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Cash! Cash! Cash!

Not succeeding in selling out this spring, I went to headquarters a short time since and bought the largest stock of CLOTHING and LADIES' and GENTS' FINE SHOES ever offered in Denton; also a line of white Dress Goods, calicoes and muslins, all of which I will sell for the cash or good country produce at rock bottom figures.

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The Blue and the Gray.

By the flow of the inland river,
Where the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the new grass-blades quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day,
Under the one the Blue,
Under the other the Gray.

These in the robing of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day,
Under the laurel the Blue,
Under the willow the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day,
Under the roses the Blue,
Under the lilies the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning's sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day,
'Broidered with gold the Blue,
Mellowed with gold the Gray.

So when the Summer calleth
On forest and fields of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day,
Wet with the rain the Blue,
Wet with the rain the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of years that are fading,
No braver battle was won.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day,
Under the blossoms the Blue,
Under the garlands the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding river be red;
They banish our anger forever [dead
When they laurel the graves of our
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day,
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

HARD TIMES AHEAD FOR FARMERS.

Likewise for Every Other Sort of People.

"Eighty-cent wheat!" Three fateful words. The people of the United States are apparently beginning to understand their meaning. National poverty, corporate bankruptcy, and widespread individual distress stalk closely after eighty-cent wheat. There is not an industry nor an occupation nor a profession in the land but will languish for the want of foreign gold in the veins of trade. Hard times are coming. The time for the restoration of our system of agriculture and transportation and trade to sound health by the quackery of adroit manipulation in Wall street or by the issues of the sentimental school of homœopathic statesmanship is past. The disease is deep seated; the national prosperity is waning. The trade heart of the country throbs in Wall street. Daily the pulse falls, and each diminished beat wipes out millions of accrued capital. The remedy is not to be found in empirical measures, such as tapping the financial reservoir of the nation and drawing out large sums to squander in educational schemes in Southern swamps. The case calls for bold, skilful statesmanship and a course of treatment having the relief of the people for its aim, no matter at what cost.

When the growing crop of wheat, which promises to be the largest ever garnered in America, is harvested, wheat will rule lower than it has for years. Many intelligent traders do not hesitate to assert that if the crop is not blasted, the golden grain pouring out of the spouts of threshing machines in Western wheat fields will be symbolical, not of wealth and prosperity, but of poverty and financial disaster such as this country has never witnessed. Instead of eighty-cent wheat, seventy-cent wheat is freely talked of. But eighty cents for No. 2 red at Chicago will be almost fatal to Western agriculture. It must be remembered that much of our wheat is only little over half way to market when it arrives at Chicago, and the Western half of the entire haul has been over a system of roads whose stock has been watered for the purpose of creating paper estates for their managers.

Eighty-cent wheat at Chicago means fifty-cent wheat in the interior towns of the Western winter wheat region, and it means low prices in all the territory tributary to the Northwestern system of railroads. The shortsighted kings of transportation, confident in the imperial position supposed to be occupied by our wheat fields, attempted to levy toll on the workers of the world. The attempt has been a failure. The sums of money necessary to pay interest on the bonds and dividends on the stock of the railroads can no longer be derived from the agriculturists, who in the future will have to sell wheat for from fifty to eighty cents per bushel. They cannot pay their taxes and live on fifty-cent wheat. It is asserted that the roads cannot haul for less than they are now doing and pay dividends on their stock. Probably not, but they will have to haul for less, or they will, to a great extent, drive the agricultural population out of wheat raising. The effect of that would be that they could no longer pay the interest on their bonds. There is no alternative. Freight charges have got to be lowered to allow our surplus wheat to find a market; and if the roads can no longer earn 8 per cent. on watered stock, they can, probably, if well managed, earn the interest on their bonds.

The latest calculations made by Indian officials in reply to inquiries of the home Government, show the cost of raising wheat in India to be about fifty cents per bushel. This is ten cents above the cost of production on the winter and spring wheat lands of our far Western States. The ten cents higher cost of the Indian wheat represents the profit our farmers can expect to make per bushel in the future when the supply from India is larger, providing the cost of transportation from the competing fields to the English markets is equal. But one-half the cost of producing wheat in India is represented by rent, which will undoubtedly be lowered if our English antagonists find it necessary to do so to hold their vantage ground. But suppose the ten cents is a fixed sum and represents the profit to American wheat growers. Then a farmer raising 100 acres of wheat, yielding twenty bushels per acre, would clear $200 on his crop. This sum is inadequate to meet the incidental expenses of farm life. The farmer would have to abandon the cultivation of the crop.

There is much talk about the tariff being responsible for the high rate of transportation in this country. The advocates of free trade to the extent of reducing the tariff to the lowest point consistent with the revenue required by the government, economically administered by honest Democrats, dwell on the extra cost of the materials used in the construction of the roads as having sharply increased the cost of transportation. Take the Lake Shore system for instance. In 1883 that road owned and operated 2,141 miles of track and sidings. The rail in use is steel, weighing sixty pounds per yard. But there were only 1,361 miles of steel track, the residue presumably iron. I call all rails steel. To lay 2,141 miles of track required 226,099 tons of rails. Suppose that the cost of these rails was increased to the extent of the tariff (which is not true), then the additional of the rails would be $6,130,772, or $2,863 per mile. The series of Lake Shore mortgage bonds bear 7 per cent. interest. Seven per centum on $2,863 is $190.41. This sum represents the money drawn out of the people tributary to the road per mile per annum. It is the highest possible charge that the most adroit arguments of the free traders can show as resulting from the increased cost of the steel rails. It is so small as to be unworthy of serious consideration. The Lake Shore stock is sluggish from dropsy, not from the operations of a protective tariff. As it is with Lake Shore, so it is with all. The entire system of American transportation is dropsical. The hand of the great railroad physician, whose specialty was the water cure, has lost its cunning. Some of his patients, notably the Wabash and Union Pacific, are in the act of dissolution. Others drop, languish, and are ill nigh unto death. The downtrodden peoples of India, directed by the most sagacious and far-seeing traders on earth, have accomplished a task that the Americans sought to execute in vain. They have broken the power of monopoly in America.

English ports are full of idle ocean freight steamers. Hundreds of these vessels have been forced from the the path of commerce by the inability of the persons owning them to procure cargoes at any price. This condition of the marine commerce of England is a potent factor in our wheat question. The hopeful speculators who claim that wheat is cheap in England on account of cheap ocean freights, reason fallaciously when they assert that this condition of affairs will quickly alter, and that the idle ships will be fully employed by the time the iron-toothed cylinders have ceased to hum in our Western wheat fields. It is true that if freight rates from Indian ports to England should be sharply advanced, the demand for American grain would probably increase. But there is no sign of ocean freights being advanced in the near future.

The great wheat corner of 1882 in Chicago aided in bringing disaster on our agricultural industry. The men who sought to increase the price of poor men's bread the world over, forced England to open undeveloped fields from which to draw breadstuffs for her home workers. Cheap food was and is essential to England's supremacy in manufacturing goods for the markets of the whole world. A clique of speculators, supplemented by railroad managers, sought to hamper her. She retaliated by a blow that has caused our railroads and wheat industry to languish. The men who, previous to the great wheat corner, had arisen to the rank of adroit speculators and stock manipulators, have been promoted to the high rank of wreckers of a nation's prosperity. It only remains for the short-sighted men who trade in provisions to corner provisions a few times more, and they will create new rival industries in other lands. Corn is the most noble grain that grows. Men can eat it and thrive on it. They can feed it to all working animals, and these will thrive, keep strong, and fit for work. With it lean animals can rapidly be fitted for the block. Its latitude of growth is wide. Corner provisions, you men of New York and Chicago, a few tmes more, and you will cause foreign corn-fields lying in low-wage lands to be developed, and your power of destruction will be at an end.

Retributive justice is divine. It has overtaken these wicked men. In their greed for gain they have destroyed the value of their property. None of their minds were broad enough to grasp the consequences of their acts. Wheat fell in price. Lower and lower it went. The grain could no longer pay excessive transportation charges and afford the producer a living. In vain were prices lowered and lowered. There was no foreign demand. Transportation charges were reduced. Still no foreign demand. Then railroad stocks fell in value, and the ill-gotten gains of railroad manipulators and provision cornerers were forcibly dumped into Wall street for long-headed and honest bears to fatten on. This act of retributive justice is called a disaster, a national disaster. Pooh! It is a national blessing. All honest men who do not own speculative railroad stocks rejoice over the decline in the value of the pictorial estates of transportation magnates. The final crash has got to come; and justice demands that it comes while the men who accumulated vast fortunes by dishonest acts still hold the worthless paper which represents their alleged wealth They are the men who should lose the money, not unwise and innocent men whom they lure into buying stocks. No man who purchased stocks at former prices and loses his money deserves sympathy. The state of the wheat fields of the world is known. It is highly unfavorable to a remunerative export trade from this country. The one-crop roads have troublous times ahead of them.

The condition of affairs in our country is the direct outcome of the boasted honesty and broad statesmanship of the Republican party. That is responsible for the creation of the railroad monopolies that rendered the commission of these unpatriotic acts possible. The hard times that are on us are times created by them. The cry should be, "Turn the fools out, and let other and wiser men endeavor to avert the impending disaster."

—Frank Wilkeson, in N. Y. Sun.

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER.

Saul Rundlett and his little daughter Phœbe kept the Plum Pudding Lighthouse. Saul had been a sailor for half his life, but two or three narrow escapes from shipwreck had convinced him that it was desirable to have something solid beneath one's feet, and he had, with considerable difficulty (for there had been suspicion that Saul was not quite "steady" enough for lighthouse keeper), obtained the position on Plum Pudding Rock. Phœbe was born there, and, her mother dying when she was very small, had grown up there almost as wild and untrained as the sea gulls that built their nests in the crevices of the rocks. Quite as untrained she might have been if it had not been for Aunt Huldah Maria, who lived on Mouse Island.

There was a school on Mouse Island for six months in the year and Phœbe went to it sometimes; she could not go regularly, because—well, although it is very sad it must be told—because it was not always safe to leave her father in charge of the lighthouse. He had been "steady" ever since he assumed the position of lighthouse keeper, fifteen years before, until the last year. Even after that long period of successful resistance his old enemy, the love of drink, had fallen upon and conquered him. And nobody knew it but Phœbe.

Captain Saul, as everybody called him, had always been in the habit of going to Jim Bowling's shop, at Pondunquit Harbor, which was a sort of sailors' "snug harbor," to smoke his pipe and spin yarns with his old cronies, but he never drank anything there. And it was only within the last year that he had brought anything home from the harbor to drink. Now he did it often; indeed, it was seldom he came home without it, and, all by himself, he would have a drinking bout, growing merry at first and singing old sea songs and cracking jokes, and poor little Phœbe, who did not know the cause, thought his mood delightful, and wished he would always seem as happy; but soon he began to drink more heavily, and would pass from merry stage to the cross and irritable one, and then become stupid, sleepy and utterly helpless. And besides her grief and humiliation, she was constantly anxious lest her father should lose his situation. They had no money, and where in the wide world could they find another home if they had to leave the Plum Pudding!

This was the sorrow and care that had changed Phœbe's face from a round and rosy and dimple little one so that it was now pinched and wan, and had a careworn look that was sad to see. There were several men who wanted Captain Saul's position at the lighthouse and would be glad to report anything they could discover to injure him. Every day Phœbe expected that the blow would fall and they would be obliged to leave their home.

There was to be a great merry-making on Mouse Island. Phœbe's oldest cousin, Marie Cordilly, was to marry Jed Collins, who was soon to sail as mate on the flying Scud, the finest ship that ever hailed from Pondunquit. But when Phœbe said "she didn't think she could come, she would rather stay at home and let her father come," there was a terrible outcry.

Aunt Huldah Maria said Phœbe should come or "she would know the season why." So she said, if she possibly could, she would come. She tried to persuade her father not to go Pondunquit Harbor two or three days before the wedding, but on that very day he had an errand that could not be delayed, he said. He came back only just in time for Phœbe to get off to be at Aunt Huldah Maria's as early as she had promised. But he seemed very kind and affectionate, and told her "not to worry; he would take good care of the light," and kissed her, which had become quite unusual and said "it was a great pity if the mate could not go off on a little lark when the captain was left behind to take care of the ship." He always called the lighthouse a ship, and Phœbe had been the mate ever since she was 5 years old.

Aunt Huldah Maria rejoiced, even in the midst of her labors as hostess, at Phœbe's bright face. Perhaps the child had only been a little overworked or ailing, and there was not so much trouble at the Plum Pudding as she had fancied. But even while the fiddler was playing his most entrancing strains and the wedding cake was being passed in most generous slices Phœbe heard a whisper that made her heart stand still. David Judkin, son of the man who wanted her father's place, was talking to another young man.

"It isn't such a thick fog, and I never saw a fog so thick that you couldn't see some sign of the Plum Pudding light from Mouse Island; and if it can't be seen to-night it isn't on account of the fog, but because the light isn't there."

"And the Advance is up in the harbor," said the other. "Captain Saul is at the end of his lighthouse keeping, if you are right."

"We might skirmish around a little and see," said David Junkins. It would be a pity for the officers not to find it out, you know."

The two young men went out. Phœbe knew well where they were going. The Advance was the government steamer, whose office was to supply lighthouses and see that they were kept in proper condition.

David Judkins was to give warn that there was no light on the Plum Pudding. Phœbe slipped out of the house unobserved. The fog had come on so suddenly that it seemed like magic. A dense gray mist seemed to have swallowed up the world. Only very brilliant rays of light could penetrate that fog, but the Plum Pudding light was the finest on the coast. Phœbe's eye searched anxiously in the direction of the Plum Pudding. But she looked in vain; there was thick darkness everywhere. The lamp on the Plum Pudding was not lighted. Phœbe listened, and heard the steady plash of retreating oars. David Judkins and his friend were rowing vigorously to Pondunquit harbor.

She ran down to the shore to the place where her rowboat was fastened. She got in and rowed swiftly out into the thick darkness. She had not her compass, which she usually carried in her pocket, and if she had it was too dark to see it without a match. Could she find her way to the Island? Phœbe rowed in the direction of where the Plum Pudding ought to be. Presently she felt that she had gone far enough. But where was the island? Had she been rowing toward the open sea instead of the Plum Pudding?

Stout-hearted as she was, Phœbe felt her courage failing. She let the oars slip from her hands into the bottom of the boat, and uttered a faint cry of distress. In a moment she heard the sharp, shrill sound of the lighthouse horn. It was repeated. She now rowed with might and main and soon the dark shape of the lighthouse loomed up before her, and her boat grazed the rocks. Up them she scrambled, never heeding that her clothes were torn and her hands scratched and bleeding.

It was difficult to find her way to the lighthouse in the thick darkness, and now there came no sound to guide her. Never before in Phœbe's lifetime had night found that lighthouse with darkened windows. And what had that horn meant? A terrible fear lest something worse than she had thought of had happened to her father made her steps falter upon the very threshold. She pushed the door open, but only to find that the living-room, where her father always sat, was empty. She seized a light which was burning on the table and ran up the lighthouse stairs. At the top she almost stumbled over her father lying in a heap, the horn had fallen from his hands, his red face and heavy breathing showing his sad condition.

Phœbe sprang to the lamp. The great dazzling light flashed out.—There was a few moments of perfect silence and then there came a shout from the water below. Phœbe seized the great horn and blew a blast in answer.

"Light ahoy!" shouts the voice again.

Phœbe seized her father's arm and and shook him with all her strength. He opened his eyes and tried with her help to stand upon his feet.

"Put your head out of the window and shout 'Ahoy!' Oh, try your best to do it father!" begged Phœbe.

He did try, but it was only a stammering whisper that came. Phœbe lowered her voice to gruffest bass notes of which it was capable, and shouted "Ahoy" herself.

"All right," shouted the voice below. "We there was no light. The fog is so thick that we could not see it ten rods away. Never saw such a fog even in this place. Advance will be here to-morrow with supplies."

"Ay, ay, sir!" shouted Phœbe, still in gruffest tones.

And then, to her great relief, she heard the sound of retreating oars.

Then she helped her father down stairs to his bed. She did not go to bed herself, because she knew that her aunt would discover her absence and send somebody in search of her, and it was not long before her cousin, Agustus Algernon appeared.

"Tell Aunt Huldah Maria that I wanted to come home," was all that Phœbe would say.

"I don't see how you found your way," said Agustus Algernon. "The fog is so thick that I couldn't see a glimpse of the light till I got half way over. Folks over on the island thought it wasn't lighted. But they may be sure you never could have got here without any compass if it hadn't been."

The next morning Captain Saul came to Phœbe and laid his hand upon her head.

"I tried to light the lamp, Phœbe; I didn't think I'd got so far that I couldn't, and I blew the horn twice; that was all I could do," he said.

"I might never have got here but for that, father," she said, taking his other hand in hers. She did not reproach him; she did not reproach him; she never thought of doing that.

"It was the mate that saved the ship last night," continued Captain Saul in a voice that trembled, "but with God's help the Captain will never be off duty again! He'll never dowse his peak and let that black pirate aboard again!" pointing to a bottle which Phœbe had seen many times before—"if not for his own sake, for the sake of his little gal—he swears that before the Lord."

If you should see how plump and rosy Phœbe has grown you would know that Captain Saul had kept his word. Aunt Huldah Maria had her suspicion about the doings of that night, but she never expressed them. And there no signs that Leander Judkins will ever keep the light house. The fog that was "so thick you could n't see the Plum Pudding light ten rods away" is still famous.

FOUND AT LAST.

"Mister, no doubt you have all the learnin' that's required in a school-teacher, but it wants more than learnin' to make a man able to teach school at Cranberry Gulch. You'll soon find that out if you try. We've had three who tried it on. One lays there in the graveyard, another lost his eye and left before noontime for the benefit of his health, and hasn't been back since. Now, you are a slender-built, and all your learnin' will only make it worse, for all our young folks are roughs and don't stand no nonsense!"

This was what one of the trustees of the district said to my friend Harry Flotee when he made application for the vacant position of teacher.

"Let me try. I know I am slender but I am tough, and I have a strong will," said Harry.

"Jest as you like. There's the school-house, and I'll have notice given if you want it done," said the trustee.

"I do," said Harry, "and I'll open next Monday at 9 A. M."

The notice was given and there was a good deal of excitement in the gulch. More than fifty young people of both sexes made an excuse to drop in the tavern to get a sight of the fellow who thought he could keep school in that district, and many a contemptuous glance fell on the slender form and youthful face of the would be teacher.

Eight o'clock on Monday morning came, and Harry Flotee went down to the school-house with a key in one hand and a valise in the other.

"Ready to slope if he finds we are too much for him," said a cross-eyed, broad-shouldered fellow of eighteen.

The school-house was unlocked and the new teacher went to the desk. Some of the young folks went in to see what he was going to do, though school was not called.

Harry opened his valise and took out a large belt. Then after buckling it around his waist, he put in three Colt's revolvers, each of six barrels, and a bowie knife, eighteen inches in the blade.

"Thunder! He means business," muttered the cross-eyed chap.

The new teacher took out a square card about four inches each way, walked to the other end of the house and tacked it up against the wall. Returning to his desk, he drew a revolver from his belt and quick as thought sent ball after ball into the card, till there were six balls in a spot not much larger than a silver dollar.

By this time the school-house was half full of large boys and girls. The little ones were afraid to come.

Then the teacher walked half way down the room with the bowie knife in his hand and threw it with so true a hand that it stuck quivering in the very centre of the card.

He left it there and put two more knives of the same kind in his belt and quietly reloaded his yet smoking pistol.

"Ring the bell. I am about to open school!"

[CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

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