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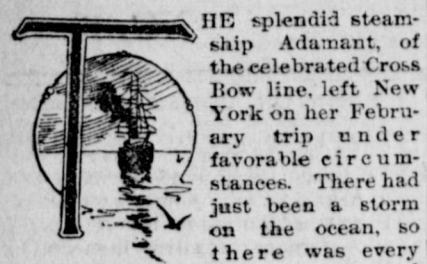
LONDON, July 15.—The late election returns are as follows: Conservatives, 84; unionists, 12; liberal, 10, and Parnellites, 4. In Derby H. Bemos and G. Drage, conservatives, defeated the two sitting members—Sir William Vernon Harcourt and Sir T. Roe, liberals.

THE COTTONWOOD FALLS COURANT.

W. E. TIMMONS, Publisher.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.

IGNORANCE WAS BLISS.



HE splendid steamship Adamant, of the celebrated Cross Bow line, left New York on her February trip under favorable circumstances. There had just been a storm on the ocean, so there was every chance that she would reach Liverpool before the next one was due.

Capt. Rice had a little social problem to solve at the outset, but he smoothed that out with the tact which is characteristic of him. Two Washington ladies—official ladies—were on board, and the captain, old British seadog that he was, always had trouble in the matter of precedence with Washington ladies. Capt. Rice never had any bother with the British aristocracy, because precedence is all set down in the bulky volume of "Burke's Peerage," which the captain kept in his cabin, and so there was no difficulty. But a republican country is supposed not to meddle with precedence. It wouldn't, either, if it weren't for the women.

So it happened that Mrs. Assistant Attorney to the Senate Brownrig came to the steward and said that, ranking all others on board, she must sit at the right hand of the captain. Afterward Mrs. Second Adjutant to the War Department Digby came to the same perplexed official and said she must sit at the captain's right hand because in Washington she took precedence over everybody else on board. The bewildered steward confided his woes to the captain, and the captain said he would attend to the matter. So he put Mrs. War Department on his right hand and then walked down the deck with Mrs. Assistant Attorney and said to her:

"I want to ask a favor, Mrs. Brownrig. Unfortunately, I am a little deaf in the right ear, caused, I presume, by listening so much with that ear to the fog horn year in and year out. Now, I always place the lady whose conversation I wish most to enjoy on my left hand at table. Would you oblige me by taking that seat this voyage? I have heard of you, you see, Mrs. Brownrig, although you have never crossed with me before."

"Why, certainly, captain," replied Mrs. Brownrig. "I feel especially complimented."

"And I assure you, madam," said the polite captain, "that I would not for the world miss a single word that," etc.

And thus it was amicably arranged between these two ladies. All this has nothing whatever to do with the story. It is merely an incident given to show what a born diplomat Capt. Rice was and is to this day. I don't know any captain more popular with the ladies than he, and besides he is as good a sailor as crosses the ocean.

Day by day the good ship plowed her way toward the east, and the passengers were unanimous in saying that they never had a pleasanter voyage for that time of the year. It was so warm on deck that many steamer chairs were out, and below it was so mild that a person might think he was journeying in the tropics. Yet they had left New York in a snowstorm with the thermometer away below zero.

"Such," said young Spinner, who knew everything, "such is the influence of the gulf stream."

Nevertheless when Capt. Rice came down to lunch the fourth day out his face was haggard and he looked furtive and anxious.

"Why, captain," said Mrs. Assistant Attorney, "you look as if you hadn't slept a wink last night."

"I slept very well, thank you, madam," replied the captain. "I always do."

"Well, I hope your room was more comfortable than mine. It seemed to me too hot for anything. Didn't you find it so, Mrs. Digby?"

"I thought it very nice," replied the lady at the captain's right, who generally found it necessary to take an opposite view from the lady at the left.

"You see," said the captain, "we have many delicate women and chil-

dren on board, and it is necessary to keep up the temperature. Still, perhaps the man who attends to the steam rather overdoes it. I will speak to him."

The captain pushed from him his untasted food and went upon the bridge, casting his eye aloft at the signal waving from the masthead, silently calling for help to an empty horizon.

"Nothing in sight, Johnson?" said the captain.

"Not a speck, sir."

The captain swept the circular line

of sea and sky with his glasses, then laid them down with a sigh.

"We ought to raise something this afternoon, sir," said Johnson; "we are right in their track, sir. The Fulda ought to be somewhere about."

"We are too far north for the Fulda, I am afraid," answered the captain.

"Well, sir, we should see the Vulcan before night, sir. She's had good weather from Queenstown."

"Yes. Keep a sharp lookout, Johnson."

"Yes, sir."

The captain moodily paced the bridge with his head down.

"I ought to have turned back to New York," he said to himself.

Then he went down to his own room, avoiding the passengers as much as he could, and had the steward bring him some beef tea. Even a captain cannot live on anxiety.

"Steamer off the bow port, sir," rang out the voice of the lookout at the prow. The man had sharp eyes, for a landsman could have seen nothing.

"Run and tell the captain," cried Johnson to the sailor at his elbow; but, as the sailor turned, the captain's head appeared up the stairway. He seized the glass and looked long at a single point on the horizon.

"It must be the Vulcan," he said, at last.

"I think so, sir."

"Turn your wheel a few points to port and bear down on her."

Johnson gave the necessary order and the great ship veered around.

"Hello!" cried Spinner, on deck. "Here's a steamer. I found her. She's mine."

"Talk about the lane routes at sea," cried young Spinner, the knowing. "Bosh, I say. See! We're going directly for her. Think what it might be in a fog! Lane routes! Pure luck, I call it."

"Will we signal to her, Mr. Spinner?" gently asked the young lady from Boston.

"Oh, certainly," answered young Spinner. "See, there's our signal flying from the masthead now. That shows them what line we belong to."

"Dear me, how interesting," said the young lady. "You have crossed many times, I suppose, Mr. Spinner?"

"Oh, I know my way about," answered the modest Spinner.

The captain kept the glasses glued to his eyes. Suddenly he almost let them drop.

"My God, Johnson!" he cried.

"She's flying a signal of distress, too!"

The two steamers slowly approached each other, and, when nearly alongside and about a mile apart, the bell of the Adamant rang to stop.

"There, you see," said young Spinner to his Boston girl, "she is flying the same flag at her masthead that we are."

"Then she belongs to the same line as this boat?"

"Oh, certainly," answered Mr. Cocksure Spinner.

"Oh, look! look! look!" cried the enthusiastic Indianapolis girl, who was going to study music in Germany.

Everyone looked aloft and saw running up to the masthead a long line of fluttering, many colored flags. They remained in place for a few moments and then fluttered down again, only to give place to a different string. The same thing was going on on the other steamer.

"Oh, this is too interesting for anything," said Mrs. Assistant. "I am just dying to know what it all means. I have read of it so often, but never saw it before. I wonder when the captain will come down. What does it all mean?" she asked the deck steward.

"They are signaling to each other, madam."

"Oh, I know that; but what are they signaling?"

"I don't know, madam."

"Oh, see! see!" cried the Indianapolis girl, clapping her hands with delight. "The other steamer is turned round."

It was indeed so. The great ship was thrashing the water with her screw, and gradually the masts came in line and then her prow faced the east again. When this had been slowly accomplished the bell on the Adamant rang full speed ahead, and then the captain came slowly down the ladder that led from the bridge.

"Oh! captain, what does it all mean?"

"Is she going back, captain? Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"What ship is it, captain?"

"She belongs to our line, doesn't she?"

"Why is she going back?"

"The ship," said the captain, slowly, "is the Vulcan, of the Black Bowling line, that left Queenstown shortly after we left New York. She has met with an accident. Ran into some wreckage, it is thought, from the recent storm. Anyhow, there is a hole in her; and whether she sees Queenstown or not will depend a great deal on what weather we have and whether her bulkheads hold out. We will stand by her till we reach Queenstown."

"Are there many on board, do you think, captain?"

those on deck looked with new interest at the steamship plunging along within a mile of them, the captain slipped away to his room. As he sat there there was a tap at his door.

"Come in," shouted the captain.

The silent Englishman slowly entered.

"What's wrong, captain?" he asked.

"Oh, the Vulcan has had a hole stove in her and signaled—"

"Yes, I know all that, of course, but what's wrong with us?"

"With us?" echoed the captain, blankly.

"Yes, with the Adamant? What has been amiss for the last two or three days? I'm not a talker nor am I afraid any more than you are, but I want to know."

"Certainly," said the captain. "Please shut the door, Sir John."

Meanwhile there was a lively row on board the Vulcan. In the saloon Capt. Flint was standing at bay with his knuckles on the table.

"Now, what the devil's the meaning of all this?" cried Adam K. Vincent, member of congress.

A crowd of frightened women were standing around, many on the verge of hysterics. Children clung with pale faces to their mothers' skirts, fearing they knew not what. Men were grouped with anxious faces, and the bluff old captain frowned them all.

"The meaning of what, sir?"

"You know very well. What is the meaning of our turning around?"

"It means, sir, that the Adamant has eighty-five saloon passengers and nearly five hundred intermediate and steerage passengers who are in the most deadly danger. The cotton in the hold is on fire and they have been fighting it night and day. A conflagration may break out at any time. It means, then, sir, that the Vulcan is going to stand by the Adamant."

"And, sir," cried the congressman, "do you mean to tell us that we have to go against our will—without ever being consulted—back to Queenstown?"

"I mean to tell you so, sir."

"Well, by the gods, that's an outrage, and I won't stand it, sir. I must be in New York by the 27th. I won't stand it, sir."

"I am very sorry, sir, that anybody should be delayed."

"Delayed? Hang it all, why don't you take the people on board and take 'em to New York? I protest against this. I'll bring a lawsuit against the company, sir."

"Mr. Vincent," said the captain, sternly, "permit me to remind you that I'm captain of this ship. Good afternoon, sir."

"Why didn't they turn back, Capt. Flint?" asked Mrs. Gen. Weller.

"Because, madam, every moment is of value in such a case, and we are nearer Queenstown than New York."

And so the two steamships, side by side, worried their way toward the east, always within sight of each other by day and with the rows of light in each visible at night to the sympathetic souls on the other. The sweltering men poured water into the hold of the one, and the pounding pumps poured water out of the hold of the other, and thus they reached Queenstown.

On the board the tender that took the passengers ashore at Queenstown from both steamers two astonished women met each other.

"Why, Mrs. Gen. Weller! You don't mean to say you were on board that unfortunate Vulcan?"

"For the land's sake, Mrs. Assistant Brownrig! Is that really you? Will wonders never cease? Unfortunately, did you say? Mighty fortunate for you, I think. Why, weren't you just frightened to death?"

"I was, but I had no idea anyone I knew was on board."

"Well, you were on board yourself. That would have been enough to have killed me."

"On board myself? Why, what do you mean? I wasn't on board the Vulcan. Did you get any sleep at all after you knew you might go down at any moment?"

"My sakes, Jane, what are you talking about? Down at any moment? It was you that might have gone down at any moment, or worse still, have been burnt; don't mean to say you didn't know the Adamant was on fire most of the way across?"

"Mrs. Gen. Weller! There's some horrible mistake. It was the Vulcan. Everything depended on her bulkheads, the captain said. There was a hole as big as a barn door in the Vulcan. The pumps were going night and day."

Mrs. General looked at Mrs. Assistant as the light began to dawn upon both of them.

"Then it wasn't the engines, but the pumps," she said.

"And it wasn't the steam, but the fire," screamed Mrs. Assistant. "Oh, dear, how that captain lied, and I thought him such a nice man, too. Oh, I shall go into hysterics. I know I shall."

"I wouldn't, if I were you," said the sensible Mrs. General, who was a strong-minded woman, "besides it's too late. We're all pretty safe now. I think both captains were pretty sensible men. Evidently married, both of 'em."

—McClure's Magazine.

CHINAMEN CELEBRATE.

Fire-Works Display Which Surprised the Washingtonians.

When John Begins to Set Off Fire-Crackers He Does It in a Way Which Reflects Great Credit on His Patriotism.

[Special Washington Letter.] Everybody here had lots of fun on the Fourth of July, and the children were not monopolists of mirth this time. They had their share of the noise and tumult, but there were many grown men who took part in the celebration. They were not Americans, either, but Chinamen with almond eyes, long pig-tails and sallow complexions. They know no more about the history of our Fourth of July than a pig knows of pumpkin pie; but their race knew all about making firecrackers long before our Washington was born.

There is a section south of Washington known as "Chinatown," because

several hundred laundrymen work and live there. It is only about a quarter of a mile from the capitol building, and is near Pennsylvania avenue. So, when all the Chinamen turned out at night to set off fireworks, everybody could see and enjoy their celebration. They very seldom spend any money, and it was remarkable to see them wasting so much money in flame and smoke. Not less than two hundred dollars were spent in Chinatown for firecrackers and Roman candles, and the square at Fourth-and-a-half street just south of the avenue was filled from early dusk till midnight with an eager crowd, who waited and cheered each fresh outburst of sulphurous enthusiasm from the laundrymen. It was manifest that while John Chinaman is a very economical fellow he is a lavish Melican man in a celebration.

Usually the doors and windows of the houses in the Chinese quarter are closed to the world, or else darkness reigns within, so that no one can see beyond their portals, but all of their homes were wide open on the night of the Fourth of July, and the opium-smoking tea-drinkers were madly merry as they played with fire. The habit of setting off firecrackers one at a time is apparently an American idea; for the so-called Celestials scorned such little explosions. They did not seem to think that even a whole pack at a time was noisy enough, for they brought out whole basketsful of firecrackers and set them off in the street all at once. Rattle, crackle, roar, zip, ping, bang, they exploded like volleys of musketry on a battlefield. The laundrymen were wilder than children and acted like a mob of dancing, grinning fire-fiends capering about with both hands full of exploding crackers. Their red crackers were very small, not more than half the size of our crackers, but they were twice as loud, and to the end of each pack was attached a particularly viciously sounding cracker of twice the ordinary size, which emphasized the close of each pack explosion with a decided bang. When the explosion of a basketful of crackers was finished, the ground for yards around would be covered with the red paper wrappers almost an inch deep. In the very midst of the fire and smoke these funny-looking fellows played. They laughed, shouted and acted like escaped lunatics. You could scarcely realize that they were the same solemn-looking, stolid fellows who aimlessly iron and wash, and wash and iron, all day long, with never a smile on their reflective faces.

While whole baskets of crackers were exploding, the Chinamen with big Roman candles in their hands would jump into and over the fire, shooting off their yellow fire balls in the air at the same time. Their gauze shirts and wide trousers were in and out of the flames so quickly that none of them caught fire, although they seemed to be running great risks. There was a peculiar fire dance in which about forty participated. Each one of them swung out a string of crackers about five feet long, and lighting one end they ran back and forth swinging these exploding strings over their heads, while the baskets of explosives were hissing and banging about their feet. Each string must have carried about two hundred crackers, and the noise was almost deafening half a block away. How they escaped losing their eyes or being deafened is almost miraculous. Everything appeared to be done according to some system. Squads of them were dancers and wielders of the enormous strings of explosives, while others appeared to be expert with Roman candles.

Then there were three or four little Chinamen who handled the Chinese rockets, funny-looking things over two feet long. They carried these fireworks into the middle of the street, lighted the fuses and held them until they began to savagely spit fire; and then tossed them into the air so that they went sinuously far above the house-tops, all the while sending forth sparks of red, green and yellow hues until they exploded like mortars in the sky. Four or five of them exploding at once resulted in a veritable rain of fire which could be seen from many parts of the city. The laundrymen who were not



A MELICAN MAN ON THE FOURTH.

acting like salamanders sat upon their porches, in doorways and in windows chattering like monkeys and grinning like idiots, gesticulating like French men and blinking their almond eyes with gleeful glitter. All of them had big packs of crackers, and lighting the fuses they occasionally threw them into the crowds of small boys on the sidewalks. Before the little fellows realized the attack, the crackers were cracking, sizzling and prancing about their feet, and they ran wildly away leaving the packs in full possession of the pavements while the Chinamen cheered lustily at their hasty retreat. These peculiar packs smelled as no powder ever smelled before, and the smoke which filled the air was almost suffocating. There appeared to be an aroma of burning opium, but, whatever it was, it was terrible and almost terrifying to American nostrils.

Towards midnight they brought out whole sheafs of American-made sky-rockets to which they had attached bamboo tails with packs of firecrackers for aerial display. These were fired off by dozens. In fact the entire celebration was carried on by wholesale.

They had evidently purchased the last remnants of the stock of some dealer who disposed of them at cost. The display was as lavish as might have been expected at inauguration time and at government expense. The skyrocket part of the show lasted nearly half an hour, but the firecrackers kept on popping all the time and the wild dancing of the Chinamen was as continuous as though an army of Japs was after them.

Then came the colored lights. The curbstones were covered with little boxes containing colored powder and for fifteen minutes the scene was brilliant. The smoke arose as incense and pervaded the upper atmosphere until the stars were almost entirely obscured. During this performance some giant crackers were produced and scores of them cracked the air. The louder the noise the merrier were the peculiar foreigners who were celebrating our national birthday. But these giant noise-makers were mere poggins as compared with the final explosion of Celestial patriotism. If John Milton and Signor Dante could have witnessed the scene they might have written with keener inspiration. A string of giant crackers about twenty feet long and thicker than a man's arm was produced as a final crack o' doom. It was started by a Chinaman as big as Goliath. He seemed to be the boss of the whole affair, and when he marched forth with that big roll, or log of fire, the whole colony came down from their houses and porches to form a ring around it. For fully five minutes there was pandemonium unequalled save by an actual artillery battle.

Each particular cracker boomed like a field piece, and finally four or more went off at once, almost shattering the windows of the neighborhood. And the Chinese Fourth was over. It was the greatest Fourth of July celebration ever witnessed in this city. It was unique because it was so unexpected, and because the source was so surprising. It was not advertised, but it drew an immense audience. If anybody had expected that such a show was possible or probable, every little boy in the city would have insisted upon being there. It is quite likely that the Chinamen only ascertained late in the afternoon or evening that they could obtain all of those fireworks at what Americans call "panic prices," and that therefore the entire affair was, in a sense, impromptu. But, however it was brought about, the celebration was a success, and every Chinese fire spirit in the District of Columbia was present and participating. If these peculiar foreigners commence celebrating our Fourth of July all over the country, they may yet become citizens and take part in our elections. They would surely vote for those politicians who might be shrewd enough to furnish them the most fireworks; just as so many of our misguided citizens vote for fire water dispensers. In that event, the Chinese would be the better and more patriotic citizens.

SMITH D. FRY.

A Fish Story from Maine.

A Lewiston man tells the most startling fish story. Four years ago he was fishing at Lake Auburn with a long silk line and a hook of his own manufacture. In the afternoon of one May day he hooked a monster salmon which came to the surface three or four times and then broke the line under the keel of the boat. One day last week he was up there fishing, and about five hundred yards south of the island hooked a salmon which he pulled in by the aid of a scoop net. Embedded in the lower jaw was his old hand-made hook.

Eggs in the Celestial Kingdom.

In China fresh eggs are not very much esteemed, but when an egg becomes thirty or forty years old it is considered a great delicacy, and at one hundred it is a dish fit for a king. They have a way of burying the eggs, and it takes about thirty days to render a pickled egg fit to eat. Some of the old eggs have become as black as ink, and one of the favorite Chinese dishes for invalids is made up of eggs, which are preserved in jars of red clay and salt water.

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TAX REFORM STUDIES

EDITED BY BOLTON HALL.

An Open Field.

If any one has an impression that communications to these "Studies" will not be published unless they echo the editor's ideas he is mistaken.

Articles on any aspect of taxation will always be welcome, if they are decent, well written, within reasonable limits and to the point, except that we do not discuss the tariff.

Land owners especially should be interested, as the principal benefit of any improvement or social advance goes to them in the increase of value given to land. Address this office, or 10 Lock street, Buffalo, N. Y.

T. P. OR H. G.

Which Originated the Land Value Tax?

The idea which Henry George has called the Single Tax is fast growing in favor. It commends itself to the earnest political economist as being the fairest and easiest collected tax.

It is surprising that the idea laid dormant for so many years. In 1775 Arthur O'Connor, an Irish exile, wrote a work on taxation in France. O'Connor advocated a tax on land values only, and argued very much the same as did the Californian, Henry George, over a century later.

During the rule of the Directory in France the question of a single tax on land values was discussed. In 1795 Thomas Paine wrote a brochure entitled "Agrarian Justice Opposed to Agrarian Law and Agrarian Monopoly."

From the work we quote: "The first principle of civilization ought to have been, ought still to be, that the condition of every person born into the world after a state of civilization commences ought not to be worse than if he had been born before that period. But the fact is that the condition of the millions in Europe is far worse than if they had been born before civilization began."

"It is a position not to be controverted that the earth in its natural uncultivated state was and ever would have continued to be the common property of the human race. But the earth in its natural state is capable of supporting but a small number of inhabitants compared with what it is capable of doing in a cultivated state, and as it is impossible to separate the improvement made by cultivation from the earth itself upon which that improvement is made the idea of landed property arose from that inseparable connection. But it is nevertheless true that it is the value of the improvement only and not the earth itself that is individual property. Every proprietor, therefore, of cultivated land owes to the community a ground rent (for I know no better term to express the idea by), for land which he holds."

"Cultivation is, at least, one of the greatest natural improvements ever made by human invention. It has given to created earth a ten-fold value. But the landed monopoly that began with it has produced the greatest evil. It has dispossessed more than half the inhabitants of every nation of their natural inheritance without providing for them, as ought to have been done as an indemnification for that loss, and has thereby created a species of poverty and wickedness that did not exist before."

So wrote Thomas Paine one hundred years ago.

The thanks of the world are due Henry George for reviving the idea and clothing it with such fashionable garb that it has become quite fashionable.

The single tax is being discussed by governments everywhere, and in some countries has been partially adopted.—American Fireside.

Chicago Opinion About Public Revenue.

In no other country in the world could a loss of public revenue of \$30,000,000 or \$50,000,000 in consequence of a judicial decision be received with the serenity that marks American opinion in relation to the annulment of the income tax.

Nowhere was this serenity more marked than in Chicago. The Times-Herald presented yesterday morning the views of representative citizens of all parties, avocations and walks in life. Nearly every man was able to point without hesitation to one or several easy modes by which adequate funds would be derived for the government.

John J. Mitchell suggests the issuance of popular small bonds bearing low interest. Charles L. Hutchinson favors an internal revenue tax on bank checks, drafts, etc. G. B. Shaw approves issuance of bonds with increase of the tax on whisky, tobacco and beer. Byron L. Smith would tax luxuries at ports of entry. Charles Henrotin, while approving the income tax, found an easy alternative for the government in borrowing until congress shall meet. John J. Hamline would return to a protective tariff.

J. J. P. Odell thinks the people desire to see the operation of the present tariff before making any radical changes, and meanwhile the government can borrow money. He would also increase the tax on beer, with a slight impost on tea, coffee and sugar. F. S. Winston would place the heaviest tax on champagne and Havana cigars and the lightest on the necessities of life, in which he includes beer. Frank Wenter would put a duty on luxuries, but not on raw materials used in manufacturing. T. A. Moran thinks there should be an increase in the tax on whisky, tobacco and beer, and a stamp tax on checks and other commercial paper. Marshall Field would put a cent a pound on sugar and a slight tax on tea and coffee, or, if that were not enough, \$1 a barrel on beer. W. A. Vincent is of opinion that the government should cut its expenses to its present sources of revenue. A. A. Goodrich would sell bonds. John V. Lanehart anticipates money enough from the present tariff when it shall have been tried a little longer. A. S. Trude finds a remedy at the custom houses. P. H.

Duggan declares for a return to the McKinley bill. F. M. Blount would make up the deficiency by increasing the taxes on beer, liquor, tobacco and similar luxuries.

Clarence S. Darrow would coin silver and favors a constitutional amendment to legalize an income tax. F. H. Cooper would double the tax on whisky, cigars and beer. The liquor tax would be increased by L. C. Collins, Jr. Beet, tobacco and spirits, in the opinion of E. Mandel, should furnish the required revenue. "Let liquors and tobacco bear the immediate tax," said L. Schlesinger. D. R. Cameron suggests retrenchment. A. M. Rothschild favors increased taxation of liquors, beers and cigars. A new issue of bonds is suggested by Dr. Bluthardt. A return to the protective tariff would be the resort of A. H. Revell. Sufficient income from the present sources of revenue is expected by W. T. Baker.

An additional tax of one dollar a barrel on beer Lyman G. Gage points out would bring \$30,000,000, which would be satisfactory, but Mr. Gage does not see any necessity for immediate action, as there is plenty of surplus money in the treasury. F. H. Winston finds the country in the same condition in which it was before the law was enacted and anticipates a return to tariff to raise money. A return to the internal revenue receipts and custom-house is the only alternative, in the judgment of A. T. Ewing.

As to the tariff, of necessity there can be no alteration in the present law until after the presidential election. Even in the belief of those who favor an increase in customs revenue there is not the slightest ground for considering the situation of the government alarming, or in fact, a subject of concern at all.

The suggestion of a stamp tax on paper representing wealth will undoubtedly commend itself universally to the people. That would be the nearest approximation to a genuine income tax. Such an impost would lie exclusively upon wealth, while in each individual case it would be so slight as scarcely to be felt. A stamp tax on monetary paper would also be inexpensive for the government, easily collected and fruitful to a high degree.—Chicago Times-Herald.

RICH LAND OWNERS MUST PAY.

A Proposed Change in the Method of Assessment Up town.

A bill has already passed the assembly taxing the farm gardens in upper New York as city lots. "The farmer" the north of One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street. There are 20,000 acres unimproved and lying idle, or used for market gardens at present. The owners are waiting for the rise in real estate values. This property has been assessed as farm lands at an average of about \$500 an acre. The property is worth much more, and the bill provides that hereafter it shall be taxed at its full value.

It is said that the bill will only affect the 5,000 acres of unoccupied land in the Twelfth ward, north of One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street, but even at this the total assessment of that ward will be increased from \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000.

One effect of the change will be practically to stop market gardening in the upper end of Manhattan island, as no gardener could afford to pay the rents. There are 17½ city lots in an acre, and the average assessment on a city lot in that part of the city is \$500, so that the bill will increase the assessment on such property from \$500 to \$8,025 an acre. The largest land owners there are the James Gordon Bennett estate, Catharine L. Beekman estate, Charles O'Connor estate, Mary E. Ward, G. P. Grinnell, W. A. Wheeler, W. R. Buckley, Columbia college, Susan Ward, Andrew F. Higgins, R. T. Connelly, J. M. and J. H. Dykeman, M. Chesbrough and Sheppard Knapp.—N. Y. World. It would seem to us that so far from stopping market gardening, the increased assessment will tend to increase it. If the contention of the owners is correct that it will not pay to improve the property at this time, any increase of tax will make them more anxious to get some rent from it, even if only rented for market gardens.—(Editor.)

Automatic Taxation.

Having seen that every form of indirect taxation is unjust to the poor, and that every form of so-called direct taxation thus far examined is unjust to the honest, we can not be surprised at the unanimity with which it has hitherto been declared that there is no scientific or natural method of taxation.

Nevertheless, in every civilized country, a species of taxation exists which automatically collects from every citizen an amount almost exactly proportioned to the fair and full market value of the benefits which he derives from the government under which he lives, and the society which surrounds him.

All over the world men pay to a superior authority a tribute, proportionate with wonderful exactness to the social advantages they enjoy. The just amount of this tribute is determined by the competition of all his neighbors, who calculate to a dollar just how much the privilege is worth to them and who will gladly take his place and pay in his stead.

Ground rent, therefore, is the tribute which natural law levies upon every occupant of land, as the market price on all the social as well as natural advantages pertaining to land include, necessarily, his just share of the cost of government.—"Natural Taxation," by Thomas G. Shearman.

We Call Them K. E. Presidents Now.

We read in the New Testament of the publicans and sinners. The publicans were simply the employees of the private corporations of tax collectors to whom the taxes of Rome were auctioned. These corporations then collected from the people what they could. Certainly they stifled enterprise. No man dared to accumulate wealth beyond a pittance. His success was the signal for legalized robbery by private and irresponsible monopolies.—American Magazine of Civics.

INCREASED EXPORTS.

Prosperity Returning Through the Democratic Tariff.

Among the other facts unmistakably showing the revival of business is an increase in our export trade. New York merchants within the past few days have been commenting upon this, and the reason they assign for it is a remarkable illustration of the solidarity of the commercial nations of the world.

It has pleased a certain school of American politicians for many years past to represent international commerce as analogous to war. They have held out the idea that when one nation gains anything from trade another necessarily loses. They have treated imports as a calamity, and exports alone as worthy of consideration. They have quite ignored the fact that international commerce is mainly an exchange of commodities, and that if a nation does not buy it cannot sell. Occasionally exceptions to this rule may be noted, but it is incontestably true in the long run. There is no nation that can go on for years exporting commodities without importing others to pay for them, for the simple reason that other nations cannot go on paying for their imports in money, for in a few years they would have no money left. As a rule, imports must be paid for by exports. Hence when imports increase exports must increase in a similar ratio.

The protection papers have been making a great outcry about the increase of our imports for the past fiscal year, comparing them with the panic period that extended from July 1, 1893, to June 30, 1894. Our imports then were small because our ability to purchase was limited. Much has been said about the large increase of imports of woollens during the fiscal year just closed. In the first ten months of the fiscal year ended on the 30th ult. our imports of woollens were of the value of nearly thirty millions of dollars, which was in excess of those for the corresponding months in the preceding fiscal year. Hence the howls to which we have referred. But if we go back another year we find the imports of



CONVALESCING.—Chicago Chronicle.

woollens for the corresponding period amounted to thirty-three millions and a half. In other words, we are not yet importing so many woollens as we were before the panic under the McKinley bill, which tends to show that the return of prosperity is not complete, as we know well enough from other sources.

We have alluded incidentally to the reasons assigned by New York merchants for the improvement of the export trade. They say that the higher prices paid by us for many foreign commodities, such as hides, have increased the purchasing power of other countries, and thereby enable them to buy more from us. Then, too, the consequences of the Baring failure are passing away abroad, as those of our panic are doing here. The whole world, with the exception of China, Japan and Cuba, is on the up grade, and it is expected that our export trade this year will be very large.

These views show how silly and baseless is the calamity howl raised over the increase of imports. We are taking more goods from abroad because with the passing of depression our purchasing power has increased. In like manner the purchasing power of most other countries has been augmented, and they are taking more of our goods than they have heretofore simply because they have now found themselves able to pay for more. This does not mean less sales by domestic producers, but increased consumption and more comfort for all classes. Profits may be less in many cases, but this disadvantage is offset by increased sales.

The moral of this is that foreign commerce is a good thing for all, and that the prosperity of one nation is shared by all the others that trade with it. On the other hand, depression in one country extends to others, or at any rate has a tendency to reduce their trade. The long depression in the commercial world seems now to be approaching an end, and all countries will get a share of the improvement.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—Tariff reform was finally won in spite of a fierce opposition backed by the greatest aggregation of capital this country has ever seen and the treachery of some of those who professed to be fighting its cause. Returning prosperity will trench it firmly in the confidence and support of the great mass of voters, and the day is not far distant when it will have ceased to be a serious issue. Protectionist manufacturers are already reaching out for foreign trade and they will doubtless be among the first to protest against any change which will curtail their opportunities for selling their goods abroad.—Chicago Chronicle.

—Benjamin Harrison begins to rather wish he had not been so hasty in uncovering his scarecrow record on the force bill.—Detroit Free Press.

GOOD TIMES AGAIN.

A Pointed Suggestion for the Little Napoleon of Protection.

Gov. McKinley is not paying much attention to the financial question in his speeches. The burden of his theme is protection and the tariff, and he also professes great sympathy for the laboring man. He talks about work for idle hands, wages for men who have families to support, and markets for our surplus products. Such a minor question as the nature of the money medium may be left to solve itself. We want prosperity more than we want anything else, he says. The governor should put his ear to the ground. He would hear the rumbling of higher wages all over the country for the men for whom he has so much sympathy; he would hear the satisfaction of the farmer expressed at the higher prices he receives for his produce; and the evidence that from the Atlantic to the Pacific industry and trade are rapidly, healthfully and legitimately reviving would be brought home to him in a manner most convincing. The contents of the strong boxes of the manufacturer, the investor, and the holder of securities are being augmented, and from them labor is getting a fair proportion. The business in New York city is something unprecedented within the last three years, and the wages of thousands of workmen are increased materially. The dry goods trade is much better than a year ago, and the demand for structural iron is greater than it has been in years past. There has been a sharp increase in the ship-building industry and a belief that the advance in work is to continue. Pittsburgh iron and steel works are in full blast and crowded with orders. Coke ovens in the Connellsville district are in operation, and many thousand men who have been idle have found work at fair wages. Many window plate glass manufacturers are working to their capacity. Revival of building operations enables them to do business with profit. Wool prices are on the increase and the leather trade is active, the boot and shoe industry fairly booming. There is a marked improvement in the milling business,

with good prospects for a continuance. In short, the belief is general that the country is rapidly climbing up the ladder of prosperity.—Detroit Free Press.

REPUBLICAN COWARDICE.

Contemptible Silence of the Presidential Aspirants.

Mr. Elkins, who is said by his backers to be certain of the next republican presidential nomination, has made a great discovery. He declines to discuss the outlook because at present "there is not a breath of political air stirring," and it will be better to wait till something is done before talking. A similar conclusion seems to have been reached by other republican aspirants, for all of them have stopped talking. We do not think their silence is due to the absence of political air, but to the presence of too much silver issue. It is difficult to talk now without saying something about that, and as not a man of them has the courage to give his honest opinion on it, all of them are forced to be silent. They may have discovered also that nothing is so deadly to a presidential aspirant as the blunder of being "too previous." They all realize this to a certain extent, but when they see one of their number showing his boom on the track, all the rest of them shove theirs a little too, lest he get the advantage of position. If they will agree to keep quiet for the summer, it will be better for all of them, for the public will not have its attention called so steadily to their moral cowardice.—N. Y. Post.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

—Every indication of a Tom Reed boom has disappeared except the occasional yellow belt and yellow streak.—St. Louis Republic.

—It was very mean to say that Tom Reed has shaved off his mustache in order to let the country see that he was keeping his mouth shut.—Boston Herald.

—The Wilson bill continues to "crush out American industries" by raising wages in a way which is simply exasperating to the McKinleyites.—Winona (Minn.) Herald.

—Gov. McKinley has at last placed his ear to the ground. In a speech at Freeport, Ill., the other day, he actually admitted that the business of the country has vastly improved under a democratic administration.—Detroit Free Press.

The political sky, which was so cloudy and threatening a short time ago, is beginning to clear, and the "indications" for democracy in 1896—if we may look so far ahead—are distinctly favorable.—Baltimore Sun.

—McKinley claims that the return of good times is caused by "the return of the republican party to power." This remark is inspired by the coolness of the Chicago lake breeze. The republican party has not returned to power.—Chicago Chronicle.

A MUDDLED TEACHER.

Statements That Do Not Reconcile Themselves to Each Other.

The New York Press is adding to the weariness of existence during the hot weather by publishing each week several yards of dreary protection rubbish written by George Gunton.

In a recent issue of the Press Mr. Gunton attacks the "English" free trade policy, and in the course of the usual misrepresentation in regard to the effect of free trade in that country, says: "It (free trade) did not give to England the cheaper bread that was promised. English wheat for many years after the repeal of the corn law was just as high as it was before, and to-day the Englishman's loaf costs more than the loaf of any other laborer in the world." And in the same article he says: "It (free trade) substituted a foreign for a home food supply, which drove the land out of cultivation."

The first question which an intelligent reader of the Press would ask is, if Mr. Gunton's first statements are true, and wheat remained as high many years after the corn laws as it was before, how did free trade in grain injure the English farmer? And, if the English laborer's loaf costs more than that of any other laborer in the world, why does not the English farmer continue to grow wheat and get the highest price for it?

The answer to these questions is very simple. Mr. Gunton's statements are not true. It is probable that he thought they were true, for a man who can say, as he did over his signature, that wages are higher in New York and Philadelphia because rents are higher in the former city, can believe almost anything. But every sensible man and woman knows that after the repeal of the English corn laws the price of wheat declined, while the consumption of wheat greatly increased. The English laborer's loaf, quality for quality, is as cheap as in any other country in the world, and cheaper than in France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain and many other countries. This is a fact beyond dispute, and it is only an instance of the audacity of protectionists that they should attempt to deny it.

The chief reason for the decline in wheat production in England has been the competition of cheaper wheat from America, Russia, India and the Argentine Republic. At the same time the exorbitant rents formerly asked by English landlords is partly responsible for the condition of many of the farming districts of England. No farmer could afford to pay the rents demanded, so the land was allowed to lie unused, and the clay soils became "sour," requiring a large expenditure for drainage and fertilizers before crops could be profitably grown. Had the land been leased at low rents and kept in cultivation, it would now be in much better condition and would not be lying idle. The only way protection could help matters would be by increasing the price of wheat, but that increase would not go to the farmer, but into the pockets of the land-owning aristocracy. Americans who are complaining against alien syndicates which hold vast tracts of land in this country will not be likely to join Mr. Gunton in wasting sympathy on English landlords.

TRANSPARENT HUMBUGS.

The Shout of Protectionist Organs Nothing But a Weak Confession.

With one accord the high tariff organs are shouting: "We told you so; the republican victory last fall has brought good times and business prosperity. We did it all." This confession on the part of the protection organs that trade and industry are reviving, and that wages are going up, is very welcome to democrats, who want, first of all, to see an end of the long era of depression caused by McKinleyism. And they can afford to smile at the efforts of the belated "blue ruin" howlers to catch on to the tail of the prosperity car and stir up a partisan dust while claiming that they are the people who have pulled it along. But as the repetition of the statement that it is republican successes which have brought about the present industrial boom, may delude some of the unwary, it may be worth while to briefly examine their pretensions.

According to the protection theory everything good comes from high tariffs, and every bad thing from free trade. But it is only of late that protectionists have been so bold as to claim that their nostrum works both ways; that it makes times bad when democrats are in power, and the threat to restore it makes them good just as soon as a republican congress is elected. It is a notorious fact that the great panic of 1893 was brought on under conditions created by republican legislation. It is equally well known that the country began to revive from the exhausting effects of high taxation and restricted trade, as soon as ever a measure of tariff reform went into effect. It is to break the force of these damaging facts that the republican papers are taking credit to their party for the happy change in the industrial situation. But it will not work. Their humbug is too transparent. Business is improving because there is a demand for more goods of all kinds. Factories have got rid of their overstock, caused by high tariff stagnation, and are trying to catch up with their orders. Men are making things because other men want them, and have something to give in exchange for them. People do not buy things merely because a congress which has not yet met happens to have a few more republicans than democrats. They buy because they need things and can sell their products to the men who produce what they want. Party politics has nothing to do with it, except in so far as every additional restriction removed from trade, helps make business of all kinds better. It is not the threat of re-establishing McKinleyism, but the natural working of less hampered industrial forces which has brought about the great improvement in business. And the high tariff, "no trade" organs only make themselves ridiculous by their antics.

BYRON W. HOLZ.

PROPHECY AND FACTS.

Protectionist False Prophets That Are Without Honor.

It is hardly a year since the democratic tariff act was passed, and it is therefore easy to recall the prophecies which that measure called forth from its opponents. They have not passed out of mind. It seems but yesterday, indeed, that with one voice the supporters of McKinleyism were predicting woe and ruin to follow the disturbance of the monopolists' tariff, warning workmen of the reduction of their wages to a level with those of the "pauper labor" of Europe, and mourning over the extinction of manufacturing industries in America.

There was much in the situation at that time to give color to these dismal prophecies; the people were still in the dumps; confidence had not recovered from the severe blow dealt by the panic of 1893, and a good many credulous persons really believed that the business depression and disaster under which the land was suffering had their cause in the fear that the McKinley tariff would be disturbed. So it was that the prophecies of disaster to follow a change in the tariff were boldly made, the prophets being sure of at least a momentary credit in the existing temper of the people and getting at least a temporary political advantage in the influence of this feeling upon the elections of 1894.

There is no doubt the recovery of business was retarded in some degree by the malevolent efforts of the croakers. But not all the false prophets in the world can prevent natural causes from producing their natural results; and in spite of the prophecies of evil to follow the operation of the new tariff the recovery began and has continued to the present time with the bright prospect of reaching the highest standard of prosperity ever known in this favored country.

Instead of fading away, industry has revived in every branch. Instead of decreasing, the wages of labor have risen all over the land. Instead of falling off under the competition of foreign prices, domestic products have risen in value in our own markets while at the same time they have found new markets in foreign countries.

All this has come about under the operation of the tariff which, less than twelve months ago, the prophets of McKinleyism in chorus predicted was to ruin business and starve the workmen. Compare the facts of to-day with the predictions of last summer, and what a contrast appears! The great work of industrial production was never more active, and the revival has come entirely within these few months. Mills which have been idle for years have started up; hundreds of thousands of workmen have again begun to earn regular wages; the standard of pay and of production has been raised. And this is the answer which the facts of 1895 give to the prophecies of 1894.—Augusta (Me.) New Age.

COMPETE WITH ENGLAND.

A Low Tariff Enables American Goods to Enter Foreign Markets.

New lines of manufacture are constantly being added to the list that Americans find it profitable to export into England. Mention has heretofore been made of the fact that American manufacturers of boots and shoes, carpets and other woolen fabrics, flax and rags, and other important articles, have found it possible to land their goods in British markets and sell at a profit. The Commercial Union, a trade paper, neutral in politics, calls attention to another line of American manufacturers that preliminary investigation indicates may successfully invade the old country. In its current issue the Union says:

"The latest manufacturer to turn his attention to the foreign market is Charles R. Sligh, of Grand Rapids, Mich. The Sligh Furniture Co., of that place is one of the largest and best known manufacturers of furniture in the United States. Mr. Sligh has just returned from England where he has been on a tour of investigation and is very confident that a profitable and substantial trade can be established if the American manufacturers will comply with the English ideas of style and finish. It is his purpose to manufacture a line of goods especially for the foreign trade, following ideas which he gained abroad."

It is a suggestive fact that it is under a democratic and low tariff that American markets are broadening. While prohibitory duties made it possible for trust combinations of American manufacturers to rob their countrymen without limit there was apparently little effort to find markets abroad. Now they are selling their goods at a profit in England and other European countries, and demonstrating the fact that high wages are often the cheapest wages.

It is not the wages per week that proves the operative's services dear or cheap, but the amount of work he does in proportion to his wages. Mr. Blaine demonstrated fourteen years ago, by an absolute comparison of wages and products, in English and American factories, that the cost for labor in producing a given number of yards of cotton cloth was less here than in England. As he expressed it: "The higher wages per week of the American operative is more than made up by his longer hours of labor and greater efficiency." But while American cotton mills had the advantage of cheaper labor, paying less per yard than the English, they were protected from the "pauper labor of Europe" by duties running from 30 to 45 per cent, and howled for more whenever opportunity offered.—Quincy (Ill.) Herald.

Lots of Them.

No free traders? Why, bless your soul, the woods are full of them. The women are all the stiffest kind of free traders. Just go down to any store where advertisement in the morning papers announces a cut in the prices of some textile, and see the crowd of women actually struggling to get to that bargain counter.—Minnesota Democrat.

THEN AND NOW.

"When I was a girl," grandma murmurs, "We weren't so silly and wild. As those of this generation. For when I was only a child I helped sew, and knit and pare apples. We wove all the wool that we wore; and dear me! the girls of the present day Ain't a notion of doing a chore."

And grandma looks over his glasses, saying: "Yes, that's just about right. And as you of the lads as the lasses. For we boys worked a powerful sight. When older folks chanced to be by, And we never dreamed of such diet As caramels, ice cream and pie."

But the two silver'd heads by the window, Lean near and nearer the pane, "That Jeanie the girl!" whispers grandma, "She's so pretty, and not a bit vain!" "Yes, you're right," grandma says with a quiver And almost a sob in his voice. "For I don't know where there's her equal, Unless it should be them boys."

Then grandma and grandpa nod wisely, And smile till the tears dim their eyes; Jeanie, Charlie and Ned never fancy That opinions so wondrously wise Are now uttered in slow solemn whispers, As head to head closer they bend. "Boys know a deal more than they did in our day," And girls are a deal more content. —Ram's Horn.



CHAPTER XII.

THE STRANGE STORY OF JONATHAN SMALL.

A very patient man was the inspector in the cab, for it was a weary time before he rejoined him. His face clouded over when I showed him the empty box.

"There goes the reward," said he, gloomily. "Where there is no money there is no pay. This night's work would have been worth a tenner each to Sam Brown and me if the treasure had been there."

"Mr. Thaddeus Sholto is a rich man," I said. "He will see that you are rewarded, treasure or no."

The inspector shook his head despondently, however. "It's a bad job," he repeated, "and so Mr. Athelney Jones will think."

His forecast proved to be correct, for the detective looked blank enough when I got to Baker street and showed him the empty box. They had only just arrived. Holmes, the prisoner and I, for they had changed their plans so far as to report themselves at a station upon my return. My companion lounged in his armchair with his usual listless expression, while Small sat stolidly opposite to him with his wooden leg cocked over his sound one. As I exhibited the empty box he leaned back in his chair and laughed aloud.

"This is your doing, Small," said Athelney Jones, angrily.

"Yes, I have put it away where you shall never lay hand upon it," he cried, exultantly. "It is my treasure; and if I can't have the loot I'll take darned good care that no one else does. I tell you that no living man has any right to it, unless it is three men who are in the Andaman convict barracks and myself. I know now that I cannot have the use of it, and I know that they cannot. I have acted all through for them as much as for myself. It's been the sign of four with us always. Well, I know that they would have had me do just what I have done, and throw the treasure into the Thames rather than let it go to kith or kin of Sholto or of Morstan. It was not to make them rich that we did for Achmet. You'll find the treasure where the key is, and where little Tonga is. When I saw that your launch must catch us I put the loot in a safe place. There are no rupees for you this journey."

"You are deceiving us, Small," said Athelney Jones, sternly. "If you had wished to throw the treasure into the Thames it would have been easier for you to have thrown box and all."

"Easier for me to throw, and easier for you to recover," he answered, with a shrewd, sidelong look. "The man that was clever enough to hunt me down is clever enough to pick an iron box from the bottom of a river. Now that they are scattered over five miles or so, it may be a harder job. I went to my heart to do it, though. I was half mad when you came up with us. However, there's no good grieving over it. I've had ups in my life, and I've had downs, but I've learned not to cry over spilt milk."

"This is a very serious matter, Small," said the detective. "If you had helped justice, instead of thwarting it in this way, you would have had a better chance at your trial."

"Justice!" snarled the ex-convict. "A pretty justice! Whose lot is this, if it is not ours? Where is the justice that I should give it up to these who have never earned it? Look how I have earned it! Twenty long years in that fever-ridden swamp, all day at work under the mangrove tree, all night chained up in the filthy convict huts, bitten by mosquitoes, racked with ague, bullied by every cursed black-faced policeman who loved to take it out of a white man. That was how I earned the Agra treasure; and you talk to me of justice because I cannot bear to feel that I have paid this price only that another may enjoy it! I would rather swing a score of times, or have one of Tonga's darts in my hide, than live in a convict's cell and feel that another man is at his ease in a palace with the money that should be mine." Small had dropped his mask of stoicism, and all this came out in a wild whirl of words, while his eyes blazed, and the hand-clanks clanked together with impassioned movement of his hands. I could understand, as I saw the fury and the passion of the man, that it was no groundless or unnatural terror which had possessed Mr. Sholto when he first learned that the injured convict was upon his track.

"You forget that we know nothing of all this," said Holmes, quietly. "We have not heard your story, and we cannot tell how far justice may originally have been on your side."

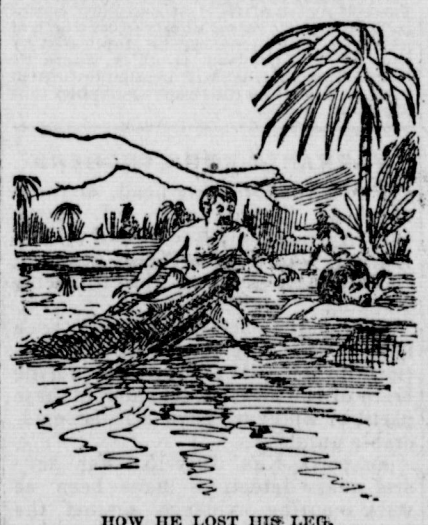
"Well, sir, you have been very fair spoken to me, though I can see that I have you to thank that I have these bracelets upon my wrists. Still, I bear no grudge for that. It is all fair and above-board. If you want to hear my story I have no wish to hold it back. What I say to you is God's truth, every word of it. Thank you; you can put my lips to it if I am dry."

"I am a Worcestershire man myself—born near Pershore. I dare say you would find a heap of Smalls living there now if you were to look. I have often thought of taking a look round there, but the truth is that I was never much of a credit to the family, and I doubt if they would be so very glad to see me. They were all steady, chapel-going folk, small farmers, well known and respected over the country-side, while I was always a bit of a rover. At last, however, when I was about eighteen, I gave them no more trouble, for I got into a mess over a girl, and could only get out of it again by taking the queen's shilling and joining the Third Buffs which was just starting for India."

"I wasn't destined to do much soldiering, however. I had just got past the goose-step and learned to handle my musket, when I was fool enough to go swimming in the Ganges. Luckily for me, my company sergeant, John Holder, was in the water at the same time, and he was one of the finest swimmers in the service. A crocodile took me, just as I was half way across, and nipped off my right leg just as clean as a surgeon could have done it, just above the knee. What with the shock and the loss of blood I fainted, and I should have been drowned if Holder had not caught hold of me and paddled for the bank. I was five months in hospital over it, and when at last I was able to limp out of it with this timber toe strapped to my stump I found myself invalided out of the army and unfitted for any active occupation."

"I was, as you can imagine, pretty down on my luck at this time, for I was a useless cripple, though not yet in my twentieth year. However, my misfortune soon proved to be a blessing in disguise. A man named Abelwhite, who had come out there as an indigo-planter, wanted an overseer to look after his coolies and keep them up to their work. He happened to be a friend of our colonel's, who had taken an interest in me since the accident. To make a long story short, the colonel recommended me strongly for the post, and as the work was mostly to be done on horseback, my leg was no great obstacle, for I had enough knee left to keep a good grip on the saddle. What I had to do was to ride over the plantation, to keep an eye on the men as they worked, and to report the idlers. The pay was fair, I had comfortable quarters, and altogether I was content to spend the remainder of my life in indigo-planting. Mr. Abelwhite was a kind man, and he would often drop into my little shanty and smoke a pipe with me, for white folk out there feel their hearts warm to each other as they never do here at home."

"Well, I was never in luck's way long. Suddenly, without a note of warning, the great mutiny broke upon us. One month India lay as still and peaceful, and all appearance, as Surrey or Kent; the next there were two hundred thousand black devils let loose, and the country was a perfect hell. Of



HOW HE LOST HIS LEG.

course you know all about it, gentlemen—a deal more than I do, very likely, since reading is not in my line. I only know what I saw with my own eyes. Our plantation was at a place called Muttra, near the border of the northwest provinces. Night after night the whole sky was alight with the burning bungalows, and day after day we had small companies of Europeans passing through our estate with their wives and children on their way to Agra, where were the nearest troops. Mr. Abelwhite was an obstinate man. He had it in his head that the affair had been exaggerated, and that it would blow over as suddenly as it had sprung up. There he sat on his veranda, drinking whisky pegs and smoking cheroots, while the country was in a blaze about him. Of course we stuck by him, I and Dawson, who, with his wife, used to do the bookwork and the managing. Well, one fine day the crash came. I had been away on a distant plantation, and was riding slowly home in the evening, when my eye fell upon something all huddled together at the bottom of a steep nullah. I rode down to see what it was, and the cold struck through my heart when I found it was Dawson's wife, all cut into ribbons, and half-eaten by jackals and native dogs. A little further up the road Dawson himself was lying on his face, quite dead, with an empty revolver in his hand and four Sepoys lying across each other in front of him. I reined up my horse, wondering which way I should turn, but at that moment I saw thick smoke curling up from Abelwhite's bungalow and the flames beginning to burst through the roof. I knew then that I could do my employer no good, but would only throw my own life away if I meddled in the matter. From where I stood I could see hundreds of the black

fiends, with their red coats still on their backs, dancing and howling round the burning house. 'Some of them pointed at me, and a couple of bullets sang past my head; so I broke away across the paddy-fields, and found myself late at night safe within the walls of Agra."

"As it proved, however, there was no great safety there, either. The whole country was up like a swarm of bees. Wherever the English could collect in little bands they held just the ground that their guns commanded. Everywhere else they were helpless fugitives. It was a fight of the millions against the hundreds; and the cruellest part of it was that these men that we fought against, foot, horse and gunners, were our own picked troops, whom we had taught and trained, handling our own weapons, and blowing our own bugle calls. At Agra there were the Third Bengal Fusiliers, some Sikhs, two troops of horse and a battery of artillery. A volunteer corps of clerks and merchants had been formed, and this I joined, wooden leg and all. We went out to meet the rebels at Shahgunge early in July, and we beat them back for a time, but our powder gave out and we had to fall back upon the city. Nothing but the worst news came to us from every side—which is not to be wondered at, for if you look at the map you will see that we were right in the heart of it. Lucknow is rather better than a hundred miles to the east, and Cawnpore about as far to the south. From every point on the compass there was nothing but torture and murder and outrage."

"The city of Agra is a great place, swarming with fanatics and fierce devil-worshippers of all sorts. Our handful of men were lost among the narrow, winding streets. Our leader moved across the river, therefore, and took up his position in the old fort of Agra. I don't know if any of you gentlemen have ever read or heard anything of that old fort. It is a very queer place—the queerest that ever I was in, and I have been in some ram corners, too. First of all, it is enormous in size. I should think that the inclosure must be acres and acres. There is a modern part, which took all our garrison, women, children, stores and everything else, with plenty of room over. But the modern part is nothing like the size of the old quarter, where nobody goes, and which is given over to the scorpions and the centipedes. It is all full of great deserted halls, and winding passages, and long corridors twisting in and out, so that it is easy for folks to get lost in it. For this reason it was seldom that anyone went into it, though now and again a party with torches might go exploring."

"The river washes along the front of the old fort, and so protects it, but on the sides and behind there are many doors, and these had to be guarded, of course, in the old quarter as well as in that which was actually held by our troops. We were short-handed, with hardly men enough to man the angles of the building and to serve the guns. It was impossible for us, therefore, to station a strong guard at everyone of the innumerable gates. What we did was to organize a central guardhouse in the middle of the fort, and to leave each gate under the charge of one white man and two or three natives. I was selected to take charge during certain hours of the night of a small isolated door upon the southwest side of the building. Two Sikh troopers were placed under my command, and I was instructed if anything went wrong to fire my musket, when I mightly upon fire coming at once from the central guard. As the guard was a good two hundred paces away, however, and as the space between was cut up into a labyrinth of passages and corridors, I had great doubts as to whether they could arrive in time to be of any use in case of an actual attack."

"Well, I was pretty proud at having this small command given me, since I was a raw recruit, and a game-legged one at that. For two nights I kept the watch with my Punjaubees. They were tall, fierce-looking chaps. Mahomet Singh and Abdullah Khan by name, both old fighting men who had borne arms against us at Chillianwallah. They could talk English pretty well, but I could get little out of them. They preferred to stand together and jabber all night in their queer Sikh lingo. For myself, I used to stand outside the gateway, looking down on the broad, winding river and on the twinkling lights of the great city. The beating of drums, the rattle of tom-toms, and the yells and howls of the rebels, drunk with opium and with bang, were enough to remind us all night of our dangerous neighbors across the stream. Every two hours the officers of the night used to come round to all the posts, to make sure that all was well."

"The third night of my watch was dark and dirty, with a small, driving rain. It was dreary work standing in the gateway hour after hour in such weather. I tried again and again to make my Sikhs talk, but without much success. At two in the morning the rounds passed, and broke for a moment the weariness of the night. Finding that my companions would not be led into conversation, I took out my pipe, and laid down my musket to strike a match. In an instant the two Sikhs were upon me. One of them snatched my firelock up and leveled it at my head, while the other held a great knife to my throat and swore between his teeth that he would plunge it into me if I moved a step."

"My first thought was that these fellows were in league with the rebels, and that this was the beginning of an assault. If our door were in the hands of the Sepoys the place must fall, and the women and children be treated as they were in Cawnpore. Maybe you gentlemen think that I am just making out a case for myself, but I give you my word that when I thought of that, though I felt the point of the knife at my throat, I opened my mouth with the intention of giving a scream, if it was my last one, which might alarm the main guard. The man who held me seemed to know my thoughts; for,

even as I braced myself to it, he whispered: 'Don't make a noise. The fort is safe enough. There are no rebel dogs on this side of the river.' There was the ring of truth in what he said, and I knew that if I raised my voice I was a dead man. I could read it in the fellow's brown eyes. I waited, therefore, in silence, to see what it was that they wanted from me."

"Listen to me, sahib," said the taller and fiercer of the pair, the one whom they called Abdullah Khan. "You must either be with us now or you must be silenced forever. The thing is too great a one for us to hesitate. Either you are heart and soul with us on your oath on the cross of the Christians, or your body this night shall be thrown into the ditch and we shall pass over to our brothers in the rebel army. There is no middle way. Which is it to be, death or life? We can only give you three minutes to decide, for the time is passing, and all must be done before the rounds come again."

"How can I decide?" said I. "You have not told me what you want of me. But I tell you now that if it is anything against the safety of the fort I will have no truck with it, so you can drive home your knife and welcome."

"It is nothing against the fort," said he. "We only ask you to do that which



I USED TO STAND OUTSIDE THE GATEWAY.

your countrymen come to this land for. We ask you to be rich. If you will be one of us this night, we will swear to you upon the naked knife, and by the threefold oath which no Sikh was ever known to break, that you shall have your fair share of the loot. A quarter of the treasure shall be yours. We can say no fairer."

"But what is the treasure, then?" I asked. "I am as ready to be rich as you can be, if you will but show me how it can be done."

"You swear, then," said he, "by the bones of your father, by the honor of your mother, by the cross of your faith, to raise no hand and speak no word against us, either now or afterwards?" "I will swear it," I answered, "provided that the fort is not endangered."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONE WAY TO LIVE CHEAPLY.

A Novel Scheme Discovered by Gallant

Col. WILK. Joseph Tanski, the Polish refugee, narrates many stories of the shifts to which he and his fellow-exiles were compelled to resort in order to keep soul and body together. None of these is more curious and interesting than one relating to his friend, Col. Wilk, who had been decorated by the emperor of the French for gallant services in the French army, but who afterward found himself obliged to live upon sixty francs a month.

It was pretty tight work, and so Col. Wilk had to confess; but one day he met with a strange bit of good fortune.

He had been out for a walk, and was on his way home when a big Newfoundland dog came running down the street, pursued by a gang of boys and men, all armed with sticks. The dog, panting and terrified, ran straight toward Col. Wilk, and took refuge between his feet. The crowd drew near with loud and excited shouts:

"It is a mad dog! Kill him!"

A policeman, more courageous than the mob, stepped forward.

"Halt!" shouted the knight of the Legion of Honor. "The dog belongs to me. It is not mad."

His resolute air, and perhaps the red ribbon in his buttonhole, made an impression upon the policeman.

"Very well," he said; "since the dog is yours, lead him away."

So said, so done. Col. Wilk took the dog home, washed and combed it, and then went with it to the butcher's to buy it some scraps of meat. For twenty-five centimes the butcher gave him a fine lot, and on his way home Wilk bought a few vegetables.

All these bits—bits of meat, bones and vegetables—he put into a pot together, with a suitable quantity of water; and out of the pot both he and the dog made a sumptuous dinner.

The problem of living was solved. Day after day, as often as his purse ran low, which was pretty often, he bought bits of meat "for his dog." Nobody was the wiser, and the Polish exile and his dog lived upon thirty-five centimes a day, and the knight of the Legion of Honor could once more receive his friends like a man of the world.—N. Y. Advertiser.

WHEN THINGS WERE CHEAP.

In 1376 eggs sold in Barcelona for 36c a hundred.

In 1302 a sheep sold in France for \$1; a pig for \$2.

In 1504 a pair of shoes made in England cost 20c.

In 1617 a cannon was made at Paris that cost \$742.

In 1542 a tanned cowhide in England cost 9 shillings.

In 1594 gunpowder sold for \$14 per hundredweight.

In India a native may board comfortably for 6c a day.

In 1301 apples in Germany were worth \$1 a thousand.

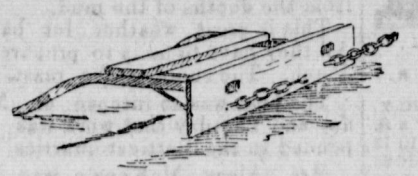
A hunting horn cost in Spain in 1327 a little over 75c.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

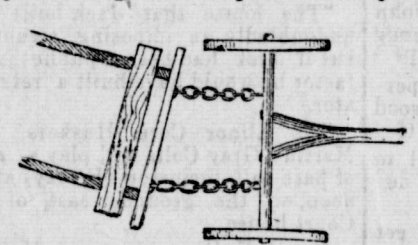
CHEAP ROAD MACHINE.

Webb Donnell Describes One That Can Be Made at Home.

The use of a scraper in rounding up a road has been very thoroughly established since the roadmachines came into use. The old-fashioned way of "hogging" earth into the middle of a road from the sides was most tedious and slow, the scraper having to be lifted bodily by two men and carried back to the side of the road for each load, while the oxen or horses had, of course, to be backed each time. A scraper set diagonally and run lengthwise of the road brings in the earth



quickly and easily, but road machines are expensive, and for the making of farm roads, especially, the homemade scraper that is figured herewith serves a very good purpose, while for making smooth a rough country highway, and for gradually working the earth from the sides to the center of the road, this scraper, preceded by a harrow, will be found of very great assistance. The trouble with most of our country roads is that they are flat, so that the rainfall either stands on the surface and makes it extremely muddy, or, if the road be in a rolling or hilly country, the water runs along the middle of the highway, and badly washes it. The "shoulder" at the sides of such roads should be loose earth scraped into the middle of the highway, so that it will be rounded from side to side. Then if the side ditches are kept open all rain-water will quickly run off, and do no injury either by making mud or by washing. These two points, I think, account for a large share of our poor highways—a flat surface and poor drainage at the sides. If towns would only see that it is much better to make thorough work as far as they go, there would be great lessening of the present troubles. There seems to be a prevailing purpose in many places to do just enough to keep the roads just



passable—to do just enough on them "to clear the law"—with a result that every rain puts the roads back where they were before any work at all was done upon them. It ought to be seen that in the end this is the most expensive plan that could be pursued. Make the roads as wide as possible, round them well, keep the side drains well open and their outlets clear, and even hard storms will not wash them. Comparatively few towns can expend large sums in making scientific rock-balled roads, but all can use good common sense in directing the labor that is to be expended upon them. Our roads are poor, not because a large amount of labor has not been expended upon them first and last, but because so much of this labor has been misdirected and therefore wasted.—Webb Donnell, in N. Y. Tribune.

RENTING ON SHARES.

The Terms Demanded by Landlords in the Middle States.

Hardly any two farms are let on exactly the same terms, but in the main it may be said that all terms come down at last to somewhere between a "third and a half" division of the proceeds of the property. In the northeastern part of Ohio, we understand that it is almost an established custom to rent a dairy farm at the halves—the owner to furnish land, cows, possibly some tools, the tenant to do all the work, furnish the work team, pay half of the taxes, and, in the advent of purchased feed for the dairy, he is to pay one-half of the cost of the feed needed, and the owner of the farm the other half. Now and then a man who rents desires to own part of the cows and raise some young stock. In this event the owner of the farm pays to the tenant 6 per cent. interest on the market value of the few cows that the tenant may furnish, and at the expiration of the lease the increase of the herd is equally divided. Where the tenant desires to own the stock, it is customary in the middle states to agree upon a cash rent for the farm, and the tenant "does his own row," specifications usually being agreed upon as to how the farm shall be managed, how much plowed, how much seeded down, and all tools supplied by the owner of the farm to be kept in repair, well housed, and a reasonable amount allowed for their use.

Where land is let by the acre, it is hard to tell as a distance just what would be a fair rental, including taxes and keeping things in repair; but in many parts of Ohio such lands, and good houses, handy to market, rent from \$2.50 to \$3 per acre, and if near to a city where milk can be retailed, garden truck raised, and like advantages, it may be double this, and possibly more for a general farm, while a truck patch would bring a rental "out of sight."—Country Gentleman.

Real Cost of Transportation.

It is now generally understood that our railway system has about reached its economic limit. The iron roads have come as near our farms as possible; we must now go to meet them. The real cost of transportation still remains in hauling our crops from the fields to the storehouse and depot.

Our shame is that we are driving our horses in the eighteenth century while our steam engines run in the nineteenth.—Sunday Journal, Toledo, O.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL.

A Few Words with Members of Rural Boards of Education.

Taxes are high, as we know by experience and by reiterated claims of all tax payers, and sensible men are agreed that there should be no useless expenditure of public money; but in the matter of education, we cannot afford to make a show of reducing expense unless it can be done without hurting the school. There is an abundance of teachers, but the number of those capable of doing good work is limited, and they can usually get higher wages than the average. The possession of a certificate by a person is no proof of ability to develop the thinking powers of children, and many have failed to realize this fact. A profitable school must have a teacher skilled by nature or art in bringing out the best work of scholars, and such a teacher is not a low-priced one. As with merchandise, so with teachers—the best is usually the cheapest.

The health and well-being of children require that schoolrooms be lighted and ventilated properly. Overstudy is one of the rarest causes of ill-health among the young; impure air, cold floors and damp feet are most frequent causes. Eyesight is rarely injured by hard study or reading when the light and position of book are all right. Unnecessary straining of eyes does the major portion of the mischief. School authorities are morally bound to provide against these too common ills of village and country schools by providing rooms fit for scholars. The economy that is exercised at the expense of health and eyesight is utterly false, impoverishing a community. Many parents are careless in matters of health at home, but the children of all should be protected in our schoolrooms.

There is a place for economy in management in many communities. I refer to the money paid to agents for schoolroom supplies. Of all the idle expenditure of public money, none is more senseless than about half that invested in high-priced maps, charts and other apparatus, for common schools. Persistent agents, using influences of every character when possible, are frequently found placing their goods at an enormous price in schools that never use them. Sometimes the board is only ignorant of the needs of the school, frankly admitting it, and makes the purchase through a desire to help the school. Sometimes it is well known that the agent has used financial arguments. I write only of the many, very many unused and useless supplies found stored in country schoolhouses. For the purchase of needed maps, charts, books of reference, etc., I certainly have naught but praise; but boards with limited means at their disposal do well to make small investments in such supplies until trustworthy teachers find them a necessity. Better use the extra money in better teachers and better school-grounds, and buy nothing upon the representations of agents. As a rule, a teacher who is capable and has the public confidence is the best judge of the actual requirements of the school, and such a teacher rarely urges investment in many high-priced aids to study in the common schools. Such as are gotten are standard, and not the novelties of eloquent agents.

Country or village schools of sixty scholars should usually have two rooms and two teachers, and when there are two or more rooms grades should be established and a regular course of study adopted. Classification and the passing from grade to grade by merit inspire pupils to better work. The last few weeks of school are not a drag, but are filled with the best work of the year in the attempt to make sure that examinations will be passed safely and the next grade entered with credit. The course of study should pave the way to graduation at the end, and the number of years necessary should be known. It costs little to print a few hundred copies of the course of study, and it is well to print the general regulations of the board. This information is needed by parents and students, and is helpful to school and teachers.

Good teachers should be kept, when possible, even if an equally good teacher may be hired at a little less money. Knowledge of individual scholars enables the old teacher to accomplish more than a new one can do. Personal friendships should have no place in influencing the selection of a teacher; boards are not elected to serve private ends. The teacher should be such a one as any careful parent would choose as an associate, and, in large extent, a pattern for his child. The child is taught to look up to its teacher; the teacher should be one to be imitated. He should not exert any influence counter to those things revered by the parents, whose taxes support him, and whose children are taught to respect him. Good educational facilities, for all furnish a socialism in fact more effective than that demanded by our dreamers and anarchists.—Alva Agos, in Country Gentleman.

The "Churnability" of Cream.

The "churnability" of cream is in large part due to the individual peculiarities of the cow. Some people, says Hoad's Dairyman, count this an important point and breed for it, with the result that they have cows that give a very quick-churning cream. In some degree this is also a breed characteristic. Milk containing large butter globules will yield an easier churning cream than milk with small butter globules. The cream from the cows fresh in milk churns more readily than from the same cows at a later period; feed also affects the churnability of cream, but how or why we do not know. Succulent feed promotes churnability. The silage feed to certain of these cows explains in some degree why it takes less time to churn cream from their milk. It is quite possible, also, that the different creams coming from different herds have different species of bacteria predominating in them.

SOME species of fungi have neither roots, stem, leaves, or ferns nor seed and derive their nourishment through pores.

TELEPHONE

ITS WORK CLOSED.

The Meeting of Christian Endeavorers Successfully Ended.

CHRISTIAN SUBJECTS OF TURKEY.

A Resolution Petitioning Queen Victoria and President Cleveland in Their Half-Platform of Principles of the Society.

BOSTON, July 16.—Last night the fourteenth international Christian Endeavor convention came to an end. During its continuance more than 500 meetings have been held. Approximately 50,000 men and women have come from all corners of the North American continent as delegates. Others have come from strange and distant lands, and the most powerful nations have been represented in this vast gathering.

At last night's meeting, Mr. Walsh, of the hotel committee, reported that the total registration of delegates present at this convention was 56,385. Three great meetings were held last night. "Consecration: Striving to Get Nearer the Master," was the subject of them all. The consecration services were led by President Clark; in Mechanics' hall, by Secretary Baer, of Williston, and by Rev. Nehemiah Boyton, D. D.

Immediately after the session was opened in Mechanics' hall, Dr. H. B. Grove, of the Chicago university, presented the following resolution:

We, the members of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, representing a constituency of nearly 3,000,000, assembled in Boston, in our fourteenth international annual convention, 36,000 strong, most respectfully address and petition her majesty, the queen of England, urging upon her attention the terrible condition of the Christian subjects of Turkey, and praying her, in the name of a common faith and an outraged Christian conscience, to use her great influence and authority to help those who are perishing, and to give to that country a safe and just government.

The resolution was received with great applause, and on a viva voce vote was carried with a mighty shout. Dr. Grove announced that the same petition would be presented to President Cleveland.

In tent Williston, the petition to Queen Victoria, on behalf of the Armenian resolution, was unanimously endorsed.

The declaration of the following platform and principles of the Society of Christian Endeavor was approved unanimously:

We reaffirm our adherence to the principles, which, under God's blessings, have made the Christian Endeavor movement what it is today.

First and foremost, personal devotion to our divine Lord and Savior, Jesus.

Second, the covenant of obligation embodied in the prayer meeting pledge.

Third, constant religious training for all kinds of service involved in the various committees.

Fourth, strenuous loyalty to the local church and denomination with which each society is connected.

Fifth, we reaffirm our increasing confidence in the inter-denominational spiritual fellowship, through which we hope not for organic unity, but to fulfill our Lord's prayer, "That they all may be one." This fellowship already extends to all evangelical denominations, and we should greatly deplore any movement that would interrupt or imperil it.

Sixth, Christian endeavor stands always and everywhere for Christian citizens. It is forever opposed to the saloon, the gambling den, the brothel and every like iniquity. It stands for temperance for law for order, for Sabbath keeping, for a pure political atmosphere—in a word, for righteousness. And this it does, not by allying itself with a political party, but attending through the quick consciousness of its individual members, to influence all parties and all communities.

Seventh, that all money given by the various societies of Christian Endeavor for the cause of missions be always sent to the missionary boards of the special denomination to which the particular society belongs.

Eighth, Christian Endeavor has for its ultimate aim a purpose no less wide and lofty than the bringing of the world to Christ. Hence, it is an organization intensely evangelically and missionarily in its spirit, and desires to do all it may under the direction of the churches and missionary boards for missionary extension to the world.

We rejoice in the growing friendliness of Christians, and in the fact that our fellowship is constantly growing larger.

In Tent Endeavor the sermon was preached by Rev. John Potts, D. D., of Toronto. Each of the meetings has closed with the hymn, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," and the "Mizpah" benediction.

THOUSANDS OF BAPTISTS.

International Young People's Union Will Convene at Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 16.—General Secretary Richards, of the Baptist Young People's union, is a very busy man preparing for the international convention of the union, which will begin in this city on Thursday next. His headquarters are crowded daily by inquiring Baptists and committeemen. The committee is arranging for the reception of the 15,000 Baptists that will be on hand by the opening day of the convention. Delegations are already arriving. The southern California delegation has taken a house for a month. Fifteen thousand song books, to be used during the convention, have been furnished by the publication society.

LIBERALS BADLY DEFEATED.

Returned from the English Elections Show a Sweeping Victory for Conservatives.

LONDON, July 16.—The total results of the parliamentary elections, for which returns have been made, are as follows: Conservatives, 151; liberal unionists, 21; liberals, 23; Parnellites, 4; McCarthyites, 4; labor, 1. Total, 204. As compared with the parliament which has just been dissolved, twenty-four seats thus returned show gains for the unionists and five are gains for the liberals. There is intense excitement in London streets, as a result of the elections.

Return of Secretary Carlisle.

WASHINGTON, July 16.—Secretary Carlisle and wife came in Saturday night from Gray Gables, and their son, Logan Carlisle, chief clerk of the treasury, also got in from his bond trip to London. It is expected that a number of political appointments in the treasury, which have been hanging fire for some time, will be disposed of in a few days.

BIBLES FOR THE WORLD.

Nearly Two Million Volumes Sent Out by the American Society Last Year.

NEW YORK, July 16.—The seventy-ninth annual report of the American Bible society, which covers the work of that organization in printing and circulating the Scriptures during the past fiscal year, has just been published. The society has distributed more volumes in China during the year than in any preceding year since it began its operation there. In Japan, too, the committee has been able to accomplish a great deal of work among the soldiers of the Japanese army. More than 1,500,000 Bibles, Testaments and integral portions of the Bible were printed by the society within the year, over 1,000,000 of them on the presses in the Bible house and the others in foreign lands. Through purchases of additional volumes the total number printed and procured by the society amounted to 1,958,374 copies. Of these 947,103 volumes were issued from the Bible house and 634,025 in foreign lands. Of the volumes issued from the Bible house, 101,196 copies were sent to foreign lands and are not counted among the issues in foreign countries. Of the issues of 947,103 volumes from the Bible house, \$45,907 have been for the home supply.

STEAMER BURNED.

The Cibola Floats Down the River a Mass of Flames.

LEWISTOWN, N. Y., July 16.—Shortly before 11 o'clock this morning the handsome steamer Cibola, of the Niagara river line, which plies between here and Toronto, was discovered to be on fire at her dock. The flames, spread with great rapidity and soon enveloped the steamer and communicated to the dock. The steamer broke away from her moorings and floated down river, a mass of flame. She burned to the water's edge, and her hull lies on a sand bar between here and the mouth of the river. The fire on the dock spread to the American hotel and for a time threatened the New York Central depot. The dock and hotel were almost totally destroyed and the depot badly scorched. When the flames were discovered in the Cibola the crew and a few passengers were aboard and asleep. They were quickly aroused and all succeeded in escaping with the exception of the third engineer, William Hammell, of Toronto, who is missing. He was known to have been in the engine room at the time the fire started, but has not been seen since, and it is supposed he was burned to death. The total loss will probably reach \$250,000.

A VIOLENT DEATH.

An Autopsy Shows That an Insane Patient's Neck Was Broken.

HAYS CITY, Kan., July 16.—The body of Gus Maurer, who was reported to have died in the asylum for the insane at Topeka, on July 4, of apoplexy, and was buried here, was taken up yesterday, and by order of the coroner, Drs. Snyder and Middlekauff made a post-mortem examination which showed that the neck had been broken, but no blood clot in brain nor any evidence at all of death from apoplexy. It has been learned that Maurer and another patient were taking a bath, and in the absence of the attendant, the other man tripped Maurer up and he fell over in the bath tub with the above result. The inquest will be held Tuesday.

CHARGED WITH LYNCHING.

Jointkeepers of Strong City Accuse Their Enemies of a Mob Murder.

EMPORIA, Kan., July 16.—For several weeks detectives have been at work securing evidence against the men who lynched George Rose, at Cottonwood Falls, a year ago last May. It is said twenty-five arrests will be made and excitement prevails at Cottonwood Falls and Strong City. The men who closed the Strong City joints last week are said to be the men who are to be arrested by the lynching and the joint people and their friends are behind the work of the detectives. The best people in Chase county fear serious trouble before the quarrel is settled, as there is bad blood on both sides.

A Fatal Wreck.

FORT WORTH, Tex., July 16.—A disastrous wreck occurred last night about 7 o'clock on the Texas & Pacific railroad, 4 miles east of Fort Worth, near Handley. A passenger train jumped the track, the engine and tender, baggage car, express car and mail car being thrown down a 12-foot embankment. The coaches remained on the track. Engineer Al K. Horner and Fireman Joe Devine were caught under the engine and crushed to death. No passengers were hurt.

Work on the Upper Missouri.

WASHINGTON, July 16.—Capt. H. F. Hodges reports to the chief of engineers upon the improvements of the upper Missouri above Sioux City, Ia. About \$103,407 have been expended during the year, chiefly in removing obstructions, dredging and work on the banks of the river at various points.

Runned and Robbed a Weak Wife.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., July 16.—A Peters, who six weeks ago eloped with Mrs. L. E. Hulen, wife of a real estate dealer, has been arrested and is in jail here. The charge against him is robbery and wife desertion. Mrs. Hulen had \$400 and Peters is charged with stealing it.

Nine Years for a Bank Wrecker.

KROOK, Ia., July 16.—In the federal court to-day Judge Woolson sentenced ex-State Senator E. R. Cassatt, the Pella bank wrecker, to nine years in the Anamosa penitentiary.

Fractured His Wife's Skull.

SEDALIA, Mo., July 16.—Charles Williams, colored, living 4 miles from town, was jailed yesterday for having fractured his wife's skull with a spade. The charges are against her recovery.

Congressman Remann Dead.

VANDALIA, Ill., July 16.—Frederic Remann, representing the Eighteenth Illinois congressional district, died at his residence in this city yesterday.

CYCLONE IN NEW YORK.

A Regular Western Twister Invades the Streets of the Eastern Metropolis and Terrifies the People.

NEW YORK, July 15.—The first cyclone in many years struck New York Saturday afternoon, and resulted fatally in one instance, besides wrecking a large amount of valuable property.

The cyclone swept over the cemetery, wrecking handsome and costly monuments. It tore down trees for about 900 feet and then turned into Jamaica avenue at Crescent street and went up Jamaica avenue for about half a mile. It wrecked thirty houses at Woodhaven and a very large schoolhouse.

Mrs. Louisa Ketrquin, of Third avenue, near Rockway, was killed. She stood in the doorway of her house when a flying beam struck her on the head, crushing in her skull.

VISITING THE SCENES.

HACKENSACK, N. J., July 15.—Between 40,000 and 50,000 persons visited the scenes of the ruin and devastation at Cherry Hill yesterday caused by the cyclone on Saturday. Hackensack and the other towns have responded promptly to the call for aid made by the people of Cherry Hill. Committees have been organized in several of the towns. The most important is the one here. Prompt measures were taken and between the amount subscribed and that gathered in boxes at the ruins of the villages there is now enough money to keep the unfortunates in food for a few days.

Viewed in the light of day, with the excitement that existed Saturday night gone, the devastation appeared more complete. Everywhere in the path of the storm were ruins. The tangled heap of ruins by the railroad track tell where the depot went to pieces. That pile of wreckage showed where a house had been thrown down and that one where a barn had been razed by the winds. The leafless trees that withstood the strain of the whirlwind gave the appearance of midwinter. On two sides, as viewed from the center of the town, there were banks of green, but where the storm swept everything was black and bare.

Three were killed in the storm. The two Polish laborers reported killed by the fall of the barn in which they had sought shelter are alive in the hospital here. Both are badly injured. The dead are Conrad Friederman, the Ahrens baby and Anton Fischer. Mrs. Ahrens was also injured, but will recover. Edgar Chinoch, the doctors think, will die. His skull is fractured.

STORM IN NORTH DAKOTA.

The Country Near Grafton Suffers from a Bad Storm, but No Fatalities Are Reported.

GRAFTON, N. D., July 15.—A cyclone at O'Donnellson, 6 miles northeast of here, was reported at 4:45 o'clock yesterday afternoon. It was about 3 rods wide. At a schoolhouse near by people were at church and heard it coming. It first struck a large machinery shed, lifted that up, turned it completely around and dropped it five rods away in a grove. It was full of machinery, which was twisted out of shape. Turning, it took the windmill of a barn and twisted the barn.

It then struck the house 5 rods away. The house was a large, square, two-story frame building on a brick foundation. It lifted this house in the air, whirled it around, and striking on a corner, it went into a thousand pieces. There were five persons in the house. Mrs. Nelson was sitting on the porch with a baby in her arms. When in the air she dropped the baby and was carried 30 feet. Both were uninjured. A 12-year-old girl named Peters was badly hurt. Her leg was broken and she was injured internally. She is not expected to live. The hired man was carried 300 feet and dropped in a grove, where for a time he remained unconscious. He is badly hurt, but will recover. The servant girl was badly hurt about the feet and back. Everything in the house was smashed to fragments.

AN ARKANSAS MOB.

Negroes Lynched for Murdering a White Man.

CAMDEN, Ark., July 15.—About 12 o'clock Saturday night at Hampton, 30 miles east of here, two negroes were mobbed by seventy-five men. Two weeks ago a white man by the name of Martin was killed by three negroes. Two of them were arrested and confined in jail. A mob gathered several nights ago, but were persuaded to desist. Last night there was another gathering, and seventy-five determined men marched to the jail and demanded of the sheriff the surrender of the murderers. It was useless to resist such a force with but a handful of men to summon to his aid, so the keys were delivered to the mob. The culprits were carried to the neighboring forest and hanged to trees. The men were not masked, and made no effort to conceal their identity. Two years ago a race riot occurred in Calhoun county. The negroes greatly outnumbered the whites, and further trouble is expected.

Arrived With Yellow Fever.

WASHINGTON, July 15.—A telegram to the surgeon-general of the marine hospital service from Reedy island, Del., reports the arrival of the British steamer Ealing, from Para, and San Lucia, with yellow fever on board. There had been one death and there were two convalescent cases when the steamer arrived. The vessel will be disinfected and detained.

To Be Equipped With Safety Appliances.

CHICAGO, July 15.—Under instructions from the chiefs of the Burlington mechanical department's all freight cars will be equipped at once with automatic couplers and other safety appliances prescribed by the federal law, which went into effect last week.

Muskego to Colorado Springs.

PERRY, Ok., July 15.—The Muskego, Oklahoma & Western railroad will be built at once. The surveying corps are at work, and grading will begin at once. The road will run from Muskego via Perry to Colorado Springs, Colo.

THE GREAT CORN CROP.

The Latest Estimate Gives an Enormous Yield in Kansas.

TOPEKA, Kan., July 15.—People who have opportunities for knowing something about the Kansas growing corn crop are increasing their estimates of the probable yield as harvest comes on apace. It is now estimated that 400,000,000 bushels will not cover the yield. Conditions all over the state are perfect, and the crop is at least ten days advanced over any previous year.

F. D. Coburn, secretary of the state board of agriculture, attended the opening of the Goodland irrigation plant this week, and made careful observation of the condition of the corn crop across the state from east to west. Mr. Coburn is always conservative in his estimates of crop conditions, and the following statements, which he made in an interview, are thoroughly reliable:

"The corn crop from the Missouri to the west line of the state is surely as promising as it well could be at this time of year—so much so that with such an immense acreage its probable yield is like Kansas' underground water supply, beyond calculation. Crops everywhere are also in prime condition, and, of course, live stock is thriving wonderfully."

"Did you notice much damage to crops and property by the recent heavy rains and high water?"

"No; going by the Union Pacific and returning by the Rock Island, I did not see ten acres all told that had been injured by too much rain. Washouts on the latter road in Norton and Decatur counties have caused great damage, but trains are being run through again all right."

Kansas Prison Board.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., July 12.—At a meeting of the new republican board of directors of the Kansas penitentiary yesterday, James Hamilton, of Crawford county, was appointed superintendent of the prison cell mines; ex-State Senator John Kelley, of Wichita, was made warden clerk, and H. M. Waller, of Nortonville, shipping clerk. The resignation of Dr. English, the populist physician, was accepted, to take effect August 1. The board will meet again Friday to appoint a physician and chaplain.

More Resignations Demanded.

TOPEKA, Kan., July 12.—Yesterday morning, after Gov. Morrill had listened to the board of managers of the Hutchinson reformatory in their defense against the charges lodged against them, he demanded the resignation of all three of the gentlemen. John Armstrong, the populist member of the board, intimated his intention to resign, but J. M. Humphrey, republican, and Tully Scott, democrat, have not yet complied with the request.

Gov. Morrill Taking a Hand.

TOPEKA, Kan., July 12.—Gov. Morrill is conducting a temperance crusade after his own fashion over the state of Kansas. Whenever a complaint is received from any citizen of the non-enforcement of the prohibitory law, the governor writes to the county attorney of the county where the offense has been committed and demands that the law be enforced, at the same time referring the attorney to the gentleman who makes the complaint.

Kansas Cannot Get Space.

LAWRENCE, Kan., July 11.—Col. O. E. Leonard, president of the Kansas Cotton States exposition committee, received word that space asked for Kansas' exhibit at this Cotton States exposition could not be had, as application had been made too late. The Kansas commission, however, will not give up the idea of an exhibit and will see if some plan cannot yet be found for getting some space at the exposition.

Knights of Labor.

KANSAS CITY, Kan., July 12.—The fourth annual session of the Knights and Daughters of Labor of Kansas and Nebraska closed to-day.

The election of grand officers resulted as follows: Sir Frank Wilson, chief grand mentor; Edna Gaines, chief grand preceptress; G. W. Abernathy, vice grand mentor; J. W. Nichols, vice grand preceptress; A. W. Hopkins, chief grand scribe; Sarah Williams, chief grand recorder; William Core, chief grand treasurer.

Dr. Biddle Selected.

TOPEKA, Kan., July 11.—The state board of charities has announced the appointment of Dr. T. C. Biddle, of Emporia, as superintendent of the Osawatomie insane asylum, to succeed Dr. E. F. Wentworth. Dr. Wentworth was appointed to the position under the Humphrey administration, and his term will expire August 1.

Making a Survey of Kansas.

LAWRENCE, Kan., July 12.—The United States coast survey has sent a party, headed by Isaac Winston to Kansas to make a geodetic survey of the state. The party is making Lawrence its headquarters for the work for the next three weeks. The members of the party are from Washington and are now assisted also by local help.

Householder's Succession.

TOPEKA, Kan., July 12.—Gov. Morrill this forenoon announced the appointment of J. D. Barker, of Girard, to be a trustee of the state board of charities in place of M. A. Householder, resigned. Barker in 1893 was candidate for the republican nomination for governor.

A Club Heavily Fined.

LAWRENCE, Kan., July 13.—The members of the Dynamite club who were arrested under a nuisance ordinance declaring the keeping and disposing of liquors a nuisance, pleaded guilty yesterday and paid a fine of \$100 and costs on each count.

Kaw Valley's Potato Crop.

LAWRENCE, Kan., July 12.—Douglas county potato crop, now being harvested, is estimated at 600,000 bushels and buyers here say that over 4,000 car loads of potatoes will be shipped from the Kaw valley, between Lawrence and Kansas City.

ELKS ELECT OFFICERS.

W. G. Meyers, of Philadelphia, Elected Grand Exalted Ruler—The Accident.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., July 13.—In view of Wednesday night's accident yesterday's meeting of the Elks was not so largely attended as the previous session. The first matter brought up was the unfortunate affair, and the grand lodge adopted a resolution extending sympathy to all members of the order who or whose families were injured. The committee on laws and appeals reported adversely on the proposition to establish state grand lodges.

These officers were elected; Grand exalted ruler, William G. Meyers, of Philadelphia; grand esteemed leading knight, George A. Reynolds, of Hartford, Conn.; grand esteemed loyal knight, B. M. Allen, of Birmingham, Ala.; grand esteemed lecturing knight, W. H. McDermott, of Columbus, O.; grand treasurer, Percy G. Williams, of Brooklyn; grand secretary, George T. Reynolds, of Saginaw, Mich.

A PENSION RULING.

The Rights of a Dead Soldier's Mother and Father.

WASHINGTON, July 13.—Assistant Secretary of the Interior Reynolds has decided that the father of a deceased soldier has no pensionable status under the act of June 27, 1900, during the lifetime of such soldier's mother. The case was that of the father of W. J. Cleveland, late of company E, Thirty-third Massachusetts volunteers. The mother drew a pension on account of the son's death. She was divorced from her husband, who applied for a pension, but was refused. The mother remarried. The father again applied for a pension but was refused. After the mother's death he was granted a pension, but put in a claim for money from the time of his former wife's remarriage which was not granted.

WORSER THAN SUPPOSED.

The Defalcation of the Peru, Ia., Bank Cashier May Reach \$28,000.

DES MOINES, Ia., July 13.—The defalcation of C. D. Davis, manager of the Exchange bank of Peru, worse than supposed. Davis burned all private papers and many more referring to the business of the bank before leaving. Officers of the bank now admit he got away with \$16,000 cash, and are not certain but it may be much greater. Some outsiders say the loss is \$28,000. It is also learned that he has been a successful scoundrel for years, and one story is that he has been married three times. When he left Peru he said he was going to be married, hence there was little suspicion for some time. There seems no hope of catching him.

NOT A PRESIDENTIAL ASPIRANT.

Mr. Harrison Not Seeking Renomination, but Would Not Decline the Nomination.

NEW YORK, July 13.—A local paper says meant the visit of ex-President Harrison to New York and the Adirondacks: "It was reported in this city that ex-President Harrison had taken to the political woods, and that ex-teams cannot drag him to the republican nomination for president. This announcement is reported to come from the ex-president himself through the voice of ex-District Attorney Smiley N. Chambers, of Indianapolis. In conversation with republican leaders in this city, it is given out that Mr. Harrison, however, would not decline a seat in the United States senate."

THE MONETARY CONFERENCE.

Administration Men at Washington Do Not Think It Will Be Held.

WASHINGTON, July 13.—No expectation of an international monetary conference assembling this year is entertained by government officials. Few officials here in the confidence of the administration have had any hopes that a monetary conference would meet, or that if it did in the present state of foreign opinion on the money question no practical results would follow. Summing up the situation as viewed here, there is in the present condition of feeling among the nations of Europe, no immediate prospect of any concerted action for an enlarged use of silver.

A GIGANTIC COAL COMBINE.

Alabama Operators Representing \$20,000,000 Farm a Pool.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., July 13.—At a meeting of coal mine operators, controlling seven-eighths of the coal output of Alabama, and representing over \$20,000,000 capital, held here, the formation of a gigantic coal combine was practically completed. The purpose of the pool, a leading operator says, is to put an end to miners' competitions by maintaining uniform prices, securing better freight rates and the realization of such a profit on their product as will enable them to pay their miners a good wage.

MICHIGAN FIRES STILL ALIVE.

One Town Reported Destroyed and Others in Danger—Communication Cut Off.

DANNETT, Mich., July 13.—The telegraph companies report communication cut off to Traverse City and Charlevoix and other points in that region. Trains on all roads in that locality are badly delayed and in some cases cut off. Nothing has been received here in response to inquiries sent to Thompsonville, where most of the residents of Benzie county, who yesterday lost their homes by fire, had taken refuge. The town of Cleary is also reported destroyed.

Educational Press Association.

DENVER, Col., July 13.—Publishers and representatives of leading educational papers in the United States who are attending the National Educational association convention have organized the Educational Press association. The association elected A. E. Winship, the veteran editor and manager of the New England Journal of Education, president; William G. Smith, editor of School Education, secretary, and George P. Brown, editor of the Public School Journal, treasurer. The next regular meeting of the association will be held at Jacksonville, Fla.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS.

A Great Army of Workers at Boston—A Royal Welcome—Growth of the Society.

BOSTON, July 13.—All Boston has sounded with the enthusiasm of the great army of young Christians new within her gates. The splendid welcome that yesterday was officially extended to the 53,000 delegates to the grand Christian Endeavor convention has gladdened their hearts; and last night three magnificent divisions of the multitude praised God in song and prayer. Every address delivered last evening was of importance and interest. At the Mechanics' building Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., of Boston, founder and president of the society, delivered his annual address. The address was also read in Tent Williston by Rev. H. T. McEwin, Ph. D., of New York, and in Tent Endeavor by Prof. James Lewis Hower, of Lexington, Ky. Thus it was heard by 29,000 people, for each of the tents the Endeavorers were 10,000 strong, and in Mechanics' building were gathered 9,000 more.

Enthusiastic Endeavorers crowded the Tent Endeavor on Boston commons in the afternoon for the first mass meeting. Rev. J. T. Breckley, D. D., of New York, opened the meeting according to the programme by announcing the first hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." At the conclusion of the hymn Rev. W. H. Albright, of Boston, read a passage from the Scriptures, and then asking for the earnest cooperation of all the delegates in the opening session, called for testimony by the delegates. For 15 minutes from all parts of the house came words of praise and good tidings to the Endeavor society.

The hymn of welcome written by Dr. S. F. Smith, the author of "America," was sung, and then Mr. Breckley introduced A. J. Crockett, president of the Boston local union, who welcomed the delegates in behalf of the Endeavorers of Boston.

CORNELL COLLAPSED.

Trinity Hall Crew Easily Outran the Americans.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES, July 11.—Yesterday as the crew of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, paddled into position, in order to meet Cornell in the fourth heat of the trial races for the grand challenge cup, the Englishmen met with a rousing reception. Trinity Hall was first at the starting point and took the Bucks position. Cornell was slow in taking up her position on the Berkshire side. The word "go" was given at 12:32 p.m. and Cornell first caught the water and started with a stroke of 48 to Trinity's 42. Cornell was half a length ahead on turning into the course, after passing Regatta island. Then the Cornell runners began to encourage the American crew and under this stimulus Cornell, who had dropped to 33, spurred, and increased her lead to a length. Trinity was then splashing slightly. Cornell made the $\frac{3}{4}$ mile in 2 minutes, 25 seconds, but passing Frawley Court Cornell went to pieces and the Britishers took the lead, which they kept, winning the race by eight lengths. When "home" was reached the Cornell crew was in a sadly demoralized condition, several of the men being unable to handle their oars. Over-training is given as the cause of Cornell's collapse.

CHANCE FOR SETTLERS.

Thousands of Acres in California May Be Thrown Open.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 12.—Several hundred thousand acres of land situated in the northern part of Los Angeles county, and heretofore claimed by the railroad, is likely at any day to be thrown open by the government for settlement. When that will be depends upon the discretion of the secretary of the interior. He may do so at once, basing his action on the decision of Judge Ross, in favor of the United States, or he may await a final determination of the character of the lands by the supreme court on an appeal, which will probably be entered by the Southern Pacific.

Mr. Harrison in Seclusion.

ROME, N. Y., July 13.—Ex-President Harrison and his private secretary will go into the north woods and take possession of Dicks camp, First lake, Fulton chain, Saturday. Later Mr. McKee will join them. The party expects to remain in camp till October.

An Insane Mother's Triple Crime.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 12.—Mrs. Lena Rosener hanged herself to a door yesterday, after she had hanged two of her small children in another room. She had been sick for a long time and was insane. When discovered the baby alone was alive.