

LOOKING AHEAD.

All little birds that fit and sing
No happy on treeless wing.
What weight of care have you?
Uprising from the sodded vale,
Like atoms in the air you sail
Beyond our human view.

And birding, art thou satisfied?
Or dost thou crave what is denied?
Thy voice is full of gloom;
Thy song is borne upon the breeze,
Spring frosts come late. Do they never freeze
And chill thy melody?

Safe home again in shadowed glen,
The nest anear the haunts of men
To gently hover o'er;
I watch the sunbeams on thy crest,
With such a feeling of unrest,
I warble songs no more.

My sunny hours have been too brief,
They sink behind dark clouds of grief.
The weary day has closed—
So cruelly, I cannot see,
And life and death of mystery
Is so composed.

I cannot look afar and know
Just why or where our loved ones go
Beyond our mortal ken:
We touch the ooze warm cheek. How cold,
How soft the hands. How chill their fold,
How helpful they have been.

And these the ebb tides from sight,
And in the grave, made dark as night,
And we with all our loneliness,
Look forth upon earth's comeliness,
With saddened heart to-day.
—Matilda M. Smith, in Western Rural.



CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"And this," he at length faltered, "is Saltravia. You have often told me of its beauty, but—"

"Oh, this is nothing," broke in Eric's cool and pleasant voice. "One gets these effects in other places. Our senses here are apt to be a little sensational. I'm envious of them. They interfere with my architectural improvements. Dear boy, don't lose your head; your positively gasping."

"Oh, let me gasp!" exclaimed Alonzo. "It's such a keenly novel feeling in such a cause."

"Ah, but that emotion is premature," objected his friend. "You have not yet seen Saltravia in all its fine reality. I resent that sunset. It destroys values, as you artists would say. What a pity that one cannot suppress a sunset when it becomes too sanguinary, just as if it were a rebellion."

"But you never have rebellions in Saltravia," said Alonzo.

"No; they're quite too fond of the thing. I can imagine a revolution here, but it would be conducted on principles wholly artistic."

"Oh, Eric, Eric!" cried Alonzo, "you're not a bit changed. You're precisely as if we had met yesterday. Who but you could have thought of an artistic revolution?"

Eric, who had a pale, calm, strong-featured face, and who often said his most surprising things without the vestige of a smile, now answered in very serious tones:

"I assure you, my dear Lonz, that the picturesqueness of massacre, without its unpleasant qualities, such as the actual taking of human life, could be cultivated in a sort of fete with striking success. The Athenians performed their tragedies in the open air; why should not we Saltravians, in a larger way, repeat bloodlessly some of the great epochs of history? Let us talk to the king about it. He is coming to meet you. He is very receptive, you will find, to all original ideas. If you and he do not swiftly like one another I shall be pierced with disappointment."

"The king coming to meet me?" stammered Alonzo. "So soon? I—I am not prepared for an audience with his majesty."

The last blaze of the setting sun now abruptly ceased, and in a second the utmost verge of the valley grew a dusky green. In this altered light the river took a chastened luster like that of wet silk, and here and there along its edges, or on the flanks of the robust and darkening mountains, multicolored villas gleamed forth in fairy-like profusion, each with its engirdling garden a riot of bloom. Directly before him, and only a few hundred yards away, Alonzo perceived a throng of ladies and gentlemen approaching. In the dimmer yet clearer air he could discern that the feminine shapes were winsome, rich of garb, and that the masculine ones betrayed in their way an equal elegance.

Confident that this dainty multitude meant the sovereign and his attendant courtiers, Alonzo drew backward, and in a turmoil of sharp embarrassment grasped the arm of his friend.

CHAPTER VI.

Eric's voice, however, struck reassuringly on his ear.

"Yes, my dear Alonzo, it is the king. I had no idea that he would pay us this honor. But he is so exquisitely gracious that I never know what new act of kindness he will commit. The persons who surround him are quite harmless beings, I assure you. They perhaps possess all the native ill-breeding of high-bred aristocrats, but are well aware that the faintest act of discourtesy toward anyone whom Clarimond favors would promptly end in their exile from the court. I pray you have not the least sense of awkwardness. The king never permits it to live in his presence. He has a really wonderful gift—that of destroying idle ceremony. Do not address him as 'your majesty.' He greatly dislikes that form, so separate and so constantly reminiscent of his royal rank. I am sorry enough, dear Lonz, that you should see him so soon. I had wanted that we should talk for hours about him together before you and he were brought face to face. He is so remarkable, so preeminently distinguished. I am sure there was never a king like him in all the world before. I sometimes think there has never been a king either so great or so good, though that, of course, is saying much. But if our century is productive of anything

interesting and extraordinary it should be her kings, which are both anomalies and absurdities. I think Clarimond plainly realizes this fact. I could have consumed hours in talking of him to you before you and he met, if it had not been for his caprice to come and greet you as he has done. He has just left the palace, you know. You can get a good view of it yonder on the spur of the mountain, now that the sun has sunk. I called it my bee in the bonnet, that palace, until it was quite finished. Do you care for it?"

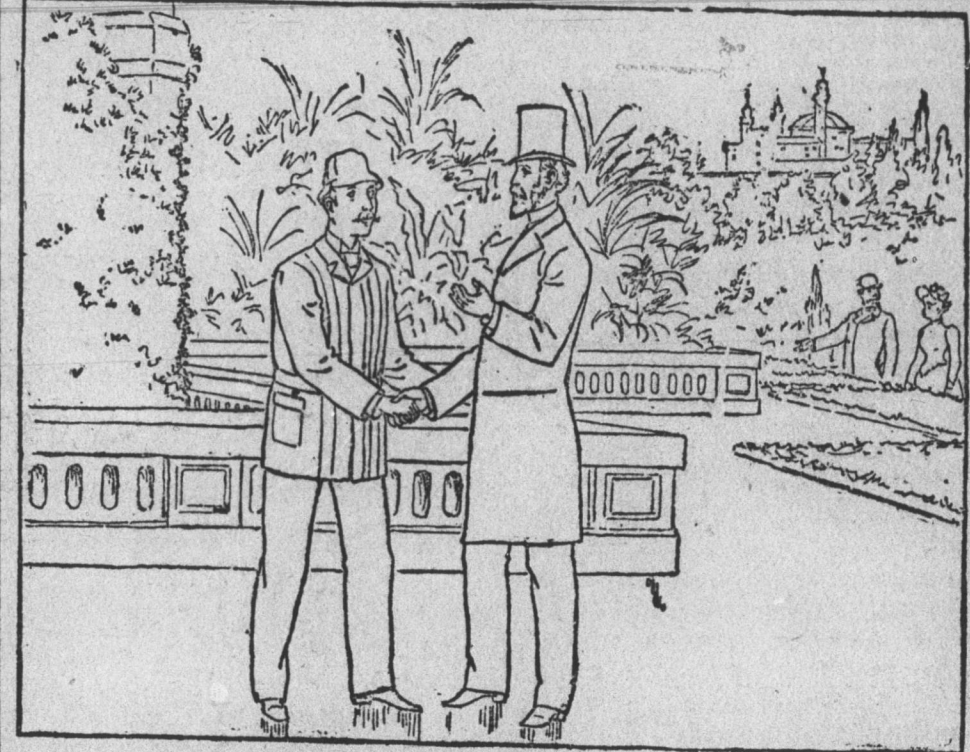
"Care for it, good Heavens, Eric." Alonzo felt his blood beat, as only the blood of an artist can when he gazes upon work that seems to him noble and grand. The faded daylight had now brought out new tints, dark and rich, in sward and foliage. From a slope of the dim and majestic mountain towered King Clarimond's abode. As a masterpiece of building it was no less delicate than sublime. Wrought entirely of white marble, it loomed against the undulating lavas and terraces that compassed it in an intricate maze of turrets and spires. It was enormous with respect to the space that it covered, and yet so lace-like in its ethereal proportions that you might have named it the very filament or cobweb of architecture. To Alonzo that king's deep regard for Eric was instantaneously plain. Such commingled airiness and solidity and flower-like blossoming in stone, such frost-like beauty and grace blent with dignity and power, could be but the work of genius alone. It flashed through the gazer's mind that perhaps Ludwig, of Bavaria, mad though he possibly was, admired and revered Wagner no more than Clarimond, of Saltravia, admired and revered the creator of this enchanting edifice.

"It's a magnificent bee to have had in one's bonnet, my dear Eric," presently murmured Alonzo. "In this light, seen as we see it now, its loveliness appears miraculous."

"Those are words that drop right down into my heart's core," said Eric. And now as the group of people drew nearer, one figure quietly parted itself from the others.

"The king," whispered Alonzo's friend, and with an outstretched hand and a face that seemed to radiate sunshine, Clarimond, of Saltravia, advanced.

"You are most welcome," he said in very fluent and perfect French. "You see," he continued, "I do not wait to



AS THE KING PAUSED HE PUT HIS HAND ABOUT THAT OF ALONZO.

be presented to you, but take the liberty, like this, of claiming your acquaintance." This form of phrase from royalty might well have been called graciousness, not to say condescension. But the young king who now spoke somehow contrived to make it appear like neither. His voice was rich and sweet, his manner affable without the vaguest trace of patronage, and his person irresistibly charming. Alonzo quickly felt that he could not be called by any means a man physically faultless, and yet in his tall, compact figure, his waved golden locks and his radiant gray eyes, dwelt a world of attraction.

Almost before he knew it the stranger found his sense of strangeness oddly vanishing. Clarimond made him acquainted among the ladies and gentlemen of his little court with no more seeming difficulty than by a wave of the hand, a happy sentence, or even a fleeting smile. The manners of those who composed his train were certainly an aid to this easy method of introduction. Indeed, as the minutes now slipped by, Alonzo began to have the sensation that he had entered within a circle of delicious sorcery where human nature, like that of other nature which towered and undulated so picturesquely on every side of him, teemed with only the fairest lures. He soon found himself walking in the direction of the palace, solely accompanied by the king. All the others, including Eric Thaxter, had drawn a little backward, and their gay conversation floated so buoyantly and fearlessly on the scented evening air as to dissipate every hint of that austerity which we are told usually surrounds a monarch.

"You have been away but a short time from America?" asked Alonzo's companion, regarding him softly, and yet with what he suspected to be veiled keenness as well.

"Yes, monseigneur," replied Alonzo, wondering if Eric's English veto as regarded "your majesty" might be thus translated into French.

But the title failed to please. Immediately Clarimond placed his hand on the speaker's arm. "Let it be 'monseigneur' between us," he said. "I like that better. But you were in Paris for a little while coming here, as I think Eric told me," ran his next words. "And you like Paris? Or are you in that one respect un-American?"

"I like it beyond all other places," Alonzo answered. And then he added: "Except Saltravia."

"Saltravia is perhaps the most opposite place to Paris," smiled Clarimond, "that the world contains. Besides, you do not know it yet."

"Ah, but I have been able to see how beautiful it is."

"That is because your friend also made it so."

"These airy villas are his work, monseigneur, no less than your astonishing palace?"

"Nearly all are his work. As soon as I felt how remarkable was his genius for architecture, I said to him, in so many words: 'Transform my little kingdom for me.' And he has done so."

"But surely with great expedition." The king laughed, shrugging his shoulders. "Our Eric declares himself lazy. Is it not absurd? True, I have assisted him with large funds and hordes of workmen. But he has labored with fine industry."

"A labor of love, surely."

"Of art, which never succeeds in its achievements unless love spurs and guides it. One can do nothing well without loving to do it—or so I imagine. This particular sweep of country represents Eric's masterpiece of effort. Westward are the homes of people who have neither the fortunes nor the culture to live artistically. And on the further side of the palace Saltravia assumes an aspect which is inevitably more commonplace. There are the two large hotels, the four celebrated springs and the casino. Eric improved rather than rebuilt all that. It is more populous, far less rural than the prospects which now greet us, and may remind you of certain places like Carlsbad, or Homburg, or Baden. Eric has his own little abode, however, in which I believe you are to inhabit a suite of chambers. It is near the palace, and commands a view of just these heights and dells for which you have already declared a liking. In a short time, I will venture to leave you. To-morrow, after you and your old friend had time for a memorial chat, and when a few hours of refreshing slumber have followed the excellent glass of wine which I am sure you will get at dinner, I shall be greatly pleased to receive you at the palace. We will walk through the picture galleries, talk a little over what is there already, and then ask one another what sorts of unsecured canvas would prove the most desirable. Eric tells me that he trusts no one's perception of thorough work in art so implicitly as he trusts your own."

Alonzo felt himself reddening with doubt of self. Here, in this incomparable spot, almost under the shadow of

the king, and with an outstretched hand and a face that seemed to radiate sunshine, Clarimond, of Saltravia, advanced.

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robe, and below it is the dress of plain taffetas than an occasional paint stain will rather adorn than harm. Besides, you will have another potent incentive."

"You mean—"

"Leisure. Most men who lose their money are in a turmoil of distress about their butcher's bills. But, after all, though the salary allowed you by the king is not precisely enormous—"

"He is exceedingly liberal, Eric."

"Still, for Saltravia, it can't be called meager. And you will find, dear Lonz, that it possesses one pungent charm—you can so often draw it with an entirely guilty conscience."

"I see. You mean that I shall not have much to do."

"You will have a great deal to do in one sense, little in another. The king, you know, is enormously rich, and has (notwithstanding his many charities) a passion for purchasing and possessing what is beautiful in art. He will require you at the end of every three months or so to show him a certain proof of faithful stewardship."

"I quite understand, Eric. I must account to him for the sums of money that I have expended."

"Good heavens!" cried Eric, giving one of his laughs which smote the bland evening air with an almost flute-like sweetness, "you must do nothing of the sort. If you fail to convince Clarimond that you have made your purchases with avoidance of all rash and reckless economies—that you have, in other words, been prudently and discreetly extravagant—I am not at all sure that adverse views he may adopt regarding your proper endowments for the position you have assumed. He would prefer to take for granted that you have brought him treasures of art which have been rather chosen for their excessive ideal value as bits of true beauty than because fashion or false tradition had touched them with any vulgar spell. But I babble on, and you are fatigued. You long for your bath, for a change of linen, and then for a quiet little dinner, at which you may wash down more of my inanities with some really choice wine, a gift from the king himself."

They presently passed within doors, but before they did so Alonzo begged to linger a few moments on the terrace which they had now ascended. The huge hills had deepened from violet to the mellowest azure and the hard white roads glistened under a heaven whose crystal was but newly invaded by the silver shyness of earlier stars. Lights had begun to shine in the palace casements and in those of the glooming villas besides. From the heart of the dimmed sunset beamed a pale pool of sky that the two sable mountains flanked like coats, and midway between either, like a water lily of throbbing fire, burned the evening star. Freshing each instant with the advent of darkness, a breeze played at so brisk a speed along the valley that you might wonder how it could bear such heavy odors of pine, of garland flowers and of wild flowers as well, in its viewless but dewy clasp.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Driving Rain Away with Dynamite.

The new science and art of "rain-making" does not appear to make much progress in India, and unfortunately this is one of those countries where the power to procure rain at will would be particularly valuable. At Bijapur, in the Bombay presidency, nearly half a ton of dynamite was recently exploded on elevated ground; but unhappily all this disturbance left the district just as dry as before. A second discharge was then tried upon a flat-topped hill two hundred feet in height, but still not a drop of rain. In Burmah the conditions were considered more favorable, but it happened that just when the deputy commissioner and an assistant engineer had got all ready for a tremendous explosion down came the rain. The experiment, it is added, was carried on, nevertheless, which, as a local wit observed, is very much as if the American colonel of legendary fame had persisted in firing at the "gone corn" after he had come down. The worst part of the business is that in one instance at least an experimental dynamite explosion is strongly suspected of having actually driven away a very promising drift of clouds.—London News.

An Ancient Steam Engine.

A discovery is reported at Helsingfors of an ancient chest containing a lot of curious pieces of iron machinery with a mass of parchments, the latter being a treatise on the possibility of applying steam to mechanics, while the machinery is a very tolerable approximation to the steam engine of a century ago. Both iron work and documents purport to have been made by Suger, the famous abbot of St. Denis and administrator under two kings of France in the twelfth century. Great interest will, of course, attach to the investigation of the authenticity of these antique remains. If they really are Suger's he will have a new distinction as ante-dating all the other pioneers of steam application by hundreds of years.—London Letter to N. Y. Times.

Meaning of Old-World Names.

Siberia signifies "thirsty." Sicily is "the country of grapes." Caledonia means "a high hill." Asia signifies "in the middle," from the fact that ancient geographers placed it between Europe and Africa.

Italy signifies "a country of pitch," from its yielding great quantities of black pitch.

Hibernia is "utmost" or "last habitation," for beyond this to the westward the Phœnicians never extended their voyages.

Britain is "the country of tin," great quantities being found in it. The Greeks called it Albion, which signifies either "white" or "high," from the whiteness of its shores or the high rocks on the western coast.—N. Y. Ledger.

His Little Paradox.

"You are a sailor, you say?" inquired the lawyer.

"Yes sir."

"How long have you been a sailor?"

"Always," replied the witness, proudly. "I've been on water ever since I've been on earth."—Chicago Tribune.

FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

ALLIANCE NOTES.

—Hurrah for the south!
—The wool hat brigade fought nobly.
—State for state the south can count Weaver votes with the north.

—With no ballot stuffing and a fair count, Weaver carried Alabama, Georgia and North Carolina.
—In Illinois and Wisconsin the tariff was not in it. The German Lutheran vote carried those states for Cleveland upon the parochial school issue.

—In Alabama Harrison and Weaver have 30,000 more votes than Cleveland. No wonder the democrats wanted a Harrison electoral ticket in the field.

—The republican journals in the western states seem to be trimming their sails to catch the silver breeze. It is no use. The people's party will push the silver campaign to a successful termination.

—The democratic national platform is pledged to the repeal of the ten per cent. tax on state banks. Will they do it? No; they don't dare to try it—the national bankers will not allow it.—Butler (Mo.) Union.

—One thing, at least, has been settled by the recent campaign and the election just held. The bugaboo of "negro supremacy" will no longer possess any potency as a scarecrow. The democratic party in the south is the negro party.

—The tremendous increase in the vote of the southern states is an eloquent, though mute, witness to the truth of past charges of fraud. Thousands of negroes must have been persuaded or forced to vote this year, who never before were allowed to cast a ballot.

—What has become of that old fashioned alliance man who predicted that the populist would carry southern states?—Gazette. What has become of that dumfounded republican who said that the southern alliance was a southern democrat move?—Emporia (Kan.) Tiddings.

—The democratic party is now on probation. If it improves the opportunity of heeding the demands of the laboring people of the nation, all well and good; but if the spirit of the eastern democracy prevails, it will be "good-bye, old parties, good-bye," in earnest.—Hutchinson (Kan.) Alliance Herald.

—This third party is a reading party; it is also a writing and talking party. Right or wrong, it has reached a magnitude which entitles it to serious consideration, for it means revolution. It does not carry bombs up its sleeve, and it does not mean to follow Parsons to the gallows, but it does mean revolution.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—It already has become very evident that once more the people have been fooled. Grover Cleveland and his backers and advisers are not in sympathy with the free trade or state bank currency demands of the Chicago platform, while Cleveland has lost no time in defining his position upon the subject of finance and the coinage of silver.

—The liberties of a people are in grave danger of being lost when partisan political leaders boast of the debauchery of the ballot as a cause of success. At the democratic celebration at Memphis, Tenn., the speakers lauded to the skies "Jim" Dorch, the author of the infamous ballot law which has disfranchised the "common people."

—The names of Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold will no longer be the only synonyms for base treachery. In the act of scattering broadcast, in the name of the alliance, those democratic campaign documents, J. F. Tillman has dealt the cause of reform in the southern states a staggering blow and carved himself a niche in the temple of (ill) fame.

—If the democrats wipe out of existence the McKinley tariff law, as they have promised to do, and repeal the state bank tax law, from what source will they raise sufficient revenue to run the government? Perhaps, though, they intend to reduce (?) salaries. The people are watching and waiting—they want to hear something drop.—Butler (Mo.) Union.

—Populists, everywhere, should agitate an amendment to their state constitutions creating separate and distinct electoral districts of all cities having a voting population of 100,000. The rag, tag and bobtail in the cities ought not to decide elections contrary to the will of the majority of the people of a state. What's the matter with the Michigan system?

—If anyone wants evidence of universal fraud in the late election let him witness the holding back of returns! Just as if twenty-four hours were not long enough to count any precinct. Fraud—aye—the ballot boxes have been at the mercy of a lot of rascals wherever but one man reads ballots and but one man puts down the reading.—Great West.

—The ghost of the solid south was no terror to the western people this year, and it will disappear altogether when the full vote of the states is shown up in tabulated form. When it is known how faithfully the southern populists are staying by their colors, and what fearful odds they are working against, the south will not be considered so solid.—Topeka Advocate.

—The republican party in the western states is preparing to repeat its tactics of ten or twelve years ago, when it obtained a lease of power by formulating false promises. Gradually we shall see the advocacy by western republican journals of all the demands made by the populists. Elected to office upon the strength of professions of reform, these promises will prove to be dead sea apples.

—The twin frauds are adepts in the arts of deception and hypocrisy. In Texas the regular democratic nominee for governor ran on a platform demanding the free coinage of silver on the present ratio of 16 to 1, a graduated income tax, an alien landholders' law and a rigid control of the railroads. In the northwest the republican party is beginning to repudiate the tariff as an issue and to advocate the free coinage of silver. Party lines are to be re-adjusted. The populists hold the age.

DELUDED DEMOCRATS.

They Have Elected Grover Cleveland to Carry Out the Policy of Benjamin Harrison.

For the benefit of those poor deluded brethren who, through the treachery of J. F. Tillman, were induced to vote for the high priest of plutocracy, Grover Cleveland, we print the following items:

All the Farmers' Alliance members of congress favor the most radical cutting of the tariff. On this question they will vote with the democrats every time, and thus there will be a pretty good-sized majority even in the senate for tariff reduction. Yet extreme measures are not likely to be resorted to. The cooler heads of the democracy know that a savage onslaught on tariff duties all along the line would bring on a popular reaction and put their party out of power at the next election. No radical and sweeping cut in customs will be made by the congress which has just been elected.—Globe-Democrat.

[N. B.—The Globe-Democrat while ostensibly a republican paper, is owned and edited by democrats and is in sympathy with the democratic policy.]

From the Chicago Inter Ocean we clip as follows:

Is the republican party still master of the situation? Is it to be republican policy that sits inside the coach of state and orders the driver how and whether to drive? Has the recent election merely resulted in a change of servants? Is the whole sum and the substance of the matter just this—that servants dressed in democratic livery will receive wages from the public purse, while the unpaid, uncomered, unrequered spirit of republicanism dictates the motion of public affairs?

We are moved to these questions by the following utterance of the New York Times, which as may be remembered, has acted in bringing about what it called a "democratic victory."

"Undoubtedly the distinctive features of the revision to be accomplished by congress will be the removal of the existing duties on many raw materials and a very considerable reduction of the duties upon the goods in the manufacture of which these raw materials are used. In determining the duties to be imposed on those goods the party of revision will not, as a rule, we think, go beyond the limits marked by the Minneapolis platform of the republican party. That platform declared that the duties should be equal to the difference between wages here and abroad."

So the Minneapolis platform of the republican party is to fix the democratic policy concerning tariff? What has this campaign been waged for, anyhow? It is early to make confession that the democratic platform was a lie uttered with intent to deceive, but the New York Times makes open acknowledgment of its complicity in a fraud upon the intelligence of the people.

The democratic platform specifically said: "Republican protection is robbery." The New York Times, as a democratic organ, specifically declares the immediate policy of the democratic party to be based upon "republican protection," as set forth "in the Minneapolis platform of the republican party."

What do the wild free traders of the solid south think of this first crack of the whip of the democratic "eastern nabob"? What do the Weavers think of it? What is the opinion of the Henry George men concerning it? What will Mr. Waterson say about it? What will our own Chicago Herald do in the matter?

OUR SOUTHERN FRIENDS.

A Large Number of Them Manfully Stood Their Ground and Voted For the Right.

We like a genuine reformer without reference to where he may live, and we fully appreciate the difficulties that surround our brethren in the south. We never built as much on the reform vote in the southern states as did many of the reformers of the north, nor did the southern reformers themselves, for we knew it was their first reform contest, and after eighteen years of such work, we had learned to know something of the ordeal through which they must pass. Hence we were in a measure prepared for the returns that came from the south.

But the ice is broken now. Southern reformers know their enemy. The batteries are all unmasked, and we expect much better things in the future. We are glad, however, to be able to show our southern friends a greater steadfastness in the north. But it was not our first fight. We had been under fire before, yet it must be conceded that we have gallantly won our spurs.

And the question of sectionalism must change base. It is obliterated in the north; the campaign of 1892 has shown it very much alive in the south. Kansas, a state of ultra northern ideas, and only four years ago with a republican majority of 80,000, elected an ex-confederate for congressman from the state at large. The south had eggs instead of votes for ex-federalists. So in sectionalism the south must move to the head of the class.

And yet southern reformers have done well. We have no taunts for them. A large number of them manfully stood their ground, and cast their ballots in spite of abuse, and hate and ostracism. When the official vote is published it will be seen that reform is alive in the south, that seed has been planted for a future harvest of victory.—Mt. Vernon (Ill.) Progressive Farmer.

BEGINNING TO HEDGE.

Free Trade and an Income Tax is the Ideal System of Civilized Taxation.

Senator Vest, of Missouri, says in an interview that the democrats would proceed cautiously in reforming the tariff and would not smash the McKinley bill as a blacksmith would destroy a watch. Free trade, pure and simple, he said, was impossible, for the only proper way to raise money to carry on the government was by a customs tariff. The tariff, however, would be reduced along conservative lines in such a manner as to lessen the cost of living to the common people. The senator ridiculed the idea of an extra session of congress to deal with the tariff. "Mr. Cleveland," he said, "is too level headed for any such nonsense. He does not believe in a cavalry charge upon the existing system of taxation and finance, and he will proceed slowly."

Mr. Vest is off his base. The only just and proper way to raise revenue is by a graded tax upon net incomes and a tax upon unoccupied and unused land. Trade between nations should be absolutely free. The protective features of the tariff apply to money lenders and not to laborers. Give us as cheap money as England enjoys and we can compete with the world. The present scale of wages allows laborers little else than a bare subsistence. When clothes and iron are free from duty and tax, coffee and sugar are taxed, it will not be long before laborers are willing to vote for free trade and an income tax.

—For the first time in twenty-five years the democrats are in a minority in the "solid south." Even in Texas, a majority of 111,000 is changed to a minority of 30,000.