

Grant's greatest monument is not in Riverside Park.

If Captain Sug Chigger, of Wyoming, ever enters politics it is a safe bet that he will come right up to the scratch.

Lieutenant Peary says he can find the north pole for \$150,000. It would be about as easy to find one as to find the other nowadays.

The local headline, "Big Circus in Our Midst," is slightly misleading. The arrival of cucumbers in the market has nothing to do with it.

Colorado has passed a law admitting women to membership in the State militia. It is about time to dramatize the new woman as a burlesque.

The best description of that mysterious nocturnal air ship comes from a Kansas City man, who says it "looked to him about as big as a beer glass."

A girl in Uniontown, Pa., shot a burglar the other night. But the correspondent doesn't explain what she was shooting at when the accident occurred.

The New York papers which issued their Easter number several weeks before Easter hope to be able to bring out their Christmas editions this year about the Fourth of July.

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All virtue is cumulative. Exceptional deeds of moral excellence or heroism are but the richest of the fruits which a noble character is continually yielding. Our admiration and respect thus called forth should not be confined to them, but should extend far back into the past life which has made such things possible.

The Buffalo News calls attention to the case of Noah Raby, a Jerseyman, 125 years old, who started to smoke his mother's clay pipe 120 years ago and has smoked ever since, and asks: "How would it have been if he had smoked cigarettes?" If he had smoked cigarettes he probably wouldn't have been over 75 years old now.

The aimless in life are to be pitied. They drift with the current. They are of little account to themselves or to society. A worthy object is essential to bring out the best that is in us. The man of high and useful ideals, intent upon their realization, is full of push and energy. He gets the most out of existence, and gladdens, enriches, inspires and helps as he has opportunity.

The Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company, which employs 8,000 coal miners, and whose wage scale governs that of 10,000 miners in Alabama, has asked its miners to accept a reduction of 12 1/2 per cent. beginning June 1. The President says that this will enable the company to take several large contracts for export shipment. In other words, if the men will work for one-eighth less than their present wages the company will be able to pocket a lot of money.

Chicago Chronicle: A word with the advertiser who stuffs the mail boxes full of printed matter. It doesn't pay to advertise instead of attracting it. The advertiser who sees through the mail appears to be a mail box only to find it is a soap or Jones' bak- ing powder. The advertiser who sees through the mail appears to be a mail box only to find it is a soap or Jones' bak- ing powder. The advertiser who sees through the mail appears to be a mail box only to find it is a soap or Jones' bak- ing powder.

man's ring and armed with a broom or a kettle of hot water as an expression of resentment. The mail box advertiser will do well to leave off his nefarious practices. He is defeating his own object and is courting reprisals. The mail box is provocative of enough worry without being made the target for obtuse persons who don't know enough to advertise in the proper way—that is to say, in the newspapers.

Lieutenant Peary has been detached from the Brooklyn navy yard and ordered to report for duty on the Pacific coast, but announces that his plans for reaching the north pole will go on all the same. He is at present hoping that some person or persons will give him \$150,000, and he will then start on his trip. The greatest part of the money, he explains, will be needed to maintain a colony of Eskimos at a point further north than any previous colony has ever located. There might be something that would thrill the world in the accomplishment of this plan, and yet there are practical-minded people who will think that the money asked for could be better used in founding a colony of poor white people in some lower latitude.

The gamblers have a maxim on which they base their calculations for their daily bread, that "a sucker is born every minute," a "sucker" in their parlance being a gullible person who despite repeated warnings stands ready to give up his money to the first sharper he meets. In fact, the sharper does not always have to go to much pains to get the sucker's money, as he is ready to deliver it on the first plausible opportunity. Of course, a sucker being born every minute, it is always harvest season for the sharpers, but we do not remember of reading an account of so big a haul as that recently made by the E. S. Dean Company, of New York, a bucket-shop concern that has just conveniently failed, leaving a host of patrons to mourn their losses. The head and front of this concern, the matchless contriver of this colossal fraud, is said to be a woman, and if this is true she most assuredly "hath the voice par excellence" in roping in victims. Other schemes are but mere patches to hers. Through plausibly worded advertisements, pointing out how easy it is to get rich, she attracted patronage from half the States, and when ready snapped the spring of the trap and got away with a million and a half of money. The only ambiguity about her advertisements was that they did not explain which party was to get rich. She knew all the time. These tricks are played every year, but no one ever seems to profit by their exposure. A dozen years ago the great "fund W" scheme in Chicago was brought to grief, but nobody knows how many fund schemes on the other letters of the alphabet had brought fortunes to the projectors. This was to be their final coup, and it failed, but nobody suffered much, except the victims. Truly, the gamblers are right, for the crop of suckers seems inexhaustible. A few weeks ago Mr. Hill, of the Chicago Board of Trade, exposed the modes of bucket-shop keepers, but they might be exposed every day in the week and there would still be an abundance of flies to walk into the bucket-shop parlor. The web is too beautiful and too attractive to be resisted. And the game looks so easy! A man can sit down, pencil in hand, with the reports and statistics of the wheat or stock market before him, and figure up a fortune in less than a minute. Let him try it in actual practice and his money vanishes as if it were fairy money. For, while it is the maxim of the gambler that a sucker is born every minute, it is the maxim of the bucket-shop man that the sucker's money, when paid, is his and under no circumstances to be paid out, except as bait. This is the reason why the bucket-shop man—or woman—can fail and yet grow rich.

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Politics of the Day

DEPRESSION ON THE FARM.

There are quite a number of people who, having passed all their lives in a city, are disposed to regard the farmer as the luckiest of all individuals, and the one who is always assured of a comfortable living. The usual idea of the farmer, by those who have had no experience in farming, is that he is sure of his sustenance from what the ground yields him, and that the surplus products mean so much clear cash in his pocket. But the working of the farm necessitates help which, while the pay is not large, eats considerably into the receipts. Then to keep up the production of the land, fertilizers have to be utilized, and large sums are expended yearly, for agricultural machinery.

After the ground is planted, and even up to the time the crop is plucked, the farmer is constantly facing the possibility of having the entire season's labor swept away. Too much wet weather means the ruin of crops; a drought means that they will be burned up by a blistering sun, while sudden storm may sweep away in an instant property which he has been years in acquiring, or the produce which is ready for the market.

The past few years have been decidedly unfortunate for the farmers in every section. The price of produce has been small, and the demand light, because the masses have had no money. In many instances crops did not pay for their cultivation, and within a few miles of some of the big cities potatoes and many other lines of farm produce have been allowed to rot in the ground, because the price would not repay for the labor of marketing.

No matter how disastrous the season, taxes pile up upon the farmer, and as a climax to the period of depression the law steps in and dispossesses him. Not until the volume of money is largely increased, and comes in a medium which will be placed in circulation, instead of being hoarded away, will there be any real and practical relief for the farmer.

The Tariff and the Trusts. The account in the San Francisco Examiner of the manner in which the different trusts have been allowed to write their own schedules of the Dingley tariff sufficiently explains why the sponsors of that measure did not welcome a proviso that articles controlled by trusts should be placed on the free list. It would have been rather queer if they had been willing to punish the men that made their bill.

This easy method of framing a tariff bill by farming out the work to the various interests that expect to profit by it is nothing new in Republican tariff legislation. Precisely the same course was followed in the preparation of the original McKinley law. The trusts and capitalists to whom the party managers felt under obligations wrote the schedules that affected their respective interests, and in many cases these schedules were adopted word for word. The people who were to pay the taxes had nothing to say until the following November, when they spoke with considerable emphasis. It appears evident, however, that the impression made by their remarks at that time has faded out, and that they will have to speak again at the next opportunity.

Canadian Resentment. The story coming from Montreal that the new Canadian tariff will be pro-British and anti-American, and that the Liberals will pursue a policy the very reverse of that they have been advocating these many years, is not entitled to much regard. It bears marks of Canadian torporism and American protectionism.

It is certain, however, that the representatives of the Liberal Government who were recently in Washington did not return home in an amiable mood. They were treated in a manner which they might have expected, but which in their commercial good will it seems they did not expect. They were treated with downright indignity and contempt and given to understand that while the party in power professed to favor reciprocity in the abstract or with certain countries, it had no thought of anything but strangulation for trade with Canada.

Very likely protectionist hostility which was so ostentatiously manifested in Washington will have its effect upon the tariff policy of the Liberals.

Rebuke to Tariff Boomers. If the Republican party is correct in its claim that the election of McKinley indicated a great popular demand for more tariff the elections this spring do not indicate it. Why, if the Dingley tariff rates were just what the people wanted, wouldn't the elections this spring have been the most enthusiastic kind of jubilation meetings over the jamming of the bill through the House? If more tariff were all that is necessary for prosperity the jamming of the Dingley bill ought to bring the dawn in sight.—Utica Observer.

The Rush for Office. That the rush for office, under the new administration, is tremendous, is well known. But that it assumes the proportion of a torrent is something which the great majority have not yet considered. Some idea of the tremendous pressure can be gleaned from the statement that since the inauguration the Postoffice Department has received

95,000 letters relating to appointments.

If this immense number of letters is poured into one department, the entire torrent of applications to all the departments must be something appalling. But there is one pleasant thought to be gleaned from this craze for office. If all the letters are properly stamped, the applications ought to net a snug sum to Uncle Sam's receipts, and thus contribute something toward paying the vast army of those who hold public place.—Philadelphia Item.

Patent Reversible Protective Tariff. The protective tariff is marvelously adapted to meet the wants of all emergencies—according to the claims of its various advocates. It lessens the cost of the thing you have to buy, and increases its price when you have the same thing to sell. It shuts out foreign importations, yet increases the revenues collected on such importations. The "foreigner pays the tax" on goods imported to this country, but it is "an outrage on the poorer classes" in Germany and France for those countries to "increase the cost of meat by tariff-taxing cheap American hog and cattle products in the interest of German farmers."—Grand Rapids Democrat.

Brief Comment. The newspapers which have undertaken to explain why the good times are postponed have a difficult and perhaps protracted job on hand.—Waterbury (Conn.) American.

The sons of their fathers do not seem to be getting the glad hand from the present administration. The Major has no boys, and he doesn't know how it is himself.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader.

Cannot Congress pass a law making all of Mr. McKinley's appointments "retroactive," so that they may draw their salaries for the four years Cleveland kept them out of office?—Louisville Post.

Many Ohio cities which went Republican in November have gone against the Republicans this spring in spite of a wool schedule, which it was thought would appeal to the blooded ram raisers.—Dubuque Herald.

If any newspaper thinks of printing what Senator Hanna thinks of the Ohio municipal elections it would do well to take time by the forelock and lay in a large supply of asbestos paper.—Omaha World-Herald.

Mr. Hanna has formally and firmly refused to attach any importance to the recent municipal election results. Mr. Hanna is enough of a politician to shut his eyes when he doesn't care to view unpleasant things.—New York Journal.

The flint glass makers who were told that they were to have their wages raised when McKinley got in fail to see through the contradiction of a proposed cut in wages. Perhaps they do not use the right kind of glasses.—Boston Globe.

Corporations can go on in their present reckless course and invite retaliation—a retaliation which is sure to come—or they can be contented with the rights and privileges enjoyed by their poorer fellow-citizens. Is it not time they began to appreciate their responsibility?—Indianapolis News.

According to the New York Hide and Leather Club, free hides brought more than \$20,000,000 into the country and gave employment to over 100,000 men last year. Of course, the logic of Dingley will throw these men out of employment and drive this money to Germany and England.—New York World.

It was just as unreasonable and mischievous to promise good times as the result of McKinley's election as it was to attribute the hard times to the election of his predecessor. But the Republican press and orators were as proditional with their predictions as with their slanders.—Rochester Herald.

Ever since the McKinley idea came in the annual appropriations have been larger than ever. This is the real source of the woes under which the country is suffering. It cannot be cured by piling up taxes; by taking more money out of the earnings of the people to make good what has already been taken out of the same place. The means of real relief is the reduction of expenditures; it is economy.—Boston Post.

Pith of Opinions. "The retroactive clause in the Dingley tariff act has had its answer in the retroactive vote from the big cities in the different States," says the Dover Index.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

Several Groups of the Famous Trees Are Still Standing.

In St. Nicholas there is an article entitled "Silk and Cedars," by Harry Fenn, the artist, describing a visit to the mountains of Lebanon. He says: Every girl and boy of the Christian world has heard and read, over and over again, of the "Cedars of Lebanon," but very few have any idea of the locality and surroundings of the famous grove. It is a popular error, by the way, to suppose that there are no other cedars remaining besides this group at the head of the "Wady" (valley or canyon) Kadisha. There are, to my knowledge, ten other groves, some numbering thousands of trees. This particular group that we are about to visit is called by the Arabs by a name which means "Cedars of the Lord." They number about four hundred trees, among them a circle of gigantic fellows that are called by the natives "The Twelve Apostles," upon the strength of an old tradition that Jesus and his disciples having come to this spot and left their staves standing in the ground, these staves sprouted into cedar-groves.

There is every reason to suppose that in the time of King Solomon these scattered groves were part of an enormous unbroken forest, extending the entire length of the Lebanon range of mountains, about one hundred miles, running nearly parallel with the Mediterranean shore from a little below Beirut. The summits of the range are from fifteen to twenty miles from the coast.

The Lebanon—that is, the "White"—does not derive its name from glittering snowpeaks, but from the white limestone cliffs of its summits. The first historical mention of the trees is in the Bible (2 Sam. v. 11): "And Hiram, King of Tyre, sent messengers to David, and cedar trees, and carpenters, and masons; and they built David an house."

From that day to this the people have been almost as reckless and wasteful of these noble giants of the mountains as our own people are of these cedars' first cousins, the redwood trees of the California coast-range. As we approach the grove, which stands upon the top of a small hill, the foliage is almost black against the snow-covered crags of Dahrel-Kadib, which rears its highest peak over ten thousand feet above the sea.

There is a Maronite chapel in the grove, its patriarch claiming the sole right to the sacred trees; and, luckily, the superstition with which the trees have been surrounded has been their salvation. All the cedars of Lebanon would have been demolished for redwood years ago were not the people threatened with dire calamity should they take a single stick.

Industrial Progress in Russia. The recent industrial growth of Russia has been one of the marvels of the present decade. In addition to her extensive sulphuric acid industry, Russia is opening up important manufactures of chromate salts, vitriol, phosphates, lead, zinc, tin, strontium and copper salts and mineral dyes, and platinum is almost a Russian monopoly. In medicinal plant growing the progress in Russia is very great. Six castor oil factories, all working from native-grown seed, were represented at the exhibition, and oils of peppermint, wormwood, caraway, fennel, anise and pine needles were also shown. The output of Russian benzine has grown from 31,500 gallons in 1882 to nearly 1,570,000 gallons in 1894. The petroleum industry is the second largest in the world. One firm alone owns 188 miles of petroleum pipe lines. It has an enormous fleet and owns 1,157 tank wagons for the conveyance of its products by rail. The industry of the dry distillation of wood in Russia is only just beginning. In northern Russia, away from the railways, there are still many thousands of square miles under wood, yet up to the present only one-half per cent. of all the resin, but a slightly larger proportion of the turpentine used in Russia has been of home manufacture. It has generally been assumed that the Russian fir could not be made to yield turpentine and resin of equal quality or abundance to the French or American pines, but experiments show that Russian turpentine, if collected by the French process, does not differ materially from the French, except that it is dextrogyre to the same degree that the French is laevogyre. Moreover, a balsam was obtained from one variety that will advantageously replace Canada balsam for technical and microscopic purposes. The day of the chemical exploitation of the Russian forests is therefore dawning, and within a few years the country of the Czar may export, instead of buy from abroad, acetic acid, wood naphtha, acetone, wood vinegar and acetate of lime. The importance of the Russian licorice juice and licorice root industry is generally known.

A Ready Response. "What's the matter?" said the wayfarer who was approached by a mendicant. "Something on your mind?" "No, sir," was the reply. "Wot worries me ain't somethin' on me mind. It's nothin' on me stomach."—Washington Star.

Her Dearest Friend. Dora (sweetly)—Fred didn't blow his brains out because you jilted him the other night; he came right over and proposed to me.

Maud (super-sweetly)—Did he? Then he must have got rid of his brains some other way.—Tit-Bits.

Self-Sacrifice. Hubby—Yes, dear, you look nice in that dress, but it cost me a heap of money.

Wife—Freddie, dear, what do I care for money when it is a question of pleasing you?—Tit-Bits.

PULSE of the PRESS

It is said that the first harbinger of spring has died from neglecting to bring his overcoat with him.—Boston Traveler.

In all their history the stock of the lower Mississippi banks has never been watered to such an extent as now.—Chicago Tribune.

Weyler's soldiers may desert him, but as long as his typewriter holds out victory cannot be wrested from his grasp.—St. Louis Republic.

The Indiana girl who tried to stroke a circus tiger will be disfigured for life. But think of the experience she had!—Buffalo Express.

After we all get through talking about it, we must admit that only the Mississippi could stand such a long run on its back.—St. Paul Dispatch.

If eternal perseverance is genius, as Michael Angelo asserted, then a great deal of genius is going to waste in office seeking.—Baltimore American.

The latest school house in New York has a roof play ground. Here is an idea which may be old, but which is certainly practical.—Baltimore American.

The United States must do for the Paris exposition in 1900 what it wished France to do for us at the time of the World's Fair at Chicago.—Boston Journal.

The House of Representatives has nothing to do, and it is discharging the obligation with all the earnestness and energy of which it is capable.—Chicago Record.

The man who tries to get back his presents after the engagement has been broken knows how hard it is to make a retroactive resolution work.—Baltimore American.

The senatorial fight in Kentucky has now reached the indictment stage, and it looks as if somebody might be chosen to a seat in the penitentiary.—Boston Herald.

It is ridiculous to assert that "Kentucky's senatorial deadlock is costing that State \$1,000 a day." That wouldn't settle the bill for wet goods alone.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Cigarette ashes are said to be great to make palms and rubber plants grow. Ladies who want to see their palms and rubber plants prosper will know now what to do.—Boston Globe.

We observe that the adjectives infamous, iniquitous, corrupt, crooked and mischievous are being terribly overworked in all States that have Legislatures in session.—Baltimore American.

If impossible to give President Angell the protection of a man-of-war at the Turkish mission, he should at least be allowed to take along the Michigan University football team.—Detroit Free Press.

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