

The Republican Party and the Taxes.

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For the fiscal year ended June 30, 1881, they amounted to \$360,000,000. Secretary Folger has announced in his annual report that the revenues for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1882, amounted to \$401,000,000, and exceeded by \$1,000,000 even the swollen estimates for the year.

The enormous aggregate of these sums has been paid into the Federal Treasury by the people and the industries of the United States, taken from their earnings and withdrawn from their pockets by them.

For the fiscal year ended on June 30, 1882, Secretary Folger admits that the expenditures and payments of all kinds amounted to three hundred and eighteen millions of dollars, and he predicts for the current fiscal year an outflow of three hundred and seventy-eight millions, including forty-six millions for the Sinking Fund.

Thanks to a corrupt and scandalous Republican Congress, Secretary Folger is forced to admit that the National finances are not in as good a condition as they were in a year ago.

What is to be the political and social future of the negro is not as clear as could be wished; but it may be taken for granted that the negro question is taken out of National politics for the present.

The Rev. Charles A. Akworth was appointed by Bishop Brown pastor of the Zion Methodist Church, at Lee, Mass., but he had got no further than the text of his first sermon when the Rev. John C. ...

Dakota into the sisterhood of States.

It may be true, as our contemporary claims, that Dakota has a larger population than Delaware or Nevada. But we do not think Nevada is a fortunate illustration for political purposes, and when we consider that the pigmy of the Union in area is taken for a comparison with a political division, that in the number of square miles ranks next to California, which in turn is next to Texas, we can hardly acknowledge the comparison to be logical or just.

The negro question played a very inconspicuous part in the recent Congressional elections. This is the more remarkable when we recall the habit of the Republican press to make the most of it in the midst of campaigns three or four years ago.

It may be that the quiet that marked the elections in the South was the quiet of negro submission and apathy, that the blacks allowed the whites to have their own way out of sheer inability to prevent it.

With a long sigh of returning life the flush marrying man from Hailey got his feet and made unsteadily for the door. He sat the remainder of the day in the waiting-room of the depot with his hand behind him as if on a pistol, and fled on the evening train.

A Wolf who had a dispute with a Hyena determined to destroy him, and therefore went to the Lion for advice. "Set a trap for him," was the reply, "and when you have caught him eat him."

—It may not be generally known that the Governors of several States, in appointing the last Thursday of November as a day of thanksgiving, were prevailed upon by a woman to select the same day.

A White Barbarian.

A gentleman from Hailey, Idaho, came to the Comstock the other day. Having recently sold his claim he had plenty of money and went in for style—plug hat and a fine silk handkerchief with one corner sticking out of the pocket of his new diagonal coat.

Presently Landlord Hanak appeared with a colorless face and bulging eyes. He walked rapidly up and touched the arrival from Hailey on the shoulder. "You seem to be having a pretty good time," said the landlord, "refraining from gnashing his teeth."

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The Wolf went away and laid a snare beside the path often traveled by his enemy, but just as he was cooking with satisfaction he blundered into the trap himself and was held fast.

—A correspondent of the London Journal of Horticulture says in reference to this question: "Last winter an old poultry keeper told me he could distinguish the sex in eggs. I laughed at him, and was none the less skeptical when he told me the following secret:—Eggs with the air bladder on the center of the crown of the egg will produce cockerels; those with the bladder on one side will produce pullets. The old man was so certain of the truth of this, and his poultry yard so far confirmed it, that I determined to make experiments upon it this year. I have done so, carefully registering the air bladder vertical or bladder on one side, rejecting every one in which it was not exactly one or the other, as in some it was only very slightly out of the center. The following is the result:—Fifty-eight chickens were hatched, three are dead, eleven are yet too young to decide upon their sex. Of the remaining forty-four every one has turned out true to the old man's theory. This, of course, may be an accidental coincidence, but I shall certainly try the experiment again."

—Speaking from personal knowledge, evidently, the Boston Herald says that there is no reduction in the wages of sin.

Our Young Folks.

THE MAIDEN AND THE YEAR.

A funny little maiden, who had heard her mother say that in the night, at twelve o'clock, the Old Year went away, concluded not to go to sleep, and she, perhaps might be the last of her kind, the very first in all the world, the baby year to see!

She held a plan out in her mind what would be best to do. And thought she'd try to count the stars that lined the whole sky through.

"Oh—h—h—h!" cried Susy. "Oh—h—h—h—h—h—h!" screamed Tom. "Why—I changed mine!" exclaimed Susy.

Two Little Words. One particular word we have noticed has a great deal to do in some families, especially among the children. Indeed, we have often felt quite sorry for it, and have wished heartily it could have a little rest, for its own sake as well as for the sake of everybody else.

Uncle Phil could not say no to such an appeal, and he found a pair of dog's heads which he charmed. Tom thought Susy did not like them at all. She spied a pair with daisies and a fern-leaf which exactly suited her fancy.

Nothing better could be done. They were wrapped separately, and Tom wouldn't speak to Susy as they walked home.

Now Year's Eve was always a busy season, but mamma thought it a good time to have a little talk with the children; and she always managed to find a half-hour for them.

Uncle Phil had his own opinion about that, but he kept it to himself as he wrapped up the mate to Tom's dog.

As Tom was going out of the door he stood holding it half-open so long that a

Slippers.

"Sh-h-h-h now! Somebody might hear." "No, they won't. Listen, Uncle Phil. Me and Susie wants to buy a pair of slippers for grandfather, handsome ones, you know—for a New Year's present. We're going to put our money together, because one of us hasn't got enough. We've got thirty cents apiece—will that do?"

"Or p'raps that's too much?" "Well—no, I think it will be about right." "We'll go down this afternoon and you can show them to us. And, Uncle Phil, you can keep a secret, can't you?"

Tom gave a very provoking laugh, but Susy hunted out a book and ran to get mamma to show her the poem in which came the line: "The secret kept in violation."

"There," she said, "a violet's almost the same as a pansy." "I'll keep it," said Uncle Phil solemnly. "In violet or pansy or anything you say, Susy, I'll keep it if I have to get a dozen people to help me."

"I'll tell you," he said at last, "each of you take one slipper you like best and leave grandfater to choose."

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