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AN OLD SCOUT'S STORY.

A LIVELY AND CHECKERED LIFE IN MEXICO.

Bold Exploits Among the Blackfeet.

A Hunter's View of the Government's Indian Policy—Jesuits Successful Missionaries.

Jack Baronett stopped in this city the other day on his way to Washington. He staid at the Fifth-avenue Hotel long enough to look around the metropolis a little. Baronett has been hit half a dozen times with bullets, to say nothing of several knife gashes, and as a result he has lost the use of his right arm and hand. He has lived so many years where the slightest noises often mean peril that he has an air of constant watchfulness. His voice is low and his utterances slow and cautious, like one who instinctively guards against betraying his presence to a listening enemy. He is a man of more than medium size, but his steps are as noiseless as those of a cat, and, although he is considerably over 50 years of age, he is as agile and as keen-sighted as a boy, and does not look more than 37 years old.

In 1850 Jack Baronett, a Scotchman from Perthshire, was a miner in California, and from there he went up to Walla Walla, Washington Territory, prospecting. Thence he went out as a prospecter aaud independent Indian trader t Fort Owens, and into the Deer Lodge valley among the Blackfeet Indians. Since that time he has been a scout, with occasional diversions into the trading line. His dress is plain, his manner quiet and reserved, his English good, and he is modest, speaking unwillingly to strangers of his hairbeadth escapes.

THRICE CAPTURED.

"In 1857," said he, "I went down to Fort Garland, did some trading with the Indians, and afterwards joined the regular army as a scout, under General Sydney Johnson. I afterward was with the regulars in Arizona. From there I drifted over to Mexico. The Mexicans got hold of me, and gave me the choice of joining them or being shot. They were fighting Maximilian. Why, I told them that was just what suited me—just what I came over for. When I say they were fighting Maximilian, I only tell part of their business. They were fighting anything that had money. They called themselves Mexicans, but most of them were Europeans, and all of them a bad lot. Before long I managed to get captured by another party of Mexicans, a little better than the first. They gave me the option of joining them or being shot, and I told them that just suited me; that what I came over there for was to join them. They were of Juarez' party. From them I was captured—honestly captured that time, too, after a good solid fight—by some of Maximilian's troops. Maximilian pardoned me and I joined his forces for a time, but a Mexican party got hold of me again, and under the old custom I joined them once more. I hated to, for Maximilian was the noblest man that ever was in Mexico, and I hated to fight against him; but when a man has had the luck to be sentenced to be shot in cold blood a few times, the experience sort of takes out whatever nerve he has got for that sort of thing, and he is willing to make almost any sort of terms. Before long, however, I managed to get away from them, and left that country in disgust, going back up to Montana, where I was in the first Blackfoot and Blood Indian war.

"Governor T. F. Meagher commissioned me to raise a company, and I did so at Helena, St. Louis Gulch and Last Chance Gulch. I had eighty-five splendid men, good fighters, well mounted and armed. All the mounting and equipping and fitting out of that company I did at my own cost, at an expense to me of $16,000—good dollars in gold. That was in 1865. I don't know what the difference between gold and greenbacks was then in the East, but out in Montana gold was five for one, and, in fact, people didn't want the paper anyway. Put a handful of greenbacks out on a bar for a drink and the barkeeper would take them all in, or else he'd shove them back and give you a drink. With me at that time were Charley Carson (nephew of Kit Carson), John Rann (now in the Whoop-up country), Charley Thomas, and a lot more whose names I do not remember. At the close of the summer campaign the Blackfeet broke out again. Their first step was to kill their chief, Little Dog, a friend of the whites on the road between Fort Benton and Willow Round, on the Marias river. His son, who was a little distance behind, got up and demanded to know who had killed his father. The murderers stood around the corpse, silent and sullen. He made another demand, but they didn't answer him. He calculated, however, that he could guess who did it, and went to work to get even. He only killed one, however, before they all turned in on him and killed him. They then dragged his mother out of the brush, where she had taken refuge, cut off her ears and turned her loose.

A LODGE OF INDIANS SURPRISED.

"I was ordered to go with a party of fifteen men I had gathered together to demand from the Blackfeet the murderers of Little Dog. I went according to orders, not that I had any idea of going with my dozen men to make any demands from 1,000 to 1,200 lodges of Blackfeet, but I thought I'd get some Indians anyway. We followed them up, we kept among their horses, and in full view of their lodges. There were more lodges than we could count, too many, we concluded, to make a fight with. But we knew where there was a small camp down on Pablo's island and made up our minds to go for them. We didn't know exactly how many of them there were, so Carson and I left the rest of the party behind about a mile when we landed on the island. We snaked around to get information, and got pretty close to the camp, when all of a sudden my mule, which had been raised among Indians, smelled them and made a break straight for the camp. I couldn't stop the brute, but by hard spurring sent him at a gallop right among the lodges. Carson stuck to me, and we went through there whooping and shooting. The Indians were stampeded at first and swore afterward that four or five hundred white men rode through the camp. I guess we made noise enough for that many. After that we hung about there and managed to raise some hair, but soon there got to be so many Indians after us tha we thought we had better light out for Sun River, sixty miles below Fort Benton, and make a camp. On the road we were attacked by them at midnight, but after a fight of half or three-quarters of an hour, they pulled off, and we got down to Sun river, with them pursuing us and shooting from cover when they could get a chance. In the fight we took four of them alive and hung them with our lariats, in full view of the others, daring them to come into the open and fight like men, instead of skalking in the bushes like squaws. They yelled back that before another moon our hearts would be on the ground. When we came to look it over and see how many there were of them, and that we had one wounded man on our hands, we thought maybe they might be right. So we pulled out from there again, and made for Helena, the Blackfeet following us and keeping up a running fight all the way to Dearborn river, where the last skirmish took place, and where Charley Carson was buried."

One of Jack's friends, present at the interview, having reminded him of the time when he was reluctant to part with an Indian dog, Jack laughingly related the story: "I was sent by General Miles from Fort Kehoe on the Dry Fork of the Missouri, to carry dispatches to an officer, and bring in a body of 260 Crow scouts. That was in 1877. The second day out I was jumped by a party of Sioux, but got away from them, by having a very fast horse, at nightfall. That night when I laid down to give him a chance to rest and graze, he was stampeded by a bear. Being left afoot in that country is no joke. I had only moccasins on my feet, and in a couple of days' walking over the alkali dust and through the prickly pears they were worn out and I went barefoot. Besides I was almost half starved. On the second day of marching I picked up a lean little Indian dog. It was a miserable-looking dog, but very welcome meat for me, so I knocked it on the head and packed it along. I had carried it ten or fifteen miles when I saw a fine big antelope right ahead. But I thought to myself: 'You're safe; I don't want you this time; I've got meat enough,' and I walked along. The antelope was asleep and let me go within fifty yards. Then I thought I'd have to shoot him any way, and, after looking well around to see that there were no Indians about, I dropped him. He was very fat and nice, and I ate some chunks of his fat and considered. I hated to give up my dog, but made up my mind that fat antelope was better than lean dog, and made the exchange. I saw some horses grazing in a valley not far off. I made up my mind that I'd fight twenty Indians to get a horse, and started to crawl to them. Just as I got to where I expected to shoot from, an Indian sung out to me from right behind me: I think I must have jumped fifteen feet, it came so sudden. He had seen me and crawled around behind me. I wheeled to shoot, but he dropped down and hollered that he was a friend. 'Friend or no friend,' I thought to myself, 'I'll have one of your horses.' But as soon as he saw my plight he said I was poor and he would give me a horse. And I said, 'Friend your heart is good.' He and I had a good feed of antelope entrails, an Indian delicacy, and then he gave me a good mount and I went on.

OUR INDIAN POLICY.

Jack Baronett was a scout with Gen. Howard in the fall of 1877, and speaks in high praise of the wonderful marching powers of the men under his command. In 1878 he was with Major Brisbane in the Bannock Indian war in Idaho. In reply to questions as to his views of the proper treatment of the Indians and the causes for the frequent troubles with them the old scout said: "Well, there's a great deal of pure natural cussedness about an Indian, but the Government policy is the cause of the troubles with the Indians. The policy of the British Government is the best yet. Our Government punishes a tribe for the deeds of one or two bad Indians. They should punish individuals not the tribe, for depredations and crimes, the same as they would punish bad white men. Then here's another bad thing, in this policy of pacification. When the Indians kill a few whites, the Government sends out a commission to treat with them, hires them, or pays them, as they consider it, to be good; gives them blankets and things for keeping the peace. They know, and I've heard them say so, that as soon as they kill some whites the Government will send on some fool peace commissioner and give them all they ask for. Then another thing, there are some bad Indian agents, real rascals, who keep no faith with them. The Indians should have been put in the hands of the military and kept there. This church control over them is a farce. The Jesuit priests who go out and live with them do have a great deal of control over them, but they are the only set who have."

A principal object of the present visit to the East of Scout Baronett, and several Montana friends accompanying him is to urge upon Congress the ratification of a treaty made a couple of years ago with the Crow Indians, by which the Crows cede to the whites a part of their reservation lying on the Montana line. The desired territory is about 40 miles long, and 25 miles in width at the widest part, and is said to be extremely rough, mountainous, and of no use to the Crows, who are "plain Indians," and never go to hunt in the mountains. It is, however, extremely rich in mineral deposits. Clark's Fork is the name of the tract. The climate there is said to be delicious—for those who like that sort os climate—summer lasting about two months every year. This summer there will probably be 10,000 whites in that slice of the Crow reservation, treaty or no treaty, and if the matter is not adjusted, trouble with the Indians is deemed inevitable.—*New York Sun.*

THE SOUTH THE LAND OF PROMISE.

Director-General Kimball's Tribute to the New South—The Tremendous Tax of the Tariff on a Cotton Crop.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—At the session of the National Agricultural Convention yesterday, Prof. A. L. Perry, of Williams College, in his address on free-trade, proceeded to illustrate how agriculture is injured by the tariff in the case of cotton ties and steel rails. He said in a crop of 6,000,000 bales of cotton, if the tariff duty of 35 per cent. raises the cost of ties twelve cents per bale as is conceded by the Pennsylvania iron makers, then the extra cost of baling one year's crop is $720,000, and therefore the extra cost under the 70 per cent. duty, which is now sought to be imposed by the McKinley bill now pending in Congress, will be $1,440,000 on an annual crop of 6,000,000 bales of cotton. In the case of steel rails and the tariff, the professor showed that the cost was about seven dollars extra for each rail of the heavier pattern, or three thousand do lars per mile extra for the single track road laid with steel rail, The farmers and planters pay this extra cost when they transport their produce and cotton from the prairies of the West and the fields of the South to the place of export. Every one helps to pay it who sends a pound of freight or travels a mile on steel rails.

Hon. H. I. Kimball, director general of the national cotton exposition at Atlanta, read a paper on the results of the great exhibition. In his most sanguine movements he said he had not dreamed of such a grand composite display of every Southern industry and resource—ores, minerals and woods—which, in their audacity, the directors, building wiser than they knew, had accumulated in this great exhibition. It was such an exhibition of purely American industry as had never before been collected. Fifteen years had elapsed since the old labor system had been killed. The former masters had neither money nor credit and the former slaves were intoxicated with the first draught of liberty. It was the old story over again of the bow that had been so long bent as to lose its elasticity: but the essential elements of true manhood which, during those four years of strife and bloodshed, the Southern people had so fully demonstrated [applause] still remained, and, gathering up the broken threads of her former prosperity, the South wove them into the complete garment which she so lately spread out at Atlanta. [Applause.] He was a Yankee, born in Maine—a Republican and a Prohibitionist—but, feeling that the South was the natural home of enterprise, he had built there. He had lived through all the stages of reconstruction and had never suffered the slightest ostracism, and he knew that hereafter sectional strife was done. The next great result was the wonderful sale of Northern implements and labor-saving contrivances among the Southern planters. The sale of manure spreaders amounted to over $36,000. Fifteen hundred cotton planters, two hundred new pattern carriages, five hundred car loads of engines, ploughs, harrows, cultivators and other machines have up to this been sold in the South since the exposition. In conclusion he said: "We want men and women of brains who are not afraid of work. We have discarded sentiment and turned all our energies toward practical things. There is room for all, a hearty welcome for all, and fortune for all who will come and settle in the young South." [Great applause.]

Gen. Tremain moved a vote of thanks, which was seconded by Mr. Francis D. Moulton, who said he had been a delegate to the Atlanta exhibition and where he thought to find hostility he had found a hearty welcome. The motion was unanimously carried.

Jim Davenport was brought to town last night with a frightful gash in his right side, inflicted by a knife in the hands of George Craige. The stabbing occurred at George Major's camp on the Teton, about four miles from town, under circumstances which, as reported by the principals in the affair and others, are about as follows: Craige and Davenport were in town yesterday; both were drunk and commenced the quarrel which ended in the cutting. When they returned to camp last night they had words about pitching a tent. Later Craige accused Davenport of stealing a bottle of whiskey from the jocky box of one of the wagons. This charge enraged Davenport who advanced towards Craige as if to strike him, when the latter plunged a large open knife, with which he was cutting shavings to start a fire, into the side of Davenport. The six-inch blade entered its full length just below the heart, on the left side and inflicted a serious if not fatal wound.—*Benton Record.*

E. H. Reed, Esq., the gentlemanly Route Agent on the Terminus and Ogden route, was in Butte yesterday and called at the MINER office.

MR. SNUFFLEBEAN'S EXPERIMENT.

His Endeavors to Further the Cause of Science Through the Medium of His Wife Frustrated by that Unreasonable Woman.

Mr. Calvert Snufflebean is engaged daily in dispensing canned goods to the public in a well-known house on Front street, and has no business to bother his head about Spiritualism, mesmerism and that sort of thing, but he does. In fact, he is one of those men who are always discovering wonderful coincidences like thinking of a person just before you see him, "talk of the angels and they are sure to appear" kind of business, mind-reading, and the like. In an unfortunate moment recently, the mail carrier left at his office a copy of the London *Lancet*, to which he is a regular subscriber, which contained a remarkable article on dreams. It told how some physicians bent on mind study, took a sleeping man, did various things to him, and then woke him up and were startled to listen to the wonderful dreams that he had experienced, apparently occupying days, but really covering a few minutes. Snufflebean's ambition was fired; his enthusiasm aroused. His hobby took the bit in its teeth and galloped away like an English steeple-chaser. He would conduct some original experiments and write the result to the scientific journals. The name of Snufflebean should take its place among the foremost thinkers of the age. Who should be his subject? His mother-in-law, who was a sleeper from Sleepy Hollow? No! It would be awkward if she waked, as she might misconstrue. His wife? Yes! She answered all the requirements.

He went home to dinner impressed with his resolve. He ate abstractedly, and was unusually absent-minded. His wife, who was one of those plump, clever specimens who never bother busy people, noticed his preoccupation but said nothing. At his suggestion they all went to bed at half-past nine, half an hour earlier than usual. Ensconced beneath the bed clothing, his spouse ventured a query as to what troubled him, but received in response: "It's nothing, love, a business problem, go right to sleep." Half an hour later she made a second affectionate inquiry, and was again put off with an affectionate recommendation to tune up her nostril as usual.

Now if Mr. Snufflebean had been versed in woman's ways, he would have known that the very way not to get his wife to sleep was thus to advise her. There dawned on her royal American mind that there was something up in which her assistance was not needed: a nocturnal picnic to which she was not invited; and she at once became as profoundly sleepless as a Bohemian owl on a Jinks night. She pressed a little more, diplomatically, to see if he was wide awake and really wanted her asleep, and then she settled down with eyes closed, breathed regularly, and looked as sound asleep as Mr. Hemphill's richest pewrenter, while she winked the left eye hardest, all to herself, and waited to see what strange idea had taken possession of Snufflebean. That scientist lay perfectly still, chuckled with satisfaction as she fell sound asleep, and waited until the dressing-room clock struck two, by which he knew it was a quarter to twelve.

Then he gently bent over her to reassure himself. She achieved a snorelet and yearned to box his ears. Content with the inspection he slipped out of bed, resumed slippers, unmentionables and dressing-gown and sat down to think a moment. Her heart beat fast. She was going to find the villain out. Then he rose, crept softly around to her and commenced to tickle her right ear and nose with a feather. Her first impulse was to laugh, but it quickly passed away. Snufflebean was daft. What amusement could any sane man find in the dead of night tickling his wife's ear with a feather? Still she lay quiet and having got tired with the feather he went over to give her a rousing dream. Fishing a butcher knife out of his pocket he came over and pulling the spread down a little lightly pressed the back of the blade on her throat, just as the London doctors did. She thought it was the edge, and she thought further that she was alone with a murderous maniac, and, while her heart almost stopped beating and her two braids stood on end and she was white as a ghost, she knew that the only way to save her life was to keep still. Instead of murdering her then and ther the maniac put away the knife and began gently pulling her bed clothes off of her until only her night-dress interposed between her and the night atmosphere, and her feet were perfectly bare. Snufflebean was in ecstacy. All unconscious of the wide-awake dynamite cartridge of emotion that might explode any minute he proceeded to try the third experiment to make her dream she was going to a fire, by holding a lighted match for an instant to the ball of her foot. He succeeded. She saw him light the match and creep stealthily toward her and she was going to be burned to death where she lay. With one wild despairing shriek she grabbed her draperies leaped from the bed and jumped for the door. Snufflebean, aghast with surprise, leaped after her, fearful she would alarm the house. He called on her to stop and pursued her while on the wings of the wind she sped al ng the hall screaming like a forty-mile locomotive with a whole drove of cows on the track. Up the stairs she shot, burst into her mother's room and fell gasping on the bed just as Snufflebean, his eyes like saucers, and his hair on end, framed himself in the door.

Protestations and explanations alike were useless for a truce, and the Lady Macbeth state with which she regarded him would have brought a big price at a vinegar factory, and when, toward daylight, he crept back to his lonely bed he solemnly swore that in abandoning his mind to study he would do it only to discover the surest way and swiftest secret poison in the world adapted to mothers in-law only.

Stock Brokers' Methods and Profits.

The membership of the New York Stock Exchange is limited to one thousand seats. A member can sell his seat, but the sale is contingent on the approval of the purchaser by the Committee on Admissions. If the committee reject his application, which is not a rare event, the member desiring to sell must find another purchaser. The price of seats varies with the state oof business. At this time it ranges between $27,000 and $30,000. During the years of depression following the panic of 1873 the price fell as low as $5,000. Two years ago a member considered himself fortunate in being able to sell out for $17,000. Three years of enormous crops, each larger than its predecessor—such as we had in the years 1878-79-80—caused the price of seats on the Stock Exchange to rise to their present figures, which we believe are the highest in the history of that institution. Abundant crops make fat the New York broker; therefore, it may be understood how important the "crop question" is in Wall street. The Exchange is not an incorporated body. It is a voluntary association of individuals, unknown to the law; having neither a charter nor franchise; owning as a body allegiance neither to the State nor the United States; having its own courts and a code of law which, like other law codes, has been the slow growth of experience. All disputes arising out of transactions on the Exchange must be settled by appeal to the tribunals which the Exchange provides. Expulsion is the penalty for an appeal to the law courts of the State by one member against another in a stock transaction. The Exchange has its own code of penalties, the highest being expulsion. It is found sufficient to enforce entire obedience.

The Exchange prescribes all the rules which govern a member in dealing with his customers. They are very stringent and most rigidly enforced. First, he is required to charge a commission of ⅛ of 1 per cent. on every sale and purchase. He can make no deduction for any one. He must not "split commissions," as it is called, under pain of losing his seat. This rule is enforced with relentless severity, as a protection against unfair dealing. Splitting is done sometimes, but discovery is invariably followed by the infliction of the penalty. By compelling every broker to charge the same, the poorer members are protected against the richer, who, on account of the large business they do, could do it at less rates, and thus in time the whole business of the Exchange would be monopolized by a few large houses. No such thing can happen while every broker makes the same charge. The ⅛ of 1 per cent. is on the par value of the shares or bonds in whiche the transaction takes place. Thus, it costs no more in commissions, nor no less, to buy or sell 100 shares of New York Central at 130 than to buy or sell 100 shares of Ohio Central at 24. The commission is equally $12.50 for either. This is the broker's first profit. He is sure of that, however the transaction goes. The customer is as sure to have to pay it. The effect is, on all speculative dealings, to make the customers bet $125 against 72. For example: A buys 100 shares of Union Pacific at 117 and sells at 118. He pays $12.50 for buying and $12.50 more for selling, and his profit is therefore $75. But suppose, after buying at 117, he has to sell at 116, then he loses the 1 per cent. on the stock and the $25 commission beside—$126.

The usual deposit of margin on a speculative purchase or sale is 10 per cent. Brokers may be found who will take less, but they are, as a rule, not the best people to deal with. Purchases on margin of less than 100 shares are not customary. It is only under special circumstances that a reputable broker will take an order for less. While 10 per cent. is the customary deposit, more may be called for according to circumstances, as in times of panic or great excitement; or when the price of stock has been manipulated up to top-heavy figures; or on a very heavy purchase, say 50,002 shares of one kind of stock. If the market turned against the purchaser, such an amount of stock could not probably be thrown upon it without breaking down the price considerably more than 10 per cent. In such a case the broker would require, say, 30 per cent. margin.

The Stock Exchange requires the broker to charge his customer 6 per cent. on the money he lends him to buy the stock. This rule is as rigid as that about the commissions, because the same effect as charging a reduced commission could be brought by means of reduced interest charges. Here comes in the broker's second profit, namely, his gains by interest. The broker must charge his customer 6 per cent., but he generally borrows the money he lends that customer at much less than 6 per cent. Every day in the year, therefore, that money on call loans is less than six per cent., (and most of the year it is) the broker is gaining the difference between 7 per cent. and the actual market rate on all money he has borrowed and lent to his customers at the time. It is considered to be a rule with the large houses to make the interest profits pay the annual working expenses.

Of course, the broker does not actually put the money he lends his customer into his customer's possession; but the effect of "carrying" the stock for him is actually the lending to him of the difference between the 10 per cent margin deposit and the price at which the broker buys the stock in market. The broker buys the stock and keeps it until it is sold. Then he renders his account, with interest, charges and commissions, and the profit or loss, as the case may be.

A customer has the right to order his broker to keep in the office any stock bought for his account; but this is rarely done, and only under special circumstances. The usual course is for the broker to lend it, if he can. The borrowing broker pays him for it the regular market price. The lender may call for the stock at any time on tendering the market price; the borrower may demand his money at any time on tendering the stock. So long as the borrower holds the stock, he must, under the rule, send daily to the broker of whom he has borrowed it, a check for the increased price if the price of the stock has risen; on the other hand, the lending broker must send daily to the borrower a check for the amount the price of the stock may have fallen. Keeping the balances good in this way is the duty of the clerks and bookkeepers in the various offices. Prices are made up for the day at 2.15 p. m. In actual practice, however, this rule of keeping the balances good daily on all stocks is scarcely ever observed between well-established houses. Only when the market has gone several per cent. away from the range of prices at which the transaction was made is a call made by either party on the other.

The profit that a broker may make by lending stock lies in interest charges again. Suppose that a stock is in great borrowing demand by reason of having been extensively "sold short;" then those who borrow it are willing to pay something for the accommodation of getting it. The lender of the stock receives from the borrower a check for its market price, and so long as this money pledge remains in his hands he pays interest on it to the borrower of the stock: but on such occasions the borrower may say, in effect: "Lend me 1,000 shares of Western Union, and you need pay me no more than 2 per cent. interest for the money I pay you for it, the open interest rate now being 5 per cent." If the demand for the stock be very urgent, it may lend "flat"—that is, all charges being at the expense of the borrower—and on rare occasions a commission in addition may be paid. These are the profits of the broker who has stock to lend. On such a transaction he would be charging his customer 6 per cent. on the money he lent him to buy the 1,000 shares of Western Union, while he was paying only 2 per cent. for the money he borrowed himself, or might be paying nothing at all and getting a small commission besides.

In another way the broker may make 6 per cent. interest charge clear profit Suppose he has two customers, one of whom (A) is "long" 1,000 shares of Western Union, the other (B) "short" the same amount. The broker has bought the 1,000 shares for A, and charges him 6 per cent. on the cost price so long as it is carried; he has sold the 1,000 shares for B, and gets the money back; but, instead of borrowing the stock for delivery, he uses A's stock for that purpose. Thus the two transactions balance each other, and the 6 per cent. interest charged to A is clear profit.

It must be remembered that, in selling stock "short," the thing sold has to be delivered to the purchaser the same as in any other sale and purchase. The delivery must be made before 2.15 p. m. of the following day unless the terms of the sale provide for a different time. The one difference is that when the broker has sold the stock he borrows it of some other broker who has the stock to lend, giving his check for the market price, and makes his delivery with it. When the time comes that the broker "covers his shorts," he buys the stock in the open market and returns it to the one he has borrowed from, receiving his money back. The profit or loss is the difference between the price the stock was sold at and the price at which he "covered." Of course, a customer has no interest to pay his broker on a "short" sale (unless the stock could only have been borrowed at a commission), as the broker gets his interest paid by the lender of the stock, with whom he pledged the market price of it. There are data for computing the aggregate amount annually paid by customers to the brokers of the Stock Exchange for interest; but the sum total paid yearly as commissions may be approximately estimated by the number of stocks and bonds bought and sold. The amount is simply enormous. Let us take the transaction of a single day only. A moderate day's business will be 300,000 shares, to say nothing of bonds. Knock off from this 50,000 shares as representing the trading of brokers operating on their own account—the "room traders" as they are called. We have 250,000 shares left as bought and sold on commission. The par value is $25,000,000. One-eighth of 1 per cent. of this sum is $31,250. Over $62,000 paid to the 1,000 brokers of the Stock Exchange for commissions on one day's transactions in shares alone and a very moderate day's business at that—will give some idea of the amount paid in the year.—*Bradstreet's.*

Marriage is indeed honorable, but not at all expedient or possible. As society grows more settled and conservative and places a higher value on birth and position, and wealth, fashion and culture, this union is not entered into without deliberation and scrutiny. Cupid, once fabled to be blind is no longer so. Marriage is deferred till later years and is diminished in frequency. In our own country the class of single women, of women compelled to find their own subsistence and manage their own affairs, largely increases from year to year. Now, clearly there is something wrong in a social system which compels impartial men to say, that all is missed in a fortune, or that the chances of an honorable livelihood are few and exceptional, to any woman whose life does not ultimate in marriage.

Tammany and the Republicans.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—The *Post's* Albany special says the Senate committees are so arranged as to secure to Tammany and the Republicans a majority if those elements see fit to unite.