



The Autumn Wind.

The voice of the autumn wind, As sad as the mourning sea. And it sets astride the chords Of the harp of memory!

Phantom's Warning

About the broad hearth in its customary manner the family had assembled after the evening meal, and Henry Carroll, the city constable, came to the country to restore falling health, found his first visit into a Kentucky home not so dull as he had anticipated.

Mars Rob Gregory, what had a heap o' fine horses. He kep' comin' an' comin' heah ter see Miss Martha twell everybody said dey sho' would marry.



He clasped her in his arms and whispered: "I won't go home to-morrow."

"I wonder who that can be, riding so wildly at this time of night?" he asked.

"Some drunken fellow going home, I suppose," said Mr. Rankin, indifferently, but with a significant look at his wife.

"He rides like a wild man!" exclaimed Carroll. "Come here! Look at him! One would think both man and beast were hunted—were fleeing from the devil himself!"

Martha ran to the window and gazed for a moment at the fast-disappearing horseman. "Papa, maybe it's our ghost—Rob the rider—and Aunt Dinah once met."

The mournful bay of foxhounds disturbed by the hoof beats and the suggestion of a chase gave her remark a tinge of color. Both Mr. and Mrs. Rankin had kept their seats while the rider passed, and now tried in vain to lift the gloom his appearance had left in passing.

The brilliant, fitful sunlight of a spring day strayed into winter was streaming into his room ere Carroll awakened. The refreshing bath and the wholesome smell of the country cleared his head, and he smiled at the foolish fancies of the night.



The dim figure of a horseman dashing along.

ghost remained in Carroll's head, however, and having nothing to do, he strolled out to the cabin to hear her story. It was Aunt Dinah's favorite yarn, and she unbent with right good will, proud of having the stranger cousin for a listener.

"Good Lawd, honey, an' you achabally ain't heared dat tale? Miss Martha wuz her name, an' she loved

At supper he announced to his host that his health was now fully regained and that an urgent letter from home would take him away the following morning. Mr. and Mrs. Rankin expressed regret. Martha coldly said she was sorry, and continued the meal in silence.

That night Carroll retired early to his room, but not to sleep. His pride was deeply hurt, and he was indignant. He called himself "Idiot!" and other pleasant things. "She didn't have the heart to say she was sorry! Love! Bosh!"

Finally, putting on a light overcoat, he started for a walk upon the pike. It was near midnight when he turned again into the little valley. The full light of the moon was obscured by a mist which rose from the river and spread over the valley.

Carroll, forgetting all of the improbability of the tale, ran to the roadside and tried to scale the stone fence. But it was too high for him to scale in his nervous condition, and he crouched against it, his eyes glued upon the ever-advancing figure.

He clasped her in his arms and whispered: "I won't go home to-morrow."—Walter S. Hiett in New York Times.

ARTISTS AND THEIR MODELS.

Beauty of Face and Form Are Rarely Found Together. Artists say it is curious but nevertheless true that beauty of face and form are not often found in one and the same person.

Once in a while his model gives him unconscious help. The model who posed for Church's "Fairy Tale" used to tell of having once stood before the picture at an exhibition, listening to the comments of enthusiastic visitors.

"But our present tariff laws, the vicious, inequitable and illogical source of unnecessary taxation, ought to be at once revised and amended. These laws, as their primary and plain effect, raise the price to consumers of all articles imported and subject to duty by precisely the sum paid for such duties."

"There never has been a period in the history of this or any other country when the general rate of wages was as high as it is now, or the prices of goods relatively to the wages as low as they are to-day, nor a period when the workman, in the strict sense of the word, has so fully secured to his own use and enjoyment such a steadily and progressively increasing proportion of a constantly increasing product."

Such testimony was repeated by the commercial agencies, by the President in his message to Congress and by the whole honest press of the country. And yet Grover Cleveland was again nominated, and, adopting the double dealing tactics of Polk and Dallas in 1844, was elected by a very positive popular and electoral vote.

Believes in Woman Suffrage. Gov. Garvin of Rhode Island has put himself on record as a believer in woman suffrage. In a recent address before the Rhode Island Woman Suffrage association he said: "I think woman suffrage will be adopted in Rhode Island and in other New England states. It has been tried in other states and has worked well, and sooner or later it will prevail throughout the Union."

GROVER CLEVELAND

HE LOOMS UP AGAIN AS A POSSIBLE NOMINEE.

Will the Democrats Bring Forward as Their Candidate the Man Whose Election in 1892 Cost More in Money and Suffering Than the Civil War?

The American Economist does not often concern itself with a discussion of the merits of an improbable, much less an impossible, presidential candidate. However, both the improbable and impossible sometimes happen, and as no one man in our history has had a more disastrous influence upon our industrial life than the subject of this sketch, we propose simply to remind our readers of Grover Cleveland's contribution to his country's history, and what he would do again, if placed in a position to accomplish his purpose, which, we may add, was not fully accomplished in the first instance.

It was decided in 1884 that a man's domestic faults need not affect his public life and executive ability. Mr. Cleveland was elected in that year in spite of his shortcomings as a man, and because of his good fortune as a politician. He was elected not because of his own strength, but because of the weakness of his opponent's campaign and the lack of complete harmony in his opponent's party.

His first administration has left nothing worth remembering, except his message to the Fiftieth Congress in December, 1887. Mr. Cleveland had studied his Cobden club literature well and stated precisely, if not honestly, some of their most important tenets. The message was devoted almost wholly to the tariff and taxation, and its several thousand words can be put

HIS SERVICES NOT REQUIRED.



into two of its sentences as indicating the tenor of the whole. These two sentences follow:

These are false statements, and Mr. Cleveland knew them to be false, for he could have gone into the open market and bought hundreds of articles at a less price than the duty on similar imported articles of no better quality. His message defeated him for reelection, and a Republican Congress and President thought best to revise the tariff, and the McKinley law was the result.

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merchants knew what was before them. That grim specter, sure to materialize in to the evil monster, free trade, which had more than once devastated our land and impoverished our people, was bound to come. It mattered not just how soon, or in just what form; we must prepare for it as best we could and take the consequences—and we did.

It was not as bad as Mr. Cleveland would have had it. Mad clean through he would not sign his party's law. But that Gorman-Wilson tariff did its work most effectively, and completed the panic and ruinous work begun in its anticipation. Is there need to recall those awful years? Is there need to repeat the billions of dollars lost, the suffering, the sickness, the sadness that entered almost every home in the land?

We are loyal and patriotic enough to add our plaudits to those of the multitude when cheering an ex-president of the United States. We are willing to blur our memory, to wipe off the slate and say, "Well, in the light of later events perhaps it was all for the best. We need adversity once in a while; we must learn by experience." And so we find no fault in the hearty greeting and acclaim given to our rapidly ageing ex-president; but when the mugwump and free-trader and politician step in and turn patriotism into politics we say No; never again must Grover Cleveland be in power and gain the opportunity to conspire and ruin our country. Once is enough, and though we may condone we must not forget. Far more than the civil war did Grover Cleveland cost our country in financial loss. More lives were sacrificed through sickness and sorrow, through despair and poverty through hunger and cold, than by the bullets of the rebellion.

If free traders, if mugwumps, if Democrats do not forget, then the people must remember for them. Grover Cleveland must never be President again. He should never even be a candidate, and he ought not to be so much as thought of in that respect.—American Economist.

Queer Kind of Wall.

Those who regard the Dingley tariff as a Chinese wall will probably revise their opinion when they learn that the imports into the United States during the twelve months ending Jan. 31 1903, aggregated \$975,283,637. The Dingley tariff, like all well-drawn protective measures, tends to increase imports rather than diminish them, as by making the nation prosperous, it enables the people to buy more from foreigners. But while under the stimulus of a tariff like the Dingley act imports are increased, their nature is greatly changed. Instead of importing manufactured articles ready for consumption in increasing quantities, we increase our imports of raw materials from abroad for the use of our industries. Thus, in the calendar year 1902 the manufacturers' materials imported amounted to \$453,000,000, against \$248,000,000 in the calendar year 1896. We also enlarge our takings of manufactured articles ready for consumption but our increasing imports in this classification are made up of things which we do not ourselves as yet produce as well as the foreigner, but which we are rapidly learning to turn out as well as he does.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Tariff and Banking.

The phenomenal increase in bank deposits and loans since the free trade period can be seen from the following:

Table with 4 columns: Date, Loans, Deposits, Cash. Rows for March 9, 1897 and April 9, 1903.

These deposits are in addition to almost an equal amount in the savings banks, and represent the daily balances of merchants and business concerns. They confirm the statement that we are doing double the business under protection that we were under free trade. It seems hardly time to revise such a tariff as we are now prospering under, either up or down. It will indeed, be well to let well enough alone.

Its Beneficiaries.

"The tariff is always revised in the interest of its beneficiaries," says Editor Bryan. The principal beneficiaries of the American protective tariff policy are the people of the United States.—Oswego Times.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

The Mucic Cure. "I observe," said the cheerful boarder, "that they are trying to cure the sick trees in Boston commons with music."

"Popular music, I suppose," said the boarder who puns. "I wonder how yew would like it," growled the cynical boarder. "I know I'd soon be sycamore," murmured the cheerful boarder as he reached for the butter, and there the subject was dropped.

Keeping in Practice.

"Do you know this Gov. Pennypack of Pennsylvania?" "No, I don't. Why?" "I thought mebbey you did. He has just muzzled the state press, and I didn't know but what I'd like to have him come around and see if something can't be done with my mother-in-law."

Considerable.



Deacon Kindleigh—So poor Brother Littleton left all he had to the Children's home. Did he have much? Sister Sourleigh—Eight boys and three girls.

Bridget Was Ashamed. Mistress (angrily)—Bridget, I find that you wore one of my evening gowns at the ball last evening. It's the worst piece of impudence I ever heard of. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

Bridget (meekly)—O! wus, mum; O! wus, and me young man said as if O! iver wore such a frock in public agin he'd break our engagement.

Talking Shop.

Dolly—So Simpkins, the cashier of the bank, proposed to you last night? Polly—Yes; and I promised to marry him.

"Did he ask your father's permission?" "Yes; he said he would ask papa to indorse my promissory note."

In After Years.

Mrs. Whoopem—There was a time when I was actually proud of the powerful voice you put into your college yell; but now I wish it had been only a whisper.

Whoopem—Why do you say that, my dear? Mrs. Whoopem—Because the baby has inherited the aforesaid yell; that's why.

The Whole Thing.

Tommy—Let's play theater. Elsie—All right. I'll be the boss. Tommy—No, I will. The manager has to be a man. Elsie—Oh! you can be the manager. I'll be what they call the "bella donna."

Good One.



Gazer (an astronomer)—Can you suggest a suitable inscription for my new telescope? Boozier (a drinker)—Sure. How would "Here's looking at you" do?

The Deacon's Opinion. "Yes, sub," said the old colored brother, "dat boy is so fond er tradin' dat I vely believes dat ef he wuz in heaven, on day let him come back fer a holiday, he'd sell his return ticket on trust ter bein' blowed back by a barrican!"

A Stagger.

Wigwag—Was it a stag affair? Gussler—Worse than that; it was stagger.