THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

AN HONEST SHIPBUILDER TELLS ABOUT THEM IN OHIO.

Ten Shillings a Day For a Skilled Mechanic—He Got His Pay In Goods at the Store and Not a Cent of Money—The Halcyon Days of Free Trade Recalled.

Last week I had occasion to go over to Long Island on business and tumbled into a regular old free trade nest where three free trade papers are published in a couple of villages of 30,000 inhabitants in the township of Hempstead.

I felt sorry for the farmers there and particularly for the farmers' wives, because those papers never speak the truth and would never tell the women folks that millions of dollars had been saved to the country every year by protection on eggs. People down there have felt the hard times pinch, too, and want all they can get for their farm stuffs without having to sell in New York in competition with potatoes from Bermuda and Europe and cabbages from Dutchland.

An old man, who had an eye as bright as a new dollar and wits as keen as the edge of a razor, said: "There are lots of young fellows around here who talk of good times and hard times, but they haven't been alive long enough to know anything about it. I let them talk, and I listen, and sometimes I tell them of the good old Democratic times we had nearly 50 years ago."

"How were the times then?" I asked.

"We read a good deal about them, but it is not often that one has a chance to talk with a man who has seen real good old Democratic days."

He looked at me pretty sharply, as if sizing me up, and then began:

"I am an old ship's carpenter and a shipbuilder. That's my trade. I was born right here in Freeport, but I've moved around a good bit and seen something. For quite a number of years I lived in Ohio, and there I had a contract to build a vessel for the lake trade. The country back of Ohio wasn't opened up then as it is now, and the lake trade was not so large, but still there was something doing. Well, I got this contract. The owner supplied all the lumber and stuff himself, and his contract with me was to pay me 10 shillings for each and every day I worked."

The old salt looked around, thought he'd try some cider and said: "Ten shillings was pretty good wages, my boys, that long time back, when the country wasn't what it is today, and then we had a Democratic government and plenty of free trade too. Yes, sir, 10 shillings a day was pretty good pay."

He paused, took a sip at the cider and a pull at his pipe. His eyes began to twinkle as he asked, "How often do you think I got paid?"

We waited for him to answer his own question, which he did as follows:

"I'll tell you. My pay was 10 shillings a day, and good pay too. I worked for months in and months out on that vessel and put in good work on her, but from the day I began to the day I finished I received never a single shilling," bringing his fist down with a whack on the counter that made the windows rattle.

"Not a d——d shilling did I ever get," he repeated, "not a shilling."

"Didn't he pay you anything at all then for your work?"

"Oh, yes, he paid me. He paid all he owed me. You see he had a store, and every day's pay that I earned I had to take out in goods at his store and at his price. I was loaded up with wheat, but thank heaven it wasn't as cheap as in these free trade times, or else I'd have had an elevator full. Yes, sir, every shilling I earned I had to take out in trade at his store at top notch prices, and I never once saw a 'red.'

"I've been through the mill. That's only a part of my experience with the good old free trade times that these young fellows around here have been hollering for. Give 'em all they want of 'em," he said, "I've had my share. Let 'em get some sense and earn it as I did."

B. THINKEN.

Protection In the Scriptures.

We wonder if free trade congressmen ever attend divine service. If so, do they ever listen to the reading of the Scriptures? It is certain that they do not heed them. Let us refresh the free trade memory by a quotation from Matthew, chapter 17, beginning with the twenty-fourth verse:

And when they were come to Capernaum they that received tribute money came to Peter and said, "Doth not your Master pay tribute?"

He saith, "Yes." And when he was come into the house Jesus prevented him, saying: "What thinkest thou, Simon? Of whom do the kings of the earth take custom or tribute—of their own children or of strangers?"

Peter saith unto him, "Of strangers."

Jesus saith unto him, "Then are the children free."

Thus did Jesus determine in favor of protection. Only by the taking of customs duties or tribute from the strangers were "the children free." The inference is that the direct taxation incidental to free trade or "a tariff for revenue only" rendered "the children" slaves. It will be the duty of the people to prevent those who favor such a system from coming "into the house" of representatives after the next election. Under protection only "are the children free."

Wilson Bill Gives Hope to Scotland.

The manufacturers of flax and jute goods in Scotland are increasing their hours of work, and in some instances running overtime, so as to be in a position to supply the American market. The Forfar Herald says there is a "slight rift in the black cloud of trade depression," and also that "these mercies are small, but they are hope inspiring." The manufacturers of jute goods in Brooklyn and at Allentown, Pa., have been able to secure a few small contracts at free trade prices which are expected to rule when the Wilson bill becomes law. Here "the black cloud of trade depression" overhangs us. There is no "rift" in it, and it is not "hope inspiring" for Americans.

TOM'S ROBBER.

Trapper Tom lived alone in a dugout in the Black Hills.

Tom had a hard time of it, for some one or something was forever stealing his things. First he lost his hat, then a boot, then a piece of bacon. This was followed by the disappearance of his washing basin, and there was a robbery from his traps.

It was perplexing in the extreme, for if he went away even for a couple of days and left his door open, which, by the way, he could not avoid, having no means of securing it on the outside, something was quite sure to vanish.

Tom was not a capitalist, but in summer he earned a living by digging cellars for new settlers and in winter by trapping. Neither was Tom's house a work of art. He had literally dug it on the top of a knoll and roofed it with sods, so that from the outside it had very much the appearance of a large mole hill. The knoll which Tom had selected for his home was bounded on one side by a lake and on the other side by a poplar grove which abounded in rabbits.

In the winter Trapper Tom, as he was familiarly called, trusted almost entirely to this grove to supply him with food. He always kept several gin traps in the rabbit runs among the red willows which grew in profusion around the outskirts of the heavier timber.

One evening at sunset Tom arranged his traps and as usual went directly to bed, for he could not afford to burn much oil. He had been sleeping for several hours when he was suddenly awakened by a succession of loud cries from the direction of the poplar grove. Believing that he must have caught a fox in one of his rabbit traps, Tom sprang out of bed, put on his pants, coat and boots, seized his spade, which was the best weapon he possessed, and started for the grove.

The moon was shining brightly, and the light was good, for the white poplars were not very tall, but even if this had not been the case Tom would have experienced very little difficulty in locating the cries on account of the persistency with which the animal kept them up. Before he had advanced 50 yards through the deep snow he found himself face to face with a shaggy coated animal.

At the trapper's approach the unfortunate creature turned toward him, bristling with rage, and revealing quite plainly the broad bands of brown with which nature has decked the sides of the wary and troublesome wolverine. The animal was caught by one of its hind feet in a steel trap, which in turn was secured by a chain to a small log, in no way adequate to hold so large an animal. Fortunately, however, the chain was fastened to the middle of the log, and this, owing to the number of small trees, made the escape of the wolverine almost impossible.

Had Trapper Tom been armed with a gun, there would have been little merit or little difficulty in winning the battle, but as his only weapon was a spade he realized that the conflict would not by any means be one sided. Nevertheless Tom was no coward, and he began circling round the animal, watching for an opportunity to close with it. As he walked round and round he noticed that the wolverine also kept turning, so he concluded to keep it up till the animal had twisted the chain into a knot.

As Tom kept circling and the animal kept turning the chain kept getting shorter, until the animal's leg was drawn close to the log. This was the desired opportunity, and Tom rushed in and dealt his captive a violent blow with the blade of the spade.

In attempting to avoid a second attack, however, the wounded animal sprang back and pulled the steel spring of the trap so violently against the log that the jaws flew open and set it free.

Instead of running away, the half stunned and maddened wolverine glared for one moment at its assailant and then sprang open mouthed at his throat.

Tom leaped behind a friendly poplar just in time to avoid the attack, and as the animal passed he dealt it a second blow, this time on the back, but in doing so he lost his balance and stumbled forward into the deep snow.

Before he could regain his feet the animal was upon him, and he found himself engaged in a hand to hand struggle with the savage creature. It seized his heavily coated arm in its teeth and commenced striking at him with its muscular hind legs, which, being armed with heavy claws, would have inflicted terrible wounds had they been able to get in their work.

With his free hand Trapper Tom gripped the animal by the throat and compressed its windpipe until it released his arm. Then he thrust it over upon its back into the loosened snow and with both hands tried to strangle it. In this he might have been successful had not the struggling animal just at the supreme moment struck him squarely in the chest.

The blow staggered Tom and caused him to relax his hold, when the animal, finding itself once more free, sprang to its feet and prepared to renew the attack.

The young man grabbed the spade, which lay beside him, and quickly scrambled to his feet. Then for one moment man and beast stood confronting each other, silent, watchful and desperate.

But the wolverine was nearly disabled. Its hind limbs appeared to be half paralyzed, and it was soon evident to Tom that so far he had had much the best of the fight. Without waiting for attack, therefore, he lifted his spade and stepped forward to deliver the blow of mercy. Just as the spade fell, however, the animal threw itself forward and instead of receiving the blow upon the head received it upon its back.

Before Trapper Tom could recover his balance the wolverine seized his leg, and the next instant he felt the agony of its teeth.

Again he lifted his spade, clutching it with both hands, and brought it down with a digging motion upon the back of the animal's head. It was the finishing stroke, and Tom had the satisfaction of dragging his prize after him as he limped back to his dugout.

Next day Tom nailed the pelt to his door as a trophy, and it was the finest wolverine pelt ever taken in that district. Trapper Tom is doubly rejoiced to find that in capturing the beast he also captured the robber, for he has never missed anything either from his dugout or his traps since the day he worsted the wolverine.—New York Press.

One Point of Resemblance.

Mr. Eator—Waiter, can't you do something to hurry up that lunch of mine?

Waiter—It's all ready, sir, except dressing the salad.

Mr. Eaton—H'm! One would think that salad was a woman, from the time its dressing takes!—Grenoble Monthly.

A CONDENSED NOVEL.

Rose—Ethel, what made you behave so oddly last night? I thought you were mad! Poor Mr. Amesbury looked so miserable when he put us into the carriage that I felt sure you had quarreled.

Ethel (indifferently)—We had. I gave him his conge, that's all. He was cross and rude because—well, because of various things—and I said I despised narrow minded men and didn't want to see him again, and that our engagement had better be broken off, as it was evident we should not suit each other.

Rose—And what did he say?

Ethel—Jim? Oh, I didn't wait to hear what he said. I had had my say, and that was sufficient.

Rose—I really wonder that he didn't dismiss you first, you richly deserve it, for you have really behaved disgracefully.

Ethel—What nonsense! I don't see why a girl should not amuse herself because she happens to be engaged, and for my part I should not care if Jim were to flirt with all the women in the country!

Rose—Perhaps not if he flirted with them all, but what would you have said if he had devoted himself to one for the whole evening and sat out with her as you did with that Mr. Douglas? It was too bad of you, because you know how much Jim dislikes the man.

Ethel—Pure prejudice, my dear, and I hate prejudice; it's so commonplace! I like men to be broad in their views, and able to see the good points in other men.

Rose—If they possess them. Well, I think Mr. Amesbury was right to be angry. I would not care one little bit for a man who did not assert himself—I couldn't respect him!

Ethel—My dear, you are certainly the kindest girl in the world, and the very cleverest. You are always trying to do your friends good turns, but you won't do any good here. I have quite made up my mind—Mr. Amesbury and I are apart forever, and not even you are clever enough to bring us together.

Rose (aside)—I am not so sure of that.

Ethel—What are you saying, my dear?

Rose—I was saying nothing—but I was thinking.

Ethel—And what were you thinking?

Rose—Nothing. Oh, nothing—you love Mr. Amesbury still, Ethel, don't you?

Ethel—Certainly not. A man who can be rude, cross, unjust, overbearing and who dares to lecture me!

Rose—Had he time to be all that? How clever of him!

Ethel—You little know men!

Rose—Perhaps not, but I think I know women.

Ethel—You little know me, if you think I am going to make it up.

Rose—What, never at all? You are quite, quite sure?

Ethel—Never!

Rose—Oh, Ethel! (taking her hands) I am so glad, so very glad!

Ethel—You are glad now. You odd girl!

Rose—Don't laugh; it so serious to me. Oh, if I could only have known a long time ago—how lightly your love lay on you—I should have—well, I should have been so different in some things—in one thing.

Ethel (puzzled)—I don't a bit know what you mean.

Rose—No, how should you? And you mustn't ever try to guess. But—do you think any woman is justified in sacrificing her own happiness—perhaps only the dream of her own happiness—for the sake of another person?

Ethel—No, I don't, and that is why I'm so determined not to sacrifice mine to Mr. Amesbury.

Rose—Oh, Ethel, dearest, kiss me and forgive me. You have made me so happy.

Ethel—Have I? I don't see how, but I'm very glad, all the same.

Rose—Listen. You are quite sure you don't love Mr. Amesbury one little bit?

Ethel—Not one fraction of a little bit.

Rose—How differently you used to talk once!

Ethel—Yes, indeed, once—I had not found him out then!

Rose—And really he is very nice—so good looking, so delightful in every way, so clever—such very good form——

Ethel—And such a temper?

Rose—Nonsense! I won't have him abused. No really nice man ever had a good temper! You shan't abuse my friend!

Ethel—Your friend!

Rose—Yes. Did you not know we were ever so long in the country together last August? (Excitedly). He is not your friend now! He is nothing to you! He is my friend, and you shan't abuse him!

Ethel (with calm deliberation)—Do you mean to tell me, Rose, that you, my own friend, whom I trusted, have—have played me false? You dare to tell me to my face you are glad he and I are parted, and that you—whom I once thought so loyal—that you love Mr. Amesbury? You flirt with him habitually, no doubt, when my back is turned!

Rose (half sobbing)—I confess nothing, Ethel.

Ethel (bitterly)—Ah! I see it all now—yes, you danced twice with him yesterday!

Rose—I did—while you danced four times with Mr. Douglas.

Ethel—It is no excuse!

Rose—Fortunately, you don't care for Jim.

Ethel (stamping her foot)—You shan't call him Jim, and I do care for him—you know I do. I can't bear it—I—I—think your conduct—why, what are you laughing at?

Rose—At you, I'm afraid.

Ethel (after a pause)—Do you really mean—yes, I see. Well, you can act, Rose. But you were ever so long in the country with him! You said so.

Rose—Only two days, but it seemed "ever so long," for he talked of nothing but you.

Ethel (after a sudden pause, laughing suddenly)—Well, now, Rose, I dare say you think yourself very clever, but what would you say if I told that I had seen through you all the time?

Rose—I should not believe you, dear!—San Francisco Argonaut.

Teaseed Oil.

It appears that some of the Ceylon tea planters are making an organized attempt to obtain a sale for their tea seed in the London market. A parcel of seven bags of that article was offered at the drug sales recently, but no one seemed to know what to do with it, and although the broker declared his belief that the drug was "a favorite medicine in China" the audience remained unmoved. Nevertheless the tea seed might have been worth purchasing for the sake of the bland oil which it contains, to the extent of about 35 per cent by weight, and which resembles olive oil in color and somewhat in taste. The seeds are about the size of a cherry stone, subglobular in shape, and of a deep brown color. The oil would be useful for burning or lubricating.—London Chemist and Druggist.

THE LIBERTY CAP.

Its Origin and Significance and Those Who Have Worn It.

The liberty cap, that bag shaped headgear so often seen on the head of the Goddess of Liberty, and which surmounts the national colors on nearly all of our silver coins, owes its origin to the Roman empire, where it was given to slaves as a sign of their manumission. The principal significance of the liberty cap to the American mind is not, however, its Roman origin, but rather its use as the official cap of the successive doges of republican Venice—that "model of the most stable government ever framed by man." In the doge's palace at Venice there is a gallery full of portraits of the men who ruled the republic for 700 years, and the conspicuous place occupied by the liberty cap in these portraits shows its importance as a national symbol of freedom.

It rather heightens the significance of this ancient symbol in the minds of good Americans when it is remembered that the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa humbled himself before a wearer of the liberty cap, and that Andrea Dandolo wore it on the fourth crusade and at the conquest of Constantinople. It occupied a place in the forefront of the advancing hosts that in the early part of the fifteenth century swept the Dalmatian towns and conquered the entire coast from the estuary of the Po to the island of Corfu.

While Columbus was discovering America the wearers of the liberty cap were acquiring Zante and Cyprus, and when the first half of the half starved settlements on the Massachusetts coast were battling for existence the republic from which we borrowed our liberty cap, having successfully resisted a league of all the kings of Christendom, was at the zenith of its glory.

The liberty cap is not as conspicuous in our national signs and symbols as it was in those of the rulers of the Adriatic, yet in a modest way it immortalizes the greatest republic of early times.—Philadelphia Press.

In Defense of the Weed.

The American silver weed, or tobacco, is an excellent defense against bad air, being smoked in a pipe, either by itself or with nutmegs shred and rew seeds mixed with it, especially if it be nosed, for it cleanseth the air and choaketh, suppresseth and disperseth any venomous vapor. It hath singular and contrary effects, it is good to warm one being cold, and will cool one being hot. All ages, all sexes, all constitutions, young or old, men and women, the sanguine, the cholerick, the melancholy, the phlegmatick, take it without any manifest inconvenience; it quencheth thirst, and yet will make one more able and fit to drink; it abates hunger, and yet will get one a good stomach; it is agreeable with mirth or sadness, with feasting and with fasting; it will make one rest that wants sleep, and will keep one waking that is drowsie; it hath an offensive smell to some, and is more desirable than any perfume to others. That it is a most excellent preservation, both experience and reason do teach.

It corrects the air by fumigation, and it avoids corrupt humors by salivation, for when one takes it either by chewing it in the leaf, or smoking it in the pipe, the humors are drawn and brought from all parts of the body to the stomach, and from thence rising up to the mouth of the tobacconist, as to the helme of a sublimatory, are avoided and spitten out.—"A Brief Treatise," 1665.

How Do You Cross Your "T's?"

A graphologist has discovered that character can be read from the letter "t" alone, according to an English paper. He claims that the vertical line represents the fatality of life, and the horizontal bar the influence human will exercises over this fatality.

In addition, he claims that the higher or lower a writer crosses the "t" is a guide to the amount of ideality contained in his nature, and that the lower part of the letter corresponds to the practical and material part of the man's character.

For instance, the optimist crosses his t's with a line that slopes upward—from the ground to the sky, as it were. The poet often crosses his t's quite above the vertical line—in other words, in the sky.

The pessimist crosses his t's with a downward sloping stroke. The line which is below the ideal portion of the letter descends little by little until it is lost among the sad realities of earthly existence.

The practical man, it appears, always steers a middle course, and crosses his t's neither in the ideal nor in the material manner, but exactly midway between both.—Boston Globe.

The Barrister's Retort.

A case was once tried in Limerick before Chief Baron O'Grady. A barrister named Bushe was making a speech for the defense, when an ass began to bray loudly outside the court. "Wait a moment," said the chief baron. "One at a time, Mr. Bushe, if you please." The barrister waited for a chance to retort, and it came presently. When O'Grady was charging the jury, the ass again began to bray, if possible more loudly than before. "I beg your pardon, my lord," said Bushe. "May I ask you to repeat your last words? There is such an echo in this court I did not quite catch them."—"Seventy Years of Irish Life."

Balm of Gilead.

The real balm of Gilead is the dried juice of a low shrub which grows in Syria. It is very valuable and scarce, for the amount of balm yielded by one shrub never exceeded 60 drops a day. According to Josephus, the balm or balsam of Gilead was one of the presents given by the queen of Sheba to King Solomon. The ancient Jewish physicians prescribed it evidently for dyspepsia and melancholia.—Methodist Protestant.

The irrigating ditch begun at Rushville is mapped out for nearly 200 miles and will cost nearly two million dollars.