

JUST FROM GEORGIA.

NEVER MIND!
Never mind if it rains or snows—
Never mind how the storm-wind blows;
Just what's best for you, God—He knows:
Why should you weep and sigh?
Never mind when a world of woes
Beats you down, with a thousand foes:
Just what's best for you, God—He knows:
Over you bends His sky!
Never mind when the black night throbs
Darkness over your life's last rose,
Dead in its loveliness! God still knows:
Why should you sit and weep?
Never mind! there is sweet repose
With the dying day—at the twilight's close,
And unto the valley—the one God knows:
Angels your steps shall keep!
—[Atlanta Constitution.]

THE EARLIER BIRD

BY CHARLES D. WILLARD.

There were four men in the smoking compartment of a Pullman, in an overland train heading westward. They talked of California—of its gold and the '49ers, of its fruits, of its mountain scenery and of the hospitality of the people. When the latter subject was reached, one of the travelers fetched a sigh so long and deep that it instantly attracted the notice of the others, and they asked him its cause. He returned no answer. Then one of them demanded to know whether he had ever experienced the famous hospitality of the Californians, and to this question he made the following strange reply: "Yes, by proxy." Thereupon the others, burning with curiosity, besought him to make himself understood. This he did in the following tale:

My first visit to the Golden State took place a number of years ago, when I was an inexperienced young man of about twenty-five. My home was in Cleveland, where my family had resided for many years. A trip to California, in those days, was looked upon as a great undertaking, and I began to talk it over with my numerous friends and relatives several weeks before I set out. Presently I made a remarkable discovery. It was that every one of these friends and relatives had some acquaintance on the Pacific Coast, who would rejoice at the opportunity to welcome me afforded by a letter of introduction.

Now, as I understand a letter of introduction, it is a sort of a gift-draft, friendship being the consideration, drawn by your friend on the stranger, which you are empowered to collect—if you can. Your success depends upon several things; your friend's credit with the stranger, for one; the stranger's general solvency—that is, his capacity for friendship—for another, and his opinion of you as a collector, for a third. The whole transaction seems to me loose and irregular, and the risk falls entirely on the unfortunate bearer of the letter, who usually takes the thing on its face value.

At first, I tried by various evasions to get out of accepting these letters. But it would not work. People seemed to think that they were conferring some enormous favor on me, which, with the natural modesty of youth, I was seeking to decline. The more I held off the greater was their zeal in my behalf, and in several instances, I am confident, it resulted in my having letters forced upon me which would otherwise have been forgotten. What could I do? Nobody ever heard of such a thing as declining a letter of introduction—it would be equivalent to saying: "I don't want to meet your friend; he may be good enough for you, but I have no use for him." So I accepted all that were offered and concealed my true sentiments under an expansive mass of gratitude.

At last, when I was ready to start, the bundle of letters had grown so large that it positively frightened me. Indeed, at times I was half resolved to abandon the trip, solely on account of the premonition of evil that swept over me whenever I contemplated that awful heap. But I had now gone too far to back out, and, depositing the letters in one corner of my trunk, I took my departure. There was a crowd at the station to see me off, and the last thing I heard, as the train started, was a general cry of: "Be sure and present my letter to—"

Of course the request was superfluous—like most things said at partings—for the reason that I had already solemnly promised each one that I would deliver his letter.

In the quiet solitude of the first day's ride, I had nothing to do but think, and the bundle of letters provided me with subject matter. They constituted a problem whose vexatious conditions drove me half distracted.

If I failed to deliver them—or to make at least an honest effort in behalf of each—I should break my promise to a number of people whose good opinion I held in high esteem. It would never do for me deliberately to admit on my return, that I had scorned to make acquaintance with their friends, or that I had been insensible to their kindness in giving me the letters. On the other hand, I doubted whether I could manufacture excuses delicate enough to go around. Having been trained to truth from my boyhood, I lacked the imaginative power which is needed for artistic mendacity. In fact, I was likely to find myself in the same embarrassing situation that is said to have overcome the Father of his Country: I could not tell a lie—that would get me out of the scrape.

So I finally settled it in my own mind that I must present all the letters.

Then the other horn of the dilemma began to gnaw me. Here were a lot of people who knew nothing of me, nor of them. I was expected to hunt them up, at a great expense of time and trouble, and deliver to them a letter apiece all around, after the fashion of a conscientious and impartial mailman. But that was not all. These letters practically involved a demand, on my part, for attentions, based on a je-ne-sais-quoi relationship between the sender and the recipient. Being a very young man, I was somewhat sensitive on the score of snubs, and I saw them looming up in unlimited numbers throughout the whole situation.

The Boston experience was liable to be repeated on a magnificent scale.

The second day out I became acquainted with several of my fellow-passengers. One of them, a bright young New Yorker, by the name of Yelverton, seemed to take a special fancy to me, and we put in several hours conversing together. He had visited the coast before, and although only a few years my senior, was evidently a man who had had a good deal of experience in the world. Naturally, after our acquaintance had progressed to a certain stage, I talked of the subject uppermost in my mind, and told him all about the letters.

I had hoped that he would say something that would prove reassuring; on the contrary, he aggravated my woes.

"Why, my dear fellow," he said, "if you are going to undertake to deliver those epistles, you have my sympathy. Just now the very words 'letter of introduction' are, to the average Californian, like a red rag to a bull. They are a hospitable people, but their good nature has been so grossly imposed upon by the horde of impostors and mountebanks that has poured in since the building of the railroad, that it is no longer easy for a stranger to get into their good graces. The letter-of-introduction device has been worked until it is threadbare, and the man who offers to present one risks an immediate arrest from the police, or even severer treatment at the hands of the vigilance committee."

"You frighten me," I said; "however, as my letters are all genuine, and bear the names of many of the most prominent people of Cleveland, I hardly expect to meet with difficulties of that sort."

"Probably not," said Yelverton; "but you may expect to be rather coldly treated."

"Well, blast the letters!" I exclaimed, angrily; "I can see they are going to destroy half the pleasure of my visit to the coast."

My annoyance seemed to afford Yelverton no small amusement, and he recurred several times to the subject after I had allowed it to drop.

It was a part of my plan to stop over in Denver about a week to visit some friends. Yelverton, also, made a brief stay in that place, and we occupied adjoining apartments in the same hotel. Once, when he happened to be in my room, I had occasion to look for something in my trunk, and I came upon the hated bundle of letters.

"Here are those infernal documents," I remarked, tossing the bundle over to the table near where he stood. He picked it up, felt of its thickness, and then gave a sardonic laugh.

"You are certainly in for it, my boy," he said, and put the letters back on the table amid a pile of newspapers and magazines.

Before his departure, which took place the next day, Yelverton made me promise that I would telegraph him when I left Denver, so that he might meet me on my arrival at the coast. I promised it unhesitatingly, for I was satisfied that his friendship would bring opportunities not to be slighted.

Various circumstances which I need not detail lengthened my stay in Denver from a week to nearly a month, and in the course of that time I quite forgot about the letters of introduction. When I was ready to depart, however, I thought of them with a sudden and intense pang of discomfort.

I telegraphed to Yelverton, and proceeded to pack my trunk. Just as I was about to turn the key, it suddenly occurred to me that I had not noticed the bundle of letters in its customary place in the corner of the trunk. I opened the trunk and investigated. The letters were not to be found, either in the trunk or elsewhere. Then I remembered that shortly after my arrival at the hotel I had taken them out to show to Yelverton, and had put them on the table. However, they were not there now.

I made a thorough search of the room; the letters had plainly disappeared.

I went immediately to the clerk and told my story. He sent for the head chambermaid.

"Who takes care of Mr. Bonworthy's room?" he asked.

"Maggie," answered the head chambermaid; "but Clara had that room when he first came."

"I have lost a package of letters," said I.

The two exchanged significant glances.

"Do you think they were stolen?" I asked; "no one could have any possible object—"

"Oh, no," said the clerk. Then he asked me if the letters were valuable.

"No," I said; "not exactly."

"Well, I'll tell you," said the clerk, evidently much relieved; "we let that girl Clara go, because she had a reckless way of burning up things that she found lying around in the rooms. If you have made a thorough search and you are sure the letters are not there, the chances are they are destroyed."

I found it difficult to repress my joy at this intelligence. It is to be doubted if the clerk and head chambermaid ever succeeded in explaining my strange conduct, in actually refusing to make a row when one was quite justifiable. I hastened back to the room and executed a fresh search so as to satisfy my conscience. When I was absolutely convinced that the letters were gone, I danced about the room in a transport of glee. The awful incubus which had been weighing down my spirits was suddenly removed, and I breathed again.

"What a blockhead I am!" I said to myself; "why didn't I never come to destroy the letters and claim, on my return, that they had been lost?"

Chance had supplied the excuse which imagination had been unable to conjure up. I continued my journey, light-hearted as a prisoner who has just secured his freedom.

Yelverton had advised me to stop over at Sacramento—one of the historic cities of the state—and visit the capitol and other points of interest. I adopted the suggestion. The train got into Sacramento in the morning, and I was driven right to a hotel.

I wrote my name on the register, and asked for a room for one day. The clerk whirled the book around, glanced at the name, and said:

"All right, Mr. Bon—why, are you Mr. Bonworthy? Elliot Bonworthy of Cleveland?"

"Well," I said, with some dignity, "what did you imagine I wrote that name for—amusement?"

His tone and manner surprised and annoyed me. It was evident, however, that my cool answer had disconcerted him, for his hand shook as he penciled the number of the room after my name, and his voice trembled when he called up the bell boy.

Ten minutes later, just as I was completing a hasty toilet, there was a knock at my door, and in answer to a "come in," the clerk entered, followed by a tall, military-looking man. When the door was closed, the clerk motioned his hand toward me, and nodded.

"What is this?" I asked.

"Do I understand," said the military man, "that you acknowledge your name to be Elliot Bonworthy?"

"Of course I do," I answered somewhat angrily.

"Well, I like this nerve," said the military man to the clerk, and the clerk grinned at me.

"Say," continued the military man, "have you any friends in this town?"

"No," I said; "I had some letters of introduction to several—"

The clerk gave a loud, derisive laugh.

"That settles it, Bill," he said to his companion; "you had better run him in. You can take him down to the city on the afternoon train."

"What does all this mean?" I exclaimed.

Bill produced a paper from his pocket. "It means that you are under arrest," said he, "on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. We know all about your letter-of-introduction scheme; it may have worked all right in San Francisco, but it doesn't go here. Now, just come along quietly, and there won't be any trouble; otherwise—"

I glanced at the warrant. There was my name, "Elliot Bonworthy," as plain as print. I don't need to remark that I was astonished and frightened. I had heard of men being mistaken for criminals and put to the necessity of proving their own identity, but here was I arrested under my own name, in a place where I had supposed myself unknown. What could I do—or say? I asked a few questions, and learned that the crime that was charged had been committed in the city of San Francisco a week or two before. Of course, I could prove an alibi at the trial—but, in the meantime, what was to be done to keep out of jail?

I accompanied Bill "quietly," as he had suggested—to the sheriff's office, and we waited until the next train left for San Francisco.

Bill proved to be an entertaining companion. The first half of the trip he did his best to convince me that I ought to make a full confession to him of all my various crimes. He promised to "stand in" and get me off with a light sentence. When he found this undertaking hopeless, he began to talk about the country, answering the questions which I, a stranger to the scenes through which we were passing, very naturally asked. At length, however, as we were crossing the ferry from Oakland, when I expressed my satisfaction at beholding the Golden Gate for the first time, he turned on me, with a sheepish grin, and said:

"You'd better let up. It won't do no good. Of course you know the place as well as I do, and it's no use trying to fill me full of prairie."

When we arrived in the city we went directly to the sheriff's office.

"We will take you to the jail later on," said Bill, apologetically.

The sheriff dispatched a messenger after some of the complaining witnesses, and then proceeded to interview me. I told him my name and explained that I was a tourist from Cleveland. He nodded his head and announced that the jig was up, and that I might as well confess, for they had a very good case against me.

Presently two well-dressed men were ushered into the room. Bill accompanied them.

"This is the man," said the sheriff. "He acknowledges it—at least the name."

"He is not the man," said one of the newcomers, emphatically.

"He isn't?" exclaimed the sheriff, and Bill made a hasty reference to the infernal registers.

"No," cried the gentleman, "I told you the fellow had a blonde mustache, blue eyes, was thick set, and wore his hair parted nearly in the middle."

"Yelverton!" I exclaimed, springing up.

"That's none of his names," said the sheriff. "He went here under the name of Elliot Bonworthy and he had an armful of letters of introductions with which he worked the town. What do you know about him?"

"He stole those letters from me at Denver," I said.

"Oh, then you are the simon-pure Elliot Bonworthy?" said one of the gentlemen.

"I can prove it readily enough if necessary," I said.

The sheriff and Bill began to make profuse apologies, to which I paid little attention, as I was anxious to learn of Yelverton and his performances.

"He arrived here nearly a month ago," said one of the gentlemen, "and began immediately to make acquaintance by means of these letters—your letters, it appears. They were to many of the finest people in the city. So we took the man right in, for he talked and acted like a perfect gentleman. Well, sir, I don't suppose any man that ever came to this city got more elegant treatment than that fellow. Do you?" he asked, turning to his companion, who signified his entire agreement.

"Go on," I said, with an inward groan.

The best private houses and the clubs were all open to him and he received every possible attention. Several men I knew gave him wine suppers. There wasn't a social event of importance to which he failed to have an invitation. He gave it out that he was sizing things up for a syndicate of Cleveland capitalists that thought of investing largely in mines. Well, sir, I calculate that in the three weeks that he put in in this city he had probably one of the largest times that any man ever enjoyed.

And he wound the thing up by getting the names of three or four good business men on spurious drafts and then suddenly disappeared from view."

"That was when I telegraphed him that I was coming," I said.

"Well," observed the speaker in conclusion, "if you have any more letters of introduction bearing that same name, I would not advise you to present them, for you are liable to get arrested every time you try one on."

I explained that Yelverton had captured the entire pack. The complaining witnesses then shook hands with me and departed. I imagine their experience with Yelverton discouraged them from any rash tenders of hospitality, for they did not suggest any improvement of our acquaintance. Indeed, it was a cool-stand off on both sides, for I did not fancy their sarcastic flings on the subject of the letters.

The next day the newspapers contained the whole story—the theft of the letters, Yelverton's performances and my arrest. The account given of the brief but glorious career of my proxy—the spurious Mr. Elliot Bonworthy—convinced me that the gentlemen I had met at the sheriff's office were quite right in saying he had enjoyed a "large time."

As I read of suppers, dinners, fetes, excursions, honors, attentions, etc., my senses fairly reeled with anguish. All this good time really belonged to me; I had been cheated out of it, partly through my own stupid misgivings and partly through the shrewdness and industry of this earlier bird.

Now, then, gentlemen, (concluded the passenger who had been asked to tell what he knew of the hospitality of the Californians) you understand what I mean by saying that I received my welcome on the coast by proxy—[Argonaut.]

COCOONTS OF THE SEA.

A Queer Fruit In The Islands Of The Seychelles Group.

The coco-de-mer or double-cocoanut palm tree is one of the largest and most remarkable of palms. It is native of and only found on a small group of islands called the Seychelles. These form an archipelago in almost the middle of the Indian Ocean, consisting of about eighty islands. Seychelles are the home of the so-called sea cocoanut or Maldivian double cocoanut—the coco-de-mer. It is the fruit of a peculiar and remarkably fine species of the palm tribe, indigenous to and only found on certain small islands of the group, and nowhere else in the world. Botanists give it the name Lodoicea Seychellamum.

The fruit is a large double, oblong, kidney-shaped nut, covered with a thin husk. After the removal of this husk the appearance of two oblong nuts firmly joined together for over half their length, and which often weigh from thirty to forty pounds. They are borne in bunches, each consisting of nine or ten nuts, so that a bunch will often weigh 400 pounds. It takes ten years to ripen its fruit, the albumen of which is similar in appearance and lines the inner surface of the nut, but, unlike that of the common cocoanut, is too hard and horny to serve as food. The shell is converted into many useful and ornamental articles by the island natives. But the most important part is the leaves, which are made into hats and baskets.

So great has the demand been of late years for these that to obtain them the trees were cut down, and, no care being taken to extend new plantations, in 1864 the leading botanists in England petitioned the Government for protection against this wasteful destruction, for fear that this slow-growing, unique species would eventually become extinct. It appears, however, from recent information that in one of the islands alone there are many thousands of the trees.

It is true that for many centuries the fruit of this palm tree was only known from specimens of it, which, floating out to sea from the islands, were borne to and cast upon the Maldivian and other coasts, the islands, the home of the tree, being at that period unknown. So rare, curious, and mysterious a fruit was held in high regard and esteem not only for a supposed religious significance, but in medicine it was believed to be a sovereign antidote to poison. From its rarity it commanded a great price in the Orient. The husk of the nut is a black, rind-like substance, a quarter of an inch thick. Under this is a shell something in character and thickness like that of the ordinary edible cocoanut. The kernel or meat of the nut lines the interior of the shell to a thickness of about an inch.

The coco-de-mer was of old believed by the superstitious Orientals to be fruit of some sub-marine palm tree. Rare finds of such nuts as were thrown up on the seashore were valued by the Brahmins and Hindu fakirs or mendicant priests, who, cutting them apart, would decorate the polished halves with bands of carving in low relief of inscriptions from the Hindu scriptures. So finished, these formed valued and sacred begging bowls, in which mendicant priests received alms of money or food.—[Detroit Free Press.]

Respect the Feelings of Others.

"Had I a daughter to train," said a woman of the world, "one accomplishment above all would be taught her—to make herself agreeable without descending to make fun of other people. Much, if not most of the fun current among young folks, consists in picking others to pieces. Bright people are given to using their wit very freely on others who have the misfortune to come near them. Women especially regard the world outside their immediate circle as created to afford them amusement not to the most amiable kind. They are not discriminating enough to see what underlies and offsets the peculiarity which provokes their fun. The ill-dressed, hurried woman is commonly trying to carry affairs whose burdens her critics would shrink shamelessly. No wonder if the brave spirit stumbles awkwardly and unbecomingly under the load she can but just bear without breaking. Those who bait their fun on her must laugh and laugh again unheeding."—[Detroit Free Press.]



OVER WITH THEM.—Philadelphia Times.

FLIMSY OBJECTIONS.

Weakness of the Opposition to the Income Tax Is Apparent.

Whenever the opponents of an income tax begin to formulate objections to it, instead of repeating foolish parrot cries, the weakness of their case is quickly apparent. Mr. Croker says it is a distiller's property to drive rich men from the city. But where would they go to escape it? Does the boss not grasp the fact that it is to be a national tax? The Democrats of the Cotton Exchange say that it is "inequitable" in its character, and that it "can be justified by no less a necessity than war requirements." Is it more inequitable than the tariff law, under which trunks, handbags and persons are searched, or than the internal-revenue law, which takes possession of a distiller's property and holds it under lock and key until the taxes are paid? As for the "war requirements," does not the pension bill of \$10,000,000 a year, more than \$100,000,000 of which is the growth of the last fourteen years of peace, justify a war tax? Must all the war and peace requirements be met by taxes on the necessities of the people?

Others object that the Democratic party "was not charged with the duty of passing an income-tax law, and never declared in favor of it. But it was charged with the duty of reducing taxes on the consumption of the people and of meeting the expenses of the Government. It cannot do this without imposing new taxes. A new emergency has arisen, and the Democratic party, under the McKinley law, shall it be met by new taxes or higher taxes on the necessities of life, or on the luxuries, the vices, and indulgences of the people? The Democrats in Congress have refused to do so. They are ready for the greatest thing since the world was created, and if that is not Democratic, nothing is Democratic."—New York World.

No Alarm in Minnesota.

We commend the attention of our Republican friends who persist in ignoring the facts with respect to the condition of the iron-ore industry and the effect of one of the wisest and most beneficial provisions of the Wilson bill to the following remarks in the Minneapolis Tribune (Republican) concerning the assertion of Capt. McDougal that "the Mesaba Range will ship 2,500,000 tons of iron ore to Eastern ports this coming season, Wilson bill or no Wilson bill."

The statement from so excellent an authority as Capt. McDougal shows how ridiculous is the calamity howl of those who pretend that free iron ore will close the market at home and abroad. It is upon the authority of Capt. McDougal alone. Since the Wilson bill was first announced, mines have been opened for the winter on the Mesaba and Vermilion Ranges, and work given to hundreds of workmen. Work is now proceeding on the Mesaba at far greater blast than one year ago. Whatever the winter season's output, Jeremiah may be saying and doing, the mine proprietors are not bothering their heads about winter tariffs. They are getting ready for the greatest mining season which Minnesota has ever known, as if the Wilson bill did not exist.

And why should they tremble and shiver? They have the richest ore that is mined. It is located most conveniently for cheap and expeditious working. It exports in quantity never surpassed. They have the most modern machinery and possess a quality of ore which permits a use of machinery that in foreign mines is not possible. At a time of these causes, the mine is a first-class quality of ore at the lowest cost of production known in the history of the world.

It may be that Minnesota ores will be brought further East than Pittsburgh, even when foreign ores shall be on the free list.—New York Times.

The Sugar Duty.

It is a mistake to suppose that the action of the House of Representatives, in committing to the whole, making sugar entirely free tends still further to reduce the revenues. If the bill as passed shall make all sugar free and repeal the bounty on American sugars, the Treasury will be greatly benefited in comparison with the existing law. These bounties, due next month, will amount, according to Mr. Carlisle's estimates, to \$15,000,000. This measure very nearly the saving to the Treasury which would result from the adoption of the Warner amendment. The existing duty is on refined sugars, and the revenue derived from it in 1893 was only \$163,956. This duty is in the interest of the sugar trust. The McKinley act gave to that monopoly free raw material and taxed competing refined sugars and grocery sugars from abroad. The effect of this policy has been so enormously to increase the profits of the trust that even high protectionists are turning upon it and denouncing its greed. In order to be perfectly fair to this tariff-made monopoly, we quote what the Philadelphia Press says of it in comment on the action of the committee of the whole:

"This sweeping slaughter of industries is due simply and solely to the attempt of the owners and managers of the American Sugar Refining Company to declare dividends on \$80,000,000 of watered capital when their plant was not worth over \$30,000,000 to \$25,000,000. On this shameful overvaluation the American Sugar Refining Company declared in 1892 a per cent. on the common and 7 per cent on the preferred stock. In March, 1893, an extra dividend of 10 per cent., besides a quarterly dividend of 1 per cent., was declared. It is not surprising that pending a decision by Congress on the sugar duty the annual

meeting of this great monopoly adjourned a few days ago without making a report.

The Warner amendment was a straight and hard blow at this trust, and if adopted will save the Treasury at least \$15,000,000 a year.

A Discredited Humbug.

In proposing the repeal of the reciprocity clause of the McKinley act the Ways and Means Committee and their Democratic associates have taken the first step toward the abolition of a preposterous humbug. The reciprocity clause is practically repealed by the placing of tea, sugar, hides and coffee on the free list, but it is the duty of the Democratic Congress to set the seal of their disapproval on the wretched pretense of fair trade and of dishonest commerce embodied in the dishonest and un-American reciprocity policy of the Harrison administration. No word should remain on the statute book to remind the country of the day when Congress turned over to the President any part of its power to legislate. That is just what the reciprocity clause does. It transfers a power to the Executive which the Constitution conferred upon Congress, and therefore it is contrary to the fundamental law of the land. Moreover, it gave to foreign governments the right to declare when and on what articles the people of this country should be taxed. The right to levy taxes appertains to our own free citizenship. It is the right for which our forefathers fought, and it has never been surrendered except in the reciprocity clause of the McKinley law.

Finally, the reciprocity clause was never intended to increase commerce or to promote trade relations between this country and foreign countries. It was a humbugging device of Mr. Blaine to save his party from the rising tide of popular indignation against high protective tariffs. The discredited humbug should go.

Gospel Truth by a Funny Man.

"Champ" Clark of Missouri is one of the funny men of the House of Representatives, and on Friday he made an impromptu speech on the tariff question which, judging from the merriment which it created, especially on the Republican side of the House, was considered one of the funniest efforts of his life. There was something about it in "Champ" Clark's speech, however, and we desire to call the attention of our Republican friends to the fact. What we refer to will be found in the following paragraph:

Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad, and this is one premonitory sign of the fate of those who refuse the moderate reduction proposed in the Morrison bill. You refused the mild provisions of the McKinley law, and you are now fighting against the moderate reductions in this bill. You propose to beat this bill by the combination of Republicans and assistant Republicanism. You may do it. If you defeat this bill you will build up a free trade party in this country, and men with brains and heart, courage in their hearts and love of humanity in their souls will round the temple of protection till not one stone shall be left on another in that robber's nest.

Champ Clark may be very funny, and it strikes us that he is, but in the paragraph just quoted he has taken up a phase of the tariff situation that the Republican partisans who are doing their utmost to resist the demands of the people and to keep the country chained to its idols of monopoly would do well to bear in mind. Rebuttals do not go backward.—N. Y. Mercury.

Protection Fosters.

In a speech at Leeds a few years ago Mr. Gladstone said:

So long as America adheres to the protective system our commercial supremacy is secure. No nation can wrest it from you while America stands her strong hands, and, thus fettered, is compelled to compete with you who are free in neutral markets.

This is no doubt true. England did not achieve her industrial and commercial supremacy in Europe till she adopted the policy of free trade. When she took that important forward step it was in the face of the same sort of calamity predictions as are now being uttered by protectionists in this country. But none of the evil prophecies were fulfilled. Great Britain waxed strong under the stimulus of trade freedom, and, while paying higher wages than any of the high protection countries of the continent, her commercial and industrial supremacy has been unquestioned. She does not fear the "cheap labor" of continental Europe. She has demonstrated the truth that the highest priced labor is often and commonly the cheapest for employers. America's most dangerous European competitors in manufacturing are not the low-wage countries, but those that pay the highest wages.—Quincy Herald.

ALL attempts of the monopolists to impose a tax upon iron ore were beaten in the House of Representatives this week. Our alleged representative, Seneca Payne, fought for monopoly as usual, but in vain. Free iron, free coal and free sugar for the people! We are making progress. Whoop!—Cayuga Chief.

UNDER a McKinley tariff a man whose income is \$500 a year may pay \$100 in taxes and bounties. Under an income tax a \$5,000 income would pay \$20, or 2 per cent, on all above \$4,000. There is a deficit to fill up and the \$500 incomes have about all they can stand of discrimination. Let us equalize.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE FIRST SNOWSTORM.
"Oh! what shall we do?" cried a bird to her mate—
"Oh! what shall we do?" cried she; "For the fields lie white in the morning light, And there's never a leaf on a tree—Tree trees And there's never a leaf on a tree."

"Oh! let us be off to the fair sunny south—
Oh! let us be off," said he, "For they tell me down there they've enough and to spare
For my dear, tiny wifely and me—Me, me—
For my dear tiny wifely and me."
—[Detroit Free Press.]

ABOUT THE PIGTAIL.

When the Manchos conquered China in 1627, or thereabouts, they compelled Chinamen to wear the pigtail as a mark of subjection. What was meant to be a sign of disgrace, however, has long ceased to be so regarded, and a Chinaman would as soon have you kill him almost as cut off his pigtail. Nearly every one wears it, and when the hair is scanty they make it go further by using silk or false hair. To tie two criminals together by their pigtails is to inflict upon them a degrading punishment. In the presence of a superior it is always let down.—[New York Mail and Express.]

ONLY A