THE JOURNAL

LUCIAN SWIFT, MANAGER. | J. S. McLAIN, EDITOR.

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A TARIFF UPHEAVAL

Mr. Tawney is credited with the statement that the republican party must pay attention to the trusts, that it must enact laws that will place these gigantic combinations under federal control, but adds that the republican party is not prepared to begin a tariff upheaval at this time which will destroy the confidence of the business world and bring on hard times.

A tariff upheaval doubtless would bring on hard times. That is what we hope may be avoided. But, in our judgment, there is only one way in which it can be avoided, and that is by the pursuit of a reasonable course on the part of the republican party toward the popular demand for tariff revision. If the republican party chooses to follow the lead of such men as Congressman Dalzell and Senators Aldrich and Burrows there will be a tariff upheaval sure enough, but it will not come under the auspices of the republican party.

One thing which the republican leaders ought to learn during the summer and before the next session of congress begins is that the republican party is expected to take up the traiff at the next session and revise it fairly, honestly and in accord with the changed conditions which have been brought about since the present bill was passed. If that is done the country will be satisfied and republican ascendancy will be maintained. But continuance in power by the republican party cannot be predicated with any degree of safety upon the dominance of such policies and such ideas of politics as have been promulgated by Mr. Dalzell, Mr. Aldrich and others who share their views.

The decision to date the establishment of civil government in the Philippines from the Fourth of July was doubtless not arrived at by accident. It is particularly appropriate that the inauguration of civil authority and the commencement of the bestowal of those liberties and privileges which are secured to all people under the stars and stripes should fall upon that day. The Fourth of July will, in the future, and, we believe, in the not far distant future, be regarded by the Filipinos with nearly, if not quite, as much honor as is accorded to that day in our own country.

RUSSIAN RETALIATION

Washington reports that the cabinet has had under consideration the application by Russia of retaliatory rates on American machinery, bicycles and some other articles because our treasury department has levied on Russian sugar the duty authorized by the fifth section of the tariff on sugar imported from a country which gives a bounty to the exporter.

There has been a large amount of ink shed over Secretary Gage's course in applying this countervailing duty and the secretary has been charged with error in construing the exemption of Russia's sugar, which is exported, from that government's internal revenue tax on sugar consumed in Russia. The board of general appraisers of the treasury department decided, after protracted consideration of the subject and hearings of the protests of our manufacturers, who feared loss of trade through Russia's retaliation, that the exemption from internal duty of sugar exported from Russia was equivalent to a bounty and that the treasury department was justified in levying the additional duty equal to the net amount of the bounty or grant, as provided by our tariff in section 5. The importers of the sugar, upon which the countervailing duty was levied, are going to appeal the case to the courts.

Technically, the secretary appears to be right, for our government remits the internal taxes on exports of spirits and such commodity can thus compete successfully in foreign markets. The Russian certificates of export have a commercial value equivalent to three-fourths of a cent a pound on the sugar cargo exported. The articles upon which Russia first levied her retaliatory duty were, last year, exported from this country only to the extent of $600,000, but she is continuing to levy duties in retaliation and shows a disposition to punish us by including our whole export trade of $18,000,000 a year. Her sugar exports to this country are small, not exceeding $20,000 to $30,000.

Our consul general at St. Petersburg, Mr. W. R. Holloway, reported yesterday, that the report that our trade with Russia has been brought to a standstill by the sugar dispute is untrue, and it looks so, judging from the reports of current exports to that country of American articles.

Our manufacturers naturally fear this sharp retaliation and they have reason to fear it if Europe generally applies the retaliation method to shut out our trade.

This sugar incident is potently suggestive of the advantage of reciprocal trade relations, which would be equally advantageous to ourselves and foreign countries. Such relations would make impossible the process of vengeful retaliation. The senate refused to touch the French reciprocity treaty, negotiated by Mr. Kasson under the tariff of 1897, although it was signally advantageous to us, and the consequence is that our competitors in Europe have the strong advantage over us of trading under the French minimum rates of duty. The administration is disposed to settle amicably the differences with Russia, who has been heretofore very liberal in her concessions to us. As a matter of beneficent commercial policy for our country it is best to make concessions which will broaden and strengthen our export trade. It must be conceded that the National Association of Manufacturers is a body of business men who know their own business needs and are no tyros in trade. They have publicly affirmed their faith in the advantage of the reciprocity theory and practice.

The Buffalo papers give considerable space to Mayor Ames. The mayor is described by them as the champion of reform, good government, law enforcement, and as the embodiment of a vigorous policy against law-breakers of every kind. "Doc's" press agent is evidently trying to earn a large salary.

ONE JULY FOURTH CELEBRATION

It is announced from Washington that civil government will be established in the Philippines on July 4th proximo. No doubt we shall hear shrieks of incandescent wrath from those Americans who would have the natives of those islands remanded to the changeful tyranny of native swashbucklers and the chaos of tribal feuds, but the United States is going right ahead along the broadening and brightening way of civilization and leading those interesting and transformable people to the highest civil, social and political betterment. The United States is not deterred in its splendid policy of spreading American institutions wherever duty calls it in its own territory. It shares not the contracted views of those Americans, who would confine to the limits of the states the light of the lamp of liberty. The nation says, "Go Forward," and the forward movement will continue. Some day the Filipinos will celebrate the Fourth of July as heartily as it was ever celebrated in this country. They will celebrate it as the day-dawn of their deliverance from Spanish and native tyranny, civil, military and ecclesiastical.

The insurrection is, beyond doubt, dying out. The Manila dispatches to-day and every day bring tidings of the surrender of body after body of the small residuum of insurrectos. Civil government has been established in eighteen provinces, including two in the island of Mindanao, and there are over 1,500 schools in the archipelago, and Mr. Atkinson, the superintendent, is pushing the work of insuring popular education with great zeal and effectiveness. The natives show the deepest interest and the children are easily gathered in. The fact that twenty carloads of school books and school supplies are going forward to the Philippines to be used by Superintendent Atkinson, suggests the strength of the American educational movement. The sneers of the anti-administration element and their talk of the "poor, crushed Filipinos" seem rather stale and absurd beside the magnificent work for human intelligence and human liberty doing by our government. American teachers are taking a large and honorable and effective part in the regenerating work in the Philippines. There will soon be established in Manila a normal and trade school, and an agricultural school on the island of Negros, and the new municipal code provides that one-fourth of all the taxes raised in the municipalities in the archipelago must be used for educational purposes.

These are some of the results of American rule in the archipelago, which all who commend and believe in true progress and civilization will rejoice over. They mean the redemption of the Philippines for the highest civilization. While we celebrate the Fourth of July in the United States, let us remember that it is also, in the antipodal insular possession, the birthday of enlightened and uplifting liberty for the people this nation has delivered from the bondage of many centuries.

DOING GOOD TO ONE'S ENEMIES

The Scriptures teach the forgiveness of your enemies and the doing of good to those that persecute you and despitefully use you. That, however, does not interfere with the proper exercise of righteous indignation, the maintenance of self-respect, or the visitation of deserved punishment, under certain circumstances. At least, we cannot find anything in the action of the young Christian Endeavorers at Stanton, Neb., which seems to deserve reproof. The young Endeavorers were holding an evening meeting when their hymns and prayers were interrupted by a volley of eggs thrown with accurate aim and ruinous effect. The dispatch to The Journal says that the windows were all open and the fusillade came from every direction. The minister was smitten squarely between the eyes, the summer gowns were ruined.

The worshipers rushed to the doors, but their assailants had disappeared. They did not content themselves with the failure to find them that night, but telegraphed to Lincoln at once for the penitentiary bloodhounds. These dogs arrived the next morning, were put on the scent and with unerring instinct led the pursuers to the homes of four young men of the town, two of whom admitted their guilt, while the others were convicted on testimony before the court. They were fined $100 and costs. Having accomplished this much the Endeavorers were ready to forgive their enemies, and there can be no doubt that the pursuit and conviction of their persecutors was doing good to them in the most practical and effective way.

Everybody Is Crazy

An eminent alienist "who has devoted his life to the study of nervous diseases" tells the Washington Times that there is no such thing as a sane man. He says that fads, fancies and foibles are all evidences that mankind is insane in various mild forms. In all his experiences, he says, he has never met a perfectly balanced man.

Under this dictum the boy who enthusiastically sets about making a collection of postage stamps should be viewed with the eye of suspicion. A man "who devotes his life to the study of nervous diseases" is also badly warped from the normal and ought to be in the asylum. One would prefer to trust the evidence of his own sanity to the person who had devoted his life to the study of health rather than to the man who had devoted it to the study of disease. One usually finds what he is looking for.

A leading New York paper proposes a graduated tax on signs and billboards, according to size and position. There are some billboards that ought to be taxed to death with an ax.

E. A. Bromley concedes that Niagara is a rival of Minnehaha. If Niagara had the advantageous location of Minnehaha it might aspire to rivalry.

A scorcher complains that he has paid his 50 cents, but that some of the bicycle paths go up hill. Go the other way.

The kaiser boasts six boys and one girl, while the czar has four girls. Why not shuffle and draw even?

The people who are deeply disappointed at the present prosperity are organizing another third party.

The isthmian canal commission is threatening to file its report. Better wait a few years.

Grocers' picnic weather!

HE WINKED THE MINOT OPTIC

Wahpeton (N. D.) Globe.

Marshall McClure of the Minot Optic won't have it any other way than that the prohibition law is a failure, but his newspaper don't always agree with him. Two weeks ago Editor McClure took a trip to the twin cities, and he employed Major Murphy to write editorials for the paper during his absence. The major had been nettled many times by the Optic's attitude toward prohibition, and resolved to make the paper right for once, and proceeded to put the paper in line with the Grand Forks Herald and Judge Pollock. When McClure learned of what was going on at home he had a sinking spell, and it took all kinds of Merchants hotel antidotes for snake bite to revive him. A few years ago Charles E. Wolfe of this city, owned the Minor Teller. He made a strong republican paper of it, but one week he had to be away on legal business, and asked his old friend Linton to "kind of stay around" and help out a little with copy. In Linton's younger days he published a redhot democratic paper in Illinois, and the invitation to "stay around" was accepted. Wolfe had no sooner left town than the temporary editor went to work, and it is said he got up four columns of the warmest democratic editorial that had ever been put in type in the northwest. All went well until the form was put on the press, which was an old Peerless, left there by the writer, and was noted for its stalwart republican qualities. The pressman began to kick, the flywheel commenced to revolve, and smash went the press. The old thing flew all to pieces rather than desecrate the pages of the Teller. The paper was not printed until Mr. Wolfe reached home, when the four columns of Mr. Linton's ebullitions were carefully taken from the form, which was filled up again with boiler iron. That press of McClure's, however, is not so loyal to its master's will.

SUMMER VERSE

Maxwelton's braes are bonny,
And every one extols
The hazards and the bunkers there,
And the course of eighteen holes.

'Tis there with Annie Laurie,
And caddie, every day,
I go, and oh! how blissfully
We hoot the hours away (awa')!
—Detroit Journal.

The herd is heard to low on high,
Mounting the mountain steep;
The weary shepherds hie below
To get a bit of sleep.

The little swallows gulp and choke
The early worm to swallow,
While penned within the barnyard pen
The pensive piggies wallow.
—Harvard Lampoon.

Betty Botter bought some butter;
"But," she said, "this butter's bitter;
If I put it in my batter
It will make my batter bitter;
But a bit of better butter
Will but make my batter better."
So she bought a bit o' butter,
Better than the bitter butter,
And made her bitter batter better.
So 'twas better Betty Botter
Bought a bit of better butter.
—Montreal Star.

GORKY'S VERSABILITY

For some time stories have been reaching us of the extraordinary popularity of the Russian novelist, Maxim Gorky, in Europe, and now Scribners are to publish a translation of his "Forma Gordyeef. The list of Gorky's trades before becoming an author is astonishing. He was hired out in a shoe shop, ran away; apprenticed to draftsman, ran away; put at making of wooden saints; hired out as cook's boy on a steamer, and then made gardener's assistant. He also peddled apples, worked on a dock, sawed wood and acted as porter. Then he went to Tzaritzyn and was watchman on a railroad. He tried to go into the army, but they refused to accept a tramp. He is only 32, but he must have considerable knowledge of life. It is said that his extraordinary popularity only embarrasses him. Once when the audience at a theater stood up an cheered his entrace into a box, he cried out: "I'm not a ballet dancer or a Venus of Milo. What are you staring at me for? Keep your eyes on the stage."

BACK ACTION PHILOSOPHY

When I muse on Pierpont Morgan
And his trust,
I reflect that, after all, he's
Made of dust,
And will turn to dust again—
Which is natural; but then,
I should like to be Pierp. Morgan
With his dust.

When I think of Albert Edward
With his throne,
To comment upon his worries
I am prone;
And I cite the restless bed,
And uneasy royal head;
But—I'd like to lose some slumber
On a throne.

It is easy, very easy,
To observe
How one's philosophic notions
Strike a curve.
Gold and glory are not all,
But we listen for their call.
To decline such things we haven't
Got the nerve.
—Baltimore American.

AN EXPENSIVE SUM

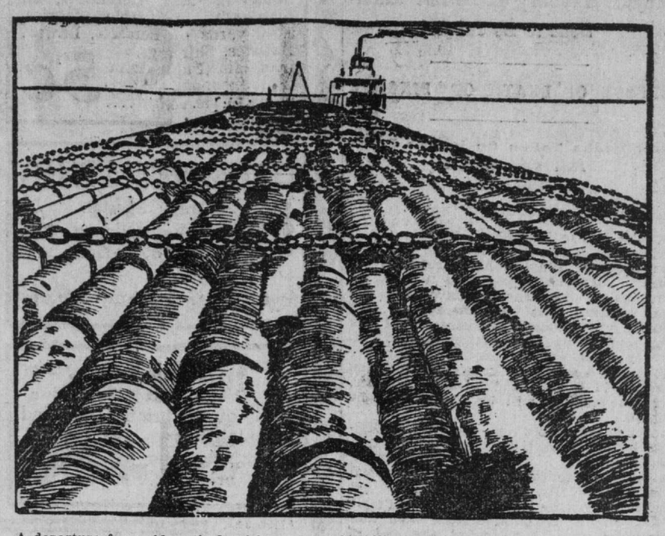
Spring Valley Sun.

An Allison school teacher recently received this note: "Sir—Will you please for the future give my sun easiers somes to do at nights. This is what he's brought hoam to or three nites back: 'If fore bottles of bere wil fil thirty to pint bootles, how many pints and half botles wil nine Gallins of bere fil?' Wel we tried and could make nothing out of it all and my boy cried and sed he dident dare go back in the mornins without doin' it. So I had to go and buy a nine gailin keg of bere, which I could ill afford to do and then he went and borrowed a lot of wine and brandy bottles, and then counted them and there was 19, and my boy put the number down for an answer. I don't know weather it is rite or not, as we spilt some while doing it. P. S.—Please let the next some be in water, as I am not able to buy more bere."

CABBAGE AS A LUXURY

On old darkey went to Memphis the other day to get his pension check cashed. After receiving his money, which amounted to $11, the old ex-slave sauntered down Front street to a produce house and bought three crates of cabbages. When they were delivered at the wharf late that afternoon the old man was there and received them with a mouth watering in anticipation of the good time ahead. "Whut yer gwine ter do wid dem cabbages?" inquired the negro drayman who delivered them. "Eat 'em," was the quick response. "I'se bin free forty years, and dis is de first time I'se had de money to buy 'nuff cabbage. I'se gwine ter eat cabbage till I forgit de way ter my mouf."

Ocean-Going Log Raft



A departure from old methods of log transportation has been recently made on the Columbia river. This consists in building huge rafts so substantially that they can be towed to San Francisco. It is no small undertaking to put to sea with a stupendous, unwieldy raft and successfully tow it almost 1,000 miles; but the trip has been accomplished a number of times, and promises to become a regular business. The logs are principally for piling and posts, and one raft will contain as much as 500,000 lineal feet. The rafts are built somewhat in the shape of a colossal cigar, and each log is fitted carefully into its place. The whole is fastened together with tons of chain, till the danger of going to pieces at sea is reduced to a minimum.

But the accompanying photograph gives a better idea of the magnitude of one of these gigantic rafts than whole pages of mere description.

ENGLISH AS IT IS SPOKEN IN INDIA

Colonel Olcutt, the celebrated theosophist who visited Minneapolis recently, publishes a magazine called the Theosophist, and from it is taken the following remarkable specimen of English as it is spoken in India. An Indian vakil, that is, an advocate, is pleading before the court, apparently in a suit for damages for assault. The Indian lawyer is very fond of high-sounding phrasts and metaphor and uses them liberally. His intimate relationship to Mrs. Partington will be recognized. The quotation from the speech runs as follows:

My learned friend with mere wind from a teapot thinks to browbeat me from my legs. But this is mere gorilla (sic) warfare. I stand under the shoes of my client, and only seek to place my bone of contention clearly in your honor's eye. My learned friend vainly runs amuck upon the sheet anchors of my case. Your honor will be pleased enough to observe that my client is a widow, a poor chap with one post-mortem son. A widow of this country, your honor will be pleased to observe, is not like a widow of your honor's country. A widow of this country is not able to eat more than one meal a day, or to wear clean clothes, or to look after a man. So my poor client had not such physic (sic) or mind as to be able to assault the lusty complainant. Yet she has been deprived of some of her more valuable leather, the leather of her nose. My learned friend has thrown only an argument ad hominy (sic) upon my teeth, that my client's witnesses are only her own relations. But they are not near relations. Their relationship is only homeopathic. So the misty arguments of my learned friend will not hold water. Then my learned friend has said that there is on the side of his client a respectable witness, viz., a pleader, and since this witness is independent he should be believed. But your honor, with your honor's vast experience, is pleased enough to observe that truthfulness is not so plentiful as blackberries in this country. And I am sorry to say, though this witness is a man, of my own feathers, that there are in my profession black sheep of every complexion, and some of them do not always speak gospel truth. Until the witness explains what has become of my client's nose leather he cannot be believed. He cannot be allowed to raise a castle in the air by beating upon a bush. So, trusting in that administration of British justice upon which the sun never sits, I close my case.

IN EDDY'S DISTRICT

Congressman Tells Why There Is But One Free Rural Route.

HIS LATEST TITLE TO FAME

Experience of Speaker Henderson and Senator Pettus in the Dangers of Poker.

Washington, June 21.—It is a well-known fact that there is only one rural free delivery route in the district of Congressman Eddy of Minnesota.

"For fear there are persons who may be so careless as to imagine that I am to blame for the seventh district's not being better supplied with these routes," said Mr. Eddy to me to-day, "I want to say that the blame rests entirely upon McKinley prosperity. During the hard times I suppose that I could have found thousands of men in the district who were willing to do the work for the pay allowed, $500 per year, and furnish their own team; but since the advent of good times nobody up there seems willing to do the work. The one seventh district route goes out of Willmar. It has been a great success, and the farmers think more of it every day. The carrier, however, made up his mind that he could not afford to do the work for $500, and served notice to that effect. Nobody could be found to take his place, and so the patrons along the route had to club together and make up a bonus of $100 additional out of their own pockets. In all the district there are only three applications in my possession from men who want these positions. In reality, the pay is considerably more than $500 per year, for the government permits the carriers to deliver bundles to their patrons, and take messages back and forth to and from the merchants of the cities from which the routes go out. It is said that this extra pay brings the total received by each carrier, taking the country as a whole, up to about $2.25 per day."

Eddy Truly Famous.

For a man who has the reputation of being the homeliest man in congress, Mr. Eddy thinks he is doing pretty well.

"Just had a letter from a friend out home telling he he had named a brand of cigars after me," said Mr. Eddy in his slow, solemn way. "Wanted my photo. to be reproduced on the box. In the same mail was solicited for a picture and a recommendation for a patent medicine. I told them I would do anything to accommodate except take the medicine. Now I think I am eligible for this New York Hall of Fame."

Pension Commissionership.

Congressman Curtis of Kansas says he is sure that the president will appoint Former Congressman Peters of that state commissioner of pensions to succeed Henry Clay Evans. In the event of a failure, Mr. Curtis thinks the position will go to Former Representative Blue of Kansas. In all events, he seems to have made up his mind that Mr. Evans is to step down and out. Mr. Evans, on the other hand, does not admit that there is to be any change, and his friends are quite energetic in their denunciations of those people who so persistently circulate rumors of change. The other day it was published that Mr. Peters had been wired to come to Washington. To-day it is denied that anybody in Washington sent such a wire. An authoritative statement of denial comes from the White House. With so much of uncertainty and contradiction entering into the case it is very difficult to know just what the truth is.

Picturesque Old Senator.

By general consent the best poker player in congress is old Senator Pettus of Alabama. He is generally known as Grandpa Pettus. He is only eighty. The old man is the most solemn proposition alive. He carries a big red bandanna handkerchief, wears his spectacles on the extreme tip of his nose, and chews tobacco with his front teeth. He never was known to smile, though he says the drollest things imaginable. Last session he convulsed the senate with a rebuke of Young Senator Beveridge, at whom he hurled numerous long quotations from the Old Testament Scriptures. In a poker game Pettus' strength lies in the absolute absence of expression in his face. It makes no difference whether he is holding one deuce or a royal flush, he goes right on masticating his small cud and gathering in the other fellow's chips.

That years do not necessarily mean age is beautifully demonstrated by the example of Pettus. He has lived an active and eventful life. He was a lieutenant in the Mexican war and a brigadier general in the Confederate army. He has been in more battles than he is years old. When not fighting he was practicing law. He never went in for politics, though he liked to go to national conventions, and could always get a delegate's commission. When he was about seventy-five years of age he took it into his head that he would like to be judge of the federal court and modestly applied for the job. James Pugh was then senator. He was one year older than Pettus; but he declined to indorse the latter's application on the ground that Pettus was too old. "All right," replied Pettus, "I may be too old for judge; but I am young enough to be senator." And thereupon he went out after Pugh's seat and landed it by a big majority.

Speaker Henderson at Poker.

Supervising Architect Knox Taylor says Indiana is the home of poker. He insists that the hoosiers can do a better stunt with the American poker than any brand of politicians he has met. Not long ago he went out to their capital city to look after the public building affairs, and was inveigled into a quiet little game with Cockrum Ransdell, Young New and a few more. They sat until daylight warned them that it was nearly time for breakfast. He says he was glad he had money enough to buy the sleeper ticket. He declined to name his losings.

They tell a story of a game in which Speaker Henderson took part while in Indianapolis not so many years ago. Dave is supposed to be a right smart hand at poker, and when he went round asking for a little amusement, the natives were a little shy. But they believed in being hospitable; so a few choice spirits of the Columbia Club undertook to help him while away the time. When the time was nearly up Henderson was calling for revenge and asking that the limit be removed. So the lid was taken off and the jackpots came thick and fast. It was several months afterward that Henderson was presiding over the house and Dan Ransdell, sergeant-at-arms of the senate, happened to have business with him. A few members who were near heard the speaker say in low tones: "Go away from here. You are one of those robbers who did me for a thousand in Indiana." And then he gave the robber the "glad hand."

Dubuque's Wing Dam.

Officials of the war department say that very little significance attaches to the protest of the citizens of Dubuque against the construction of a wing dam into the Mississippi at that place from the Iowa shore. They believe that the dam was necessary to maintain the channel or Captain Townsend would not have begun its construction. Colonel McKenzie, assistant to the chief of engineers, said he did not believe that the dam would interfere with the harbor at Dubuque, except that it might make necessary a little more dredging each year. It is always necessary to do more or less work of this kind at Dubuque each year, and a few thousand yards, more or less, would make very little difference.

St. Louis' Show.

Former Senator Thurston of Nebraska, now a member of the St. Louis exposition board, is spending the summer in the east. He was in Washington this week, and told the newspaper men that in his judgment the St. Louis fair would be got ready by 1903, the time originally fixed. There has been a lot of talk about a postponement until 1904 or 1905, but Mr. Thurston thinks the original date will offer time enough in which to get everything ready. It is a big undertaking, however, and he admits that everybody must move lively if engagements are to be kept with the public. There are many who believe Mr. Thurston is too optimistic, and that congress will have to be asked for a postponement. Had the money been appropriated when it was asked for, during the winter of 1899-1900, there would be no talk of this sort, but congress did not act until last spring. This has had the effect of carrying everything forward a full year, and it is difficult to see how the exposition can be made up in the time that remains. The local management has not yet selected the site or prepared a general exposition scheme. Until this has been done the commissioners cannot take hold. It looks as if nothing could be done in the way of building or collecting exhibits this year, which will mean the crowding of all this work into the short space of a twelve month—too short a time by half for its proper performance. St. Louis hopes to eclipse the world's fair at Chicago. She has more money than Chicago had for exposition purposes, and should congress grant a postponement, she will have more time in which to get ready.

—W. W. Jermane.

FOR BOER WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

New York, June 21.—An appeal has been issued for money to buy supplies for the women and children of the Transvaal who have been gathered in camps as part of the effort to end the Boer war.

A WHITE MAN'S CHOICE

By Martha McCulloch-Williams.

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Jimmy Marion was no great shakes. In the mind of Brush Creek, Jimmy had but two redeeming qualities. One was being his father's son, the other that he had wit enough to love his father's ward, Cressy Oliphant.

Upon a summer morning Cressy called to him over her shoulder: "Jimmy, do come on! You are the slowest old thing! And you know I hate a man or a horse without lots of go."

They were riding up hill. Cressy's whiplash whined accompaniment to her words. Jimmy had a talent for saying nothing, still as he came within easy hail he piped, amiably: "Cress, I been wonderin' all this mornin' if you won't never learn better'n to gallop a horse up hill?"

"I've been wondering if you will ever learn—anything," Cressy retorted, slashing savagely at a near bush. Jimmy opened his eyes. "Whut's the matter, cross cat?" he asked. "You come ridin' with me—nobody didn't make you—an' I've let you pick your own road, an' go your own gait——"

"If you're tired of me, I'll go on by myself," Cressy said irritably, half wheeling her horse. Jimmy kept beside her. "You needn't try ter run away frum me," he said. "I been knowin' all the way you felt bad—and I reckon I know whut about."

"You don't! What is it?" Cressy answered all in a breath. Jimmy laughed tranquilly. "I fetched ye a letter yistiddy evening'. A letter from Charley——"

"What business have you to know that?" Cressy demanded. "He's coming to-day—that's why I'm running away."

"Ef he pesters you, I'll make him go right back," Jimmy said promptly, then his face falling. "But it'll be sorter awkward—old Charles is all the own cousin I've got—pappy and mammy think nigh as much of him as they do o' me."

"You ought to hate him. Why don't you?" Cressy demanded. Jimmy stared. "Hate him!" he repeated slowly. Why should I hate him? He can't help bein' whut he is—smart an' bright an' good lookin'—no more'n I can help bein' whut I am."

"And what is that?" Cressy asked crisply. Jimmy drew a long breath. "A born fool," he said humbly. "But I got sense enough ter know it. All I can do is to be a real white man. An' it ain't white ter hate Char—anybody better off."

"You are worse than a born fool—a made one," Cressy cried passionately. "And you won't stand up for yourself. You won't even say you love me—you drive me to tell you I know it——"

"You cain't help but know it," Jimmy broke in. "You been knowin' it ever sence you were knee-high. I been fool enough ter think sometimes you might fetch yourself ter take me—an' the place——"

"I do love—the place," Cressy interrupted, a smile dawning in her stormy eyes. "And it has belonged to the Marions ever since the Indians went away."

"I know," Jimmy said, wistfully, "but don't let that bother you, Cress. There's jest two o' the name—Charles an' me. You needn't never leave—the place—no matter whut happens." Then, persuasively: "Let's us leave all this talk untel next year."

"Charley is not so patient," Cressy said, swallowing hard. "He insists upon a definite answer—to-day."

"I lay he don't get it—not untel you're good an' ready," Jimmy said with a quick smile, patting her hand. Then he ran on haltingly: "Cressy, I love you all I know how—but don't you let that count, if—if you love—anybody else."

They were nearing a roadside gate. As Cressy went through it she said, with her head very high: "Go home, Jimmy, and give Charley his answer. Tell him, I don't know—and I don't want to know."

As Jimmy went up the walk he saw his mother at the sitting-room window, very white and moaning faintly. He rushed inside—his father met him, all his hale ruddiness changed to ashen gray. Charley had come, and sat at Squire Marion's desk, his pen racing over a sheet of legal cap. Without looking up, he called: "Saddle me a fresh horse, Jimmy. The best you've got. The minute this is signed I must ride like the devil."

"What's up?" Jimmy demanded. His father clutched his shoulder, leaned heavily upon it, and gasped: "Son! son! We're on the edge o' ruin! Charley found out early this mornin' that Gill Magee had run away with all the county money. And me on his bond for $50,000! I trusted Gill like my own brother!"

"There! there! Uncle Jim," Charley interposed. "Walls have ears sometimes, and we must not leave one loophole in this precious document. It's a deed of gift, Jimmy. Uncle Jim makes over to you everything—land, money, stock and crops."

"What for?" Jimmy asked, his eyes wide. Charley laughed shortly. "For the best of reasons—to save himself from beggary and keep a roof over his head. But I've written it down for a consideration of 'one dollar, love and natural affection.' Sign, quick, Uncle Jim. Unless this goes on record before Gill Magee's pranks get wind, it will be worth less than the paper it's written on."

"O, it's hard!" the old man moaned. "In my old age, too. I never did think I could be brought to any o' them coverin-up tricks. I've been so proud to hear folks say 'As honest as a Marion.' But what else can I do? I'm old—seventy next month! I can't let my home go! I cain't take my wife ter the poorhouse."

"You'll have me, Pappy—no matter whut comes," Jimmy said, lifting his head and throwing his arms about his father's bowed shoulders. So holding him, he moved to where his mother sat, lifted her to her feet, and with his free arm drew her to his breast. Then he turned to his cousin and said, clearly: "Charley, it was good in you to think o' us this-a-day. But I cain't see things your way. Now Gill's gone bad, by the Lord he shan't take old Jim Marion with him. I love the place, every stock and stone, and red-clay hill in it, next to—my own people. But I won't keep it unless I can keep it honest—"

"Are you crazy?" Charley broke in. "I can change the beneficiary in a trice. Say, Uncle Jim—won't you trust me? I'll certainly never take advantage of your trust. Speak quick—we have just three hours' grace—and it will take two at least to get back to the courthouse."

"I don't believe I keer ter save things—except fer Jimmy," 'Squire Marion began, brokenly.

Charley sprang to his feet and stepped in front of his cousin. He was white with anger and apprehension. In a high, shaken voice he cried: "For God's sake, Jimmy, don't doom your father and mother to beggary. It makes me feel like shooting you to hear you quibble and prate when all their comfort, it may be their lives, hang on the matter of a minute."

"They have got me," Jimmy reiterated. Charley flung up his hands: "You!" he cried with intensest scorn. "What are you! What can you do—without money or brains?"

"Work—all day and all night," Jimmy said sturdily. Charley drew back a step, his face twitching. He bit his lips hard before he went on.

"Another thing. Think of—Cressy. She will end by marrying you—if you keep the place. It is that which has stood between me and winning her. I know it. Remember, I am speaking now against myself. I cannot do less in face of all I owe my uncle and my dear, good aunt. Speak to Jimmy, both of you. If he still refuses to save you—sign this deed and put it in my power."

Mrs. Marion nestled close to her son. Her husband broke away from them and leaned from the open window. Jimmy's eyes followed the father's gaze as it rested upon the familiar fields, the trig barns, the deep, shadowy woodlands belting the clear land. Could they give it up and go away, strangers in a strange land?

Stronger, more insistent was the thought of Cressy. How should a beggar lift eyes to her. No, not a beggar—except for work! Somehow the word was a tonic. He faced half about, drew his mother in front of him, and said, with many breaks: "Charley—I—I—cain't—talk with ye. But the Lord—help me—ter show I—can work with ye."

'Squire Marion stepped beside his son, linked arms and said: "Ruin er no ruin, Charley, I'll do as Jimmy says. If the money must all go, let it! Lord, what is all the property in the world beside findin' that I've got a real man fer my son!"

"The best man in the world," Cressy cried, breaking tempestuously from an ambush of half-closed door. "I had to come home right behind you," she panted to Jimmy. "It—is not true—what he said," nodding towards Charley. "Now you have lost everything else, I ask you to—to take me."

"Amen. The Lord be praised!" 'Squire Marion said, catching Cressy in his arms. Charley darted away, swearing under his breath. Jimmy? Jimmy put his head upon his mother's shoulder and cried—for the first time since he was 10 years old.

Jimmy showed the stuff he was made of by working through five hopeless years trying to save the homestead, mortgaged to full value. Cressy helped him, singing about the place, her face always sunshiny, her tempers all blown away. Still there was rejoicing, indeed, when Gill Magee came back from the Klondike with money enough to make good all his luckless sureties had paid. Little Jim, aged 4, high in the arms of his doting grandmother, held the canceled mortgage in a candle flame and laughed to see it burn. Across the hearth the grandfather looked on with eyes that did not see, and murmured brokenly: "The righteous shall not be forsaken nor his seed beg bread."

Daily New York Letter

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL,
No. 21 Park Row, New York.

Mormon Converts.

June 21.—A brand new thrill has passed over the religious bodies of this city. This time they are agitated, not over the trials of the heathen Chinese, not over sending sealskin sacks to the inhabitants of Central Africa or palmleaf fans to the interior of Greenland, but because some very unkind Mormon missionaries have actually had the audacity to do a little proselyting right here in this deeply religious town. The Mormon elders do not see why they should be blamed because they managed to convert both the president and the secretary of the Christian Endeavor society of the Port Morris Congregational church, but the people of that church body are not showing enthusiasm over the event. The three Mormon elders who have been working here for some months, Messrs. Samuel Neff, George A. Goff and James D. Burrow, have recently made no less than 100 converts, most of whom have already migrated Utahward. As to the Christian Endeavor officials, Mrs. Blair asserts she will not go west until she becomes a widow, and Miss Dickinson makes no avowals whatever on the subject.

Stopping the Noise Nuisance.

Dr. John H. Girdner, the "Apostle of Quiet," author of many treatises and papers on noises, appeared before the city council this week and advocated the passage of the ordinance which forbids "peddlers, hawkers, buyers, etc., to cry out their wares, blow horns, ring bells in the streets of the city before 9 a. m. or after 5 p. m." Dr. Girdner recently secured the passage of an ordinance compelling truck men passing through the city with iron rods or bars to put burlaps between the layers of iron, thus stopping a soul-destroying nuisance. He said rags and bottle men, old clothes men and other vendors could ring the basement bell instead of yelling. "If you want to do something that'll please the public," Dr. Girdner concluded, "pass that ordinance; make it stronger; stop all noises and make it apply to all hours of the day."

Horse Millinery Appears.

Horses with hats are a common sight about the streets these days. The hats are of straw, of course, with high crowns and broad brims, in which are two good-sized holes through which the animal's ears protrude. Sponges are generally placed in the crowns and dampened in order to keep the horses' heads cool. The hats are tied on. The animals, for the most part, appear to carry their headgear without any display of self-consciousness, and trot along unconcernedly with the bonnets shaking in the breeze. An East-side ice man whose horse wore the new headgear, said this morning that the equine invariably grew restless and threatened to bolt, unless its headgear was set on straight. This statement, if it be true, is not without psychological value.

Big Man From Cairo.

Eight feet two inches is the height of the latest arrival in New York. This walking obelisk, whose weight is only 270 lbs, hails from Cairo, Egypt, and he is freighted with the suggestive oriental name of Hassen Ali. Mr. Hassen, who announces that he travels on his figure, has just come over from Europe on the Nord America, of the La Veloce line, on his way to the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo. There is a possibility, however, that his contour may not get him farther than this city for the present at least, as the custom officers found over 2,000 Egyptian cigarettes concealed in a false bottom to his trunk. But the gentleman disclaims all smuggling intentions, declaring the cigarettes are for his personal use. During the winter he keeps store in Cairo, assisted by his father, who rejoices in a height of eight feet seven, and his sister, who feels small with seven feet to her credit. During the summer Hassen Ali tours the world, earning expenses by exhibiting himself to the curious of all lands. It is probable he will be released by the custom authorities after he is given the usual scare.

Hermann III.'s Joke.

Leon Hermann, the third of the family to assume the title of "Hermann the Great," is something of a humorist as well as a master of legerdemain. A couple of days ago the prestidigitateur, while patronizing one of the Red Cross barber shops in Broadway, was asked by the proprietor to permit the charming young lady with the cerulean eyes and rose-red cheeks to give him an exhibition of her manicuring skill behind a little Japanese screen in the rear of the establishment. Seeing a rare opportunity to display his skill in a humorous way, "the Great Hermann" readily consented. As soon as the little lady, with much diffidence, touched the first nail, to her unspeakable astonishment it fell off. Signor Presto gravely replaced it, enjoining greater care in the treatment of the others. Continuing, she was overcome with horror to see a finger drop to the table. Observing two little tear drops in her eyes, the magician relented and explained. He was a chemist, whose fingers were made extremely delicate by the acids of many an occult experiment. But it was no use. With every touch a nail or a finger would fall, her hands trembled so; and at last, with the work unfinished