

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

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AT AN OPEN WINDOW.

Here I am, perched at my open window, Enjoying the laugh of some unseen ushers That comes rippling up through a room in the basement.

Just below this, Morning, noon and night I can hear her Babbling away from her chatter and chaff, And it seems as if all creation near her Was just one laugh.

Picture here! Isn't her face just made for it? Crinkled and carved for a laughing fit? Could she be so lovely and so witty, If not a bit of a laughing fit?

I can fancy the dimples her cheeks imprinting, And see the mouth corners upward run, I can catch her eyes with the frolic glinting Brimful of fun.

She must be pretty to laugh so prettily— Such a laugh couldn't belong to a frump; Humorous, too, to see things wittily— Probably plump.

There now! She's off again. Feel upon peal of it, Clear as a cannon, soft as a bell. Why, it's infectious! I'm catching the feel of it! Chuckling as well.

What was I dreaming? That musical melody Trips up the scale arpeggio. So like a voice that was hushed—ah! well—a day. Long, long ago.

Heigh-ho! to think of what little straws tickle us! Just a girl's laugh—and my laughing one lies silent, and I—well, now, this is ridiculous— Tears in my eyes. —Fall Mail Budget.

An Egyptian Incident.

I'M GOING to put an end to this Egyptian plague," growled Col. MacPherson. "We come here every winter, sail up the same old river, look at the same old pyramids—no modern additions or improvements—see the same abominable old images that have worn the same grotesque aspect for fifty centuries, and broil on the same uncomfortable decks, and all because that boy of mine wants to become known as an Egyptologist. To the device with beetles and sacred cattle. I'm tired of it all."

Out of breath with the exertion necessary to this long sentence, Col. Tavish MacPherson leans back in his comfortable arm-chair and closes his eyes for a nap. The names of his troubles is not very apparent, and as he sits there under the awning, with his half-pipe running on at the horse guards, with the rents of his deer forests and sheep farms in the Highlands faithfully collected and accounted for by the factor, and with his membership fees paid up to date at the Carlton and United Service clubs, one could imagine that even Egypt would appear something other than a house of bondage. The colonel's dahabeh, with her big three-cornered sail trimmed to the breeze that ruffles the waters of the Nile and bears her onward to Assouan and the Great Cataract, is as quiet and restful as a picture as an object as one would care to see, so on this December evening of 1870, she creeps up the river, the look-out man on the bow watching that the channel is followed, and the steerman, impassive as a mummy, leaning upon the long handle of the tiller.

Forward on the deck, face down or curled up in all sorts of odd positions, lie the crew, a motley collection of Arabs, Nubians and Osmanlis. There is nothing stirring. The mark of the desert is on all around. Even the sun, now nearly on a level with the Nubian mountains away on the horizon, looks tired and dusty. The intense quiet bothers the colonel; so he yawns and growsl once more. He is a widower with two children—the elder a lad of eighteen, who has already made some thing of a reputation as a student of Egyptian remains, having been enumerated of the land since the evil day when the colonel first proposed to winter on the Nile. The second is a gentle lad of ten years, well liked by everybody. He gives his vote for Egypt every winter, because Jack asks it as a favor. They are ashore now after

relics, and have promised to report when the dahabeh ties up for the night at Assouan before warping her way through the cataract.

The colonel's eyes follow a movement in the tangled group of figures on the deck. Two men rise, shouting at each other while the colonel and the dragoman, who has just looked his head out of his room on the deck, look on lazily. Suddenly one of the disputants makes a rush at the other—the gleam of steel is seen, and the crew close round the men. A quick stroke, a shout, anger changed to agony, and a Nubian lies on the deck with the dagger of Aboo, a powerful Arab, in his breast.

All this so quickly that the colonel is still growling that there is nothing stirring to be seen in Egypt, when he reaches the group, and, stooping over the wounded man, draws the dagger out. It has left an ugly wound, but not dangerous, and as the wounded man is taken in charge by his comrades the colonel turns to the dragoman for an explanation.

With many profuse apologies the dragoman tells how the two men were sleeping side by side when the Nubian inadvertently put his foot against the Arab's face. That was all, and the dragoman smiled and bowed.

looked black as night. In effective English he ordered the dragoman, after he discovered that the matter was not reckoned important enough for Egyptian law to recognize, to anchor the dahabeh and send a boat ashore with the culprit and his baggage. To the dragoman's question as to how Aboo was to get back to Cairo, the colonel said that he might walk. The dragoman bowed and smiled—it was a habit he had learned from a French friend in Cairo—and translated the colonel's remarks to Aboo, adding to them such little pleasantries as he thought of. He could walk. His shoes—this with a smile and a bow, directed to Aboo's bare feet—his shoes might wear out, but—so Aboo having obtained his dagger and an old ring—his only article of baggage—goes ashore muttering revenge, which the dragoman interprets to the colonel with a smile and a bow. The dahabeh glides on, and in an hour is moored at Assouan. The wandering relic-hunters return and all on board retire, for is not the cataract to be traversed at sundown to-morrow?

Before sunrise Col. MacPherson was awakened by the shout of the young gentleman's body servant, who cried excitedly: "Wake, master! We can't find Master Bob. Here is a bit of paper that lay on his bed."

While the colonel rubbed his eyes and looked at the scrap of Arabic the man produced a commotion occurred outside, and the dragoman rushed in with Aboo's dagger in his hand. It had been taken from the breast of the Nubian stabbed to the heart during the night. The boat that had been towed to the bank of the river had been towed to the bank of the river. There was no doubt, explained the dragoman with his customary smile, that the Arab had lain ashore, until lights went out, swam aboard, knifed his enemy and left again in the boat. At this the colonel, still holding the paper in his hand, turns pale and tremblingly gives in to Jack, who knows Arabic. Dragoman and crew crowd around while he slowly reads: "Aboo might have killed the English dog to-night, but to steal the pistol of his tent was a better revenge."

Shrinking hearts after a time, but never a trace of the boy, dead or living, did they find. Almost mad with grief, but not until the hot weather threatened his life, Col. MacPherson returned to Cairo and laid the terrible affair personally before the khedive. But it was all in vain. Year after year he haunted the Nile, promising backbeesh to an unlimited extent for the restoration of his boy, but the Arabs shook their heads, and Aboo had disappeared without leaving any trace. To the father who searched for his lost boy there was no lack of interest now in Egypt.

"Forward by the right, march!" Clear and loud comes the command, and the ugly, ill-conditioned steeds of the camel corps moved forward with an ungainly step. The wells of Aboo Kler are within sight, and Sir Herbert Steward, who marches nine days with fifteen hundred picked men across the desert to reach the Nile and thence to press on to Khartoum, feels that his mission will be successful and that Gordon will be speedily relieved.

So does Capt. Jack MacPherson, of the Egyptian army, attached for the present to the camelry, as he sails along on one of the ships of the desert. "This is an unseaworthy ship, and as it tosses more than usual, he ejaculates: "Tight, you brute, if there is an Arab at the wheels I will trade camels." With this he looks forward to the rocky defile by which the route lies and sees fluttering above a ledge an Arab banner. For an instant he looks at it through his field glass and then rides in haste back along the ranks. A word in Sir Herbert's ear. The troops are halted and a zereba is in progress of formation when, with beating of war-drums, Aboo had disappeared without leaving any trace. To the father who searched for his lost boy there was no lack of interest now in Egypt.

"Don't shoot within a dozen yards each side of that banner," he says in such a tone of voice that the soldiers look up in surprise and see a white, set face.

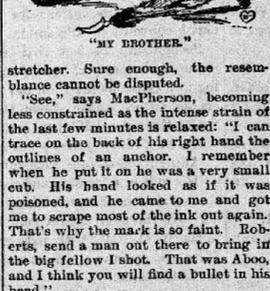
"Let them come right up before you fire," he adds, "and wait till I give you the word. You'll agree to that, won't you, Roberts? It's a matter of life and death." This to the officer in command of the company.

"Matter of death to us all, I think, if you don't speak in time," growled Roberts, frowning at the advancing dervishes; "but have your way."

MacPherson makes no answer; the pallor of his face increases; now it is ashy gray as the Arabs rush in on the square. Of all the oncoming hundreds he sees only two men—one the standard-bearer and beside him a young fellow, wonderfully light for an Arab, and with a cap on his head instead of the usual bungled headdress of greased hair worn by the dervishes.

Arab's thigh where his bullet entered, ask what it all means. Roberts, who is under the impression that the banner was the prize coveted by MacPherson and that his care for the Arab is an afterthought, remarks candidly: "The game was hardly worth the candle. But MacPherson, looking up for a moment, says, pointing to the wounded Arab: "My brother."

Instantly the men, most of whom have heard the story of the colonel's bereavement, crowd around the stretcher. Sure enough, the resemblance cannot be disputed. "See," says MacPherson, becoming less constrained as the intense strain of the last few minutes is relaxed, "I know you. Here at the station, for the past three years we have been raising our celery in beds about four feet wide, and the plants six inches by one foot apart. This method, by the way, possesses some advantages that are not gained by the usual way of planting



rows. The way of handling, as thus described by a well-known writer on rural subjects—"the gardener now gets on his knees, straddling the row, and gathering up all the stalks of one plant after another, in his left hand, packs the soil firmly around with his right, to retain them in a compact and erect position"—seemed to be out of place in our beds, so we tried string, by winding once around each plant and then going on to the next, keeping the string tight enough to hold the stalks in place. This was a decided improvement over the way of holding the stalks in place by earth until the rest of the soil was put in, but when it came to taking the string off the soil would be tramped around the plants and the leaves and upper part of the stalks would be torn off, and the time it took in removing it made us almost want to go back to the way of holding it up with our hands.

All sorts of suggestions were made to get rid of the trouble of taking off the string, until some one thought that paper string might do, and it would rot off and not hurt the plant. In order to get such a string we had to hunt all over the city of Columbus. It seems to have gone out of use, but we finally found what we wanted. After getting it, we put it on several thousand plants and then waited to see if any injury was done. When the plants were taken out for winter it was found that the paper string had broken out, which he was pressed into the mald's service, Aboo being a volunteer. After a while, he told his brother, he became rather fond of fighting.

"Humph!" said the colonel, as his elder son translated these remarks, "there is some of the MacPherson in him yet, then." He nodded paternally toward Bob, and then, turning to Jack, said tenderly: "God bless you, my boy, for bringing back my Benjamin even with a bullet."—Toronto Globe.

FOR USE IN CHURCHES. Collection Bags and Boxes and Plates of Wood and of Metal. In some churches, years ago, the collection was taken in small closed meshes with short handles. The latest thing made for this use, the collection bag, is a modification of the old-fashioned net. It is a cone-shaped push bag seven inches in diameter and seven inches deep. It is secured by a hoop to which is attached a handle two feet or three feet long, as may be desired. The collection bag sells for four dollars. It has been in use for about one year.

Collection boxes were at one time used in many churches. The old style is a shallow open box about seven inches long by five wide. It is lined with velvet and has a handle attached. Boxes of this style are still used, but collection boxes are now generally made circular in form. They are seven and a half inches in diameter and two and a half inches in depth. A plush mat is laid on the bottom, and the box is provided with a handle two feet or three feet long. Such a box of oak sells for three dollars and does not rot. Not many boxes are sold nowadays.

Collection plates have for a long time been in general use. One of the older styles of plates was of brass, nickel plated. Plates of this kind were sold at from five to seven dollars each. At the present time collection plates are made of wood and of various kinds of metals. The wooden plates are the more popular, and they are commonly used in city and country. Usually they are of oak or walnut; oak is now the wood most favored. A plain plate of quartered oak may be bought for three dollars. It is eleven and one-half inches in diameter. Its flat rim is one and three-quarter inches wide and the plate is one and one-quarter inches deep. A plush mat is laid in the center. A plate of the same size having a text carved upon the rim costs five dollars. Various texts are used. "God loveth a cheerful giver" is the one most often selected. A receiving basin of wood, into which the collection plates may be emptied, is fifteen inches in diameter and two inches deep, and the rim is two and a quarter inches wide. Carved with an appropriate text and with a plush mat, a basin costs twelve dollars.

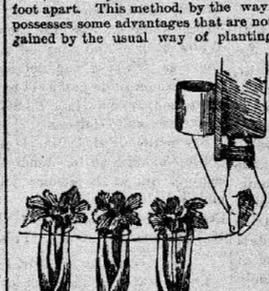
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THE FARMING WORLD.

BANKING UP CELERY.

Results of Experiments at the Ohio State Agricultural Station. The most laborious operation in the raising of celery comes in blanching it. Various devices have been invented to lessen the labor, such as the use of tile, paper, boards, and so forth, but there are objections to all of these, and one is the expense of using them on a large scale. Sometimes, in a small garden, they do nicely. Another objection to such things is that when it comes cold, freezing weather, as it will sometimes before the celery can be put away for winter, the celery will wither, the plant will almost invariably freeze, and then the injury is serious. And as a rule, the celery will rust much more with other covering than it will with earth; so whatever may be done in special cases, we have to come back to the banking up with earth for the larger part of the celery that is grown.

Now anything that will lighten this job will be received with joy. I know. Here at the station, for the past three years we have been raising our celery in beds about four feet wide, and the plants six inches by one foot apart. This method, by the way, possesses some advantages that are not gained by the usual way of planting



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POULTRY FOR PROFIT.

Should Hen Should Lay Two Hundred Eggs Per Annum.

Few, very few farmers are aware of the magnitude of the value of poultry and their product, eggs. They will shake their heads and manifest disbelief when they are told that statistics show the value of poultry and eggs to be over \$600,000,000 per annum in the United States. Reflect a moment: How many thousands of dozens of eggs are consumed in the city of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis and others in a single day? Where do they all come from? Go visit on a morning the various express offices and see the hundreds of patent egg cases filled to the last square with fresh eggs. Notice the many coops, yea, whole cars as coops, bringing live poultry, and consequently, in the season, the boxes upon boxes full of dressed poultry received and distributed every day. Somebody (or, more likely, his wife) raises them, feeds and markets them and finds it both pleasant and profitable.

By our mode of feeding and forcing, a hen should lay about 200 eggs in the year. On a farm the feed which she consumes is of little account, because they pick up that which would otherwise be lost or which could not be utilized, because it cannot be gathered. Hens, and in fact all poultry, are great scavengers.

If we have regard to size, much attention should be given to the introduction of new blood by way of breeding or changing males. If these have to be bought they should be selected from a lot raised at some distance. All the cocks on the place should be disposed of and the new ones introduced, so as to avoid inbreeding. Or, eggs for hatching should be obtained from other yards, and all the males needed be saved out of a clutch.

A neighbor, years ago, had neglected this matter, and his hens when dressed weighed only 1 1/2 pounds, or less, when on our farm close by, and without extra care, our young cocks when dressed (Shanghai) were mistaken for turkeys, weighing 5 pounds or over each. This season, on a farm not far away, a turkey hen stole her nest and laid 13 eggs for a third brood, most of which were hatched. On the same place last year a turkey hen laid over 100 eggs in a season. She was broody once, but soon after left her nest and went on laying—an abnormal case, surely.

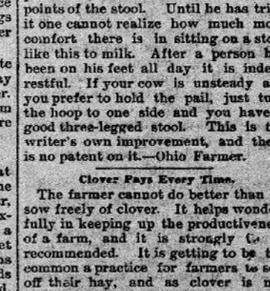
Young turkeys when quite small may be confined in a board pen a foot high for a week or two, if the old hen be tied by the leg. After this period of tenderness there is another, viz: When coming to "shooting the red," as it is called. There seems at this particular time to be much blood in the quill feathers of the wings.

New grain of wheat or oats is not good for young turkeys; if, however, they have the run in the fields, they will, with the gleanings, catch many insects or insect larva, which they prefer even to the grains and these have no bad effects on their health. If they were not so mischievous and destructive on small fruits and grapes, they would be very profitable. This, of course, is of no effect on a regular poultry farm.

In the estimate of the value of poultry and the products of a hen dairy, fancy stock and fancy prices are not taken into accounts.—C. W. Murtfeldt, in St. Louis Republican.

AN IDEAL MILKSTOOL.

The Device is Not Patented. Readers May Take Advantage of It. While great strides of improvement have been made in many directions, in some places the fields are, as yet, unexplored. Many people to-day are using a plain keg, nail box, old chair, or some board nailed together, to sit on to milk, just as people did hundreds of years ago. With any of these contrivances the pail must be held between the knees of the milker, set on the ground or floor, which, in either case, is both unclean and unsafe. The accompanying cut shows one that overcomes both of these difficulties. The bottom board is made of inch



stuff and should be of timber that will not split easily. The seat may be made of soft wood and should be two inches thick. The two back legs should be of tough timber and turned. A shoulder is left at each place where the board bears upon it. A larger bit is used for the lower hole so that the shoulder may be left at the top. If a lat is not handy, these legs may be similar to the third, and securely fastened to the sides. The third leg is three-fourths of an inch thick by about two inches wide, and is sunk into the bottom board likewise and served so as to fit onto the other side of the seat, where it is fastened.

The hoop for holding the pail is made from green hickory sapling, bent with the bark side in, and securely nailed to the edge of the under board, is hollowed out with a narrow saw to about fit the size of the pail that is to be used. The stool may be built any desired height, but if much higher than the ordinary stool, it will give better satisfaction. The size of the hoop will be a guide to the width. The bottom board should be six or eight inches from the floor so that it will keep the pail clean, which is one of the best points of the stool. Until he has tried it one cannot realize how much more comfort there is in sitting on a stool like this to milk. After a person has been on his feet all day it is indeed restful. If your cow is unsteady and you prefer to hold the pail, just turn the hoop to one side and you have a good three-legged stool. This is the writer's own improvement, and there is no patent on it.—Ohio Farmer.

BLAINE, THE WONDER.

Blaine the Owner of the Republican Party for the Presidency.

Col. W. W. Dudley is in an interview advocating Mr. Blaine for the review nomination for the presidency. In response to a question whether the exposure of Blaine's meandering business transactions made in 1884 would be repeated in 1892, the colonel is reported to have made the following startling statement:

Oh, no! All that was brought up against Blaine has been done. He has given the country an idea as secretary of state of his diplomacy, ability, patriotism and statesmanship. He is much the largest American, intellectually, today. He would make a splendid president. He would look well after the interests of the whole country. It seemed to him that protection stood between the country and his best interests, he would not hesitate to attack it.

We have no doubt that the gentleman from Maine would attack protection or anything else that "stood between the country and his best interests." His position on the tariff question or any other question is like Maj. McKinley's views on silver—subject to a special act of Congress. Dudley can safely challenge the wide, wide world to cite an instance where Mr. Blaine ever did anything that he did not believe to be for his best interests. But where did the great boodler get the idea that Mr. Blaine's irregularities had been condoned? Possibly he misapprehended the meaning of the word and thinks an offense is condoned if the offender is not sent to jail. Or maybe he and Judge Woods have agreed that Blaine is a much abused man. Or possibly he has concluded that as neither he nor Blaine can get justice in Indiana they ought to make a sort of reciprocity treaty of condonement and forgive each other.

That Mr. Blaine is a brilliant man no one will deny, but that he is a sound man, a reliable man, or a trustworthy man, may be questioned. Bill Nye characterized him as "a statesman-like man with a tendency toward grand larceny." It may be noted that Blaine's scheme of reciprocity with South America is, as we have repeatedly shown, a project to give the manufacturers of the country all the advantages of free trade, but leave the farmers under all the disadvantages of protection. If our manufacturers are given free raw material from South America, a specially favored market there, and an artificially exclusive market at home, they can ask no more. But our agricultural interests cannot (as estimated by ex-Minister Foster, who is an ardent champion of reciprocity) increase their South American exports more than eighteen million dollars annually, even if we secure reciprocity with all the Spanish-American countries. As this amount is only about three per cent of our average annual agricultural exports it cannot be of any great benefit to the farmer.

Doubleless eastern manufacturers can trust Mr. Blaine, but when he advances reciprocity as a measure for the special relief of our agricultural interests, the farmers of the west may well inquire into his trustworthiness as a guardian of their interests. We imagine his record would receive some attention.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

HUSTON ON HARRISON.

The Late Treasurer Ahs His Views on Benny's Pet Theory. Gen. James N. Huston, late treasurer of the United States under Mr. Harrison, contrasts with Col. W. W. Dudley the doubtful honor of being elected to the Warwick, but since his resignation from the treasury he feels free to express views of the president which are more forcible than complimentary. "He believes very sincerely," says Mr. Huston, "that his securing the presidency was the work of the Lord, but I have personal knowledge that the Lord had many aids and abettors in accomplishing that work. . . . He (the president) is a Presbyterian, you know, and believes in predestination, foreordination and all that stuff. He probably realizes to some extent that other men have made great sacrifices to contribute to his success, but he believes that other men in making such sacrifices have only been acting in obedience to the laws of destiny. It is extremely painful to me to discover that a man I have looked upon as a great man, is narrow-minded and pig-headed."

Mr. Huston does not mean to be blasphemous. He is combating Mr. Harrison's idea of divine right to the throne. He was one of the reliable men with the necessary funds who helped Dudley to poll the Indiana voters in blocks of five. He knows the Lord is not responsible for that business and he feels outraged that Mr. Harrison should attribute it to "predestination, foreordination and all that stuff" rather than to him and Dudley. But, like Mr. Harrison, feels bound to do it. If he felt personally indebted to the reliable men with the necessary funds who handled the voters he could not feel comfortably religious without repenting, and the first step towards repentance would be confession and the resignation of the presidency. That is not to be thought of. The only other way he can feel comfortable under the circumstances is on the theory of his divine right to the presidency, predestined, foreordained and prearranged before the creation of the world. If it was foreordained that reliable men with the necessary funds should vote the voters in blocks of five, seeing that none escaped; then, of course, this establishes instead of weakening his divine right, and the reliable men have no claim on him. Indeed, from this point of view, they may think themselves well rewarded in keeping out of jail, for it is written that the ungodly have no part with the righteous.

Of course this is trying to Mr. Huston as "an aider and abettor" of the Indiana campaign, or at least as one who might have been so described in the indictments if the Harrison administration had not kept the business out of the courts. Mr. Huston believes in rewarding aiders and abettors for their sacrifices, but this is not necessary under the theory of divine right. Doubtless Mr. Harrison has reasoned it all out and has it all comfortably settled in his conscience. So Mr. Huston may as well accept it, and go to bed to aid and abet Mr. Dudley in ascertaining what can be done to estab-

lish Mr. Harrison's divine right to the Indiana delegation. It is altogether useless to reason with a man who believes that blocks of five are pre-ordained instruments of Providence to establish his divine right to office for himself and his family.—St. Louis Republic.

PENNSYLVANIA DEMOCRATS.

Wiping Out Political Corruption in the State. The democrats of Pennsylvania have pointed out the way to democratic success, not in that state alone, but in the whole country. Casting aside all distracting and dividing questions they have united upon a platform which appeals to every Pennsylvania citizen who is sick of the dishonor which financial corruption, assisted, manipulated and protected by political corruption, has brought upon his state. Instead of bickering about the tariff or silver, they have set themselves to the task of restoring honest administration.

What the Pennsylvania democrats are seeking to do for Pennsylvania, the national democratic party should seek to do for the United States. It should strive to restore honesty, economy and efficiency to all departments of the government. The billion congress is the Bardsley and the Quay for it to fight. The republican party has been for years essentially what it is in Pennsylvania, extravagant, corrupt, the shield of malversation in office, the tool of speculators and thieves. Divided by insane and fruitless disputes as to questions of political economy, the democrats cannot hope to break down the domination of extravagance or end the reckless use of the powers of the government, stretched beyond all reasonable and constitutional limitation.

The national democratic party must unite as the Pennsylvania democracy has united to bring back the reign of honesty and economy; and the rejection and subordination of all issues upon which the party is not a unit is the indispensable condition of victory.—N. Y. Sun.

IT "DOES THINGS."

What the Republican Party Does for the Country. Secretary Foster boastfully says "The republican party is the party that does things." It does, indeed—but such things! The republican party squandered a surplus of one hundred million dollars and increased the war taxes after twenty-five years of peace. Its congress spent a billion dollars in two years. It stole twenty seats in the last house of representatives, suppressed freedom of debate and substituted the arbitrary rule of the speaker for constitutional and parliamentary methods of procedure.

It came into power protesting its devotion to civil service reform and made a clean sweep of the offices in a brief time than any other spoils administration in the history of the government. It made a market for the entire product of the bonanza silver mines, inflated the paper currency at the rate of sixty million dollars a year, and yet prates of the danger from silver and boasts of its devotion to "honest money."

It has made reciprocity treaties extending the market of protected American monopolies in inducing foreign nations to untax themselves, without making cheaper one article for American consumers. It "did" New York out of the world's fair, and defrauded it in a bogus census, as a penalty for being a democratic city. Oh! yes—the republican party "does things!"—N. Y. World.

LATE POLITICAL NOTES.

Protection and reciprocity in the same republican platform completely nullify each other.—Boston Globe. —Mr. Blaine is not in the hands of the doctors. He is in the hands of his friends.—N. Y. Advertiser. —It is dollars to cents that Senator Sherman will use the silver and not the gold dollar to keep his republican henchmen in line.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How does President Harrison expect the head of the household to "lay by for the family" when he is constantly taxed to keep up some other man's business?—Louisville Courier-Journal. —When grandfather's bill is lifted next year, just before the republican convention, there will not be found under it more than enough for a Pennsylvania indorsement.—St. Louis Republic.

President Harrison has not added a mammoth white bow to the equipment of the white house. The report that he had done so is officially denied. But the presidential side board still contains the ingredients for a brew of punch, and what is the matter with a close-lipped jug in place of the wide-mouthed bowl?—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A western republican organ says and a Philadelphia organ quotes approvingly that "no man can be elected in 1892 who permits himself to be boomed by the Quay type of patriots." How about a republican president who holds an office to which he was elected by "the Quay type of patriots" and who keeps a copy of them in his cabinet?—N. Y. World.

Even if acquitted of dishonor, Mr. Egan can hardly be judged as competent to the discharge of the high office of an envoy of the United States. His appointment was an error. The past should be a warning to the future. No citizen barely naturalized after a few months' residence can be deemed sufficiently Americanized to represent the president and the republic of the United States to a foreign power.—Chicago Inter-Ocean (Rep.). —Mr. Harrison's idea that he is the Lord's anointed president, holding by predestination divine right, is intensely disgusting to Messrs. Huston and Dudley. But there is some advantage in it after all. For if Mr. Harrison had thanked the Reliable Men with the Necessary Funds in Charge of Each Five, instead of regarding them merely as instruments of the predestinate will of Providence, Messrs. Huston and Dudley might have been in the cabinet as well as Mr. Wanamaker.—St. Louis Republic. —Republican organs believe they have discovered ground for faith in their peculiar system in the fact that the failures of 1892 exceeded those of 1890. They neglect to state that the former year was one of great depression because of a financial panic produced by the collapse of wild-cat banks all over the country and the consequent destruction of business. But the people are learning to study all phases of financial disturbances and will scarcely be dumfounded by this comparison.—Chicago Times.