

## THE FAR BLUE HILLS.

I lift my eyes, and ye are ever there,  
 Wrapped in the folds of the imperial air,  
 And crowned with the gold of morn or  
 evening rare,  
 O far blue hills.

Around you break the light of heaven all,  
 There rolls away the Titans splendid ball,  
 And there the circling suns of midnight  
 fall,  
 O far blue hills.

Wild bursts the hurricane across the land,  
 Loud roars the cloud and smites with  
 blazing brand;  
 They pass, and silence comes, and there ye  
 stand,  
 O far blue hills—

Your spirit fills the wide horizon round,  
 And lays on all things here its peace pro-  
 found,  
 Till I forget that I am of the ground,  
 O far blue hills—

Forget the earth to which I loved to cling,  
 And soar away as on an eagle's wing,  
 To be with you a calm steadfast thing,  
 O far blue hills!

While small the care that seemed so great  
 before,  
 Faint as the breeze that fans your ledges  
 o'er,  
 Yes, 'tis the passing shadow, and no more,  
 O far blue hills.

—[The Critic.]

## MISS RUMY'S VACATION.

BY SOPHIE SWEET.

A square of sunshine lay unheeded on Miss Ruhmah Battle's new sitting room carpet, and two flies buzzed unmolested about her green paper curtains.

Miss Ruhmah sat darning stockings in her old-fashioned rocking-chair, and rocked uneasily as she darned.

An odor of burning from the kitchen grew very pungent before it reached her usually vigilant nostrils. When at last she dropped the stocking she was darning and hurried to the stove, her nearest neighbor, Mrs. Priscilla Peet, met her at the kitchen door.

"Good land, Rummy! I says to M'ria, 'It can't be,' says I. 'I've lived near neighbor to Rummy Battles for most thirty years, and I never smelled anything burnin' in her kitchen.' You must have something more'n common on your mind."

"If I hadn't, I shouldn't never have baked that pie," said Miss Rummy, in a kind of patient dismay, she drew a blackened mass from her stove oven. "I don't set much by pastry. It comes so odd to do for one that I don't know what to do."

Miss Rummy was a large woman and slow of motion. Mrs. Peet, who was angular and wiry, watched her as she moved heavily about, taking thrifty care of all that remained of her pie.

"It must be a real relief to have nobody but yourself to do for," she said. "I tell you what it is, Rummy, you're all over it. If I was you I'd go off somewhere and take a good long vacation. It's time you had a chance to be like other folks."

The two women had moved into the sitting room by this time; and Mrs. Peet, in neighborly fashion, took up the stocking Miss Rummy had dropped, and went energetically to work upon it.

Miss Rummy looked about for it vaguely, and then folded her hands in her large lap with a helpless gesture, and the heavy folds of her chin quivered.

"Why, Rummy, you be all over it!" said Mrs. Peet, sympathetically. "You ain't had anything new to upset you?"

"Nothin' but what you was talkin' about. I've got to have a vacation! The doctor he's been sayin' so ever since I had the influenza in the spring and Nahum's folks they're set upon it; but I'm sure I don't see how I can manage it. It's a dreadful upsettin' idea."

"Land sakes, Rummy Battles, you can go just as well as not! I should like to know what to hinder you, with no men folks, nor hayin' nor anything on your mind, nor Nahum's got the farm; and you've earned a vacation if ever anybody did."

"Josiah's folks up to Hebron have always been wantin' me to come," said Miss Rummy, "but seems as if 'twas a good way, and my second crop of peas is comin' on, and the fastenin' is broke on the buttery window, and my hens—"

"Now, Rummy, if you begin to reckon up hindrances like that, you'll never go. I know just how 'tis with some folks; and some can go off and leave everything at sixes and sevens, and never think anything about it. There was Emerette Smalledge, that kept school here when we was young. Do you remember how she went off to England in a sailin' vessel that some of her relations was captain of, and never waited to close her school?"

"Emerette never did seem to have a realizin' sense," said Miss Rummy.

"Why, I never thought, Rummy, that she was the one."

"I don't know as it makes any difference that she was the one that Luther Merriwether married," said Miss Rummy, with a faint glow upon her soft and seamy old cheeks.

"Rummy Battles, Lizzy Ann and I was talkin' yesterday, and we both of us said we never see anybody that had done so much and give up so much for other folks as you have!"

Mrs. Peet spoke impulsively, and held her needle suspended above her stocking in an impressive pause.

"Well, I don't know," said Miss Rummy, smoothing out imaginary folds in her purple calico lap.

"Tisn't that I think it's such great things to get married, goodness knows! But when a girl has a good chance, and has been keepin' comp'ny for a long time, it does seem hard to give it up for the sake of takin' care of the old folks. And then your sister M'randy gettin' bed-ridden. I ain't sayin' she could help it; but we all know that some gets bed-ridden easier'n others; and your havin' to bring up her children, and then their clearin' right out and lookin' out for nobody but themselves when times was the hardest with you."

"They're all real well provided for, and that's a comfort," said Miss Rummy, crisply. "M'randy, was one

of that kind. Now, Rummy, amongst neighbors, I be goin' to say—that, up or abed, M'randy was a real trial."

"I'm dretful lost without her," said Miss Rummy, wiping a moisture from the wrinkled corner of her eye.

"And then Nahum bringin' his folks right on to you when he got all run out and had a slack wife and, then gettin' the farm away from you, Lizzy Ann says when we was talkin' yesterday, says she, 'we've all fit and struggled, but there ain't none of us that's been such a slave to other folks as Rummy Battles; and it does seem real good that she's got to a breathin' place at last, with nobody to do for but herself, and enough to live on with what little preservin' and but-toh-hole makin' she likes to do.' And says Lizzy Ann, says she, 'I shouldn't wonder a mite if she was better off now than she would 'a' been if she'd got married; for Luther Merriwether was one of them that flares out.' (I know it don't hurt your feelin' to have me say it, Rummy, now that we're all of us along in years, and have got a realizin' sense of what men folks are.) Of course Luther wa'n't to blame for havin' a sunstroke, so'st he had to give up studin' to be a minister, nor for havin' school keepin' disagree with him, nor for gettin' burnt out when he tried to keep store; but that kind of men that can't seem to bring anything to pass am dretful wearin' to their women folks. If he'd had a real smart wife like you, Rummy, things might have been diff'rent—beats all how queer things turns out! Well, if Emerette Smalledge hadn't wished her cake was dough before this time, I'll miss my guess! You never heard anything of 'em after they moved out West, did you, Rummy?"

"No," said Miss Rummy, "except a year or two after they went I heard they were kind of movin' 'round."

"Well, now, Rummy, you'd ought to feel how well off you be at last. And if I was you I'd go right off and take my vacation. I'd look up and not come home till I was a mind to, seems queer that you should feel as if you couldn't, now that your hands ain't full for the first time in your life."

"I wish I was real reckless like some," said Miss Rummy. "Seems as if I must be here to look after things; and there's dreadful things happenin' on railroads, all the time, and there's nothin' like your own virtuous and your own bed, come night. But I ain't one to flinch when duty calls. The doctor says I'd ought to go, and I'm goin'." I ain't been through so many tryin' things to give out now."

"Beats all how you feel about it," said Mrs. Peet. "Now if I had your chance! And I'm one that's real care-takin', too."

"We ain't all got the same gifts, Priscilla," said Miss Rummy, with a little touch of dignity.

Mrs. Peet hastened to make neighborly offers of care of the second crop of peas, the hens, the canary bird, and to give practical advice about the buttery window.

"I haven't written to Josiah's folks. I thought I'd like to take 'em by surprise, and, besides, you can't never tell what may happen. I calculate to start next Monday. Seems as if 'twas a good time, because you can get all ready Saturday and have the Sabbath to kind of compose your mind."

But Monday came and poor Miss Rummy had not composed her mind. She was in such a state of perturbation that she packed and unpacked her great, old-fashioned carpetbag a dozen times—not even her grim determination and sense of duty could fortify Miss Rummy to the extent of taking a trunk, and three times after everything was settled she went over to Priscilla Peet's to give her more minute instructions about the care of the hens, and the vigilance necessary to guard them from marauding skunks.

And, after all, she was ready, with her castle well defended, an hour before stage time. It seemed to Miss Rummy that in all her anxious, toilsome life she had never known so long an hour as that.

The stage left her at the Carmel Station, and there were miles to Hebron, and there were two changes for stage time. For a while the perils of the journey absorbed all Miss Rummy's thoughts; but by the time she reached Cherryfield Junction, where the first change of cars was to be made, her anxious mind had returned to the dangers that had threatened her deserted dwelling, and she longed wearily for a cup of her own tea.

There was another woman waiting in the station at Cherryfield Junction. She was "very much of a lady," Miss Rummy said to herself, regarding with a little doubt her own attire, which had been chosen for durability and made after a fashion that would last.

In the sewing circle at home she had been earnestly advised not to make acquaintances on her journey; but she was nevertheless very glad when the lady spoke to her, beginning with the comment upon the weather and the unpleasantness of traveling alone, and she was sorry to hear that they were not to travel in the same direction. Miss Rummy's overcharged heart was longing for sympathy.

There was an hour and a half to wait, and Miss Rummy invited her companion to share the substantial lunch which, with much thought and advice from her friends, she had provided. Under the influence of the luncheon, and of some tea which they procured from the station restaurant, the stranger, who had been somewhat reserved, grew confidential. She had not been in this part of the country for years; she was going to Corinna to visit relatives, and she hoped they would remember her.

"Land sakes! Why Corinna joins Carmel where I live," exclaimed Miss Rummy, conscious of a pleasing bond.

"Then perhaps you know Cap'n Bijah Lord's folks?"

There was a quiver of anxiety in the woman's voice; and as she suddenly threw up her little dotted and frilled veil her eyes looked, as Miss Rummy afterward said, like "a hunted creature."

"Land, I guess I did. But Cap'n Bijah, he died a considerable spell ago, and his wife, she was took blind and went off to Vermont to live with her nephew. The boys, they followed her the sea, and Laban settled way

off in New Zealand, and nobody ever knew what become of Timothy."

"They're all gone?" faltered the woman. "I'd ought to have found out before I come clear on here."

Now that her veil was raised, Miss Rummy could see that her face was wrinkled and worn, and its bloom, which had impressed Miss Rummy as very beautiful, was too evidently artificial to deceive even her guileless eyes. Her black silk was worn almost threadbare, and all her little careful fripples of lace and jewelry were cheap.

"Ambrose Richey's folks, they ain't all gone? Ambrose is my cousin, and I expect they think hard of it that I ain't been to see 'em before."

There was keen anxiety in the stranger's voice, although she tried to speak easily.

"Well, Ambrose, he kind of took to drink," said Miss Rummy, trying to express herself delicately, in the master of her new friend's relatives.

"And Mary Olive has had a terrible hard time to keep her seven children off from the town; and this summer her mother's there a-dyin' with a cancer. They ain't what you could call in real good trim for company."

The woman's face changed color so that the pink and white powder looked like a mask upon it.

"I guess they'll be glad to see me—or somebody will," she said, rallying with a forced laugh. "I used to visit in Corinna considerable when I was a girl, and I kept school in the North Carmel district."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Miss Rummy, in a flutter of excitement. "I've been a-thinkin' all along that you kind of favored somebody—you ain't she that was Emerette Smalledge?"

"Why yes, I am! But you've got the advantage of me. You see I've been around considerable, and seen a good many people," returned the other, reassuming the fine lady air which had been gradually slipping from her.

"I'm Rummy Battles," said Miss Rummy, flushing all over her gentle old face.

"Well, it seems queer that I didn't remember you—you look so natural now," exclaimed her friend. "Luther, he always spoke of you." She raised her lace-trimmed handkerchief to her eyes. "He passed away seven years ago. Luther wasn't so high-spirited as I am; but he always made a real good appearance. I've been livin' with my son; but he married beneath him, and his wife ain't one that I can get along with. I ain't been well since last winter; this cough hangs on to me"—a rasping cough interrupted her at intervals—"and I felt as if Maud was wearin' on me, so I'd better go a-visitin' for a spell. There was—was considerable many months to feed, too," she looked pitiously into Miss Rummy's face; and Luther didn't leave me well off."

"I wish 'twas so I wa'n't goin' on a vacation," said Miss Rummy. "I should be real pleased to have you come and make me a good long visit."

"I was 'lottin' on makin' you a visit," said her friend. "Seems real unfortunate that I've come so far; and I don't know as I've got money enough—with me."

"It's what I'd ought to do to take you right home with me!" cried Miss Rummy, joyfully; and there arose before her eyes a serene and lovely vision of her own cup of tea and her own bed. "Now, don't you feel a mite bad about my losin' my vacation, because I don't. Come to think of it, I couldn't go on, anyhow, because I've forgot the pleurisy pills that I made for Josiah; nobody can make 'em but me; and Josiah's wife wrote that he was needin' 'em. I can send 'em right along. There's more'n an hour now before the train goes back"—consulting the time table on the wall—"and we'll take a walk over to the cemetery there"—pointing across the railroad track and a stubbly field to where some white stones gleamed through the trees. "Lyman Peter's folks that used to live at Carmel moved over here, and I shouldn't wonder if some of 'em was buried there. Anyways, it's a ways real pleasant to walk in the graveyard."

They spent an hour delightfully, finding the graves of Lyman Peters and his first wife, and speculating upon the probable fortunes of his second wife, and in reminiscences of other mutual acquaintances of their youth. As they settled themselves in the train Miss Rummy said that she "had had a beautiful vacation."

She repeated that sentiment to Priscilla Peet when that good woman's astonishment had sufficiently subsided to allow her to listen. Miss Rummy had established her visitor in her cool and dainty spare chamber, where she was speedily resuming all the airs and graces which had struck Miss Rummy on their first meeting.

"You do beat all, Rummy Battles!" was Mr. Peet's breathless exclamation. "She's got old-fashioned common sense, and you've got her to do for as long as she lives! You'll toil and slave for her just as you did for all the rest!"

"Well, I don't know," said Miss Rummy, vaguely. But as she bustled about her cheerful house her face was full of serene joy.—[The Independent.]

## The Straw Stove.

The straw stove will enable its possessor to dispense with the necessity of purchasing fuel. The device can be made by any tinsmith. It consists of a drum two feet in diameter approximately, four feet or more high, with one end covered, made of sheet iron, such as is used in stove pipe; a stand upon which to place the drum, simply and inexpensively made; the top of sheet iron with rim to hold drum in place; legs of hoop iron riveted; a cone-shaped top, joining and sliding into the stovepipe sufficiently to allow of removal of the drum for the purpose of emptying and replenishing. The draught is a hole at the lower end of the drum, with a slide cover or riveted piece so placed as to allow of being drawn over the draught. Fill with straw or any material of like nature and start the fire at the top. One filling will burn about six hours. The discovery of this was a Godsend and averted much suffering.—[Seattle Post-Intelligencer.]

## THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

### JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Under the Spell of the Past—No Matter—Physical Proof—Between Girl Friends, Etc., Etc.

#### UNDER THE SPELL OF THE PAST.

"I'll give you your breakfast if you'll say that word," she announced in an ultimatum tone of voice.

"Madam," said the tramp, "I'd admire to chop that word for you immensely, on'y fur one thing."

"What is that?"

"When I was a little boy my mother used to make me recite fur company, and I said 'Woodman, Spare That Tree,' over an' over so many times that the 'idea of puttin' a axe into anythin' in the shape of wood totally wrecks my nerves."—[Washington Star.]

#### NO MATTER.

"They say that Lightleigh Goldwait is losin' his mind."

"Well, he's lucky if that's all he's losin'."—[Detroit Tribune.]

#### PHYSICAL PROOF.

Paterfamilias—What on earth did that young man mean by paying you such an unconscionable long call last night?

Mary—Oh, Papa, it was purely an accident, you know. The clock stopped at half-past twelve.—[Puck.]

#### BETWEEN GIRL FRIENDS.

Miss Seare—Jack Marblehead gave me a great reception yesterday. He has a cannon on his yacht, and when I came on board he fired a salute of ever so many guns—forty-nine, I think it was.

Miss Smarte—One for every year of your age, I suppose.—[Vogue.]

#### THE ONLY RESULT.

"Why don't you give your servant an alarm clock so that she will get up early in the morning?"

"We've tried it," was the sad reply.

"What was the result?"

"It simply disturbed her rest a little and made her snore worse than ever."—[Washington Star.]

#### A GREAT BORE.

Chollie—What do you think of this proposed income tax?

Chappie—I think it is going to be a doosid boah. Fancy a fellow actually having to go to the trouble of finding out how much a year his income is.—[Indianapolis Journal.]

#### UNDERGRADUATE HONORS.

"Studying for college, eh?" said the old gentleman approvingly, as the lad looked up from the diagram before him.

"I'm onto it hard," responded the boy.

"And what particular branch of study are you 'onto'?"

"Taakle, centre and quarter-back," answered the coming hero.—[Judge.]

#### THE ATHLETIC GIRL.

"Miss Flippey is devoting her time to gymnastics almost altogether?"

"Yes, I've noticed that she has been practicing during the musicals."

"What has she done?"

"Been throwin' herself at Mr. Coolmillion's head."—[Inter Ocean.]

#### THE CHARM OF RARITY.

Mr. Matterlack and his wife and daughter were looking at an old painting, when the old gentleman took occasion to remark that he thought it "didn't amount to no great shakes."

"Why, popper," exclaimed his daughter, "this is one of the rarest paintings known. It is the only one by this artist that has ever been brought to America."

"That's just like a woman," said Mr. Matterlack. "Here you air goin' into fits over a little 7x9 bit of paint 'cause there ain't no other one like it, and yit when I wanted to take you and ma to see the seven-legged calf you said I was a vulgar old thing."—[Indianapolis Journal.]

#### A DELICATE MENTAL STATE.

Tom—I notice that since Muggles said he would thrash you you don't go near his place. Are you afraid?

Dick—No. Only I'm afraid that maybe I might be afraid.—[Chicago Record.]

#### ADJUNCTS.

Mrs. Nuwile—What would you suggest we have for dinner, lovey, besides that pie I'm going to make?

Mr. Nuwile (saddened by experience)—A kit of miner's tools.—[Chicago Record.]

#### A FORLORN HOPE.

"I wish," said the young man who was calling, "that some time you would give me a little lecture on the different styles of bonnet trimming."

"Certainly," she answered. "But I don't see what you want that for."

"It's the only way I can get any interest out of the occasion when I go with you to the matinee."—[Washington Star.]

#### TWO MANY FOR HIM.

"In the matter of family," sighed the poor man who had married a widow with nine children. "I seem to have bitten off more than I can shoe."—[Chicago Tribune.]

#### OVERWORKING THE PRINCIPLE.

Wickwire—I have given up that homeopathic doctor I had and have gone back to the old school.

Yabysky—What was the matter?

Wickwire—He's a crank. My aunt has a cataract developing in her left eye, and he recommended her to go to a water-cure establishment.—[Indianapolis Journal.]

#### NOT SO FAR ADVANCED.

Uncle George—I trust, Henry, that you are out of debt.

Henry—No, I haven't got so far as that; but I'm out of everything else.—[Boston Transcript.]

#### FORTUNE FAVORS THE BOLD.

Wandering Willie—When de lady set sich a dandy meal afore me I wuz sorry I'd sneaked in de back way.

Steel Rydes—Felt rather ashamed o' yerself, eh?

Wandering Willie—Naw, et wuzn't dat. Yer see de sight o' de wood pile in de back yard spoilt me appetite.—[Judge.]

## THE BOY WAS POSTED.

Mrs. Gabb (hostess)—Your little son does not seem to have much appetite.

Mrs. Gadd—No; he's quite delicate.

Mrs. Gabb—Can't you think of anything you'd like, my little man?

Little Man—No'm. You see, mam made me eat a hull lot before we started so I wouldn't make a pig of myself.—[London Tid-Bits.]

## HE KNEW HOW TO ASK A FAVOR.

"Where is the other handsome lady that used to be cashier here?" he asked.

"The other?" she echoed.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said. "You are the same lady. I wanted to get a twenty dollar bill changed."

"It's going to leave me short, I'm afraid," she smiles, "but I guess I will let you have it."

And she did.—[New York Press.]

## MOTHER'S DARLINGS.

Mrs. Naber—Johnny commenced to do sums in long division yesterday.

Mrs. Nexdoor (proudly)—Tommy has been swearing two weeks!—[Puck.]

## NO DOUBT OF ITS SINCERITY.

"Do you believe Ferrisy's piety is sincere?"

"I am positive it is."

"What makes you think so?"

"Some one gave him a counterfeit quarter the other day, and he hasn't attempted to pass it on any one but me, and that's between friends, you know."—[New York Press.]

## HAD BEEN BETTER DAYS.

"This parrot, ma'am," said the dealer, "is one that I can recommend. It was in the family of a clergyman for many years."

"Well, gents, what'll ye have? Name your pizen!" exclaimed the parrot, with startling emphasis.

"He was obliged to part with it, however," continued the dealer, with an apologetic cough, "and for the last year or two it has belonged to the Alderman from our ward."—[Chicago Tribune.]

## WHERE HE CAME IN.

"How do you manage to live in this dead town?"

"Fine; I'm the undertaker."—[Atlanta Constitution.]

## COMPETITION.

Mrs. Jackson Parke—What in the world is keeping you up so late?

Mr. Jackson Parke—I am writing an article for the papers on "How I Killed My First Hog." These literary chaps with their stories of how they wrote their first books are not going to have the field all to themselves, not by a jugful.—[Indianapolis Journal.]

## SURE ENOUGH.

"He pretends to be an accomplished linguist, but you should hear him murder Latin."

"I shouldn't think he would be able to murder Latin."

"Why not?"

"It is a language that is already dead."

## IT WAS ABOUT ALL HE LEFT.

"Excuse me," said the gourmand of the boarding house, addressing the landlady, "excuse me, madam, leaving the table."

"Pray, don't mention it," said the lady, politely, as she glanced at the few eatables that remained; "we know that you are obliged to leave it or you would not do so."

Then the other boarders looked at each other and smiled significantly.—[New York Press.]

## ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

Gus De Smith—I hear that your wife's mother is very sick. Is she dangerous?

Pete Amsterdam—She is a very sick woman, but she is not as dangerous as when she is well.—[Texas Siftings.]

## A GREAT SUCCESS.

Strawber—How did you like that barber I recommended to you?

Singlery—First rate, old man. I never heard those old stories of yours told better in my life.—[Detroit Free Press.]

## INTERIORS.

She (looking around the room)—What lovely interior decorations!

He (looking over the table)—Delightful, I am sure!—[Detroit Free Press.]

## CLOSE FIGURING NECESSARY.

Elderly Maiden—This is so unexpected, Mr. Wellalong, that—that you must give me time!

Elderly Lover—Time, Miss Rebecca? Do you think there is any to spare?

## EASY.

"And do you ever invite your poor relations to visit you?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. You see they are all too poor to get here.—[Truth.]

## SIMPLE.

Claire—How extremely simple that gown was Miss de Vere wore at the ball.

Marie—Yes; almost idiotic.

## Sense of Humor in Animals.

You ask whether animals have any sense of humor. I am inclined to say yes, but it is not inclined to prove it. You will often see a dog laugh as plainly as can be, and dogs seem to have an excellent appreciation of a joke on occasions. That beast and birds possess one or more senses in addition to those which we are able to boast of, I am often disposed to think. For example, my dog, when lying half asleep in the back room of the second story of my house, knows when a mastiff goes along the street in front, and will rush to the front of the house barking wildly. He has been attacked by mastiffs on more than one occasion, and so has a particular prejudice against that kind of dog. Now, he cannot hear the mastiff, which has not barked, and there can be no question of smelling him any more than seeing him. Unless through the exercise of some sort of sense unknown to me, I do not understand how he can get his information.—[Washington Star.]

## Biddeford, Maine, with a population of 15,000, cannot support a hotel.

## ONE WITH THE OTHER.

### PROTECTION AND OPPRESSION GO HAND IN HAND.

It's Unsafe for Workmen in Protected Industries to Express Their Convictions by Means of Petitions—McKinley's Blunders—Cruelly Oppressive Taxes.

#### Labor Is Corrupted.

Thousands of petitions have been sent to Congress in favor of the Wilson bill and tens of thousands against it. After the elections of 1890 and 1892, this fact might seem strange to some. If so, it is because they do not understand the present economic situation. They do not realize to what extent political manufacturers will go to prevent the loss of the pat that has nourished, or rather stimulated them. It takes unusual courage to enable factory employees to sign petitions which are not sanctioned by the bosses. Those who have gone among the "protected" workmen and have met them in their homes and lodges, say that there are very few tariff reform backsliders, even during these hard times—falsely credited to the shadow of the Wilson bill. The workmen, however, think it had policy for them to sign tariff reform or free trade petitions, when such action will imperil their positions and bring hardship upon themselves and their families. Besides, they think it unnecessary. They voted twice for radical tariff reform and they now expect Congress to do what it was elected to do. If it does not, they are likely to cast about next fall for a new party that will keep its promises.

Mr. B. F. Longstreet tells us, in the Courier of St. Louis, how protectionist oppression is applied in Worcester, Mass. On Jan. 3, Mr. Thomas F. Kennedy succeeded in having resolutions endorsing the Wilson bill adopted by the Central Labor Union of Worcester. These were the resolutions which Congressman J. H. Walker, of Worcester, refused to present to Congress and which were actually presented by Jerry Simpson of Kansas. Kennedy, under the thumb of protected manufacturers, because Medicine Lodge, his home, is not a manufacturing center. Mr. Kennedy, who is a later in one of the leading shoe houses of Worcester, and who is a sober, steady, intelligent and worthy workman, expected to lose his position. His employers "laid for him," when matters had cooled down, before discharging him. An old man, a war veteran, who was in the thickest of the anti-slavery fight in Kansas, feeling confident that he could secure hundreds of petitions in his shop in favor of the Wilson bill, as being "in the right direction," he drew up a petition, but upon going to his work that morning he was surprised by the labored efforts of the men to keep out of his reach. Newspaper reports of his intention had anticipated his arrival at the shop that day, and late in the afternoon he found the explanation to be that the "boss" had passed the word among the men in this threatening injunction: "You had better keep away from that man with his devilish heresies." He is in daily expectation of his discharge.

Mr. Longstreet, who has been active for radical tariff reform, says that he has been made to feel the pressure of protection to such an extent that he has sold out his business, and will leave Worcester to locate in a less protected and, therefore, more liberal city. It is really a serious matter for workmen in protected industries to express their honest convictions without the secret ballot, in most States in 1890 and 1892, it is not improbable that we would not know that their honest convictions were for tariff reduction.

#### McKinley Stumbles Over Himself.

Sixty-five of Major McKinley's speeches and addresses have just been printed in one large volume, intended as bait to induce the next Republican nomination for the Presidency to come his way. Here are a few of the contradictions on the subject of our tariff taxes as they occur in McKinley's new book:

What, then, is the tariff? The tariff is a tax put upon goods made outside the United States and brought into the United States for sale and consumption. If a man comes to our cities and wants to sell goods to our people on the street, we say to him, "You must pay so much into the city treasury for the privilege of selling goods to our people here. Now, why do we do that? We do it to protect our own merchants. Just so our government says to the countries of the world, 'If you want to come in and sell to our people, and pay something for the privilege of doing it.'"

Now, that is the tariff (pp. 185, 186, Oct. 28, 1892).

We tell every man in America who wants to sell goods to our people that he must have the Scotch. "You must pay for the privilege." And in that way we maintain that great country (p. 186, Oct. 28, 1892).

Under this law (the McKinley bill) the (United States) Government cannot go abroad and buy what it can get at home without paying a duty. The result will be that the Government hereafter will have more at home and less abroad—and it ought to (Applause). (P. 511; April 10, 1891).

They say "the tariff is a tax." That is a capitalizing cry. So it is a tax; but whether it is burdensome upon the American people depends upon the way in which we pay it, why should the foreigners object? Why all these objections in England, France, Germany, Canada and Australia against the tariff law of 1890, if the American consumer bears the burdens, and if the tariff is only added to the foreign cost which the American consumer pays? If they pay it then we do not pay it (p. 579; May 17, 1890).

Last year we paid \$55,000,000 out of our own pockets to protect? To protect the men in the United States who are producing just one-eighth of the amount of our consumption of sugar. Now we wipe that out, and it will cost us to pay the bounty just \$7,000,000 every twelve months, which furnishes the same protection at very much less cost to the consumer. So we save \$48,000,000 every year, and leave that vast sum in the pockets of our own people. (Applause on the Republican side). (P. 422; May 29, 1890).

#### Cruelly Oppressive Taxes.

A tax on coal is clearly unnecessary and unjust. There was imported into the United States, in the fiscal year 1893, bituminous coal to the amount of 1,090,374 tons, on which a duty of 75 cents was paid, yielding \$817,780. Of these imports, 990,677 tons were brought to the Pacific coast, and the tax of three-quarters of a million of dollars (\$794,658) was an unnecessary and grossly unfair burden on the industries of that part of the country. The coal could not have been obtained from the fields of the United States. The sole effect of the tax was to prevent a certain amount of importation in the East, where the tax is prohibitory. The case of the tax on iron ore is equally clear. The imports of iron in 1893 were 677,302 tons, the tax was 75 cents per ton, equivalent to 42.7 per cent. Of this total, 651,060 tons were imported at Philadelphia and Baltimore alone. The ore could not have been supplied

from west of the Alleghenies, for reasons which we have frequently stated, nor from the mines of the South. The tax on it was an unnecessary and unjust burden on industry. But, as in the case of coal, the tax is prohibitory to extensive importation which would be profitable with untaxed material and is impossible with this tax. Clearly, there is no real protection and there is a great deal of most cruel oppression in any such duties.—N. Y. Times.

#### Canadian Coal and Annexation.

Senator Teller, who is a mild kind of a Protectionist, is in favor of the annexation of Canada to this country with as little delay as possible. But if