On a Glacier

Tobogganning on a glacier is a sport which might daunt any but an adventurous soul. Evidently it is an experience never to be matched or forgotten. A descent over a part of the Silvretta Glacier, which lies nearly ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is for the most part smooth and free from the dangers common to glaciers, is described by Miss Margaret Symonds in the Pall Mall Budget:

Herr Guler had for a long time entertained the plan of tobogganning over a large portion of the glacier. As autumn advanced, and the surface of the glacier grew smooth, he urged me to join the expedition, and I consented willingly, tobogganning being my favorite sport. Four toboggans had to be carried up the four thousand feet, and the march was, of course, slow and laborious.

At half-past four we reached the club hut, a tiny stone edifice with two rooms, a table, an iron stove, and hay to sleep on. Soon after the glacier was in shadow. Darkness fell suddenly. It was a wonderful world of snow and stars upon which we gazed before we went to sleep.

At three o'clock in the morning we were aroused, and continued our march for fully an hour and a half up over the snow fields, stopping about every forty yards to place a stick in the snow, which should guide us on our downward course. Finally we reached the top of the glacier, and after some delay, Christian and I took our seats and started slowly forward over the first gentle incline. Guler followed with my friend.

Smooth and very slow at first; then, on a sudden, my toboggan glided more easily, then bounded forward. I realized that I was on the verge of the great rounded summit of the Silvretta pass. Below me lay the billowy sea of unending white; beyond that again bits of broken morain; then glimpses of the verdurous Prattigau, surmounted by innumerable ranges ending in Todi and the whole Bernese Oberland. Then followed the most breathless flight I have ever flown.

Up dashed the fresh snow into my face, filling my eyes, my eyelids, my mouth and nostrils, and plastering itself in upon my chest. All power of controlling my headlong course had vanished. For a second all consciousness of danger forsook me. I was seized with the intoxication of movement, and hurled forward with closed eyes, and lungs choked by the driving snow, which rose in a cloud before me.

When I recovered my senses it was to find myself launched forth upon a gentler slope, and many metres to the left of the assigned course. A few feet in front of me I became aware of an old scar of a crevasse. It was neck or nothing, and I had no energy to stop. I shot across it, and steered out upon an even plain of ice. I had descended through the sunlight, in the space of five minutes, a tract of snow field which it had taken us more than an hour to climb at dawn.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Coming Girl.

The coming girl will cook her own food, will earn her own living, and will not die an old maid. The coming girl will not wear the Grecian bend, dance the German, ignore all possibilities of knowing how to work, will not endeavor to break the hearts of unsophisticated young men, will spell correctly, understand English before she affects French, will preside with equal grace at the piano or wash-tub, will spin more yarn for the house than for the street, and will not despise her plainly clad mother, her poor relations or the hand of an honest worker.

The coming girl will walk five miles a day if need be, to keep her cheeks aglow; will mind her health, her physical development, and her mother; will adopt a costume both sensible and conducive to health; will not confound hypocrisy with politeness; will not place trying to please above frankness.

The coming girl will not look to Paris, but to reason, for her fashions; will not aim to follow a foolish fashion because milliners and dressmakers decree it; will not torture her body, shrivel her soul with puerilities or ruin it with wine or pleasure. In short, the coming girl will seek to glorify her Maker and to enjoy mentally his works. Duty will be her aim, and life a living reality.—*Ex.*

Making Sauerkraut.

On the opening of the season this year it was seen that a shortage in the cabbage crop would ensue. The crop, which comes chiefly from Michigan and Illinois, was almost a failure. The seventeen kraut factories in this city started up as usual and have turned out from 2000 to 25,000 packages each, which is as a kernel to a cargo toward supplying the immense territory St. Louis provides kraut for, of which Texas is the largest taker. To supply the deficiency the local importers have given large orders for German kraut, which, happily, has no duty to pay. It comes in 60 gallon wine casks, and to each gallon there is about eight pounds—480 pounds in total, and which costs, wholesale, from $10 to $13, according to quality. For sauerkraut, though the same to many palates, has great variety of grade. The imported goods, however, are neither better nor worse, on the whole.

The process of manufacturing is not complex. The cabbage is simply hauled in crates and dumped into a chute; a boy carries it to a man at the end of a bench; he with a short knife dexterously scoops out the core and with his left hand shoves the cabbage to his neighbor, who strips off a couple of the outside leaves and shoves it on. Arrived at the end of the trough, the cabbage is plunged into a tub of water and in a few minutes is in the cutting machine. After being chopped fine it is packed into packages—barrels or kegs—and salted, which latter is the only work which requires skill. In fact, to salt to a nicety requires a man of some artistic ability, who requires good wages. The factory usually employs fifteen to twenty-five men, with which latter as many as 400 packages have been turned out in one day.—*St. Louis Star-Savings.*

His Victory Came Too Late.

A Detroit wholesale house sent an agent in one of the Northern counties the other day to investigate and report on a failure of a dry goods man whose assets were below zero. The bankrupt was perfectly willing to explain how it all happened.

"You see," he said, "I got married about two years ago. Up to that time the postmaster and his wife had been at the head of society here and run the ranch. He had the only swallow-tailed coat and she the only silk dress in the town."

"I see."

"We had to make a leap for the head, and I bought my wife a $12 bonnet and a diamond ring."

"Yes."

Then I subscribed $200 to a new Church gave two lawn parties and bought a top carriage and a pacer."

"Yes."

"He came up smiling with a new brick house, a progressive euchre party, and gave $250 to the heathen of Africa."

"I see."

"Well, I had gone in to smash him or lose a lung, and so I pledged myself for the preacher's salary for a year, lost $400 on a deal in wheat, kept two hired girls, bought three Persian rugs, backed a barber shop, took a half interest in our newspaper, and presented every church in town with a bell."

"That must have laid him."

"It did. He threw up his hands and surrendered, but when you fellows in Detroit drew on me at three days' sight, I was dished. I am sorry it happened, but you can't blame me. If that postmaster hadn't made a fool of himself, I'd been able to pay 150 cents on the dollar."—*Michigan Tradesman.*

Protection Versus Free Trade.

Editor American:

I have to thank you for the courtesy of your columns for my former article, and especially for your long comment upon it.

Having failed to state my position with sufficient emphasis to be understood, I must ask your further indulgence for a few facts to back up the assertion (not assumption if you please) that "England's prosperity was built up by the most rigid adherence to the principle of the McKinley bill," and that "Ireland's poverty, misery and woe" are the result of England's free trade policy. I will be as brief as possible.

England was first in the modern movement of manufacturing by labor-saving machinery, beginning a little more than a century ago. She possessed certain special advantages not possessed by other nations. Her insular position aforded her protection from invasion. Rich and extensive beds of coal, iron and lime-stone, furnished her with the first essentials to the new development, skilled labor and capital were more at her command than at the command of any other nation. To make the most of these advantages, she early adopted the policy of drawing to the little island all the skilled labor that could be induced to come from other countries, by such laws as tended to encourage the immigration of the best artisans, and to discourage the emigration of such, going so far in the way of discouragement, as to make it a criminal offense to entice a skilled artisan abroad to engage in his art in another country. Under these laws, an artisan having gone to another country might be ordered back under penalty of the confiscation of his property. By the same policy, it was attempted to confine the knowledge of labor-saving machinery to the island of Great Britain. The importation of valuable machinery, or models of machinery, was encouraged, and the exportation was prohibited. Colonies and dependencies were allowed to engage in manufacturing and commerce only at the pleasure of the home government. Among the grievances sent up to the throne from the American colonies was this:

"You named the ports and nations to which alone our merchandise should be carried, and with whom we should trade."

All of the colonies and dependencies, Ireland included, were so regulated as to increase the industrial and commercial power of the island of Great Britain. None of them were permitted to share in her prosperity. When seperation between the mother country and a colony came, and the power of British legislation ceased to operate as a check upon industrial development, a policy of destructive competition was adopted, such as was urged by Lord Brougham at the close of the war of 1812. "It is well worth while," said the noble lord, "to incur a loss in the first exportation, in order, by the glut, to stifle in the cradle those infant manufactures in the United States which the war forced into existance" and nothing but the retention of the "double duties," and for war purposes, prevented the "stifling."

But the protective policy did not stop with the encouragement of artisans and the acquirement of machinery, it protected in the most effective manner the products of the two, either by the laying on of heavy import duties, or by absolute prohibition. Take a single example, bar iron, covering a period of about 50 years, from 1772 to about 1825.

The Colliery Guardian, of London, in 1877, published a list of these duties. The list is very interesting, given here, with approximate accuracy in our money, namely: from 1772 to 1795, $10 per ton; 1797 to 1802, $15; 1806, $20; 1806 to 1812 $25; in the five years ending 1818, $30.

At the last date, and continuing to about 1825, the duty was made discriminating so as to favor English shipping. By this law bar iron brought in English bottoms was admitted at 6 pounds 10 shillings; if in foreign bottoms, 7 pounds 18 shillings, 6 pence a discrimination of about $5 a ton.

These rates, remember, were on bar iron, a crude product. The next step, though a short one, was more costly. The same authority says:

"Iron slit or hammered into rods, and iron drawn down or hammered less than three quarters of an inch was made to pay a duty at the rate of 20 pounds per ton." nearly $100!

These are only samples taken at random. Further examination will disclose the fact that the rate of duty increased as the product was more highly wrought, and importation of many articles was prohibited.

In view of these facts, what becomes of your statement that "in England the ruling classes had their wealth chiefly in lands, and their efforts were directed chiefly towards protecting the products of land?"

But this by no means ends the chapter. It appears, incidentally, in the foregoing ron schedule that shipping was early considered a suitable object for protection. The discriminating duty of 1812 was but a first step however to the most gigantic scheme for "encouraging" shipping that the world has ever seen. In 1847, the government made liberal contracts with private ship yards to build iron vessels for the navy. This policy laid the foundation of the great yards that have since studded the seas with iron ships. This was followed in 1840 with the subsidizing of steamship companies for the carrying of foreign mails, for example, the Cunard line of four vessels received the first year about $16,000 for a round trip, or $418,000 in the year; the next year, $550,000; in 1846 with two vessels additional, $705,666. In 1840 a mail line to the East Indies, China and Japan was established and received for the service the first year $1,121,500; and the second year the sum was doubled. In 1850, a similiar line got a contract to carry the mails to the West Indies and Brazil, for ten years, at $1,350,000 a year.

This was the beginning of a policy that continues to the present day. Between 1840 and 1880 the British government paid for this service about $320,000,000, an average of five and a half millions a year.

Thus we see that England protected the products of the factory, the field, shipping interests, everything that might add to prosperity of the people, so that, when free trade came to be discussed, in the language of one of her own statesmen, she "had the world by the heels" and had nothing to fear from competition. Why the change of policy? It can be told in a few words.

A small island densely populated, supplied with capital and skilled labor beyond its own capacity for employment, to which add an accumulation of machinery many times more powerful than all the laboring power of all the people, and you have a condition that demands an open field, food for the people and material for the machinery was the prime necessity. England had become a vast workshop, a hive of industry, needing food, raw-material, and open markets. The two first she secured by opening her ports and sought to secure the latter by fair trading if she could by forced duty if she must. The British merchant has always had a willing man-of-war within hailing distance.

England's policy changed with changing conditions, not because her statesmen thought the former policy either wrong or detrimental. England's "infant manufactures" were protected vigorously when they needed it; when they reached maturity, they became engines of commercial warfare to make conquest of the markets of the world.

Of Ireland, little can now be said for want of space. Though part and parcel of the British government during the period of early industrial development, except about fifteen years, Ireland shared in none of the advantages of fostered manufactures, subsidized shipping &c, but suffered all the embarrassments of adverse legislation, the same as the colonies. Like the colonies, she could trade only with designated ports, and could engage freely in such industries only as were permitted, when parliament was asked to "discourage" a growing competitive industry, it was "discouraged."

From 1785 to 1800, Ireland had an independent parliament, which lost no time in following England's example of laying protective duties. Under these tariffs, several lines of manufacturing sprang up and flourished. When the Union came in 1800, the Irish duties were repealed, by a sliding scale, though English duties were still high and were maintained, against Ireland, as well as against the rest of the world, until 1845.

This statement of facts answers your question, "Is it not surprising that Ireland did not participate in the wonderful prosperity," claimed for England "Under the blessings of protection?"

An eloquent Irish orator has described the effect of England's policy toward Ireland, by saying that it destroyed her manufactures of cotton, silk, serge, calico, flannel, blankets, worsteds, sateen, frieze &c. In his own language, "One business alone thrives and flourishes and dreads no bankruptcy; that favored, and privileged and patronized business is the Irish coffin-maker!"

But I have taken too much space already though much more might be said on the subject. Respectfully, J. W. R.

Lake Charles, Jan. 24, 1891.

THE SUBSIDIZED PRESS.

Under the above head the Sabine Banner in its last issue exposes a trick or two that was attempted to be played on it.

It seems from the reading of the Banner that the whole thing was gotten up to defeat it, if possible, in obtaining the public printing.

J. E. Howe, the publisher of the Banner, without the knowledge, or consent of editor Sorrelle, wrote a letter to John A. Morris to the effect that if he would furnish $600 he could buy the Banner. The first Mr. Sorrelle knew of the matter was, he says, "We were informed that the editor of the Robeline News had such letters and intended to use them against us before the police jury, to influence them in selecting the official organ, which he did." The editor of the Banner, Mr. Sorrelle, further says, "After the jury had made the Banner the official journal at our bid of $100, the editor of the News consulted an attorney and left for home, having told several parties while here, however, that the Howe letters would be published by him on his return home." Here is the reply to Mr. Howe's letter to John A. Morris:

NEW ORLEANS, La., Nov. 15, 1890.

J. E. Howe, Many, La.

Dear Sir—Your letter to Mr. Morris was opened by me in the absence of that gentleman in New York. The lottery amendment must be voted upon by the people of Louisiana without any interference by Mr. Morris with the press of the State. Intelligent public discussion and an untramelled press must alone be relied upon to convince the people of the merits of the proposition. Mr. Morris regrets, therefore, that he cannot serve you in the manner indicated in your letter. Thanking you for your kindness in writing, however, I am Yours very truly,

(Signed) R. K. LALLING,
Private Secretary.

Mr. Sorrelle then obtained from J. E. Howe, the following:

STATE OF LOUISIANA,
PARISH OF SABINE.

Before me, the undersigned authority, on this day personally appeared J. E Howe, publisher of the Sabine Banner, to me well known, who after being duly sworn, disposes and says that the letters written by him to John A. Morris and private secretary, R. K. Lalling, and published in the Robeline News of the 9th of January, were written by him without the knowledge of Don E. Sorrelle and Amos L. Ponder, and they are no wise responsible for same.

J. E. HOWE,
Publisher Banner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of Jan. 1891.

{SEAL} W. E. MCNEELY,
Clerk Dist. Court,
Sabine Parish, La.

Mr. Sorrelle then follows this with the loaded barrel which the News did not publish to the world:

LETTER NO. 2.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Nov. 23, 1890.

Mr. J. E. Howe, Many, La.

Dear Sir—Your favor of the 18th inst. received and contents carefully considered.

We cannot accept your proposition. We now control the press of the State, for which we have expended a large amount of money. Some has proved value received, while some has proved money lost, especially as it has turned out in Sabine parish. We had no opposition there until the Sabine Banner was published.

However, I will say, as soon as we can get matters arranged we are going to organize a Branch Progressive League in your parish, and if you will render us your assistance in same, do all in your power to promote the interest of same, we will see that you hold one of the offices in the league.

By writing to Mr. T. A. Marshall, he will give you all the desired information, etc.

Hoping we can rely on your assistance when the time comes, I am,

Respectfully,
(Signed) R. K. LALLING,
Private secretary.

What Tom Did.

It was the first clear, cold day after Christmas. The boys and girls were on the hill coasting. They were shouting and laughing as loud as they could, even those who had no sleds.

"Happy New Year to you?" shouted Tom Ross, as away he went on his pretty sled. A bran new sled it was, too, his uncle had given to him on Christmas eve.

When Tom had been up and down the hill ever so many times, he suddenly thought:

"What a great, big, selfish boy I am. Why don't I ask some other boy to get on my sled and have some fun, too?"

There was little Joe King, who had no sled.

"Come, Joe! jump on!" cried Tom. "Hurrah! here we go!"

After that Tom did not stop with just wishing people a "Happy New Year;" he tried to think of kind ways to make it a happy time to everyone. And he was happier, too.—*Presbyterian Journal.*

I was taken sick with ulcers on the left lung. Doctors gave me up to die, but a friend got me some Bull's Sarsaparilla and before I used one bottle I got better, and after using it two months I am at work again.—*Wm. A. Brookins Coldwater, Mich.*

And Have as Much Fun.

"Why do you live in the country, anyhow?" asked a New Yorker of a suburban friend.

"To save money."

"Is the cost of living less?"

"No, slightly higher"

"Then how do you save?"

"No opera, $50 a season; no concerts, $25 a season; no theatres, $50 a season; no big dinners to friends, $10 a year; no fun of any kind, $500 a year.

"Say!" said the city man, seized with an inspiration, "wouldn't you save money if you died?"—*New York Sun.*

SINCE WE MUST DIE.

Though we must die, I would not die
When fields are brown and bleak,
When wild geese stream across the sky,
And the cart lodge timbers creak,
For it would be so lone and drear
To sleep beneath the snow,
When children carol Christmas cheer,
And Christmas rafters glow.

Nor would I die, though we must die,
When wealings blindly bleat,
When cuckoo laughs and lovers sigh,
And oh, to live is sweet!
When cowslips come again, and spring
Is winsome with their breath,
And life's in love with everything,
With everything but death.

Let me not die, though we must die
When bowls are brimmed with cream,
When mich cows in the meadows lie
Or wade amid the stream;
When dewy dimpled roses smile
To see the face of June,
And lad and lass meet at the stile,
Or roam beneath the moon.

Since we must die, then let me die
When flows the harvest ale,
When the reaper lays the sickle by,
And taketh down the flail;
When all we prized and all we planned
Is ripe and stored at last,
And autumn looks across the land,
And ponders on the past,
Then let me die.

—Alfred Austin in London World.

About Reading.

When will people learn that they can't talk helpfully and entertainingly about what they do not understand, and that they can't understand except through sympathy and liking? What pleasure in hearing people talk about their literary loves? "All the world loves a lover." But what is more insipid than an account of a literary flirtation?

If one is not to read from a sense of duty to the author or to society it remains to ask whether one is not to read from a sense of duty to one's self. No again. And many times No. In the first place such reading is not done with the understanding, but with the conscience. There floats above the pages of the unlucky volume a shimmering, tantalizing veil of foreign interests and thoughts.

And then, one can't remember books read from duty. Ah, mute confession of the book mark or the leaf turned down! A small boy doesn't forget how far he has gone through the dinner—whether he has yet eaten pie or not, for instance—though, to be sure, he may feign forgetfulness, for reasons well known to himself. And in the same way, one who has read with an appetite knows well how far he has read.

How often we hear the confession: "I have read that book, but forgotten all about it!" If there is added the statement, "and yet I liked it very much," you may respectfully and silently demur. For, if there is forgetfulness when interest and therefore attention is aroused, the sufferer manifests a weakness of mind suggestive of an asylum. No. Take my word for it, though it defy mythology: Memory and Love are sister Muses.—New York Ledger.

Curious Freaks of Steel.

The finest grades of razors are so delicate that even the famous Damascus sword blades cannot equal them in texture. It is not generally known that the grain of a Swedish razor is so sensitive that its general direction is changed after a short service. When you buy a fine razor the grain runs from the upper end of the outer point in a diagonal direction toward the handle. Constant strapping will twist the steel until the grain appears to be set straight up and down. Subsequent use will drag the grain outward from the edge, so that after steady use for several months the fibre of the steel occupies a position exactly the reverse of that which it did on the day of purchase.

The process also affects the temper of the blade, and when the grain sets from the lower outer point toward the back you have a razor which cannot be kept in condition, even by the most conscientious barber. But here's another curious freak that will take place in the same tool: Leave the razor alone for a month or two, and when you take it up you will find that the grain has assumed its first position. This operation can be repeated until the steel is worn through to the back.—St. Louis Republic.

Shaking Hands.

It would seem that sixty years ago shaking hands "between persons of different sexes" was hardly proper, and that ten or twenty years earlier it was considered highly indelicate. My authority is the following, copied from the law reports for 1828:

Court of Arches, Nov. 19, 1828.—Divorce: Hamerton against Hamerton.—Sir John Nicholl, in giving judgment, said that conduct highly blamable and distressing to the feelings of a husband had been proved, but although thirty witnesses had been examined no indecent familiarities had been proved beyond a kiss. The shaking of hands when they met was a practice now so frequent between persons of different sexes, however opinions might differ as to its delicacy, that no unfavorable inference could be deduced thence.—Notes and Queries.

The Incubator Known to the Egyptians.

The artificial hatching of chickens is by most persons thought to be something new under the sun, and the result of the biological investigations and discoveries made by the evolutionists. The fact is, as Consul General Cardwell, at Cairo, reports, the hatching of eggs by other than the natural process was known to the ancient Egyptians, and this process, handed down from father to son, leaves our scientific processes for the same purpose far in the rear. The extent of the business among the Egyptians may be gathered from the consul general's statement that the even crop of marketable chickens is 15,000,000 each season.—New Orleans Picayune.

He Was in No Hurry.

Three young ladies at the depot were winding through the crowd, Indian file, hastening to board a train, when the whistle tooted. "Come, hurry up! Come right along!" cried the second one in line, catching, as she supposed, the hand of the girl just behind her. "I don't want to," was answered in an unknown voice, and the abashed maiden saw that the hand she had seized in a fervent grasp was that of a strange young man. She has hardly yet ceased blushing over the mishap.—Springfield Homestead.

The Difference between Boys and Men.

There is a difference between boys and men, but it is a difference of self-knowledge chiefly. A boy wants to do everything because he does not know he cannot; a man wants to do something because he knows he can not do everything: a boy always fails, and a man sometimes succeeds because the man knows and the boy does not know. A man is better than a boy because he knows better; he has learned by experience that what is harm to others is a greater harm to himself, and he would rather not do it. But a boy hardly knows what harm is, and does it mostly without realizing that it hurts. He can not invent anything, he can only imitate; and it is easier to imitate evil than good. You can imitate war, but how are you going to imitate peace? So a boy passes his leisure in contriving mischief. If you get another fellow to walk into a wasp's camp, you can see him jump and hear him howl, but if you do not, then nothing at all happens. If you set a dog to chase a cat up a tree, then something has been done; but if you do not set the dog on the cat, then the cat just lies in the sun and sleeps, and you lose your time. If a boy could find out some way of doing good, so that he could be active in it, very likely he would want to do good now and then; but as he can not, he very seldom wants to do good.—*W. D. Howells, in Harper's Young People*

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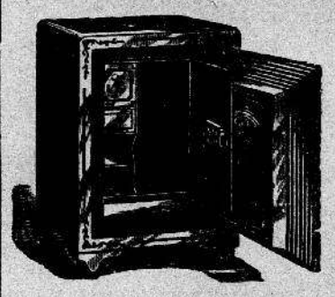

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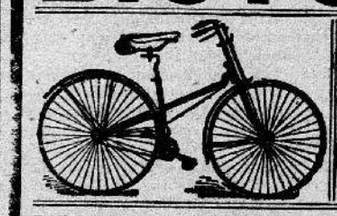

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