

INCOME TAXATION.

IT IS LESS BURDENSOME THAN THE TARIFF.

Its Evils Would Be Confined to the Rich
Instead of the poor. An Expose of the Custom House Corruption—The Mexican Corn Famine.

Tariff Versus Income Tax.
Representative John D. Warner thinks that the people would "suffer" an income tax more than a tax on tea and coffee. They would "suffer" in either event. Let the present tariff alone and the people will not "suffer" at all.—New York Press.

Does the Press know of a tax that does not make the people "suffer"? Undoubtedly such a tax is possible, though it has never been put into operation. It is, however, at the opposite pole from the indirect, insidious and accursed protective tariff tax which steadily robs the poor consumer of from one-tenth to one-fifth of his food and clothing; which cripples the great bulk of legitimate and independent industries to pamper up a few favorites; and which injures a nation by turning its producers from profitable to unprofitable occupations, making it unable to compete in any but its own "protected" markets. An income tax is a burden, but, to the extent to which it can be worked, it is less of a burden than any direct tax—even though it be a tariff for revenue only. An income tax is necessarily inequitable and will lead to wholesale perjury and fraud on the part of those fortunate enough to be overtaken by it. Under it the dishonest will largely escape and the honest "suffer." But, even though it extends to incomes as low as \$2,000, it will not cause great hardship. It will never enter the houses of the poor to shorten their stay on this earth by compelling them to wear shoddy instead of wool; to eat unwholesome and insufficient food; to suffer with cold and, perhaps, to freeze for lack of food, cheap coal and blankets; and to put up with uncomfortable and cheap ware, furniture and tools. It will enter only the homes of the rich, or, comparatively rich, and compel them to contribute somewhat in proportion to their means to the expense of the Government which protects them. It will not ask the 6,000 or 8,000 millionaires who have grown up under protection and special privileges to return any of the wealth which they have sequestered into their coffers to the consumers from whom it was taken, but it will ask the millionaires to turn over to the Government a little of the interest which they are obtaining on their ill-gotten gains.

The deductions and the evils of an income tax will be confined chiefly to the rich, who will by cunning and perjury seek to evade the tax and to shirk their duties as citizens. This tax will not cause one-tenth of the suffering that is caused by taxes on consumption and production. If there is a particularly warm corner in the nether regions of the next world it should be reserved for those responsible for the protective tariff system of taxation—a system that has caused more misery on earth than has any disease or famine.—Byron W. Holt.

The Mexican Corn Famine.

Gen. Warren T. Sutton, Consul General of the United States for Northern Mexico, has just sent in his official report on the subject of the exportation of grain from this country to Mexico during 1892. As there was a corn famine in Mexico in 1892, an unusual amount was demanded from the United States. Gen. Sutton says: "Had it not been for our nearness and unlimited supply, thousands of the very poor of Mexico must have died for lack of food. As it was, there was much suffering, and the effects will be felt for years."

About 6,000,000 bushels of corn were imported to Mexico in 1892—enough to fill a solid train nearly seventy-seven miles long. Early in 1892 the Mexican government, not being certain that "the foreigner pays the tax," as McKinley says, abolished the duty on imported corn. This is another open acknowledgment that protection is a burden to the masses. The burden is not so great or so evident in a big country like the United States, which produces nearly all kinds of crops and which never has a famine in all parts of the country at once; but in the countries like Mexico or Canada, dependent, especially in times of famine, upon imports of foreign commodities, the burden is unmistakable. Even in ordinary years the Mexican Government maintains a "free zone" near the United States border to mitigate the worst effects of protection. This the government is compelled to do as a measure of protection. Its subjects near the border simply refuse to be compelled to pay high prices for articles that they are selling across the line in Uncle Sam's domain at reasonable figures.

In great or small countries "protection" by tariff duties is simply a curse. Its evils may be mitigated by "free zones," by temporary abolition of duties, or, perhaps, by "reciprocity"—when two or more countries, by reciprocal agreement, let down the bars to imports; but the evil will not cease until commerce, industry and men are forever freed from the bondage of protective duties and protection superstition.

Dead Against the Poor.
The working of Republican "protection" to American labor is gradually becoming very clear to the people.

In the first place, a law is passed giving to privileged classes of manufacturers the power to impose exorbitant prices without danger of foreign competition. Then, ostensibly to preserve home competition, an anti-trust law is passed. But it is not enforced. Perhaps it cannot be. At least, producers combine to limit production and maintain high prices, and the officials charged with the duty of preventing this do nothing about it.

In order to give color to the pretext that high duties are in the interest of American workers a law is passed forbidding the importation of European pauper labor under contract. But this law also is systematically and successfully evaded. No officer attempts to use the law to prevent the wrong. The Senate investigation now in progress here shows

that the "combines" which are organized in defiance of law constantly import cheap laborers without hindrance.

But the taxes which the consumer has to pay are enforced relentlessly. The whole system, from beginning to end, and in all its parts, operates to favor the rich and to oppress the poor.—New York World.

Custom House Corruption.

The commission to investigate the custom house, though it has only begun its work, has already uncovered great heaps of rottenness. Undervaluations, favoritism, bribery, perjury—these are the sins that have their headquarters in the custom house and that flourish in every department. It is impossible to tell from the conflicting testimony of this commission in the Appraisals department who the perjurers are and who are most guilty. It is only certain that the department that appraises three-fourths of the \$400,000,000 worth of dutiable goods that enter our ports annually is a den of corruption. It is also quite certain that the importers of New York City are terrorized by the custom house officers, who can, by favoritism, make or break an importing merchant. As past investigations of this kind have been a farce, in that they did not lead to the discharge of officials who were proven guilty of favoritism in the valuation of goods or who maliciously detained goods at the custom house until they had lost much of their value, the merchants now believe that the present investigation will lead to nothing except to call down upon their heads the wrath of the officials against whom the merchants testify. Hence the importers, who have goods passing through the custom house nearly every week, hesitate to incur the displeasure of the appraisers by submitting testimony against them.

As an evidence of the kind of discriminations made by the appraisers, we quote some of the appraisals of silk handkerchiefs, alleged to have been of identical quality, imported by rival firms:

Handkerchiefs.	Simon, Thal. Fan. Co. Isaac.
2-ounce.....	80 94 110 110
4-ounce.....	40 48 58 58
6-ounce.....	1 1 1 1
8-ounce.....	1 1 1 1
10-ounce.....	1 1 1 1
12-ounce.....	1 1 1 1
14-ounce.....	1 1 1 1
16-ounce.....	1 1 1 1
18-ounce.....	1 1 1 1
20-ounce.....	1 1 1 1

Of course, with an average discrimination of about 25 per cent. in favor of J. B. Simon & Co., it is only a question of time when their competitors will be driven out of the business. So great are some of these discriminations that importers can sometimes purchase cheaper of their rivals than they can abroad.

The temptation is so great, and human nature so weak, that it is likely that custom house fraud can be stopped only with the abolition of custom houses themselves.

McKinley's Renomination.

The platform on which Governor McKinley has been renominated shows no abatement of Ohio McKinleyism. Thus it—

1. Indorses the calamity platform of June, 1892.
2. Praises the wise, pure and patriotic B. H. Paine.
3. Ditto the ditto W. McKinley, Jr.
4. Favors the McKinley protection act, with amendments thereto for protection.
5. Stands by the Ohio corn raisers.
6. Throws a sop to the farmers inclined to populism.
7. Declares for restricted immigration.
8. Declares for free pensions.
9. Views with alarm the administration of G. C.
10. Straddles the money question.

And Governor McKinley in his speech of acceptance is the same old Napoleon. He finds the Cleveland administration responsible for the financial evils precipitated by the Sherman law; is still the apostle of protection and indignant at the proposal to purge the pension rolls. Such is McKinley and McKinleyism.

A Public Reservoir.

I saw an interesting sight while in Venice. Entering a little square shut in by high houses, and, like most Venetian squares, dominated by the unfinished facade of a time-stained church. I noticed a singular activity among the people. They were scurrying in from every alley and hastening from every house door, with odd-shaped copper buckets of hook-ended wooden bows, and with little coils of rope. Old men and women, boys and girls, all gathered closely about a covered well curb in the middle of the square; and still they hurried on, until they stood in a dozen deep around it. Presently the church tower slowly struck eight, and a little old man forced his way through the crowd, passed his ponderous iron key through the lid, and unlocked the well.

There immediately ensued a scene of great activity. The kettles were jangling into it and came slopping out again at an amazing rate, and the people trudged off home, each with a pair of them swung from the shoulder. The wells are deep cisterns, which are filled during the night, and it is out of amiable consideration for those who love their morning nap that they are given as good chances as their neighbors of getting an unsold supply. I found, on closer inspection, that the water was of excellent quality.

Poetic Justice.

They have had income taxes in old England for several decades. The Leeds Daily News, in commenting on the proposition to make up the prospective deficiency of revenue in the United States by an income tax with a high exemption limit, says:

"This last is an excellent proposal, and we hope it will be carried into effect. It would then be the millionaire manufacturers, who have made their 'piles' by protection, who would have to provide the bulk of the immediate loss to the revenue caused by the lowering of the tariff. That would be poetic justice, indeed."

SUCCESSFUL FARMER—Son George got some sense during that foreign tour. Wife—I hain't seen it. "I have. You know he spent a good while in Lunnnon, as he calls it." "Yes, an' I'd like to know what good it did." "Use 'er eyes, Miranda. He 'learned to turn up his pants when it rains."—New York Weekly.

"You say in the mean time. To what period do you refer?" "To house-cleaning."—Detroit Tribune.

GOWNS FOR THE HOUSE.

GREAT VARIETY OF STYLES FOR THIS SEASON.

They Afford an Agreeable Change and Contrast from the Street and Reception Dresses—Hints for Women Who Strive to Look Pretty.

Gotham Fashion Gossip.
New York correspondence.

THE woman who strives to look sweet and pretty should be so in her house gown this year, because her house gowns may afford a change and contrast in style from her street and reception dresses that makes her especially charming in all. On the street and at the smart 5 o'clock tea her pretty skirts will spread, and she will be all puff and fluff; in the house she may be as Empress as she pleases and lovely in quite a different way. The house gown must be put together with discretion and worn with confidence. It is quite a different thing from the negligee of one's room, and must not suggest the street gown. It may be of materials as rich and as delicate as the ball toilet, but it must not seem a bit like it. The Empire models lend themselves best to the ideal house-gown, the bodice part being high-necked and long-sleeved, or only cut out. One charming dress has the bodice surplice front with great sleeves and a high collar, and is made of white grenadine with plush stripes. The bodice ends just below the bust line. The skirt is heavy silk, perfectly plain, and falls in close, straight folds from the edge of the bodice. At the back of the bodice are two big rosettes of white satin, from between which floats a long sash of white satin. A big satin bow is in front. The skirt is of the creamy white, and the gown is worn with scarlet slippers and stockings to match. A great deal of the philosophy of the ideal house-gown is in this dress, and a little study of the design will show just the points that make it a house-gown for all. The material is what would be suitable for an evening dress.

The same idea can be carried out in black, the neck being cut slightly square, and the skirt of soft India silk. It is a good rule not to show much of the arms and neck in a silken or brocade house dress. This sort of thing is charming for the 5 o'clock tea that you are giving, or for the afternoon at home, or anything that calls for the rather "staid" dress. Besides these you want the little dresses that are going to make you seem sweet and picturesque, and, incidentally, save street and other dresses. Little Gretchen gowns, with delicate white mull for neck and sleeves, that seem cool and homelike, are made with quite wide short waists. The chief charm of the to home dress is that it shall seem comfortable. Of course you must be careful not to have these dresses seem theatrical, only dainty and pretty. This reminds me of the little actress who got married suddenly at the end of the season, took a little summer cottage and wore all her stage "domestic-little-wife" dresses and impossible aprons. True to stage effects, she invariably swept the front steps with a broom tied with blue ribbon, just as all the men were coming home from business, and entirely demoralized the summer population. But, to return to gowns. These little picture gowns may of course be made merely pretty and be used to pose about in, and help make your "come look artistic. For this idea, you have all art at your disposal, and your dress may be copied from any period you like that lends itself to flowing lines and rich colors, or the little gowns may be distinctly useful and suggest that madam does at least the dusting of her own parlor.

For the warm weather you must have any number of fresh print, lawn or even gingham dresses made for house wear. The very prettiest are the simplest. They can be made of the finest chambray, lawn or print of a dainty color, or white with sprig of a design, or of silk. The basque is of green and pink ombre velvet, cut flaring and trimmed with a band of pink crepe lace edged with cream-colored lace and held in place at the waist by a wide girle of gilt passementerie. Beneath the belt are two long ends, one of plain crepe lace, the other entirely of lace. The sleeves are of the same material, and are heavily cloth-of-gold and are garnished with a puff of crepe lace and an embroidered frill of the same. On each side of the basque is an imitation pocket, made like a shell, of cloth-of-gold or gold passementerie.

The charming costume next illustrated is particularly suitable to the matron. It is very stylish, the little open jacket being most fashionable. It would look very well made up in blue, with panels of navy blue and red or sky-blue; or, for half-mourning, in black, the panels being of black velvet with a narrow stripe of white. Particular attention is called to the shape of the bodice, which is most novel and becoming, especially to a slim figure.

The last sketch is of a dress which can be made either of black or colored crepe trimmed with black tulle or chiffon. The skirt is very wide, is lined with silk and has a ruffle of lace inside. On the outside is a gathered flounce of tulle. The waist has a silk lining, but the back of crepe has no center seam and the fronts are composed of crepe taken bias. The latter must be cut full enough to make numerous tiny pleats that all meet at the waist line. The neck is cut V-shape in front only, and is finished with a pleated bandeau of tulle, and two tulle ruffles that go all the way around. The balloon sleeves have a tight lining.

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The Servant Can't Get Mixed.
A novelty has been introduced by a Boston woman that bids fair to become a mania in the cultured society of that city. She has as complete breakfast service of cups, saucers, and plates for her large family on which are given, from photographs, the likeness of the members, so that the servant can properly place the china to be used.

THE SPIDER'S MENNY.
A writer gives an interesting account of the curious habits of the ichneumon-fly of Ceylon, the natural enemy of the spider. This insect is green in color, and in form resembles a wasp, with a marvellously thin waist. It makes its nest of well-worked clay, and then goes out on a hunting expedition. Its victims are invariably spiders of various kinds, but all are subject to the same mode of treatment. A scientific sting injects some poison which effectually paralyzes the luckless spider, who is then carried off to the nest and there fastened with a dab of moist clay.

Another and another victim is brought to this chamber of horrors. Then the president mother ichneumon-fly proceeds to deposit her eggs, one in the body of each spider, which can just move its legs in a vague aimless manner, but can afford no resistance. This done, the fly returns to her work as a mason. She prepares more clay and builds up the entrance to this ghastly cell. Then she commences a new cell, which she furnishes in like manner, and closes; then she adds yet another cell, and so proceeds till her store of eggs are all provided for, and her task in life being accomplished, she dies, leaving her evil brood to hatch at leisure. In due time these horrid little maggots come to life and find themselves cradled in a larder of fresh meat. Each poor spider is still alive, and his juices afford nutriment for the ichneumon-grub, till it is ready to pass into its chrysalis stage, thence to emerge as a winged fly, fully prepared to carry on the traditions of its ancestors with regard to spiders, and to fulfill the purpose for which they have been created, according to ichneumon belief.—[Leisure Hour.]

SPEARING A SALMON.
All being ready, the old man steps aboard with the spear, and takes his place in the bow. The torch in front is lighted, and with a crackle like the frying of grease the flame leaps upward, and with its yellow glare lights up the bushes, the nearer tree-trunks, and the surface of the water. Quickly stepping also the stern, aims a long pole in lieu of paddle, gives a push or two, and the canoe glides out on the surface of the pool. But it is too quickly done, for the pool, shallow there, is lighted to the very bottom as with the light of day, and several huge black objects move away into the deep and somber places. With a splash the spear is quickly thrust down into the water after a departing shadow, but it is too late. Then the canoe is cautiously driven toward the deeper place at the head of the pool, and as it nears the other end, one, two, six, ten, twenty great shadowy forms dart, one after the other, toward the foot of the pool, past them.

Down goes the spear, not with a splash, but with a steady thrust. It strikes the bottom, but the tradition of its ancestors is not forgotten, and it is drawn back empty. Several times this happens. Has the old man lost his former skill? Soon he suspects that the new pole, like a bright stream moving toward them, frightens them.

A new supply of bark is needed, so they return to the camp. The spear is held over the fire until it is blackened from end to end and is no longer conspicuous. So confident is the old hunter of getting a fish, that he makes ready to eat him at once. He pokes up the fire, throws on some fresh wood, and sets a kettle of water to boil. He peels some potatoes, which he has brought along (perhaps for the very purpose), and puts them into the water.

Meanwhile the salmon have recovered, doubtless from their first scare. So, with a fresh supply of torches, they start again, this time with more deliberation, for the long black pirogue has not entered the length of itself upon the pool, before down goes the spear. Hand over hand it is pushed, and it seems, will never stop. It reaches the sandy bottom and sticks there. It sways as if something is tugging at the end of it. Then, as he would lift a load of hay on a pitch fork, the old man gradually raises the end of the spear. Out comes a black nose, then there is a flapping and splashing of fins and powerful tail, and the first salmon is caught. Quickly the old man draws the fish to the side of the canoe, lifts it on board, caught and held firmly by the stout jaw. It is released, and lies upon the bottom of the canoe—only a four-pounder. Only a four-pounder, the smallest one of the whole crowd, when plenty of them looked as big as stove-pipes! And there was one, much bigger than any of the rest, which looked fully four feet long. Sometimes, when those big fellows do get caught, the spearman lets go entirely, and when

the fish is exhausted with the violence of its efforts, it may be easily drawn in. It would be hard to say which is more excited over the capture—the stranger, who never saw such a thing done before, or the old man, to whom all the enthusiasm of his younger days seems to have returned.—[St. Nicholas.]

WITHOUT A LARYNX.
Remarkable Effort at Speech With a Closed Windpipe.

Fourteen months ago Dr. J. Solis-Cohen of Philadelphia, in an operation for the removal of cancer, cut away his patient's larynx and closed up the windpipe. The man breathed through a tube inserted in the operation of tracheotomy. He has recently acquired speech with his windpipe closed. Dr. Solis-Cohen is the throat specialist of Jefferson College, and the operation of cutting away the larynx was performed at his clinic. The man on whom the operation was performed was then and is still an inmate of the Philadelphia Hospital.

Six months after the operation was performed Dr. Solis-Cohen noticed the man making guttural sounds. Wondering how they were made, he examined the movements of the man's mouth, and the process of the sound's formation was explained. The man drew the air into his mouth and down his throat to where it was sewed together, and then, compressing it, forced it out between the throat muscles, which, acting as the vocal chords, produced the sounds.

At the annual meeting of the American Laryngological Association in New York Dr. Solis-Cohen exhibited the man to the best known throat specialists in the United States. They pronounced it one of the most wonderful feats of modern laryngological surgery. The man sang for them, and talked so that they could distinctly hear his voice thirty feet away. Dr. Solis-Cohen had intended to exhibit the man's larynx, which was removed whole and preserved to the association, but, unfortunately, it arrived too late.

Dr. Solis-Cohen, who asked for an account of the case, said: "I found the man in the Philadelphia Hospital over a year ago suffering from cancer of the larynx. The disease had advanced to such a stage that it was necessary to adopt heroic measures, and I determined to cut the larynx out. As patients in such cases usually die after the operation of pneumonia caused by the lungs, I never anticipated this curious result. The wound healed nicely, and all communication between his lungs and mouth ceased. One day about six months ago, when I was talking to him in the hospital, I noticed he was attempting to talk, and was succeeding in making some sounds. Asking him if he could do this at will, he replied that he could, and so I encouraged him to continue his efforts. He was much surprised to use his throat muscles with better results, and now, considering the condition he is in, talks remarkably well. The aperture in his throat, too, healed nicely, and he only uses the tube in the daytime now, taking it out when he goes to bed at night. The man is a teamster, about 50 years old, and, up to the time of the development of the cancer, was a healthy man."—[New York Sun.]

Diplomacy Junketing.
"Nearly all of the members of the foreign legations at Washington," said a State Department official to me, "are always ready for a free junket at the expense of the government, and they are not afflicted with any modesty in pressing their claims on the State Department. If the department yielded to all their demands the contingent fund at the disposal of the Secretary would be exhausted in the first three months of every fiscal year. I will mention a case in point. The State Department issued invitations to all the legations at Washington to visit the opening of the World's Fair. Each legation was requested to state how much space it desired to occupy in the special train. One of the smaller legations put in an application for eleven sections. Did he get them? Hardly. Secretary Gresham notified the minister that one section had been placed at his disposal. Think of a legation with not over half a dozen employees applying for eleven sections. Doubtless the minister intended to transport the entire social colony of his nation in Washington to Chicago at Uncle Sam's expense. He was no marked exception to the rule. Had Secretary Gresham honored all the requests made by the members of the Diplomatic Corps he would have been compelled to secure four or five special trains instead of one."—[New York Press.]

A Great New State.
Young America builds bigger than her forefathers. Wyoming is not an exceptionally large State, yet it is as big as the six States of New England and Indiana combined. Indiana itself is the size of Portugal, and is larger than Ireland. It is with more than ordinary curiosity that one approaches Wyoming during a course of study of the new Western States. From the palace cars of the Union Pacific railroad, that carries a tide of transcontinental travel across its full length, there is little to see but brown bunch-grass, and yet we know that on its surface of 363 miles of length and 275 miles of width are many mountain ranges and noble river-threaded valleys of such beauty that a great block of the land is to be forever preserved in its present condition as the Yellowstone National Park. We know that for years this had been a stockman's paradise, the greatest seat of the cattle industry north of Texas—the stamping ground of the picturesque cowboys who had taken the place of the hunters who came from the most distant points in Europe to kill big game there. We know that in the mysterious depths of this huge State the decline of its first great activity was, last year, marked by a peculiar disorder that necessitated the calling out of troops; but that was a flash in a pan, much exaggerated at a distance and easily quieted at the time. For the rest, most well-informed citizens outside the State know nothing more than the misnaming of the State implies, for the pretty Indian word Wyoming, copying the name of a historic locality in the East, is said to mean "plains land."—[Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine.]

Black lace forms the fabric of a vast number of capes and collarettes, and will be much used in dresses also. A novelty among lace materials for gowns shows chrysanthemums of various shades of light brown and yellow on double black net.

There grows upon the sands of the Atlantic, at least as far north as the Virginia line, a little cactus with a pretty yellow flower. It flourishes in the driest seasons and where nought but bare sand is visible for many square yards. The secret of its sturdy growth amid hard conditions is found, perhaps, in the character of its roots. They are long and tough, like twine cords, and, radiating in several directions, they convey to the plant water and moisture from the ground contents for yards around. Oddly enough, too, this cactus when torn up by the roots and conveyed north seems to live on indefinitely, under entirely new conditions, its roots cut short, planted in clay soil, and abundantly watered.—[New York Sun.]

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE BABY'S WISHES.

Somebody thus describes a baby's wants:

I want that long sunbeam—I wish I could walk

I want the canary—I wish I could talk

I want to roll over—I think I will try!

I want my dear mamma—I'm glad I can cry!

[St. Louis Star-Sayings.]

TEACH THE CHILD A SONG.

Encourage your little ones to sing. Music lessens care and heartache. Often the words of a song, the sweet melody, linger in the heart after the voice is silent, and keep alive the courage which has been lost; anxiety and heart pain, cause heart disease, and after that quickly comes death. Song sweetens toil, and it is imperative that parents and teachers should aim to increase this means of happiness for the children, if for no other reason than to strengthen their minds and hearts for the labors to be borne in mature years.

THE GRACE WAS TOO LONG.
There is a little chap up on Price Hill who will make trouble in religious circles some of these days if he is not systematically trained in "the way he should go." He was over at his grandfather's for dinner yesterday, and sat buckled in the old high chair ready for the onslaught. His grandfather, a reverent old gentleman, and one of the worthiest of the world, bent his snowy head and began his usual lengthy grace. Sammy never relishes those famous graces at best, and when, just in the middle of this extra long one for company, the old gentleman paused deliberately and yawned several tedious times, the infant could stand it no longer. Leaning over, he tapped him on the arm with his big spoon and whispered energetically:

"Get a move, dranna—get a move for dracious sake—'s hussy as a bear!" Grandpa "got a move."—[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

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Down goes the spear, not with a splash, but with a steady thrust. It strikes the bottom, but the tradition of its ancestors is not forgotten, and it is drawn back empty. Several times this happens. Has the old man lost his former skill? Soon he suspects that the new pole, like a bright stream moving toward them, frightens them.

A new supply of bark is needed, so they return to the camp. The spear is held over the fire until it is blackened from end to end and is no longer conspicuous. So confident is the old hunter of getting a fish, that he makes ready to eat him at once. He pokes up the fire, throws on some fresh wood, and sets a kettle of water to boil. He peels some potatoes, which he has brought along (perhaps for the very purpose), and puts them into the water.

Meanwhile the salmon have recovered, doubtless from their first scare. So, with a fresh supply of torches, they start again, this time with more deliberation, for the long black pirogue has not entered the length of itself upon the pool, before down goes the spear. Hand over hand it is pushed, and it seems, will never stop. It reaches the sandy bottom and sticks there. It sways as if something is tugging at the end of it. Then, as he would lift a load of hay on a pitch fork, the old man gradually raises the end of the spear. Out comes a black nose, then there is a flapping and splashing of fins and powerful tail, and the first salmon is caught. Quickly the old man draws the fish to the side of the canoe, lifts it on board, caught and held firmly by the stout jaw. It is released, and lies upon the bottom of the canoe—only a four-pounder. Only a four-pounder, the smallest one of the whole crowd, when plenty of them looked as big as stove-pipes! And there was one, much bigger than any of the rest, which looked fully four feet long. Sometimes, when those big fellows do get caught, the spearman lets go entirely, and when

the fish is exhausted with the violence of its efforts, it may be easily drawn in. It would be hard to say which is more excited over the capture—the stranger, who never saw such a thing done before, or the old man, to whom all the enthusiasm of his younger days seems to have returned.—[St. Nicholas.]

WITHOUT A LARYNX.
Remarkable Effort at Speech With a Closed Windpipe.

Fourteen months ago Dr. J. Solis-Cohen of Philadelphia, in an operation for the removal of cancer, cut away his patient's larynx and closed up the windpipe. The man breathed through a tube inserted in the operation of tracheotomy. He has recently acquired speech with his windpipe closed. Dr. Solis-Cohen is the throat specialist of Jefferson College, and the operation of cutting away the larynx was performed at his clinic. The man on whom the operation was performed was then and is still an inmate of the Philadelphia Hospital.

Six months after the operation was performed Dr. Solis-Cohen noticed the man making guttural sounds. Wondering how they were made, he examined the movements of the man's mouth, and the process of the sound's formation was explained. The man drew the air into his mouth and down his throat to where it was sewed together, and then, compressing it, forced it out between the throat muscles, which, acting as the vocal chords, produced the sounds.

At the annual meeting of the American Laryngological Association in New York Dr. Solis-Cohen exhibited the man to the best known throat specialists in the United States. They pronounced it one of the most wonderful feats of modern laryngological surgery. The man sang for them, and talked so that they could distinctly hear his voice thirty feet away. Dr. Solis-Cohen had intended to exhibit the man's larynx, which was removed whole and preserved to the association, but, unfortunately, it arrived too late.

Dr. Solis-Cohen, who asked for an account of the case, said: "I found the man in the Philadelphia Hospital over a year ago suffering from cancer of the larynx. The disease had advanced to such a stage that it was necessary to adopt heroic measures, and I determined to cut the larynx out. As patients in such cases usually die after the operation of pneumonia caused by the lungs, I never anticipated this curious result. The wound healed nicely, and all communication between his lungs and mouth ceased. One day about six months ago, when I was talking to him in the hospital, I noticed he was attempting to talk, and was succeeding in making some sounds. Asking him if he could do this at will, he replied that he could, and so I encouraged him to continue his efforts. He was much surprised to use his throat muscles with better results, and now, considering the condition he is in, talks remarkably well. The aperture in his throat, too, healed nicely, and he only uses the tube in the daytime now, taking it out when he goes to bed at night. The man is a teamster, about 50 years old, and, up to the time of the development of the cancer, was a healthy man."—[New York Sun.]

Diplomacy Junketing.
"Nearly all of the members of the foreign legations at Washington," said a State Department official to me, "are always ready for a free junket at the expense of the government, and they are not afflicted with any modesty in pressing their claims on the State Department. If the department yielded to all their demands the contingent fund at the disposal of the Secretary would be exhausted in the first three months of every fiscal year. I will mention a case in point. The State Department issued invitations to all the legations at Washington to visit the opening of the World's Fair. Each legation was requested to state how much space it desired to occupy in the special train. One of the smaller legations put in an application for eleven sections. Did he get them? Hardly. Secretary Gresham notified the minister that one section had been placed at his disposal. Think of a legation with not over half a dozen employees applying for eleven sections. Doubtless the minister intended to transport the entire social colony of his nation in Washington to Chicago at Uncle Sam's expense. He was no marked exception to the rule. Had Secretary Gresham honored all the requests made by the members of the Diplomatic Corps he would have been compelled to secure four or five special trains instead of one."—[New York Press.]

A Great New State.
Young America builds bigger than her forefathers. Wyoming is not an exceptionally large State, yet it is as big as the six States of New England and Indiana combined. Indiana itself is the size of Portugal, and is larger than Ireland. It is with more than ordinary curiosity that one approaches Wyoming during a course of study of the new Western States. From the palace cars of the Union Pacific railroad, that carries a tide of transcontinental travel across its full length, there is little to see but brown bunch-grass, and yet we know that on its surface of 363 miles of length and 275 miles of width are many mountain ranges and noble river-threaded valleys of such beauty that a great block of the land is to be forever preserved in its present condition as the Yellowstone National Park. We know that for years this had been a stockman's paradise, the greatest seat of the cattle industry north of Texas—the stamping ground of the picturesque cowboys who had taken the place of the hunters who came from the most distant points in Europe to kill big game there. We know that in the mysterious depths of this huge State the decline of its first great activity was, last year, marked by a peculiar disorder that necessitated the calling out of troops; but that was a flash in a pan, much exaggerated at a distance and easily quieted at the time. For the rest, most well-informed citizens outside the State know nothing more than the misnaming of the State implies, for the pretty Indian word Wyoming, copying the name of a historic locality in the East, is said to mean "plains land."—[Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine.]

Black lace forms the fabric of a vast number of capes and collarettes, and will be much used in dresses also. A novelty among lace materials for gowns shows chrysanthemums of various shades of light brown and yellow on double black net.

There grows upon