

# READ! READ!

THIS OFFICE IS PREPARED TO DO ONLY FIRST-CLASS WORK, AND DOES IT FOR REASONABLE PRICES.

- IF YOU ARE IN NEED OF
- LETTER HEADS
  - BILL HEADS
  - STATEMENTS
  - ENVELOPES
  - SALE BILLS
  - POSTERS

## STATIONARY LINE

CALL AT THE  
**HERALD OFFICE,**  
WE CAN SUIT YOU, AS WE

### Guarantee Satisfaction.

IF you wish to succeed in your business, advertise it and let the public know your prices. People like to trade with the merchant who offers them the best inducements. It might help your trade wonderfully. Try it.

As the most important Campaign for years is coming upon us every Farmer should be provided with a good live newspaper that will keep them posted on all important questions of the day. THE HERALD is purely a Republican paper and would be glad to put our name on our list. Only \$1.50 a year.

See our Clubbing list with the leading papers published.

## HERALD PUBLISHING CO.

301 Cor Fifth and Vine St.

PLATTSMOUTH - NEBRASKA

## F. G. FRICKE & CO

WILL KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND

A Full and Complete Line of

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, and Oils.

DRUGGISTS SUNDRIES AND PURE LIQUORS

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded at all Hours.

Everything to Furnish Your House.

—AT—

## I. PEARLMAN'S

—GREAT MODERN—

HOUSE FURNISHING EMPORIUM.

Having purchased the J. V. Weckbach store room on south Main street where I am now located can sell goods cheap or than the cheapest having just put in the largest stock of new goods ever brought to the city. Gasoline stoves and furniture of all kinds sold on the installment plan.

I. PEARLMAN.

## WAVERLAND.

A TALE OF OUR COMING LANDLORDS.

BY SARAH MABLE BRIGHAM.

Copyrighted, 1885.

"What a contrast! I have not needed my umbrella since I came into Illinois. In London and Ireland it would have been in constant demand. Yet the fields of growing grain are in fine condition. I think it must rain when we are asleep, to keep the earth looking so fresh and green."

We left the cars at the little station and soon were riding over roads in the most perfect condition. We called at one place where there was quite a comfortable house and barn.

"This is one of the farms I mentioned," said the agent.

While the duke and the agent were walking about talking business, I interviewed an old man who had been cultivating the corn.

"Sir," I asked, "can you tell me how this land came to be in the market?"

"Yes, sir," said he, "this was once my home. I came here from Ohio when land was cheap. I bought this hundred and sixty acres of land, paid part down, and gave a mortgage for the balance. I put on improvements as fast as I could. I worked my farm carefully, and for a few years everything went well. Then times became hard, crops were not good, and what I could sell brought a very low price. But good crops or poor, good times or bad, the interest on the mortgage kept growing all the time. We began to live more carefully; wife would make one hundred dollars do the work of three in living and clothing. We kept less help and worked early and late, but to no purpose. The time came when the mortgage was due, and the interest had accumulated until it ate up all there was over the mortgage. Then the place was sold. Now, here I am a tenant where I hoped to be the owner."

"Where do you place the blame of your unfortunate circumstances?"

"The scarcity of money is the first cause. That makes hard times. I can raise just as much wheat to the acre when it brings one dollar per bushel as when it brings fifty cents. With the dollar I can meet my obligations. With half a dollar I must raise twice as much grain, or fail. The price of wheat fluctuates, I think I may safely say, the rise and fall of money. Low prices make good times for money lenders and bankers who are willing to secure themselves by a mortgage on our real estate, and help us by loaning money at the moderate rates of from one, two, or even three per cent per month. If the men whose only business is to deal in the circulating medium of the country are permitted to increase or decrease the quantity as they please, they have the advantage over the laboring and producing classes. When farmers are in debt, and money all the time growing scarce, there is no hope but to sacrifice their homes for much less than their real value. Large tracts of land are being obtained by speculators in this way, and held at moderate prices. This terrifies rich foreigners to invest large sums of money here. They are willing to wait for the time when they can realize good profits on their investments, while in the meantime they secure a good income by leasing their lands to tenants."

"You seem familiar with the important topics of your country," I said.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "I am a member of the 'Farmer's Alliance Club'; that keeps us posted on all that concerns us as farmers."

"Then you are opposed to foreigners coming here and buying lands?" I asked.

"I am. We have no lands for people who only care to bleed us!" he said vehemently. "Any man that wants a home and will come here and live on the lands he buys, I am ready to welcome."

"You have large land monopolies among your own people," I said.

"We have, I am sorry to say. But our motto should be, 'No American land monopoly, either foreign or domestic!'"

"What is the reason you cannot make as much as your neighbors?" I asked.

"The day following the one on which the duke first bid his purchase he said to me: 'Now, Waverland, we will visit Lord Sanders' estate and see how his tenants feel on the landlord subject.'"

"By which of his estates shall we go?" I asked.

"To the nearest one. It will only take a few hours to reach it."

The morning was bright. A gentle shower had fallen in the night. Everything seemed rejoicing in the warm sunshine. We passed out from the buzz and bustle of the noisy city into the calm, cool air of the country. We saw large herds of horses and cattle lazily feeding in great pastures, under the shade of oak, elm and maple trees. We passed through a country that by before us like an immense map marked off by different shades of green, vast corn fields with their deep rich green, wheat and oat fields shaded to a bright tint. On, on we sped, past large farm houses surrounded by orchards full of growing fruit, great red barns that told of care and comfort, towering wind mills that could rival the imaginary giants of Don Quixote, full corn cribs laden with the golden ears, past villages full of business, fine churches, large school houses, cozy dwellings and substantial stores. Commerce, culture, society and religion were all provided for in response to the needs and industry of man.

Then came a change—little rough shanties, straw barns, and rail cribs without corn.

We entered a little tumble-down village without church or school-house. There, the conductor told us, was the place our tickets called for.

"Are we still in America?" I asked.

"This seems more like Ireland and a tenant village."

"It is a tenant village," said the duke, as we walked from the steps of the old, rickety depot.

"Can it be that tenantry has been so long in America as to have caused its leathisome form to cover this fair land?"

"Now, Waverland, I did not come to hear you preach. I came to see the chances of success with American tenants," said the duke, as we crossed to a little, low, wooden shanty with one window, a door and a hole in the roof for the stove-pipe to pass through. The duke knocked at the door and a woman about thirty opened it. I was surprised at the neat appearance of the interior of the cabin. The ceiling and the walls of the room had been papered with newspapers and looked clean. The woman was bright, intelligent looking, and neat in a simple gown. She had been washing and a little boy was putting coals, picked from the pig pen, into the stove to make the kettle boil. A bed in one corner of the room looked neat and clean. There were three or four shelves, made by a running cord through small holes in each side of the boards and held

in place by a knot on the under side, full of books. I saw Emerson's prose works, Dickens' stories, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and a good many other good friends in that little rough shanty. When we had taken the seats she had offered us, (two old wooden chairs, which, with a rough deal table, completed the inventory of the household furniture), the duke asked: "Are you living on one of Lord Sanders' farms?"

"Yes, sir," said the woman, "we rent from his agent."

"Then you would make null and void all titles to lands?" asked the duke.

"As a means of wealth and speculation I would, but not as a means of life. I believe laws should be made, by which titles to lands would be granted for use and occupation only. And that all taxes should be levied on land values, but nothing on improvements. Why, as it is now, there is a premium offered to the man who can hold the most land and make the least improvements. As it is now, if you plant a tree or shrub, or do anything to add beauty to your home, you must pay for the luxury in additional taxes. Lord Sanders knows how that is. He will not even put a coat of paint on that old shanty or dig a well for fear of his taxes being heavier."

"Are there many of your opinion in this settlement?" asked the duke.

"Yes, sir, nearly all the tenants and farmers generally believe as I do. But we tenants are not free to vote as we please. We must follow an unprincipled agent and vote with him or be evicted. Talk about freedom and progress! We are not free, but we belong to a class of serfs and slaves. We are slaves of the foreign landlord all because he has been allowed to invest his wealth in American soil. But it will not always be so," said the man with warlike features.

"These foreign landlords, he continued, 'think they are doing an act, but they may yet find the best to be an engaged interest instead. They cannot bind us body and soul forever. The Farmers' Alliance clubs that meet in almost every county in this state and in the United States are putting new thoughts into our heads and new impulses into our hearts, which inspire us with new hopes. If we only unite in our efforts we will yet crush out this great land monopoly and defeat the foreign landlords. The Alliance sends you a reading into the tenants' homes and has been the greatest crime of the nineteenth century is this alien landlordism. I say God bless the Farmer's Alliance! And may he send us wise law-givers so that just laws shall be enacted and fairly administered and human equality enjoyed. We want a government of the people, by the people and for the people! Then we can defeat tyranny at home and abroad."

"We have no need to import landlords! They are of no more use to us than a pack of wolves in a flock of sheep. They produce nothing. They do not even spend the money they obtain from us in this country, but it goes to England or some other foreign nation. Why, Lord Sanders makes his boast that he receives from his tenants in America two hundred thousand dollars every year. Good day, gentlemen, I must go on with my work," said the man, starting for the field with his team and cultivator.

We visited five other tenant families that were living on Lord Sanders' estate. One was an Irishman. When the duke asked him if he liked living in America, he said:

"Och, and it's bad luck to me that I ever came to America at all! For I am under the self-same old master as I was in Ireland! woe be to him! He evicted me there!"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Lord Sanders had hundreds of us turned out at once, like pigs in a sty; ye see he wanted the land for cattle. But we made him sick of it, and he sold his land there and bought here. Bad luck to him! And I'm one of his tenants again. I left Ireland and came to free America to get me a home!"

"Every tenant we visited was discontented and eager for a change. But they did not dare to leave for fear they would not find another place as good. Hard as it seemed and disheartened as they were, they all realized that there were plenty of other men waiting to get even a chance on a piece. Nearly all were hopeful that times would sometime be better, and that they could then make something for themselves. Some even thought that a law might be made, whereby my lord would be forced to sell his lands, and then they expected a chance to purchase. They needed the stimulus of hope. Want and discouragement was visible in every home we visited. The shanties and cabins were as clean as possible, yet the one room, summer and winter, must hold the whole family, whether few or many. These shanties were always cheap, rough and unpainted. They were uniformly exposed to the chilling winds of winter or the broiling sun, without the kindly shelter of tree or shrub."

As we left the little settlement, with only a few farmers who had any show of comfort I said:

"I see the same conditions here that we have in Ireland, except that here we find intelligent people who make an effort to improve themselves with some hope of the future."

"And," said the duke, "if the people are forming into unions and clubs to work against us, we will soon find ourselves as the man said, in a den of tigers instead of among a herd of asses."

"Do you believe the Irishman's story, that he is working for the same landlord here that he was under in Ireland?"

"It may be true. Lord Sanders once owned the estate Sir Wren now owns in Ireland."

"Why, was he the man Sir Wren told me had three hundred tenant farmers evicted because he wanted to make the whole estate into a tenant farm?"

"I presume he is the man," said the duke.

"Well, he did not have a very pleasant time of it. Sir Wren said that the enraged tenants would drive off his stock as fast as he could buy it in spite of all the dogs and agents he could procure."

"That was his reason for selling. He told me he was very thankful for the change; that putting his money into property in America had added thousands of dollars to his wealth. It was through his good success that I was tempted to put so much money into lands in the new West. If the people are beginning to think and inquire it may not be so safe trusting to 'cow-boy force and barb wire-fences to hold these lands as we were thinking. In making my last purchases I have had that in mind, and have been very careful in getting bona fide titles to the lands I purchased. But here is another trouble that may annoy us as the farmer said, if they should establish a law to levy taxes on

"Well, sir, we would be willing they should suffer a little. They have bled the people long enough. Beside, the lands of this country were intended for the many, not for the few. I would like to see the man who owns the lands live on them and use them himself, and not have the power to grind the life out of the unfortunate man who has not been blessed with rich relations, fat offices or lucky opportunities, by which he can buy or steal titles to lands that God made free as the air we breathe, for all to enjoy and use, not to monopolize and abuse."

"Then you would make null and void all titles to lands?" asked the duke.

"As a means of wealth and speculation I would, but not as a means of life. I believe laws should be made, by which titles to lands would be granted for use and occupation only. And that all taxes should be levied on land values, but nothing on improvements. Why, as it is now, there is a premium offered to the man who can hold the most land and make the least improvements. As it is now, if you plant a tree or shrub, or do anything to add beauty to your home, you must pay for the luxury in additional taxes. Lord Sanders knows how that is. He will not even put a coat of paint on that old shanty or dig a well for fear of his taxes being heavier."

"Are there many of your opinion in this settlement?" asked the duke.

"Yes, sir, nearly all the tenants and farmers generally believe as I do. But we tenants are not free to vote as we please. We must follow an unprincipled agent and vote with him or be evicted. Talk about freedom and progress! We are not free, but we belong to a class of serfs and slaves. We are slaves of the foreign landlord all because he has been allowed to invest his wealth in American soil. But it will not always be so," said the man with warlike features.

"These foreign landlords, he continued, 'think they are doing an act, but they may yet find the best to be an engaged interest instead. They cannot bind us body and soul forever. The Farmers' Alliance clubs that meet in almost every county in this state and in the United States are putting new thoughts into our heads and new impulses into our hearts, which inspire us with new hopes. If we only unite in our efforts we will yet crush out this great land monopoly and defeat the foreign landlords. The Alliance sends you a reading into the tenants' homes and has been the greatest crime of the nineteenth century is this alien landlordism. I say God bless the Farmer's Alliance! And may he send us wise law-givers so that just laws shall be enacted and fairly administered and human equality enjoyed. We want a government of the people, by the people and for the people! Then we can defeat tyranny at home and abroad."

"We have no need to import landlords! They are of no more use to us than a pack of wolves in a flock of sheep. They produce nothing. They do not even spend the money they obtain from us in this country, but it goes to England or some other foreign nation. Why, Lord Sanders makes his boast that he receives from his tenants in America two hundred thousand dollars every year. Good day, gentlemen, I must go on with my work," said the man, starting for the field with his team and cultivator.

We visited five other tenant families that were living on Lord Sanders' estate. One was an Irishman. When the duke asked him if he liked living in America, he said:

"Och, and it's bad luck to me that I ever came to America at all! For I am under the self-same old master as I was in Ireland! woe be to him! He evicted me there!"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Lord Sanders had hundreds of us turned out at once, like pigs in a sty; ye see he wanted the land for cattle. But we made him sick of it, and he sold his land there and bought here. Bad luck to him! And I'm one of his tenants again. I left Ireland and came to free America to get me a home!"

"Every tenant we visited was discontented and eager for a change. But they did not dare to leave for fear they would not find another place as good. Hard as it seemed and disheartened as they were, they all realized that there were plenty of other men waiting to get even a chance on a piece. Nearly all were hopeful that times would sometime be better, and that they could then make something for themselves. Some even thought that a law might be made, whereby my lord would be forced to sell his lands, and then they expected a chance to purchase. They needed the stimulus of hope. Want and discouragement was visible in every home we visited. The shanties and cabins were as clean as possible, yet the one room, summer and winter, must hold the whole family, whether few or many. These shanties were always cheap, rough and unpainted. They were uniformly exposed to the chilling winds of winter or the broiling sun, without the kindly shelter of tree or shrub."

As we left the little settlement, with only a few farmers who had any show of comfort I said:

"I see the same conditions here that we have in Ireland, except that here we find intelligent people who make an effort to improve themselves with some hope of the future."

"And," said the duke, "if the people are forming into unions and clubs to work against us, we will soon find ourselves as the man said, in a den of tigers instead of among a herd of asses."

"Do you believe the Irishman's story, that he is working for the same landlord here that he was under in Ireland?"

"It may be true. Lord Sanders once owned the estate Sir Wren now owns in Ireland."

"Why, was he the man Sir Wren told me had three hundred tenant farmers evicted because he wanted to make the whole estate into a tenant farm?"

"I presume he is the man," said the duke.

"Well, he did not have a very pleasant time of it. Sir Wren said that the enraged tenants would drive off his stock as fast as he could buy it in spite of all the dogs and agents he could procure."

"That was his reason for selling. He told me he was very thankful for the change; that putting his money into property in America had added thousands of dollars to his wealth. It was through his good success that I was tempted to put so much money into lands in the new West. If the people are beginning to think and inquire it may not be so safe trusting to 'cow-boy force and barb wire-fences to hold these lands as we were thinking. In making my last purchases I have had that in mind, and have been very careful in getting bona fide titles to the lands I purchased. But here is another trouble that may annoy us as the farmer said, if they should establish a law to levy taxes on

land values and not on improvements, it would soon change our profits into losses. Yet it will be a long time before that will come to pass. Only a few have thought of that yet, and the people of this country have to be educated into any change," said the duke.

"As I understand it, from those I have talked with, the object of the Farmers' Alliance Club is to educate the common people on this very subject. The people, I mean the masses are being educated in the one grand principle of equality. There are unions, clubs and orders devoted entirely to this subject. The people are a power in this nation, when once thoroughly aroused. And," I continued, "when men like these tenant farmers groaning under the injustice of unfair rents and unjust taxes finally band together for mutual protection and just laws, they will create a force that every money cannot control!"

### CHAPTER XIV.—DAKOTA.

Leaving Chicago we went northwest, passing through Wisconsin, that grand state so famous for cheese and butter; through Minnesota with its broad fields of growing wheat, clear rivers and bracing air, into Dakota, the new, the great, the grand; the giant of the northwest. Here little homes dot the prairies, giving evidence of growth. Here the hardy pioneers come to taste the romance of taming nature and to coax wealth and happiness from the fertile soil. We passed over rivers whose waters were clear as crystal; through villages full of enterprise and thrift.

"This seems a growing state," I said, looking out over the expanse of country thickly dotted with cosy little homes.

"It is among the first," said the duke, in answer to my question. "It claims a greater number of postoffices than any one of the twenty-three other states and territories, and pays more revenue into the postoffice department than any one of the thirty-two of them. It has colleges, normal schools and institutions endowed by the territory. Its educational fund, derived from lands donated by the general government, promises to be the largest belonging to the state. The official reports show that there is less sickness in Dakota than in any other state or territory in the Union. Immense beds of coal are being discovered in many parts of the territory. Time was, they tell me, when all these fertile plains belonged to what we know in our school days as the Great American Desert. But not a trace of the desert remains on any railroad map of to-day. I remember picturing the sand on the desert here, as playing the same pranks as in the Great Sahara of Africa. But imagine that great desert becoming a blooming garden!"

"How much this looks like Illinois," I said as we were riding along.

"Yes, Waverland, you will be surprised to find that all prairie lands have some of the same general features, at least I was, but you notice there is no low, flat, marshy land here. The surface of the prairie, both upland and valley, is everywhere undulating," said the duke, "while the river courses, fringed with timber, afford a grateful relief from the monotony of the prairies."

"Here we are at our destination," said the duke, as the train came to a halt at a little station where everything looked new. Even the business signs seemed to smile of new paint.

We found comfortable rooms in a little house occupied by the duke's agent. The agent kept a provision store and postoffice. His wife, a fair, intelligent woman, took charge of the office and did her own house-keeping. She was a stout, energetic woman, kept things in order, gave us good meals, and the tenants their mail.

"Then this is your El Dorado," I said to the duke, when, after a comfortable dinner, we started out to see something of this new American dukedom."

"Yes, this is my El Dorado," he answered laughing. "You have not seen anything of the famous El Dorado yet."

The prairie agent, who had a distance like a man of war, and a distinguished voice, it was a country fresh from the hand of nature.

"You see this is one well," he said.

"Are these little buildings the homes of your tenants?" I asked.

"Yes, they may look small to us, but to these poor beings who have been cooped up in crowded tenements it rivals even the famous El Dorado. There are families here, with all their uncles, aunts and cousins, until the whole settlement seems one family of kin folks. They are from the north of Europe, where they have been trained to unquestionable obedience and plodding industry."

"How much did it cost you to bring them here?" I asked, as we were riding from place to place on the estate.

"Seven dollars a head," he answered, as though speaking of a herd of cattle.

"I see you have been in America long enough to have learned some of her shrewdness."

"How so?"

"You could never have brought people here without some previous arrangement. How did you manage it?"

"Very easily. You see I had bought large tracts of lands from the railroad company and they were under some obligations to me. I asked for honest rates to bring settlers in. At first I could not get rates that would justify me in bringing them. But after a great deal of consultation, we arranged with different railroads and line of steamers, until the fare was just seven dollars per head by the family."

"These buildings, how did you arrange for them?"

"There again the railroads helped me. I got rates for everything. Each house as it stands cost me fifteen dollars. The tenants built them, themselves."

"How will you ever get your money back?" I asked.

"Each man is hired by the year, until the land begins to produce something, then they will rent. Whatever I pay for building or living expenses is kept from the wages."



The duke knocked at the door and a woman about thirty opened it.

"Do you make a comfortable living?" I asked.

"Not very comfortable, though we never suffer," said the woman, with a peculiar look in her dark eyes. "If we could choose our own time for selling our grain we could do better. There comes my husband," she said, "he can tell you better than I about the place."

A large, fine looking man drove near the shanty with a team and cultivator. We both the woman good-bye and went to interview the farmer himself.

"Have you been on this place long?" asked the duke, after a few words of introduction.

"Six years," said the man, "and I am as poor to-day as when I came here."

"Why do you stay here then, when lands are so cheap out west?"

"You must know it costs a good deal to get a start even if lands are cheap. I had a brother who went west. He made himself a good farm with good comfortable buildings. He had quite a start and was proud and happy in his new home, that he had made from the wild prairie of the west. But he had taken lands that were afterward gobbled up by the railroad company. He lost all he had and came back here to rent. I keep hoping that by working a little earlier, a little later and a little harder, that I can get a start here. There is neighbor Jones who has the same number of acres that I work," said the man, pointing across the road to where a neat little frame house stood, shaded by tall maple and cottonwood trees. "He is making money every year, and has some comforts for his family besides. He is all the time making improvements. He has a nice young orchard, grape vines and small fruits that add to the comfort and value of his place. I came here the same year that he bought there. I work just as hard as he does, but I can only raise enough to pay the taxes and the rent, and have a little to live on."

"Then you pay the taxes," said the duke.

"Yes, sir," said the man, "I have the taxes to pay, though they are not half as high as Jones's are. Lord Sanders is rich and knows better than to improve his lands, and then we cannot even have a decent school to send our children to, because the agent will not permit us to vote as we please. Oh, he's a shrewd one, is that Lord Sanders. He knows he can get twice as much rent for that old shanty with a few poles and a straw stack for a barn, as though he had good buildings."

"What is the reason you cannot make as much as your neighbors?" I asked. "Are his crops better than yours?"

"No, sir," said the man, "we raise bushel for bushel; we did last year of both wheat and corn."

"Then what is the trouble?" asked the duke.

"Well, sir, I can tell you the trouble. He could choose his own time for selling his grain, and he receives one dollar per bushel for his wheat and twenty-five cents a bushel for his corn. I had to sell when Lord Sanders' agent demanded the rent, and got sixty cents per bushel for my wheat and fifteen cents for corn. On the two you can see quite a margin for freedom; yes, freedom! I am bound under an iron clank lease, as you would call it, a bill of sale used to be in slavery times!"

"But you need not stay here if the terms do not suit you," remarked the duke.

"That's true. But here I have a shelter; my wife and child are quite comfortable. If I should leave here I might do even worse. Some of the tenants on Lord Sanders' estate have a terrible struggle to get along. One day last winter when the thermometer was twenty degrees below zero, I went to a tenant's house, and there they were being obliged to keep their feet from starving. Their fire was made of roots dug from the earth ten miles distant and brought home to burn to keep them from freezing. Oh, I could tell you tales of sufferings that would make your heart ache. If there is any more suffering in Ireland than right here on Lord Sanders' estate, God pity them! Here in this beautiful country where everything grows in abundance! I went round to the different families and gathered up provisions to keep one family from starving to death."

"What made the people so poor?" asked the duke.

"Because they had to sell all they could raise to pay the rent, that the greedy landlords may live in ease and luxury in some foreign city, where he cannot see or hear of the misery he causes. While the thrifty farmers, like neighbor Jones, who have their own homes, must pay their own lawful taxes and a portion for my Lord Sanders' estate."

"Why man how do you make that out?" asked the duke. "Your neighbor has improved his lands, while Lord Sanders has not, that makes the difference."

"That is just where the injustice comes in. If Lord Sanders had to pay taxes on that naked land and not on the improvements, he would soon be willing to sell some of his hundred thousand acres. But while he can shirk out of the taxes and receive a good rent, he will not sell any of his broad fields, though offered five times their real value."

"You are rather hard on the land owner," said the duke. "If you could carry your theory into practice you would make a fine mess of the finances of your country. It might benefit the small farmers, but it would be hard on the landlords who hold large estates."

**Elys Cream Balm For CATARRH**  
THE POSITIVE CURE.  
ELY BROTHERS, 65 Warren St., New York. Price 50c.