about 16,000 mercantile seagoing vessels. During the wars no less than 10,871 of them were destroyed or captured by the enemy.

The Southern States Magazine, of Baltimore, publishes reports from over 500 correspondents in all parts of the South as to the financial condition of farmers. "These reports show that the Southern farmers as a class are less burdened with debt than they have been at any previous time since

"In a hundred years," said Napoleon the Great at St. Helena, "Europe will be Cossack or Republican. Russia has been doing her part to realize the prediction for the Cossack, observes the Chicago Times-Herald The Russian frontier has been moved toward Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Vienna and Paris about 700 miles It has been moved a thousand miles in the direction of Teheran, 1300 miles nearer British India and 500 miles on the road to Constantinople.

Professor Becker, of the United States Geological Survey, who has just returned from the Alaska gold fields. states that although the precious meta. abounds in different parts of Alaska, gold seekers should take into account the hardships and chances of ill-fortune that they will encounter. Food and other necessaries are very expen-sive. Notably rich mines already developed are the Treadwell, on Douglas Island, which produces \$500,000 worth of ore yearly, and the Apolle mine, near Delaroff Bay, with a yearly output of \$300,000.

Mutual fire insurance among farmers has proven wonderfully success ful, remarks the American Agriculturist. The Legislatures of the Middle States have done much to aid this movement by passing about all the laws they have been asked to. The ds of farmers' York and Pennsylvania represent many millions of dollars' worth of property and without exception the member .report adequate protection and a great saving in premiums. Actual losses and the necessary operating expenses are very small. The money is retained in the community and does not go to fill the coffers of those al ready rich. It is a practical demon stration of co-operation which can be practiced in other lines where farmers are honsst and can trust themselve and each other.

said in an interview that "our Maxims could have knocked the spots out of them, but we had no ammunition. That is going to be the trouble with the machine guns, especially for armier of invasion, predicts the Atlanta Constitution. No ammunition train, no matter how long, can carry cartridge enough to feed these greedy cornpoppers which shoot away in a min ute as many rounds as a soldier car carry. The Maxims and Gatlings are all right in their place, but they will not lessen the importance of accurate small arm fire. A beleaguered fortres with big magazines might be able to the air so full of lead that no liv thing could approach, but ar army in the field will still find it necessary to shoot to hit, and it will face sharp oversight to keep the soldiers from wasting too much lead even with a magazine rifle, to say nothing of a machine gun spitting from 600 to 1000 bullets a minute.

### AS YE WOULD.

If I should see A brother languishing in sore distress, And I should turn and leave him

When I might be messenger of hope and happiness— How could I ask to have what I denied, In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

If I might share

Ah brother's load along the dusty way,
And I should turn and walk alone that day
How could I dare—
When in the evening watch I knelt to pray— To ask for help to bear my pain and lost If I had heeded not my brother's cross?

If I might sing
A little song to cheer a fainting heart—
And I should seal my lips and sit apart,
When I might bring
A bit of sunshine for life's ache and smart—
How could I hope to have my grief re-

If I kept silent when my brother grieved And so I know That day is lost wherein I fail to lend A helping hand to some wayfaring friend;

But if it show burden lightened by the cheer I send. Then do I hold the golden

And lay me down to sleep in sweet con

· -Edith Virginia Bradt.

## THE LITTLE OLD MAN.

BY CAROLINE CAMBLOS.



UITE high up in a high house, in a poor quarter of Paris, lived a little old man. He blew a horn every night in the orchestra of a theatre. It was rumored he had saved

rumored he had saved considerable money. What he would do with this money no one knew; only the mothers in the house hoped he would remember their children when he died. For he loved

children when he died. For he loved the children in the house.

There were many children, for many families lived there, so he had much to love. When he went to rehearsal he had to clear a passage on the stairs, the little ones crowded so to meet him. the little ones crowded so to meet him. He usually had a paper of sweetmeats for them. Again, when a child of the house was missed, its mother would trudge up the many stairs to the topmost room and say: "M. Clerville, my little one should be here," and, sure enough, there it would be. When the little ones were disobedient, you had but to say: "Ah, if M. Clerville could see you now," and the naughtiest one became an angel of goodness.

His love for their children made the His love for their children made the mothers hope he would some time bestow some of his savings upon Jaqueline, Armand, and the like. For he had lived here for nearly eighteen years, had worked all that time and spent but little, so he must have saved much. And for what? No one ever came to see him, he went no where but to the theatre, and he had no friends save the children.

to the theatre, and he had no friends save the children.

They did not know that the little old man was hoarding and saving for a child he had never seen.

It was like this: He had once thought that he could eompose a great opera. For years and years he had dreamed about it, worked at it. In these years he had dreamed about it, worked at it. In these years he had earned but little money, his wife toiling hard to support herself and her daughter. At last, just before the daughter's marriage, M. Clerville finished his opera, sent it to a manager, and had it returned to him. His wife was angry; she had stood so much. She and her daughter left the disappointed man, and he had never seen them from that day to this.

day to this.

He knew that his daughter had mar ried, that a little child had come. He ried, that a little child had come. He determined to work and save for this little child. He put away his opera, and went into an orchestra. This was eighten years ago. He had lost sight of his wife and child, and grandchild; hey had drifted somewhere. But one dream remained to him; he would some time have a goodly sum of money, and then he would hunt out his grandchild and give it to her, thus proving he had not been entirely useless in the world. He always thought of her as a little child. For this reason he loved

all children.

Now, one night as he returned from Now, one night as he returned from the theater and war going up to his room, he heard a sw et voice singing a tune he had not heard for years. He stopped on the stairs. The song rose on the quiet air; it was an old Provencal song his mother had sung years ago, the tune he had sung to his wife in the early happy days, the tune she in tune hed. wife in the early happy days, the tune she in turn had sung to their child. The door opposite where he wastanding opened—a young girl stoo

nere.
"Mademoiselle," he said, "I thank

You for the song; me said, "I thank you for the song; my mother sang it to me when I was very young."

In his garret he thought of the song and of the young girl—what a sweet face hers was. Was it really like a face he had once known? He thought and thought about it until he fell asleen.

leep.
Now Marie, the young flower maker, was alone in the world, and had moved into the house that very day. It pleased her that she had pleased the little old man. So the next night when she heard him toiling up the stairs she again sang the old song. "It must be pleasant for him to be reminded of his mother," she thought. "My mother sang it to me, too, and now she is dead."

The old song took the old man way.

The old song took the old man way

the lilacs were blooming—he felt it more than ever.

"Oh, my dear grandchild," he said, "will I ever, ever find you? And will you ever, ever love me?"

Again, one day he met Marie as he went down the stairs, the children all about him.

about him.

"Are you quite alone, mademoiselle?" he asked.

"Quite alone," she answered. "My parents are dead. I had a kind grandmother, but she died, too. And this is my birthday, monsieur. I am seventeen years old."

He stepped up to her, raised himself on his tip-toes, and kissed her pure white brow.

"It is thus I would have embraced my grandchild," he said to himself, as he hurried away.

After that he did not see her for a

After that he did not see her for a long while, though he often heard her singing the old song when he came back from the theatre. Yet, when he was practicing, up in his room, when the children were with him, when he was blowing his horn in the theatre—at all times he thought of Marie, and the thought of her brought back the old feelings he had once had, till he brought out his opera again, and dreamed once more of being successful.

ful.

One day, when he held a sleeping child in his arms and looked down upon its flushed face, he thought, "Marie is young, and should have some one to protect her. I am old—why, I am old enough to be her grandfather. Her grandfather! How strange.

strange.
"My own granddaughter may be as "My own granddaughter may be as old as she! I never thought of that before." He leaned over the sleeping child, and presently something sparkled on its round check. May be it was a tear that fell from the little old man's

Just then, Marie, making flowers down in her room, lifted up her voice and sang the old song of Provence. After that the little old man was braver in his clothes, and some times he even had a flower in his coat. "I must look well," he said. "Marie

'must look well, 'n le said. 'Marie shall teach me how my granddaughter would like me to look. My granddaughter! Ah, soon I chall go to her. I have saved a good deal."

But he did not see Marie for a good

But he did not see Marie for a good while, and only her song told him she was near. It bade him be hopeful of yet meeting the granddaughter who should love him as he already loved her. Then one night he came home and the song was silent. Startled, he hurried up the stairs. In the doorway of Marie's room stood a young man. Marie stood there, too, and seeing M. Clerville, she began to sing the well-known song. But the little old man passed on to his garret.

"Oh," he thought, "my granddaughther may not love me when she knows me—there may be someone else."

The next day the room was locked; the children knocked on the door and called, but he did not heed them. At night, when he went home, Marie was

called, but he did not heed them. At night, when he went home, Marie was singing the song, but he hastened to his room and closed the door. Three weeks went on, and M. Clerville often saw the young man talking with Marie, and he thought that it might be thus with his granddaughter, and then she would nove love him.

would never love him.

At the end of the three weeks Marie spoke to him as he came home from

"The good people in the house remember that to-morrow is your birthday, monsieur," she said. "I was telling Raymond here that you kissed me on my birthday."

The young man at her side nodded. "I kissed you as though you were my granddaughter," said the little old man, "as though I were your grandfather."
"My grandfather!" and she frowned.

Here is the grandchild he had been saving for for years; the grandchild whom he had longed for for years, and whom he had loved and whose love he had been sure of. And she called him useless, foolish, not right in his mind, and vowed that she should despise him if she knew him! "How old and feeble he is," said the young man, Raymond, watching M. Clerville go up the stairs.

On the morrow Marie and Raymond went up to the garret. Marie had a parcel in her hand. The old man's room wasfull of smoke—he had burned his opera.

his opera.

Marie handed him the parcel. With Marie handed him the parcel. With trembling fingers he opened it. There was a little wreath of forget-me-nots.

"I made it for your birthday," said Marie. "It is my last work. For tomorrow I shall be Raymond's wife, caring for no one else." "Caring for no one else!" repeated the old man. "Now suppose your grandfather should be living—"

"I should despise him," interrupted Marie. "He was useless in the world."

M. Clerville took a paper from his breast and gave it to her.

"The savings of many years," he

said; "it is your wedding gift."
He put the two happy young people one and closed the door. He heard Marie singing the old song as she went away. He held the wreath of forgetme-nots in his hand, and he looked at the grate wiere smouldered the ashes of his opera. He listened to Marie's song growing fainter and fainter; he did not know that the children had opened the door and stood looking in at him.

In vain Marie weited to single.

The old song took the old man way back to happier days.

"And where have I seen a face like this young girl's" thought he.

Night after night he heard the song when he came home from the theater; he would leave his room door open that he might hear it to the end.

Once—it was a soft spring night, and

wreath of blue forget-mo-nots was pressed up against his heart that beat no more. Under the candle light he looked almost young.

The house was roused, and men and women sorrowed. Had he not loved their children?

The clock struck twelve.

"It is not too late," said Marie, with streaming eyes. "He kissed me on my birthday; I will kiss him on his—as his grandchild might do." She leaned over and placed her face beside the white one on the pillow. "No one to love him," she wept, "and loving nothing but the memory of his mother who sang the old song I sing."

Ah, but Marie did not know.—Home Queen.

## Statue Hidden by Verdigris.

An Egyptian statue, the finest of the kind existing, and as a work of art ranking with the Venus of Milo and the Venus de Medici, has just been discovered in the Egyptian Gallery of the Louvre, almost by accident. It is in bronze, and is the portrait of a queen of the thirteenth dynasty, named Karomana. This statue was covered with a thick coating of verdigris, which concealed its most striking beauties, so that visitors constantly passed it without even suspecting what a treasure was before them. An almost invisible trace of gold

having been detected on the surface, it was thought that perhaps some gild-ing lay under the verdigris, and the statue was scrapeda little with extreme

Something was brought to view far Something was brought to view far different from gilding. When the beautiful queen was relieved from her verdigris she was found to be clothed in a robe damascened in gold and silver. The workmanship is of the most exquisite description, surpassing anything known in ancient or modern art. Indeed, the artists in work of the kind in Paris often stand for hours before this marvel in an eestacy of adkind in Paris often stand for nours before this marvel in an eestacy of ad-miration and despair. The face has a caressing fixity of purpose, not unlike that of the wonderful Venus of Milo in the same building, but even greater delicacy of outline. It sets one dream-ing as to its meaning and mystery.— Boston Traveler.

### Artisan's Discerning Eye.

A stranger in the city stood in front of a Columbus avenue apartment house in process of construction, ap-parently interested in what he saw, and picked up a brick which he turned over in his hand once or twice.

and picked up a brick which he turned over in his hand once or twice.

"I will give you a job if you want it," said the foreman, who had observed the stranger.

"What kind of a job?" asked the other, as he shook the brick dust from his gloves.

"Laying brick, of course," was the answer. "I know from the way you picked up that brick that you are a brick mason, and we are short handed, with the cold weather on us."

"Thank you," answered the stranger.

"Once I would have jumped at your offer, for thirty-five years ago I wandered these streets looking for such a job and couldn't find it, though I needed it as much as any poor fellow in the city. I took Greeley's advice, and went West, where I have laid tens of thousands of bricks, and employed men to lay millions for me. Now I don't need the work, but am pleased that you recognized in me a

Now I don't need the work, but am pleased that you recognized in me a member of the craft."

The stranger was William McManus, one of the largest contractors in St. Louis.—New York Herald.

## Mexican Cemetery.

"I kissed you as though you were my granddaughter," said the little old man, "as though I were your grandfather."

"My grandfather!" and she frowned.

"My grandfather was a useless, foolish creature, not right in his mind, with the insane idea that he could write an opera. I should despise him if I knew him."

It all flashed upon the little old man—her old song, her familiar look. Here is the grandchild he had been saving for for years; the grandchild bodies, which are placed in tiers, much as the confines of their native

much as the confines of their native valleys compel them to live. Each apartment in the wall is large enough to admit one coffin, and is rented for \$1 per month. The poor people are buried in the ground without the formality of a coffin, though one is usually rented in which the body is conveyed to the grave. As there are not graves enough to go round, whenever a new one is needed a previous tenant must be disturbed, and this likewise happens when a tenant's rent is not happens when a tenant's rent is not promptly paid in advance. The body is then removed from its place in the mausoleum, or exhumed, as the case may be, and the bones are thrown into the basement below.—Boston Trav-

## One of the Charms of Music.

"Do you find your orchestra a paying investment?" I asked of the proprietor of a restaurant.
"Indeed I do," he answered. "It's the best investment 'about the restaurant. It makes my patrons more comfortable and better pleased with themselves. People always feel more liberal when hearing music; so they eat more. Then the rhythm of the music increases the appetite, particularly for increases the appetite, particularly for delicacies, and materially increases the orders. Besides, the music both draws customers from the street and holds them after they have entered. Yes, it does pay."—New York Herald.

## Natural Reins and Bridle.

Certainly the bearded freak of the United States is James Brown, who lives near the village of Bealington, Braxton County, W. Va. His mustache is the longest in the world, being exactly six feet from tip to tip. Brown hasn't shaved since the war. He is more than six feet tall and has the built of a Herculys.

## THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

able-An Odd Antediluvian-Re-taliation-Its Value, Etc., Etc.

I cannot tune my mandolin,
Havana!
My lady's smiles I fall to win,
Havana!
For just when I begin to sing
The insurgent bullets round me ring,
And "snap!" goes every blessed string,
Havana!

"Now that you've heard the poem tell me what you think? Oughtn't I to get \$10 for it?"
"Y-e-e-e-s. Ten dollars or thirty

Spencer—"Did you feel any pain at all when you went to that painless dentist's?"

AN ODD ANTEDILUVIAN.

WHERE TO FIND THEM.

"This age demands men who have convictions," shouted the impassioned orator. "Where shall we find them?" "In the penitentiary," replied a man in the gallery.

Mate (carelessly)—"Its on'y a deck-hand; had more'n we wanted, any-way."—Boston Courier.

## RETALIATION.

"Hurry up, Maud. Mr. Jones has been waiting an hour already." "Humph! Let him wait. Didn't he keep me waiting three years before he spoke?"—Harper's Bazar.

Pittsburg Chronicle.

A HIGH OLD ONE. Teacher—"Tommy, you may define the difference between a while and a

the difference between a while and a time."

Tommy—"Wy—wy—when paw says he is going downtown for a while, maw says she'll bet he is going for a time."

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Transcript.

Razzle—"That Major Durham you introduced me to doesn't look like a soldier. I'll bet he never drew a sword in his life."

Razzle-"Well, he may have drawn one in a raffle.

professor in the School of Journalism to one of his students. "Indeed, sir?"

"Yes, you neglect to say that the boy was rescued just as he was going down for the third time."

Timdiddie—"I think Hugh Ranguhas more assurance than any man I ever knew. I've seen him where a man of any sensibility ought to show a little embarrassment, but it didn't come out on Raugh."

Humgruff—"No? Well, I wish you had my account against him. I tell Timdiddie-"I think Hugh Raugh

"Yes, sir. "Yes, sir."
"Yes, sir."
"Will you make a solemn promise

"Yes, sir."
"Do you agree to have your books funigated with sulphur and your clothes sprinkled with chloride of lime once a week?"
"Yes, sir."
"Hans, I see that you fulfill all the requirements of modern by cleaning. requirements of modern hygienics. Now you can climb over that wire, place yourself on an isolated aluminum seat, and commence doing your sums."

# STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

My lady from her lattice shrinks,
Havana!
Of shells and flashing swords she thinks,
Havana!
The wild insurgents rear and rip!
I would not make a skyward trip,
And so, my love, I'll skip, I'll skip—
Havana!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Ferguson—"Only when he present

Teacher—"Noah sailed forty days and forty nights." Dick Hicks—"And did it all without a yachting cap."

NOT INCONSOLABLE.

Passenger—"Man overboard! Man overboard!"

INCREDIBLE.

Mrs. Snaggs (reading from a newspaper)—"Gas meter manufacturers have formed a trust."

Mr. Snaggs—"I can't believe it. No trust is to be placed in gas meters."—

Dittolars (Paperiole)

PURELY IMAGINARY.

"Maria," said Boggles to his wife, with an idea of instructing her in political economy, "do you know what civil service is?"
"Jasper," said Mrs. Boggles, with memory of recent contact with the cook, "there isn't any."—Boston Transcript.

A HOME GUARD

Dazzle-- "You are really mistaken,

We also got less free goods and more dutiable goods each gloomly Gorman statement in this rescue story." said a Christmases. But no Democratic

## had my account against him. I the man is always embarrassed."

THE GERM AGE. Scene .- A schoolroom in the year

Scene.—A schoolroom in the year 1900.
Teacher (to new boy)—"Have you got your certificate of vaccination against smallpox?"
"Yes, sir."
"Have you been inoculated for

croup?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you a written guarantee that you are proof against whooping cough, measles and scarlet fever?"

never to exchange spunges with the other boys and never to use any other pencil but your own?"
"Yes, sir."

## Mc Kinley - 1894 1000 P Scale) 3 4 100,000 S00,000 1,200,000 Dollars Dollars Dollars Mckintey Reciprocity Cars of Corrigges, modelmither United States and marketed in Brazi

## "CHEERFUL IDIOT."

(Scale) 400,000

#291,250

THE PROPERTY OF

FOOLS PLAY WITH FIGURES TO THEIR OWN DISMAY.

More of the New York Herald's Ethics of Economics—Every Fact Directly Opposed to Free Trade Arguments—Protection Period Aiways the Most Prosperous.

The "cheerful idiot" is gibbering The "cheerful idiot" is gibbering away again. This time his one idea is focused on our trade for last December. Of course he looks at but one side of the ledger and compares it only with the previous December, in 1894, when the Gorman tariff was also in effect. Recollecting how all the Democratic papers howled about its being "unfair" to make comparisons with 1894, only a few months ago, it does seem ridiculous to note how they grasp at any straw in their vain effort to stop the death gurgle of their free trade foundling that was foisted upon them in the dead of night without a name and without a father's recognition. But, as James Gordon Bennett

	But, as Ja December s		
let hi	m have then	n.	
	DECEMB	ER IMPORTS.	
Year.	Free of duty.	Dutiable.	Total.
1890	\$23,654,550	\$37,139,693	\$60,794,246
1891.,	38,664,526	30,783,497	69,448,023
1892.	31,253,999	33,872,357	65.126,356
1893	29,913,196	19,981,671	49,924,867
Protec tion			
averag	e. 30,879,087	30,444,306	61.323.373

average. 30, 99,772 32,071,623 62,171,894

Our December trade, in the four Mo-Kinley tariff years, averaged' imports of \$61,323,373. In the two Gorman tariff years they averaged \$62,171,394, or \$748,021 a year more money sent out of the country each "tariff re-form" December than in the protecform" December than in the protec tion period. Less work for American labor and a less cheery Christmas was "sad news" to the wage earners. But the "cheerful idiot" gloats over it.

paper that we have seen gives any credit to the McKinley law.

Now turn to the export table. In the four McKinley years the average December exports of American products reached \$98,450,512. The two gloomy Gorman Decembers averaged exports of only \$87,386,920, or over \$11,000,000 less of American products sold in the markets of the world, and that much less money for us to receive and remind us of the cheery McKinley Christmases. No wonder Christmas trade has been dull in 1894 and 1895. The storekeepers had good cause to complain of that free trade tariff bill. Let "the country ring with the announcement of these statistics." Publish these "cheering facts" in the Herald if you are honest enough to tell the whole truth.

## ANOTHER MONTH'S "GOOD TIMES."

How Business Prosperity Increase [A summary of special telegrams to Brad-street's, February 1, 1896.]

The features of the week are con-tinued retarded demand for merchan-The features of the week are continued retarded demand for merchandise and checked industrial operations. Least satisfactory is the waiting attitude of some of the more important industries. Some factories at Philadelphia are shutting down or running on part time; cotton goods makers regard the outlook for their product unpromising; there is a reaction in the price of steel billets; among fifty pig iron furnaces in the Pittsburgh and Shenango districts fourteen are idle, and the position of woolen goods manufacturers is shown by the fact that foreign woolen goods are relatively more active.

An indication of the continued shrinkage in the volume of business in December and its extension into January is shown by the prolonged

decline in totals of weekly bank cleardecline in totals of weekly bank clearings, that for this week—\$891,000,000
—being the smallest since the last week in November, 9 per cent. less than last week, 5.5 per cent. smaller than one year ago, although 19 per cent. larger than in the last week of January, 1894. When comparisons are made with corresponding aggregates in 1893 and 1892 (when the volume of business was exceptionally leaves, the business was exceptionally large; the falling off is respectively 36 and 32 per cent. As compared with the clear-ings in the like week of 1891, this week's total is 10 per cent. smaller.

during the two fiscal years and ing June 200

200,000 2 1,200,000 Dollars Dollars

[From Dun's Review, February 1, 1896.] Domestic trade recorded through clearing houses is 6.5 per cent. smaller than a year ago, which has not happened before for about two years, and 36.4 per cent. smaller than in the same week of 1893. Buyers show no increase of confidence and most of the shops in operation are working part time. The cotton mills are discussing curtailment of production, as geometrical management of production as geometric manag time. The cotton mills are discussing curtailment of production, as goods continue weak, with an output largely exceeding distribution, though the week has brought considerably more week has brought considerably more inquiries, and a larger spring trade is still hoped for. Woolens are practi-cally unchanged, as each passing week of open weather diminishes the pros-pect of profitable business, while job-bers, clothiers and retailers have con-siderable stocks of heavy goods re-maining.

maining.

There is an increase of about \$1,-000,000 for the month in imports at New York, the increase in dry goods being that much in the last week

His Heavy Foot. "The next President must be a Democrat. Grover Cleveland would put a heavy foot on Billion Dollar-ism."—New York World, June 24,

ism."
1892. He did. He did. In the first fifteen months of the Gorman tariff he made the business of the country almost six



1896 billions of dollars less than in the first fifteen months of the McKinley bill. Study the figures, Mr. Pulitzer, and congratulate your editorial council upon the accuracy of their forecast.

BANK CLEATINGS McKinley period, 15 months . \$71,327,575,509 Fourth quarter, 1804. . . . . 12,638,000,000 Full year, 1895 . . . . 52,823,539,249 894...... 12,638,000,000 52,823,539,249

## To Trust is to Bust.

"The people do want a revision of the tariff upon the lines marked out by the leaders of the Democratic party, but they want the work well done, and they will trust the judgment of their elected agents as to the conditions under which the revision can best be made."—New York Times, November 3, 1992.

This was a case of to "trust" is to "bust."