

A WESTERN NIGHT SONG.

Be to sleep, little sweetheart, deary,
In thy little trundle bed:
There's a caught of things that's eerie
In the land of Drowsyhead.
Near the wind sing o'er the prairies,
Round thy cot the moonbeams creep,
Come, oh, come to the land of fairies
Through the blissful realms of sleep.

Oh, sweet and fair is the beautiful hand,
Where the babies in frolic gather
To dance and play on the sandy sand,
Or wander o'er the heather.
But sweeter far, when the misty dew
Is touched by the sun's great splendor,
To sail back home to mother true and dear,
And be clasped in her arms so tender.

And you shall sail o'er the sea of dreams
To the wonderful land where the sandbars
dwell.

Guarded by the old moon's beams,
Charmed by the tinkling of starry bells:
There in the field where the flowers bloom,
With merry elfs you'll romp and play,
Till the sun in the east shall pierce the gloom
And all to their homes will he away.

—John N. Sillard, in *Yankee Blade*.



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CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

The princess of Brindisi was a woman who rarely kept silent, even from bulkiness longer than ten minutes at a time. Before the journey had been half accomplished she broke in upon a civil commonplace which her son was addressing to Bianca. So filled with bitterness were her words that Bianca's mild waxen eyelids lowered themselves as if in gentle sorrow.

The king heard and bit his lips. "I might have had a larger guard of soldiers to greet you," he said, "if your coming had not been so precipitate and unexpected."

"Precipitate! Unexpected!" echoed the princess, with the tips of her lips. "And a king speaks that way to his mother! One might fancy, Clarimond, that some member of the petite noblesse—no, of even the common, vulgar herd itself lately raised to power—had presented this pitious excuse!"

"I did not mean it for an excuse," came Clarimond's cold answer, and he threw himself back against the cushions of the carriage, disheartened, disgusted.

From this ambuscade of shadow he could watch his mother, on whom the lamplight fell with somewhat cruelly telling ardor. She had not markedly altered during the long interval which had preceded their last meeting. Her figure was still of that fine if somewhat too masculine molding which had won her, years ago, many a compliment at the court of her imperial cousin. Her face was just as firmly chiseled as of old, with its aquiline arc of nostril and its overfull eyeballs too closely set together, implying both narrowness of judgment and a volatile art of defending it. Her hands now cased in somber traveling gloves, just as her form was robed in a dark traveling gown of perfect fit, retained their happy grace of gesture, not too reposeful, not too emphatic. "I kiss the most beautiful hand in Europe," a famous conqueror had once said to her, and the courtesy had echoed from court to court. But on her chill lips dwelt the old insolent curve, though a few subtle little wrinkles had crept in dainty mockery about their corners. Her hair, once abundant and dark-shining, was visibly thinned and silvered at the temples. Otherwise she continued to be the princess of Brindisi, distinguished in every movement of her frame, an incarnate quintessence of the aristocratic idea, redolent of pride, intolerance and the most vicious aims which casts has created in spite of Christianity, and preserved in spite of all human progress.

Her reception at the palace displeased her more than the previous welcome had done. She had really been delayed in her journey to the frontier by an accident on one of the trains, but this fact seemed to her no possible reason why royalty should not have immediate and sumptuous means at its command for treating her with the same homage by night as by day. "A king," she said to her son, when at last they were alone together in a suite of chambers which even she, prepared to civil and to damn with faint praise, could not but frankly admire for their simple yet noble splendor, "a king, my dear Clarimond, should never be caught without his magnificence."

"If I were in any sense a great king," began Clarimond, with a laugh.

But the princess stopped him, frowningly. "You're a very notable and rich one," she said, "almost as rich as the emperor himself."

"Well, granted."

"Almost as rich," she went on with a bitter laugh, "as an American."

"Oh, they're not all so rich, by any means. And you hate them as much as ever!"

"They are barbarians," announced the princess, leaning back in her chair and beginning to fan herself.

"How we differ, you and I!"

"Oh, naturally, since you've made one of them your bosom friend, my son, and let him tear to pieces the loveliest and most time-honored spot in Saltravia."

Clarimond gave a weary smile. "Wait until you see the changes Eric Thaxter has wrought before you so coldly condemn them."

"I don't need to see them."

"Oh, my mother, my mother!"

"Were not those homes of our great nobles filled with the most reverend associations, legends and traditions?"

"They were frightfully ugly, and cursed by a most villainous drainage. If you could see the improvement in our health reports since their demolition! As for their age, the hideous is ever young, since taste almost ignores its very existence, while the beautiful, being an immortal element, has existed for all time. I think you have already seen something of the palace. Surely you would not say that you prefer to it that majestic shanty in which my poor predecessor died. Eric's work has delighted more than one of the most famous architects in Paris. He is a genius, and I was lucky enough to discover him. He is an American, and for that reason you detest him."

"Deluge me with words, if you will," said the princess, and she smiled her iciest smile. "The palace is handsome, but it smells of fresh paint, so to speak, and I am sure that when I see its white marble grandeur I shall only repeat the verdict already conveyed to me in Italy by the most competent judges that it does not betray a sign of genius, but is just what hundreds of clever Americans could have accomplished if given the same tremendous *carte blanche* which you gave—er—to that person."

"But I thought you considered all Americans barbarians?" the king replied, lifting his brows a little and beginning slowly to pace the spacious floor of the grand apartment, with head somewhat drooped and hands clasped behind him.

"How you take one up! You should remember that I am your mother, not your courtier."

"I have no courtiers. I've dispensed with all that flummery."

"Oh, indeed! And you will soon be giving your portfolio of state, no doubt, to this American nobody."

"The American nobody, as you call him, would not accept it. He is an artist, and politics, like all ugly things, are repellent to artists."

The princess heaved a resonant and irritated sigh. "Worse and worse," she muttered. "God has called you to be king over this land where your ancestors have ruled for nearly a thousand years," she went on, in strained, passionate falsetto. "Yet you seem to me on the verge of flinging your responsibilities to the winds—of casting your holy and anointed crown in the mud of the common highways!"

At this point Clarimond ceased from his impatient walk and paused directly in front of his mother. Flashes left his eyes that bespoke irony and yet earnestness as well. He had become quite pale and his demeanor, always full of dignity, was never staler than now.

"We might as well understand one another," he began, "if such a result can ever be attained between two spirits as wholly opposite as yours and mine. Were it possible for me to abdicate to-morrow and make Saltravia a

Bianca d'Este. That she is lovely in face and form it will be foolish even to remind you; no one can look on her without conceding thus much. But her nature is no less winsome than her person. I have dreamed of making her your wife; I will not say that I have come here with this positive purpose, but it has held over me an undoubted sway. Such a marriage as that would work in you the most helpful and steady changes. Oh, don't fancy that I mean for you to take Bianca as she were a dose of medicine! She has had men of the highest rank at her feet, and refused them; she is captivating, as you will soon see, apart from her name, her birth, yes, even from her beauty. I mean that she is accomplished in a hundred pretty, appealing ways, which adorn her native strength of character like the enameling on silver. Still, in spirit this dear girl is already dedicated to the church, and perhaps if you were to lay your crown before her she would sweetly yet firmly refuse it. But ah, my Clarimond, if she should bend that golden head of hers for you to set it there, how invaluable would prove her wifehood! Her queenhood, too, I should say, and you would revere in her both qualities. By degrees her influence would tranquilize in your fevered mind all these wild and fruitless longings which are the fatal pride of intellect alone. You would slowly realize that kings are the sacred vicars of God's will, and that the only safe watchword of the great, common, wileless mass is "obedience." You would slowly realize again, my dear son—"

But here Clarimond ventured an interruption. He had borne much from his impatient walk and paused directly in front of his mother. Flashes left his eyes that bespoke irony and yet earnestness as well. He had become quite pale and his demeanor, always full of dignity, was never staler than now.

"We might as well understand one another," he began, "if such a result can ever be attained between two spirits as wholly opposite as yours and mine. Were it possible for me to abdicate to-morrow and make Saltravia a

reign, Lons and I," began Eric. "And then he described, in terse and swift phrase, an imaginary fete, where the court would play parts of masquerading martyrs and supplicants and the palace would be stormed by seditious insurgents."

"Delightful," said Clarimond. "What a lark, to speak your American slang! We would give sanguinary orders to the maître d' hotel. Plenty of blood, and heads on pikes thrust in at the windows. Everybody would be mock terrified until supper-time, and then it would all end in amicable beakers. Did your beloved Alonzo suggest that? No, I need not ask, Eric. It is too distinctly you."

"It is, not I," replied Eric, fibbing shamelessly. "When you know him better you will credit him with the originality of the idea."

"I know him well enough," said the king, "to credit him with much inventiveness. But my mother—"

"Ah, yes, your majesty, I—"

"Tut, tut, Eric. If you 'majesty' me I will exile you from Saltravia."

"Pardon, monsieur; it was a slip."

"Don't let the slip occur again. But the princess would never consent to such a fete. It would satirize too fiercely her well-known prejudices."

"Lonz, as you call him, will soon be back with some treasures!"

Alonzo returned within the week, and greatly pleased his new employer by one or two shrewd selections in the way of purchase. But when October had waned, and the princess had given every sign that she did not choose to reseek her dear Italy, Clarimond declared himself pitifully handicapped. Bianca d'Este was forever thrust at him, and the young lady's "accomplishments" were made as drearily ordinary to him as the details of his toast and coffee at breakfast time. He could discover in Bianca nothing that interested him. The winter began, and the court had become, under the princess' haughty surveillance, one somber monotony. Winter in Saltravia was never severe; snow fell and blasts blew, but seldom with harsh results. Alonzo, thoroughly fitted to his new position, acquitted himself with skill and tact. He made several new journeys, and each bore its fine artistic fruit. The king became almost as devotedly his friend as he was the friend of Eric. When a fresh spring had lavished its green beauty on the Saltravian hills, Eric declared to his fellow-lodger,

"I am positively jealous of you, my dear Lonz. Jealousy, you know, is the touchstone of friendship. You leave me no resource with the king except that of slander. I must whisper insidious things about you in the ear of Clarimond."

"As if you could, Eric!" said Alonzo.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Tippoo's Last Dinner.

Mr. H. G. Keene has found in the diary of his late father an interesting description of the storming of Seringapatam, at which he was present, on the fourth of May, 1799. Capt. Keene, who was nephew of Gen. Harris, then commander in chief, seems to have gathered from prisoners full details of the last moments of our once redoubtable enemy Tippoo Sahib. In his entries, which have been forwarded for publication to the *Calcutta Review*, he says:

"Tippoo sat at his dinner till one of his servants told him that the English were coming, and they presently appeared; this was the head of the left-hand column."

He sent off a servant to the palace to bring up the troops, seized his rifle and shot one of the first three who came on in front. Another was killed by a shot from the bastion behind. The third still advancing, Tippoo cried out:

"These are devils, two are killed, and the third comes on!" He fled only to find himself hemmed in between the two columns. He fought bravely.

When he fell wounded, an officer was about to say who he was. Tippoo

frowned and put his fingers to his lips; then made a blow at a sergeant and cut into the barrel of his firelock; the sergeant killed him with his bayonet, and the body was soon covered by the slain."

It has been said that the success of the assault was necessary to the

existence of the besieging army under Gen. Bentinck, and Capt. Keene's diary confirms this.—*London Daily News*.

How Garfield Was Scared.

Secretary Foster has been telling some queer secrets about President Garfield, with whom he was on terms of the closest intimacy. As illustrating his fear of the newspapers a summer night incident at Willard's hotel in Washington is recalled, when a party of Mr. Garfield's intimate friends got together in one of the upper rooms facing Newspaper row and began playing a game of cards with a ten-cent ante.

It was hot, and the whole party

had their coats and vests off and their sleeves rolled up to the elbows.

The windows were wide open, and by the gaslight any body could look in on the game from across the street.

Suddenly a messenger boy came to the door with a message, which read thus:

"Immense excitement on Newspaper row. A big crowd is watching your little game. Pools are being sold on the result, and the boys are sending dispatches out over the country concerning it."

The message was read aloud, and it scared Mr. Garfield half out of his boots.

Of course it was a bogus message, but it was hard to make Mr. Garfield believe it was not genuine, and it spoiled all his fun for that summer night.—*Chicago Times*.

The Popularity of Jet.

Great quantities of jet are used upon the very fashionable black gowns. Jet, by the by, is counted as universally becoming, a something which it is not, for many faces require that its hard glitter be softened either by lace, ribbon or velvet, and so in using it one must discover first whether it is absolutely suited to one's style or not.

Of course, it is always handsome, but much magnificence is often out of place than too great simplicity.

A Leap-Year Interruption.

He (philosophically)—Ah, well, you know, man proposes—

She—Not this year.—Truth.

THE GRADUATED INCOME TAX.

It Would Exempt Reasonable Wages to Labor but Tax Incomes Derived From Rent, Interest and Profit.

Something like two weeks ago the *Globe-Democrat* published a Washington special reading as follows:

Representative Scott Wike, of the Quincy (Ill.) district has arrived. He "is in favor of an income tax," said Mr. Wike, "the amount raised \$2,000,000 of revenue from an income tax, and more than one-half that amount came from incomes over \$5,000. My idea of an income tax would practically exempt the masses, as I would not tax incomes below \$5,000. The great objection to an income tax is that it is iniquitous. But to me it seems not more so than the ordinary state tax. I like the income tax system of England, which has been in vogue for fifty-one years, and successfully, too. In England the manner of levying this tax on corporations is to first collect it from the net estate of the corporation, and then the debts are deducted, and let the company turn over a portion it among the stockholders. Under a graduated income tax I would have no multi-millionaires in this country. Under a graduated income tax I would raise the levy so high on large incomes that it would practically be impossible for a man to acquire more than \$1,000,000 worth of wealth at the outside."

From the Dallas, (Tex.) News we clip the following editorial, which possesses special significance when it is remembered that Gov.-elect Hogg and the popular candidate Nugent, both of whom stood upon a platform containing a demand for a graduated income tax, received a combined vote of more than 285,000. The News says:

"For the majority, led by the most democratic of the people, the tax is a tax against the rich, against the aristocracy, against an allegorical plutocracy, have a right to say how much money a thrifty and enterprising citizen shall be allowed to acquire above operating and living expenses, as Congressman Wike of Illinois, and other statesmen of his stamp contend, then shall the limit it to accumulated savings be drawn? Mr. Wike draws the practical limit, as regards accumulation, at \$1,000,000; but he sets the practical limit, as regards income, at \$5,000. This agrees with the confiscatory suggestions of Judge Reagan and others of his school in Texas. Their idea is to day is to begin a system of regulating and restricting incomes and capitals with an unequal scale of taxation applied to incomes over \$5,000 and below \$5,000."

"But with this it will think that the majority of the people consume pretty much all they make, year after year. It is doubtful safe to say that on the average with the man who earns \$50 per month and with the man who earns five times as much, the balances at the end of the year are about the same. Neither of them has any visible or accessible income to be taxed. This class whose spendings run a neck and neck race with their gettings, however great or small, added to a class who are put to it to earn bread and meat, will make up perhaps, nine-tenths of the population. Under inflammatory appeals to their unsatisfied desires—such as the desire of self-pity—such people are apt to become envious and impatient to the verge of a revolution. They will pull down all above them in fortune, and to least for a time, in a chaos of ruined estates. In such a mood, with the model modern demagogue to lead them, how long would they feel inclined to stop at a limit of \$1,000,000? How long would they feel willing to exempt incomes of \$5,000? In fact, how many of them agree fully to day with Messrs. Wike and Reagan upon the temporary limit which these other politicians have taken it upon themselves to suggest? There is no telling how many people there are in the country to day who consider \$10,000 a high limit for any man, who, earning less than \$1,000 a year themselves, are quite ready to set the starting point of taxation down just far enough to exempt them. The system might very naturally be extended to work an equal yearly division all around, as a majority might find such a general partition apparently profitable for them. This would be something like Mr. Bellamy's ideal communism but for one radical difference. Bellamy's plan is not to destroy the substance of private capitals but to conserve it by massing and administering those capitals under a system of all-embracing national industrialism. The Reagan and Wike plan, carried to exhaustion, would dissolve both capital and civilization into a universal condition of poverty and squalor."

Assuming that the world has resolved upon its axis for six thousand years since the creation of Adam, and supposing that Adam had lived until now and had received every day since his creation, Sundays included, the sum of five dollars, every cent of which he had managed to save, he would have accumulated, if unaided by the factors of rent, interest and profit, less than eleven million dollars all told. This being the case, in view of the fact that \$1,000 individuals within the past thirty years have accumulated the enormous sum of thirty-six billions of dollars, the term "allegorical plutocracy" is, to say the least, extremely far-fetched.

The News either has not the faintest comprehension of the subject or else it displays considerable ingenuity in the direction of befogging the issue. The advocates of a graduated income tax occupy something like the following position. They claim, first, that as all wealth is the product of labor, if any other factor besides labor absorbs wealth, such factor must necessarily rob labor. Second—they claim that there is a point at which incomes cease to be the legitimate reward of honest labor and become the results of the factors which conspire to rob labor. Third—All standard works upon social and political economy