## VOL. XIII.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1895.

NO. 23.

that until the year 1895, no colored man ever served on a jury in Maine.

the South from 1880 to 1890, it increased in the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, New Jersey, Michigan, Montana, Nevada and Wis-

by popular subscription a fund for the erection of a monument to their Chief, Iron Nation, who died recently on the reservation near Chamberlain, South Dakota. Iron Nation had been a prominent figure in Sioux affairs for

Queerer suit at law was never brought than that of H. Magill'against the Osage Council. Magill was going through the reservation when the Indians caught and tied him, cut his hair and held a war dance round him. He sues for \$10,000, and the Council offers \$500 to settle.

Scotch banks will at an early date reduce the interest on deposits to one per cent., the lowest ever paid. The managers state that they are compelled to take this course because the English banks are only paying onehalf per cent. They also say that they never experienced such difficulty in reinvesting money.

A new language has just been added to the Bible Society's list, bringing up the total number to over 320. This time, as in some other recent instances, the new version is for Africa. It is a translation of the gospel of St. Matthew into Kisukuma, the language of the Basukuma people, whose country lies immediately south of Lake Victoria Nyanza.

The New York Mail and Express observes: The Mikado, having conferred the Grand Order of the Imperial Chrysanthemum upon the German Kaiser, the latter has returned the compliment by sending the collar of the Black Eagle to the first gentleman of Japan. As the regalias of these distinguished Orders are only lent to the recipients, it doesn't cost much for monarchs to be civil to each other.

The vaunted protection of the seals in Alaskan water is a myth, in the opinion of the New York Mail and Ex-Secretary Carlisle reports that 121,143 were killed by pelagic sealers last year. This statement has caused a suggestion to be made in Congress that the Government undertake the slaughter of the remaining seals, estimated to number 450,000, and sell the skins, which would be valued at \$10 .-000,000 if properly cured. It is strange that the two greatest Governments in the world cannot protect the seals. Possibly there is some reason not apparent on the surface why this

interview in predicting 1895's progress in railroading, very pertinently stated: "Take, for instance, the New York Central Railroad. Our trains might almost be termed flashes of lightning, but their rate is not a circumstance to the speed we are now aiming at. Then there is the matter of safety. I need not assure you that the safety of passengers is the most important thing a railroad man has to with. This coming year we expect to attain what some people may consider a chimera—namely, perfect freedom from risk in the transportation of human beings by rail. We have, we be lieve, solved the problem, and that, I should say, will make 1895 an unequaled year in railroading. In the far as in the near future, romantic things are done, or are being pro-jected. A tunnel to the summit of the Jungfrau is one of the things pos-The Trans-Siberian Railway and the South African line to Mashonaland are two projects on the edge of the future—the former already under way—and the poetry of railroading will be experienced in the new rush of railroad building certain to ensue in Japan when the Chinese war indemnity is paid—which will certainly happen in 1895."

## OLD EIGHTY-SIX,



PPRESSED gart stood in a dark cor-ner of the terminus. glittering

engine No. 86. The enoiling her, and the fireman, as he oiling her, and the fireman, as he opened the furnace door and shoveled that the coal, stood out like a red Rembrandt picture in the cab against the darkness beyond. As the engineer, with his oil can, went carefully around engine No. 86, John Saggart drew his sleeves across his eyes, and a gulp came up in his throat. He knew every joint and bolt in that contrary old engine—the most cantankerous iron brute on the road, and yet, if rightly managed, one of the swiftest and most powerful engines the company had, notwithstanding the many improve-

powerful engines the company had, notwithstanding the many improvements that had been put upon locomotives since 86 left the foundry.

Saggart, as he stood there, thought of the seven years he had put in on the footboard of old 86, and of the many tricks she had played him during that period. If, as the poet says, the very chains and the prisoner become friends through long association, it may be imagined how much of a man's affection goes out to a machine that he thoroughly understands and likes—a machine that is his daily companion for years, in

lights of the station lamps, and finally there flickered swiftly past the brilliant constellation of city windows, showing that the town had not yet gone to bed. At last the flying train plunged into the dark, and Saggart pressed his face against the cold glass of the window, unable to shake off his feeling of responsibility, although he knew that there was another man at throttle.

throttle.

He was aroused from his reverie by a touch on his shoulder and a curt request, "Tickets, please."

He pulled out of his pocket a pass and turned to hand it to the conductor, who stood there with a glittering plated and crystal lantern on his arm. "Hello, John, is this you?" cried the conductor as soon as he saw the face turned toward him. "Hang it, man, you didn't need a pass traveling with me."

"I know it," said the engineer. "but

"I know it," said the engineer, "but they gave it to mo to take me home, and I may as well use it as not. I don't want to get you into trouble."

"Ob, I'd risk the trouble," said the conductor, placing the lamp on the floor and taking his seat beside the engineer. "I heard about your worry to-day. It's too cussed bad. If a man had got drunk at his post, as you and I have known 'em to do, it wouldn't have seemed so hard, but at its worst your case was only an error its worst your case was only an error of judgment, and then nothing really happened. Old 86 seems to have the habit of pulling herself through. I suppose you and she have been in worse fixes than that with not a word said about it."

who doesn't know the road. I doubt if he's ever been over the main line before. Now it's an anxious time for me, with all the holiday traffic moving, with the thermometer at zero, and the rails like glass, and I like to have a man in front that I can depend on."

"It's bad enough not to know the road," said John, gloomily, "but it's worse not to know old 86. She's a brute if she takes a notion."

"I don't suppose there's another"

"Save yourself," said Saggart to the fireman. "There's bound to be a smash."

"I don't suppose there's another engine that could draw this train and

keep her time."

"No. She'll do her work all right if you'll humor her," admitted Staggart, who could not conceal his love for the engine, even while he blamed

and picking up his lantern, "the man in front may be all right, but I would feel safer if you were further ahead on

or. "I'll drop in and see you as the night passes on."

Saggart lit his pipe and gazed out into the darkness. He knew every inch of the road—all the up-grades and the down grades and the levels. He knew it even better in the darkest night than in the clearest day. Occasionally the black bulk of a barn or a clump of trees showed for one moment against the less black sky, and Saggart would say to himself: "Now

tives since 86 left the foundry.

Saggart, as he stood there, thought of the seven years he had put in on the footboard of old 86, and of the many tricks she had played him during that period. If, as the poet says, the very chains and the prisoner become friends through long association, it may be imagined how much of a man's affection goes out to a machine that he thoroughly understands and likes—a machine that is his daily companion for years, in danger and out of it. No. 86 and of the engine turned his mind to his offered to have forgotton that often the pinch was caused by the pure cussedness of 86 herself, and he remembered only that she had bravely done her part several times when the situation was exceedingly serious.

The cry of 'All aboard!' rang out and was echoed down from the high arched roof of the great terminns, and John, with a sigh, turned from his contemplation of the engine and went to take his place on the train. It was at the end of it, for the heavy holiday traffic was on, and people were getting out of town by the hundred. The engine had her tantruus, and that even when a moment the signal was given.

John Saggart cas he stood there, thought to determine the plack bulk of a barn or a clump of trees showed for one moment may include a say. The world is the world and the set of the set of

finds out."

going to make up for lost time,"
"She should be slowing down on crossing the G. and M. line, "answered the engineer. "Good heavens!" he cried "moment after. "We've gone across the G. and M. track on the keen jump."

Less than one-half of our farms are mortgaged.

THE GOOD WE ALL MAY DOO, the good we all may do, while the days are going by the days are going by the Chicago University teacher will be known as "Mr.," not "Prof."

Our Animal Friends has collected statistics which show that 102 cases of lockjaw resulted in the year 1891 from docking horses' tails.

Among the new postoffices established in Washington State, noted by the Chicago Record, are Pysht, Quit-lagnette, Utsaladdy and Klickitat.

It is said in the New York Recorder that until the year 1895, no colored man ever served on a jury in Maine, W. A. Johnson, of Bangor, is the pionner.

The Atlanta Journal remarks that while illiteracy decreased greatly in the South from 1880 to 1880, it in many a tight place together, but we on the subject of the total company with the subject on the case, the subject of the story."

There are lonely hearts to cherish, while the days are going by!

There are lonely hearts to cherish, while the days are going by!

It smile we can renew, As our journey we pursue; Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are going by!

There are lonely hearts to cherish, while the days are going by!

There are lonely hearts to cherish, while the days are going by!

There are lonely hearts are lonely hearts are good. As our journey we pursue; Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are going by!

There are lonely hearts are good. As our journey we pursue; Oh, the good woll may do, While the days are going by!

There are lonely hearts are good. As our journey we pursue; Oh, the good woll may do, While the days are going by!

There are lonely hearts are good. The condition of the case of good we sow, Belp your fallow bent than a glance. The engineer, on, the good woll may do, While the days are going by!

There are lonely hearts are good. The standard in the days are going by!

There are wearly sole by:

There are lonely hearts are good to the days are going by!

There are wearly sole hearts are good to the conduct of the case of good we are goin

"Save yourself," said Saggart to the fireman. "There's bound to be a smash."
"Ill stick by you, Mr. Saggart," said the fireman, who knew him. But his hand trembled.

The airbrake was grinding the long train and sending a shiver of fear through every timber, but the rails were slippery with the frost and the train was still going very fast. At the right moment John reversed the engine, and the sparks flew from her great drivers like a Catharine wheel.
"Brace yourself," cried Saggart.
"No. 6 is backing up, thank God!"
Next instant the crash came. Two headlights and two cowcatchers went to flinders, and the two trains stood dithere with horns locked, but with no great damage done except a shaking

great damage done except a shaking up for a lot of a panic stricken passen-

ers. The burly engineer of No. 6 jumped down and came forward, his mouth full of oaths.

"What do you mean, running on our time like this? Hello, is that you, baggart? I thought there was a new man on to-night. I didn't expect this

standing ready to begin the long journey the moment the signal was given.

John Saggart climbed into the smoking carriage at the front part of the train. He found a place in one of the forward sefts and he sank down into it with a vague feeling of uneasing into it with a vague feeling of uneasiness at being inside a coach instead of on the engine. He gazed out of the window and saw the glittering electric lights slowly slide behind, then more quickly the red, green and white hights of the station lamps, and finally there flickered swiftly past the brilliant constellation of city windows, showing that the town had not yet gone to bed. At last the flying train inds out."

The conductor came in again and sat down beside the engineer. He same line. These elements readily take up the tennate of iron, which is tickets, while Saggart gazed out of the window. Suddenly the engineer sprang to his feet with his eyes wide open. The train was swaying from side to side, and going at great speed.

The conductor looked up with a smile.

"Old 86," he said, "is evidently going to make up for lost time."

"Hello, John, is this you?" cried the conductor as soon as he saw the face turned toward him. "Hang it, man, you didn't need a pass traveling with me."

"I know it," said the engineer, "but they gave it to me to take me home, and I may as well use it as not. I don't want to get you into trouble."

"Oh, I'd risk the trouble," said the conductor, placing the lamp on the foor and taking his seat oeside the engineer. "I heard about your worry to-day. It's too cussed bad. If is the law.

"Doesn't that jay in front know enough to stop at a crossing?"

"It isn't that," said Saggert. "He knows all right; even the train boys wouldn't have seemed so hard, but at its worst your case was only an error of judgment, and then nothing really appened. Old 85 seems to have the sabit of pulling herself through. I suppose you and she have been in yorse fixes than that with not a word aid about it."

"Oh, yes," said John. "We've been the facts to she will be track. I must get to 85."

"She should be slowing down on crossing the U. and M. track on the cried / moment after. "We've gone acrossing?"

"It is not that fare. "We've gone across the G. and M. track on the keen jump."

The conductor sprang to his feet. It is sleep-lessness began on September 23, but the flight of incoming of the 23d. He has sleep in that period was about half an hour on the morning of the 23d. He has gone without food a part of the time, and, notwithstanding that he has been awake continually, he does not suffer any particular inconventions of judgment, and then nothing really suppened. Old 85 seems to have the mabit of pulling herself through it appears the conductor."

"The track is a mile shead. In five down often and her track. She's always late, and won't be on the side that it will finally be forced on —Cincinnati Enquirer.

# HOW FARMERS FEEL.

ONLY TWO PER CENT. IN WIL-SON'S STATE BELIEVE IN FREE TRADE.

A Business Man Questions 100 West Virginia Agriculturists With Most Suggestive Results—"Wilsonism" on the Decline.

on the Decline.

My business takes me into many farming homes in West Virginia, and for the last two months I have been sounding farmers on the tariff question. West Virginians, as a rule, are truthful, and I would just as soon believe one of them as any one else. Of 100 farmers questioned, forty were Democrats, fifty-five Republicans and five Populists and "nondescripts." The fifty-five Republicans declared to a unit in favor of unqualified proteca unit in favor of unqualified protec-tion, as did also thirty of the Demo-crats; eight of the remaining Demo-crats believed in a conservative tariff, crats believed in a conservative tariff, and only two were out and out free traders. Four of the Populists had no views on the tariff and one said whatever Jerry Simpson and Peffer did was all right with him. Some of them told me that while morally certain that free trade would lessen the cost of what they consumed fully one-third, that they still would be losers in the glutted markets with their own products depreciated one-half in valproducts depreciated one-half in val-ue. One farmer advocated a uniform tariff of 100 per cent. and the appointment by the Government of a commission to fix the price of all articles consumed in this country, this commission to be in session every day, issuing daily reports of fluctuations in the

Ing daily reports of nuctuations in the markets.

Now this inquiry elicited the information that only two out of 100 farmers questioned, and selected without regard to politics, believe in free trade, and taking the late elections as a guide this percentage will hold good everywhere and will be taken as an indication that "free tradeism" or "Wilsonism" is on the decline, and, in fact, never had any footing in this country so long blest with glorious protection. WILL S. GREENLIEF.

Grafton, W. Va. Grafton, W. Va.

## CHEAP LABOR COMPETITION.

The Southern Cotton Manufacturers

While some parts of the Southern section of the country are rejoicing because the new tariff may induce the erection of more cotton mills in those localities where cotton is grown, because the mills can there be more economically worked chiefly owing to the lower value of labor, they have suddenly awakened to the fact that labor is cheaper in other parts of the world than it is in the Southern States, and the Atlanta Workly Constitution and the Atlanta Weekly Constitution

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH JAPAN? "Under our new treaty with Japan we may expect some wonderful sur-

"The Japanese are building factories in every town, and they have just be-gun to realize the fact that the margun to realize the fact that the markets of the world are open to them. They are the brightest, most ingenious and skillful people on the face of the earth. They can imitate anything, and their invention seems to have no limit.

"How are we going to compete with these people? They are now studying the American markets and manufacturing the goods most in demand

the American markets and manufac-turing the goods most in demand here. Already their rags and matting are finding their way into nearly every American home. Whole villages in Japan make nothing but rugs, and one firm employs 3000 hands. Their cotton factories now have 500,000 spindles, and the number is rapidly increasing. Their ingenuity and artistic taste enable them to turn out cotton fabrics as pretty as silk, and cotton fabrics as pretty as silk, and we must either learn their methods

or give up competition with them.
'The Japanese make everything so wonderfully cheap. They sell us a rug for \$2.25, and out of this sum rug for \$2.25, and out of this sum about sixteen profits are made. A roll of good matting can be bought for \$1 in Japan. The very best female operatives in the factories work for ten or twenty cents a day, and the finest male artisans only get fitty cents a day. No woman in Japan is too poor to afford a silk dress.

"The most beautiful books in the world are published in Japan, and the cost of printing, engraving and bind-

cost of printing, engraving and bind-ing is only a tride. Wages are almost nothing, but the Japanese can live well on what we would starve on. A workingman can furnish a cottage nicely for less than \$10, and his rent

need not be over forty cents a month. In fact, it is said that a young couple can begin housekeeping very comfortably on \$5.50.

"The prices quoted above are on a silver basis, and if paid in gold would be cut down one-half. So, when we are told that the best male mechanics get only fifty cents a day and good clerks only ten cents, we should bear in mind the fact that they can be employed for half that, if paid in gold. "Now, what shall we do with these people? If they can live well on nothing and flood our country with all kinds of goods for a song, we might as well close every factory, mill, forgo and shop in the land and all go to farming. How shall we be saved from this deluge of cheap goods? Our workmen cannot come down to wages at five cents a day and rest cottages at twenty cents a month in gold, or double those figures in silver. It will be said that we can raise our tariff and har out these cheap goods, but that would be protection for protection's sake, and we cannot come to that without abandoning the Democratic policy." We want cheap goods, but we do

"We want cheap goods, but we do not want them too cheep. When they

are too cheap they will knock our ped-

ple out of employment.

"If all this is to befall us, the question again comes up, what shall we do with Japan?"

with Japan?"

Perhaps it is well that "the question again comes up" so soon after the last election. If we have a low tariff, Japan certainly will flood this country with goods to be sold at so cheap a price that our factories must close unless our labor will consent to work for Japanese wages plus the cost of freight. In answer to the question, "What shall we do with Japan?" it is just as well for the Southern States to understand now, as later, that our only

well for the Southern States to understand now, as later, that our only remedy against Japanese cheap labor and industries is protection for American labor and industries. If their cheap goods are sold in our markets, then American factories must be closed.

As the policy of protection is di-rectly contrary to the doctrine of free trade, for which our Southern friends have hitherto insisted upon friends have hitherto insisted upon voting, it may be well for them to pause before they construct many more new mills in the South and remember that the present tariff is but the beginning of "tariff reform," the sole aim and object of which is to establish free trade.

Possibly, though, while the Japanese manufactured cotton goods are selling in the markets of the United States, the meanifectures of cetton goods.

the markets of the United States, the manufacturers of cotton goods in the Southern States will not be en-tirely idle, because the markets of the world will be wide open to them and they may be able to sell their American made goods in other markets-in the Japanese market, for instance; that is, if they can find any labor in this country to work for the same rate of wages as is paid to Japanese, less the amount of money that would have to be paid as freight in sending our goods to Japan. If we want the trade of the markets of the world we must invariably work for less than their

### Cheap Foreign Shoddy Goods.

The people of this country have heard a vast amount, during the past ten years, about the excellence of forten years, about the excellence of foreign woclen goods. Billy Russell,
George Fred. William, Josiah Quincy
and the other chloride of lime statesmen, who entered Democratic politics
to disinfect it, have pictured the woes
of the people obliged to wear "tariff
taxed" clothing filled with shoddy,
when a Democratic tariff would enable
them to wear the finest of foreign
woolens. It was represented that the
protective tariff filled clothing made
in this country with shoddy, though,
as a matter of fact, five pounds of
shoddy are used in England where
one is used here. Since January 1,
when the Democratic tariff went into
operation, a perfect tidal wave of forwhen the Democratic tariff went into operation, a perfect tidal wave of foreign woolens has been pouring through the Custom House. They are cheap woolens, too, and cheap woolens are what the Democrats promised. But they are cheap because they are good for nothing. They are the worst lot of goods that ever found their way into this country. The European manufacturers have miscued on the American market at their first shot. People are a tritle poor after two years of Democracy, but they do not yet wear clothing that will blow away in a fair wind.—Worcester (Mass.) Telegram.

Labor Busy There.



Labor Busy Here.

Southerners for Protection.

Southerners for Projection.

The cotton growers held a meeting at Shreveport, La., and adopted resolutions that had been passed by the National Cotton Growers' Protective Association at Jackson, Miss., on January 2 and 10. We are very pleased, indeed, that the cotton growers have organized a protective association, which, of course, implies their belief in the policy of protection for themselves. And if protection is good for other producers and for other industries in other parts of the country. Hence we regard the result of the meeting at Shreveport as a very strong and practical indorsement of the policy of protection which we advocate.

OVER THE SNOW.

Sweet Milicent put on her furs, Nor cares how hard the north wind blows— So many hearts would capture hers, She has no lack of anxious beaux.

Now jingle, jingle go the bells, Past burdened fields, past wood and

With joyous hope her bosom swells,
And all the world is fair before.

One summer day she chanced to meet Her escort, near the ocean's tide-

but now he comes with coursers fleet
And asks her to a winter's ride. Jingle, jingle go the bells,
As off the happy couple starts But only Cupid's record tells
The union there of hands and hearts.

So. let the north winds roughly blow, Nothing shall cool their deep desire for love can melt the cold and snow, And needs no outward flame or fire!

Jingle, jingle go the bells, Until the merry trip is done The frosty road no secret tells Oftwo fond hearts that beat as one.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Advertising is the root of all money. A game leg-The quarter of venison. One man in a thousand—The Col-

A resolution is easier to pass than

to keep.

An "invention of the enemy" is

Selfishness often shows a very bad social taste.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Figg is always setting a trap for his wife." "Jealousy, is it?" "Nope! mice."—Inter-Ocean.

"History repeats itself;" but that is because it is getting old and volum-inously garrulous.—Puck.

Love shows itself by deeds; but it is often confoundedly hard to get a wife to sign one with you.—Puck.

Men are either good because they have not been found out, or because they are not married—Atchison Globe. "Dr. White is a specialist, is he not? What is his sepecialty?" "He has two—consultations and fees."—

A man has been known to stand in a corner all day, wondering at the world's idleness.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Diner-"Waiter, why didn't you keep your thumb out of the soup?" The Waiter—"Oh, it isn't hot."—Detroit Free Press.

Microbes in the kiss, you say?
Right you are, my boy.
Little germs of purest bliss,
Bacilli of joy!

—Harper's Bazar.

One of the lessons of life which many people never learn is that it is not necessary to make an ass of one-self merely because one has a magnifi-

cent opportunity. "Looking for work, are you?" asked the good lady. "Oh, not that bad, mum!" answered Mr. Everett Wrest. "Jist merely waitin' fer it."

-Cincinnati Tribune Hairdresser-"Madam, what color do you wish your hair dyed?" Miss Oldgirl—"Oh! I am not particular; any color so you 'keep it dark.'"—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Tommy—"Paw, what is the difference between a vest and a waistcoat?"
Mr. Figg—"The vest is the most likely to have a big roll of bills in its pocket."—Indianapolis Journal.

Binly-"That man ahead of us is an inventor out of luck." Finly—"How do you know?" Binly—"Why even the ends of his trousers' legs are in-fringing."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Embarrassment and shyness frequently differ from each other. When a young man is embarrassed for money, his shyness doesn't stop him from trying to borrow some.—Philadelphia Life.

to be blind or deaf. He answered —
"Deaf, miss, when I am looking at you, and blind when I hear you sing."
—Wisconsin Star Journal. "I see," observed Mr. Chugwater, "I see, observed Mr. Chugwater, looking over his morning paper, "they're making another effort to put a tax on bachelors." 'Is that the single tax I've heard so much about?" inquired Mrs. Chugwater.—Chicago Tribune.

Tribune.

What a contradictory thing is man.
When we are a boy and love molasses
on our bread we can only have a little
of it, but when we grow up and can
have all the molasses in the world we
do not care for it at all.—Portland
(Me.) Tribune.

"You ought to know better than to

"You ought to know better than to put small coins into your mouth," said the old gentleman to the boy who had just blacked his boots. Whereupon three richly apparelled ladies who were hurrying past to catch a street car paused a moment and looked indignantly at the speaker.—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

I saw Mrs. Jefferson Davis the other day, says the New York correspondent of the Chicago Herald. She's a bright, whole-souled old lady with snow white hair drawn smoothly back from her forchead. She dresses in the deepest mourning, knows everything and everybody, is genial, humerous and gets off a bonmot now and then which convulses her hearers. Mrs. Davis and her daughter live in handsome apartments in the Gerard. Miss Winnie is tall, refined, a semi-brunctte with great repose of manner, a student of music, a fine conversationalist and very popular in society. She dresses in great taste, a gown she wore at a recent reception, of gold-hued silk, costly white lace and garnished with clusters of violets, being declared one of the most successful costumes seen this winter.