

# The Farmers' Alliance.

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## Notice to Subscribers.

**EXPIRATIONS.**  
As the easiest and cheapest means of notifying subscribers of the date of their expiration, we will mark this notice upon the expiration of the date at which their subscription expires. We will send the paper two weeks after expiration, if not renewed by that time it will be discontinued.

## POETRY.

Written for THE ALLIANCE by Mrs. J. T. Kellee.  
The Pauper's Cowhides.

**TUNE—KINGDOM COMING.**  
Say, Richards' have you seen the paupers,  
With a mortgage on their lands,  
Going to congress with their cowhides,  
And honest horny hands.  
They say the schemers each year stealing  
Their hard earned crops away,  
And their sad houses they are leaving  
To right their wrongs to-day.

**CHORUS.**  
To congress now, ho ho ho  
The cowhide boots will run—  
This must be the hayseed jubilo,  
And the pauper's indignom combo.  
Money changers say that by no paupers  
Their demands shall be denied;  
They scorn them now as they long ago  
Seem'd a pauper's enemies.  
They judge men by the wealth they've stolen  
And the patent boots they wear;  
Say drones of earth alone can rule us,  
That no cowhide rule they'll bear.  
They used to tan the skins of paupers  
Down in an eastern land;  
But Richards' patent turns them out  
With skins already tanned and bound.  
But the banker's power will soon be broken,  
Their gold will lose its sway;  
When the cowhides boots get into congress  
They'll bring a better day.

**The Hayseed.**  
By ARTHUR L. KELLOGG.  
**TUNE—SAVE A POOR SINNERS LIKE ME.**  
I was once a tool of oppression,  
And as green as a cucumber could be,  
And monopolies banded together  
To beat a poor hayseed like me.  
The railroads and old party bosses  
Together did sweetly agree;  
And they thought there would be little  
Trouble in working a hayseed like me.  
They told me that politics always  
Were filthy and foul, don't you see;  
And raising my turpins and cabbage  
Would be better for hayseed like me.  
And at every election they fed me  
With taffy and cream as could be,  
But when they elected their ticket  
They forgot a poor hayseed like me.  
They sold themselves out to the banker,  
And thought it would be a fine spree  
To fire all the greenbacks and silver  
And rob all such hayseeds as me.  
They went into league with the devil  
For the sake of a high license fee,  
But never a cent of the profits  
But none to a hayseed like me.  
But now I've roused up a little,  
And their greed and corruption I see,  
And my neighbors are waking around me,  
And I find they're all hayseeds like me.  
And so we've formed an Alliance,  
From oppression we're bound to be free,  
And the ticket we vote next November  
Will be made up of hayseeds like me.

**Alliance Song.**  
By G. E. VAUGHN.  
**TUNE—MARCHING ALONG.**  
The farmers are gathering from near and  
From far,  
The Alliance is sounding the call for the war.  
The battle is raging, it will be fearful and  
Long.  
We'll gird our armor and be marching  
Along.  
Men are before us that would lead us astray,  
But let us not follow or turn from the war.  
The pass word our strength, be this ever our  
Song,  
We'll join the Alliance and go marching  
Along.  
We've listed for life and will camp on the  
Field;  
With faith in the Alliance we never will  
Yield.  
United we stand, both trusty and strong,  
We will pull together and be marching along.  
Through hardships and trials our gold we  
Must bring,  
For here we contend against monopolies ring;  
But one thing is certain, we cannot go wrong;  
If we pull together while marching along.

**CHORUS.**  
Marching along, we are marching along,  
Stand by each other while marching along.  
The battle is raging, 'twill be fearful and  
Strong,  
Then pull together while marching along.

**The Old Soldier Racket.**  
J. W. Pearman, formerly of this state,  
Has been brought back here by the  
Railroad gang to work the old soldier.  
In addition to being one of the lowest  
blackguards that ever disgraced the  
state, there isn't a more unscrupulous  
liar west of the Mississippi river than  
this same Pearman. For this fellow to  
set himself up as an adviser to old sol-  
diers is simply disgusting. Parolles is  
his only counterpart.

**GRAIN RATES.**  
The Relation of the Farmers to the Rail-  
roads—Grain Rates and the Inter-  
State Commission.  
In the Chicago *Railway Review* of July  
26, Mr. Aldace F. Walker reviews the  
arguments of G. W. Lamberton, of  
Nebraska, before the Inter State Com-  
merce Commission, in behalf of lower  
freight rates on Nebraska grain, and  
presents the arguments in favor of the  
railroad side of the question.  
Such arguments may be epitomized  
in two paragraphs as follows:  
"The Commission claims to have  
found that the average cost of produc-  
ing a bushel of corn on a Nebraska  
farm and delivering the same at the  
railroad station is 18 cents. This is  
certainly an outside figure, and it in-  
cludes not only the cost of all labor and  
actual expenses paid out, but also inter-  
est upon the farmer's entire property,  
not simply his investment, but the cur-  
rent market value of the land."

To this paragraph the following clip-  
ping from a Nebraska paper is the farm-  
er's answer:

"A gentleman now a resident of this  
city, formerly a resident of Iowa, states  
that in 1888 he sold 160 acres of land in  
Crawford county, Iowa, for \$25 per acre.  
Since that time the Chicago, Milwaukee  
& St. Paul road has built a line  
and started the town of Bucks Grove  
within eight rods of the farm, but not-  
withstanding this he was offered the  
entire farm the other day for \$15 per  
acre, making a depreciation of \$1,000 in  
the value in seven years. He states  
that all through that part of Iowa he  
can buy improved farms for \$8 to \$10  
less per acre than he could get wild  
land for seven years ago."

Mr. Walker then proceeds to state  
that "In other words, the farmer at  
Lincoln, in receiving 18 cents per bush-  
el for his corn, gets more than he is  
willing to allow the railroad company,  
for the railroad receives 18 cents per  
bushel, and interest upon not the first  
cost, but upon the present value of his  
plant." But the present value of the  
farmer's land, as will be seen from the  
following clipping, is much less, including  
improvements, and all, than the first  
cost of the raw land, and does not in-  
clude the value of improvements made,  
so that Mr. Walker's statements are  
misleading, to say the least.  
The farmer, although the most inter-  
ested party, has nothing whatever to  
say in reference to the valuation or  
price of his farm, such value or price  
having been gradually and continuously  
depreciated, until the depreciation in  
value since 1873 has been at least 50 per  
cent. This depreciation has been caused  
directly (in common with that of all  
other values, both of real estate and all  
other produce and commodities, by the  
insufficient and unprofitable interest upon  
the appreciation in the value of gold,  
caused by the demonetization of silver  
and the adoption of the single gold  
standard, contrary to law) by the treas-  
ury of the United States.

And the same legislation, indirectly,  
has caused a greater depreciation in  
value of farm lands, as compared with  
other values, because the fall in price of  
all farm products has rendered farm-  
ing unprofitable and has caused upon  
desirable property to own and pay taxes  
upon. But the mortgage upon the  
farm has not only not decreased in its  
face value, but on the contrary, has  
largely increased in actual value, be-  
cause it takes so much more produce of  
all kinds to pay both principal and in-  
terest.

With these facts in view we will pro-  
ceed to a consideration of Mr. Walker's  
plea that the farmers are not willing to  
allow the railroad to "cut their throat"  
at the first cost, but upon the present  
value of the roads. To one not aware of  
the actual facts this plea may appear to  
be plausible, but it is, in fact, specious  
and misleading.  
Railroad values (represented as they  
are by interest-bearing bonds and divid-  
end paying stocks) like farm mort-  
gages, have wonderfully increased, not  
in face, but in actual values, by reason  
of the increased purchasing power of  
the money received as interest and divid-  
ends. In the value of railroad property  
was justly to bear the same depreciation  
from the same cause that the farm  
lands and farm products have suffered,  
then the rates of freight upon all classes  
of farm produce should have been lower-  
ed in the same proportion that the  
prices of farm produce have fallen. But  
such has not been the case, as freight  
upon corn is about the same as when  
spring when corn was selling for fif-  
teen cents, as when it was selling for  
fifty cents. Moreover, railroad values  
unlike any other values, are largely in-  
creased, instead of interest being based  
upon the principal, the amount of exist-  
ing principal is determined by the  
amount of interest paid.

In other words, the supposed value  
of a railroad is the amount upon which  
tribute exacted from the people will  
pay a fair rate of interest, while the  
limit of this tribute is affixed by the  
owners of the railroads, who "charge  
all the traffic will bear." It will be  
noted at once, that the railroads under  
this arrangement possess privileges  
and advantages that are not and cannot  
be accorded to the farmer. If the farmer  
were not subject to the law of price  
and the fluctuations of values, but  
could set the price of his products at  
such figures as would pay him for his  
labor and expenses, and interest on his  
land and improvements, then he would  
be quarrel with or grievance  
against the railroads. But he cannot  
do this. He has to take what he can  
get for his grain, while the gold bugs  
have legislated away the value of his  
farm and his lifetime of toil, as repre-  
sented by improvements.

In the face of this state of affairs it  
is astonishing that the railroads have  
never limited themselves to "the first cost  
or actual value of their plant."  
"Poor's Manual" for 1888 states that  
the cost of money for all the railroads in  
operation did not exceed the amount  
of indebtedness, to-wit: \$3,787,410,000  
and that the capital stock of \$3,708,000,  
388 was water, or in excess to the cost  
of construction. And he puts the cost  
at \$30,000 per mile, which is too high.  
The *Railway Age* puts the cost of con-  
struction in 1889 at \$20,000 per mile.  
Mr. Blaine's article in the *North American  
Review* in reply to Mr. Gladstone,  
takes another billion dollars from the  
cost (to the stockholders) of the road.  
He says: "If all the advances to rail-  
way companies, together with the out-  
right gifts by towns, cities, counties,  
states and nation be added together the  
money value would not fall short of \$1,  
000,000,000." And it may be added that  
since 1888 the issue of fraudulent bonds  
and watered stock has more than kept  
pace with the building of new railroads.  
Now the farmers demand:

First—That the capitalization of rail-  
roads shall be reduced by the elimina-  
tion of fraudulent bonds and stock to  
the present value of the plant, i. e., cost  
of construction and subsequent improve-  
ments.

Second—That such value shall show  
the same depreciation as evidenced by  
lower freight rates, as the farms of  
America show as evidenced by the de-  
creased prices of all agricultural prod-  
ucts.

Third—As the net receipts, above all  
cost and expenses of operation, will av-  
erage, for a series of years, one-half of  
the gross receipts, and one-half of such  
net receipts or profits are made  
upon fraudulent and fictitious capital-  
ization, they demand that the rates be  
reduced one-fourth, when they would  
continue to pay the present rate of in-  
terest upon the present actual value of  
the plant.—George C. Ward, in *Indus-  
trial Age*.

## HAPPINESS.

"Thou shalt be happy" so I told my heart  
One summer morning many a year ago;  
"Thou shalt be happy; thou shalt have thy  
part  
Of mirth and feasting in the great world's  
show,  
Thou shalt have health and wealth, high fame  
and praise,  
Thy peace shall be with those who sit  
above;  
Thou shalt have sunshine on the dullest days,  
And, best of all, my heart, thou shalt have  
love."

Thus, in the morning of my days, I spake  
Into my heart, and gladly it replied:  
"The world is all before us, we can make  
Joy for ourselves, a never-ending tide."  
So we set out, my heart and I, in mirth,  
To seek for happiness—upon the earth.

God gave us health and wealth, and we were  
glad,  
Thus, for a season, waiting joys to come;  
God gave us fame and praise, a little sad  
We were, my heart and I, amid the hum  
Of voices lauding us, till one, more dear  
Than all the rest, spake gentle words and  
sweet.

Then we grew jubilant with right good cheer,  
And happiness came on with flying feet,  
Drewn near—but passed—Alas! my heart and I,  
We could not hold the radiant wanderer  
fast.

One rose-tint of her lips in fleeting by  
Was ours; one precious look—the first, the  
last.  
She will return, we said, with love's new birth.  
There must be happiness for us on earth.

We lost fair health, my heart and I, and fell  
Sore sick; we were sorrowful, fount drea-  
m says.  
We lost our wealth, and none drew near to tell  
Of comfort waiting us in better days.  
But where is happiness? Alack! we find  
She is not ours to beckon as we list;  
We have no magic spell wherewith to bind  
This rare, bright visitant to earth. We  
miss.

The royal road to happiness; but lo!  
Something is saved us from the wreck of  
all.  
We have content, though doubtful blessings  
go,  
And peace entwines our crosses great and  
small.  
We learn, my heart and I, the world's true  
worth,  
And seek for happiness—but not on earth.  
—All the Year Round.

## THE ROSY WRAPPER.

By MARY R. SMITH.  
BEAUTIFUL, beauti-  
ful, but perfectly use-  
less!" exclaimed Helen  
Austin, as she lifted  
a cashmere wrapper  
from the box in  
which it had been  
packed, and shook out  
its soft folds.

It was beautiful, in truth. The  
ground was a lovely rose color, over  
which meandered a delicate vine,  
with sprays of wild roses and buds  
of a deeper tint, and faint green  
leaves. A little, not too much, soft  
lace finished neck and sleeves, while  
one or two bows gave piquancy to  
the whole. It was a bridal present,  
which had just come to Helen Austin  
on the day before her marriage.

"It is just like Cousin Mary," con-  
tinued the bride-elect; "fine, dainty,  
exquisite; but it would be utterly  
out of harmony with my blacks and  
browns and grays. I could never  
wear it in the world."  
"But my dear, is there any law  
compelling you to wear only blacks  
and browns and grays?" asked Mrs.  
Lindley, the friend to whom she was  
showing it.

"Certainly there is; the law of fit-  
ness, of propriety. An elderly spin-  
ster, who marries a doctor of divinity  
and his four boys, keeps her house  
and does her share of parish work,  
ought to be attired with becoming  
sobriety."

"But the colors would be so be-  
coming to you," pleaded her friend.  
"Yes, I used to wear those colors  
in my young days, and if I were 18,  
or even 25 instead of 48, as I am,  
it would be just the thing. But will  
you look at the label: 'A Rainy Day  
Wrapper.' Whatever does cousin  
Mary mean?"

"Just what she says, Helen. She  
wants you to wear it in your new  
home to brighten the dull, rainy, de-  
pressing mornings for your husband  
and children."

"I thought cousin Mary had a bet-  
ter sense of correspondences. Now, if  
I could ever bring myself to put on  
this rainy dress, it would be upon  
some cloudless Sunday morning in  
the early June. I should want to sit  
upon the piazza, with the flowers blo-  
ssoming and the birds singing, and  
the blue sky overhead, and every-  
thing in harmony. Even then I'm  
sure I should feel like a little brown  
sparrow in the feathers of a bird of  
paradise. A rainy day wrapper, in-  
deed! No, thank you. My gray one  
with the Persian trimming will do  
well enough for rainy days."

"My dear, you are wrong, believe  
me, and Cousin Mary is right. She  
has lived in a house full of brothers  
all her life, and knows, as I do, that  
the masculine eye delights in soft,  
pretty colors. Men don't always  
know what it is that pleases them,  
but they are pleased with bright,  
cheerful colors in a woman's dress.  
You should wear the wrapper for the  
sake of your husband and boys."

"Oh, as for Dr. Kendall, the dear  
man! he is so absorbed in his studies  
that he would never know whether I  
was robed in sky blue or grass green,  
or dandelion yellow, or poppy red,  
bless him! As for Phil and Teddy,  
they are rampaging boys, too young  
to know or care what anybody  
wears; while Max and Howard are  
young gentlemen of such fastidious  
tastes I'm sure they'd laugh to see  
their new old mother tricked out like  
a young girl. No, my dear friend, I  
know my duty better."

## Bees Block a Train.

A swarm of bees created a block in  
a curious manner on the Perkiomen  
railroad the other day. A freight  
train running between Perkiomen  
Junction and Allentown stopped to  
take water at Palm station, twenty  
miles north from here. A swarm of  
bees from a neighboring farm-house  
had taken refuge in some woods near  
by, and when the train stopped at  
the station they came buzzing out  
and alighted with one accord on the  
tender behind the engine. The en-  
gineer and his assistant in the en-  
gine and the brakeman, standing  
around the train were astonished at  
the visitation and promptly sought  
safety in the waiting-room of the  
station. The fireman, William  
Heist, was on the engine cab at the  
time busily shifting coal from one  
side of the tender to the other, and  
in an instant a hundred bees set up  
on him. Half mad with pain, he  
jumped off the tender and rolled wild-  
ly in the grass at the roadside.

The schedule time for starting the  
train came and went, but the crew  
saw no way in which to start. They  
held a consultation over the prob-  
lem, and finally a bright idea struck  
the engineer. Putting it into execu-  
tion, he crept softly and unconcern-  
edly up to the tender, after the man-  
ner of an experienced bee farmer, and  
secured possession of the adjustable  
nose with which engineers are accus-  
tomed to clean their cabs. He got  
the drop on the bees and turned on  
them a steady stream of cold water.  
The effect was magical. The entire  
swarm took to their wings and de-  
scribed a straight line—a bee line—to-  
wards the woods. The train then  
resumed its journey, fifteen minutes  
behind time.—Phoenixville (Pa.)  
Special to New York Sun.

**He Never Called Again.**  
A stiff Englishman made a formal  
call on an equally stiff English girl  
down in Staten Island not long ago.  
He called about 4:30 in the after-  
noon, and sat in one of those com-  
fortable square wicker chairs. About  
5 o'clock he made a motion to rise,  
but resumed his seat; the young lady  
resumed hers.

She had an engagement at half-  
past 5, and saw the hands of the  
clock near that hour. Twice the  
man seemed on the point of leaving;  
twice he started to rise, twice she  
rose; then he sat down again, and  
she resumed her seat each time. Fi-  
nally the half hour struck—then it  
became quarter to 6. The engage-  
ment had not been kept. Did the  
man intend to stay to dinner? He  
didn't, he explained matters.

"Miss M.," he said at last, with  
considerable hemming and hawing,  
"the ah—buttons on the tail of my  
ah—coat are caught in the ah—  
back of the ah—chair, and I can-  
not disengage them. May I ah—  
ask your assistance?"

Miss M. came to his assistance and  
cut the buttons off instead of taking  
them out of the chair back. The  
Englishman's leave takings were  
brief, and he never repeated the call  
even to this day.—Chatter.

**Married After Twenty-Three  
Years.**  
From the Stanton, Va., *Valley Star*.  
Twenty-three years ago Mr. Joseph  
Hamilton and Miss Virginia Hick-  
man, both of Bath county, were en-  
gaged to be married, but they had a  
lovers quarrel, and Mr. Hamilton  
left for California, where he settled in  
San Diego county. By hard work  
he became a prosperous man. About  
a month ago he returned to his old  
home near Millborough Springs, and  
in forty-eight hours after his arrival  
married Miss Hickman, who had re-  
mained faithful to her first and only  
love. The bride is a first cousin of  
the celebrated Bishop William Tay-  
lor, a native of Rockbridge, and for  
many years past Bishop of Africa.  
Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton will spend the  
next two months visiting relatives,  
and will then leave for their Califor-  
nia home.

**The Nun and the Burglar.**  
A remarkable instance of courage  
and presence of mind occurred very  
recently in a convent not many miles  
from Charing Cross. A member of  
the sisterhood—the duty being taken  
in turns—nightly makes a complete  
round of the building in order to see  
everything secure. In one of the pas-  
sages she thought she saw a figure  
moving, and coming nearer and  
turning her lamp full on she saw a  
man trying to hide. The intrepid  
lady, without a moment's hesitation,  
addressing the intruder, said: "Oh,  
I am afraid you have missed your  
way and come to the wrong place.  
Let me show you to the open road."  
The stranger followed without a  
word and quietly passed through the  
door to the road. There was no  
doubt from where he was found that  
the fellow meant to abstract some  
valuables.—London Telegraph.

**A Popular Aristocratic Club.**  
According to the latest club book  
of the Union club the waiting list  
numbers nearly 350, and less than  
forty vacancies occurred within the  
last year. The limit of 1,200 was  
reached during that period, and the  
waiting list was reduced by about  
eighty. If vacancies continue to oc-  
cur at the average of the past two  
years it will take exactly nine years  
to elect the present waiting list, un-  
less some die off or get tired of stand-  
ing in line.—New York Sun.

## Outwitting the Dean.

I was talking recently with an En-  
glish clergyman of the Episcopal  
church who gained his B. A. at Ox-  
ford nearly half a century ago. The  
conversation turned to Harvard  
college and the decoration of its  
founder's statue. The reverend gen-  
tleman said that his recollections of  
his Oxford days contained plenty of  
episodes of a like nature and he ac-  
cordingly related several. Upon the  
great quadrangle of the Christ Church  
college a number of the halls front  
and upward of fifty doors open.  
One fine morning every one of these  
doors, which were of oak, was paint-  
ed a bright crimson. Of course there  
was great agitation, but the identity  
of the dean, in order to prevent a re-  
currence of the deed, stationed a  
watchman in the quadrangle, and so  
well did that functionary perform his  
duties that the doors were not touch-  
ed. But the students resolved to cir-  
cumvent the dean and outwit the  
sentinel.

One evening a big undergraduate,  
who had possessed himself of a flow-  
ing gown and wig, personating the  
dean, entered the "quad mag," as  
the court is affectionately termed,  
and approached the watchman.  
"Ahum! ahum!" he began in a deep  
pitched voice, "I am glad my man,  
to find you attending to your duty  
so well. Now you go to my kitchen  
and my cook will give you a good  
supper and plenty of ale. I will keep  
watch while you are gone." Flattered  
and pleased the man accepted the  
invitation and went. He was gone  
fifteen minutes. In the meantime  
each one of the fifty doors was paint-  
ed a sunset red.—Boston Advertiser.

**Never Deserted Him.**  
From the Pittsburg Dispatch.  
A clergyman was lamenting the fact  
that his congregation appeared to be  
restless during his sermons, and  
declared that many of the members  
of his flock would get right up at a  
time when he fancied himself most  
impressive, and would leave the  
house.

"That's bad," answered a young  
preacher, "but I must say that I do  
not experience any such annoyance.  
Not a single member of my congrega-  
tion gets up and goes out during the  
services."

"You don't say so!" the first speak-  
er exclaimed. "How do you manage  
it?"

"I don't manage it at all—seems  
to manage itself."

"Don't they complain when you  
preach a long sermon?"

"No; I've never heard a word of  
complaint."

"That is indeed singular. Your  
people must have been exceptionally  
well brought up."

"No, I think not."  
"Then you must be one of the most  
eloquent of men. What is the style  
of your preaching?"

"Oh, rather dry. I am compelled to  
admit, I do possess the faculty of  
drawing an interesting illustration or  
of throwing out a bright idea."

Well, well, I never heard of any-  
thing so wonderful. And you tell  
me that no one ever gets up and goes  
out?"

"Yes, that's what I tell you."  
"Well, I don't understand it all."  
"Oh, it is easy enough to explain.  
I am chaplain at the penitentiary."

## Secretary Seward's Opinion.

I heard a story of William H. Sew-  
ard the other day which I think is a  
new one. I am not certain, but I am  
impressed with a conviction that it  
comes from Miss Olive Hiseley Sew-  
ard, an adopted daughter of the late  
Secretary Seward, whose Bohemian  
literary salon is one of the most  
charming places to which one can  
have the entree at the national cap-  
ital. It was at the time when the  
was great agitation of the removal  
of the capital, and all Washington  
was alarmed. One of the scared ones  
said to Secretary Seward, "Mr. Sew-  
ard, do you think the capital will be  
removed from Washington?" "Yes,  
I think it will," was the reply. "But  
where to Chicago?" "No." "What?  
Not to St. Louis? Well, where then?"  
"To the City of Mexico. That will  
probably be the center of population  
of the United States one of these  
days."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**A Valuable Cook.**  
Detroit Tribune.  
"Those little darkies we used to  
have down there for cooks were jew-  
els—weren't they?" remarked M. J. Stew-  
art, of the celebrated Battery B, 4th  
art. "I had one in camp at one  
time who was worth a good many  
dollars to me. I hadn't given him  
any money for a good while, the last  
being a \$10 bill, so I was very much  
astonished when we continued to  
have all the delicacies that were going  
without any call for the wherewith."  
"Accordingly, one day when a fine  
plump turkey was served up for din-  
ner I asked him where he got it, and  
how much he paid for it."

"'Nutt'n,'" replied the little Satan.  
"Day couldn't change de ten dollars,  
massah."

"The rascal had always contrived  
to purchase where he knew the bill  
could not be changed. We had been  
living on the flat of the land for  
weeks without a cent of expense."

**One Oriental Flatter.**  
The secretaries of the Chinese  
embassy in Washington has shown  
himself apt in the art of compliment.  
He was introduced to a lady who,  
among other questions, asked him:  
"What virtue do you most highly  
prize in your women?" "The virtue  
of domesticity," was the reply.  
"Then you do not like your women  
to move in society much?" she ques-  
tioned. "Not at all. Our law even  
recognizes cause for divorce when a  
woman—pardon me madame—insin-  
uates and talkative." "Then I  
should be in danger of being divorced  
if I lived in China?" smilingly asked  
the lady. "The very day that my  
country would have luck to possess  
a womanly being like you," replied  
the gallant one of the heavenly realm,  
"every cause of divorce would be re-  
moved from the world."

**He Wasn't Sure.**  
One of the delegates to a late cat-  
tle breeding conference told this  
story on himself. At one of the hotels  
a man takes the hats of the guests  
as they go into the dining room, and  
hands each man his hat without  
hesitation or mistake as he comes  
out.

"How did you know," asked the  
wondering delegate, "that this was  
my hat?"

"I didn't know it was your hat,"  
was the quick response; "I only  
knew it was the hat you giv me."  
—Chatter.

**The Wrong Coat.**  
A tall erect figure speeding up  
State street, with a coat which reach-  
ed half way up his back, was an object  
of interest one night. It seems that  
the school committee took advan-  
tage of the absence of the women  
members and removed their coats  
while holding executive session. At  
the end Mayor Bradford took Chair-  
man Stone's coat by mistake, and  
the member from Ward one was  
forced to walk home with an upper  
garment much too large, the tails  
dangling far below his knees.—  
Springfield (Mass.) Republican.