Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI

FOOLED BY A TAME BEAR.

The Huge Joke Put Up on an English Sportsman.

"I've done some b'ar hunting in my time, I reckon," said Grizzly Bill, pulling his shaggy red beard meditatively, says a San Francisco correspondent, "and I've laid out about as many of 'em as most, but the b'ar hunt that we had right here, less'n five years ago, 'ud lay over any show as I ever seen in the theayter at 'Frisco, and this was how it was:

"We'd got a young Britisher just cum to the valley that time who war death on shootin', and carried nuff guns and pistols with him to kill every critter as cum out o' the ark.

"He had good stuff in him somewheres, I reckon, for he giv' a heap of dollars to them sick folks down Fever Hollow way, and he could rough it without gruntin' and growlin' at suthin' every minute, like some on 'em.

"But he did put on airs, that's a fact. To hear him talk you'd hev thought the tallest shooting in the Rockies warn't in it along o' his'n, and at last the boys got mad at his crowin', and me and two or three more 'lowed we'd show him some sport, and see what he was made of.

"One night Breakneck Ben cum in and said he'd sighted a b'ar trail on the hill above our gulch, so we sent off Scalpin' Sam full split to tell the Britisher.

Wal, I reckon the tenderfoot had grit in him, though he was sich an etarnal fool. Sam 'lowed the b'ar was bigger'n a buffler, but the Britisher warn't skeered a bit. He jist whipped up his rifle and came runnin' up the gulch for all he war worth, and him and me and Ben and Sam we all sot off together to find the b'ar.

"As we went along I says to Ben, thoughtful like:

" 'Ben, warn't it right here as we found that half-eaten feller whose name nobody ever knowed?'

" 'You bet,' said Ben. 'He'd slipped down atwixt two rocks and stuck fast so as he couldn't get out agin, and the wolves they cum around and gobbled up all the top half of him, chunk by chunk, and when we found him there warn't nothin' left but his legs, cause they couldn't get at them.'

" 'And up yander, by that white stone,' chips in Sam, 'was whar the Dutchman fit the grizzly. He'd let drop his gun down the canyon and had only his bowie to fight with; so the b'ar got a holt on him and giv him a hug that bruck his back just as he run the bowie blumb into the b'ar's heart. It was an even game atwixt 'em, I reckon, and the honors war easy.'

"And so we went, one wors'n tother; but, say what we liked, we didn't skeer the tenderfoot worth a cent—he'd got grit in him, make no mistake.

"Wal, pretty soon we got into jist as mean a place as you could think of to meet a b'ar in—a long, straight canyon, as deep as a mine, with rocks on each side that a catamount couldn't climb—and whatever you met, no room to dodge or run, you'd got to stand squarely up and fight it out.

"I was jist sayin' to Ben, 'Pard, if the b'ar catches us here it'll be mighty rough on some of us,' when there cum a snort and a growl overhead, and a big b'ar cum tearin' down the gully full gallop right at us.

"We boys let strip, but we must ha' been kind o' nervous, for we all missed, an' fore the Britisher could fire I gripped his arm and said: 'Hold in till I give the word, for if you miss he'll lay out the hull lot of us!'

"The tenderfoot clinched his teeth and stood ready, and down cum the b'ar! But just as he got within ten yards I held out my hand and hollered. 'Up!' and up got the b'ar on his hind legs, and began to dance a horn-pipe.

"You see, it war a tame b'ar, as we'd got from French Pete, of Dogtown, to git the laugh of that Britisher, and Pete himself cum along with it and let it loose down the gully jist at the right minute.

"Wal, if ever I seen a fellow look sick it was that Britisher jist then. Fact, he felt so bad that we were kind o' sorry for him a'ter all, but 'fore he quit he killed three genuine b'ar himself and could laugh at that trick same as we did."—Atlanta Constitution.

He Jumped.

At midnight the other night a man walked down President street, Brooklyn, singing "The Old Kentucky Home" at the top of his voice. A window went up and the voice of an indignant citizen shouted at him:

"You, there! You ought to be arrested and sent up for a month!"

"What have I done?" innocently inquired the singer.

"You are bawling along the street and waking everybody up!"

"Bawling!"

"Yes, bawling."

"Well, mebbe I was; I wasn't paying much attention. I will now do my best, however."

And he struck up "The Old Oaken Bucket" about four keys higher, and lifted every baby on the street out of its crib.—M. Quad, in N. Y. World.

Justifiable.

Oklahoma Justice (to City Marshal)—What's the charge agin Alkali Ike?

Marshal — Assault. The plaintiff, Miss Dolly Dainty, jest from the east, was walkin' along the street when Ike ran out uv the Rosebud Fortune Parlars an' kissed her three times before I could git thar to stop him.

Justice—Is this yere young lady the plaintiff?

Marshal—Yes, yer honor.

Justice—Did she have on that thar pink dress with lace business around the neck, an' them little curls peekin' out from under the front uv her hat?

Marshal—Yes, she——

Justice—The prisoner is discharged. A man that wouldn't kiss her if he got a chance ort to be shot on the spot.—National Tribune.

—Not Monotonous for Clarence.—"Pop," said Clarence Calliper, "give me five cents?" "What for?" said Mr. Calliper. "To get some sarsaparilla with." "You have asked me for five cents every day this week," said Mr. Calliper, as he handed over the money. "Don't you think this is getting a little monotonous?" "No," said Clarence. "I don't; I don't always get sarsaparilla. Sometimes I get root beer and sometimes I get soda."—N. Y. Sun.

A ROMANCE OF TWO BROTHERS.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

AUTHOR OF "THE CONFESSIONS OF CLAUD," "AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN," "THE EVIL THAT MEN DO," "A NEW YORK FAMILY," ETC.

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CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"I *did* think of doing so," returned Gerald, as he pulled at his yellow moustache and cordially hated the lie that he was acting. "But the fact is, Sylvan, Clyde is so dreadfully busy, don't you know, and—er—all that kind of thing." Here was a very lame winding-up of what Gerald believed a sentence that might provoke his brother's keen curiosity. But Sylvan only let his eyelids once more wearily droop and his head sink deeper into the pillow, as he said: "And you yourself have not cared to study it out alone, I suppose?"

The question was so listlessly given that Gerald felt he could perhaps let it safely pass without a response. He waited a little while, regarding his brother's blanched face as though any new instant might bring to it the sudden look of inquiry which he preferred not to see. But no such look broke Sylvan's apathy. After a short time, Gerald felt the sick man's pulse. This act did not alter the evident slumber into which he had fallen. It was a weak pulse, Gerald decided, and yet not abnormally so. The young man remembered that Dr. Clyde had but recently decided Sylvan's latest condition to be one of nervous exhaustion, cerebral in its immediate origin, and yet not of necessity serious.

But his first illness had been serious. Gerald had arrived at the home of his brother to find him the prey of a brain-fever which threatened his life. It was a wretched shock, that meeting, and it bore, soon afterward, what to this genial young pilgrim from far-away Cambridge proved bitter-tasting fruit.

"All zest and flavor have gone out of my life," Sylvan soon told his brother. The story which was presently unfolded had the effect of a tragedy divided into acts, for it was more than once interrupted by either piteous delirium or silencing fatigue. Gerald first marveled at the flight of Lucia, and then caught himself sympathizing with her in the course that she had taken. He came across a photograph of her which bore her name and a fond phrase written underneath it. Studying the face with some attention, he grew convinced that it betrayed in molding and lines of feature a spirit of strength and delicacy strangely mingled. Yes, he decided, here was just the woman to resent such imbecility as her husband has shown and desert him, half through loathing and half through despair. For Gerald, having learned from his brother precisely with what sort of opposition he had met his wife when she desired to carry out the wishes of the dead, stood amazed before a confession of narrow-mindedness which past experiences might have prepared him to receive. At first the whole idea of an "elixir"

"BROTHER, YOU KNOW ME, DON'T YOU?"

tinged the memory of his father with sad dismay. Georgina Maynard had never succeeded in casting about the mind of her younger son that spell of horror for his father's nonconformist views which clearly had affected Sylvan. Gerald had long delighted to think of his father as the intellectual rebel he was darkly hinted to have been. At Cambridge the almost boyish aspirant for future medical excellence had drawn joyously on those wells of egotism which youth finds furnished with such easy buckets and smooth-running cordage, and had told himself that his own love for scientific inquiry sprang wholly from the scope and acumen of that vanished paternal mind. But now, at Sylvan's bidding, to look upon Egbert Maynard in the light of a mere thaumaturgist, a dabbler in those follies of pseudo-chemistry which science frowned down as flimsy sensationalism—this point of regard brought with it disappointment chill and keen.

But soon Gerald's feelings markedly changed. Sylvan, throughout his narration, had spoken as if all the old morbid forces of his "morality" were now in a dismal state of rout. "I'm willing to grant," he said, "that I've acted with fatal self-trust. I deceived Lucia in the burning of that counterfeit paper because it seemed to me that by so doing I might sear away the sinful longings that clutched her soul. But now, seeing the results of my act, I—I am terribly doubtful of its righteousness. Perhaps, after all, the Divine will meant that this secret our father gave me to disclose should be published for the seeming ill of man, as a temptation and hence a test. Between that will and its holy object perhaps I have insolently intruded my own personal disfavor."

Here Gerald gave a fleeting smile that was instinct with melancholy derision.

"Good heavens," he said, "you can't think that father has really found this vital principle of which you tell me that his curous message breaths?"

"I don't know, I don't know," came the forlorn answer "I was as skeptical as yourself, Gerald, a little while ago. I chiefly thought of his motive in trying *to seek* such interference with the sacred laws of life and death. Now that Lucia has left me and I am so horribly bereaved by her abandonment, I feel like resigning all claim to the hateful heritage. Take it, scan it well with your clearer gaze and saner mind. You shall have it for the asking, to do with as you please." Gerald took the manuscript, never dreaming that he would care to bestow upon it more than a few careless though regretful glances. But in a little while his eyes were riveted, his face had begun alternately to pale and flush. An hour or two afterward he went to Crawford Clyde, who had already so heartily welcomed him for the sake of his own friend, Thorndyke, but who had scarcely exchanged ten words with him before the native charm of Gerald wrought its winsome results.

"Thereby hangs a tale," said Dr. Clyde's new friend while handing him the curious declaration of his death-menaced father. "In the name of reason tell me what you think of it. I have been simply dazed after reading and re-reading it a score of times, and confess that I'm dazed still."

Crawford Clyde examined the paper with as much expedition as his many professional duties allowed. However, this meant with him no long delay, for he found time to do every thing—though nothing well, if faith could be put in the judgments of his foes. But his friends affirmed far differently. They said, and seemingly with loving unction, that he managed to do every thing, and nothing ill. It is certain that by some of his own guild this wondrously successful young physician was often called a sham, a fraud. But as Ross Thorndyke had quickly seen in him, he was really the kind of man in whom solid traits predominated, while

"TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF IT."

fanciful ones merely embellished and trimmed these, like friezes of ornate carving on a structure both sturdy and grave. Those who estimated him by his whims and conceits were speedily convinced of his shallowness. Passionately a music-lover, he was often seen at the opera; devoted to the reading of novels, he seldom missed a good one in either English or French; fond as a woman of flowers, he bought them at all seasons, filling his apartments with them and not seldom over-filling as well a button-hole of his modish coat. He dwelt in a small but luxurious home, and received his patients in a room heavy with floral perfumes and decorated in Moorish designs. When he wrote his prescriptions a diamond of great value, set in twisted silver, flashed from his right hand. He was hardly five-and-thirty, with eyes that held the baffling darkness and luster of ebony when made to shine its most somberly brilliant, and a face whose pointed brown beard and waxed mustache had been spitefully compared to that of some susceptible *boulevardier*.

"You should have been a Frenchman," Dr. Thorndyke had once said to him. "Then you would never have had to meet the accusation of 'humbug.'"

"I don't meet it now," smiled Clyde, with a wave of one shapely hand; "I dismiss it."

All in all, he had achieved a phenomenal success, alone piercing with envy those who were ungenerous enough to deny the worth of his notable cures. That this number was large it need not be recorded, since there are some persons who have a private little rogues' gallery composed entirely of those who in any special march of effort have presumed to distance them.

Nevertheless, Clyde had for a physician his mental faults, and among these imagination ruled as chief. Full of fine intuitions, he sometimes forgot, in this bloom and hey-day of his victorious career, the cooler methods which had mainly compassed it. "We men of science must speak by the card," he had once said in his crisp, gay way to Thorndyke, "or enthusiasms will undo us." His auditor had smiled, thinking how sadly, if this were true, Clyde would have been undone before he could count, as now, his patients by the hundreds.

With these enthusiasms Gerald had now grown pleasantly familiar. And yet, through the weeks of their acquaintanceship he had never seen so vivid a sparkle in the dark eyes of his new friend as when Clyde at length handed him back the paper fraught with its alleged solution of the impossible.

"I don't claim to be of much importance as a chemist," were the first words that greeted Gerald, "but unless I mightily mistake, my boy, here is a bit of genius fit to startle millions."

Gerald answered excitedly: "To startle them only, Dr. Clyde? Don't you think—"

"It may do more than merely that?" the other broke in. "Ah, what I've just said seems audacity enough in itself. My dear Maynard—my dear Gerald, if you'll let me call you so—when I'd read through half that extraordinary piece of writing, I began to laugh as a fellow would do at some bright but over-bold extravaganza. It seemed as if a man were saying: 'Look; I can take the clouds out of the sky, turn them into a new metal, like Milton's "more ethereal" one, and build you with them a "stately pleasure-house," like the one poor Coleridge saw in that mad vision born of his drug.' But after I'd read on, the smile died from my lips. Here, too, might be madness, but it certainly had the trick of looking as sane as Hamlet's. The whole thing, if a failure, is defeat with almost the magnificence of conquest."

They talked on together for a good while about the new proposed dealings with electricity and the three elementary chemical bodies that were ordered as concomitants in its astounding treatment before a certain "whitish liquid, excessively volatile and somewhat luminous if stirred," should at last crown the operator's labors.

"You state that you know very little of chemistry," Gerald presently said. "I begin to see that you are full of such knowledge."

"It has a shabby look beside yours," answered Clyde, heartily—"by Jove, if it hasn't!"

Gerald colored at the compliment. Again Clyde laughed, and in his blithe style went on: "You can blush as modestly as a girl, my lad—as the girl, perhaps, whom you've left behind you."

"I've left no girl behind me," said Gerald, with instant frankness.

"What! How marvelous! At your age you've never been in love? That beats the wonders that your father prophesies."

"Oh, I've fancied myself in love more than once," affirmed Gerald, "but each dream has been like those roses that scatter their petals when we try to pluck them."

"Ah, some day you'll pluck a rose that will accommodate you by staying on her stem."

"Let us hope so," smiled Gerald, with a shrug. "But you," he pursued, "have *you* never thought of marriage?"

"It seems to me that I'm always thinking of it and never performing it," said Clyde, with a little sigh and a downward look at the nosegay that nearly always gleamed on the lapel of his coat. Then he glanced upward and lifted both hands with mock despair. "Ah, that matrimony!" he murmured. "I'm ambitious. I want to get out of life all it will give me, but I feel convinced the older I grow that marriage is the one state of being for which I should never find time. It would involve, so to speak, a cruel confusion in the rest of my affairs, and would ruin my present splendid reputation for keeping them all duly labeled and pigeonholed. No; it is true that I can crowd many occupations into a single day, but marriage is precisely one egg too many for my basket."

This lightsome speech jarred upon Gerald. He gave an impatient frown, which Clyde's quick eye saw, and explained: "You think me flippant," he pursued, "at a time when you expected me to show the greatest gravity . . . And you are wholly right."

"I expected you—at least I hoped to find you—aidful," Gerald said, with a sad kind of courtesy.

"Command my aid, dear fellow."

"How shall I act regarding this paper? You know how my brother treated it—what a puritanic repulsion it roused in him?"

"Yes."

"More than this, you know how he has literally lost a young and charming wife because of it. At least, her picture seems to assure me that she was charming," added Gerald, "and certainly Sylvan's desperate sense of loss would confirm this view."

Clyde shook his head as if in strong doubt. "She may have been charming enough. But to leave him like that! It strikes me as a huge piece of nonsense. Still," he went on, "there is no accounting for a certain sort of feminine wildness. It crops out in our sister sex with all the botanical caprice of fungi. Now, in the matter of counsel, accept from me this bit of dictum: By all means exploit your father's idea, and as thoroughly as you are able."

"You mean, follow his instructions to the letter?"

"Yes."

"Your words are immensely welcome!" exclaimed Gerald. "I feared your discouragement. And upon my word I should not have had the heart, after receiving it, to fly in the face of our nineteenth century skepticisms. Any practical putting to proof of what the manuscript enjoins, will require an outlay of certain funds, and these, thanks to Dr. Thorndyke's goodness, need not trouble me. But it may also require the help of a skillful, perhaps a very accomplished chemist. May I seek your influence in securing *his* services?"

"Emphatically I should advise no such course," declared Clyde.

"What? You believe that I could work alone?"

"Far better if you did. Get assistance, of course, but let it only be that of servant to master."

"Ah, but if I fail?"

"Then you will fail without also incurring ridicule. And that, to a man of your youth and your aspirations, might cause serious damage in the future. Either this formula is a great *coup* in the world of science, or it is the merest nullity. If it be the first, you will win all credit, Heaven knows, for having rested your faith upon it; if the last, you will escape the sneers of those who rate all daring endeavor as Quixotism till forced to do it homage as success."

Gerald took these words to heart. He promptly prepared a laboratory, and without a hint to Sylvan concerning his intentions, passed hours there each day. His assistant was of Dr. Clyde's own selection, a young man, but fairly well educated, whose technical knowledge just suited the services for which he was needed and in whom no suspicion of the task which his employer had set himself ever might be feared to rise.

An absorbing task Gerald soon found it, and one that often had upon him the effect of a gloomful, overhanging sky in which burns a single star. Hope was that star, and soon its brightening orb seemed to throb with the pulsations of its watcher's delighted heart. Learning from Dr. Thorndyke that the latter had been prostrated in Chicago by a rheumatic seizure more painful than serious, he felt a thrill of actual terror at the chance of being forced to quit New York. Then, with an immense relief, he read further on in the letter of his benefactor certain other comforting words. "Do not dream of hurrying on here," wrote Thorndyke. "I should simply be a nuisance to you as yet. Remain in New York and enjoy yourself. When I am better I will send for you and we can talk over your future with leisurely phrases. I am distressed to hear of Sylvan's continued illness—or rather what you call, even more somberly, his relapse." This relapse afforded Gerald his sole excuse for not joining Dr. Thorndyke in Chicago. As it was, he felt conscience-twinges at his his own satisfaction. Surely this whole business of "the elixir" was making him grossly selfish. He found it hard work to sympathize properly with his stricken brother—either in speech or in spirit, and Sylvan's plaints, to-day more and to-morrow less dolorous, began oddly to affect his strained and anxious nerves. What, after all, to him was this Lucia, this recurring and unceasing Lucia, who had chosen to shroud herself in shadow and silence? He had his own "Lucia" to think of, had Gerald.

"I keep suspecting that she may after all have been hidden away by that aunt of hers, Mrs. Calderly," Sylvan would murmur.

"But you have seen Mrs. Calderly," Gerald would reply, "and she has told you—"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Should Have Had an Ancestry.

Mrs. Riverside Rives (at the auction rooms)—What a lovely collection of antiques!

Mrs. Calumet—Yes; but what a pity it is that one has to buy them all second-hand!—Puck.

A Paying Business.

Gadden—They tell me you've gone into a new business, Madden. Is it a paying one?

Madden—Paying one? I should remark. It keeps me paying bills all the time.—Boston Courier.

SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT

THE NEW ABOLITION.

From a Speech Delivered By William Lloyd Garrison Before the Chicago (Ill.) Single Tax Club, September 3, 1891.

I find myself unexpectedly a brief sojourner in your great city, and yet without the feelings of a stranger. And, as in the German song, "Where is the German's Fatherland?" the answer is, "wherever there is freedom," so geography matters not, where there are common sympathies and common aims; and by the great lake, I am made to feel as much at home as by the Atlantic, where my lot is cast. The kinship of humanity transcends that of birth, and association in the pursuit of an unselfish ideal makes the true brotherhood.

I bring you cheer from your fellow workers in the east. The principles of the single tax are winning their slow but certain way. Slow, only in the sense of our impatience. Taking a retrospect of the movement, dating from the publication of "Progress and Poverty," marvelous and rapid has been our stride.

The subject of taxation, wrested from theorists and statisticians, commands the thought and conversation of the community. Labor, too long insensible to the conditions which have crushed it, begins to ask the reason for its burdens and to perceive that they are possible only so long as passive ignorance prevails. For poverty comes not of the gods, but is self-imposed, and instead of calling upon Hercules to lift the wagon out of the mire, the driver must put his own shoulder to the wheel. The tax-gatherers of all nations, obscure as far as possible the workings of their systems, purposely intricate and involved. They throw the common understanding off the scent, and the toiler, who has little time for thought or reading, concludes that government is an inscrutible muddle and that the higher power is responsible for the hopeless degradations of its victims.

We preach a new evangel of reason and of life, and repel as blasphemous this aspersion of divine goodness. The fault is in ourselves, not in our stars. Self-government is not intricate, taxation is as simple as the daily trade of the citizen with his grocer, but as an instrument of spoliation and exaction it has to be disguised. Personal interests underlie the public weal, and individuals grow rich because the masses are defrauded.

* * * * * * * * *

In our anxiety to win converts to our reform, to make them see what seems so plain to us, we sometimes show a lack of patience which is born of zeal but not of philosophy. When the pioneer of the anti-slavery movement first realized the atrocity of slavery, he thought that he had simply to bring it to the attention of his church and his good fellow-citizens to command instant co-operation. Little did he dream that thirty years of agitation and bitter persecution lay before him, and that the ministers and the merchants would join hands to crush the abolitionists. Yet it was natural and could not have been otherwise, because vested interests were intertwined with slavery, and the kind neighbor grows savage when his pocket nerve is touched.

So we find it hard to secure the convert to whom our argument entitles us, and reasons, though as thick as blackberries, have no weight, if he thinks his personal interest is to be affected by our plan. That is human nature and it takes a long time for men to see that what is injurious to the body politic can not be good for the individual; but by and by the logic of events, as it is called, forces them to side with right and they see that true material prosperity can not be divorced from moral methods.

In speaking to audiences unfamiliar with our doctrine and unread in our literature, I am always puzzled to know how to present the question intelligibly. If the ethical side is dwelt upon, then many go away saying: "That is a very pretty and plausible theory, but how will it work in practice?" and they imagine one case where hardship would seem to follow, and conclude that the scheme is chimerical. If the economic side is emphasized and figures and facts adduced—as comparatively few are students of political economy, the listener is often bewildered, and naturally thinks that the other side can offset these statements if it had a chance.

Personal experiences are always interesting, and sometimes an experience is more enlightening than a sermon or a logical argument, and as I have neither one nor the other to give you tonight, suppose I tell you as simply as I can how I came to be an advocate of the single tax, and to see in it the most fundamental and far-reaching reform of the century. Not the only one, for progress advances on many lines, and there is no single panacea for human ills.

I have a profound interest in the enfranchisement of women, a great question concerning half the race directly, and indirectly all the rest, and I am sure laws will be better when the people who are governed have a voice in making them. The drink problem concerns all nations where intemperance abounds, and I can not help my interest in its discussion. The wrongs of labor also arouse my sympathy, but prior to the discussion of any social or governmental reform, it is necessary to have an independent place to stand upon, and the land question forces itself to the front.

Archimedes wanted only a fulcrum in order to move the world, and, with the land question upon which to rest our lever, we hope to succeed better than the ancient mathematician. We can have universal suffrage, but with monopoly in land women will be ground down by enforced poverty, and starving children will still cry for bread. We may pass restrictive laws regarding the sale of alcoholic drink, but while the present land system obtains, the crowded condition of cities will continue to breed drunkards. Labor may in its desperation organize to revenge its wrongs by strikes and boycotts, but they are powerless while the usurpation of landlords extracts the product of their industry through rent.

The great truth that binds us together dawned upon me gradually, for it did not come to me as to some of you, in an intitutional flash. The "cat" revealed itself in a very fragmentary way. I had heard of Henry George, and having had some acquaintance with professional labor reformers of an uninspiring kind, I put him down in my mind as one of that fluent but work-shunning brotherhood. I remember one day in the shoe manufacturing town of Brocton, in my state, I passed the doorway of a hall where a notice announced a lecture by Henry George, and I wondered who would waste time listening to that demagogue—in exactly the same enlightened spirit that made men pass the door where an abolitionist was holding forth, in the slavery days. I date my new birth from the memorable evening when I picked up by chance the Nineteenth Century with Mr. George's reply to the duke of Argyle. I had a great respect for the duke. He had married a daughter of that truly noble duchess of Sutherland, who was a steadfast friend of the American abolitionists, and the duke himself had stood by the cause of the north, in the civil war, with John Bright and our other brave defenders in that dark hour. The idea of Henry George coping with him! But my curiosity to see what he could say at once gave way to the fascination of that inimitable style. While the eloquence of the appeal moved me, the reasoning touched my conscience and my heart.

The native dignity of the humble printer was in marked contrast to the scarcely veiled contempt of his Grace, and the true nobleman stood revealed. The derided "Prophet of San Francisco" dwarfed the English peer. The scales fell from my eyes, new emotions thrilled within me, and I had no rest until I had absorbed "Protection or Free Trade?" "Social Problems," and last of all "Progress and Poverty." While in general sympathy with the single tax movement, many doubts still remained, but every week as the Standard came to me, one by one, as other doubters were answered, my own objections were met and satisfied, and I was compelled to write to Mr. George my sympathy and regard, and ask to be enrolled among the faithful. I did not need to be convinced of the iniquity of protective tariffs, and had been for many years a free trader on principle. But I did not see beyond, and imagined that with untrammeled international exchange the conditions of the poor would speedily improve. Yet, here was Great Britain, with approximate free trade, still in the chains of poverty, and the "Bitter Cry of Outcast London" startled mankind "wherever Christianity softens the heart or soothes the sorrows of men."

The primal cause was yet to be made apparent, and although many minds had discussed it and played about the theme, and in the case of Herbert Spencer formulated its highest ethical grounds, the remedy still seemed as far off as the millennium. Then came the voice of one crying in the wilderness: "There must be some reason for this; there must be some remedy for this; and I will not rest until I have found the one and discovered the other. At last it came, clear as the stars of a bright midnight. I saw what was the cause, saw what was the cure. I saw nothing that was new. Truth is never new."

The revelation came in "Progress and Poverty," and in it its author met the rare qualities of the seer and statesman. The single tax, that intensely practical name for a great moral reform, fails to suggest the uplifting power of the movement, but it makes plain our method of procedure and saves endless explanations. Edward Bellamy excites the imagination, and, recreating human nature, moulds it into his ideal condition, and asks us to admire the dish from which all relish has been extracted. Our programme is sharply defined. It does not wait for the year 2000. It concerns itself with the practical politics of to-day, and its influence guides the hand that drafts the better legislation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tax the Land.

Congressman "Jerry" Simpson, in a speech on Labor Day at the Building Trades' picnic in Chicago, said:

We hold that the earth is the storehouse of the wealth of the world. We have ample resources for a population one hundred thousand times as great as this. Labor has produced the wealth and must have access to the warehouse. Capital must act only as an assistant. In Pennsylvania I learned that individuals and corporations had obtained control of vast quantities of coal lands and used them to raise or lower prices at will. I would like to know by what right such lands are allowed to remain idle, while out on the Kansas prairie, in my state, we have to burn corn for fuel. I go to Michigan and find that monopolies control the iron and copper mines and manipulate the output to regulate the prices. If you want to be governed by such monopolies all right, but tax back the land thus idle and relieve to some extent that used by the people. Tax the land so that it will be more profitable for the mines to be worked than left idle at the command of a monopoly.

Whatever any man has added to the general stock of wealth, or has received of the free will of him who did produce it, let that be his as against all the world—his to use or to give, to do with it whatever he may please, so long as such use does not interfere with the equal freedom of others. For my part, I would put no limit on acquisition. No matter how many millions any man can get by methods which do not involve the robbery of others—they are his; let him have them. I would not even ask him for charity, or have it dinned into his ears that it is his duty to help the poor. That is his own affair. Let him do as he pleases with his own, without restriction and without suggestion. If he gets without taking from others, and uses without hurting others, what he does with his wealth is his own business and his own responsibility.

The Remedy for Oklahoma Booming

Whenever public lands are opened for settlement the question recurs: Is there no better way—no plan that will avoid the strife and possible conflict of varying interests? There is a plan, and a very simple one. If these lands were opened subject to a tax based upon their value and coupled with exemption from all taxes on all improvements and personal proper, there would be no rush and no trouble. Everyone would then realize that occupancy could advantage none but bona fide settlers, who would derive their benefits solely from improvements. The necessary effect, that these lands would have little if any value beyond enough to support an economical government, would remove the only motive that now impels speculators and "sooners" to grab for all they can get. Real settlers would peaceably take possession of what they need for productive purposes, and no more; and the remainder would lie in common until later settlers appropriated it for use.

THE great, wealthy and powerful nations have always lost their freedom; it is only in small, poor and isolated communities that liberty has been maintained.—Social Problems.

PITH AND POINT.

—The family tree can not be depended on for board.—Indianapolis Journal.

—"You talk a good deal in your sleep, John," said Mrs. Henpeck. "It's the only chance I get," said John, meekly.

—A woman never hits a hen when she throws a missile at it; but, alas! a man is not a hen.—Yonkers Statesman.

—The ownership of the modern house is usually shared between the baby, the nurse and the hired girl.—Inter-Ocean.

—If the world, as it is said, owes everybody a living, the world ought to get a mortgage on itself to pay its debts.—Texas Siftings.

—Hardfeature—"My wife is near-sighted." Jimpson (gazing long at Hardfeature)—"One would think she was blind."—N. Y. Herald.

—Heaven helps those that help themselves, but praying for your daily bread does not entitle you to the entire bakery.—Indianapolis Journal.

—A man never fully realizes how much of a sponge he is until he slips down in a puddle of water and mops it all up.—Richmond Recorder.

—The man of one idea may be a bore, while the man with none is that delightful acquaintance who allows you to do all the talking yourself.—Puck.

—Nothing makes one girl so happy as to read another girl's letters. A girl couldn't be a girl and not read all her letters to some other girl.—Texas Siftings.

—When a young man and his best girl get into a swing by themselves it is remarkable how they will mix up oscillation with osculation.—Buffalo Express.

—The man who prefers to be right rather than hold office can always have his way; but it is more difficult for the man who had rather hold office than be right.—N. O. Picayune.

—Always Desirable.—Mrs. Closefit—"I hear checks are to be in great demand by the modistes this fall." Mr. Closefit—"I never knew the time when they weren't."—Brooklyn Eagle.

—No Possibility of It.—Jennie—"I don't think there's any love lost between Milly Pond and Hudson Parke. Peal—"I don't see how any could get lost in that way; they sit so close together."—Brooklyn Eagle.

—"I tell you," said the head of the family who had returned from the seashore, "you can never appreciate that poem about 'the breaking waves' until you have gone out and been broken by them yourself."—Washington Star.

—The Soul of an Artist.—"Aw, me man," said Chappie, "these clothes don't fit me figuah at all." "I know they don't," said the tailor, sadly. "But actually I couldn't bring myself to butcher up good cloth into the shape necessary to fit you."—Indianapolis News.

—Way Up.—Dick Swiveller—"Say, are you going to leave that lawn mower of yours out in the yard all winter?" Plato—"Such was my intention." Dick Swiveller—"Why, the thing will rust all to pieces, you old nincompoop." Plato—"You are entirely wrong, sir. My son says it won't rust, and he knows. My son, sir, is eighteen years and ten months old, and expects to graduate from college next year."

—Theodore Hallam once defended a burglar. The burglar's wife was on the witness-stand and the prosecuting attorney was conducting a vigorous cross-examination. "Madam, you are the wife of this man?" "Yes." "You knew he was a burglar when you married him?" "Yes." "How did you come to contract a matrimonial alliance with such a man?" "Well," the witness said sarcastically, "I was getting old and I had to choose between a lawyer and a burglar." The cross-examination ended there.

A TRANQUIL MAN.

But He Wanted to Have a Quiet Seance with a Friend.

There was a man walking up and down in front of the Pavonia ferry-house at the foot of Chambers street the other day with a parcel in his hand, and after a time a policeman who thought he might need information asked him what was wanted.

"Look a-there!" replied the man, as he opened the parcel and displayed a pair of suspenders which had once been of a sky-blue color, but which had faded out to the hue of a November cornhusk.

"Well?" queried the officer.

"Bought 'em of a young feller right here four weeks ago!" hoarsely whispered the victim. "Give him a quarter. He warranted 'em not to run or fade. I want to see that young man for about two minits."

"They have faded, I see," observed the officer.

"I should remark! I hadn't loaded three loads of hay before they commenced to run, and the red went clear through to my hide! The young feller lied—deliberately lied, and I want a brief interview with him!"

"I would advise you to be tranquil!" said the officer, as he returned the suspender.

"Oh, I am a tranquil man. I'm the tranquilist man in our country. I'm jest as cool and calm as an ox in a fence-corner. I don't even breathe hard. Haven't seen the young feller around here to-day, hev ye?"

"No. If you raise a row you will be run in."

"I shan't raise no row. I'll jest go along up the street and look for him. If I find him there won't be no scrimmage. I'll jest walk up to him and sorter reach out, and whoever finds the body will find these suspenders reposin' on its cold and dewy bosom. I'm a tranquil man and very tender-hearted, but I'll jest walk along up the street and look for that liar. He won't holler and he won't suffer long—not more'n fifteen seconds!"

He headed off up the river, looking very stern and solemn as he dodged among the vehicles, but as no report was made of anyone being found dead he probably missed the suspender man.—M. Quad, in N. Y. World.

The Telephone.

"Necessity is the mother of invention," and she is a most prolific old matron, too; but there is one case in history where the tables were turned on her. That was when the Ohio school teacher, Prof. Bell, evolved the perfect telephone first and then created the necessity by demonstrating what it could do. There is no doubt that humanity would have continued to progress both mentally and materially had the telephone never been heard of, but now that we have it we find it right handy at times. Then, again, there are times when the situation is different.—Detroit Free Press.