A ROSE OF NORMANDY

By WILLIAM R. A. WILSON

CHAPTER XVI—CONTINUED.

The governor came daily, and strove with real distress to encourage the sufferer. Madame Bizard appeared frequently too, telling her of the outside world and urging her to a quick convalescence. But somehow the desire to recover was lacking in the patient. It was as though a spring had snapped within her leaving inertia instead of energy, and a desire to slumber on in sweet forgetfulness rather than the determination to resume the weary load of life again. But her release was not to be, and as she slowly began to regain ground she found relief and her chiefest pleasure in the companionship of the nuns who nursed her. Their life in its seclusion and usefulness appealed to her heart, and gradually the fancy for a religious life became strengthened to a determination. Her own existence would always be a blank, and could she do better than to fill out her remaining years in the service of God? He had evidently had a purpose in permitting her to live, almost against her will.

When she first told Frontenac of her decision he stormed and swore he would ship her back to France; then, as he saw that she remained unshaken in her resolution, he finally suggested a compromise to which she agreed. This was that she was to remain with the nuns for two years as a donnee or religious helper who has taken no vows. If, after this novitiate she still persisted in her purpose, he would offer no objection to her entering the sisterhood. He hoped that in so long a period events would alter conditions in France so that she could be sent home in safety.

It was indeed the Comte de Miron whom Renee had seen as she looked out of the window. Tonti's sword-point in entering his breast had touched a rib and, glancing upwards, had wounded the lung tissue severely, barely missing the heart. The copious hemorrhage that followed well-nigh strangled him. His faithful coachman finding that he still breathed had taken him to a house on the outskirts of Paris, called a leech and summoned one of the Comte's friends, whose name he had given him before the duel for use in any such emergency. Together they combated the enormous loss of blood and weakness that followed. On convalescing, his friend, learning of the king's expression of satisfaction in the supposed death of the Comte, hurried him away to an estate in Brittany. There they abode together for many months, riding and hunting.

As spring came his faithful confidant went to Paris to see if it were safe for him to come to life again. He returned in a month with bad news. One of the Comte's numerous peculations in the state funds, which he had committed while secretary to Colbert, had come to light, rendering it hazardous for him to appear again in Paris or even remain in France, for if by any chance he were apprehended it would mean the loss of his head. Accordingly, they laid their plans and he was hurried aboard the next ship that sailed for New France. This happened to be the one on which Renee traveled. Both of them seeking to escape observation seldom left their cabins. Hence it was that each was ignorant of the other's presence.

Bearing a letter to Duchesneau from a friend, the Comte presented himself at the palace immediately upon his arrival. Staying at the palace he soon became acquainted with all of Duchesneau's friends and agents. It was there that he met Madame Bizard, who had come to make her regular report to the intendant, of all she had learned. He had refrained from going about the city to any great extent, hence had never seen Renee; and it was while on an errand for Duchesneau that he had caught a glimpse of Madame Bizard's face at the window, and, remembering her invitation to call, had stopped. Well supplied with money, which he spent carelessly, he soon made many friends. Seeing the impression the young man had made upon the susceptible Madame Bizard, Duchesneau urged him to continue in his attentions, hoping that the young Comte might be thus thrown with Lieut. Bizard in a friendly way and ultimately win him over to the side of the intendant.

Frontenac before long became conscious of a new force that was aiding his enemy, insidiously undermining his influence among many of his adherents. He was at a loss to account for this, and it was some time ere he suspected the stranger. Finally, several discoveries confirmed his suspicions, and he realized that in the person of the young man there lay a useful ally for the intendant and a dangerous enemy to himself. He was powerless to do anything, however, as the Comte, although an acknowledged friend of Duchesneau, was still louder in his professions of friendship and respect for the governor and the colony, so Frontenac was obliged to bide his time until by some overt act or word he would lay himself liable to legal interference.

The mischief that he made became so great that the governor was desperate. At length an audacious speech made by the Comte de Miron one evening was reported to him. He saw his opportunity. The Comte was brought before the council, and several witnesses testified to having heard him boastingly remark that there was nothing like righting one's wrongs oneself, and that when the English cut off the head of Charles I. they did a good thing, besides several utterances of a similar tenor. He was, therefore, accused of speaking ill of royalty in the person of the king of England, and uttering words tending to sedition. The intendant and his followers in the council did their utmost to protect their ally, but in vain. Frontenac's influence carried the day and he was adjudged guilty. The governor forced the council to impose the most humiliating penalty possible, in order to discourage any others from taking up the cause of Duchesneau. Accordingly, he was dragged ignominiously from prison by the public executioner and led by a rope around his neck, with a torch in hand, to the gate of the Chateau, there to beg pardon of the king; thence to the pillory of the lower town, where he was branded on the cheek with a fleur-de-lis and set in the stocks for half an hour; then he was led back to prison and placed in irons. This was to be repeated three times.

The man while passing through the terrible ordeal of the day had seen the face of Madame Bizard in the crowd, who smiled and nodded encouragingly. They had become great friends, and the Comte was glad to find one kindly glance. The room in which he was confined was on the ground-floor of the Chateau. Scarcely had he thrown himself exhausted upon the bed placed beneath the little grated opening that admitted air and light, when a summons at the door engaged his guard's attention for the moment. Just at this juncture the prisoner felt something drop on his chest from above, and saw that a tiny parcel had been thrown in through the window. He quickly opened it and recognized a key fitting his fetters, wrapped in a piece of paper, on which was written:

"Escape to-night at 11; there is worse in store for you. You will find all the doors unlocked." There was no name signed, but he recognized the writing.

At dark his jailer left him and was replaced by four trusty soldiers of Frontenac. They examined his irons and then left him to himself, a seemingly half-unconscious being, huddled upon the bed near the door, which was fastened upon the inside by an iron cross-bar. After their conversation began to flag they stacked their arms, took the one light in the room to a further corner, leaving the bed in a half shadow, and proceeded to pass away the time with cards. The prisoner hearkened to a distant clock in the Chateau striking ten and heard the sounds of closing the building for the night as the inmates retired. Carefully he inserted the key into the lock of the iron on his right hand, which was freed; then into that of the left, and it was liberated also. Slowly he reached down, watching with half-closed eyes the group of soldiers in the corner attentive to their game, and withdrew his legs from the encircling fetters. He waited impatiently for the clock to sound 11 and wondered what he would do if he found his information false. Perhaps it was all a trap to induce him to attempt to escape! He would chance it. Eleven o'clock struck; the players laughed guardedly at their game. He arose, and with one bound seized the four guns.

The rattling noise attracted the attention of the soldiers, who started up only to find their prisoner freed and with one of the guns pointed at them. Before they recovered from their astonishment he had slipped the bolt; the door swung open. Speeding down the corridor, he found the doors that barred his way were all unfastened. He heard the shouts of alarm raised by the soldiers; the last door opened into the night air; he was free!

The next day all Quebec was astir with search-parties hunting for the escaped prisoner; he was not found. The day after it was learned that Madame Bizard had disappeared also.

CHAPTER XVII.

SHOWS HOW CLOSELY THE FORTUNES OF LOVE AND WAR MAY BE INTERWOVEN.

If the French had dangers and disturbances within the citadel of Quebec, the white settlers and seigneurs outside the protection of its guns were menaced by perils even more deadly. The great red plague had broken out again. From the southward it came creeping up in tiny patches here and there throughout the forest, stealing noiselessly through sunlight and shade, creeping stealthily from tree to tree, gliding steadily onward towards the north. Often two or more of these patches met, coalesced, then moved ahead again, growing more wary as the river was approached, hiding behind rotting logs and beneath tangled underbrush all the day and issuing forth at night to resume the broken journey. At last the outer edge of the pest reached the brink of the St. Lawrence and peered furtively from behind the parted foliage for any sight of life upon the surface of the water, then retreated into the darkness, there to skulk in fiendish preparation. Along the shore it sped opposite Quebec and down the river towards the sea.

One night the settlers heard the moaning of the wind and the splashing of the spring rain, and smiled and thought how needful it was for the tender, growing crops. But men neither smile nor tend crops when the red plague is abroad. That night the stream was crossed and the unseen scourge spread itself through the miasmatic bogs, hiding within the dark recesses of the virgin woods, all silent, mysterious, noxious. Then when all the clearings had been surrounded and the darkness of a cloudy night had rendered it a fit season for things foul and infernal, the pestilence lying dormant in the hidden places of the land awoke.

There was the silence of death without; no wind stirred the leaves; the very wild beasts had fled in terror, leaving their haunts vacant and dumb; the earth seemed to shudder as if in horror of the grewsome flood her surface would have to drink that night. A red light flashed its glare upon the darkness; a savage yell broke the tension of the awful moment; a woman's scream pierced the very heart of nature; a stream of blood gleamed near the flames—the red plague had come, and the woods were filled with the flitting forms of human demons as the bloodthirsty Iroquois rushed to the attack.

After her recovery Renee had given herself over to her new work with an enthusiasm that the nuns applauded. Until she regained her strength she was kept employed with her needle. Eventually she was permitted to carry out her great desire, that of nursing the sick. Soon the fame of "L'Ange," the beautiful nurse, spread through all the town and many tales were told of her angelic sweetness by the poor fellows after their recovery. She was kept busy with her merciful ministrations, for the hand of disease lay heavy on the place that winter, and many settlers, their strength reduced by the scarcity of provisions, due to the crop's failure of the previous season, fell victims to numerous diseases and were brought to the nuns for their gentle care.

Often calls came from the outlying seigniories for nurses to go and attend those too ill to be removed to the city. These were cheerfully answered by the nuns, Renee going several times herself. It was in response to one of these demands in early spring that she begged permission of Frontenac to go. The comte hesitated an instant, because the seigniory to which she was summoned lay some ten leagues up the river, farther off than any previous call had been. But as there was no special reason for fearing immediate trouble with the Indians, and he could send a goodly party to escort her, he could not find it in his heart to refuse her urgent request.

The little settlement to which she went consisted of half a dozen farms, each with a house of the farmer upon it. At a spot centrally located was the home of the seigneur, flanked with various buildings, among which was a blockhouse where was kept the powder and other warlike munitions, including a small cannon. This was built to serve as the last defense against an attacking force. About the group of buildings was a palisade, with a bastion erected at each corner. In times of trouble with the Indians the families retired to this enclosure, abandoning temporarily their homes. The seigneur and his wife had spent the winter in Montreal, leaving affairs in charge of the head farmer. Through improper management two of the servants employed about the seigniory had fallen ill with scurvy and were in good chance of dying from sheer neglect, hence the urgent message for help sent to Quebec.

When Renee arrived there she found besides the sick men a couple of half-grown girls, two boys, sons of the seigneur, aged 10 and 12, and an old man of 80, also the wife of one of the farmers, who stayed to do the cooking, and two soldiers loaned by Frontenac to guard the seigneur's possessions in his absence. The other dependants were scattered about on the outlying farms with their families, all hands at work as befitted the season.

Renee managed within a few days after her arrival to secure some order out of the confusion, and her attention to cleanliness and matters of diet soon showed good results in the improved condition of her patients. The little spare time she had for herself she usually spent in walking down to the landing place or strolling along the bank of the stream. One afternoon while standing with the younger of the two boys looking up and down the river, while he played at skipping stones, she noticed several times a sound as of the muffled reports of firearms. Thinking it strange, she gazed in the direction from whence the noise came, and was surprised to see a woman suddenly emerge from the woods and run speeding across the clearing towards the house. "The Iroquois!" she cried in terror. Renee's young companion stopped his play, and, after shading his eyes and gazing intently an instant, seized her hand, exclaiming, "Run, mademoiselle, run! Here come the Indians!" and as he spoke she saw some 50 or 60 painted savages break from cover. As they sped towards the gate, the brave boy urged her on, yet keeping a pace behind so as to guard her. The distance was but short, and the Indians, seeing they could not capture them, stopped and began to fire. The bullets whizzed by the ears of the fugitives, but they remained unhurt. The woman reached the gate before them and would have shut it in their faces had not Renee called to her to wait. Once inside, the two fastened it securely. Renee hastened to find the men, but no one was in sight. There was little time to lose, so after sending the boy to find them she set about herself to inspect the defenses. It had been so long since any danger had presented itself that they had been allowed to get out of repair. She found that several of the palisades had fallen down, leaving openings through which the enemy could easily enter. By this time the boy had returned, bringing with him only his brother and the octogenarian, both of them willing but feeble hands. The soldiers and the women were not to be found. With encouraging words Renee made use of the material she had, and with their assistance soon raised the fallen palisades into position again. She then directed one of the boys to fire at the Indians from the loopholes, while the other beat a drum violently. She then went to the blockhouse where the ammunition was stored and there found the two soldiers huddled up in a dark corner with the women folks, one hiding his head, the other with a lighted match in his hand.

"What are you doing?" Renee cried.

"I shall light the powder and blow us all up," was the reply.

"You are a miserable coward! Leave this place!" was her contemptuous command.

Finding herself thus deserted of all expected aid, Renee's spirit rose, so, throwing aside her head-gear, she put on a man's hat and, seizing a gun, called to the two boys, saying: "Let us fight to the death. We are fighting for our country and our religion. Remember that gentlemen are born to shed their blood for the service of God and the king. I, too, am of gentle blood and will serve with you."

[To Be Continued.]

Fell Down Again.

Mr. Makinbrakes was congratulating the hostess on the success of the reception.

"It's astonishing," he said, "to see how many nice people you have succeeded in getting here this evening, though, of course, it isn't at all astonishing. They—they've got to go somewhere, you know, and—well, what I mean is that—as I was saying to that well-known doctor over there by the—er—artificial palm—I can't remember his name just now—I was saying to him that the refreshments alone would compensate one for coming here, even if—because they really are surprisingly good. Mrs. Thompson—Johnson, I mean—and I shouldn't have said surprisingly, either, because, when it comes to refreshments, everybody knows you are—don't you think 'Parsifal' is just a little too sombre, Mrs. Johnson?"—Chicago Tribune.

PECK'S BAD BOY WITH THE CIRCUS

By HON. GEORGE W. PECK

Author of "Peck's Bad Boy Abroad," Etc.

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The Bad Boy Causes Trouble Between the Russian Cossacks and the Jap Jugglers — A Jap Tight-Rope Walker Jiu-Jitsu's Pa—The Animals Go on a Strike—Pa Runs the Menagerie for a Day and Wins Their Gratitude.

I did not mean any harm when I told the Japanese jugglers that they ought to kick against having those Russian cavalrymen in the show, the fellows who ride horses standing up, in the wild-west department, 'cause I had listened to their Russian talk, and it seemed to me they were spies who were looking for a chance to do injury to the "poor little Japs." I could see that I made the Japs mad the first thing, and then I told them that pa and all the managers of the

"Gee, But Didn't That Russian Talk Kopec and Damski."

show felt sorry for the little Japs, 'cause some day the big Russians would ride right over them, and kill them right in the ring. I said that everybody thought the Japs ought to resign from the show, for fear of a clash with the Russians, or else they ought to have some grown persons to act as chaperones.

You ought to have seen the look of scorn on the faces of the Jap jugglers when the interpreter told them that the circus people were afraid the Russians would hurt them. They jabbered awhile, and then the interpreter told me that the ten little Japs could whip the 20 Russians in four minutes. Probably it was none of my business, and I never ought to have repeated it, but in a circus everybody wants to know everything that is going on, so when the big leader of the Russians asked me what those brown monkeys

"O, But the Jap Didn't Do a Thing to Pa!"

were talking about, I told him: "Nothing particular, only they say the ten of them could lick you 20 Russians in four minutes."

Gee, didn't that Russian talk kopec and damski, and froth at the mouth. Then he called his Russians together, and the talk sounded as though a soda fountain had burst. Then they all yelled: "Killovitch the monkeyouskis."

I went and told pa there was going to be a riot between the Jap jugglers and the Russian horsemen, and probably the fight would take place when the Japs came out of the ring at the afternoon performance, and the Russians went in, right near the dressing-room. I asked pa not to mix in it, but keep away in the animal tent. Pa said, not much, he wouldn't be away, and he told all the managers, and they all got around the dressing-room to stop the muss, if one started.

Well, to show how the Japs were organized, as soon as they felt there was going to be a row, they kept their eyes on the Russians all the time they were in the ring doing their pole balancing, and the little Jap up on the bamboo pole, with a fan, kept jabbering to the fellows down on the ground, and I could see that trouble was coming. When their act was over the Japs bowed to the audience, and started out where the Russians were lined up to come riding in. The big Russian said: "Look at the little monkeys," but he hadn't got the words out of his mouth before the Japs turned, and every man grabbed the tail of every other horse, and jumped up behind the Russians, and each of the ten Japs took a Russian by the neck with a jiu jitsu strangle hold, and reached out his leg and wound it around the Russian on the next horse, and in ten seconds they had unhorsed the 20 Russians. The whole 30 men were on the ground rolling in the sawdust, the Japs rolling over and under the Russians, twisting their legs and arms in an unknown manner, and making them yell for help like a mastiff that has trifled in an overbearing manner with a little bulldog, until the bulldog got mad and began the chewing act on the mastiff's fore leg.

It was the worst mix-up ever was, and the managers told pa to put a stop to it, and pa pulled off his coat and grabbed the first Jap he could dig out, and began to pull him, like you would take hold of the leg of a dog in a fight.

Pa said: "Here, quit this foolishness, 'cause there is an armistice, and the war is over, anyway."

O! O! but the Jap didn't do a thing to pa. He grabbed pa by the wrist, and he seemed to be having an epileptic fit, and pa's leg shot out so his feet hit a guy pole, and then the Jap pulled him back like he was a rubber ball on a string, and then he took pa by the elbow and held him out at arm's length, and then swung him around a few times and let go of him, and he fell down among the reserved seats which representatives of the press occupy. Pa stood on one ear on a crushed chair, with his legs over the railing, and when he came to, the newspaper men wanted to interview pa. Pa said all he remembered was that the air ship was sailing over the town, and they threw him out for ballast, and he struck a church spire and bounded onto a warehouse filled with dynamite, which exploded when he struck it, and the neighbors picked his remains up on a dustpan and emptied them in here. Then he asked if his head was on straight, and the circus men took him away to the hospital tent.

The circus hands separated the Russians and Japs, or at least pulled off the Japs, and the Russians limped to the dressing-room, and their act was cut out. Unless the terms of peace between Japan and Russia include the belligerents in our show, there will be rows every day.

Pa came to the car on crutches that night, just before the train pulled out for Philadelphia, and wanted to know where I was during the fight. He said he rushed right in and grabbed a Jap in one hand and a Russian in the other, and bumped their heads together, and threw one of them towards the ring, and the other up among the seats, and he wanted to know if I thought he killed either or both of them.

I hate a boy that will deceive his father, but I told him there was talk about two performers, one a Russian and the other a Jap, that were left at the morgue, but I didn't know anything sure about it, and pa said: "I was afraid I should hurt them, but they brought it on themselves by breaking the rules of the show against fighting during a performance," and pa rolled over and groaned in his berth, and went to sleep and snored so the freaks wanted to have a nose bag, such as horses eat out of, pulled over pa's face.

The queerest thing that ever happened in the circus business in this country took place at Germantown, Pa. The teamsters went on a strike at Pittsburg, for increase in wages and shorter hours, and for two days the management had a great time.

We had to get drays to haul the stuff from the train to the lot, and then our teamsters got the local draymen to join them, and when we got ready to haul the stuff back to the train nobody would do any work, and the walking delegates from the Teamsters' union just took possession of the show, and we were stuck, like an automobile when the gasoline gives out.

We had got to looking at the teamsters as of no particular account when they walked out, but when they wouldn't work, they became the most important part of the show, and after the show was over the managers who had told the striking teamsters to go plumb, found that they had gone plumb, and they had to rush all over Pittsburg and find them, and grant their demands, and get them to go to work.

Pa was sent out to find a bunch of them, and it cost pa over $30 to get them out of a beer garden, and back to the lot, and it was almost daylight before we got our train started for the next town.

Well, at the next town we could see there was something the matter with the animals. They acted as though they had lost all interest in the success of the show, and wouldn't do any of their stunts worth a cent. The elephants went through their act carelessly, and when they were scolded or prodded with the iron hook, they got mad and wanted to fight, and when they got back from the ring to the animal tent they wouldn't eat the baled hay, but threw it all over the tent, and acted riotous.

The kangaroos would not do their boxing act, the horses kicked at their hay, and wouldn't eat their oats, the camels growled at their food, and scared the people who passed by where they were tied to stakes, the sacred cattle got their backs up and acted as though they, being pious, couldn't swear, but would like to hire the hyenas to swear for them; the giraffes laid down and curled their necks so they were no attraction to the show, 'cause a giraffe is no curiosity unless he stretches himself away up towards the top of the tent. The zebras rolled in the mud and spoiled their stripes, so people couldn't tell them from common mules; the grizzly bear walked his cage, and kept giving vent to bear language, and the big lion was howling all the time.

The show was a failure at that town, and when we loaded the train the managers held a meeting in our car to decide what in thunder was the matter with the animals. All kinds of theories were advanced, such as poison, malaria from Indiana, and pure cussedness. After they had discussed the matter awhile, pa came in, and they asked him what he thought about it, and that tickled pa, 'cause as foolish as he looks, he helps the show out of lots of bad holes. Pa lit a cigar and put it in one side of his mouth, put his hat up on one side of his head, like he was tough, and looked wise, and said:

"Fellow fakirs, I have been watching the animals all day, and while I do not say they understand enough of the ways of human beings to be posted on labor unions, and all that, I want to tell you they are on a strike, and that grizzly and that lion are the walking delegates that are stirring them up to mischief. They may not know anything about the teamsters' strike, but they know something has happened, and they are displeased at something, and they have lost respect for the employer. They are on a strike, and the very devil is going to pay to-morrow, unless the cause of the dissatisfaction is discovered, mutual concessions made, and arbitration resorted to.

"Gentlemen, you hear me," said pa, and he sat down on the edge of the arm of the car seat.

They gave pa the laugh, but finally told him to take charge of the strike and settle it quick, but they wanted to know what he thought animals would be dissatisfied about, as long as they got food enough to eat.

Pa said: "I'll tell you. You feed the horses and other hay-eating animals on musty baled hay, bought from contractors that may have had it on hand for five years. How would you like it if you were served with breakfast food that had been stored in a warehouse until it was mildewed? A horse or an elephant has feelings. Give them baled hay, and when they are trying to pick out a mouthful that is not spoiled, you drive along with a load of nice new-mown timothy or alfalfa, and see them make a rush for that load of hay, the way my ten-horse team did the other day for that load of cornstalks. Then the sacred cattle are hot under the collar because of the fellows who use profanity. Can you imagine a sacred cow trying to be good, and set a pious example to the heathen animals, being patient when they have to listen to swearing? You buy meat that is tainted for the lions, who like fresh meat, and the jackal, that only loves bad meat, gets the only sirloin in the lot. Let me run the menagerie to-morrow, and I will have Mr. Lion, the walking delegate, declare this strike off."

Well, they told pa to arbitrate the strike, and the next day he had a couple of loads of timothy hay, such as mother used to make, driven in and unloaded, and the horses, elephants, camels, and things almost set up a cheer for pa. The meat-eating animals were given a picnic of the freshest beef, with a little so decayed that it was only fit to be buried, for the hyenas and jackals, and every animal was happy. They did their turns better than ever, and the sacred cattle almost acted devilish.

Now the animals have declared the strike off, and they want to lick pa's hand. The owners of the show appreciate genius and they have raised pa's salary and given him full charge of the menagerie.

Salvation Army Work.

The Salvation Army is at work in 49 countries and colonies, speaking 31 languages, has 7,210 corps, "circles" and societies; 13,493 officers and cadets; employs 2,566 persons, and has 45,339 local officers. It has 63 periodicals in 24 languages, with an issue of 1,208,000. There are 644 institutions for its social work and in 12 months the army supplied 4,573,399 beds and 7,213,506 meals.

Not What He Meant.

"I have always believed," said Mr. Twaddles, reflectively, "that a man in marrying should choose his opposite."

"My dear," said Mrs. Twaddles, "that is the greatest compliment you ever paid me."

Mr. T—— began to speak, but thought better of it. He settled in his chair and buried his nose in his paper.—Stray Stories.

Mine Explosions in Wales.

Records covering a long series of years show that in the coal mines of Wales most of the fatal explosions have occurred during the extremes of summer and winter, while in spring and fall such accidents have been infrequent.

HAVE GONE TARIFF MAD.

Republicans Favor Trusts and Propose Still Higher Duties.

Other nations besides the United States can "stand pat," but in the end there must come a show-down and some one will win and others lose. In playing the tariff game of freeze-out between nations the people of all countries suffer and the combines and corporations grow fat. That is the case in the United States and Germany today, for both countries are standing pat with poor hands. Even the eventual winner at this tariff game, whichever the Republican leaders here and the land monopolists in Germany are playing with the stakes that the people of both countries furnish will be poorer in the end.

In the United States we boast of our large exports, which are mostly agricultural products and raw materials and which must be sold to those countries that will buy them and the price for the surplus we have to sell, after supplying our own people, is fixed in the foreign markets, where other countries which have a surplus of similar products, are also seeking buyers. Germany, France and other protection countries that do not raise enough wheat, beef, pork and other products, set the price they will pay according to the amount that is offered for sale. The price they offer for the surplus fixes the price also in the countries that sell. If a tariff tax is imposed on any or all of these agricultural products, that and the freight and expenses and profits, must be added and the consumers in Germany and elsewhere pay the total cost.

If our people want to buy German or French products, the tariff tax that the United States imposes, is added to the price these foreign countries charge and the cost is increased from 30 to 100 per cent., the average being about 54 per cent., besides the freight and profits. But that is not the worst of it by any means, for the trusts and combines knowing that foreign goods cannot be sold here, except with the tariff added, put up the price of their products in proportion and thus virtually collect the tariff tax on nearly all our people buy. The trust gets the tax and nothing goes to the government. That is why the cost of living has increased so greatly since the Republican tariff law was enacted in 1897 and why the trusts and combines have been so fostered and have so prospered.

In Germany a similar condition exists and the price of necessities of life have so vastly increased that great distress prevails.

On March 1 the German tariff will be so increased that her markets will be absolutely closed to most of our agricultural products.

Meanwhile the trust-controlled statesmen of both countries are "standing pat" and declaring they will make no concessions. The protection majority in congress are even declaring for retaliation upon the Germans by increasing our tariff rates 25 per cent. on German products.

Thus is protection gone mad in both countries and the people are paying exorbitant prices to protect the trusts and combines. When the election of senators and congressmen takes place next fall will the voters reelect these "stand patters," or turn to the Democrats, who are pledged to tariff revision that will eliminate trust protection.

ROOSEVELT VACILLATES.

Listens to the Railroad Representatives Instead of the People.

Away back in the 70's Horace Austin was governor of Minnesota. He was an honest man and had been an upright judge before he was elected governor. He believed in the state supervising the railroads, and the railroad men determined to defeat him for a renomination. They set up the pins and thought the Republican political machine, which was all powerful and controlled by the railroads, would accomplish the defeat of Gov. Austin without his knowing what hit him. But the governor had a tinge of the wisdom of the serpent, and without consulting friend or foe made a public speech in which he said that if reelected he would "shake the railroads over hell," and the people believed he would do it and reelected him. He virtually if not literally fulfilled his promise to the people by using his influence for the creation of a railroad commission with power to declare a rate unreasonable and make a reasonable rate in place of the rate declared unreasonable. In consequence of this the people of Minnesota have not been burdened with extremely unreasonable rates and control the railroads to this day.

If President Roosevelt, instead of listening to Senator Knox and others, who are at heart railroad attorneys, would shake the railroads a bit and stand fast on his repeated declaration to give the interstate commerce commission power to fix a reasonable rate in lieu of a rate it has decided was unreasonable, congress would pass such a bill. Knox and the railroad men are urging the maximum and minimum rates as the popular programme, and back of it all the railroad lobby, with its firm hold on the majority—the great majority—of the Republican senators, hopes to so mix things up and delay action that the appropriation bills will begin to be sent over from the house and railroad legislation will be sidetracked for the session.

If President Roosevelt would do a little shaking, like old Gov. Austin did, and stand firm, instead of shilly shallying from one programme to another, the people would win a victory.

——Having returned to the Republican ranks and eulogized President Roosevelt, the Hon. Webster Davis is now trying to look as though he didn't expect a piece of pie.—Atlanta Journal.

——Bears in Indian territory are becoming so numerous that they are invading the camps. Washington papers will please not copy, as it might distract attention that is urgently needed elsewhere.—Indianapolis News (Ind.).