

The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1890.

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EARLY STAGE-COACHING.

How the Daily Line was Started and Managed.

Government Assistance in the Enterprise—History of the Scheme—The Great Old Concord Coaches That Were in the Service.



HERE is a man in this town, now hale and hearty at the age of seventy-five, who was a member of the firm that started the first daily stage that ever ran from the Missouri river to Salt Lake City. He is Colonel Alex. Majors, who was the founder of the famous pony express. Colonel Majors, as a member of the firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell, worked for years in the interest of securing daily stages. It was his idea that if stages along the Missouri river for the west and Salt Lake City for the east every day the business facilities of the vast trans-Missouri region would be wonderfully improved. It was found impossible to put on a line of daily stages so long a distance without some Government subsidy, and for a long time Congress was appealed to for assistance. At length the postal service allowed \$800,000 per annum for a daily delivery of the mails at the Missouri river from the west and at Sacramento from the east. Of this sum \$400,000 went to Russell, Majors & Waddell for the service east of Salt Lake, while the other half was paid to Butterfield & Co., contractors, on the other side of the range.

It was in the fall of 1859 that the first stage of the daily line left Atchison, Kan., then a prosperous and promising young city, a leading boat landing and a formidable rival of the then feeble and struggling Kansas City. There was a great deal of rejoicing over the coming of the new enterprise and with many good wishes and amidst the shouts of the assembled populace, the first coach whipped gayly off. The new line marked an epoch in western methods of travel. The spring before a line had been put on from Leavenworth to Denver by Jones & Russell. The stages ran spasmodically and the firm encountered trouble from the outset. This line made only a few trips when the Indians became so hostile that it was impossible to guarantee a traveler safe passage to the mining camp of Denver. The route lay from Leavenworth up Smoky Hill creek and directly across the plains to Colorado's capital. It was dangerous and expensive, for the Indians stole nearly every team of mules that the company put on the line. The concern at length fell into the hands of Russell, Majors & Waddell, with all accompanying rights and franchises. That pioneer firm then bought the Hockaday & Liggett company, operating an irregular and unsatisfactory line of small coaches from St. Joseph to Salt Lake on a schedule of twenty-two days. This company had no post stations and the same animals that started from a terminus would frequently struggle through nearly to the other end of the line.

With the two companies out of the field and a guarantee of Government assistance, Russell, Majors & Waddell went to work with vigor in their daily stage enterprise. They built splendidly-equipped, strong and warm post stations every ten or twelve miles, established divisions with superintendents in charge and announced a schedule time of ten days from Atchison to Salt Lake, a distance of 1,300 miles. The coaches left each terminus daily and there was never a hitch in the good time announced. At first the route taken by this through line was that known as the old South pass route, along the California trail by Fort Fetterman and Fort Laramie, thence up by the North Platte and the Sweetwater, through the South pass to Fort Bridger, across Green river, through Echo canyon, over the big mountains and down Emigration canyon to Salt Lake City. The daily Denver stage was soon put on, running from Denver to Julesburg, where it joined the through Salt Lake coach and delivered and received passengers. Later the en-

and all of them bought their tickets that way. Atchison soon became a prominent place from which overland travelers started westward and its future was believed to have been made. The railroads came all too soon for the town's prosperity, however, and the splendid Concord coaches were retired or else sent farther west to the end of the great iron railroad. Colonel Majors delights to talk of the old days of stage coaching. To the Times reporter he said the other day:

"It all seems so strange that our fine old coaches are no more, for travel by them was comfortable and full of charms. In the whole time in which we operated our through daily line we were never once molested by Indians or road agents, as the highwaymen of the West were called. We never lost one of the Government mail pouches and never killed a passenger. Senator Gwynn, who was such an active worker in the interest of the pony express, had no connection with our stage line, although he felt a lively concern in its workings. I do not think the Senator was killed in a duel with the famous Broderick, for, if my memory serves me, he died in the New York Hotel, New York, of old age. My partners in the stage line enterprise are dead, Mr. W. B. Waddell having passed away at his home in Lexington, Mo., in September, 1871. Mr. W. H. Russell died in the spring of the same year at the home of his son in Palmyra, Marion County, Mo."

The first general superintendent of this famous old stage coach line was Benjamin Ficklin, a Westerner, whom all the West knew in the fifties. He knew every foot of the great trans-Missouri country and the choice was a wise one. Ficklin managed the company well and then drifted to something better. When the railroads pushed the big Kentucky mules and the Concord coaches out of the way Ficklin went East. He made money in Washington and died in the capital city. His death resulted from the swallowing of a fish bone. Jack Gilmore was a division agent at Salt Lake. He remained in that position as long as the stages ran, when he moved to the mouth of the Echo canyon on Weaver river. He lives in that part of the country.



ON THE ROAD.

section yet and his house overlooks the moss-grown trail over which the stages rolled so gayly thirty years ago. Luke Benham was another division agent. His headquarters were at the North Platte division. Benham died soon after the stages stopped. Hank, the celebrated driver, whose joke on Horace Greeley has been immortalized by Mark Twain, once drove for the daily Salt Lake line, although it was over the coast range that he made Horace take in his head.

Artemus Ward traveled in the Russell, Majors & Waddell stages, and Colonel Majors remembers him as the most congenial of companions on a long "cross-country" journey. Horace Greeley often rode on the daily Denver line and Schuyler Colfax was once an honored traveler in a special stage. All celebrities of the '50s rode in the handsomely-conducted route to the far West. There are perhaps less than six of the old stages in existence now, and they are running on some short, unimportant line in the mountains, all battered and worn. Little suggesting the glories of the days when the fare from Atchison to Denver was fifty dollars, with twenty dollars added to Salt Lake.—Kansas City Times.

ANCIENT GREEK RACE.

A Tribe Claiming to Be Direct Descendants of the Soldiers of Xenophon.

In the little essays sent to the State Department, the Consuls of the United States occasionally leave the beaten track of commercial statistics and give us a little ethnical study. Consul Jewett, in discussing the Turkish province of Trebizond, refers to the existence of a peculiar colony of people residing in this region who have a claim upon the attention of every student of the classics. He says: Some forty miles south of Trebizond there is a community which is highly interesting to the student of history and of sociology. When the "ten thousand," on the famous retreat by Xenophon, passed through this country, a portion of the army was cut off from the main body and left behind. They were well treated by the surrounding tribes, intermarried with them, and settled down permanently in a community of their own. The people now living in the district referred to, included in some nine villages, claim to be the direct descendants of those soldiers of Xenophon. Their language is Greek and they profess the Christian religion, though under the pressure of the Moslem conquest they nominally adopted Mohammedanism. Thirty years ago they formally declared themselves Christians, but, on the other hand, many of them bear Mohammedan names and in every village there is a mosque. As Christian subjects in the Ottoman Empire they are exempt from military service, paying a head tax instead, and the anomalous position these people hold frequently causes difficulties with the authorities. Their local customs, dialects, traditions and mixed religion offer an interesting field for investigation and study.—Pheonological Journal.



THE FIRST COACH WHIPPED GAYLY OFF.

line was made to run by Denver and the Julesburg branch was taken off. The route then lay through the Cheyenne pass, down Blatter creek to Green river, thence to Salt Lake. This route was fully eighty miles south of that originally used. About eighty coaches were used in this service. They were large, strongly-built vehicles, known in old staging days as the Concord coach. Each one cost about eight hundred dollars and was especially fitted for the heavy work required of it. Nine passengers could be accommodated with ease on the inside of each. They were softly cushioned and were altogether the finest stages even run in the West. Each stage was drawn by four fine, strong Kentucky mules, and experienced, reliable drivers were put into the service. They received good pay, were fearless and intelligent and an accident was a rarity. The same firm that operated and made such a success of the pony express at its own expense, stopping the doughty little animals only when the telegraph came, also made the coaching a success. Noted characters soon found that the Salt Lake & Denver daily line was the only reliable route to the West.

SAVED BY A COACHMAN.

Mr. Smith's Narrow Escape From a Mother-in-Law's Vengeance.

Mr. Smith, a recently-married man, observed with a foreboding of evil that his mother-in-law, Mrs. Duzzenbury, had in her eye an ominous glare. When she looked at him there was a glitter in her eye that filled him with apprehensions of the most dismal character. His worst fears were realized when she invited him into the parlor for the purpose of having a confidential talk with him.

"Yes, Mr. Smith," she began, in a solemn voice, "quite inadvertently, I assure you, I happened to—to—examine your dress coat, and what do you suppose I found on it?"

One evening not long before this conversation, Mr. Smith, under the pretext of attending an important meeting at the lodge, had participated in a stag party at which there were oysters and champagne, songs, hilarity, etc., so thinking that his mother-in-law in some mysterious manner had got wind of the affair, with a guilty look on his face he averted his eyes from her basilisk gaze.

"On that coat," continued Mrs. Duzzenbury, in a tone of voice that would have done credit to a judge on the bench sentencing a prisoner to death—"on that coat, Mr. Smith, I discovered two long, dark-red hairs."

Feeling sure that the old lady was on the wrong track, with a wild outburst of virtuous indignation Smith replied, scornfully:

"Well, Madame, what of it? Do you mean to insinuate that I—"

"I do not mean to insinuate at all," replied Mrs. Duzzenbury; "I have other and more convincing proofs of your duplicity. Perhaps you know something about this letter?" and she shook a greasy looking document under his nose.

"Where—where did you get that letter?" stammered Smith.

"In removing the hairs from your coat, accidentally—quite accidentally, I assure you—I felt this letter in the breast pocket. I hope you don't suppose that I would stoop so low as to pry into other people's affairs."

"Of course not; but I don't know any thing about that letter."

"Then I will read it to you. While I read please examine this garnet ring which was in the pocket with the letter."

"Dearest Henry—Wait for me on the corner this evening. My husband is cruelly jealous, and keeps his eye on me. Thanks for them flours. Yours truly, L. W. A."

"I swear I know nothing—"

"Silence, traitor!" and she raised her hand imperatively. "To-morrow Clara, poor, wronged child, will return with me to her proper home, from which she has been wrenched by a villain."

Just at this crisis the coachman entered, and a broad grin of pleasure spread over his face as he saw the letter.

"Excuse me, boss, but I have been hunting everywhere. I couldn't think where I put it," he said, very much confused.

"Then I suppose this ring belongs to you, too," said Smith, holding up the cheap piece of jewelry.

"That's mine, too," grinned the coachman.

"Is your Christian name Henry?" asked Mrs. Duzzenbury, with a piercing glance.

THE EMPEROR NERO.

One of the Most Brutal Fellows That Ever Ruled a Great Country.

Britannicus, his brother by adoption, a boy of fourteen, is in the way; he is poisoned, thanks to Locusta's art, at a dinner given by Nero. Suetonius records the popular belief that the motive to the crime was no less a professional jealousy of his voice than a politic fear of his ambition. The first dose only made the boy very sick, whereupon Nero sent for Locusta and chastised her with his own hand. She excused herself; a stronger dose would have been a quicker method certainly, but a more public. "As if," replied Nero, "the Julian law had terrors for me," and compelled her, there and then, to concoct the strongest and most effectual mixture she knew. This was offered to a goat; the goat lived five hours, to their great disappointment. But when a draught was produced by their joint efforts, which proved the instant destruction of a pig, then an invitation was sent to Britannicus. He fell dead at the first mouthful. "That epilepsy has carried him off at last," said Nero, and no one contradicted him.

These were strange doings for a model young Emperor, but of course Seneca, the Stoic, knew of them; there was no cause for alarm. His young pupil does not poison only; he dances, he sings (and that execrably), he produces elaborate epuistic verse, he drives chariots. Strange and new as it was, what did it matter to the populace? No more than the murders of Agrippina and Octavia, mother and half-sister, since they coincided with schemes for remitting the public taxes. There is no sudden frenzy to account for the growth of crime within Nero; all is orderly, progressive, a conscious rake's progress, from the good young Emperor to the crowned victor of Olympia among his claqueurs. It may seem strangely perverse that Nero should have been loved, lamented, adored. He killed his mother, he killed men by companies; he even writes Juvenal, composed an epic poem—yet he was not loathed nor an object of repulsion. Great criminals are mainly admired as great, aspiring, possessed. Nero, who has none of these, was not admired, but loved. "Even now," says Dion-Chrysostom, writing in the time of Trajan, "even now the people long for him to be alive." And women, who could not have given themselves up to the vulgar brutalities of Tiberius, clung with real love to Nero. Poppaea, whom Josephus calls a devotee, a refined nature, with a delicate inclination toward Jewish piety; Acte, whom some have thought a Christian, Nero's first love, and loving him past death; the two nurses who prepared his body for burial; the unknown hands that for years threw flowers on his tomb—all these loved him with varying but with evident love.—Macmillan's Magazine.

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"Is your Christian name Henry?" asked Mrs. Duzzenbury, with a piercing glance.

"Yes, mum."

"How did these evidences of guilt get into my son-in-law's pocket?"

"I ought not to have done it, mum, but I borrowed Mr. Smith's coat without asking him, to attend a little party given by the Hired-Coachmen's Social Club and a lady—"

"Silence, base man!" and she haughtily swept out of the room.

Smith avers that even after this complete vindication she still regarded him with suspicion, and prolonged her visit three weeks in order to watch him.—Alex. E. Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

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PITH AND POINT.

"Oh, mamma, won't you please give me a piece of that cake?" "No, my dear; it will make you sick." "I don't want to eat it; I only want to make some sinkers for my fish-line."—Golden Days.

"Beggs—"I wonder why Mrs. Jaggs won't let her husband employ a female typewriter operator?" "Foggs—"Don't you know? She was his former typewriter operator herself."—Munsey's Weekly.

"Doctor—"What is your husband's complaint ma'am? Is it chronic?" "Wife—"Yes, sir. I have never known him to be satisfied with a meal for the last thirty-five years."—Burlington Free Press.

"Dear, I do wish I could think of some way to make the congregation keep their eyes on me during the sermon." Little Tommy—"Pa, you want to put the clock right behind the pulpit."—The Epoch.

"Miss Debutante—"Were you at the Bionces' reception, yesterday, Mr. Bionson?" "Mr. Bionson—"Yes, I stepped in for a few minutes, but there was such a lot of uninteresting girls there I soon left. Were you there?"

"Young Husband—"What! You are twenty-five years old to-day? Why you told me a year ago, just before the wedding, that you were only twenty." "Young Wife (wearily)—"I have aged rapidly since I married."

"Clerk (in ready-made clothing-store)—"Will you please give me an hour of this afternoon, sir?" "Proprietor—"What do you want to get off for?" "Clerk—"I want to go and buy a suit of clothes."—Boston Courier.

"Hullo, Stiggins! I hardly knew you. When I last saw you you were dying from sleeplessness, and here you are, fat and happy. What has cured you?" "Been appointed on the police force."—Philadelphia Times.

"Aunt Maria—"Your husband seems unusually amiable and pleasant now, dear." "Ethel (recently married)—"Well, yes. You see, I have stopped going to cooking school, and we now have a cook."—Harper's Bazar.

"First Citizen—"I hear the Government has rejected one of the new cruisers. What was the matter with it?" "Second Citizen—"I presume it hadn't enough speed to get away from a foreign battleship."—N. Y. Weekly.

"Batchell (to happy father)—"Congratulations, old man, on the new arrival. Whom does he look like?" "Father (remembering the visitor's comments)—"He looks like all his relatives on both sides of the family."—Exchange.

"Fond Mother—"I have called Johnnie a dozen times to come in and go on an errand, but he won't come. He is out there playing with one of the neighbor's children." "Caller (meaningly)—"He won't come?" "Fond Mother—"No. Those neighbor children ought to have more respect for my feelings than to go on playing with him after he has been called, and I shall send them home this instant."—N. Y. Weekly.

REMARKABLE CAREER.

An Arab Foundling Now a Colonel in the French Army.

The public has been reading lately a great many dispatches from France and Africa giving the progress of the war which the French Government has been waging in Dahomey. Lieutenant Colonel Archinard was the officer mentioned as being in command of the French troops, who, although merely a handful of some 400 or 500 cavalry, have inflicted great slaughter on their opponents, killing as many as 1,000 in a single engagement.

There recently arrived in this city a young French officer who is an intimate friend of Colonel Archinard and who relates the following strange history of the dashing young Colonel's life:

"About twenty-six years ago, at the time France was engaged in a series of petty wars against the nomad tribes in Algeria, and after one of these engagements, a certain Gaston Archinard, then a Captain in a cavalry regiment, was attending to the removal of the wounded, when one of his men discovered a little Arab child who had evidently been abandoned by its parents in their flight. Being a bachelor, and liking the bright, intelligent look in the little fellow's face, the Captain determined to adopt him and give him his name. He therefore sent him to a lycee or French school in Bordeaux, where the lad was educated, and later, in 1875, the Captain having risen to the rank of Brigadier-General, he caused him to be enlisted as a private in the Seventh Hussars, under his own name of Archinard. Gaining rapid promotion he was soon sent to the cavalry school at Saumur, from whence he graduated in 1880, only ten years ago, as a sub-Lieutenant of cavalry. He was then sent to Tunis and fought through the campaign of 1882, and the following year saw him commanding a battalion in Tonquin. In 1887 he was sent to Senegal as a Major in the famous regiment of Spahis Senegalais, which he commanded as Lieutenant-Colonel in his late successful campaign in Dahomey. Although a pure-blooded Arab, with a thorough French military education, Colonel Archinard, it is whispered in prominent Parisian military circles, is next on the list for promotion to the coveted rank of General of a division of the French army.—San Francisco Examiner.

"Practical Economy. First Collegiate—What in the world have you stopped smoking cigarettes and started in on cigars for?" "Second Collegiate—Oh, father made me promise to try to save money by swearing off cigarettes, you know."—Munsey's Weekly.

"Turn About. Smiley—I'm going to be married to the beautiful Miss Sharpe. Congratulations, old boy, and come and drink her health." "Slimley—Yes, you're right to toast her now—she'll toast you when you're married."—West Shore.

SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.

LANDLORDISM IN CONGRESS. To Prohibit Aliens From Owning Lands in the United States.

Representative Oates of Alabama, from the Judiciary Committee, recently reported to the House of Representatives a bill to prohibit aliens from acquiring title or owning lands within the United States. The bill is accompanied by a report which sets forth with becoming alarm the fact that certain noblemen of Europe, principally Englishmen, have acquired and now own about twenty-one million acres of land within the United States, while various untitled foreigners own large tracts, though the exact extent of their holdings is not known to the committee.

The report says that this alien non-resident ownership will, in course of time, lead to a system of landlordism incompatible with the best interests and free institutions of the United States. Mr. Scully, the united Englishman, who owns ninety thousand acres in Illinois and considerable tracts further west and receives from them a rent of \$200,000 yearly, which he spends, the report states, in Europe, is cited as an illustration of the evil effects of alien landlordism, and the bill proposes to prevent any more foreigners from acquiring a title to lands in the United States, and to compel those who now own lands here to become naturalized or sell out.

The report goes on to state that, according to the tenth census, there were 570,000 tenant farmers in the United States, a number larger than can be found in any other country in the world, and by implication it suggests that this number is likely to increase. It says: "With the natural increase in population and the 500,000 foreigners who flock to our shores annually and by competition are reducing the wages of labor, making the battle of life harder to win, how a few years hence to provide homes for our poor people is a problem for the American statesmen to solve. The multiplication of the owners of the soil is a corresponding enlargement of the number of patriots, and every landowner in this country should owe allegiance to the United States."

The bill seems to aim chiefly at the promotion of patriotism by the artificial increase of the number of "patriots," but we fail to see what possible check it offers to an increase in the number of tenant farmers, or what solution of the problem of providing homes for the people under conditions that constantly tend to the monopolization of the land needed for such homes. What difference does it make to the tenant whether the man who receives his rent is a nobleman or a commoner? What effect can the landlord's citizenship have on the tenant? Suppose that Mr. Scully were to move to Chicago and become naturalized. He will only have to spend a few weeks in America each year to enable him to obtain his papers, and after that he might go back to England and live there just as comfortably as he does now, avoiding any obligations he may now owe to that government. He still could continue to rack-rent his Illinois peasants and live in luxury abroad on the proceeds of their labor, just as hundreds of native born Americans are now living luxuriously in Europe on the proceeds of taxation that they levy on the men who do business in the city of New York.

We are glad that Congressman Oates is studying the question, and that the judiciary committee of the House is disposed to give it some attention. Their efforts, however, will not amount to anything so long as they fail to comprehend the fact that landlordism is the evil to be attacked, and that it is an evil, whether the landlord be a native or a foreigner. It would be a matter of trifling importance whether Mr. Scully was a citizen of the United States or a subject of the Queen, if the State of Illinois took annually for public purposes the rental value of the lands that he claims to own in that State. So long, however, as Mr. Scully is able to hold them and appropriate the tax thus levied to his own use, his wretched tenants will continue to be the victims of the evil denounced by the judiciary committee, and for which it fails to suggest any adequate remedy.

OUR NEW ASSESSOR.

He Was Too Zealous, and Did His Duty Too Well.

We had always thought that as a community, we the people of Cross Roads Town, would be entirely happy if we could secure as assessor and tax collector an honest, reliable and zealous official. We see our mistake now—our happiness was all in pursuit and not in possession. We have got the model official, and we are more unhappy than we were.

The only fault we have to find with him is that he is too zealous. Biggins swung a new sign outside of his grocery store the other day, and our assessor, whose name is Miggins, happened along, began to admire it. Biggins had painted it, and he was flattered with Miggins' evident admiration, until he (Miggins) asked him for \$3.

"Three dollars! What's that for?" "Oh, that's the tax on signs. Comes under the head of 'improved real estate,' you know." Biggins paid it to avoid trouble, but swears he'll get even with Miggins on weight.

Farmet Jones was building a hen-coop last week, when Miggins swept like an avenging Nemesis up the road and down on the unconscious Jones.

at yours? Really, I didn't know it had longed to you. Twenty-five cents, please. That's the tax on sheep per head. I thought it rather light at the time, and urged an increase, but the motion was defeated.

"I am going up to Boggs now to collect. I had a little trouble with Boggs yesterday. He was moving his house from one lot to another. I charged him with three separate assessments—the lot from which the house went, the lot to which it was going, and the house midway between them. He objected on the ground that this made his taxes nearly one-third more than they ought to be. I said an assessor was bound to take things as he found them, and that's the way I found them. It was not my fault; I had to do my duty. I assure you he was quite violent. Good day."

And Miggins hurried after Boggs, whom he saw passing down the road. The other day he wanted to tax the Widow Higgins on the elegant rosewood coffin in which her husband was to be buried. He wanted to go down on the day of the funeral and collect, but we reasoned with and told him it was really not her coffin, but his; and that she could not be assessed on what did not belong to her, and that it was obviously impossible to levy on Higgins. It did not seem reasonable to our assessor that a dead man should not pay for indulging in luxuries of that kind. But up to a certain point we think it is necessary to restrain Miggins. It is no use to reason with him. He is a too faithful official for that. He wants simply to do his duty. He started out for Mrs. Smith's when he heard that lady had twins, under the impression that he could collect from her under the poll tax. He was with difficulty dissuaded from this.

Nobody in the village owns any thing nowadays. Under the argus eye of Miggins, wealth is rapidly disappearing—carriages are wheeling out of town, the profits of the cigar manufactory have seemingly all disappeared in smoke, our town jeweler is working on half time, the book seller's trade is all bound up, and the feeble glimmerings of a candle factory have gone out entirely.

We are looking around for a less zealous assessor. Miggins is a just too faithful official. He does his duty too well.

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

One Way to Do Work. To the Editor of the Standard—Sir: The evidence daily multiplying of the rapid spread of a public desire to know more of the single tax doctrine, and how involuntary poverty can be abolished by the doing of justice, is most gratifying to every lover of humanity. And the new and original methods resorted to with so much success, by both individuals and associated workers, to catch public attention, show not only the earnestness, but the hard, practical common sense of single tax people, who not only know what they want but, for the most part, just how to get it.

Above every recent effort to spread a knowledge of our aims, the programme of the Memphis single tax association, as detailed by R. G. Brown, in the Standard of the 5th inst., seems to promise the most gratifying and rapid results. To reach the farmers and village readers of the country newspapers by two columns each week of judiciously edited single tax literature, presented in the "patent inside" which most country weeklies make use of, must result in more rapid progress than the most sanguine of us have dared to hope.

The Mascoutah Herald promptly accepted the offer of two columns weekly of single tax matter, which the Memphis association made, because the editor clearly sees the cat's profile, if not all of its shading. But many editors no doubt paid no attention to the offer made them, because public sentiment in their localities has not yet grown to demand it. Can not our individual friends everywhere seize the opportunity and request their local papers to accept the offer made them. In this way widely scattered individuals can do a work out of all proportion to the paucity of their numbers. When the farmers' organizations see the light as the Knights of Labor have done, the Democratic party will not be less radical than they. But, as Mr. Gladstone says, "it is the office of a politician to follow, not to lead, public sentiment." The public sentiment has been formed, the politicians will be falling over each other in their rush to keep up with the procession.

BOYD CONICK.

Mascoutah, Ill., March 8.

A Clergyman on George. Rev. J. Auld, in his sermon on the following Sunday morning, referred to the presence in Sydney of Mr. George as follows: "Whatever opinions they might entertain regarding Mr. George's theories, they were bound to recognize him as a great Christian philanthropist. I had the pleasure of listening to his address to the members of the general assembly, and Mr. George there gave expression to thoughts that were very beautiful, poetical, and distinctively Christian. His idea of the Kingdom of Heaven seemed to be that of a perfect society, from which all poverty, inequality and injustice would be banished. It would not be fair to Mr. George to say that he expected such a society to be brought about by means of political economy. The most perfect system of political economy could never rise higher than the utterances of Jesus of Nazareth. Yet political economy may be regarded as a powerful auxiliary to the Gospel in completely establishing the Kingdom of God among men.