

It is perfectly true, as the protectionists asserts, that a tariff of customs duties upon foreign goods imported into new countries tends to create and maintain certain high rate of wages in the factory industries.—General Francis A. Walker's "Political Economy" advanced course, section 263.

A HOT SHOT AT DEMOCRATIC CONGRESS

It is probable that Oregon and the northwest generally will like this paragonous, cheese-paring, humbug-economy congress a good deal less than they liked the billion dollar congress that has been the subject of so much democratic ob- jurgation. By the way, there would have been no billion-dollar congress had it not been for the ten-billion-dollar democratic rebel- lion. The annual charges on ac- count of that rebellion still exceeds two hundred million a year.—Port- land Oregonian.

DEMOCRATIC HARMONY.

Senator Hill, at the party parlors: "Ah, there, Petie, old boy, how d'y?" St. Peter (shocked): "I beg your pardon." Hill: "Excuse me, old fel, I was thinking about your being one of the Albany boys." Can I come in?" St. Peter (unlocking the gate): "Oh I suppose so. Cleveland went in a few moments ago." Hill (startled): "Who? What? Grover Cleveland?" St. Peter: "Yep." Hill: "I guess I've struck the wrong entrance, Ta, ta, old chappie." St. Peter: "By, by, Davy. Turn to the left at the foot of the cliff."

The report comes from Detroit that at the factory, where they are making the dynamite cartridges for use in the pulumatic guns on board the torpedo ship Vesuvius they are making a sub-marine torpedo boat which is expected to revolutionize marine warfare. The dynamite cartridge will contain 100 pounds of the explosive and is so constructed that it can remain under a vessel's bottom any time up to half an hour at the operator's discretion. The cartridge is made of magnetized iron which will cling to a vessel tenaciously. The boat is fifty feet long, ten feet beam and ten feet depth of hold. Compart- ments filled with water submerge the boat so nothing but the top of the smokestack and the upper line of the pilot house are visible. It is thought the boat can sink any craft afloat. The place of construction is kept a secret, as are the names of the capitalists backing the scheme.

A SIGNIFICANT comment on Mr. Blaine's letter of withdrawal is found in a late issue of the Brus- sel's Independence Belge. After discussing the significance of Mr. Blaine's letter, it says:

In any case, however, we in Europe must behold without sor- row every occurrence likely to en- feeble the republican party and increase the chances of the democ- rats at the approaching election. If the candidacy of ex-President Cleveland, who is frankly for free trade, does not seem able to obtain a sufficient number of votes, being determined by that of Hill, governor of New York, at least it is certain that the democratic nominee, whoever he may be, will have for a platform the policy of a revision, more or less radical, of the ultra-protectionist tariff enacted by the present administration of the United States. Every incident which intensifies the dissensions of the republican party and dimin- ishes the probability of the control of affairs by that party for a new term of four years must assist in strengthening in the United States the cause of free trade, which is to- day more than ever necessary to us. The withdrawal of Mr. Blaine ap- pears to be such an incident.

MAKING SOLDIERS OF RED MEN. Order is said to be "the first law of heaven," "cleanliness is akin to godliness," and "industry is the mother of virtue."

Acting on these maxims, in 1890, a practical republican secretary of war conceived the idea that the true way to make an Indian into a good citizen is to first make a soldier of him, thus teaching him to be clean, orderly, and industri- ous.

To do ordinary work, to obey or- dinary laws and regulations, to an Indian seems degradation worthy only of a squaw. But he is by in- stinct and habit a soldier, and the work of a soldier is, he thinks, manly. Taught to care for his horse, his arms, his uniform, his quarters, to be prompt, orderly, and obedient as a soldier—who can doubt that the Indian has made a long stride toward civilization and citizenship? Many companies of the hitherto untamable red men have already been enlisted and are doing good service, and the good work is still progressing.

In the Old Tobacco Patch.

I feel kind of feel so lonesome that I don't know what to do. When I think about them days we used to spend. A hoccin' out tobacco in th' clearin—me an' you— An' a wishin' that the day was at an end. For the dewdrops was a sparkin on the beech- es' tender leaves. As we started out a workin in th' morn: An' th' moonday sun was sending down a shower of burnin' kisses. When we heard the welcome soundin dinner horn. And th' shadders round us gathered in a sort of ghostly batch. 'Fore we started home from workin in the ol' tobacco patch.

I'm a feelin mighty lonesome, as I look aroun' to-day. For I see th' change that's taken place 'since then. All th' hills is brown and faded, for th' woods is cleared away; You an' me has changed from ragged boys to men; You are livin in th' city that we used to dream about; I am still a dwellin here upon the place; But my form is beat an' feeble, which was once so straight and stout. An' there's most a thousand wrinkles on my face. You have made a mint o' money; I, perhaps, have been your match. But we both enjoyed life better in that ol' tobacco patch.

—S. Q. Laflus in Farm and Fireside.

LOVERS AGAIN.

Out of the window of the old wooden bridge, whose hooded tunnel threw a dark bar across the moonlit mountain stream, a man and a woman stood look- ing into the pine-clad amphitheater of the cliffs, which lay in stillness be- neath the spell of a September night. The black hollow of the bridge, with its one moonbeam sharp across the floor, contrasted with the awful splendor of the granite gorge, buttressed and pinnacled in every rising tier, under the floor of ghostly light, and if the only object of the couple in coming here was to see the view they were amply repaid.

From their conversation since they left the hotel, which now lay behind them, hidden by a fringe of the forest, it would have been difficult to say that this was not their only object. The small talk of acquaintanceship, friendship and even love is within cer- tain limits, and among people habitu- ated to each other's conventions, prac- tically indistinguishable. Frequently it is difficult to decide why the degrees should be of so much consequence to the parties.

It was in this case knowledge of the world and the good temper of expe- rience that kept Mrs. Hugonin and Arthur Kinnaird on perfectly un- ruffled terms with each other. The conviction that he had long ago for- given her, gratifying as it once had been, was now of such long standing that it had become confused with her earlier and less justifiable conviction that he ultimately would forgive her. Thus secure in vindication, the de- sire for which the dying Eve bequeath- ed to all her sex, Mrs. Hugonin could, without the slightest reflection upon her widowhood, accept once more the companionship of a man who tolerated life as comfortably as Arthur Kin- naird. The imminence of the climac- teric which she knew to be threatening him was not to be read from his figure. His step was alert, his cheeks were bronzed, his tastes were rational, and what more could he desire?

She pushed back her dark hair under its somewhat youthful cap, and, lean- ing her elbows on the ledge, gazed, without speaking, at the haunted de- file. Kinnaird gave a little laugh be- hind her. "Margaret," he said, "upon my word, it seems as if we were boy and girl again."

"Why, particularly?" she asked, with- out turning her head. "Oh, all this summer," he replied. She didn't ask him to be more explicit. "It is certainly an ideal place," she said, with a half sigh. "Yet it is foolish to say that the beauties of nature re- store one's youth. One may feel young again, but one is not really any the less dispassionate."

"I am not so sure of that," said Kin- naird. "I should like to argue the point with you—if it could be argued." "You men are all alike," said Mrs. Hugonin, with an inconsistent shrug of her shoulders. "You give up to logic what was meant for conversation."

Kinnaird stroked his moustache thoughtfully for a moment. "And so you think me dispassionate?" he ob- served.

"You?" said Mrs. Hugonin, turning with a delightful laugh. "Why, Arthur, there isn't a sentiment or a conviction to whose support society could order you to contribute!" "If you mean that," he said slowly, "it is quite as I feared."

"As you feared?" "You still believe me capable of as much mistaken self-control as I once was. And," he added calmly, "I don't wonder."

Though there was no bitterness ap- parent in his tone, Mrs. Hugonin was startled. "Really, this is unlike you, Arthur," she said, gravely, but yet with a sense of amusement. "You petulant with the past? You provoked with your recollections? Indeed, I have mistaken you."

He laughed, but gently. "Come, he said, you have no right to be ironical. Though I once let you go, it was be- cause I thought you wanted to be re- leased."

"Upon my word, Arthur," said Mrs. Hugonin, "I did not know you were serious, or I should not have taken this as a joke."

"I am entirely serious."

"Really?" said Mrs. Hugonin, and she spoke with some irritation. "I thought all had been forgotten and forgiven years ago." Then she drew herself up proudly. "Can it be that after all this time you have conceived the childish whim of forcing me to a—to an apolo- gy?" "No—hardly that."

"I am ready to make it," she went on. "But if I do—"

"The rocks made me recollect," he went on, unheeding, "that one day when you were about seventeen you and I climbed Lone Mountain to- gether. And when we reached the ravine you insisted on going first, and I let you. Now I did that because I reflected that if you fell I could catch you."

"Well?" "You see, that was my first mistake. I should have gone first, and made you cling to my—pardon me—coat tails." "Very likely," said Mrs. Hugonin, half laughing. "But I can't think it does us any good to talk it over now." "After that," said Kinnaird, pursu- ing his subject, "I acted consistently on the same mistaken theory. And when it came to the question of giving you up, I thought always of you first. That was why I gave you up—which you naturally considered a weakness."

It did not escape Mrs. Hugonin that a dormant weakness of her own was reviving under the continued stress of this absurd conversation—a weakness for sentiment. But it was checked by her vexation with her friend for break- ing their tacit understanding—and by the feeling of half contemptuous pity that stole over her as he spoke. "Were she a man, she thought, she would never confess at 40 to the in- competence of 25. That Kinnaird did so but absolved her again. Also, she reflected, she had had a headache yesterday, and therefore, it was very lucky this conversation had not been started yesterday or she would have been much more provoked than she was now.

"I shall not stop you," she said, in a half mischievous tone. "Go on—I won't be angry. You will perhaps ad- mit that if there is anything rankling it is as well for you to abuse me and have it over, even after all these years, whose obituaries you have written."

"My dear, my darling," he said, his strong hand clasping hers so quickly that involuntarily her arm struggled like a bird's wing to wrest itself away, "it is well for me to tell the only woman I ever loved that I love her still and do not mean to let her go again."

"Arthur."

"Margaret, I love you more than ever."

"It is impossible!" "I love you."

"You can not, can not be in earnest," she stammered. "Why, you have never told me."

"Never—until now," he laughed. "I learned something when I lost you the first time—my darling."

"This," said Mrs. Hugonin, partially recovering herself, "is folly, Arthur. And it is most unfair."

"Unfair," he said, "to want you for my wife? No, you mean unfair to take you off your guard. I will not quibble with your words," he said, smiling. "May the hour and the scene suggest to you all that they will. May they bring you back to—it was twenty that you were—where it all happened. Margaret, when you were twenty-six I went away from the city of all my hopes, but before I turned my back on it I did as many a refugee had done before me—I sealed up my treasures, hid them, and my store is where I left it. That is why I want you to marry me. All that I had looked forward to telling you—when you were twenty— all that I had to say to you, the secret hoard that I had been piling up for our married life, is intact, and now I want you to share it with me." He paused a moment and then went on: "My dear, I have simply had to wait, that is all. But, please heaven, we will begin again."

Poor Mrs. Hugonin's breath came and went, an unwilling messenger of passion—or, it might be, of sentiment. "Perhaps I was in the wrong," she said. "But why did not you think more of yourself?"

"I am thinking of myself now," said Kinnaird.

Suddenly, as Mrs. Hugonin hung dis- tracted and in doubt, the cliff before them rang faint and sibilant with an echo. It was the town clock of the village striking over beyond the trees; they could not hear it, but sent from ledge to ledge in the still night air it struck silvery and remote on the granite facade. As it sounded they both started, he at its elin suggestions, she at its material reminder.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "it is 11 o'clock!"

"It is," said Kinnaird. "And we must positively go back to the hotel at once. We are a scandal, Arthur—and you know it, for I saw you start, too." She began to smile. "Do you see nothing in the augury?" she asked.

"The augury?" "We are two old fools," she said. "Think of my boy in his bed, Arthur. Think of my 30 years—the quiet, if you please. I choose to be 30 for formal- ity's sake. It is only the night and the moonlight. When 11 o'clock strikes we recollect that we ought to be re- spectably at home. It is only an echo. Ah, my dear old friend, we have had our past and it is over."

"Yours has been unhappy, and I am oh, so very sorry! But you are con- tented now and, what is more, you are kind and strong—it is better as it is. Take me back to the hotel—and we shall beware of echoes in the future."

"I thought you said you had grown old," said Kinnaird. "It is only youth that refuses the echo."

And he took her in his arms and kissed her.—Philadelphia Times.

Senator Beck's death resulted from overwork.

Henry Ward Beecher succumbed to overwork.

Zach Chandler died of apoplexy due to overwork.

Family troubles and overwork killed Horace Greeley.

Secretary Folger fell a victim to the demon of overwork.

Senator Plumb, though a giant in strength, died from overwork.

Dan Manning died from lack of ex- ercise and excessive brain labor.

Edwin M. Stanton's death was su- perinduced by overwork and worry.

Family troubles and overwork killed ex-Senator Pendleton of Ohio.

Worry and disappointment killed Charles Sumner, Henry Clay and Daniel Webster.—Washington Post.

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ECCENTRIC PHILANTHROPY.

But the Recipient of It Didn't Have a Heart Full of Gratitude.

A philanthropist of eccentric cut was coming up Park row late at night when a man accosted him.

"Gimme a nickel," said he. "I ain't et nothing all day."

The man's speech was thick, his eyes bleary, his nose a horror and him- self a wreck. He looked as if he could take out his papers for a full course of delirium tremens.

"No sir," answered the philantrop- ist, "I will not give you a nickel, but I don't mind buying you a nickel's worth of buttercakes."

"Can't yer make it soup?" asked the disreputable one.

"No; if you are as hungry as you say the best thing you can eat is a plate of buttercakes."

It was easy to see that the man with the bleary eyes could have spent the nickel much more to his liking, but having no choice he resigned himself to the inevitable.

"Gimme yer nickel an' I'll get de buttercakes."

"Oh, no, you don't; if I buy butter- cakes for you I propose to have you eat them. Come here, boy."

Ten minutes later there was a lively time in a down town coffee house.

A newsboy entered, followed by two street urchins, while a red nosed indi- vidual in rags and alcohol shuffled along behind them.

"Give dis guy tree buttercakes," said the newsboy, holding out a dime, while the other boys watched his movements suspiciously.

"Can't yer give us five pennies?" said one of the latter as the cashier returned a nickel in change. The five pennies were forthcoming and of these the newsboy, with conscientious pre- cision, gave one to each of the urchins and kept three for himself.

Then the trio, perfectly satisfied with the transaction, walked out into the street, leaving the alcoholic one to the peaceful contemplation of the but- tercakes which had been placed before him. These he ate sadly, as if there was something weighing on his mind. A gentleman who had been a puzzled observer of the whole performance finally asked for an explanation.

"Who is that boy that paid for your buttercakes?"

"Dunno. Never seen him fore now."

"But he spent five cents on you."

"Twant his five cents. One o' dem charity blokes give him a dime to buy me de cakes wid 'em."

"Why didn't he give the money to you?"

"Reckon that charity bloke thought I'd blow it in on drink 'f he'd give me the chance. Reckon I would 'er, too."

And he attacked the third buttercake dependently.

"But what were the two other boys doing who came and collected a cent each?"

"Why, they wuz fer a check on him as paid fer de grub, jus' as he wuz fer a check on me so es to see as how I et it. That charity bloke want no fool, anyhow, only it seems to me he needn't ha' been so blamed perticler 'bout spendin' a nickel. See? Even- ing, sir."—N. Y. Herald.

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