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NO. 25.

THE DAY IS DONE

When the shadows fall, the day is done, the crimson veil is drawn the sunken sun, the meadows, moist with dew, I hie away; hours of pleasure come for close of day.

LITTLE SQUIRE'S SCHOOL



THE village, with the school and everything in it, properly belonged to the Squire; but people called the school the little Squire's school, because no one took such an interest in it as did the little Squire.

Why, he would arrive at the school every afternoon for weeks running and leave his pony standing with its shaggy head halfway in the door, while he took up his position beside the teacher, and gravely regarded the boys and girls.

"Well, Charley, how's your school?" the Squire would ask, if he happened to meet his son returning from the village. "Coming on finely, eh? Learning readin', writtin' and 'rithmetic, and sewing into the bargain?"

And then the Squire would roar, laughing; for he thought it a huge joke the interest the little Squire took in the village school.

Even the schoolmaster, Mr. Finch, spoke of the school over which he had presided for fifteen years as the little Squire's school. But many and many a time the good man said to himself: "He's a fine, manly little fellow, the little Squire; but I'm feared he'll be spoiled. 'Tisn't more'n human nature that the little Squire should be spoiled, with the Squire himself willing to run at the lad's beck and call, almost, and the children here at the school fairly worshipping. A fine, fine lad; but 'tis a pity." The schoolmaster said all this, however, before a certain occurrence and its sequel down at the little Squire's school.

This is how it was. The little Squire stood as straight a soldier in front of a long line of boys and girls. He held a spelling book in one hand and a ruler in the other; the little Squire was fond of slapping the book with the ruler. The schoolmaster was smiling as he sat idle at his desk.

The little Squire turned back the leaves of the spelling book and gave out the word "Bow!"

Seated at the head of the bench, with her eyes fastened upon the little Squire, was a little flaxen-haired girl wearing a queer, voluminous frock and a skimpy print apron. She was an odd-looking, eager little girl and she spelled very quickly "B-o-w-l."

"That isn't right," said the little Squire. The little girl's face grew red and white by turns, a bright gleam came into her blue eyes and she showed one dimple in her left cheek.

"Ann Elizabeth," called out Mr. Finch, in a warning tone. "Next," cried the little Squire. "B-o-w-l, bowl," said the second little pupil, emphatically.

"Go head," ordered the little Squire. Then he looked at Ann Elizabeth; she was actually muttering that it wasn't fair.

"You're a very bad girl, Ann Elizabeth," said the lad. "I think you forget who is teacher to-day."

Then Ann Elizabeth shocked every one in the school. She burst into impudent laughter.

was really of a very generous nature and who knew nothing of Ann Elizabeth's dangerous dimple, cried out, impetuously:

"Oh, I shouldn't have called you that; I'm very sorry that I called you that. But I'm glad to hear you acknowledge you were wrong, Ann Elizabeth," he added, in a superior way; for at times the little Squire was ex-coceeding pompous.

"The word you give out is spelled two ways," said Ann Elizabeth, slowly and distinctly, "b-o-l-l and b-o-w-l."

"That may be, Ann Elizabeth," returned the little Squire, determined not to lose his temper; "but it was only spelled one way in the spelling book."

"Then the spelling book's the dumbest thing I ever heered of," cried Ann Elizabeth.

"That may be, Ann Elizabeth," acquiesced the little Squire; "but I scarcely think you and I are called upon to discuss the question."

He looked so very little seated upon his pony, and his words seemed so very big that for a moment Ann Elizabeth almost gave up her idea of getting even; but she had been head in the spelling class three months all but two days, and her grandmother had promised her a new calico frock if she stood head at the end of the third month; and although Ann Elizabeth's frocks were voluminous and came almost down to her heels she was immensely proud of a new one.

"I'm a common girl, I know that," repeated Ann Elizabeth; "and you're a fine little gentleman, everybody knows that, and I got a grandmother and so he you."

She was looking over the back of the shaggy pony, far away from the little Squire's honest eyes.

The little Squire was going to be angry, but he smiled instead.

"That's so, Ann Elizabeth," he said. "I've got a grandmother, and so he you."

"My grandmother," said Ann Elizabeth, looking wickedly into the wondering face of the little Squire, "helps with the baby and bakes pies and does a turn most everywhere; you can't go by the house you don't hear her singing. One of your grandmother went a pottin' round at Farmer Hathaway's, workin' hard as anybody fore she married the Squire's father; now you keep her back she was a chiny teapot or some'n; dress her in silk, and a'most set her in a chair. She do look lack a chiny doll, sure 'nough, settin' wishin' the Lord'd tek her. Little Squire, my grandmother pities your grandmother; hear that?"

The shaggy pony kept its feet planted in the middle of the lane as the little Squire's indignation eyes followed the figure of Ann Elizabeth going on to his school.

The trees met overhead in the avenue upon which the little Squire galloped his pony. He had muttered "chiny teapot" and "chiny doll" defiantly, before he persuaded the pony to leave that spot in the lane, and his face was aflame as he galloped up the avenue.

"China teapot! China doll, indeed!"

The little Squire was in an irritable mood as he mounted the hall steps. Everything about him was elegant as he had always remembered, large, comfortable and elegant; and yet he never for a moment doubted the words Ann Elizabeth referring to his grandmother "pottin' round at Farmer Hathaway's."

He entered the back parlor where he knew his grandmother was sure to be; but he did not speak to her, he just went to tossing out the papers on the center table. Being angry with the common little girl made him angry with the whole world.

But never in his short life had the little Squire remained angry for a long time. All at once he raised his eyes from the scattered papers and regarded his grandmother. She must have seen him when he first came in, but she was not thinking of him now; she was sitting in her rocking chair at the west window. No, he was not angry, but Ann Elizabeth's words were ringing in his ears: "Dress her in silk and a'most set her in a chair. She do look lack a chiny doll, sure 'nough, settin' wishin' the Lord'd tek her. Little Squire, my grandmother pities your grandmother; hear that?"

"Is it made of silk?" questioned the boy, following the movement of his grandmother's hand.

"Yes, dear, it's made of silk—fine silk," she murmured.

"But you don't feel like—like you was a chiny doll, do you, Grandmother?"

"A chiny doll," repeated the old lady, in a tremulous tone—"a chiny doll. Who says that, Charley?"

times—this the little Squire noticed with a great sinking of his heart—the little grandmothers sat at the western window and cried softly to herself.

One day the little Squire kissed the little old grandmother right where the tears were settling on her cheek, and cried out, in his impulsive way, "Grandmother, did you use to like to work?"

"Like to work, Charley?" she asked, faintly. And then of a sudden the little grandmother was quivering and crying and laughing all at once, as she told the little Squire about her past usefulness and how she was wont to "fly around the house."

"And now," she added, "I've nothing to do, nothing whatever to do, no more than if I wasn't in the world. But it's all right; yes, of course it's all right," she went on; "I'm the Squire's mother, and I'm proud and happy;" and then the poor little grandmother, from something she saw in the little Squire's big blue eyes, hid her little, old face in her little, old, useless hands, and fell to sobbing like a baby.

Ten minutes later the little Squire knocked boldly at his father's study. "Come in!" roared the Squire.

When the little Squire, thus hidden, opened the door he found his mamma idling away the Squire's time to the Squire's infinite satisfaction. The lad walked resolutely to his father's desk, and determination in his blue eyes, his lips pressed together. "I've just been with grandmother," he began; "she isn't happy here. I say, grandmother ought to be made awfully happy, she's so little and she's so good."

Thereupon the Squire was for rushing off to the back parlor to find out what was the matter; but his wife put her hand on his and bade him ask the little Squire to explain.

"Mother unhappy in my house?" fumed the Squire. "What do you mean, Charley?"

"She's got to have something to do," said the little Squire, boldly. "She and I have got to take care of the parlors or some'n; she musn't sit still all day long." Then the lad's bravery deserted him. "It's true, Mother," he sobbed out, "my grandmother's treated like she was a chiny doll, and Ann Elizabeth's grandmother makes the whole house chippy."

The Squire's mouth and eyes were both open very wide. "Clean the parlors!" he gasped. "Mother wouldn't like that; that's servant's work." Then, as if he might solve the problem in another way, he inquired, anxiously, "Who's Ann Elizabeth?"

The little Squire's mother answered for him, with a faint smile. "She's one of the children down at the little Squire's school."

"We'd just dust," said the little Squire, perserveringly; "I'd dust the piano legs while Grandmother dust the chairs. Sally never half dusts, anyway. And Grandmother and I could have a flower bed back of the parlor windows; that wouldn't be servant's work, Father." The little Squire almost stuttered in his eagerness, while the big Squire's amazement grew and grew.

But the lad's mother had her arms about him. "The little Squire may be right," she said softly; "we must let him do what he can to make Grandmother happy."

It was a happy day for the little, old grandmother when, enveloped in a white apron, she dusted the center-table in the front parlor. The little Squire sat under the piano feasting his eyes upon her before he vigorously dusted the legs. And that dower bed under the back windows; why, from the very beginning it brought the laughter into Grandmother's little wrinkled face.

The little Squire entered his school very gravely one morning toward the close of the third term. It almost seemed as if he had been neglecting his duty; he hadn't been near there for over four weeks. The common little girl hung down her head when she saw him. The little Squire had never told of her, and she felt ashamed and repentant. The schoolmaster smiled in hearty welcome.

"I'd like to hear the spelling class, Mr. Finch; if you don't mind," said the little Squire; and the schoolmaster smiled again and held out the book. "I'm going to skip about," said the little Squire.

It was a long time before the little Squire selected a place in the spelling book. Then he looked at Ann Elizabeth, who stood at the head.

"Boll!" he said.

"B-o-w-l," answered Ann Elizabeth, in a low voice.

"There are two ways of spelling that word," said the little Squire, looking far away over Ann Elizabeth's meek head; "I didn't know it the other time; this word's spelled the other way, but both ways are right. If I'd know I wouldn't have made Ann Elizabeth go down."

Then the little Squire's eyes fell on Ann Elizabeth, abject and miserable. He saw the flaxen head bowed away down over the bib of the funny little apron. He knew that Ann Elizabeth was just as sorry as she could be.

But, somehow, the little Squire was just as glad as he could be. "Ann Elizabeth," he said, in a friendly fashion, "you ought to see my grandmother and me dusting the parlor furniture; you ought to see us! And we've started a flower bed; we're going to have every kind of flower. You must come up and see it some-times."

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

An Advantage of the Sterner Sex—A Tale of Adventure—Keeps Right On—Two Wishes, Etc., Etc.

Though a man has fourteen pockets, and a woman has but one, He can go through all of his. While her search is just begun!

A TALE OF ADVENTURE. "Hello, Billy, where's your wife?" "She's gone on a whaling expedition up in the nursery."—Chicago Record.

KEEPS RIGHT ON. Passenger (on the vestibule limited) —"Porter, does this train stop at Dinkeyville?" Porter—"No, sah; she doan't even hesitate dar, sah."—Harper's Bazar.

TWO WISHES. Mister—"Oh, dear! I wish I could get hold of some good biscuits like mother used to make for me." Miss—"And I wish I could get some good clothes like father used to buy for me."—Indianapolis Journal.

HANDICAPPED HIMSELF. "You have the reputation of being a shrewd business man," remarked the friend of a young real estate boomer. "Yes," was the reply. "It's getting so that when I offer a man a genuine bargain he takes it for granted that I am getting the best of him."—Washington Star.

SHE MISJUDGED HIM. Mrs. Hardhead (glancing over letters)—"This young man who applies for a situation has the stamp on crooked, and it's upside down. Doesn't that indicate he is lazy, careless and perhaps cranky?" Mr. Hardhead (an old business man)—"No, my dear, it indicates that he is a hustler who wastes no time on trifles."—Pearson's Weekly.

MNEMONICS. Professor A.—"Would you believe it, my dear colleague, I actually do not know the ages of my children!" Professor B.—"Such a thing could never happen with me. I was born 2300 years after Socrates; my wife 1800 years after the death of Tiberius; our son Leo, 2000 years after the promulgation of the Licinian laws by Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, and our Amanda 1500 years after the commencement of the great Migration. Very simple, is it not?"—Ziondasblad.

THERE ARE OTHERS. Mr. Cityman—"I say, Mr. Medders, the advent of the bicycle and the consequent decline of the horse must have hurt you farmers considerably by cutting off the demand for one of your chief products." Mr. Medders—"What product is that?" Mr. Cityman—"Why, it must be of little use to raise oats now!" Mr. Medders—"Yes; that's so! The bicycle has done us on that; but when one door shuts another always opens. We raise the arnica plant now."—Puck.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE. First Department Official—"I had a strange experience to-day—very strange." Second Department Official—"You look as if you'd seen a ghost. Come, tell me the story; anything to relieve the monotony." "It is not a ghost story." "Well, well; out with it."

"A man came to me to-day to ask about a matter which I couldn't refer to any other department, and I actually had to attend to it myself."—Skelett.

NOT DISPOSED TO QUIBBLE. While the two urchins who had adjourned to the alley in the rear of the barn to fight were stripping for action, the larger one said: "Kid, I'll let you off if you're 'fraid. I can lick ya in two minutes. I'm ten pounds heavier'n you be."

"That's all right," responded the other. "If you'd wash the dirt off'n that mug of yours we'd weigh 'bout the same."

The fight that immediately followed was the fiercest one the neighborhood had seen for many a day, and it is with a melancholy satisfaction the historian records the fact that the smaller boy whipped. —Chicago Tribune.

WAY HE RAN. Major McLaughlin put a new man at work at his mine the other day drying out dynamite.

"Now," said he, by the way of explanation, "you've got to keep your eyes on that thermometer in the heater. If it gets above eighty-five, you're liable to hear a noise around here. When it reaches eighty-two degrees, you've got just three minutes in which to work, for it takes three minutes for it to rise to eighty-five."

An hour later the Major returned to see how the man at the heater was doing.

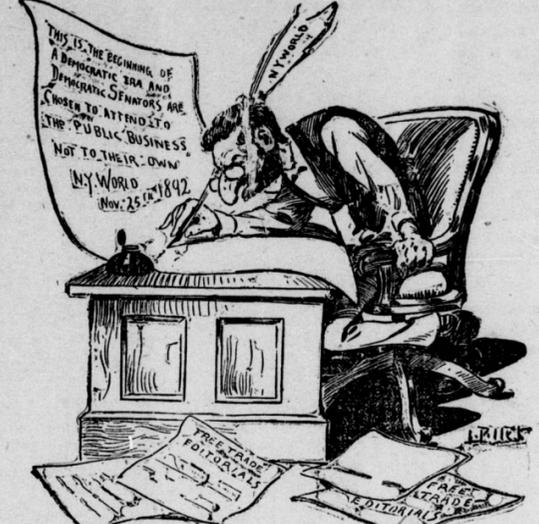
"Well, how is it getting along?" he inquired. "Oh, first-rate."

"Do you watch that thermometer?" "You bet your life I do, and I'm keeping her down."

He reached into the heater, pulled out the thermometer. "When? She's up to eighty-four."

He remarked, "There, that'll fix it!" He jammed the thermometer into a bucket of cold water and hung it back on the heater. Then he wondered what McLaughlin was rapping for. —San Francisco Post.

THE BEGINNING—1892.



This is the beginning of a Democratic era, and Democratic Senators are chosen to attend to the public business, not to their own. —N. Y. World, November 25, 1892.

AND THE END—1896.



We may now add that this is the end of a Democratic era, and Democratic Senators are chosen to attend to their own business, not to that of the public.

HITS HOP GROWERS.

DEMOCRATS WANT FREE HOPS FOR BRITISH BREWERS.

Kicking American Hop Men When They Are Down—Hard Times Cause a Decrease in Consumption of Beer—Brewery Dividends Below Prospectus Promises.

The New York Times every now and again has a dig at the unfortunate hop growers. Its latest, January 27, 1896, was as follows:

"If the hop growers of the United States can sell 17,000,000 pounds in Europe, meeting foreign hop growers there on even terms, without any protection whatever, it is nonsense to pretend that they cannot more easily undersell these foreign hop growers here at home, either with or without the tariff protection of the present law."

Nobody ever pretended that the American hop growers "cannot more easily undersell these foreign hop growers here at home." Of course they can. They can give away their hops if they want to, and thus control the home market. That would suit the British brewers' syndicate which control most of our breweries, and, as their dividends have been pretty low lately and not up to prospectus profits, the New York Times naturally wants to help its English friends.

If our hop growers did "undersell these foreign hop growers here at home," would it pay them to do so? That is the American point of view. We don't want to see American hop growers raising their crop just for the fun of the thing and for the pleasure of mortgaging their farms till they are seized by the sheriff, for the sake of benefiting British brewing syndicates. But the New York Times does want this. The Democratic hard times have cut down the consumption of beer by 750,000 barrels during the first quarter of the present fiscal year and business is undoubtedly flat among the British brewers. But it has been worse with the hop growers, who have been obliged to sell their hops anywhere from two to eight cents a pound without making a cent of profit.

Root up the American hop yards is the New York Times idea, so that more land may be devoted to other crops of which we have a surplus, and which are not paying farmers money enough for taxes. The condition of the hop market was well illustrated by the Journal of Commerce and Com-

mmercial Bulletin, on the same day that the New York Times gave its kick at American hop farmers, as follows: "Prices (of hops) are still depressed and the prospects are unsatisfactory."

This meant "unsatisfactory" to the farmers who held hops. Having got them down, the New York Times gave them another kick, with a sort of "blast you" expression, thinking: how "satisfactory" the hop market news of the day would be to the British brewing syndicates.

We like to read the "high tariff absurdity" of the New York Times, because it contains such a lot of low tariff rot. It is amusing in its intense ignorance. It used to profess being an expert on the American carpet trade, but it has been significantly silent on that subject since the American carpet manufacturers got their great bonnet of free raw material which was to let them capture all the carpet markets of the world. Why not tell us all about those carpets, and how many more carpet markets have been put into captivity since we adopted the British free trade policy? Give us some more low tariff rot.

A Deserter Democrat. "A famine of statesmen."—New York Evening Post.

Of course there's a "famine of statesmen" in the Democratic ranks after the three years' experience of Democratic statesmanship since 1893. What



Democrat wants to shoulder such a load of responsibility? This "famine of statesmen" in its own ranks is the cause of the great Democratic editorial interest in the ranks of Republican statesmen. The one receiving the most abuse just now is Governor McKinley, and whenever Democratic editors unite in attacking any prominent Republican it is sure proof that they dread his power and popularity.

Korea's King and His Queen. The King of Korea has cut off his queen and issued a proclamation ordering his subjects to do likewise. Pretty unangustously declines.