

# The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1890.

VOL. XLV.—NO. 30.

## A TERRIBLE TUSSELE.

### Uncle Lem's Thrilling Adventure With Hungry Wolves.

They Succeeded in Getting the Provisions, the Deer and the Two Horses, but were Cheated Out of Their Human Prey.



All the sneaking, sly, brute devils on earth, these gray timber wolves are the worst. They come slinking beside you like ghosts with eyes of fire for eyes, and they hang to you like grim death, and if you are alone when you meet them, it is very apt to be death, too. Why, do you see that scar running across my cheek? That marks a night when I fought a dozen of the gray devils for my life, and very nearly lost it.

"Thus spoke 'Uncle' Lem Dickinson to the writer, Uncle Lem, though a man of education, is an ideal specimen of Western frontiersman—gaunt, eagle-eyed and, though nearly seventy now, still as active as a panther, and carrying his huge frame, all muscle and sinew, with the erect and swinging carriage that a life on the plains alone can give. He was the first white man to settle in this (Wilbarger) county, and was quite a noted Indian hunter forty years ago, besides having still a State-wide reputation as a nitro. His home is a log cabin on the banks of the Big Wichita, about fifteen miles from town, and in which he has dwelt since the Mexican war. It bears the marks of innumerable bullets, which were made by the Indians when they besieged Uncle Lem and eleven other whites for three days in 1854, and the skins of grizzly bears, pumas, panthers, buffalo, deer and other animals decorate the walls of the cabin as trophies of the owner's skill. On being urged to relate the history of his battle with the timber wolves, Uncle Lem readily complied. He said: "It was in '72, and the middle of the hardest winter I ever knew in these parts. The ground stayed frozen for weeks, and the cattle died of cold and starvation, or were killed by the wild beasts, that were hard put to it, too. Sometimes when I was frying a piece of bacon I could hear the panthers and coyotes snarling and snapping at the door and windows, and every night I would have to fasten up a cot I had, and the pigs, to keep them from being stolen. One day my bacon and meal gave out, and I hitched up my wagon and horses to go to town after some.

again, thinking I'd gotten rid of them, but pretty soon they came along as eager and terrible as ever. I had waited to use my gun as a last extremity, but I now deliberately aimed at one and fired. He dropped, and was at once covered by the others. I didn't wait to mourn his fate, but made the best of the time, and when, with dripping jaws, they caught me once more, I gave them another shot, and continued to do so until I had not a ball left in either pistol or gun. Then I dropped the bacon overboard. It took them some minutes to tear this from the canvassing and devour it. Then they got the meal. But this only checked them for a moment.

"I was soon in sight of home, but to reach it was the great question. They leaped upon the horses and it was only by a vigorous use of my whip that I kept them out of the wagon itself. At last the horses, maddened with fear and pain, gave a frantic plunge and broke loose from the vehicle, and were soon out of sight, pursued by the greater part of the pack; but almost a dozen remained to pay me such delicate attention as lay in their power. They filled the wagon, springing and snarling at me, and, knowing their conquering me was only a question of time in such close quarters as those, I jumped out on the ground.

"As I did so I stumbled and fell right across the body of a big, shaggy fellow, that turned and snapped at me, and to which I owe this beauty-mark. I was up again in a moment, clubbing the wolves right and left with my gun, and retreating toward the cabin all the time. If I had not had on hunting-boots that reached to my knees my legs would have been torn to shreds. As it was, my stout breeches were torn in ribbons, and my upper limbs scratched and clawed unmercifully. Whenever I succeeded in clearing a little space about me by blows and desperate kicking I would run till they gathered about me again. To falter a single moment was death, and I knew it, and fought like a wildcat. Then, with a sudden break for freedom, I reached my door, tore it open, and, springing in, slammed it behind me. I have no re-



I FOUGHT LIKE A WILD CAT.

membrane of bolting it, though I did so, for my overwrought strength and senses failed me then.

"When I came to I was lying on the floor, and the dim light of dawn was stealing in at the window. I was so exhausted that I just lay where I was until some one came and rapped on the door. It was old man Sheety, who died last year. He lived within a mile of me then and after I let him in he said: "I stopped to find out what all those dead wolves meant. I couldn't understand it. I went to the door with him, and standing there we counted five, and around the wagon and along the road I had come we found nine more—seven shot to death. But I also found what gave me less satisfaction—the cleaned bones of my two good horses. It was a narrow escape for me, and to this day I hate the sight of a timber wolf. Somehow they seem like death itself, with their silent, grim, relentless pursuit."

—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

## IMMENSITY OF SPACE.

### The Distance Separating the Earth from the Nearest Star.

For a long period astronomers unsuccessfully endeavored to determine the distance between the stars and the earth, and it is only within a comparatively short time that the interesting problem can be said to have been solved. The distance which separates us from the nearest star is, according to a recent lecture by Prof. Nichols, about 200,000 times greater than the distance from the earth to the sun, or 95,000,000 of miles multiplied by 200,000. Alpha, in the constellation of the Centaur, is the star nearest the earth; its light occupies three whole years in traversing the distance which separates us from the blinking orb; or, in other words, should Alpha be blotted out of existence to-day, we would be well into the summer of 1895 before the inhabitants of this mundane sphere would be aware that Alpha no longer existed. Yet light travels so rapidly as to occupy no perceptible space of time in flashing around our globe. If the sun were transported to the place occupied by this, the nearest star, the vast circular disc which in morning rises majestically above the horizon and in evening occupies a considerable time in descending entirely below the same line, would have dimensions puny in their insignificance. Colossal as the sun appears to us, it would, were it possible for it to exchange positions with Alpha, take the Lick telescope to make it appear as a star of the third magnitude. —St. Louis Republic.

"Say, pop," said Johnny Blinkins, "Charley Sawyer is going to elope with sister Mary to-night. He's got a ladder hid in the barn." "You don't say so. Wait till I go in and tell your mother, so she won't think it's burglars, and kick up a racket. An' Johnny, you can hang around outside, and hold the ladder if Charley wants to go." —Washington Post.

## POOR OLD HARRISON.

### The Doctor Repudiated by the Colored Voters of the South.

That was a curious and significant accident which befell the Administration in the capital of Tennessee.

Benjamin Harrison has been President of the United States for a little more than sixteen months. Though elected as an avowed advocate of civil service reform, on a platform sensationally aggressive in favor of the extension of the principles of that reform to all grades of the public service, he has made a record never before equaled in the displacement of office-holders opposed to him in politics, and the appointment of party workers of his own political faith to succeed them. This ought to have endeared him to that element of his party, which is numerically much the larger part of it, which looks upon politics as a means of getting something for one's self. Somehow, this result has not been achieved.

Humiliating as the confession may be, it is certain that Dr. Harrison is not a popular man, even in the ranks of his own party. He has not voluntarily forfeited the respect of the rank and file of the G. O. P. He has, in truth, striven hard to give satisfaction. Though a man that has been largely advertised as possessing pity for the most unrelenting variety, he has not proscribed the unrelenting who aided in his election. In his official family sits a man whose presence there is due to his success in raising corruption funds. His most trusted and influential adviser, outside the Cabinet, is a man who refuses to deny the charge of having conspired with his appointees have been convicted of felonies, and a great many others ought to have been. These facts indicate that the President has been anxious to show that he is not too proud or too good to recognize the services of any element of his party. And yet they do not love him.

It is significant, too, that the colored element of the Nashville convention was conspicuous in the opposition to the resolution to endorse the administration. The colored voters in the South did not contribute much to Mr. Harrison's election, but those of the North held the balance of power in several States, and it was their votes that made his success possible. On the basis of the white vote, Mr. Harrison was beaten badly. His presence in the White House is due to the prejudice which compels colored men to vote the Republican ticket, contrary to their own interests and the good of the country. And yet one of these Republicans testified that there is all over the South, under the reign of Dr. Harrison, an effort to slap the negro in the face.

The Democratic party is not particularly interested in the unpopularity of the President. His renomination would not be an overwhelming misfortune for the Democratic candidate in 1892. If we may judge of his whole term by that part of it already past, we could go to the country upon the record thus presented with the most sanguine hopes of success. But unless he does something to strengthen his hold upon the dissatisfied element of his party his renomination seems hardly among the possibilities. The Nashville incident is certainly ominous. Heretofore the Federal office-holders have generally been omnipotent in Republican councils in the South, but all their influence at the Nashville meeting was exerted in vain. There are many indications that the sentiments expressed there are shared by Republicans in every section of the country. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

## LATER FEDERALISTS.

### The Descendants of the Men Who Fought Jefferson Still on Deck.

Cabot Lodge, the Massachusetts Republican who stands as sponsor in the House of Representatives for the infamous Federal election bill, is a descendant of George Cabot, who was a member of the notorious Essex Junto. The Essex Junto was a cabal of old Federalists who held out for many years against the Democracy of Jefferson and in favor of the aristocracy of Hamilton. It was this Junto, aided and abetted by the preacher of New England, that carried the old Federalist opposition to Jefferson almost to the point of treason and secession. Its members were aristocrats who hated the people and who believed that the Government should be managed by the wise and the good, they being the persons who were to decide who were wise and good. As for the idea that there could possibly be any wisdom or virtue in the body of the people, such a proposition never entered their heads. They regarded wealth as the first requisite of good citizenship, and a man's poverty was to them sufficient evidence that he was not wise and not good. The Essex Junto was overthrown by the triumph of Democracy; its members went croaking and lamenting to their graves, some of them publicly deploring the separation of the colonies from the British crown, and although their descendants organized further opposition to Democracy on practically the same lines they never again dared to raise aloft in the light of day the old Federalist motto of "Down with the people." The triumph of Democracy over this element was of as much importance as the triumph of the revolutionary army against King George's regulars and mercenaries. The one was the complement of the other, and without the triumph of Democracy over American aristocracy and privilege the triumph of the patriot army over the British monarchy would have been of little avail. There would have been a change of masters and no more.

Cabot Lodge fears and hates the people to-day as his ancestors hated and feared them three generations ago. He wants to govern them and to control them. If they do not vote as he wishes, or if they do not vote at all, he would like to have in use official machinery that would compel them to vote and to vote as he thinks they should vote. He has no sympathy with and no understanding of the Jeffersonian idea that the people are capable of governing themselves, of correcting errors as they

may arise and of working irresistibly and continually toward justice and right. He believes in drastic measures and he is never quite so happy as when he is laying down rules and regulations for other people.

It is fit and proper that the party which is the direct descendant of the old Federalist party should have for a leader in its newest assault upon the liberties of the people a man who is a direct descendant of one of the bitterest of the old Federalist leaders. The business is congenial all around. —Chicago Herald.

## THE FALL ELECTIONS.

### Upon Their Results Depends the Political Complexion of the Senate.

The infamous outrage perpetrated on the people of Montana gave the Republicans ten majority in the United States Senate, instead of the six to which they were entitled. On the 4th of March next twenty-eight Senators will have completed their terms, and in the election of their successors some important political changes may be expected. The condition of affairs in Wisconsin is not by any means favorable to the hopes of Senator Spooner for re-election, as there are good grounds to look for a Democratic Legislature. The contest in Illinois will be a most stubborn one, General Palmer, the Democratic candidate for United States Senator, being exceedingly popular, and being prepared to use all his influence as an effective campaign speaker for the election of a Democratic Legislature. California will likely send a Democrat to the Senate in Leland Stanford's place, and Connecticut Democrats expect to replace Orville H. Platt with a representative of the popular party of the State. Difficult though the task may be, on account of the iniquitous apportionment that prevails here, the New York Democracy are prepared to enter upon a spirited contest in the fall to elect a Democratic Assembly with a majority large enough to overcome the Republican majority in the Senate on joint ballot, and thus insure a Democratic successor to William M. Everts.

With an assured Democratic House and a Senate that may be a tie, the country might rest easy for the remainder of the Harrison administration, as an effectual check will be put to reckless and extravagant appropriations. A radical change in the Senate would be of incalculable benefit to the country, for that body has hitherto exhibited the most profound indifference in regard to the welfare of the people. All the monopolies and pernicious elements which have so long controlled the councils and action of the Republican party, hold the Senate in their grasp. An infusion of new blood of a different nature from that of Ingalls, Stanford, Everts, Platt, Farwell and Spooner would have a most healthful effect upon the Senate. There will be more general interest in the elections of the various State Legislatures this fall, on which depends the political complexion of the United States Senate after March 4, than has been felt for many years before. The Republicans are considerably handicapped by the widespread public sentiment against the Harrison administration and this most outrageous Congress. They will not hesitate to resort to all kinds of bulldozing tactics to retain power. But might not action against the voice of the people. —Albany Argus.

## CURRENT COMMENT.

—Bill McKinley and McKinley's bill are striking their ears to catch the faintest indorsement by Northwestern Republican State conventions. —Chicago Times.

—The Republicans of Illinois have beaten themselves at the start. They are down, and all the way down. —Chicago Herald.

—A Federal supervisory process is being instituted in the B. Reed's district, by which the vote could be prevented, and the whole effect upon wicked communities. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

—The statement that a sign is to be erected upon the grounds of Mrs. Harrison's summer home at Cape May, reading: "Buy your bathing suits at Wanamaker's," probably ill-founded. —Detroit Free Press.

—The citizens of New Carlisle have banished a man as too bad for Indiana. Perhaps this is their way of suggesting him to President Harrison for office under the "essential and discriminating test" of fitness. —St. Louis Republic.

—Grover Cleveland, upon a tariff reduction platform, will be something more than a possibility—a probability, at least, in 1892—should the Republicans not revise the McKinley bill in a manner as to make it protective of all the people and of all the country's material interests, and coddling of none. —Philadelphia Telegraph (Rep.).

—Labor desires to share in the prosperity of the manufacturer, but the proposition is treated as an insult. If persisted in the manufacturer sends to Hungary, or Canada, or Bohemia for cheaper labor and the laborer does not get his raise. Yet high-tariff orators claim that protection helps the laborer. The claim is a delusion, a fraud and a lie. —Chicago Globe.

—The little town of Johnsonburg, Pa., is in rebellion. Pestmaster-General Wanamaker has issued an edict changing the name of the post-office to Quay. The people of the village seem to know Quay too well to feel honored by this change and absolutely refuse to be reconciled to it. They do not wish to be dishonored. —Northwestern Mail.

## PITH AND POINT.

—When thought is too weak to be simply expressed, it is a proof that it should be rejected.

—The mission of the satirist is to tell others how to do things he can't do himself. —Van Dorn's Magazine.

—Undeserved praise is of double import; we feel it is unmerited, and we feel also that it might have been.

—A single grain of common sense beats a million of gunpowder when superstitions are to be exploded. —American Grocer.

—What we call curiosity and inquisitiveness in other people, seems in ourselves only a laudable thirst for useful information.

—Charity begins at home, but it ends in the poorhouse—which is a jolly good reason for not putting up too much on it. —Puck.

—This would be a more comfortable world if a larger number of the inhabitants did not think other better off than themselves. —Milwaukee Journal.

—The man who is always right, who makes no mistakes, and who knows himself to be superior to every body else, has a most happy experience. —United Presbyterian.

—It is usually the man of money who discourses on the benefits of poverty. This is proper since the poor are otherwise engaged. —West Shore.

—A little absurdity about a compliment often gives it point. A Spanish lover is reported to have said to his mistress: "Lend me your eyes; I want to-night to kill a man."

—Our deeds determine us as much as we determine our deeds, and until we know what has been or will be the peculiar combination of outward with inward facts which constitute a man's critical actions, it will be better not to think ourselves wise about his character. —George Eliot.

—Endeavor to be always patient of the faults and imperfections of others; for thou hast many faults and imperfections of thy own that require a reciprocity of forbearance. If thou art not able to make thyself that which thou wishest to be, how canst thou expect to mold another in conformity to thy will? —Thomas a Kempis.

—Failures and mistakes often spring from discouragement. Does not every human being need a believing second self whose support and approbation shall reinforce his falling courage? To sensitive and excitable people, who expend nervous energy freely, must come many low tides of depressed hours. In such cases we need another self to restore an equilibrium. —Mrs. Stowe.

—Industry is commended to us by all sorts of examples deserving our regard and imitation. All nature is a copy thereof, and the whole world a glass wherein we may behold this duty represented to us. Even beings void of reason, of sense, of life itself, suggest to us resemblances of industry; being set in continual action to effect reasonable purposes conducing to the preservation of their own beings, or to the furtherance of the common good. —Barrow.

## TIN-BACKED GEMS.

### Bogus Stones That Shine on Many an Aspiring Boomer.

Cheap jewelry is widely worn. Brooklyn contains a dozen or more stores in which a large trade is done in all classes of plated ware—from the fifty-cent diamond pin to the elegantly engraved triple-plated bracelet. Some years ago bogus jewelry was affected only by the lower classes of colored people, but now nine-tenths of the jewelry worn is not solid. A vast difference exists between plated and "snide" jewelry. The latter is made of glass and contains a small percentage of red lead. Formerly the manufacture of rhinestones was exclusively a French industry, but of late years many have been made in Brooklyn. A good quality of rhinestones, nicely mounted in a stud, sells for 35 cents. Bracelets of rolled gold, warranted to wear ten years, bring \$1 to \$3 each. Watch-chains are worth from 50 cents to \$3. A large trade is done in gold-plated nickel and silver watch-watches. It is said that silver ore will wear longer and not scratch so easily as watch-cases made of coin silver. They are one-fifth cheaper. A watch with a silver-ore case can be bought for \$4.

It is amusing to see the manner in which many respectable people buy cheap jewelry. They make the clerk understand that the jewelry is not for them, but for servants and children. —Y. Y. Morning Journal.

A Small Boy's Imagining.

What imaginative creatures children are, to be sure. There is one little Washington boy who explained to his mother while she was undressing him the other night a most extraordinary metaphysical theory of his own invention. It was that there was nothing in the world that had any real existence outside of his own immediate personality. Wherever he went, and to however great a distance, there were always substantial surroundings, but his notion was that perhaps when he left any particular locality those surroundings went out of being at once, having served the sole purpose of their creation by providing him with a necessary environment. According to this idea of his, when he journeyed through the city in a car, block after block of buildings and street after street sprang up instantaneously for his benefit, as quickly vanishing when he had passed out of view. —Washington Star.

Its Safety Secured.

This is the only house that stood, while the tornado blew down all around it.

Not at all. There is a mortgage on this heavy enough to hold it down. —Munsey's Weekly.

## SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.

### SINGLE TAX THE INSTRUMENT.

Address of William Lloyd Garrison Before the Unitarian Ministerial Union at Channing Hall, Boston, April 28, 1890. [CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

The cause he saw was the ownership and monopoly of land. The remedy he discovered was the single tax, to the practical examination of which I shall now address myself. The question of taxation is a broad one. Granted the necessity of government, and the wherewithal to sustain it must be granted also. The methods of levying tributes in the form of taxes are innumerable, yet human ingenuity or avarice or tyranny or wisdom has never yet formulated a plan for a just and equal distribution of the burden of taxation. In every civilized community of the world the question is a burning one, and a sense of wrong underlies the popular complaint. The reason is that a tax on property diminishes wealth and decreases its production, subtracts from the earnings of labor, and, with a very few exceptions, taxes decline to stay where they are put.

One of the objections most frequently urged against single tax is that capital will thereby escape taxation. But capital laughs at the idea of being taxed. It gladly pays the tax because it can be easily shifted to the consumer. A more unequal arrangement than obtains to-day in the collection of revenues, direct or indirect, would be hard to devise. I sat beside a distinguished woolen manufacturer of Providence the other day while Judge Lawrence, of Ohio, in advocating the protection of the wool grower, intimated that the manufacturers of Rhode Island were amply able to pay the tariff tax on raw material. "Does the dunce suppose that I stand the tax of ten cents a pound on my Australian wool?" whispered my neighbor. "I add it to the price of my cloth with interest and profit, and sell my goods to the Chicago Jews. They make it into clothing and add the tax and profit and interest and sell their goods to Judge Lawrence's constituents—the farmers, wool growers and mechanics—who bear the entire burden. What does he take us for?" This is merely an example. As a rule a rich man sheds taxes as a duck's back does water, and they fall upon the weakest shoulders.

All wealth comes primarily from the earth by the application of labor. A denial of access to land prevents the production of wealth and diminishes the opportunity of the worker. Yet we see land owners grow rich, in utter idleness, by simply taking from the land they hold the value given to it by others. Long John Wentworth, of Chicago, understood and practiced the scheme. His advice to a young man was to buy a farm on the outskirts of a city. "Grow cabbage upon it," he said, "and the assessor will tax it lightly." By and by the city will envelop your acres and you can sell house lots by the front foot at a great price. This is the secret of the Astors' fortune. All the time land is held for a rise in value those who would use it to advantage are denied the chance. The owner declines to sell and refuses to improve it, knowing that the growing community is increasing the value of his possession without causing him expense or effort. And the present custom of assessing land favors this kind of speculation. If two men own adjoining city lots of equal value and one improves his by a useful building, the tax on his lot is immediately raised. He is fined for adding to the wealth of the city, and his neighbor is rewarded for preventing the addition of wealth by holding his lot idle for speculation. Under the single tax the vacant lot would pay as high a tax as the improved lot, and the holder would find it to his advantage to build upon it or allow some one else to do so. It would, therefore, make building lots plenty, and multiply stores and dwellings. For then buildings would not be taxed. Personal property would not have to hide itself away in dark corners and tax payers would have no temptation to perjure themselves or move to Nahant or Lancaster. There would be no tax dodging. The land can not be hidden.

"This might answer in the city," you say; "but how about the poor farmer whose chief possession is land? You would exterminate him." This was the assertion of the chairman of the committee on taxation this year from the town of Barnstable, anxiously concerned for the fate of his farmer constituents. Look around to-day under the present vaunted system. Is the farmer's lot a desirable one? On the contrary, of all the great industries of the countries, what is there which compares in depression with agriculture? The farmer is taxed on every thing he has, for the assessor can usually enumerate his property to a sheep or a hog. For the staple product of the farm he has to accept a price based on the world's value of his surplus in London or Liverpool. It is to him, of all men, that the single tax would come as an angel of relief.

No improvements would be levied upon; only the bare land would be taxed, just as if no spade or plow had ever turned up the surface. The house and tools and machines and stock would be freed. The indirect tax on his lumber and hardware, and glass, and blankets, and carpets, and stoves, and crockery, and clothing would vanish. Unless his farm was more valuable for other purposes, like the one on the outskirts of the city, the relief would be immense. Instead of refraining from improvement and enterprise as now, for fear of higher taxes, the stimulus of hope would come to the tiller of the soil. Doubtless the single tax would diminish farms of excessive extent of which only part are cultivated, for the reason that use alone would be profitable. Unused tracts of land now held out of reach would seek cultivators. As buildings would increase in cities to the great advantage of masons and carpenters and mechanics generally, so in the country farming would be encouraged, and on account of accessibility, farms would multiply.

You tell me this is unlikely, as there is a surplus of farm products now. To this I answer, that glut must exist as long as governments make it a punish-

able offense for people to exchange their grain and fruits and cattle where it shall profit them most. As long as human beings anywhere on the globe hunger and starve there is congestion and bad distribution, but no real surplus of food. By value a farmer is much less a land owner than he is a capitalist and laborer. But the owner of the small lot on the corner of Washington and Court streets, upon which Sears' building stands, is a land owner indeed. Just try and estimate the number of farms he could get in exchange for that diminutive piece of land. I know no better illustration of land values. Boundless acres weighed in the balance of one city lot, and the acres kick the beam.

The twenty-five cities of Massachusetts, while they cover less than 5 per cent of the area, contain 77 per cent of the land values of the State. Boston alone contains 45 per cent of the land values of Massachusetts, and only 30-4ths of 1 per cent of the area. Under the single tax Boston would pay at the present valuation 46 per cent of all the taxes raised in the State. At present it pays 35 per cent. Three-quarters of an average acre along Washington street is worth as much as all the land in Southboro. The owner of the \$19,500 building at the corner of Washington and Winter streets, standing on a \$129,500 lot, would have his tax increased heavily and find it profitable to erect a better building, but Fred L. Ames would probably pay a less tax on the corner of Court and Washington streets than will be levied under the present system. (For these facts I am indebted to Mr. S. H. Howes, of Southboro, Mass.)

I grant that under the system we advocate speculation in land would cease, as no one would desire to possess it except to use it, nor would it profit any one to do so. It would cease to be an investment. No capital would be locked up in it, and a vast sum now imprisoned would be set free for productive purposes.

Imagine that land ownership had never existed in Boston. That all land was accessible to him who wished to use it by simply paying its yearly rental value. That no landlord, as now, stood ready to gobble up in rent the profits of labor. That each tenant were secured legally in his possession as he possibly can be now in ownership, had no fear of taxes, direct or indirect, and that no barbarous custom houses interposed an unnatural barrier to free trade. That the wage earner, allowed free access to the opportunity of land at present locked up from him, instead of begging for work as now, were free to employ himself. Would not Boston be better than Bellamy's dream of it, and that without the sacrifice of individual independence? Then there could be no excuse for idleness or poverty, except through personal fault or misfortune, and not as now enforced by cruel laws which breed evil conditions. To able bodied people seeking work or charity, we would say, "Go and employ yourselves." Human wants are illimitable. Opportunity is opened for all who will use it. The profits of labor can not then be fledged from the laborer. No armies of officials will interfere to raise or make for something else that we want. Universal interchange means increased human satisfaction and an unending demand for workers. Therefore, the more workers the more wealth.

No wonder that Mr. George, seeing what may be wrought with no miracle, simply by striking off the fetters of law and custom, gained new reverence for the Creator of the earth, and looked upon the "unearned increment" of land as the divinely appointed source of revenue from which a perfect society could support itself in peace and prosperity.

Supposing we compare the three partners which produce all wealth—Land, Capital and Labor—and see what sort of equality exists in the partnership. Labor struggles and is in chains; Capital grumbles at the small returns it gets for investments, but the landlord, who neither works nor risks, gathers in the profits and is cheerful, like

The smiling young lady of Niger Who rode on the back of a tiger; The return from the ride Would send the lady home.

And the smile on the face of the tiger. The landlord is the tiger, and he who rides with him eventually takes the inside seat and loses the power to smile. Of course, in this sense, landlord does not mean the man who owns the buildings, but the man who owns the land, which is a privilege other men must get permission from him to use and on his terms.

Perhaps no better illustration of the land owner's power can be seen than at Killarney in Ireland, that beautiful spot where lake and mountain unite to make a perfect region of natural delight. Here the tourist goes to rest his mind and give activity to his imagination, and here in the midst of earth's beauty he finds degraded poverty and hordes of beggars. Did the kind power that made the one produce also the other? If yes, then welcome atheism, for the universe is a failure and the devil is at the fore.

But before you reach this terrible verdict look further. True, if you ask the idle villagers who is responsible for their misery they will say "The Lord," but they mean the lord of the manor, like the Earl of Kenmare and Herbert of Muckross, who are the owners of the enchanting landscape and delightful waters. They own also the wretched hovels and neglected farms. Not one of these people can raise a potato or ply a trade unless he gets permission and pays a tribute in the way of rent to these two favored mortals of Killarney. What service have these landlords rendered to mankind? They produce nothing. They live luxuriously and with profligacy on money wrung from their tenants. In fact, both had been spend-thrifts to the verge of bankruptcy, and when I was there last summer, were away seeking fresh means to bolster up their falling fortunes and redeem their mortgaged estates. Their tenants were discouraged because the rent took all. The more they earned and saved the more the landlord raised the rent, content only when he left a bare livelihood. No wonder despair came to them and beggary or exile was accepted.



I RAISED MY GUN AND FIRED.

Increasing my speed slowly but surely. But there was no leaving that swift-footed crowd behind, and they soon began to show fight. One sprang at the horses' throats, and though he fell back, another jumped up in his turn, and I found it almost impossible to control the poor, scared horses.

"Just then for the first time it struck me that they had been attracted by the smell of the fresh blood of the deer, and perfectly willing to sacrifice that, I climbed back over the seat, still holding the lines, and managed to push the buck out. In an instant the pack fell upon him, and I gathered up the lines