

VICIOUS VOORHEES.

HE HATES PROSPERITY FOR AMERICA AND FOR AMERICANS.

Theories and Falsehoods Permeated His Entire Tariff Speech—A Clever Exposure of His Quibbles and Prevarications—His Vulgar Abuse Recalls Upon Himself.

The rabid remarks made by Senator Voorhees during his opening debate upon the tariff bill in the senate bear strong earmarks of Clevelandism, and many opinions have been expressed that the senator's speech was at least prompted by the president, even if not actually inspired by the White House tenant. Such words as "greed," "stealthiness," "crime," "selfishness" and the like always abound in the speeches and addresses of the president when he discusses a protective tariff. They are almost as frequent as the "I's" and "Me's" that have now become a part of American history, and the tautology of the expressions referred to in the speech of Senator Voorhees affords good reason for the suspicion that it was, before delivery, submitted to the approval of Me.

According to Senator Voorhees, the tariff taxes that are now paid to the extent of \$76,670,000 annually "on the wants, necessities and daily consumption of the laboring men, women and children of the United States" will be removed. If it be proper to wipe out \$76,670,000 of duty that has been collected under the McKinley tariff, which Senator Voorhees stigmatizes as "a gigantic crime," is the senator not equally guilty of connivance at crime by retaining a single dollar's worth of such duty? Is it that "his lust for riches takes alarm" when he sees so much revenue slipping away from the treasury, and that his "sordid, brutal selfishness" impels him to keep a grasping upon some of the McKinley dollars, although they make him a participator in "a gigantic crime?"

On the basis of a population of 68,000,000 people, which is the total, according to present estimates of the treasury department, the amount of promised relief is \$1.12 1/2 per capita of burdensome and oppressive taxation, divided among the different schedules as follows:

Chemicals.....	\$1,000,000
Pottery.....	1,000,000
Glass.....	1,500,000
Metals.....	12,500,000
Wood.....	300,000
Tobacco.....	3,000,000
Agricultural products.....	3,000,000
Spirits, wines, etc.....	3,500,000
Cotton manufactures.....	3,450,000
Flax, hemp, jute manufactures.....	6,000,000
Wool manufactures.....	25,000,000
Silk manufactures.....	3,500,000
Paper and pulp.....	300,000
Sundries.....	2,450,000
Transferred to free list.....	12,170,000
Total.....	\$76,670,000

Senator Voorhees claims that the proposed reductions in the tariff will save \$76,670,000 in taxation to the laboring people. This would be correct upon the supposition that our imports of foreign goods would be no more and no less during the years of protection, upon which his calculations were made. But he omits an essential feature in trade. The mere fact of our having a protective tariff has been to prohibit the foreign importations, and the mere fact of lowering the tariff will very largely increase such importations to an extent that will also increase the "burden of taxation." The senator claims that every dollar collected under the McKinley tariff is a tax. Every dollar collected under the free trade tariff will be equally a tax, and more of it, because the imports will be greater and the ultimate "burden of taxation" greater.

Take an invoice of \$1,000 for manufacturers of cotton imported from England and now paying 50 per cent ad valorem duty, the McKinley tariff thereon is \$500. Take the free trade tariff of 35 per cent ad valorem, which will permit \$2,000 of foreign cotton to be imported where only \$1,000 are now imported, and the tax will amount to \$700, an increase of \$200 in the "burden of taxation" laid upon the poor people by the Wilson tariff bill. The same rule may be applied to all other commodities, and the greater the difference between the present and the proposed tariffs the larger will be the imports of the foreign goods. This view of the case has not been presented by Senator Voorhees or any member of his free trade army. They endeavor to make the people believe that our imports will not be larger when the tariff is lowered, and that the British trader is not waiting impatiently to flood our markets with his cheap goods.

But there is still another view of the case that Senator Voorhees has entirely overlooked—the question of wages, a very important phase to the laborer. Where we now import but \$1,000 worth of cotton goods and will, with a lower tariff, import to the extent of \$2,000, there will be just \$1,000 worth less manufactured in our own mills, and \$300 less of this to be distributed in wages. This means that 400 men earning \$3 per day will be deprived of their opportunity to earn. These 400 men are to receive a remission of \$1.12 1/2 in a year from the tariff taxes that they have been paying, yet in a single day they are to lose \$2 in wages. This will be a great relief, no doubt. But there may be some workers and wage earners who would prefer to retain the \$2 per day and pay the \$1.12 1/2 per annum. Such a natural desire on their part is characterized by Senator Voorhees as "sordid, brutal selfishness," and a "lust for riches."

Senator Voorhees claims to desire the relief of the people from unjust taxation and proposes to relieve them to the extent of \$76,670,000, or \$1.12 1/2 per head. At the same time he argues in support of a bill that will provide a surplus of revenue to the extent of \$29,389,245 and says "there is no terror to me in a surplus like this." Perhaps not. Men who juggle with millions can regard millions with complacency. But it seems hard upon the poor laborer who is to be

deprived of his work and not have the means wherewith to support himself or his family. It will be small satisfaction for him, without a loaf of bread in the house, to contemplate a surplus of \$29,389,245 hoarded up in the vaults of the treasury.

Such a policy as is advocated by Senator Voorhees and his free trade associates will be regarded by the mass of the people as "a gigantic crime." It may lead to crime, and who could blame a poor man without work if he were expelled to crime at the sight of \$29,389,245 in gold hoarded in the treasury? "There is no terror" to Senator Voorhees "in a surplus like this," but all men are not made like Senator Voorhees, and some even are thankful that they are not. To quote his own words, he has "declared a policy so flagitious in principle, so rotten in morality and so ravenous in its exactions on the absolute wants in life that its possible duration is only a question of time when the next election by the people should occur."

CHARLES R. BUCKLAND.

A COMPROMISE TARIFF.

The Democrats Tried It Once Before, and the Country Suffered Severely.

In view of the compromise nature of the Wilson tariff bill it is well to refer to the tariff act of 1833, which was intended as a compromise and conciliatory measure. The south was on the verge of open rebellion, so determined were they not to submit to the protective system. Mr. Clay and congress did not intend to give up the protective principle of the act of 1828. But, like all such compromise measures, it yielded just enough to completely destroy its efficiency, as was subsequently learned to our sorrow. It provided that by a sliding scale of one-tenth biannually all duties in excess of 20 per cent should be abolished within a period of 10 years. In its results and effects it was really an abandonment of the protective principle, for the reductions allowed were soon found to afford "insufficient protection," which is practically no protection, as was so terribly proved under the tariff of 1816. Industry and trade soon declined, and again foreign goods poured like an inundation into our markets.

Financial depression followed, assignments and bankruptcies resulted everywhere, manufacturers suspended operations, and business grew worse and worse till the culmination was reached in the financial crash of 1837, one of the most appalling and disastrous financial reversions ever known, severer even than that which followed the repeal of the first tariff in 1816.

The revulsion of 1837 produced a far greater havoc than was experienced in the period above mentioned. The ruin came quickly and fearfully. There were few that could save themselves. Property of every description was parted with at prices that were astounding, and, as for the currency, there was scarcely any at all.

"In some parts of Pennsylvania the people were obliged to divide bank notes into halves, quarters, eighths and so on and agree from necessity to use them as money. In Ohio, with all her abundance, it was hard to get money to pay taxes. The sheriff of Muskingum county, as stated by the Guernsey Times, in the summer of 1842 sold at auction one horse wagon at \$5.50, 10 hogs at 6 1/2 cents each, two hogs (said to be worth \$50 to \$75 each) at \$2 each, two cows at \$1 each, a barrel of sugar at \$1.50 and a store of goods at that rate. In Pike county, Mo., as stated by the Hannibal Journal, the sheriff sold three horses at \$1.50 each, one large ox at 13 1/2 cents, five cows, two steers and one calf, the lot at \$3.25; 20 sheep at 13 1/2 cents each; 24 hogs, the lot at 25 cents; one eight day clock at \$2.50; lot of tobacco, seven or eight hogheads, at \$5; three stacks of hay, each at 25 cents, and one stack of fodder at 25 cents" (Colton's "Life of Henry Clay," Vol. 1).

The whole country went into liquidation, bank loans and discounts fell off more than one-half, the money lost to the country was not less than \$1,000,000,000, to say nothing of the tremendous strain upon the moral sense of the people. All prices fell off ruinously, production was greatly diminished, and in many departments practically ceased. Thousands of workmen were idle, with no hope of employment, and their families suffering from want. Our farmers were without markets. Their products rotted in their barns. Their lands, teeming with rich harvests, were sold by the sheriff for debts and taxes. The tariff which robbed our industries of protection failed to supply the government with necessary revenues. The national treasury in consequence was bankrupt, and the credit of the nation very low. In the first six years after 1834 the revenue fell off 25 per cent, and the government was obliged to borrow money at high rates of interest to pay current expenses.—American Economist.

The Turkeys of Tiffin.

Friend Kimmel, writing from the Heidelberg university, at Tiffin, O., says that there seems to be an analogy existing between our present free trade Democracy and two old time turkey trappers that used to reside in that vicinity. One of the trappers built a pen and succeeded in catching three fine wild turkeys. But while putting them into the pen he got away from him, so he foolishly threw down the two he had in his hands to run after the one that got away. The other trapper, seeing the race, exclaimed, "Run, Boltie, run!" But Boltie failed to run fast enough, and so lost all his turkeys.

In like manner our free trade friends want to throw down our large, certain and profitable home market to risk acquiring a small share in the sometimes unprofitable and always uncertain so-called "markets of the world." The only difference seems to be that of the two the free trader is the bigger fool, for the trapper risked losing only 66 2/3 per cent in order to catch 33 1/3 per cent, while the free trader risks losing 98 per cent in order to acquire the mcager and uncertain 2 per cent.

A GENUINE HERO.

Though Weak and Ailing, He Did the Proper Thing.

"Have you ever wondered just what you would do if, without a word of warning, you were placed in a situation where you had the choice of risking your own life suddenly presented to you?" asked Gaddery at the club the other night. Several members declared they had not.

"I recall a vivid instance of the kind," said Gaddery as he ordered another bottle and braced himself back in his chair. "It had often been a matter of speculation with me as to just what my action would be in a moment of extreme peril, and I am glad to say, gentlemen, that when the time did come I was not unequal to the occasion."

There was a subdued murmur of suppressed interest. "Some time ago," he continued, "my health was so poor that upon the advice of my physician I engaged passage in a schooner bound for Florida. The captain had on board his little daughter, a sweet child of 12 years. One balmy day after we had been out a week I was pacing the deck, and I may say that it was a particularly memorable occasion for me, that being the first day I was strong enough to walk, when I heard a sudden splash, and looking up hastily I discovered that the little girl had fallen overboard. Gentlemen, you can imagine my feelings."

Several members nodded. "Here was the opportunity of my life. There was a light breeze, and the schooner was moving lazily through the water. I rushed to the railing. For a brief instant I caught a glimpse of the terror-stricken face of my little companion, and then she sank. In that brief moment, gentlemen, I have no hesitation in saying that I lived a lifetime. And yet—I say it calmly and dispassionately—the determination to save that little girl's life never once was shaken. Before any one on deck knew what I was about I sprang to the railing and threw the deck, and I may say that it was a particularly memorable occasion for me, that being the first day I was strong enough to walk, when I heard a sudden splash, and looking up hastily I discovered that the little girl had fallen overboard. Gentlemen, you can imagine my feelings."

"I know it," quietly replied Gaddery. "And you said," persisted Gaddery, "that you were so weak that you could scarcely walk?"

"I did," responded Gaddery. "Then how could you throw yourself overboard and save that child's life?" triumphantly questioned Gaddery.

"My dear fellow," said Gaddery, "you misunderstand me entirely. I did not say that I jumped overboard. The captain had already done that."

"Then what did you do?" breathlessly inquired his audience. "As I was about to remark when I was interrupted," replied Gaddery, gracefully filling his glass. "I sprang to the railing and threw my life preserver."—New York World.

Two Standards.

Jokes of a "practical" order are usually dangerous in one way or another, but a story is told of one harmless joke which illustrated the power of imagination in an amusing way some years ago.

At the time when most of the North river sloops came in at Coenties slip the Levant, a packet from Fishkill anchored off the Battery to wait for a change of tide. A passenger who had been for the first time in his life on a sailing vessel, and who had been anxiously begging to steer the craft, not noticing that the vessel was at anchor, was told at last that he might take the helm.

He obeyed the summons with alacrity and listened to the captain's cautions in regard to keeping clear of other vessels, etc., and then the captain went below.

The tide was rushing by at a great rate, and the amateur helmsman felt much gratified with the progress his craft was making as he looked down at the water.

In time, however, an investigation of the surrounding landscape led to a slight feeling of dissatisfaction on his part, which steadily increased as time went on. At last the captain appeared again and inquired gravely how he was getting on.

"Well," replied the amateur, with a dubious smile, "I appear to be getting on first rate by water, but plagues slow by land, if I'm any judge, captain."—Youth's Companion.

Not All From Her.

Fiddleback (in Castleton's room)—Isn't that a picture of the girl you have been so much in love with?

Castleton—Yes, that's the girl.

Fiddleback—And she's a girl, by the way, I suppose she gave you that mouchoir case, didn't she?

Castleton—Yes.

Fiddleback—Come to think of it, there are quite a number of things here I haven't seen before. There's a pretty piece of china.

Castleton—Yes; she painted that herself. Fiddleback—She didn't give you that volume of love songs, did she?

Castleton—Yes, she did.

Fiddleback—And that lamp?

Castleton—Yes.

Fiddleback—Well, you are in luck. That girl must think a great deal of you, old fellow. Hello! What's in that bundle over there? Something else she has sent?

Castleton (glaring)—No, sir; it isn't.

Fiddleback—I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to be inquisitive.

Castleton (gloomily)—Not at all. There's no more of that sort in the bundle.

Fiddleback—What is it, oh man?

Castleton—That's wedding present I am going to send her.—Exchange.

Taking It For Granted.

Sadie—I had a proposal yesterday from a man of 75, with an income of \$30,000.

Bertie—When are you going to be married?—Truth.

Spring.

Spring, gentle spring, is here at last. The snow has gone away. No more we feel the winter's blast—The spring has come to stay.

The small boy, with his heart a-thump, Determination grim, Into the river takes a jump And has his first spring swim.

The clerk, with figures in a row, Now counts his meager board And wonders where he'd better go For two weeks' country board.

And every married man is sad To think that he is broke, Because his darling wife has had To buy that new spring clock.

—Cloak Review.

PHEBE'S LUCK.

Phoebe Cantwell was spinning in the great, bare, unfinished kitchen chamber. There was a whole volume of epito in the jerk which broke her thread, and she tied it with an unnecessary tightness.

Presently a weary step came tolling up the narrow, winding stair. Phoebe knew it, and the frown was displaced by a smile.

When she turned to meet the mistress of the house, her smile made her beautiful, but it was with a fierce, uncanny beauty that repelled and startled the woman, so that she stood still for a moment beside the door.

Mrs. Lowe came forward and sank upon the only seat in the room.

"Squire Brainard's down stairs, and he says he wants a girl to keep house for him, and somebody recommended you to him. I should hate dreadfully to have you go away before all that's spun. I guess you'd better stay about two weeks longer, hadn't you?" The squire'll get along some way till then."

But before Mrs. Lowe concluded the above remarks Phoebe was rapidly descending the stairs.

"Well, I never! She'll go as sure as the world, and then what will Sampson say?"

Squire Brainard sat beside the window of Mrs. Lowe's kitchen, and he was well to do man of 50, rich and indolent.

It was said that he had been ruled by his wife. But she had been dead now full three months, and the squire was beginning to rebel against the household despotism of the Widow Plumly, whom Mrs. Brainard had appointed head of the domestic regime before her death.

"I beg pardon," he said. "I wished to see Phoebe Cantwell, Mrs. Lowe's maid."

No wonder he made the mistake. The girl's shadow loomed before him, though her garb had not one of the outward indications of servitude.

The courtly grace with which Squire Brainard rose and handed her a chair, and when she, with proud humility, refused to sit, remained standing near her, was an instinctive and involuntary homage to one of nature's born but uncrowned queens.

"I am Phoebe Cantwell," she said.

"I had not expected—L—In short, I wished to find an—older person. I wish to engage a housekeeper. Could I prevail on you, Miss Cantwell, to come?"

"I will come, sir," said Phoebe, "and I hope all allowance will be made for my youth and inexperience."

Phoebe laid aside her Sunday garb and went back to the hot kitchen.

She was shrewd enough to see the squire's admiration of her beauty, and her ambition immediately soared high. Long before the morning that witnessed her installation at the Brainard mansion she had determined that she would yet be mistress there as she entered as servant.

Her task was easier even than she had hoped. The servants, glad to be emancipated from Mrs. Plumly's tyranny, obeyed her promptly, the squire honored her, and his only daughter, Mrs. Lee, then on a visit to her father, fell into ecstasies about Phoebe's beauty.

She insisted on sending for a young artist from the city to paint Phoebe's portrait, and as she hinted to fall in love with and marry one who would be such an excellent model for him.

Phoebe had not the slightest idea of marrying a penniless young artist. She learned all she could from him, and Mrs. Lee accepted the gifts they had heaped upon her and finally saw them depart with a sigh of relief.

She confined herself strictly to her avocations, spending all her leisure in her own apartment and resisting all the squire's attempts to draw her into his society. So the summer passed and the early and late autumn.

And winter came at last, and the squire found himself very lonely in the long evenings, when, tired of smoking his pipe and dozing over his newspaper, he faintly would have exchanged his dreams of Phoebe for her real presence.

One evening he drew her playfully to his parlor. She did not resist, for she thought it no longer necessary. She thought matters were verging toward a crisis and was quite prepared.

Had she known how far her thoughts outstripped the squire's she might have been less confident.

"Now, Phoebe," said the squire, "I want you to spend the evening here. I am lonely, and I want your company. I wish you would come here always of evenings just as if you were my daughter. Why can't you be like a daughter to me? Won't you?"

"I can never be a daughter to you, Squire Brainard," she answered at length. "You must, you shall," he answered, half-wildered, wholly fascinated. "You must never leave me. I cannot part with you."

There was no answer.

"Are you going to be married, Phoebe?" blurted out the squire, with his eyes full of tears.

"No, sir. Oh, no," and a blush glowed over her brown cheek.

"Yes, you are—you are," and he fell upon his knees beside her. "You will marry me. You will be my wife. Oh, Phoebe, will you not? You will love me a little in doing over his newspaper, he faintly would have exchanged his dreams of Phoebe for her real presence."

Of course her answer was yes, with due protestation and maiden timidity, and the squire was transported with happiness.

He spent no more evenings alone, and the pair were shortly after married, to the astonishment of nearly everybody and the scandal of the remainder.

To the still further astonishment of everybody, Phoebe made the squire a most excellent wife. She easily adopted the habits of her new station and left behind those of the past. She was a good wife, an excellent mother, and even Mrs. Lee acknowledged her to be an admirable stepmother.

She was an exemplary widow also when the squire had gone to his last home.—Boston Globe.

A Precise Heroine.

"Dorothy's 'a' in 'squalor' was quite, quite long, and she pronounced her 'Asia' between her teeth, with the alluring syllabic effect—'Acia.' She accented her 'legislative' on the second syllable and could pronounce a great many words just as they are in the dictionary without smiling. Nothing, though, was so nice in her conversation as her elegant habit of bridling the shambling looseness of our common speech in colloquial phrases, like 'couldn't nobody' which she prettily replaced with 'could not you?' and the slovenly 'a-tall,' to which she restored its printed aspect, so that 'at all,' with a proper fence between, lived again. Her favorite books of reference were 'The Orthoepist,' 'A Thousand Words Often Mispronounced,' and 'The Verbalist.' Her vade mecum, however, was 'Don't,' and it is fair to say that Miss Snel didn't."—From the Novel "Beneficent Forget."

MARGERY'S LOVERS.

'Twas 40 years ago.

The ball was at its highest, and that night was to decide which of the two brothers Margery was to choose. Ferdinand and Dan Allston, by one of those strange caprices of fortune and of the blind boy, had, unknown to each other, formed the acquaintance of Margery Blenheim and had both fallen in love with her wondrous face and dear ways. By an equally capricious turn of Dame Fortune's wheel the brothers had a week ago surprised each other by meeting the object of their adoration at the house of a common acquaintance. It needed no words to show to the one brother that the other was equally in love with Margery, but the most jealous of glances failed to reveal to either who was the preferred one. So, like men, they had, by an understanding made of those half words which speak more eloquently, and are more purposeful than agreements resulting from elaborate discussions, come to this ball prepared to abide by the fateful words the young arbiter of their destinies might speak.

Dan had whispered to his brother as he passed them on their way to the conservatory. "Go in and win, old man." His brother paused with Margery on his arm and hesitated a moment as he looked Dan in the eyes, and then with a slight nod passed on, and amid the palm leaves spoke the words which brought from Margery the trembling "Yes."

The erect head and proud smile of Ferdinand told their story to Dan, who had from a corner of the ballroom watched the entrance from the conservatory. A hearty handshake and a "Make her happy, Ferdinand," was all that passed between the brothers that night as they separated.

The wedding was fixed for the following day, yet the bridegroom in his room alone was haggard and worn, and thoughts of death rather than of life and love must have been uppermost, for a loaded pistol lay on the table. He angrily tossed aside some papers and reached his hand out for the pistol. The door opened sharply, and in came Dan from a dinner at his club.

He threw himself in a chair and laughingly said, "I am afraid I am hit rather heavily by that sharp fall in Erie's." Ferdinand looked up quickly—he had slipped the pistol under some papers. "You take your losses gayly," he remarked. "Well, what's the odds. Sighs won't bring the money back," and he laughed again. His brother's laughter irritated Ferdinand, and he querulously replied, "What, laughing again?"

"Such a good joke. I told the fellows at the club that I was so hit that they would next hear of me in Canada, and, by George, they half believed me, I do declare," and Dan burst out in a good natured guffaw. "Well, I'm off—sort of bachelor correspondence, eh, old man? That's wise. Well, good night."

The wedding passed off as merrily as the proverbial wedding bells, but the gossip of the next day had more exciting news to talk of than what the bride wore, how the groom looked, or the number and value of the presents. The startling news had spread that Dan Allston, the trusted cashier of the banking firm of Silpher, Bullyon & Co., had absconded, taking with him \$60,000 in cash. The wisecracks quickly put two and two together, and soon every one knew that the unfortunate man had lost heavily in Erie's. The bride and groom, with becoming feeling, so all averred, abridged their honeymoon journey and took their places in society and save with a passing reference to that "sad scandal connected with a wild brother, you know," the absconding cashier was completely forgotten.

On a bright summer's day two years to a day after the marriage the husband lay dying in his bed. Hope had been given up, and the end was now but a question of a few hours, possibly a day or two. Lovelier than ever, Margery entered the room, holding in her hand a letter marked important and immediate. Should she deliver the letter? The dying man saw the letter and her hesitation. He reached out his hand. She gave it to him. As he saw the writing the flush came back to his face, the light to his eyes, the nerve to his arm. He opened the letter, from which there fell on the coverlet a cream colored check. He read the few lines. Then a strange stillness spread in the room, with a sudden awe in her face the wife ran to his side, and the sharp anguish of her cry brought the nurse and physician in the room. The end had come.

From the stiffening hand they drew the letter which had hastened death. In the glorious summer afternoon, the brother of her choice dead on the bed, the wife read the letter from the brother she had rejected.

MARGERY'S MINE, Cal., June, 1853.

DEAR FERDINAND—An envious rogue has shot me down, and I am told I cannot live till sunset. I hasten, therefore, to send you a draft on New York for \$80,000. Repay it from the first, and now I've left my will with the bankers here. Goodby, dear boy. Never let Margery know. It was all for the best. She could not be allowed to suffer. I'd do it all over again for her sweet sake. Goodby, goodby forever.

As in her tearless anguish she looked out toward the west, Margery knew now how the gambler's losses had been made good and knew, as women often know too late, that she had chosen the wrong brother.

'Twas but last summer I saw her as a gray haired woman. She sat by the same window reading a faded letter, but out of which time had not taken the crumpled creases, and with the letter in her lap she looked toward the west and said, "'Twas 40 years ago."—Exchange.

Love.

Lord Byron, brilliant, beautiful and unscrupulous as his own Don Juan, left behind him the maxim that there was but one real form of happiness in love—where a man and woman so adored each other that they could conceive of no happiness out of each other's sight, and this for their whole lives. Great that this is to demand a great deal, yet it is true that all the influences of long life combine to identify two who dwell together; their very faces often grow more alike, and how frequently the death of one is followed speedily, without sufficient visible reason, by that of the other also.—New York Ledger.

Making Their Islands Grow.

Owners of land among the Thousand islands have a way of making their islands grow, not in numbers, but in size. An almost bare rock of small dimensions is thus expanded into an island covered with vegetation and having space enough for a house of comfortable size. The thing is accomplished by riprapping, pile driving and the importation of earth. The work is often done gradually, year by year, until the landowner has made space enough for his house, and after that the island is extended as the need arises.—Exchange.

SOUTH AND NORTH.

A BRAVE SOUTHERNER ANSWERS ABE HEWITT.

Judge Lee Lectures the North on Fraud Brains—They Are Not Clever Enough to Take Advantage of Favorable Situations. Not So Unscrupulous as the Southerners.

"Now that Abe Hewitt has raised this question about southern politicians having less brains than the Yankees," said Judge Lee of Georgia, "I want to tell the truth about this thing with no Eli Perkins imagination. The fact is, we southerners have always had brains enough to control this government. Think of it—we cotton states actually make a tariff for New England. We control congress. We are the nation today, and these mudsill Yankees are sitting down in the hall."

"How do you get so many congressmen?" asked Bourke Cockran.

"Why, Abe Hewitt's ignorant Yankees gave them to us. The Yankees voted themselves out, and we voted ourselves in. Why, do you know that little brassy South Carolina, with 462,000 people, has seven congressmen, while Massachusetts, with 2,215,000 people, has only 12?"

"And Mississippi?"

"She's got 544,000 people and seven congressmen, while Pennsylvania, with 5,148,000 people, has only 28. In one district in Georgia 30,000 southern people, or 2,860 white voters, make a congressman, while it always takes 171,000 Yankees, or 35,000 voters, to make a congressman. But you've got representation according to your brains—small brains, small representation."

"But do the negroes vote?" asked a northern congressman.

"Niggers vote! I should say not, and they never will. Your Yankee idiots made them citizens—made them voters—but do you think we brainy southerners will ever count their votes? I should say not. They vote in Kentucky, Tennessee and the border states, but they will never vote in South Carolina, Mississippi or Louisiana, where they are in the majority. It wouldn't do."

"Then the 20 congressmen representing Louisiana, South Carolina and Mississippi are fraudulent?"

"No, sah, it's southern brains. We know how to manage."

"How many votes did Cleveland get in South Carolina?"

"Why, he got 65,000, and 85,000 in Mississippi, and 85,000 in Louisiana, but they made him president, and those ignorant northern Yankees let us do it. Why, you Yankee fools put McKane in Sing-Sing for disfranchising a few citizens in Brooklyn and make a great row because Bob Ross was shot at the polls in Troy, while we brainy southern men count out 858,000 niggers in Georgia, obliterate 6