

The St. Tammany Farmer

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AN EXALTED IDEAL.

When you go home at night and in review
Call up the things that you have had to do.
Can you, in truth, with hand upon your
heart,
Declare you've done the gentlemanly part?
Have you not criticised in accents loud
The car conductor, toiling through the
crowd?
Have you not made some small boy play
the part
Of impudence, to hide the inner smart?
Have you not made the chains of thralldom
clank
For the receiving teller at the bank.
Because at three you made him hustle,
when
You might as easily have called at ten?
Have you not faltered with former warmth
to greet
Some old-time friend, discouraged and un-
nurtured?
Have you not left to some unlovely elf
The penalty for what you did yourself?
If you, before you repose you go,
Until these various things can answer no,
You may sweet slumber, all unbroken,
take
And look for well-earned wings when you
awake.
—Washington Star.

In a Silken Snare

By ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ.
(Copyright, 1914, by Authors Syndicate.)

HE SAT in his studio, lost in his dream, a dream of early summer and blossoming boughs, under which a girl walked. His thought followed her as she went on her way out of the picture down a lane, and to an old gray house under tall trees.

He did not hear the tap on his door nor the step across the thick rug. He started at the hand on his shoulder, the small hand that was covered with a perfumed and dainty glove. He turned dream-drowsy eyes upon the woman who smiled at him.

"Your wits must be wool-gathering, indeed," she cried, "for I knocked three times. I knew you were here."

He roused himself.

"I have been painting all day," he made reply, "painting—until I forgot where I was."

She glanced about.

"This is not a bad place to wake in—nor am I a bad person to wake you. I have good news, Eustace. Col. Verkamp will see you to-morrow—about sitting for his portrait."

The artist threw back his forehead locks.

"Oh, yes! but I am tired of portraits. I cannot idealize the colonel. It is better to paint pictures of women—they are suggestive, at least, of ideals."

She shook out her lilac silken skirts.

"Where is my portrait? What more have you done to it?"

"Not much—my mood changed."

She gave him a sharp glance.

"Your mood changed—and you began painting girls in country lanes? Always the same. Is there a bit of concentration, of fidelity, in your make-up?"

It was his turn to laugh.

"Who can tell? I baffle myself. But to-day it was worse than usual. Shall I get out your portrait? You are wearing the lilac gown."

Wearily, it seemed to her, he replaced the light and airy canvas with one larger and more pretentious. And out from the opal splendor of a sunset scene she, Hortense Grace, looked proudly. He had done a great deal to it, and, as she looked at it, her face softened.

"You are doing your best there. Why put it aside for the other scenes? You cannot finish so much."

"My mood, perhaps," he replied, shortly, "a thing wholly beyond my making. There are times when memory calls me—and I often obey."

She threw herself into a chair, an old carved chair with a high back, against which her fair hair stood out well.

"Moods again, Eustace? What will become of you if you allow these moods to come between you and your fame? For you must have fame. You know our agreement. Name for fame."

MAKING A MATCH.

Result of the Inquisitiveness of a Chinese Nobleman at an Evening Function.

"One of the interesting novelties of the social life of the new century is the occasional appearance of our Mongolian neighbors in society," said a matron to a New York Tribune man. "It goes to show how small the world really is and how intimate the nations are becoming. As yet, these visiting noblemen from the orient are few and far between, but they will undoubtedly soon be as familiar a sight in our drawing-rooms as are the titled Hindoos in England. Although he often speaks English remarkably well, a Chinaman has no idea of what conventionally ought or ought not to be said, and his artless frankness in this respect is most amusing. He also asks questions with a direct simplicity that is sometimes embarrassing."

"A Chinese nobleman who was presented to a young woman at an evening function not long ago began the conversation after the manner of his nation by propounding a series of questions. At first the answers were easy. 'Do you live in New York?' 'Have you both parents living?' 'Have you brothers and sisters?' 'How old are you?'

"These being answered to his satisfaction, he became more particular in his inquiries.

"Why are you not married?"

"Perhaps the right person has not asked me," answered the young woman, laughing.

"Have you any objection to matrimony?" asked the Chinaman, gravely.

"Not in the least," she replied, immensely amused by his persistence.

"For the time being he seemed satisfied, but later in the evening he came up to her with a young American,

WEALTH OF UGANDA.

Travelers Call It the Richest Country in the World.

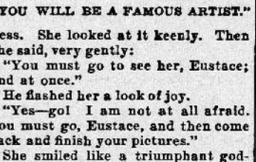
An African Paradise, Controlled by Great Britain, Whose Resources Will Be Developed at No Distant Date.

[Special Correspondence.]

PERHAPS no portion of the world, at the present time, offers more attractions, or more difficulties and dangers, to the explorer and financier than the territory lying within the borders of the Uganda Protectorate in Africa. Its resources are almost incalculable and a description of a small portion of them might fill volumes. The topographical features of this woodland present such impressive effects in form and color as can nowhere be seen except on the dark continent. The mountain peaks of Ruwenzori are said to be the loftiest in Africa, one of them reaching a height of over 20,000 feet. It is not known that anyone has ever yet reached this summit. The native guides succumb to the cold even more easily than the white explorers. The ascent presents great difficulties which multiply after the snow line is passed. The precipitation of moisture is so excessive that after a height of 9,000 feet has been gained it is almost unbearable, as the ground is covered by a deep moss bed in which one sinks continuously to ankle and sometimes to the hips. This alternates with slippery rocks or slimy fallen tree trunks so hard that contact with a broken branch often causes a severe wound. Longonot, an extinct volcano, is said to be over 10,000 feet high. Some of the Aberdeen mountains loom 13,000 feet above sea level, while from the great plateau, the Mau, mountains rise to 11,000 feet. Elgon is an immense tract of extinct craters which seems to form a continuation of the Mau. Elgon is said to cover an area of 3,000 miles square. Such figures give a faint idea of the vastness of the piled up masses. To the north stretch away lofty hills further than the eye can reach.

All through the Uganda Protectorate are mountains, the proportions of which would seem great if not so near the awful heights of Ruwenzori. One range forms a water-shed between the systems of the Nile and the Congo.

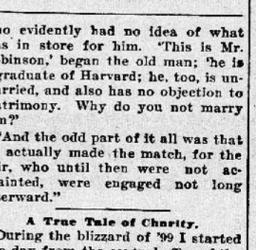
The numerous lakes of this region are of vast size, Victoria Nyanza covering about as large an area as the whole country of Scotland, or 29,000 square miles. The navigation of all the large lakes is extremely dangerous at times, owing to the turbulence of the waves. In some directions Lake Victoria extends for 200 miles with nothing to break the water line. As yet no suitable craft have been placed on these waters and travelers have been compelled to risk their lives in canoes, small sailboats or frail launches. As this has rendered long journeys from the shore impossible, it is probable that large islands may yet be found near the center of the lakes. Some of the known islands are most attractive, offering great variety of landscape and on one, Buvuma, are mountains 2,000 feet above the surface of the lake, alluring sites for future hotel or sanitarium buildings. The inland waters are covered with beautiful water lilies, either white or the blue lotus. Lakes Albert Edward, Al-



GIANT LOBELIAS, GROUNDEELS AND HEATHS IN UGANDA.

bert and others to the west possess harsher features and little of the luxuriance of vegetation found at Nyanza. This is probably due to the large amount of salt found in their waters. Little lakes at the northeast of Lake Albert Edward seem to lie in small centers. Some are nearly dry, and from many large quantities of merchantable salt are obtained.

At the northern extremity of the beautiful Napoleon gulf, the arm of the great Victoria Nyanza, may be seen the birthplace of the Nile. As one progresses toward what seems the end of the gulf, a faint current is observed and a sharp line of hills borders the shore line. An abrupt turn of the gulf around a barrier of sharp rocks, white with guano, reveals a swift river and a veil of spray curtaining beautiful palm-crowned islands. The densely wooded river banks are about 200 feet high. Nearly a mile distant may be seen large areas of fine grass land, with occasional clumps of trees. Here the river is, perhaps, 400 feet wide and rushes over a decline of about 30 feet, called Ripon falls. An easy path leads down the bank and the upward view is most beautiful and



AN UGANDA LANDSCAPE. (Distant View of Ruwenzori's Highest Peak.)

impressive. A tourist is not likely to be alone in viewing the scene, for groups of natives resort here for the purpose of spearing the fish which, in large numbers, are carried over the falls. Birds of prey are also seen on every side trying their fortunes as fishermen. The green forest, purple in the distance, the richly colored detritals, the orange of their fruit contrasting with the green of their waving foliage, the brilliant blues and greens of the river, touched with white foam and glimmering through the spray, present a charming picture. The country affords almost unlimited pasturage for the large variety of grazing animals which abound. In fact, animals of almost every description thrive here.

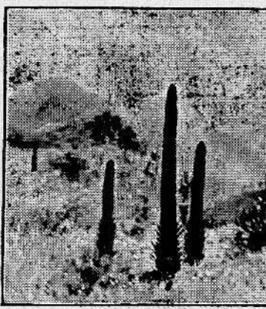
On the shores of the lakes, in the magnificent forests, in fact through the whole Uganda country, are to be found birds of every variety, shape and coloring; storks, pheasants, ostriches, birds of most cumbersome shape and those of daintiest anatomy fill the air with their cries or songs. These have their counterparts in the trees and flowers to be found on every hand. The beauty of the forests is said to be beyond all description, but to oppress one traveling through them until the impression of living in a bygone age becomes almost unbearable. Trees with heavy black trunks, with beautiful white stems, with dark, almost impenetrable foliage, with graceful, lightly-waving leaves, with vines of every grotesque or pleasing shape and variety of color clambering over them, the whole intermixed with flowering trees of almost incredible brilliancy and enveloped in an atmosphere of over-development and rapid vegetable decay, in time induce a sensation of such intense awfulness that one finds it necessary to, as soon as possible, seek the open country and bright sunshine. Flowers on trees and ground are like living flames, others as dainty as a snowflake. Every color and shade is represented. Some trees bear large bunches of flowers, each resembling a large, bright scarlet teacup. Others, again, snow-white blossoms with an appearance of having been powdered with lilac. India-rubber trees have large, white flowers with yellow centers. Some trees do not bear leaves and flowers at the same time, but, when destitute of the former, are covered with a crimson or scarlet growth of the latter. Butterflies of a brilliant

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Dr. See of the United States naval observatory in Washington, has just concluded a measurement of the planet Mercury with the large telescope of that institution. Its diameter is found to be 2,658 miles. Dr. See calls attention to the fact that he has never observed any marked spots on the planet's disk, not even when the sky was absolutely pure and the image of the planet perfectly defined on the lens of the telescope. His observation also is that there is no diminution of brightness at the edges of the disk, such as would be produced by an absorbing atmosphere. Although these results agree in general with those obtained at the Lick observatory, they disagree with those of Schiaparelli and Mr. Percival Lowell.

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blue and other dazzling colors drift through the air.

To a height of about 6,000 feet the forest is tropical, after which tree ferns and tree-llias appear. At 7,000 feet may be seen yews and, higher still, junipers. At 8,000 feet are bamboos, the last traces of tropical growth. Now appear tree lobelias and higher still lichens. Finally vegetation almost disappears.

Nearly all fruits and crops will grow in this climate so near the equator as to be tropical in the lowlands, and yet with the mountain altitudes furnishing a temperature like that of the cooler zones. No fruit furnishes a more interesting study than the banana, which in its wild state is a sort of lily and has no juicy, edible pulp. It is generally believed to have been introduced into Africa from Asia where its nearest relative among wild plants is still found. It does not seem to have originated from the wild banana plants indigenous to African soil and which are found in great quantities from Abyssinia to Natal. These last have no sweet pulp, but a pith, and hoary black seeds, much prized by the natives as ornaments. They are very beautiful plants because of the coloring and shape of their enormous leaves. The cultivated fruit forms the chief article of food for certain tribes. It contains no seeds, small, dark streaks indicating where they might have been. Besides the possibilities of mineral wealth, as yet almost undeveloped, the land abounds in game of almost every variety. Cattle and all kinds of domestic animals are raised by the natives who, as a rule, prefer a meat diet. From these same natives laborers and crops will grow.

While this vast and fertile country remains to a great extent uninhabited there need be no fear of young men lacking opportunities for improving their fortunes. EDWARD JULIAN.

Preparing the Impromptu.

Great orators have generally refused to speak on the spur of the moment on important themes. Demosthenes, the king of orators, would never speak in public meeting without previous thorough preparation. Daniel Webster, when once pressed to speak on a subject of great importance, refused, saying that he was very busy, and had no time to master it. When a friend urged that a few words from him would do much to awaken public attention to the subject, he replied: "If there be so much weight in my words it is because I do not allow myself to speak on any subject until my mind is imbued with it." On one occasion Webster made a remarkable speech without preparation before the Phi Kappa society at Harvard university, when a book was presented to him. After he had gone a manuscript copy of his eloquent "impromptu" address, carefully written, was found in the book, which he had forgotten to take away.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Above Mortal Comment.

Harriet—Cupid is always represented as a poor little urchin without any garments.

Harry—Yes, that is done so that he will never go out of style.—Detroit Free Press.

hydrographer, officially vouches for the existence of one of these monsters of the deep. Mr. Neeligan's report was mailed in Liverpool, where he arrived November 10, on the Prada. The serpent was seen while the Prada was on its last regular voyage from Galveston to Liverpool, and he was 100 feet long. Mr. Neeligan thus describes the monster: "The head of the serpent had a blunt, square nose and was ejecting water to the height of two or three feet from its nostrils. The animal or fish had three distinct sets of fins and a tail lying across like a porpoise. On its back was a series of humps like a camel." The latitude and longitude mentioned by Mr. Neeligan are in the Gulf of Mexico, about 120 miles south-west of the mouth of the Mississippi. Neeligan's responsibility is vouchered for by the officers of the hydrographic office.

Use of Cotton Goods.

The world uses \$500,000,000 worth of cotton goods in a year. Of this Great Britain manufactures 66 per cent.

THE BEET-SUGAR INDUSTRY.

Messrs. Oxnard and Cutting's Views on the Subject.

The following editorial appeared in the New York Evening Post of December 12 last, and as every household, in fact, every man, woman and child is interested in sugar, it being one of the most important articles of daily food, our readers will thank us for reproducing this highly interesting editorial.

The Evening Post bids the heartiest welcome to every American industry that can stand on its own bottom and make its way without leaning on the poor rates. Among these self-supporting industries, we are glad to know, is the production of beet-sugar. At all events, it was such two years ago. We publish elsewhere a letter written in 1899, and signed by Mr. Oxnard and Mr. Cutting, the chiefs of this industry on the eastern side of the Rocky mountains, showing that this was the happy condition of the trade at that time. If parties masquerading as beet-sugar producers are besetting the president and congress at this moment, and pretending that they will be ruined if Cuban sugar is admitted for six months at half the present rates of duty, their false pretences ought to be exposed.

The letter of Messrs. Oxnard and Cutting was probably written for the purpose of inducing the farmers of the Mississippi valley to go more largely into the cultivation of beets for the sugar factories. This was a laudable motive for telling the truth and showing the large profits which awaited both the beet-grower and the manufacturer if the industry were perseveringly and intelligently prosecuted. To this end it was pointed out that farmers could clear \$65 per acre by cultivating beets, and might even make \$100. But in order to assure the cultivator that he would not be exposed to reverses by possible changes in the tariff, they proceeded to show that the industry stood in no need of protection.

The beet-sugar industry, these gentlemen say, "stands on as firm a basis as any business in the country." They point out the fact—a very important one—that their product comes out as a finished article, refined and granulated. It is not, like cane-sugar growing in the West India islands, a black and offensive paste, which must be carried in wagons to the seaboard and thence by ship to the United States, where, after another handling, it is put through a costly refinery, and then shipped by rail to the consumer, who may possibly be in Nebraska, alongside a beet-sugar factory which turns out the refined and granulated article on one fell swoop. Indeed, the advantages of the producer of beet-sugar for supplying the domestic consumption are very great. We have no doubt that Messrs. Oxnard and Cutting are within bounds when they say that "sugar can be produced here cheaper than it can be in Europe." The reasons for this are that:

"The sugar industry is, after all, merely an agricultural one. We can undersell Europe in all other crops, and sugar is no exception."

It follows as naturally as the making of flour from wheat. If we can produce wheat cheaper than Europe, then naturally we can produce flour cheaper than Europe.

But the writers of the letter do not depend upon a priori reasoning to prove that they can make sugar at a profit without tariff protection. They point to the fact that under the McKinley tariff of 1890, when sugar was free of duty, the price of the article was 4 cents per pound. Yet a net profit of \$3 per ton was made by the beet-sugar factories under those conditions, not counting any bounty on the home production of sugar. They boast that they made this profit while working under absolute free trade. They have a right to be proud of this result of their skill and industry. Many beet-sugar factories had been started in bygone years, back in the sixties and seventies of the nineteenth century, and had failed, because the producers did not understand the business. Since then great progress has been made, both here and abroad, in the cultivation and manipulation of the beet. What was impossible thirty years ago is now entirely feasible. The industry is already on a solid and enduring basis. There are factories in the United States, these gentlemen tell us in their letter, capable of using 350,000 tons of beets per annum at a profit of \$3 per ton, and this would make a profit of \$1,050,000 as an income to be earned under absolute free trade.

It must be plain to readers of this letter, signed by the captains of the beet-sugar industry, that the people in Washington who are declaiming against the temporary measure which the president of the United States urges for the relief of the Cuban people are either grossly ignorant of the subject, or are practising gross deception. The tenable ground for them is to say: "Other people are having protection, why should we not have it, and therefore we ought to have more than we need." This is not to be consistent with the letters of Messrs. Oxnard and Cutting, but nothing else is so

Kid gloves will not mold if packed away carefully in a dry place.

Ames Tooth.

"I notice in the morning paper," remarked Newton Benedict at the breakfast table, "that there has been found the skeleton of a mastodon which had teeth weighing nearly ten pounds each. I can't see what the beast would want with such large food grinders."

"Why not?" queried Mrs. B. "I understand it was a large animal."

"Yes," answered Newton, looking moodily at a plate of home-made biscuits, "but you must remember it lived many thousands of years before cooking schools were even thought of."—Salt Lake Herald.

His Fault.

Mrs. Gaddie—My husband's so slipshod. His buttons are forever coming off.

Mrs. Goode (severely)—Perhaps they are not sewed on properly.

Mrs. Gaddie—That's just it. He's awful careless about his sewing.—Philadelphia Press.

Hoped So.

"I hope you are well, Mrs. Oldun." "So do I, dear; but somehow I never feel any confidence in it."—Indianaapolis News.

THE EARTH'S INTERIOR HEAT.

Immense Stored Energy Which May Some Day Be Transformed Into Power and Utilized.

The stored energy of the heat of the earth's interior is beyond power of calculation and some not entirely unsuccessful attempts to utilize this have already been made, says Cassier's Magazine. From a short distance below the surface the temperature increases downward at an average rate which indicates that at a depth of 50 miles it is not less than 5,000 degrees Fahrenheit, and there is abundant reason for believing that the earth is an intensely hot body with only a thin layer of poorly conducting, cold surface matter. These are the essential conditions of a heat engine of enormous capacity, and as in many parts of the world comparatively high temperatures are found very near the surface, while in all parts considerable differences of level, the interior heat of the earth, which has an origin more remote in time than the sun or its own axial rotation, is worthy of more serious consideration as a possible and reasonable source of power. Its importance will be greatly enhanced when we are able to transform heat energy directly into electricity on a large scale and with economy, avoiding the great waste which necessarily accompanies the use of the steam engine; and this must soon come about.

SEA SERPENT VINDICATED.

Official Report of Monster One Hundred Feet Long Is Recorded in the Government Archives.

After being the subject for many years of uncertainty, doubt, and even downright disbelief, the sea serpent has been vindicated officially and evidence of his reality recorded in the government archives at Washington. In a report to the hydrographic office of the navy department Henry H. Neeligan, one of the regular observers of marine events designated by the chief

LADIES GO FROG HUNTING.

It Is a Favorite Amusement of French Women at Constantinople.

One of the favorite amusements of French ladies at Constantinople is

frog hunting, says the London Telegraph. A large party is organized, the ladies all appear in dainty Parisian toilettes, with very high heels to their boots, and each carries a long bamboo stick. The gentlemen are got up in proper costume for "la chasse" and bear storks. Then they all adjourn to some marshy spot where frogs abound and begin fishing. The bait is a piece of raw meat tied to a string at the end of the bamboo.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S NEW PET.



This tiniest of all Pomeranian dogs was recently presented to the queen of England by Lady Barnett, of Woodstock, England. The little creature is valued at \$5.00 and weighs only one pound and a half. The queen can easily hold it on her hand. He is a beautiful inky black, with eyes like velvet and a jet black nose as pointed as that of a fox. The women of fashion in all parts of Europe are very much addicted to the Pomeranian dog habit at the present time, and almost fabulous prices have been paid for perfect specimens of the midget breed.

AMERICANIZING PORTO RICO.

One of the American innovations in the city of Ponce, Porto Rico, is a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which relentlessly prosecutes all violators of the law.

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It follows as naturally as the making of flour from wheat. If we can produce wheat cheaper than Europe, then naturally we can produce flour cheaper than Europe.

But the writers of the letter do not depend upon a priori reasoning to prove that they can make sugar at a profit without tariff protection. They point to the fact that under the McKinley tariff of 1890, when sugar was free of duty, the price of the article was 4 cents per pound. Yet a net profit of \$3 per ton was made by the beet-sugar factories under those conditions, not counting any bounty on the home production of sugar. They boast that they made this profit while working under absolute free trade. They have a right to be proud of this result of their skill and industry. Many beet-sugar factories had been started in bygone years, back in the sixties and seventies of the nineteenth century, and had failed, because the producers did not understand the business. Since then great progress has been made, both here and abroad, in the cultivation and manipulation of the beet. What was impossible thirty years ago is now entirely feasible. The industry is already on a solid and enduring basis. There are factories in the United States, these gentlemen tell us in their letter, capable of using 350,000 tons of beets per annum at a profit of \$3 per ton, and this would make a profit of \$1,050,000 as an income to be earned under absolute free trade.

It must be plain to readers of this letter, signed by the captains of the beet-sugar industry, that the people in Washington who are declaiming against the temporary measure which the president of the United States urges for the relief of the Cuban people are either grossly ignorant of the subject, or are practising gross deception. The tenable ground for them is to say: "Other people are having protection, why should we not have it, and therefore we ought to have more than we need." This is not to be consistent with the letters of Messrs. Oxnard and Cutting, but nothing else is so

Kid gloves will not mold if packed away carefully in a dry place.

Ames Tooth.

"I notice in the morning paper," remarked Newton Benedict at the breakfast table, "that there has been found the skeleton of a mastodon which had teeth weighing nearly ten pounds each. I can't see what the beast would want with such large food grinders."

"Why not?" queried Mrs. B. "I understand it was a large animal."

"Yes," answered Newton, looking moodily at a plate of home-made biscuits, "but you must remember it lived many thousands of years before cooking schools were even thought of."—Salt Lake Herald.

His Fault.

Mrs. Gaddie—My husband's so slipshod. His buttons are forever coming off.

Mrs. Goode (severely)—Perhaps they are not sewed on properly.

Mrs. Gaddie—That's just it. He's awful careless about his sewing.—Philadelphia Press.

Hoped So.

"I hope you are well, Mrs. Oldun." "So do I, dear; but somehow I never feel any confidence in it."—Indianaapolis News.