

The Democrat

DECATUR, IND.

E. BLACKBURN, PUBLISHER.

USE day Chicago courts granted twenty-six divorces inside of two hours and twenty minutes. It won't be long until those courts will have to be run by electricity.

A PROFESSIONAL ball player has just fallen heir to \$25,000 and announces that he will retire from the diamond. He has 25,000 good reasons for doing so.

A CATTLEMAN dropped \$18,000 in a little poker game at Kansas City. Apparently the real estate dealers of that town have not left the city, but have only changed their occupation.

THE latest addition to the colony of divorce-hunters at Sioux Falls is a Congregational clergyman. Sioux Falls and Dwight are running neck and neck as resorts for the upper classes.

THE report of the loss of the British steamer *Mosame* says briefly: "All on board saved except the captain." This seems to have the ring of the old days and is a noble epitaph for the drowned man.

THE world failed to fly into smithereens according to the pleasant prophecy of a Kansas City seer. People who bought lavishly on credit because of this prediction will have plenty of time to repent.

LOCAL authorities at Holly Springs, Miss., now wear the belt for dense stupidity. Richard Brouning, of Chicago, whom they arrested under the supposition that he was John L. Sullivan, was absolutely sober at the time.

THE big theater that will have to go. Another suit for damages has been brought, this time in Minneapolis. When men pay their money to see a show they are not going to be satisfied with the flowers on a woman's big hat.

A FIERY Westerner has sued the managers of a theater for allowing a couple of girls to sit before him wearing hats so large that he could not see the stage. If he would publish his address contributions to support him in the prosecution of the suit would flow in from all over the land.

It has reached a point where Chicago must mend her lawless ways and brace up for the World's Fair. Train robbing in the Western wilds is bad enough, but when a mail wagon can be held up, robbed and the plunder gotten away with right in the heart of Chicago, outsiders will begin to think that they would rather spend their leisure hours somewhere else.

In a murder trial in Pennsylvania it was established by medical evidence that a person hit on the head might be so affected as to go across the street, get a revolver, come back and shoot the assailant with deadly aim and all the time be entirely unconscious of what he was doing. He was not necessarily insane, but simply incapable of forming an idea or having a motive. Moral: Don't hit people.

DENMARK looks very carefully after the interest of its paupers, and there is comparatively less pauperism there than anywhere else in Europe. It has recently amended its poor laws, and among the new features are the following: "Husband and wife must not be separated if they conduct themselves properly. Aged and feeble persons must not be placed where they will be disturbed or annoyed, and children must not be placed under immoral influences." These are wholesome and prudent provisions and will doubtless meet the views of the philanthropic of all countries.

THE case of Sawtelle, the New Hampshire murderer, who has just died, shows that the law in that State is a peculiarly stupid one. No person found guilty of a capital crime can be hanged until he has been in prison for a year. If the time were extended a trifle murderers might all realize the wish of the Western malefactor who, when told that he would have his choice as to the manner of his death, replied that he preferred to die of old age. The Sawtelle wretch richly deserves the rope, and a system that preserved him until nature took him off in its own fashion cannot fail to bring the administration of justice into contempt.

THE Princess May Victoria, whose father, by the way, used to be called the Duke of Tick, because of his impunctuality, is a good-natured, punky young person of respectable middle-class appearance, whose hair is not dressed as English young women and New England young women of good family are accustomed to dress their, but in the much-frizzed, curled and brought-down-on-the-forehead way which is fashionable in Vienna and St. Louis.

ONE important fact is too much disregarded by certain statesmen of both political parties just at present. There has never been a time when the country would cease to exist because of the death of a single citizen. There have, however, been times when the nation could attend funerals more frequently without regretting the cost. In a nation of 65,000,

200 one man does not weigh as much as he appears to when standing on the scales created by his own self-esteem.

We are not troubled in this State with violent altercations or exhibitions of violence on railroad trains, but at the same time a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States may be of interest to travelers. This decision was sent back to the Mississippi court from which it originated, a case in which an unruly passenger was shot by the conductor, for which shooting a verdict of \$7,000 was returned against the railroad company. The Mississippi court refused to return the verdict, but the Supreme Court decided that the jury should have been so charged.

Byron addressed men as reptiles; Emerson as inferiors; Lowell as crickets; Wordsworth simply soliloquized, careless whether his voice be heard or not; Bryant spoke more to the intellect than to the heart—in select thoughts and chary expressions; but Burns and Whittier will be more deeply loved, if not longer remembered, than others, from the fact that they speak to us in the language of the heart and from the broad level of humanity. Besides this quality of generosity, genial manhood, Whittier is distinguished by a vigorous moral earnestness. His creed may not be entirely orthodox, but his spirit is essentially Christian. No poet has more beautifully expressed a profound conviction of the reality and value of the great moral principles and obligations of our nature. Rejecting the shifting sand of human theories as the foundation of his faith, how grandly he has built upon the solid rock of the Divine Justice and Love!

In cool, deliberate daring a performance at Portsmouth by English Torpedo Lieutenant Sturdee, furnishes one of the most notable instances on record. To prove the correctness of falseness of his views regarding the availability of a steel-spiked boom intended to check the rush of a torpedo boat, the Lieutenant and four volunteer seamen made a rush in a boat provided for the occasion against a test boom. The trial was so hazardous that the lives of all concerned were especially insured for the benefit of their families by order of the admiralty. The importance of the experiment as a means of making an actual test of the advisability of a promising means of defense alone justified the risk in the eyes of the officials. The torpedo boat was sent a-bomb at full speed. It was caught, spiked and torn so that when finally set free it foundered before reaching shore. The men were rescued in a severely bruised condition. By the outcome of the affair Lieutenant Sturdee's views were disproved. He had said he could break the boom. But he had established his own bravery and dash beyond a question. He and his four companions are of such stuff as makes naval heroes in time of need.

THE masses of the Mexican people have taken occasion more than once recently to display their unfriendly feeling towards Americans notwithstanding the prosperity which American capital and enterprise are developing in that country. It is said that in many parts of Mexico Americans cannot travel without the danger of insult or molestation, and that the display of the American flag has more than once provoked hostile or unfriendly demonstrations. The memory of the Mexican war still remains and the masses probably feel towards us somewhat as the French do towards the Germans for taking back their two provinces. But so far as the area lost by the Mexicans is concerned, it is utterly hopeless that a single acre of it ever will be recovered, hence it is stupid folly for the Greasers to be sulky or revengeful and to display their personal animosity towards Americans. The progress and prosperity of Mexico as well as the development of its resources depend upon American trade, capital and friendship. Whatever tends to weaken or alienate the latter can only react upon Mexico. It is for its immediate and material interests to cultivate friendly relations with this country and to invite American investments and free intercourse between the two peoples.

The Potato Among Germans. It is doubtful whether many of our German fellow-citizens, from the north of the Fatherland especially, who can afford it, will sit down to a dinner without their dish of German potatoes before them in some form or shape of culinary art. The endless variety of dishes prepared of potatoes in their totality, known only to German cooks and German housewives, would fill half a column. There is a German restaurant not many squares from the corner of South and Baltimore streets where Saturday potato-pancake lunches are famous all over Maryland. Even soukroast without mashed potatoes is only half a delicacy to the true Teuton. Herring, however, with boiled or roasted potatoes in the shell is the ne plus ultra appetizer before or after genuine Bavarian. But as only the genuine German herring is the true sauce for the thirsty soul after a banquet among the singers or students, so only the genuine German potato is the proper ingredient for a genuine German "kartoffel salat," or, which is still sublimer, a "herring salat." Baltimore Sun.

WHO OWN TAX LAWS? PROTECTION IS FOR PRIVATE INTEREST.

The Number of Tariff Beneficiaries—Fewer Workmen Dependent on the Tariff than are Engaged in Productive Activities for Export Trade—Wool and the Tariff in 1891.

How It Works. A year or more ago a well-known New York lawyer raised the question: "What is the tariff for?" In an article published in a popular magazine he presented a collection of facts, partly within his own knowledge and partly the fruit of careful personal inquiry, that were startling, even to those who believed themselves awake to the phenomenal massing of wealth in this country. His conclusion was that the United States are to-day practically owned by 250,000 people, or one in sixty of the adult population, and that with the unchecked momentum of existing forces the number will be reduced in thirty years to 50,000, or one in 500 of the adult population. The greatest force in this rapid and, as all must admit, perilous concentration of wealth must be looked for in another question: "Who own the taxing power in the United States?" I shall seek an answer to this question; for it is a fact as capable of proof as any other that can be that the taxing power in the United States, so far as it works through the tariff, has been transferred to private ownership and only in a subordinate sense subserves any public purpose.

By the admission, even by the boast, of those who frame the McKinley bill, we have now a tariff for protection with incidental revenue. Now protection is for the individual and private interest, and revenue is for the government. Who and how many, we may well ask, are the individuals who have prior and paramount claims to the public in taxing the people of this country? They are that portion of our producers who make goods that might be competed with in our market by goods imported from abroad.

They alone can be beneficiaries of a law that does not benefit the country, but the beneficiaries and ascertain their number as compared with our full population. But very competent inquirers have ascertained facts from which a "shrewd" guess can be made as to the number of those who enjoy—thanks to a great political party—the prerogative of imposing a tariff for their claim to possess this prerogative is made, not in their own name, but in the name of the laborers they employ. Fortunately, we can very accurately estimate the number of their employees, as compared with our entire wage-earning population.

Secretary Manning submitted to three eminent statisticians, among them Prof. Simon Newcomb, the distinguished mathematician and writer on economic subjects, the question, how many employees were engaged in the industries supposed to be protected in whole or in part by the tariff. Their answers, made without concert and after careful study of the census of 1880 and our revenue laws, were in striking concord. The average of these answers was but little more than 5 per cent. of our working population. The census of 1880 shows this same question has been made by a gentleman whose ability to deal with statistics is not surpassed by any authority.

Mr. Edward Atkinson, in a letter addressed to the Boston Herald a few weeks ago, in a summary of his work, said he had made for the Reform Club of Massachusetts, gave both his method of solving the question and the results he had reached. I will only deal with the latter, and that for the purpose alone of answering the question at the head of this article. As the census of 1880 is yet incomplete, the census of 1880 is used. In that year one out of every three, or, speaking exactly, one in each two and nine-tenths of our population, was occupied for gain, making altogether 17,400,000 in gainful pursuits.

These were distributed as follows: In agriculture, as farmers or laborers, nearly 8,000,000; in professional and personal service, 4,000,000; in trade and transportation nearly 2,000,000; and in manufacture, mechanic arts and mining not quite 4,000,000.

For the entire country four-four of each hundred are engaged in agriculture, but in the Southern States, including Missouri, the number so engaged is seventy out of each hundred.

Mr. Atkinson finds that of this entire wage-working population 1,200,000, at most, are or can be in any way subject to the tariff. The census of 1880 shows that the other hand, 1,400,000 in agriculture and 200,000 factory operatives, mechanics, and machinists depend wholly on foreign sales and the export of the products of their labor for their sustenance.

This is one of the most suggestive and true facts in connection with the tariff controversy, and cannot be too strongly dwelt upon. After all the boasting of the tariff as the protector of American labor and a creator of a home market, there are 400,000 more laborers wholly dependent on the export and sale of their products in foreign markets than there are laborers protected from competition in any measure by the tariff.

We have, therefore, the following distribution of our working population: Number who are wholly dependent on the export of the products of their labor, 1,400,000. Number subject in some measure or in part to an import tariff, 1,200,000. Number who compete with their own country on a level except as consumers, 1,400,000. Total, 4,000,000. Who, then, we may now ask, own the taxing power in this country? The capitalists who employ the 1,200,000 laborers specified in the above table. As for the number we can only guess, but if we average ten employees to each employer we have 120,000 out of the population of 1880—say 120,000 of our present population, as the entire number of the direct beneficiaries and the tariff laws. Here, then, is our privileged class enjoying two privileges elsewhere accorded to royalty alone; first, an exemption from their just share of the burdens of government, and the sovereign prerogative of taxing all the rest of the people for their own benefit. Congressman W. L. Wilson, in St. Louis Republic.

principal wool market of the United States, during 1891 show an increase over 1890 of 14 per cent. of domestic and 27 per cent. of foreign wool, while the total sales during the year aggregated only 1,331,390 pounds more than in 1890. At the same time the stocks on hand at the close of this year, as compared with 1890, are as follows:

	1891.	1890.
Domestic.....	35,774,423	30,501,450
Foreign.....	4,938,000	3,850,000
Total.....	40,712,423	34,351,450

This fact in connection with the receipts and the total sales for the year, show clearly that while there has been a large increase in the consumption of foreign wool, it has been at the expense of that of domestic growth. Indeed, the wool of this country has been sold by high-tariff organs that the decrease in the importation of goods during the year meant a larger consumption of domestic wool.

Concerning prices the Reporter says: "In the matter of prices realized the trend of advances has been almost steadily toward lower figures, when there has been any movement. The year has been characterized by long periods of depression, and after each period of weakness there has not been one rally calculated to lift values upon a view of this business. In spite of the increased duties upon foreign wool, importations of the latter show a decided increase, as those who have been at all familiar with our market reports very well know. The strengthening influence, therefore, that was to come from anticipated reduced importations has been characterized by its absence. The result is that the markets at the seaboard and in the interior close the year at practically the lowest point of the year, and, on the average, with wool about two cents per pound lower. Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces have shown the most marked depression, which is significant, certainly, in view of the fact that the growers of those wools were the most clamorous for the increased duties, and that it was their interests more particularly than others that the tariff was designed to protect."

How general has been the fall in the prices of Eastern wools is shown by the following table prepared by the Reporter:

Varities.	Dec. 31, 1891.	Dec. 31, 1890.
Ohio and Pennsylvania.....	30 @31	34@35
XX and above.....	22 @23	26@27
Ohio X and above.....	22 @23	26@27
Ohio X.....	19 @20	23@24
Ohio No. 1.....	17 @18	21@22
Michigan X.....	24 @25	28@29
Michigan No. 1.....	22 @23	26@27
Michigan delaine.....	22 @23	26@27
Ohio delaine.....	24 @25	28@29
Ohio fine.....	34 @35	38@39
Unmerchantable.....	50 @51	54@55
Washed.....	38 @39	42@43
No. 1 Michigan.....	36 @37	40@41
No. 2 Michigan.....	34 @35	38@39
No. 3 Michigan.....	30 @31	34@35
Kentucky, Michigan and Indiana.....	27 @28	31@32
One-fourth blood.....	25 @26	29@30

Concerning the probability of increased importations of wool next year, the Reporter says: "We noted the probability, at the close of last year, of increased importations of foreign wool, and the outcome of events has justified our predictions, and to-day indications point to a still further use of Australian and other foreign wools than we have seen during 1891. Many houses which never handled Australian wool before have done so during the past few months, and others are preparing to do so."

"Increased importations and sales of Australian wools, in the face of higher duties on the one hand and increasing stocks of domestic wools at lower prices on the other, together form a striking commentary on the inefficiency of a higher tariff as a remedial measure for the grower. With like conditions prevailing in the year 1892 there is no reason for expecting a different state of affairs than have prevailed during the past year."

The failures of the wool tariff briefly summarized are: 1. It has failed to raise prices of domestic wool. 2. It has failed to decrease the imports of foreign wool. Why, in view of this, does it longer remain on our statute books? The following table shows the value of dutiable imports, and the amount of duties collected for the past five years:

Year.	Dutiable imports.	Duties collected.	Average rate of duty.
1887.....	\$49,333,921	\$214,232,319	47.10
1888.....	46,143,774	210,042,550	45.63
1889.....	43,574,982	203,575,092	46.15
1890.....	50,771,704	238,540,095	46.41
1891.....	46,655,773	215,017,729	46.28
Total.....	\$237,332,01	\$1,008,285,232	46.10

The values of imports given above are the values of the goods at the place of purchase—that is, the prices at which the goods are offered for sale to anyone in the United States. The duties collected represent the tax which is imposed on these goods by the United States at its custom houses. Who has paid into the treasury of the United States the \$1,008,285,320 within the past five years? It was certainly paid by one of the two parties concerned in the importation of the goods, either by the importer or the foreign manufacturer. If the importer paid the duties he added the amount to the price of the goods, and as Mr. Dewey says, the tariff tax "rested on the bottom," that is on the consumer. But Secretary Manning says that the tariff is a tax, and that the foreigner pays it for the privilege of selling his goods in our markets. If his view is the right one, the foreigner has with him in the past five years been doing a most unprofitable business in importing goods to the United States. His net return, therefore, when he lands his dollar's worth of goods here, is less than 50 cents.

Is any one stupid enough to think that this is true? If foreigners send their goods to the United States, do they not do it because they can get more for them here than where they are made? If this is true, the consumer in the United States, not the foreign manufacturer, pays the tariff tax. Which view of the matter is the more reasonable one?

AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE OLD SOLDIERS TALK OVER EXPERIENCES AND SPIN YARNS.

The Blue and the Gray Revive Incidents of the Late War, and in a Graphic and Interesting Manner Tell of Camp, March, and Battle.

The Burial of the Dead. The muffled drum's roll has beat The soldier's last tattoo; No more on life's parade shall meet The brave and daring few. On fame's eternal camping ground Their silent tents are spread, And glory guards with solemn march The bivouac of the dead.

No answer of the foe's advance No swell upon the wind; No troubled thought at midnight haunts Of loved ones left behind! No vision of the morrow's strife The warrior's dream alarms, No heaving horn or screaming file At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust; Their plumed heads are bowed; Their haughty banners, trailed in dust, Are now their martial shroud. And plumed helmets have been washed The red stains from each brow. And their proud forms, in battle gashed, Are free from anguish now.

The neighing steed, the flashing blade, The trumpet's stirring blast, The charge, the dreadful cannonade, The din and shout are past. No war's wild note, nor glory's psalm, Shall thrill with fierce delight Those breasts that never more shall feel The rapture of the fight.

Like the dead northern hurricane That sweeps his broad plateau, Nerved with the triumph yet to gain, Came down the serried foe. Our heroes fell the shock and leapt To meet them on the plain. And long the victory sky has kept Above our gallant slain.

Sons of our consecrated ground, Ye must not slumber there, Where stranger steps and tongues resound Along the heedless shore. Ye owe a proud debt, heroic soul, Shall be your fiercer grave: She claims from war his richest spoil—The ashes of her brave.

No south their parent turf they rest, Far from the gory field; Borne to a Spartan mother's breast, Or many a mother's side, The sunshine of their native sky Smiles sadly on them here. And kindred hearts and eyes watch by The hero's sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead! Dear as the bloody grave; No plumed footstep here shall tread The heritage of your grave; Nor shall your glory be forgot While fancy her record keeps. Or honor points the hallowed spot Where valor proudly sleeps. Your marble minstrel's voiceless tone In deathless songs shall tell, When many a vanquished age hath done, The story how ye fought and fell. Nor weep, nor grieve, nor winter's blight, Nor Time's remorseless doom, Shall dim one ray of glory bright That gilds your glorious tomb.

Died for the Flag. HE enthusiasm and gallantry of the Union forces at the battle of Mission Ridge, are in many respects, without parallel in the history of armies.

From the moment the banners were unfurled to the breeze, and the command, "Forward, quick time, MARCH!" was given, the whole army seemed to be inspired with a zealous determination to drive the enemy from its stronghold.

While they marched across the plains in solid phalanx under the inspiration of a dozen bands of music, their step was firm and elastic, and their bearing proud and defiant. The appearance, to the spectator, was that of a grand review on some "gala day." Never did an army go forth to battle with more pomp and splendor. The clat was grand in the extreme. As they approached the foot of the ridge, an electrical current of enthusiasm passed from one extremity of the line to the other. The officers lost control, but the troops pressed determinedly on, keeping their respective organization intact; and, without orders, rushed heroically up the hill, and in the face of a most galling fire, scaled the enemies' breastworks, and gained a complete and glorious victory. The heroism of the whole was but an aggregation of the bravery, the gallantry, the noble deeds of daring of the individual soldiers composing it.

But few of these find their way to print, yet many of them are of the most thrilling interest, and ought to be preserved as examples for future generations. I have an instance at hand.

Among the first to plant its banners on the ramparts was the Ninety-third Regiment, Ohio Volunteers. The fortifications, the standard battery—a man of great strength and courage—boldly threw himself forward, and, gaining the summit, stood erect, planted his flagstaff firmly on the top of the parapet, and fearlessly and triumphantly waved his colors in the face of the enemy.

The effect was wonderful. The regiment were wild with excitement, and the victorious huzzas rose loud above the clang of arms and the din of battle. As one man, they bounded over the parapet, charged their foes with impetuous fury, and in a hand-to-hand combat, in which the butts of their guns were freely used, succeeded, after a stout resistance, in vanquishing them.

All this time the scene around the flag was most exciting—a scene of carnage, of bloodshed, of heroic self-sacrifice. The brave standard-bearer stood manfully at his post, although the balls were whizzing around him thick and fast as hailstones. His position was conspicuous. The colors drew the fire of the enemy, and he soon fell, pierced by a dozen bullets, and rolled down the embankment a lifeless corpse. The color-guard were faithfully discharging their duty, and one of them promptly took the place of his dead comrade, caught the flag as it was falling, and planted it again on the summit, shouting, triumphantly, "Oh, long may it wave over the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

The feat was hardly accomplished

when the messenger of death sent a missile through his heart. A second, a third, and a fourth guard successively caught the flag as it was about to fall, and, for a moment, kept it erect and unfurled; but each, in turn, was shot down. As the fourth one fell, Major Will Birch, then whom none braver ever drew the sword, took his place, and gallantly bore the ensign aloft, shouting at the top of his voice, "Soldiers! rally around the flag. Never permit it to trail in the dust. Strike for it and your country. Defend them at the peril of your lives. Charge the enemy once more, and the victory is ours."

They did charge, fought valiantly, and were triumphant; but the victory was sealed with the blood of the chivalrous Birch. An unseen hand took deadly aim, and the ball passed through his brain from temple to temple. Strange as it may seem, he did not immediately fall, or lose his consciousness, but turned to Sergeant Pomeroy, the only color-guard remaining, instructed him to throw himself flat on the ground, and keep the flag unfurled at all hazards. As Pomeroy received the staff from his hands, he uttered a single groan, sank to the earth, and instantly expired.

Battle-Field Humor. HE vein of humor possessed by most Americans was continually illustrated during the rebellion, and an extremely funny story is told of a certain Union captain. Just before the Union troops entered Cincinnati, an Indian, a

ana regiment, worn out by a long march on a sultry day, struggled along with but little regard to order. Hurrying up to the men the captain shouted: "Close up, close up. If the enemy were to fire when you're straggling along that way they couldn't hit a cussed one of you! Close up!" The ranks closed up immediately.

General Lee, of the revolution, who had a supreme contempt for anything approaching affectation, once administered what may in reality be termed a cutting rebuke for such to one of his command. Finding, one day, a Dr. Cutting, an army surgeon, who was a handsome and dandy man, arranging his cravat complacently before a glass, "Cutting," said Lee, "you must be the happiest man in creation." "Why," replied Lee, "because you are in love with yourself, and have not a rival on earth."

The General, however, sometimes met with an adversary enjoying a wit as keen and dry as his own, notably in the following instance: When a prisoner at Albany, he dined at the house of an Irish gentleman. Before commencing the after-dinner pastime of wine drinking, the General said to his host that he hoped he would excuse a fault of his after-dinner drinking, which he was sorry to say, was a tendency to abuse Ireland and Irishmen.

"By all means," replied the other, dryly, "I will excuse your fault, but I must also beg of you to excuse a parallel defect in myself. Whenever I hear a man abuse my country, I have a trick of cracking his head with my shillalah."

The General drank his wine, but never said a word about Ireland that evening.

An amusing anecdote is related concerning a certain pompous Captain during one of the battles on the Mississippi. His company were advanced toward the scene of conflict when the Confederate General, Pillow, who was well acquainted with his subordinate's weakness for riding the high horse, called out in a very solemn manner: "Captain, fire! the crisis has come." Coolly turning to his men, who were standing with their guns shot and primed, he simply cried "Fire!" The men were naturally surprised at the order, there being no object within range, and an old sergeant stepped up with, "Plaze your honor, what shall we fire at?"

"Fire at the crisis," said the Captain. "Didn't you hear the General say it had come?" As is well known, American militia officers do not rank very high, and sometimes get rather broad hints of it to their very faces. "Cuff," said one of these dignitaries to a negro at his side as he prepared to swallow his seventh tumbler: "Cuff, you're a good, honest fellow, and I like to compliment a man who's led an honest life, even if he is a black. You shall take a glass of something with me, Cuff." "Well, Captain," said Cuff, wiping his mouth with his coat sleeve, "I've been dry, so I won't be ugly about it. Some niggers is too proud to drink with a millishy ossifer, but I think a millishy ossifer—when he's sober—is jist as good as a nigger, especially if the nigger's dry."

General Scott's Orderly. There resides in Junction City, Kan., a veteran of two wars, John Black, now a pensioner of the Government. He was born in Ireland sixty-seven years ago, but came to this country when a mere boy. As a young man he entered the regular army, serving twenty-one years in the Second Dragoons under General Harney. He was in most of the battles of the Mexican war, and carried the first shell to the battery that began the operations against the stronghold of Chapultepec. He was General Scott's orderly when the triumphant entry was made into the City of Mexico. He holds General Scott in high esteem, but at the same time believes that his old leader was too indifferent to the lives and comfort of his men. After the Mexican war Black was with his command in the Utah expedition. His company was the one that first visited the scene of the Mountain Meadow massacre, where he helped bury the bones of the unfortunate men, women and children who were killed by Indians under leadership of the Mormons. He secured from a thorn bush a long tress of silky brown hair, which told a sad story of some poor woman who had ended her life.

In 1859 he was stationed at Fort Riley, where he served six years as orderly sergeant, his days of active field service being over.

Safety in the Midst of Danger. This would seem a contradiction; is so, in fact, to the eye. But experience has proved its possibility. Take the case of the individual who dwells in a malarious region, a robust constitution is no certain defense against the dreaded chills. What is recorded testimony, covering a period short of half a century, proves that Hostess's Stomach Bitters is precisely this. This continent does not limit the field where medicine has proved its efficacy. In South America, the febrile of Panama, Mexico, everywhere, its use where malarial disease takes on its most obstinate and formidable types, the Bitters is a recognized specific. It is a fact where malarial disease, by physicians of repute. It is in the disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, and against that destroyer, is grippa. It improves appetite and vigor, neutralizes rheumatism and kidney complaints.

Good Deal of a Sick Number. Prof. Krall of Vienna, in examining the bands of a mummy, probably of the age of Ptolemies, which for the last forty years has been preserved in a museum, has found a strip of linen with several hundred ones of Etruscan writing. In this text, which is the longest we possess in that language, some words occur that are to be found in Etruscan inscriptions known to us, but the whole cannot in the actual state of Etruscan studies be deciphered. The cloth was no doubt written on for some other purpose before being carried by ship to Egypt, and there used for the wrappings of a mummy.

A DEEP-SEATED COUGH, cruelly tries the lungs and wastes the general strength. A prudent remedy for the afflicted is to use Dr. D. Jayne's Expectantant, a remedy for all troubles with Asthma, Bronchitis, or any Pulmonary affection.

One of the wonders of Australia, and one of the greatest natural curiosities of the world, is the Mount Morgan gold mine in Queensland. The precious metal contained in this mine, which has sold a dividend of not less than \$6,000,000 in a year, was deposited by a hot spring.



Turn to the right medicine, if you're a weak or ailing woman. It's Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If you're overworked or "run-down," it builds you up; if you're afflicted with any of the distressing derangements and disorders peculiar to your sex, it relieves and cures. It improves digestion, invigorates the system, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, produces refreshing sleep, and restores flesh and strength. In the cure of all functional disturbances, weaknesses, and irregularities, it's guaranteed to give satisfaction, or the money is refunded. It does all that's claimed for it, or it couldn't be sold in this way.

It is a legitimate medicine—not a beverage. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to sour or ferment in the stomach and cause distress. As peculiar in its marvelous, remedial results as in its composition.



Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.

The Great Specific for "Bright's disease," urinary troubles, kidney difficulties, and impure blood. IF YOU have sediment in urine like brick dust, frequent calls or retention; IF YOU have gravel, catarrh of the bladder, excessive desire, itching or stinging of the urethra; IF YOU have torpid liver, malaria, dropsy, fever and ague, gall stones, or gout; IF YOU feel irritable, nervous, stiff in the back, tired or dizzy, or all unstrung; SWAMP ROOT builds up quickly a run-down constitution, and makes the weak strong. Guarantee: The contents of one bottle of Swamp Root will refund to you the price paid. At Druggists, 50c. Size, \$1.00 Size. "Swamp Root" sent free on examination free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.



THE GREAT COUGH CURE, this successful CONSUMPTION CURE is sold by druggists on a positive guarantee, a test that no other Cure can stand successfully. If you have a COUGH, HOARSENESS or LA GRIPPE, it will cure you promptly. If your child has the CROUP or WHOOPING COUGH, use it quickly and relief is sure. If you fear CONSUMPTION, don't wait until the case is hopeless, but take this Cure at once and receive immediate help. Price 50c and \$1.00. Ask your druggist for SHILOH'S CURE. If your lungs are sore or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters.

Common Soap Rots Clothes and Chaps Hands.

IVORY SOAP DOES NOT.