

THE REVIEW.

—BY—

F. T. LUSE.

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The correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, a reliable man, makes the statement that 250,000 people in Cuba are perishing from hunger because Weyler has concentrated them in the towns without making any adequate provision for feeding them.

The seventh annual report of the Board of State Charities has been issued by the State Printer in a pamphlet of 151 pages. A mass of valuable statistical information is thus made accessible to the general public, but it must be confessed that it makes rather "heavy reading." Still there are people who delight in that kind of mental athletics. To such we recommend this brochure. A copy can be obtained from Ernest P. Bicknell, Secretary, Indianapolis.

The fact that General Gomez has made another appeal to the friends of Cuban independence for arms indicates that he expects to find us for them. Instead of abandoning the struggle, it looks as if Gomez intended to "push things" during the rainy season, which has already begun in western Cuba, and will soon be at its height. Latterly the blockade runners have had very little trouble landing arms in Cuba, and the renewed call for them shows they are being used.

Two men have recently paid the enormous sum of a dollar a mile for the entire distance which they traveled on special trains to reach the bedside of dying relatives. The first of these was Robert Treat Paine, who traveled from Washington to Boston in 11 hours and 33 minutes, a distance of 444 miles. The second was H. J. Mayhew, who journeyed from New York to Denver, that part of the trip from Chicago to Denver being made by a special train (a distance of 1,025 miles), in 18 hours and 53 minutes.

The new Indiana Fish Commissioner, Rev. Z. T. Sweeney, "means business." He has already appointed special deputies in several counties and has given them instructions to look sharp for violators of the fish laws and to prosecute all offenders "regardless." Such a vigorous policy if followed for a few years, will restore our streams and lakes to their primitive condition and give our people an important addition to the common food supply which will be then available to all true sportsmen. The wanton waste which has depleted forest and river and lake for fifty years should be stopped, and evidently will be if Mr. Sweeney can have efficient co-operation from subordinate officials and the people themselves.

The swindling attorneys who pretend to discover great estates in foreign countries that await an heir of the family name and lineage, continue to "work" American innocents who have not money enough to get swindled by buying a "gold" brick. The officials at the State Department are constantly besieged by these unfortunate dupes who have been made to believe that there is actually a large amount of money and possibly a castle or two waiting for them to prove their relationship to the deceased owner. So frequent have these appeals for Government aid in the search for fortune been of late that the Secretary of State has ordered a circular to be prepared to be sent to such applicants which contain the general information that no such fortune is known to exist and warning the inquirer against paying fees to persons pretending to be attorneys for the heirs to fictitious estates.

The leading New York millionaires of our day have become exceedingly philanthropic. Not content with the good they can so easily do by endowing colleges and universities, they are continually inventing new schemes to dispose of their "conscience" funds, in the apparent hope that they may see some poverty-stricken family made more comfortable and happy. Certain it is that they do not engage in many of their speculations for money-making purposes. The latest organized effort of this character is the Suburban Homes Company of New York. Rockefeller, Morgan, Iselin, Seligman, Mills and a number of others of the "select circle" are behind the scheme. The company has bought fifty acres of land in New Utrecht, Brooklyn, and will at once erect one hundred modern two and a half story houses. The houses will be of the semi-detached variety, with two lots of ground of twenty feet each. The company will enter into an agreement with intending purchasers to erect houses of any size desired. Payments will be made monthly. Life insurance will be given with each purchase, thus preventing foreclosure.

THE SUGAR BEET INDUSTRY. Considerable interest has of late years been aroused in various parts of the country in the sugar beet industry. The Agricultural Department has been devoting its attention to the matter and in a recent report on the subject it reviews the cost of manufacturing beet sugar. Of the 113 factories in Germany the net average profit for each factory for the past year was \$32,240. First-class beets usually sell for \$5 a ton. The Western Beet Sugar Company of Wa-

terville, Cal., states that in the season of 1888-89 the cost of manufacturing its output was \$80.80 per ton of sugar. It is believed by the Department that with modern machinery and the latest methods that beet sugar can be made in this country at from 3 to 4 cents a pound from beets purchased at \$5 a ton. The cost of erecting and equipping a beet sugar factory in Europe, with a capacity of 300 tons of beets a day, is about \$200,000. Such a factory, it is estimated, would cost \$250,000 in the United States. The Department advocates the introduction of the co-operative methods of beet sugar manufacture, now so successful in Europe, into the United States. Seven beet sugar factories are now shown to be in operation in this country, and four others are building or contemplated. The rate of increase in sugar consumption for twenty-three years has been 278 per cent. in the United States, 142 in France, 159 in Germany, 107 in Austria, and 90 in England.

THE ENGLISH BUTTER TRADE.

The new Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Wilson, thinks the dairy farmers of the United States should organize and adopt practical measures to secure control of the butter market of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. Figures in Mr. Wilson's possession show that the 38,000,000 people who compose the population of the United Kingdom are the greatest butter eaters in the world. In addition to the home production of butter they annually import an average of 269,843,549 pounds for which they pay an average of \$62,302,777. In 1896 they run the totals up to 340,250,004 pounds for which they paid a total of \$74,671,980. They also import an average of 1,31,941,443 pounds of oleomargarine annually. The increased consumption of butter in Great Britain is remarkable and presents an unlooked for market for American produce. Most of the British butter supply at present comes from Denmark, and Danish cows are fed with American corn. Corn is shipped from Baltimore to Copenhagen for 8 cents a bushel and sold there for 30 cents a bushel. It is argued that this is a clear loss to the American farmer of several cents a bushel because a couple of hundred of his swarthy countrymen worked with deft, nimble fingers, at a rate of pay which no English artisan could have accepted. Within a few months the result of this new competition was an abrupt fall of prices in the trade, which was serious for the largest firms and disastrous for the smaller ones. A few old-established houses held on as they were, others reduced their establishments and cut down their expenses, while one or two put up their shutters and confessed themselves beaten. In this last category was the ancient and respected firm of Fairbrain Brothers of Brisport.

THE WORLD'S COMMERCE. The Bureau of Statistics of the State Department has just received from the printer the annual "Review of the World's Commerce," a volume introductory to the commercial relations of the United States with foreign countries. This little volume is full of figures giving in compact form a great deal of information that must be of value to persons interested in the export trade, as it is easy to ascertain from its pages the state of our trade relations with any country in the world. An interesting feature of the publication is an introduction by Frederic Emory, chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the State Department, summarizing certain of the more important sections of the volume. Mr. Emory says the figures he gives establish the significant fact that the foreign trade of the United States last year showed a steady increase in the export of manufactured goods, the percentage of such exports rising from 24.93 per cent. in 1895 to 25.71 per cent. last year. Meanwhile the percentage of agricultural exports declined slightly, from 67.58 to 67.38. Mr. Emory finds additional confirmation of the relatively rapid advance of the foreign trade of the United States in some figures presented to the British Parliament by the British Board of Trade, showing that, while Great Britain still retains her lead over other countries in the exports of manufactures, the United States is advancing at a more rapid pace than the mother country, and that that advance was larger in amount and much larger in proportion than the advance made by Canada, Canada became home to them.

Mr. Charles Fairbrain had not expected this, and it embarrassed him. He had waited as a matter of routine duty until the wages were paid, but he was a taciturn, slow-witted man, and he had not foreseen this sudden call upon his oratorical powers. He stroked his thin cheek nervously with his long, white fingers.

"I am sorry that we have to part, my men," he said at last in a crackling voice. "It's a bad day for all of us, and for Brisport too. For three years we have been losing money over the works. We held on in the hope of a change coming, but matters are going from bad to worse. There's nothing for it but to give it up before the balance of our fortune is swallowed up. I hope you may all be able to get work of some sort before very long. Good-by, and God bless you!"

"God bless you, sir! God bless you!" cried a chorus of rough voices. "Three cheers for Mr. Charles Fairbrain!" shouted a bright-eyed, smart young fellow, springing up upon a bench and waving his peaked cap in the air. The crowd responded to the call, but their huzzas wanted the true ring which only a joyous heart can give. Then they began to flock out into the sunlight, looking back as they went at the long, deal-tables and the cork-strewn floor—above all at the sad-faced, solitary man whose cheeks were flecked with color at the rough cordiality of their farewell.

"Huxford," said the cashier, touching on the shoulder the young fellow who had led the cheering, "the governor wants to speak to you."

The workman turned back and stood swinging his cap awkwardly in front of his ex-employer, while the crowd pushed on until the doorway was clear, and the heavy fog-wreaths rolled into the deserted factory.

"One day a soldier at a station near St. Petersburg did not see the signal in time, and, dreading the punishment that awaited him for negligence, deliberately hanged himself on the signal tower. The soldier at the next station mistook this for a signal, so he deliberately but promptly hanged himself, also. In consequence of the discipline which prevails in the Russian army, next day it was discovered that all the soldiers at the signal stations from St. Petersburg to Warsaw had hanged themselves on their signal towers. Of course, a much stricter discipline prevails at present, and—

"That will do," replied the German, "I give it up." —*Texas Siftings.*

John Huxford's Hiatus.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

CHAPTER I.

Strange it is and wonderful to mark how upon this planet of ours the smallest and most insignificant of events set a train of consequences in motion which act and react until their final results are portentous and incalculable. Set a force rolling, however small, and who can say where it shall end, or what it may lead to? Trifles develop into tragedies, and the bagatelle of one day ripens into the catastrophe of the next. An oyster throws out a secretion to surround a grain of sand, and so a pearl comes into being; a pearl-diver fishes it up, a merchant buys it and sells it to a jeweler who disposes of it to a customer. The customer is robbed of it by two scoundrels who quarrel over the booty. One slays the other and perishes himself upon the scaffold. Here is a direct chain of events with a sick mollusk for its first link, and a gallows for its last one. Had that grain of sand not chance to wash in between the shells of the bivalve, two living, breathing beings, with all their potentialities for good and for evil, would not have been blotted out from among their fellows. Who shall judge what is really small and what is great?

Thus, when in the year 1812 Don Diego Salvador bethought him that if it paid the heretics in England to import the bark of his cork oaks, it would pay him also to found a factory by which the corks might be cut and sent out ready made, surely at first sight no very vital human interests would appear to be affected. Yet, there were poor folks who would suffer, and suffer acutely—women, who would weep and men who would become sallow and hungry-looking and dangerous in places of which the Don had never heard—and all on account of one idea which had flashed across him as he strutted, cigar-stuffed, beneath the grateful shadow of his limes. So crowded is this old globe of ours, and so interlaced our interests, that one cannot think a new thought without some poor devil being the better or worse for it.

Don Diego Salvador was a capitalist, and the abstract thought soon took the concrete form of a great square plastered building wherein a couple of hundred of his swarthy countrymen worked, with deft, nimble fingers, at a rate of pay which no English artisan could have accepted. Within a few months the result of this new competition was an abrupt fall of prices in the trade, which was serious for the largest firms and disastrous for the smaller ones. A few old-established houses held on as they were, others reduced their establishments and cut down their expenses, while one or two put up their shutters and confessed themselves beaten. In this last category was the ancient and respected firm of Fairbrain Brothers of Brisport.

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It was a murky, foggy Saturday afternoon in November when the hands were paid for the last time, and the old building was to be finally abandoned. Mr. Fairbrain, an anxious-faced, sorrow-worn man, stood on a raised dais before the cashier while he handed the little pile of hardy-earned shillings and copper to each successive workman as the long procession filed past his table. It was usual with the employees to clatter away the instant that they had been paid, like so many children let out of school; but today they waited, forming little groups over the great dreary room, and discussing in subdued voices the misfortune which had come upon their employers and the future which awaited themselves. When the last pile of coins had been handed across the table, and the last name checked by the cashier, the whole throng faced round to the man who had been their master, and waited for any words which he might have to say to them.

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"I am sorry that we have to part, my men," he said at last in a crackling voice. "It's a bad day for all of us, and for Brisport too. For three years we have been losing money over the works. We held on in the hope of a change coming, but matters are going from bad to worse. There's nothing for it but to give it up before the balance of our fortune is swallowed up. I hope you may all be able to get work of some sort before very long. Good-by, and God bless you!"

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are unfit for anything else. It's true you've been my foreman, but even that won't help you, for the factories all over England are discharging hands, and there's not a vacancy to be had. It's a bad outlook for you and such as you." "What would you advise, sir?" asked John Huxford.

"That's what I was coming to. I have a letter here from Sheridan & Moore, of Montreal, asking for a good hand to take charge of a workroom. If you think it will suit you, you can go out by the next boat. The wages are far in excess of anything I have been able to give you."

"Why, sir, this is real kind of you," the young workman said earnestly. "She—my girl—Mary, will be as grateful to you as I am. I know what you say is right, and that if I had to look for work I should be likely to spend the little that I have laid by toward house-keeping, before I found it. But, sir, with your leave, I'd like to speak to her about it before I made up my mind. Could you leave it open for a few hours?"

"The mail goes out tomorrow," Mr. Fairbrain answered. "If you decide to accept, you can write tonight. Here is their letter, which will give you their address."

John Huxford took the precious paper with a grateful heart. An hour ago his future had been all black, but now this rift of light had broken in the west, giving promise of better things. He would have liked to say something expressive of his feelings to his employer, but the English nature is not effusive, and he could not get beyond a few choking, awkward words which were as awkwardly received by his benefactor. With a scrape and a bow, he turned on his heel and plunged out into the foggy street.

So thick was the vapor that the houses over the way were only a vague loom, but the foreman hurried on with springy steps through side streets and winding lanes, past walls where the fishermen's nets were drying and over cobble-stoned alleys redolent of herring until he reached a modest line of white-washed cottages fronting the sea. At the door of one of these the young man tapped, and then, without waiting for a response, pressed down the latch and walked in.

An old silvery-haired woman and a young girl hardly out of their teens were sitting on either side of the fire, and the latter sprang to her feet as he entered.

"You've got some good news, John," she cried, putting her hands upon his shoulders, and looking into his eyes. "I can tell it from your step. Mr. Fairbrain is going to carry on, after all."

"No, dear, not so good as that," John Huxford answered, smoothing back her rich, brown hair; "but I have an offer of a place in Canada, with good money, and if you think as I do, I shall go out to it, and you can follow with the grain whenever I have made all straight at the other side. What say you, lass?"

"Why, surely, John, what you think is right must be for the best," said the girl quietly, with trust and confidence in her pale, plain face and loving hazel eyes. "But poor granny, how is she to cross the seas?"

"Oh, never mind about me," the old woman broke in cheerfully. "I'll be no drag on you. If you want granny, granny's not too old to travel; and if you don't want her, why, she can look after the cottage, and have a home ready for you whenever you turn back to the old country."

"Of course we shall need you, granny," John Huxford said, with a cheery laugh. "Fancy leaving granny behind! That would never do, Mary! But if you both come out, and if we are married all snug and proper at Montreal, we'll look through the whole city until we find a house something like this one, and we'll have creepers on the outside just the same, and when the doors are shut and we sit round the fire on the winter's nights, I'm hanged if we'll be able to tell that we're not at home. Besides, Mary, it's the same speech out there, and the same king, and the same flag; it's not like a foreign country."

"No, of course not," Mary answered, with conviction. She was an orphan, with no living relation, save her old grandmother, and no thought in life but to make a helpful and worthy wife to the man she loved. If John went to Canada, Canada became home to them.

"I'm to write tonight, then, and accept," the young man asked. "I knew you would both be of the same mind as myself, but, of course, I couldn't close with the offer until we had talked it over. I can get started in a week or two, and then in a couple of months I'll have all ready for you on the other side."

"It will be a weary, weary time until we hear from you, dear, John," said Mary, clasping his hand, "but it's God's will and we must be patient. Here's pen and ink. You can sit at the table and write the letter which is to take the three of us across the Atlantic."

The acceptance was duly dispatched, and John Huxford began immediately to prepare for his departure, for the Montreal firm had intimated that the vacancy was a certainty, and that the chosen man might come out without delay to talk over his duties. It is a very few days his scanty outfit was completed, and he started off in a coasting-vehicle for Liverpool, where he was to catch the passenger ship for Quebec.

"Remember, John," Mary whispered, as he pressed her to his heart upon the Brisport quay, "the cottage is our own, and come what may we have always that. If things should chance to turn out badly over there, we have always a roof to cover us. There you will find me until you send word to us to come." "And that will be very soon, my lass," he answered cheerfully with a last embrace. "Good-by, granny, good-by." The ship was a mile or more from land before he lost sight of the figures of the straight, slim girl and her old companion who stood watching and waving to him from the end of the gray stone quay. It was with a sinking heart and a vague feeling of impending disaster that he saw them at last as minute specks in the distance, walking toward and disappearing amid the crowd who lined the beach.

From Liverpool the old woman and her granddaughter received a letter from John, announcing that he was just starting in the bark St. Lawrence, and six weeks afterwards a second epistle informed them of his safe arrival at Quebec, and gave them his first impressions

of the country. After that a long, unbroken silence set in. Week after week and month after month passed by, and never a word came from across the seas. A year went over their heads, and yet another, and no news of the absentees. Sheridan & Moore were written to, and replied that though John Huxford's letter had reached them, he had never presented himself, and they had been forced to fill up the vacancy as best they could. Still, Mary and her grandmother