

THE LOST CHILD.

She had to take a journey once with all her children—eight. Her brother Tom, the mean old thing, said "send 'em on as freight."

SMUGGING A HA'NT.

An Adventure in the Mountains of Tennessee.

All the boys in Wildcat cove believed implicitly in the existence of ghosts. Why should they not when their elders put such perfect faith in genuine "ha'nts?"

A cove in Tennessee is a long, deep valley among the mountains. Wildcat cove, extending away back among the cliffs of the Tennessee mountains, was exactly the place a haunt might be supposed to enjoy.

It was just the day for a grand hunt, and Bud and Coon determined to make the most of it. Long before the sun had found its way over the top of Walden ridge, while the morning sky was yet chill and gray, the boys were on their way to the head of the cove.

When they reached the banks of Lost creek the eastern sky was a sea of rippling pink, flecked with soft, dim dashes of changing gold and gray, and by the time they struck the ledge, far over the distant ridge beyond, the sun was rising slowly over the dark mountain and the cloud-mists were rolling up from the valleys.

Half way up the cliff the boys stopped for a moment to rest, for the path was unusually rough and steep. The point which they had in mind was two miles further on, in the range, as the woods where cattle feed or "range" in winter, are called.

Although where the cove was wider it was now quite light, down here in the ravine through which the creek rushed, foaming and rough, to its underground prison beyond, it was only a dim twilight as yet. They had climbed quite a distance already, and below them the waters of the creek roared and rushed. Far above on either side rose the ragged ledges of rock which formed the cliff-lined walls of the cove.

Genuine mountain boys as Bud and Coon both were, they of course were familiar with every inch of ground for miles around. There was nothing alarming to them in this dark hole; they knew it well. It was only a fissure in the rock, such as could be found in all the limestone cliffs among the mountains, and it extended, so far as they knew, only some thirty feet back from the ledge. It was not wide enough for even a boy to squeeze through with any degree of comfort, and at last grew so narrow that even the curious Coon had been able to go no further.

The boys had always thought that the passage probably led to the underground course of Lost creek; for the waters below suddenly disappear beneath the cliff, and where they appear again has never been discovered.

There was no sound in the ravine except the roar of the waters below. The people in the valley had not begun the day's work as yet, and the fields were quiet and deserted.

Coon broke the silence. Bud was the elder, but Coon usually took the lead. "Hit air on this ledge as the ha'nts been walkin', Bud. Old Man Waters seen hit no later'n a Chew-day week."

Bud started involuntarily. "Ef hit war ter appear to we-uns now?" he murmured apprehensively. "Thet hole thar put me in mind of hit," continued the other. "Old Man Waters, he sez hit come out'n thet hole an' walked over this ledge, an' jest about thutty feet over yan hit jest drapped plumb out'n sight; an' tho' he war a-lookin' an' a-lookin' fur hit ter come ter sight ag'in hit hed gone fur sure."

"Hit air plumb curus wher hit went," reflected Bud. "Hants air made of air, I reckon." Coon brought forward his theory with considerable confidence. "An' ef they air made out'n air they can't hurt a human, I 'low."

"There was such a peculiar note in his voice that Bud turned around with a long, searching look at him. "Air ye aimin' ter hunt fur the critter?" he whispered, almost trembling to think of the profanity of such a thing as disturbing a ha'nt.

"Ef hit air handy ter do so I aim ter." Coon spoke with his usual quiet drawl, but with such deliberate emphasis that the assertion carried conviction to Bud's wondering ears.

"Fur sure, Coon?" Bud was awed at such daring. "Yes, ef—" "Yes-ss!"

The boys were on their feet in an instant, faced, with dilated eyes, toward that yawning fissure. Back there, in the darkness, swayed a ghostly, grayish figure.

"Yes-ss, yes-ss, yes-ss!" mocked the ha'nt. Then its horrible, unearthly voice died away in a low mutter, as the darkness closed upon the fading figure.

Bud felt his hair rising with terror, and his tongue clung to the roof of his mouth. He could not speak. Too terrified to stir he gazed, fascinated, at the spot where the angered ha'nt had disappeared.

Coon's face was still a trifle pale, and his eyes were darker than usual; but he tried to steady his voice as he spoke: "Hit war the ha'nt, fur sure, Bud."

"An' hit war a-mockin' of ye, Coon. I 'low hit war powerful mad at ye, fur aimin' ter hunt it." Bud's voice trembled; but he was trying to appear indifferent as to whether the ghost was angry enough to attempt to injure them.

"I'm aimin' ter hunt hit," Coon persisted. His hair seemed rising still, and his knees felt unsteady, but his resolution did not falter.

Alarmed at such audacity, his comrade tried in vain to turn him from his purpose. Coon doggedly resisted. Bud finally desisted in sheer despair, and the boys were silent for awhile.

"Le's smudge him out, Bud," Coon said, at last, in a low whisper. Bud turned around in horror at such daring irreverence.

"Smudge out a ha'nt!" he gasped. "D'ye dast, Coon? What'll hit do ter ye, d'ye reckon?"

"I 'low we uns mought jest 'speermint on hit, anyways," Coon returned, deliberately. "Ye see, nobody knows jest what a ha'nt mought take hit inter his head ter do. But we uns could 'speermint, an' mebbe hit mought do some good."

"Hit mought blast the craps," "Well, hit mought, but ag'in hit moughtn't. We-uns would know fur sure ef hit war that-away then."

"Hit mought kill us dead," Bud ventured, dismally. "I'd like mighty well ter jest know fur certin' what a ha'nt would do," persisted Coon. "Granny's allers a-tellin' about er seeing on 'em, an' nary a word about 'em-a-doin' nothin', unless hit war skeerin' somebody mighty nigh ter death. An' I ain't skeery," suggestively, "ef hit air anything else."

"Naw, an' I ain't, neither. Well, we uns kin do hit, mebbe." Bud sighed; but heroically determined to follow where his friend might lead.

"An' hit would be mighty satisfiyin' ter know jest what a ha'nt war made of, an' jest what he war obligated ter do," Coon again asserted.

In spite of his deliberate manner he was a plucky little fellow, utterly fearless where ha'nts were not concerned, and of too inquiring a turn of mind to take the word on others' hearsay.

"Ef we-uns war kilt, hit would happen some time, anyways," Coon decided, philosophically; and Bud, too, was ready for the experiment.

The gray light was giving way to the warmer tints of day, and far down in the valley were now the sights and sounds of everyday life. The boys' courage revived under these influences.

Coon unfolded his plan. The hunt on the mountain was given up at once; more important work was now on hand. The only exit from the cave was on this ledge, and Coon was to guard it while Bud crept around the rock to a narrower part. In former hunting excursions the boys had often "smudged," or "smoked out," the coons that had taken refuge in the hole.

Bud was to attend to the smudging, while Coon stood ready with his gun at the entrance to meet the ha'nt if it should flee from the smoke.

"There ain't a critter nor yet a human es kin endure the smoke," Coon argued. "Mebbe a ha'nt kin; but we uns kin find out fur sure this-a-way."

Bud was waiting patiently at the mouth of the cave; he started forward as Bud's shaggy head appeared around the corner.

"Air hit there?" he gasped, breathlessly. "Not yit," Bud responded. "Thet war why I called ye. Hit come over me, if hit war'n't a human, hit mought come outen a hole no bigger'n the smudge hole. But I kin git a-holt of hit ef hit does, I reckon, with gum courage. He crept back to his fire.

The smoke had penetrated the furthest recesses of the fissure, and was now beginning to issue from the opening which Coon was guarding. He coughed now and then, but manfully stood his ground, hoping every minute for the appearance of the ghost. He wanted the matter settled. His gun was leveled at the center of the fissure.

"Se-ss-ss!" scratch, scratch, and another such unearthly yowl as had greeted them once before. It came from the larger mouth of the hole. Bud scrambled around the corner just in time to see Coon drop his gun and desperately clutch at something which looked like the grayish ghost he had seen before. Then ha'nt and boy had rolled over and over, locked in deathlike grip, over the ledge and down into the rushing, roaring waters of Lost creek.

The creek was almost a whirlpool here, for not far away it swept in a circling flood down into its grave under the mountain. It was a dangerous place at any time. Coon was in the wildcat's death-grip now, and could not have freed himself, even had he dared to loose his hold on the creature's throat.

But Bud was no coward. Much as he feared ha'nts he could be absolutely fearless in ordinary circumstances; and in that moment on the brink of the ledge he had recognized the ghost. The instant the combatants rose to surface, Bud was kneeling on the ledge, with his old gun aimed unerringly. In that instant he fired. Then, dropping swiftly down hand over hand, by the bushes and the trees, he reached the bank and plunged in to rescue the almost exhausted Coon. When Bud had finally drawn him to the shore, Coon was still grasping the dead wildcat. The boy's face was covered with blood, and both face and hands were badly scratched, but there was no serious injury. Bud pulled the dripping hero up on the bank silently, and washed away the blood-stains.

"Hit come mighty nigh killin' ye, Coon," he said at last, vainly striving to keep the tones of his voice even.

The boys had been friends all their lives and loved each other with a love as strong as was David's and Jonathan's of old. But mountain boys say even less of what lies nearest their hearts than boys elsewhere.

Although both hearts on the bank of Lost creek that day were full of the thought that they had faced death together, but a moment before, Coon made no answer. In his heart, however, he registered a silent vow that he would never forget how Bud had saved him at the risk of his own life, and Bud was proudly thinking how brave his comrade always was, and mentally determining always to stick by him.

Lost creek rushed on. A buzzard was circling far above the pine trees on the opposite cliff. Coon shivered slightly; if he had gone down in those waters! And that buzzard! He was glad it could never pick his bones. That lame little sister, Mary Ann, down in the cove, would have watched in vain for his coming, but for Bud. He turned the dead wildcat over. It was an unusually large one. The creature had seldom been known to come so far down on the mountain in these later years.

"Ef a ha'nt air a human dead a-ready, a gun couldn't make hit no deader," Coon argued, reflectively. "But smudin' an' a gun war all we uns hed ter fight with. I 'low that the only way ter do in this world's jest ter make er what a body does know, tel hit us up ag'in the thing what he kin use. We-uns done the best thing, I 'low," he concluded, philosophically, "fur we-uns."—Jean Halifax, in N. Y. Independent.

HE WAS A BUSY MAN.

But Some How or Other He Didn't Prosper in Life.

"Yes, I suppose you may call Eben a successful man. He does a good business, but in my mind he isn't prosperous." So said Mrs. Tracy to her sister, who had congratulated her on the purchase by her husband of a mill which he was thought to have bought at a bargain.

"Well," returned her sister, "it seems to me everything he touches comes out just right. He's the busiest man in town."

"That's just it," retorted Mrs. Tracy. "He's busy and he succeeds in his doings, but that isn't prospering—not as I understand it. You see," she continued, "when we were first married he leased the little wooden mill down on the stream, and we got along first-rate. He wasn't over-busy, and we used to ride round together every afternoon and have lots of company and good times."

"But he began to make money and buy more wool, and more mills to take care of it and more storehouses to put it in, until it takes about all his time to get from one mill to the other. Sometimes I see him on a Sunday, but he is generally busy resting up to start again. He's about as much a slave as if he was chained in a galley."

"Yes, but he does make money," said one.

"Well, perhaps so, but it all goes to buy more wool. If anybody hankers for lots of wool in this world, that's one thing. Eben has any amount of wool, but when it comes to getting the real solid goodness out of life and enjoying it, he's forgotten how to do it. Really, as I look at it, Eben is the most unprosperous man in town."—Youth's Companion.

ENTITLED TO CREDIT.

The Good Work Done by the Genuine Democrats.

The democrats in both houses of congress, with but few exceptions, are entitled to credit for doing all that it seemed to them possible to do toward the fulfillment of the pledges with respect to the tariff which their party made in 1892.

They have made an honest, earnest and persistent attempt to obey the popular mandate delivered when the present democratic congress and president were elected. They are deserving of great praise for wresting what they have wrested from a protectionist senate, and for holding out so long as there seemed to be a ray of hope against the protectionist amendments which that body thrust so plentifully into the Wilson bill.

The democrats of the ways and means committee labored with great zeal and industry, and finally produced a bill which was fairly acceptable to those who meant what they said when they voted for a tariff for revenue only. They did not produce a perfect bill by any means. They did not produce a bill which was satisfactory to most of their own number.

But they did produce one on right lines, based on right principles, and making a long step toward the final goal of commercial liberty and the ultimate abandonment of the entire policy of supporting and enriching favored industries by levying forced contributions upon others. They went as far as they believed it possible to go, in view of the known character of the senate, toward the total abolition of the republican system of legalized robbery.

The house, led for the time being by such men as Tom Johnson and De Witt Warner, went further than the committee and voted for free coal, iron and sugar and the immediate stoppage of the McKinley sugar bounty.

A majority of the democratic senators stood ready to go even farther than the house, making larger reductions on manufactured goods and going farther in the direction of ad valorem rates. But presently they found themselves confronted not only by the republican senators in solid array but by this body reinforced by enough senators calling themselves democrats to defeat any bill not acceptable to them and the interests they represented.

The question with the loyal democratic senators then was not what they wished to do but what it was possible to do. They contested the ground inch by inch, and yielded to the renegade senators no more than they were forced to yield. The result was a badly mutilated bill, but it was that or no bill. They had saved much that was valuable. The bill, bad as it was, was still vastly better than the McKinley monstrosity, and they accepted it as better than nothing.

The house has at last done the same, but not without making prolonged and heroic resistance. The house conference, headed by Chairman Wilson, struggled long and manfully against the bad amendments, forced upon the bill by the senate renegades, and their democratic associates in the house supported them without wavering until they became convinced that the choice lay between the mutilated bill and none at all.

The majority of the democrats are entitled to high praise for making a courageous and determined fight and saving the bill from wreck. It is not their fault that the measure is not far better than it is.—Chicago Herald.

SOME GOOD FEATURES.

Much Has Been Gained by the Passage of the Tariff Bill.

The democrats of the house for reasons admirably stated by Chairman Wilson and Speaker Crisp, accepted the senate tariff bill, with all its imperfections and its shame, rather than to get none.

Like the "held up" passengers in a helpless stage coach, they yielded to the political highwaymen of the senate without pretending to make a virtue of the necessity.

As a vindication of democratic principles against the betrayal of the four trust agents and speculating senators who forced the surrender, the house with surprising promptness and unanimity passed a bill making all sugars free, and also separate bills untaxing coal, iron and barbed wire.

This action was at once a challenge to the senate and a promise to the country. It mitigates the surrender. It proves again that the popular branch of congress remembers the pledges of the party and respects the demands of the people.

There is this further compensation for the humiliating result: It will relieve the country, for some years at least, of the fear of another general tariff upheaval.

Had congress adjourned without passing any bill tariff agitation would have dominated to elections and have been revived at the December session even if President Cleveland had not felt constrained to call an extra session. If President Cleveland shall permit this bill to become a law no party would dare to propose tearing it to pieces again immediately.

Nor can McKinleyism be restored during the next three years, even if the republicans should venture upon the issue and control the next two years. Mr. Cleveland's term will not expire until March, 1897. His veto cannot be overridden by the next congress, and the congress to be elected in 1896 will not meet for more than a year afterwards.

Even those who are most disappointed in the bill will soon come to consider three years of peace preferable to further suspense, anxiety and business depression.—N. Y. World.

The tariff, as finally passed while in many respects it falls short of the expectations of the country, is an enormous step forward in the direction of reduced taxation, a step that will never be retraced. From this time the fixed policy of the country will be toward the gradual reduction of import duties.—Philadelphia Times

PROTECTION BEATEN.

Important Reductions in the McKinley High-Tariff Duties.

Whatever has been gained has been wrested from a protective body. The country concurs in Mr. Wilson's report. The senate has a majority for protection. There are thirty-seven republicans, three populists and seven democrats who are champions of prohibitive tariffs on articles produced by their friends and therefore for all prohibitive tariffs—protection consisting in being for the other fellow's tariff if he will be for yours.

From this protective body the tariff reform democrats have wrested a reduction of sugar duties, free wool, lumber and silk and a great curtailment of tariffs on the textiles which the masses must buy for clothing. An income tax is secured, which relieves taxation on the household and places a share of federal expenses upon the wealth whose concentration has been favored by federal laws.

Not all that the house contended for and the country desired has been obtained. The sugar trust has not been severed from government partnership. Iron and coal are still taxed, and the commodities into whose cost they enter are still to bring higher prices than the people should pay. But as the chairman of the ways committee, himself as brave a champion as a cause ever had, says to his friends, when men have done their best, according to their capacity and judgment, they must fall back on the consciousness of duty done. For the democrats of the house the voters of the party have nothing but approval. What obligations came to them under the laws and the instructions of their constituents they have discharged with promptitude. There has been no departure from principle. In their proposition to reform the revenue they were moderate and business interests were never left in doubt. The contest for a better bill than the measure offered by the senate they have fought as long as there was the slightest chance to succeed and have abandoned it at the demand of business when success against a protective senate majority was a demonstrated impossibility.

That atrocity, the McKinley bill, is about to be wiped from the statute books by democratic votes. The pledge of 1892 to the people is redeemed as far as the people have conferred the power. The tariff reformers could not control a senate to which a majority of real reformers had not been elected. The house has shown what honest reformers can do by passing bills for free sugar, free iron, free coal and free barbed wire. Having placed the blame for the incompleteness of the reform where it belongs, the house democrats can adjourn in the "consciousness of duty done."

Now that tariff legislation is at an end for this congress, business men owe to the country an increased activity and confidence. The elements of prosperity are all with us. Set everywhere the example of faith and energy. Doubts about the laws are at rest. There is nothing else for business men to doubt except their own strength of will. Matters will not come right of themselves. Men must make them right. It is just about a year since the acute financial trouble began. It is just about time for the sharp revival to begin.—St. Louis Republic.

OPINIONS AND POINTERS.

The McKinley monstrosity has been beheaded.—Toledo Bee.

The best thing about the revised sugar schedule is that it is a still greater improvement over McKinley's. The further we get from McKinleyism the better, every time.—Boston Herald.

Republican organs are trying to scare the men who have had no wages under the McKinley law with the threat that they will have "lower wages" under the democratic tariff.—Chicago Herald.

McKinleyism at least is dead, and its vile offspring is already doomed. Only let the people, whose cause has been so ably and so nobly led by the men who stood true to the Wilson bill, now take up the battle, and "protectionism" will meet its Gettysburg in November.—N. Y. Herald.

If business is so improved by the settlement of the tariff question for the time that the gain is apparent to the most obtuse observer, the fact will prove so damaging to McKinleyism as to render it a losing game to clamor for the restoration of McKinley duties.—Boston Transcript (rep.).

The new bill, whatever its defects, is better than its predecessor. It sounds the knell of McKinleyism, and, if it does not reduce the profits of all bloated trusts, the fault is not with the democratic party, but with the freebooters in the irresponsible senate, who will doubtless be dealt with in due time.—N. Y. Morning Journal.

If anybody thinks tariff reform sentiment is less strong throughout the country than it has been let him follow the proceedings of the democratic conventions and meetings that are being held in various sections of the country nowadays. No step backward is the unanimous cry. If this strong, popular sentiment is not heeded in Washington those who are blocking the way might as well prepare for permanent retirement from public life. That is their usual destiny.—Boston Herald.

The lesson principally to be learned from this tariff contest and its impotent conclusion is that when the republican party made the protected interests a partner in the government it in fact made them the governing partner in the firm. The way to cure the situation, so intolerable to the people, is not to reduce the interest of the protected manufacturers, but to dissolve the partnership altogether. The way to reform the tariff is to abolish it. There can be no half way measures with vice, and protection is nothing but economic vice—the prostitution of government to the ends of private profit.—Chicago Times.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Lord Forester, a canon of York cathedral, who recently died, inherited the privilege of wearing his hat in the presence of royalty, a privilege conferred by grant to an ancestor in the reign of Henry VIII.

Among the useful accomplishments of Queen Victoria and Princess Beatrice is to be included straw-plaiting, and William of Germany and others are said to wear and prize straw hats made for them by the fingers of royalty.

Among the house-boats on the St. Lawrence one of the most charming is the Idler, owned by two New York girls, the Misses May and Ella Dewey. Here they give luncheons, teas and dances, and lead an Arcadian social life.

The fact is not very well known that Rudyard Kipling is not of pure Caucasian extraction. One of his parents was a Eurasian, or half-caste, and the fractional proportion of native blood that flows through his veins is just one-fourth.

Thomas E. Breckinridge, who crossed the plains with Fremont's expedition in 1845, is living at Telluride, Col., in destitute circumstances. Petitions praying the federal government to grant him a pension are circulating in Colorado and California.

The only woman in the world entitled to wear the Russian cross of St. George is the ex-Queen Marie of Naples, upon whom it was bestowed by the late czar, in recognition of the bravery with which she defended Gaeta, the last stronghold of the Bourbon dynasty in Italy.

It is noted that A. Conan Doyle is paving the way for this country, by saying flattering things about the United States. It is, however, only fair to add that there are many complimentary allusions to this country and its institutions in his books which were written before he expected to pay it a visit.

A heroic little life ended nobly a few days ago in London, in the death of John Clinton, the ten-year-old son of a cabinman. It is only a few months since the lad showed his bravery and presence of mind by saving his little brother from death by fire. The child's clothing was in a blaze, and John not only distinguished this, but tore down the window curtains, which had also caught fire. He met his death by springing in the Thames to rescue a younger boy, who had fallen in. He saved the child, but was himself drowned.

Cardinal Gibbons is the owner of a box made of wood from the old mulberry-tree at St. Mary's, under which the first mass in Maryland is said to have been celebrated in 1634. The tree, which was blown down about ten years ago, was supposed to be fully four hundred years old, and from its wood was made chancel furniture and other fittings for the Protestant Episcopal church at St. Mary's. Cardinal Gibbon's box was presented to him by Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, who had it made from a piece of the root of the tree.

HUMOROUS.

Even the most successful attempt to bear the wheat market must go against the grain.—Buffalo Courier.

The Real Thing—Aunt Chloe—"I've readin' dat de gods has amblesher an' neekchore ebery day." Uncle Ephum—"Dat's nuffin, honey; we's got watermiljuns."—Detroit Free Press.

Cla ra (at Santa Cruz)—"Thet letter seems to have made you very happy." May—"Yes; it is from Jack. He has heard that I am flirtin' terribly, and is delightfully angry about it."—Oakland Echoes.

Circumstances althas cases, shoh," said Uncle Eben. "De man dat likes ter hyah hisse' holler in an agymment doan seem ter git no satisfaction 'tall fun de soun' ob his voice drivin' eow's."—Washington Star.

Papa," said a little boy, "ought the teacher to whip me for what I did not do?" "Certainly not," my boy," replied the father. "Well," replied the little fellow, "he did to-day when I didn't do my sum."—Tit-Bits.

Not Available.—Professor (to medical student)—"Mr. Doselets, will you please name the bones of the skull?" Student (perplexed)—"I've got them all in my head, professor, but the names don't strike me at the moment."—Truth.

Another Chance—Scribble—"Did you see anything of a bundle of manuscript I had marked '1877'?" Mrs. Scribble—"No. Anything important?" Scribble—"There were some seventeen-year locust jokes in it. I thought I might try 'em on again."—Harlem Life.

A Harlem Idyl—She lived in a flat. She was tired out with house-cleaning; but, when the postman rang the bell, she left everything and ran down three flights of stairs to open the letter-box. Inside she found a paper circular: "How to Beautify Your Lawn!"—Puck.

Mr. Watts—"I thought you told me the new girl was well trained. She can't cook a little bit." Mrs. Watts—"No, she can't cook much, but she is perfectly lovely with china. She clerked in the crockery department of one of the big dry-goods stores for more than a year."—Indianapolis Journal.

Unjust Discrimination.—"Officer Phaneagay—"It's thin you're lookin' Mike." Officer O'Morphy—"Tis the fault of the chief, be hang'd to him." Officer Phaneagay—"How's that?" Officer O'Morphy—"Shure, an' he put me be'at with never a frait stand on it, the discriminat'n' blaggard!"—Chicago News.

To Meet Again.—First Friend—"You look bine, old fellow, what's the matter?" Second Friend—"I've just returned from my mother-in-law's funeral." First Friend—"I'm very sorry to hear it." Second Friend—"Oh, it isn't that that's worryin' me, but the sermon knocked me out completely." First Friend—"Was it very affectin'?" Second Friend—"Yes—the minister said: 'Weep not; ye shall surely meet again.'"—Truth.

He found his cow with a shot in her body.