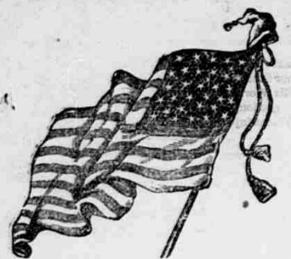


SPEAK AT LAST.

AN AGRICULTURAL PAPER TELLS
TARIFF TRUTHS.

Vital Interests of Farmers Ignored by
Farm Papers Generally—Afrail to Mix
in Politics, So Let Farmers Suffer—A
Southern Journal for Protection.



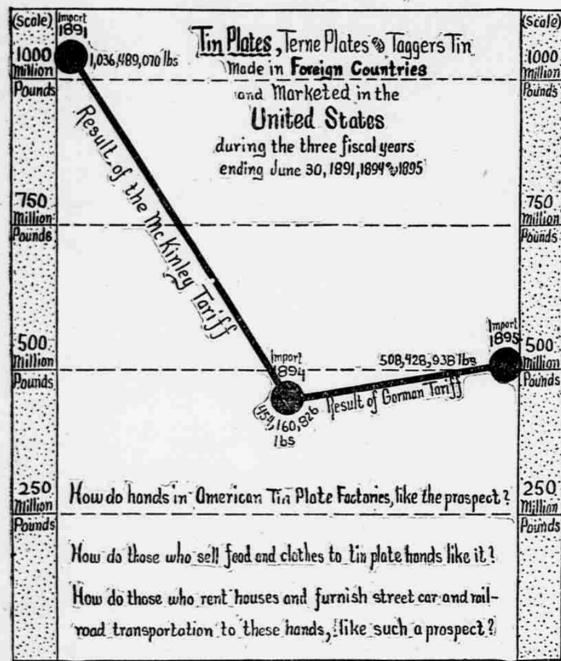
Agricultural papers, as a general thing, do not mix up much with political matters. Why, it is hard to say, because the interests of agriculturists are wrapped up, and involved, in tariff legislation, as are other interests. Any agricultural paper that has the true welfare and prosperity of its subscribers at heart, without any hesitation, give full discussion to the policies of free-trade and protection. Then it would not take farmers long to understand the question, and the result would be a unanimous verdict for protection. The Sugar Planters' Journal, of New Orleans, apologizes because it has "no taste for politics." It follows

of blunders, the government has been brought to the verge of ruin. Either through ignorance or by design, our nation, which was once and could and should be again the most independent on the face of the earth, has been made the supplicant of European money changers, and our gold and other national wealth is being rapidly diverted to foreign lands.

So much for the nation; but when it comes to Louisiana, one of the nation's children, we have been betrayed "in the house of our friends," pacified with promises after the democratic congress had broken a solemn contract, and now those promises, which were considered as sacred as legislative enactment could make them, are trifled with and sought to be annulled on mere quibbles. This is more than human nature can stand. Have sugar planters any longer hopes of justice or reasonable legislation at the hands of the democracy? We say no, emphatically no. Louisiana's interests before the war made her a protectionist state; her interests to-day lead her in the same direction. Therefore, all sugar planters who consult their own best individual interests should declare that they are done with the democratic party, state and national, now and forever, and standing together with thousands of other patriotic citizens all over the state, who wish economical and just government, strive to build up a good, honest party, which believes in fair elections and honest count at the polls, and the maintenance and protection of all American industries.

Some Wool Growers Happy.
There are good times in Australia. Wool growing is the staple farm pro-

Tin Plate Trade and Tariff.



this apology, however, with such a ringing editorial in favor of protection that we take pleasure in reproducing it as follows, from the issue of October 5, 1895:

A year ago, the dangers which menaced the sugar industry caused our sugar planters, and thousands of others whose interests were allied with them, to forsake the democratic party and ally themselves with the former sectional but now great national party, the Republican Protective organization. In making this change, it cost many of us a severe struggle, for it meant the surrendering of life-time political ties, but to many others it was really a return to their former principles, as old Whigs. A few years ago, it would have meant

Out of Sight.



Where is the Free Trade Donkey?

a surrendering of social ties, as well, but thank God we have at last reached an era of political as well as religious tolerance.

When we review the political history of Louisiana since the war, and remember the struggles we had to overthrow radical corruption; then look around us to-day, and realize that after all our efforts to secure good government, state and municipal, we to-day have corruption equally as great as that which caused us to resort to arms to right our wrongs, it should cause the most serious reflection on our part. What can we expect from the present democratic state government?

Turning to the national government, what do we see? Incompetency of so gross a character that, by a long series

duct there. It is, in fact, the mainstay of the colonies. A good demand for wool and an advancing market naturally make the Australians feel happy. The largest woolen house in Melbourne, in its latest report, had this to say: "A fair total has changed hands at rising prices, and there is every indication that the demand at the sales will be particularly keen. The noticeable expansion of trade of the past few months has led to a very large absorption of the stocks existing at the beginning of the year, and in this respect the position of the market is regarded most favorably. A very promising outlook is presented for the forthcoming season, of which we shall hold the opening sale on the 16th prox., and a substantial improvement on the values of its predecessor is assured. The position as regards the local market recalls that of 1889, and appears likely, as then, to secure a large addition to the total disposed of in the sales."

This is very cheering news to American wool growers. Free wool in the United States enriches the Australian farmer. But it ruins the American.

Hops and Wool Cheap.

Farmers in this state who have grown hops this year are uncertain whether to have them picked or to let them rot on the poles. The reason for this is that the cost of picking hops is more than they sell for. The lot of the western farmer, who grumbles because the price of wheat has declined from a dollar to 62 cents a bushel, is a happy one compared to that of the New York farmer, whose chief product is hops.—New York Evening Post.

The state of the hop industry is no worse than that of wool growing. Wool was put on the free list by the tariff of 1894, and the duty on hops was reduced from 15 cents a pound, under the tariff of 1890, to 8 cents. But the depression that fell upon all industry with the advent of Clevelandism has brought the price of hops down to the amount of duty per pound. In the year 1894 we imported, according to the Evening Post, \$300 bales of hops, each weighing 500 pounds, or a total of 4,500,000 pounds. These hops ought to have been raised upon American farms.—New York Democrat and Chronicle.

A Democrat Owns Up.

For the fiscal year to date the deficit is now sixteen million dollars, and the hope of making both ends meet for the twelvemonth is vain.—N. Y. Herald.

What is there that is illustrious that is not also attended by labor?—Cicero.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME TIMELY ETCHINGS FOR
OUR YOUNG READERS.

Presence of Mind—The Grammatical Rule—A Problem in Finance—How He Caught Them—Rats Are Traps for Gold.

LITTLE BROWN seed, O little brown brother, Are you awake in the dark Here we lie cozily, close to each other, Hark to the song of the lark! "Waken!" the lark says, "waken and dress you, Put on your green coats and gay Blue sky will smile on you—sunshine creases you— Waken! 'tis morning, 'tis May!"

Little brown seed, O little brown brother, What kind of flower will you be I'll be a poppy, all white like my mother; Do be a poppy like me! What? You're a sunflower—how I shall miss you When you're grown golden and high— But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you, Little brown brother—good-by!

Presence of Mind.
What is it to have presence of mind? Why, to have your wits about you when they are most needed.

A boy was passing an examination in one of the public schools and, although not very successful, the teacher remarked: "That boy has a good mind. I couldn't confuse him."

In boy parlance, he didn't get "rattled." He had presence of mind. A few days ago, in attempting to swing off a moving cable train, a boy lost his hold and fell between two tracks. Luckily he landed clear of the track of his own car, but both legs stretched across the track opposite, on which a car was rapidly approaching. No time for him to rise, and to attempt it between two moving trains was extremely dangerous. What did the boy do? He had presence of mind, and, shifting his legs from off the track, straightened his body out and lay still, while the two trains whizzed by him, each within a few feet of the other.

In one of the big department stores, not long ago, a small "cash" girl had her hand imprisoned by the heavy lid of a box closing unexpectedly. Under the fright and pain the young girl fainted.

"Get some water, quick!" commanded the floorwalker to one of the clerks. And she ran quickly and—turned out the electric lights!

That was want of presence of mind.

The Grammatical Rule.

From time to time examinations of classes in the elementary schools are conducted under the auspices of the Superintendent of public schools in order to test the work of teachers. In the earlier days of superintendency, teachers who expected a visit from one of the assistant superintendents would carefully drill their pupils and prepare them to go on "dress parade." In one of these cases the children had been taught to recite a number of words, which included an array of nouns, adjectives, adverbs, etc., in measured quantity.

"What is fully?" asked the teacher.

"Adverb!" answered the class.

"And this?" as she wrote "surely" on the board.

"Adverb!" again responded the youngsters.

"And what is this?" queried the assistant superintendent, writing "The fly has wings," and pointing to "fly."

"Adverb!" lustily exclaimed the class.

"And why is it an adverb?"

"Cause it ends in 'ly,' was the confident answer.

Figure This Out.

A made a counterfeit dollar and put it in the contribution box when the collection was taken up for the deacon's fund.

The deacon gave the dollar to a poor widow who used it to buy a dollar's worth of coal.

The coal dealer paid it to the editor for a year's subscription to the local weekly.

The editor paid the coin over to A for the purpose of settling up a little transaction in poker chips.

Several questions arise from the transactions entered into by this bogus coin. Did good or harm result from the fraudulent issue? And how much? And to whom?

How He Caught Them.

A barber who kept a cigar stand at one end of his shop found that a goodly portion of his stock disappeared during the night. He watched without avail; as long as his eyes were upon them the cigars were safe. As a last resort he brought in a camera just before dark, focused it on the cigar stand, and so connected it electrically that when the latch of the show case was pulled a magnesium light would be flashed and a picture taken. The next day the cigars were unmolesated, but in the camera there was a clearly defined picture of two boys who lived in the neighborhood, one in the act of opening the case and the other preparing to receive the booty. The flash had scared them, and they had made off; but they were at once arrested and sent to prison. An electrician has designed an apparatus by which he says he can circumvent the knavish tricks of the smartest

thief and that between the electric light and the infinite variety of electrical detective and alarm appliances now devised the cracksmen's occupation is virtually gone.

Rats Are Traps for Gold.

"All that glitters is not gold," but sometimes gold can be found where there is not a very glittering prospect of finding it. It is said to be a common practice for the boys in watch and jewelry factories to kill the rats which infest the building and burn them to obtain the gold. The rats eat all the old rags in sight, and as these rags have become saturated to a certain degree with very minute pieces of gold, in the course of a short time, the rats have quite a considerable amount of the precious metal in their interior mechanism. They are caught and burned in a crucible. The intense heat drives out all the animal substance and leaves the gold in the form of a button. In some factories young financiers buy up in advance the shares of their fellow workers in the rat colony.

An Eye to Business.

A well known missionary had occasion to give a description of his foreign work to a large audience in a certain town. While speaking he took particular notice of a boy who was listening with rapt attention to every word the lecturer said. The Toledo Blade explains the reason for the boy's interest.

As is usual in such addresses, the missionary concluded with an earnest appeal for contributions, however small, and thinking of his wide mouthed listener, he added that children might give their mite.

When the meeting was over the boy mounted the platform and going forward to the lecturer, said:

"Please, sir, I was very much interested in your lecture, and—and—" Here he hesitated.

"Go on, my little man," said the missionary. "You want to help in the good work."

"No, no, not that," was the boy's reply. "What I want to know is, have you any foreign stamps to give away?"

"Jack the Giant Killer."

Some time ago I read a little anecdote of Longfellow which illustrated his love for children. It seems that one little fellow in particular was fond of spending his time in the great poet's library. One day, after a long and patient perusal of the titles (to him great cumbersome works) that lined the shelves, the little chap walked up to Longfellow, and asked in a grieving sort of way:

"Haven't you got a 'Jack, the Giant Killer'?"

Longfellow regretted to say that in all his immense library he did not have a copy.

The little chap looked at him in a pitying way and silently left the room.

The next morning he walked in with a couple of pennies tightly clasped in his chubby fist, and laying them down, told the poet that he could now buy a "Jack, the Giant Killer" of his own.—Harper's Round Table.

The Earth Goes Round.

Since Galileo's time most people have believed that the earth revolves on its axis; but it is one thing to accept a theory on hearsay, and another to verify it for one's self. This latter is what a Philadelphia girl seems to have done, according to the Times.

"I believe the world does turn around," she declared to her mother, in the tone of one who has been troubled with doubts.

"What is it that has convinced you?" asked the mother.

"I can see it whirl when I twist up in my swing and then untwist."

"Isn't it you that whirls, instead of the earth?" suggested the mother.

"Yes, but it goes after I stop," said the little philosopher, and that settled it.

An Observing Child.

There is a singer in this city who has a very knowing little girl. The child has never had a nurse, but has been cared for all her five years by her mother.

She took the little girl with her one day to see a friend.

"She will be down in a minute," was the message, after they had taken seats in the parlor.

As soon as the servant disappeared again little Katharine leaned over and said to her mother:

"Mamma, how long are her minutes?"

The mother stopped to think, an instant, then said:

"Why do you ask such a question, dear?"

"Well," answered the little one, with a deep sigh, "papa says your minute is an hour, and I just wondered how long hers is."

Corks.

Who knows where corks come from? This question was asked of the children of the red schoolhouse one day, and some funny answers came.

One child said, "From bottles;" another timidly shouted, "The druggists'"; "Off of trees;" and the dear little school-ma'am began to feel rather discouraged. Suddenly a freckled little fellow eight summers held up his hand.

"Well, Eddie," said the little school-ma'am, encouragingly.

"I think corks are trees—I mean there are cork-trees—and all sorts of things are made out of them, such as life-preservers and everything."

"Very good," said the dear little school-ma'am. And then she read to the class a little paper about the cork-tree.

Whoever tells us of our danger is our friend, no matter whether we believe what he says or not.

Clean hard finished walls with ammonia water.

FOLLOWING FANCY.

How the Up-to-Date People Find Pleasure in Winter.

People are fanciful and it is Fancy, after all, that is happiness, and the motive which dictates to the world. Some one fancies that the cozy fire at home and the environment of favorite books is enough to make life worth living during the winter months. That will do for the way worn, weary, easily satisfied, old fashioned man and woman, but the up to date cavalier and the new woman require a change—many changes in fact, and they seek in the dull winter days to find the climate they wearied of in spring and wished would pass away in summer. Sitting behind frosted window panes and gazing on the glistening snow crystals they sigh for the warmth and brightness they love better now than a few short months ago and, in no other country may these whims, these fancies be so easily gratified as in America. Absolute comfort in these days, and in speed and safety, too, instead of the wasted time and discomforts of the not distant past. Ponce de Leon who sought the fountain of Eternal Youth on the shores of Florida consumed many of the precious days of later life, and died before attaining the great prize. De Soto was lured in the same direction and found at Hot Springs, by the aid of Uleiah, the dusky Indian maiden, the wonderful product of the "Breath of the Great Spirit," but before he could return home and apprise his friends of the great discovery and enjoy the certainty of gold and youth, which he believed he had in his grasp he fell a victim to the miasma of the Great River and found a grave in its muddy depths. To-day the seeker after health simply boards one of the magnificent trains of the Missouri Pacific System, and after something to eat and a nap, wakes up to find himself in this delightful winter resort, ready to embrace health which seems to be invariably renewed by the magic of the air and water. In De Soto's time the secret of the Fountain of Life was sedulously guarded by the savages, but now a hospitable people opens its arms to receive the tourist whether his quest be for health or amusement. Fancy sometimes tires of Hot Springs, strange as it may seem, but Fancy says "the fields beyond are greener" and the climate of San Antonio is more desirable and thus another ride in another palace, and new scenes and new faces please the eye and satisfy the restless cravings of this master of man. Thus from the Father of Waters to the waves which wash the western shore of this great country the tourist is led by a whim, but most delightfully captive. Mexico has been described as the Egypt of the new world, and the comparison is fitting, and he who dare not face the dangers of the deep, and prefers to retain his meals as well as his life, should make the journey to the land of the Montezumas, and there learn the story of the ages within the faces of a people which change less in the passing years than any other on the Western Continent. This is the land of Sunshine and Color; of history and romance; and as bright eyes will smile at you from under bewitching head gear as may be found in Castile or Arragon.

Fancy carries one to California of course, and this journey, as it once was termed, is now so easily performed as to have lost all of its terrors and left only a most emphatically delightful trip to be the subject of many future conversations. The land of fruits and flowers and fair women; Fancy can ask no more after this tour unless it is Fancy which takes the wearied traveler back to the home and the familiar surroundings and the friends and loves of home. There he may contemplate new journeys and new diversions, but there lingers in his memory a pleasure he would not part with, and he hopes soon to again enjoy the comforts afforded by this Great System of Railway which has taken him safely out and brought him safely home and has not robbed him of the joys which Fancy brings.

F. P. BAKER.

The Region in the Immediate Vicinity of the Dead Sea is said to be the hottest on earth.

Take Parker's Ginger-Tonic home with you you will find it to exceed your expectations in its soothing, cooling, and many ills, aches and weaknesses.

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding.

Pain is not conducive to pleasure, especially when occasioned by corns. It is not a cure, but a relief, and is best removed by the use of the Balm.

Honor women; they strew celestial roses on the pathway of our terrestrial life.—Boete.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A. No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, Apothecary, Ills., April 11, 1894.

Bearing up under trouble and distress is all well enough, but many prefer to tee up.

Catarrh Can Not Be Cured

With local applications as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists; price, 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

New Form of Blood Poisoning.

A 4-months-old infant, Maria Caregitta del Domino, died at New York recently from convulsions and septicaemia, a form of blood poisoning. Not long ago the parents of the little one, as is the custom of Italians, had the ears of the child pierced for rings. After the operation a piece of fine green floss was run through the ear and fastened, so that the hole should not grow together. The dye in the piece of floss, it is believed, caused the blood poisoning.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."

Warranted to cure or money returned. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Opera in London.

A new house for Italian Opera is to be built in London on the site of Her Majesty's theater in Haymarket, which was torn down some years ago. Marcus Mayer is to be manager and J. H. Mapleson operatic director. Mayer says the new Imperial Opera Company, limited, will have a capital of \$1,500,000, and will produce Italian opera and send their company each year on an American tour from October to April, while the London season will be from May to August.

The Most Simple and Safe Remedy for a Cough or Throat Trouble is "Brown's Bronchial Troches."

"They possess real merit. The oldest perfumes were those recovered from Egyptian tombs, dating 1500 to 2000 years before the Christian era.

Hegemann's Camphor Ice with Glycerine, Cures Croup, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all other ailments of the Throat. Price, 25c. G. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

The man who loafs is least satisfied with his pay.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Money refunded. Treatise sent free for 6c. Write to Dr. Kline, 301 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"I would like some powder please." "Face or bug?"—Life.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Wadsworth's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

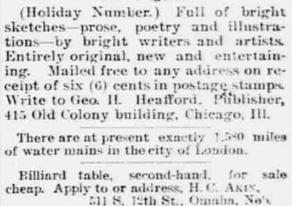
The Pilgrim.

(Holiday Number.) Full of bright sketches—prose, poetry and illustrations—by bright writers and artists. Entirely original, new and entertaining. Mailed free to any address on receipt of six (6) cents in postage stamps. Write to Geo. H. Hefford, Publisher, 415 Old Colony building, Chicago, Ill.

There are at present exactly 1,500 miles of water mains in the city of London.

Billiard table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. ARNOLD, 211 S. 15th St., Omaha, Neb.

SYRUP OF FIGS



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Get rid at once of the stinging, festering smart of
BURNS OR SCALDS
or else they'll leave ugly scars. Read directions and use
ST. JACOBS OIL.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures. Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
DORCHESTER, MASS.