

# THE PEOPLE'S PILOT.

FOR THE FREE AND UNLIMITED COINAGE OF SILVER AND GOLD AT THE PARITY RATIO OF SIXTEEN TO ONE.

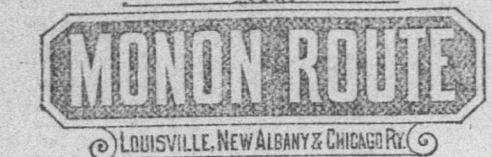
VOL. VI.

RENSELAER IND., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1897.

NUMBER 84.

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**The Direct Line to**  
**Chicago,**  
**Indianapolis,**  
**Cincinnati**  
**LaFayette,**  
**Louisville,**  
**West Baden,**  
**French Lick Springs**  
**and**  
**All Points South.**

FRANK J. REED, G. P. A., Chicago.

Monon Time Table No. 28, in Effect Sept. 13.

NORTH BOUND.		SOUTH BOUND.	
No. 4.....	4:30 a. m.	No. 5.....	1:58 p. m.
No. 10.....	8:30 a. m.	No. 11.....	5:58 p. m.
No. 16.....	12:30 p. m.	No. 17.....	9:58 p. m.
No. 22.....	4:30 p. m.	No. 23.....	1:58 a. m.
No. 28.....	8:30 p. m.	No. 29.....	5:58 a. m.
No. 34.....	12:30 a. m.	No. 35.....	9:58 a. m.
No. 40.....	4:30 a. m.	No. 41.....	1:58 p. m.
No. 46.....	8:30 a. m.	No. 47.....	5:58 p. m.
No. 52.....	12:30 p. m.	No. 53.....	9:58 p. m.
No. 58.....	4:30 p. m.	No. 59.....	1:58 a. m.
No. 64.....	8:30 p. m.	No. 65.....	5:58 a. m.
No. 70.....	12:30 a. m.	No. 71.....	9:58 a. m.
No. 76.....	4:30 a. m.	No. 77.....	1:58 p. m.
No. 82.....	8:30 a. m.	No. 83.....	5:58 p. m.
No. 88.....	12:30 p. m.	No. 89.....	9:58 p. m.
No. 94.....	4:30 p. m.	No. 95.....	1:58 a. m.
No. 100.....	8:30 p. m.	No. 101.....	5:58 a. m.

No. 32 makes no stops between Monon and Hammond.

Train No. 5 has a through coach for Indianapolis and Cincinnati, via Roanoke; arrives Indianapolis 2:40 p. m.; Cincinnati 4 p. m. No. 6 has through coach returning; leaves Cincinnati 8:30 a. m.; leaves Indianapolis 11:50 a. m.; arrives Monon 3:30 p. m. daily. Tickets can be purchased at regular rates via this new route.

W. H. BEAM, Agent.

## CHURCHES

**FIRST BAPTIST.** Preaching every two weeks, at 10:45 a. m. and 8:00 p. m.; Sunday school at 9:30; B. Y. P. S. C. E. 2:30; S. Y. P. S. C. E. 6:30; Prayer meeting, Thursday, 7:30 Rev. Findley, pastor.

**CHRISTIAN.** Corner Van Rensselaer and Susan. Preaching, 10:45 and 8:00; Sunday school, 9:30; B. Y. P. S. C. E. 2:30; S. Y. P. S. C. E. 6:30; Prayer meeting, Thursday, 7:30 Rev. Findley, pastor.

**LADIES' AID SOCIETY** meets every Wednesday afternoon, by appointment.

**PRESBYTERIAN.** Corner Cullen and Angelica. Preaching, 10:45 and 7:30; Sunday school, 9:30; Junior League, 2:30; alternate Sundays. Prayer meeting, Thursday at 7. Dr. R. D. Utter, pastor.

**METHODIST E.** Preaching at 10:45 and 7:30; Sunday school, 9:30; Epworth League, 2:30; alternate Sundays. Prayer meeting, Thursday at 7. Dr. R. D. Utter, pastor.

**LADIES' AID SOCIETY** every Wednesday afternoon by appointment.

**CHURCH OF GOD.** Corner Harrison and Eliza. Preaching, 10:45 and 7:30; Sunday school, 9:30; Prayer meeting, Thursday, 7:30. Rev. F. L. Austin, pastor.

**CHRISTIAN-BARKLEY CHURCH OF GOD.** Preaching every Sunday, 10:45 and 7:30; Sunday school, 9:30; Prayer meeting, 7:30; Evening, 8:00. Rev. R. S. Morgan, Pastor.

**MASONIC.**—PRAIRIE LODGE, No. 126. A. F. and A. M. meets first and third Mondays of each month. C. G. Spitzer, W. M.; W. J. Ames, Sec'y.

**EVENING STAR CHAPTER.** No. 141. O. E. S. meets first and third Wednesdays of each month. Nellie Hopkins, W. M.; Maud E. Spitzer, Sec'y.

**CATHOLIC ORDER FORESTERS.**—Willard Court, No. 418. Meets every first and third Sunday of the month at 2 p. m. E. P. Honan, Sec'y.; Frank Maloy, Chief Ranger.

**ODD FELLOWS.** IROQUOIS LODGE, No. 149. I. O. O. F. meets every Thursday, W. E. Overton, N. G.; S. C. Irwin, Sec'y.

**RENSELAER ENCAMPMENT.** No. 201. I. O. O. F. meets second and fourth Fridays of each month. T. J. Saylor, C. P.; John Vannatt, Scribe.

**RENSELAER REBECCA DEGREE LODGE.** No. 346. Meets first and third Fridays of each month. Mrs. Mattie Bowman, N. G.; Miss Alice Irwin, Sec'y.

**I. O. OF FORESTERS.** COURT JASPER, No. 1703. Independent Order of Foresters, meets second and fourth Mondays Geo. Goff, C. D. H. C. R.; J. W. Horton, C. R.

It is discouraging to the friends of agricultural education to learn that a bill now under consideration by the Michigan legislature actually contemplates the abolishment of the famous and splendid Agricultural college of that state! It seems incredible that a proposition of that kind could be seriously made by sane men, but the press dispatches indicate it so, and the reason as stated is that "the college has outlived its usefulness and that the 640 acres of land occupied by the institution may better be employed in the raising of sugar beets by the convicts of the state!" That is reform with a vengeance, surely, but that no such measure will ever be allowed to pass through the legislature, notwithstanding the number of ignoramuses who constitute a part of its membership, is certain. We may trust Gov. Pingree to kill it if it does.—Farmer's Voice.

**Your Boy Won't Live a Month.**  
So, Mr. Gilman Brown, of 34 Mill St., South Gardner, Mass., was told by the doctors. His son had lung trouble, following Typhoid Malaria, and he spent three hundred and seventy-five dollars with doctors, who finally gave him up, saying: "Your boy won't live a month." He tried Dr. King's New Discovery and a few bottles restored him to health and enabled him to go to work a perfectly well man. He says he owes his present good health to the use of Dr. King's Discovery, and knows it to be the best in the world for Lung trouble. Trial bottles free at F. B. Meyer's Drug Store.

## DeMotte.

J. D. Moates, whose sale is advertised in this paper for Feb. 20th, has been a resident here for ten years. His wife died last summer after a long illness and he now intends to return to Dayton, Ohio, to accept his old position of attendant in the asylum. Mr. Moates has been one of our most valued citizens and all of his neighbors regret to see him leave, though he promises to return often to the old farm.

Wm. Hazekamp has for sale a few bushels of Northern King corn. He paid \$7 per bushel last year for the seed. The corn has very large ears and ripens in 90 days. Price 50c per bushel.

Robt. Vandouser of Keener will move to Tennessee soon.

Jerry Levean is preparing to move from Keener township to Kankakee, Ill.

R. W. Burris at Gifford's headquarters in Keener is going to Cullum, Ill., as foreman of another tract. Mr. Andrews of Boon county will take his place.

## Remington.

Rev. Mr. Carson, pastor of the Christian church at Remington, is visiting his father's family for a few days, having received word that his father was quite sick and not likely to recover. There was no services outside of Sunday school and endeavor meeting last Sunday on account of the absence of Brother Carson.

Last Saturday evening B. S. Kennedy and C. V. Selsor had an altercation on the streets in Remington. Both parties live about one mile north of town the trouble grew out of some business transaction. It appears from what those who saw the trouble that Kennedy was the aggressor, having struck Selsor three times before he, Selsor, resented the attack, and when he did resent it, Kennedy thought a cyclone had struck him. He was promptly downed, and soon said he had enough.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stokes died last week and was buried in the Remington Cemetery.

The little child of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Davis, died last week and was buried in the cemetery at Idaville in White county.

Miss Lulu Hawn, teacher of the Hunt school in Carpenter township, was sick all last week. She is however teaching again this week.

Remington's water works bonds were sold this week. They brought a fair price.

The Superintendent of the Jasper county schools, J. F. Warren of Rensselaer, attended the Carpenter Township Institute last Saturday, which was held in the high school building in Remington.

Mr. Clarence Bridgeman and Miss Grove were married at the Residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Grove, in the south-west part of Carpenter Township last week. We wish the happy couple long life, continued happiness, and prosperity, put not the kind of prosperity we were assured we would at once receive by the McKinley-ites.

Carpenter Township will have only seven and one half months of school this term, owing to a scarcity of Tuition School funds.

The "Holiness" people are now holding a series of meetings in the Town Hall, having commenced about one week ago. The meetings will probably continue about two weeks.

The town of Remington will commence active operations in building their contemplated system of water works about the first of April next. The contract has been let to the Challenge Wind Mill and Feed Mill Company of Batavia, Ill., and the plant will cost the Town, including engines, pumping apparatus, well, pipe lines and hydrants something over \$12,000.

James N. Green living about four miles north west of Remington has been sick with lung trouble nearly all winter. He is not confined to his bed however.

Moses Steves of Kankakee Illinois, will move back on his farm in Benton county, (Gilboa township,) about the first of March.

## Hanging Grove.

I desire to say something on the temperson question Mr. Editor, and submit these short comments.

Does not the law require that a man shall be of good moral character to obtain a license to sell liquor? and, if our county commissioners are just what they ought to be, would they not require them to present evidence from good, responsible citizens and not allow them to bring saloon bums in to prove their character?—Does not our commissioners know that a man of good moral character will not sell liquor?

Can he be moral who will sell that which engenders evil? Is he a man, let some one tell, or an incarnate devil?

Can true philanthropy possess the heart of him, who for a shilling will fill with rum his neighbors glass and turn him reeling from the door?

Can he enjoy religion pure who spreads intoxication and causes many to immerse themselves to dissipation? READER.

## A Ride For Reputation.

While they were discussing the melee in the school board the head of a big manufacturing establishment was moved to relate this experience:

"I was once a pedagogue myself. I had resolved to do something worth while in the business world, and having no capital except what was wrapped up in my person I taught school to get a starter. I had some advanced students and had to skirmish in order to keep up with the procession. One day the whole class was stumped by an arithmetical problem, and so was I. In order to gain time for myself I came the old dodge of telling them how much better it would be if they would work out the solution for themselves and gave them another day.

"That night, behind locked doors and closed blinds, I worked in fear and perspiration. From the bottom of my trunk I took a key to the arithmetic, but even with that aid I failed to master the problem. By midnight I was desperate. It would never do to let the scholars, the parents and the whole cruel world know that I was not equal to my position. But it's not in my make up to surrender while there's a fighting chance.

"At the town, ten miles away, there was a loyal and highly educated friend of mine. He would help me and say nothing. It was one of the bitterest January nights I ever knew. But I slipped to the barn, appropriated a horse, made a ride more notable than many of those immortalized in song or history, froze my ears and toes and had my vocal powers reduced to a whisper.

"But you should have heard my whispered explanation of that problem and my regrets that none of the pupils had mastered it."—Detroit Free Press.

## Wave Names.

I have a note of some curious names given locally to the waves on different parts of our coast that may be worthy of record. These were culled from The Family Herald a few years ago. I cannot give the exact date. The names are curiously varied and sometimes not a little suggestive. The Peterhead folk call the large breakers that fall with a crash on the beach by the grim name of "Norrawa (Norway) carpenters." On the low Lincolnshire coast, as on the southwestern Atlantic fronting shore of these islands, the grandly long unbroken waves are known as "rollers." Among East Anglians a heavy surf, tumbling in with an offshore wind, or in a calm, is called by the expressive name of a "slog," while a well marked swell, rolling in independently of any blowing, is called a "home." "There is no wind," a Suffolk fisherman will say, "but a nasty home on the beach." Suffolk men also speak of the "bark" of the surf, and a sea covered with foam is spoken of as "feather white." The foam itself is known as "spoon drift." So in the vernacular we have it, "The sea was all a feather white with spoon drift."—Notes and Queries.

## He Said "Poke and Beans."

Joe Cavan, who has had a whirlwind experience in the south and west, said to the crowd in the same old place, the up town hotel:

"My advice to you all is, be natural. Do not try to deceive people with your affected talk or in your clothes. You will be certain to show the cloven foot somewhere. I was at a dinner once in St. Louis. It was given by Governor Marmaduke. Before we had given our orders, for at a western dinner every man has the privilege of saying what he wants, the governor asked each one of his guests where he hailed from. One was from Tennessee, one from Illinois, one from California. The east was not represented, so I handed in my card from Vermont. Just then the waiter passed the bill of fare, and, my ruling passion asserting itself, 'Poke and beans,' said I in my natural voice.

"Cavan," said the governor of Missouri vehemently, "you're from Georgy. No man from Vermont ever said 'poke and beans,' and your scheme of passing for a Yankee, huh, is reprehensible and will cost you the wine."

"I have sailed under my own colors ever since."—New York Sun.

## Their Peculiar Aversions.

Most people have aversions of some kind or other, and some very strange ones. The sight of a set of false teeth makes John L. Sullivan sick at the stomach. Napoleon did not like to see a white dog. Agassiz could not bear to touch polished steel. The sight of the rising moon, when it was full, always made Mme. de Staël ill. Barefooted children made Louis XIV nervous. Dean Swift has said that Bolingbroke would "act like one bereft should he cast his eye on a poor, harmless toad." Disraeli had an attack of vertigo when he saw anybody chewing gum. Dickens never liked a stiff shirt bosom, and Buffon would fly into a rage if any one put an egg on the dining table at which he sat.

## A Bootblack's Novel Scheme.

The most enterprising bootblack in New York is a young negro who has a stand on Columbus avenue not far from the Natural History museum. His location is one which does not bring much "transient" trade, but he has a goodly number of regular customers. On days when the weather looks threatening this wise young man issues rain checks, good for 12 hours, so that if it rains and a customer's shine is ruined he gets a new one free of charge. The rain checks are slips of paper with the date and hour written in pencil.—New York Press.

## Of Course.

First Small Boy—I wish I had that 5 cents back I spent for candy.

Second Small Boy—What would you do with it?

First Small Boy—Buy more candy.—Boston Courier.

## Economy.

Little Dick—Papa, didn't you tell mamma we must economize?

Papa—I did, my son.

Little Dick—Well, I was thinkin that meebby if you'd get me a pony I wouldn't wear out so many shoes.—Good News.

## Eggs Are Useful.

According to The Medical Record, eggs are useful in the following applications: A mustard plaster made with the white of an egg will not leave a blister. A raw egg, taken immediately, will carry down a fish bone that cannot be extracted. The white skin that lines the shell is a useful application to a boil. White of egg, beaten up with loaf sugar and lemon, relieves hoarseness—a teaspoonful taken once every hour. An egg in the morning cup of coffee is a good tonic. A raw egg, with the yolk unbroken, in a glass of wine is beneficial for convalescents.

## Russian Army Food.

In the Russian army two days a week are observed as fasts—Wednesdays and Fridays—on which days all the soldier gets in the way of food is lentil soup and black bread and a drink consisting of water in which rye bread has been soaked.—Spare Moments.

## Would Abolish "Cussin'."

A Populist member of the Kansas legislature, whose hobby is the introduction of bills to prevent crime, has an idea that profanity is the basis of all wrongdoing, and he argues that if "cussin'" can be stopped morality can have a clean sweep. He has therefore introduced a bill to prevent swearing, publicly or privately, under heavy penalties and will use his utmost endeavors to have it enacted into a law.

**Col. Breckinridge's Daughter a Lawyer.**  
Miss Sophrona Breckinridge, daughter of Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge, has been admitted to the bar by the court of appeals.

## Change.

With a wardrobe that is jaunty and a traveling bag, brand new, He is smiling in the station as he greets an interview. His manner's very knowing and his every glance implies places implies. That his ship has just been sighted, that his star is on the rise. He instructs you in the management of government affairs, And you feel that he is worthy of an office and its cares. You wonder what exalted post 'twill be his lot to gain. He is on his way to Canton, and he's waiting for the train. A few days later he appears. He looks a little dazed. The traveling bag seems smaller than it was when last you gazed. When you strive for conversation, he has little more to say. Than: "Young man, beware of politics. It really doesn't pay." He's not at all his jovial self when stoutly he declares, "My time must be devoted to my personal affairs." There is something in his manner that provokes a thrill of pain—This man who went to Canton and has just got home again. —Washington Star.

## An Interesting Coincidence.

It is a curious coincidence that the new battleship Alabama, which is now being constructed at Cramps' shipyard, Philadelphia, is No. 290 on their list of vessels constructed. The Confederate cruiser Alabama, which created so much havoc with commerce during the war, was No. 290 on the construction list of the Lairds of England, and for several months after her purchase by the Confederate government was known as No. 290, until she was christened Alabama.—Chicago Record.

## The Whaling Industry.

The trials and tribulations of the whaling industry defy the meager justice which the resources of a single paragraph affords. A volume might cover the subject. The difficulty about whaling is the uncertainty of whales. These mammals decline to be regulated by any signal service reporter and refuse in their migrations to respect precedent or the ambitions of the arctic oil works. The consequence is a skipper may cruise the northern latitudes, trying conclusions with icebergs and polar bears, endangering life and limb in a mangy old tub, encountering the perils of storm, wave and Eskimo, and all without sighting a spout or capturing a yard of whalebone. I listened recently to the mournful reminiscences of Captain Green, a hardy mariner of much experience, who after many years of laboring at the oil industry retired to a raisin ranch at Fresno. Owing to the decline of raisins, however, he took to the ocean again, equipped a vessel and sailed into the latitudes of winter. There he found an antique steam whaler, the Reindeer, and for two long and weary years they have kept each other company in the close knit sisterhood of misfortune. One during the second year they sighted a whale, and Captain Green encompassed its capture. A bowhead it was, and no great prize. Tiring of cold, salt and ill luck, the twain decided at last to go south for rest and provisions. They started together, when something broke on the Reindeer, and she was condemned to delay until the damage might be repaired. How the gallant skipper cursed the misfortune which detained him among the icebergs! How he railed at fate! Two days later a school of whales hove in sight. The captain and crew dashed upon them and in four hours had killed a dozen giants, which meant at ruling prices at least \$60,000 worth of whalebones. However, it often happens in the arctic, as in the world, that the darkest moment of misfortune is the dusk that precedes the advent of prosperity.—San Francisco Wave.

## Homing Pigeons.

When pigeons were to be sent back and forth, it has been usual to keep two sets, with their respective homes at either end of the course, and when they have reached their homes to carry them back to the places from which they are to be dispatched. An ingenious process has been devised to overcome this difficulty and cause the birds to fly with equal certainty in both directions. Pigeons, for example, whose home is in Paris are confined for several days at St. Denis and fed there at a stated hour every day with some favorite food which is not given them at their real home. They become in the course of time familiar with their new home and its choice dishes. When set at liberty, they start off at once for Paris without forgetting the good things they enjoyed at St. Denis. When they are to be sent back, they are made to fast a little while, and are then let loose at about feeding time at St. Denis. They go thither, and, when they have their own way, time their going so as to be there at the exact moment of feeding. Birds have thus been taught to fly back and forth regularly between places 80 miles apart.—G. Renaud in Popular Science Monthly.

## "Made in Germany."

Apparently one of the chief results of the idiotic "made in Germany" act is to render importers of foreign goods specially anxious to pass themselves off as British manufacturers, says London Truth. Here is a good example: The label round a matchbox extensively sold in London and the provinces bears a sort of trademark in the shape of a sailor's head, with the legend "England's heroes" and the following inscription in red and black letters: "Manufactured by Martin Harris & Co., Ltd., Stratford, London, E." "Support English Workpeople only by using English made matches." This covers three sides of the box. The fourth is covered by a piece of sandpaper to strike the matches on. Remove this paper and you find underneath the further and still more interesting notification, "Printed in Germany."

## How He Answered Them.

A well known artist received not long ago a circular letter from a business house engaged in the sale of California dried fruit, inviting him to compete for a prize to be given for the best design to be used in advertising their wares. Only one prize was to be given, and all unsuccessful drawings were to become the property of the fruit men. After reading the circular the artist sat down and wrote the following letter: The ——— Dried Fruit Company: GENTLEMEN—I am offering a prize of 50 cents for the best specimen of dried fruit and should be glad to have you take part in the competition. Twelve dozen boxes of each kind of fruit should be sent for examination, and all fruit that is not adjudged worthy of the prize will remain the property of the undersigned. It is also required that the express charges on the fruit so forwarded be paid by the sender. Very truly yours, ——— Bookman.

## A Pilgrim.

An inspector of schools was one day examining a class of village school children, and he asked them what was meant by a pilgrim. A boy answered, "A man what travels from one place to another." The inspector, with elaborate patience, hoping to elucidate intelligence, said: "Well, but I am a man who travels from one place to another. Am I a pilgrim?" Whereupon the boy promptly exclaimed, "Oh, but please,

sir, I meant a good man!" I may mention that no one enjoyed that cheerful jest more than the inspector himself. It made him merry for days.—New York Advertiser.

The common house fly lays four times in each summer, each time about 80 eggs.

A Hebrew cubit was 2 spans, or 1 foot and a little over 9 inches.

## The Topolobampo Colony.

Mr. A. K. Owen, the founder of the unsuccessful Topolobampo co-operative colony, has arrived in the City of Mexico for the purpose of trying to secure a new lease of life for his Bellamy enterprise by obtaining a renewal of the concession for the colony, which the government recently declared forfeited. Owen is reported to have interested English capital in his enterprise. He has a concession for building a railroad from Topolobampo to this city. This concession has not yet been declared forfeited.

## A Wicked Locomotive.

Engine 74 is considered the wickedest iron horse on the C. and O. railroad. The engine killed six people in the space of a month. The worst accident was the killing of a man and two women near Concord while returning home from a party in a vehicle. Two men were killed at Mayville, and the last man killed was at Augusta. All these accidents have been unavoidable, and no refections have been cast upon any of the train's crew.—Covington (Ky.) Commonwealth.

## South Carolina's Dispensary.

South Carolina's dispensary law has been in operation for 3 1/2 years, and in that time it has earned but \$100,000. The Columbia State points out that this is just capital enough to run the business and is not available to the stockholders—the people. They will get none of the earnings of the dispensary until it goes into liquidation and its assets are divided. It would not appear from this that dispensary stock is a very desirable investment.—Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.

## Monotonous.

A well known physician once told a patient, who he suspected was receiving too many calls from solicitous friends, to make a stroke with a pencil on a piece of paper every time he was asked, "How are you today?" The result for one day was just 24 strokes, and the physician immediately gave strict orders that no visitor should be permitted to enter the sickroom until further notice, remarking to the nurse that if his patient must be worried to death there was at least no reason why it should be done in such an unscientific manner.

Only those who have suffered serious illness know how trying it is to be required to answer again and again the same question, asked by one well meaning individual after another. It would matter less if visitors contented themselves with asking just the one question, but they do not, and the minute details of one's ailments become peculiarly depressing after a few repetitions.

Many people forget that rest and quiet are often invaluable agents in securing restoration to health.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Effectual Prayer.

There is an awful amount of so called prayer that is only from the throat outward; it begins nowhere and ends in nothing. Such pointless repetitions of stereotyped phrases must be as wearisome to God as they are unprofitable to the utterers. There must be pith, point and purpose as well as faith in every effectual prayer. At an evangelistic meeting for "roughs" over in New York, when the leader called on some one to pray, a hard looking character in the crowd arose and said: "O Lord, forgive me for being a bad man, and please excuse me, Lord, from saying any more now Amen." He did not just say any more. He had told God just what he wanted.—Rev. Dr. Cuyler in Central Presbyterian.

## Hunting the Ballad.

In no field of literature have the forger and the manipulator worked with greater vigor and success. From Percy's day to our own it has been thought an innocent device to publish a bit of one's own versifying now and then as an "old ballad" or an "ancient song." Often, too, a late stall copy of a ballad, getting into oral circulation, has been innocently furnished to collectors as traditional matter. Mere learning will not guide an editor through these perplexities. What is needed is, in addition, a complete understanding of the "popular" genius, a sympathetic recognition of the traits that characterize oral literature wherever and in whatever degree they exist. This faculty, which even the folk has not retained, and which collectors living in ballad singing and tale telling times have often failed to acquire, was vouchsafed by nature herself to the late Professor Child. In reality a kind of instinct, it had been so cultivated by long and loving study of the traditional literature of all nations that it had become wonderfully swift in its operations and almost infallible. No forged or retouched piece could deceive him for a moment. He detected the slightest jar in the genuine ballad tone. He speaks in one place of certain writers "who would have been all the better historians for a little reading of romances." He was himself the better interpreter of the poetry or art for this keen sympathy with the poetry of nature.—Atlantic.