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NO. 24.

Three-fourths of the total population of Russia are farmers.

Britain brags that the guns now used by her army will send a bullet through four ranks of men at a distance of 450 yards.

The Attorney-General of New Hampshire has decided that the appointment of women as notaries public in that State is unconstitutional.

The horseless vehicle has taken root in France and Germany. The steam carriage brought out by M. Serpolet between 1892 and 1895 is running in all parts of France.

By the law of Scotland the bushes or shrubs planted in the garden belong to the landlord, and the tenant cannot remove them at the end of his tenancy. The English law is the same on this point.

The trouble with the magazine poets, the Chicago Times-Herald concludes, is that they are writing from copies. Good copies—but copies. "One genuine, original singer like Frank Stanton goes near to the people than the whole raft load of sonneters."

Buddhism of late is gaining quite a number of adherents among the intellectual leaders in Germany, writes Wolf von Schierbrand, such as George Ebers, Gabriel Max, Julius Stinde, F. Hartmann, and they have just begun to issue a monthly at Brunswick under the title "Sphinx."

The Referee, one of the most influential sporting papers in England, declares that the game of football there is being ruined by professionalism. Jerome J. Jerome's weekly paper indorses this opinion, editorially, and says "football as played in England now is simply a trade. The sooner it ceases to call itself sport the better."

Potatoes were selling for two cents a sack in San Francisco a week or so ago, and sold slowly even at that price. The potato crop all over the country last season was enormous, and most growers lost money on a considerable part of their crop. In some regions the potatoes were not taken out of the ground, the price got down so low.

The Board of Education of Wilmington, Del., had a knotty problem to solve the other day, but they were equal to the situation, records the Trenton (N. J.) American. It appears that a Hindoo boy had been brought to one of the public schools and was admitted under protest. Afterwards the parents of some of the other children raised objections, claiming that the Hindoo had come under the law in relation to colored schools. The Board decided that the boy was not a negro, and had as much right to attend a white school as an Italian or any other foreigner.

An Omaha letter to the New York Post says there is little doubt that there has been a heavy emigration from Nebraska, South Dakota, and Kansas during the past two or three years as a result of the three years of dry weather. This is especially true as regards Nebraska. Even a fair approximation of the statistics of this movement is possible. Most of these people are farmers and most of them have gone South. The past year was a disappointing one for the Nebraska farmers. The crops were neither a failure as in 1894 nor a big success as in 1892. They made a small yield over the whole State, and the prices which have obtained have precluded any idea of profit. With the record of three years in succession staring the people in the face, it is not at all wonderful that they should have become discouraged.

Steel wagon roads, as advocated by Martin Dodge, State Road Commissioner of Ohio, are likely to have a thorough trial in several States this year, predicts the American Agriculturist. These roads consist of two rails made of steel the thickness of boiler plate, each formed in the shape of a gutter five inches wide, with a square perpendicular shoulder half an inch high, then an angle of one inch outward slightly raised. The gutter forms a conduit for the water, and makes it easy for the wheels to enter or leave the track. Such a double track steel railroad, 16 feet wide, filled in between with broken stone, macadam size, would cost about \$6000 as against \$7000 per mile for a macadam roadbed of the same width, but the cost of a rural one-track steel road would be only about \$2000 a mile. It is claimed that such a road would last much longer than stone and that one horse will draw on a steel track twenty times as much as on a dirt road, and fire times as much as on a macadam.

IN ABSENCE.

When shadows dim the meadow-gold, and a nignonette and musk Perfume through every scented fold the garments of the dusk, When all the heavens are yearning to the first faint silver star, My spirit leans across to you, beloved, from afar.

A CHILD OF SILENCE.

BY MYRTLE REED.

RIGHT at the end of the street stood the little white house Jack Ward was pleased to call his own. Five years he had lived there, he and Dorothy. How happy they had been! But things seemed to have gone wrong some way, since—since the baby died in the spring. A sob came into Jack's throat, for the little face had haunted him all day.

Never a sound had the baby lips uttered, and the loudest noises had not disturbed his rest. It had seemed almost too much to bear, but they had loved him more, if that were possible, because he was not as other children were. Jack had never been reconciled, but Dorothy found a world of consolation in the closing paragraph of a magazine article on the subject. "And yet we cannot believe these Children of Silence to be unhappy. Mrs. Browning says that 'closed eyes see more truly than ever open do,' and may there not be another world of music for those to whom our own is soundless? In a certain sense they are utterly beyond the pain that life always brings, for never can they hear the cruel words beside which physical hurts sink into insignificance. So pity them not, but believe that He knows best, and that what seems wrong and bitter is often His truest kindness to His children."

Dorothy read it over and over until she knew it by heart. There was a certain comfort in the thought that he need not suffer—that he need never find what a wealth of bitterness lies in that one little word—life. And when the hard day came she tried to be thankful, for she knew that he was safer still; tried to see the kindness that had taken him back into the Unknown Silence of which he was the Child.

Jack went up the steps this mild winter evening, whistling softly to himself, and opened the door with his latch key. "Where are you, girlie?" "Up stairs, dear; I'll be down in a minute," and even as she spoke Dorothy came into the room.

In spite of her black gown and the hollows under her eyes she was a very pretty woman. She knew it, and Jack did, too. That is, he had known, but he had forgotten. "Here's the evening paper," he tossed it into her lap as she sat down by the window. "Thank you," she wondered vaguely why Jack didn't kiss her as he used to, and then dismissed the thought. She was growing accustomed to that sort of thing. "How nice of you to come by the early train! I didn't expect you till later."

"There wasn't much going on in town, so I left the office early. Any mail? No? Guess I'll take Jip out for a stroll." The fox terrier at his feet wagged his tail approvingly. "Want to go, Jip?" Jip answered decidedly in the affirmative. "All right, come on," and Dorothy watched the two go down the street with an undefined feeling of pain.

She lit the prettily shaded lamp and tried to read the paper, but the political news, eulogues, murders, and suicides lacked interest. She wondered what had come between her and Jack. Something had; there was no question of that, but—well, it would come straight some time. Perhaps she was morbid and unjust. She couldn't ask him what was the matter without making him angry, and she had tried so hard to make him happy. Jip announced his arrival at the front door with a series of sharp barks and an unmistakable scratch. She opened it as Jack snarled slowly. He lay on the walk, and passed her with the remark, "Dinner ready? I'm as hungry as a bear."

her. An obliging neighbor who had called that afternoon had remarked maliciously that Mr. Ward and Mrs. Brown seemed to be very good friends. Dorothy smiled with white lips, and tried to say pleasantly, "Yes, Mrs. Brown is charming, don't you think so? I am sure that if I were a man I should fall in love with her."

The neighbor rose to go, and by way of a parting shot replied, "That seems to be Mr. Ward's idea. Lovely day, isn't it? Come over when you can."

Dorothy was so stunned to reply. She thought seriously of telling Jack, but wisely decided not to. These suburban towns were always gossipy. Jack would think she didn't trust him. And now he was at Mrs. Brown's again! The pain was almost blinding. She went to the window and looked out. The rising moon shone fitfully upon the white signs of sorrow in the little churchyard far to the left.

She threw a shawl over her head and went out. In feverish haste she walked over to the little "God's Acre," where the Child of Silence was buried. She found the spot and sat down. A thought of Mrs. Browning's ran through her mind:

"Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not More grief than ye can weep for—then some way the tears came; a blessed rush of relief. "Oh, baby dear," she sobbed, pressing her lips to the cold turf above him. "I wish I was down there beside you, as still and as dreamless as you. You don't know what it means—you never would have known. I'd rather be a stone than a woman with a heart. Do you think if I could buy death that I wouldn't take it and come down there beside you? It hurt me to lose you, but it wasn't the worst. You would have loved me. Oh, my Child of Silence! Come back, come back!"

How long she stayed there she never knew, but the heart pain grew easier after a while. She pressed her lips to the turf again. "Good night, baby dear. Good night!" All come again. You haven't lost your mother, even if she has lost you."

Fred Bennett passed by the unrequented spot, returning from an errand to that part of town, and he heard the last words. He drew back into the shadow. The slight black figure appeared on the sidewalk a few feet ahead of him, and puzzled him not a little. He followed cautiously and finally decided to overtake her. As she heard his step behind her she looked around timidly.

"Mrs. Ward!" His tone betrayed surprise, and he saw that her eyes were wet and her white, drawn face was stark stained. She shuddered. A new trouble faced her. How long had he been following her? He saw her distress and told his lie bravely. "I just came around the corner here."

Her relieved look was worth the sacrifice of his conscientious scruples, he said to himself afterward. "I may walk home with you, may I not?" "Certainly." She took his offered arm and tried to chat pleasantly with her old friend. Soon they reached the gate. She dropped his arm and said good-night unsteadily. Bennett could bear it no longer, and he took both her hands in his own. "Mrs. Ward, you are in trouble. Tell me; perhaps I can help you."

"It's this way, Jack. She's in trouble." "Jack, you know I'm a friend of yours; I have been ever since I've known you. If you don't take what I'm going to say as I mean it, you're not the man I think you are."

"Go on, Fred, I understand you. I was only thinking." "Perhaps you don't know it, but the town is agog with what it is pleased to term your infatuation for Mrs. Brown." Jack smothered a profane exclamation, and Bennett continued: "Dorothy is eating her heart out over the baby. She was in the cemetery to-night sobbing over his grave, and talking to him like a mad woman. I came up the back street, and after a little I overtook her and walked home with her. That's how I happen to know. And don't think for a moment that she hasn't heard the gossip. She has, only she's too proud to speak of it. And, Jack, old man, I don't believe you've neglected her intentionally, but begin again and show how much you care for her. Good night."

Bennett left him abruptly, for the old love of Dorothy was strong to-night; not the fitful, flaming passion of his boyhood, but the deeper, tender love of his whole life. Jack was strangely affected. Dear little Dorothy! He had neglected her. "I don't deserve her," he said to himself, "but I will." He passed a florist's shop, and a tender thought struck him. He would buy Dorothy some roses. He went in and ordered a box of American Beauties. A stiff silk rustled beside him, and he lifted his hat courteously.

"Going home, Mr. Ward? It's early, isn't it? But, with scarcely a perceptible emphasis, "it's—no—too soon!" Then, as her eager eyes caught a glimpse of the roses, "Ah, but your men are shy! For Mrs. Brown?"

Jack took his package and responded icily, "No. For Mrs. Ward." "Cat!" he muttered under his breath as he went out. And that little word in the mouth of a man means a great deal.

He entered the house, and was not surprised to find that Dorothy had retired. She never waited for him now. He took the roses from the box and went upstairs.

"Hello, Dorothy!" as the pale face rose from the pillow in surprise. "I've brought you some roses!" Dorothy actually blushed. Jack hadn't thought her a rose for three years; not since the day the baby was born. He put them in water, and came and sat down beside her.

"Dear little girl, your head aches, doesn't it?" He drew her up beside him and put his cool fingers on the throbbing temples. Her heart beat quickly and happy tears filled her eyes as Jack bent down and kissed her tenderly. "My sweetheart! I'm so sorry for the pain!"

It was the old lover-like tone, and Dorothy looked up. "Jack," she said, "you do love me, don't you?" His arms tightened about her. "My darling, I love you better than anything in the world. You are the dearest little woman I ever saw. It isn't much of a heart, dear, but, you've got it all. Crying? Why, what is it, sweetheart?"

"The baby," she answered brokenly, and his eyes overflowed, too. "Dorothy dearest, you know that was best. He wasn't like—"

Jack could not say the hard words, but Dorothy understood and drew his face down to hers again. Then she closed her eyes, and Jack held her till she slept. The dawn found his arms still around her, and when the early church bells awoke her from a happy dream she found the reality sweet and beautiful, and the heartache a thing of the past—Huntsley's Magazine.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

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

A Remedy Heroic—Parent and Offspring—The Worm Turns—A Reflection—A Sure Sign, Etc.

"My lips are sore, but camphor ice I will not have," said May. "Of course 't would cure them, but, you see, 't would keep the chaps away."

PARENT AND OFFSPRING. Mamma—"What are you playing with, Essie?"

THE WORM TURNS. Mrs. Scappleigh (during the fight)—"Now, have I made myself plain?"

KNOW ALL ABOUT IT. "That new baby of Youngfather's is a remarkably wide-awake child."

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK. "Yes, my boy, it's over a hundred years old, and goes for eight day without winding."

A SURE SIGN. Two blind men were in a train. Suddenly loud snacks were heard in the compartment.

PROGRESS. "How is your daughter getting on with the piano, Nunson?"

THE DIFFERENCE. Biggs—"I am so stout that I know exercise would do me lots of good."

A REFLECTION. Father—"You should not be so angry at Cholly for proposing to you. His love is a compliment to your beauty."

HER REASON. Husband—"Why do you pay the newspapers at advertising rates to exaggerate the success of our party, Helen?"

PRESCIENCE. She stood before the glass, gazing earnestly. "Really," she said, "I do believe I have a mustache coming."

THERE'S A TIME FOR EVERYTHING. Exasperated Citizen—"Look here, I want to make a complaint against your confounded cable cars."

HE MEANT IT, ANYWAY. An old gentleman reproved his nephew for fighting with another boy.

ON AN ENGLISH RAILWAY. First Old Lady—"Guard, open this window; I shall smother to death."

NO PLATFORM FOR HIM. The politician shook his head emphatically. "There is no use getting up a platform, as far as I am concerned," he said.

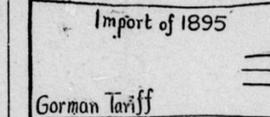
CLAIMED HE INVENTED MATCHES. Johann Irinyi died a few days ago in Hungary, at the age of seventy-nine.

THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY. Two sections of the great Russian railway across Siberia are now in operation.

CAPTURING OUR MARKETS.

Gloves made in Foreign Countries and Marketed in the United States

during the two fiscal years ending June 30 1894 and 1895



GOT IT IN THE NECK.

Farmers and Free Wool. American farmers, who are interested in sheep raising, have been watching very closely each month's returns of our imports of foreign wool last year, noting with anything but satisfaction how the product of foreign farms is supplanting their home-grown wool in the American market.

Clips of California, Oregon, Montana and Texas Displaced—Fully \$4,000,000 Pounds of Foreign Substitutes Used—Our Lambs Led to the Slaughter.

The excess of raw wool imported in 1895 over the average importations of the years 1891, 1892, 1893 and 1894 was over 115,000,000 pounds. The increase in the importations of "manufactures of wool" in the first full year of the present law over the average of the years 1891, 1892, 1893 and 1894 is nearly 28,000,000, equivalent to nearly 84,000,000 pounds of



raw unwashed wool used in the construction of these goods. That is to say, the wool grower has lost the sale to American manufacturers of \$4,000,000 pounds of wool heretofore sold to them, by reason of the loss to the home manufacturer of about \$28,000,000 worth of woolen goods, requiring in their production \$1,000,000 pounds of raw wool, previously manufactured here, but now manufactured in Europe and exported to America, a quantity greater than the entire annual unwashed clip of the States of California, Texas, Montana and Oregon.

The feature, however, that is most striking and the one causing the most regret is the increase in the importations of shoddy, waste, rags, etc. The increase in the importation of these wool adulterants in the year 1895 over the average of the four years of 1891, 1892, 1893 and 1894 (all but four months of which were under the McKinley law) was over 19,000,000 pounds. This was almost as clean as secured wool, and required in its production over 58,000,000 pounds of unwashed fleeces, equal to the annual wool crops of Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York and Michigan or the western wool growing States of Utah, California and Texas.

The total increase of foreign raw wool imported in the raw state, in the shape of cloth, or in the form of waste, rags, etc., amounts to over 270,000,000 pounds, a quantity greater than the entire American wool clip shorn in the summer of 1895. These figures are the result of the first full calendar year of the present law. What has been gained? A paltry increase of \$10,000 in the exports of woolsens while our home mills have lost business represented by an increase of \$47,000,000 in imports of all sorts of "manufactures of wool."—Justice, Bateman & Co., February 5, 1896.

Another Bond Sale Coming. The policy of the Nation, during the past two years, has been one of indebtedness. And so it has been, in too many instances, on the part of the individual. We are confronted now with a proposition for a new loan. If this be put through, then the combined payments for principal and interest of new bonded debt, incurred under the present Administration, will approximate half a billion dollars. This in time of peace, and following so closely upon a time of unparalleled prosperity, as we had in 1892, is appalling. And if the measures of relief provided by the House of Representatives be killed in the Senate, or vetoed by the President, then it is almost morally certain that another additional issue of bonds will become part and parcel of the business of the year 1896. Additional interest payments without additional opportunities for earning.—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

Fact Knocks Out Theory. The highest previous record, in 1890, has been more than doubled by the increase in our imports of foreign woolen clothes under the great boon of free raw material to our manufacturers. The great boon theory is knocked out by the actual condition—fact.

THE VALUE OF WHEAT.

On January 1, 1892, the market price of wheat was \$1.05 per bushel. Granulated sugar was then worth 4 cents a pound. A bushel of wheat bought nearly 26 1/2 pounds of sugar.

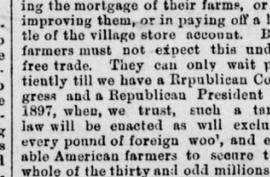
Table with columns: Calendar year, Pounds, Value. Rows for 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895.

Free trade increased 115,541,405 \$16,818,858. Free trade in the raw material of woolen manufactures means nearly double the quantity of foreign wool used here to the detriment of American wool, and just double the amount of gold sent abroad to pay for it.

The Value of Wheat. On January 1, 1892, the market price of wheat was \$1.05 per bushel. Granulated sugar was then worth 4 cents a pound. A bushel of wheat bought nearly 26 1/2 pounds of sugar.

On January 1, 1896, wheat was worth 69 cents and sugar 5 cents, a bushel of wheat buying less than 14 pounds of sugar. Under McKinley protection the farmer's bushel of wheat bought over 12 pounds more sugar than it did this year under our Democratic free trade tariff.

If All Injures Labor. The most appalling feature of the workings of the Democratic free trade tariff law is its opening of our markets to the world, thus increasing imports and thereby displacing so much of the American product. This has caused the suspension of business in the United States and has led to a surrender of the opportunities for labor here, to other countries. All this has worked most damagingly to labor throughout the United States.—Albany (N. Y.) Journal.



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