

## THE GOOSE INDUSTRY

Far More Important in Europe Than in This Country.

Germany Has Scores of Farms Devoted to Fattening Geese for Market—The Bird in Gastronomic History.

[Special Berlin Letter.]

ROAST turkey is the national dinner dish of the American; roast goose that of the European. Occasionally you may see a turkey gobbler strutting around a continental barnyard, but the cackling of the goose is heard everywhere. Even in roast beef England the goose plays an important part in domestic economy. In the United States the demand for choice geese is steadily increasing, owing probably to the foreign-born population. The Jews are especially fond of roast goose; and a gourmand, a Boston gentleman who makes high living a life study, is authority for the statement that none but a Jewish housewife can cook the bird to perfection. The most important goose market in the world is that of Warsaw, Poland.



THE PET OF THE RANCH.

It opens in the middle of September and closes early in November and in that time 3,000,000 geese are disposed of to housewives and dealers. The goose market of Berlin, extending over the same period, accounts for the disappearance from the world of action of 1,000,000 birds; and that of Strassburg, in the Alsace, where none but the choicest poultry is offered to the public, is third in importance.

The cramping of geese for market—once a universal custom—is no longer popular. It is claimed that the method destroys the delicate flavor of the meat, while a judicious system of fattening produces an article delicate in texture and without the least odor. The great goose ranches of Central Europe are located in the provinces of Holstein and Pomerania, in Prussia; in the Warsaw district of Poland; in the Alsatian districts along the Rhine, and in eastern France. Many of these goose farms prepare 25,000 birds for the city markets and for export every year; and a visit to one of them should be made by every American who "tours" Europe.

The goose ranch described in this article is situated in Holstein and at the time of the correspondent's visit was the happy home of 30,000 cackling geese. Their voices could be heard afar off, and reminded one of Beattie's pastoral:

"I dare not hope to please a Cinnra's ear,  
Or sing what Varus might vouchsafe to hear.  
Harsh are the sweetest lays that I can bring,  
So screams a goose where swans melodious sing."

The main building of the establishment is a substantial structure. Behind it are located the fattening pens, each of which contains a certain number of birds. The feeding of such an enormous number of fowls is a task whose magnitude can be appreciated only by poultry raisers. The principal fattening ration consists of oats, corn, barley and peas, soaked in cold water. Fresh, pure water is supplied three times daily. Another favorite ration is a mixture of oats and sliced beets. In the weight of marketable birds there is a wide difference between the more



IN THE KILLING ROOM.

popular breeds. The West Prussian goose—a prime favorite—weighs from 14 to 15 pounds and the Pomeranian variety tips the scales at 20 or 21. When killing time comes, late in October, the birds that have been longest in the feeding pen are the first victims, and this practice is systematically followed until New Year's day, when the goose season ends.

In the killing room the birds are hung, head downward, from round beams to which the feet are fastened by means of wire. A man passes from goose to goose, cutting their throats, the blood being collected in troughs. After the killing the geese are plucked. Progressive poultrymen no longer believe in the plucking of live animals because the pain occasioned by the operation acts injuriously upon the digestion and retards the fattening

process. The plucking is done by women and girls in a room set apart for that purpose. After the carcasses have been denuded of feathers they are singed by being held over a spirit lamp and moved back and forth with rapid motions. After that they are washed, wiped dry, weighed and packed into baskets for shipment.

The swell city trade, however, is not satisfied with poultry fattened in the common sense manner here explained. The gourmets of Berlin and Paris demand crammed geese on account of their abnormal livers, served in the enticing but indigestible form of pate de foie gras. The cramping method is not only exceeding cruel and unnatural; it also produces unwholesome meat and a disgusting mass of flabby fat. There are several ways of stuffing or cramping. In England a machine is used in which the unfortunate birds are confined. The operator takes out each victim in turn, fits a feeding tube eight inches down its throat, and with his foot pumps the crop full, disengages the tube and puts the bird back into the pen. The work is done quite rapidly, and birds once artificially fed will not again take food naturally. Once the cramping is begun it has to be kept up until the fowl is ready for the market.

In the Strassburg district the cramping is still more outrageously conducted. The geese are confined in narrow latticed coops or sewed up in coarse linen. Nothing shows but the head, neck and tail. And still more diabolical is the old method of forcing the bird into an earthen pot where it is kept until the vessel is cracked by the increasing fat of the victim. The crop of the helpless cackler is stuffed full as often as occasion may require. In the United States the humane societies of the various states would put an end to such cruelty at once, but in Europe it is countenanced, yea encouraged, by the so-called "best people."

Thirty or 40 years ago cramping was practiced quite generally, but now, as has been said, it is confined to certain localities. The goose consumers have learned to prefer the healthy grain-fed birds to the ill-smelling stuffed variety. Nevertheless, as long as the capitals of Europe and the large cities of America and Australia are not only willing but anxious to pay enormous prices for pate de foie gras cramping will go on.

The goose has been a popular article of diet from times immemorial. The ancient Romans were quite pro-



IN THE SINGING ROOM.

ficient in the raising of geese, which they considered a rare table delicacy. Almost every country seat had its goose houses, its goose pastures and its goose herds. But the choicest birds the Roman patricians procured from the north. Pliny tells us that in the days of imperial Rome immense flocks of geese were driven across the Alps every fall from Germany and Gaul. The Byzantine nobility was equally devoted to the "capitol savers," as the lusty cacklers were called. Later on the Carolingian and Teutonic emperors contributed to the increase of the goose's fame as a tit-bit par excellence; and we read of many a noble feast in which the goose was the piece de resistance.

The census of 1900 shows a big increase in the goose industry of the United States. Agricultural authorities claim that, everything considered, the goose is the most profitable meat fowl the farmer can raise. If a common sense system of feeding is pursued the birds hatched in the spring can be made to attain a satisfactory weight for the holiday markets. The breed most popular in America is the Embden, not because it is a remarkably fast grower, but because it adapts itself to all possible conditions. Its feathers are springy and full of life and its down noted for fluffiness and softness.

It was supposed at one time that geese could not be raised on farms which had neither lake nor river near them. That is an exploded idea, however. Of course, geese are fond of the water and delight in a summer swim, but they do not really need it. Some of the most extensive goose ranches of Europe are far away from running water, yet their success is phenomenal. Poultrymen are unanimous in asserting that fresh drinking water, supplied copiously and at frequent intervals, is more important to the goose's welfare than lake or creek. And that is true also of ducks and other domesticated water fowls.

WILLIAM WALTER WELLS.

**The Mule Knew.**  
Driver—"Can't help swearin', mum. That thar mule knows every time I swear at him."  
Old Lady—"I noticed he looked sort o' disgusted."—N. Y. Weekly.

## JOBSON'S ECONOMY.

"Madam," said Mr. Jobson, hoarsely, to Mrs. Jobson the other night, as he came upstairs from the furnace-room, with a countenance, "will you just drop that piece of scholastic literature you are reading long enough to step downstairs with me for half a moment? I have something I desire to show you."

Mrs. Jobson put down the book—which, by the way, far from being over-hued, was no less a classic than "Vanity Fair"—and followed Mr. Jobson down the cellar steps.

"This," said Mr. Jobson, sepulchrally, pointing to a pile of pretty well-burnt-out looking ashes that the servant had removed from the furnace during the previous couple of weeks, "this is the sinful, the shameful, the scandalous sight which I desire to show to you. In that pile there are at the very smallest computation two long tons of combustible fuelation two long tons of unburnt furnace coal had been deliberately chucked by the bucketful onto that pile out of mere wantonness. And yet to-morrow or the next day you will be hauling some black man off the street and paying him four or five dollars to clean out this cellar, and he will take this \$12 or \$15 worth of good fuel out and sift it, and, as likely as not, sell it along the alley on which he resides for a considerable sum of money."

"Those ashes don't look very rich in fuel to me," remarked Mrs. Jobson, taking a poker and poking at the pile. "This furnace is an economical burner, you know, and—"

"Economical burner, hey?" broke in Mr. Jobson, ironically. "This furnace, madam, has been making a gigantic effort for the past five or six years to send me to the poorhouse at the rate of a mile a minute. Economical burner? If I can't spend half a day in sifting those ashes profitably enough to win out of the pile enough coal to be worth a good suit of clothes I'll eat them. I'm going to spend that half day in such employment, if for no other reason than to convince you that you are directly responsible for the poverty which is swiftly overtaking me at a time of life when I am entitled to be released from such a strain."

"I know of a colored boy who has his own sifter who would perhaps be willing to do this sifting work for ten or 15 cents," said Mrs. Jobson. "That would save you the unpleasant work."

"I'm not afraid of unpleasant work when there is a principle at stake," laughingly answered Mr. Jobson. "If this colored boy you so glibly talk of were permitted to undertake the job you'd probably bribe him to carry the fuel product of that pile of ashes out of the cellar for no other purpose than to fool me up as to the amount of first-rate combustible material it contains. I'll buy a sifter to-morrow morning right after breakfast and go at that job, and if I don't get enough unburnt coal out of that mass to keep this house warm for almost the rest of the winter there'll be something queer about it, that's all!"

Mr. Jobson did return home with a big ash sifter about half an hour after his departure on the following morning, and, ostensibly dinking himself out in his working suit, he went below to the cellar to separate two long tons of unburnt black diamonds from about half a ton of powdery ashes.

He dumped the apples out of the newly bought barrel so as to use it as a receptacle for the ashes and went to work with his nice, new, long-handled sifter. A few grayish clinkers were all that remained in the bottom of the sifter after the first try-out.

"That's only the surface stuff—I haven't got into the pay ore yet," growled Mr. Jobson to himself as he solemnly dumped the sifter-saved "combustible fuel" into a corner of the cellar, and he loaded the sifter up once more. He so overloaded the sifter that when he lifted it up to resume operations over the barrel the handle broke off close to the body of the contraption, and the ashes fell all over his legs and feet and the dust started him off on such a fit of coughing that he had to rush for the cellar sink for a drink of water to clear his throat.

He sat down in the dark cellar for a slight rest, and then he grasped the sides of the sifter after having laboriously and pantingly loaded it up again, and started to work the thing that way. He hadn't been at the system more than two minutes before he began to feel the blisters rising on his palms. He probably would not have minded the blisters so much had he been able to see that he was accomplishing anything, and making good on his prediction to Mrs. Jobson that when he got through sifting the cellar would be piled up with redeemed coal. The ashes dropped through the sifter as if they were so much water, and when Mr. Jobson saw how things were going with his scheme he began to glare around viciously. He worked at his self-appointed task for more than two hours, and when he had finished he hadn't accomplished a clean-up of more than a good-sized scuttle full of coal.

He was seated on a box, gnawing his nails, and gloomily surveying the situation, and the dust caked half an inch thick on his brow when Mrs. Jobson cautiously descended the cellar steps. Her gaze quite passed over the tiny pile of clinkers in the corner of the cellar that Mr. Jobson had chosen for his great showing, and she glanced all around wonderingly and curiously.

"Oh," she remarked, "I thought you had begun. You haven't started yet, then?"

For reply Mr. Jobson got up from his seat on the box, took a hatchet and deliberately chopped the sifter into bits, hurling the remains of it into the furnace.

"Yes, madam," he replied, in a tone that was designed to carry a vast amount of intensity. "I have started, but you got the start of me. Don't presume to tell me that you didn't hustle out and get that colored youth with the sifter to race over my absence. Don't tell me that he didn't carry out the couple of tons of coal, and don't tell me that you haven't deliberately permitted me to work down here on an idiotic mission for the past three or four hours. You look guilty, and you'll never convince me that you haven't deliberately made a chimpanzee of me, as I felt all along you would! You may pack that steamer trunk with my few personal belongings. I leave this conspiring, establishing establishment within an hour, never to return in the flesh!"

However, Mr. Jobson was still at his home when the shades of night fell, and when one of his favorite cronies dropped in for a chat Mr. Jobson's manner was particularly cheerful, and he didn't say anything about going away for an indefinite period.—Washington Star.

## THE BRYAN TEST.

Applies to the Campaign of 1896 and Not to That of Four Years Later.

The following interesting paragraph appears in a late issue of the Commoner:

"An agent reports that one democrat refused to subscribe for the Commoner because he had read in some paper that Mr. Bryan had gone over to the gold bugs and was booming Hill for president. If the aforesaid democrat read the Commoner he could not be deceived by such absurd rumors. Those who take this paper know that the editor neither has boomed, is booming, nor will boom any one for the democratic nomination who was against the party in 1896 or even doubtful."

And so the Bryanite test of democracy applies to the campaign of 1896 and not to that of 1900, says the Washington Star. This is important, because there are men—some of considerable prominence—who have been nursing the notion that by their support of Bryan in 1900 they washed away the sin of opposing him in his first race. Their awakening to the real situation will be a little bitter. They may hold a conference and decide that they are being unduly punished—something forbidden by the law of the land.

But while Mr. Hill alone is named by Mr. Bryan, he is not the only man to whom the Bryan decree applies. There are others. Mr. Hill very well heads the list. He sulked all through the campaign of 1896, and, while he supported Mr. Bryan in 1900, his stumping was done in Virginia, where the republicans had about as much of a chance to win as the democrats had in Maine. He had no heart in the campaign, but was a democrat merely for regularity's sake.

Mr. Watterson is ruled out. It is true he was not in the country during the campaign of 1896, but the influence of the newspaper over which he presides was thrown against Mr. Bryan that year, and Kentucky, for the first time in the state's history, cast all but one of her electoral votes for the republican national ticket. Subsequently Mr. Watterson returned to the fold, and in 1900 carried his state by a few thousand for Mr. Bryan. But that, according to this latest edict, does not clear his title sufficiently to recommend him to Mr. Bryan as a man to be boomed for the presidency.

And there is Mr. Olney. It has always been understood that he opposed Mr. Bryan in 1896. But by 1900 this accomplished attorney for syndicated wealth had become alarmed at the growth of the power of syndicates in the United States and voted for Mr. Bryan. And yet the Bryan rule excludes him. The Olney boom has never been very promising, but there is something that goes by that name. It may not survive this frost.

Mr. Gorman escapes. He supported Mr. Bryan in both campaigns, and with the same serene inefficiency. Maryland gave her votes in both years to Mr. McKinley. But Mr. Bryan understands Mr. Gorman, and, regularly or no regularly, would not boom him for president under any circumstances.

## OPPOSITION IN DEFAULT.

Democrats Have No Other Statesmanship Than Blind, Pig-Headed Contrariness.

The function of a capable and patriotic opposition party is of high use and even of necessity. It is to the distinct advantage of the country that there should be intelligent and honest criticism of the party in power. Otherwise that party may not always be held up to its highest standard or be faithful to its largest opportunity. Despising its adversary, it may grow too secure, and err both in the direction of undertaking too much and of neglecting too much, says the New York Sun.

The democratic party, incapable at present of injuring the republicans in any direct and legitimate way, may yet bring upon them ultimately some of the consequences of power unchecked by a reasonable opposition. Judged by the general tone of the democratic speeches on the Philippine tariff bill, the leaders of the democratic party have no appreciation of the immovable hostility to breaking the integrity of American territory, no appreciation of the services of American soldiers in the Philippines, no other statesmanship than a blind and pig-headed opposition to republican policies. Through all the splenic and violent speeches of Tillman and Money and Dubois, with their coarse insults and their preposterous whoppers, runs the impotence of a partisanship which has nothing practical to propose, nothing even honorable to propose. There was a democratic party once that was ready enough to win new territory for the United States and never cowardly enough to wish to give it up. There are plenty of democrats now faithful to the great traditions of their party who will not throw away their patriotism simply for the sake of butting against the republican party.

In the senate itself there are democrats who don't believe in the let-the-Philippines-go-to-the-devil policy. But the speeches of the advocates of the runaway programme seem to represent the state of mind of the majority of democratic leaders. Not only have they not learned anything since 1900, but, if possible, they have lost something of what knowledge they retained. They don't know enough to respect the territorial rights of the United States or the soldiers of the United States. An opposition so led must continue to flounder in the mud. The republican party must depend upon its own members for intelligent criticism.

## A SAILOR'S YARN.

They were six in number, and were telling each other stories of life on the ocean, such as only men can tell who for many years have been following the great briny deep.

Willie James had unexpectedly appeared, and "Sim" Wilson told him they had heard he had a story about a snake in the China sea and would like to hear it from beginning to end.

"Oh," said Willie, "you mean the snake that towed us into Hong-Kong. Ain't you heard about him? He was a wonder, and don't you lose no money doubtin' that fact."

"Tell us all about it," piped in Joe Egerton, and he proceeded to do so.

"Of course you all know about my shipping on the ship Orient from Frisco for Manila," Willie began, "so I ain't going to tell you anything about the excepting that we got to Manila all right. Well, I was prowling around that place taking in the sights and watching the soldiers and sailors flirting and gallivanting, when I ran across a skipper, the like of which I never expect to see the rest of my days. He was a strapping big fellow, come from Australia before he come from anywhere else, and finally landed at Manila in the brig Yokohama, as stanch a looking craft, to all appearances, as ever stretched a sail before a favorable wind.

"We cleared Manila on the 10th of May and sailed away for Hong-Kong the next day. We got along out a sight for the first three or four days, and then a gale such as blows only in that China sea sprung up from the southward. It was a swingeer, and don't you forget it. We was then about midway between Luzon and the Amphetrites. Oh, what a fierce one that gale was! It blew all day and night and never stopped for a minute. Along about the noon hour of the second day it seemed to grow milder and milder, and about two hours later it was a hurricane, so outrageously strong that we couldn't do a thing but trust to the good Lord and await developments.

"For three days that hurricane raged, and then it quit, leaving us without any sails or masts, and one rudder and tiller was gone, too. Then we were in the China sea, just as helpless as a baby."

"One morning, some two days after the sea had calmed down, the old man—his name was Anderson—was on the deck with me, looking at what we had left, and wondering what was to be our finish, when I seen a apparition.

"It had a head like a horse, was green, with great blue spots all over him, had teeth as big as my two fists, and was heading straight for our crippled old craft."

"Cap," says I, "it looks to me as if all of us fellows had better get ready to take a sail skywards."

"Downwards, you mean," said Cap, "cause I am thinking the whole blooming lot of us'll be stoking somewhere down below before very long."

"By this time that sea horse, sea serpent, snake, or whatever he was, was on us, and before we could get over our first shiver he struck our port with his tail. Such a crashing I never heard as resulted from that lick. He hit us again and then he lifted his head out of the water and commenced to spit. He nearly drowned the cook, come mighty near washing two of our best men into the sea, and doused the skipper until he looked like a swimming teacher such as you see in the shows. I got it in the neck, too.

"Finally, we got desperate, and made up our minds to show fight. The skipper, me and the cook got a big hawser, and tied a piece of wood to it, and got ready to soak the thing one. Before we could do it, though, two of the men threw a pot of boiling water, filled with pepper, at him.

"Then the fun commenced. The serpent couldn't see them with all the pepper in his eyes. So he floundered around in the water, throwing great big seas everywhere, and almost drowning every blooming man on that boat. Suddenly he seemed to stand straight up in the water. Then we let go at him with the hawser. It struck him on the neck, went round and round, and the piece of wood gittin' tangled up in the rope, made a knot, and there we was with the big varmint. We didn't know whether to let go and let him choke himself to death, or whether we ought to try and git our hawser back, and soak him again.

"We was debatin' this question, when all of a sudden we felt the Yokohama begin to move. The hawser was tied to a stump of one of our masts, and he had us in tow, and was taking us through the water at a 20-knot gait before we knew what was happening.

"Must we cut the rope, Cap? I yelled.

"Not on your eternal, before I git my reck'nin'," he answered.

"The old man did some looking at the compass, and then he raised his hands toward the sky and commenced to holler.

"What's up, Cap? I says.

"I am so happy, I am so happy," he yelled, and then he calmed down and told us that the snake was towing us straight to Hong-Kong.

"Glory Hallelulah," hollered Hi Jones, the mate, and then I hollered, and so did the cook, and the rest of the crew, for that matter, so happy were we all.

"Be all this as it may, we made a reed trip to Hong-Kong, and sighted that port before we knew we was good under way. That snake, according to Cap Anderson, towed us to the tune of 25 knots an hour. When we sees the houses in the Chinaman's town we begin to consider what we was going to do with the reptile. 'Turn him loose, Cap,' said we all, 'for he's done us a good turn, and one good turn is deserving of another.'

"You are right," the skipper said, and then we got an ax, cut the rope and give three cheers for old greenskin, as he turned around and headed for the open sea. We waved a sheet then for a tug to come and take us in port. Soon one came along, and in a few hours we was having a good time in the city, telling such people as can understand English what a fine snake we had run across."

"Did anyone believe you, Willie?" asked Joe Egerton.

"If they had said they didn't," replied Willie, "we was just full enough of red-eye to give 'em such a lickin' as they never yet heard of."—N. Y. Times.

## His Last Resort.

A certain member of the legal profession, whose name is omitted for reasons which will appear obvious, was asked some years ago by a young negro to defend him on the charge of murder.

"How much money have you got?" asked the lawyer.

"None, sah."

"Any friend or relative who'll raise some for you?"

"None," despairingly replied the negro. "Ise got nobody ter cum 't me aid."

"Humph," muttered the attorney; "say you don't want a lawyer. You want a minister."—Philadelphia Times.

## THE MAN IS WANTING.

So One in Sight Who Can Restore the Democracy to Safer Methods.

About 40 years ago the democratic party confronted the issues of the civil war. It had every opportunity to acquit itself honorably and loyally. But the party turned away from the great Douglas and settled back in the hope that the war would be a failure.

Three years later the same party had the opportunity to reconsider its disloyalty and disastrous action—to recall the war democrats to their party allegiance and to go before the people once more as a thoroughly American organization. Yet again it turned its back on the men who would save it, and declared that the war was a failure.

On this declaration, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, the democratic party was banished by the people from the white house for 20 years. For 20 years it carried the burden of the declaration that the war was a failure. For 20 years it fought the old fight on one result of the war or another. Then it dropped the issue and was rewarded by a temporary restoration to power.

Four years ago the democratic party was confronted again with the issues of the war. At first it met them honorably and loyally. Then, unwarned by the disasters of 20 years, it wavered and faltered. Finally, on the main question of the war—that of annexation—it took the old familiar position—the war was a failure.

On this issue the party divided and went down in 1900. Yet now the caucus of democratic senators in Washington has gone back—back to the broken idol of a generation since—and decided that the party shall again go before the people on the issue of 1900—the issue that the results of the war with Spain were evil, and hence that the war was a failure.

Among the vivid questions pressing for settlement just now are reciprocity with Cuba, the construction of the Nicaragua canal, tariff concessions to the Philippines, and the upbuilding of our merchant marine. But, as represented by its senators, the democratic party has no time for these. Why heed them? The Philippines are a burden; the war was a failure.

Is there really no sane thing left in the democracy of to-day? Must the party remain without policy and without leadership? Must it go on indefinitely staking its hopes of success on a moan and a protest? Must the democrats wander in the wilderness again for 20 years, while their so-called leaders croon over a dead past. "It was a failure—a failure—a failure?"

Every good citizen must hope not. The country needs two really great parties. But, then, where is the man to restore the democracy to safer methods?

## ONLY THE REAL FACTS.

Senseless Utterances of Democrats Regarding the Appointment of Secretary Shaw.

The attempt of some newspapers to assign political reasons for the selection of Gov. Shaw to be the successor of Secretary Gage is senseless. Surely, if President Roosevelt had formed the intention to gain some real or fancied political advantage through the filling of the place to be left vacant by the resignation of Secretary Gage, that intention would have been discernible in his first choice for the position. But not even the most diligent seeker after political motives would have been able to find the semblance of one behind the selection of a man from Massachusetts. And nobody will readily believe that President Roosevelt suddenly took it into his head to make a political point with the filling of this cabinet position, after Gov. Crane had declined the offer of the appointment, says the Albany Journal.

The simple fact of the matter is that it has been the President's aim to find the right man for the right place. He had found him in Gov. Crane, but Mr. Crane did not feel inclined to sacrifice his personal interests in order to enter the service of the government. Now the president has found another man just as well fitted for the secretaryship as Gov. Crane, and he will accept. These are the simple facts of the matter.

The best evidence of the excellence of the president's choice is the complete absence of criticism of it, even on the side of the political opponents of the administration. The confident expectation that Gov. Shaw will fully meet all requirements that will confront him in the discharge of his new duties seems to be unanimous and firm.

## CURRENT COMMENT.

Several prominent men have lately put the presidency behind them. No news of that sort from Nebraska, though—Cincinnati Enquirer (Dem.).

Senator Hanna is not so apprehensive over affairs in Ohio as to be unable to mingle in the customary social functions of official life.—Washington Star.

The democrats in congress have practically decided to adopt a go-as-you-please policy and oppose everything the republicans favor. That will save them the trouble of thinking.—Cleveland Lead.

The unrepublican newspapers are with Babcock and against Col. Henderson," says Aunt Florence, of the Iowa City Republican, but "the real republicans will not seek this bad company." Not as long as tariffs can be reduced by a reciprocity that will not decrease American labor.—Iowa State Register.