M Finn 3 86

DENTON JOURNAL.

1845 A Family Newspaper:—Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, Agriculture and Advertising.—Independent on all Subjects.—Subscription, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance. 1894.

VOL. 48. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 3, 1894. NO. 20.

W. W. TUNIS & BRO. LUMBER COMPANY

MANUFACTURERS,

TUNIS MILLS, MD.

The Largest Plant on the Eastern Shore.

LUMBER

—AND—

BUILDING MATERIALS.

Offers

GREAT INDUCEMENTS

FLOORING, SIDING, SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, AND EVERYTHING IN THE

LUMBER - BUSINESS

Estimates given and orders filled promptly.

Those who expect to build will find it to their advantage to deal direct with us. Our treasurer, R S. Fountain, will call to see you and give an estimate any time if you so desire.

W. W. TUNIS & BRO. LUMBER CO.

J. M. BEAVEN,

HILLSBORO, MD.

THE OLD OVER-THE-BRIDGE STAND.

Being overstocked on certain lines of Winter Goods, on account of the very mild weather that has prevailed during the season, I will sell Men's and Boys' Clothing, Men's Overcoats, Men's and Boys' Boots, Kerseys, Comforts, Blankets, at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

My customers and all who may inquire will be convinced. Many staples in Groceries, Dry Goods, &c., have declined on account of the expected change in the tariff. The manufacturers and jobbers are making use of the opportunity to reduce their stocks, and have greatly reduced prices, and I will give my patrons

ALL THE BENEFIT

of the same. Granulated Sugar 4½c., Brown Sugar 4c., 150° Coal Oil 10c., 5 gallons for 45c. I keep in stock a General Assortment of all lines found in a well equipped establishment.

I will pay the highest market price for

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Money is scarce at the prices of farm crops. Bring me your trade and IT WILL GO AS FAR AS MONEY.

Choice Wines, Liquors, Beer, Cigars & Tobacco at City Prices.

LUMBER! LUMBER!

I am making Flooring, Siding, Ceiling, Finishing Boards, &c., at my mills here, and can furnish the same at prices lower than you have been paying. Laths, hair, lime, cement, shingles, felt roofing, constantly on hand.

J. M. BEAVEN,
Hillsboro, Md.
jan20-94

Peach Plows,
Grub Plows,
South Bend,
Oliver,
Gale, and
Syracuse Plows.
Blankets,
Lap Robes,
Harness,
Whips,
Dearborns,
Carriages,
Daytons,
Corn Shellers,
Force Pumps,

RICHARD T. CARTER.

DEALER IN

GENERAL HARDWARE

AND

BUILDING SUPPLIES.

PUBLIC NOTICE!

I take this means of informing my friends and the public that owing to the stringency of the times I am compelled to adopt a

CASH SYSTEM OF BUSINESS.

I carry a line of Hardware that meets the demands of the public, and I can furnish Carriages, Carts, Wagons, Lime, Cement, Hair, Etc.—in fact

EVERYTHING IN MY LINE.

I am making a specialty of Stoves and Heaters of any make you wish at very low prices. Drive well supplies kept in stock. If you want a well driven, or an Organ, Gun or Sewing Machine repaired, come and see me. I solicit your patronage.

Very Respectfully,

T. C. HACKETT.

BALTIMORE COAL TAR AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Roofing Material, Building Paper,

Tarred Felt, Coal Tar, Two and Three Ply Felt, Red Rosin, Sized Paper, Roofing Paint, Concrete Block Pavement for Cellars, Etc.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

Send for circulars, samples and price-list.

16 W. CAMDEN STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

MY CUBAN LOVE.

I love her, yet I hate her.
I would I could forget
The subtlest fascinator
I ever met.

A halo floats about her,
An azure aureole—
I cannot live without her,
Upon my soul!

I hold a taper finger
Within my finger tips,
And on it fondly linger
My eager lips.

Oh, would that I could sever
Her adamantine chain!
Its magic links should never
Bind me again!

You've seen this witch provoking,
Whose charms so potent are,
If you have seen me smoking
My dear cigar.

—Donohoe's Magazine.

AN ANCIENT TOKEN.

A Curious Coin Whose Origin Is Likely to Remain a Mystery.

Captain Welsh of Welshton has in his possession a great curiosity in the shape of a coin which is probably the most ancient in the world. It is about 1½ inches in diameter and is a mixture of copper and gold.

The coin was found by a negro named Eichelberger on Mr. B. O. Bowman's place, near Welshton. It was at the bottom of a muck bed seven feet below the surface, in what was once the channel of a stream, but is now covered with heavy forest timber.

On one side of the coin is a representation of a man attacking another. Captain Welsh thinks it represents the murder of Abel. On the same side is an inscription, which, though submitted to a number of scholars, has not yet been deciphered, nor have the characters been recognized as belonging to the alphabet of any language now known.

On the other side is a representation of a man, evidently a Caucasian. There is also an inscription on this side which no one has been able to make out, though it has been placed under the most powerful microscopes. The coin was evidently worn as an ornament, as shown by a hole punched near the edge.

Captain Welsh thinks that this coin was made by the same race that built so many of the mounds that still remain to perplex the archæologist; that this race crossed over from Asia at Behring straits and was afterward exterminated by the Indians, who took the coin and wore it as an ornament.—Florida Times-Union.

The Rattlesnake's Pilot.

The rattlesnake has a pilot. The purpose of this pilot has never been satisfactorily explained, but it undoubtedly serves to protect him in some way. It is well known that the rattlesnake is a sluggish reptile, slow of movement and shortsighted. He can strike only to the distance of his own length and is not of the constrictor family, fighting entirely with his fangs. He is not therefore a dangerous adversary and can be easily whipped by a blacksnake or any of the constrictor species. Even a dog can obtain the mastery over a rattlesnake without much danger of being injured.

The pilot appears like a rattlesnake, except that he has no rattles and is somewhat darker in color. He is also of much quicker movement, and when other reptiles or animals that would prove dangerous to the rattler appear the pilot, which is not so near sighted as the rattlesnake, conducts the latter to a place of safety. Singularly, the pilot snake has received but scant attention except among the native people of the sections where he is found, and but little is known about him. The only species of rattlesnake having the pilot for a guide is that found in the mountains. The prairie rattler has to look out for himself."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

What Rocked the Cradle.

During one of his journeys a famous traveler came to a lonely cabin and found the door wide open. In the center of the floor stood a cradle, in which was an infant fast asleep. The cradle was rocking with surprising regularity, but no sign of what propelled it could be seen.

The traveler's curiosity was aroused. He went to the cradle and found a stout cord attached to a nail driven in the side of it. The cord passed through an auger hole in the side of the house. He took up the trail, which soon led him into a ravine, where a donkey was standing and switching his tail.

The mystery was explained. The other end of the cord was tied to the ass' tail, and the constant switching of its caudal appendage furnished motive power sufficient to rock the cradle.—Exchange.

Europe's Cold Period.

That the continent of Europe is passing through a cold period has been pointed out by M. Flammarion, the French astronomer. During the past six years the mean temperature of Paris has been about two degrees below the normal, and Great Britain, Belgium, Spain, Italy, Austria and Germany have also been growing cold. The change seems to have been in progress in France for a long time, the growth of the vine having been forced far southward since the thirteenth century, and a similar cooling has been observed as far away as Rio de Janeiro, where the annual temperature has been going down for some years past.—Scientific Journal.

Comfort In Chairs.

"It does not by any means follow," said a man of moderate means, "that the finest or costliest chair is the most comfortable. One of the most delightful chairs I ever sat in was an ordinary cane seat, cane back rocker, and whoever designed it was a man of brains and thoughtfulness. The back of this chair supported the back of the sitter at every point, and its pitch with relation to the seat was very nearly perfect."—New York News.

The Military Drill.

Athletic sports have their due, perhaps undue, attention in most of the colleges and high schools, but in the graded schools, within my observation, exercise is casual and undirected. None of these exercises or sports is, however, a substitute for military drill, and some of them create a new need for it. A good oarsman need not be erect or graceful; a good arm and plenty of wind meet his needs. The champion "cyclist" is not apt to have square shoulders. The football captain is so padded that a safe judgment can hardly be formed as to his natural "lines," but a good leg and momentum seem to me—a nonexpert—to be his distinctive marks. In baseball the pitcher seems to an occasional observer to have parted with all his natural grace to endow the curved ball.

A military drill develops the whole man, head, chest, arms and legs proportionately, and so promotes symmetry and corrects the excesses of other forms of exercise. It teaches quickness of eye and ear, hand and foot, qualifies men to step and act in unison, teaches subordination, and, best of all, qualifies a man to serve his country.—Benjamin Harrison in Century Magazine.

Parkman's Hard Lot.

He could command for work not more than one-twentieth of the time which other men have, and for 10 years—from 1853 to 1863—he could not work at all. From his return from the west in 1846 to the day of his death, Nov. 8, 1893, he never knew a day when he was an entirely well man. He spent some months at a water cure in Northampton without benefit. The physician urged him to prepare to die, but Parkman replied that he should not die, even if he did not get well.

At a later date he went to Paris to consult Dr. Brown-Sequard, who for three months tested him for insanity, but finally told him that his head was perfectly sound and that he could do nothing for him. The doctors all told him that he must not work, and he once said to me that if he had followed their instructions he could never have written his books. The situation was desperate. For a great part of the time he could not read continuously for more than five minutes without straining his eyes, and it was impossible for him to write or read for long periods.—McClure's Magazine.

To Prevent Railway Collisions.

An apparatus for preventing collisions between railway trains is described as consisting essentially of a band of traveling paper impregnated with iodide of potassium. Over this paper a platinum stylus moves, and when a current of electricity passes through the stylus and the paper the iodide is decomposed, leaving a blue mark, as in the Bain chemical telegraph. The current is supplied by the moving train by the following method: The wheels press down levers placed at intervals along the rails and complete the circuit of a battery connected with the platinum stylus and paper of the apparatus, which is situated in the signal cabin. The marks thus made on the paper indicate the position of the train, enabling the signal man to trace its course along the line, and having this guide, as well as absolute control over the signals, the claim is that he is in a position to reduce the chances of collision to a minimum, if not to render it impossible.—New York Sun.

Quite Right.

A funny incident, accompanied by a witty retort, was enjoyed as the crowd was surging out of one of the theaters. In front of a party of gentlemen was a man with his coat collar turned up about his ears. "Why, there is B——," said one of the party. "He doesn't seem to see us. I guess I'll wake him up." At the same time and without stopping to think he stepped forward and hit the bundled up individual a terrific slap on the back. The man turned around as he received the blow and disclosed to the astonished eyes of the hilarious gentleman the face of a total stranger. He hesitated a moment before the calm and inquiring gaze of the man in front, and then stepping forward said, "I beg your pardon, sir; but, to tell the truth, I took you for another man."

"I am," was the quiet reply.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

National Manners A-traveling.

It is curious to watch on board a steamer how the men of different nationalities behave to a lady no longer young who is traveling alone. The Frenchman is absolutely rude if he gets the chance; the German simply takes no notice; the Austrian is frigidly polite; the Englishman takes trouble to be kind if his aid is solicited; the American is kind from habit and without effort; the British colonist attentive, because women of any kind are scarce in his country.—Pall Mall Budget.

The need of public parks in cities of the United States is illustrated by the fact that in many cities the cemeteries are used as public pleasure grounds. Even Philadelphia, which has one of the largest and most delightful public parks in the world, uses the Woodland cemetery, west of the Schuylkill, in this fashion

A sign quite in the spirit of the signs of three or four centuries ago is displayed by a New York down town manufacturer of a table delicacy. The sign is a well executed high relief in cast iron clamped to an enormous building with wrought iron rods. The effect of the whole thing is thoroughly old fashioned.

A lighthouse to be erected on the coast of Brittany will show a light of 40,000,000 candlepower, to be seen 63 miles away in clear weather and 21 miles in foggy weather.

EXPERTS IN HANDWRITING.

The Methods Employed by Specialists In the Detection of Forgeries.

Regarding the methods made use of to determine authorship, specialists are naturally reticent. Some of them have admitted, however, the nature of the leading principles which guide them. The philosophy of the matter rests mainly on the fact that it is very rare for any two persons to write hands similar enough to deceive a careful observer unless one is imitating the other. "Fists," like faces, have all some special idiosyncrasy, and the imitator has not merely to copy that of some one else, but to disguise his own.

By careful and frequent practice he may succeed well enough to deceive the ordinary man, but is rarely successful in baffling the expert. Even the most skillful culprit cannot wholly hide his individuality, as he is sure to relapse into his ordinary method occasionally. Then, again, great care has to be used, and this can be detected by the traces of hesitancy, the substitution of curves for angles and vice versa, which come out very plainly when the writing is examined under the microscope, as it usually is by the expert.

A plan of detection which has been adopted with great success is to cut out each letter in a doubtful piece of writing and paste all the a's, b's, etc., on separate sheets of paper. The process is also gone through with a genuine bit of caligraphy of the imitator or the imitated, as the case may be. Comparison almost invariably shows that the letters are less uniform if imitation has been attempted, the writer being occasionally betrayed into some approach to his ordinary caligraphy or into momentary forgetfulness of some special point in the handwriting he is simulating.

No point is too small to escape an expert's attention. The dotting of i's, the crossing of "t's," the curls and flourishes, the intervals between the words, the thinness of the up stroke, and the thickness of the down stroke, are all noted and carefully compared. Where only a signature has been forged, and that by means of tracings from the original, the resemblance is often so exact as to deceive even the supposed author, but in these cases the microscope is generally effective in determining not merely the forgery, but the method by which it was accomplished. It is some comfort to know that the cunning of the forger is overmatched by the scientific skill of the trained expert.—Chambers' Journal.

Bound to Have His Fun.

Speaking of football brings to mind a time not many years ago when Yale's athletic conscience was not so tender as at present. On her teams were graduates galore. She even went outside for a candidate or two, though none of the imported "tons o' men" finally played at Springfield.

Among the surreptitiously acquired material was one true hearted son of old Erin, over 6 feet tall, and renowned as a pugilist. His physique was excellent, but somehow he never seemed to get into the plays. Nor was he deficient in courage. The coachers could not understand it until one day he was given the ball to run with. Then some rusher tackled him hard, and in a minute the former pugilist had dropped the ball and was going at the tackler hammer and tongs.

"Here you!" shouted the coachers. "What are you doing there? Play football!"

And between the cracks of the blows came back the answer:

"Oh, go to the divil an lave me do me man!"—Boston Budget.

Actresses and Their Lines.

In nine cases out of ten the women of the stage commit the words of their parts to memory by copying them out in their own handwriting, and among other distinguished disciples of this method are Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Amy Roselle and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. As regards learning parts in the open air while walking, driving and so on, the system has fewer advocates among women than it has among men, but Mrs. Bernard Beere and Mrs. Langtry are both accustomed to this form of study, and many younger actresses adopt it, railway and even bus journeys being utilized. Both Mrs. Kendal and Sarah Bernhardt sit down to serious study and allow nothing whatever to interfere with them during the time they are learning a part.—Forget Me Not.

A Model Gown.

If ever a man covers himself with glory, it is when he begins to tell what he knows about his wife's garments and to design models for her gowns. One really brilliant and gifted literary gentleman somewhat recently met his Waterloo at this fine art of designing by sketching a model of a gown which indeed looked artistic in the drawing and had only one failing—there was no way to get into the gown or out of it.—Exchange.

Pay as You Heat.

The bedrooms of several British hotels are fitted with automatic gas fires. Visitors may enjoy a warming by placing in the meter by the side of the fireplace a number of pennies equal to the number of hours for which they wish to have the fire alight.—Exchange.

A Widowers' association has been formed in Dresden. No man can join unless his wife be dead, and if he marries again he becomes an honorary member merely. One of the chief purposes of the association is to help newly made widowers by looking after their wives' funerals and caring for their children. Members will also meet for mutual sympathy and entertainment.—Paris Correspondent.

Snails Hard to Kill.

Pond snails, which are sometimes found alive in logs of mahogany from Honduras, possess wonderful endurance. Specimens carried from Egypt to Paris packed in sawdust have arrived uninjured. Other kinds have been experimented with by shutting them up in pill boxes and dry bags for six or seven years, but have survived. The limit of their vitality is yet to be ascertained. Land snails in cold climates bury themselves in the ground or under dead leaves in winter. In tropical regions they become torpid during the hot season.

When about to start in on a period of sleep, they seal up their shells with a close fitting door, which sometimes is a shield of thin, transparent mucus and in other cases an opaque membrane as thick as a visiting card. Behind this the animal constructs other walls, which serve like so many partitions to protect it against prolonged cold or dryness. It is believed that just as the seeds of plants are distributed by the winds so likewise the eggs of snails are scattered abroad on the breezes, thus disseminating their species. They are very prolific animals. Some of the great land snails of the tropics, which live on trees and weigh a pound apiece, lay eggs that look strikingly like those of pigeons, being quite as large. The eggs are deposited among decaying vegetation, the heat of decomposition hatching them.—Providence Journal.

One of Kennedy's Pranks.

The late Harry Kennedy, the ventriloquist, used to write stories with such titles as "A Life In the Circus," "Brothers of the Ring," etc. But Kennedy's great power was his gift of ventriloquism. It was a constant source of wonder and amusement to his friends. Even so accomplished a comedian as Frederick Leslie could not always detect the ventriloquist's work until he was himself the victim of it.

At a midnight reception once tendered to Leslie he was persuaded to sing his celebrated song of "Killahoe," and Kennedy was in the room. In the middle of the second chorus, during which he twirled a short blackthorn, Leslie was completely broken up by hearing, as he supposed, the chairman, Colonel Cockerill, cry out in a tone of agony:

"Great heavens, Leslie, you've blinded me for life!"

Leslie stopped hastily to apologize, and when he found the supposed blinded man as much astonished as he was entirely forgot the words of the song.—New York Times.

Names of Papers.

Printers' Ink has been compiling some queer names of newspapers. Among those merely unpronounceable are Sinasapa Wocekiye Taeyanpaha of Fort Totten, N. D.; Ojeczyna of Cleveland, Yhdyswaltain Sanomain Kuvalehti of Harbor, O.

Names which are odd for other reasons are cited by Mr. Romer. The Goatkeeper is English; The Beekeeper is American; so is The Milk Reporter.

England has a policeman's organ, The Constabulary Correspondent. Another is The Buck-In-the-Park; another The Bell News, the organ of the bell ringers.

New York has a School, England a Schoolmaster and Schoolmistress.

The Urn is a funeral directors' organ. The Embalmers' Monthly and Modern Cemetery are other cheerful organs.

Perhaps the queerest name is Flats, an English publication for the convenience of room hunters.

Alaska's Glaciers.

Mr. H. F. Reed, in his public lecture on "Glacier Bay, Alaska," says that Glacier bay is the most accessible region in which to see large tidewater glaciers. There are eight glaciers which discharge bergs into its waters. The largest of these is Muir glacier, which drains an area of about 800 square miles. It is moving with a maximum velocity of about seven feet a day and is continually discharging large icebergs from its end. Its fluctuations have been great within recent times. One or two hundred years ago it extended, in common with the other glaciers of the bay, 20 miles below its present ending, and not long before that the glaciers were so small that valleys now barren and bleak were occupied by large forests.

The Interviewer's Friend.

Lyman J. Gage, the great financier of Chicago, is the interviewer's friend. He is never backward in the discussion of public matters, and he freely discusses questions of finance. Unlike many finical men, Mr. Gage never wants to see what has been written. He takes it for granted that editors do not engage the services of dolts for the important work that is done in the newspaper profession, and he has probably never regretted speaking out and trusting to the discernment and ability of the man who has been sent to him.—Chicago Post.

Kissing the Bible.

Georgia's criminal superior court has discontinued the kissing of the Bible in the administration of oaths. Judge Clark, in explaining the order to that effect, says: "Holding up the right hand is the more convenient form. Then the kissing of the book is a very nasty thing. I have heard of persons catching disease in that way."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Manning and the Cook.

In a convent which Cardinal Manning, the thinnest of mortals, honored with a visit, there was a cook who begged and prayed for the blessing of the cardinal, and brought in knelt down before him and received his blessing, whereupon she looked up at him and said, "May the Lord preserve your eminence, and, oh, may God forgive your cook!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

CHAMP CLARK'S WIT.

BRILLIANT AND INCISIVE THRUSTS AT THE TARIFF BARONS.

The Farmers Have Shown That They Are Not Natural Born Fools—God Versus Protection—What Makes Free Traders—Tariff Reformer Defined.

Tom Reed has wit—brilliant, polished, partisan wit. Champ Clark couples logic with his wild, exuberant wit and humor. Here are a few specimens from his recent tariff speech in congress:

The farmers of this country are not natural born fools, as was Sut Lovingood's daddy. No tariff which human ingenuity may devise can raise the price of the articles which are exported from this country, and the farmers know it. Being largely exporters, they know that the duties on agricultural products in the McKinley act were a sham and a fraud. Being exporters, the farmers know that no tariff can add to the value of their exports. Being importers, they know that everything they import is increased in cost under a tariff. They are sick and tired of this unfair and unequal arrangement. The McKinley law increased the tariff on everything the farmer buys, and the authors of that bill went to the country on that issue, and since the day when politics was first invented among men no set of statesmen ever got such a thorough trouncing at the hands of the people. There was scarcely enough left of them for seed.

Let us quit the artificial hothouse process of propagating industries—so called—and return to the plan of nature and of common sense.

We declare it to be the part of wisdom to quit raising and making things here which we cannot make and raise in fair and honest competition with all creation, and to turn our attention and confine our energies to raising and making those things which we can produce at a profit, thereby commanding the markets of the world.

There is absolutely no limit to the ingenuity of man. We could, no doubt, raise oranges in Maine or upon Jay Cooke's banana belt along the Northern Pacific railroad, but a barrel of them would give William Waldorf Astor's pocketbook the sweeny.

We could rear elephants in the jungles of Vermont, but the tusk of one would cost a larger sum than was paid by Jay Gould's estate under the inheritance tax to the state of New York.

The Creator never meant that we should "hog" it all, or we would have been made with snouts!

And God saw that it was "not good for man to be alone," and certainly he never intended that a nation should live alone.

But he did not do it. In his infinite love for us he made every nation dependent upon every other for something, thereby forcing them into friendship and commercial relations with each other. Everything tends toward that desirable and philanthropic end.

Amid all the multiplying evidences of the approaching commercial nuptials of the nations, the hoarse and angry voice of the pampered protectionist is heard, high above the rush and roar of the world, hurrying to a better day, shouting: "I forbid the banns! I forbid the banns!"

We had a surfeit of that false theory that the foreigner pays the tax.

We are sick unto death of the astounding philosophy which teaches that we may grow rich by piling up the taxes upon ourselves like Pelion upon Ossa.

"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad" is a saying consecrated by time and full of wisdom. I commend it to the careful consideration of the tariff barons and their retainers. You are unwittingly doing more to build up radical free trade sentiment in this country than all the Henry George propagandists between the two oceans. You decry philosophers, theorists and political economists because with clear vision and unfaltering hearts they stand for truth and right and justice. You fastened the McKinley steal upon the country and then patted yourselves in congratulation on the back.

If anybody dared to suggest that the great body of the people had some natural and constitutional rights which the tariff barons should respect, you defiantly replied in the language of William M. Tweed, "What are you going to do about it?"

Tweed thought that a piece of unequaled wit and sarcasm, but he found to his regret what the people were going to do about it, and so did the authors of the McKinley bill.

The tariff baron proposes, but God disposes. All this time you were building more wisely than you knew. You were propagating free trade more rapidly than rabbits multiply in Australia.

Like Ephraim, you are joined to your idols. Like the Bourbons, you learn nothing. You are set in your ways; you are fighting the wholesome provisions of the Wilson bill; you may defeat it here or in the other end of the capitol. Treason did not go out of fashion with Iscariot and Arnold. You may find enough renegade Democrats to enable you to do this suicidal thing. If so, woe be unto you and woe be unto them, for if you succeed in cheating the people of this small measure of relief, just so certainly as there is a future just so surely will a free trade party arise in this country which will wipe the whole protective system off the face of the earth, suddenly as a cyclone, ruthlessly as a conflagration, completely as if swallowed by the raging sea.

There will be no temporizing, no compromising, no dalliance in the lap of the Delilah of protection then.

Men with brains in their heads, the love of humanity in their souls and the courage of their convictions in their hearts will with eager hands rend the temple of protection till not one stone shall be left upon another in that robber's castle. God speed the day!

Some gentlemen seem to be much perturbed in spirit and wearied in the flesh in a futile attempt to find out what a tariff reformer is. I am always glad to impart information to searchers after truth. A tariff reformer is a rudimentary free trader, the germ from which the free trader grows, the egg from which the free trader is hatched. What the acorn is to the oak, what the mountain spring is to the rushing river, what the suckling colt is to the proud warhorse, what the child is to the man, so is the nascent tariff reformer to the virile and thoroughgoing free trader.

They are headed for the same point. The tariff reformer is not certain of his footing and keeps his eyes on the ground in search of the path leading to commercial independence and financial freedom, while the free trader, with the goal full in sight, walks boldly forward, without hesitation, without halting, and without sidetracking, in the fulfillment of his beneficent and patriotic mission.

He knows that the free trade revolution of 1846, in England, which broke the thraldom of ages, which emancipated the laboring masses, was grounded in truth, mercy and justice, has been productive of memorable and permanent reforms, has elevated and blessed the working people, and that it will go on forever until all men are free indeed.

You may deride the free trader, poke fun at him, libel him, caricature him, make mouths at him, despitefully use him, but you cannot shake his equanimity, for he knows the coming years are his.

Revolutions do not move backward. They go forward with the resistless force of the car of Juggernaut, and those who do not want to be ground to powder had better get out of the pathway of progress.

Though beaten back in many a fray,
Yet freshening strength we'll borrow,
And where the vanguard halts today
The rear will camp tomorrow.

The Republicans and assistant Republicans are acting in the capacity of incubators and are hatching radical free traders from tariff reform eggs so fast that a lightning calculator is needed to count up the chickens.

The tariff men are preparing a club, big as that of Hercules, for the cracking of their own heads, and if they persist in their present purblind course there will be such a popping of protected skulls as will startle the man in the moon as he sails over Homestead, Johnstown and Sparrows Point.

In that day of a people's righteous wrath Andrew Carnegie and his partners in sin will be in a worse condition than the foxes when Samson set their tails on fire.

The billows of the ocean would not recede at the command of old King Canute, nor will the rising tide of popular indignation caused by 30 years of legalized robbery be staid at the behest of the tariff barons.

Reciprocity of the Foreigner Pays the Tax.

In what other country, again, but the United States could men with reputations for statesmanship be found who would assert and teach and find multitudes to believe that the taxes which a country imposes on its imports are not paid by its people who consume them? If, however, it is really true that a discovery has been made in these latter days that one country can impose taxes for its own exclusive benefit, and transfer the burden of them to the people of other countries with whom it has commercial intercourse, it is most singular that the statesmen of other countries and ages, who have sounded all the depths and shoals of taxation, should not long ago have recognized it. It is clear also that, since the United States cannot patent the discovery, all other countries will be free and certain to adopt it, and as the exports and imports of all countries substantially balance the one positive economic effect of the universal adoption of the new scheme will be to create a reciprocal exchange of tax burdens, which will add to the expenses and complications of all international trade and practically benefit no one. Again, if an importer can not recoup himself in the sale of his imports by including the customs (taxes) in their price, it is certain that there will be no material advance in the prices of imported commodities, and the whole theory of protection to American industry through increase in the price of imports by tariff taxation falls to the ground.—David A. Wells in Forum.

A Dishonest Outcry.

The Wilson bill is severely denounced by protectionists, who call it a free trade measure and tell the people that its effect will be to bring disaster to the American manufacturer. Yet, as the New York World truthfully says: "This tariff is a higher tariff than Henry Clay thought necessary for the protection of infant industries 50 years ago. It is higher than the Morrill tariff of 1862. It is nearly as high as the tariff of 1883. It is a less average reduction of a 50 per cent tariff than the Republican tariff commission of 1882 recommended in a 40 per cent tariff." These facts should not be forgotten by all. There was no talk of ruin under any of the above named tariffs. That of 1883 was generally satisfactory to the protectionist until he saw a chance of getting it raised a peg higher. It is well known that they made money under it, but now they fear the result of the small reduction that has been made.—Herkimer County News.

Our Pauper Labor In Japan.

Well, well! Here's a state of things! While some of us are crying out against foreign pauper immigration on the ground that the "best paid workingmen in the world should not be compelled to compete" with it, word comes from the orient that "American immigration to Japan is detrimental to its home industries and the wages of its workmen." We knew we would catch it some day for our narrow policy, but we never dreamed it would come first from such an alleged poverty stricken country as Japan.—National Union Printer.

How Verdi Found Peace.

It is told of Verdi that when he was spending a summer at Moncalieri a friend found him occupying a small room for eating, sleeping and receiving his friends, and Verdi observed that he had two large rooms, but he had filled them with certain articles he had hired. And he opened a door and showed him 95 barrel organs. "When I came here," said the composer, "all these played 'Rigoletto,' 'Il Trovatore' and similar rubbish from morning to night. I hired them for the season for 1,500 lire and am at peace."

The Effect of Music.

As a curious circumstance not generally known it may be mentioned that the farmers in Oxfordshire cherish the belief that the arrival of a German band in a village betokens rain for the next day.—General-Anzeiger.