

Chase County Courier

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Proprietor.

HEW TO THE LINE LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY.

VOL. XIX.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS, THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1893.

NO. 27.

THE WORLD AT LARGE.

Summary of the Daily News.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

A FRIEND of Senator Murphy is authority for the statement that the junior senator from New York will oppose any tariff framed on the lines of the Chicago platform, "for revenue only."

EX-SHERIFF DEXTER, of Three Rivers, Mich., has been appointed head usher at the White House.

SENATOR GEORGE has addressed a lengthy statement to cotton growers as to the cause of agricultural depression in the south.

The prices paid for silver by the treasury department, \$0.9275 per ounce, is the lowest since the silver purchase act went into effect.

The democratic caucus chose the following for officers of the senate: For secretary, William E. Cox, ex-representative of North Carolina; sergeant-at-arms, Richard J. Bright, of Indiana, ex-sergeant-at-arms; chaplain, Rev. W. H. Milburn, present chaplain of the house.

SENATOR MANDEISON on the 22d resigned as president pro tem of the senate, and Senator Harris was elected to succeed him.

Friends of silver claim to have a positive assurance that President Cleveland will send another delegation to Brussels.

CONGRESSMAN SPRINGER denies that he ever said that President Cleveland told him that he would call an extra session in September.

DURING the balance of the present month the commissions of the collectors of customs at the following ports will expire: Grand Haven, Mich., March 29 (\$1,000 and fees); St. Paul, Minn., March 29 (\$2,500); Fort Benton, Mont., March 28 (\$1,000).

The opening of the Cherokee strip may be considerably delayed if the treaty recently passed by congress should be rejected by the Indians, which is possible.

It is said that no tariff bill framed by any outside organization or member thereof will meet with favor in congress, though a bill drafted by Mr. Carlisle or any of the well-known tariff reformers in congress would.

To shut out office seekers the White house will be closed to the public Tuesdays and Fridays.

It is feared that Austria will reject Max Judd for consul-general at Vienna. Judd is a Jew and it will be remembered that Austria rejected Kelley for minister eight years ago because he was married to a Jewess.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND gives it out that he intends to appoint "no demagogic politician" to be commissioner of pensions.

CLIFF JACKSON, appointed United States attorney for the Indian territory, has a record and he may not get his commission.

FOURTH ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL MAXWELL'S first day in office resulted in the appointment of forty fourth-class postmasters. A number of them were to fill vacancies.

SECRETARY CARLISLE will give much time to studying the tariff this summer with a view to aiding in the framing of a new tariff measure by the ways and means committee of the next house.

THE EAST.

HENRY POMERING, an iron worker of Pittsburgh, Pa., met a horrible death by being pierced through with a red hot bar.

DURING last week 1,100 persons died in New York city, forcing the death rate, on an estimated population of 1,872,933, up to an almost unprecedented percentage.

The carriage and wagon workers of Boston have made a demand for nine hours' work and ten hours' pay and threaten to strike in case their demands are not granted.

The matter of issuing \$5,500,000 of receivers' certificates by the Reading has been referred to a master.

BERNARD J. LETCHER, of Salisbury, Pa., who died about a week ago, left \$200,000 to Miss Jennie Potts, whose grandmother many years ago cared for Letcher and his four baby sisters after the hanging of his father for wife murder.

BISHOP WIGGER, of the Newark, N. J., Catholic diocese, who has heretofore strenuously insisted that the children of Catholic parents should attend the parochial schools, has sent out a letter revising his position.

FRED YUENGLING, the fast son of the millionaire brewer, has cut loose from Baroness Blanc, for whom he "put up" in a theatrical venture, and has returned to New York.

HENRY A. ROOT, a New York lawyer, is charged with having Henry W. Dixon under hypnotic influence, and with having defrauded him of large sums of money.

The large glass plant of the United States Glass Co. at Tarentum, Pa., has been destroyed by fire. Loss, \$150,000.

The striking coalminers of the Monongahela valley met at Monongahela City and resolved unanimously to remain out until the operators concede the demand for 3 1/2 cents per bushel.

Six men were killed by an explosion in Oak Hill colliery, near Minersville, Pa.

The proposed banquet and reunion of the famous "306" of the republican convention of 1850 will be held at Philadelphia on April 25.

COL. ELLIOT F. SHEPARD, the well known New York editor, died suddenly on the 24th after the administration of ether for a surgical operation.

THE WEST.

JUDGE EDWARD L. CRAIG, the head of the Southern Pacific law department, died at San Francisco of pleurisy.

MRS. CAROLINE HAGAN, of Dayton, O., in a fit of jealous rage, dashed vitriol in her husband's face, blinding him for life.

A TERRIBLE hailstorm visited El Reno, Ok., breaking windows, killing stock and otherwise doing great damage.

GOV. MCGRAW, of Washington state, says that he will call an extra session of the legislature if J. B. Allen is not seated by the United States senate.

The Chicago Evening Journal says Lincoln's monument at his grave in Springfield is seared and mutilated by relic hunters.

The "Jingle Bob" herd of cattle of New Mexico numbering 13,000 head, has been sold to the "Turkey Track" ranch in the Texas Panhandle.

An attempt to condemn Gov. Waite in the Colorado legislature failed.

OTOLS, Missouri and Kiowa have been indulging in ghost dancing in the Indian territory.

FIRE destroyed one wing of the southern Indiana penitentiary at Jeffersonville.

The Morgan apartment house at Cleveland, O., was burned and four women and a baby lost their lives.

By a decision in East St. Louis charter of Illinois companies are declared forfeited where the offices are held outside the state. The decision affects much capital invested by parties living outside the state.

ENOCH MOW, on trial at Plymouth, Ind., for attempting to bribe an elector at the November election, was found guilty and sentenced to ten days in jail, fined \$25 and disfranchised for ten years, the lowest penalty under the law.

The Nebraska house adopted resolutions calling for the impeachment of the state officials, charging them with neglect and malfeasance.

The steamer Gaelic arrived at San Francisco with a large cargo of world's fair exhibits from China, Japan, Java, Corea, Borneo and other Oriental countries.

It is denied from Anna, Ill., that there has been a wholesale elopement there as was reported.

At Denver, Col., two firemen were killed and two badly hurt by a falling wall in a fire at the Summit Fuel & Coal Co.'s warehouse.

It has been settled beyond a doubt that the recent fires in Milwaukee were the work of a firebug, a man being caught in the act.

GOV. SEAY, of Oklahoma, received instructions from the interior department to lay off the county lines and townships in the strip and he set about the work at once.

FIRE broke out in the paint store of Chatfield & Weigand, at Denver, Col., and firemen discovered that fuses had been attached to oil barrels. The members of the firm were arrested.

THERE is great excitement in Chicago over the red-hot mayoralty contest between Samuel Allerton and Carter Harrison.

JUDGE HENRY B. LAYTON, of Grand Junction, Col., has disappeared. When last seen he had a large sum of money in his possession and it is feared he has fallen a victim to thugs.

In Ashmore township, near Oakland, Ill., both republicans and democrats failed to certify to their nominations in time, and the prohibitionists, of whom there are but eight in the township, have the field to themselves.

THE SOUTH.

FIVE white convicts armed with revolvers escaped from the chain gang at Watertown, Ga. After a lively fusillade two surrendered, but the other three are still at large.

AN amusing suit over the "get" of two canary birds occurred in Judge Vapee's court at Pine Bluff, Ark., a Mr. Roy entering a replevin suit against a Miss Wheat, the two ladies being in partnership in a canary bird pool.

The girls at the colored college (Straight university), New Orleans, have rebelled against waiting at the teachers' table.

GOV. NORTHERN, of Georgia, has announced that he will be in the race for Senator Colquitt's seat next year.

The Southern Pacific has virtually obtained control of the Aransas Pass road, evading the Texas law of railroads purchasing competing lines by getting it through the Pacific Improvement Co.

EX-UNITED STATES SENATOR ELI SAULSBURY died at Wilmington, Del.

The Texas legislative investigating committee reports that Land Commissioner McLaughlin has violated the statutes and been guilty of the grossest nepotism.

POSTMASTER STOUT, of Morrilton, Ark., is reported to have absconded with his accounts short. An inspector is in charge.

THOMAS STILLMAN will succeed D. B. Robinson as president of the San Antonio & Aransas Pass road.

SAM JONES, the evangelist, and Charles Dobbs, another minister, of Cartersville, Ga., have declared open war and are said to be looking for each other with pistols.

STRONG efforts are being made by West Virginians to induce the president to appoint the widow of the late Senator Kenna postmistress at Charleston, W. Va.

The sawmill at Dry Run, Ark., the biggest in the state, has gone into the hands of a receiver.

The Texas railway commissioners have appealed their injunction case to the United States supreme court, and will do business as usual meanwhile.

GENERAL.

THE pope has informed France of his intention to beatify Joan of Arc.

The sugar trust has put up prices. The world's fair rate matter is exciting much talk among the railroads, but no agreement has been reached.

DE COBAIN, ex-member of parliament for Belfast, who was accused of unnatural crimes, was sentenced to one year at hard labor.

BRITISH trade relations with Canada was the principal subject up for discussion by the Association of Chambers of Commerce of Great Britain, now in session in London.

The financial situation of Chili has been greatly relieved. The government will take up the forced loans of Balmaceda, amounting to \$9,000,000.

The university of Cambridge has conferred the degree of doctor of science on Prof. Rudolph Virchow, the celebrated pathologist and anthropologist.

CHOLERA is carrying off thousands of peasants in Russia.

RECTOR ABLWARDT, the Jew-baiter, created a scene in the reichstag at Berlin by saying that Germany had lost millions through collision between officials and Jewish firms.

The members of the Behring sea arbitration commission were presented to President Carnot at Paris on the 23d. The commission met in the office of the French ministry of foreign affairs.

The Allan line steamer Pomeranian was disabled in mid-ocean with a broken piston, but reached port safely.

A. A. ROBINSON, second vice president and general manager of the Santa Fe, has resigned. J. J. Frey was appointed general manager, but not elected second vice president.

The French ministry won another victory by defeating an attempt to overthrow it in the chamber of deputies.

M. PAUL ARMAND-CHALLEMET-LACOUR was elected to the French academy to succeed the late Joseph Ernest Renan.

The great cotton strike in England has ended in a compromise.

The duke of Bedford died in London on the 23d. He was born April 16, 1832, and was very rich. His father killed himself while sick January 14, 1891.

A GERMAN tailor claims to have invented a cuirass which is bullet proof at a reasonable distance.

A BAND of revolutionists entered the town of Allegro, Brazil, which they sacked after a fight in which forty residents were killed.

LOUIS PARADISE, an American sailor who was held as a spy in Siberia, tells a horrible story of the manner in which prisoners were treated there.

CLEARING house returns for the week ended March 23 showed an average increase of 6.5 compared with the corresponding week of last year. In New York the increase was 6.6.

ONE hundred people were killed inside of four days by snow avalanches in Yetsihai Gou, Hida province, Japan.

HEAVY shipments of corn are being made to Mexico since the removal of the Mexican import duty.

A FIRE in Tokio, Japan, destroyed 233 houses.

THE LATEST.

The meeting called by Mr. Gladstone in London was harmonious throughout and a general purpose was shown to act compactly in support of home rule and the other great liberal issues.

It is reported that President Cleveland has told several congressmen that he would call an extra session in September.

T. C. PURDY, general manager of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, will be succeeded by F. D. Underwood, general manager of the Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie.

The majority report of the committee on privileges and elections, favoring the seating of senators appointed by governors where legislatures had failed to elect, was presented to the senate recently.

M. CHALLEMET-LACOUR has been elected president of the French senate, to succeed the late Jules Ferry.

CONGRESSMAN JOHN DEWITT WARREN defends the proposed reform club's tariff bill.

The Texas legislature passed a judicial districting bill over Gov. Hogg's veto.

At New Haven, Ky., a long-contested law suit was decided by the principals engaging in a wrestling match.

The mayor of Brooklyn has signed a petition to Gov. Flower, advocating clemency in the case of Carlyle Harris, convicted of poisoning his child wife.

The Kansas stalwarts have presented a memorial to President Cleveland fully setting forth the situation in the state and telling why they are opposed to fusion.

The heads of the Chinese Six Companies deny that any circular has been issued instructing Chinamen to fight the Geary law.

GOV. JONES, of the Choctaw nation, denies having signed the petition of McAllister for marshal, and denounces him as unfit for the place.

The supreme court has decided that the United States, in condemning corporation property, must take into account the earning capacity of it.

The Bank of Commerce, of Nashville, Tenn., has made an assignment.

The pacer Storm and other horses were burned to death in a fire at Kick Bros.' stables, Mason City, Ia.

PANCOAST, the noted Italian, died at Bardonia, Ky.

KANSAS STATE NEWS.

In a recent interview as to the use of boodle in the late senatorial election, Representative Burgard, of Wyandotte county, who is in Washington, said a proposition was made to him to stay away from the populist crowd and to get two others to do so for \$7,500 and that he was given to understand the money would come from Mr. Watkins, who wanted to be senator, and was said to have brought a barrel of money.

"Everybody was trying to get his shovel in on Watkins' pile," Mr. Burgard said, "and I made up my mind to that effect. I was trying to rob Watkins, so I will turn in and rob you. That's what I thought, so I told this man that for \$7,500 I and two more, whom I named, would stay away and would not vote at all. I informed them that I wanted \$5,000 for myself and would divide the \$2,500 between myself and associates. Now, of course, I intended to stay inside and vote for Martin right through, so did the other two. All that we aimed at was to get the \$7,500 in our pockets and then let the other crowd whistle. I told him he must give the cash to me, but he said some one must be agreed upon to hold it." Burgard then stated that there was a hitch as to who should hold the money, and just before the senatorial vote was taken the lobbyist called him out, saying he had the money in his pocket. "I told him," said Burgard, "to turn it over and that my two men would leave right there. Of course we would have not done so and we were bound to stay and vote for Mr. Martin. But he would not give up. The man said," continued Mr. Burgard, "the money is in my pocket, and if you and your partners will walk over to the hotel right now, before they vote, you can have it. I would not go, and there it ended."

The new mortgage law passed by the legislature gives the mortgagor eighteen months in which to redeem his property after sale under foreclosure. It does away with the present stay law and the waiver of appraisal. The mortgagor has exclusive right of redemption for twelve months, after which time the judgment creditors share the right with him for the ensuing three months, after which the mortgagor again enjoys exclusive right of redemption. The reimbursement of the amount paid by the mortgagor or other purchaser at sheriff's sale, with legal interest and costs. The effect of this provision will be to compel the lender to bid in the property to the full amount of the loan. The right of creditors to redeem within fifteen months bars the right to a later sale of the property for any balance due on the judgment under which it was sold, or for any inferior judgment or lien. During the eighteen months of equity of redemption the borrower is entitled to occupy the property and enjoy the returns from it, but the holder of the certificate of purchase may recover damages for waste, and a receiver may be appointed by the court to prevent waste when such protection is shown to be necessary. The sheriff receives his fees for this sale, but may not charge any commission, nor may any stenographers' cost be charged in any foreclosure suit, except in cases where a stenographer has actually been employed.

Charles Doster, of Morrow, has been appointed cadet at West Point.

The Kansas elevator at Armourdale (Kansas City, Kan.) burned the other night. Loss, \$20,000; insurance, \$12,000.

The large dry goods store of Donald Bros., at Atchison, was badly damaged by a late fire. The loss was about \$10,000; fully covered by insurance.

It is stated that through mistake the last legislature passed two bills appropriating money for the institute for the deaf and dumb at Olathe. Each bill is for \$20,993. It is probable that the institute will not call for more than half of the double appropriation, but it nevertheless has more than \$72,000 at its disposal.

H. M. Northrup, the veteran banker of Kansas City, Kan., died in that city the other day at the age of 75 years. He was one of the earlier border pioneers and established the first wholesale house in Kansas City, Mo. He married into and was adopted by the Wyandotte Indians when a young man. He was very successful in business and died possessed of a large fortune.

Mrs. T. A. Frazier set herself at Wichita the other night, probably fatally. She was said to be jealous of her husband and when he arrived home late in the evening they quarreled and Mrs. Frazier finally pulled a revolver from under the pillow and it was discharged, the ball passing through her breast. Whether the shooting was accidental or not was not known.

Speaker Douglass has filed with the state auditor his conclusions, as one of the "arbitrators" to settle the question of pay for contestants for membership of the legislature. He finds that as to the contests from Atchison, Coffey, Morris, Ness, McPherson and Linn counties the vote was very close and that the contests were brought in good faith. He, therefore, favors the payment of their claims. He reports against the claims of the claimants from Doniphan, Shawnee, Jackson and Reno. The Grant county case Mr. Douglass would not decide until he conferred with Mr. Dunsmore.

BANK ROBBERY.

Caney, Kan., Visited By Outlaws
Starr and Newcomb.

THEIR WORK QUIETLY ACCOMPLISHED

A Wheat Sack Receives the Booty and the Robbers Decamp Before the People Are Aware of What Was Taking Place.

CANEY, Kan., March 28.—A bank robbery, which was not only one of the most daring in the annals of crime on the border, but was at the same time one of the most unique, was committed in this town. So quietly was it done that outside of the ten men who were quietly stood up in a row no one in the town knew it until it was over and the robbers had departed with their booty.

The officials of the bank were busily engaged in their work at the hour mentioned when on looking up they were surprised to find themselves covered with revolvers in the hands of two unmasked robbers, one a half breed Indian known to be the outlaw Ed Newcomb, and a white man who was recognized as the notorious Henry Starr. Cashier Perry Hollingsworth, Assistant Cashier H. A. Seurr and Judge McEnery, vice president of the First National bank of Coffeyville, were the three men in the bank, and Assistant Cashier Seurr took refuge in the vault and closed the door behind him, but Starr ordered Hollingsworth to open the vault or die.

He then told Seurr to open the safe, which he did, and at the point of a gun, emptied \$2,000 in bank bills and gold into a wheat sack held by the Indian. The robber then went through the money drawer, securing about \$500. They had previously secured the Winchester and revolver that were lying on the cashier's counter, and there was no opportunity for those inside to alarm the people passing by the open door of the bank. Before they finished their work there were seven patrons of the bank dropped in one by one to make deposits, and each one was compelled to throw up his hands and march behind the counter.

The robbers, while at work, laughingly told the frightened officials that the Daltons were not all dead by a — of a sight, and that they were going to pay the bank across the way a visit.

They then had the nerve to march these ten men out into the yard back of the building, which is inclosed by a high board fence, and locking the rear door of the bank, walked hurriedly out of the front door into the street, where they had their horses tied. Mounting them they rode rapidly south into the Indian territory, lying two miles south of Caney. It was fully ten minutes before a posse was organized and in pursuit, and the chase was exciting, the pursued and the pursuers riding like the wind across the level prairie. The robbers were superbly mounted, and if they succeeded in eluding the posse until night they would be safe. The citizens are greatly excited, and should the robbers be caught they will be mobbed by the people.

RIGHTS OF CORPORATIONS.

The United States Supreme Court Puts a Limit on Condemnation Proceedings. WASHINGTON, March 28.—The supreme court of the United States has declared its opinion that the United States could not condemn the property of private corporations without considering in the proceedings the earning capacity thereof.

The opinion was rendered by Justice Brewer, in the case of the appeal of the Monongahela Navigation Co. from the judgment of the circuit court for the western district of Pennsylvania in condemnation proceedings instituted by the United States.

The navigation company, said Justice Brewer, was a corporation authorized to improve the navigation of the Monongahela river by the construction of locks and dams. After constructing six of these at the request of the United States it built what is known as "lock and dam No. 7."

Subsequently congress passed an act providing for the condemnation and purchase of this lock and dam, the act prescribing that in the estimation of the value of the property no account should be taken of the value of the franchise of the navigation company, whereby it was authorized to collect tolls from vessels passing through its locks. Condemnation proceedings were begun and according to the language of the act, the circuit court took no account of the value of the company's franchise.

"In this," continued Justice Brewer, "we think the circuit court erred. The right of the company to charge tolls for the use and benefits of the improvements it had made is a factor that must be considered in fixing the amount of damages to be awarded in a case of this kind. The judgment of the circuit court is, therefore, reversed."

Combination Rhodes Arrested.

ST. PAUL, Minn., March 28.—On complaint of Richard Walsh, John J. Rhodes, general manager of the Minnesota Bureau of Coal Statistics, was arrested on the charge of perjury late yesterday afternoon. He was taken before Judge Covey of the municipal court and after his bail had been fixed at \$5,000 he was released. The grand jury will meet in May.

BOODLE INVESTIGATION.

Jim Legate Tells the Senate Committee What He Knows About Boodle-Cy. Leland Tells Something About McAleny's Story—Other Testimony. TOPEKA, Kan., March 28.—Jim Legate was the principal witness examined by the senatorial investigating committee.

Senator Thacher asked him if he received \$4,500 from Pete Kline, to which he replied: "Yes, sir."

"Why did you receive it and how did you spend it?" asked the senator, to which Legate replied, in substance, as follows:

"After the election there was some talk about the organization of the legislature by Judge Webb and three or four others, by bringing some cases before the court. They were political problems. I said the practical way was to get out who the members of the legislature were. There were six or seven members who were never elected, but were counted in. I concluded to run a canvass of my own, and I went around through the state and saw many of the members. \$450 was not all I spent. I got \$200 of Ed Snow to help pay my expenses."

"Then," continued Legate, "I went to Kansas City and tried to make a deal with Ford for an interest in the Kansas City Mail. While I was there I learned a good many things I never knew before. I learned that Billy Buchan had got \$15,000 to \$20,000 a year from the whisky dealers of Kansas City for a number of years. I struck Pete Kline, whose business policy, from him I learned that the gamblers had to contribute \$10,000 a year to the republican party of Kansas. I told him that if he would raise \$8,000 to invest in the Mail I would guarantee him immunity against blackmail. Pending this negotiation, two men who had been out through the state came to my house, and from them I learned that there were eight men who would vote with the republicans. I heard that it cost the Santa Fe \$5,000 to get these eight men, and \$3,000 of my money went in this way."

Legate said neither Gov. Lowell, Attorney-General Little nor Fred Close knew anything about the money.

On cross-examination he said the first \$1,000 he received from Kline was paid to a republican for traveling over the state, and the second \$1,000 was paid to another man at Topeka, but he refused to say who it was.

He said he understood the gamblers of Kansas City raised \$4,000 to be used in seeing that the Taylor bill was not subject to another bill in the house. He had heard that Pete Kline paid Bill Higgins, while he was secretary of state, \$50 a month for the charter under which he conducted his policy shop, and that \$1,000 was paid for silent partner Hudson and that Ben Simpson got \$2,000 for his influence with the administration.

All efforts to make Legate give up the names of the eight republicans who would vote with the populists were unavailing. He insisted that he had a poor memory for names.

The last witness put on the stand was Cy Leland. He told his story in a straightforward manner and paid particular attention to McAleny and Burgard. He said he first met McAleny at the Copeland, where he was introduced to him by Connelman Lillis, who wanted to be re-elected at the next election. Leland wanted a straightout democrat elected United States senator, as Martin's election would be against him. Lillis was using his influence to get McAleny to vote for some other democrat than Martin. They finally went to room 12 in the Keith block to talk the matter over, but they had only talked a few minutes when McAleny declared flat footed that he wanted \$5,000 for his vote. He said it was a regular game he expected to be in the legislature and he wanted to be paid for his vote.

He said Burgard had been offered \$10,000 for his vote, and he (McAleny) must have \$3,000. Leland told him that he did not have any money and did not know of any being used in the interest of either United States senator or state printer. Lillis told McAleny that if he would vote against Martin and help him get the post office he would take care of him with a fat job, but McAleny insisted on having cash for his vote. Leland said the story that he met McAleny in Representative hall was a lie; that he was not in the state house that day; and furthermore, that he knew Burgard to be a regular bootlegger. Two years ago he was a republican spy in the populist camp during the fight for United States senator. He would insist that some headquarters having offered to pay \$10,000 for his vote, and he was paid for his vote. Leland denied having offered to pay \$10,000 anything for his vote during the last legislature.

Inquiry Resumed.

TOPEKA, Kan., March 28.—The senate investigating committee adjourned at noon yesterday, subject to the call of the chairman. It is inferred from a conversation with Senator King, that it will be several days before another meeting will be held, probably not until Senator Dillard is sufficiently recovered to be present.

It was expected that S. B. Bradford would tell the story confirming Moffitt's statement to Maj. Hudson, but his testimony was simply that, having formerly been an attorney of Pete Kline, he was employed by him to draw a bill which would drive the small policy men out of business. Kline told him that men formerly in his employ had gone into business for themselves and as they were depriving him of profits he wanted a law enacted which would crush them out. Bradford agreed to draw such a bill and did draw it and sent it to Kline, but Kline telegraphed him that the bill was all wrong. That was the last he heard from Kline. Kline agreed to pay \$100 for the work, but had not done it. This interview was late in December. As Bradford came out of Kline's office he met Legate in the hall, who said to him that he might as well have made it \$500 as \$100.

Joe Hudson denied Legate's story that he had been silenced by the gamblers and said that the capital had never been influenced by gamblers or anybody else, nor had he been approached with money by any body for any purpose since he had been in possession of the Capital. He said he had taken John V. Moffitt's word for the story he published March 3 and Moffitt promised on his honor that he would appear before the investigating committee and back up the story with unalloyed proof.

Fred Close asked if Moffitt was authorized to make a proposition to the populists that, in consideration of five populists' votes for Hudson for state printer he would give populists enough stock in the Capital to control it. Hudson replied: "No, sir, positively no."

"Then," asked Mr. Close, "Moffitt made such a proposition, he lied, did he?" "Yes, sir."

Close afterwards stated privately that Moffitt had made such a proposition to the populists, stating that he had just come from Maj. Hudson with the authority to make it.

Legate was recalled to explain what he meant by the "railroad fund" spoken of yesterday. He said he did not know that there was such a fund, but he judged from circumstances that there was one and plenty of it.

OLD WAY OF CATCHING WHALES.

A Huge Cetacean May Be Easily Towed When Dead.

The whale being well harnessed to the boat by means of the tow line, which is fastened to the flesh-imbued harpoon, it may either turn flukes and sound, or, bellowing at times like a bull, with a greater volume of voice, however, it may run, as it is termed, taking the boat in tow at a rate, it has been estimated, all the way from fifteen to twenty miles an hour when it first starts off, but settling down to about eight or ten knots an hour when it gets warmed up to its work. This is the old "Nantucket sleighride."

The whale having tired itself by running, the boat is hauled up by the line, and side by side the crew, with hair standing on end, and the affrighted whale, startled anew by the close proximity of so strange a load, rushes through the surging and fast receding waters. The officer "gets a set" with his hand lance and plunges five or six feet of cold iron into the lungs of the victim, and perseveres without ceasing in the up-and-down motions, familiarly known as "churning," as the boat persistently clings to the whale, until the spout of the unfortunate cetacean is tinged with the crimson of its own life blood. The muscles of the strong arms now relax upon the lance, the boat is laid off and the dying whale swims round and round in an unbroken circle. This is the "flurry." Death is now merely a question of time. The blood ejected through the spiracles now becomes as thick as tar. It is not only a belief of whalers but it is usually the fact that the whale, during its dying moments, so times its circling path as to place its head in the sun. It now makes a heavy lurch, the sea is lashed into a maelstrom of bloody water, and the ponderous whale rolls heavily on its side, or partly on its back, with the fin projecting above the water. This is "finning out." A one-sided jury would say that the whale died of hemorrhage of the lungs. To use a paradoxical expression, some dead whales are not always dead. It may be a comatose state, but averse to vivisection; and when the men again approached it and cut holes through the lips to make the line fast to tow it to the vessel a demolished boat or loss of life and limbs may be the reward. Hence the more cautious whaler "prick his eye," and if the whale does not flinch it is supposed to be dead. Several boats take their position in line like a tandem team of horses; the towropes are properly adjusted and the men with merry boat song begin the laborious and monotonous task of towing the whale to the vessel. A dead whale may be towed more easily head first, and it is also worthy of mention that a dead whale when cast adrift will beat to the windward, the natural motion of the flukes having a tendency to propel the body.—Century.

KILLED WITH DUCK-SHOT.

An Encounter With an Angry Panther in Southern California.

"While sojourning in Southern California," writes a tourist, "I started out one morning with an old shotgun which had been loaded. I know not how long, and for some time roamed over the hills looking for quail. Meeting with no success, I started homeward, and was walking along the brink of a gully, when suddenly I flushed a quail, almost under my feet. I pulled trigger, but the cap snapped and the bird escaped. The next instant a large, tawny creature stepped out of the sage brush, gave me a look and stepped back again. I had not had time to get nervous or become frightened, and calmly raising the hammers of my gun, which had just missed fire, and pouring some powder from the flask, began picking it into the tubes with a pin. Then, putting on fresh caps in place of the old ones, I made ready for the panther, which I felt sure was stealthily creeping upon me; and I was not ready a moment too soon for I saw the sage moving at the edge nearest me, followed by the panther stalking out from the cover so noiselessly that a curious ghost-like feeling came over me. It made no slightest noise, but faced me, with eyes flaming and tail moving from side to side and ears laid flat on its head. I now, for the first time, began to shake nervously. I had thrown the gun to my shoulder, but I could not hold it on the beast at all. I had determined to fire at any risk, and, seeing the cat suddenly drop to the ground, its claws unheath, clutch the soil, and its body quiver, I realized it was about to spring. At that instant I caught its broad head in line with the end of the barrels, and pulled both triggers at once. Then I fell flat upon my face. I heard the panther's scream of rage, on pain—probably both—and heard the rush of air as he sprang clear over me. I was upon my feet in an instant, and, looking down into the gully, fifteen feet below me, saw the great cat thrashing about in the dust and gravel; but, in a few moments, it stopped its kicking and lay still. I was immensely surprised at the result; but close examination revealed that one of the barrels was loaded with heavy duck shot, three or four of which had passed through the eyes and entered the brain."—Golden Days.

Wanted.

Gallant Old Beau—Good morning, young ladies both! Where is the other? One of the Two—The other who, Mr. Broomwell? "The other of the 'Three Graces,' of course." "La, Mr. Broomwell, our names ain't Grace! Mine's Katie and her's is Maudie."—Chicago Tribune.

Consistent in All Things. "Your papa's a literary man, isn't he?" "Yep." "Does he ever lick you?" "Only fer lyin'. Pop's a realist."—Judge.

WHERE AWAY?

Ho! Where away in such haste, my boy, With that manly step and air, While childhood lingers yet in your eye, And shimmers upon your hair?

While yet the elasp of your father thrills The farewell he could not speak— While yet the print of your mother's kiss Is glowing upon your cheek?

Had the dear home nest, too lonesome grown— Too cramped for the restless wings? While the world beyond has room to spare, And pleasures and dazzling things.

There are snares laid deftly, too, my boy, Where the fairest paths may be, And dangers lurk where the artless eye May only the glitter see.

There are tollsome helzhts you needs must climb; There are foes along the track, But your heart is stout and your arm is strong, And we would not call you back.

God speed you, then, and His guiding keep Your feet in the rightful way! For ne'er before did the world need more True men than it needs to-day.

May your hands no stain but the toiler's bear; May your lips scorn all untruth, And your heart keep fresh with the morning And the golden days of youth!

—M. A. Maitland, in Golden Days.



ROY THE ROYALIST BY WILLIAM WESTALL

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CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

"Well, these fortifications are nothing to boast of even yet, and we have greatly improved them; nevertheless, with a garrison of European soldiers I should have little fear for the result. But with these half-savage, only half-disciplined Turks and Mangrabs, and heaven knows what besides!" (Here the colonel shrugged his shoulders.) "Much depends on whether Bonaparte has a siege-train. But I confess that I put my trust mainly in your ships and sailors and Bonaparte's bad generalship."

"Bonaparte's bad generalship! I never thought to hear Bonaparte's name and bad generalship mentioned in the same breath."

"Oh, he can plan a campaign and fight a battle—I grant you that. But he is a bad hand at a siege. He is too impetuous, and wants to win with a rush, which when stone walls are concerned is not always possible. And this time he has very good reason to be more impetuous than usual. He is cut off from France, and can obtain neither supplies nor reinforcements. The sea is open to us, and we can obtain both. Acre will not be taken by a coup de main—I can promise him that; and if we hold our own until the arrival of the Turkish troops and fleet which the sultan has promised to send, Bonaparte will be a lost man. My countrymen do not like generals who fall. And now, gentlemen, you will kindly excuse me. I must to my work. Au revoir."

"He is always like that—work, work, work, night and day," said Capt. Miller. "I doubt whether he sleeps three hours in the twenty-four. And he has certainly done wonders. You have no idea what a state these walls were in when we came hither the other day. Murat might have ridden through them with his cavalry. Nothing like hatred for making a man energetic."

"You mean that Philippeaux hates Bonaparte?"

"As the devil hates holy water, and rather more."

"Why?"

"I dare say he would say because he is a royalist and a Christian, and a very good reason too. But in his case I imagine there are other reasons. Bonaparte and Philippeaux were at college together, and rivals; and people said Philippeaux was the cleverer of the two and would make more show in the world. Well, he has not, and I dare say that is a sore point."

"I see; he is a disappointed man."

"That's it; also a very able soldier, and a colonel in our army. I believe he would lick Bonaparte on anything like equal terms. But here we are at this divan. Old Djezzar is always in at this time. I am glad you are clever at languages. I am not. I don't know a word of Arabic—they say it is infernally difficult—and only just enough to ask: 'What ship is that?' and tell a French captain that if he does not strike his flag I will blow him out of the water."

Several soldiers and others were about the door of the divan. One of them came toward us and made obeisance to my companion.

"The pasha's dragoman; just the fellow we want. He speaks French like the Gallic cock, and knows even a little English. Is the pasha in, Moses?"

"Yes, sar; sartilly, sar."

"Will you announce us?—Capt. Miller and Commander Roy."

"This way, sar. He seraskier now; always glad to see English officers." Moses, as Capt. Miller called him (he called himself Mose), took a great weight off my mind. He would be able to give me a lift with the Arabic when I was talking to the pasha. The divan was a large and lofty hall, with bare walls and a tessellated mar-

ble floor—the same room, doubtless, in which the dramatic incident described to me by Sir Sidney had taken place. Here and there the floor was discolored. "Blood-stains!" whispered Miller, pointing to these portentous spots. Moses led us to the upper part of the hall, where the man we were come to see was sitting among his cushions, deep in conversation with two of his officers.

Ahmed Djezzar Pasha was as fine an old gentleman as I had seen—tall, straight and well set up, and, except in the whiteness of his heavy mustache and flowing beard, showing few signs of age. His forehead was high and broad, nose straight, mouth well shapen, face square and massive; the eyes were brown, cheeks sunburnt and ruddy, and his strong white teeth showed that he was blessed with a vigorous constitution. His general expression was dignified and masterful—rather that of a soldier than a statesman. In his younger days Djezzar must have been singularly handsome; and I could discern in his refined and intelligent features no trace of the cruelty and craft which people ascribed to him. He wore very wide Levant breeches, a waistcoat and short jacket of fine blue cloth, trimmed with scarlet and adorned with gold and silver buttons, and a rich cashmere turban. In his belt were a pair of horse-pistols and a long dagger; and close at hand lay the ax which he had banished round the head of Soliman.

When the pasha caught sight of us he smiled graciously, beckoned us to him, and shook hands with Miller as with an old friend.

"Tell him," said the captain to Moses, "that I have brought with me Commander Roy, who has just arrived from Alexandria and brings word that the

commodore will be here with the remainder of the squadron to-morrow or the next day. Say, too, that Commander Roy speaks both Arabic and French."

On this, Djezzar, whose manner was nothing if not courtly, smiled still more graciously than before, invited Miller and myself to sit near him, and called for coffee and pipes. Then he turned to me and said (so far as I could make out) that he was delighted to know I spoke Arabic, and inquired how long I had been in the east.

Foreseeing that I should sooner or later be put in a corner, and fully conscious of my linguistic weakness, I had composed and committed to memory a little speech. It was to the effect that, having only lately begun to learn Arabic, I knew it very indifferently. Nevertheless, the little I did know made me extremely desirous to know more, and I was studying the language assiduously. As, however, my ear had not become attuned to the music of it, and my vocabulary was limited, I should feel particularly obliged if my interlocutor would give himself the trouble to speak slowly and clearly, in order that I might miss nothing of what he said.

As I recited off this discourse to the pasha, Miller (who had evidently been sceptical as to my mastery of the "French of the east") stared at me in open-mouthed astonishment. He little knew the pains I had been at to learn it, and that it was the only coherent sentence any length I could utter.

"You speak Arabic very well," said Djezzar, taking my hint to speak slowly. "You must have an excellent master. When you are at a loss for a word, you can say it in French, which I understand passably well."

This was eminently satisfactory. I could get along now; but, being particularly anxious to impress Miller with a due sense of my cleverness at languages, I blundered on in Arabic though well aware that I was making an awful hash of it. But Djezzar was too polite to laugh. He listened attentively, smiled pleasantly, and even when I was most unintelligible made as if he understood me perfectly.

"Why, you speak Arabic as well as the pasha himself," put in Miller, "and yet you were never in these parts before. God! you make me quite envious; and if it were not so infernally difficult, I would learn it myself. But, as I can not join in the conversation, I don't see the use of staying. Besides, I am wanted on board my ship. Say so, and make my excuses."

It is hard work talking in a language of which you know next to nothing; and when Miller was gone I fell back on French, which Djezzar understood much better than I understood Arabic, and spoke fairly. He also spoke Slavonic (his mother tongue), Italian, Syriac, Turkish and lingua franca, knew something of history, and was so far from being a "typical Turk" that he liked to class himself as a European, and was as free from religious prejudice as a Voltairian Frenchman.

"Jesus Christ is the Mohammed of Christians; Mohammed is the Jesus Christ of Moslems. Voila tout!" This was his idea of the two religions. In other respects, however, he was a true Oriental—a man of strong passions, a fatalist, fond of adventure, and with a faith in his luck that made him a stranger to fear. The vicissitudes of his life had been more extraordinary than those of a hero of romance. Born of Christian parents, he was made a Mohammedan at fifteen. He had been beggar, cabin-boy, sailor, slave, Mame-

luc, executioner, or bravo, to an Egyptian bey, then a bey himself, and finally, after long years of strife and intrigue and bloodshed, pasha and seraskier.

We had been talking perhaps half an hour, when one of the attendants whispered something in Djezzar's ear, whereupon the pasha said something in reply that I did not catch, and waved his hand. The next moment the curtain of the door-way was drawn aside, and the queerest crowd I had ever beheld came pell-mell into the hall—the halt, the lame and the blind, of both sexes and all ages, with bare legs and ragged garments—some with hardly any garments at all—and every one carrying a wooden bowl.

"My beggars," said the pasha. "I feed them once a week. This is the day."

The beggars then squatted on the floor, and servants brought them bread and meat and rice, which they either ate on the spot or carried off in their wooden bowls. When the meal was finished, each of them received a coin, and, as they hobbled away, prayed Allah to bless and reward their benefactor. As soon as the mendicants were gone, Djezzar invited me to accompany him to the fortifications; he wanted to see how the work of mounting the guns and strengthening the walls was progressing.

As the old man stood up, he looked every inch a man of war, and, with his ax (which he put in his belt), his pistols and his poniard, a formidable one. Everybody made way for us as we passed through the streets—except the children; they ran after him and greeted him with laughing familiarity. Djezzar appeared to know them all by name, patted them on the head, and gave them sweet stuff and money.

"Good heavens!" I thought, "and yet people can call this man a butcher!" We went first to the old tower, a building with enormously thick walls, dating from the third year of the Hegira. The guns were being shifted from the sea side of the fortifications (where they would be of no use) to the land side; and Colonel Philippeaux, who was directing the operation, explained to the pasha what he had done and what still required to be done, the pasha on his part making suggestions which showed that, though he might not be a scientific engineer, he was at any rate a shrewd and observant soldier.

By the time the conversation and the inspection were over it was getting dark, and I hinted a desire to return to my ship, on which Djezzar said he would accompany me to the water gate, where I should have to take boat.

We had not gone far when a man, whose head and face were enveloped in a burnous, glided furtively past us, as if he wanted to escape observation. Djezzar, who missed nothing, saw this, and called to him (in Arabic) to stop. The man obeyed. Whereupon Djezzar asked him who he was, and then, another question, the answer to which was hardly out of his mouth when the pasha seized him by the throat with one hand and with the other stabbed him in the heart.

It was done so suddenly that the victim had not time to utter a cry, and only when I saw him roll on the pavement did I realize what had happened. Just then some Albanian soldiers came up.

"Take it away," said Djezzar, pointing to the body.—"Shall we go on, Capt. Roy? You seem surprised."

"More than surprised. I am stupefied."

"That man was one of Bonaparte's spies."

"You knew him, then?"

"I never saw him before."

"How, then—"

"You mean how did I arrive at the conclusion that he was a spy? Well, his movements were suspicious, his answers unsatisfactory, and his eye quailed before mine."

"And so you killed him."

"The east is not the west, my son, and its ways are not our ways. Fifty-eight years ago I was so poor and found life so hard that I sold myself to a Jew slave dealer, and was brought by him to Egypt and sold to Ali Bey. Now I am

pasha of Syria, with the power of life and death over all the sultan's subjects in these lands. I do what seemeth right in my own eyes, and no man dare say me nay. Why? Because I have never spared an enemy and always destroy those who cross my path or whom I suspect of treachery or disaffection. If I waited for proofs before I punished, as you do in Europe, I should not be pasha of Syria until the next full moon. The only way to insure respect and obedience is to show that you are not afraid to kill. And what matter a few lives? We must all die, and for every one that perishes two are born."

As I could not express approval of Djezzar's moral code or of his political principles, and as it would have been inexpedient to gainsay him, I changed the subject, and we presently reached the water gate.

"Come and see me again," he said, as we shook hands. "If you can be at the seraglio by sunrise we will have a ride round the ramparts. You are young and I like the young. You look me in the face with fearless eyes. Yes, I like you, Roy; Djezzar is your friend."

And then we parted, and he was speedily lost to view. I could not help wondering how, in a city swarming

with spies and where his peculiar system of government must have made him many enemies, he dared to walk about at night without escort, or, rather because the man was obviously of a fearless nature, how he could do so without receiving the same measure he had dealt out so freely to others. But I was in the east; and, as Djezzar himself had just said, the ways of the east are not the ways of the west.

CHAPTER XII.

Three days later the leading columns of Bonaparte's army reached the foot of Carmel, where they were attacked by the Tiger's boats and forced to pass to the north side of the mountain, instead of continuing their march by the shore. Shortly afterwards, moreover, the Tiger brought seven gunboats which were engaged from Jaffa the battering-train of artillery, ammunition and other supplies destined for the siege of Acre. They were used for the defense of Acre. So were the gun-boats.

Meanwhile, Sir Sidney Smith (who arrived at Acre the day before the French arrived at Mount Carmel) had ordered me to leave the Kangaroo in charge of my first officer and come on shore with half of my ship's company, the other half being quite equal to working her guns. This order I received with pleasure and obeyed with alacrity, for it was evident that the post of danger was inside the town and the hottest fighting would fall to the lot of those who manned the ramparts.

I had also to act as aide to the seraskier, at his own request.

"He has taken a great fancy to you," said Sir Sidney; "and, as he has few subordinates who are good for anything, and you speak Arabic so admirably—"

"No, not admirably by any means, commodore; very indifferently."

"Djezzar says you speak it admirably; so does Miller. I like young men to be modest, but it is not always well to hide your light under a bushel. As I was saying, you will be very useful. You will take the pasha's orders, of course, and he, on his part, will be guided by me and the colonel. Try to keep him and his people up to the mark. They are brave enough, I dare say, but, like all Orientals, they lack energy and order, trust too much in destiny and Providence and all that nonsense. Your principal duty will be to repel boarders—assaults, I mean, and take part in sallies. Do all you can to protect prisoners and the wounded. You know, I suppose, that the Turks make a practice of refusing quarter and decapitating their prisoners. The pasha is rightly called Ahmed the Butcher. But we must just make the best of him. He is as necessary to us as we are to him, and 'pon my soul I don't think he is half as bloodthirsty as that villain Bonaparte."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BAPTISM OF WAR VESSELS.

Naval Tradition Demands That Maidens Only May Name New Crafts.

A dispatch from Washington stating that the wife of Senator Hale had been invited to baptize, with a bottle of champagne, the war vessel known as the Ammen ram, when she was at the Bath Iron works, recently, was a surprise to the officers at the Brooklyn navy yard. "It is an ancient tradition," said one of the officers to a New York Sun man, "that no married woman may baptize a new vessel. Such an innovation could not be tolerated, in as much as a superstition would follow the vessel that might make it difficult, if not impossible, to get a crew."

It is very likely that, as in the case of the cruiser Baltimore four years ago, so many protests, not against Mrs. Hale, but against the departure from the time honored custom of having a young maiden perform the act of baptism, will be sent to the navy department, that some one else than a married woman may be selected. When the day had been set for the Baltimore to be launched at Cramp's shipyard in Philadelphia, it was announced that at the request of Messrs. Cramp, Mrs. Wilson, the wife of Naval Constructor T. D. Wilson, would break the bottle of champagne over the Baltimore's bow and give her her name. As the details of the launch of a new vessel rest with the builders, subject to the approval of the secretary of the navy, Mrs. Wilson was formally invited to do the act of baptizing by Secretary Whitney. As Commodore and Mrs. Wilson were about to start for Philadelphia on the day before the one set for the launch, they were notified that the launch had been postponed. The announcement caused surprise among many, and before another twenty-four hours had passed it was reported all over Washington that the postponement was due to the objection made by naval officers against the vessel being baptized by a married woman.

As Mrs. Wilson was well known in Washington society, of which Mr. Whitney was the leader, the change in the programme was a surprise. Secretary Whitney was amazed at the action of the officers, but the launch was postponed for a week, and when the cruiser slid down the ways on October 6, 1888, she was baptized by a comely young maiden.

Her Sympathy.

Little Dorothy takes a trip alone in the horse cars every morning, under the conductor's care, on her way to the kindergarten. On her return at noon she always has some story to tell of what she has seen on her journey.

"What did you see in the cars this morning, Dorothy?" asked her mamma at dinner one day.

"Why, mamma," said sweet-tempered Dorothy, sorrowfully, "I saw a man and a woman sitting side by side and quarrelling! So I went and sat between them, for I felt so sorry for that poor man, mamma!"—Youths' Companion.

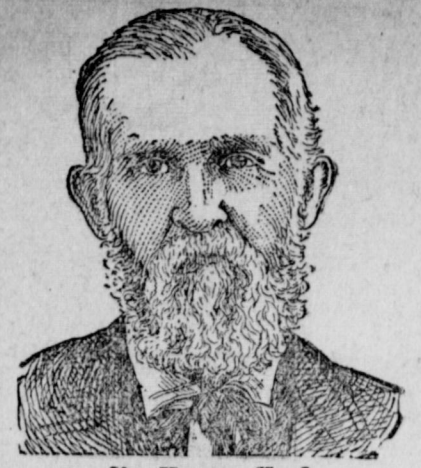
Hopeless.

"Cheer up, old boy. A woman's 'No' is not always final."

"It is this time, I guess. She even went to the trouble of registering the letter."—Indianapolis Journal.

Not by the Ear.

Citizen—What do you think of hanging a man up by his thumb? Tailor—Some of my customers hang me up by the year.—Judge.



Mr. Harvey Heed, Laceyville, O.

Catarrh, Heart Failure, Paralysis of the Throat

"I Thank God and Hood's Sarsaparilla for Perfect Health."

"Gentlemen: For the benefit of suffering humanity I wish to state a few facts: For several years I have suffered from catarrh and heart failure, getting so bad I could not work and

could scarcely walk. I had a very bad spell of paralysis of the throat some time ago. My throat seemed closed and I could not swallow. The doctors said it was caused by heart failure, and gave medicine, which I took according to directions, but it did not seem to do me any good. My wife urged me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, telling me of Mr. Joseph C. Smith, who had been

at Death's Door but was entirely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. After talking with Mr. Smith, I concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. When I had taken two bottles I felt very much better. I have continued taking it, and am now feeling excellent. I thank God, and

Hood's Sarsaparilla and my wife for my restoration to perfect health." HARVEY HEED, LACEYVILLE, O.

HOOD'S PILLS do not purge, pain or cramp, but act promptly, easily and efficiently. 25c.

"August Flower"

I have been troubled with dyspepsia, but after a fair trial of August Flower, am freed from the vexatious trouble.—J. B. Young, Daughters College, Harrodsburg, Ky. I had headache one year steady. One bottle of August Flower cured me. It was positively worth one hundred dollars to me.—J. W. Smith, P. M. and Gen. Merchant, Townsend, Ont. I have used it myself for constipation and dyspepsia and it cured me. It is the best seller I ever handled.—C. Rugh, Druggist, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Bile Beans

Positively cure Bilious Attacks, Constipation, Sick-Headache, etc. 25 cents per bottle, at Drug Stores. Write for sample dose, free.

J. F. SMITH & CO., Proprietors, New York.

SAVATION OIL

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure your cough in 25c.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF COAT

This Trade Mark is on the best WATERPROOF COAT in the World! Illustrated Catalogue Free. A. J. TOWER, BOSTON, MASS.

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM

I was so much troubled with catarrh it seriously affected my voice. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm did the work. My voice is fully restored.—B. F. Liepner, A. M., Pastor of the Olivet Baptist Church, Phila.

SHILON'S CURE

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee.

DELICATE WOMEN

Or Debilitated Women, should use BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR.

Every ingredient possesses superb Tonic properties and exerts a wonderful influence in toning up and strengthening her system, by driving through the proper channels all impurities. Health and strength guaranteed to result from its use. My wife, who was bedridden for eight months, after using Bradfield's Female Regulator for two months is getting well. J. M. Johnson, Malvern, Ark. BRADFIELD'S REGULATOR Co., Atlanta, Ga. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle.

TAX REFORM DEPARTMENT.

(This department aims to give everybody's ideas about taxation (not tariffs). Write your opinions briefly, and they will be published or discussed in their turn by the editor or by a member of the Taxation Society. Address, "Taxation Society," this office or P. O. Box 88, Buffalo, N. Y.)

HOW TO SOLVE THE TAX PROBLEM.

Let the Counties Make Their Own Tax Laws.

The bill introduced in the assembly, to establish county option and home rule in the matter of local taxation, is substantially similar to that introduced during the last session, and defeated through the opposition of the country members, because they professed to think that it conferred special benefits upon the people of the cities—an assumption unjustified by the facts. The bill is perhaps more explicitly worded, but its purpose is the same. It provides that assessors in every county of the state shall, in assessing real estate, separate the value of land from the value of improvements upon it, and shall make also a separate assessment of personal property. After the total assessed valuation of the county shall have been obtained in this manner, the board of supervisors may, in their discretion, direct that all taxes in such county for local purposes shall be levied exclusively upon one or two or all of the pieces of property assessed.

It would be permissible, for example, under the proposed law for the local legislature of this county to say that the sentiment of the people of this county warranted the exemption of personal property from taxation, and that hereafter all taxes should be levied upon land and buildings; just as it would be permissible for the board of supervisors in an interior farming county to take just the opposite course and exempt real estate, while placing the burden upon personal property. In a nutshell, the bill provides that each county should determine for itself what class of property may best bear the burden of taxation. It is provided in the last section of the bill that nothing therein contained may be construed as diminishing the proportion of the state tax which any city or county may be required to pay into the state treasury under existing laws.—N. Y. Daily News.

A College Professor's Views.

MR. BOLTON HALL, New York.—Dear Sir:—Although I am a teacher of economics and hope that I am a help to the young men who attend my classes; yet on the subject of taxation, I am compelled to tell them that I have never seen the bottom principle of it, and that the most that I can do is to give a partial exposition.

I admire Henry George as a writer and thinker above any living author on economics that I know: I am in hearty sympathy with the tolling masses, and try to find how their burdens can be lightened and the strong be made to bear them. If I could see that a single object of taxation was the most just, then the question with me would be, shall it be land or income?

As I understand it, I approve the platform of the New York Tax Reform Association. Sincerely Yours,

J. A. QUABLES, Professor of Moral Philosophy, Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.

REPLY.

My Dear Sir: In reply to your favor which I was much pleased to receive, I would say that the only principle that I have yet been able to see in taxation is that a man should pay for what he gets. In my personal opinion this leads to the taxation of all monopolies and of all special privileges in land, and to nothing else. I admire your diffidence. I think the wisest thing I ever heard said came from a boy of six. His sister asked him: "Pennington, do you think it is going to rain?" He said: "I do not know." She said: "Well, what do you think?" He replied: "I can not think some things about what I do not know." I feel much in the same way myself. The adoption of the single tax idea seems to be at present impracticable, and until we get that I do not see that we can hope for much in the way of principle. I am, yours truly,

BOLTON HALL.

Crude Tax Schemes Criticised.

Were Macaulay's New Zealander to visit the halls of legislation of our state and examine the bills introduced relating to taxation, he would conclude that the question was a new and important one with which the solons were unfamiliar. He would not infer from it that there had been centuries of legislation on this subject; that nation after nation and state after state had spent effort, time and money in trying to devise some system which would compel men to bear their equal and proportionate share of the general burden.

Bills to tax incomes; bills to tax inheritances; bills to tax mortgages; bills to tax railroad lands; bills to tax express, telephone and other companies, and one bill, worthy of Draco, proposes to put the owners of hideable personal property on the rack, and set the inquisitorial powers of the courts at work to compel them to divulge their hidden wealth to the tax gatherer.

All efforts in this direction have failed, and always will fail, because there is no man so cunning as to be able to devise a method of taxation which other men would not be cunning enough to avoid.

If experience teaches anything it is that the true direction is in making fewer instead of more articles carry the load. Natural monopolies like mines should be held to be the state's property, and made to yield as large revenues as possible. Artificial monopolies like railway street-car companies, telephones and telegraphs should be made to share their earnings with the public which gives them existence. Some day when this mad hunt for taxable things and drastic methods shall have run its course and broken down with its own

weight there will be a quick and sharp return to a very few sources of revenues.—St. Paul Globe.

Taxing Wealth a Bad Principle.

Representative Guellich has prepared for introduction in the legislature a bill amending the general tax law of the state which aims at placing family pictures and musical instruments in the list of taxable personal property. This is a reform in the wrong direction. Universal experience shows conclusively the great difficulty of discovering and assessing personal property of this sort. Every year, in the city of Detroit, the amount of personal property assessed decreases relatively to the amount of the total assessment. The same tendency is noted in every large city. Tax reformers, as a rule, recommend the total exemption of personal property from taxation on account of the extreme difficulty of finding and assessing it. In this state personal property, outside of certain forms, such as bank stock and vessel property, has been lightly assessed. If the household goods of every taxpayer in the state were examined, it would make little difference with the total of taxable property. The principle of taxing forms of wealth, and every possible form is erroneous and essentially bad. Taxes are contributions drawn from the current incomes of the people, and should be so laid as to abstract from those incomes a proportion commensurate with the wealth of the individual and the actual or potential productivity of his property. Taxation of household goods does not satisfy this principle nor the rule of expediency, under which it is useless to tax forms of wealth which can not be got at and whose value can not be accurately ascertained. If the tax law of Michigan is tinkered this year it ought to be revised in accord with modern experience in methods of taxation.—Detroit Tribune.

Double Taxation is Unjust.

The taxation of personal property represented by shares in foreign corporations is an injustice which will some day appeal so strongly to the minds of the people that it will be done away with. It is obviously unfair that any species of property should be taxed twice. The spirit of our institutions is theoretically opposed to every form of double taxation, yet it is only within a very few years that the double taxation of mortgaged property was abolished. Shares in foreign corporations, although they may and do constitute a very material part of the wealth of the community, are really only the shadow of the actual property existing and taxed elsewhere. To tax this shadow is not only unjust, but impolitic. The town, the city, the state, derives a direct and substantial benefit from the residence within it of each wealthy citizen. If his wealth is in certificates of stock in enterprises in other states, the expenditure of the income of these investments conduces to the prosperity of the neighborhood of his residence and increases the demand for and consequent value of the real property there.

This income is diminished by the taxes which the real property represented by the shares pays wherever it exists. To tax this income would perhaps be fair, although extremely difficult, but to tax the shares themselves at the average rate of taxation in Massachusetts is equivalent to confiscation of one-third of the average income, and is so manifestly unjust that no man of spirit will submit.

An attempt will be made during this session of the legislature to so modify the law that property taxed elsewhere will be exempt from taxation in Massachusetts.—Transcript, Boston, Mass.

Robbing the Heirs.

The method of raising revenue will be a much smaller problem when the people's representatives stop stealing and making extravagant appropriations, and limit expenditures to necessary and desirable public objects. The vicious inheritance taxes are the outgrowth of the itching palms of legislators and lobbyists who want fat funds at their disposal. This tax was attempted in New Hampshire, but upon appeal it was held to violate the constitutional requirement of proportionality of taxation. The court said: "It is plainly founded upon pure inequality, and is simply extortion in the name of taxation; and it can therefore never be sustained in this jurisdiction so long as equality and justice continue to be the basis of constitutional taxation." In this state the controller is evidently not concerned relative to ethical questions of equality and justice, but merely in results. Hence he recommends a yet more odious and preposterous mulcting of mourners than is practiced under the law already in operation. It is always bad for the people when a state stoops to injustice to swell its coffers.

A New Story.

When A. T. Stewart died his lawyer, who naturally owned the whole estate, put a sixth story on his wholesale store and turned it into offices. For each square foot of this extra story he gets a yearly rent of five dollars. In as far as the single tax consists in wanting to tax that rental value, I guess we are all single taxes. Those opposed to this will please signify their dissent by keeping quiet. The eyes have it.—Bolton Hall.

"Does that mean that he should be taxed for putting on the extra story?"—Land Value.

Not exactly. Our present principle of taxation is like the Irishman's rule at the fair. Wherever you see a head hit it.—Editor.

The census shows the total value of real estate to be twenty-three billions of dollars, and of personal property twenty billions. It is believed that this is an over estimate of personal property.

The cities of Toronto and Hamilton have exempted machinery from taxation. Let them extend the principle. If it is bad they will be the sufferers.

TARIFF REFORM METHODS.

Letter to Grover Cleveland by Thomas G. Shearman—Free Raw Material and Thorough and Radical Reform Needed.

The following is the second of a series of letters now being addressed to President Cleveland by Thomas G. Shearman. The first letter simply asked permission to address a number of letters to Mr. Cleveland, with the idea that they be made public. Mr. Cleveland in giving his consent stated that he regarded Mr. Shearman as well versed on the tariff question and capable of giving valuable suggestions. At Mr. Cleveland's suggestion the letters are given to the public at the same time they are given to him through the columns of the New York Times:

Dear Sir: In pursuance of the plan approved by you in our recent correspondence, I beg to submit to you some preliminary considerations with regard to the general work of tariff revision, reserving questions of methods and details for subsequent letters.

The first necessity of the great work of reform, to which the American people have called you with such an impressive majority, is that it should be thorough. It may be considered that the necessities of government revenue created by the reckless extravagance, if not actual corruption, of the last protectionist congress, have made it impracticable at the present time to construct a new tariff upon a perfectly sound basis. It may be admitted, indeed, that an ideal revenue tariff has been made impracticable for the next four years. At all events, it is certain that the nearest approach to the standard of a tariff for revenue only which can be made at the next session of congress must be a tariff that secures the largest public revenue with the smallest private gain.

Unless taxes are restored on sugar, tea and coffee, it seems evident that no adequate revenue can be raised without imposing a large number of duties which would have some element of so-called "protection" in them, and therefore increase the profit of some individuals at the expense of the community at large. But whatever tariff taxes have been repealed ought to remain repealed. The framers of the McKinley tariff, in their greediness for prohibitory duties for purposes of private gain, caused this nation to take a long stride toward the broadest free trade, and, believing this to be the ultimate result at which we should aim, I am not disposed to advise any step backward, simply for the sake of banishing all elements of protection from the tariff.

All that is therefore practicable just now, from any point of view, is the abolition of taxes upon crude materials for manufacture and the reduction of other protective taxes to that point which will put the largest proportion of such taxes into the public purse and the smallest proportion into private purses.

The only danger to the cause of tariff reform lies in the possibility that a timid and unwise conservatism may prevent the fulfillment of those pledges upon which the people have justly relied and that some weak compromise may be adopted which will do little or no good, will disappoint the rightful expectations of the majority and will lead the people to seek relief from oppression in disastrous experiments.

The danger of the present political situation lies in the depressed and discouraged condition of the farmers and planters of the west and south. For some years past they have not had good prices for their crops, except when, by reason of some disaster, those crops were small. Both wheat and cotton have been selling until recently at the lowest prices ever known to the present generation, and multitudes of small farmers and planters are now in a condition of poverty of which the prosperous people of the east have absolutely no conception.

Nothing is more natural or more inevitable than that, under such circumstances, millions of honest and faithful toilers, driven almost to despair, should catch at any political straw which promises relief. If the party to which the American people have now committed the charge of their government does not devise some measure which will bring speedy relief to the farmers and planters, the people will certainly call into power some other party which will promise such relief.

But it is entirely in the power of congress to lift this heavy burden from the agricultural classes and to restore prosperity to them and to the whole country. There is but way in which it can be done, and that is by a prompt and large reduction of duties upon foreign imports—so large as to strike down the Chinese wall which is now erected against importations from Europe, our best customer, and so prompt as to give admission to those goods, in large and generous measure, long before the congressional elections of 1894 come around.

For the only way in which the prices of farmers' products can be increased without lessening their production, and therefore the only way in which the aggregate income of American farmers and planters can be increased, is by opening our doors to an immense increase of importations, every dollar's worth of which will be paid for immediately by the export of American farm products.

Let us now, while retaining all the free trade features of the McKinley tariff, add to them free trade in raw materials and a large reduction in the duties upon manufactured goods, and we shall bring about an increase of necessary importations, which will pay for an immense increase in our exports of wheat, corn, cotton and provisions.

This will enable the planters of the south to raise a larger crop than ever, and yet to secure for it the same price per pound which they are now getting for their small crop. It will raise the price of wheat fifteen or twenty cents a bushel and raise the prices of all other farm products. On the other hand, it will reduce the cost of manufactured goods, and thus give to the farmers and planters the advantage of higher prices for everything which they sell and lower the prices for everything which they buy. It will solve the problem in which they are interested, and will not merely hold the vote gained in the last

election, but bring in thousands of voters who have thus far held aloof from us.

Nor will such a policy be attended with the least danger to the great manufacturing interests. Very likely a few concerns, which are now making an annual profit of 20 or 30 per cent upon their capital, may have to be content with 10 per cent, but this is no cause for lamentation. The great mass of manufacturers will be greatly benefited by thorough tariff reform and reduction.

Considered from a merely political point of view, the expediency of such a course is obvious. The only persons who could even pretend to suffer any injury from it are to be found in a limited part of New England, a little district of New York, and the state of Pennsylvania. Almost without exception these persons did everything within their power to defeat you and the cause which you represent at the recent election. No consideration which could be shown to them would have the slightest effect in gaining their votes or influence. They have carried all New England, except Connecticut, against any tariff reform whatever; they hold Pennsylvania firmly, but everywhere else they are powerless for any purpose. You have everything to gain in the west and south by a courageous and thorough reform of the tariff. You have everything to lose there if you fail to accomplish such a reform, and it is mere waste of time to attempt to conciliate the protectionist fanatics of the northeast. Yours very respectfully,

THOMAS G. SHEARMAN.

A NEW FLYING MACHINE.

It Will Spoil the Plans of Protectionists and Give Us Cheap Goods and High Wages.

It was reported from Washington, on March 12, that Prof. Langley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and Dr. Maxin, the gun inventor, who have been working for a long time upon a flying machine, have completed a working model, which will be tried soon.

Merely, suppose it works! What will then become of the remnants of the high tariff party which believes in destroying commerce by artificial obstructions? It is comparatively easy to control commerce by tariffs when the only entrances to this country are at a few ports and where railroads cross the borders. But if goods come flying through the air at any height from twenty feet to two or three miles, and at any point along our border of 10,000 miles in length, no horde of customs officials, however large, could prevent the introduction into this country, absolutely free of duty, of valuable foreign goods. Of course prices would soon reach a common level and goods, such as woolsens, glass, gloves, tin plate, etc., that now sell in this country for double the foreign prices would be offered to our farmers and wage-earners at foreign "pauper" prices. Then would our farmers and laborers maintain their patriotism and insist upon paying protection prices or would they throw their protectionism to the dogs and smile because goods were so cheap?

And what if they were foolish enough to accept the pauper goods of Europe at pauper prices and thereby save \$50 or \$60 per family per year? Would that satisfy their wants so that they would produce less than formerly, or would they work harder in order by exchange to get as much as possible of the good things of life? If they bought more foreign goods, of course more domestic products would be required to pay for them and that would cause increased production. Increased production would make a demand for more labor and this would raise wages. Higher wages would mean increased consumption, and the wheels of industry would just hum, not only on this but on the other side of the ocean. It is un-Christianlike to think that our European neighbors would prosper with us, but then it couldn't well be helped, while goods could be exchanged through the air so that each nation would get the benefits of the natural and artificial advantages in production of all other nations. This could not lower the prices of farm products, for our farmers have the best opportunity to produce in the world and now compete with all other nations. It could not lower wages, for it would remove no barriers that obstruct the passage of labor from one country to another—because there are none to remove. It would in fact raise wages by increasing the amount of goods that could be purchased with a certain sum. But the poor trusts—how they would suffer and perhaps die under such competition!

The pocket cutlery trust, which has raised prices 30 per cent since 1890, would have to reduce prices at least 40 per cent, because cutlery costs about half as much in Europe as here. The carriage trust, which has advanced prices 20 per cent, and sells 30 per cent cheaper in Canada, would have to have a leveling down of prices. Hundreds of other trusts now making millions out of the tariff, only thousands of which have been spent to sustain protection, would have to be content with ordinary profits or yield up the ghost.

If Harrison, McKinley and other protectionists ever expect to again figure prominently in our history they will squelch this whole flying machine business and bribe inventors to work at the perpetual motion problem. The natural and artificial obstructions to commerce must not be disturbed or protection is doomed.

BYRON W. HOLT.

False Prophecy.

In appealing for free block tin the manufacturers of tin plate disclose unwittingly the nature of the tariff conspiracy against American consumers which its author proudly boasted would stand untouched for ten years. But McKinleyism in politics is dead; and the tin plate swindle will surely be knocked in the head as soon as possible under our leisurely methods of fiscal legislation. The false prophets of ancient times were stoned to death; those of the latter day are likely to be buried under an avalanche of free tin.—Phila delphia Record.

CLEVELAND AND THE TARIFF.

No Uncertainty Concerning the Intentions of the New Administration.

President Cleveland shows in his inaugural address that he has made no departure from the position he has always held on the subject of tariff reform by reduction of tariff taxation. The policy he set forth in his inaugural address of 1885 and in his repeated messages to congress is the same policy declared in his inaugural of 1893 to be that of the democratic administration. It is well to bear this fact in mind when speculating as to the character of the tariff reform bill which will be reported to congress next fall as the result of the summer's labors of the democratic leaders in congress and the democratic administration. It was Grover Cleveland who directed the attention of the democratic party to the necessity of tariff reform by tariff reduction and who by his persistence made it the dominant issue. In what spirit the work of reform will be entered upon can be understood by a review of the several declarations of President Cleveland on the subject. In every one of them, from the first to the last, it is insisted that the work must be done with prudent regard for business interests and the welfare of the industrial classes. The task is to be reformatory, not destructive.

In his inaugural of March, 1875, he said that "a due regard for the interests and prosperity of all the people" demands "that our system of revenue shall be so adjusted as to relieve the people of unnecessary taxation, having a due regard to the interests of capital invested and workmen employed in American industries."

In his first annual message to congress, December, 1885, he said: "Justice and fairness dictate that, in any modification of our present laws relating to revenue, the industries and interests which have been encouraged by such laws, and in which our citizens have large investments, should not be ruthlessly injured or destroyed. We should also deal with the subject in such manner as to protect the interests of American labor, which is the capital of our workingmen."

In the second annual message, December, 1886, he said that "in readjusting the burdens of federal taxation a sound public policy requires that such of our citizens as have built up large and important industries under present conditions should not be suddenly, and to their injury, deprived of advantages to which they have adapted their business; but, if the public good requires it, they should be content with such consideration as shall deal fairly and cautiously with their interests, while the just demand of the people for relief from taxation is honestly answered;" adding that "due regard should also be accorded, in any proposed readjustment, to the interests of American labor so far as they are involved."

In his famous tariff reform message of December, 1887, after declaring that "our present tariff laws, the vicious, inequitable and illogical source of unnecessary taxation, ought to be at once revised and amended," he said: "It is not proposed to relieve the country entirely of this taxation. It must be extensively continued as the source of the government's income, and in a readjustment of our tariff the interests of American labor engaged in manufacture should be carefully considered, as well as the preservation of our manufacturers. It may be called protection, or by any other name, but relief from the hardships and dangers of our present tariff laws should be devised with special precaution against imperiling the existence of our manufacturing interests. But this existence should not mean a condition which, without regard to the public welfare or a national exigency, must always insure the realization of immense profits instead of moderate profitable returns."

In his last annual message to congress, December, 1888, he said: "A just and sensible revision of our tariff laws should be made for the relief of those of our countrymen who suffer under present conditions. Existing evils and injustices should be honestly recognized, boldly met and effectually remedied. There should be no cessation of the struggle until a plan is perfected, fair and conservative toward existing industries, but which will reduce the cost to consumers of the necessities of life, while it provides for our manufacturers the advantage of free raw materials and permits no injury to the interests of American labor."

In his inaugural of March 4, 1893, President Cleveland said the people have "determined in favor of a more just and equitable system of federal taxation. The agents they have chosen to carry out their purposes are bound by their promises, not less than by the command of their masters, to devote themselves unremittingly to this service. While there should be no surrender of principle, our task must be undertaken wisely and without heedless vindictiveness. Our mission is not punishment but the rectification of wrongs. If, in lifting burdens from the daily life of our people, we reduce inordinate and unequal advantages too long enjoyed, this is but a necessary incident of our return to right and justice."

From the inaugural of 1885 to the inaugural of 1893 every reference to tariff reform is made on precisely the same lines. It is on these lines that the democratic tariff bill of 1893 will be shaped. No tariff bill not constructed on these lines will receive the signature of Grover Cleveland.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE DEMOCRATIC PROGRAMME.

Some of the Aims of the Cleveland Administration.

The new administration by the pledges of President Cleveland's inaugural address is a sound and stable currency.

1. To a sound and stable currency.
2. To refuse bounties and subsidies.
3. To check wild and reckless pension expenditure.
4. To limit public expenditures to public necessities.
5. To make efficiency rather than

partisan service the basis of appointments to office.

6. To use the powers of the federal government to restrain trusts and combines.

7. To secure to all citizens equality before the law.

8. To accomplish tariff reform and make the necessity for government revenue the limit of the exercise of the taxing power.

It is a democratic programme, a programme which the people wish to see carried out. It will be opposed stubbornly at every point by interests which thrive on the evils democratic endeavor seeks to correct, but President Cleveland in carrying it out will have the disinterested patriotism of the country supporting him as it has seldom, if ever before, united to sustain a president in his policy.—Albany Argus.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

—Mr. Cleveland isn't afraid to speak his mind, and he has a mind to speak.—Boston Globe.

—"The protection for protection's sake" business is now wrestling with the political assignee.—N. Y. World.

—Secretary Carlisle thinks that the treasury situation is improving. That is about the way the case begins to look to most persons.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat (Rep.).

—The opposition to Gresham for secretary of state came from the republicans, and not the democrats. This shows which party is the broader.—St. Paul Globe.

—The declarations and pledges of the inaugural address represent the convictions not only of the larger part but the better part of the American people.—Buffalo Courier.

—"The only persons interested in a dishonorable pension roll are the pension lawyers. All is fish that comes to their net. Honorable soldiers are the ones most interested in keeping the roll a roll of honor.—Albany Argus.

—"Now that the thing is done and the new administration is an accomplished fact, due thanks should be returned to Andrew Carnegie for the invaluable assistance which he rendered the victorious democracy.—Detroit Free Press.

—"Mr. Cleveland has declared the principles of democracy as he understands them. There is not a senator or representative who will take issue with him on the sentences of his inaugural address. The logical conclusions are as plain as the principles.—Kansas City Times.

—"Tariff for public revenue only, sound currency and civil service reform are the dominant notes of President Cleveland's inaugural. The people have placed in control of the government the foremost representative of these policies, he has a just right to expect that they will generously sustain him during the term of his administration.—Philadelphia Record.

—"When Mr. Cleveland was president before, 'the fierce light that beats upon a throne' was not turned on his life as a boy. The insatiable biographers are now at work on his career as a child. They will tell all about his playing truant when the streams were right for fishing, of his putting pins in his teacher's chair, of gambling with marbles and pecking eggs. Writers are more ruthless nowadays than when the lives of Washington were written.—N. Y. World.

—"While many of the republican organs are charging that it is the purpose of the new administration to wage a war of extermination against the industries of the country, here comes Clarkson with his address to the republican clubs and the important information that 'the cabinet of the new president is made up mainly in the interest of the great corporations of the land.' Our republican fellow-citizens have not yet been able, it seems, to agree among themselves where they are at.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Party Appropriations.

There is a dispute between the representatives of the two parties as to the real appropriations made during the congress just closed and their relation to those of the previous congress. One result is reached by the republicans, who take the figures of the separate acts, and another by the democrats, who give weight to the continuous appropriations made by the previous congress, and which the last congress could not reject. Unquestionably the view presented by the latter is the more just. For instance, the dependent pension bill of 1890 required an appropriation in this congress of \$100,000,000; the McKinley bill entailed an appropriation of \$20,000,000; the law turning into the treasury the fund accumulated from the tax on national bank circulation made it necessary to appropriate \$18,500,000 for the redemption of notes previously redeemed from that fund. These appropriations would not have been made but for the action of the Fifty-first congress, and the Fifty-second congress is in nowise responsible for them.—N. Y. Times.

Condition of the Treasury.

Repeatedly during the last ten years the Times has drawn attention to the constant depletion of the treasury of the United States, and pointed out wherein the treasury statement was misleading. The retort of the treasury authorities and of republican organs was uniform denial that trust funds had been endangered or that the treasury was in the slightest embarrassed. The republican secretary, Mr. Foster, retires, and says complacently in doing so that the treasury is down to bed rock—that is, for current purposes, it was practically empty when turned over to his successor. Not thus the Cleveland administration turned over the treasury to the Harrison administration. There was a large surplus. The surplus squandered during four years of republican administration, there are current bills against the office to-day that, though audited, cannot be paid. The extravagance of the republican administration has depleted the treasury and has embarrassed at the outset the new administration.—Chicago Times.

A MODEST WORSHIPPER.



Some far corner of the church, where saintly shadows soft are fitting, a prayer-book in her hand, Our modest little maid is sitting. The Easter music swells on high, And thro' apart from fashion's splendor, With thoughts remote from earthly things Her soul to God makes full surrender.

Here is no figure rare to see, Her face is pale, with freckles on it, No stylish Easter gown she wears, And on her head is last year's bonnet. She's just a common little miss, With no great claims to style or beauty, Who, in the common walks of life, Works hard, and tries to do her duty.

And as we see her sitting there We think how small must be the pleasure That comes into this simple maid. Deal out from her life's narrow measure, To her denied the blessing great Of wealth that gives us larger vision; And in the choking grasp of toil How circumscribed must be her mission!

Yet who shall judge the hand of fate, That takes from some and gives to others? And who shall say that wealth is all, When many a goodly gift it smother? There's something in this simple face, Remote from vanity and passion, That makes us feel she has a gift That's greater far than wealth or fashion.

—Tom Masson, in Truth.

THE SPIRIT OF EASTER.

O, life-crowned angel of Easter, Spirit of gladness and light, Touched by the glory of Heaven, Pause in thy jubilant flight, And sing to us echoing carols, Sing till our hearts shall grow strong, Till their happy pulsations shall measure The time of thy rapturous song.

Till Faith, resurrected, shall greet us With smiles on her radiant face; While Love reaches out of the darkness To hold us in clinging embrace; Till Hope, happy Hope, shall awaken, From the languor of purposeless dreams, And move us to earnest endeavor By whispers on glorious themes.

O beautiful spirit, to 'ch rently Our souls with thy quickening breath, Till out into life and thy duties They leap from this torpor of death; Abide till our hearts shall discover The blessings that circle us now, And our thoughts grow as pure as the lilies That droop o'er thy radiant brow! —Claudia Tharin, in Good Housekeeping.

COMFORTING EASTER BELLS.

Sweet is the comfort that the chimera Are throbbing down upon the ear, In pulsing beat of wordless rhymes— Life and death, human breath, Joy and pain, naught is vain, For Christ is risen! Heaven is near!

If sorrows come, they also go; If joys must fly, they reappear. Still glad some bells swing to and fro— Life and death, human breath, Joy and pain, naught is vain, For Christ is risen! Heaven is near!

Then ring for joy, ye Easter bells, That Love Divine has conquered fear! Immortal hope your rhymer tells— Life and death, human breath, Joy and pain, naught is vain, For Christ is risen! Heaven is near! —Helen E. Smith, in Harper's Bazar.

MOLLY MAYO'S EASTER.



It was on a cool spring evening more than a century ago, that an American soldier galloped in hot haste along the public road in the state of Pennsylvania, flinging back to the sentries on duty the watchword of the day. To this he added in a tremolo of haste these words:

"The British are advancing; they have sent a detachment in pursuit—delay them all you can—they are under the protection of a flag of truce, but I'll cheat them yet!" and he was gone like the wind.

A handsome lad, and a brave one, wearing the insignia of an officer in the American army; slight of form and fair of face, but showing a daring energy in every motion.

Suddenly the horse he rode swerved aside and vaulted a low fence into a large barnyard. His master instantly dismounted, leaving the tired animal to find its own way into the comfortable stable. Turning his steps towards the house, he entered the old-fashioned kitchen. An old negro woman was blowing a live coal she held in a pair of tongs into a flame, at which she might light a candle.

"Good evening, auntie. Are you all well?"

The old woman dropped coal and candle, and giving one frightened look at the youth, cried, in a trembling voice: "Foh de Lawd's sake, Mars Allan, what you done come outen like dis yeh?"

"Hush," commanded the young officer, "I am in great peril! Where are my mother and Molly?"

"In yander, Mars Allan, an' I done reckon they coteh awful scare wen they see yoh comin'." But the young man was gone to the living room, where on a low settee in front of a pleasant wood fire an elderly lady lay gazing sadly into the flames.

"Mother!"

She started wildly and half rising threw her arms about his neck with a glad cry, as she asked, anxiously: "What brings you here, my son? Is there a trace?"

"No, mother; I am on my way to Gen. Howe with important dispatches. A detachment of British troops cut me off, but I escaped and rode home on Hero, who has not a scratch. They will not let those dispatches go through, if they have to kill me to get them. I must not stay. Where is Molly?"

"Here," said a glad, clear voice, full of music, and a pretty girl with a merry, sunny face, on which a shade of anxiety was visible, came from the back of the room. "I saw you ride in, and knew you needed help, and have already planned something for you. Now tell me, Allan, how much time have you?"

"I hope until daybreak, but am not fully sure. What I dread is that they will disarm our sentinels, and post their own along the route. There is a contingency in pursuit commanded by the British captain, Pierpont, who is as brave as a lion, and he has sworn to have those dispatches. Now for your plan, sis. Is it practicable?"

"I am not sure yet, but I hope so. What evening is this, Allan? Have you forgotten?"

"Oh, of a surety, it is Easter eve, but a sad one for you, my poor girl—for all of us. But what has that to do with it?"

Molly whispered with him a moment, then the two partly admitted the mother into their councils. It was Molly, however, who managed it all, and who took her brother upstairs for a final consultation. Leaving him there, she came down and said gayly to her mother:

"As it is Easter eve, I propose to

place and ask them to keep him for us a few hours. What think you?"

"The very thing. That is a wise old head on your young shoulders, sister mine. But how am I to get to the Cores after him? It is a four-mile ride from here."

"You must take old Gray. He can do four miles fairly well. But it would not do for the Britishers to find your horse here, and they may come at any moment, you say."

Then they ate supper with heavy hearts, yet, for the mother's sake, trying to appear cheerful, and even merry. Allan often forgot his assumed character, and whistled, or strode to the window, making his pretty and affectionate sister laugh at his amusing contortions in spite of herself.

"Now we must practice our Easter hymns," she said, and by the aid of the harmonium they sang counter and air—then the air alone; then Allan practiced a sharp treble, and pleased Molly mightily for some reason. Allan was in her hands, and trusted his sister as he had always done—there was only a difference of a few years in their ages. But he did object when she attempted to do his hair up in curl papers. A few words in his ear, and he unwillingly consented, and soon his blonde head was covered with round knots of tightly twisted paper.

There was little sleep in the Mayo farmhouse that night. Already impoverished by the circumstances of war they had parted with their retainers. The only man servant they had left was sent to their neighbors with Hero, and told to wait there, so that the four inmates of the house were alone at this time. An old Queen Anne musket was their only means of defense. Allan's sword and firearms

lived the story old Amy so cleverly told them.

Molly had been peeping at them through the slats of the venetian blinds in the front parlor, and she saw that the officer in command was a slender figure of wiry build, and his voice had a military ring to it that would have warned anyone that he could not be trifled with.

"You must go, Allan," she said, as they rode off. "I will myself put the side-saddle on old Gray; it is well you have ridden on it so many times for a prank; it will serve you now at your need, and if they come back you must be singing the Easter carols, and I will do the talking. Have no fear. Something tells me our cause will succeed. Be ready now. Have you the prunella roots on? Poor Amy, they are her best."

"A dainty foot for a young miss," said Allan, as he thrust out a good-sized boot of the kind that elderly women of the front parlor, and she saw with a spur would be worse, "but a boot and he sat down and waited resignedly, while his brave sister went out to saddle the old horse and bring him to the block."

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"It means that we are the singers for the little church of St. Jude which you must have passed on your way hither, but as we cannot both leave our mother, Sister Kate must go alone."

She looked him full in the face as she spoke, and he was dazzled for a moment by the extreme beauty of her eyes, which were of a tender, glorious blue, like the skies that see only sunshine.

"Well, well, it is not with her we have any business, but we must search the house to look for a brother of thine, who hath made us much trouble. Do your duty, men, and if he is found iron him as you would any common malefactor."

"Ride on, Kate—the beast is so slow you will hardly reach St. Jude's in time. And do you then make war on women, brave sir? That were a pastime worthy of barbarians."

"Peace, girl! I but do my duty. If your brother is here—"

"If my brother were here you had not dared offer his family this insult," said Molly, intent on keeping the British captain engaged in parley as long as was practicable.

"So! You throw down the gage of war, do you, fair rebel? You may need my protection before the search is over."

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"By Jove! she is a beauty," said the young man to himself, but he answered, haughtily:

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"Are you speaking the truth?" asked the officer, almost rudely.

"We are not a nation of liars," retorted Molly.

The soldiers and their captain made a thorough search of the house, but found nothing that would indicate the presence of the man they sought, or any papers of state such as they were seeking.

The captain requested Mrs. Mayo to accompany them in their search, which she tremblingly did, but she in no wise hurried them; on the contrary, every expedient that she or Molly or old Amy could think upon to detain them was brought into requisition. Nothing was found.

Then the men were detached to prepare breakfast. They were about to forage on the barnyard, when they espied a great platter of eggs on the sideboard.

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"Help yourselves, gentlemen, we are at your mercy. You will find a small portion of food in the cupboard. We have been imposed upon before by our enemies, but God has graciously preserved our lives," said Mrs. Mayo, bitterly.

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"OPEN IN THE NAME OF THE KING!"

have some music after tea on the harmonium. And mother, if you care not, what say you to having our Easter eggs for supper, instead of at tomorrow's meal? Eggs do not keep well in these troubled times, and our Dominicks have done themselves credit. We will not permit the enemies of our country to feast a second time on such delicacies.

"Molly, can you have the heart for Easter sports when Allan is in such peril? Methinks, girl, you are merry and not wise."

"Mother," she said, gently, "will you not trust me? Allan has trusted me with his life, more, with his honor. Do not question me or anything I do between this and morning, for I have a terrible responsibility laid on my shoulders. Our Lord give me strength to carry it through!"

"You are a good girl, Molly," said the mother, who was an invalid and weak. "I will not ask you aught more. Only," she added, a little bitterly, "do not let me be bereaved of both my children. I could not bear that."

"It is to save them both, Mistress Mayo, that I am laying my plans. Now I must see if Amy has supper ready. We have an unexpected guest to-night, mother, have we not?"

When the table was laid and supper served, Molly ushered a young lady into the room, who was a stranger to both Mrs. Mayo and old Amy, who was placing some delicious hot muffins on the table made of the best "boughten" flour especially for "Marse Allan."

"Miss Fletcher, mother," said Molly, and Mrs. Mayo bowed politely, and then said with an anxious look at her daughter:

"I did not know that you expected company."

"I think you have seen Miss Fletcher before. Do you not remember her, Aunt Amy?"

The old colored woman set her turban straight, bobbed a curtsy, and after a long close scrutiny of the young lady's features, said:

"No, missy, I never see her afore in my bawn days, but I low she do favor yuseff a small hili bit."

"It's all right. Oh thank God they did not know you!" exclaimed Molly.

"Mother, Aunt Amy, it's Allan Fletcher Mayo, our own boy."

"I never would have suspected it," said Mrs. Mayo, with a puzzled air.

"De Lawd's sake!" was all the comment old Amy made, as she disappeared to the kitchen, shaking with apprehension.

"I think," said Allan, as he sat down to table, "that these feminine frills and pincers are worse to contend with than the enemy. How is my voice, mother? A pretty good falsetto, isn't it? Molly, girl, I misdoubt me much whether you are not getting me out of one scrape into another. Hero will betray me if nothing else."

"I have thought of that, Allan, you remember the Cores, whom father helped when they were in sore distress? I have a mind to send Hero to their

were hidden at that moment with a certain suit of regimentals in an old well, that they might not betray their owner's presence.

It was near daylight when Allan, who had laid down for some temporary rest, started to his feet, and called to Molly:

"The British are coming, I hear the galloping of their horses' feet! I shall be caught like a rat in a trap. Curse these women's trappings! I might at least die like a soldier, not a skulking coward."

"Remember the dispatches. You are to guard them with your life. Gen. Howe expects you. All means are fair in love and war!" cried the enthusiastic girl, who, now that danger was at hand, showed the heroic blood that was in her.

Old Amy was on her knees chattering a prayer. Mrs. Mayo, pale and helpless, lay on her couch where she was to play a more severe role of invalid. Desperate tales had been told of outrages committed by the enemy on defenseless women and children, and her heart sank in her bosom as she looked at the beautiful face of her only daughter, and recalled stories of nameless wrong done in the name of honorable warfare. But she knew, too, that next to the white skin of Molly's fair bosom lay a dagger that would free the fearless spirit, were it necessary, to escape wrong, and she resigned her with an unspoken prayer to the care of the Great Commander of all the armies of the earth.

There was no light in the farmhouse when the British soldiers—only a handful, after all, but armed to the teeth—galloped up and began a vigorous pounding on the doors.

They could hear the family rousing as if from sleep, could hear women's voices in tones of fear and alarm; then slow advancing footsteps and an old dorky woman's voice.

"Who yoh is come prowin' heah dis yeh time ob de night?"

"We are the king's officers. Open, in the name of the king."

"Um-um, reckon we don't know dat gemman heah, sah. We sades ladies leah, 'ceptin' myself, as am de servant, an' it ain' no wise likely we se let yoh come in, sah."

"We are looking for a traitor, one Lieut. Allan Mayo, and as this is his home we know he is here. So let us in, and no more parley."

"Marse Allan! Doan' yoh know whar he gone? If I tells yoh, den'll yoh go away an' leffen us alone?"

"Which way did he go? Tell me quickly and tell me truly, or it will be the worse for you, good wench."

"He gone by de lowah ford—one, two, tree hours after dark by de moon, 'cause he hab berry important bus'ness, he say; he ride fast and fah by dis yeh time."

There was a hurried consultation, and to the great relief of the household the soldiers rode away as fast as their horses could bear them. It was growing light, and they evidently be-

lieved the story old Amy so cleverly told them.

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"Out of the way, old woman, stir your stumps," said the soldiers, good-naturedly.

"Allow me, madam, to escort you to the head of the table," said the young captain, gallantly, when the meal of camp bacon and eggs was served, offering his arm to Mrs. Mayo.

The troubled and confused woman rose feebly, and was about to take his proffered arm, when instantly a slight form interposed between them.

"Do not touch that man, mother! Behold you, he is our natural enemy. You shall not insult my mother, sir, while I live to protect her!"

"As you will," answered the captain, coolly, meeting the flashing scorn of her fine eyes with a look of admiration he could not conceal. "Be pleased to remain here, ladies," he resumed in a tone of command, "for it will be necessary to place you under arrest."

"We consider ourselves under arrest as we are," retorted Molly, hotly, and as she stamped her foot to give emphasis to her words the young officer noticed its extreme beauty.

They ate and drank hurriedly and without evident suspicion of those about them, drinking their own bitter coffee without milk or sugar, both of which old Amy offered them, with many a grimace, however.

"We must to horse," cried the captain suddenly, pushing his chair back abruptly, and rising with such haste that he nearly overturned the table.

He reeled and would have fallen but that the soldier next to him caught him.

"Ha! a plot, treason! poison!" he gasped and sank insensible in his chair. At the same moment each of the soldiers began to reel.

"Drugged, by—" but the man could not finish his speech; he fell in a heap on the floor.

"Who hath done this awful deed?" cried Mrs. Mayo, in tones of horror.

"Be not alarmed, mother," said Molly, quietly. "I merely blew a little antimony into the end of each egg. Columbus taught us the trick of making an egg stand on its little end, we are told, but I have made my trick save my brother's life. Allan will send me help before these men recover from their transient illness."

"But they may die."

"They will not die, my mother. But this will give us a respite of several hours. Thank God for that, and for Allan's escape!"

And then that crafty girl busied herself with administering warm potions to her fallen foes. Old Amy brought pillows on which she placed their heads, but not too tenderly. Then the three women withdrew to an upper chamber, where they locked themselves in.

At noon a company of American soldiers dashed up to the house and in a trice the Britishers were taken prisoners. The soldiers had partially recovered, but were very weak. But the young captain either had eaten more Easter eggs than his share, or was a pretender, for he was too sick to be removed and became—under guard—an inmate of the front spare room, where he languished for a month, and heard Allan tell the whole story of how cleverly he and his sister had outwitted him.

What became of him? This historian does not know. But in the annals of the state of Pennsylvania, Anno Domini 1776, appear the names of Pierpont and Mayo in honorable mention, and my own impression is that from being a prisoner of the American army he became a prisoner of Cupid, and was held forever after in durance sweet. But certain I am that he never forgot that Easter experience.

Mrs. M. L. RAYNE.

EGGS FOR EASTER.

The Practice of Eating Them Has a Very Ancient Origin.

The use of eggs for Easter can be traced, says Count De Gebelin in his "Religious History of the Calendar," to the theology and philosophy of the Egyptians, Persians, Gauls, Greeks and Romans, among all of whom an egg was a symbol of the universe, the work of the Supreme Divinity. The Persians gave presents of eggs at the feast of the New Year—i. e., the feast of the vernal equinox—in honor of the renewal of all things. "The Egyptians held the egg as a sacred emblem of the renovation of mankind after the deluge. The Jews adopted it to suit the circumstances of their history, as a type of their departure from Egypt, and it was used in the feast of the Passover as part of the furniture of the table with the Paschal lamb. The early Druids used the egg in their ceremonies.

In Russia one man greets another on Easter with "Jesus Christ is risen." "Yes, He is risen," reply is made, and an egg is given. In Moscow no meeting takes place without this salutation and exchange. "The meanest pauper in the street presenting an egg and repeating the words 'Cristos Vos' crees' may demand a salute even of the empress." In some countries of Italy eggs are carried to the church to be blessed, and then taken home and set out with flowers on the table. Every visitor during Easter week is invited to eat an Easter egg, an invitation which must not be refused. Eggs in all countries are sent as tokens at this time, and enter into the sentiments and pastimes of old and young alike.—Chicago Herald.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

Ginger Cake.—One pint of molasses, one-half pint lard, one-quarter pint water, two tablespoonsful of soda, one of ginger. Mix; add flour enough to roll.—Ohio Farmer.

Parsley Butter.—Cream three table-spoonful of butter, add one table-spoonful each of lemon juice and chopped parsley, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper. Beat all together and serve.—Good Housekeeping.

Apple Custard.—This is made by turning cold boiled custard over apples that have been peeled and cored, seasoned with sugar and spices and nicely baked. This dessert is to be eaten cold with lady fingers, toasted wafers or any preferred cake.—Delinator.

Ginger Snaps.—Good for six weeks. One teaspoonful each of brown sugar, molasses, and shortening—half each of butter and lard, or suet or pork fat, one teaspoonful each of saleratus and ginger, one-half teaspoonful salt, one egg. Pour one-half teaspoonful boiling water on the saleratus, salt and ginger and mix with other ingredients. Use flour sufficient to roll out.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Salsify Soup.—Scrape two dozen salsify or oyster-plant roots, cut into slices, put in a saucepan, and cover with boiling water. Let boil until tender. Add three pints of new milk, six whole allspice, six pepper-corns, and a blade of mace. Rub two ounces of butter and two tablespoons of flour together, and stir into the boiling soup. Season with salt and a dash of Cayenne, and serve.—Harper's Bazar.

Mushroom Sauce for Beefsteak.—Brown a spoonful of flour in the oven, put a tablespoonful of butter in a spider and let brown, then stir in the flour, pour in half a pint of stock and stir until it boils, then take off and strain, put back over the fire, add a tablespoonful of mushroom catsup and half a cupful of mushrooms, cook slowly a few minutes, then season with salt and a dust of pepper and pour over the beefsteak.—N. Y. Observer.

Pound Cake.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, 1½ pounds of butter, 10 eggs, one nutmeg grated, one wing-blast of rose water. Beat the butter and sugar together; when it is perfectly light stir in the eggs, which must have been whisked to a thick froth; add the flour, then the nutmeg and rose water. Beat the whole for a quarter of an hour. Butter your pan, line it with paper, which should be well buttered, and pour in the mixture. Bake it for three hours in a moderate oven. When the sides of the cake appear to shrink from the sides of the pan the cake will be done.—Boston Budget.

Buckwheat Cakes.—Dilute one drachm of compressed yeast with a gill of lukewarm water, and let it rest for ten minutes. Add to it half a pound of buckwheat flour in a basin, pouring in a pint of water, and season with a light pinch of salt. Mix thoroughly with the spatula, cover the basin with a cloth and let it rest for four hours. Have a griddle large enough to hold six cakes. Grease lightly with a piece of fat pork-rind and place it on a hot stove. Pour half the batter into the six sections of the griddle, distributing it evenly. Bake for two and a-half minutes, turn over and bake two and a-half minutes longer. Heap the cakes on a hot plate, make the other six in the same way and serve in relays. They must be very hot, and golden sirup, honey or maple sugar should be served in small plates to be eaten with them.—London Black and White.

STARTING A TRAIN IN GERMANY.

Wonderful and Complicated Red Tape Attending the Operation.

An American railway official recently returned from Europe, referring to railway practice in Germany, says:

"The roadbeds are about perfect, while the stations are simply magnificent, even in the most insignificant places being very fine. The roadbeds are quite rigid, but this is mainly due to the iron and steel cross ties that are used.

"The locomotives are fine pieces of mechanism, but their capacity is scarcely equal to those on this side of the Atlantic. Their entire passenger equipment is away behind that in use here. Their trains, however, run like clock-work, and the connections are perfect.

"The method of dispatching trains is altogether unique and peculiar, and peculiar, and will cause American agents and trainmen to smile. The agent is an imposing, dignified and solemn-looking official, attired in elaborate uniform, literally gilt-edged, and he acts as master of ceremonies on imposing occasions.

"When the train arrives at the station he is standing bolt upright in an almost military position, and he is on dress parade. One minute before the train starts he reaches up and taps a gong three times. Then a strange scene takes place; and it would seem that he had pressed a button, for at the last tap the conductor, who has been at the rear car, comes galloping along the entire length of the platform, shouting in German the name of every station the train will stop at.

"When the engine is reached he wheels about, and on his return quickly closes and locks the car doors, darts back to the van in his perch on the rear car, whistles thrice on a tin or metal whistle, which is instantly repeated by the brakeman at the front end, and the train starts."—Railway Review.

White Soap.

Excellent soap for washing flannels, gingham of delicate colors or any washable material requiring care can be made at the expense of a few cents and a little economy on the part of a housekeeper. Take three pounds of unslacked lime and six pounds of washing soda; pour over this five gallons of boiling water. Stir until the soda is all dissolved; let it stand till it becomes perfectly clear, then pour off the clear liquid. Add to it six pounds of clean fat (saved from the cooking) and one cup of salt; boil for three hours. Take a little out in a saucer, and if it hardens pour the mixture into a wooden tub, and when cold cut into bars. It will soon cure and be as white and firm as white castle soap.—N. Y. Tribune.

IN THE ELECTRICAL WORLD.

It is proposed to make use of electricity for heating and lighting private houses, and machines for this purpose have already been contrived.

In Delaware farmers are progressive enough to be willing to give the right of way for the trolley line through their properties free of charges.

It is learned that Prof. Elisha Gray has perfected his writing telegraph, and that the manufacture of the instrument has been commenced on a large scale in England.

The Shoshone Falls of the Snake river of Idaho, which have a body of water 900 feet wide, with a fall of 210 feet, are to be used for developing electric power for irrigating purposes.

Another use has been found for electricity. In Ceylon experiments have shown that it is more economical to dry tea leaves by its agency than by the old method, and extensive plants have been erected for that purpose.

In French army circles there is said to be much activity relative to the introduction of telephones into the service. Telephonists are now regularly organized in sets of two men, each man being equipped with a mile of wire. The simple receiving and transmitting apparatus is attached to the soldier's cap, while the reel for the wire constitutes a sort of breast plate.

The telephones, the instrument invented by O. V. Boughton to enable vessels to communicate with each other at long distances, consists of a series of wires and electrical connections operated by a keyboard by which 100 incandescent lights are controlled and made to produce the signal of the Morse telegraph alphabet. The inventor claims that thirty-two candle-power lamps can be seen at a distance of ten to fifteen miles.

Prof. Elihu Thomson states that he has operated with 1,000,000 alternations per minute, and has built a machine capable of giving 2,000,000 alternations per minute, but considers it of little value, because he has since devised a plan, not yet ready for publication, whereby a continuous current, by purely electrical processes, can be made to give alternating currents of any desired frequency, which frequency can be governed to cover almost any range by very simple means. It has no moving pieces whatever.

It is curious to note the survival of a superstition in these days which should bring the blush to every cheek of every right-thinking man. It appears that in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., the new system of telephone calls, changing from names to numbers, has been adopted. The residents of the city are so superstitious that a general refusal has been made to accept No. 13, and it has been omitted from the list. Newburgers are also superstitious, but it may be considered a strange coincidence that L. J. Bazzoni of that place, previous to the failure, was known as No. 13 at the telephone office. That number is no longer held by a Newburgh subscriber.

A few New York hotels and many in smaller cities have a standing rule that a call from a guest's room shall be answered by a bell-boy bearing a pitcher of ice-water. A New Yorker stopping with his wife and children at a Boston hotel, and forced to signal many times because of various wants, found his mantelpiece lined with nearly a dozen pitchers of ice-water. An elaboration of this simple code is presented in those signal dials as big as a dinner-plate, by means of which a guest may announce to the clerk almost any conceivable need, and may order any one of three or four brands of champagne. A Liverpool hotel, however, has improved upon all this by placing in each room a telephone connected with the office.

An electrical journal asks whether some one can not discover a way to prevent the slipping of street car wheels and thus remove a factor of danger in the operation of street cars, especially in winter. The cold and snowy days are responsible for many of the collisions and other casualties which occur during the winter season. In Scranton, Pa., recently, there was a sort of epidemic of collisions for a few days, chargeable entirely to this cause. The motormen claim that the custom of sprinkling salt on the rails to melt the snow and ice thereon is a good one to that extent, but a bad one in that when the salt becomes crushed and pulverized it makes the rails as slippery as before. In the meantime there is a chance of a fortune for the inventor who has the luck to hit on the right remedy.

WALKING LEAVES AND STICKS.

Some insects that are almost perfect counterparts of Vegetable Products. Nature's laws, being almost universal as far as the protection of the weak creatures is concerned, it is not at all wonderful, perhaps, that she has formed insects into perfect counterparts of flowers, leaves, sticks, etc. Some of the "walking leaves," those which are natives of India, China and Japan in particular, are large, grotesque-looking creatures, their resemblance being strikingly like a bundle of yellow twigs joined together with faded, macerated leaves. The limbs of this species of insect are long, slender and very twiglike, the coloring being suited to that particular species of vegetation upon which the deceptive mimicker subsists.

The "walking stick," like the walking leaf, is also very deceptive, as far as looks go. The males have small, slender bodies, the legs or arms starting from it just as smaller limbs of a tree or weed start from larger ones. The "walking thorn" of Java belongs to this curious order of insects, as do also the "devil's horse" and the mantis. The "walking thorn" looks exactly like the large compound spine of our common honey locust tree, even in color and general contour.—St. Louis Republic.

In a Quondary. Mamma—What's the matter now? Small Daughter—There isn't room enough for all the dolls an' the little in the bed. Where shall I sleep.—Good News.

PARTY ORGANIZATION.

The Way They Are Managed in England and the United States.

Americans who weigh the considerations and perceive how different are the conditions of politics in the two countries will not be surprised to find the organization of parties in Britain far less perfect than that which they know at home. It is also worth remarking that, although the main aim of every organization is to win elections, this aim is pursued in somewhat different ways in the United States and in Britain.

In the United States the efforts of those who work are concentrated on the selection of candidates and the getting hold of voters. In Britain, on the other hand, while the latter object is, of course, supremely important, the selection of candidates has not hitherto demanded great exertions. Much attention has had to be given to the registration—that is, to seeing that duly qualified voters of one's own side are put upon the voting roll and non-qualified opponents are struck off. Probably we in Britain devote relatively more pains to the work of political education, not only by distributing pamphlets and leaflets, but also by arranging meetings and lectures.

In the United States the system is complete and symmetrical from top to bottom. The smallest local area which elects a representative or an executive officer has its party meetings in which each party nominates its candidates, and has also a working committee for conducting the election. So in each voting area forming part of some large area for which a representative or an executive officer is to be chosen, the party meeting (primary) sends its delegates to the convention or meeting of persons representing the party in that large area. This convention nominates the party candidates and chooses the committee which is to work the election.

For every electing area, except the smallest, there is a convention, from that which nominates candidates for city office or county office up to the gigantic national conventions which nominate the vice-presidential candidates for the presidency and the presidential candidates of the United States. Everybody who sits in a convention sits as a delegate, that is to say, he has been sent to sit there by the choice of other persons in primary meeting or in convention of a lower degree.

Thus the system is strictly representative. It is intended to enable the people themselves to determine the persons for whom votes are to be cast, as well as the managers who are to run the election campaign. And in being representative, it has two advantages—it enjoys an authority, that of the people themselves, which no self-constituted body could enjoy, and it enables the primary meeting which chooses the delegates to a convention to instruct those delegates in favor of the person whom they are to endeavor to get selected as a candidate, so as thereby to give effect to the wishes of the party as a whole. The British system, though far simpler and rougher, is harder to describe, because it varies from place to place, and is still in a fluid state.—James Bryce, in the North American Review.

Information for the Home. Mrs. Binks—In one part of this paper it says that fresh bread can be cut easily and evenly by heating the knife before using it.

Mr. Binks—Yes. "And in another column it says that heating a knife will ruin it." "Yes." "How do you explain that?" "The paper has two editors."—N. Y. Weekly.

Then Came a Frost. Good-Natured Friend—What a nice looking little dear it is.

Fond Mother—Do you think he takes after me or his dad?

Good-Natured Friend—Well, I don't see any resemblance to either of you just yet; but you can never tell, they change so as they grow up, and sometimes the prettiest babies grow up plainest.—Drake's Magazine.

Clipper Bait. "When it comes to revenue cutters," said old Bullion, snipping off another coupon, "there's nothing like a good pair of shears."—Chicago Tribune.

Butcher—"I need a boy about your size, and will give you three dollars a week." Applicant—"Will I have a chance to rise?" "Yes, I want you to be here at four o'clock every morning."

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods like CATTLE, HOGS, WHEAT, CORN, etc. in Kansas City, St. Louis, and Chicago.

Table with market prices for various goods like CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP, FLOUR, etc. in St. Louis.

Table with market prices for various goods like CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP, FLOUR, etc. in Chicago.

Table with market prices for various goods like CATTLE, HOGS, WHEAT, CORN, etc. in New York.

Royal Baking Powder Is Absolutely Pure

WHILE there are so many alum baking powders in the market, the use of which all physicians decide render the food unwholesome and liable to produce dyspepsia and other ailments, housekeepers should exercise the utmost care to prevent any powder but the Royal from being brought into their kitchens.

In the use of Royal there is an absolute certainty of pure and wholesome food.

The official State Chemists report: The Royal Baking Powder does not contain ammonia, alum, lime, nor any injurious ingredients. It is absolutely pure and wholesome. The Government reports show all other baking powders to contain impurities.

In the use of any baking powder but Royal there is uncertainty if not actual danger.

It is unwise to take chances in matters of life and health.

A KANSAS CITY man calls his dog Christopher Columbus. This is rather overdoing the matter. Christopher had three barbs while the Kansas City canine has but one.—Rochester Post.

NINE babies of Beaver Dam, Wis., have had a wood-sawing match. The sawing was easy, but the effort to say nothing must have been a strain.—Philadelphia Record.

The April Wide Awake

has a gossip, descriptive sketch of quaint old Williamsburg, a reminder of the Colonial days of Virginia, written by Edwin A. Start, and illustrated by Louis A. Holman. It opens with "The Tansy Cake," a story-sketch of an old-time English Easter happening, by M. Carrie Hyde, also an American Easter-time story of Creole life, "How the Lilies Work," by Kate Chopin. Louise Chandler Moulton has an April "Roundel," and Theron Brown an Easter poem, "The April Child." Frederick A. Ober contributes his fourth "Columbus" sketch, telling of Isabella, "the first city in the New World." Arnes Blackwell tells a delightful world story about "Willie and the Tree-deedle." Abd el Ardavan has a Moorish story of a brave boy, "Ebno! Abd!" Sarah Winter Kellogg gives a glimpse of life in New Mexico "In the Delegate's Placeta;" Mary Catherine Crowley contributes a capital Indian story, "Jeff's Strange Adventure." The serials by Stoddard, Molly Elliott Seawell and Mrs. Jenness are full of interest.

Price 20 cents a number, \$2.40 a year. On sale at news stands or sent postpaid, on receipt of price, by D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston.

BEFORE singing the song of "The Letter That Never Came," the woman should look in her husband's overcoat pocket. He may have failed to deliver it as expected.—N. O. Picayune.

The Barriado Gives Way. No doubt, when the bowels are stormed with drenching cathartics, to overcome their constipation, but at serious cost to the assaulting party. The intestinal organs are thereby much enfeebled and excessively relaxed. Far more thoroughly, and less violently effective, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, most benign of aperients. Incomparable for malaria, nervousness, dyspepsia, kidney troubles.

"Well," said the man who handed his last cent to the lawyer, "I suppose turn-about is fair play. I broke the law and the law broke me."

If you want to be cured of a cough use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pierce's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

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The pleasant coating of Beecham's Pills completely disguises the taste without impairing their efficiency. 25 cents a box.

"Are you engaged to Miss Bondclippert?" "No, not exactly. But when I asked for her hand she gave me the refusal of it."—Texas Siftings.

A SORE THROAT or COUGH, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable Tracheitis or long trouble. Brown's Bronchial Trochocid gives instant relief.

The utter recklessness of bacilli in regard to what becomes of them has been demonstrated by the discovery of them in boarding-house butter.—N. Y. World.

"I don't believe all this stuff about flowers' having a language. They may use signs, I—Yes, it's generally the \$—Inter Ocean.

A DISPATCH from Montana says the Crow Indians show fight. No doubt they have caves.—Lowell Courier.

In the stutterm's lexicon there is no such animal as a coon. He generally makes a coo-coon of him.

The play of imagination is a great help in the work of imagination.—Puck.

VOLUMES COULD BE WRITTEN. Filled with the testimony of women who have been made well and strong by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It's a medicine that's made especially to build up women's strength and to cure women's ailments—an invigorating, restorative tonic, soothing cordial, and bracing nerve; purely vegetable, non-alcoholic, and perfectly harmless. For all the functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses that afflict womanhood, the "Favorite Prescription" is the only guaranteed remedy.

It must have been the medicine for most women, or it couldn't be sold on any such terms.

Isn't it likely to be the medicine for you? Sold by druggists everywhere.



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Advertisement for Hartshorn's Self-Acting Shade Rollers, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing the product's benefits.

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either cotton, wool or silk, drop us a line giving your name and address, stating as nearly as you can the kind of goods you wish and about the price you want to pay and we will send you samples without charge. Catalogues of beautiful new goods are ready for you.

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Advertisement for ST. JACOBS OIL, listing ailments like RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, etc., and including an illustration of a person in pain.

Advertisement for HALL'S CATARRH CURE, featuring a testimonial from Frank J. Cheney and a notary seal.

Large advertisement for HALL'S CATARRH CURE, including a testimonial from E. B. Walthall and a notary seal.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is Sold by All Dealers in Patent Medicines. PRICE 75 CENTS A BOTTLE.

Advertisement for F. J. CHENEY & CO., TOLEDO, O., featuring the word 'CURE' in large letters.

Advertisement for SAPOLIO, describing it as a good cooking demand and cleanliness, with the slogan 'SAPOLIO SHOULD BE USED IN EVERY KITCHEN.'

Advertisement for RISING SUN STOVE POLISH, with a warning not to be deceived and an illustration of a person using the product.

Advertisement for DURANG'S RHEUMATIC REMEDY, claiming to be a medicine that never fails to cure rheumatism.

Advertisement for Durang's Rheumatic Remedy Co., featuring an illustration of a man in a top hat and text describing the product's effectiveness.

Advertisement for COLUMBUS IN LOVE, a complete illustrated novel by George Alfred Townsend, published by Lippincott's Magazine.

Advertisement for Lippincott's Magazine, listing various articles and authors featured in the April issue.

Advertisement for HOME TACKS and HOME NAILS, listing various sizes and prices, and including a testimonial from Frank J. Cheney.

Advertisement for Garfield Tea, claiming to cure constipation, and including a testimonial from a woman.

Advertisement for NEEDLES, SHUTTLES, and REPAIRS, featuring an illustration of a woman sewing and text describing the services offered.

