

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE



LULU JAMISON

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

The Colonel met them at the dining-room door, and, approaching rather cautiously, gave him a half-expectant, half-questioning glance.

Her fears were quite groundless, however, for as soon as he had seen Margaret, and heard that she was going to leave them so soon, he had no thought for any one else.

"I don't know how we shall do without you," he said, bending over her with kindly affection. "Bertie told me you were going, and I have been anticipating my own loneliness. Have you grown tired of us so soon?"

"No, no," she said, smiling and regarding her face between her hands and regarding it with a gentleness in which a variety of emotions found expression. "You are in a hurry to leave us, Margaret."

"Ah, no," she hastened to answer, as her eyes grew dim and a painful flush overspread her cheeks.

The gentleman did not answer for a second, during which his face worked with feeling and a tender light filled his eyes.

"You are a brave girl," he said, rather unsteadily, at last; "a true, brave girl. Heaven will bless you as you deserve. Don't let that scoundrel come near me; I might be tempted."

"You are so hard on him, Colonel. Don't."

"Don't blame him, I suppose. Ah, Margaret, you are like the rest of your sex—always ready to defend the man who breaks your heart. Well, well, I'll not be hard, for your sake, but when I think—"

"Never mind; we'll miss you, but I think—every one of us. Don't quite forget your old friends; you won't find the new ones half so true."

Again Margaret's eyes grew dim, and she found herself incapable of an answer.

Alice, noting her distress, broke in with some light remarks, which Nell took up, notwithstanding her uncle's formidable presence, and discussed volubly.

Under this respite Margaret regained her self-possession, and began to speak quite calmly.

No further allusion to her going away was made during the meal, though each one seemed quite talkative. Nell particularly airing her opinions freely, and receiving no reproof for her temerity.

But when the time came to say good-by, and Margaret was ready to go, the Colonel, disregarding the fact that she held out to him, clasped her in his arms, and tenderly, almost reverently, kissed her brow.

"I knew it would be hard," she sobbed, breaking down completely. "I knew this would be the last of us."

"No, it shan't be," Margaret said, putting her gently from him. "I do not wish to pain you, child, even for a moment. But I am very deeply moved to see you go from us under such circumstances. You have been a dear friend, and I will have your reward—be sure of that. Remember me when you need sympathy or advice, for I would not be worthy the name of friend if I could not show my affection in time of adversity as well as prosperity; and I know that even your own father could be more anxious to help you than I am."

For many long days Margaret carried in her heart the memory of his kind words and sympathetic advice.

As she rode home through the winter afternoon toward the chain of beautiful hills which shut in the quiet, peaceful village, her fancy tinged with indescribable melancholy every surrounding object, and the memory of the parting after her eyes had ceased to look upon the scene that had engendered it.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Margaret, I think I shall bring Wilson to dinner to-night. I met him yesterday and he asked about you. He has heard Bertie lauding you to the skies, and naturally he is anxious to see the paragon."

"Really, that is too bad of Bertie. I don't pose as a paragon, Brian, and indeed I don't care to be one. I do want to meet Dr. Wilson, though, and if you will only correct his false impression, I wish you would bring him this evening."

"I'll bring him, but I'll leave you to correct or prove his impressions. I know you'll be equal to the emergency in either case. You should really appreciate the compliment he pays you. I don't believe I ever heard him express a desire to meet any one before."

"Really? Why, I feel quite vain. I hope he isn't a cynic."

"Oh, no. It is rather indifference, I think. He isn't particularly sociable, that is, he doesn't care for visiting. People follow him up, though, like the deer, and he's considered quite a catch in the matrimonial pond. Any number of anglers would be glad to land him. The power of money, you see. Well, money must be off. I shan't be home to lunch. Good-by. You won't be lonely?"

"No."

Every day Brian left Margaret with this question, and she always answered "No," but always after she had gone she felt she had answered untruthfully. She was lonely—very lonely. She found so little to interest her—so little to fill the long dull mornings. Brian sometimes came to lunch, but as often he did not. Her afternoons were spent in seeing the sights of New York, shopping, or calling on her few friends, and her evenings at the theater, when Brian would take her, but more often at home alone when he had some engagement which he could not possibly defer.

From these engagements he would return late in the night, with the heavy, stumbling steps which told of his own story, and which always struck so heavily on Margaret's heart, as she waited sleepless and anxious.

hear the throbbing pulse of a life that was never still—the ever-sounding orchestra of a busy city; the mighty roar of the elevated trains, with their noisy, whizzing echoes; the sound of the heavy drays passing over the cobblestones; the lighter rumble of carriages, and the long line of pedestrians, made up of an ever-moving, ever-changing panorama of human life, hope and ambition, upon which she gazed with feelings that brought her own loneliness and isolation more keenly before her.

"How was she to fill the long hours that must pass before dinner?" she asked herself. "Should she go through the stores and see the beautiful things the shop windows displayed so temptingly?"

That was not interesting when one had no companions to exchange opinions with. The crowds wearied her, too. She felt so utterly alone amidst the busy throngs, where a friendly glance would meet her, and a friendly word be said, but—well, I could live there forever, because it is home and I love it."

The last words were spoken in a lower tone, but Wilson understood the meaning they held, and his next remark was in a more feeling vein.

"We will have to teach you to love New York for something more than its paved streets and brick walls. We Gothamites are very proud. We think that all things good and delightful are to be found in this great noisy city of ours."

Margaret smiled. "You have many desirable advantages, that is certain; but while you are proud of your wealth you should not forget your poverty."

"True and true. We have enough of it. The condition of the poor in this city is miserable in the extreme, and perhaps, what is more incredible, the most oppressive conditions of poverty and want exist in such close proximity. I was most forcibly impressed with this fact a few days ago. I was passing along one of the streets just off from Fifth avenue. There were elegant mansions all around me, and handsomely dressed children playing under the shade of watchful nurses. Yet a little further on I passed into a scene so different that I could scarcely credit the testimony of my eyes. Within an actual stone's throw of splendor and prosperity, poverty, misery, and crime were running riot. It is terrible to think of it. A physician whose practice lies amid such scenes is obliged to see so much of the heartaches of life."

"I suppose so," returned Margaret, with a sigh. "Such an experience wouldn't do me at all; so much wealth on one side and so much want on the other would make me lose my faith in God. It is dreadful to say it, I know, but I have taken myself to task for even thinking of it, but my sense of justice cannot be reconciled. There is some wise decree, no doubt, in what seems so unwise, but—Tell me. Don't you ever feel like taking the world to pieces and making it over again?"

She smiled, and she asked the question and the expression which accompanied it.

"I have often thought it might be changed to advantage, but I do not know that I could manage it successfully."

(No answer.)

"No Laugh Best," etc.

Richard Crowder is one of the travelers who find a cordial welcome in Chicago at every visit, and he generally brings along the latest and happiest flights of imagination of the boys on the road, and frequently spins a tale as uniquely humorous as any of them, of his own invention. Here's his latest:

"I once frightened 200 colored people almost to death. They were holding a protracted meeting in a little tumble-down church near Nashville and the excitement ran high. I attended with some other bad boys, misbehaved and was fired out. I determined to break up the meeting. I procured some phosphorus, and the next night, before the crowd assembled, drew skeletons, death heads and devils all over the walls. I then concealed myself in the loft, armed with a long hollow reed; while my companions, provided with sheets and masks, hid themselves in the grove in which the church was situated. That night the church was packed, and religious fervor reached its climax. The preacher was picturing the horrors of hell and the hideousness of its master, and the sinners were shivering with apprehension. Two large lamps, hung in the center of the low room, furnished the light, and by the help of the hollow reed I blew them both out. The preacher stopped in the middle of his exhortation. The walls blazed forth with horrors traced in burning, snaky outlines. There was a convulsive gasp, a scream from 200 throats, and a stampede. The preacher went through a window, and, though a rheumatic, outran all his parishioners. Then my ghostly confederates appeared, uttering dismal groans. Scores of terrified blacks, unable to run, lay down and groaned with an agony of fear. The joke was too good to keep. My father heard of it. He was a Presbyterian divine and he thought it was a trifling with sacred things. It is said that he laughs best who laughs last, and the colored people came in on the subsequent cackination."

Offensively Frivolous.

There is very little probability that the play written by an American lady, which the English Examiner of Plays has refused to license, contains anything either "gross or coarse, indecent or indelicate," although the Examiner affirms that it does. The fussy personage who says what shall and what shall not be played in Great Britain is very arbitrary and has made some huge mistakes in his day. Perhaps this insolent accusation of an American woman may turn out one of the greatest of them. As for grossness and indelicacy, everybody knows that English audiences will stand language and allusions which would not be tolerated here.

A very old-fashioned but most effective way to clean a carpet is to rub it thoroughly with a cloth dipped in one part of oxgall and three parts of water, taking care not to wet the carpet more than is absolutely necessary. Not only will this treatment remove stains but it will revive color. The oxgall is, however, most malodorous stuff, and in order to avoid the atrocious smell it is better, if possible, to carry on the process in the open air. It takes at least twenty-four hours to get rid of the smell.

To wait too long for any guest is a rude and unkind thing to do. It is toward these who have arrived punctually.

ON A NEW WORLD'S SHORES.

The First Landing in America of Christopher Columbus.

It was an important day in the world's history, a day fraught with vast possibilities for future ages when the eyes of Columbus first beheld the new world. And now that we are to commemorate the event by holding a great World's Fair in the land which he discovered, anything pertaining to the voyage and discovery is of more than ordinary interest. Fridays are regarded as unlucky days, yet it was on Friday, August 3, that the pioneer Atlantic navigator

set sail from the sunny land of Andalusia on that voyage which has immortalized his name, and it was on Friday, Oct. 12, that the virgin forests of one of the outpost islands of the American continent greeted his anxious gaze.

It has been the fate of Columbus that the principal events in his life are the subjects of controversy, and thus we find doubt existing as to the island upon which he first landed. Following the more accepted opinion we shall call it San Salvador, the name Columbus applied to the Indian island of Guanahani. Believing that he had touched on an island and at the extremity of India, Columbus called the natives Indians, a term that has since been applied to the aborigines of the entire new world. It was with an overflowing heart that Columbus knelt on the virgin soil and returned thanks to God for his safe voyage and with mingled feelings of admiration and triumph he planted the royal standard of Ferdinand and Isabella on the seashore, thereby taking possession of the island for the Spanish sovereigns. The simple-minded and naked natives fled at the approach of the Spaniards, but soon returned, making signs of adoration, for they believed that their visitors had descended from the skies. The Spaniards experienced a mutual surprise, for the Indians differed from any race of men before known to European civilization. Soon the most friendly relations were established and the Indians exchanged various products for the trinkets of the white men. Gold,

water, and that "mine" and "thine," the seeds of all mischief, have no place with them. They are content with so little that, in a large country, they have rather superfluous scantiness, so that they seem to live in the golden world without toil, living in open gardens; not entrenched with dykes, divided with hedges, or defended with walls. They deal truly with one another, without laws, without books, and without judges." December 22 the cacique, Guanacanari, visited Columbus, bringing him presents, and asking him to proceed a little further eastward, and anchor opposite his residence. Two days later Columbus set out for the residence of the Indian chief, but, during the night voyage, one of his vessels, the Santa Maria, was forced upon a sandbank. Guanacanari, wept when the news was brought, and immediately ordered all his people who had canoes to unload the vessel. In a little time the cargo of the vessel was landed, and although it was of priceless value to the simple-minded natives not one cent's worth was stolen. No wonder Columbus wrote to Ferdinand and Isabella: "So loving, so tractable, so peaceable are these people that I swear to your majesties there is not a better nation nor a better land. They love their neighbors as themselves. The cacique, learning that the Spaniards sought gold, gave them all that he possessed, even presenting Columbus with his coronet, and he dispatched some of his subjects into the interior to procure the coveted metal for his visitors. The holiday life of the natives and the beauties of the climate induced many of the Spaniards to express the wish to be allowed to live on the island, and Columbus had forthwith a fortress constructed from the remains of the wrecked caravel. This fortress with the adjacent Indian village and harbor he called La

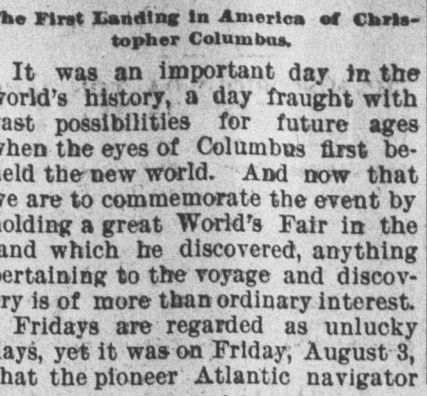
Navidad (The Nativity), in memory of their having escaped when the caravel was wrecked on Christmas Day. Columbus was now anxious to return to the old world.

One of his vessels was wrecked; one had deserted him and his fate was unknown; there remained only one crazy bark to bear the tidings of success across the Atlantic. Should it perish the secret of the discovery of the new world might never be known and Columbus would go down in history as a brainless adventurer. Accordingly he threw a garrison of thirty-nine men into the fortress of La Navidad and took his farewell of the generous Indian chief and his

kind-hearted subjects. The parting with the garrison was affecting. The handful of men thus left in the wilderness of the new world gazed wistfully after the light caravel as it glided over the waters. They were consoled, however, by the thought that within a few months they would welcome other vessels to be sent by Columbus from Europe, but this welcome they were destined never to give.

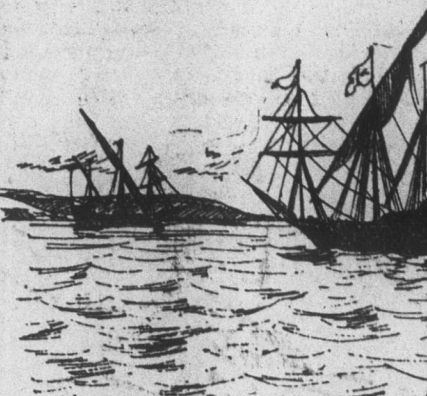
It appears that Henry M. Stanley makes even a worse failure as a stump speaker than he did as a lecturer. He should let his wife do his political campaigning for him.

ARRIVAL OF COLUMBUS' FLEET AT SAN SALVADOR.



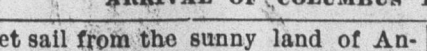
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EMBARKATION OF COLUMBUS AT PALOS.



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CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

MCKINLEY VINDICATED.

A TRANSACTION IN WHICH THE FOREIGNER PAID THE TAX.

The Pearl Button Infant Expires—Protection Pictures—A Wall-Paper Trust—The Over-Taxed Foreigner—Labor Commissioner Peck Repudiated—Shocks His Audiences.

Sample McKinleyism.

Proprietor (to salesman in large wholesale house in London)—Did that Chicago merchant call this morning?

Salesman—Yes, and left a big order with us. He will call again to-morrow to get his bill and to settle his account after we have deducted the duty which we will have to pay to get his goods through the custom house. He says you always pay this tax for him.

Proprietor—Oh, yes; we must keep his trade. Have you made out his bill yet?

Salesman—Yes; two bookkeepers have been at work on it. Here is the account:

	Amount.	Duty.
10,000 yards alpaca, 27 inches wide, at 85 cents.....	\$8,500	
Duty at 40 cents per square yard and 40 per cent.....		\$805
20,000 yards corduroy, 27 inches wide, at 15 cents.....	3,000	
Duty at 15 cents per square yard and 20 per cent.....		2,700
10,000 yards astrakhan, 24 inches wide, at 54 cents.....	5,400	
Duty at 40 cents per square yard and 20 per cent.....		10,200
40,000 yards cotton velvet, 22 inches wide, at 10 cents.....	4,000	
Duty at 15 cents per square yard and 20 per cent.....		3,682
8,000 yards silk striped cotton (Italian), 40 inches wide, at 15 cents.....	1,200	
Duty at 10 cents per square yard and 35 per cent.....		6,073
Total.....	\$23,000	\$23,935
Duty less amount of bill.....	\$23,935	\$4,800

Proprietor (blinking his lip)—Blasht that McKinley bill. Are you certain there is no mistake?

Salesman—The duties are complicated, but the bookkeepers verified every item by means of the last United States Senate Report on Rates of Duty.

Proprietor—It's an outrage for a nation like the United States to collect its taxes over here. We were poor enough on this side of the water before the McKinley bill reached out after our last few cents.

Salesman—But surely you are not going to pay this tax? It would be better to burn your goods than to pay this merchant \$3,000 to take them.

Proprietor—Yes, yes, I know. But we dare not do so, or say anything against American protection just now. If we did the Americans would be told that British gold was being used to compel them to adopt free trade, and that would only convince the foolish voters there that they were benefited by protection, and make them cling to it the longer. Here is my check for \$2,905. Give it to him and tell him we will always be glad to have his patronage, though we would naturally prefer that he take goods that will leave a profit in our favor after we have paid the duties.

The Carnegie Company to pay its workmen "the difference in wages," is protected from \$8.2 to \$15.80 per ton on steel billets. The actual price that it pays its workmen ranges from \$1.55 to \$1.95 per ton on billets protected by a duty of \$20.16.

It has certified to Congress that it wants and will collect the protection of \$20.16 and pay it to its workmen, in addition to paying them foreign wages. But it actually hands them only \$1.55 per ton; \$18.61 pays no foreign wages, and gets its labor free of cost. Andrew Carnegie received \$5,000 a day as his share of this theft from the wages of the workers of the mills, and his partners received as much more, but they were not satisfied. To steal more of this trust fund of \$20.16 belonging to their workmen, of which they are the trustees, they reduced the pitance paid of \$1.95 per ton, increased the hours of labor, and hired 300 mercenaries to shoot down the workmen who forebore resisted any further theft from the fund paid by the people for their support.—T. E. Wilson.

Mr. McKinley Should Explain.

The lessening volume of our agricultural exports requires an explanation from McKinley. The August returns show a diminution in exports of breadstuffs of \$7,500,000, as compared with the same month last year. Moreover, the price of wheat averaged in August of this year 84 cents a bushel, as against 106 in August, 1891. Now, McKinley has assured the farmers of the West that their great sales and high prices of last year were directly due to the benign methods of taxing money out of the foreigners' pockets and putting it in theirs. But his law is still in force, and the question arises why it does not continue to perform its beneficent functions. We hope it will not be answered that better harvests in Europe have slackened the demand for our grain, so as to imply that the McKinley bill does not, as claimed for it, override all natural laws, and would also call to mind the fact that last year there was an extraordinary demand for our agricultural products. This would have fallen out to the profit of the Western farmer in any case.—New York Evening Post.

Pearl Button Infant Expires.

Every pearl button used in Missouri has three cents of McKinley tax on it for every cent of actual cost. And in face of this we have the following:

"Chicago, Sept. 16.—Ignatz Zeisler, Secretary of the Pearl Button Factory, filed a bill in the Superior Court to-day asking a receiver for the corporation, which was organized last March, with a capital of \$10,000 fully paid up. Zeisler represents that the manufacturing of pearl buttons is an industry practically impossible in this country."

This comes just nine days after the letter of acceptance in Justice Miller's name. "Another industry that has been practically created by the McKinley bill is the making of pearl buttons. Few articles coming from abroad were so distinctly the product of starvation wages. We believe that the convicts at Joliet engaged in making McKinley pearl buttons are reasonably well fed. This being the case, why does this McKinley 'industry' go into the hands of a receiver?"—St. Louis Republic.

His Unbiased Opinion.

The Tribune says that "candid and fair-minded men must recognize the general soundness of Justice Miller's judgment when he was a man of fine discrimination." Well, Justice Miller discriminated, in one of his most famous opinions, that—

"To lay with one hand the power of the Government on the property of a citizen and with the other bestow it upon favored individuals to aid private enterprise and build up private fortunes

is none the less robbery because it is done under the forms of law and is called taxation. This is not legislation. It is a decree under legislative forms. Nor is it taxation. Beyond a cavil there can be no lawful taxation which is not laid for public purposes."

This is the Democratic doctrine proclaimed by a Republican justice whose judicial conscience was above his party-ship.—New York World, Sept. 25, 1892.

Ames!

"There is no honorable and permanent and successful place for any party in America that appeals to the prejudice and the passion and the ignorance of the people, and that claims to be the failures of the people themselves. That has been the history of the Democratic leaders for thirty years. Their arsenal and their armament has been the predilection of failure of Republican measures and Republican politics."

—Governor McKinley.

And for once the Governor did not tell his hearers that the United States is now taxing the foreigner. As to the other part of this assertion we are willing to wait until those good old-fashioned grand jury of the people will not bring an indictment against Republican measures in accordance with the claims of Democrats. The people may be slow to persecute, but you can't fool all of the people all the time."

Wall Paper Trust.

The new wall paper trust has gained control of all but two important factors in the wall paper industry. It is said that it will close several factories to keep production down to the "needs" of the people. It will be remembered that the wall paper pool kept prices extremely high so that the people would not over-supply themselves with this article. Wall paper that sold for 40 cents per roll in 1886, just before the pool went to pieces, sold afterward for less than 10 cents. Some of the concerns in the pool made profits of 300 per cent. They wish to return to those good old times, and are aided by McKinley to the extent of a 25 per cent. duty, though our exports are as great as our imports, and the changing fashions and styles make small, and a protective duty unnecessary, except in cases of extreme prices and profits.

McKinley Shocks His Audiences.

The New York Tribune says: "Governor McKinley's speech in Philadelphia had a fairly electrical effect upon his great audience. Veteran politicians assert that there has not been an equally enthusiastic assemblage in Philadelphia since war time."

This is as true as that the same enthusiasm prevailed in Vermont when the Major was there a few weeks ago. These electrical shocks appear to stimulate thought, and this is what makes Democrats, as witness the result of the Vermont election. There is hope for Ohio now, that its Governor is returning to put in the most of his time shocking his people, by telling them that they are so well off, because, through what is called the McKinley dispensation, their taxes are being paid by the poor foreigner.

Stockings.

Under the law which was repealed by the passage of the McKinley act the tariff tax on ordinary stockings was 40 per cent. The McKinley act has made the tax, according to value, 54.59 per cent, 70.41 per cent, 69.57 per cent, and 58.99 per cent.

In 1891 the people of this country bought foreign stockings that cost on them \$2,340,196, so that for \$3,380,724 worth of stocking the importers paid \$5,720,920, and those who wore the stockings paid this same price and the price of the wholesaler and retailer reckoned on the whole.

This is what the McKinley law has done for the wearer of stockings.—New York World.

Peck Repudiated.

The Philadelphia Telegraph is a Republican paper. It ought to know a good thing when it sees it, for it certainly knows a bad thing when it sees it and is not afraid to say so. The Telegraph says: "Peck has made a mess for himself, and the sequel abundantly confirms the observations originally made in these columns concerning his ridiculous document. It was utterly unworthy of attention on the part of any intelligent man, and the Republican National Committee made a blunder little less than a crime in taking it up as a first-class campaign document. It looks very much as though Peck was likely to turn out the Richard of the present instance."

Utica Observer.

Twin Safe Trust.

Eleven safe companies, with an aggregate capital of between \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000, have formed themselves into a trust. The combination will have "friendly relations" with the Herring-Hall-Martin Company, and these two great companies will practically control the country's manufacturing business of the country. One of the objects of this trust is to give "stability to prices." One way this is to be done is by closing six of the factories. No importations are likely to disturb the "stability of prices" because a duty of 45 per cent. intervenes.

McKinley's Free List.

A correspondent who describes himself as "One on the Fence" has arranged to publish a list of the principal articles on the free list of the bill prepared by Major Wm. McKinley, of Ohio, and the business syndicate for which he works. Here is the list: Snails, uncut diamonds, hatpins, acorns, daggers, blood, telegraph dividers, birds, bladders and turtles. The "paunder labor" of Europe is also free, but the Major left it off of his list. If our friend is thinking of descending from the fence, he can show him the best place to alight in.—New York World.

McKinley Compliments Philadelphia.

Major McKinley paid a great compliment to the intelligence of Philadelphia when he spoke there the other evening. He said not a word about the foreigner paying the tariff tax. This is a significant and serious omission to the Democrats, who may yet have to do their campaign work if the Major makes this omission permanent. Perhaps he has been reflecting on the result of the Vermont election since he explained to the Green Mountain boys his beneficent scheme for fleeing foreigners.

Since silk plush has gone out of fashion the silk mills in Bradford, England, and in Bridgeport, Conn., have stopped making it. It doesn't pay to make goods for which there are no buyers. But President Harrison made a great mistake in attributing to McKinley a result for which Miss McKinley is solely responsible. It often happens that great men stumble when they descend from generalities to particulars. Mr. Harrison would have been wise, if, like Mr. Peck, he had burned his particulars.—Philadelphia Record.

The Over-Taxed Foreigner.

Protectionists are rejoicing over the industrial duty which was a man of fine discrimination." Well, Justice Miller discriminated, in one of his most famous opinions, that—

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