Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. - - - MISSOURI

ALL THE YEAR.

What need of complaint? No setting sun
But somewhere, in truth, is a rising one.
Whether it be in your world or mine
That stars shall twinkle, or sun shall shine,
What does it matter? This fact holds fast:
'Twill be daylight somewhe re while time shall last.

Though winds blow cold and the sun hangs low,
And sleep the daisies under the snow:
Yet somewhere, the wide, wide world over,
Bees are sipping the dew from clover
And birds are singing a joyous tune.
It's summer in March as well as June!

In spite of all the fret and despair,
A song is always borne on the air;
And somewhere the world is spanned with blue,
And earth is bright with the roses' hue.
Then leave your stormy, cheerless heather
And live in a world of pleasant weather.

—Lettie S. Bigelow, in N. Y. Independent.

BOSE.

By Eva W. McClasson

SHE had been crying at intervals all the afternoon, and, though it was well on towards dusk, and lights were beginning to redden here and there in village windows, she still sighed now and then, and made furtive little dabs at her eyes with a damp ball of a handkerchief.

The green-shaded lamp on the sitting-room mantel revealed her as a slight young woman, whose small face seemed once to have been of a pink and dimpled sort, but which now was merely pale and thin, under a disordered fluffiness of light hair.

Though it was May, and trees were all in leaf, a fire crackled in the sheet-iron stove near which she sat. There was a shawl about her shoulders, and on a table hard by a bottle of camphor stood.

She looked up with a nervous start as the door opened, admitting a tall, gaunt woman in a purple calico gown. The newcomer carried a cup of tea. She walked with stiff precision. Everything about her—lean cheeks, twisted gray hair, and sharp chin—had a certain rigor, borne out in the very tones of her voice.

"My goodness!" she cried, observing the lax young figure by the stove, "you ain't still a-goin' on over that cat, I hope, Mattie Slosson!—a-losin' strength jest as fast as you gain it!"

Mattie sighed, but said nothing.

"Because if you are," went on the older woman, "I'm bound to say it's all foolishness. I can't say that cat wasn't as pretty a maltee as I ever saw, but I don't believe in takin' on over a cat like it was a human. I do not. So fur as I'm concerned, I feel madder about losin' it than I do sorry. Raisin' it up from a kitten jest to hev your neighbor's dog run it to death makes me ragin', so it does."

The girl by the stove turned a glance of sad questioning.

"Sis' Sarah," she asked, gently, "do you know whose dog it was?" Miss Sarah's lips stiffened.

"Mebby I do."

"Was it his—I mean was it Bose? I kind of hate to think it was Bose." She flushed a little under her sister's sharp glance.

"No matter what dog it was," premised Sarah, grimly, "he'll get his dues when I ketch him, that's all." She tossed her head as she left the room.

A candle in a pewter holder flickered on the table in the kitchen. Its fanning flame touched the tins on the wall and made a pool of color on the yellow enamel cloth table-cover. Through the small gray window could be seen vague tree-shapes and the dim bulk and lighted panes of neighboring houses. One particular window glowing brightly just across a garden space to the southward seemed to fix Sarah Slosson's regard. She lifted a menacing finger.

"It was your dog," she whispered—"your dog. 'Twasn't enough, Hiram Conner, that you must treat my sister like you did—payin' her attentions and wheedlin' around her constant and then

"A LIFE FOR A LIFE."

quittin' off all of a sudden without sayin' so much as good evenin'—that wasn't enough. You must go to work and keep a savage houn' dog to run her cat to death—a'most the only thing she took any interest in!" She had paused, with her long finger still uplifted, though now her attitude suggested a grotesque conception of retribution less than one of silence.

There was a little, soft, paddling sound on the porch outside. Miss Sarah's eyes fired. She laid a quick hand on the latch. A pair of round bright eyes, set between long flapping ears of yellowish brown, revealed themselves in the outer gloom.

"Begone!" said Miss Sarah, sternly. But Bose, apparently accustomed to her tones and to the fact that something to eat generally followed her worst threats, stood quite still, with his red tongue lolling. That he had been seen that very morning chasing a gray cat across the garden-space between his master's house and the Slosson cottage did not seem to weigh upon Bose's remembrance. He thumped his tail on the porch floor with the utmost good will, while Miss Sarah reflected upon the fate of the gray cat and tried to be glad that the gray cat's slayer was in her hand.

Retreating into the room, Miss Sarah made a clicking sound with her lips. This note of invitation Bose responded to at once in the liveliest fashion, by leaping into the kitchen and about Miss Sarah's gaunt figure.

But his frisking only deepened Miss Sarah's resentment. The dog seemed to partake of the traits she attributed to his master, and those frolicsome impulses suggested a reprehensible unconcern for past faults.

The elder Miss Slosson, standing stiff and straight in the middle of the kitchen, recalled vividly the evenings when, at precisely half-past seven, Mr. Conner's step had been wont to sound on her front porch. In those times there was always a fire in the parlor of Friday nights, and while Mr. Conner's voice and Mattie's mingled in the gayest talk and laughter, Miss Sara, sitting by herself over the kitchen stove, had been used to meditate upon the time when her loneliness should be permanent instead of transitory. They were only half-sisters, the two "Slosson girls," and the difference in their ages had given an almost maternal character to Sarah's regard for Mattie. She had felt that, when Mattie married, life would be singularly empty, but she had reconciled herself to Hiram Conner, because there was really no objection to be raised against him. He was the only son of a well-to-do family, and Sarah rejoiced that, since Mattie must marry at all, her choice was upon so reasonable a basis.

"Your sister's going to do right well. I hear her and Hiram Conner's going to make a match of it," said a neighbor to Sarah.

"I d' know as it's anything of a match for Mattie," proudly protested Sarah. "She's been raised to everything—organ-playin' and all."

"He's a well-fixed young man, Miss Sarah."

"I reckon he'll do. But I reckon Mattie could do better. I d' know as he's just the man I'd pick out for her."

After all this arrangement of the young people's affairs, it began to be noted in the village that Hiram Conner had suddenly ceased visiting the peaked white cottage of the Slossons. Speculation was rife. Every one wondered what had happened. It was useless to question Miss Sarah. In the first place, she would have resented a question; and, in the second place, she was herself in a daze of bewilderment.

Mattie, too, though she said nothing, appeared ignorant as to Mr. Conner's motives. For a month or so, of Friday nights, she crimped her fair hair and tied a ribband about her slim throat, and lighted the parlor fire, and played little tunes on the organ far into the evening. Then she seemed to give over all expectancy. She waxed pale and thin and sat much at the window, looking with large, hopeless eyes into the street—the long village street which was so empty because a young man with a wholesome but most unheroic redness in his cheeks no longer fared up its shady length to the Slossons' cottage.

All these things passed through Sarah's mind as she frowned upon Bose.

"A life fer a life is Scripter," she said to herself; and this oneness of her intention with the law and the prophets seemed to nerve her.

She took a small bottle from a shelf and poured a little of its contents into a saucer of milk. Bose sniffed at it warily. He tasted it and shook his ears. His round yellow eyes, as he paused with an uplifted paw to glance at Miss Sarah, gave her a pang. She made as if to snatch the saucer swiftly away, but jerked her hand behind her.

"I reckon that pore kitten suffered more than what you will," she said to Bose, observing that he had overcome his scruples and was gulping down the mixture.

There was a step on the threshold. Mattie stood leaning wearily against the jamb.

"Why!" she said, "are you feeding Bose? I didn't know you'd forgive him so soon. Bose! Bose! you didn't mean to hurt poor pussy, did you?" She laid her hand on Bose's head. "They say Mr. Conner's real fond of Bose," she went on. "I suppose he's pretty lonesome since his mother died last fall."

"He don't deserve no sympathy," said Sarah, hardly conscious whether she meant Bose or his master. Mattie still dreamily fondled the dog's silk ears. Sarah, with a sort of guilty trepidation, regarded the little group. Bose was doomed. Miss Sarah did not know in just what measure of time toothache mixture, supposed largely to consist of laudanum, projects death upon the canine system.

Of one thing, however, she was certain, though Bose deserved his fate, she wished another hand than hers had meted it out to him. She was less a Spartan than she had fancied.

"I reckon I'll feel all right, as soon as he's gone," she meditated. "He better go home," she said, aloud. "I d' know but he has fleas, anyway. Here Bose!" she opened the door, and Bose dejectedly departed.

The next morning she looked out with a sense of apprehension. No inert furry heap, however, lay at her door. Justice, no doubt, was by this time satisfied, but the victim was not in sight, and Miss Sarah breathed again.

"I wish Bose'd come over for these chicken bones," said Mattie, that night after supper. She went to the door. The little path Bose had made through the intervening garden-space by his frequent trips between his own and the Slossons' abode could be seen in the twilight. But though the girl softly called him, no Bose responded.

"You sent him home last night," she said to Sarah. "Maybe his feelings were hurt!" She laughed as she spoke.

"Well, I hope he'll stay where he belongs," said Sarah, sharply; "trackin' the porch up with his muddy paws!" Her voice sounded strange, and she made a great clatter with the tea-things.

A day or two passed on. Though it had, of course, been necessary that Bose or Justice should die Miss Sarah had a growing remorse at having meddled with the forces of life and death. She looked into the almanac and found that a dog's tenure of life was fifteen years.

"He was only one," she mused. "I've took fourteen years of chicken bones and rabbit huntin' and dog pleasures gener'ly from that pore creature. If he hed a hereafter I wouldn't feel so. But he only hed life, and that's what I took. I 'most wish I hedn't done it. I d' know but a dog's higher'n a cat, anyway."

She gave a small groan.

"Don't you feel just right?" asked Mattie. She was so used to being the one whose symptoms were matters of interest that, for a moment, Sarah's possible headache rather surprised her.

"You'd better go and get a little fresh air," she advised. "You've been cooped up in the house too much lately. To please me, Sarah, take a little walk, won't you?"

"Mebby it 'd do me good," said Sarah. "I'll go down and get some fresh eggs from old Lady Winston. You always relish 'em for breakfast."

It was late in the afternoon, and the sun was sending shafts of yellow through the wayside trees. Blue jays were calling shrilly, and a canary in a cage outside a cottage window lifted up a sweet note of reply.

Sarah, with a basket on her arm and with a checked sunbonnet over her gray head, walked down the paveless street. Hiram Conner's square brick house lifted importantly into view. Sarah, giving it a furtive, unwilling glance, decided that it wore rather an unkept air since his mother's death. Chickens were straying about the front yard.

"If Bose was 'round," thought Miss Sarah, "them hens wouldn't dast to scratch up the garden." But Bose was not around. Some one had been turning up the sod in a corner of the yard, and Miss Sarah had a sharp qualm. Perhaps Bose was buried there? She drew nearer the fence, and as she did so a man came round a corner of the house. He was a young fellow with a straw hat over his eyes, and as he saw Miss Sarah peering over the pickets he started and drew up short.

She looked up, and he said, rather stiffly: "Good day." Miss Sarah did not reply to this, but he stepped something closer and said: "Why, Miss

"HONEST?" HE ASKED, STERNLY.

Slosson, I—I just thought I'd tell you how sorry I am about Bose killing your cat. Mrs. Gray told me. I'd of felt bad about it, anyhow, but happening like it did—your sister's cat—I can't tell you how sorry I am."

Miss Sarah took this coldly.

"I don't reckon bein' sorry ever quite squares things," she said. He flushed angrily.

"No," he cut in with heat, "it don't. No one ought to feel that more than you, Miss Sarah. When you've spoiled a man's happiness, being sorry don't help him. And I don't know as you've said anything about regretting—all that."

Miss Sarah drew a quick breath.

"I didn't know you set so much store onto him as all that," she said. "But I will say this: I'm sorry I done it. I ben sorry ever since. I have so. And the thing that haunts me worst is the feelin' that I didn't p'ison him for killin' the cat so much as for belongin' to you. There, now, I've said it." She stood with a shaking hand upon the fence-rail.

Hiram Conner's face wore a bewildered expression.

"I don't seem to get your meaning just right," he owned. "What I'm blaming you for is for saying to folks that I was no match for her—for Mattie. If you felt like that—you and her—you oughtn't to have encouraged me. All I hope is that whoever she marries will be as good to her as I'd of been. Why—Miss Sarah!" His exclamation was due to the fact that Miss Sarah had stumbled weakly against the fence, with her face working.

"It's me, then?" she murmured. "It's me that's ben causing her all this sorrow! I—oh, Hiram! I said it, yes, I said them very things! but 'twas out'n pride. I didn't mean 'em like they was told you. And, Hiram!—she's missed you—Mattie has—she's missed you."

The young fellow's face fired.

"Honest?" he asked, sternly. "Don't you tell me that, unless—oh, Miss Sarah! has she missed me?"

The woman nodded.

"I'm going right down to see her," he burst out, throwing the gate open. But Miss Sarah caught at his sleeve.

"You don't bear me any hard feelin's, then, Hiram?"

"Hard feelings?"

"For killin' Bose."

They were hurrying along under the beeches, and he turned and gave her a wondering look.

"Killing Bose! Why, he's out in my barnyard. That's him barking right now. I've kept him tied since he killed the cat."

"But I poisoned him!" gasped Miss Sarah, "with toothache medicine. It had a skull and crossbones onto the label."

"Maybe the strength was lost," conjectured Conner; but the matter stirred only a surface portion of his mind, for they had neared the Slosson cottage, and at the sitting-room window he caught sight of a little fair face which flushed and then turned very white.

Big Enough.

In Mrs. Laura E. Richards' delightful picture of child life entitled "When I Was Your Age" are descriptions of the little ones who are now the grown-up daughters of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Of "Flossy" she writes:

If Julia was like Milton's "Penseroso," Flossy was the "Allegro" in person, or like Wordsworth's maiden:

> A dancing shape, an image gay,
> To haunt, to startle and waylay.

She was very small as a child. One day, a lady, not knowing that the little girl was within hearing, said to her mother:

"What a pity Flossy is so small!"

"I'm big inside!" cried a little angry voice at her elbow, and there was Flossy, swelling with rage like an offended bantam.

And she was big inside! her lively, active spirit seemed to break through the little body, and carry it along in spite of itself. Sometimes it was an impish spirit; always it was an enterprising one.—Youth's Companion.

—She—"I can say this for our sewing circle. I've never heard a word of gossip there yet." He—"Well, you can't expect to as long as you all talk at once."—Inter Ocean.

ATTACKS BY REPUBLICANS.

Shifting the Blame Due to the Blighting McKinley Act.

The effrontery of the republican leaders and organs in charging upon the democratic party—and especially upon the administration—the stringency through which we have passed and the resulting consequences to the business of the country is the most brazen thing of the kind the country has ever witnessed. If these leaders and organs had any sense of responsibility or of shame they would be doing penance in sackcloth and ashes for the sad effects of the conduct and reckless mismanagement of their party instead of trying to foist the responsibility upon the shoulders of their political opponents. For it is as clear as day to the intelligence of the world that, in so far as the troubles from which the country has been suffering and still suffers can be traced to the action of any political party, they are directly traceable to the action of the republican party.

Largely, of course, they are due to causes with which the country has had long experience—to extravagance and over-confidence in business and to the undue extension of credits which cannot with entire justice be charged to any party. But we challenge successful contradiction of the statement that the bulk of our business troubles are due directly to the extravagant expenditures of the republican party while in power and to the class legislation which bears the label of that party. That the result did not show itself until that party had been driven from power by an indignant and outraged people does not change the fact. It was clearly foreseen while the party was in power and in the main as clearly predicted; and it was because it was so seen and predicted that the party was driven from power.

That the Sherman silver law was in great part responsible for our financial troubles has been clearly, though grudgingly, admitted by the more intelligent leaders of the republican party. That the McKinley act is also responsible to a great degree is susceptible of the clearest proof. To it can be traced directly the falling off in our exportation of breadstuffs and other staples which has been so important a factor in the diminution of our trade. This was clearly foretold. The framers of the McKinley act were distinctly warned that the imposition which that act contemplated on our purchases of foreign goods meant retaliation in kind. It required no gift of prophecy to utter the warning. It was simply the voice of all experience; and the end merely confirmed the teaching of the past. Great Britain is nothing if not commercial. She buys of those to whom she can sell. Finding that she could not sell to us she bought her wheat as well as she could of Russia and the Argentine Republic, and her cotton of India, sending in exchange what she had to sell. It was not sentiment, but business. She has bought of us what she was compelled to, but she has bought no more; and the consequence has been an enormous falling off in our trade, sufficient alone to account for half of the disaster which has befallen our business interests.

The McKinley act was responsible also, very largely, for the overproduction in manufactures which has glutted our markets and brought about stagnation. It has been the result of protective tariffs from their first inception. The first effect is to unduly stimulate manufacturing and thereby competition. Then follows that falling in prices over which the short-sighted protectionist gloats as the fruits of his pet policy. The next step is the scramble to unload and this soon results in stagnation. There is nothing new in the process. It is as old as protective tariffs are.

The most absurd of the pretenses by which it is sought to justify the attack on the democratic party is that the foundation of the trouble has been dread of tariff change. It is undoubtedly true that the inaction and delay in congress has produced, and is producing a feeling of uncertainty which militates against the revival for which we are all waiting. But it is arrant nonsense to talk of the panic, so called, having been produced by anxious anticipation of tariff changes. Aside from the fact that the blighting effect of the McKinley act is abundantly sufficient to account for the mischief done, it is notorious that because of the evils it foresaw from that act the country voted overwhelmingly for those very tariff changes which it is now represented as looking forward to with gloom and foreboding.—Detroit Free Press.

POINTS AND OPINIONS.

——If being out of work proves anything, what does three million out of work under the McKinley bill prove?—N. Y. World.

——While McKinley is fighting to keep free wool out of the country, the Chinese are being smuggled into his state by squads. The major never did favor placing duty on cheap foreign labor.—Detroit Free Press.

——Gov. McKinley graciously allows that there is a big demand for Tom Reed's tariff speech in Ohio, but he doesn't explain whether it is the edition labelled, by mistake: "Speech of William L. Wilson on His Tariff Bill."—Boston Herald.

——The republicans of the senate obstruct the settlement of the tariff question in the hope that by keeping the country unsettled until November they will be able to control the next congress. This vicious policy ought to be well understood, and it will be.—N. Y. World.

——The tariff bill cannot become the law of the land before July 1. The debate in the senate is to begin the first week in April, and its discussion will last at least six weeks. It then goes to the conference committee, after which it will be submitted to both houses.—Albany Argus.

——There are just three things that are absolutely essential to the existence of the democratic party just now, and they are these: (1) That a tariff-reform bill be passed. (2) That a satisfactory tariff-reform bill be passed. (3) That a satisfactory tariff-reform bill be passed speedily.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

——Who has ever heard a protectionist give a valid reason for his belief? His reasons for believing in protection would apply equally well for belief in polygamy or plutocracy or phonography. Everything that he can see has happened under polygamy, plutocracy and phonography has happened under protection—and what has happened has had the same relationship to the one as to the other. He thinks it was protection, and not phonography, but only because he is told to think so.—N. Y. World.

PROTECTION PRODUCTS.

Republican Rule Responsible for Socialistic Demonstrations.

The Coxey movement is chiefly significant as an expression of the socialistic tendencies that have developed under republican rule and protectionist principles. In France the doctrine of protection has been accepted by the socialists in its logical consequences, and men are saying to the state: "Since protection makes prices high, give us also protection for wages. Fix a minimum scale, and let the state compel employers to observe it."

There was no principle more essentially embodied in the foundations of American liberty than the principle of individual liberty—the independence of the citizen. The state was sovereign only because he, the citizen, gave it of his own sovereignity. It was his creation; he owed nothing to the state but loyalty and obedience to necessary laws. The state owed all to him. This spirit gave the dignity and strength that characterized the men of America. In its destruction there has been no influence more potent than the doctrine of protection. In its very essence it assumes that one set of individuals is not as strong as another set of individuals, that a man isn't able to stand up before the world and win his own way through it. In practice, it has fostered the idea that one class must be made to contribute to another and far smaller class; that the government has the right to interfere in the affairs of its citizens and determine how much of one man's goods shall be given to another man. It has made the government a part of and a party to the money-getting machinery of the favored class, and has made money-getting a governmental function, leaving the minds of the citizens with no sense of their personal independence and individual responsibilities. We are no longer a nation of sovereigns, but of dependents. So paternalism drifts into socialism, and so protection comes back to the protected in the appeal of Coxey's "army" for help.

In this country the masses have not yet learned to apply the logic of the situation; but they are fast learning it. It is no new idea; the inevitable consequences of protection were foreseen years ago by students of sociological tendencies. So long ago as 1851 Cavour, the Italian economist, said:

"I maintain that the most powerful ally of socialism, in its logical relations, is the doctrine of protection. It sets out from absolutely the same principle. Reduced to its simplest terms, it affirms the right and duty of government to intervene in the employment and distribution of capital; it affirms that the function and mission of government are to substitute its more enlightened decisions for the freedecision of the individual. If these principles should become recognized as incontestably true, I do not see what answer could be made to the working classes and their representatives when they came to the government and said: 'You believe in the right and duty of regulating the distribution of capital: why not also take up the regulation of production and wages? Why not establish government workshops?'"

Germany and France, and now the United States, have verified these words. The proposition is so self-evident that it scarcely needs discussion. Speaking of Mr. Leon Say's proposition that protection insensibly leads to "nationalism," a French authority on economical questions lays down the principle that "between protection and socialism the line of distinction is very difficult to perceive." A Frenchman defined the difference as being that the protectionist was a rich man, while the socialist was a pauper.

Undoubtedly, if the robber barons are right, Coxey is also right, and so are the populists, and with more justice on the side of the latter, for their needs are greater. The populists are but the natural outgrowth of republicanism and protection.

Let Coxey blow his trumpet long and lustily at the gates of the robber barons. It is his turn now.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE LYNCHING OF NEGROES.

A Chance for the Republican Moral Extractor to Get in His Work.

The reported lynching of a negro brings several reflections forcibly to the mind. One of the first reflections that thus come thronging is the reflection how easy it must have been, in exciting times, to write "editorials" for the republican press. It is true that so far as the substance or the style of the articles were concerned no great difficulty attended the composition of them in off years. Only when the party was wrought up beyond the critical point by the danger to the nation, the editorial writer used to dismiss even his usual very small fear of being laughed at and let himself go with entire recklessness. The lynching of a negro was a godsend to him, or, to speak less profanely, a windfall. He squared his elbows to extract from it the most promiscuous and bewildering morals. One of them was that the south was in the saddle. Another would naturally be that the lynching showed the survival of the spirit of caste, of southern race hatred, and of the democratic contempt for the toiling masses—and the desire of the democrats to bring the toiling masses into contempt by hanging representatives of the toiling masses without process of law. These morals are all more or less dislocated by the circumstances of the latest lynching. It did not take place in any southern state, but in Pennsylvania, the seat and citadel of current republicanism, which gave a majority against the democrats and the Wilson bill at the last election of something like two hundred thousand. The extraction of republican morals from the lynching thus requires great ingenuity, and we shall look with curiosity to see what use the moral extractor makes of his unpromising material.—N. Y. Times.

——The organ of the American protective tariff league gives prominence to the statement that the price realized by farmers for the last year's crop of potatoes at a New Hampshire shipping point has been thirty-seven cents per bushel, against seventy cents for the crop of 1892, all owing to the Wilson bill. The McKinleyites must be desperately short of points when they claim that the Wilson bill, which will not be a law before next July, reduced the price of last year's potato crop thirty-three cents per bushel. The crops of 1892 and 1893 were both alike protected by the McKinley tariff. The fall on last year's crop merely shows how the McKinley tariff does not protect the farmer.—Chicago Herald.

——There is no man so poor," says a protectionist contemporary, "that he will be spared paying a tax on sugar if he eats any of it." Thus proclaims this oracle when the democrats propose to levy a tariff tax; when the republicans levy such taxes it insists that they are paid, not by the consumer, but by the foreigner.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

TROPICAL FRUITS.

How They Are Handled During Shipment.

Between five and six million bunches of bananas are sold in this city every year, and though St. Louis consumes the bulk of these, a great deal is shipped to points between here and San Francisco. The big warehouses in which this fruit is stored and brought to maturity before selling and shipping are located along North Third street. A ramble among these brings out many interesting points, not only about the methods employed in handling and ripening bananas, but a deal of other tropical fruit.

Bananas for the St. Louis market come from points in British Honduras, Jamaica and the islands of the southern Atlantic ocean. Port Limon, Boco del Foro, Port Antonio, Araranca and the Blue Fields of Nicaragua are the greatest producers.

The bananas grow on great plantations, and as they are cut are carried on the backs and heads of natives to the big vessels which are engaged in the business of transporting tropical fruits to the United States. The fruit is green when loaded into the hull of the vessel, and care must be taken, not only in loading the cargo in the vessel's hold, but also in preventing, by the use of ventilation, any sweating process that would arise if the hold were allowed to grow warm.

In this green state the fruit intended for St. Louis and points on the Mississippi is loaded on boats or cars at Mobile and near New Orleans. From the landing stages where the boats arrive, or from the freight shed, it it hauled in huge express wagons to the warehouses already mentioned, and in front of these any fine day when a cargo of bananas is being received the scenes are truly interesting.

As the big trucks, loaded with their precious freight, pull up before the doors hundreds of Italian peddlers, ragged urchins and negro women scramble for such of the fruit as, having ripened on the bunches, may fall to the sidewalks, and the scenes that follow the scuffle are amusing in the extreme.

Now that the fruit has arrived safely at its destination it requires even more of an outlay of watchfulness and experience to prepare it suitably for the market. The bunches are carried to long dark rooms where steam pipes or gas stoves keep the temperature at different degrees of heat, varying from fifty to seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit. The finer formed bunches, bearing the larger class of fruit, are hung on the bottom racks, while the smaller sized go to the top because the heat rises and concentrates along the ceilings of these rooms, thereby giving greater force to the small fruit, which ripens more slowly than the larger sort.

The orders that come in for bananas usually state the stage of ripeness in which the buyer desires the fruit shipped to him. The packing must be done very carefully, as it is without doubt the most tender of all tropical fruits to handle.

First, the bunches are placed in big paper bags and these are then dipped into cases lined with straw or salt hay as a still further protection against the changes of tempature. In this packing they are easily shipped to the most distant points in the country.

Aspinwall was at one time the greatest port for the shipment of this fruit to the United States, but since the Pacific Fruit Transportation Co. ceased operating their line of steamers, this business has fallen away altogether.

Oranges of every sort—navel, tangerine and grape fruit—are plentiful in these great stock-rooms, and the supply is usually drawn from Florida, although California is called upon at times. Of the Florida fruit the best comes from Citra, Leesburg, Orange Bend on the Indian river, Tampa, Gainesville, Emerald island and points in the south and southeast of the state. Tangerines and grape fruit—kid-glove oranges, as termed by the fruit dealers—are comparatively new in this market and are little known, though in the far south the cooks use them in delightful salads, marmalades and cake dressings or puddings. They are higher grade in flesh, flavor and price than the Florida oranges, and are usually packed more carefully in their wooden cases. The long gray Spanish moss that was formerly used in packing is done away with by paper, tinsel and tissue sheets.

A few lemons are received from the Pacific slope, but the greater portion are imported from points along the Mediterranean sea, and especially from Sicily. Figs are received in bags from Arabia and these are the coarser sort. Finer, larger figs are sent from many points in the far east and are beautifully laid one upon another, with alternate layers of their own leaves, and packed in wooden cases.

Almena and Malaga in Spain furnish the finest varieties of white grapes and raisins. The grapes are all shipped in half-barrels, packed in cork dust; the raisins in fine boxes, whose covers are elaborately colored lithographs of Spanish vineyard scenes, or of dark-eyed sons of sunny Spain making love to some fair senorita on the shady slope of a vine-covered hill.

Dates, always in sacks made of plaited "vegetable palm," are received from Arabia and Turkey, and this quality is known as the Fard date, for it is much heavier and darker in color than the Golden date which comes only from Persia.—St. Louis Republic.

How the Eskimos Kill Wolves.

The Eskimo of the Arctic practice an ingenious method of slaughtering wolves, planting a stake in the ice with a blade of flint fastened to the upper end. About the flint blade they wrap a piece of blubber, which freezes hard. Presently along come some wolves and lick at the blubber, until the edges of the flint cut their tongues. Tasting their own blood, they become frantic and attack each other, the fight continuing until the whole pack lies dead. The next day the artful hunter comes along and skins them. That is one reason why wolf-skin rugs are so cheap to-day.—Boston Budget.

A Terrible Catastrophe.

Mother—Mercy! What has happened? You are crying as if your heart would break.

Little Jonny—Boo, hoo! While we was all skating, Tommy Dodd broke through the ice, and—and—boo, hoo, hoo."

"Horrors! Was he drowned?"

"N-o—boo, hoo, hoo!"

"Then who was drowned?"

"Nobody—boo, hoo, hoo!"

"Then what are you crying about?"

"The—the ice is all spoilt."—Good News.

PITH AND POINT.

—It takes some people a long time to find out that it never pays to worry.—Ram's Horn.

—"Do you think Officer McCobb is square?" "Surely, he must be; he is never 'round when wanted."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Susan—"I shall hate to be twenty-five awful." Alice—"But you can't be put in peril of it a second time."—Raymond's Monthy.

—He—"Ah—the worst of you Americans is that you have no "leisure class." She—"Yes, we have. We call them tramps!"—Punch.

—Don't be a clam. If you've got to be anything of the kind, be a mud turtle. Then you may have some snap to you.—Texas Siftings.

—Palette—"The chairman of the hanging committee at the academy is a dog." Mrs. Palette—"A what?" Palette—"A sky terrier."—Harlem Life.

—Mr. Henpeck (soliloquizing)—"It is when I read of Solomon's many wives that I begin to doubt the great wisdom he is said to have had."—Boston Courier.

—"By the way, Jones, who was the greatest liar?" Jones—"Baron Munchausen." "No; Rip Van Winkle. Didn't he lie in the woods for twenty years."—Philadelphia Record.

—Ralph—"Suppose a fellow's best girl gets mad when he asks for a kiss?" Curtis—"Take it without asking." Ralph—"Suppose she gets mad then?" Curtis—"Then he's got some other fellow's girl."—Brooklyn Life.

—Teacher—"Who can tell me what useful article we get from the whale? Johnny?" Scholar—"Whalebone." Teacher—"Right. Now, what little boy or girl knows what we get from the seal! Tommy?" Scholar—"Sealing wax."—P. & S. S. Co.'s Bulletin.

—It was Margaret, five and a half years old, who heard some one remark, somewhat bitterly, on Sunday morning, that it looked like rain. "Well," she said, "you know it's the Lord's day, and I suppose He can do what He wants to with it!"—Boston Transcript.

—"But, papa," wailed the young woman, "you have no idea how he loves me. He is willing to die for me this very minute." "Well," said the old man, scratching his head thoughtfully, "I don't know as I have any objection to that. I was afraid he wanted to marry you."—Tit-Bits.

—Giving It Away.—"What is your mother doing, Toozer?" asked Senior Alley. "Fussing out in the kitchen because she baked a custard and gave it away." "What did she give it away for?" "Why, pa, don't you know it always gives a custard a whey to bake it too long?"—Arkansaw Traveler.

—Mrs. Corntassel had been to the Corcoran art gallery. "What did you think of the statuary?" asked her hostess. "Well," was the meditative reply, "of course, it's mighty poor taste and sinfully wasteful fur people ter overdress; but I must say that ancients carried economy ter an extreme."—Washington Star.

—Mr. Le Fanu, in his stories of Irish life, tells this one: "A neighbor of mine said that a very fine horse he had bought a few days previously had gone lame. 'What is the matter with him?' asked a Mr. T——. 'I am greatly afraid he has got the vernacular,' said he (of course he meant navicular). 'Dear me,' said T——, 'I never heard of any quadruped having that disease except Balaam's ass.'"

BOTANY AND ENTOMOLOGY.

Some of the Welcomes Given the Insect Visitants by Flowers.

Botany and entomology must henceforth go hand in hand. The flower must be considered as an embodied welcome to an insect affinity, and all sorts of courtesies prevail among them in the reception of their invited guests. The banquet awaits, but various singular ceremonies are enjoined between the cup and lip the stamens doing the hospitalities in time-honored forms of etiquette. Flora exacts no arbitrary customs. Each flower is a law unto itself. And how expressive, novel and eccentric are these social customs! The garden salvia, for instance, slaps the burly bumblebee upon the back and marks him for her own as he is ushered in to the feast. The mountain-laurel welcome the twilight moth with an impulsive multiple embrace. The desmodium and genesta celebrate their hospitality with a joke, as it were, letting their threshold fall beneath the feet of the caller, and startling him with an explosion and a cloud of yellow powder, suggesting the day pyrotechnics of the Chinese. The prickly-pear cactus incloses its buzzing visitor in a golden bower, from which he must emerge at the roof as dusty as a miller. The barberry, in similar vein, lays mischievous hold of the tongue of its sipping-bee, and I fancy, in his early acquaintance, before he has learned its ways, gives him more of a welcome than he had bargained for. The evening primrose, with outstretched filaments, hangs a golden necklace about the welcome murmuring noctuid, while the various orchids excel in the ingenuity of their salutations. Here is one which presents a pair of tiny clubs to the sphinx-moth at its threshold, gluing them to its bulging eyes. Another attaches similar tokens to the tongues of butterflies, while the cypripedium speeds its parting guest with a sticking-plaster smeared all over its back. And so we might continue almost indefinitely.—W. Hamilton Gibson, in Harper's Magazine.

The Untamable Zebra.

Sir Cornwallis Harris, an English hunter in South Africa, says that the zebra is much fleeter of foot than the antelope. Seeking the wildest and most sequestered spots in troops, the animals are under the special charge of a sentinel, so posted on an adjacent crag as to command a view of every avenue of approach. No sooner has the note of alarm been sounded by the sentinel, than the whole flock hurry forward to ascertain the nature of the danger, and, having gazed a moment at the advancing hunter, away they thunder down craggy precipices and over yawning ravines, where no human foot could dare follow them. To creep near enough to shoot even the sentinel requires hours of careful approach, and it is only by hunting in numbers and driving the zebras down on the plains that they are ever slain or captured. For domestic purposes they are useless, as no zebra has yet been tamed.—Golden Days.

—Youth is beautiful. Its friendship is precious. The intercourse with it is a purifying release from the worn and stained hardness of older life.—N. P. Willis.