

REVENUE ALL RIGHT.

DINGLEY TARIFF WILL SUPPORT GOVERNMENT.

As Time Progresses Many Satisfactory Evidences Are Noted—Some Comparisons with the Late Wilson Tariff Act—Period of Uncertainty Past.

Two predictions regarding the Dingley law revenues for the current month were made by the American Economist of January 7, 1898, as follows:

For the present month the Economist confidently expects that the Wilson law figures of January, 1897, will be exceeded by more than \$3,000,000 in customs receipts alone, while the excess from all sources will not fall below \$5,000,000 as compared with last January. Owing to the heavy demands upon the treasury in the shape of interest payments a surplus for January is not anticipated, but it is safe to look for an actual surplus in February and March.

These estimates were based upon the reasonable expectation of increased customs revenues as the country approached more nearly to normal conditions as regards importations. How accurately the situation was forecasted is shown by the returns at hand from official sources, which give a total revenue for January of \$29,000,000, against \$24,316,994 under the Wilson law in January, 1897; while the revenue from customs this month has been \$14,269,492, against \$11,276,574 under the Wilson law in January, 1897. The excess of receipts from all sources falls but little short of \$5,000,000, while the excess of customs receipts, as compared with customs receipts under the Wilson law for the same month a year ago, is \$2,992,618. The reckoning of the Economist a month ago was very near the mark.

The returns for the first full six months of the Dingley law, ending with January, 1898, as compared with the receipts of the Wilson law for the corresponding months of the previous year, are as follows:

	Wilson law, 1897.	Dingley law, 1898.
August	\$25,562,000	\$19,193,000
September	24,584,000	22,362,000
October	26,282,000	23,809,000
November	25,210,000	24,970,000
December	25,857,000	27,931,000
January	24,316,994	29,000,000

In ordinary circumstances the January receipts under the Dingley law would leave a large surplus, but for the month just closed there have been some unusual expenditures, such as \$12,375,000 for pensions and \$5,843,000 for interest on the public debt. Disbursements for the current month of February will drop back to a normal average, while with continued large importations of wool and an increase in the arrivals of foreign sugar and other articles to make good the inroads upon the enormous oversupply of the closing months of the Wilson law, the customs and internal revenues may be expected to show a healthy and natural increase.

The period of uncertainty regarding one feature of the operations of the Dingley tariff is at an end. As a producer of revenue the law is proving itself to be an unqualified success.

Communism in America.

Another communistic experiment on American soil has come to an end. The disbanding of the Zoarites, long thought to be inevitable, has now actually begun. The village of Zoar, in the northern corner of Ohio, will remain much the same, to all appearances, as before. In many ways the ownership of the property will soon be on the individual plan. This country is dotted all over with experiments in communism, most of them failures. Some of them grew out of a too literal attempt to follow in the steps of the early Christians, as their footprints are seen in the Acts of the Apostles. Others were the crop harvested in the United States from the seed sown by Fourier and the Fourierites in the early half of the century. Zoar belongs to the first class. A small sect of German devotees, led by Baulmer, came to this country in 1817. In many ways they resembled the Quakers, and they undertook to settle in Pennsylvania. They chanced to get over the line into Ohio, a fact which they never had occasion to regret. The 7,000 acres of wild land they bought for a pittance proved to be of prime quality. A few years later the Ohio legislature granted the community a charter drawn up just to suit the people in interest. In domestic life the family unity is maintained. The communism was confined to property. The community is now in possession of property valued at about a million dollars. Charges of mismanagement have led to dissensions, and it was finally concluded that the best way was to dissolve the company and divide the assets.

It is cause of surprise that the plan of severalty was not adopted sooner. It is also cause of congratulation, if not surprise, that the dissolution of the corporation occasioned so little friction. It does not appear that there is any real quarrel or bad blood over the transaction.

The early Christians were forced into holding their goods in common by persecution. They sold their lands and put the proceeds in the church treasury to escape confiscation and to relieve destitution. The communism of that brief period was a temporary expedient. The policy was forced upon those disciples. The dual episode of

Ananias and Sapphira serves to show one of the great difficulties in the way of practical communism. In a free country like ours there is no need of any such abnormal system of property sharing.

The adopters of communism as a philosophy of life, and not a tenet of religion, are dreamers. They feed fancy with dreams of the impossible. They shut their eyes to the actual and think to reform the world by stifling one of the strongest instincts of life. Plato and Sir Thomas More found in such dreams recreation from serious brain work, but the more modern teachers of intellectual communism seem to really think that these dreams may yet come true. The numerous failures in this country, where every possible opportunity for success was afforded, have served a good purpose. They have fairly and effectually demonstrated the impracticability of communism as a part of advanced civilization. The tribal system may be all very well for the American Indian, and communism for the Russian peasant, but an American citizen wants freedom in property as well as in person. The Zoarites have simply become Americanized.

Boutell on Currency Reform.

From the Chicago Post (Rep.): Congressman Boutell's speech at the Lincoln day banquet of the Marquette Club was more than a plea for courageous and consistent fulfillment of the pledges made by the Republican party in the last national campaign. He pointed out that the mission of the Republican party was really twofold—the revision of the present system and the prevention of its deformation by the enemies of a scientific and honest currency. So far as immediate Republican duty is concerned, the way to reform is to reform. The issue is simple and definite, and the republicans must meet it as it met the resumption issue. Without saying so in express terms, Mr. Boutell implied that the policy of the republican party must be the elimination of fiatism and the establishment of a single gold standard. This is a question for practical statesmanship, for immediate action. The next congressional campaign will be fought upon it, as well as the next presidential campaign. But there is, in Mr. Boutell's judgment, an ultimate solution of the currency question upon which sagacious statesmen would do well to bestow serious thought. For his own party, Mr. Boutell is bold enough to venture the prediction that within the life of the men now active in national politics a new monetary system will be established based upon the unrestricted coinage of gold and silver by weight according to the metric system. All the jargon about ratios, relations and parity would lose its meaning. In making their contracts men will stipulate for payment in gold or silver, not at any arbitrary value fixed by legislation, but at the market value of the metals regarded as commodities. This arrangement would leave us room for a silver question, and the occupation of the fiatists will be gone. Moreover, the plan is one which permits universal adoption, and foreign exchanges can be adjusted to it as readily as domestic transactions. The soundness and honesty of the plan is beyond question. Many economists and financiers share Mr. Boutell's conviction that it is the system of the future. But it involves the repeal of all legal-tender laws and the adoption of a radical laissez faire policy by the government toward currency and credit. Industry does tend in that direction, but, as we intimated above, only students and far-sighted financiers can profitably discuss it. In practical politics it has as yet no place. Parties and statesmen must deal with questions as they confront them, and today the issue is not between a possible ideal system, known to a few, and the present system, but between the present system and free silver at an arbitrary and dishonest ratio on the one hand and the gold standard with silver redeemable in gold coin on the other hand.

A Round Billion and a Half!

The exact trade of the United States for the year ending Dec. 31, 1897, is shown to be \$357,111,204. The value of exports for that year, as shown by revised figures of the treasury department, was \$1,099,743,554, as compared with \$1,005,837,241 in 1896. The imports valued at \$742,631,350, as against \$681,579,556 in 1896. The exports for December last were valued at \$125,088,470, and the imports at \$51,515,228. The exports for the month were \$7,000,000 more than those of December, 1896, but the imports were less by about \$7,500,000.

An instructive contrast is found upon examining the trade returns of Great Britain for 1897. The difference between the fiscal showing of the leading free trade nation of the world and that of the leading protection nation of the world will not escape attention. British imports for the year reached the highest record mark of \$2,256,190,000, while the exports fell off to \$1,171,750,000, a decrease of \$28,975,000, and this leaves as the disparity between imports and exports the enormous sum of \$1,084,440,000. There is, therefore, a difference of \$1,411,551,204 between the respective trade balances of Great Britain and the United States in favor of our own country. These giant figures tell an astonishing story—namely that in respect of foreign trade transactions for 1897 America's advantage of the United Kingdom is, in round numbers, a billion and a half of dollars!

The three things most difficult are—To keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure.—Chilo.

ASSEMBLY OF NOTABLES.

National Association of Manufacturers in Annual Convention.

The moral strength, financial force, and intellectual caliber of a great business organization were conspicuously in evidence at the third annual convention of the National Association of Manufacturers in New York, Jan. 25, 26, 27. No strictly business gathering has ever attracted wider or more flattering attention. Alike in the high order of ability displayed in the speeches and reports of the convention's regular sessions and in the brilliant addresses delivered at the annual banquet in response to the sentiments underlined for that occasion, the assembly of the representative manufacturers of the United States passes into history as an event of exceptional interest.

It has been remarked with much satisfaction by some of the free trade editors that little or nothing was said at either of the sessions that bore directly upon the protective tariff policy of the present federal administration. These gentlemen are cordially welcome to such comfort as they shall be able to derive from the fact that the tariff, as such, was little mentioned. It is undeniably true that the thought of the convention was mainly occupied with such kindred topics as reciprocity and the establishment of the American merchant marine, first cousins to the tariff, it might be said.

Yet there was one allusion to the tariff which sounded the keynote of the convention's sentiment on that question. It was when Mr. McDougall of Ohio referred to the tariff as an accomplished fact, a matter that had been settled once for all, and one not to be meddled with for years to come. The emphatic approval with which this statement was received by the convention showed how completely it was in accord with the general view. It also serves to explain why the tariff was seldom mentioned and never discussed. Why should it be?

The interesting episodes of the convention were the admirable annual report of President Search and his deserved re-election by a unanimous vote; the visit to and luncheon on board the American line steamship St. Louis, of a large body of delegates as the guests of President Griscom of the International Navigation company; the adoption of resolutions favoring the universal adoption of laws prohibiting the importation and sale of goods that are not branded with the country of origin, favoring the establishment of the proposed international bank, indorsing the second Pan-American congress to be held in Washington two years hence, and urging the encouragement and maintenance of American lines of steamships as an indispensable requisite in the extension of American commerce; the special visit of the President of the United States for the purpose of attending the annual banquet at the Astoria, with speeches by President McKinley, Theodore C. Search, Senator Frye of Maine, Charles Emory Smith and others, and the annual election of officers of the association.

In all it was a grand program grandly carried out, as well by the members of the association as by the liberal and public spirited business men of New York, who were the hosts of the occasion. It was in many ways an assembly of notables, for among the men who have figured actively in the development of American industry and trade to their splendid proportions of today, none can be named who are of right more notable than the members of the National Association of Manufacturers.

Temporary Decline in Imports.

From the Chicago Post (Rep.), Feb. 14: Today the Tribune is terribly alarmed lest an immaterial increase in the volume of imports for 1897, when compared with those of 1896, may preface a permanent decline in one source of national revenue. With the utmost gravity it contrasts the receipts last year of \$764,730,412 with those of 1896 of \$745,131,652, and fairly shudders over an increase of only \$20,000,000 in eight years. We tremble to think what would have been the condition of our contemporary had it stumbled on a comparison with the imports of 1893, which were \$866,400,922. A decline of over \$100,000,000 would probably have superinduced collapse in its present greenback condition. But why did the Tribune choose 1893 for the purpose of comparison? Why not 1887, when the imports were \$692,319,768, or 1879, when they were only \$445,777,775? Simply because the Tribune was searching for a pessimistic plea about the "Need of New Sources of Revenue." Because the people of the United States are practicing economy and not buying as largely of imported goods as in flush times the Tribune would have us believe that we are to wear no more imported silks or drink no more wines and ale. The most casual glance up and down the figures of yearly importation shows that the fluctuations follow the times of financial prosperity and depression. There was a drop in 1876 of over \$180,000,000 from the importations of 1873, of about \$146,000,000 in 1885 from those of 1883 and of over \$211,000,000 in 1894 from those of 1893. The true interpretation of these fluctuations is that in prosperous times we consume more imported merchandise as well as of domestic products, and that in hard times we economize by sticking closer to merchandise of home manufacture. For the encouragement of the Tribune we would say that the volume of imports is steadily increasing at the present time, our revenues are increasing and this simultaneously with a steady improvement in our domestic industries.



CHAPTER XXXV.—(CONTINUED.)

"You!" she exclaimed; "I thought you were dead!"

"Truly," he said, "and you rejoice to find that I still live; is it not so, Marjorie?"

She did not answer him; her very blood seemed to be freezing in her veins, and her face wore such an expression of horror that for a moment even he was rendered dumb.

"Marjorie," he said, "let me hear your words of welcome. I am an exile now, driven to seek refuge in Scotland, to escape the bullets of my foes."

"Why—why have you come to me?"

"I have come to you for comfort. I have come to take you with me to share my English home!"

"To share your home!" echoed Marjorie. "I will not—no, never. You have done me evil enough already—but I am free, I know you now, and I will not go with you."

"You are free!" he said. "What do you mean by that, mon ami?"

"I mean," said Marjorie, "that you are nothing to me. You have said so, and I know it, and I wish never to see your face again."

"Possibly, but our wishes are not always gratified. I am sorry you cannot give me a better welcome, since you will see me not once, but many times; as to being free, that is all nonsense. We are in Scotland now, remember; and you—why, you are my wife."

"Your wife?"

"Yes, my wife—and now, cherie—although I could use force if I chose, I have no wish to do so. I ask you merely to fulfill your duty and come with me to my home."

For a moment Marjorie gave no answer; what could she say or do? No need for him to tell her she was in his power, she knew it only too well. While in France he had the power of turning her from his door, and heaping ignominy not only upon herself, but upon her child; in her own country his power was absolute over them both.

With a wild cry she threw up her hands and called on God for help and comfort, but no answer came; it seemed that for her there was no help in all the world.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HERIE, am I forgiven?" said Caussidiere, again holding forth his hands.

The sound of his voice recalled her to herself. She shrank away from him in positive terror.

"Keep back," she cried; "don't touch me!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I hate and fear you! Wife or no wife, I will never live with you again—never, never!"

Confident of his own power, Caussidiere never winced. He had expected something of this kind, and was not wholly unprepared for it. He said nothing, but quietly watching his opportunity, he lifted the child in his arms. Finding himself thus suddenly and roughly seized from his mother's side, Leon screamed wildly, but Caussidiere shook him, and bade him be at peace.

"That is what your mother has taught you, to scream at the sight of your father. Now I will teach you otherwise."

"Give him to me," she cried; "give me my child!"

"Your child," returned Caussidiere, with a sneer; "the child is mine. I have a right to take him, and to keep him, too, and that is what I mean to do!"

"To keep him!" cried Marjorie; "you would never do that; you do not want him if you do not care for him, and he is all I have in the world."

"But I mean to keep him all the same!"

"You shall not; you dare not; you shall kill me before you take my boy, Leon, my darling, come to me; come to your mother!"

She stretched forth her arms to take the child, when Caussidiere, livid with passion, raised his hand and struck her in the face. She staggered back; then with a cry she fell senseless to the ground.

When she opened her eyes it was quite dark all about her, and as quiet as the grave.

"Leon," she moaned feebly, but no answer came.

Gradually the dizziness passed away; she remembered all that had occurred, and with a low moan she sank again upon the ground, crying bitterly.

But soon her sobs abated, and impatiently brushing away her tears, she set herself to wonder again what she must do. On one thing she was determined, to be with her child. Yes; at any cost they must be together.

She rose to her feet again and staggered toward the Castle. Her scalding tears fell fast, her breast was rent with sobs; and for the first time in her life she began to question the beneficence of the Divine Father, whom she had been taught from her childhood to revere.

It was late when she reached the Castle. Miss Hetherington, having been fearful at her long absence,

rushed forward to meet her; then with a cry she shrank away.

"Majorie," she exclaimed, "what's wrong, and—where's the bairn?"

At the mention of Leon, Majorie wrung her hands.

"He has come back and taken him from me!"

She looked so wild and sad that the old lady thought her reason was going. Her face was white as death, and there was a red mark on her forehead where the man had struck her. Miss Hetherington took her hands and soothed her gently; when she saw that her calmness was returning to her, she said:

"Now, Majorie, my bairn, tell me all about it!"

And Majorie told, trembling and crying meanwhile, and imploring Miss Hetherington to recover her child.

"Dinna fret, Marjorie," she said, patting the girl on the head; "there's nothing to fear. The man's a knave, we ken, but he's a fool as weel! Bring harm to his own bairn, not he!—he's o'er sharp to put himself into the power of the English law! 'Tis the siller he wants, and 'tis the siller he means to get!"

"But what shall we do?" sobbed Marjorie.

"Do?—nothing. Bide quiet a while, and he'll do something, mark me!"

"But Leon—what will become of Leon?"

"Dinna greet for the bairn; I tell ye he's safe enough; after all, he's with his father."

"But he mustn't stop; I must get him back, or it will kill me."

"You shall have him back, never fear, Marjorie."

"But to-night—what can be done to-night?"

"Nothing, my lassie—absolutely nothing. Get you to bed and rest you, and to-morrow I'll tell you what we must do."

After a good deal more persuasion Marjorie was induced to go to her room, but during the whole of that night she never closed her eyes, but walked about in wild unrest.

When the dawn broke she descended the stairs, and to her amazement found Miss Hetherington in the dining-room, just as she had left her on the preceding night. The weary hours of vigil had done their work; her face, always white, was positively corpse-like; her thin gray hairs were disheveled, and her eyes were dim. With a piercing cry, Marjorie ran forward and fell at her feet.

"Mother!" she cried; "dear mother, what is the matter?"

The old woman laid her trembling hand upon Marjorie's brown head and smiled.

"'Tis nothing, my child," she said. "The hours of the night have passed o'er quickly for me, you see, for I sat thinking, and now you see the dawn has come. Marjorie, my poor Marjorie! I wonder you can ever find it in your heart to call me mother!—see what sorrow has come to you through me."

"Through you? Oh, no, no, no!"

"Ay, but 'tis so, Marjorie. 'The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.' Through my sin you suffer."

"Do not say that—it is not true."

"Ay, but it is true. Through my sin you were made a poor outcast, with no mother to watch over you, no kind hand to guide you. When I think on it, it breaks my heart, Marjorie—it breaks my heart."

About ten o'clock that morning a messenger came to the Castle bringing a note for Marjorie. It was from Caussidiere, and dated from Dumfries.

"I am here," he wrote, "with the child. Do you propose to join me, as I can force you to do so if I choose, or am I to keep the child only? I might be induced to yield him up to you upon certain conditions. Let me know what you mean to do, as my stay here will not be of long duration, and I am making arrangements to take Leon away with me. 'Your husband,'

"LEON CAUSSIDIERE."

Marjorie's first impulse was to rush to the place where she knew her child to be, but Miss Hetherington restrained her.

"Bide a wee, Marjorie," she said; "we'll get the bairn and not lose you."

She dismissed Caussidiere's messenger, and sent her own servant for Sutherland.

When the young man arrived she saw him alone, told him in a few words what had occurred and put Caussidiere's letter in his hand.

"Bring back the child, Johnnie Sutherland," she said, "even if you have to kill the father."

Sutherland took the letter, and, with these instructions ringing in his ears, went to Dumfries to seek Caussidiere at the place mentioned. He was like a man demoralized; the blow had been so sudden that he hardly realized as yet what it all meant; he only knew that he had fallen from the brightest hope to the blackest despair, and that henceforth he must endure a living death.

The house he sought was a small inn in one of the by-streets of Dumfries, and Sutherland knew it well. He entered the place, found a shock-headed servant girl in the passage and asked for the "French gentleman who was staying in the house."

"You'll find him ben yonder," said the girl, pointing to a door on the ground floor.

Sutherland beckoned to her to open the door; she did so. He entered the room and closed the door behind him.

Caussidiere leaped to his feet with an oath. Leon, who had been sitting pale and tremulous in a corner, rushed forward with a cry of joy.

But before he could reach Sutherland's side his father clutched him and drew him back, grasping the child so roughly as to make him moan with pain.

Then, white and furious, Caussidiere faced Sutherland.

"So, it is you!" he exclaimed. "How dare you intrude here? Leave this room."

Sutherland, who had placed his back to the door and put the key in his pocket, made no attempt to move. He was able to keep his self-control, but his face was white as death.

"Monsieur Caussidiere," he said, "I have come for that child."

"Really," said Caussidiere, with a sneer; "then perhaps you will tell me what you propose to offer for him? Madame Caussidiere must pay dearly for having made you her messenger."

"She will pay nothing."

"What do you mean, monsieur?"

"What I say. I mean to take that child and give you nothing for him. You have come to the end of your tether, Monsieur Caussidiere. You will find this time you haven't got a helpless woman to deal with!"

Caussidiere looked at him with a new light in his eyes. What did it mean? Had the man really power? and if so, to what extent? A little reflection assured him that his momentary fear was groundless. Sutherland might talk as he chose. Caussidiere was master of the situation, since with him lay all the authority of the law.

"Monsieur," he said, "you are an admirable champion. I congratulate madame on having secured you. But pray tell her from me that her child remains with her husband, not her lover."

In a moment Sutherland had caught him by the throat.

"Scoundrel!" he cried.

"Let me go!" hissed Caussidiere. "If you have taken my wife for your mistress, you shall not bully me!"

But he said no more. Grasping him more firmly by the throat, Sutherland shook him till he could scarcely breathe; then lifting him, he dashed him violently to the ground; then, without waiting to see what he had done, he lifted the frightened child in his arms and hurried from the place.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Y WHAT train of circumstances had the dead Caussidiere again become quick, or rather, to express it in correcter terms, how had the Frenchman escaped from the perils and pains of death?

The answer is simple enough. Among the patriots of the Parisian Commune there were two Caussidiere, in no way related to each other, but equally doubtful in their conduct, and their antecedents; and it happened, curiously enough, that our Caussidiere's alter ego had also been arrested for treasonable practices.

The Paris of those days has been compared to Pandemonium; everything was one wild frenzy of hurried and aimless haste; and the newspaper reports, like the events they chronicled, being chaotic and irresponsible, it happened that the fate of one individual was confused with the fate of the other. At the very moment that one Caussidiere was lying dead before the soldiers of the Commune the other was escaping in disguise toward the Belgian coast, whence, after divers vicissitudes, he sailed for England, to reappear finally in Annandale, like a ghost from the grave, as we have seen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Little Attentions.

"Evil is wrought by want of thought, As well as by want of heart."

If husbands only realized what the little attentions mean to their wives there would be many happier unions. It is not the cost of a gift that makes it precious to the recipient. A tiny bunch of violets brought home at night betokens the thought given to her even while business occupies his attention, the most trifling souvenir of a wedding or birthday anniversary becomes a sentiment underlying its proffering. Women may be foolish, they may be all heart and very little reason, but the man who understands their nature and caters to it is the one who stands higher in their estimation than the one who acts as though all they cared about was material comfort given with any sort of brusquerie. Of course there are many mercenary women—thousands and thousands who can marry for a home and for rich raiment. These poor-poor the violets and value only the diamonds, but the average feminine heart, the sort which a man wants to beat beside his own, the foundation of truest sympathy and love, is moved more by the little attentions in which sentiment is involved than by the great offerings representing only a stupendous sum of money involved.

A Selfish Woman.

Grimm—"Women are such selfish creatures! There was an odd chop at breakfast and my wife insisted upon my eating it. It was all because she wanted to revel in the satisfaction of self-denial. A case of pure selfishness." Flimm—"And what did you do?" Grimm—"Oh, I let her have her way and I ate the chop. There are few husbands so indulgent as I am."—Boston Transcript.