Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI

ORIGIN OF "LA MARSEILLAISE."

Dramatic Circumstances Attending the Production of the Famous French Air.

"La Marseillaise," the national air of France, is a song which inspires the hearts of Frenchmen as no other music can. It was composed by Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle, a French poet, player, soldier and singer, in 1792, and of this notable production Carlyle wrote in 1836:

"The thought which works voiceless in this black-browed mass (the "Marseillaise"), an inspired Tyrtæn Colonel, Rouget de Lisle, whom the earth still holds, has translated into grim melody and rhythm; into his hymn or march of the Marseillaise; luckiest musical composition ever promulgated, the sound of which will make the blood tingle in men's veins; and whole armies and assemblages will sing it, with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of Death, Despot and Devil."

The story of the origin of this song is dramatic, as it is told by Lamartine. "There was a young officer in garrison at Strasburg named Rouget de Lisle," says the historian. "He was born at Lons-le-Saunier, in the Jura, that country of reverie and energy, as mountainous countries always are. This young man loved war like a soldier—the revolution like a thinker. He charmed with his verses and music the slow, dull garrison life. Much in request from his two-fold talent as musician and poet, he visited the house of Dietrich, an Alsatian patriot, on intimate terms. Dietrich's wife and young daughters shared in his patriotic feelings, for the revolution was advancing toward the frontiers, just as the affections of the body always commence at the extremities. They were very partial to the young officer, and inspired his heart, his poetry and his music. They executed the first of his ideas hardly developed, confidantes of the earliest flights of his genius.

"It was in the winter of 1792, and there was a scarcity in Strasburg. The house of Dietrich was poor and the table humble, but there was always a welcome for Rouget de Lisle. The young officer was there from morning till night, like a son or a brother of the family. One day when there were only some coarse bread and slices of ham on the table Dietrich, looking with calm sadness at De Lisle, said to him: 'Plenty is not seen at our feasts; but what matter, if enthusiasm is not wanting at our civic fetes and courage in our soldiers' hearts? I have still a bottle of wine left in my cellar. Bring it,' he added, addressing one of his daughters, 'and we will drink to liberty and our country. Strasburg is shortly to have a patriotic ceremony and De Lisle must be inspired by these last drops to produce one of those hymns which convey to the soul of the people the enthusiasm which suggested it.' The young girls applauded, fetched the wine, filled the glasses of their old father and the young officer until the wine was exhausted. It was midnight and very cold. De Lisle was a dreamer; his heart was moved, his head was heated. The cold seized on him, and he went staggering to his lonely chamber, endeavoring by degrees to find inspiration in the palpitations of his citizen heart; and on his small clavicord, now composing the air before the words and now the words before the air, combined them so intimately in his mind that he could never tell which was first produced, the air or the words, so impossible did he find it to separate the poetry from the music, and the feeling from the impression. He sang every thing—wrote nothing.

"Overcome by this Divine inspiration, his head fell sleeping on his instrument, and he did not awake until daylight. The song of the overnight returned to his memory with difficulty, like the recollections of a dream. He wrote it down and then ran to Dietrich. He found him in his garden. His wife and daughter had not yet risen. Dietrich aroused them, called together some friend as fond as himself of music, and capable of executing De Lisle's composition; Dietrich's eldest daughter accompanied them. Rouget sang. At the first verse all countenances turned pale, at the second tears flowed, at the last enthusiasm burst forth. The hymn of the country was found. Alas! it was also destined to be the hymn of terror. The unfortunate Dietrich went a few months afterward to the scaffold to the sound of the notes produced at his own fireside, from the heart of a friend, and the voices of his daughters.

"The new song, executed some days afterward in Strasburg, flew from city to city in every public orchestra. Marseilles adopted it to be sung at the opening and the close of the sitting of its clubs. The Marseillaise spread it all over France by singing it everywhere on their way. Hence the name of Marseillaise. De Lisle's old mother, a royalist and religious, alarmed at the effect of her son's voice, wrote to him: 'What is this revolutionary hymn sung by bands of brigands who are traversing France, and with which our name is mingled?' De Lisle himself, proscribed as a royalist, heard it, and shuddered as it sounded on his ear, whilst escaping by some of the wild passes of the Alps. 'What do they call that hymn?' he inquired of his guide. 'The Marseillaise,' replied the peasant. It was thus he learned the name of his own work. The arm turned against the hand that forged it. The Revolution, insane, no longer recognized its own voice. * * * It was the fire-water of the Revolution which instilled into the senses and the soul of the people the intoxication of battle."

France has other songs of patriotism, but only one Marseillaise.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—Boswell told Johnson that such a thing as a beggar starving to death in the streets of a Scotch city was unheard of. Johnson replied: "This does not arise from the want of beggars, but the impossibility of starving a Scotchman."

—He cares not to know who wrote "Beautiful Snow,"
Nor what may have caused him to do it;
With his ear in a sling, he desires but one thing—
The name of the rascal who threw it.
—Washington Post.

—From the latest times of paganism to the early ages of Christianity we can but rarely quote instances of fire lighted up for other purposes in public form than for the ceremonies of religion.

AVENGED AT LAST;

Or, a World-Wide Chase.

A STORY OF RETRIBUTION.

BY "WABASH."

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CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

He knew everybody for miles around and hob-nobbed with rich and poor, great and small. All met him on equal terms and he had a good word or a hearty laugh for everybody.

His dress was untidy and ill-fitting, owing to the fact that he paid very little attention to outward appearances.

He liked a man of his own ilk, but he hated, as he said, "them as put on airs bekas they'd med a bit o' money."

Accompanying him was Velasquez, the man whom Wilcox despised above all the many despicable people he had met in the course of a long life-time.

"Hello," said Wilcox, in his free and easy manner, to the justice, "what's up?"

He had like every one else heard all about the tragedy, but felt bound to give vent to the stereotyped inquiry.

The old gentleman walked across to the justice and sat down beside him while the administrator of law and order related to him the more recent developments of the case.

When Wilcox heard that Anton Reyman was charged with the murder he excitedly jumped from his seat and shouted:

"Why you thunderin' blockheads, you are not going to commit an honest man like Reyman for the murder of Mario Delaro, just because he had a few angry words with him and happened to be the first man to foller him out of the cellars last night?"

"There seems to be no alternative," said the justice, "but you may rest assured he will have a fair trial."

"Ah, by God, that he shall," said the bluff Yankee, "if it takes every cent of money I've got to secure it. Dammit, he's no more guilty of that crime than his poor little baby is."

As he spoke these words—whether intentionally or not—his glance wandered towards Velasquez, who was in the room, and it struck him that Velasquez winced.

Then he crossed over to Anton and said: "Cheer up old boy and keep a good heart. If there's any justice in these parts at all you shall get it."

Then turning to Velasquez, he said: "And as for you, I suppose now that Delaro is out of the way you are pleased at the bottom of your hard heart. You'll be trying next to turn the widow out of her house and home in order to get money to throw across the tables up to Frisco. I know more than you think I do about your goings on, and you can make your mind up right here that you're not going to have it all your own way. If Mrs. Delaro ever wants protection from such infamous blood-suckers as you she knows where to find one."

Velasquez listened apparently quietly, but inwardly full of interest, and said as politely as he could: "I fail to comprehend what I have ever done to merit this abuse, Mr. Wilcox."

"Then you can know now that I've got a mighty good reason for my words and you'd better be careful."

With this they both walked away. That night Anton spent behind the bars, charged with the dreadful crime of murder.

CHAPTER IV.

While Anton lay in jail wearily awaiting his trial, Velasquez arrived at the conclusion that about the best thing he could do was to move out of the valley.

So the lawyers were consulted in regard to Delaro's estate, and after several disputes a settlement was agreed upon.

Delaro's sorrowing wife, finding that the horrible associations of the district would be too much for her, resolved to sell every thing and move to Santa Rosa where her friends and parents had long resided.

In all her negotiations and other business matters, she was ably assisted and indeed guided by Joel Wilcox, and this proved a fortunate arrangement for her. For a woman with no more knowledge of law and business than Mrs. Delaro would have been a pliable tool in the hands of so unprincipled and crafty a man as Velasquez.

The estate, including the wine cellars and every thing else connected with it, was sold, and, after all the final details were settled, Velasquez received a check for very nearly the same amount he had agreed upon with Mario Delaro on the night of the murder.

He lost no time in bidding "Good-bye" to the Valley, bending his steps toward his old haunts in Frisco.

His stay there was not of long duration, for he became fearful that Anton Reyman might be acquitted of the charge of murder, following which event the impetuous Joel Wilcox would, undoubtedly, make matters rather unpleasant for him, if his whereabouts were known.

So he realised on all valuable papers in his possession and started East.

Nearly a month elapsed between the enactment of the vineyard tragedy and the time of Leon Velasquez's final disappearance from the Sonoma valley. With the assistance and advice of Joel Wilcox, Mrs. Delaro was preparing to dispose of her house and leave the district. Thanks to the old Yankee's business tact, she found that she had sufficient money left from the proceeds of the sale to keep her in comfort for a number of years. Still she was anxious to be rid of the house also.

In any case she would have been compelled to sell it shortly afterwards, for on the twentieth of the month, thirty days after Delaro's death, a notice was served on the executors of the estate to the effect that a note for ($50,000) fifty-thousand dollars drawn in favor of Leon Velasquez and discounted by him in San Francisco, was due and must be paid in three days.

This threw a new light on affairs, and Mrs. Delaro was amazed. Why had her husband given Velasquez a note at thirty days for such an amount of money? She was utterly unable to solve the riddle, and at once sought her old friend for aid.

This is what old Joel Wilcox, the millionaire, said about it: "You kin depend upon it, Mrs. Delaro, that there is more in this than you or I know at present. This note that's a lyin' in the bank for you to meet was drawn on the night that my friend Mario was murdered, and I'm as sure that it's got sumthin' to do with that dirty work as I am that Anton Reyman is innocent of it all. The note'll hev to be met, but it'll knock a big hole in what you got out of the sale o' the vineyard to do it. So when you're ready to sell your house don't go to anybody else. I'll buy it and give you a fair price for it."

Mrs. Delaro was much stirred by old Wilcox's words, and it was with a blanched face that she looked up at the big millionaire, and said: "Mr. Wilcox, do you think for one moment that Leon Velasquez had any thing to do with the death of my poor husband?"

"Yes I do," was the reply, "and what's more I'm going to find out just how much he did hev to do with it, or my name ain't Joel Wilcox."

"I don't like to think this without some good grounds for the belief," said the beautiful woman; "but I will arouse myself at once. I am unusually quiet and do not as a rule jump at conclusions; but when my husband was cruelly taken from me it seemed as though my heart had been forcibly torn from its place to be replaced by a spirit of revenge. Henceforth my duty shall be to find Mario's slayer. I, too, do not believe Anton Reyman guilty, but—" here her voice became choked with emotion and passion. The quiet, passive nature of the lady was fast fading before the hot southern blood of an aroused woman, and it was with flashing eyes and panting breath she earnestly exclaimed: "*I will* find his

"THERE IS MORE IN THIS THAN WE KNOW AT PRESENT."

murderer, and may the blessed Virgin have mercy on him when I do—for I will have none."

Joel Wilcox promised that he would leave no stone unturned, but as Reyman's trial was to come off in about ten days he must go to San Francisco and interview the brokers, so as to find out all he could about Velasquez's recent actions.

"That is the clew I must follow," he said to the widow. "In the meantime, you, of course, will keep your eyes and ears open to all that transpires in this immediate neighborhood."

Such was the compact which Joel Wilcox and the widow of Delaro entered into that night, and through many weary years of mingled hopes and disappointment, they kept the one aim in constant view.

The next morning Joel Wilcox started for San Francisco, to learn what he could about the money which Velasquez had raised on the note.

For this purpose he called at the office of Crandall & Co., investment brokers. Delaro had often told him that he was in the habit of doing a little speculating occasionally through this house, Velasquez invariably conducting the deals.

So Wilcox naturally thought this would be a good starting point.

On entering the office, he inquired for Mr. Crandall, and was ushered into the gentleman's private room.

As soon as Mr. Crandall heard the name of his caller he pricked up his ears and was immediately prepared to act as obsequiously as an obsequious man possibly could, under such circumstances.

For Joel Wilcox was a well-known man in Frisco, his enormous wealth being a matter of public gossip, and the little lynx-eyed broker thought he was in for a good stroke of business, he of course surmising that the millionaire was on the lookout for an investment.

In this, as we know, he was doomed to disappointment. The broker foresaw what was coming when Mr. Wilcox asked:

"Do you know if Leon Velasquez is in town, Mr. Crandall?" Now, the broker and Velasquez were "bosom cronies," having worked many quiet and sometimes shady deals together. Still, the broker was by far the shrewder of the two men, and while Velasquez brought the lambs to the slaughter Crandall managed to catch most of the blood. Therefore, when this question was suddenly sprung upon him he was decidedly surprised, but at the same time was too old in the business to betray any undue agitation.

"Mr. Velasquez. Ah, yes, I remember him now; the gentleman from San Paola?" he said, with assumed indifference. "But why do you come here in search of that gentleman, Mr. Wilcox; it is hardly probable that I should be aware of the fact even if he did happen to be in town. His calls here are exceedingly few and far between, like angels' visits, as it were, if I may be permitted to make use of such an old and familiar expression."

"What a lie," thought his clerk, (a young Englishman) who had without intention left the door ajar when he ushered Mr. Wilcox into the private room, and thus heard the remarks as he sat at his desk in the public office.

"Well," said Mr. Wilcox, "I have been informed that he had a good many business transactions with you and that this would be a likely place to find him."

"Yes," the little broker responded, "Mr. Velasquez certainly did have some business to transact with me but his visits here were always of the most formal nature, and we were not on such terms that I could be supposed to know much of his movements while in this city." The clerk outside had become interested by this time and mentally ejaculated: "What a liar!"

"I am not the sort of man to beat around the bush, and I may as well be plain with you," said Mr. Wilcox. "You have of course, heard of my friend Mario Delaro's murder near his own wine cellars on the night of the twenty-first of last month?"

"Yes, I did hear of the sad occurance," was the rejoinder. Joel Wilcox continued: "The week before that murder Mr. Delaro told me of a deal he made with you, though Velasquez, in some mining stock that paid big, and I'm here as a representative of Delaro's widow to know if the matter has ever been fixed up."

"Yes, I believe it has," replied Crandall; "but to make sure I will step around to the office of the broker who sold the stock for Velasquez and inquire if the money has been paid;" saying which he rose and handed Mr. Wilcox a newspaper to read during his temporary absence.

As soon as Crandall had gone Joel Wilcox muttered to himself: "Well, I wonder how much more money the villian has scraped together. There is no account of that money being paid to Delaro on his books, at least I couldn't find it if there was. The yaller-skinned 'possum tried his best to clean out his best friend before he killed him."

He was not left to his thoughts very long, for, no sooner was Crandall's back turned than the clerk made an excuse to come into the room with a bundle of papers in his hand. As soon as this individual got close enough to Mr. Wilcox he whispered:

"You were inquiring about the transactions of Mr. Velasquez with this house?"

"Yes, I was," the astonished millionaire responded.

"Then appoint a meeting with me to-night and I will give you some information that will prove of value."

"What do you know about the business?" queried Mr. Wilcox.

"More than I care to know," was the rejoinder, "but I'm getting tired of it and must tell somebody. What hotel are you stopping at?"

"The Palace," was the answer. "Room 21."

"Expect me there to-night at nine o'clock, then," said the clerk, who then left the room, not a moment too soon, for at that moment Crandall returned, his walk out to the other broker's office having been merely a "blind."

Without waiting until he was seated he informed Mr. Wilcox that the stock certificates had been sold and the money paid to Velasquez, who held a power of attorney for Mr. Delaro.

At this Mr. Wilcox rose to leave, for he felt that the interview with the clerk would serve his purpose far better than any quantity of talk with the unprincipled broker. With many polite farewells and expressions of hope for future interviews, as well as regrets at the shortness of the present visit (entirely upon the part of the broker, however), the two men parted.

Punctually at the hour of nine Crandall's clerk put in his appearance at the Palace Hotel and was shown up to Mr. Wilcox's room.

He introduced himself by means of a card bearing the legend: "Percy Beaufort Lovel."

"Now, Mr. Percy Beaufort Lovel," said the jovial host, "I guess you know a good cigar when you try one, so help yourself out of that box on the table; and I know you can drink a glass of wine, else you ain't English. So sit you down and I'll call for some of the genuine article, then we'll have a talk. But suppose, instead of calling you Mr. Percy Beaufort Lovel, we drop part of that dime novel title and call you plain Percy?"

The Englishman made no demur to any of these suggestions; so the wine was brought in, and, under its steadily-increasing influence, he told the millionaire all he knew about Velasquez.

"So you say he was squeezed into a corner the day before the murder," asked Wilcox.

"Yes, and a pretty tight one, too," was the rejoinder, "but, as he left the office, I heard him tell Mr. Crandall that he would get the money in three days by fair means or by foul."

"Whew!" was the only reply.

Then Percy proceeded and told what had happened since, how Valasquez bought up the mining stock certificates, and sold them at a sleek profit, and how he had held a note for fifty thousand dollars, given him by Delaro, which Crandall managed by false representations to get discounted for him on the quiet. Finally, Lovel told how only a week ago, Velasquez came into the office and went with Crandall to cash a check for a good part of forty thousand dollars which he said was the proceeds of the share in the sale of the Posada vineyards. Lovel gave it as his opinion that Valasquez had started East with very little short of a hundred thousand dollars cash money in his possession.

"Do you know which way he went?" asked Mr. Wilcox.

"No, I do not, sir," was the reply.

"Now, come, Percy, we shall get along a good deal better without any of that kind of business. Don't 'Sir' me any more," said the plain-spoken Yankee.

Lovel smiled and continued: "Velasquez said he might stop at Denver

"YOU WERE INQUIRING ABOUT MR. VELASQUEZ?"

awhile, but he expected to be in Chicago inside of ten days."

This information woke up the millionaire and he said: "Then time is precious. Are you willing to go with me to San Paola to-morrow, Percy?"

"Well," said Lovel, "the question is rather sudden, Mr. Wilcox, and I might lose my place if I go without Mr. Crandall's permission."

"Curse your position!" ejaculated Wilcox. "Come with me and help to run that villain to earth and I'll see that you have a position as long as I live."

"That settles it," said Percy. "I've been drifting all over for the last seven years and I may as well keep it up."

The next day the millionaire and his new-found friend, the poor English clerk, started off to San Paola together and forged links of friendship that were only snapped by death, while Crandall lost a good clerk who was too honest for his questionable service.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TEN years ago a good buffalo head sold from $15 to $40. The price now ranges from $75 to $400. Rocky Mountain sheep are not very numerous, and the handsome head of that animal brings from $35 to $100. Mountain sheep are sold in pairs, when the taxidermist has saved the whole animal, and they sell for $350 a pair. Elk heads sell from $35 to $300 each. Grizzly bear rugs bring from $35 to $200 each, black bear as high as $75.

SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.

A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION.

A very effective method of showing the evils of slavery, much in vogue in anti-slavery days, was the contrasting of the workings of the two systems of labor, free and slave, as they were seen in two different States, separated only by a river, as in the case of Ohio and Kentucky.

The south side of Long Island presents a similar opportunity of contrasting the working of the two systems of common and private property in land.

The territory of Long Island was originally granted by patents from the crown to certain individuals having influence at court or by purchase, some of which grants were confirmed by subsequent colonial governors, and some were repurchased from the Indians, who lived upon it. Most of these grants extended from the sound to the ocean, and consequently included the bay that intervenes between the south shore of the island and the outer beach, a narrow strip of sand separating the bay from the ocean.

With one or two exceptions these grants have not been held to cover or convey any right to the waters of the bay or to its bottom, if covered by water. As a consequence, the bay and its natural products have been held and used, as they were by the Indians who lived on its margin when this country was discovered. Every person, at least every person residing in the town which claims jurisdiction over it, is free to launch his boat, and take from its waters its natural products without any restrictions except such as are binding upon all, and enforced by the town for the good of all. If any revenue is derived from renting portions of its bottom or for the privilege of cutting grass on its islands, that revenue goes into the treasury of the town, not into any private pockets.

Here, then, is an example of natural opportunities, which by some good fortune escaped the clutches of monopoly, and are now, as they have ever been, free to all who choose to use them. The general result of this is, that nowhere in the United States is there less suffering, less poverty, and more independence than in those towns bordering on the Great South bay. Here there are no strikes, no lock-outs, no beggars and no poor, except from misfortune or vice. In times of financial depression and business stagnation, when want of employment converts skilled workmen and wealth producers into homeless tramps, the towns of Long Island bordering on the bay do not feel the "hardness of the times" as it is felt elsewhere. And why? Because natural opportunities are never closed to any one. When a man can do nothing else or find nothing else to do, the bay, with its inexhaustible store of wild fowl, shell and other fish is open to him at all times without the permission of any one and without the necessity of paying some one for the privilege. Hundreds of men in all the towns bordering on the bay do now, as their ancestors have done for generations, "follow the bay" for a livelihood, and from the earnings of which many are enabled to own their homes, but which is becoming more and more difficult to do, because of the monopoly of the land near the shore; which natural opportunities from their enhanced value (being held from use for speculative purposes) are no longer accessible to any but the rich. Grants conferred by some King or Governor, long since turned to dust, and who had no more right to give away the land of Long island to the then existing generation, than he had to convey territory in the moon, much less to deprive the men of succeeding generations of a natural right, enable a few to hold the land from those who could use it, awaiting the coming of the wealthy, who, because of its advantages near the sea, will give for it a sum which the baymen can never hope to possess.

Now, supposing the same system had obtained on the water as on the land, how different might not the condition of the baymen have been to-day! Instead of ownership by the town, there would have been many private ownerships or landlords. No man could then have launched his boat upon the bay without somebody's permission. On every bushel of shellfish he brought to shore, and on every take of fish he would be required to pay a tax, just as the barons of the Rhine used to exact a toll of all who sailed past their castles, the former tax being no more justifiable than the latter. As a result of that system, we should have seen palatial residences (modern castles) in every town erected by the descendants of the original grantees out of the rents levied on the industry of the baymen, who from a condition of independence and comfort would become dependent and poor in proportion as their landlords became rich. Or it might happen, as it has happened in Scotland and Ireland, where whole counties have been depopulated because it became more profitable to let the land for game preserves for the pleasure of "my lord" than for legitimate industry.

Who can doubt that if the bay was in private hands to-day it would not be long before it would lapse into the possession of the Goulds and Vanderbilts, and be used by them exclusively for pleasure.

The baymen's occupation would then, like Othello's, "be gone," and with the loss of those natural opportunities would commence a fiercer struggle for existence than they or their ancestors have ever felt before, which would result, either in emigration or a gradual reduction to the condition of the peasant on the coast of Ireland, who in addition to the ground rent of their poor holdings are compelled to pay for the sea weed cast up by the waves, which is used to fertilize the barren land.

If then the system of common property as applied to the Great South bay, is so equitable and just, and has been so conducive to the general welfare of all classes, why should not the principle when applied to land be equally promotive of the best interests of all? And is it not a fact, patent to all not blinded by prejudice, that the same evils that we have shown would inevitably have resulted from making the bay private property have resulted from the application of that principle to the land.

If then common property as exemplified in its application to the Great South bay has worked so beneficently, why not extend the principle to the land also?

"It is never too late to mend," and, notwithstanding the unequal distribution of land consequent on the present system, the "single tax" as advocated by the united labor party, will, by taking only land values, gradually restore unused land to the people without injustice to any. HUGH B. BROWN.

Prof. Sumner and Human Commodities.

[From N. Y. Standard.]

Prof. W. G. Sumner is writing for the Independent as to the "Significance of the demand for men." Referring to an idea often expressed in one form or another, that it is a shame men are subject to supply and demand, Prof. Sumner says that as we want to know the facts about man and the world in which he lives just as they are, it is "irrevalent and idle to talk about what is consonant with, or what is hostile to, man's notions of his own dignity," and warns his readers that "it will be found that men are subject to supply and demand."

This is not true, and Prof. Sumner's mistake is due to his neglect of his own postulate that "we want to know the facts about man, and the world in which he lives, just as they are, without regard to any thing else whatsoever." One of the facts about man and the world in which he lives is that the means supplied him by natural laws whereby he may provide for his natural wants are taken away from him by human law. He can not provide for his wants as an animal without land, and he can not provide for his wants as a civilized man without land in civilized locations. If the right to land be taken from men in general and vested in some men, the law of supply and demand will operate just as Prof. Sumner says it will. The need for workers on the part of land owners or of men who can buy rights of access to land will regulate the demand, and the number of landless men whose necessities force them to offer their labor for sale will constitute the supply. But if this is what Prof. Sumner means when he says men are subject to supply and demand, his phrase is grossly misleading, He should have written: "Men are subject to supply and demand when land is monopolized." But to say that would be to hint to all to whom the idea that man is a commodity is repugnant that the artificial monopoly of land should be abolished.

It is true that black men are subject to slavery when and where human laws reduce them to servitude; but it is not true that black men are subject to slavery, in any such sense as that slavery is a natural condition of black men. So it is true that men are subject to supply and demand when land is artificially monopolized; but it is not true that men are subject to supply and demand in any such sense as that this is a natural condition or with any such implication as that even attempts to remove them from the operation of the law of supply and demand must be in contravention of natural law. If we found, as Prof. Sumner does, that men are subject to supply and demand, it would be, indeed, in that connection, "irrelevant and idle to talk about what is consonant with or hostile to a man's notions of his own dignity;" but when we find that man is subject to supply and demand because human laws of land tenure and trade deprive him of what is as essential to his existence as his lungs or his brains, it is not irrelevant or idle to talk about what is consonant with or hostile to his notions of his own dignity. His notions of his own dignity—his notions of his own natural rights—are pertinent and useful in the highest degree when he considers the question of changing the human laws that made him subject to supply and demand.

IN the very centers of our civilization to-day are want and suffering enough to make sick at heart whoever does not close his eyes and steel his nerves. Dare we turn to the Creator and ask Him to relieve it? Supposing the prayer were heard, and at the behest with which the universe sprang into being there should glow in the sun a greater power; new virtue fill the air; fresh vigor the soil; that for every blade of grass that now grows two should spring up, and the seed that now increases fifty fold should increase a hundred fold! Would poverty be abated or want relieved? Manifestly no! Whatever benefit would accrue would be but temporary. The new powers streaming through the material universe could only be untilized through land. And land, being private property, the classes that now monopolize the bounty of the Creator would monopolize all the new bounty. Land owners would alone be benefitted. Rents would increase, but wages would still tend to the starvation point!—Progress and Poverty.

THE man who told Mr. Cavanagh that if the single tax once gave the people access to the land they would cut down all the trees and thus put an end to rain fall, gave an amusing illustration of the mental process that a number of people mistake for thinking. Nothing in the world has had so much to do with the destruction of the forests of this country as the monopoly of arable land by speculators, who drove men up mountain sides and into inaccessible places, that under any natural system would be devoted to forestry purposes for a thousand years. Next in importance to land monopoly in bringing about this result have been the stupid tariff laws that denied our people the opportunity to obtain cheap lumber from Canada, much of which is produced in regions not suited to agriculture.—The Standard.

THE truth is, and from this truth there can be no escape, that there is and can be no just title to an exclusive possession of the soil, and that private property in land, is a bold, bare, enormous wrong, like that of chattel slavery.

The majority of men in civilized communities do not recognize this, simply because the majority of men do not think. With them whatever is, is right, until its wrongfulness has been frequently pointed out, and in general they are ready to crucify whoever first attempts this.—Progress and Poverty.

WHAT has destroyed every previous civilization has been the tendency to the unequal distribution of wealth and power. This same tendency, operating with increasing force, is observable in our civilization to-day, showing itself in every progressive community, and with greater intensity the more progressive the community. Wages and interest tend constantly to fall, rent to rise, the rich to become very much richer, the poor to become more helpless and hopeless, and the middle class to be swept away.—Progress and Proverty.

THE fundamental principle to which all others are secondary, is the placing of all taxation upon land values. Land and labor are co-relative, each being useless to civilization without the other. This fundamental change in our political system will comprehend all minor reforms.—Middletown, N. Y., Advance.

OUR primary social adjustment is a denial of justice. In allowing one man to own the land on which and from which other men must live, we have made them his bondsmen in a degree which increases as material progress goes on.—Progress and Poverty.

PITH AND POINT.

—**Driven Out by Rudeness.—"Why did the soprano leave?" "She said the preaching interrupted her conversation with the tenor.—"N. Y. Sun.**

—Dick—"What on earth have you been doing, Jack—shoveling coal!" Jack—"No, I've been taking notes with a fountain pen."—Harvard Lampoon.

—Judging from Results.—"Does your daughter play on the piano?" "Waal, she says she does; but I kinder thinks she works on it."—Fort Worth Gazette.

—Have you ever observed that when a woman is buying a cheap quality of any thing, or a small quantity of it, she generally "buyes it for a friend?"—Boston Traveller.

—"Well, good-bye, dear nephew. If you should happen to be in want of money you can write to me." "Here is the letter now, uncle, if you will be so kind."—Fliegende Blatter.

—"You say a dealer in amateur photographers' goods has failed. I don't believe it. The profits are immense. How did it happen?" "He was an amateur photographer himself."—Chicago Tribune.

—You say that all dreams are due to something influencing the sleeper at that particular moment. How do you account for my dreaming the other night that I was dead? "Probably the room was too hot."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Have you noticed what a vast quantity of information old Simple has acquired during the last several days?" "Yes. It is easily accounted for. His fifteen-year-old son returned from boarding school last week for a short visit."—Norristown Herald.

—Time's Changes.—Brown—"So you could never understand a woman?" Cobwigger—"No. Before marriage I occupied my time in making myself out worse than I was; now it takes me every minute of my time to make myself out better than I am."—Epoch.

—Ethel—"I am so anxious about my new dress! I shall insist on having my dress-maker make it fit me. It will then be sure to look well." Maud—"Yes; but wouldn't it look better if you insisted on having the dress-maker make you fit it instead?"—Harper's Bazar.

—Medical science threatens to circumvent all the ills that flesh is heir to, and as in time there will be no such thing as death the earth will soon become crowded. Therefore hold on to your real estate. It can not help going up several hundred per cent.—Boston Transcript.

—Finnegan (listening to the clock as it strikes)—"What's that? Eliven, twelve, thirtane, fourt—Bad 'cess t' it! Bye gorra, the divil's in it! Tek that, me foine timepiece, an' that!" Mrs. Finnegan—"Wusha, hivin save us, Phelim, fwhat did yez smash the clock fur? It's th' ownly wan we hav!" Finnegan—"Oi don't give a contynintal. The clock sthruck furrst!"—Boston Traveler.

—By Proxy.—"John," said Rev. Mr. Goodman to the hired man, "are you a Christian?" "Why—er—no, sir," replied John. "Do you ever swear?" "I—I'm sometimes a little keerless like in my talk." "I am sorry, John," rejoined Mr. Goodman. "But we will converse about this some other time. I wish you would take this money and settle this bill of $4 for thawing out a waterpipe, and talk to the man in a careless kind of way as if it were your own bill."—Chicago Tribune.

CAMPAIGN THUNDER.

How a Candidate was Crushed by a Penny-a-Liner.

As about eight out of ten men one meets nowadays are up for the Legislature, county sheriff or some thing, it is not surprising that a large proportion of these politicians are of the self-made variety that could not deliver an intelligible speech if they were to be hanged. The result is that the hard-up penny-a-liners are turning an honest penny by supplying these tongue-tied statesmen with ready-made campaign thunder.

The other night there was a most enthusiastic primary meeting at Petaluma, during which an aspirant for county clerk was introduced.

The gentleman laid a voluminously-written speech on the desk and started in. He had only got as far as "Fellow citizens," when a hungry-looking party in a week-before-last shirt, and whose whole appearance denoted destitution, stood up in the front row and whispered:

"How about that little amount?"

The orator coughed, colored, looked fixedly at the gallery, and strove to continue.

"I say," continued the interrupter, more loudly, "you know what I told you—cash down or no sale."

"I'll—I'll see you in the morning," gasped the mortified politician.

"Morning don't go," replied the creditor, doggedly. "You can't play the morning dodge on me; I'm dead on to you fellows, I am. You've got to put up or shut up. Pungle out that $12 right here, or nary an orate."

"I haven't got that amount with me," murmured the distinguished speaker, fumbling in his clothes. "Just—just sit down, and I'll see you later."

"Later be blowed," growled the pencil parer, and reaching up he transferred the manuscript to his coat-tail pocket and walked out. The crushed nominee took a back seat on the platform and wept like a child, while the band filled in its time by "Listen to the Mocking Bird," with variations.—San Francisco News-Letter.

Mahogany Packing-Cases.

There are few instruments or pieces of apparatus more delicate and fragile than many of the costly and intricate productions of mechanical skill in general use to-day by electrical companies for the purposes of refined electrical measurement, and it can easily be understood that the difficulty of shipping these expensive and easily deranged instruments from place to place without risk of damage from careless handling in transit is a perplexing question both to manufacturers and users. A famous English electrician says that he early adopted a plan which proved so successful that he has adhered to it ever since. Finding that careful packing and conspicuous labels stating the contents to be "glass, with great care," were not always sufficient to prevent breakage and damage to delicate parts, he hit on the idea of sending out all his instruments in beautifully polished mahogany cases, with brass handles and mountings. The exquisite appearance of the cases appealed successfully even to the callous natures of porters and dock-hands; they positively had not the heart to scratch the immaculate polish by rough handling, and the freedom of the instruments from damage amply repaid the extra cost of the luxurious cases.—Chicago Daily News.