

THE CAR PORTER.

BY JOHN DE WITT.

If you travel as you'd oughter
You will meet the colored porter,
Who with smile upon his lip
Will expect from you a tip.

He is found on every sleeper,
Full of learning, and it's cheaper,
If you'd like to learn it all,
Just to tip a silver ball.

If you try to shake this porter,
And refuse a paltry quarter,
When you need him you may call,
But you'd better wait till fall.

If you tip him, he's a dandy,
With a pillow that is handy,
And a bottle, cool as ice,
Holding something awful nice.

You will find him a rusher,
Just the slickest kind of brasher,
And before you leave the car,
Oh! "He'll be dar! He'll be dar!"

TULA VELASQUEZ.

BY AD. H. GIBSON.



Y friend Leo
Gordon was a
gay young
Southerner,
who had served
through the "lost
cause." He
had gone into
the war with
all the enthusiasm
and confidence
that characterized the
most intrepid wearers of the
gray. It was
not discom-

fiture at the termination of the civil
struggle, with its very unexpected re-
sult, so much as the spirit of adven-
ture, which led Leo to abandon his
plantation on the Pearl River and seek
that land of thrilling romance, Mex-
ico, then in a belligerent state.

Leo cast his fortune with the army of Juarez, then fighting bitterly against Maximilian, and many were his brave deeds, which won for him the respect of his comrades and the great chief himself. But it is not of my friend's services in that struggle I shall write, but of a certain adventure, rose-hued deeply with romance, that was far from an ordinary one, in which Leo played a prominent part.

With several comrades my friend had gone one night to the luxurious hacienda of a very wealthy Mexican ranchero, and begged the savage-browed master to let them pass the night there.

Their request was at first refused, but after much persuasion it was some-what sullenly granted.

The hacienda had a long, partially furnished wing that was not used by the ranchero's family; this was assigned to the accommodation of the half-dozen Americans who had asked to pass the night in the hacienda, and where they should remain wholly to themselves.

The moon was up and silverying the brow of a warm, delicious night with a wealth of pellucid splendor. Glancing out of one of the long, narrow windows of the wing, Leo beheld the ample flower-gardens of his host. The beautiful blossoms, with their rich perfumes wafted to him ever and anon by the bland south winds, carried the young Southerner back to his home on the Pearl, with its flower-decked walks and balmy nooks. So lost was he in the memories the lovely scene had aroused, that he did not at first observe a young Mexican girl cautiously approaching the window from which he leaned.

As she drew near the window the young soldier caught sight of her. She raised one hand in warning, and placed the forefinger over her crimson lips to enjoin his silence.

"This is mystery personified," said Leo to himself.

But he kept silent. He did not even shift his attitude, as he did not wish to arouse his companions, who were resting on the couches of the large apartment, near by, and he feared any movement on his part might disturb them. So he watched carefully every step of the Mexican girl, and waited to learn the meaning of her strange procedure.

As she stood with her fingers over her lips, she glanced quickly over her shoulder to make certain that her movements were not observed by any other than the American with whom her business evidently lay. Assuring herself that she had not been watched or suspected, she glided close up to the window and whispered in a hasty but musical voice:

"Look, señor! I place this down here for you. Get out and read it as soon as I am gone."

As she spoke she stooped and placed a note under a rose-bush. Then, plucking several blossoms from the bush, to avert suspicion if she was seen in that quarter, she turned and left him without vouchsafing another glance in his direction.

Leo's curiosity was deeply stirred. Here was promise of romance and adventure certainly.

He gazed after the girl until she was lost to view. He remarked that the girl was very pretty, but he was satisfied she was not of the higher walks of life. When they had ridden into the plaza that evening he had noticed, at the blinds of the casement, several feminine forms and faces. But they had so concealed themselves that Leo and his companions had caught but a transient glimpse of them.

"I'm ever ready to take part in an adventure," he uttered to himself,

"and I'll secure that note beneath the rose if the old duenna herself rules the garden."

He walked to the door, opened it, and passed out. He looked about him. No one was in sight. With an elastic spring his strong, well-trained limbs carried him over the fence which shut in the garden from their quarters. Once over the fence, Leo sauntered rather carelessly toward the bush where the note lay hidden for him.

Feigning to admire the roses, he stooped, and with quick grasp possessed himself of the mysterious note. He was walking leisurely back to cover, with the delicately scented note thrust in his breast, when his steps were vastly accelerated by a huge Mexican bloodhound suddenly materializing among the bushes at the other end of the garden, and plunging after him.

Leo felt that the dark orbs of the fair lady might be following him, and he would fain have been dignified in his retreat. But he found it very expedient to change his will in the case, after one sweeping glance into the capacious red mouth of the canine monster in hot pursuit, who had been so speedy to resent an intrusion on his master's private and beautiful grounds.

Leo said farewell to dignity for that time, and vaulted the fence in the face of his savage foe. He just made his escape and no more. He congratulated himself, as he hastily entered their part of the hacienda, that the Mexican dress he wore had no superfluous coat-tails to have suffered an inglorious

out, and nothing of faces and dress could be distinctly seen.

"It is the Senors Americanos," replied the savage voice of Velasquez.

"Why are you here, senors?" he demanded.

Leo boldly stepped before the ranchero as he replied:

"Don Velasquez, you are cruelly forcing your child to marry one whom her soul detests, this night, while her heart is in the keeping of the brave Ezualdo, of Juarez's army. It is to save Tula Velasquez from the evil fate you seek to force upon her that we are here."

With a glad cry, Tula Velasquez tore herself from her father's side, and rushed to the side of Leo just as he struck the revolver, which the Mexican officer had leveled in his face, from his hand.

Quickly leveling his own in the face of Henrique Fernandez, he said:

"You are my prisoner, Colonel Fernandez. Stir from your tracks at your peril."

The Mexican officer knew he was no match for the young American, and one glance had been sufficient to show him that the least disobedience would invite his death. But he had not been forbidden to use his voice, so he yelled to Velasquez, who seemed too dazed at the unexpected attack to move, "Don Velasquez, call upon your servants for help, and my men without!"

The young officers who had accompanied Fernandez had all they could do in a hand-to-hand struggle with two robust Americans. But the struggle was of short duration, for the young Mexicans soon surrendered.

The ranchero gave a feeble call for help, which some of the men-servants quickly answered.

A sort of melee commenced, that was brought on no one could tell exactly how. Pistol shots rang out on the still night air, by the chapel door, and the women servants shrieked and fled through the trees, the priest shouted to be heard above the din in vain; and in the height of it all, Leo, with a severe wound in his left arm, received he scarcely knew how, cut his way out with Colonel Fernandez, his prisoner still. Tula Velasquez and her maid, Zela, were by his side, and the other Americans followed fast behind.

"Here, through the garden to yon grove!" whispered Tula Velasquez to Leo. "We shall find horses there for our escape. Go not out at the front entrance, as Mexican soldiers left on the plaza by Colonel Fernandez will again oppose us."

It did not require much time to reach the grove pointed out by Tula Velasquez, and where they found their horses ready for them, as Zela, the maid, had said. They soon mounted and rode away, with the shouts of Mexican soldiers, trying to find their route of escape, ringing in their ears.

When at last their trail was discovered the Mexicans gave them a hot chase for a short distance; but as they got near Juarez's camp they abandoned the pursuit. Leo and his comrades dashed into camp, where the lovely

"POSSESSED HIMSELF OF THE MYSTERIOUS NOTE."

diminution in length, as it no doubt would have done.

Safe within the quarters that had been assigned to him and his companions Leo broke the seal of the dainty little note, and with eager eyes perused the following lines:

SEÑORES AMERICANOS: This is written you by an unfortunate maiden who, believing in your nobleness of soul, implores you to save her from a cruel fate.

My father, the ranchero, who reluctantly permits you to pass the night under his roof, is forcing me this night to wed an officer of Maximilian's army whom I hate most vehemently; but he holds some great power over my father, and I am to be the victim.

The one I truly love is El Capitan Ezualdo, one of the bravest in our chief (Juarez's) army, and I am very desirous of flying to his protection.

The ceremony is to be held at 10 o'clock to-night, when that detested man, Col. Henrique Fernandez, will be here to claim my unwilling heart and hand. He dare not venture within the lines of Juarez, except under the cover of deep night.

The little chapel, which is opposite the wing you now occupy, is where the marriage rites will be performed.

In writing this, good, brave Senors Americanos, I appeal to you to save me from this living death, and in doing so you will ever receive the sincere prayers of poor unhappy TULA VELASQUEZ.

P. S.—My trusty maid, Zela, will have horses ready in the grove beyond the garden, and we beg to fly under your protection to that of my noble Ezualdo. T. V.

Leo read the note over several times and then said to himself:

"Of course I'll do all she asks and more, too, for my friend, Ezualdo. This is the girl I have heard the young officer mention with such deep esteem so often when we were together in camp. This promises more romance than anything it has been my lot to be mixed up in for a long time. We may as well get ourselves ready, I suppose, and consult each other in the matter."

So saying, he aroused his sleeping comrades and told them of Tula Velasquez's appeal to them for help from the cruel union her father was forcing upon her.

The party happened to be composed of young men of adventurous spirits, and most of them knew the handsome, noble Ezualdo in Juarez's army, and were willing to engage in any combat or undertake any enterprise, no matter how daring, if, in so doing, they served him or his chief, Juarez.

They accordingly made themselves ready and waited for the hour of ten to roll round.

Leo was on watch at the narrow window, and when, at last, he saw the bridal party moving swiftly and as silently as specters towards the little chapel, he gave the signal to his companions to follow him. Very soon the little party was joined by six uninvited guests.

The ranchero, who was leading the lovely but unwilling Tula, halted near the door of the chapel and looked back. Perhaps he had detected the tread of the Americans, although they had arrived almost noiselessly. At the same time a tall, middle-aged Mexican officer, Henrique Fernandez, the would-be bridegroom, who was a little in advance of the bride and her father, and who was attended by two younger officers, all dressed in very gorgeous uniforms, became aware of the attendance of the American soldiers. The party stopped. Henrique Fernandez, in an imperious voice, demanded:

"Don Velasquez, why this intrusion, and who are the strangers?"

The moon had lowered herself behind a bold range of mountains in the west ere this, hence only the dim outlines of the intruders could be made

Ocean Depths.

The greatest known depth of the ocean is midway between the Island of Tristan d'Acunha and the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. The bottom was there reached at a depth of 46,200 feet, or 84 miles, exceeding by more than 17,000 feet the height of Mount Everest, the loftiest mountain in the world. In the North Atlantic Ocean, south of Newfoundland, soundings have been made at a depth of 4,580 fathoms, or 26,480 feet, while depths equaling 34,000, or 63 miles, are reported south of the Bermuda Islands. The average depth of the Pacific Ocean, between Japan and California, is a little over 2,000 fathoms, between Chili and the Sandwich Islands, 2,500 fathoms, and between Chili and New Zealand, 1,500 fathoms. The average depth of all the ocean is from 2,000 to 2,500 fathoms.

The Meaning Clear.

Mr. Jerome Parke (reading)—The author of the latest book on America says American women have great power of expressing what they mean in few words.

Michael (to whom he is not a hero) —Sure they can't hold a candle to the Oirish women. You just should see Biddy when she grabs the rolling-pin, be jibbers. She do not say wan worud, but Oi know phat she manes.—Puck.

WEARY OF THE TARIFF.

NEW ENGLAND IS READY FOR REVENUE REFORM.

Protected Manufacturers of Iron, Glass, and Lumber Assert that They Will Be Driven from the Field Unless There Are Radical Changes.

[Washington special.]

Senator Butler, of South Carolina, a member of the select committee of the Senate on the trade and commercial relations of the United States and Canada, is very hopeful concerning the growth of tariff reform in New England. He says the disclosures made by the witnesses before the committee at its recent session in Boston in regard to the condition of the iron and glass manufacturers and some other lines of business in New England were surprising and instructive. Every witness advocated free trade with Canada as indispensable to the prosperity of those manufacturers in New England. Some witnesses went so far as to say that without free coal and iron ore and a greatly reduced rate of duty on pig iron the iron manufacturers of New England must perish; that the competition of Pennsylvania, Maryland and the South, where the factories were located near the raw material, was ruinous, and this was true of the glass factories also. A large majority of the witnesses urged the removal of the duty on lumber in the interest of New England trade, and most of them thought cotton manufacturers could hold their own against Southern competition in the finer goods, but appeared to concede that in the coarser fabrics the South had very largely the advantage. Some said that with a sharp reduction in the duty on cotton goods the South could continue manufacturing and make money, while the New England mills would have to stop. When asked if tariff reform is making perceptible progress in New England, the Senator replied:

"I have no doubt that is. Many of the witnesses, however, declared themselves protectionists in everything except those articles that would help New England. As to these they were free-traders. As to relations with Canada, some favored annexation, others preferred commercial union, and others, again, wanted a reciprocity treaty. You see, free coal and free iron ore and a reduced duty on pig iron would enable the New England manufacturer to get coal and iron ore from the maritime provinces and pig iron from England and Scotland. There is where the shoe pinches closest and they clamor for free trade in these articles and protection in everything else. Of course I do not include tariff reformers who want a fair and equitable readjustment all along the line."

The most curious part about this whole business is that the statement was made before our committee that so disastrous has been the Pennsylvania and Southern competition in the iron industries that those that were left had been sustained by the degradation of American labor; that there had been a mere change of masters from England to Pennsylvania. This was a most astonishing admission, especially from that quarter.

"Testimony was taken on the fishery question, and incidentally on the transportation problem. One most intelligent witness spoke earnestly in favor of free fish for the workingmen in the boat and shoe factories and for free potatoes. The potato bug has ruined their Irish potato crop, and consequently they wanted free Canada potatoes, and the master builder wanted free lumber, and so they went. Read that testimony when it is printed. It is instructive, interesting, suggestive, some of it bordering on the 'cheeky,' other parts on the frontier of despair—all instructive. You have heard of wanting to see how the cat will jump. Watch that tariff cat in New England. He is going to give trouble."

Folly of Taxing Raw Materials.

To-day we are importing at the rate of millions of pounds per annum of raw cotton for making "woolen goods," simply because our mills are forced to cheapen the cost of their materials, and the imported cotton is of more suitable quality for this purpose than that raised in our Southern States. We can get this about as cheap as its cost to the European manufacturers. Every pound of it takes the place of two or three pounds of fleece wool. It is a crumb of "free wool" of the kind that our mills are driven to use by the high tax on the genuine article.

The trouble with all efforts to raise the prices of raw materials by taxes or combinations is, that the effect is at once to restrict the consumption in two ways. Consumers of materials find substitutes, and consumers of the manufactured goods procure from other places where the manufacturers have less or no taxes to add to their cost. It is this power of substitution that upsets the calculations of copper trusts, and the thousand and one schemes of speculators. This spirit of resistance to taxation without corresponding benefits which we have inherited from our forefathers who threw the tea into Boston harbor works in many quiet ways upon the minds and habits of the whole people.

So we see that freedom to buy such materials as the manufacturer requires for his work increases the consumption, and the natural increase of price follows, just so far and so long as it continues to be natural and healthy. Millions of yards of "woolen" goods are now made containing only from 50 down to 10 per cent. of new wool, and

some without the first ounce. An Ohio manufacturer is sending out his circulars stating that he has this year increased his product of shoddy more than a million pounds. This will help make up the short wool clip in that State. It is the only way left for our mills to compete with the foreign. They must in some way find an offset for the handicap under which they start in the contest with foreign mills. Give them the same chance their competitors have at wool, and they will increase its use and improve the character of their fabrics. The present adjustment of the tariff, on both materials and fabrics, is such as to discourage improvement of American woolens. All the advance made in this respect by our home mills has been made in spite of adverse legislation. Many have been ruined by the efforts they have made to get out a good article to compete with importations, under the delusion that they had in their favor protection by our tariff. It will be a difficult matter to prove how far the tariff increases wages. The free-trader will show you that England pays larger wages for shorter hours than Germany or France, high-tariff countries. Also that under the same tariff in this country wages in some localities are two and three times as high for the same work as in others. It is evident, however, that if one manufacturer must produce his goods in competition with another, what he pays more for his materials he must save in some other department, and usually this must come, as far as possible, in the pay-roll. The fact is, that prices for both the labor and materials must in the long run be regulated by the prices at which foreign manufactured goods can be sold in our home markets, because our own manufacturers must meet those prices—in fact, undersell them until consumers recognize their goods as equal to the imported.

The manufactures which we export to-day are, as a rule, those in which labor is the largest item of cost, and in these our own manufacturers have the home market. —Wade's Fiber and Fabric.

SAY FORAKER IS CRAZY.

"FRIENDS" ARE SAID TO BE STABBING THE GOVERNOR.

Jealous Ohio Politicians, Scheming to Defeat Their Ambitious Rival, Intimate that His Actions Betoken a Return of Former Mental Troubles.

[Washington special.]

Information from an entirely trustworthy source is to the effect that the dismissal of Tanner was desired by all of the prominent Republicans of Ohio, Foraker alone excepted, and that Major McKinley, ex-Governor Foster and others advised the President to get rid of Tanner at the earliest possible moment. The scheme of these Ohio politicians is to have a good excuse for the defeat of Foraker. Sherman, McKinley, Foster, Butterworth, Grosvenor, Thompson and many more ambitious men of that State have decided to seize this opportunity to rid themselves once for all of the vexatious fire-alarm. Foraker is a jack-in-the-box, a selfish, uncertain, grasping, malignant chap, whose hand has been raised against about all of the prominent men of the State; and though they might have defeated his nomination, they preferred to put him up and then knock him down. The present scheme in Ohio is Foster for the Senate, McKinley for the Speaker and Butterworth for the next Governorship. If Foraker were to be elected he would want the Speakership and after that the Presidency, and that would never do in the world. So his slaughter has been decided upon. The pretense of a campaign is to be maintained, but secret orders have been issued by each