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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1894.

It isn't often that a bitter pill is made of sugar, but the Democracy have something of that kind in their mouths just now.

The Democratic party has lessened the burdens of the poor man by putting salt on the free list and taxing sugar 40 per cent.

As a matter of fact the Republican party is hopelessly committed to McKinleyism.—*Indianapolis Sentinel*.

It seems to be just the way up in the States of Vermont and Maine.

The Republican majority in Maine still continues to grow. It is now 35,000, and when all the returns are in the indications are that it will be 40,000.

McKINLEYISM does not seem to be dead in Maine. Its life blood seems to flow with a stronger current than ever, and its voice is louder than the thunder.

Yrs. and while light is dawning on the people of Louisiana it is dawning on the masses of other States.—*Argus News*.

Vermont and Maine for instance.

MR. CLEVELAND insists that sugar is the very thing to put a high tariff on because everybody uses it and the tariff will bring a great deal of money into the treasury. But everybody uses salt as well as sugar.

TOM JOHNSON in his speech on the 14th of August protesting against the House surrendering to the Senate said: "As I said, voting for the Wilson bill I can eat crow, but this crow is now too big and black for me to swallow." The bigger and blacker the crow the more palatable it is to some Democrats hereabouts.

CUCKOO organs are still howling "The trusts must go." By a full Democratic vote in Congress and the silent consent of the President one great trust has been given \$10,000,000 and another \$40,000,000. None can successfully controvert such facts. The pretended opposition to trusts is a shame and a blind.

THE Social Economist, in its September number, introduces in an attractive manner the personal and biographical method in its economic teaching by a lively and racy sketch of the recent leaders in the protectionist school, Henry C. Carey and Horace Greeley. The writer evidently writes from the standpoint of one who was specially intimate with the thought processes and life work of both men.

THE very reason that sugar is so universally used makes it an ideal article for legitimate taxation. There is no other common necessity that can furnish either revenue and the tax on which is so slightly felt by the people, as sugar. Hence a small tax on it.—*Argus-News*.

Until now the *Argus-News* has been expounding its lurid rhetoric and tumultuous eloquence in favor of the House popgun bill which placed sugar on the free list, and has been swearing by the beard of the prophet that the war would go on until this was accomplished. Has it had a revelation? Whence comes the revelation? It must be from the sugar trust.

THERE are more kinds of Democracy these days than there are breeds of dogs. There is Hill Democracy, which represents the free trade, or plain tariff-for-revenue-only principle. Its creed is the Chicago platform, just as it was made. Then there is the Gorman-Brice Democracy which favors free trade in everything except what is produced by the industries in which it is peculiarly interested. Again, there is a Democracy which thinks that sugar ought to be taxed, and a Democracy which thinks it should be free. Mr. Cleveland is a sugar taxer, and Mr. Wilson is for free sweetens. The whole has been appropriately named the crazy quilt party, and surely it does present the aspect of one of those queer bed covers.

ELI T. JORDAN, the Democratic candidate for State Geologist, and at present the State Gas Inspector, is evidently in bad odor with the Indianapolis *Sentinel*. The *Sentinel* says:

Apropos of the alleged failure of natural gas and the utter ruin of gas companies we find that item in the Rushville *Reporter*.

"The late sale of Doxey's interest in the Connerville natural gas company for \$500,000 brings out the statement that it has paid dividends of 25 per cent for four years past. It is also said that Doxey cleared \$75,000 on his contract in building the line. These are pretty fancy figures and the consumers pay the bills."

Commenting on the above the *Sentinel* with a wink of one eye says:

This is a common characteristic of natural gas companies. They are in very bad condition before the tax boards, but they all sell at "fancy figures." And we are asked to believe that men of known intelligence are investing at such prices in ventures that are on the verge of failure.

The *Sentinel* evidently has not forgotten the lobbying by Mr. Jordan in favor of the natural gas combine in last winter's Legislature. Mr. Jordan's report on the "alleged" failure of gas when taken in connection with his work as a lobbyist shows that he is a willing tool of monopolists.

INJUN JOE.

Barney's Adventure with the Last of the Iroquois.

Hidden away from the plotous world is rustic little Moose village. Every body in the Ottawa valley knows it. The brown river flows slowly past as if sorry to leave it; the inhabitants are wont to remark that nothing but death or a bear hunt "way back on the nation," can ever draw them away; and last, but not least, when "Injun Joe" fixed up his wigwam on the Point, although he didn't know it, people concluded that they might reckon on him as a permanency. The Point was about half a mile above the village, and its silver sands ran a long way out. Just at the extreme edge, within a few feet of the lapping water, and sheltered by one majestic sugar maple, Injun Joe's quaint little tent drew the attention of wandering artists as they went down in the boat. All sorts of stories were invented about Joe, but none really knew where he had been dragged up. Some said that he was an Indian sachem of the Iroquois come to life again because he had misconducted himself in the happy hunting grounds. This, however, was generally regarded in Miller's store as an elaborate fiction invented by that blonde young humorist Barney Maguire. "You see, boys," that worthy would observe to the crowd, "it's this way: That there Injun has been let loose by one of them Montrealers who go about digging in the mountains for Indian graves. An' now they'll let him out, of course he ain't goin' back to a place where there ain't no whisky. You bet your boots that's about the size of it," and Barney, absently taking a plug of his neighbor's tobacco, went out into the night.

It was a lovely summer night. The air was filled with dancing fireflies, weaving and winding in and out the long grass, and waylaying one another in the whispering leaves of bushes. In and out, their little lamps went flickering through the night in such heedless, happy merriment that Barney stopped to look at them. All the world was full of fireflies. He seemed to be treading on them, and with drunken gravity began to lift his feet high not to crush their little lives out. At this moment a bigger light gleamed up before him in the distance. It seemed to be an enormous firefly beckoning him on through the village and into the cool languorous depths of the summer night. Close by "the river wandered at its own sweet will." Only the voices of the raftsmen, as they made for the falls, broke the stillness. Barney pulled up, and listened to them. "That's so," he said, with drunken gravity. "I reckon you're about fixed it. Row, brothers row, the stream runs fast. The fireflies are—no, that's wrong. That's wrong, Barney. I say it's wrong. If you don't believe me, catch one and ask him."

Injun Joe sprang at him with the knife, and Barney thought of the judge's daughter and said a little prayer. If he had to go under to avenge the wrongs of this last remnant of their race had met to avenge their wrongs? No one would even dream of such a thing. They would doff their paint and go shouting about in their usual noiseless manner, and ensnare fresh victims. And there was the judge's daughter, too!

"Got to say, say him quick," said Injun Joe, fingering his knife with an artistic precision which was not nice to witness.

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