



My Lady's Desk

BY HELEN ROWLAND

What was this thing of white and gold
Originally meant to hold?
'Tis piled so high with sundry things,
With slippers, cards and corset strings,
Its primal use is quite forgot
In such a miscellaneous lot.
No letter doth it hold, nor sonnet,
Not e'en a poem; but here's a bonnet,
A bonbon dish, some cigarettes,
A bunch of wilted violets,
A garter buckle and a shoe,
An actor's photograph or two.

Some books—ah, yes—but none indeed
Her chaperon would have her read—
A broken fan, a eucyre tally,
A picture of an opera ballet.
—New York Times.

A Gibson girl and—what? Amen!
I find down here at last—a pen!
Do you suppose—Oh, thought grotesque!
This is my lady's "writing" desk?
—New York Times.

An Indian's Gratitude

Sam Augustus was of the Algonquin tribe, a typical Indian of these days of reservations—lazy, shiftless and addicted to strong drink. As an Indian he was more or less despised by the white men with whom he came in contact, but was much too easy-going to be disturbed by that. The possessor of a small farm on Georgina Island, he was so far true to the traditions of his ancestors as to allow Mrs. Sam Augustus to earn his living for him, which she cheerfully did, reaping harvest in the summer time by weaving baskets of sweet grass and reeds for the holiday seekers who annually visited Beaverton.

Beaverton was the most picturesque spot on the shores of Lake Simcoe, but Sam Augustus, on the occasions of his periodical visits to the mainland, never stopped to contemplate its various points of interest. There was but one attraction in the place for him, and that, it must be confessed with shame, was the barroom of the Alexandra house.

Sam's visits to Beaverton, or, to be more exact, to the Alexandra house, usually terminated in his crawling in to the loft of the hotel stable, there to sleep off the effects of the potent fire water he had imbibed. But on a Saturday night in June he enjoyed a novel experience.

Paul Wilson had come to the mill that day with a load of grain and had converted the grain not into flour, but into greasy bits of paper which he deemed far more useful. Then, as he was consumed with a great thirst, and, moreover, had the wherewithal to slake it, he naturally turned his team toward the Alexandra house. Matters following in logical sequence, Paul Wilson developed ere night into a drunken bully, with Sam Augustus the especial object of his hectoring. Sam, indeed, was in a fair way to get the beating of his life when Ed Daleton interfered.

Daleton interfered to such an extent that Paul was escorted to the village hospital, while Sam Augustus, ready by that time to consent to any proposal, acceded to Daleton's request to go home with him and in the morning join the haymakers on the Daleton estate.

An hour later found Sam tucked in to the most comfortable bed he had ever known. Ere morning came, however, the bed was empty. The Indian had already repented his rash promise to go to work. Still, he took away nothing but himself and his dirty clothes, whereupon Daleton argued, he must have felt at least half way grateful.

The summer days passed away and the autumn shadows lengthened into the blackness of winter, but Sam Augustus had not once appeared at the Alexandra house since that night in June. Whatever conjectures the habitues of the place might have hazarded concerning his absence were driven out of mind, however, by a



Cautiously He Crept Over the Snow, series of occurrences which gave the villagers ample reason for not only much gossip, but also much alarm. Thieves made their presence felt in that Sleepy Hollow of Canada. One burglary followed another in rapid succession. In every case the cracks-

men went about their work in a way that proved they were no novices.

Of all this Sam Augustus was in profound ignorance. He and Mrs. Sam were now the only inhabitants of Georgina Island, the half dozen other Indians who comprised the normal population being away with some wild west show. For many moons Sam had remained at home with his wife, fighting manfully against his lust for drink, but at last a day came when Sam decided that he must yield or die. So with the setting sun he strapped on his skates and started over the ice to Beaverton.

He was passing a little cove on that side of the island farthest from his



He Was Skating Across the Lake as He Had Never Skated Before.

home when he noticed what looked uncommonly like a boat's sail flapping in the wind. This impressed Sam as being a bit out of the ordinary for midwinter, but what gave him a distinct shock was seeing a light in a log cabin that to his knowledge had been unoccupied for years.

There was enough of his ancestors' blood in his veins to make him wary, and he conjectured, not without reason, that whoever was in the old cabin had no right to be there. So he stooped down, unfastened his skates, and slung them around his neck, and, swift as a deer, ran to the shore of the cove. Cautiously he crept over the snow until he stood behind the cabin and looked in through a window.

Seated at a little table were two men, both keen-visaged, both well dressed and both youthful. Overhead hung a dirty lantern. On the table between them was spread out a sheet of white paper, which they were examining with great interest.

"This," Sam heard one say, pointing to a mark on the paper, "is the voranda entrance I was telling you about. It leads straight into the old man's room, and they say he generally has a tidy sum around. Farther along here is a window to one of the guest chambers, and we may pick up a sparkle or two in that room, for a big house party is on at Simcoe Lodge just now, and the wealthy Mrs. Vineland is one of the guests. Then we'll back to our iceboat and be under cover again before they knew we've paid 'em a visit."

Sam opened those little eyes of his wider. He was not overgifted with an active brain, but the reference to Simcoe Lodge had sharpened his intellect, for Simcoe Lodge was the home of Ed Daleton, and had not Ed Daleton—Well, Sam Augustus drew closer to the cabin window.

Sam waited to hear no more. The men were thieves, and they intended robbing the home of the only white man who had ever befriended him. Oh, lazy, shiftless Sam Augustus, why do you hurry so?

For he was skating across the lake as he had never skated before. Twenty miles stretched between him and that part of the mainland where Simcoe Lodge stood, and he must be fleet indeed to arrive before the boat.

On, on through the night he raced. In his face blew the first gusts of a storm, but he plunged through the

crystal flakes, his sinewy legs fairly flying over the level surface. Now he could see lights twinkling in the distance, and his Indian instinct told him they were from a farmhouse not far from the Daleton estate. Not a light could be seen from Simcoe Lodge itself, for a huge row of fir trees, wind breakers, screened the house from the lake blasts.

Sam swung along buoyantly. The next moment a hissing, whistling sound came to his ears, and he saw a flash of white glide past him, to be swallowed up in the darkness.

It was the boat. They would beat him yet. He dug his skates into the ice despairingly and hurled himself forward. But in a minute or two he became hopeful again. It was yet too early for the burglars to begin work. He could easily arrive in time to warn the household.

Not pausing to seek the gate into the Daleton grounds, he leaped the high fence that paralleled the fir trees only to alight upon a human body. Next moment he was grasped by no tender hands.

"Here, what's this?" he heard a voice exclaim. "Turn yer gild on, Rats. Here's a nice kind o' a party that comes tumblin' onto a man without so much as a beg pardon."

Sam Augustus writhed desperately, but another pair of brawny hands seized him, and he was helpless, yet he kept up the struggle, and as he fought, shouted with all the strength of his red man's lungs:

"Thieves!"

"Blast it, stop that!" commanded the voice. "Ye won't, eh? Then"—There was a click and a report. Sam gave a groan and staggered back. Spud let him slip to the ground.

"I thought I'd stop ye," he muttered.

"Say, Rats, I"—

Something bright flashed through the night. The Indian had risen to his knees. Spud fell, with the toe of a skate in his brain.

"Thieves!" shouted Sam.

In a yard of the old Free kirk at Beaverton is a plain white shaft with this inscription:

.....
: "SAM AUGUSTUS, :
: The Indian Who :
: Remembered." :
.....

—Montreal Family Herald.

A Little One's Love.

Suns and stars in the heavens above,
But a life that longs for a little one's love;

A little one's love in the far away—
The sweetest rose in the red o' May!

She is climbing up to kiss me—
Her lips smile there,
And I'm rich in the wealth
Of the gold of her hair!

Song o' the robin and moan o' the dove—
I am weary to-night for a little one's love;
To see in her dear eyes God's tenderest light,
And fold back her tresses, and kiss her
"Good-night!"

She is climbing to kiss me—
How shines the dream there!—
And I'm kissing the curls
Of her beautiful hair!

And the wide world is weary, and ever
I seem
To move like a shadow that drifts
Through a dream;
And earth will not answer—nor heaven
above,
When I cry in the dark for a little one's love!

She is climbing to kiss me,
Still radiant there,
And in dreams I am kissing
Her beautiful hair.
—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

Seeing a Ghost.

When you think you see a ghost how can you tell whether it really is a ghost or not? A recent writer gives the following scientific method: "We assume that a person sees an apparition; it may be objective (i. e., having existence outside the observer's mind), or merely a creature of a disordered brain (subjective). The seer, while looking at the vision with both his eyes, gently depresses one eyeball with his forefinger, from outside the top eyelid (so causing a squint). If objective (whether bogus or not) two outlines of the 'ghost' will be seen; but one (of course) if it be subjective. One may prove this by trial, any time, with any object, near or far. I mention this because of the many nervous and brain-wearied people who see spooks, and to whom it would be better that they should know that the trouble is within themselves, and so seek a capable doctor, than continue to be haunted, as they believe, by the supernatural."

Why Hewitt Did Not Retire.

The fact that those rich men, who are amply able to retire from business, remain in the harness simply because they can't get out was illustrated in the continuous business career of Abram S. Hewitt. "Why don't you retire from active business?" he was asked one day. This referred more particularly to his iron interests. "I can't get out," he answered. "At least, I can't get out on terms which I feel it would be honorable to accept. I had a chance some time ago to sell out our Toronto works, but the condition was that they should be closed down permanently. This would have thrown about 500 of our men out of work; people who had been with us for years, and many of whom bought little homes in Trenton. I could not accept such terms, so here I am, with the burden yet on my shoulders, and I suppose death alone will relieve me of it."—Kansas City Journal.

The Tyrant Man Analyzed.

What is man? Man that is born of woman is small cabbages and few in a patch. In infancy he is full of colic, paregoric and catnip tea, and in old age he is full of cuss words and rheumatism.

EXPORT DISCOUNTS

SELLING ABROAD CHEAPER THAN AT HOME.

The Practice a Far More Common One in Free-Trade Great Britain Than Under a Protective Tariff in the United States.

The practice of granting discounts on goods sold for export is the basis for much of the agitation for reduction of the tariff. For example, the soul of Gov. Cummins boils with virtuous indignation at the contemplation of so foul a crime as that which is involved in selling surplus products to foreigners at a lower price than that which domestic consumers are required to pay. The souls of Senator Dolliver, Director of the Mint Roberts and other watch dogs of the tariff boil similarly and for a similar cause. They cannot tolerate the thought of building up foreign trade by such means, and they propose to stop the thing by tearing open the tariff schedules and introducing what Gov. Cummins calls "potential foreign competition." Congressman Tawney also exhibits some perturbation at the thought that some portion—about 1 per cent—of our domestic production finds its way to foreign buyers at slightly cut prices, and he proposes a Congressional commission to inquire into the matter with a view to arriving at some method—tariff reduction, of course—whereby American mills and factories will be forced to shut down when the limit of domestic consumption shall have been reached. Incidental to this plan it is proposed to lower the tariff bars so that it will be much easier for foreign producers to work off their surplus on the American market at cut prices and thereby diminish American production, employment and wages. Great heads these Republican reformers have.

The practice of price cutting to foreign customers is universal. It obtains to a very limited extent in the United States, where protection prosperity has created a demand that absorbs all our industrial production as fast as it can be turned out. It obtains much more in foreign countries. All over Europe goods for export are invoiced at lower prices than the prevailing market price for the same goods at home. In this connection attention is called to the following extract from a letter to an American house, dated Sept. 12, 1902, from the firm of Charles Cammell & Co., limited, of Sheffield, England:

"In regard to reducing prices for export business, this is done by us, inasmuch as the prices we obtain from home railways are sensibly higher than from customers abroad."

Cammell & Co. sell steel rails. They do business in a free trade country. Hence it cannot be a protective tariff that enables them to obtain from home railways prices that "are sensibly higher" than the prices obtained from "customers abroad." And yet we hear of no parliamentary commission to examine into the matter and report a plan whereby the British iron producer shall be compelled to stop his quest for foreign trade by means of reducing prices for export business. Foreign governments seem to think it a good thing to market surplus products abroad and thus maintain production and wage paying at home. For example, the charters of a considerable number of English railways require that goods for export shall be carried at a lower freight rate than goods for home consumption. It is only in the United States that "progressive" reformers are to be found who would not only stop the sale of surplus products abroad, but would offer special inducements to foreigners to dump their surplus on the American market.

DEBISM AND BAERISM.

These, Not the Tariff, Responsible for the Coal Famine.

Nothing better delights the gentlemen who upset American prosperity by free trade and "tariff reform" politics winding up in the Wilson-Gormanism than any event which gives them a chance to attack the tariff under which American prosperity has been unexampled. The bagatelle of sixty-seven cents per ton tariff on coal attracted no attention until Baerism and Debism in the coal regions had hounded American industry by more than doubling the price of coal—a result with which the tariff had absolutely no connection. Now that Congress with practical unanimity has removed all duty from Welsh anthracite—though 'tis hardly more like antarcite than Georges Creek coal, the free traders raise a shout that after all the present tariff is not consecrated law.

The present tariff was not devised to meet the crises of such anarchy in capitalism and laborism as started last June in the Pennsylvania anthracite regions. And the suspension of all duty on coal for one year will do this good at least—it will show that there is more than a dollar's difference per ton in favor of American coal, as compared either with Canadian or with Welsh coal. Had the duty been \$2 per ton, its removal would have been more significant.

As matters now stand, as sure as coal goes back to its normal figures, as it will very soon after snow steps flying, we may hear the Coal trust shouting for lower wages, on the plea that the trust has to mine coal in competition with the cheaper labor of Nova Scotia and Wales! Then, of course, more strikes and so on.

The fact is that the suspension of the duty may be a good club to use over "the independent operators," who now are abusing their power as competitors of the Coal trust more

than the Coal trust is abusing its incomplete monopoly; but the remote consequences might not prove to be just what free traders covet, were the duty permanently eliminated from bituminous coals. Certainly the retention of the duty will probably hasten that reciprocity treaty with Canada which the free traders want to see, but which they would indefinitely postpone by putting on the free list those American products which cannot be made the basis of reciprocity unless dutiable. In other words, the free traders would give away the American market even though Canada yet hold fast to her "Chinese wall."

The glee with which the free traders welcome the coal crisis as a means of upsetting the tariff, which has contributed so highly to our prosperity, shows how far political partisanship runs ahead of business interests. To hold Baerism and Debism to their responsibility, is now Roosevelt's and the Republican program. The Democratic program is to divert attention from Debism and Baerism and accuse the tariff laws under which we have harvested unexampled prosperity. This might work well if the folks had forgotten their troubles from 1893 to 1897.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Wanted to Thaw It Out.



He Succeeded.



"Free" Coal a Delusion.

The action of Congress in putting coal upon the free list for one year is not likely to afford the relief to consumers in Eastern cities that was anticipated from the passage of that bill. It is now said that the supply of foreign coal that will be attracted to the American market by the remission of the duty will be infinitesimal, compared with the demand, and when the cost of transportation is added to the foreign price, it will be impossible to sell this coal in New York or Boston for much less than nine or ten dollars a ton.

The Leader has not thought at any time that the removal of the duty from coal would be of any marked benefit to the people in this country. The fact of the matter is that, while there was a nominal duty on anthracite coal, it was not a protective duty in any sense, for the reason that, duty or no duty, there could be no serious competition between Welsh coal and that mined in Pennsylvania in any of the markets of this country. That was proved last fall, when prices running as high as twenty-five dollars a ton failed to attract any considerable shipments of Welsh coal to this market.

The coal trust has not been fostered by protection. It has grown up as the result of a monopoly of the production and transportation of coal, and no possible foreign competition could have prevented it. But the people thought the Pennsylvania operators were given an advantage in the tariff to which they were not entitled, and Congress satisfied the popular demand by repealing the tariff for one year. It will have little or no effect.—Cleveland Leader.

And Yet.

The number of sheep in the United States has increased twenty millions since the repeal of the Wilson tariff. And yet, according to the Democratic prophets, the protection coal which our industrial engine is now using is sending it straight to the devil with the brakes off and throttle wide open. Head us, somebody! Police!—Moravian Falls (N. C.) Yellow Jacket.

Evident.

It is more evident every day that American interests, whether in raw material or manufactured goods, must stand together or fall together. It is more evident every day that American interests must read reciprocity laws with a great deal of care to avoid being cheated in the transaction.—Des Moines Capital.

IN THE "OLD SOUTH"

WHITES PROUD OF FAITHFUL DEVOTION OF SLAVES.

"Old Uncle" Joe Napier, Who Recently Died at Chattanooga, One of the Best Examples of the Race—Intelligent and Progressive.

An "ex-Confederate veteran" writes to the Chattanooga (Tenn.) Times as follows of the death of "a man who was a faithful slave and a 'driver':"

"Old Uncle" Joe Napier died at his home in Napier's addition in St. Elmo recently. He left a widow, Mrs. Carrie Napier, and two stepchildren, Mrs. Idell Mcss, wife of Frank Moss, and Miss Lula Brown, surviving him. His last words were: 'Thank God, I see the light now.'

"He was the slave of Leroy Napier, and the 'driver' on Mr. Napier's plantation in Walker county, Georgia, for many years before the civil war, had the confidence of his master, of his master's family, of the white and colored people who knew him, and they all respected him. He was a very large man, over six feet high and weighed over 200 pounds. Owners of large plantations employed a white man as overseer and appointed one of their negro men as a 'driver,' whose responsibilities and duties were second in importance only to the overseer. The overseer gave his orders to a 'driver,' who had immediate charge of the other negroes and carried out the orders given him by the overseer. These 'drivers' were selected because of their intelligence, the confidence of their owners in them and as a class were of the very highest type of negroes. The success of a plantation was dependent to a very great measure on the 'driver.'

"When Capt. Nathan Napier, son of Leroy Napier, married, Leroy Napier gave 'Old Uncle Joe' to his son, who became the 'driver' on Capt. Napier's plantation until the close of the civil war.

"After the close of the civil war old Joe came to Chattanooga, bought a tract of land in St. Elmo, and laid off Napier's addition to St. Elmo. This is the first addition laid off in Chattanooga or vicinity by a negro. He was a very religious man and belonged to the E Street Colored Methodist church of this city.

"None save those who resided in the South before the civil war can realize the relations between the slave and his owner. This old man, in his last moments, asked that his former mistress, Mrs. Julia Napier, widow of Capt. Nathan Napier of Lafayette, Ga., be notified of his death and to ask her, or some of her children, to attend his funeral.

"The brain which qualified him to be a 'driver' qualified him to buy the land and lay out the first 'addition' laid out by a negro around Chattanooga. He died of old age, about 90 years.

"When the war called his master and every male white man in the family and the overseer into the Confederate army the white women of the family were entrusted to 'Uncle Joe,' who, at the head of the plantation, took care of them. When the federal army came near, 'Uncle Joe' moved the other negroes and the farm stock to places of safety until the close of the war. Then he entered into his new life with the same faithful zeal and intelligence that had made him a good 'driver.'

"The 'old South' never will or can forget the faithful devotion of this class of slaves during the civil war. Peace to the ashes of 'Old Uncle Joe!'"

REVENGE AS A FINE ART.

How Natives of India Get Even With Their Enemies.

Senator Tillman, at the end of the first part of his anti-trust speech in the senate on Jan. 14 told to a number of reporters an odd travelers' yarn.

"Speaking of queer revenges," he said—he had been discussing the ways in which the people might get even with the trusts—"I remember how, according to a friend of mine, the natives of certain villages in India treat their enemies. They get a few handfuls of rice, and sprinkle it on the roofs of the people they hate. Then what do you think happens? Why, the monkeys come jacking down from all the trees onto the roof after the rice. They eat all there is on the surface and then to get at the stray grains that have lodged in the crannies they begin to pull the shingles off. Wherever there is a grain to be seen far down in some crack or other they pull the roof up to get at it, and finally—lo! and behold!—there is no roof left—the monkeys have torn it all away. Then the man who spread the rice laughs subtly, for he has had his revenge, and yet no one knows, and he cannot be punished."

A Natural Question.

The small boy, accompanied by his father, was looking at the display in the window of a big store on Broadway, where all manner of wearing were on exhibition. In one corner was a great rack decorated with a brilliant collection of socks and bearing the sign:

"Half hose, half a dollar."

The small boy studied it for a full minute; then he called his father's attention to it.

"Say, pop," he inquired, "if half hose are half a dollar, are whole hose a whole dollar?"

"I suppose so," laughed the father, though he well knew that the boy's mother had a pair in silk that he had paid \$4.98 for, and which she insisted she had obtained at a bargain because they were marked down from \$5.—New York Times.