

Harrison Journal

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HARRISON, FEB.

A carpet trust is the latest to invite tramping on.

A very large proportion of the Cuban war rumors would make excellent filling for bicycle tires.

And yet that postal reform bill was defeated in Congress in spite of all the Loud talk in its favor.

Whenever the Parisians name a street for a distinguished Frenchman they are quite sure to rue it afterward.

Since Ignatius Donnelly has married once more he may finally make the great discovery that he is likewise a cipher.

The New York Sun makes the military strength of the United States 10,415,705, of which only 114,387 are organized.

"An Old Veteran" contributes a stirring battle poem to a Pittsburg exchange. Now, then, shall we hear from the young veterans?

If New York has any pride in the magnificent Fallsides of the Hudson why doesn't she do something to protect the blasted things?

So far as we can see the publication of Mr. Bric's formula for manufacturing gold has not materially affected the Klondike exodus.

A Western contemporary says: "Money is now a drug in this State." Perhaps; but it probably will be easy to become addicted to the use of that drug.

An English exchange observes: "Lord Salisbury lugged the Conservatives into a contest which resulted in defeat." Salisbury should check such luggage.

Pathetically the Boston Globe exclaims: "And still another temperance lecture from the scaffold." The lecturer realizes the embarrassment of taking a drop too much.

Mark Twain's most popular joke was that which he perpetrated on the creditors of the publishing firm of Webster & Co., of which he was a member, when he paid its debts.

The recent Maine disaster is not without some value as a popular educator. A Buffalo paper assures its readers that "gunpowder is composed of different materials in certain proportions."

The Italian duel seems to have several points of superiority over the harmless French duel. Signor Cavalotti got one of those points in the neck the other day and died inside of ten minutes.

Haiti has paid Italy off to save herself from another forced collection, but now France is dunning her for an overdue debt. By the time the black republic gets through with its creditors there won't be enough good stealing left in the country to inspire a colored patriot to run for the Presidency.

The limitations of statistical work, when applied to what is done by religious and charitable agencies, could scarcely be better summarized than in these words in an introduction to a church year-book: "There are facts that refuse to be tabulated elsewhere than in the note-books of the angels."

"Libraries? They look more like beehives!" was the recent exclamation of a stranger, as he saw the Hon. J. H. Stout of Wisconsin locking the doors of some wooden chests. On learning afterward that this philanthropic gentleman had, at his private expense, fitted out thirty such traveling libraries to circulate among Wisconsin towns, he further amplified his figure: "Yes, beehives! for it is not the honey a man eats, but that which he gives to others, out of which he gets true happiness."

Six interesting centenaries are to be celebrated this year, as follows: April 15, the signing of the edict of Nantes by Henry IV., the chief celebration of which will be in New York by the Huguenot society; the Irish celebration of the 1788 rebellion; May 20, the discovery of the Cape route to the Indies by Vasco da Gama; May 23, the martyrdom of Savonarola; June 29, the birth of the Italian poet, Giacomo Leopardi; Aug. 21, the birth of Jules Michelet, the historian. One centenary has already been celebrated, Jan. 19, the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Comte, the founder of positivism.

A young woman went into a large dry goods store not long ago and began openly to pocket articles from the counter. On being arrested, she said quietly that having no home but the streets, she preferred to spend the night in prison. The incident emphasizes President Eliot's recent caution to would-be philanthropists. Hospitals and asylums and reformatories are but necessary palliatives of developed evil; whereas churches, schools, museums, gardens, gymnasia are instruments of moral construction, and to train a child to avoid evil and pauperism is better than to help the adult out of these conditions.

A few weeks ago the country was shocked by the lynching of two Indians in the Indian Territory for a murder of which they were alleged to be guilty. The two men were burned at the stake. Within a few days, doubt arising

whether the real culprits had been punished an investigation was instituted. It now appears that both of the murdered Indians were innocent of the crime with which they were charged one of them having been forty miles away at the time of its commission. In connection with this report came the horrible assassination of a negro postmaster in South Carolina, who was shot in his own house, his baby killed and his wife wounded, for no other crime than for being postmaster against the wish of some white people of the community. It is gratifying to learn that the Government has taken up the case as an offense against itself. A large reward has been offered for the murderer. No defense for the murder is offered by the newspapers of South Carolina, nor any sympathy for the criminals. But that such acts of violence are still so common is a blot on our boasted civilization.

Popular songs rapidly chase each other into oblivion; but there are many simple ballads which have always held their own in the affections of the people, and which really delight more ears in city gatherings than any of our modern season favorites. Simple as they are, they reach down to heart-roots, and are linked in memory with graves and in distant hills. "Auld Lang Syne," "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "Home, Sweet Home," "The Swannee River"—songs like these can never die. Modern music cannot bury these simple, yet world-touching, airs which have an immortality of their own. If analyzed carefully, says New York Home Journal, modern music will be found to present very marked differences from the ballad of a few decades since. One hardly knows whether to call the sentiment of it vulgar; at least it is often tawdry. Our poets of the higher, more introspective type have neglected the possibilities of the ballad, and somehow it seems nowadays that the words are framed to be wedded to music, rather than that the music owes its birth to the words. Our modern music bears all the marks of the ephemeral. The ballad has been relegated to inferior artists; the coarser the wit or the more maudlin the sentiment in these days, the more unerringly the "gag," or whatever one may call it, seems to leap down from the footlights to the throats of the audience, and thence, and thence of course to the streets. These are the days of fame quickly and easily earned, but as quickly and ruthlessly buried in oblivion. The ballad of the day is weak, pulpy, nerveless, or far-fetched and hysterical. With all the splendor of orchestral interpretation it is tame enough; whistled on the streets, it is simply bathos. It follows that our best poets should seek to elevate it, and that the love of artistic music should not extinguish the germs in poetic minds of that simpler order of song which in all ages has gone most surely to the heart of the people.

"It will be worth more than \$50,000,000 to the American people to know that the great heart of this people is a unit in favor of the Government." This utterance of Gen. Grosvenor pending consideration of the bill appropriating \$50,000,000 for the national defense, has been echoed by millions of Americans since. It is worth a great deal to any people to be lifted out of themselves and above all sordid, routine and partisan influences to a point where they breathe the invigorating air and get the broad view that pertains to pure patriotism. Such an experience in national life is worth as much more than any money value as spiritual development is higher than material. It does not come too often in the history of any people. There has never been but one other before the present within the memory of men now living. That was the great uprising after the firing on Fort Sumter, but that differed from the present one in that it was the uprising of a divided instead of a united people. One represented, for the time at least, national separation, while the other represents national unification. This is the lesson of the vote in Congressional unification. We all know that the passions of the civil war have subsided and its bitter memories are for the most part buried. In recent years there have been many evidences of this in fraternal reunions, patriotic celebrations and popular demonstrations, but there has been nothing to approach in moral splendor and significance the vote of 311 to none, including every Southerner as well as every Northerner, every Confederate as well as every Union veteran, in favor of appropriating \$50,000,000 for the national defense. A man must be past middle age to have witnessed the great uprising and demonstration of loyalty in 1861. The present generation has had no corresponding spectacle and no baptism of patriotism such as every generation needs, until now. Now it knows something of the uplifting and unifying force of the sentiment of patriotism in a great people. The action of Congress is an official declaration of national unification as significant as the original Declaration of Independence. While one declared that "these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States," the other establishes that under the new order of things we are more than ever one nation and one people.

Has No Place to Make. The father of a lawyer now well known in San Francisco was in his last illness talking with a clergyman, when the latter asked him if he had made his peace with God. "Sir," replied the old gentleman, "the Lord and I have never had any trouble."

Some folks enjoy nothing so much as going around talking suspiciously about their neighbors.

A small boy always feels smart when he wears a mustard plaster for the first time.

FARMERS, BE SILENT.

THE ELEGANT GOLDITES TIRE OF YOUR NOISE!

The Washington Post Deprecates the Activity of Agriculturalists in Politics, and Wants a Clear Field for the Propagation of Its Goldbug Doctrine.

Will Farmers Be Muzzled? The Washington Post, under the present administration, may be classed as the leading morning goldbug organ of the United States, and the foremost advocate of the infallibility of the party in power. Its New York namesake is an equally reliable evening organ. The farmers make too much noise for the sensitive nerves of the Post. It says:

"The farmers are as deeply interested as other citizens in questions of national politics, and it is quite as proper and expedient for them as for any other class to take an active interest in political campaigns. But it is not profitable to them—not conducive to their financial prosperity or to any other of their varied interests—to be active and aggressive political campaigners from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31 in each and every year."

Why does not the Post call off the dogs of financial war? Why are the Gages, the Fairchilds, the Bynums, the Laughlins, and the whole pack of goldbug howlers canvassing the country to "more thoroughly commit the United States to the single gold standard?" Why are Wall street's goldbug missionaries, styling themselves the "Sound Money Club," deluging the country with literature from the inner circle of Wall and Lombard street gold gamblers? Why are the boards of trade throughout the country loading Congress with petitions to utilize our unfortunate relations with Spain for the passage of the Indianapolis Gage plan of turning the finances of the people of this country over to the tender mercies of a banking syndicate and robbing the Government of its constitutional power to coin money and regulate the value thereof? The Post further says:

"There is time enough, if properly apportioned, for the farmer, the mechanic, the miner, the manufacturer, the merchant, the professional man, and all other citizens to give that attention to politics which every good citizen owes. To introduce a 'battle of the standards' into an agricultural meeting is as unnecessary and inexpedient as it would be to push the 16 to 1 proposition upon the attention of a religious conference."

Who authorized the goldites to appropriate out the time which farmers, mechanics, miners, manufacturers and professional men may occupy in discussing political affairs? There has been some complaint with regard to the manner in which Speaker Reed apportions the time for discussion in the House of Representatives, and it has been suggested that he sometimes cuts off debate on questions disagreeable to him. Now comes the great defender of Gage, Bynum & Co. and proposes to appropriate the time which the people may take to reply to the heresies of these loquacious goldites.

The Post deprecates the introduction of the battle of the standards into agricultural meetings. Why, then, do you flood every agricultural gathering with your goldbug literature? Why do you call your miserable trash to the attention of every farmer in the land in season and out of season? If it would be inexpedient and unnecessary to push the 16 to 1 proposition upon the attention of a religious conference, why do the gold propagandists do that? Why do they constantly mix religion with gold gambling? Why do they pretend that their mode of swindling is honest, and call upon the people to stand by the honest swindling which they do, and to cease to complain of the iniquity of the powers that be? Why do the great majority of the leaders of gold-standard contraction make long prayers, and thank God that they are not as other men? Why do they call the people anarchists because they are opposed to the disturbers of the peace because they groan under the burdens of taxation imposed upon them by the pharisees and hypocrites of the gold standard combinations?—Silver Knight Watchman.

Money for War Expenses. Wars are harvest seasons to the holders of money. In the present strained relations between the United States and Spain the money powers are not agreed as to whether an actual conflict would be to their advantage or not. The holders of Spanish securities in case of war would undoubtedly become heavy losers. If, however, a protracted war should ensue, and the money power were strong enough to influence Congress to issue gold bonds, their losses on Spanish securities would be insignificant compared to their gain from a gold bond issue. The issue of gold bonds would serve the creditor class in many ways. It would further their interests in securing a corner on gold, make a safe investment for their idle money and tend very strongly to fasten permanently upon the country the gold standard.

The issue of any kind of bonds would act to increase the supply of money. It would add an unjust burden in the way of taxes, to the extent of the interest on the bonds, and the Government would receive only national bank bills, the present greenbacks, silver certificates and treasury notes, none of which is legal tender, all issued at the dictation of the money loaning Shylocks. It is all discredited, dishonest, partially demonetized Tory money. The people of this country are entitled to the best money and should not be compelled to use the present dishonest issues. In fact, should rebel against having to do so.

The issue of full legal tender money by the Government for the purposes of carrying on war would be a blessing that in some respects would mitigate the calamities of war. Its circulation among the people would give prosperity, prices would rise, new enterprises spring up and the holders of the present dishonest issues, seeing the advance in price, would unlock their strong boxes.—Exchange.

Frauds on the Government. The frauds perpetrated by the railroads upon the Government of the United States were clearly revealed by Jerry Simpson in the House when he spoke on the Loud bill. The deficit in the postal service is due to the excessive sums paid to the railroads for carrying the mails. They ought to receive fully \$25,000,000 less than they do. The Government, however, is under the influence of the men who own these railroads, and as for the House it cannot be induced to take action owing to the lobby maintained by the corporations. The postoffice committee of the House is composed of special agents of the railroads who may be trusted to see that their masters, the corporations, are taken care of. There are many favors which Jerry Simpson has conferred upon his country, but not one is greater than the service he rendered upon the day he exposed the corrupt jobbery by means of which the railroad corporations steal \$25,000,000 from the treasury every year. It is no wonder that the postal service of the country has difficulties to contend with. These same railroads have so much respect for the mail service that whenever a strike is on they put mail cars at the end of their regular trains. The Government thus not only pays an outrageous sum for carrying the mails, but has to order out the army to see that they are carried at all.

Statistics of Wages. Statistician Carroll D. Wright states that the census of 1890 shows that the average wages paid to labor per individual was \$445. According to Hersford's "Pocket Book of Statistics" (largely compiled from the census reports) the total value of manufactured products in this country for that year was \$14,911,793,739. Dividing this by the total number of workers gives \$3,265 as the value of the average annual product per worker, and the average wages paid being \$445, they are equal to about 13 1/2 per cent of the gross product. In other words, each worker produced about \$10.55 per work day and received about \$1.42 per day as wages, according to this estimate. But, as has been recently shown, Mr. Wright included among wage receivers officials of corporations, etc., receiving from \$10,000 to \$75,000 a year. Eliminating this class of "workingsmen," it will be seen at once that the real toilers received very much less than \$1.42 as an average wage, and that therefore the share going to labor must have been very much less than 13 1/2 per cent of the gross product.

It should also be remembered that the above average wages were for those who worked, while they worked, and the large numbers of laborers in enforced idleness were not taken into account at all.

A Sweatshop Picture. She was a little girl, black-eyed and white-cheeked. She sat at the one window of the rear tenement at 49 Mott street and breathed into her dwarfed little lungs the thick, fetid air from the filthy court below. Opposite her on a low stool sat a woman, with large, innocent eyes shining out of cavernous hollows. Between the little girl and the woman two tiner damsels, embrowned with dirt, ragged and active, played. A baby, dirty, dabby and pale, slept in a crib. Washtubs were piled in a corner by the bed. The fire smoldered in the stove. The plaster peeled from the walls. The floor was full of pitfalls.

The little girl and the woman worked diligently. They were "finishers" for a clothing firm. Shirts and trousers for little boys were piled upon the floor beside them and lay in their laps. They were to be returned finished to 21 Bowery, where a sweatshop violates every law of the State concerning factories and every law of decency and health. Then they were to be distributed among the retail shops up town, down town and out of town, sold to thrifty mothers and worn by little boys.—New York Journal.

When Farmers Will See Clearly. When the farmers go to their school houses and rub up against each other as do the lawyers and merchants in towns, they will learn what fools they have been. As matters now stand it is each farmer for himself and the devil get the hindmost, and there is no cooperation, mutual advice nor consultation. Economic and political fakirs have an easy prey in farmers, and devour them with political nostrums, patent right humbugs, that could, in their incipency, be exposed and denounced. The farmers are actually beguiled into supporting newspapers and politicians who are paid to keep them in ignorance and subjection. The patriotic men and women must rally in their school houses once a month and advise with each other.

Is Christ Not So Bad. We do a great injustice to Iscariot in thinking him wicked above all common wickedness. He was only a common money lover, and like all money lovers didn't understand Christ—couldn't make out the worth of him or the meaning of Him. He didn't want Him to be killed. He was horror-struck when he found that Christ would be killed; threw his money away instantly and hanged himself. How many of our present money seekers, think you, would have the grace to hang themselves, whoever was killed?—John Bee kila.

SAGACIOUS HORSE.

Noble Animal Saved Its Owner from Dr. Wring.

Those who have owned a favorite horse will readily understand the affection which grows between the faithful beast and the master. Tales of the sacrifices made by the intelligent animal to save the master suffering or periled are well authenticated, but it remained for a cayuse of this place to leap into the "Big Muddy" to rescue its master from drowning. The rescue was accomplished not without difficulty and danger to the horse, for the current is very swift and extremely treacherous here.

Billy Collins is the owner of the pony, which he calls Ned. The two have been together from the time several years ago when Ned was a fussy colt, careless of everything but the desire to toss a pair of heels into the air and dash across the commons to the west of the town. Even before the colt was old enough to carry his young master he displayed an evident fondness for him. If Billy called, no matter how wild Ned might be so far as others were concerned, the pony always ran to his master. If Ned neighed Billy flew to his succor. So horse and master became almost bedmates.

The other day Billy decided to go up the river a ways and do some fishing. He took along the usual accommodations and mounting Ned set his face to the north. There is a fine place for catching of channel cut up that way and Billy on arriving turned Ned loose to crop the grass while he pushed out a small boat into the stream and anchored it with a big stone. All went well for a time. Billy was landing a fair number of fish and Ned was enjoying unbounded liberty. But the boat slipped its anchor unknown to the boy and began to travel slowly down stream.

Finally the boatman started a big fish. He tugged mightily and succeeded in bringing his quarry to the upstream side of a snag. Here there was a light and the boat was overturned and the boy tossed into the wild current. He was in imminent peril, as he could not swim well. But Ned could, and even as he was clutching at any protruding branch of the snags with which the river is lined he yelled loudly for Ned.

Ned heard the call and galloped to the bank. He seemed to realize the danger of his master and ran down the steep bank and plunged into the water. He swam rapidly out to the drowning boy and seized him by the collar of his coat. Then he headed for the shore, holding his head and his master's well out of the water. He struggled in the swift current bravely, while they drifted down stream. They passed a point in the river and the faithful pony was dragged under the water in the eddies. But he held on tightly and at last, almost exhausted, drew his young master to shallow water. Then he walked a short way and lay down in a foot of water to rest.

Ned is prized by Billy beyond all price. His exploit has been told and the country rings with praises of the ungodly, ugly, but brainy animal.—Klekappoo (Kan.) correspondence of the Chicago Chronicle.

SO PRETTY AND SO MUCH ALIKE

The Day Mrs. Sherman Brought Home the Twins.

An old acquaintance of John Sherman sends the following: As most of us know, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman were childless. A time came when, after much consideration and thought, they decided to adopt a child and heir. Mrs. Sherman requested some of her intimate friends to assist in the search of a desirable infant, one honestly and gently born, and without parents to follow on afterward and embarrass. A friend in New York subsequently telegraphed her to come at once and take her choice of two beautiful babies. There was great excitement in the Sherman home pending Mrs. Sherman's trip to New York after the baby. On the next day she telegraphed to her husband: "Will be home this afternoon. Send carriage to the depot." The carriage went, and the Senator remained at home, walking the floor, looking at his watch, watching each carriage as it came in sight.

The train was a little late. He was becoming nervously anxious. Finally the carriage hove in sight; he marched out to meet it at the curb, threw open the door. There was Mrs. Sherman and a nurse, each stepping out with a baby in arms. Such an expression as came over that stern Sherman face was never seen before. It could not be described. He was at a loss for words for a minute or two and finally was able to stammer:

"Wife, what does this mean?" She replied: "Husband, they were so pretty and so much alike that I could not make a choice and so I selected both." They were twin girl babies. For the next few days it was a show to watch Mr. Sherman as he enjoyed and caressed the newcomers.

One of the twins sickened and died within a few weeks and the other is now "his daughter," Mrs. McCullom.

There is no fixed rule in life for the benefit of mankind. Samson got into trouble because he had his hair cut, and Absalom got into trouble because he didn't.

Did you ever notice how bold you are in suggesting what another man should have done under critical circumstances?

People make the mistake of trying to solve the troubles of each other, instead of every individual looking after his own.

A woman's bob is a small affair, but it has upset the biggest men that ever adorned this world.

The colored girl baby is born to black sinners.

Out of the Ordinary.

The finest shops in a Chinese city are those devoted to the sale of villages. In Hungary there are villages and hundreds of small towns without a doctor within ten miles. American forests have produced during the past sixty years 824,000,000,000 feet of lumber, valued at \$25,000,000,000. A hunter near Cumberland, Md., shot a swan that was four feet four inches tall and had a spread of wings of six feet nine inches.

AN UNHAPPY SOVEREIGN.

Disappointments and Sorrows Even in a Monarch's Life.

The Emperor of Austria represents better than any other European sovereign the principle of compromise in monarchical government. If it had not been for his flexibility in adapting himself to emergencies, Austria-Hungary would not be the united empire which it has become through a series of political adjustments based upon expediency.

He has been on the throne since 1848, and is now in his sixty-eighth year, a well-preserved, amiable sovereign with a sad, wistful face, as though he were disappointed with the results of his long reign. In war he has been unsuccessful, having lost his Italian provinces and the leadership in Germany by his disastrous campaigns with France and Prussia.

His one great diplomatic stroke, by which his territories were enlarged in the south, was his secret treaty with Russia before the last war with Turkey. He agreed to remain neutral provided he could have the Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Without exposing his country to the burdens and risks of warfare, he made up for the territories which he had lost. His empire is larger than it was when he ascended the throne in the revolutionary year of 1848.

It has shown himself to be a good politician. In the war with Prussia, Hungary was a disaffected country because it was not allowed to govern itself. When the disastrous campaign ended, he realized that conciliation was the only practical method of ruling a confederacy of nations in which antagonistic races were continually pulling in opposite directions. He had the good sense to support the Hungarian proposals, and to accept the crown at Budapest at the hands of the dominant race. This was the famous compromise of 1867 by which the Magyars were allowed to govern one-half of the empire while the Germans ordered the destinies of the remaining half. He has strongly favored every measure for conferring the privileges of home rule upon the various states of the empire. The Germans, Magyars, Slavs, Czechs and Poles are jealous and spirited races. No other sovereign has such a team of wild horses to drive. The Emperor has a firm hand and a bright, cheery way of chirruping and whistling to his unruly steeds. He succeeded in keeping the horses together when they were ready to break away from control at the close of the Russian War with Turkey. The Magyars were in sympathy with the Turks and detested the Russians, who had conquered them after Kosuth's revolution; the Slavonian races were on fire with sympathy for the Bulgarians, and the Germans were opposed to the acquisition of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The Emperor knew his own mind, and carried out his bargain with Russia.

The Emperor's reign has been embittered by many misfortunes. The fate of Maximilian in Mexico was one of the earliest of his griefs, and the untimely death of the Crown Prince was a blow from which he has never recovered. Amiable in disposition, far-sighted in policy, and dexterous in his management of subjects and in his dealings with statesmen, he has been an unfortunate sovereign and has had reason to repeat the old-time saying: "Call no man happy who is born to the purple."—Youth's Companion.

Potash Belts for Manure Heaps. Some of the potash salts which contain potash that is not caustic are excellent to apply to fermenting manure heaps. They will absorb the ammonia, and as they attract moisture from the air, they will help prevent the manure from being wasted by fire-fanging. The combination of ammonia from fermenting manure with potash makes a nitrate of potash, which is one of the most stimulating fertilizers known for all kinds of vegetation.

After Escape. Visitor (at museum)—And you actually think the savages intended to kill you? Tattooed Man—Yes; but it was only after my escape that I discovered their designs upon me.—San Francisco Examiner.

Fichus and sashes of net and chiffon made to match and covered with ruffles and frills are displayed among the new fancies. Baby ribbon edging the frills gives a pretty effect.

Experience

And Not Experiments, Should Be Your Aim in Buying Medicine.

Let others experiment; you should be guided by experience. Experiments are uncertain in result; experience is sure. Experiments may do you harm; experience proves that Hood's Sarsaparilla will do you wonderful good. Thousands gladly tell what Hood's has done for them. They want you to know and they urge you to try it. That is what is meant by the vast number of testimonials written in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla. They give the results of experience and prove that

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