

## DIVIDEND INCREASE.

### BRITISH SHODDY FACTORIES DOUBLE EARNINGS.

One Concern Started This Year with \$5,000,000 of Orders—Our Woollen Mills Being Steadily Closed Down—British Manufacturers Delighted.



No two Bradford houses are better known in the United States, either among our dry goods houses or consumers, than those of Messrs. A. & S. Henry & Co., Ltd., and Messrs. Lister & Co. of the famous Manningham Mills. The former, simply as merchants and shippers, the latter as manufacturers, are regarded as the business leaders of Bradford. Were it not for the enormous trade that Henry's do with us, and the substantial slice that Lister's have secured from American manufacturers, they would to-day still be but "common fry." As Henry's house is the king of Bradford's Anglo-American shippers, let us note what this present tariff has done for them. The chairman of the company, Sir Henry Mitchell, speaking at its annual meeting less than a month ago, said:

"When the shareholders assembled twelve months ago it was at the close of a very trying and very difficult year, and the directors had to put before them business results which were considerably less than the average for a number of years past, and even less than in any year since the company was formed. He was very glad to meet the shareholders with a very much more satisfactory report and very much better results (hear, hear). As they would see from the balance sheet, the net divisible profits were about £46,000 more than they were last year, and nearly £20,000 more than the highest amount realized since the company was formed. He hoped that the results would be considered satisfactory. Then, speaking of the general prospects of trade, he said those shareholders who were at the last annual meeting would remember that he held out some hope of improved trade, and stated that the company had orders on their books of upwards of £500,000 to commence the business of the year. He was now very glad to be able to say that at the present time the orders amounted to nearly £1,000,000 (applause). So that their prospects, at any rate, were somewhat encouraging for the new year."

The first year of our Democratic Tariff in the free raw material of our woollen manufacturers has enabled a British woollen manufacturing concern to record profits of "the highest amount realized since the company was formed." It also began the second year of our free trade experiment with orders in hand that amounted to nearly \$5,000,000. No wonder the British stockholders greeted these remarks of Sir Henry with "applause," as they compared the two annual reports of

Although only a seven per cent. dividend was paid, yet the chairman explained that the company had really earned 12 per cent., but that this was one of the years when it was prudent to add a large sum to the reserve fund.

But what have Lister & Co. done? Although they cannot present so rosy a statement as their neighbors, yet their 100 per cent. increase in dividend is considerable. Here is the balance sheet also:

**LISTER & CO., MANNINGHAM MILLS, BRADFORD.**  
Annual Report, 1894.

Profit ..... £15,223  
Dividend ..... 2 per cent.  
Carried forward ..... £15,223  
Annual Report, 1895.

Profit ..... £73,382  
Dividend ..... 4 per cent.  
Carried forward ..... £4,682  
\*The profit of £15,223 being insufficient to meet the payment of a dividend, the Directors took £34,437 15s. 5d. from the reserve fund so as to cover £15,437 15s. 7d. deficiency. This enabled them to pay 2 per cent. dividend for 1894.

What American woollen manufacturer can present so favorable a statement of his last year's trade as either of these two British concerns? And still the Democratic adherents profess to believe in free trade and, by their professions, try to make others believe that they are Americans while they practically place orders of five million dollars' worth of goods, with but one British manufacturing firm, as a starter for its new year's trade.

**A Sugar Trust Prophecy.**  
John E. Searles, Jr., secretary of the American Sugar Refineries company, said: "I do not think any party would dare to do anything that would materially disturb the prosperity of the country. The country is too great to allow the upsetting of any of its industries, and the party that attempted it would come to grief."—New York Sun, November 11, 1892.



While Mr. Searles did not fathom the depth of degradation of the Democratic party, to whose campaign funds his sugar trust contributed liberally in New York state, yet he was a true prophet. The party that did attempt to "disturb the prosperity of the country" has "come to grief."

**Japan Manufactures Cotton.**  
Japan appears to be the only country that is buying more cotton from the United States than a year ago. Last month she took \$100 bales, as against 1,550 bales in January, 1895, every other country buying less. The freight rate on cotton, in carloads, from Houston, San Antonio and some other Texas points to Yokohama has been \$28 per ton of 2,000 pounds, including the cost of compressing, or \$26 per ton exclusive of the cost of compressing. The rate from San Francisco to Yokohama is quoted by the Southern Pacific company at \$10 per ton. The rate from New York to Liverpool, February 1, was 3-16 cent per pound, rather less than \$4 per ton, and from New York to Bremen at \$5 to \$6.25 per ton plus 5 per cent prime. At present the difference in freight is heavily against Japan, which will afford some protection to American manufacturers.

**Democracy Will Get There.**  
The old legend, "Pike's Peak or bust," which used to adorn the canvas covers of emigrant wagons in the old days, has been succeeded by various signs appropriate to the changed and changing location of the boomers' paradise. A big prairie schooner passed through Osborne, Kas., bound east from Oklahoma last week, bearing the inscription: "Oklahoma for starvation, Kansas for desolation, Texas for devastation, Nebraska for damnation. Going to Ohio to sponge on wife's relation. To hell with Democratic administration."

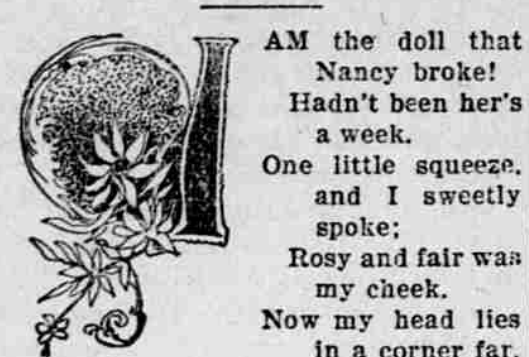
**Where the Trouble Lies.**  
The performing of labor makes a nation rich, while importing the product of labor makes a nation poor. In those few words lies all our tariff troubles.—Fibre and Fabric.

**What Free Wool Did.**  
Free wool brought us more square yards of foreign carpets than in any year since 1880.

## YOUNG FOLK'S CORNER

### GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Doll That Nancy Broke—A Spunky Schoolma'am—A Christlike Deed—Bobby's Composition on Parents—A Touching Death-Bed Scene.



And if this is what human children are, I never will live with another!

I am the book that Nancy read  
For fifteen minutes together;  
Now I am standing here on my head,  
While she's gone to look at the weather.  
My leaves are crushed in the cruellest way.  
There's jam on my opening page;  
And I would not live with Miss Nancy Gay,  
Though I shouldn't be read for an age!

I am the frock that Nancy wore  
Last night at her birthday feast.  
I am the frock that Nancy tore  
In seventeen places at least.  
My buttons are scattering far and near,  
My trimming is torn to rags;  
And if I were Miss Nancy's mother dear  
I'd dress her in calico bags!

We are the words that Nancy said  
When these things were brought to her view.  
All of us ought to be painted red,  
And some of us are not true.  
We sputter and mutter and snarl and snap,  
We smoulder and smoke and blaze;  
And if she'd not meet with some mishap,  
Miss Nancy must mend her ways.

**A Spunky Schoolma'am.**  
Some two or three months ago, when Miss Blanche Maynard was appointed teacher in the Maxwell district school, near Sodus Point, New Jersey, some of the parents and guardians of the neighborhood expressed doubt of her ability to manage the school. Not a few of the boys in attendance were big, healthy fellows, not easily governed, even at home. Miss Maynard is a little woman, weighing something under 125 pounds, and so the citizens shook their heads when they compared the teacher's physique with the stalwart proportions of so many of her pupils.

An event which occurred the other day has served to set at rest all fears on this score. For some time the pupils have been getting more and more turbulent, presuming on the patient manner in which Miss Maynard had endeavored to smooth over previous evidences of insubordination. The spirit of disorder culminated the other morning, when George Hardy, a six-foot lout, refused to come up to the teacher's desk when ordered to do so. Miss Maynard, seeing the time had come to conquer or meet defeat, walked straight up to the rebel, grabbed him by the coat collar, swung him into the aisle and dragged him to her desk. He was straightened up suddenly, then forced down rapidly upon the platform, until his teeth rattled. On his endeavoring to get up the dose was repeated. After school the teacher read the riot act to him and let him go. With Will Dunbar and David Pulver, two other large lads, Hardy went to school before daylight next morning and made preparations to lock the teacher out. Miss Maynard could not get in, and looking through the keyhole called for a surrender and was laughed at. She secured a stick of cordwood and made an onslaught on the door, which gave in. Another pupil ran to the house of Trustee John Mason. Hardy tried to climb out of a window, but was caught by the heels and drawn back to the door.

The teacher ordered the other boys to stay where they were or she would break every bone in their bodies, if she had to follow them forever to do so. They stood still. Miss Maynard then spanked Hardy with a ruler until he begged for mercy. By this time Trustee Mason arrived and was put on guard at the door, while the red-headed schoolma'am caught Dunbar and Pulver and gave them a whipping. The bell was then rung, school commenced and everything passed off serenely. Hardy's father went to school and made his son apologize. Trustee Mason says the other two must apologize or be expelled. The teacher waives the apology and says she can handle the pupils. They are emphatically of the same opinion.

**A Christlike Deed.**

A touching incident, says the Register, occurred in New York recently: A little boy about ten years old was standing before a shoe store on Broadway, barefooted, peering through the window and shivering with cold.

A lady riding up the street in a beautiful carriage, drawn by horses finely caparisoned, observed the little fellow in his forlorn condition, and immediately ordered the driver to draw up and stop in front of the store. The lady, richly dressed in silk, went quietly to the boy and said:

"My little fellow, why are you looking so earnestly in that window?"

"I was just asking God to give me a pair of shoes," was the reply.

The lady took him by the hand and went into the store and asked the proprietor if he would allow one of his

clerks to go and buy her a half dozen pairs of stockings. The proprietor assented. She then asked him if he could give her a basin of water and a towel and he replied, "Certainly," and quickly brought them to her.

She took the little fellow to the back part of the store, and, removing her gloves, knelt down, washed those little feet and dried them with the towel.

By this time the young man had returned with the stockings. Placing a pair upon his feet, she purchased and gave him a pair of shoes, and tying up the remaining pairs of stockings gave them to him, and patting him on the head said, "I hope, my little fellow, that you will feel more comfortable."

As she turned to go, the astonished lad caught her hand, and looking up in her face, with tears in his eyes, answered her question with these words: "Are you an angel?"

**Bobby's Composition on Parents.**  
Parents are things which boys have to look after them. Most girls also have parents. Parents consist of Pas and Mas. Pas talk a good deal about what they are going to do, but mostly it's Mas that make you mind.

Sometimes it is different, though. Once there was a boy came home from college on vacation. His parents lived on a farm. There was work to be done on the farm. Work on a farm always has to be done early in the morning. This boy didn't get up. His sister goes to the stairway and calls: "Willie, 'tis a beautiful morning. Rise and list to the lark." The boy didn't say anything. Then his Ma calls: "William, it is time to get up. Your breakfast is growing cold." The boy kept right on saying nothing. Then his Pa puts his head in the stairway, and says he, "Bill!" "Coming, sir!" says the boy.

I know a boy that hasn't got any parents. He goes in swimming whenever he pleases. But I am going to stick to my parents. However, I don't tell them so, 'cause they might get it into their heads that I couldn't get along without them. Says this boy to me, "Parents are a nuisance; they aren't what they're cracked up to be." Says I to him, "Just the same, I find 'em handy to have. Parents have their failings, of course, like all of us, but on the whole I approve of 'em."

Once a man says to me, "Bobby, do you love your parents?" "Well," says I, "I'm not a quarreling 'em." Once a boy at boarding school went to calling his Pa the Governor, and got his allowance cut down one-half. His Pa said he ought to have waited till he was going to college. Much more might be written about parents, showing their habits and so forth, but I will leave the task to other pens.—Harper's Round Table.

### Children in Africa.

A lady on a visit to one of the missionary stations in Eastern Africa has some curious and rather surprising things to say about the native children. These sons and daughters of the Dark Continent are not so much behind the rest of the world as one might have expected, unless their extreme generosity be taken as a symptom of inferiority.

Nothing strikes us more forcibly than the singular unselfishness of these poor savages, for both old and young share everything they get with one another. Sometimes when I have given a child a biscuit, I have felt really sorry to see the way in which the poor little thing has given a bit to all of its companions. Till many a time nothing more than a crumb remains for itself.

In the same manner, if an old pair of shoes happens to be thrown away, and a child finds them, it immediately puts on one of them and gives the other to a companion, and thus the two hobble about all day, "one shoe off and one shoe on."

The next day the shoes are sure to be handed to two others, who, in turn, pass them to two more, and so they go on, till every child in the school has had its chance.

Bishop Mackenzie's party found games of whip-top, humming-top, and many others as common among the Africans as among the boys at home, so that they could teach them nothing new. At last, in despair, they thought they would surprise them by making a kite. All the children assembled to see it; but it turned out lop-sided and heavy, and would not go up. So one of the missionaries remarked to them, "You never saw anything like this before, did you?"

Whereupon a little fellow replied, "Oh, yes; only the things we have are different from yours, for ours go up, and yours go down."—The Household.

### A Touching Story.

A touching story is told of three young men who stood with tear-filled eyes by a bedside on which a white, still form was lying.

"She has gone," was the unspoken thought of all.

"Never three sons were blessed with a better mother," said one. The closed eyes opened once more, and with a look of unutterable love the white lips spoke these words: "Never mother was blessed with better sons."

Mother's last words, and such words! Will they ever be forgotten?

Years have passed, and amid the turmoil of busy life the white lives of those boys tell that those precious words are not forgotten.

### The Angels Watching Us.

It was Rev. F. B. Meyer who said in a recent sermon that every one has at least one guardian angel, and that our track through this present life is followed, not only by angel eyes, but by the eyes of our own kindred whom we have "loved long since and lost awhile."

Max O'Rell says that in the streets of Buda-Pesth and in the drawing rooms of Dublin he found the most beautiful traces of womanhood.

### The Origin of "Peach."

Few people are aware that the term "peach," as applied to girls of more than ordinary attractiveness, and considered atrocious slang by the ultra cultured class, can trace its ancestry back to a poem of perhaps America's most famous poet. He was writing about Philadelphia, and the line in question would seem to indicate that in his judgment Philadelphia's girls were all "peaches." At any rate, such a meaning can be extracted without the slightest assistance of the imagination. Henry W. Longfellow is the poet in question, and the line occurs in his celebrated poem "Evangeline." In the opening lines of the fifth stanza of Part Second the poet says:

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,  
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn, the apostle,  
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded;  
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty.

—Philadelphia Record.

**English as She is Spoke.**  
The darkey is fond of long words. The meaning doesn't matter, so the words are long, as this absolutely true story will testify:

On the M—s plantation in Mississippi lives an old "before the war" darkey, too old to do any work harder than throwing feed to the poultry. She has known no other home and is a character. Visitors to the plantation always go to her cabin, and to their question, "How are you this morning, Aunt Chris?" never failing to receive the following reply, "Well, honey, I'm kinder unconplacated. De superfluity ob de mornin' done taken do vivacity outen de air and left me de consequence ob comprehension."—From the "Editor's Drawer" in Harper's Magazine for April.

**The Whole Teaching of Life.**  
The whole teaching of his life, indeed, is to leave us free and to make us reasonable, and the supreme lesson of his life is voluntary brotherhood, fraternity. If you will do something for another, if you will help him or serve him, you will at once begin to love him. I know there are some cynics who distinguish here, and say that you may love such an one, and that, in fact you must love every one, and if you are good you will love every one; but that you are not expected to like every one. This, however, seems to be a distinction without a difference. If you do not like a person you do not love him, and if you do not love him you loathe him. The curious thing in doing kindness is that it makes you love people even in this sublimated sense of liking. When you love another you have made him your brother; and by the same means you can be a brother to all men.—W. D. Howells, in the April Century.

### Soap Plants.

There are several trees and plants in the world whose berries, juice or bark are as good to wash with as real soap. In the West India islands and in South America grows a tree whose fruit makes an excellent lather and is used to wash clothes. The bark of the tree which grows in Peru and of another which grows in Malay islands yields a fine soap. The common soap-wort, which is indigenous to England, and is found nearly everywhere in Europe, is so full of saponine that simply rubbing the leaves together in water produces a soapy lather.

## Mothers

Anxiously watch declining health of their daughters. So many are cut off by consumption in early years that there is real cause for anxiety. In the early stages, when not beyond the reach of medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla will restore the quality and quantity of the blood and thus give good health. Read the following letter:

"It is but just to write about my daughter Cora, aged 19. She was completely run down, declining, had that tired feeling, and friends said she would not live over three months. She had a bad

and nothing seemed to do her any good.

I happened to read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and had her give it a trial. From the very first dose she began to get better. After taking a few bottles she was completely cured and her health has been the best ever since." MRS. ADDIE PECK, 22 Railroad Place, Amsterdam, N. Y.

"I will say that my mother has not stated my case in as strong words as I would have done. Hood's Sarsaparilla has truly cured me and I am now well." CORA PECK, Amsterdam, N. Y.

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