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ONE ON HENRY GEORGE.

Roswell G. Horr is well known as a master of the argument adhominem. He can turn his opponent's flank if such a thing is possible. This was well illustrated in a debate Mr. Horr has had with Henry George at Syracuse. The eminent single taxer made his usual argument against the "unearned increment," that is, the value which is added to land by the community at large through no effort of the owner. Mr. Horr replied: "I have a book entitled 'Progress and Poverty.' Did you write that book?" The author admitted that he did, and Horr continued: "I find something in that book which surprises me. On its title page is an inscription showing that it is copyrighted by Henry George. Did you copyright that book?" Again its author answered, yes. Mr. Horr then brought out his point:

Well, it is a well written book, although I do not endorse its views, and it is fair that your labor in writing it should be paid. I should say $3,000—yes $5,000—was due you for your work as its author. But your publishers say that over 200,000 have been printed and sold. Now, you did no work in printing, publishing, selling over the land or selling it. You just sat still and raked in from your copyright some $30,000 or $40,000 of "unearned increment," which by that copyright you compelled your dealers to pay you, and now you say that nobody but landowners should be taxed for such increment. I am greatly surprised!

AMONG the first nominations sent to the senate for confirmation by President Cleveland was that of Capt. E. P. Ewers of the Fifth infantry to be major.

THE correspondence between Henry George and His Holiness the Pope has occupied the major portion of the Boulder Age for the last three or four issues and is still continued. As space writers, His Holiness and Henry appear to be unequalled, and of the two, Henry has thus far made the best record.

THE Free Lance published by Mrs. W. D. Edgar at Buffalo, Wyo., is the latest addition to Northern Wyoming journalism. In her salutatory Mrs. Edgar bespeaks the usual courtesie for a Mr. Crandall who will conduct the paper during her absence. Judging from brother Bonton's experience with the Echo we should say it would be safer for all concerned if Mrs. Edgar should remain at her post and allow "Mr." Crandall to absent himself. That is if the traits indicated by the title of the paper are to be indulged in to any extent.

THE topic suggested by the JOURNAL'S article on the city building question, was generally discussed yesterday and to such good purpose that if we are not mistaken there will be an unusually well attended meeting at the Chamber of Commerce this morning. On one point nearly everybody seems agreed; and that is, that we should have a city building at once. Beyond this ideas range all the way from a frame shack costing $1,000 to a palatial pile of brick and mortar modeled after the Bozeman experiment, and costing upwards of $50,000. The JOURNAL having presented its views yesterday will not attempt to reiterate or emphasize them now. It is for the taxpayers and residents to say what shall be done and if the meeting this morning is fully attended by those most interested in the progress of the city, we have no doubt that a wise decision will be reached. Of course whatever the chamber may finally adopt as a feasable idea, will be only advisory to the city council, but isasmuch as the council is now in a mood for taking definite action, it can fairly be expected that its members will accept the suggestions of the chamber as expressing the wishes of the taxpayers, and confirm them by appropriate action.

The Ways of Elephants.

A big elephant which was employed to drag away the carcass of a dead bullock and had allowed the burden to be attached by ropes without observing what it was happened to look around and instantly bolted, its fright increasing every moment as the unknown object jumped and bumped at its heels. After running some miles, like a dog with a tin can tied to its tail, the elephant stopped and allowed itself to be turned around and drew the bullock back again without protest.—London Spectator.

There is no accounting for tastes in this topsy turvy world. A New York woman wears a ring in which is set in a circle of diamonds her first baby's first tooth.

Spence, when tired writing his treatises on morals, found amusement in going over his accounts and calculating how much interest was due him.

SHE DROPPED HER MITTEN.

And She Was Angry Because the Deaf Old Man Misunderstood Her.

It was just 6 o'clock, and the car was packed with people going home.

She carried some bundles, and in her efforts to handle them and save them from crushing she dropped her mitten. She saw it go, but was powerless to stay its descent, and it went down in successive stages in a triangular space between herself, a man who looked over her head, and an individual who was deaf.

"There goes my mitten!"

The deaf man leaned over and said, "Eh?"

"My mitten—mitten—it fell down."

"Well, ye can't git it, mum. Y'll have to wait till the car gits to the end of the line, so the conductor kin pull up the floor."

"I'll do nothing of the kind. Besides I ain't goin to have all these people walkin on it for half an hour."

"Haven't ye got another one?" said the deaf man.

"Course I've got another one," and she wiggled the hand incased in her other mitten.

The deaf man saw the movement, and knowing that women often carry car fare inside their hand coverings reached over and pulled her mitten off for her.

Then she screamed.

The conductor was the only man who could edge his way to the scene of trouble.

"What's the matter here?"

"Lady dropped her nickel and can't pick it up," said the deaf man.

"Didn't drop my nickel—dropped my mitten," said the lady with the packages.

"Said she had another one," pursued the deaf man, "but she lied."

"You're an old doorpost," said the woman with one mitten.

"Queer how folks go travelin about town with only one nickel," said the deaf man.

"They get along better'n people with no ears," said the woman who didn't drop her nickel.

"Was that all the money yer husband give ye?" asked the deaf man in a tone of sympathy. "He must be a regla'r brute."

"If he was here now, he'd eat you up."

"I s'pose them's collars and cuffs she's been doin up and is goin to deliver 'em," said the deaf man to the passengers.

Then the conductor said, "Fare, please," and the woman gave up a nickel that she had been carrying in her mouth.

"Thought it was in yer mitten," said the deaf man.

"You don't know how to think," said the woman.

"Wonder why she didn't carry 'em both in her mouth?" said the deaf man.

"You ought to stuff both your ov a mittens in yer mouth," said the woman.

"Ain't ye afraid ye'll swaller yer nickel that way some time?" asked the deaf man.

"If I do, I reckon it won't injure my hearin," said the woman.

Then the conductor got down on the floor and recovered the woman's mitt, and she got off at the next crossing wondering why some people didn't carry ear trumpets.

The deaf man said, by way of enlightening the other passengers, "I guess it was her mitten instead of her nickel that she dropped."—Chicago News-Record.

Woman to Woman.

The attitude women assume toward strange women was amusingly brought out in a New York court a few days ago. A female witness in a case where a young man was accused of slashing a young woman's dress while riding in the elevated was asked by one of the lawyers, "Do you mean to say, madam, that you saw all those tears or cuts, whichever you please, in a lady's skirt and yet hadn't the politeness to tell her of it?" "I do," said the witness. "I have often told women when their dress was out of order in the street, but I always got snubbed for my pains, and I made up my mind not to do it any more. If a man should tell a woman that her dress was out of order, she would be very apt to thank him, but she never thanks a woman."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Trees Require Good Soil.

Southern soil seems to possess the necessary substances for the growth of all species of trees and plants natural to warm climates. Substances that contribute to the nutrition of plants will act as food for trees, and, as we see the physical properties of the trees themselves, leaves and other matter have a direct share in their nutrition. There are some soils so hard and clayey that the roots of trees cannot spread, and thus they fail to reach the substances which they require for food. Hence the tree becomes stunted in growth and is soon dead, falling to the ground to become, through its ashes, nutrition for some other frailer plant which can subsist in such soil.—Boston Transcript.

A Good Dressing For Shoes.

When meditating a trip on a rainy day, it is a wise plan to rub the shoes with a waterproof mixture, which will make them soft, pliable and hardy. A very good recipe for this is an ounce of beeswax, an ounce of turpentine, a quarter of an ounce of Burgundy pitch, melted over a slow fire with a half pint of oil. Be cautious with the turpentine. This mixture may be applied often and will be found really excellent.—New York World.

Did You Ever?

Did you ever expect a letter from a dear friend and get instead a cross grained note of complaint? Or confidently expect a check in the morning mail and get an invoice of bills? Did you ever rush with beating heart to get your mail and receive nothing but an advertising circular?—Boston Commonwealth.

"Shop" Expressions.

The curiosities of talking "shop" were never better exemplified than in the case reported by an unloving woman. In a country trip she occupied in a short transit the seat beside the driver. "He told me," she said, "that he had been 'bus-ing it' this winter; had 'hack-ed it' all last summer."—New York Times.

THE LAUGHING MAN.

IF IN WALL STREET, IT MAY NOT MEAN THAT HE FEELS SAFE.

A Typical Scene In One of the Well Known "Bankers and Brokers" Offices With Which the Money Center of the Metropolis Is Crowded—Carrying Favor.

In the interval between the morning and afternoon sessions of the Stock Exchange the speculators and operators sat in the broker's office studying the questions as they had been marked up on the blackboard by a junior clerk. They spoke but little. Some were making mental calculations, some were building air castles, a few were hugging themselves with delight because fortune was in their favor, and others looked grim and endeavored to conceal their chagrin and regrets at losses by the operations of the morning. Not a few were wrestling with Bassanio's problem, considering whether another arrow would discover that already lost. In gambling the hope that another fling at fortune will bring her down never fades. But those who gamble daily recognize that such reasoning is not sound, and where, as in Wall street, all the investments are based upon theorizing as to cause and effect, something more than unreasoning faith in fortune's favor is necessary to open the purse strings of its followers. These men were veterans, and the gambler's passion was subordinated to cold calculations.

An old but gay and sprightly man came upon the scene. He was the proprietor of the office, a big broker, widely known and very popular. He was reputed to be the possessor of great wealth. Upon his favor depended the fortunes of some of the men in the chairs. Should he withdraw it at a critical moment they might sink out of sight overwhelmed by ruin, wrecks to be pointed out by the curious in after days as some of the "has beens" of Wall street. He addressed them on the subject of gold shipments, arguing from his own view points as to their effects upon the prosperity of the community. He had the manners and voice of a stump speaker. He interlarded his remarks with jokes and reminiscences and talked volubly. A handsome gray haired man, with smooth face and erect figure, watched him and the others closely. When the broker had finished and disappeared into his private office, this man said quietly to the friend, a visitor who sat beside him:

"I know now just about how all of these men stand. Did you observe them while Jones was talking? Did you notice how some of them laughed loudly at his jokes, while others only smiled, and still others remained impassive? Did you see how those who laughed loudest strove to catch his eye, as though to say: 'See me; I appreciate your humor; I am impressed with your remarks. The others here may not follow you, but I am all ears.' And the meaning of all that is that they want to curry favor with him and win his personal good will, so as to bank against it should they need his financial assistance.

"I always pay attention to the crowd when he talks, for by observing them I can tell how much margin each is trading on. The man who laughs loudest and is most obsequious is very close to sinking. He fears he may go under any moment, and his laughter is a desperate appeal to save him. It rings in my ears like the cry of the drowning wretch who yells: 'Save me! Save me!' I can almost see him struggling in the waves and tearing his finger nails on the glassy sides of the rocks against which he is dashed in his attempts to pull himself into safety. Every time that man roars at one of Jones' jokes, and holds his sides as though they would split, I feel a throb of sympathy for him, for I know his case is very desperate. The man who laughs moderately, looks knowing and has a fairly contented expression has a fair margin up and feels safe. But the man who looks at Jones with an air of indifference or has the courage to frown upon him is the object of my deepest envy. That man reposes on a financial rock so high and solid that an earthquake would recoil from it. And, depend upon it, every other man in this place envies him too. If they dared, they would stroke his coat and rub shoulders with him in the hope of gaining luck thereby.

"I will never forget the sensation caused once by a man getting up here and calling Jones loudly by his first name. That 'William' still rings in my ears. There was dead silence for fully a minute after it had been uttered. Every one of us expected to see the rash man struck by a thunderbolt or consumed by the withering scorn of Jones' lightning glance. I felt my blood congeal with horror, and several of the others told me afterward that they looked for something awful. But Jones looked as sweet as an angel, and we all could have worshiped the daring one on the spot. He received a dozen invitations to drink within 10 minutes and was overwhelmed with offers of cigars. His margin, I afterward discovered, was 10 per cent. There is a report that another man called Jones Bill some years ago, but I don't believe it. If anybody did that, it was an outsider. No customer with a proper consideration of the possibilities of the future could so far forget himself, even though his immediate conditions were most prosperous."—New York Sun.

Electric Bells In Church.

Playgoers are familiar with the electric bells which ring in all parts of the house just before the curtain goes up. This useful device has been adopted at Spurgeon's Tabernacle. Strangers are kept waiting in the aisles until five minutes before the service. By this time the regular seat holders are supposed to have taken their places, and the electric signal is made, followed immediately by a general rush for the best seats that remain vacant.—Yankee Blade.

Too Frank.

She—Maude? Oh, she's one of the friends of my youth.

He—I didn't take her to be as old as that.—Kate Field's Washington.

A Costly Bible.

The most expensive illustrated book yet made is said to be a Bible now owned by Theodore Irwin of Oswego. It is valued at $10,000, for Mr. Irwin paid that sum for the work. The original was in seven volumes, 16mo., and by the addition of drawings and engravings it was enlarged to 50 volumes, each 16 by 24 inches, which occupy 17 feet of space on the shelves. This remarkable book contains 3,000 pen and pencil drawings, etchings, engravings, lithographs, oil and water color paintings and mezzotints. Among the illustrations are parts of the "Great Bible of Cranmer," printed in 1539; parts of the "Bishops Bible," printed in 1568; parts of the "Nuremburg Bible," the first illustrated Bible published, printed in 1736, and of "Luther's Version" and the "Breeches Bible." The extender has brought together not only all that could be found of the best and rarest efforts at illustrating the text of the Bible, but also the art of modern painters and engravings, making it the most complete and valuable copy of the Bible in existence.—Washington Star.

Fashions In Glass.

Very few years ago nothing would please but glass blown to the utmost thinness, either plain or engraved with ornamental designs but now we have returned to the heavy faceted decanters and goblets, which we were brought up to despise. Which is the stricter taste? Undoubtedly that which we have just discarded for the special quality of glass which can be rivaled in no other material, is its transparency and capacity for being blown into exceeding lightness. When cut into facets, the former quality is impaired, the latter is not displayed and the object depends for beauty on its brilliancy, in which it competes at a disadvantage with rock crystal. The virtue of an art consists not less in bringing out the highest quality of material than in revealing the mind of the artist.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Boiling Down a Speech.

An old newspaper man in Washington tells this story of Mr. Blaine:

"My first experience with Mr. Blaine was when, as correspondent for a western paper, I endeavored to get him to withdraw from the official reporters of the house a speech which he had made, in order that I might make an abstract of it.

"'How much of this do you want to use?' Mr. Blaine asked.

"I replied that I thought I would send about half of it.

"'Then I will make an abstract myself,' said he, 'reducing it one-half. I do not doubt your skill, but I want this speech boiled down by its friends.'"—New York World.

A Sure Sign.

When a young man talks about the business of "our firm" in a pitch of voice that can be heard from one end of a street car to the other, it is a sure sign that his wages have been raised to $6 a week.—New York Herald.

Convinced.

Judge—Prisoner, do you acknowledge your guilt?

Prisoner—No, my lord. The speech for the defense has convinced even me of my innocence.—Exchange.

It is worth while for a man to venture his life to carry a rope to a sinking ship or to save a great cause, but to win a line in a college paper or the applause of a crowd—is such glory worth the price?