

# PATERS BY THE PEOPLE

## ATTITUDE OF THE FARMERS.

While not complaining and while freely and gladly acknowledging their great prosperity, due in large measure to the development of manufacture, transportation and trade, farmers nevertheless believe that the margin between the price paid to them and the price paid by the consumers of their products is altogether too great and that this margin has contributed much to aggregations of wealth that are dangerous; hence farmers would not try to increase by large their profits by compelling the consumers of farm products to pay more, but rather by lessening the opportunity of an increase by unfair means of the wealth of those already too rich.

Farmers recognize that the value of their lands and the profits of their business are largely due to the markets created by manufacturer and the transportation provided by railroads. But the farmer distinguishes between the manufacture, transportation and sale of articles and the work of corporations and individuals that put their attorneys and willing servants into State Legislatures and the National Congress, in executive offices and even on the bench, not for the public good, but to secure advantages that are unfair in themselves and in their results dangerous to the masses. Speaking largely, the remedy we would propose for economic injustice would not be of the nature of special laws or efforts in the way of arbitrary hindrances to honest trade or arbitrary seizure of the holdings of any class and a distribution to any injured class, but rather we would depend on the awakening of such a national conscience and spirit as will compel just laws and secure to every class its full rights in open competition with all.

## MEN AND WOMEN BOOMERANG TARGETS.

How silly we use the phrase, "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days." But no truer words ever were inspired by the divine sources of all truth. Whether your bread is sweet or sour, wholesome or poisonous, it shall return to you "after many days." Thought is a boomerang. It sometimes is long in proving itself to be of this reacting nature; but the greater the delay the stronger will be its force when the backward swing begins.

Unless we find something every day to be happy over, we never shall be able to enjoy fully any blessing which may come to us. Contented discontent shapes the mind for unhappiness, and no amount of good luck can twist it back into harmonious proportions. The man who never has learned the lesson of contentment and happiness in some degree in his hard days never will find it in his easy ones. When he undertakes to enjoy travel, society or home, he will find the only demon of unrest is with him—his relentless boomerang.

There is the disloyal thought, which many people, both men and women, suffer from. They blame fate instead of their own minds for their bruises. The disloyal friend or the faithless lover, sets currents in action which inevitably must bring disaster in time. I do not mean the

## friend who outgrows the other, the lover who finds it impossible to continue loving. Those sad experiences sometimes occur with the most loyal! But I refer to those who repay trust with trickery, confidence with deceit, yet who cry out against cruel destiny when they are forced to suffer from the same qualities in others.

## WOMEN'S EXTRAVAGANCE OFTEN MEN'S FAULT.

Nothing can be more foolish than for a young couple to start married life with a grand splurge, spending the few hundreds or so in the bank in unnecessary extravagances which will do them no practical service when the money is gone. Even where there is a solid reserve fund available it is ill advised to draw upon it heavily, or even to abstain from adding to it, if possible, at the outset of matrimony. When once the initial expenses of the wedding and house furnishing are over, the cost of living ought to be, and usually is, less for a time than it will be thereafter. Everything is new, and with ordinary care there should be no outlay in replacing or repairing for some time to come.

Whatever a man's income, be it large or small, his wife has a moral right to a certain portion of it, upon which she can depend, and this should be given to her regularly, without her being compelled to ask for it. It is a humiliating position for any one to be left without a dollar to pay an expressman; nay, worse, not to have the small amount due on a letter delivered at the door! The average man dislikes exceedingly to be continually asked for small amounts of money, but he rarely appreciates how galling it is to his wife's pride, her self-respect, to be obliged to make such requests. Let every man be honest enough, and loving enough, to give his wife a fair idea of his financial position, and trust her to conduct herself accordingly, nor leave her in ignorance when serious trouble is threatening to engulf her as well as him.

## SNOBISHNESS AND "THE ELECT."

There is no snob so unutterable, so disgusting and intolerable as the intellectual snob. If he were really bright he would know things and among them he would know what real "smartness" is and that people who have it never go blathering around about "the elect." They just be it and say nothing about it.

The idea of calling those who have succeeded in getting rid of their obligations to their neighbors, and forming a little clique of their own—the elect! I get disgusted with these smart people who can find only a few appreciative friends, who call the people around them "these people" and assume an air of bored superiority.

I remember of hearing a little girl say once to a comrade in the "elect" business: "It is just we, us and company." Both of them tittered at this and looked (as only females can look) at another little girl who wasn't "in" we, us and company.

## TURTLES TURNED ON REFEREE.

They Resented Man's Interfering in a Personal Quarrel.

Milton J. Vreeland, a farmer living near Pine Brook, N. J., was nearly drowned in the Passaic River the other day as the result of his acting as referee in a fight between two snapping turtles, says the New York World. Vreeland, who was in a canoe, watched the bout for a minute or two and then decided that it was time for the combatants to break away.

He paddled up to them, reached over the side, caught them by the tails, one in each hand, and swung them into the canoe—one in the bow, the other in the stern of the frail craft. But the turtles did not accept this decision. They wanted to fight on, and being unable to get at each other they attacked the self-appointed referee.

The farmer had found it an easy matter to catch hold of the turtles' tails when they were in the water, but it was impossible now with the canoe to keep on an even keel. He caught up the paddle and with this managed to beat off his assailants for a while, but at last the canoe capsized. As it did so one of the turtles dealt the farmer a blow in the back just below the belt. It clung to the place on the trousers where it had snapped and Vreeland found he could not swim.

He says himself he would have gone to the bottom but for Frank Jacobus, who turned a hand in the river in a canoe and towed man and turtles ashore.

## CLEANING THE FUNNEL OF A FAST CRUISER.

The picture shows an operation which goes on quite frequently on board ship, especially in the navy, where it is considered the proper thing to keep the men employed as much as possible. As soon as the exposed surfaces of a vessel are covered properly with paint it is scraped off and the process is repeated. Thus it is that Uncle Sam's bill for white lead and linseed oil amounts to a very large sum every year.

From the viewpoint of a sensible person imitation is the most disgusting form of flattery.

Two-thirds of the so-called society "400" are eiphers.

## TEACH ME THE TRUTH.

Teach me the truth, Lord, though it put to flight My cherished dreams and fondest fancy's play. Give me to know the darkness from the light, The Night from Day.

Teach me the truth, Lord, though my heart may break, In casting out the falsehood for the true. Help me to take my shattered life and make Its actions new.

Teach me the truth, Lord, though my feet may fear The rocky path that opens out to me. Rough it may be, but let the way be clear That leads to thee.

Teach me the truth, Lord, when false creeds decay, When man-made dogmas vanish with the night, Then, Lord, on thee my darkened soul shall stay, Thon Living Light.

## After Many Years.

DO I look nice, auntie?" The speaker was standing before a full length mirror, her pretty head twisted to one side to survey multitudinous doucens of white tulle over pale blue silk, constituting the elaborate evening dress covering her slender, graceful figure. Clusters of blue flowers with snowy leaves caught the dress at the puffed overskirt, formed a bouquet de corsage, and were twisted in the profusion of golden curls.

"You look very nice, my dear."

Miss Della Merriman had taken a long survey of the exquisite face before she spoke, and was satisfied with the appearance of her young and lovely protegee.

"Very nice," she repeated. "Hortense has fitted you perfectly, and the dress is most becoming. Now, if you will get my jewel case you may wear my pearls."

"Thanks!" cried Elsie, carefully lifting the heavy casket, and putting it on a table beside Miss Merriman. "I am sorry you have such a cold! This will be a splendid party, I know. Ah, auntie," she continued, opening a small box in the jewel-case. "I never saw this!"

She held up, as she spoke, a slender chain, from which depended a gold locket, upon whose surface gleamed one pearl of great beauty, pure and large.

"Oh, how lovely!" Elsie cried, clasping the chain around her slender throat. "May I wear it?"

Miss Merriman was moved, as the locket was held up before her. Some strong memory stirred her usually placid features, for the soft brown eyes grew troubled, and her lips quivered.

"Would you rather I took it off?" Elsie asked gently.

"No, dear, you may wear it. Put in the solitary pearl earring. I hear the carriage. Do not keep Mrs. Jameson waiting."

"I wish you were going," Elsie said, as Miss Merriman wrapped a warm opera cloak over the delicate dress. "I never feel half so happy at a party if you are at home."

"Thank you, dear. Now run along." So Elsie, already forgetting the locket and troubled face, kissed her so-called aunt warmly and dived away.

For Miss Della Merriman, who had inherited thirty thousand pounds from a second cousin, greatly to her own amazement, was not Elsie Garman's aunt. Nineteen years before she had closed the eyes of the girl's dead mother, lifted a week-old babe to her own bosom, and taken her home. Not to such luxuries as now surrounded her—not to ball dresses, pearls and gaiety—but to a small room in a lodging house. Here for twelve long years she had denied herself every luxury of life, many comforts, to provide food for the child, to clothe her comfortably, and to send her to school. She was but a girl herself, scarcely twenty in those days, earning her bread by making artificial flowers, and working early and late to keep the room tidy, cook the simple food and do the necessary sewing when she was not working at her trade.

But when wealth came suddenly and unexpectedly, flooding Elsie's life with sunshine, Miss Della stilled little from her former self. True, she had leisure time, could open her kind hands in charity where before she had only given her warm, tender sympathy; but as she had been in poverty, quiet, gentle, and even sad, so in prosperity the same calm gravity rested on lip and brow, the same deep sadness lurked in the soft brown orbs.

Though but forty, her hair was somewhat streaked with gray, and premature age was the fruit of a toilsome life and sorrowful heart. Yet she was lovely still, and goodness ever beamed from her sad, pitying glance.

After Elsie had left her she put aside the jewel-case, and sat musing before the fire. She had made it one of her duties to her adopted child to accompany her, after introduction to society, to all scenes of gaiety. But a severe cold had rendered exposure to the night air an imprudence on this, the evening of Mrs. Walton's large party; and Elsie had joined the family of a friend.

Memory was very busy in Della Merriman's heart as she sat over the fire during Elsie's absence—so busy that she started as if from a dream when

## THE MOONSHINER.

THE general opinion prevailing in the village and mountains that Dan Kirkwood was a notorious moonshiner, and got his money from the proceeds of some carefully hidden distillery, where his abundant crop of corn were converted into illicit whiskey, while universal, had no positive ground to go on, except that Dan was undoubtedly a rich man, and no one knew how he got his money.

So rumor had it that not only was Dan captain and ringleader of a band of moonshiners, but that in his early days before he came to the mountains swinging along the high road one day, whistling a marching tune, that he had served his term in the penitentiary as well as the army, for breaking into a bank or burglarizing some rich man's residence. The latter tale was started by Bill Jones, a shifty eyed, lanky fellow, owner of a prosperous country store in the village, whose rancor

## FRAUDS IN LETTER BOXES.

Postal Officials Seek to Protect the Public from Swindlers.

"The reason why postmasters in large cities exercise care in the renting of letter boxes to patrons," said a postoffice official to a Star reporter, "is because, unless the applicants are known or identified to the postmasters, they might rent boxes to persons engaged in fraudulent occupations."

"The postoffice department has accomplished great reforms within recent years toward the stamping out of fraudulent concerns who use the mails to reach their victims, but there is one abuse which has not yet been reached, mainly for lack of suitable legislation, and that is the private letter box."

"Postmasters are required to cause the applicant for a box in the city postoffice to certify under his signature that the box shall not be used for the promotion of any fraudulent purpose or in pursuance of an illegal business. They also require him to furnish his address, business in which he is engaged, if any, as boxes are often rented to persons not engaged in business and to women whose correspondence is large, and to give a reference. It has not been found that this rule is oppressive or obnoxious to any person who does not desire to use the box for an improper purpose, but it has been found that it shuts out a great many persons who wished a box for legitimate purposes."

"The private letter box should be abolished and the attention of congress ought to be called to its abuse in large cities. It is often impossible to locate persons engaged in conducting fraudulent and unlawful correspondence through the mails. For a small sum these individuals can rent a box in some store, usually a cigar or stationery store, through which to receive letters addressed to them, instead of having them addressed and delivered to their places of residence from the city postoffice."—Washington Star.

## LAST KING OF AN ANCIENT LINE.

The Sultan of Brunel is 83 years of age—at least so he told me. And while he stoops as he walks, he makes the appearance rather of a temporary invalid than of an old man. He seemed pleased when I told him that he might pass 60; and indeed he might, for his face is singularly free from wrinkles. His expression of benevolence suggests the late Leo XIII.—his smile is engaging, albeit tinged with sadness.

His house was ruling when the Roman empire had hardly ceased to crumble. His ancestors gave the law to a vast eastern empire when Europe was but a patchwork of barbarous chiefs, and when, after centuries, Spanish and Portuguese found their way to the Spice Islands they laid profligating gifts at the feet of the Borneo Sultan—as vassals, humbly begging the right to live within his dominions.

Brunel is still the metropolis of native Borneo—indeed, the name Borneo is but a corruption of Brunel—yet few maps show the existence of this empire.

—Harper's Magazine.

## Authoritative.

"The finest bit of scenery in your country, I understand," said the visitor from London, "is on the P. D. Q. railroad."

"Who told you that?" demanded the New Yorker.

"No one; I gathered the information myself from a little guidebook I found in my hotel, don't y' know?"—Philadelphia Press

Isn't it surprising that Jokers got so few whippings?

## LOVE'S REWARD.

Dear heart, did we meet long since? And walk and talk together then? I think that it must have been so. If so, I wonder where or when. Oft when you blush or smile for me, When your eyes droop before my gaze For one swift breath I seem to see Some dim, sweet scene from other days.

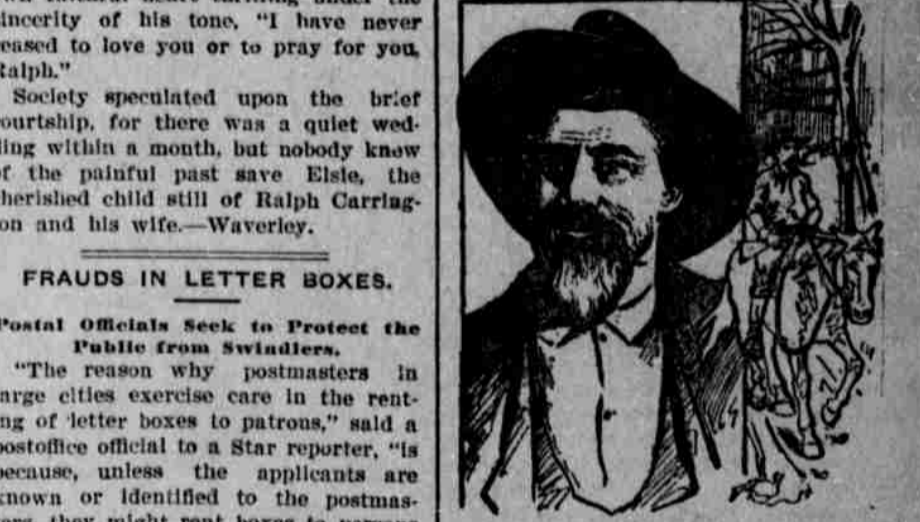
A gleam of gold on a stray tree Of hair on which the sun has shone A loving touch, a soft caress, Or in your voice some minor tone Brings back to me, like the sweet chime Of silver bells on summer air, The memory of a by-gone time Of life and loving everywhere.

I know that I have loved you, dear, E'er since I first began to be, My heart had missed you many a year, When, at the last, you came to me, And then I knew that I had met The one I sought, and by your side I stay with nothing to regret, Because my soul is satisfied.

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STRANGE JUBILATION IN HIS STERN FACE.

against Dan was due to a summary dismissal from Dan's farmhouse, when his visits to see Miriam, Dan's handsome young daughter, a slip of a girl of 15, were resented by her father with fiery indignation.

Dalton Fenwick fell into the pleasing habit of letting away the morning hours with Miriam on the well shaded porch, while her elderly companion, Mrs. Carter, looked after culinary matters, ever dear to her heart; or in the afternoons of those bright summer days they would stroll through the forest, sit on a rock at the foot of Glen Birnie's falls and discuss matters, ethical, social and others, to the sound of the rush of the waters; or they would drive to some distant hamlet lying in the heart of a lonely valley, coming back at nightfall when the last glory of day had fallen behind the undulating ranges and faint mists veiled the peaks.

There must have been some very special cause which absorbed and occupied Dan Kirkwood those days. His horse would be saddled and brought to the door, and after a hasty breakfast he would ride off, over the same trail through the woods, coming back late in the afternoon, jaded, but with a strange jubilation in his stern face, although he said nothing as to the cause of it, or the reason for his continued absences.

That he rode far was evident from the tired walk and drooping neck of his sorrel when he got back, nor did he visit his mill or farm, the young man in charge of both coming nightly to make his report.

Miriam was surprised, then vaguely uneasy, but was too proudly devoted to her father to have any doubts concerning him or his occupation, nor would she ask any questions, as he did not volunteer to explain.

"We are going on a grand expedition to-morrow, dad. I wish you were not so busy and could go with us," Miriam said, placing a loving hand on her father's shoulder.

"I wish I could, girlie. Where are you going? I suppose Dalton will be along?"

"Oh, yes. We intend to picnic in Black Cave. Dear old Carter has gotten up a famous lunch basket. We will drive there in the four-seated trap, and Joe will come along to look after the horses."

Black Cave, half way up Black Mountain, is a singular and rather startling place to visit.

It runs back from the sharp declivity of a precipitous cliff, which is heavily timbered, and the entrance, small and bushes it is only discernible to those who know it, while the towering granite boulder into which the cave runs is overgrown with a century-old forest growth of hemlock and pines.

The drive back would have been glorious only Miriam complained of a headache, and the horses being nettled some and the road rough, Dalton's close attention was required to avoid any mishap.

It was growing toward dusk, but Dan Kirkwood had not returned.

Bill Jones slouched up the walk to the porch steps.

"Not home yet? I thought not. Well, I'm sorry to hear it had news, but you've got to bring it sooner or later

## A LITTLE LESSON IN PATRIOTISM.

When in June, 1777, General Burgoyne started from Canada with 80,000 splendidly equipped soldiers and the finest train of artillery that had ever been seen in America, it was confidently expected by the British military and the British army that he would experience no difficulty in subjugating the continental army.

But General Philip Schuyler, who had been busy in felling the trees, obstructing the fords and breaking down the bridges in the country through which Burgoyne must come. By the time Burgoyne reached Fort Edward, he was compelled to forage for food. The New England militia cut him off from Canada.

At the battle of Bennington the Americans under Stark had defeated him. Now nothing was left to him but hard fighting. The genius of General Schuyler had humbled in the British. Just as victory for the Americans was in sight General Schuyler was superseded by General Gates. To Gates went the credit of the splendid victory of Saratoga, Oct. 17, 1777.

It might have been expected that General Schuyler, whose retirement had been due to a mistake, rather a blunder, on the part of the authorities in charge, should feel the personal chagrin so keenly that he would have no more to do with the cause for which he had fought, but where his services were unappreciated. On the contrary, he devoted his best efforts to it and was finally rewarded with the vindication and the honor he deserved.

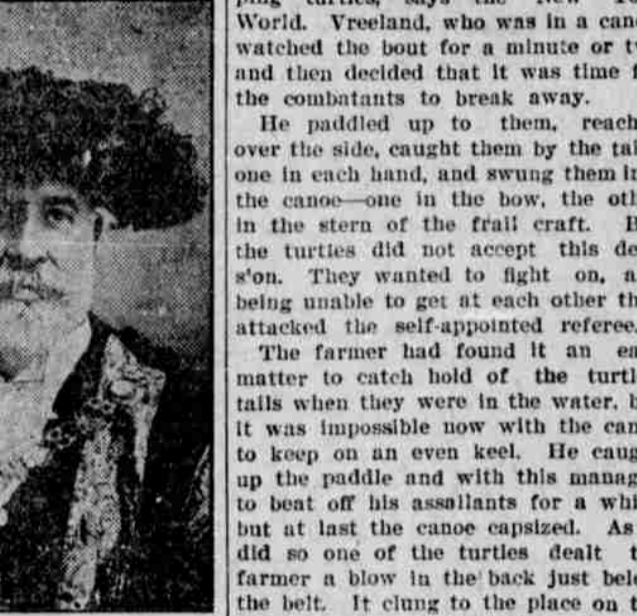
## GOOD ONLY TO RUN RACES.

Thoroughbred Horses Would Be Valued if There Were No Betting.

James Coyle got a party of sporting men and race horse owners to guessing a few nights ago. They were discussing the thoroughbred and incidentally politics and betting. Mr. Coyle advanced some original views as to what gives the thoroughbred race horse its value. He set them all guessing by the statement that if betting on race tracks was suddenly prohibited the race horse would have no value whatever.

"You believe that betting has not all to do with values of the race horse," he said. "Why, if the right to bet on a race was cut off—that is, if there was no betting allowed—there are horses in all parts of the country, worth from \$30,000 upward, that would not be worth 30 cents." You needn't look so surprised," he continued. "What do the people go to race tracks for? Is it to see the races? They can't see anything but a finish in most of them. What crowds the race course at big events? Do you believe it is all love for the horses? More than half of those in attendance do not even see the finish. They are there to lay down a bet.

"Now, if they cannot bet will they attend the races? And if they do not attend what will become of the race tracks? If there is no racing what will be the value of your high-priced running horse? He cannot be used for



SIR WILLIAM TRELOR.

Sir William P. Treloar, whose inauguration as Lord Mayor of London was marked by a pageant symbolic of the seven centuries of the city's growth, is much interested in charity work. It is expected that his administration will start some excellent movements to relieve the condition of the poor. King Edward sent his customary donation to the little cripples' Christmas fund, which Sir William founded, and expressed his pleasure at its flourishing condition.

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"Now, if they cannot bet will they attend the races? And if they do not attend what will become of the race tracks? If there is no racing what will be the value of your high-priced running horse? He cannot be used for

riding, driving or hauling a wagon. Well, if they can't race nor be used in any other way what possible value could they have? Cut off betting and see what your big-priced racing horse will bring."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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