



"Who's that going into Scrimmage's?" said the senior partner of Hardscrabble & Co. to one of his general salesmen.

The general salesman jumped and opened wide his eyes, as he always did when Mr. Hardscrabble called his attention to anything, and concentrated all his energies on a pair of tweed coat-tails vanishing into the portals of the rival jobbing house opposite.

"By gracious!" he said, "I'm afraid it is Brown of Nevada."

"That's the second time to-day he's gone into Scrimmage's," said Mr. Hardscrabble. "Just look up Pillikin, will you, and send him into the office."

The general salesman went in search of Pillikin, with a peculiar "miscellaneous-loves-company" expression, and found him looking piteously into the face of a Texas man who wanted his goods at ninety days, 12 per cent lower than the cost of importation, and the privilege of sending back, at the firm's expense, some goods that he wanted to take on trial.

"It may be only to look around," said the general salesman, a little shocked that Pillikin took it quite so hard. "My gracious, man, you've got to be prepared for these things."

"So you've slipped up with Brown, have you?" snarled the senior member as poor Pillikin walked to the office.

"You don't eh?" roared Mr. Hardscrabble. But Pillikin had turned upon his heel and walked out of the office more dead than alive.

came and kissed him; a half-dozen rosy children put up their mouths to be kissed. The dining-room was warm and cozy; there were his chair and slippers waiting for him by the open fire; an inviting meal was wafting its unctuous odors in the halls below.

"My love," said his wife, "how late you are!"

"My dear," said his wife's sister, "we were so afraid you'd gone off with some of those horrid customers. You know you expected Brown of Nevada—"

For poor Jo Pillikin had sunk into a chair, but his head upon the table and burst into tears.

It was weak and unmanly, perhaps; but he had eaten nothing since breakfast, had been badgered and worried, and on his feet all day; the March wind had pierced to the marrow of his bones.

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have to see him, I suppose."

"No," said his sister-in-law, springing to her feet; "I'll see him. I'll tell him you're not well, that you can't see anybody."

"That's a good girl," said Pillikin, with a sigh of relief. "Say that I'll call around next week. Heaven knows when I can pay him now; but he says that I'll call around."

The young widow went around through the hall into the reception room, and found there a young man of fine proportions and frank, pleasant countenance, who immediately began to apologize.

"I rang the bell," he said, "but nobody heard me, and finding the door ajar I took the liberty of walking in. I'm exceedingly sorry to be the cause of any trouble. If you'll first tell Mr. Pillikin that my name is Brown, he'll guess the nature of my errand."

"We all know your errand," said the young man, with a smile. "My poor dear brother-in-law guessed it right away. About the first of the month there are so many people coming here on the same errand! And I've got a splendid idea what to do with them. My brother-in-law is such a dear good fellow, he's always robbing himself to help others; he's given me a home and no wonder he can't pay his bills. But I've got a piano and stool, and lots of music, and a cover that I've embroidered with my own hands, and these must be worth something considerable."

"Something very considerable," said the stranger, looking at the young widow earnestly.

"And I'm going to make the piano and stool and music and embroidered cover go as far as they will with my brother-in-law's bills. Now I'll give you the first chance. Where is your bill? What is the amount?"

The young man reddened, bit his lips, smiled. "There is some mistake," he said.

"Isn't your name Brown, and haven't you come to collect a bill?"

"I have not come to collect a bill. My name is Brown, but I don't think it's the same Brown. There are a great many Browns. If you will tell your brother-in-law that I am Brown of Nevada—"

"Oh!" gasped the widow; and for a moment Brown of Nevada thought she was going to faint. He sprang to her side to save her from falling, but she recovered herself, and her breath and color came again. She clasped her hands and looked at the young man with her whole soul in her eyes.

"Brown of Nevada?" she repeated. "Brown of Nevada? Oh, my gracious!"

"Yes, I hurried over here to correct an error that had reached your brother-in-law's ears. I didn't go into Scrimmage's to buy goods; it was only to meet a friend."

"Only to meet a friend," repeated the widow, still devouring him with her large, soft, pathetic eyes; "and you did not buy your goods at Scrimmage's?"

"Certainly not. I shall buy my goods of your brother-in-law, as I always do."

"As you always do?" repeated the widow, tears springing to her eyes, her lovely face suffused with a sort of rapture that really embarrassed Brown.

"Of course! As you always do! And you are really Brown of Nevada?" And here she began to walk the floor, keeping her eyes still fastened upon the young merchant.

"I am really Brown of Nevada."

CO-OPERATIVE FARMING. The Situation as Viewed by the Rising Sun of Maryland.

The day of individual effort is past. The times and changed conditions are demanding co-operative effort. When farm wages were 40 cents a day, wheat 90 a bushel, corn 40 cents, a good cow \$15, calves 10 to 15 cents a yard and other goods at corresponding prices, times were better for all.

The great changes which artificial power and invention have worked in the last fifty years have destroyed the individual's ability to compete in price and in so doing have multiplied production tenfold, which has thrown labor out of employment. Labor used to own its tools and create the products of the land and shop. Artificial power and invention have taken the tools from labor and owning the tools a few own the products which machinery and artificial power create, and vast numbers of laborers have no employment.

Everything therefore tends to force labor toward co-operation in order that it too may produce cheap and enjoy a large portion of its products. The farmer has clung to his old methods longer than any other producer, but the time has come when combinations of speculators have taken charge of his products set the price of them and supplied him with tools and merchandise at their own price.

The idea of the forty acre farm and the independent farmer, the little farm well tilled is a bit of pastoral poetry, an idle dream, that can be realized by one in a hundred, or a limited time, but must soon be swallowed up by the great octopus of capital. The large tract conducted on true co-operative principles is the only hope of the farmer to escape the condition of the European peasant.

What American farmer would live as the French peasant farmer on a patch of four acres cultivated by himself and wife with hand tools? And this is what the small farm and so-called independent farmer leads to. Either this or the renter under a landlord who owns hundreds of farms, as in Ireland and England.

One of the leading financial papers makes this statement: "The average price of products and agricultural property has fallen fully 7 per cent during the past year. This declaration should fill every thinking person with alarm since it points to either universal ruin or repudiation or general bankruptcy. In assuming that all the products of labor are 7 per cent cheaper it can not be denied that money in such a case would be 7 per cent dearer. That is if a man was in debt \$100 one year ago his debt has increased 7 per cent and his means of payment decreased 7 per cent, making a difference against him of 7 per cent in one year. If this proportion be true the natural increase of wealth in the country has been fully mortgaged for two years to come by the decrease in the value of labor products. Where labor and its products decrease in price there can be no prosperity for the common people."

Now, if there is a change of sentiment on this subject, what has made it? Not a single condition has changed. In fact, there has been no change of sentiment among the people in regard to the justice of free coinage. The indignation of the people, however, has increased rapidly since the treachery of the Democratic majority in its defeat of the Bland bill, and is crystallizing toward independent action to secure their rights and enforce their wishes.

It is not the intention of the sub-treasury plan as advocated by the Alliance that the money issued upon the non-perishable products of agriculture should be any peculiar money, or in any way differ from other treasury notes which are a full legal tender. The reason for destroying the auxiliary volume or its equivalent is to prevent a relative increase in the volume of money as it is liberated from the products of agriculture by their consumption. If the money so liberated was left in circulation the same discrimination against agriculture which now exists would be continued. The sub-treasury does not propose a new financial system; it simply proposes a modification of the present system so as to be fair to all, and stop the discriminations against agriculture which now result from violent fluctuations in the relative volume of money. To increase the volume of money some other plan will be necessary. Of course the only money that would be destroyed under the old bill would be treasury notes, as national bank notes and coin certificates are a peculiar money and call for a specific redemption independent of the government credit.—National Economist.

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