A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE

By Lulu Jamison

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"Poor Brian. What a state to be in. Don't shudder any more. The places I go, and the people I meet, only hurt my heart. A very effective hurt, too; for it teaches me to appreciate my own good fortune, and it makes me feel very regretful to sit here amid so much comfort and luxury, and remember the many victims of the world's injustice. You could never imagine, Brian, what passionate delight that poor little crippled girl took in the few flowers I carried her; and, while I watched her, I could not help thinking what a revelation a sight of Elmwood would be to her. I have been thinking of it ever since. So many plans have filled my heart, but they are all impossible. I feel so helpless and—rebellious. Doctor, you are smiling. I don't think you quite enter into my feelings. Can you imagine a woman living on the proceeds of button holes, at a cent and a half apiece? Agnes' mother supports herself so. She is satisfied, she told me, when button holes are plenty. But now they are not. Hooks and eyes have taken their place. I told Nanny the other day that I liked hooks and eyes. Now I hate them, because I know they have taken bread from at least one woman's mouth. And she is not alone. I feel that I have been living in a small corner of the earth up to this time, and I am only just awaking to real actual life. It is a sad revelation for me. I cannot tell you how many women I saw to-day, and how many others I heard of, who sing the Song of the Shirt from daylight to midnight—to whom its heart-break and want are a living reality. How can we talk of the demoralization of the lower classes? How can we preach to them? Shall we imitate the example of the man who gave a Bible when the starving woman asked for bread? We forget our souls when the body is hungry; at least, I should. But, if I were one of those women, wearing out my life for a pittance, I should not forget that the man for whom I starved lived in a palace, and enjoyed the luxuries purchased with my life-blood. The world admires such men, and calls them fortunate and successful, because they have made so much wealth in a few years; but I am very much afraid that, if I were in their place, I should see a wan, hungry face on every dollar."

"Isn't that rather severe, Mrs. Leigh?"

Margaret did not meet Wilson's eye as she answered this question.

"Perhaps it is. I'm afraid I always express myself too strongly. These things appeal to me so forcibly, and when I feel, I feel intensely."

"Then take my advice and don't go among them," observed Brian, practically. "It is not true philosophy to seek out the dark side of life. This is not home, and you cannot be sure into what sort of places your wanderings may take you, or what kind of characters you may meet."

Margaret was thoughtful a moment.

"I do not chance upon much refinement and elegance," she said presently; "but that does not affect me in any way. I feel that I could take the hand of the worst creature on earth and not be lowered. You know I have a prejudice against those people whose excessive goodness shrinks from contact with others—not always so much worse, only more unfortunate than themselves. They are the Pharisees, who thank God they are not as their neighbors are. Suppose we should imitate them. I like to see the picture of the woman clinging to the cross, and I confess I find it inspiring; but at the same time, I cannot help thinking that the woman who holds out her hand to an unfortunate sister is more helpful and more noble. If the world thinks otherwise I disagree with it. Don't draw down your lips in that pathetic way, Brian. This isn't a sermon. I sha'n't say another word."

Margaret settled back in her chair, with an air of determination that rather amused Wilson.

"I am on your side of the question," he replied, with a smile. "So is Brian, if he chooses to admit as much."

"I'm incapable of any admission just now," put in Brian. I am wholly lost in admiration of Margaret's facility for disposing of all opinions not her own, and marching on to victory. She has a way of bringing out her closing remarks, which says quite decidedly 'There, that's final. Dispute if you dare!' It is useless to say 'Oh, Brian!' Margaret. The fact is true. You have a most astonishing tenacity for your own ideas. You can out-argue the greatest logician on earth. Out-talk him, I should say."

"Thanks for the correction. Your distinction is delicate, but obvious. It would be too much, I am sure, for any man to give a woman credit for an ability to argue. I wonder what poor men will do, when they are forced to recognize woman's mental equality. Perhaps even then they will continue to indulge in witty satire, at her expense. We forgive them. To lecture us affords them innocent amusement, and they really haven't the grace to echo Charlotte Bronte's prayer: 'When I have nothing to say, may the Lord give me grace to be silent.'"

"You have us quite defenseless, Mrs. Leigh. Brian has not a word to say, and I am but little better. How are we to find consolation for your unflattering opinion?"

"You would not be a true man, Doctor, if you did not find it within yourself. I have often thought that you are the natural follower of Descartes. Theoretically and practically you find the ego all sufficient."

"Worse and worse," laughed Wilson. "And Brian rejoices in my discomfiture. Shall I regret being a man?"

"By no means," returned Margaret. "It is the next best thing to being a woman. You have the easier side of life, too. We have the harder. The lion's share of suffering falls on us, and we must see our duty under the most painful circumstances. A man may be blind. Indeed, he usually is blind when he wants to be; but it would be quite reprehensible for a woman to pretend defective vision in similar circumstances. So there is some consolation for you. Am I driving you away, Doctor?"

"By no means," rejoined Wilson, who had risen at her question, and now stood looking down upon her with a quizzical light in his eyes. "I am only sorry I can not sit longer; but your sweeping accusation against the convenient blindness of men reminds me that I have a patient waiting for me down the street; and as that is a duty to which I can not be blind, I shall have to say good-night. I admit there is much justice in your remark. Nevertheless, I hope that time may improve your opinion of us poor men. Brian, any moments you have to spare, remember and pity my lonely state."

"You don't deserve pity on that score," rejoined Brian, promptly. "You know the remedy and refuse to apply it."

Wilson laughed in answer, and saying "Good-night," he left them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A LINK FROM THE OLD LIFE.

As Margaret hoped and expected, Bertie put in an appearance two evenings later—the same light-hearted, cheery Bertie, with his never-failing good-humor and his almost inexhaustible store of news and gossip, to carry her back to her home and let her feel, in imagination at least, something of its old pleasures and interests.

Changes in a small place are always more significant and of more general interest than those in a great city, where the identity of the individual is lost in the great labyrinth of humanity, and Margaret, whose affection absence had only increased, took a keen delight in hearing not only of the friends she had left but of even the slightest occurrence about Elmwood and its surroundings, and, in return, Bertie wanted to hear about herself.

"This city air has not brought the roses to your cheeks," he said. "I hope you haven't developed such a fondness for it that you will be sorry to come back to us."

"Never, Bertie; my mind can never even imagine such a possibility. In the first place, I don't like New York, I—I actually hate it, though I shouldn't tell anyone but you; and, in the second place, I love Elmwood dearly. Then there are things I enjoy there which I cannot have here; my rides, for one thing. Occasionally I have a ride in the park, but it isn't the same as at home. Here one must go at a certain gait, and people ride awkwardly, too, I think. I suppose it is the fashionable way, but it isn't half so graceful, to see them pounding their saddles, one might say. It really tries me to look at them. The park is beautiful, though. New York may well be proud of it. I have been around a great deal. Brian takes me everywhere, and I usually enjoy the places we visit."

"And Brian?" questioned Bertie, meeting her eye.

Her head drooped slightly. Bertie saw the action. He left his chair and came to her.

"Tell me, Margaret," he said, placing his hand upon her shoulder, "it isn't so hard for you to answer?"

"No," she replied in a low voice, "it should not be so hard now. My heart has ached, oh, so terribly, and I have been hopeless and despairing, because I was alone—so helplessly alone. Ah, I know what you would say. I have friends. Yes, such true friends. Do you think I ever doubted them, Bertie? But you can understand that there are sorrows which none can share. Lately I have been more encouraged. He has left me so little, but last night he was later than usual, and to-night he is—not here—at all."

Her head drooped still lower and his hand fell until it rested on hers with a gentle, reassuring sympathy in its touch.

"All may be right," he said with an effort at consolation.

"Perhaps," she answered. "I can only hope, and if it should not be, the disappointment will be so bitter. Last night he did not seem perfectly himself. I tried to believe I imagined it, but I am afraid I showed something in my actions. I tried so hard, too—so hard not to let him see."

"Why should you have tried?" cried Bertie, pressing his lips hard. "Why should you consider him? You have feelings, too. Must they always be outraged?"

Margaret raised her eyes at this strong expression of his thoughts.

"I think women can't consider their feelings, Bertie," she returned, with a sigh. "It seems to me that, no matter how hard or how bitter it may be, they can never get beyond the range of duty. I think we grow to be hypocrites in a way. We are so often obliged to hide our hearts. I know I have often smiled my brightest when my eyes were burning with tears I held back. I suppose the baptism of sorrow must touch us all, and I only hope that it may wash out all that should not be in my life, and make me braver and stronger for what is to come. Are you leaving me, Bertie? I'm afraid you find me very doleful."

"I leave you, Margaret, to find him. I cannot bear to sit here and hear you talk and—— There; I'll act like a baby next. Margaret, you are a dear, brave girl. Long ago, when——"

"Before you thought I should grow into such a sedate young woman," interrupted Margaret, hastily. "We used to fight gloriously in those days, didn't we? Uncle fancied I should always be a tomboy. I wonder if he would recognize me now?"

She finished with a sigh, and the light words had held such deep meaning that Bertie found it hard to meet the eyes she raised so bravely to his.

"So long ago?" he said, half absently.

"Not quite six years since I first saw you. I remember the day so perfectly. You were just home from college, and you had two cats tied together by the tails. I thought you such a cruel boy. Well, you want to go? I shall see you again, sha'n't I? You are like a breath from Elmwood, Bertie."

"You will see me again, and soon, Margaret. Now look me in the face and promise me that the day shall never come when you will cease to regard me as a brother. There; good-night; your tears pain me. God forgive Brian; I cannot."

Once upon the street Bertie walked along, absorbed in thought. This brief visit to Margaret had entirely unnerved him, and he seemed wholly incapable of any practical decision. When he arrived in front of the Hoffman House he ran across Wilson, and feeling rather glad of this chance encounter he greeted him warmly.

"This is really the first moment I could call my own to-day," declared Wilson, taking a cigar from the case Bertie offered him. "Where is your destination?"

"I was just trying to decide," was Bertie's answer. "I dropped in to see Margaret, and I haven't recovered from the shock her appearance gave me yet. I never saw her look more wretched and ill, though I am inclined to think the cause is not entirely physical."

"No. Other influences at work. How did you leave her?"

"Alone," was the sententious reply.

"Alone," repeated Wilson. "Then, Brian——?"

"Is off disgracing himself," responded Bertie with much anger. "He ought to be thrashed.

Wilson's face grew very grave.

"I had hoped things might be better," he said, with a sigh.

"They will never be better. I believe Brian has lost his last grain of manhood. He is worse than a coward. If he had a heartless, selfish wife there might be some reason, though never an excuse for his actions. But now there is absolutely nothing that one can say for him. He is simply breaking Margaret's heart. If you had seen her a year ago you could realize what a change these last months have wrought in her. It is his doing; all his doing. After she has left her home, her friends, and all she loves, for his sake. My heart swells with indignation at the thought. I know how she loves Elmwood, and dislikes New York. Yet after all this, she'll continue to talk of duty. Women are enigmas; I give them up. I'd like to thrash Brian, though. It might possibly do him good."

"I can't understand him," remarked Wilson, half absently.

"No, nor can any one else. He doesn't seem worth the understanding. I'll have to find him somehow, and send him home. I can't bear the thought of Margaret waiting in such anxious dread, not knowing whether he is tumbling about in the gutter or disgracing himself in some other way. Are we at your quarters already? How fast we must have walked! No; I can't come in to-night. Some other time, old fellow. I'll have to make the round of the club houses, I dare say. Well, good-night."

Bertie did not find Brian, as he had expected, in any of his probable haunts, though he went to them all, anxiously examined the sea of faces, and even questioned the waiters and attendants.

Rather disheartened after this vain search, he scarcely knew where to go next. In his dilemma, he was in the act of turning a street corner when the full glare of the street lamps falling upon a figure in front of him revealed something very familiar in its outlines.

"Brian," he said, under his breath. Yes, Brian—walking with the uncertain gait that only confirmed his fears. He thought of Margaret, and angry indignation overpowered him; but this same thought brought another, and under its impulse he managed to control himself. With a few hasty strides he was by Brian's side, and, placing his hand rather heavily upon his shoulder, he asked, roughly:

"Where are you going? Come home?"

"Home?" repeated Brian, startled into understanding and shrinking under Bertie's glance. "Home to face her? Never. A few days ago I promised her I would not touch another drop. Yes, promised. A farce, wasn't it? Solemnly promised. You see me to-night. Go home, you say. Go home to see her shrink from me! To see her blush for me! To see—— Ah, heavens, no!"

These words made no impression on Bertie.

"Don't add villainy to cowardice," he said, with flashing eyes. "Come, I say. If you have no self-respect, remember her, and have at least the decency to hide your disgrace under your own roof. You shall not break her heart; you shall not ruin her life. I'll shoot you first."

"Ruin her life," echoed Brian, burying his face in his hands. "My God, I did not intend to ruin her life."

Bertie said no more. Perhaps even he felt some pity for Brian's evident agony, or perhaps he feared that words now would express too much of the anger which burned within him. There are men who can never understand the depths to which others can fall.

Quite silent he walked by Brian, and only left him when the door had closed upon him.

From her own room Margaret heard the faltering step, and knew that Brian had come, but even the great relief of this knowledge did not bring her sleep. All night she tossed restlessly, her mind a prey to miserable doubts and hopeless longings, and when morning came her face told its own story.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Greatest Compliment.

One wet, foggy, muddy day, a little girl was standing on one side of a street in London, waiting for an opportunity to cross over. Those who have seen London streets on such a day, with their wet and mud, and have watched the rush of cabs, hansoms, omnibuses, and carriages, will not wonder that a little girl should be afraid to try to make her way through such a babel as that. So she walked up and down, and looked into the faces of those who passed by.

Some looked careless, some harsh, some were in haste, and she did not find the one she sought, until at length an aged man, rather tall and spare, and of grave yet kindly aspect, came walking down the street. Looking in his face, she seemed to see in him the one for whom she had been waiting, and she went up to him and whispered timidly——

"Please, sir, will you help me over?"

The old man saw the little girl safely across the street, and when he afterward told the story, he said:

"That little girl's trust was the greatest compliment I ever had in my life."

That man was Lord Shaftesbury. He received honors at the hands of a mighty nation; he was complimented with the freedom of the greatest city on the globe; he received the honors conferred by royalty; but the greatest compliment he ever had in his life was when that little unknown girl singled him out in the jostling crowd of a London street, and dared to trust him, stranger though he was, to protect and assist her.

Buying Buns.

The Crown Prince of Denmark is the idol of the army. One day when the autumn military maneuvers were proceeding, the Danish army was encamped near the old Castle of Hald, in Jutland. The Crown Prince was in command, and walking about in camp after the active duties of the day were over, he found a crowd of soldiers gathered about a woman, who had brought in a cartful of buns to sell.

It would be pay-day next morning, and the soldiers had not even money enough to buy a penny bun. Still it was evidently a comfort to crowd about the cart, and inhale the warm odor of the delicacy which they could not otherwise enjoy, and no one noticed the Crown Prince until he was close upon them.

"What is the price of your buns, good woman?" he called.

"A penny apiece, sir," said she.

"Very well, I'll buy the cartload. Get my treasurer to pay you. And you, my soldiers, you have worked so hard to-day that you are sure to be hungry. I hope the buns will make a palatable dessert after supper."

The soldiers cheered, and felt, no doubt, that there was never prince so thoughtful as theirs.

THE New York Tribune observes that cargoes aggregating 42,000 tons are on their way to San Francisco by sea; but it discovers nothing more in the fact that a poetical interest in a revival of the romance which used to be associated with a trip around the Horn. Under the circumstances the prosaic Pacific coaster will concede the poetry or anything else as long as it will keep the cost of transportation down to something like a decent figure.

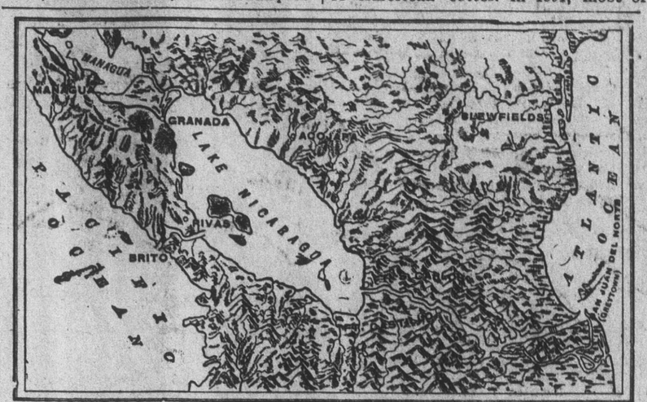
THE NICARAGUA CANAL

REPORT OF THE NATIONAL CONVENTION COMMITTEE.

Information as to the Feasibility of the Canal and Its Commercial and Other Advantages to the United States—Will Cost One Hundred Million Dollars.

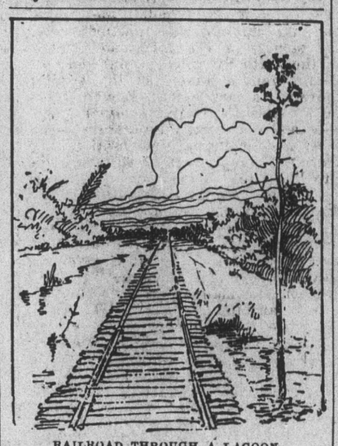
Sure to Be Built.

The committee appointed by the National Nicaragua Canal Convention at its meeting in St Louis, to prepare an address to the American people giving information as to the feasibility of the Nicaragua canal and its commercial and other advantages to the United States, has just finished the preparation of such address. The committee is composed of John S. Jones, of Arkansas; ex-Congressman Converse, of Ohio; R. W. Millsap, the prominent banker of Mississippi; Capt. J. F. Merry, of Manchester, Iowa; S. H. Hawkins, the railroad president, of Georgia; Captain Ambrose Snow, President of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation; and ex-Governor John S. Pillsbury, of Minnesota.



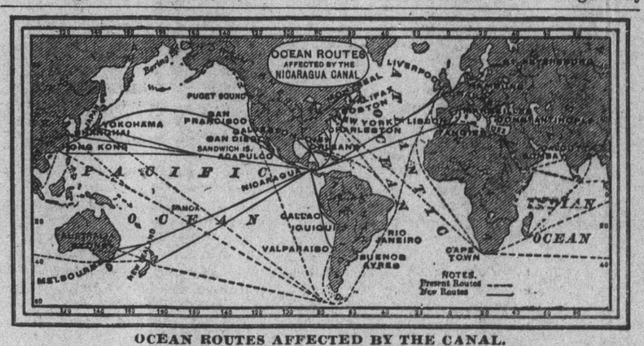
BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE CANAL.

The address is supplementary to the resolutions adopted by the St. Louis convention, which pointed out the advantages of the canal and urged its construction, ownership and control by the American people rather than the English, French or any other nation. It takes the position that a canal, joining the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, should be constructed for the most important commercial, strategic and patriotic reasons, and says that the subject of such a canal is the most vital connected with the welfare, growth and prosperity of the United States. It declares that the only feasible route for such a canal is by way of Nicaragua, and points out that the conventions of the two great political parties have indorsed the project.



RAILROAD THROUGH A LAGOON.

It appears that all the engineers have agreed in expressing a decided preference for the Nicaragua route, because, among other reasons, only 26¾ miles of the entire distance of 169½ miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean through Nicaragua will have to be excavated. The other 142¾ miles consist of Lake Nicaragua, the San Juan River, and depressions in the surface of the earth. Lake Nicaragua will constitute a harbor sufficient to accommodate the navies and commerce of the world. It is 110 miles long, 60 miles wide, and is 250 feet at its deepest points. Vessels entering the canal from the Atlantic Ocean will sail on a level with the ocean for 12¾ miles, at the end of which they will be raised by three locks to the level of the lake. They will sail along the San Juan River and the lake on the lake level to a point within 3½ miles of the Pacific Ocean. Here they will be lowered by the locks to the level of the Pacific Ocean.



OCEAN ROUTES AFFECTED BY THE CANAL.

Cost of the Canal.

The committee says the cost, including the payment of interest during the progress of the work, will be less than $100,000,000, and the time required for the completion of the work is within five years. The climate of Nicaragua is healthy, and out of 1,600 Northern men employed in constructing a railroad through a swamp only two died during a period of four months. Of 200 Northern engineers and skilled mechanics who have worked for the canal company for three years not one has died from a disease incident to the country. By the Nicaragua canal the distance saved is shown by this table:

Between—	Miles present route, via	Miles via Nicarag'a Canal.
N. Y. & San Fran.	Cape Horn, 15,660	4,907
N. Y. & Puget Sound	Magellan, 13,935	5,665
N. Y. & Hong Kong	Cape C. H., 13,750	10,696
N. Y. & Melbourne	Cape Horn, 13,760	9,892
L'pool & San Fran.	Cape Horn, 15,620	7,627
N. O. & San Fran	Cape Horn, 16,000	4,147

The wheat crop of the Pacific coast in 1891 was over 1,800,000 tons and 80 per cent. of the wheat was exported by sailing vessels and a large proportion of it passed around the Horn. The Nicaragua Canal by shortening the route to Atlantic ports would not only save the producer cost of freight, but the revenue of the canal at $2 per ton toll would be nearly $3,000,000 on wheat alone. It is shown that there are 500,000,000 thousand feet of merchantable timber in Washington and Oregon to the value of of which over $2 per thousand feet would be added by cheap water transportation via the Nicaragua Canal. The gross addition to the value would amount to the enormous sum of $1,000,000,000, even at this low estimate of $2 additional. The fruit industry of California would quadruple in two years from the opening of the canal for business, and fast refrigerator steamers would deliver fruit from California to New York in ten days, to Liverpool in fourteen days, and to New Orleans in eight days. The mountains of the Pacific coast are rich in lead, copper, silver and gold, while the plateaux and valleys afford a cereal belt with a soil more durable, and more favorable seasons for seeding and harvesting than any part of the world, and the committee thinks the completion of the Nicaragua Canal is only needed to develop that country to production of gigantic proportions and double the population of the Pacific coast in a few years. The cotton growing sections of the Gulf States have undergone a depression, and the committee believe that nothing could be of greater immediate advantage than the canal in relieving that depression, and making a market for American cotton in Japan, China and Corea, where already the people are beginning to manufacture cotton goods by machinery. Japan imported over 7,000,000 pounds of American cotton in 1891, most of which was shipped from New Orleans to New York and then by rail to Vancouver and steamship to Japan.

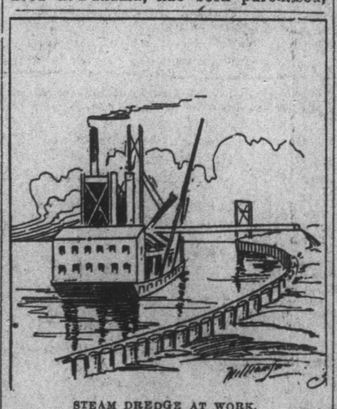
At present the coal trade of South America and the Pacific coast is monopolized by the English. The committee thinks that if the Nicaragua Canal were opened the Alabama and West Virginia coal would have a decided advantage over English competitors, not to mention the enormous amounts of coal the canal company itself would use. At the entrance of the Suez Canal last year 1,500,000 tons of coal was sold. In competition with England for Pacific Ocean trade the Nicaragua Canal would give American commerce an advantage of 2,700 miles, while beside the specific benefits, the committee thinks great general benefits will accrue to the entire Mississippi Valley, the lake ports, and the Atlantic coast. Ship building and the shipping interests in New England will receive a new impetus. A new coasting trade will spring up and American tonnage on the high seas will largely increase.

The committee says that great transatlantic powers are looking with covetous eyes toward the Nicaragua project and the foreign governments would very cheerfully and eagerly embrace an opportunity to take advantage of the enterprise with unlimited capital and prompt energy, but it conceives it to be the patriotic and political privilege of the United States to complete the canal. The commercial and naval supremacy of the nation which might secure control of the canal demands imperatively that its control should not pass away from the people of the United States. It is made plain that two fleets would be required to block an American fleet in Nicaragua where one would be necessary elsewhere. As a foothold from which to attack or defend, to threaten or protect all the coasts, islands and adjacent seas, it is a more commanding power than Gibraltar.

Would Benefit the United States.

Among the beneficial results foreseen are a more practical drawing together of the remote parts of the vast domain of the world and a firmer cohesion of the widely separated sections of the United States, added to a stronger feeling of neighborhood and community between the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards. The consummation of the work, whose feasibility has already been demonstrated, is asserted to be of far greater importance to the Western hemisphere than the Suez Canal is to the Eastern. It is said that no precedent can be cited upon which to predict the future of American commerce when the gateway of the Interoceanic Canal across Nicaragua shall be open to it.

All surveys and examination of strata requiring removal have been completed. The jetty has been constructed and the harbor of Greytown has been restored so that vessels of fourteen-feet draft have an easy entrance. Extensive wharves, landing places, and permanent buildings have been constructed, temporary camps erected, a telegraph line made, the canal cleared of timber for twenty miles, and a railroad twelve miles in length constructed and equipped. The biggest dredging plant in America, that formerly used at Panama, has been purchased,



STEAM DREDGE AT WORK.

and over a mile of the canal has been dredged. The exclusive franchise for the steam navigation of the San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua and an extensive plant for the Navigation Company have been acquired. The government of Nicaragua has acknowledged that the company has complied with the canal grant, which provided that $2,000,000 must be expended the first year. It is shown that the amount of money spent to date on the enterprise is over $6,000,000. The enterprise is indorsed by the leading business men of the country, and that it will be judiciously and economically managed is assured by the character of the board of directors, who, by the charter of the company, are accountable to the Government of the United States. The Secretary of the Interior has the power to make public all the details of the corporate management, thus protecting the investor against the misuse of his money.

Big Net Income.

The Suez Canal, it is shown, saves only 3,600 miles around the Cape of Good Hope, as against over 10,000 miles saved by the Nicaragua Canal; and the following table shows the number of ships passing through, the net tonnage and the gross receipts of the Suez Canal for six separate years:

Year	No. Ships.	Net Tonnage.	Gross Rec'ts (Francs.)
1870	488	436,600	4,345,758
1875	1,494	2,009,984	26,430,756
1880	2,026	3,057,421	36,492,620
1885	3,624	6,335,752	60,057,258
1890	3,389	6,852,637	68,983,506
1891	4,206	8,699,020	83,421,504

The tonnage tributary now to the Nicaragua Canal, and which would pass through after its opening, is over 6,000,000 tons a year. At $2 per ton, the charges made by the Suez Canal, this would be $12,000,000 in tolls. The cost of operation and maintenance is placed at less than $1,000,000, and 6,000,000 tons would show a net income of $11,000,000 per annum. The committee is confident that, within five years, the income will be over $20,000,000.

The committee says it is no longer a question whether the canal will be built or not. The only question is as to who shall build it, and who shall control it when built? It says it has been informed that European syndicates have already made overtures to the canal company, but the committee believes the United States cannot afford by carelessness, hesitation or neglect to permit an enterprise of such magnitude and of such far reaching advantage to pass under the control of any foreign company. "It therefore behooves us," the address concludes, "as a nation conscious of the power we wield and of the greater influence we may exert upon the destinies of this continent, to perform the duties without delay which we deny other nations the privilege of assuming, and to adopt now the best means of securing the early completion of this work, whose advantage we are willing to share with the world, but whose control should never be allowed to pass out of our hands."

A THUNDER-MAKER.

How a Band of Sioux Indians Were Surprised.

"I have had a good many scrimmages with Indians of various tribes, but the wildest and woolliest of the whole copper-colored breed are the Sioux," said Major Dan Allen, one of the original "pathfinders" of the trackless West.

"Most Indians are born sneaks and cowards, who do their fighting from cover; but the Sioux fears neither God, man, nor the devil, and would fight Napoleon's Old Guard in an open field. A bluff won't work on them worth a cent, and when they tackle you you can just make up your mind to do some killing or lose your scalp. I was out in the southwestern part of what is how South Dakota a few years ago, with a hunting party, when we encountered a lot of bucks on the war-path. There were twenty of them, while my party only numbered half a dozen. But the redskins had the old-fashioned muzzle-loaders, while we were armed with Winchesters.

"There wasn't a rock or tree for miles, and we had to just stand up to the rack and take our fodder. One of the party was a mining engineer, who had been prospecting for pay rock and had with him several pounds of dynamite and an electric battery. He was a Yankee—one of those quick-witted people that would find a way to get out of perdition though all Milton's terrors guarded the exit. He concealed the explosive in the grass, attached his wire, and we retreated 400 yards and stopped. The redskins didn't waste any time maneuvering; they came and saw and expected to conquer in short order. On they came, straight as the crow flies, and we lay down in the grass with rifles cocked. I tell you, it was an interesting moment for us.

"If the battery failed to do its duty we were gone to a man. But it didn't. The 'blue-belly' had dropped his hat near the Vesuvius, so that he could tell just when to touch the button. When the foremost horse reached the hat he turned on the current. There was an explosion that made the very ground reel, and the air for forty rods was full of horse flesh and fragments of noble red men, saddles and rifles, blankets and buckskin. 'Now's our time, boys,' I called, and we ran forward and began pumping the lead into the terrified savages as fast as we could pull a trigger. The remnant of the party took flight, and I am known among the Sioux to this day as the thunder maker. The title does not belong to me, but it is mighty good capital in their country."

Madcap Maude.

The little Princess Maude has all of her father's liking for a good time, says the Detroit Free Press. She delights in running and riding and rowing a boat, all of which she can do very well. As yet her attention to books is the result of the desire on her part to be obedient to her mother's wishes. She is a healthy, rosy-cheeked, brown-eyed child, and is very fond of the companionship of her father. Some one remarked to the Prince on one occasion that he was often seen with this daughter, to which he replied: "Oh, yes, Maude and I are great chums."

The young Princess Victoaia, who is the eldest daughter of the Princess of Wales, is very much like her mother, both in appearance and manner. She shows her Scandinavian ancestry in the rather remarkable combination of black hair and blue eyes. She is a very pretty girl and a very close student, having all of her mother's love for books. The Queen is said to be fonder of the Princess Victoria than of any of her other grandchildren.

A BICYCLE has been held to be a vehicle, and is within the purview of the law regulating the use of vehicles. Its proper place is upon the roadway and not upon the sidewalk. Persons riding a bicycle on the sidewalk are subject to the penalties prescribed by the ordinance for riding or driving upon the sidewalk, and are also liable to a civil action for assault and battery if they rudely or carelessly ride against a pedestrian while doing so.

BOTH TARIFF AND TAX.

Gov. Boies Tells the Truth About the McKinley Bill Results.

In his recent speech at Ottumwa, Iowa, Gov. Boies said:

I am here to address you from the standpoint of the party I have the honor to represent in the State. While it shall be my purpose to do so in a way that my remarks shall not be offensive, I expect there are those in my audience who may think differently from myself and from those with whom I act politically. But we are all citizens of one State and one grand Republic, and what is for the interest of one of us in Iowa is certainly for the interests of all. We may not agree as to what that is, but it certainly is our duty as good citizens to endeavor to comprehend the issues that divide the parties and to comprehend them fairly and without prejudice. Every elector has upon his shoulders a share of the responsibility for the policy of the Government, and every citizen should feel that responsibility and realize that the vote he casts has something to do with the policy.

I have been told that this audience is composed almost entirely of farmers, and I shall, therefore, confine my remarks to that line of argument which seems to me most appropriate before such an audience. There are many issues that divide political parties at this time, but in my judgment there is one question of greater importance to the people of Iowa and the nation. I refer to the question that grew out of the national legislation in regard to the raising of the revenue; in other words, the tariff. I know that in the past the common people have been accustomed to look at this question as something beyond their comprehension, something that they must leave to others to settle, something that they are not competent to pass judgment upon. That feeling prevails to a considerable extent even at this time. In order to make myself understood, I want to commence at the bottom of this question. I presume you all know that a tariff is a duty or a tax levied upon imports for raising revenue for the use of the general government.

The Governor then sketched tariff history from the passage of the first act in 1789, when an average of 5 per cent. was levied, to the war tariff, which averaged about 42 per cent. The McKinley bill, he explained, increased the duties to an average of 80 per cent. He continued:

You understand from what I have said that the tariff is no new subject with the people of the United States. It is one about which we have disputed a good share of the time that we have been a nation. It is one in which the policy of one party has prevailed for a time and then been overturned by those who differed from them. Now we find this same old question presented again, and presented in a more exaggerated form than it ever was before, because, with a nation more than a century of age, with institutions more than 100 years old, with manufacturing industries that have outgrown the infantile years, we find one great party insisting that the tariff tax shall be increased for the protection of manufacturing industries beyond any point it ever reached in the nation's history, and we naturally find another party arrayed upon the other side.

Where the Difficulty Lies.

The great difficulty, as I have said, results from the fact that the masses of the American people considered the question too deep for their comprehension, and for that reason they have allowed political leaders, perhaps on both sides, to do their thinking for them. I have never had any fear that any question would be finally settled wrong if the people could be made to comprehend it. There are very few men in the United States who have not at heart the best interests of the nation, very few who would willingly deposit a ballot they honestly believed would prejudice or harm the nation or State in any manner or form. So long as questions are of a character that the people can understand and do comprehend, just so long is it safe to say that in the end they will be settled for the best interests of the state and nation at large. Remembering that the tariff is a tax, and that it is a method by which the government raises a large portion of its revenues, and remembering that all taxes come from the people, I want to invite your attention to the question whether it is just or unjust that taxes should be levied for any other purpose than the necessary revenue of the government. You know, of course, how your State, county and municipal taxes are levied. You know they are laid with a view of making those who are able to bear the expenses pay them. When we come to those national taxes we have been inclined to look at them as something we don't pay, something that comes from somewhere else; and I am sorry to say a great many speakers and writers try to inculcate that belief in the public mind. They have made many people believe that they don't pay the tariff tax. You take no receipt for it; no officer collects it.

Governor Boies went on to show that the tax is collected from the consumer by reason of the increased price he pays for goods. He proceeded:

No less a man than Congressman Burrows told an audience of intelligent people in Des Moines that the foreigner pays the tax and that he preferred the foreigner to be so burdened in the interests of our common people. I am sorry to hear a man make such a statement, for more than one reason. If I could be made to believe that the foreigner pays the taxes necessary to support the Government that protects us I should consider it one of the strongest objections that could possibly be urged against a protective tariff. The Government is for our protection and not for the protection of any foreigner. If any foreign nation adopted a plan by which Americans were made to pay the expenses of their Government I should say that in some manner and by some means we should rid ourselves of such an injustice. [Applause.] And I say, further, that if we had the power to make other nations bear our expenses, I believe every man and woman I address have too much honor and self-respect to permit the foreigner to maintain the Government that protects us and does not protect him.

Governor Boies then explained the Democratic principle of levying taxes for revenue only, urging that protection to certain industries is unjust to the masses of the people. The Republicans, of course, he said, try to disguise the fact that the masses are being taxed to enrich favored manufacturers. The fact is easily demonstrated and within the comprehension of all who consider the question squarely on its merits. A great hubbub is being made over the fact that the prices of certain commodities have not advanced under the McKinley bill. Said the Governor:

Possibilities Under the McKinley Act.

"The McKinley law would allow the manufacturers to raise prices if they dared. But they have as much business sense as other classes. The McKinley bill was a surprise to the country up to the time of its passage. The Republicans claimed that the tariff should be reformed in the interest of the masses, but it was soon demonstrated that instead of reducing the tariff on many necessities it increased it. Never in the whole world was such a protest entered against any legislation. A majority of twenty in the lower house of Congress was swept away and replaced by an overwhelming majority of the opposing party. But they say prices have not gone up and you should come to your senses and vote the Republican ticket. Now suppose manufacturers had taken the advantage the McKinley bill gave them and increased prices, what would have been the result? Why, a wave of indignation such as swept over the country two years ago would follow, until there was not a vestige of the tariff law left. They knew that and did not raise prices."

Gov. Boies said the alarm which followed his famous corn speech was due to the fact that the Republicans were afraid of the farmers sitting down and figuring their profits and losses. They wanted them kept in ignorance so that the protected classes should still be maintained largely at their expense. Concluding, he said:

Now, my farmer friends, go home and sit by your firesides and figure out the situation upon your own farms. If, when you get through, you think it is right and just that you should be taxed to build up manufacturing industries away down on the Atlantic coast to make somebody rich whom you never saw or heard of; if you think that is just to your wife and children, why, go on and vote the Republican ticket. But if you see that it is wrong, that what you earn and what your wife and children earn belongs to yourself and not to some Eastern monopolist, then come over to the Democratic party, for that is where you belong.

When Great Men Worked.

BURNS wrote songs in childhood, and published some at 16.

CONGREVE wrote "The Old Bachelor," his first comedy, at 23.

THE "Pleasures of Hope" appeared when Campbell was 22.

LAMB'S first printed poems came out when the author was 22.

JOSEPH ADDISON'S first essays appeared when he was 29.

MARIA EDGEWORTH wrote her story "Castle Rackrent" at 34.