THURMAN ANSWERED.

FALLACIES OF HIS FREE TRADE ARGUMENT EXPOSED.

A Telling Speech in Reply to the Transparent Demagogism of the "Grand Old Roman."

Hon. A. W. Tenny of Brooklyn, N. Y., made a notable speech at Montpelier, Vt., last Tuesday night, in which he answered the astonishing claim and assertions put forth in Judge Thurman's speeches on his tour in the West. The answer was complete, and at the same time vindicated the soundness of the protection policy. Mr. Tenny said:

This is not a political campaign; it is a campaign in which America is to decide whether she should own herself or not, whether the price of labor should be measured by American or European standard. It is simply a campaign which relates to homes and hearts and to the pocket, and every man, woman and child in this is interested. And, as your Chairman has very fittingly said, we are debating the question of dollars and cents, and we want this debate to be honest and truthful. When I found that I was to speak here I was at a loss what to say, but I am out of the woods now. In the papers to-day I find a speech of Judge Thurman, the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, delivered at Toledo yesterday, which I propose to answer here to-night. He says: "A tariff, my friends, is nothing in this world but a tax levied by the General Government upon importations brought into the United States for sale, the effect of which is to raise the price of every commodity thus imported, and also the price of all domestic commodities of the same nature made within the United States." And he supposes the case of the price of a suit of clothes which in England is $10—that a tax of sixty cents will have to be paid on account of the enormous tariff on woolen goods, which will be $6 tax, and, additional, the cost of making the suit will cost the wearer $20. Now I propose to answer Mr. Thurman, not by supposition, but by mashaling facts before you.

It will not be decorous for me to say that Judge Thurman's speech is untruthful. I do not say that, but I will let the industries of the people of America answer him. [Applause.] This speech of Mr. Thurman's is in harmony with President Cleveland's message. Let us see if a duty increases the cost of manufactured or unmanufactured articles, and the first witness I summon is woolen blankets. There are many grades of woolen blankets, but I refer to the five pound woolen blankets. They cost in England $4 45. The Custom-house charge is 65 cents, transportation 15 cents and the manufacture costs $4 45, making the total cost of the English blanket $9 50. Now bear in mind that we are making just as good blankets and selling them at $5 20. [Cries of "True."] Now, if Judge Thurman is correct, we should make the price of our American blankets $9 50 instead of $5 20. Let the blankets answer, Judge Thurman. [Great applause.]

Take up the great industry of steel rails. Up to 1872 we imported all the steel rails used in this country. In 1867 we paid by the ton $66. In 1871 Congress placed a duty of $28 per ton on steel rails. We then commenced to manufacture, and as our product increased the importation of steel rails decreased, until this year we can buy steel rails for $31 50 per ton—$3 50 more than the duty. Now, if Judge Thurman is correct, the duty should be adjusted to make the price of steel rails $51 50 per ton, instead of $31 50. Let steel rails answer Mr. Thurman. [Applause.]

Take another industry, files. Perhaps the Democrats never heard of files. [Laughter.] In 1860 we imported all our files at from $6 or $7 per dozen. We now have 150 file works in this country, employing thousands of men, and to-day you can buy files for $2 30 per dozen that in free-trade times cost us $7.

Take another and a new industry, soda ash, that is largely used in the manufacture of glass, and which used to cost us $248 per ton. Four years ago we put a duty of $5 per ton on this article, and we at once began to manufacture it. Some capitalists went to Syracuse, where they have a plant worth a million and half of dollars. They manufacture 175,000 tons of soda ash annually, and at $20 per ton less than when we had free trade. Let soda ash answer Brother Thurman. [Loud applause.]

Take salt—and if the Democrats go on they will need salt to preserve this statement of theirs. [Laughter and applause.] There is a duty of 12 cents on salt. It used to cost 60 cents a bushel; now you can get a good quality for from 6 to 8 cents per bushel.

Take another industry—woolen goods. In 1860 we had in this country but few woolen mills; to-day we have unnumbered looms, employing 75,000 men and women, and consuming fifty million pounds of wool per annum. Just before I started from home I went to several stores to make inquiry about the sale of woolen goods. One man said to me: "I have been on this corner thirteen years, and at no time could you buy woolen goods as cheap as you can to-day." The duty to-day on woolen goods is 58 per cent.

How is it with watches? In 1857 the Waltham watch factory failed. In 1861 a duty of 25 per cent. was placed on watches. The Waltham Company at once commenced business, and to-day they produce 100 movements, 300 gold cases and 600 silver cases, and you are buying to-day for $15 a watch which twenty-five years ago you paid $60 for, and this industry carries a duty of 25 per cent.

Take bleached sheeting. In 1860 it cost 60 cents a yard, now it costs 11 cents. Overalls, which some of you wear and which I have worn, used to be $2 a pair, now you can buy a whole suit for the same price.

Take the silk industry, which carries a duty of 9 per cent. Not a yard of silk was manufactured in this country till 1847. To-day we have 400 factories, making an annual profit of $40,000,000 annually, and in New York to-day you can buy silk for one-half the price of European make. Now let all this answer to the supposed case of Mr. Thurman. I make the assertion, and I challenge contradiction, that commodities in this country of every kind are from 25 to 50 per cent. cheaper than they were before the protection system went into effect. I never saw a free trader who was not in deep thought trying to make 2 and 2 equal 5; but to-night we want to deal in facts.

Now, while I am on this subject of protection, and it's a dry subject, which I don't like any better than you do, but we want to understand this matter, there was one think that Judge Thurman did not allude to, but I will. Every article imported comes into competition with an American product, and brings foreign labor and capital into competition with American labor and capital. Now, last year we imported $450,000,000 worth of duty-paying goods, which ought to have been manufactured here. Had they been, there would have been less idle men and walking delegates. The effect of importing these goods was to displace an equal amount of American goods.

In Germany, Belgium and France the price of labor is one-fifth what it is here; in England and in Australia one-fourth. Now we can manufacture these things just as cheap; if you make the price of labor as cheap, and, men of Vermont, remember this: You can make these goods as cheap only as you make labor as cheap. If you want good pay you can have it; if you want poor pay you can have it. The wage earners will give us free trade or protection, as they see fit, at the ballot box. I beg of you to but politics beneath your feet. There are no politics in the hand of want, in the empty basket and the hungry children crying for bread, and I beseech you in the coming election to vote for their interest and the interest of us all.

Now, I would like to ask a free trader, if there is one here to-night, a question. What right have these European countries here anyway, bringing in their $350,000,000 worth of goods to drive ours out? Do they pay our debts? Do they pay our taxes? Do they fight our battles? It costs something to be an American. It costs something to sweep tyranny from this country forever. It cost something in 1812 to fight our battles on the waters and teach our foes at the mouth of the cannon that there was one flag they must respect. It cost something to make that march from Bull Run to Appomattox Court-house, and it cost something to place this country where it is to-day. Who did it? You and I did it, and I beseech you to do your duty, and keep America for Americans, and American products for American workmen. [Lond applause.]

RAISIN PROTEST.

Raisin and Fruit-Growers Protest Against the Mills Bill.

All the raisin-growers in Fresno county but three have signed the following protest.

To the Public: We, the undersigned raisin and fruit-growers of Fresno county, take this method of publicly expressing our regret that any person or persons substantially interested in the raisin and fruit-growing industries of the county, should have allowed themselves, through personal ambition or for political reasons to go upon record as favoring the passage of the Mills bill, or any measure looking to the reduction of the small protective duties now levied on imported raisins and fruits.

If it were true that the rebate now allowed for damaged raisins equals, or nearly equals the reduction made by the Mills bill, then the bill would surely fail in that particular of its avowed object, the reduction of the revenue, and amount to nothing at all. But such is not the fact. On the contrary the reduction now allowed for damage does not exceed, according to the most relisble data obtainable, one-fourth, or at most one-third of the reduction contemplated by the Mills bills, and the saving to raisin-growers by said bill would not in any case exceed two-fifths of the reduction contemplated, to wit, 25 per cent., and the small saving that would accrue to us in the business, if any there were, would be drawn almost wholly from American producers and laborers, and such profits we spurn as unworthy to be accepted by any true American citizen.

We do not wish to be understood as saying that we would profit by the Mills bill, but that a small percentage of the loss might be regained from our American laborers and producers. As final and conclusive proof that the raisin-growers of California are entitled to protection at the hands of the Government, we cite the fact that we have to pay from $1 25 per day and upwards for labor, while Malaga and other countries with which we are required to compete pay not to exceed 40 cents a day for labor, and while they can lay their raisins down in New York for 8 cents a box freight, we have to pay from 30 to 35 cents a box to transport our raisins to that market, giving the Spanish growers an advantage of from 40 to 45 cents per box in labor and freights alone.

The imposition of the tariff, while it has prevented Spanish raisins from being placed on the market at prices that would drive the home product from the field, has not increased the price to the consumer, for on the contrary, by enabling the industry to become firmly established at home it has increased competition, and raisins are now selling at from $1 50 to $1 75 per box, instead of $2 50 to $2 75 a few years ago. And we believe that the removal of the tariff on raisins would only temporarily reduce prices, for could the home product be driven from the market or seriously crippled, Spanish shippers could soon dictate much higher prices than are now paid by the American consumer, so that the only persons injured by the tariff are the Spanish and other foreign producers. We therefore insist that the tariff should not only not be reduced, but should in justice be raised to 3½ or 4 cents per pound, thereby placing us on an equality with foreign growers and offsetting their advantage in cheaper labor and freights, and yet impose no higher protection than that allowed on that prime necessity of poor men and laborers, viz., rice.

We repeat that we regret that certain persons interested in the industries of this county have seen fit, for personal and political reasons, to assist, as far as they are able, in passing a measure antagonistic to the best interests of this county and State, and, as we verily believe, to the entire country. And we here denounce the Mills bill as damaging to the industries of this county and the entire country, and as an opening wedge, looking ultimately to free trade, which means ruin to our raisin and fruit-growing industries.

W. Forsyth, Forsyth vineyard, 160 acres.
Robert Barton, general manager of Barton Vineyard Estate, 520 acres.
J. T. Goodman, Goodman vineyard, 140 acres.
B. R. Woodworth, Las Palinas, 160 acres.
E. Kennedy, Kennedy vineyard, 160 acres.
F. T. Eisen, Eisen vineyard, 650 acres.
G. H. Malter, Malter vineyard, 160 acres.
A. P. Adams, Lind vineyard, 120 acres.
R. H. McDonald, superintendent of Fresno vineyard, 450 acres.
F. H. and K. A. Ball, Ball vineyard, 117 acres.
Austin & Hatch, Hedgerow vineyard, 100 acres.
J. M. Martin, general manager of Iowa vineyard, 320 acres.
E. H. Gould, Gould vineyard, 220 acres
Samuel L. Hogue, 120 acres.
G. D. Hudson, 100 acres.
C. K. Kirby, Sierra Park vineyard, 250 acres.
Daniel Nichols, 100 acres.
H. Granz, Granz vineyard, 80 acres.
J. Y. Devenage, Carolina vineyard.
F. Green, Sophie vineyard, 40 acres.
C. W. Meyers, 40 acres.
Hiram Southworth, 20 acres.
George E Goodrich, 20 acres.
D. McLaughlin, Maiden vineyard, 60 acres.
J. W. North, 40 acres.
H. E. Cook, 50 acres.
K. P. Fernald, Greenback vineyard.
G. H. Harding, Bell H. vineyard.
M. K. Chambers, Grassmere vineyard.
C. C. Smith, Jerry vineyard.
Emil Bretzner, Martha's vineyard, 3 acres.
E Knapp, Wayside vineyard, 20 acres.
C. L. Walter, Walter colony, 25 acres.
L. Stewart, Joryone vineyard, 20 acres.
J. T. Lowery, 50 acres.
Nellie Boyd, G. F. Sewell, E. F. Ball, Edwin Freeman, 20 acres.
B. F. Scott, 40 acres.
George F. Covell, 40 acres
A. Warnekros, 25 acres.
George B. Rowell, 20 acres.
Mrs. Cora Palmer, J. Jorgensen, 50 acres.
M. K. Jehusen, 20 acres.
H. Madsen, 40 acres.
J. Hansen, 40 acres
E Reed, William Moller, 20 acres.
S L. Toft, 40 acres.
Yens Hanson, 60 acres.
Alfred P. Arnold, 20 acres.
L. Seebery, 40 acres.
G. A. Blackburn, 80 acres.
George W. Fuller, 20 acres.
Carrol Ghent, 40 acres.
T. W. Lee, 20 acres.
A. Otto, A. Thiele, C. H. Peterson, J. Jonassen, T. B. Snedden, C. Sanstedt, Curtis Fruit Company, Charles L. North, F. J. Galloway, N. W. Moody, 20 acres.
L. A. Gould, 20 acres.
I. Ames Gould, 20 acres.
Jennie C. Gould, 20 acres.
J. A. Gould, 20 acres.
F. Burnham, 40 acres.
J. I. Slater, 40 acres.
A. Barr, 40 acres.
Harry Davenhill, 20 acres.
S. J. Hender, 20 acres.

Contest between Sheep and Cattle Men.

The relations existing between sheep and cattle men do not increase in friendliness as the feeding grounds become year by year more and more circumscribed. On the contrary the rivalry and antagonism between the two classes increases in intensity. Especially is this the case in the great Northwest. Unfortunately Congress fails to take any action with a view to ending this conflict of interests, and the Courts are to a great extent powerless to check it. Under the law any part of the public domain is as free for sheep as for cattle, and vice versa; but it seems a pity that there should be no plan by which the two classes of animals could be kept separate, or the public range could be divided between the two. A case lately transpired in Oneida county in which an extraordinary plan was resorted to for the purpose of preventing sheep from encroaching upon the range of a herd of cattle. Saltpeter was exposed in such a manner as to poison the sheep.—*Idaho Free Press.*

The Earl of Aberdeen brought Depew and Gladstone together at dinner. That is to say, these two distinguished gentlemen had a hot Scotch between them.—*Boston Transcript.*

CHEVALIER BLONDIN.

THE MAN WHO CROSSED NIAGARA ON A WIRE.

How He Became a Tight-Rope Walker—Dangers and Delights of the Business.

Chevalier Blondin, the hero of Niagara Falls and the famous tight-rope walker who is known the world over, is a charming conversationalist. He was asked recently how he came to adopt tight-rope walking as a means of getting fame and fortune.

"No one, as a rule, knows how or when he first began to be smart," he replied, "and I am no exception to this rule. My earliest recollection of events from which my fame may be said to date goes back just sixty years. I was four years of age and looked upon rope-walking and rope-dancing as the noblest of all high arts. My home was at St. Owen, Pas de Calais, where a company of equestrians and acrobatic performers one day pitched their tents. Of course, together with other boys in the neighborhood, I became a wondering spectator of their exploits. Among the performers was a young woman, whose act consisted of various feats upon a rope stretched from the top of the center pole of the tent to the outer edge of the ring, where the equestrian performances were given. At one of these entertainments, the young woman accidentally dropped her pole and stood midway between the top of the canvas and the ground in a semi-dazed condition. Without stopping to think of the danger to myself or the difficulties to be encountered I sprand forward, picked up the pole and without any trouble ran up the rope and placed it in her hands.

"It seems as easy for me to ascend the hempen incline at that time as it is to-day for the average man to walk along the string-piece of a Hudson river steamship pier. My father, who was one of Napoleon's Old Guard, encouraged my ambition to imitate the work done by this strolling band of acrobats, and in a little time I was credited with being able to perform a variety of gymnastic feats such as no child of my age had ever attempted before. My favorite work was the tight and slack rope, and satisfied that the bent of my mind justified it, my father placed me under the tutelage of the proprietor of L'Ecole de Gymnase at Lyons. Here I was treated with the greatest consideration and kindness, and my acrobatic apprenticeship was not it the least severe. From the first my thoughts were wholly on the possibilities of rope-walking. Fear I never knew, and in six months from the day of my entering at L'Ecole de Gymnase I made my professional debut. My success was instantaneous, and many were the flattering offers I received from various managers to break with my indulgent and kind-hearted master and proprietor of the Gymnase. To all these, however, I turned a deaf ear, and until the death of my parents, which left me an orphan at the age of nine years, I practiced assiduously and elaborated my performances to a degree upon which I look back at this day with great pride.

"Books containing any allusion to rope-walking were my especial delight, and one by one I devoured Suetoui's 'Life of Nero,' Pliny, Juvenal and other histories of Rome and Greece, each one of which served only to incite me to further efforts in the line of my chosen profession. At night when I slept my dreams would be of such men as the Emperor Caligula and the Comte d'Artois, and such events as the four elephants of whose wonderful performances on the rope Pliny gives such glowing accounts, and the equestrienne of the thirteenth century, who cantered up and down a tightly-drawn rope. Waking, my mind was full of the feats performed by the Egyptian dancers who performed on ropes extended from masts of ships in the harbor of Constantinople. I never tire of reading now when Edward VI. passed through London, a rope as great as the cable of a ship was stretched from the battlement of St. Paul's steeple with a great anchor at one end fastened a little below the Dean of St. Paul's house gate, and how, when his Majesty approached near the same, there came a native of Arragon, lying on the rope with his head forward, casting his legs and arms abroad, running on his breast on the rope from the battlements to the ground, and how, after saluting his Highness, King Edward, he went up the rope again until he came to the middle of the churchyard, where he performed certain quaint mysteries. The feats of Dutch Peter, who performed similar acts on the weather-cocks of St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Dutch woman who, in the reign of James II., danced and vaulted on the rope, were as familiar to me as though I had lived at the time and witnessed them.

"For years I traveled through France, attending village festivals, private and public celebrations, with great success and profit. My ambition, however, was unsatisfied. I sighed for new worlds to conquer. I dreamed of a place where I might have an opportunity at least of distinguishing myself. In 1851, when I was 27 years of age, this opportunity came and I embraced it. It came in the form of an engagement to the famous Ravel family of acrobats and pantomimists. To illustrate the utter absence of fear in my make-up, let me relate an incident that occurred while the Ravels and myself were journeying across the ocean on our way to America. Among the passengers by the same vessel was a young nobleman, who during a violent storm was suddenly precipitated overboard. As suddenly as when twenty-three years before I ran up the rope and carried to the rope-walker her pole, I sprang after the drowning man and succeeded in reaching him just as he was about to disappear for the last time. The subsequent effort to reach the ship was no slight one, and necessitated great strength and endurance, but after battling with the waves for a long time I at last succeeded in reaching a rope which was thrown to me, and still holding on to the half-drowned man, who by this time was unconscious, I was drawn up in safety to the ship's deck.

"My American debut was even more successful than I had dared to hope for, but as in many cases before and since, the doctrine of chance plays an important part in my renown. With the Ravels I performed at Niblo's Garden. One morning Antoine Ravel was busy rehearsing a scene, where he was to make his escape from a band of Bedouin Arabs by making a sudden and unlooked-for leap over their shoulders, muskets and bayonets. He was busy arranging the men in a cordon, preparatory to attempting the feat, when, as usual, not stopping to think twice, I took three or four hurried steps and vaulted clear of the men's heads and their firearms, turning a double somersault as I went. I remained with the Ravel family nearly eight years and during my travels visited Niagara. No sooner did I lay eyes upon that wonderful spectacle and specimen of nature's handiwork than I was seized with one of my erratic impulses. I wanted to walk across the chasm above the roaring cataract, and had a rope been at hand extending across the falls, there is no doubt that I would have started at once on the undertaking. Wherever I went after that I took Niagara with me. To cross the roaring waters became the ambition of my life, and one night the great sea of waters falling from that fearful height entered into my dreams. I stood by the great falls, overpowered by its terrible sublimity. Suddenly my clothing dropped from my form as if by magic and before me, across the boiling flood, was stretched a silken cord as delicate as gossamer. I ventured upon the cord and in a twinkling I had crossed the rushing torrent and was looking back upon the shore from whence I started.

"That dream determined me. I was weary of travel, and the thought occurred to me that I might work for myself and be independent. This was in the winter of 1858, but, determined to settle the practicability of crossing Niagara on a rope, I took up my residence at a hotel there, and began to plan my proposed exhibition. The practicability of my scheme assured, I set to work to bridge the distance with a hempen cord. This done, I published my intention to the world. The bridge of rope on which I purposed making the trip was 1,100 feet in length. It was stretched at an altitude of 160 feet above the river at one side, and crowned the boiling torrent at a hight of 170 feet. For a time I was looked upon as a humbug. I was scoffed, ridiculed and laughed at. I kept right on, however, never doubting but that I would succeed, and on the 30th of June, 1859, I made the trip in the presence of 50,000 spectators. My feelings when crossing this might cataract were no different from those I had always experienced when engaged in like undertakings, and I felt no more fear that I do now when giving one of my regular performances. The view that I had from the center of that rope on that memorable day more than repaid me for the pains and expense of the undertaking. Never had I seen its like nor have I seen anything to equal it since. Many of the various feats performed by me at the present day were done for the first time on that single line of hempen rope, 170 feet above the great falls. Satisfied that I had accomplished what no other man had done before, I set about elaborating my performance, and made several more trips across the Falls, heavily handicapped, blindfolded, and with a man on my back. My greatest exploit, however, was that given during my engagement at the Crystal Palace, when I trundled a wheelbarrow across a rope 200 feet long, with my baby girl, Adele, cosily tucked away therein. If ever I felt any fear it was then—not for myself, but my little one. My wife, however, assured me that all was well, which, together with the simple faith of the child, led me to make the journey safely.

"Since the memorable day in September, 1860, when in the presence of H. R. H., the Prince of Wales and his suite, I made my last trip across Niagara, I have traveled through India, Australia, China, New Zealand, Java, the Philippine Islands, Siam and every country in Europe, but in none do I consider that I have ever equaled my performance at Niagara. The novelty of the position, the uncertainty of the fastenings, the inexperience of assistants and other sources of danger were all rendered ten-fold more formidable, from the fact that no human hand could extend the feeblest aid in the case of accident. Medals, decorations and testimonials, however, have also been showered upon me since that most memorable time, but none are more valued than the medal given me over a quarter of a century ago by the citizens of Niagara city. Audiences that in number have far exceeded the Niagara gathering have assembled to witness my exhibitions but none ever received me more cordially. At Brussels 400,000 persons witnessed my performance at the Champs de Mars, and was, perhaps, the greatest audience I ever had, but it was nothing to me compared with the multitude I met when I first crossed Niagara. The receipts of a single performance at Crystal Palace, London, once reached the enormous sum of $20,000, but though the largest I ever knew in connection with my own performances, they were really less valued than the purses bestowed on me by the various hotel men at Niagara in return for my accepted perilous journeys across the foaming torrent.

"Concerning the alleged peril of my performances I must say a word. I have never met with an accident in all the years that I have been engaged in the profession. To others the work might be dangerous, but not to me. The one great secret of my success is temperance. Chocolate is my only stimulant, and when engaged in my professional work I partake only sparingly of this. My duties call for a code of habits no less rigid than that of the most sturdy athlete, and I regard my profession as a most respectable and commendable one. Rope-walking is indeed an art that might even be taken up as an accomplishment by amateurs. It has been ennobled by illustrious men, and, as a means of giving a man confidence in himself, of developing the nerves and of helping one always to preserve his composure, it can not be too highly commended. Ability to walk a rope would prove a most valuable aid to a man at times, as well as to one who follows it merely as a profession, and nad I twenty children they should all become experts in the line."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

KNEE-DEEP IN JUNE.

Tell you what I like the best—
'Long about knee-deep in June,
'Bout the time strawberries melts
On the vine—some afternoon.
Like to jes' git out and rest,
And not work at nothin' else!

Orchard's where I'd ruther be—
Needn't fence it in for me!
Jes' the whole sky overhead,
And the whole airth underneath—
Sorto' so's a man kin breathe
Like he ort—and kindo' has
Elbow-room to keerlessly
Sprawl out len'thways on the grass
Where the shadders thick and soft
As the kivers on the bed
Mother fixes in the loft
Allus, when they's company!

Jes' a sorto' lazen' there—
S'lazy 'at you peek and peer
Through the waverin' leaves above,
Like a fellow 'at's in love
And don't know it, ner don't keer!
Ever'thing you hear and see
Got some sort o' interest—
Maybe find a bluebird's nest
Tucked up there conveniently
Fer the boys 'at's apt to be
Up some other apple tree!
Watch the swallers scootin' past
'Bout as peert as you could ast;
Er the Bobwhite raise and whiz
Where some other's whistle is.

Ketch a shadder down below,
And look up to find the crow;
Er a hawk way up there,
'Pearantly froze in the air!
Hear the old hen squawk and squat
Over every chick she got,
Suddint-like!—And she knows where
That air hawk is, as well as you!—
You jes' bet yer life she do!—
Eyes a glitterin' like glass,
Waitin' till he makes a pass!

Peewees' singin', to express
My opinion's second class,
Yit you'll hear him more or less;
Sayscks gittin down to biz,
Weedin' out the lonsomeness;
Mr. Bluejay full of sass
In them baseball clothes of his,
Spottin' round the orchard jes'
Like he owned the premises!
Sun out in the fields can sizz,
But flat on yer back, I guess,
In the shade's where the glory is!
That's jes' what I'd like to do
Stiddy for a year or two!

Plague of they ain't sompin' in
Work 'at kindo' goes agin
My convictions!—'long about
Here in June especially!—
Under some old apple tree,
Jes' a-restin' through and through,
I could git along without
Nothin' else at all to do,
Only jes' a wishin' you
Was a-sittin' there like me
And June was eternity!

Lay out there and try to see
Jes' how lazy you can be!
Tumble around and souse your head
In the clover-bloom, or pull
Yer straw hat across yer eyes,
And peek through it at the skies,
Thinkin' of old chums 'at's dead,
Maybe smilin' back at you
In betwixt the beautiful
Clouds o' gold, and white, and blue!
Month a man kin rallly love—
June, you know, I'm talkin' of!

March ain't never nothin' new!
April's altogether too
Brash for me! and May—I jes'
'Bominate its promises—
Little hints o' sunshine and
Green around the timber-land—
A few blossoms, and a few
Chip-birds and a sprout er two—
Drap a-sleep, and it turns in,
'Fore daylight, and snows agin!
But when June comes—Clear my throat
With wild honey! Ronch my hair
In the dew! and hold my coat!
Whoop out loud! and throw my hat!
June wants me, and I'm to spare!
Spread them shadders anywhere,
I'll git down and waller there,
And obleeged to you, at that!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

The Fruit Cure.

Dr. M. L. Holbrook, a well-known writer on hygiene, paid, in a parlor lecture, a tribute to what may be called the tonic or medicinal properties of fruits. We copy a paragraph of personal experience: "One or two pounds of fresh, ripe fruit daily eaten by most persons would make doctors' visits less frequent. There seems to be a cleansing action to good acid fruit, and especially to the apple and the grape. Children and the young should be allowed all they wish. In Delaware, doctors sometimes send certain patients into the peach orchards and tell them to eat all they want. Wilson, the ornithologist, suffered with a chronic malaria, which his medical adviser could not cure, and he cured himself by eating wild strawberries. I once cured myself of a malaria by going into a vineyard and eating grapes every day for a week, all I wanted, several pounds a day."

SURRENDER OF ATLANTA.

AS HISTORICALLY TOLD BY THE ATLANTA "CONSTITUTION."

As General Sherman Appeared to His Captors—Initial Point of Sherman's March to the Sea.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

Beyond the red clay fortress—over the fragments of army wagons and caissons, with eyes averted from the skulls and bones that gleamed like so many white horrors in the fierce sunlight, the little band with the flag of truce rode on, the Mayor at the head. They passed the rifle pits and intrenchments of the enemy. Not a human being, not a living thing was in sight. Two, three, four miles, and not a sign of the enemy. A sudden turn in the road brought them face to face with a marching detachment of men in blue. A brief halt, a hurried explanation. A Federal Colonel rode up to the spot and asked a few questions. The white flag, the appearance of the strangers in citizens' garb, and the calm, measured words of Mayor Calhoun, satisfied the officer, and an orderly was at once detailed to guide the visitors to the commander's camp.

When the Mayor and his friends were introduced to General Sherman, they saw before them a man of forty-five who looked fully ten years older. His bronzed face, seamed with lines of care, and his eyes told a tale of sleepless nights. His wrinkled brow and his rough, closely-trimmed beard, together with his weather-beaten field uniform, made him look like anything but a holiday soldier, and his appearance contrasted strikingly with the glitter and flaring colors of the imposing staff around him.

Still there was an air of leadership and command about this man, and the messengers from Atlanta would have picked him out among a million. There was nothing stately or dignified about him. His face showed that it had never been a handsome one, and his head, phenomenally large and bulging at the top, sloped precipitately down to the neck at its back. The peculiar shape of this remarkable head had caused many officers at the beginning of the war to insist that its owner was mentally unbalanced, but our followers of the white flag did not waste any time in such idle speculation. They saw Slocum's corps moving rapidly onward, and not a moment was to be lost in stating their business.

The stern commander, after a searching scrutiny of the faces before him, looked down at the ground, while Mayor Calhoun quietly informed him of the helpless condition of the city, and briefly surrendered it upon the condition that life, liberty and private property should be protected.

Then the General looked up again, and in a curt, businesslike way, said that he would grant the conditions requested. He said that the civil authorities had taken the proper course in seeking him, and expressed the hope that their relations would be pleasant and satisfactory.

"But this is war, you know," he said in his abrupt way, "yes, ——— it, this is war, and I must place your town under martial law. That won't hurt good citizens, but it will play the devil with the bad ones."

"Now that we have surrendered," remarked one of the citizens, "you will probably come in at once?"

The General darted a quick glance at him.

"Come in," he answered, "I think some of my men are already there—they are marching in that direction as fast as they can walk."

With a few words of parting the committee started to return.

"One word more," said Sherman. "I suppose it is understood that none of your people will fire upon my soldiers."

He was assured that nothing of the kind would occur, and the Mayor and the others then rode back to the city, entering it with the advance guard of the Federals only a few hundred yards behind them.

Shortly after midday the streets were blue with companies and regiments of Federals.

All night the wagons and troops were moving into the city, and the next day the place was crowded. There were billiard rooms and drinking saloons over some of the stores, and bills were out advertising a minstrel show for that night on Decatur street.

A dozen Generals occupied the best houses, in some cases compelling the original occupants to move into other quarters. General Sherman established himself very comfortably in the present high school building, on the corner of Mitchell and Washington streets, and engaged for a housekeeper an old lady, who two days before had been denouncing him as a savage for whom even the worst fate was too good. The two got along very agreeably, and in less than a week the housekeeper told her friends that the General was the nicest man in the world, and had been shamefully slandered.

BULLDOZING IN ARKANSAS.

Preparing for a "Democratic Victory" in Crittenden County.

There arrived in the city yesterday morning two very intelligent colored men, J. W. Ramsey and York Byers, who were among those who were driven out of Crittenden county, Ark., a few weeks ago, by the white regulators. Ramsey was a Deputy Sheriff, and with the remaining colored county officials were shipped to Memphis, where they scattered, some going to St. Louis, others to places in Kentucky and these gentlemen to this city, where they hope to find employment. The story of their expulsion from Crittenden county was most graphically related to a *Commercial Gazette* reporter by Ramsey yesterday afternoon, and was about as follows:

"It was on the morning of July 12th last, when some three hundred white men, all armed, surrounded and entered the Court-house at Marion, Crittenden county, a part of them coming into Clerk Dan Ferguson's office, in which I was a deputy. Ferguson was a colored man, and there were two deputies besides myself, all colored. A country physician named Bingham acted as the spokesman for the visitors, and called the depties out one by one, and said: 'Gentlemen, this county is too small for you and for us. One must leave. We have decided it shall be you, and if you do not go we hope you'll get to heaven.' During all this they had their guns cocked, and the leader held in his hand a resignation for County Clerk Ferguson to copy and sign. This he was compelled to do under penalty of death. Then, without giving us an opportunity of even putting on our coats, they took us back of the Court-house, searched us and placed us under guard—four to each man—armed with Winchesters. The town was then scoured, and Dr. Steth, Henry, Belby, Fleckehn, doctor and teachers, were taken out and subjected to the same treatment we had undergone. A Masonic Lodge, a band and a children's gathering were broken up by these maranders. Finally we were put in the road and marched two and two through the town. When a mile outside we were overtaken by a wagon prepared for the journey, loaded in and carried to Mound City, six miles distant, under guard of horsemen, all armed. At Mound City we were supplied with steamboat tickets for Memphis, a guard accompanying us to that point, and upon taking leave of us the spokesman said: 'We have no apologies to make for what we have done to-day. All we can say is just this: If any of you ever return your lives shall pay the penalty.' So we were landed at Memphis."

"What started these men to take this step?"

"The trouble grew out of the whites not wanting the negro to hold office. They said they had lived under negro dominion as long as they intended to. Every State and county in the South, except Crittenden, had tired of it, and they wanted it understood that that was a white man's county and not intended for the negro. This in face of the fact that we had a colored majority of some 1,200, had fairly elected our ticket and had voluntarily given the whites the Sheriff's and Treasurer's offices, two of the most important in the county. Our management of affairs had been good; when we assumed control of affairs a few years ago the county was in debt between $60,000 and $70,000; this has been reduced in July last to $6,000. We had elected our Judge twice and our Clerk five times, though he was counted out once. Many times our ticket was elected without opposition."

"Where was the Court while these people had possession of your office?"

"The Court was in session, but the Judge and Prosecutor, both Democrats, omitted to open for business on that morning until after our persecutors had accomplished their object."

Mr. Byers supplemented Mr. Ramsey's statement with an incident showing how things were conducted down South. On the Bald Knob Railroad a Crawfordsville gang jumped upon a train and beat the porter nearly to death because he was suspected of having helped Byers, who had been a Deputy Sheriff, to escape from a mob that was hounding him, when the facts were that Byers had not taken that road at all, but had departed by an entirely different one.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

THE SOLID SOUTH.

Mistake of White Voters—They Regard Democratic Success a Necessity.

It is probably true, as a leading Democratic organ asserts, that "the result of the Louisiana election may be regarded as a guarantee that the solid South will not be broken this year." The white voters of that State, like those of most, if not all the other Southern States, are willing to sacrifice everything else to the obstinate and superstitious policy of regarding the success of the Democratic party as an indispensable thing to their political and social safety. They have been induced to believe, says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, that the sole purpose of the Republican party is to place the negroes in power over them and introduce a reign of general contempt for all differences of race and color.

The idea is a false one, of course, and intelligent citizens should be ashamed to entertain it; but the fact remains that such is the view of a majority of the white voters in that section of the country. They are so wedded to this hobgoblin of negro domination that no argument can convince them of the folly of clinging to a party which in all practical respects is a hindrance and a detriment to their interests. All considerations of business profit and progress are put aside by common consent in favor of the one assumed necessity of "keeping the nigger under." The Democratic party must be sustained, they declare, no matter what the consequences may be in an industrial and commercial way.

As rational a paper as the Atlanta *Constitution*, which favors protection and sympathizes with Northern methods of material development, cannot absolve itself from this supreme folly. "When it comes to a choice between the two parties in the South," it says, "the tariff question and the surplus don't amount to a snap of the finger. The great issue is the necessity for Democratic success." In other words, the people of the South do not care for prosperity if it has to be won by the defeat of the Democratic party. If they could have the wonderful progress of the North repeated in their territory by ceasing to vote the Democratic ticket, they would prefer to do without it rather than to secure it upon such terms. That is the secret of the solid South; and it is useless to disguise the fact that the work of overcoming a sentiment so scornful of reason and of self-interest must necessarily be a long and tedious one.

The task will be accomplished some day; but it will not be done suddenly, nor under pressure of any special influence or inducement. There is reason to believe that the situation is constantly improving—notably in Tennesse, North Carolina and the Virginias—but the day of actual deliverance is still far in the distance and cannot be counted upon for present purposes. The Republican party must elect its candidate for President this year with Northern votes. Fortunately, it is able to do so. It can get along without the South, as it has done in other instances. The States that suppressed the rebellion are strong enough to carry a National election, in spite of Southern fraud and violence; and it is not to be doubted that they will thus assert their power next November.

READ TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

An Incident in the Campaign of 1840—The "Straight Outs."

"The Republicans have nominated a candidate for President since you were in town last," was a remark which greeted General Lish Applegate, who called at the local news room of the *Oregonian* just before "time" was called yesterday evening.

"Yes, and a good selection they made, too," responded the well-known pioneer.

"Where were you in the great campaign of 1840?" asked the reporter.

"I was a reader in those days, back in Missouri," was the response.

"A 'reader?' What sort of occupation was that?" asked the reporter.

"I used to read to the neighborhood."

"Read what?"

"Why, the newspapers. Thirty or forty of the neighbors would gather on the front porch and I would read the St. Louis *Republican* out loud to them."

"There must have been a good many Democrats in your neighborhood," suggested a Republican reporter.

"Well, yes, there was a good sprinkling of them. The *Republican* was a Democratic paper, but it supported Harrison. It was a red-hot campaign, and the straight-outs had a hard time of it."

"What is a straightout?"

"You see lots of Democrats voted for Harrison that year. They were called 'straightouts,' and the Democrats hated them worse than the Republicans do the mugwumps now. They tried to keep the 'straightouts' from voting, and there was a terrible row at Osceola election day. Jim Breckinridge, a cousin of John C. Breckinridge, was the leader of the 'straightouts,' and he came near being killed. The Democrats armed themselves with clubs and stones, and about the middle of the afternoon undertook to drive the 'straightouts' from the polls. It was the roughest and biggest fight I ever saw. My father still carries scars that he received on that day. The Whigs held aloof and let the other two crowds fight it out. I guess it lasted over an hour."

"Did the 'straight outs' get to vote?"

"Yes; after both sides were worn out the fight stopped and the 'straightouts' voted. We don't have any such campaigning nowadays."—*Portland Oregonian.*

A Pear Enemy at Salem.

R. S. Wallace, of Salem, Oregon, wrote to the Government Entomologist at Washington recently as follows: "Inclosed find affected pears and leaves, also an insect which I detected eating the foliage of my young pear trees. I saw one on the bearing trees, but as nearly all the fruit is affected on them (three trees left of an old orchard) the inference would be that they had left the fruit to attack the foliage on the young trees just set out. I have just set out an orchard