

THE SHADOW IN THE MOONLIGHT

A Weird Story About a Blind and Demoralized Miner.

You couldn't stop a man from staking out a claim if the ground was not already covered, and so, though none of us liked the looks of this new chap who came in on us at Strawberry Hill, we couldn't gainsay his staking out and putting up a rude shanty. We soon discovered that his looks did not belie him. You'd expect to find some bad men in the mines, but this man, whom we soon nicknamed Satan, was worse than any dozen of them put together.

The way he would curse God and man was something awful to hear, and we sometimes wondered why the wrath of Heaven was not visited upon him. We ostracized and outlived him, but he would not go away. Only the fear that we would string him up kept him from doing murder, for he had a temper like a wild bear.

One day, after dinner, and after a spell at cursing and reviling, he went down into his claim and fired a blast which blinded him forever. Then he became worse than before. His cursing and raving became so constant that we built him a shanty on the rocks half a mile away and led him into it. Three times a day, and this continued for weeks and weeks. For a long time there was no change in his health or disposition. Then he began to show this and was and to cease cursing, and one evening he asked of the man who brought his meals:

"Jim, is there a trail leading up here from camp?"

"No," was the reply.

"If anybody was comin' down the trail from Top Notch how could they hit me?"

"Why, strike across about forty rods above camp."

"And the door faces that way?"

"Yes."

"How's the nights now, Jim?"

"Full moon and bright as day."

"That was about all that was said, but I wish to tell you here that when Satan was blinded his eyelids were closed fast. He could never open them after except he used his fingers. There was an injury to the muscles controlling them as well as to his vision. Day and night were alike to him.

On that very night, about half an hour after midnight, a prowling wolf disturbed our camp and routed out three or four of our men. They were driving the bear away when they looked up and saw a shadow on the Top Notch trail. It was as light as day, and there was no question in their minds. It was a queer shadow. It had the shape of a little old woman, bent over with age, and it floated about in an uncertain way. Three or four men passed from tent to tent and before long sixty or seventy of us were out and had our eyes fastened on the queer thing. By and by it floated over the rocks and shrubs towards Satan's shanty, and every man of us followed it to the door and beyond with his eyes.

"It's a woman—an old woman!" whispered a score of us.

"But what can a woman be doing here?"

One or two suggested that somebody go up to the shanty, but no one volunteered. There was something so queer and uncanny that nobody felt like making a closer investigation. It was perhaps ten minutes after the figure entered the shanty before it reappeared. It passed over the same ground in the same peculiar way, and as it reached the trail it halted for a moment, as if looking back. Our eyes followed it up the plain, broad trail until it grew fainter and finally resolved.

"What did it look like to you?" asked one man of another.

"A little old woman, bent and feeble," was the reply.

All had seen alike. You may ask why some one didn't pursue. No man had ever seen a live woman on that trail, or expected to. This was a woman, and yet it was not. Its presence sent an awe upon everybody. Some of the men returned to bed, and others gathered in groups and talked in whispers until daylight came. There were fifty men who went up in a crowd to Satan's shanty.

They found him fully dressed and seated in the door, and he had been dead for hours. The eyes you expected to find were wide open, his vision seemed to have returned, and he was looking across to Top Notch trail just as a living man would—aye, looking and looking, and his face had softened and a smile had crept over it and been held there by the fingers of Death.

"It was the spirit of his mother," whispered the men, as they looked into the face of the dead man, and so we have ever believed.—N. Y. Sun.

If He Only Knew.

Young Professor—"What a curious plant, may I ask, Miss Laura, is that hanging to the chandelier overhead?"

Miss Laura—"O, I declare, professor, I had forgotten all about that! It is a sprig of mistletoe."

Young Professor (examining it intently)—"It is quite pretty. I do not remember having seen anything like it before. I was about to remark, Miss Laura, that to one who is interested in the charming science of entomology, the Blattella Orientalis, or cockroach proper, as distinguished from the Blattella Germanica, or so-called Croton-bug of common observation, affords a most wonderful field for microscopic research," etc.—Chicago Tribune.

The Catch of the Season.

Belle—I don't know what you see in Mr. Colin Wood to marry him for. He hasn't a gleam of sense.

Maudie—No, but his father keeps a coal yard.—Life.

—First Pullman Porter—"Golly, eh, eh, I had a time last night." Second Pullman Porter—"What'd do matzah?"

"Thought I lost a shoe. Looked for de passenger to kick." "An' did he?" "Ruhl Reckon he didn't? Come out after awhile stampin' round wid one leg."—Chicago News-Record.

The Kind He Wanted.—Irate Neighbor—"I don't like that brass band you fellows have set going next door to me." Leader—"Oh, don't you? Well, perhaps you'll tell me what kind of a band you would like?" Irate Neighbor—"A diaban, that's what."—Detroit Free Press.



THE ROYALIST BY WILLIAM WESTALL.

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CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"I am sure you will, madame, and I cannot deny that you have guessed aright. But Mlle. Carmine's object in meeting me was merely to warn me that I was in danger, and to counsel prudence. She is pleased to take a kindly interest in my fortunes."

"And no wonder, for she is a good-looking girl, and you are a beau garçon. Do ladies generally take a kindly interest in your fortunes, M. Roy?"

"Several have done, and I am immensely obliged to them—especially to you, Mlle. Bonaparte."

"Don't flatter yourself, my dear sir. It is for my mother's sake—not for your beaux yeux—that I interest myself in your welfare. But the question now is, how are you to get out of this new scrape? During the general's absence my influence is at zero; I cannot protect you. There is only one way. You must quit Paris at once."

"I will do what you advise. But how about the police? and whither must I go?"

"I have a plan. Listen! Gen. Bonaparte is on a tour of inspection. In four or five days he will be at Boulogne. Before he left it was arranged that I should send one of my aides-de-camp to meet him there, with his letters and my news. I shall send Lacluse. You shall go with him."

"When?"

"This evening. But you must leave separately. The police, having missed you, will follow him, and his carriage will be closely examined as it passes the barrier."

Here Mlle. Bonaparte paused, as if to reflect.

"You must go separately," she repeated, "and meet at St. Denis. Lacluse is in your carriage, you know."

"In your carriage, madame?"

"Yes; it will be recognized as the general's, and you will have no difficulty in passing the barrier. But, as it is always the unexpected that happens, and it would not be quite comme il faut for me to accompany you, I will provide you with a companion, who can answer for you in case of need."

"I thank you with all my heart, madame. It is a brilliant scheme, and I am sure will succeed."

"Yes, I think it is rather good," she said, "and I am sure it will succeed. But if Bonaparte were not so absurdly particular, and his brothers so watchful and censorious, I would go with you to St. Denis myself. However, I dare say the arrangement I shall make will be more to your taste."

"That is impossible, madame."

"Madame Bonaparte smiled as if at some thought of her own, and then continued: "And now let me give you a word of advice. You will arrive at Boulogne two or three days before the general. He went away not very well pleased with you, as you know; but the moment he gets to Boulogne, he will announce your desire to join the French navy, and all will be forgotten. He is organizing a great expedition; your services will be very valuable, and you will return covered with glory."

valet put up the steps and closed the door; the driver cracked his whip and shouted: "Allez! et le next moment we were rambolling over the rough pavement of the Rue de la Victoire."

It was so dark that all I could see of my companion was a cloaked and hooded form curled up in a corner.

"I am greatly obliged to you, monsieur," I said, "for acceding to Mme. Bonaparte's request to bear me company as far as St. Denis. Perhaps you will go to the obligation by saying to whom I am indebted for this kindness. In the hurry of departure, I stupidly forgot to ask Mme. la Generale your name."

"I paused for a reply, and, unless my ears deceived me (the carriage was making a terrible noise), I heard a suppressed laugh.

"I beg your pardon, I remarked that I had not the pleasure of knowing your name. Mine is Roy."

"This time my companion did laugh, unmistakably, and, as I thought, mockingly—conduct highly unbecoming in a gentleman."

"You are disposed to be merry, monsieur," I said, stiffly, "but you will pardon me if I say that I really cannot see—"

"Don't you know me?" interrupted the agent secret, now laughing without restraint.

"A woman's laugh, and a voice I knew! You, Julie? Is it possible?" I exclaimed, drawing near to my companion and taking her hand.

"You did not know me," she said, in a tone of reproach, but making no attempt to withdraw her hand.

"How could I know you with that hood over your face—let me put it back—and in this darkness?"

"You were going away without saying good-by."

"If I had shown myself in the street I should have been arrested, and Mme. Bonaparte and Capt. Lacluse insisted on hurrying me off."

"I don't think you care for me in the least," she said, nestling up to me.

"Ah, Julie, if you only knew!" I whispered, putting my arm round her waist. "I suppose I owe this pleasure to Mme. Bonaparte?"

"Yes; she came herself to the Abbaye and told me of the danger you were in, and asked me to see you safely out of the city and bear you company as far as St. Denis. She said it would be much better for you to be accompanied by a lady than by a gentleman."

"Of course it is, and much pleasanter, especially when the lady is Mlle. Carmine. It was very good of you, Julie, to comply with Mme. Bonaparte's request. How can I repay you?"

"Au revoir." "Au revoir. You will think of me now and again, cher monsieur?"

"I will think of you always, mignonne. Don't I love you my liberty, if not my life? There, now, don't cry. We shall meet again. A bientot."

"Allons, M. Roy! we have no time to lose," said Lacluse, opening the door.

"Au revoir, cher monsieur," murmured Julie.

"Au revoir," I whispered, pressing her hand.

Then I got out; the aide-de-camp spoke a few words to the coachman; the carriage was turned round, and a moment later disappeared in the darkness.

Poor Julie! "Who was your companion?" asked Lacluse.

"A friend of Mme. Bonaparte, whom she asked to come with me in order to prevent any difficulty at the barrier. And it was very well, for had I been alone I should almost certainly have been stopped."

"The same if you had been with me. I had to show my papers, and the agents actually looked under the seats to see whether you were not hidden there. And now, M. Roy, as I have undertaken to deliver you safely in Boulogne, and you are still technically a prisoner of war, I must ask for your parole—merely as a matter of form, for I am sure you have no idea of escaping en route."

"Not the least, M. le Capitaine, and I give you my word of honor not to leave you en route."

"That is quite enough. I have no fear of your escaping from Boulogne, even though you desired to do so. The place is full of soldiers; there are gunboats in the harbor and men of war in the roads of St. Jean, and you are no fish. I think, to swim to England,—ha-ha!"

"I give you my word that I shall attempt nothing so absurd."

"It is well. We shall stay at the Hotel de la Republique; and it will perhaps contribute to your comfort and save me trouble if I introduce you as an American; though I must of course tell the commandant and the military police who you are."

The weather was vile and the roads were bad. We made a long halt at Amiens, and we did not reach our destination until the second day after our departure from Paris. We put up at the Hotel de la Republique, as Lacluse had proposed; and I saw that he entered me in the visitors' book as "M. Roy, des Etats-Unis." While he went to report himself at headquarters, and, doubtless, to tell the military police to keep an eye on me, I went to the hotel, and nobody taking any notice of me. But when I tried to go beyond the walls I was brought upstanding. The sergeant of the guard asked who I was.

"Citizen Roy, of the United States."

"Has the citizen a pass?"

"Then the citizen must give himself the trouble to go back."

Every exit, either by land or by water, was equally well guarded, and I very soon saw that my plan of stealing a boat and getting away under cover of darkness was quite out of the question.

"I had hardly obeyed this injunction and retreated into my corner, making myself as invisible as possible, when I heard a hoarse voice call out: "Stop! Whose carriage is that?"

"The carriage of Gen. Bonaparte," answered the coachman.

"Ah, yes, I recognize it. But whom have you inside? The citizen general is on a tour of inspection, they say."

"It is I. What do you want?" said Julie, sharply, letting down the window and leaning forward so as to prevent me from being seen.

"I beg your pardon, citizenne generale; I should be delighted to give you any answers to any questions, making orders to let no one pass the barrier unquestioned. An English prisoner of war has killed an officer and escaped, and it is expected that he will try to leave Paris to-night. But we have his description, and he won't find it easy to slip through my fingers."

"Good evening, citizen brigadier."

"A narrow escape," I said, when we were once more en route, "and but for your quickness and presence of mind, dear Julie, I should have been laid by the heels."

"And yet you are going to leave me?"

"What would you have me do? Would you like to stay and not only be laid by the heels, but in all probability lose my life?"

"No! no! a thousand times no, cher monsieur! Yes, I must go, though—though it should break my heart."

Here Julie laid her head on my shoulder and I felt a weeping. Her affection began to be rather trying; for, though her kindness and devotion had endeared her to me, and I felt flattered by her preference and enjoyed her company, it would have been decidedly embarrassing if she had proposed to accompany me to Boulogne. Fortunately, she did not. I tried to console her, hinted that our separation was not likely to prove eternal, talked about the probability of an early peace, promised that whenever I could do so I would visit her in Paris; and by the time we reached St. Denis, Julie, whose moods were somewhat inconstant, had recovered her composure.

The carriage stopped near an suberge, known as The Red Cat, hard by which stood a post-chaise.

"It is a cold night," said our coachman to the postilion, who was giving his horses a look of hay—"it is a cold night, and I am going to take a drop of something."

"You are wise. Take a glass of eau de vie; it's rare stuff for keeping the cold out."

This meant that Lacluse had arrived, and I gave Julie a last embrace.

—Artist—"Your friend's face is pretty enough to be painted." Miss Bitter-sweet—"Mercy, can't you see that it is!"—Inter-Ocean.

—The man who is forever trying to say sarcastic things may be popular to some extent, but generally it is only with himself.—Somerville Journal.

—Doctors whose specialty is treatment for obesity insist that their patients shall take brisk walks. They don't believe that haste makes waist.

—This is the road to Cork, is it not?" asked a countryman of a Quaker he met. "Friend," was the reply, "first you tell me a lie and then ask a question."—Scrap.

—A Lesson in Manners.—Chappie—"If you want to have an air of distinction, you must look little tired." Clara—"Oh, that's easy, while I'm with you."

—Jefferson—"What a noise De Noodle's shoes make when he walks." Snarleigh—"Yes, but his shoes are not nearly so loud as his clothes."—Raymond's Monthly.

—I ought to study photography," mused the seaside young man who proposed again. "I really ought. I can develop more negatives in a given time than anybody I know of."

—What made you name your farm 'Meter'?" queried the reporter. "Because it lies so beautifully," answered the retired gas magnate with a low, sibilant chuckle.—Indianapolis Journal.

—Detective—"Why do you suspect your cashier? He is not extravagant, although it is true he lives in comfort." Principal—"That's just it. With the salary I give him he could not possibly live in comfort."—Fleegende Blätter.

—I got the champion pugilist to go out with me and see a foot-ball game the other day." "Did he like it?" "Like it? Why, he was in ecstasies over it. He wants no such tame affairs as prize-ring encounters after this. He wants foot-ball."—N. Y. Press.

—An Unfortunate Mistake.—Roving Rags—"After all, it pays to be peripatetic, partner." "Foesed jaggos." "Not at all. The other day I was acting deaf and dumb, and when a man gave me a dollar I says 'Thank ye, sir,' and he had me arrested."—N. Y. Herald.

—Jinkins' Joke.—Just as the landlady began her homily, Jinkins picked up a biscuit. "Cast your bread upon the waters, Mr. Jinkins," she said, solemnly, "and you will find it after many days." Jinkins hefted the biscuit once or twice. "Not if the water is very deep," he murmured in trembling tones.

—Detroit Free Press.

—I don't care," said the little girl who had not been invited to the party.

"I don't care. I will get even with you. At the end of the week I will stamp her small foot." "Pray, will you do me a favor?" asked her mother. "When I grow up I'll give a great big party, and I won't invite any one."—Harper's Bazar.

PLENTY OF TIME TO SPARE. He Had Just One Minute in Which to Take Back His Charges.

A group of club loungers were exchanging reminiscences when the youngest of the group spoke up in a tone that promised a good story.

INDIRECT TAXATION AND PAUPERISM.

By Prof. Richard T. Ely, of Chicago University, in Taxation in American States and Cities.

There is a connection between indirect taxation and pauperism which is worthy of notice. All direct taxation places a limit below which it will not go, usually varying in American states between one hundred and five hundred dollars; the awful kind of property of a lower valuation is not taxed.

Indirect taxation does not discriminate between the last dollar of the poor widow and the last dollar which is only one in an income of a million. It raises prices, reduces the value of income, and forces some who are already near the awful line of pauperism to cross it, and thus puts to death higher aspirations in a class of citizens and lowers the level of civilization. But the absurdity of the thing is seen in this, that when the tax has destroyed the value of a man as an industrial factor in the community, what is taken away is given back in alms.

Tax Wealth, Not Poverty. (R. White in the American Bookbinder.)

To encourage and facilitate the acquisition of homes by the poor, all dwellings occupied by their owners, or those depending on such owners for support, should be exempt from taxes to the amount of one thousand dollars on its assessed value.

This would relieve from taxes those who live in humble homes on slender incomes, and would not affect appreciably those having liberal incomes and elaborate homes. It is assumed that dwellings are assessed at seventy per cent of their value, admitting this to be true and if there are any exceptions, they are in favor of the more expensive homes.

At this ratio of taxation, homes valued at about three thousand dollars are now enjoying exemption from taxes the amount suggested in this communication, and the palatial homes of the wealthy are released from taxes many times as much as the homes of the poor. It is that the practice of undervaluation discriminates against the poor.

The deficit thus caused is largely met by increased burdens on the homes of the city, this is grievously unfair but the exemption here claimed would be costly for it would exempt all homes alike.

It would give the owner of his home an advantage over the speculator and landlord, the amount of this exemption. The homes of the common people are a matter of vital importance to the state, and the welfare of the country, as are the houses of the clergy and office holders who occupy homes provided for them free of taxes; therefore the poor man's home should not be taxed.

Government is a necessity and revenue must be provided sufficient to defray the necessary public expenses; taxes for this purpose should be levied in a manner to bear as lightly as possible on the productive enterprises of the people who give employment to labor, while taxes could and should be increased on that unproductive wealth held out of use for speculative purposes and thus force such property into use (vacant land).

This subject should be brought before our legislators for their consideration and action, they could hardly do less than grant this exemption asked on behalf of the toiling masses who are the wealth producers of the country. The industry of owning other people's homes may be pleasant and profitable for those engaged in it, but it contributes nothing to the wealth or happiness of the community.

The system of landlord and tenant is inseparable from civilization, but the opportunity for men to escape this humiliating condition of dependence on landlords should be increased by offering all tenants, on becoming owners of their homes, exemption from taxation at least one thousand dollars.

The remission of taxes, on the many small and expensive homes of the poor, would necessarily increase the rates on the larger aggregations of wealth; this would be adjusting taxation on the lines of justice and equity.

The expedients resorted to, under the name and forms of taxation, are mostly of the character that seek to satisfy their wants on the lines that offer least resistance; therefore the poor, and because poor also helpless, property owner, falls an easy prey to those maudlin methods and pays a much higher tax rate than his well-to-do and powerful neighbors.

The taxing power of the government should be used for the same purpose as all its other functions, viz: for the greatest good to the greatest number.

Homes appraised at one thousand dollars have nothing but the plainest necessities of life, which are usually obtained by severe toil. These are the ample reasons why the tax collector should never enter the poor man's door.

Rich Men Avoid the Personal Tax-Gatherers.

The problem of tracing personal property is a vexed one in Dutchess county, New York. In the village of Millbrook alone a score of residents represent an aggregate of \$30,000,000 personal property, but nothing like that amount appears on the assessment rolls.

The assessors of the town of Red Hook placed the name of Johnston Livingston, a large land owner and of the oldest family in the county, on the assessment rolls as the possessor of \$100,000 personal property. Mr. Livingston declares that he is not a resident of Red Hook, but of New York. He has procured a writ of certiorari, requiring the assessors to show cause why the assessment should not be stricken from the rolls. F. J. Allen, of the Astor house, New York, has secured a writ of certiorari to review an assessment of \$6,000 on his clubhouse at East Mills.

Just Taxation is Civilization's Foundation.

Next to efficient and stable government the question of taxation is of vital importance to all classes of the community, and the present loose and haphazard system, managed as it too often is by ignorant and grossly incompetent boards of assessors, is producing a glaring injustice and a trail of evils that entail serious injury to all the laboring masses of the country particularly feeling the weight of the heavy hand of unfairness and unwarranted discrimination.—Star, Long Island City.

Individuals should be taxed on what they own, not on what they owe. To tax both borrower and lender is double taxation.—Prof. E. A. Seligman.

Double Taxation Condemned.

The scheme of taxing evidence of debt, which is done under the personal property tax law, is wrong and unjust, because it is in all cases a scheme of double taxation, and in not a few cases of more than double taxation. Every evidence of debt, of whatsoever kind or character, is an evidence that the holder has parted with property, and the personal property tax law, if it still exists, is in the hands of some one else. That property is itself subject to taxation wherever it may be found. If the evidence that some one has parted with it is taxed also, then the same identical property is necessarily taxed twice. If it has been changed hands twice without a quitrent being tendered, it is taxed three times; and so on. For instance: If Smith sells a horse to Jones for \$100 and takes the latter's note for the sum the transaction does not make two horses of the one, nor does it create any value in addition to the value of the horse. If Jones in turn sells to Brown and takes his note the two transactions do not make three horses, or create one cent of value additional to that of the horse. When the horse is taxed in the hands of Brown all that property is taxed, just as if it were the horse. If Smith had sold the horse to all. To tax the horse and the two notes as worth \$300 is to tax the same horse three times, because the two sales did not create one cent's worth of property of any kind. The law unjustly and ridiculously assumes that somehow the two sales have made three horses, or some equivalent value, and directs that three horses, or the values of three horses, be taxed.

Rational Reasoning.

If the effect of an actual and direct taxation of bonds and mortgages is to drive them from the jurisdiction of the state (as would to a great extent be undoubtedly the case), then is not the state, by subjecting its citizens to restrictions more onerous than those to which the citizens of any foreign or some kindred states are subjected? Is it not interfering with a movement of capital which will be restrictive of development? Is it not, in substance, saying to itself, to its railroad and other corporations: You can not borrow money for works of public necessity or utility in the home market; or, if you do borrow, you must either directly or indirectly pay an excessive interest; and, if such interest is paid, does the public gain anything? Or, figuratively, does it not put into one pocket only as much as it takes out of the other, less the cost of collection? Thus senselessly squandering such costs of collection besides retarding its progress in the race with sister states for supremacy.

Mr. Chamberlin Must Pay His Tax.

John F. Chamberlin, the well known Washington hotel man, does not feel that he is able to pay the \$214.40 that he has been assessed in this city for personal taxes. His personal property, as shown by an affidavit handed up to Justice Andrews, of the supreme court, consists of clothing worth \$300. Justice Andrews yesterday decided that the affidavit was insufficient, and directed that, unless Mr. Chamberlin paid the amount which the personal tax collector was striving to collect, he would have to go to Ludlow street jail for contempt of court.

Only the Truthful Pay It.

The taxation of personal property is such an unjust, disappointing and uncertain source of revenue that it is regarded with more and more disfavor. It is easily evaded, and only the exceptionally scrupulous pay it, and so it has its possession to the assessor.—Press, Troy, Rensselaer County.

The idea of imposing solely upon real estate, is attacked by the advocates of what is known as the collateral-butt system of taxation. This system has prevailed in various states, Pennsylvania among the number. It tries to tax every form of property, and has been called the collateral-butt system of taxation, because one of its most ardent advocates insisted that he would not be bringing down to a five-cent collateral-butt. The system is annoying, oppressive, unjust, expensive and unscientific. It involves inquisitorial visits to the house upon the part of the assessor; it results in perjury on the one hand by those who seek to escape taxation, and on the other unfair burdens upon honest men who give a truthful inventory of their possessions. When, at various times there has been a partial application of this system it has been shown to be absurd. In big and prosperous cities and towns, where the property is more valuable, it had been discovered that there are only a few dozen watches carried by members of the community. Special taxes upon dogs result in the sudden shrinkage in the canine population, and so of all such special taxes upon personal property, the more you tax them the less you get. The first requirement of a tax is that it should be just. The next that it should be certain. No tax upon personal property is either of these things.

Lands and houses can not be concealed, and are not easily undervalued. These are the two classes of property particularly suitable objects of taxation. The effect of imposing a tax solely upon real estate would be greatly to lessen the labor of assessment, and to make less people mad at the tax collector. The value of land and houses are easily ascertained, and if the assessor makes a mistake, it can be easily corrected. Under a fair assessment much land that now lies vacant or is only half used, because it is held for speculative purposes, would bear a considerable share of the burden of taxation. This is a more important question than that of the more you tax since most of the land about cities and towns and even villages is thus held out of use. It could not profitably be held in such fashion if it were subject to a fair assessment along with other land.

It is sometimes urged in behalf of farmers against team taxation, and in behalf of land in many parts of the country are really worthless; that when sold they bring little more than the value of their buildings, indeed, less than the value of the buildings, if these structures are at all costly. The more taxes must be assessed upon value, and if lands have no value, of course they will not be assessed. If it can be proved that farm lands of a region are actually without rental value, their owners will establish a good case for exemption from taxation upon the lands.

Individuals should be taxed on what they own, not on what they owe. To tax both borrower and lender is double taxation.—Prof. E. A. Seligman.