

The house has passed the urgent deficiency bill, and the amount appropriated is \$149,483 larger than the measure originally provided for. This is the way in which the boasted democratic policy of economy is being enforced.

SUIT has been brought against ex-Treasurer Woodruff, of Arkansas, for the \$150,000 shortage in his accounts, but he is more likely to be elected governor than he is to have a judgement rendered against him by a democratic court.

The city of Chicago has a greater mortgage indebtedness on its buildings and town lots than there is on all the farms of Kansas. To be exact the debt in Chicago is \$16,000,000 in excess of that of Kansas. It exceeds that of Iowa by \$41,000,000.

It is rumored that if a democratic president is elected this fall that Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller will resign. If it should happen so it will be the first time a chief justice ever resigned, but we predict that he won't resign because Harrison will be re-elected.

The legislature of Mississippi has passed a bill making Jefferson Davis' birthday a legal holiday in that state. Before they adjourn they will probably make one more holiday for the other democratic president they have had since it was supposed treason was suppressed.

THERE has never been any such thing as a "billion dollar congress." Democratic falsehood is the only ground on which that charge can rest. But it can be demonstrated with mathematical accuracy that there is a five-cent democratic house now in session—one that while running at an expense of over \$7,000 a day puts in such costly time debating propositions to reduce the appropriation for soap and saddle blankets for the cadets at West Point.

STATISTICS just made public show that in a single day 47 banks in New York city loaned over \$207,000,000 on city real estate and other securities. In Chicago in one day 21 banks loaned \$87,000,000. Nine banks in St. Louis loaned in one day \$27,000,000. These figures show what great borrowers the manufacturers and merchants living in cities are, and they prove also that they are doing a big business. Otherwise they could have no use for these large sums of money and would not borrow them. A vast amount of business is done by men who, lacking sufficient funds of their own have to work with borrowed capital. Farmers also borrow but not to the same extent as city people, and as a rule they use their credit to much better advantage. Official reports show that over 80 per cent of the farm mortgages that have been examined were incurred for the purchase of additional real estate and nearly all of the remaining 20 per cent were to make improvements buy live stock, or invest in some form. The money was borrowed because the farmers believed they could make more out of it than they would have to pay in interest. The amount borrowed and spent for living expenses is insignificant.

PURE FOOD IN CONGRESS. The act of congress authorizing the examination of the baking powder has resulted in a most unprecedented compliment to the Royal Baking Powder. The tests were made in the government laboratory at Washington, and the official reports show that the royal is superior to all others in leavening strength—being over thirty per cent, above the average. The report also shows the purity of the royal powders and the wholesomeness of its ingredients. This is probably the highest compliment of an official character ever paid to a proprietary article, through no more than the great army of baking powder consumers would expect in behalf of their old friend and favorite.

The result of the official examination, as thus determined, will, of course, make the Royal the standard for government purchase.

GROWTH OF FOREIGN COMMERCE UNDER THE MCKINLEY TARIFF. The following facts, taken from official records, dispose of the multitude of theories, to say nothing of countless democratic falsehoods:

1. Our imports of merchandise in 1891 were \$28,312,645, about \$5,000,000 greater than in 1890, 657,786,162 greater than in 1889 and \$126,450,216 larger than the annual average for ten years.

2. During 1891 our imports of merchandise free of duty were of the value of \$420,326,779, an increase in free imports of \$139,798,451 over 1890 and an increase of \$168,162,295 over value of like imports of 1879.

3. The percentage of free imports in 1891 pass 57.87; in 1890, 35.1; in 1889 39.9.

4. The large increase in free imports of merchandise has been of such articles as enter into the daily consumption of the people.

5. The value of our exports in 1891 was \$970,546,282, nearly a billion of dollars, exceeding the exports of 1890 by the sum of \$113,093,734, and of 1889 by the sum of \$143,499,935, or the average annual value for ten years by the sum of \$206,563,150.

6. This immense increase in exports has largely been in bread-stuffs, cotton provisions, and manufactures of iron, steel, cotton, and copper.

7. The balance of trade in our favor in 1891 was \$142,193,636.

8. The reciprocity clause of the new tariff has opened new markets for our produce and increased our exports.

9. Our total foreign trade in 1891 was of the value of \$1,798,811,928, an increase of \$117,918,654 over total foreign trade of 1890, of \$201,179,137 over 1889, and of \$333,006,367 over the annual average for ten years.

10. British trade is declining; the trade of the United States is wonderfully advancing. Thus do the facts and figures completely refute and overthrow every assertion made by the opponents of the new tariff in relation to its probable or possible effects upon our foreign commerce and at that time, remarkable as it may seem, of all the nations of the earth prosperity exists only in the United States.

THE FAILURE OF JUSTICE. It is a notorious fact, as stated by United States Judge Parker in a recent charge to a grand jury, that the enforcement of criminal law in this country is by no means a perfect success. For example, the number of known murders committed during the last two years was 10,196, and only 562 of the murderers suffered death for the crime. Moreover, of these 562, only 230 were executed in pursuance of law, while 323 were disposed of by the lynching process. Judge Parker estimates that the undiscovered murders outnumber the discovered ones, which goes to show that hardly one homicide in fifty is duly punished. The same is true in a relative degree of other crimes. A large proportion of them are never detected; a majority of the guilty parties are never caught, even when their identity is known; and in the cases of those who are arrested and tried, more are acquitted than convicted. There must be grave defects in our system of criminal jurisprudence, or this remarkable failure of justice would not ensue. We have plenty of courts and officers, but somehow they do not serve the purpose of bringing evil-doers to judgment and punishments with proper celerity and certainty.

In the opinion of Judge Parker there are several reasons for this unsatisfactory condition. The carelessness of courts, the prevalence of perjury, the use of corrupting influences, and above all, the indifference of the sources of mischief that he mentions. It is not to be doubted that the courts are too much disposed to let criminals escape on technical grounds. There is always a lawyer ready to defend a culprit by the use of all known forms of strategy and sophistry, and juries permit themselves to be swayed by arguments that are addressed to their prejudices and their sympathies instead of their reason. In the event of conviction, a pretext is readily found for granting a new trial, and that usually means a reversal of the first verdict. The highest judicial tribunals are not above listening to special pleas and interfering with the vindication of the law by ordering additional proceedings where there is no reasonable doubt as to the question of guilt. It is true, also, that money, social power, and other agencies are employed to shield the criminal from the prosecution. The people are much to blame, undoubtedly, and the remedy lies chiefly in their hands. Public sentiment is the controlling force in this as in all other matters, and the law will be enforced with more success whenever that sentiment demands such action with suitable clearance and earnestness. —Globe Democrat.

THE ONLY WAY, THEN, IS TO CALCULATE ON ACTUAL VALUES OF IMPORTATIONS AND DUTY COLLECTED. This will not be a true average, but perhaps the nearest that can be computed.

Every free trade paper in the country is still maintaining that the average rate under the McKinley tariff is 60 per cent. Now, what are the actual facts?

The latest figures at hand are those ending September 30, 1891. During the 12 months ending on that day our imports were valued as follows:

Free of duty	\$419,456,439.97
Dutiable	413,206,175.18
Total	\$832,662,615.15

Total duties collected during these 22 months..... \$199,049,090.49

It will be seen, then, that during the 12 months ending September 30, 1891, the average rate of duty on dutiable imports was 47 per cent, while on total imports, the honest way of reckoning, it was only 23 per cent.

Free trader is not only dishonest in his account, but he uses a dishonest method in getting at it. He only computes the rate on dutiable imports. By this mode of reckoning Great Britain's average rate is nearly 100 per cent suppose \$800,000,000 worth of imports all came in duty free with the exception of \$100,000,000 worth, upon which we collected \$50,000,000 duty. Would our average rate of duty be 50 per cent?

THE FACT IS, AS NEARLY AS WE CAN CALCULATE IT, THAT OUR PRESENT AVERAGE RATE IS ONLY 23 PER CENT—LESS THAN AT ANY TIME SINCE 1891.

THE RELEASE OF FARM MORTGAGES IN KANSAS FOR NOVEMBER, 1891, IN EXCESS OF MORTGAGES RECORDED, SHOW A NET REDUCTION OF ALMOST HALF A MILLION DOLLARS. For a state that sends a calamity prophet like Congressman Simpson as its representative to congress, this is a pretty fair showing, especially when we consider the enormous prices for all the necessaries of life, which the poor farmers have had to pay on account of the "iniquitous" tariff. May the good work go on.

MISSING LINKS. Mr. Gladstone's deafness is said to be increasing.

It is stated that the King of Greece speaks twelve languages.

Dr. Holmes has decided to undertake a more literary work for the present.

Chauncey M. Depew is credited with having 2,000 American infants named after him.

Count Herbert Bismarck's resemblance to his great father is said to grow more striking as years roll on.

THE TWO AGES. Folks were happy as days were long in the old Arcadian times. When life seemed only a dance and a song in the sweetest of all sweet climates. Our world grows bigger, and, stage by stage, As the pitiless years have rolled, We've quite forgotten the Golden Age And come to the Age of Gold.

Time went by in a sheepish way Upon Thessaly's plains of yore. In the Nineteenth century, lambs at play Me n' nation, and nothing more, Our swains at present are far too sage To live as one lived of old; So they enjoy the crook of the Golden Age With a hook in the Age of Gold.

From Corydon's reed the mountains round Heard the noise of his latest flame, And Tityrus made the woods resound With echoes of Daphne's name, They kindly left us a lasting gauge Of their musical art we're told, And the Pandean pipe of the Golden Age, Brings mirth to the Age of Gold.

Dwellers in huts and marble halls, From shepherdess up to Queen, Cared little for bonnets and laces for shawls, And nothing for crimoline, But now simplicity is not the rage, And it's funny to think how cold The dress they wore in the Golden Age Would seem in the Age of Gold.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas, Tobacco, balloons, and steam, Are little events that have come to pass Since the days of the old regime; And, spite of Lempriere's dazzling page, I'd give, though it might seem bold, A hundred years of the Golden Age For a year of the Age of Gold.

LOST ON THE DESERT. I now had every reason to believe that I was lost, yet a half hope that I might find some trail leading to the other side tolled me on. The sun was low in the west, and long shadows stretched from the rocky peaks over the bleak brown hills. A lonely feeling of fear and baffled plans came over me. Night was approaching; I was lost in the desert hills, without water and without grass—that which would enable me to escape.

The scenery grew more wild and broken, and the path a mere wind-swept alley between boulders, traveled only by the coyote and the mountain sheep. Stories about mountain lions, bears, travelers dying of thirst, crowded to my mind. The trail passed out from the rocks to the side of a deep, narrow canon, where, from a few hundred feet below, came the cheering sound of trickling water.

This gave me a moment's hope, but at the same instant I heard the croak of a raven as it sailed away from a jutting ledge below. I was an intruder upon a solitude which perhaps no man had ever entered before. The bird immediately flew back towards me, coming directly overhead, crying in the muffled voice common to its tribe. This black omen with its glossy plumes and rasping voice was a depressing accompaniment to the already discouraging train of events. Again and again it flew so near that I could hear the whir of its wings. Was it the portent of my fate? Was this black spirit, ravenbodied, croaking my requiem? Verily, the thought was natural even to an unsuperstitious mind. If it should fly at my horse's head in one of those fierce plunges its aim would be accomplished, for a few steps out of the way would hurl us, a crushed mass, on the rocks below.

It had followed me several hundred feet along the cliffs; I could not bear the strain upon my already harassed feelings any longer, and in one of its wheeling flights I seized my gun from the saddle, and with a snap-shot sent it tumbling into the gorge. I heard a prolonged croak as of outwitted venal intention, and my sable enemy fell to the ground below my horse, even, seemed to show relief in a sigh, and "forged along in better mood."

The canon now spread out into a selenic plain filled with plum-thickets, occasional mesquite, and willows. With some difficulty, by sliding and jumping, I soon reached the bottom of an old water-course cut of a clump of bushes sprang with a startled start, a pair of fine deer, sleekly with branching horns. They stopped long enough for easy rifle-shot, then bounded up the canon, and were hidden by a point of rocks.

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A DETERMINED CLIENT. How She Raised Funds for Her Suit and Retorted Her Lawyer.

"My first case," said a well-known Harlem lawyer to a N. Y. Commercial Advertiser man, was a very unique one. An Irish family of the name of Murphy, living up on the rocks in one of the fast disappearing remnants of Shanty-town, were fraudulently evicted from their tumble-down cabin by a rascally landlord. The practical head of the household was the wife, and she determined to fight the matter out. For three weeks the Murphys, children, furniture and all, lived in the back yard of their former home with nothing between them and heaven but a flimsy tent made of old sheets, while Mrs. Murphy tramped around town looking for a lawyer who would take their case for nothing.

"One day she charged into my office and told me her story with the stereotyped exactness that comes from frequent repetition. The case seemed to be a worthy one, and as I wasn't overburdened with work I agreed to take it free of charge and reinstate the Murphys in their dilapidated homestead. She wanted to get out a free summons against the landlord and waive several other small but necessary expenses, but I told her it would be more politic to pay these, as the total would not amount to \$5.

"'Folse dollars!' she cried; 'devil a cent have the Murphys seen since me husband losht his job wan month ago, and the lasht blisht thing thim pawn-brokers 'll take they've got already.' When I offered to loan her the money she went into such a rage that I apologized abjectly. 'Be the powers!' she exclaimed, after pacing the floor for about ten minutes, 'I forgot wan thing! Wait, misther, an' I'll be back in an hour!'

"She kept her word, and just as I was closing up shop for the day she reappeared with her hands full of silver, which she poured upon my desk. 'Mrs. Murphy,' I queried, 'where did you get this? I thought your last valuable had been pawned?' 'Yis,' she replied, with a gleam of triumph in the gray eye, 'ivrything except the goat. I tuk adid Nanny, whose milk me childer luv lived upon, over to the Kennys, and they lint me \$4.97 on her. There's the money, young man, and now, be the luv of hivin, go in and bate Me-Carty!'

"I take pleasure in stating that Me-Carty was 'baten.' In Ireland Denis Koochee died possessed of forty-eight children, 286 grandchildren, and 944 great-grandchildren. He had been married seven times.