

WHAT A HIGH TARIFF DOES.

There are several ways of collecting revenue for the support of government. Direct tax on all property valuations seems the most equitable. City, county and state revenue is mostly collected in this way. It was the first plan of general government to collect its revenue in like manner, but it soon slid off upon the old English plan of taxing necessities of life, thus compelling the poor man to pay as much as the rich.

On imported goods is the first and chief method of replenishing the national treasury. In this there seems to be two ends to gain, one is revenue, the other is to force the prices of American goods higher and thus plant and sustain monopolies. This ends is gained with goods not supplied in this country in sufficient quantities to meet demands.

The greatest monopoly ever known in this country is the coal oil monopoly, under the head of Standard Oil Company. The oil trade never has yielded a dollar of revenue to the government. The tariff is so high that importation is entirely excluded. Why the rate is continued so high no one can tell unless it be for the sole purpose of making a billionaire of Rockefeller.

This man boasts of having made two hundred millions during the last twenty-five years, and all the other members of the company number their tens of millions. Everybody knows their method, which was to crush every little dealer and then buy the plant.

All these things we could stand if it were not for the fact that Uncle Sam stands by, with his tariff club, twenty cents a gallon, and keeps every other nation off. Russia stands ready to import oil and sell it at half the price the Standard Oil company demands; but twenty cents a gallon tariff keeps foreign oil out.

United States: That at least one thousand of us shall each give one dollar to create a prize of one thousand dollars to be given to the author of the best essay in answer to the question: "How can this world be made a better place to live in?"

The essay to be in the form of a memorial to congress and none to contain more than five thousand words. The prize to be awarded by three "wise men who fear God, love truth and hate covetousness."

JACOB BECK.

MINEOLA, HOYT CO., Neb., Dec. 7, '91. DEAR SIR AND BROT—How can country independent of a stock company, paper, a co-operative paper or one suited to the cause? Some counties want papers of their own owning which can be depended on and not bought out or changed with every political breeze. What do you advise? How about the amount of time to take, price of outfit, management, etc? Answer through FARMERS' ALLIANCE. Yours truly, N. H. BLACKWELL.

REPLY.

We advise against such papers in toto. They are most always failures, and always unsatisfactory to the stockholders. Successful papers require special qualifications in their managers. Men who are not practically familiar with the business are seldom successful. Stock concerns are successful only where one man owns a controlling share. Detailed replies to our correspondent require more space than we have this week.

EULOGIZING JUDGE BROADY.

The Gage County Bar Passes Resolutions Commending Him. BEATRICE, Neb., Dec. 15.—The fall term of the district court for Gage county closed last evening. Immediately following the adjournment Judge A. Hardy, president of the Gage County Bar association, submitted the report of a special committee appointed for the purpose and moved its adoption.

WHEREAS, in the mutations of life, the time has come when Hon. J. H. Broady, who has so ably, patiently, faithfully and impartially presided over the district court of this county for the last eight years, must retire from that honorable position and once more take his place in the ranks of his profession as practicing attorney; and

WHEREAS, He intends to remove from this county and district to our sister county of Lancaster and the capital of our state, there to engage in the practice of his profession; and

WHEREAS, We, the bar of Gage county, are desirous of placing on record some token of our appreciation of Mr. Broady as a Judge, lawyer and a citizen of our county; therefore be it Resolved, By the bar of Gage county Nebraska, that, in the retirement of Judge Broady, the district bench of Nebraska loses one of its most learned, impartial, faithful, gentlemanly, painstaking and pious judges that ever sat upon it, the bar of the district loses an able, faithful and upright lawyer, and the county a citizen whom it has always delighted to honor, and whose record it has just reason to be proud of.

Resolved, That we commend Judge Broady to the bar of our sister county as a lawyer of large and wide experience both as a practitioner and a judge, who has been equally successful in both positions and also as a gentleman whom they will find it a delight to know and a pleasure to meet either as a private citizen or as an associate at the bar.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the records of this court, and a certified copy thereof be delivered to Judge Broady and also published in the World Herald. L. S. BIRB, L. M. PEMBERTON, J. E. COBBY.

Following the adoption of the resolutions speeches were delivered eulogistic of Judge Broady by Attorneys R. S. Bibb, S. A. Rinker, R. W. Sabin and E. J. Krotz. Judge Broady made a brief acknowledgment, being unable to make an extended speech, because of being nearly overcome with emotion over the kindly and unlooked for expressions of esteem as embodied in the foregoing.

OLD TOM'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

He Had Set Out to Eat 'Possum, but He Had His Misgivings. I had been invited to eat dinner that Christmas with the colored. While we were waiting for the meal to be served the colored regaled me with a 'possum story about "a nigger I owned befo' the war."

"You see," said he, "old Tom was very fond of 'possum, and would go to any length to secure one for his dinner. It was just befo' Christmas in '57, I think, that Tom managed to capture a large, fat 'possum, which he skinned and prepared for cooking on Christmas day. When all was ready he went into his cabin, took his prize out of the locker and soon had it roasting on the spit. Some sweet potatoes were added to the menu, and old Tom's eyes fairly rolled with delight as he thought of the feast in store for him.

The prospect before him evidently caused Tom to feel drowsy, for in a few minutes Tom was sound asleep and snoring at a great rate. Through a crack in the cabin a pair of eager, cautious eyes had been taking in the scene. The eyes belonged to another nigger of mine named "Big Jim." Well, the sight was more than Jim could stand. The cabin door was slyly opened, and in Jim stalked. 'Um!' said he as he neared the fire. The 'possum was just about done and to a turn. 'Um!' said Jim again as he jabbed a stick into the animal and held it up before him. With many grunts of satisfaction Jim soon had that 'possum picked clean, nor did he forget the sweet potatoes, which, flavored with the 'possum fat, were devoured with the keenest relish.

"The meal over, Jim approached the sleeper, and taking up some of the 'possum bones he smeared old Tom's lips and face with them and then hurried out. Very soon Tom awoke. In a stupefied way he looked around him, saw the bones and potato skins lying about and smacked his lips as he tasted of the 'possum fat with which Jim had smeared his face.

"Dunno," said Tom, in great bewilderment; 'dar's de bones and dis yer tastes like 'possum, but somehow' (patting the region of his stomach) 'it don't appear as if any 'possum was down yer; 'spects I must have eat 'em; but Ise pow'ful hungry all the same. Ise 'possum eat dat 'possum while Ise asleep. 'Wit dis reflection Tom rolled over and went to sleep again."—New York Herald.

A Bad Boy's Christmas.

Wot's the use of a feller's trying to be good sometimes? Wot like of a Christmas has this bin, Ide like to knoe? There I got up this morning sayin Ide just lay myself out to be a merry, merry Christmas boy today, an wot's happened?

First thing wen I got down stairs an went over my presents—bang up lot, too; Ie say that—it cum into my mings that on this happy day we awt to think of our dum bestes, an that the dog an cat awt to have a good time, like fokes. They seemed actin' just about as usual, an it Christmas day too! I heard Ant Jane say, "Let dogs delight to bark an bite," an I 'spose cats is the same way an enjoye existment.

They're about of a size, an so I naled Uncle Jeff's bull terrier an our ole cat up in a box together soze they could have a Christmas time. They seemed to, rite off. I never heard such sounds befoer. It was a good dele dog an a good dele cat an ole of it. An wen Uncle, attracted by the sounds in the brite aire of the yard, come out an foun me an open the box they had bin havin a good time, an embody good see. The dog had wun I left an the cat had mov' 'er tale. They were bizzzy an happy in three but Ant Jane woz offend mad an Uncle Jeff land me.

Then wen I went out on the strete an feelin' disgus an mett Johnny Stryker an soct 'im with a snowball with just a little gravel in it, coz it was the jovial holiday, he holler'd an Uncle Jeff cum out agin, an there was moor trouble. I don't wonder I felt a little awf then an went in befoer kumpany at loam an ask wat was in Ant Jane's skin—shez offal fat—an wen the kumpany lookent gess I said there was about thirty pounds in it, 'cept at nite; an then I was moor abuse. An awl becuz I was playal an wanted to be a merry, merry boy today.

It woz a bin all rite, tho, if it hadent bin for Jo Garno. How I despize that boy! Heze biggern I, but heze a kowrd, an wen I get well heze going to wish he was a elephant's son in sum forein lan swunware a long way from me, for I'm goin for 'im. It was him—the trater in the cawel—wot dident keep up his en wen we plade Sanny Claws in the barn, with sickis tiny ranedoor, only there woz only two randedeers wen we got the Jerry cals up on the haymow an I tried to drive em down on aire, like Sanny Claws in the picture. It wazent my fault if the foor cals wot weze hawled up with so much trouble wudent slide down on aire, but jest kum down kum smash! The cals brook three of thare legs an I only brook wun, but hear I am in bed an kant wawk, the doctor sez, for a month, an that Jo Garno, wot dazent ride down on the cals, is laffin thru the windo. O, wate til I get well! Wot a Christmas this haz bin!—Chicago News.

"Heap on more wood." Heap on more wood—the wind is chill; But let it whistle as it will, We'll keep our merry Christmas still. Each year has deemed the new born year The fittest time for festal cheer. And well our Christian sties of old Loved when the year its course had rolled, And brought blithe Christmas back again, With all its hospitable train. Domestic and religious rite Gave honor to the holy night; On Christmas eve the bells were rung; On Christmas morn the mass was sung; That holy night of the old year, Saw the stolen priest the chalice rear. —Walter Scott.

CHRISTMAS NOTES.

Christmas cards were first published and issued from Summery's Home Treasury office, London, in the year 1848. The design of the first one was drawn by J. C. Horsley, R. A. The skeleton in the closet just now in apt to be a jointed doll.—Philadelphia Record. Says Santa: "For the child of the North, a rose from the summer land far; For the child of the South, a snowflake a-flash like a star; For the child of the West, a lark with the glad sunrise light; For the child of the East, a whip-poor-will song and good night."

Never look a gift horse in the teeth. It is also wrong to look a Christmas gift in the price mark.—Somerville Journal. Don't quarrel with your best girl just to sneak out of buying a Christmas present for her. Don't start out to buy a \$200 musical box for her, then compromise with yourself on a thirty-five cent box of note-paper.—Philadelphia Call.

From the editor's almanac.—About this time plant Christmas poems—in the wastebasket.—Boston Post. The old "Shepherd's Kalender" has this much to say about Christmas weather: "If the sun shine clear and bright on Christmas day it promiseth a peaceable year from clamors and strife, and foretells much plenty to ensue; but if the wind blow stormy toward sunset it betokeneth sickness in the spring and autumn quarters."

The Debt We Owe. Competent persons who have thoroughly investigated the matter, agree that American citizens owe alone \$11,000,000,000. They also agree that the annual interest is not less than 7 per cent. Estimating our population at 64,000,000, the annual interest on this debt is \$770,000,000, or \$12 per capita, or over \$60 for each voter. If Washington, Jefferson, Franklin and their compatriots had agreed to pay the English aristocracy one-half this annual per capita tax, would there have been any revolution? Common sense furnishes the answer.

The demands made on us by England in 1774 were small compared with this great sum, yet, by some means, we have put ourselves in a worse position than were our forefathers. They rebelled and conquered, but we have no alternative but legislation. It is the duty of our national legislators to protect us. What have they done? They have sold us to foreign capitalists and can't help ourselves. The passage of the national banking act was the beginning of the terrible business; what will be end?—Progressive Farmer.

Money Has no Intrinsic Value. Attorney General Akerman, in speaking of the legal tender act, said: "We repeat money is not a substance, but an impression of legal authority—a printed legal decree." "The theory of the intrinsic value of money has been abandoned by the best writers and speakers."—Encyclopedia Britannica. Metallic money, while acting as coin, is identical with paper money, in respect to being destitute of intrinsic value."—North American Review. "An article is determined to be money by reason of the performance by it of certain functions, without regard to its form or substance."—Appleton's American Encyclopedia.

Metallic money whilst acting as money, is identical with paper money in respect to being destitute of value. Coin, so long as it circulates for the purpose of buying and selling, loses its intrinsic value. As commodities, gold and silver are capital, but as money they are mere representatives of value."—Charles Moran, of France, in his work on money.

Abolish National Banks. The treasury handled, under Republican treasurers from the beginning of the war until the election of Cleveland, more millions of dollars than has been in all National banks of the country during all that time, and yet when Mr. Manning took possession of the treasury department there was just one cent unaccounted for. Again, when a Republican succeeded Mr. Manning, after four years of Democratic rule and handling in that time of two billions of dollars, there was just one silver dollar missing and that was afterwards found in a crevice in the floor. The government conducts its business honestly. The record of bank failures shows that 20 per cent of these establishments have gone down to wreck and ruin because of the incompetency of their officials. There is no need of any other or stronger proof of the fact that the Alliance ideas are right.—Alliance Tribune.

Tweddledum and Tweddledoe. In Kentucky the whisky men are troubled about the over-production of liquor. It is estimated that there is a surplus of 40,000,000 gallons on hand. It is probable that congress will be asked to relieve the market by extending the three years bonded period now allowed for the payment of taxes on liquor. It will take about \$18,000,000 to pay the taxes this fall unless this is done. When the farmers ask a similar indulgence on their grain before it is made into liquor, the howl goes up from politicians that the farmers are crazy.—People's Party, Atlanta, Ga.

The People's Journal: Loan the government's money to the bankers, but withhold it from the farmers, is the cry of money speculators; and it is the cry of all the politicians in both old parties.

New Political Dictionary.

Legislature.—A place where corporations purchase their privileges. Election.—The people's "amen" to the prayer formulated by the bosses. Candidate.—One who is in the hands of his many friends.

Congress.—A collection of individuals who drink good whiskey and despise the people of their substance. Corporation.—An artificial person, which being once created, cannot be controlled by its creator. Declaration of Independence.—A once respected charter of the people's liberties, but which is now out of date, since the people have no liberties.

Constitution.—A written plan of government, which is now never adverted to except "for the general welfare." Machine Democrat.—One who comes to the "scratch" when the whip cracks. Boodle Republican.—Ditto. Free-man.—One who looks the whole world in the face and votes as his conscience dictates.—Union Labor.



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