

A WISH.

Alone with the evening breeze,
I listen to the bird
Whose melodies in low-voiced tones
At twilight's hour are heard.

On every floating, fleecy cloud,
My fancy seems to trace
The outline of one noble form—
The beauty of one face.

And in my dear, deep dreams to-night
The splendor of two eyes
Will shine on me in fadless light,
Like stars in southern skies!

I'll hear his mild, melodious voice
In dulcet wailing tell—
For I hold his echoes in my heart,
Like the sea in a rose-lipped shell!

O Love of mine!—so far away—
Pull many a weary mile—
My thoughts of thee by night and day
The dreary hours beguile.

I wish, my Sweet, that wings had I
I'd fly away through space,
And ere an hour of life passed by
I'd gaze upon thy face.

And as within the rose's heart
The sun's warm kisses rest,
I'd cling so close, we could not part,
In rapture to thy breast.

'Tis well, perhaps, Beloved, the power
Cannot to me be given—
For ere the flight of that brief hour
This world had turned to heaven!
—Nelly Marshall McAfee, in the Current.

THE BINSTED FARM.

We all knew when sister Clarissa loaned the thousand dollars which was the accumulation of her six years of teaching, to Sam Binstead, that it was as good as sunk in the sea. And we told her so, but it was of no use, for you see, Clissy is one of those visionary people who see the "angel in the human heart" most clearly when it isn't there; and Sam, cousin by a good many removes, had borrowed out every other relative before he thought of us. Al hadn't a dollar to spare. She wouldn't have had Judge Hilton had divided his legacy with her, and I wouldn't have given him a nickel of my three hundred if he had gone on his knees for it; not I—but Clissy—think of it, will you, actually and positively handed over her thousand dollars as if she'd been a princess, and said:

"I'm very glad to accommodate you, Sam. You needn't mind a mortgage, your note is quite sufficient. I know that you will pay it all back."

Did he? Well, I think not. You never knew him or you wouldn't ask. To be sure he died; but he wouldn't have paid it if he had lived, for he was one of those easy-going men who wear sack coats with the pockets sagging down, and who always complain of their bad luck, and never pay their debts. That was the way that Clis happened to go West. He did give her a mortgage on a farm out in Missouri, and when he died, it fell to her. I don't suppose that she'd have taken it if there'd been anybody to give it to; but there wasn't, and no stranger would have accepted it for a present, so she had to keep it. She couldn't sell it, and she couldn't rent it for enough to pay the taxes, and her tenants burnt the fences because they were too lazy to cut wood. Let the barn tumble down and the house go to ruin, until one evening Clissy looked up and said: "I'm going out to my farm."

Al almost screamed with surprise and I was speechless. It was no use to say anything, for Clissy is very decided. So, the day that her school closed, she went down to the depot and bought a ticket to St. Louis, and took the evening train out as coolly as if she expected to return next day. Al and I went home and had a good cry, and decided that we should start as soon as our schools closed, and spend the summer with her. We taught in town, and had a ten-months year while Clissy was out in the east-end, where the schools close the last of May.

No length of years will ever make me forget the night that we reached Sparta—that is her town—and saw dear old Clissy on the rickety platform, whip in hand, waiting for us. Bless her heart, how she hugged us, although she hadn't been away five weeks! Then she took us around, behind the station, to her red, spring-wagon, hitched to the most killing little gray mule you ever saw, and we clambered in. She was mortally afraid of the little beast, and he knew it. You'd have died to see her untie him from the post, standing at arm's length from him. It was two miles to the farm, and we all three talked as hard as we could, and yet we hadn't begun to tell our news when we reached that forlorn, unpainted old wooden house, with the chicken-coop right in front. We were starving after our three days' ride, and Clissy had a good supper, and then our life in the West began.

It would take a book to tell about the events of that summer, so I must just pick out two or three things, that led directly to the grand finale:

She had things started pretty well when we came. It was to be a stock-farm, and she had bought sheep and calves, and a cow, and chickens, and a ferocious old mother pig with a lot of dottie dumpling little piglets; but the old cannibal ate up four of them—how I hated her for it—and a hog, and a big shovel, and lots of other things.

The first morning Al and I thought we'd take a ramble and see how we liked it. But she wanted to go down to the stream and I wanted to go up to the "knob," as Clissy called it, and see the landscape. I hadn't got there when a cow looked menacingly at me, and I ran as if I never dreamed I could run. The man was milking in the barnyard, and he looked up with a grunt when I came. We had to call him Conrad, because he wouldn't answer to Conrad. Al didn't appear to breakfast; but she is such an irresponsible creature anyway, that we supposed she was sketching some stump, so we kept her chops warmed, and washed the dishes so as to churn before it became too hot.

About ten o'clock I went out to hunt eggs, and was sure that I heard my name in accents wild. I called "Clissy" and "Conrad" and we followed the sound until we could see the poor girl perched in a little, shaking thorn-tree, about four feet from the ground, while a murderous old ram stood guard below. She had been there three blessed hours. Conrad threw a piece of earth at him, and he walked away, and the poor child limped home with

us. Her hands were all blistered with clinging to the tree, and she had screamed for us till her throat was sore. "I have a fine flock of sheep there," remarked the proud owner, as we climbed awkwardly over the bars.

"They are more profitable than cattle, because they increase so rapidly and mature so quickly. The increase is quite wonderful. The gentleman of whom I bought these says—"

"Yaw, yaw—he sav von lie," interrupted the stolid Conrad. "He sell you forty ram, he keep de ewe. Increase! Nein!"

Clissy was silent for two minutes. Then she said:

"A beautiful, sensitive plant grows wild here; it is a briar; perhaps we can find one here."

"I shall be delighted," I replied, faintly. When we reached the yard-fence, Al cried in amazement, "Where's the barn?" And sure as I am telling it, that vicious little mule had kicked it down.

It was what they call a "Kansas barn," made of poles, with a straw roof, tied down, to keep it from blowing off, and the beast was eating the roof. When Conrad went up to see about it, he was sent flying heels over head, and I laughed; he never forgave me, either.

It rained that afternoon, and we helped Clissy cut carpet-rags for a kitchen carpet. We were afraid to go down cellar on account of the enormous rats, so we stood in the doorway and passed milk and meat to and from the invisible Conrad. He set the three gaping steel traps, and we retired the second night in the blissful fancy that the rats would soon be vanquished. Toward morning we were awakened by an odor that would have made those stenches of the plague-stricken Egyptians seem as perfume by contrast. Poor Clissy sat up and gasped. Al began to cry, as usual, and I wished that I were a man long enough to swear.

It would be two hours before Conrad came to investigate, and we should all die in that time I knew.

What could it be? Several things were suggested, but the solution was not satisfactory until Al sprang up from her cot (we only had one bed) and screamed, "Oh, I know; it's natural gas. Your bored well has struck it. We shall light the town and make our fortunes. Hurrah for old Clissy! Now you must do the handsome by us. I will take a diamond necklace for my wedding-present, and you can build a house in town and we'll live with you."

It seemed so probable that even Clissy forgot her usual caution and planned a substantial barn on the possibility. We were sure that we heard a rat dragging the trap down cellar, and we ventured to the head of the stairs in the gray dawn and peeped down. The natural gas, the supply of which was apparently unlimited, seemed to emanate from the cellar, and was so stifling that we could not investigate long at a time.

"Girls," said Al, "it's not a rat, but the dearest little black and white creature that you ever saw. It's caught by the foot. Where's your book of natural history. May be I can tell what it is."

"I take him in von bag und gill him," said the manly tones of Conrad, coming up just then.

"I smell him half-mile away. Mein Gott, how ever I dakes him out von dot?"

"Girls," said Clissy, from the other end of the porch, "it's the most beautiful sunrise I ever saw. Only see the crimson!"

Perhaps you won't believe me, but we didn't get that odor out of the house for three months, or out of our clothes either, although we almost bought the Labin's extracts from the Sparta drugstore.

The day that followed was the most heart-rending of all. We couldn't eat, and were so faint that we could scarcely work. We resolved that no chance visitor should be admitted to the house upon pain of death to the offender. I was learning to make a shortcake when a scream from Al made me look up.

"Somebody is coming. What shall we do? Go and meet him, Clis, and keep him from the house."

"He's only a tramp, and I think he is drunk, too. I'd better call Conrad, I'm afraid of a drunken man." She walked timidly to the end of the porch and met the intruder.

"I beg your pardon, but as I was crossing your field in my walk, one of your rams assaulted me, and made me so unrepresentable, that I must ask for some soap and water, and a needle and thread. I am a clergyman from the village, madame."

"Certainly," said Clissy, "I am very sorry that anything so serious should have happened to you upon my place," and she showed him into the sitting room and gave him the necessary articles. He staggered as he walked, and I saw that the blood was dripping from his hair. He was hurt more seriously than he would confess. When he had been there an hour we thought we had better peek, and we did. He had got to the lounge and fallen upon it. The blood from his head was dropping upon the floor, and his face was as pale as death. We forgot all about our mortification at our plight, and flew about in great distress. Clissy is so motherly and knows so much about everything that she soon brought him around; bandaged his cut and rubbed arnica upon his bruises. He was so modest and pleasant, and so patient—I knew he was suffering dreadfully—that we couldn't help admiring him; and it was such a surprise to him to find three ladies in that desolate little house, and it was such a surprise to us to find a gentleman in one who looked so like a tramp. And Clissy cleaned his coat—it had absorbed a great deal of sticky mud from the rain of the day before—and took him home in the evening in the horrid spring-wagon, drawn by the mule.

Well, nothing would do, when he called the next week, but that we should come to church and take classes in the Sunday school and attend the socials. And we found that the people were pleasant and the country beautiful, and Mr. Haven—oh, well, I shall not say one word about him—or you do?—Lizzie Hyer Neff, in the Current.

WHAT IS DRANK?

A Sample of the Decoctions Served at "First-Class Bars"—Brandy, Rum, Gin, and Bourbon from the Same Faucet—Interesting Revelations for Guzzlers.

A trade circular, issued by Mr. John D. Hounihan, of Buffalo, N. Y., lately came into *The Cincinnati Enquirer's* hands. It is not exactly adapted for general circulation, and belongs to that class of literature which the recipients are supposed to keep under lock and key—not because of any indelicate allusions to the anatomy of the human frame, but because Mr. Hounihan assumes that he is addressing liquor-dealers alone, and hence makes no bones of mentioning the passwords, signs, grips, and secret work generally of the sample-room neighborhood. He says:

"I have written a book on the process of making whisky, brandy, gin, ale, porter, lager beer, and everything pertaining to the business. The recipes are so simple that a boy 10 years old can make in your cellar or back room twenty gallons of Bourbon whisky inside of an hour, and you may place it side by side with the genuine, and you can not tell the difference by look or taste."

"My directions for imitating Bourbon whisky, Irish whisky, and French brandy are the best in existence. You may put my imitations and the genuine side by side, and the best judge will pronounce them the same. Besides, they can be made to present the appearance of being twenty years old."

"It is a fact known to a great many liquor dealers that half of the whisky now sold in this country never passed through a still, for it is nearly all adulterated more or less."

"As reference I could mention many of the first hotel bars of Maryland and Pennsylvania now using my book as a guide; but, considering the nature of the book, I will not mention names."

This precious book is not a bad-looking little volume, and talks out in meeting on the title page in this style:

"The secret process of manufacturing whisky, brandy, rum, gin, bitters, wine, champagne, lager, ale, port, cider, spruce beer, etc., in the cheapest way, without the use of the still. How to doctor poor liquors; how to double your profits by thinning down without discovery; how to imitate, etc."

Among about one hundred receipts, it gives seven for making champagne, one for making beer without apples, one for making beer without malt or hops, and one for making old barrels out of new ones.

As old whisky-barrels are more valuable than those that come from the cooper's hands, some enterprising citizen may like to go into the business of instantly metamorphosing young and lusty casks into hoary patriarchs. To do this dissolve in three gallons of water three pounds of sulphuric acid and one pound of sulphate of iron. Wash your barrel with this mixture on the outside, and in a few hours they will be as rusty and venerable as though they had lain in a warehouse for forty years.

But Mr. Hounihan, of Buffalo, by no means has a monopoly of this branch of instruction in the higher walks of the spirit business.

Alexander Fries & Brother, Nos. 46, 48, and 50 East Second street, in this city, issue a book made up solely of recipes and price-lists for manufacturing everything in the liquor line from chemicals and a barrel of proof-spirits. In the following guarded sentence they explain the value of this method of spirit manufacture:

"Parties not wishing to keep a large stock of liquor on hand will find it to their interest to lay in an assortment of the oils and essence, which will enable them to fill large orders at the shortest notice."

For instance an order comes over the wires to the wide-awake merchant for forty gallons of port wine, to be shipped by the 6:20 P. M. express. Being one of those parties who do not desire to keep a large stock of liquor on hand, the merchant walks into his back room, closes the door, and manufactures the port wine with neatness and dispatch. In case he follows the recipe given by Messrs. Fries & Brother, his formula is as follows:

Port Wine—For one barrel: 30 gallons cider after the same has fermented, 5 gallons spirit, 4 gallons sirup, 1 pound powdered gum kino, 1/2 pound tartaric acid, 6 to 8 ounces port wine flavor. To produce a better quality, add either a few gallons German cherry juice or any kind of pure wine.

Color for Port Wine—One ounce azuline, four ounces of sugar coloring to the barrel.

But in case he desires to make a cheaper wine even than can be manufactured from the innocent ingredients above, he fills his barrel with a mixture made up of 33 gallons prepared cider, 5 1/2 gallons natural spirits, 4 pounds refined sugar, 2 ounces tincture kino, 1 ounce tartaric acid, 6 ounces rhatany root, powdered, 3 pounds raisins, 1 quart alcoholic starch solution.

Take notice, please, that the first article called for is thirty-three gallons prepared cider. The prepared cider is of his own preparation, and as the bulk of it is pure water, it ought not to be too expensive for use in the manufacture of port wines and champagne by the most economical artist. The formula upon which it is made is "35 gallons soft water, 35 pounds brown sugar, 2 pounds of tartaric acid, 1 quart yeast. Stir up well and stand twenty-four hours with the bung out. Then add 3 gallons neutral spirit and bung tight. Stand forty-eight hours, and it is ready for use."

In case his order chances to be twelve dozen champagne, he is unable to fill it in less than ten days; but give him that time limit and he will at his expiration ship the fizz—duly wired down, tin-foiled and labeled with French labels. To do so he first places 35 gallons prepared cider, made as noted above, in clean cask, following it with 4 gallons neutral spirits, 2 ounces tartaric acid (crystallized), 1 pound refined sugar, 1/2 pint lemon juice, 3 pounds raisins, 1 pound

honey, 1/2 pint yeast. They are to be mixed well and allowed to stand for ten days. If not sparkling he adds more acid until it is, and finally bottles the mixture, adding a piece of white sugar the size of a pea to each bottle, and then corking, wiring and labeling the finished product.

The recipes given in these and other secret books of the same ilk—of which at least a dozen are issued—throw a flood of light upon the puzzling questions often asked by those who know the capacity of French vineyards as to how it is possible to sell French wines and brandies in America at lower rates than those for which they can possibly be purchased at home. Taking the case of Chateau Yquem, the entire vintage never exceeds 120 casks, and the price of the new wine is \$1,200 a cask, or \$20 a gallon—say \$4 a bottle. Yet one can buy what is labeled Chateau Yquem at almost any retail liquor house at from \$2 to \$5 a bottle. The yield of the Chateau Lafite is 180 casks a year, and the new wine retails in Paris for \$4.50 a bottle. Like Chateau Margaux and Chateau Latour, Lafite is almost a drug in our market. But that there are adulterated wines and liquors in the market is a fact well known—much more generally known than the other fact that the cheering potatoes are often manufactured outright from foreign substances than adulterated. It is not the province of this article to establish these points; it is merely our intention to tell in as few words as possible how the manufacturing is carried on, and to give the recipes as they are furnished to dealers by the chemists.

To make those heart-warming drops of distilled fire known as cordials, the chemist furnishes the following directions:

Kummel—Take about one-fourth pound of cordial essence, cut in one-half gallon alcohol, 36 gallons spirit, and 4 gallons sugar sirup.

Peppermint—Dissolve one-half pound of the essence in 1 gallon of alcohol, and add to 35 gallons spirits, proof, 4 gallons sugar sirup, one-half pound of our peppermint coloring.

Benedictine, 8 ounces essence cut in one-half gallon alcohol, 2 gallons sugar sirup to 1 barrel and color.

Chartreuse, 1/2 gallon alcohol, 2 gallons sugar sirup to 1 barrel and color.

Curacao, 1/2 gallon alcohol, 2 gallons sugar sirup to 1 barrel and color.

Maraschino, 1/2 gallon alcohol, 2 gallons sugar sirup to 1 barrel and color.

Absinthe—Twenty gallons cognole spirit, proof, 1 pound essence cut in alcohol, 1 pint sugar sirup. Color is made of 6 parts solution curcuma, 2 parts indigo carmine, mixed.

Gin, rum, brandies, and punches may be manufactured severally from the same barrel of proof spirits by adding to the spirits—for apple brandy, 4 ounces of apple essence to 40 gallons spirit; for cognac, 4 ounces cognac essence to 40 gallons spirit; for Holland gin, old Tom, rye, Schiedam schnapps and London dock gin, add 1 ounce in each case of the essence to 40 gallons of spirit and 1 1/2 pints of sugar sirup; for Jamaica rum, use one-half pound Jamaica rum essence and one-half pint of sugar coloring to 40 gallons of proof spirit. In each of the above cases the mixture is to be reduced to the desired alcoholic strength by the addition of water in proper proportions. This can be readily done when it is known that the average alcoholic strength of the various liquors is about as follows:

Rhine wine, 11 per cent.; sherry, 20 per cent.; claret, 10 per cent.; port, 21; Marsala, 20; champagne, 14; brandy, 51; rum, 74; gin, 50; whisky, 60; cider, 6; bitter ale, 9; lager beer 6.

As a great many customers judge of the fineness and quality of a sample of liquor by the head which it carries when newly poured into the glass the chemist has put the gray matter of his brain to work in devising an artificial head for the manufactured product. What is meant by the "head" is the appearance presented on the surface of the spirit by a number of pearly, oily-looking drops or beads hanging to the sides of the glass, and it may be attained by adding only half an ounce of "bead-oil" to each forty gallons of proof spirits. "The beads will be of a uniform size," says the chemist's book, "and perfectly natural at any and all temperatures."

One ounce of raisin-oil added to one barrel of Bourbon or rye whisky will give the taste of age to the same, and four ounces of raisin-oil in a barrel of Bourbon whisky will make a most beautiful brandy—equal to the imported.

The Dimensions of Heaven.

"And he measured the city with the reed, 12,000 furlongs. The length and breadth and the height of it are equal."—Rev. xxi. 16.

Twelve thousand furlongs, 7,920,000 feet, which being cubed, 496,793,088,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. Half of this we will reserve for the Throne of God and the Court of Heaven, and half the balance for streets, leaving a remainder of 124,198,272,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. Divide this by 4,096, the cubical feet in a room sixteen feet square, and there will be 30,321,843,750,000,000 rooms. We will now suppose the world always did and always will contain 990,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation lasts for 33 1/2 years, making in all 2,970,000,000 every century, and that the world will stand 100,000 years, or 1,000 centuries, making in all 2,970,000,000,000 inhabitants. Then suppose there were 100 worlds equal to this in number of inhabitants and duration of years, making a total of 297,000,000,000,000 persons, and there would be more than a hundred rooms sixteen feet square for each person.—Temple of Knowledge.

A Sham Story.

One of the numerous commercial philanthropists who go about on the streets selling patented wares called at the residence of a well known citizen on Henry street, and was confronted by the householder himself.

"I am selling an improved sham-holder," he began and was curtly interrupted:

"I detest shams."

"But this puts them on, folds them up."

"I don't deal in shams!"

"If you will try our patent sham—"

"I don't deal with shams."

The philanthropist looked at the irate citizen who was getting ready to close the door.

"My dear sir," he asked humbly, "are you in real earnest, or only shamming?"

He held him one.—Detroit Free Press.

WEDDING ETIQUETTE.

False and Loose Methods—Hollow Mockeries and Shams.

Exception is taken in high quarters to the statement in last Sunday's *Times* that wedding invitations do not require an answer. They certainly do not require an answer as a rule, and as a general thing are not answered. But there are exceptions. It is generally understood that an invitation to a church wedding does not require any acknowledgement, though many contend that it is only optional, and though the person invited is free to take no notice of the invitation it is as well to do so and more polite. As a matter of fact, the number of people who acknowledge invitations to church weddings is exceedingly small. It is stoutly contended, however, and with much force, that invitations to a wedding at home should be acknowledged and either accepted or declined, for the reason that on such occasions some sort of entertainment is always provided, and it is necessary to know how many to provide for, especially when the number of invited guests is likely to be large. Yet there are many who think that invitations simply to a wedding ceremony in the daytime, when there is no regular reception, do not demand a formal acknowledgement. It is, of course, better etiquette on such occasions to send a card.

The whole difficulty about wedding etiquette and the difference of opinion that exists on so many points is the result of the false and loose methods and the hollow mockeries and shams into which people have been drifting for several years. Weddings, which were once the most charming as well as the most beautiful of social events incidental to the home life, have been allowed to become to a great extent mere spectacles for the exhibition of vanity.

The bride commissions some one to look after her dresses, the bridegroom appoints some one to hire carriages, employ clergymen, etc., and the bride's family put the whole arrangement of the house, the church, the feast, etc., in the hands of some caterer or decorator. The getting up of the invitations is given to an expert in such matters in some shop, and very often the invitations are sent out wholesale by some one who is employed for the purpose. People invited go or not as they feel inclined, and go to shops and order presents sent in the most perfunctory way, so that a bride is as likely as not to get twenty vases, or a dozen lamps, or fifty spoons of different patterns. Where presents are sent they should, if possible, be sent early, so as to give the bride plenty of time to acknowledge them; and if worth sending at all they deserve that some time and care should be given to their selection. It is a common thing to hear brides say that of all their wedding presents they appreciate and value most the few appropriate and often inexpensive things that come from their intimate friends. It should not be forgotten that a wedding is the first, choicest and most important of all social incidents, and that an invitation to one is one of the greatest compliments that can be conferred. Invitations to balls, dinners and parties may be perfunctory and meaningless, but almost without exception it is only friends or acquaintances who are honored who are invited to a wedding, and a point should always be strained to make some sort of acknowledgment.

—Philadelphia Times.

AMERICAN WOMEN IN PARIS.

Yankee Girls with Handsome Dots Seeking Titled Husbands.

All sorts of people with light purses turn up in the gay French capital, and manage for awhile somehow to keep out of the morgue, writes Henry Waterson to the *Courier-Journal*. Among the Americans, the most notable examples in this category are the women. How they get here heaven knows; but they do get here, ranging all the way from the would-be prima-donna to the humble aspirant for a place as governess. Rarely does any one of them speak French. Just as rarely have they any kind of professional experience or fitness. Most of them are simple-minded visionaries—though may not be described so charitably—who, like M. Sardou's California hoyden, were "bound to see Paris or bust." Usually, the adventuress outright, who comes abroad on a speculation, brings a stake with her, and for a season, at least, contrives to keep up appearances. In the end, however, she is bound to fail, because foreign husbands with money are not to be had. There are thousands and tens of thousands of noble loafers and titled paupers who make it the business of their lives to look up rich American girls. But those gentry are very wary. They are not to be caught, even if they are worth catching, by anything short of cash in hand, without which, indeed, few of them could procure a marriage outfit or pay for a wedding-ring.

At this very moment I happen to know of two young countrywomen who are at dagger's point about a French duke, who is not fit in morals, intellect or character to black boots, and the ladies are not without a certain social position at home, either. The duke thinks they have fortunes of their own, which is a mistake. As soon as he finds this out he will be off, and there is no danger of his not finding it out, for in business of this kind your impetuous Frenchman is as unerring as death.

In Europe, abject poverty is the only spur which can goad a nobleman into marrying a Yankee, and the Yankees are preferred solely because, as a rule, they have more money when they have any money at all, than the natives, and then they are further away from base, and in taking one of them for a wife the aristocratic swindler is not obliged to dirty his felonious fingers by shaking hands with the rest of the family. Money motives apart no titled gentleman would think of marrying an American. When such a one marries out of his own country it is for the reason that he can not make an eligible match at home. In every instance the poor American girl gets the scum of the nobility, and if, happily, she escapes a brute in her husband, she is pretty sure to find him a vagabond.

COAL CONSPIRATORS.

The Law Brands Them as Public Offenders and Criminals—An Outrageous Monopoly.

Whether the great anthracite coal combination is beyond the reach of all law is now an issue of vital importance not only to the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, but to the entire coal-consuming community. Gov. Pattison has taken the stand that the law is violated and must be enforced. The coal pool defies the state and the courts. It insists that the authorities are powerless to prevent the combination from regulating the sale and fixing the price of coal to suit its self.

The Pennsylvania supreme court has already decided this question, and decided it adversely to the combination. The decision, though rendered fifteen years ago, still stands as an expression of the law of the commonwealth as interpreted by its highest court. The facts in the case then decided and the legal principles involved present a remarkable likeness to those now in issue.

A combination of five companies was formed to control the sale and fix the price of the bituminous coal production of northern Pennsylvania. The companies forming the combination represented almost the entire bituminous coal region in that part of the state. They had the power to control the market in the state of New York and to effect the market elsewhere. A dispute arose between two members of the pool as to their respective shares of sales and profits. The pooling agreement was made in New York and was to be carried out in this state, the chief market being here. The parties were within the jurisdiction of the courts of Pennsylvania, where the coal was mined, and the suit was brought there. On one side it was contended that the combination was against public policy and therefore illegal. On the other it was claimed that its purpose was to lessen expenses, to advance the quality of the coal, and to market it in the best order to the consumer.

The supreme court of Pennsylvania decided that the agreement to combine was a contract against public policy, and therefore illegal, void, and not to be enforced. The court went further, and held that the combination was a criminal conspiracy under the law of New York, which makes it a misdemeanor for two or more persons to conspire "to commit any act injurious to trade or commerce," and also a criminal conspiracy by the common law in Pennsylvania. Here is what the court said of the character and nature of the combination:

The important fact that these companies control this immense coal-field; that it is the great source of supply of bituminous coal to the state of New York and large territories westward; that by this contract they control the price of coal in this extensive market, and make it bring sums it would not command if left to the natural laws of trade; that it concerns an article of prime necessity for many uses; that its operation is general in this large region, and affects all who use coal as a fuel, and all this is accomplished by a combination of all the companies engaged in this branch of business in the large region where they operate. The combination is wide in scope, general in its influence, and injurious in effects. These being its features the contract is against public policy, illegal, and therefore void.

The court then cited numerous authorities to show that a combination to create a "corner" in a necessary of life and to advance its price to the consumer is a conspiracy punishable by the criminal law, and proceeded as follows:

The restrictions laid upon the production and price of coal can not be sanctioned as reasonable in view of their intimate relation to the public interests. The field of operation is too wide and the influence too general.

Singly each member of the combination might have suspended deliveries and sales of coal to suit his own interests and might have raised the price, even though this might have been detrimental to the public interest. There is a certain freedom which must be allowed to every one in the management of his own affairs. When competition is left free, individual error or folly will generally find a correction in the conduct of others.

But here is a combination of all the companies operating in the Blossburg and Barclay mining regions and controlling their entire productions. They have combined together to govern the supply and the price of coal in all the markets from the Hudson to the Mississippi river, and from Pennsylvania to the lakes. This combination has a power in its confederated form which no individual action can confer. The public interest must succumb to it, for it has no competitor free to correct its baneful influence.

When the supply of coal is suspended the demand for it becomes important, and prices must rise. Or if the supply goes forward the price fixed by the confederates must accompany it. The domestic hearth, the furnaces of the iron master, and the fires of the manufacturer all feel the restraint, while the many dependent hands are paralyzed, and hungry mouths are stunted. The influence of a lack of supply or a rise in the price of an article of such prime necessity can not be measured. It permeates the entire mass of the community, and leaves few of its members untouched by its withering blight. Such a combination is more than a contract. It is an offense.

The direct force and applicability of this language to the case of the anthracite coal combination are apparent. The attorney general of Pennsylvania can make effective use of this decision, which is dead against the pool.—New York Herald.

Several years ago gold badges, at a cost of \$40 each, were presented to the Yonkers, N. Y., city council for some remarkably good ordinance that they had passed. The gold leaf having worn off the honest aldermen find themselves in possession of leaden ones.