

"D-NS" THE TARIFF.

CURSES THAT MAY COME HOME TO ROOST.

Sentiments Not Likely to Be Shared by Sheep Raisers Who Have Profited Enormously Through the Restoration of Protective Duties on Wool.

"D-n the tariff and all its foils!" Such is the message of the Field and Farm, an agricultural journal published in Denver, Col., in response to a request by the American Protective Tariff league for information concerning the industry of sheep raising. The inquiry sent out by the tariff league was as follows:

"Dear Sir: We are anxious to show by reliable reports the actual effect of the Dingley tariff upon the industry of sheep raising. Wool was upon the free list under the Wilson free-trade tariff and is now adequately protected by the provisions of the Dingley tariff. Kindly fill out the blank spaces on the reverse side of this card and return the same to us at your earliest convenience.

"The information asked for will be held strictly confidential, and in no case will the figures furnished be used otherwise than making up the totals upon which general percentages are to be computed. Yours very truly, THE AMERICAN PROTECTIVE TARIFF LEAGUE.

"Summarized returns of this investigation will be printed in the American Economist, and a copy mailed free to persons furnishing reports."

Accompanying this inquiry was a leaflet showing the effects of protection and free trade on wool growing and sheep raising. For example, from 1878 to 1882, inclusive, under the Morrill tariff the number of sheep throughout the country increased by over 11,000,000. Under the tariff of 1883, in which the duties on wool products were materially reduced, the number of sheep decreased by about 6,000,000. With restored protection to wool through the McKinley tariff of 1890 the number of sheep increased by nearly 4,000,000. The Wilson tariff, with free trade in wool, practically went into effect when Mr. Cleveland was elected, and immediately the flocks throughout the country began to decrease, and from '93 to '96 decreased by about 9,000,000. The Dingley tariff reimposed the scientific schedules of the McKinley tariff, and with the promise of protection through the election of McKinley and a Republican congress the sheep industry immediately began to advance. From 1896 to and including 1898 the number of sheep advanced by about thirteen hundred thousand.

The effect of protection and free trade in regard to the number of sheep owned throughout the country is not more impressive than the effect as to values. Under the Morrill tariff the lowest price per head was \$2.09, and the highest \$2.55. Under the tariff of 1893 the lowest price per head was \$1.91, and the highest price was \$2.27. Under the McKinley tariff the lowest price was \$2.49 and the highest price \$2.66. Under free trade the lowest price was \$1.58 and the highest price \$1.92. Under the Dingley tariff the highest price in the history of the nation is recorded—namely, \$2.75.

These facts of vital interest to the sheep raisers of Colorado and adjoining states seem to have an inflammatory effect upon the editor of Field and Farm: Hence his obligatory response, "D-n the tariff and all its foils!" Why? We do not know. We could not possibly have supposed that the citation of acts like those gleaned from official statistics and quoted above would operate on the mind of the editor of Field and Farm as a red rag operates on the sensibilities of a bull, and cause him (the editor) to lose his temper and fall to cursing like a drab.

We hardly think the sheep raisers of his section will join this Bryanite in "d-ning the tariff." Over the border in Utah they will not be likely to echo his profane sentiment. A sheep raiser in Utah county, for example, will not "d-n the tariff," for he reports that whereas in 1896 (Wilson free wool tariff) he owned 8,000 sheep of an average value of \$2 per head, he owned in March, 1900 (Dingley protective tariff), 11,000, of an average value of \$4.25 per head.

Sheep raisers in Chotaou county, Montana, do not "d-n the tariff." One of them reports that his flock has increased from 4,000 in 1896 to 6,500 in 1900, and that the value per head has increased from \$2.25 in 1896 to \$5 in 1900.

From Bingham county in Idaho comes the statement from a farmer who owned 2,900 sheep in 1896 and now owns 6,000; market value in 1896, \$2.50 per head; market value in 1900 \$5 per head.

Reports from Colorado are even more impressive. A Trinidad man now has 8,000 sheep, against 6,000 four years ago, and their present value is \$4.59 per head against a value of \$2.09 per head in 1896. Another Trinidad man has increased his flock from 3,500 to 5,200, and quotes value at \$4 per head instead of \$1.25 per head in 1896. A Trinchera flock owner has 4,200 sheep, or 2,700 more than he had in 1896, and the value at \$4 per head, or just double the value of 1896.

These are fair samples of the large number of reports received from the localities from which (presumably) the major portion of the reading patronage of the Field and Farm of Denver is forthcoming. Do these prosperous farmers, who are, in the aggregate, many millions of dollars richer because of the change from free wool to protection, "d-n the tariff?" We

should think not. It is much more reasonable to suppose that their profane expletives, if they use any such, will be applied to an editor who, while publishing a paper for farmers, has so little sense as to shower curses upon an economic policy through whose operations, directly and indirectly, the farmers of the United States have in the past three years been able to recoup in great measure the frightful losses—estimated at upward of five billion dollars—which they suffered during the four years of Cleveland free trade. "D-n the editor" the farmers might, and with just cause, but not the tariff.

How the New Broom Sweeps.

One week's record of new railroad equipment shows a total of 7,800 cars of different kinds distributed among eight different roads. In addition four other roads have put in orders for a total of twenty-three engines. It is this sort of thing which has been reported almost every week, in the news of the railroads, for many months back. There seem to be no signs of a let-up, but, on the contrary, the demand for more equipment by the railroads, which demand is only a by-product of the increasing demand for all kinds of American products, continues to be steady. The Dingley law, like the proverbial new broom, swept clean; and in a very brief space of time freed us from the past and idleness and poverty which free trade had brought upon us, and, unlike the new broom, it grows more effective as it grows older. As it and the protection which it gives to American industries grow in length of days, our national prosperity grows in volume. The American people will see to it that the law continues in force for many a long day yet.

Who Said Stop?

"I shall not stop talking about the money question until 70,000,000 people secure the right to attend to their own business without asking the aid or consent of any one to attend it for them."—Wm. J. Bryan.

Well, now, who said stop? Nobody, so far as we know, has ever expected William Bryan to stop talking, unless his tongue becomes paralyzed or his jaws drop out of place from incessant wagging.

It seems that the people were attending strictly to their own business on the 6th of November, 1896, when they chose between the policies of Wm. McKinley and W. J. Bryan.—Elizabeth-town (Ill.) Home News.

A POSSIBLE PRESIDENT? NO!



Evidently Dangerously Ill.

"Alas, poor Bryan!" said the thoughtful man, as he laid aside his paper.

"What's the matter with him?" asked the Populist in alarm.

"Sick," replied the thoughtful man, regretfully; "dangerously ill, beyond question."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the other, reaching for the paper. "How do you know? What proof have you?"

"Only yesterday," answered the thoughtful man, pointing to the paragraph he had just been reading, "he asked to be excused when called upon for a speech."—Chicago Post.

Good Business Policy.

Under the wise policies of Republicanism, as exemplified by President McKinley, the country has become more prosperous than ever. Work and good wages are the rule. Merchants and manufacturers are making money. The credit of the nation is better than ever before, and the demand for our products is greater than the supply. This is something which the people will not overlook, and that party which has proven itself the most competent in its management of national affairs will again be selected. Good business policy and the people demand it.—Grand Rapids (Mich.) Herald.

Just the Reverse.

Under the Cleveland regime a deficit used to turn up at the end of each month. Matters are just the reverse now. Each month shows an increase in the surplus of the United States treasury, and, besides that, the public debt is being steadily reduced.—St. Louis Star.

On the Brink.

And now it appears that New York cabled to London on one day an offer to take the whole of the \$150,000,000 war loan which England is floating. Pretty good for a nation that is on the brink of moral, political and financial ruin.—Sioux Falls (S. D.) Argus-Leader.

The Fact Remains.

It is no longer necessary to put a foreign label upon home-made goods in order to hasten their sale.—Philadelphia Record.

Why is it no longer necessary? How has the silk industry of the United States, to which the above remark is applied by the Record, attained to the enviable position of being able to market its products as home-made goods and to supply 85 per cent of all the silk fabrics worn and used in this country? Because of the sound common sense of insuring to that industry a fair living chance to sell its products in the home market through the operation of protective duties. In the absence of such defense against the rivalry of silks made in countries where labor is cheaper the silk makers of the United States could not possibly have succeeded as they have done. They would have failed in spite of all their energy, skill, enterprise and business ability, just as many other flourishing industries would have failed, and for the same reason. The Philadelphia Record points with pride to the tremendous development of silk manufacture in the United States, notably in Pennsylvania, which heads the list in the total number of silk mills within its boundaries; but the Record carefully refrains from pointing with pride to the true reason for this tremendous development. The fact remains, however.

Things That Have Come True.

Who could have predicted, in October, 1896, when paralysis extended to every industry, that in the brief period that has elapsed since that date the representative of a Democratic paper like the Cleveland Plain-Dealer would say that "our labor is fully employed and our people contented?" Four years ago, when the wall of calamity came from Kansas that its farmers were hopelessly burdened with mortgages, who would have dreamed that four years later the editor of a silver paper would be able to declare, in New York, that "business conditions were never so excellent in Kansas as today," and that "its farmers have practically all paid off the mortgages on their farms and most of them have money to lend?" There has never been so marvelous a change in the history of this or any other country as has taken place during the four years. It may be added that if Bryan politicians fail to take into account the effect of these conditions upon the elections next November they are reserving a painful surprise for themselves. General prosperity is a vastly more potential factor in the pending campaign than any question affecting the status of the Philippines.—Indianapolis Journal.

Calamity vs. Prosperity.

"Calamity awaits Colorado this year unless the Republican party is successful. Even the ores of Cripple Creek will undergo a change and refuse to yield the yellow metal.—Georgetown Courier.

Brother Randall should have added to his sarcastic remarks quoted above a few more words as follows: Even the Cripple Creek ores with their wealth of yellow metal cannot offset the blight that a continued Bryanism in Colorado would bring. The success of the Republican party this fall in Colorado is absolutely necessary to save this grand state from the effect of the embalming fluid of Democracy that now flows in her business veins. In place of the red rich blood of McKinley prosperity.—Golden Globe.

First Get the Facts Straight.

It is a question how much of the popular feeling on this subject has been worked up secretly by certain commercial interests, which had prepared for a handsome speculation by accumulating a stock of Puerto Rican products, whose American price would be increased by the abolition of duties on imports for that island. The only people really interested are those who bought up sugar and tobacco, and who are holding them for the rise that would follow such a law; and the only stagnation of trade is that caused by this selfish interest. It is just as well to get the facts straight before rushing off into a sentimental outcry against the president in this matter.—Toledo Blade.

Would Simplify Matters.

If Bryan is to dictate the state and national platforms of his party, why not abandon the attempt to hold a convention? Much time, trouble and expense would be saved if the Nebraska were authorized to go to Kansas City, nominate himself for the presidency and name his own platform.—Cleveland Leader.

Same Ratio.

The public debt is decreasing at a rapid rate, notwithstanding extraordinary expenses for the Philippine trouble. During the last Democratic administration the public debt increased, in time of peace, in just about the same ratio that it now decreases.—Dixon (Ill.) Star.

Evening Tests for Watches.

At New, at the meteorological observatory, a watch is tested in every position and its rate measured and recorded by the hour. It is hung upside down, hung from each side, placed dial down, and back down and at any number of angles, and to finish it is baked in an oven and frozen in a pail of ice. When it is considered that 19,000 vibrations an hour occur in a watch and it must not vary a second in a week it is easy to see why no watch has ever been perfect.

AN UNAVOIDABLE DELAY.

"A drink," entreated the weak voice.

"I shall bring it to you," answered the trained nurse. She rose, placed the bell connection within reach of the feeble fingers, left the room, her light steps soundless on the rich, deep carpet. Along the corridor, down the stairway, she passed. It was late—after midnight. Lights had been extinguished in the drawing-room, the dining-room, the library. Only a single globe, opaque and mellow, lighted the way. This led to the servants' quarters. Under and beyond it the nurse hurried, a chaste vision. Her blue and white-striped gown and the snowy linen at throat and wrists and on the coiled dark hair accentuated the pallor of the patient, serene face.

It was still in that great house on Michigan boulevard. Now that the thaw had come, the crunching of runners over the frozen snow, the cheery jingle of sleighbells, the softened murmur of gay young voices no longer reached the ear. Not that Nurse Norine had anything to do with sleighing parties—nor any other form of individual diversion. But there had been nights out of the last two months when she had been a bit bewildered at times by the recollections these chiming, irresponsible bells awakened. She had caught herself standing still, with one hand at her heart—listening to note should they stop before this door. She had dropped her hand with a little sweeping gesture of self-scorn. And she had resumed her duties with the sudden glow in her cheeks dying out as the flush of embers dies under the pall of gray ashes.

Tonight, however, there was no extraneous sound to divert—no personal remembrances to distract her. She passed into the great, immaculate, deserted kitchen. The servants had gone to bed. She saw an expanse of polished wood floor, tiled walls, slinks of marble and metal that glittered like silver; gas and alcohol ranges, and the numerous minor commodities which make the drudgery of domestic labor comparatively light and easy.

What was that sound just without? A cautious, scraping footstep? She listened—the sauceman poised in one lifted hand. Silence. Pshaw! It was nothing. It was no one. As if an attempt at burglary would be made in this neighborhood—and with the light burning! "I am getting nervous," she told herself. "Constant vigilance, continual wakefulness will tell on the strongest of us after awhile. I wish I might warn all young girls who desire to become nurses, dreaming only of the romantic aspect of the profession—what the real life involves—what the actual experience means."

She looked around the kitchen, and a swift retrospect brought the rose color to her cheek. Here—it was down here that she and Harry had stolen, after the cook was asleep, to attempt the compounding of one particular, delicious dish. What a blunder they had made of it! And she had cut her hand in wielding a huge knife over a small bunch of parsley. Harry had torn his handkerchief into strips, and tied up the injured member. He had kissed the palm, and said: "You have such pretty hands, Norine!"

She had smiled back at him, saying: "They are not afraid of work." And he had answered, with the pride of personal possession, they are not afraid of anything.

Ah, well! She roused herself with a sigh.

"That was all so long ago, and time works changes, as we must know."

The milk on the range was at boiling point. She added a teaspoonful of vinegar to the foaming mass in the sauceman, and quickly removing the same poured the strange-scented mixture through a fine wire sieve. Her remedy and refreshment were in readiness—the potent "wey" dear to the heart of trans-Atlantic physicians.

Hark! Again! She set down the bowl hurriedly. Nearer that tread—and nearer! It was on the back porch now. He—whichever he was—had laid one hand upon the window frame—was trying it—was shaking it softly.

Involuntarily Nurse Norine stepped back. She was not one of your heroic women. She could feel her heart pounding, until it seemed to strain its cords as a hound strains its leash. Ought she to turn out the light? Should she try to leave the spot?

"Thank God!" she panted, "Bessie will never learn nursing."

Although the association of burglary with nursing was decidedly illogical. There was a grating sound at the window.

The window was lifted by a strong, stealthy hand. A blurred, wriggling shadow fell across the floor.

"Now!" breathed Nurse Norine. "Now!"

Her professional habit of self-control—the sense of responsibility to her patient—these sustained her. Just as the clump of shoes struck the floor, she advanced. A lofty, ill-clad figure confronted her. A face, distinguishable between slouch hat and chin bandage, was near her own. A grimy hand gripped her throat.

"Keep still!" commanded the voice back of the swathing handkerchief. "Keep still!"

The command was superfluous with the herculean grip of those strong fingers at her throat.

"I won't hurt you," went on the automatic voice. "Not if you don't make a racket. He isn't home—the master. I saw that in the papers. I want her

Jewels—she's dying. She won't miss them. Where are they? Are they in the secret closet off the dressing-room at the head of the private staircase? That is where my wife kept—" He broke off abruptly. "Where are they?"

The grip on her throat relaxed. "I know where you mean," she cried in her surprise—her bewilderment. "I know."

Why should she not know—she to whom this house had been a wedding gift! She, who had once placed her own jewels in that same receptacle. She who had come back as a paid servant to the scene of her only full, real, transcendent happiness!

"Quick, then! Quick!" An encouraging oath from outside the window reached them. Again the man's fingers closed around the smooth white throat. "You know. Bring them, then—or, wait—I'll go with you. But no noise, you understand. Not a sound, or—" His right hand slid backward. He shook before her eyes the little toy of metal and wood he drew forth. "I can find the place alone," he said. And then, to him without: "Bring the cord, Marty!"

In that instant of diverted attention she wrestled herself free.

"Listen!" she gasped. "The woman is dying. Any commotion will kill her at once. And I cannot—O!"

Once more the fingers, fierce in a convulsion born of rage, were at her throat and the masked face bent lower. "You must! You shall—or, by—" The fingers tangled in a chain—a mere thread of gold. Something fell, with a mellow clatter to the floor. The man stooped hastily. He picked up the fallen bauble.

"Don't take that!" entreated the nurse. She had fallen back once more. "It is of no value. That is of no intrinsic value. It is mine—only mine. Give it to me!"

She was white as death, and shivering, when she held out piteous, entreating hands. She forgot fear in desire.

But the man was staring stupidly upon the medallion in his palm—an ivory medallion upon which was painted a girl's face. How sweet that face was—how near, reproachful, tender, familiar! A lifted young face, full of

love, shyness, half-fledged courage. And the shyness that was saintliness—he knew all these.

"Give it to me," the nurse entreated. "Give me my little girl's picture. Give it to me. It is all I have of value—Bessie's picture."

The man hesitated. He still looked down on the trifle in his great hand—motionless, entranced. From without sounded a crackle of curse.

"I will go," the man said, "if you will answer these questions. Where is this child? Where is her father? Why are you here?"

She put out both hands and felt blindly for the table behind her.

"She is at the Sacred Heart convent. She is good. She is beautiful. Her father left his home long ago in a mistaken—a jealous rage." She paused. Something in the pose of the great bulk confronting her—in the echo of the voice that had interrogated, made her nostrils rigid—her lips blue. "I am here because I must support my child and myself. That is all."

"Your child!" he repeated. He was gazing down on the bright thing in the hollow of his hand. That face! The broad brow; the eyes, long-lidded and long-lashed; the serious sweep of hair about the temples—these were his own. And the mouth—those square cut, sensitive lips with the beguiling diffidence that was half audacity—those were hers.

"Nora," he began. It was his old name for her. "Nora—"

"Git to work!" advised a husky voice from the outer darkness. "Git to work, you bloomin' fool."

That "bloomin' fool" moved nearer to the nurse. He had cast aside his disguising hat and kerchief.

"Nora, you remember how we came down here to cook a post-opera supper one spring night, after we had come back from New Orleans? I did not recognize you at first. Dress—time change—many things. All these have caused natural alterations." It was no longer the intruder who was speaking. It was the gentleman—the scholar.

"We were so afraid of the cook, you recollect? And that confounded omelet, des herbes! We tried to make it as it was served to us in dim, dark, dear New Orleans. What dinners we had in that little, gloomy restaurant on the Rue Chartres! What prowling in the French quarter! How you hated the lazy old mules on Tchouptoulas street! Then, there were the mornings in Jackson square! And the strolls through the French market, and—"

There was no mistaking the fervor of the curse which came through the opened window. But the man lingered—although he had handed back the bauble.

"Do you remember?" he insisted.

"Could I forget?" she counter-queried.

The bell rang. "I am needed." She lifted the pitcher of whey. She opened the door. "Go!" she said.

"Will you tell Bessie—"

"Nothing, Nora. Never mind, dear." "You have been gone a long time, nurse," objected the patient, fretfully. "I am sorry, madame, but the delay was unavoidable. Drink this."

She slipped her strong arm under the pillow. She directed the wavering head upon it. She held the cup with firm fingers. But her gaze strayed to a corner where a crib used to stand—a little rose-hung crib, where the original of the portrait on the medallion—Baby Bessie—had lain!

OSTRICH AS A WATCHMAN.

Sagacious Bird, Named Napoleon, Keeps Guard.

An ostrich watchman is the latest trained wonder in Florida. He can be seen every night making his rounds through the pens of an ostrich farm near Jacksonville, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia Times. About a week ago the sagacious bird, which has been named Napoleon, proved his capacity for the appointment. About eight months ago the owners of this herd of ostriches established the farm at this place. Previous to this time and since 1885, when they made their first importations of birds into this country, they carried on their extensive farm in California. Attracted by the salubrious climate and the shorter distance to their markets, they determined upon this step. When they established their farm at Jacksonville, they added as an especial attraction specimens of many rare birds and animals capable of easy domestication. Among the former was a flock of over 200 golden and other varieties of pheasants. In the course of events this fact became known to the many colored gentry, and knowing the darkey's natural penchant for "chickin'", the owners feared for their latest purchases. The pheasants, they knew, would be tempting, because all birds look alike to coons, and these resembled more than anything else, nice, fat yellow-legged roosters, and so would become doubly tempting. Nor were the fears of the owners groundless. The "culled" population rapidly passed through the stages of hearing, investigating and finally seeing. At this stage of the game the owners of the ostrich herd took steps to prevent the loss of their property, and Napoleon was called into requisition.

RICH PICKING FOR SAILORS.

British Tars Often Derive Fortunes in Prize Money.

As the minister of war has said, we are now at strife with an enemy which does not even possess a cockie-boat, and those brave sailors who are fighting patriotically with their soldier brothers have not the additional incentives that used to be held out to tars in the way of treasure ships, the capture of one of which, incredible as it may seem, in some cases gave each ordinary seaman as much as £2,000—worth then much more than now—prize money. It is not very long since an old sailor died in London who remembered serving on vessels in the royal navy that sometimes waited off one station for a year for a treasure ship they had been warned of, and who was present when our craft, the Ethalian, captured the Thetis, with \$1,700,000 on board. About the same time three of our warships, after lying in wait for months, captured the Santa Brigada with a treasure of nearly \$2,000,000 in her hold. It needed sixty-three artillery wagons—escorted by armed men and bands of music—to convey the treasure to the citadel of Plymouth, and each captain received as prize money £40,730; each lieutenant had £5,100 and each seaman and marine £12.

Restless Americans.

All winter long, and into this, the second month of the violet-scented springtime of Mexico, we have heard two distinctive sounds—the click of the kodak and the "taconco," or tick-tack of the little heels of the American girl, marching through San Francisco, Profesa and Plateros streets. And still they come, this fitting army of restless Americans, male and female, as the Lord created them, and instinct with the hereditary nomadism of our race, for no one stays close at home except for financial reasons. That is also why many of us here in the tropics will not go to the Paris exposition. It is well to be "franc" about it.—Boston Herald's letter from City of Mexico.

A New Mineral.

Mohawkite is the name given to a new mineral discovered in the copper mines at Houghton, Mich. It is an arsenide of copper in connection with an arsenide of nickel, united chemically, not mechanically. An alloy of copper and nickel is in good demand, and the new ore, it is said can be turned into copper, nickel, arsenic and cobalt with less than 1 per cent of waste. Cobalt is the base of the deepest blue dye. Arsenic is worth five cents a pound, copper 17 cents and nickel more than twice as much as copper.

Harvests for Dentists.

If a child would eat candy once a day and then wash out his mouth thoroughly he might keep up the practice for fifty years without harm to his teeth, but it is the constant sucking of candy, always having something sweet in the mouth, that eats away the enamel and reaps mighty harvests for the dentists.

