

The Donation Party.

"CAN'T say I believe in these here donation parties," said Mr. Gregory, grimly. "If we can't afford to pay our minister in good hard cash, then, say I, we hadn't ought to indulge in the luxury of having one at all!"

Deacon Miles smiled—a hard, hyena-like smile. "It's the custom," said he. "And we'd all ought to do our duty."

"But I hain't nothing to give," pleaded the honest farmer. "Crops has been short this year, and I never felt poorer in all my born days!"

"There's them russet apples o' yours?" suggested the deacon.

"Oh, good land o' Goshen!" said Mr. Gregory. "Ain't fit to feed to the pigs!"

"Do not speak hastily. Brother Gregory," said the deacon, sanctimoniously. "I do not in the least doubt but that, to our clergyman, all the goodly fruits of the earth will be useful and acceptable."

"But them ain't goodly," said Mr. Gregory, with a grimace. "I like Mr. Corbin, and I'd like to give somethin' worth havin' to the donation. But I can't. And that's how I'm situated exactly!"

The deacon smiled again—the same adamantine, dentist's show-case sort of a smile, and went home to pick out the leanest of his fowls, the sourest and hardest of his dried apples, the most questionable bag of last season's buckwheat to make a gift offering to the Lord.

For the deacon was a thrifty and well-to-do individual, with money in the bank and a conveniently elastic conscience. And he was already planning to do a little "serious" match-making, whereby he might foist off his hard-visaged daughter Prudence, who had just passed her nine-and-thirtieth summer, upon the new minister, who, luckily, was still unmarried.

"A clergyman," said the deacon, piously, "can greatly enlarge the field of his usefulness by forming a judicious alliance with some sensible female who feels the importance of the ministry."

Mr. Corbin was sitting at his desk, considering the "Thirly" of his sermon that day, when old Hester, his colored housekeeper, came to the door.

"Please, sir," said she, "there's Mr. Gregory's Patty wants to speak to you."

"Ask her to enter," said Mr. Corbin. "I have seen her occasionally in the Bible class, and she is a devout and finely natured damsel."

Patty Gregory came in accordingly—a rosy, fresh-faced girl, with limpid brown eyes, laughing lips and jet-black hair forming itself into natural rings and tendrils on her forehead.

"Mr. Corbin," said she, timidly, "would you like a basket of blackberries?"

"Blackberries?" repeated the good man, thinking how like one of Miss Lisle's pictures Patty looked, as she stood there in the checkered shadows of the hop-vines which were trained across the study window. "Truly, they are a goodly fruit and most luscious to the taste."

"I'm so glad you like them," said Patty. "Because I've picked nearly a peck on Mulloch hill, and—my father is poor and we have nothing to

give you at the donation party. And if you would accept the blackberries, I should be so thankful, because father feels that he has enjoyed your sermons, and he would like to give something, be it ever so little."

"The gift is most welcome, Miss Patty," said Mr. Corbin. And so Patty Gregory went away, leaving him in a sort of brown study.

"Father," said Patty, when the good farmer came to supper, "I've thought of something."

"You always was a master one for thinking," said Mr. Gregory.

"That old engraving that Grandfather Mullet left us in his will," explained Patty, "with the bronze frame, that hangs over the best-room mantel; Martha and Mary at Bethany; don't you remember? The one that Mr. Corbin admired so much when he was here. I'm told that the scholars and gentlemen admire those old engravings. And why don't you give it to Mr. Corbin for the donation?"

"I'm ashamed to take an old picture like that," said Mr. Gregory, dubiously. "Before Widow Starke, with her barrel o' flour, and Squire Hodge's quarter o' lamb, and Mr. Johnson's frisk o' June butter, and all them things as is really worth something!"

"Ask him if he would like it," suggested Patty. "And take it quietly around before anyone else comes."

"It ain't a bad idea," said Mr. Gregory, setting his hand on the table.

will! That 'Marthy' is a pretty picture, when you come to look close at it. The palm trees is dreadful natural and the well 'a' most makes you feel thirsty. It's a sacred subject, too, and ought to suit the parson. I'll take it around this very day. P'raps he'll be pleased."

"But maybe you'd better ask him first, father," said Patty.

So that Mr. Corbin's quietude was a second time interrupted by Mr. Gregory, eager and smiling.

"I guess, parson," said he, "I've got somethin' as 'll suit you 'this time!'"

"For—?" Mr. Corbin looked inquiringly up.

"For the donation party," said the farmer. "It's my 'Marthy.'"

"Sir!" exclaimed the clergyman, in surprise.

"They tell me you like her," said Mr. Gregory, in an off-hand manner.

"I do," said the clergyman. "Very much, indeed. You can hardly tell how much; but—"

"Then you're welcome to her," said the farmer.

"To—"

"To my 'Marthy!'" beamed Mr. Gregory. "Shall I bring her around here?"

"By no means," said Mr. Corbin, hurriedly. "I would much prefer to see her—if you really are in earnest—at the farmhouse."

"Never was more in earnest in my life," said Mr. Gregory, rubbing his hands.

And being a man of few words he went away, leaving Mr. Corbin bewildered beyond expression.

"But this is very strange!" he exclaimed, rising from his chair and pacing up and down the floor. "How have they ever surmised that I was partial to this beautiful young brunette? Is

"IT IS THIS MARTHA THAT I WANTED," she willing to become my wife upon such short notice? Ought I to take advantage of her inexperience?"

"Now, Marse Corbin," suggested old Aunt Hester, who from the window which she was cleaning had "taken in" the whole situation, "don't you go flyin' in de face of Providence. Miss Patty Gregory's as pretty as a picture and as sweet as a peach; an' ef herp's done willin' to gib her to you, jes' tuk her an' be thankful."

"Hester," said the clergyman, "you are a philosopher; and in your remarks I trace the rudiments of much good sense."

So he took Hester's advice and proceeded that very afternoon to the Gregory farm, where Mr. Gregory was painting the doorstep, and Patty was thrifly endeavoring to mend a ragged spot in the carpet of the best room.

The farmer greeted him with boisterous delight.

"So you're really come arter my 'Marthy?' said he. "Well, I am proud."

"I don't know how I shall ever express my gratitude," said the clergyman.

"Don't speak of it," said Mr. Gregory. "Walk in, walk in. Patty, here's the parson."

Mr. Corbin scarcely dared to glance at Miss Gregory; but she smiled and nodded at him with the greatest composure.

"There it is," said Mr. Gregory, pointing his knotty forefinger at the wall, "just as my poor grandmother left it to me, bronze frame and all."

"There is—what?" asked the clergyman.

"My 'Marthy,' to be sure," answered Mr. Gregory, in surprise.

"Oh!" said Mr. Corbin, his countenance falling. "I—I thought you meant—I didn't know—"

"Eh!" said Mr. Gregory. "It's my picture of 'Marthy and Mary at Bethany'—a hundred years old, and not to be duplicated, they tell me, this side of the Atlantic."

"Yes, I've no doubt it is very valuable," said Mr. Corbin. "But not so valuable as—your daughter!"

"As—my—daughter!" repeated Mr. Gregory.

"I thought it was *this* Martha you meant," said the clergyman, gathering courage to advance and get possession of Patty's slim, brown hand. "It certainly was this Martha that I wanted!"

Mr. Gregory glanced from one to the other, lifted his shaggy, gray eyebrows and drew a long breath.

"Well," said he, "if Patty hain't no objection, I hain't. What say you, little gal? Have you a mind to be my donation to the minister, instead o' the old engraving?"

"Oh! father!" said Patty.

"Mr. Corbin," said the farmer, "I don't believe she'll object."

"Oh! father!" once more uttered Patty, hiding her face.

"And you two can talk it over, while I go out and finish that there job o' paintin'," added Mr. Gregory.

"But did you really think that father meant me?" said Patty, incredulously.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Some estimate of the wonderful value of the fishing industry of Great Britain can be gained from the statement that the total catch of fish on the coasts of England and Wales in 1899 was 305,000 tons, exclusive of shellfish.

—A number of respectable Free State, South Africa, farmers are trekking (moving by wagon, as our own pioneers did before the railroads were built) into British Bechuanaland, where they expect to better their condition by having more room and pasture for their sheep, and other advantages.

—One of the two massive meteorites found recently by Prof. Foote, of Philadelphia, in the Canon Diabolo, Ari., was discovered to contain a cavity, in which were several small diamonds. Dr. Koenig, who made this discovery, is highly elated, since no other meteorite is known to contain stones of the kind.

—The common mustard, *Sinapis nigra*, takes possession of abandoned fields, and soon crowds out everything else. So vigorous is it there that it is frequently tall enough to hide a horse with its rider. California could supply the world with mustard seed only for the black aphids, which everywhere covers flower, buds and fruit.

—One of the strongest labor organizations in the South is the "screwmen" of New Orleans. Their business is to "screw" or tightly store cotton in vessels, to prevent shifting at sea and economize space. There are 1,000 members, their dues amount to \$30,000 annually, they own their meeting-house, and have \$125,000 in bonds and securities. Their wages are \$7 a day.

—When the atmosphere contains eighty-five per cent. of moisture it is saturated; the amount of humidity is calculated on the eighty-five per cent. scale, so that when we are told that there is seventy-five per cent. of humidity it does not mean that the atmosphere is only ten points away from saturated, but that it contains seventy-five per cent. of the eighty-five per cent. of humidity necessary to saturate it.

—There is no doubt but the form of a roof has much to do with the draught of a chimney. The flat roof offers no resistance to the passage of air, but as the pitch is increased the current is more and more disturbed, until, with a high-pitched and many-gabled roof, it is broken into innumerable eddies, some of which are sure to curl down and force the smoke and gases in the flue into the rooms below. Chimneys on such roofs should be built higher than ordinarily.

—The preliminary results of some investigations upon the growth of the face are stated by Prof. G. M. West, in Science. The values obtained in the case of measurements of the female face point to the existence of three distinct periods of growth; the first ending at about the seventh year, and the third beginning at about the age of fifteen. The abrupt transition from one period to the next is indicated by the very slow growth of some children until the ages of eight or fourteen, when a rapid development often occurs.

—The height or distance of the atmosphere from the earth, to which it extends is not definitely known. It is variously estimated at 100 to 500 miles. It produces a pressure upon every spot equal to the weight of the whole column above. The pressure amounts to about fifteen pounds upon every square inch. Since the pressure of air is evenly balanced upon all sides we are not conscious of it. Upon the outstretched hand there rests a column of air that will weigh 200 or 300 pounds. We are not conscious of this, because there is an equivalent pressure underneath the hand to support it.

—The production of condensed milk in Norway is annually increasing. The value of last year's exports is estimated at about \$343,900. The following figures show how steadily the exports have grown in the last twelve years: 1879, 16,275 pounds; 1880, 953,750 pounds; 1881, 963,948 pounds; 1882, 924,299 pounds, a slight falling off from the previous year, but more than made up in 1883, when the export amounted to 1,332,159 pounds; 1884, 1,384,390 pounds; 1885, 1,789,505 pounds; 1886, 2,375,797 pounds; 1887, 3,707,659 pounds; 1888, 4,633,330 pounds, and 1889, 5,284,702 pounds.

A Rival of Yosemite.

In the vast Sierra wilderness far to the southward of the famous Yosemite Valley, there is a yet grander valley of the same kind. It is situated on the South Fork of King's river, above the most extensive groves and forests of the giant sequoia, and beneath the shadows of the highest mountains in the range, where the canons are deepest and the snow-laden peaks are crowded most closely together. It is called the Big King's River Canon, or King's River Yosemite, and is reached by way of Visalia, the nearest point on the Southern Pacific railroad, from which the distance is about forty-five miles, or by the Kearnsage Pass from the east side of the range. It is about ten miles long, half a mile wide, and the stupendous rocks of purplish gray granite that form the walls are from 2,500 to 5,000 feet in height, while the depth of the valley below the general surface of the mountain mass from which it has been carved is considerably more than a mile. Thus it appears that this new Yosemite is longer and deeper, and lies embedded in grander mountains, than the well-known Yosemite of the Merced. Their general characters, however, are wonderfully alike, and they bear the same relationship to the fountains of the ancient glaciers above them.—John Muir, in Century.

Follies of Men and Women

The trouble in love affairs is that the parties to it love too much to love long. Some people give their confidence as others give presents, for the sake of what secrets they will be told in return. Men judge a man's religion by his actions outside the church, and the women judge it by the brilliancy of his prayers within.

Men are brutes; they have better times occasionally without their wives, and tell them so. Women are hypocrites; they enjoy life without their husbands once in a while, but they will never admit that they were not miserable without them.—Abraham Glabe.

SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.

THE SINGLE TAX FIRST.

The discussion of economic and social questions among the farming classes has taken a very wide and comprehensive range, and single taxers have much to encourage them in the fact that no subject comes in for a greater share of discussion and criticism among the farmers than does the single tax. Especially is this true of the farmers who belong to the Farmers' alliance in the western and northwestern states. They seem to be honestly and earnestly striving to find out what is really the matter, and then to set about applying the remedy.

Familiar as I am with the opinions, habits of thought and methods of reasoning that prevail among the farmers (who, after all, are the great force that must be won to the single tax before we can hope to enforce it,) I think the first necessary step is to convince them that reform in our system of taxation is of primary importance; and that such necessary reform can only come through single tax before we can hope to enforce it, and that while there are other needed reforms besides tax reforms, the adoption of the single tax will make all other reforms easier of accomplishment.

The views of a large portion of the Farmers' alliance are expressed by a friend of mine, who is a member of the legislature of Missouri, in an article to the alliance organ of the state, in which he says: "We admit that there seems to be a fatal disease over the land, though I don't think single tax the panacea." Now, I have said to my friend, and I want to say to all my brothers of the alliance, and all others who really believe there is something wrong, that if they will honestly set about finding out what the disease is, that he and they will conclude that the single tax must precede all other remedies, and that we do not claim that the single tax is a panacea for all the ills which afflict the body politic.

What we do claim, however, is that it is the one reform that will make all other reforms easier. That, without it, any or all of the reforms which are being advocated by industrial organizations would avail nothing to lighten the burdens under which the farmers and the laborers of this country are staggering. That all the benefits which would accrue would be swallowed up by the comparatively few who own and control the natural sources of wealth.

The necessity for funds to defray the expenses of government is not questioned by the single taxers, but they object to the present methods of providing such funds.

It is an axiom in republican government that government is instituted for the sole purpose of securing to the individual his natural rights, guaranteeing him immunity from any deprivation of those rights by any other individual or combination of individuals, and placing every one on equal footing with every other one, with respect to the exercise of their natural rights.

We single taxers hold with Thomas Jefferson: "That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with unalienable rights; that amongst these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men."

The rights of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," include the right to all means necessary to secure and enjoy those rights; and unless every individual, humble and great, rich and poor, is secure in these rights as well from their infringement by the government as by the individual, the declaration of independence is a mockery and a lie, and our boasted free institutions are a fraud and a farce.

We single taxers contend that in permitting a few people to monopolize the land upon which and from which all men must live, government denies to all other people their natural rights of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Let me state a few fundamental propositions on which rests the whole philosophy of the single tax.

All men have the right to live on this earth.

The wise, bountiful and beneficent Creator made the earth for the common use of all men, and not for the exclusive use of a portion of His creatures who might deny to their brothers the right to live on the earth except on such terms as they might propose.

All wealth, which includes the means of subsistence for man and the domestic animals, is the product of labor applied to land, and in order that conditions of equality may be maintained, all men must have an equal right, upon equal terms, to the use of land.

All men have a natural right to the ownership, possession and use of the product of their labor; therefore no individual nor aggregation of individuals called a government has any right to take from them an iota of the wealth they produce for any purpose whatever—not even for the support of society or government. Society has no more right to rob me of the results of my labor than has an individual.

Society has a right to the means necessary to defray all its expenses, and a fund sufficient for that purpose has been wisely provided in the very constitution of social adjustments. That fund, which has been produced by society, and which, therefore, belongs to society, is economic rent, or the value of land exclusive of all improvements.

Now, the contention of the single tax advocates is simply this: That what the individual produces by labor of hand or head, belongs to him. What society produces belongs to society, and that society, instead of taking from the individual that which belongs to him for public uses, should draw upon the common fund which has been produced by all the people, to meet all its expenses.

This, we contend, can only be done by concentrating all taxes on land values, and leaving free from all taxes the products of labor and skill.

Many objections to the prevailing method of taxation may be urged, but I will content myself with stating only a few of them:

It deprives the individual of what justly belongs to him; in one short, but expressive word, it is robbery.

It is unjust and unequal in its operations; it makes the rich richer, and the poor poorer.

It enables the wealth of the country to shift all the burdens of the government on to the shoulders of the farmer and the laborer.

It puts a fine on industry, enterprise and thrift, and a premium on idleness, laziness and shiftlessness.

It taxes people on what they consume and not on what they have.

It discourages and retards improvements.

It limits and restricts the production of wealth.

It increases the cost of all the necessities and luxuries of life.

It is the parent of monopoly, and the fruitful source of the inequality which produces poverty with all its attendant evils.

My friend, in the article before referred to, says if a man "owns \$10,000,000, and it is necessary to levy five mills, he should pay \$50,000; if he only owns \$500, he should pay \$3.50." Has it ever occurred to my good brother that if a man is worth \$10,000,000 his wealth must largely consist of valuable lands, or other forms of property based on land values, and that, under the present system of collecting taxes, he is able to shift every dollar of his \$50,000 of taxes onto the producers of wealth, who, in addition to paying the taxes of the ten-millionaire, must also pay him for the privilege of working?

But by far the greater part of the taxes collected from the people are taxes on consumption, and the government takes in taxes from the mass of workers about all they make above a bare subsistence.

The effect of shifting all taxes to land values would be cheaper land and reduced rent. It would destroy land speculation, and lands now idle and vacant would be cultivated and improved; instead of the tillers of the soil bearing all the burdens of the government, as they do to-day, the bulk of the taxes would be paid by the owners or users of valuable lands in the towns and cities, and the owners of mining and timber lands that now pay little or no taxes. We are not proposing to tax land in proportion to its area, but according to its value; and if those who raise the cry that "the single tax will put all the taxes on the farmers," will stop and think a moment, they will see that the "tillers of the soil," about whom they profess so much solicitude, do not own the valuable land in this country, and therefore they could not be made to bear all the burdens, nor, indeed, any considerable share.

Under the single tax it would be impossible for this to be a "land of lords and tenants;" but if the present methods are allowed to obtain for a few years longer, it is inevitably bound to become such.

Under the single tax, men could not grow rich by holding land out of use, for speculation; neither could they grow rich by charging other people rent for the use of land, thereby appropriating their earnings without rendering an equivalent.

Then all land would be put to its best use, and every individual would simply pay to the community the annual rental value for so much of the common property as he could profitably use, and in this way restore to the community those values which are created by the community.

The Farmers' alliance has adopted as its shibboleth and battle-cry these words of Thomas Jefferson: "Equal rights for all; special privileges to none," and if it be the purpose of the farmers of the United States, who too long have been "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for monopolies of all kinds, to crystallize that glorious sentiment of pure democracy into the legislation of this country, there is no other way on earth nor among men by which it can be done, except by first adopting the single tax.—H. Martin Williams.

What a Fire Reveals.

The six-story brick building at the southwest corner of Fulton and Nassau streets, New York city, once occupied by the Sun, and lately deserted by the Commercial Advertiser, was burned September 15. The property belonged to the estate of Moses Y. Beach. It fronted 113 feet 9 inches on Fulton street and 57 feet 10 inches on Nassau street. After the fire the agent of the estate told the Sun reporter that the building was worth about \$50,000, and was insured for \$25,000. The Tribune placed the loss on building at \$50,000. According to the city assessment rolls, completed not many weeks before the fire, the assessment of this piece of property, land and building included, was \$140,000. If the estimated value of the building is correct, the land must have been assessed at \$90,000.

This piece of property now lies lumbered with the blackened ruins of the fire, and reduced to "prairie land," save for whatever value may lie in the damaged cellar and its walls. According to the Sun, the site of the ruins has just been sold to Lewis S. Wolf for \$385,000. In other words, the land without the six-story building is worth to Mr. Wolf \$385,000 more than land and building were assessed at for the purposes of municipal taxation. The owners have been collecting rent on \$435,000 worth of property, probably not less than \$30,000, and have been paying taxes on rather less than one-third that sum.

It may be of interest to note that the property on Nassau street adjoining the burned building is assessed at \$40,000. It is a piece of land 25 feet 1 inch by 112 feet 2 inches, bearing the ruins of a brick building. The adjoining property on Fulton street, 25 feet 3 inches by 103 feet, is assessed at \$68,000. These two properties, without the buildings, are worth probably \$600,000.

"ALL the corners of the earth are in His hands," read the clergyman. "No," Chicago they ain't," replied a repentant advocate for the World's fair. "In Chicago they are in the hands of the speculators."

The Farmer and the Government.

That great magazine The Century, published by The Century Co., of New York City, is going to outdo its own unrivaled record in its programme for the coming year. Among its features is a series of articles on what the Government is doing and ought to do for the farmer, including "The Farmer's Discontent," "Cooperation," the Works of the Department of Agriculture, etc. A novel of America and India by Rudyard Kipling, written with a young American author, is one of four novels which it will print, and the greatest American writers will furnish its short stories. The famous Spaniard, Emilio Castelar, will contribute a new Life of Columbus, to be magnificently illustrated; there will be articles on the World's Fair, by special arrangement with the managers; the humorist "Bill Nye" is to contribute a unique series, and different phases of New York life will be treated in splendidly illustrated articles. The first of these New York articles is "The Bowery" in the November Century.

—A man should hear a little music, read a little poetry and see a fine picture every day of his life in order that worldly cares may not obliterate the sense of the beautiful which God has implanted in the human soul.—Goethe.

—The king of Sweden has given permission for a general collection in all the churches of his kingdom for the benefit of the Lutheran college in Lindsay, Kas.



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FORGERIES.

Never was there a time when there were so many defalcations, breaches of trust and forgeries as are being revealed every day. One may well stop and ask whether there are now any honest men. The fast pace that this American life leads us, the rush and strain for wealth, the lowering of the public tone and the recognition that mere money wins, all of these things have conspired to make men reckless and to lead them to adopt the maxim: "Any thing for success." It is not worth striving for when one has to pay such a price for it. Better by far preserve one's health that is almost certain to be lost in such an unequal contest. When you feel blue and weary of the world take a dose of REID'S GERMAN COUGH AND KIDNEY CURE and stop all of these morbid feelings at once. This great remedy contains no poison and can be obtained of any druggist. SYLVAN REMEDY CO., Peoria, Ill.

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