

The St. Landry Clarion.

"HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWAY BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIED BY GAIN."

VOL. VII.—NO. 18.

OPELOUSAS, LOUISIANA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1897.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

THE OLD STORY TELLER.

The Sage of Rocky Creek Tells Good Short Ones.

Common Sense the Most Uncommon Thing in the World—The County Fair—A Most Hellacious Bad Fight—The Yaller Dog Class.

Take in the vain and fleetin things of this life as they come and go—up one side and down the other—I am bound to maintain that good common sense is one of the goneest yest most uncommon things in all the created world. And I have likewise also took notice that you sometimes find great gobs of common sense where you aint lookin for goods and chattels of that description. You can't sometimes always take the measure of a man by his general personal apperments.

After "the Mainest Thing." You can see from the newspapers that our last county fair was a roarin success. Everybody was there for miles and miles around. The gate money piled up scandalous fast, and consequently the fair is now out of debt—head of the hounds, with no fences to climb.

In these days of hard and hard times you mought may wonder how that come to pass. Well, the fair come out way behind the music last year, and it took our level jammed to raise the necessary mangers to give another performance. But in the main time old man Dunk Weatherford had been elected to a place on the board. And when they met to count noses and figurate on the question whether to take out and quit or proceed with the performance, and man Dunk rize up, he did, and took the floor.

"The mainest thing which we want, fellow citizens, is the crowd and the money which the crowd would consequently bring in." says he. "I don't need no more of some big show, but we must have horse races—good horse races and plenty of horse races—high steppers and record breakers. I know human nature as she is in this country," old man Dunk went on, "and everybody loves to see a tip-top good horse race. Give us plenty of fast horses, and races steady and constant every day, and we are bound to draw the people, and when the crowd comes it will bring the money."

"Understand me now, I am for the county fair, and you can put me in the fight—boots, blanket, saddle and bridle. We can't give up the sideshow, but yet still at the same time the mainest thing is the crowd and the money. In order to let all farmers in we must have a few big punks," says he. "I am for a few big punks and a hamper basket of corn—red and yaller corn, with the shucks turned backwards so it will look pritty. On them general grounds the farmers can come to the county fair and bring their folks, pay the gate money and—see the races."

"Then we must have at least one large and lovely quilt and a whole passel of fancy homemade garments so the ladies can turn out in great droves to take in the fair and—see the races."

"Moreover, fellow citizens, I ruther think it mought be best to scrap up a few fine chickens and fantail pigeons, and pigs and animals and things to please the children, you understand, so the old folks can turn out anonymously and bring all the children to view the sights and—see the races. It never would do to give the show for good and all, but the mainest thing is the crowd and the money—and the races."

Well, the board had all to win and nothin to lose, so with a risin vote they passed the movement made by the level-headed gentleman from the Flat Woods. They went in for horse races and let the fair mostly take care of itself. They had the fastest horses and the most races in all the recorded history of the county. There was a little something scattered around in all the various and sundry departments—jest enough to call it a fair, so everybody could come and bring all their kinny, for the honor and glory of the grandest and most loveliest country on the broad bosom of the earth, and to see the races. At the people, at the people, at the people.

From the way things turned out the fair was give up to a tremendous big success. And to everybody on the ground stand it is as plain as a painted horse rack in ten acres of burnt woods that old man Dunk Weatherford's second wife's husband took a head as big as a hamper basket and as level as a squash.

"The Yaller Dog Class." I was right smart tickled the other day in regards to a red-hot political argification which was goin on over at the Cross Roads between Blev Scroggins and Lige Runnels.

In the main time, you must recollect, Lige had took and jumped the fence in the general fall election and wouldn't vote for the reglar democratic congressman. Whereas, Blev was sayin everythin he could think of, except his Sunday school lesson, to Lige and givin him the all-overest draggin you ever heard tell of, perhaps.

"Lige Runnels," says Blev, "many and many's the time I have heard you stand on the house-top, as it were, and preach forth the doctrines of all-wool democracy. Many and many's the time I have heard you swear by the livin and the dead that you would vote for a yaller dog if the democratic party put him on the ticket. Now, whatever you got to say?"

"No doubts but what you have heard

ARP HEARS BRYAN.

Was Much Impressed with His Speech in Atlanta.

Words of True Democracy—How a Clever Cincinnati Drummer Fooled the People Along the Line of the State Road.

It was a charming spectacle. I had been in the Grand opera house before, but was in the auditorium with the rest of the good people and had no bird's-eye view of my surroundings; but on this great occasion a friend secured me a seat on the platform with the dignitaries, where I was near Mr. Bryan and could view the magnificent scene before me. If a speaker feels equal to the occasion, there is nothing more inspiring than the kind, expectant faces of a refined, intellectual audience. Of course, Mr. Bryan knew that everybody there was his friend. No cynics, no caustic critics, no unfriendly newspaper reporters, no heartless artists with scari-fying pencils. The inspiring strains of delicious music had already soothed us into a dreamy, heavenly peace of mind when the great Nebraskan came upon the crowded platform and received to the crowd and modestly the plaudits of an admiring people. He would be vain if it were possible to make him so with praise. A friend asked him at Pittsburgh how he felt when standing before thousands who were shouting paens to his burning eloquence, and he smiled as he replied: "I feel like the missionary on the Cannibal islands who said that whenever he had them most affected under his preaching he could not drive away the apprehension that they would rather eat him than hear him." Mr. Bryan had no such feeling here. The ladies, perhaps, would like to kiss him, but they would not bite. Oh, night when the Western & Atlantic train came gliding down to our town about a hundred men and some women gathered at the depot to see the distinguished man and cheer him on his way to Atlanta. He was not aboard, but some mischievous passengers put their heads from the windows and cried out: "Mr. Bryan is in the rear car; call him out." This they did in an excited and vociferous manner, and a smooth-faced Cincinnati drummer appeared upon the platform and with a gracious and grateful manner thanked them for their distinguished consideration. When they called for a speech he explained and apologized by saying that his contract forbade him from making speeches en route, but that he would with pleasure shake hands with anyone who desired it. Then came the frantic rush for the preference as the train began to glide away. A very crable maiden exclaimed: "Oh, I thought he was going to kiss us!" A suspicious young silver democrat whispered: "I'll be dogged if that is Bryan. His hand didn't shake like it. It was clammy and cold and never magnetized me a bit—dog on his hide. I believe he was an impostor." Before long they learned that Bryan was on the Southern line and that this same drummer had played off on the people at every station. It is now difficult to find a man or a woman who was at the depot.

But Mr. Bryan's subject, "The Ancient Landmarks," was not one to provoke any strains of eloquence or to illustrate his eminent gifts as an orator. What he said about government as it was established by our forefathers was intended to impress and teach and linger with us and make us more mindful of our duty as good citizens of good government; our duty to our children and our children's children to preserve it and perpetuate it in its pristine purity. The indifference of the best people to take an interest in politics was the greatest danger our institutions had to apprehend. We all felt guilty of this indifference, for we abandon the field and let corrupt politicians occupy it and are never aroused until the corrupt work is done. "The late campaign," he said, "has been a campaign of education, and the people have thought more, studied more upon the great political questions than they have done for half a century. I was defeated, but I feel that a wonderful work has been done by both sides in discussing the great issues that are still unsettled. Both parties are guilty of the corrupt use of money in carrying elections, and that is a growing evil and will not stop until the better element of our citizenship takes a deeper interest in politics and puts the seal of condemnation upon it."

Mr. Bryan's earnestness and manifest sincerity are his strongest characteristics. He is a great and good man. If the people before whom he is to stand will not expect too much of him as an orator, but will listen to him as a teacher, his mission will be a lasting success. I heard him say next day, and since that he told us nothing new—nothing that we had not heard or thought before, but we are more deeply impressed with these truths than ever before. One man said: "I have often neglected to vote, but I am satisfied that it is better to vote, even if you vote wrong, than not to vote at all." After the lecture many of us went forward to be introduced and to take the great man by the hand. It was a privilege to do so, and his hand was warm and moist and welcome. There is a good deal of character in the grasp of the hand.

Our Hal Lewis introduced the speaker in a most fitting and eloquent manner. I cannot imagine how it could have been better done. Mr. Bryan was affected by it, and said it handicapped him, for he felt that the audience had drunk on more eloquence and oratory from Mr. Lewis than they would get from him. The fact is that Mr. Lewis had the best subject, for he had Bryan, and Bryan had not a hero, but a philosophy as solemn and serious as

that of Plato or Seneca. Let him go on and scatter seeds of virtue and patriotism all over this broad land. We can afford to pay him for it, for we do not live for ourselves, but for our children. Indeed, a state or a nation could not spend money more wisely than to employ a number of great and good men to teach the people by popular lectures. Some years ago I heard Prof. Proctor, the great astronomer, deliver three lectures on astronomy, and I have had far more respect for the science than I ever had before.

The Christmas holidays are here, and we have gathered our boys from New York to Mexico, and our happiness is only marred by the thought that they are soon to leave us for their distant homes and we may not see them any more in the land of the living. But the Lord's will be done.

Once more I must do what I can to help a poor old soldier who wants to find some officer or member of his command by whom he can prove his service in the late war. His name is G. M. Stewart. His post office is Yorkborough, Gordon county, Ga. He joined the first Georgia regulars in February, 1861, company C, Capt. Cannon commanding, and served three years and two months, and was then transferred to the navy and was taken prisoner, carried to Point Lookout and kept in prison until June, 1865. I see by Col. Avery's records that Col. H. D. D. Trigg commanded that regiment. Will some survivor who knew Mr. Stewart in that service write to him or to me? The old man is an invalid and very needy.—Bill Arrp, in Atlanta Constitution.

REMARKABLE PIGS.

Habits of the Rooters of the South Sea Islands.

The pig is not only a domestic animal, but a family friend, as he appears to be in the Marquesas islands, he develops unsuspicious cleverness. In "The South Seas," one of Robert Louis Stevenson's last books, gives many instances by way of proof. "Many islanders live with their pigs as we do with our dogs," Mr. Stevenson observed; "but crowd around the hearth with equal freedom, and the island pig is a fellow of activity, enterprise and sense."

"He husks his own coconuts and—I am told—rolls them into the sea to burst; he is the terror of the shepherd. Mrs. Stevenson, senior, has seen a pig fleeing to the woods with a lamb in his mouth; and I saw another come rapidly and erroneously—to the conclusion that the Casco was going down, and swim through the flush water to the rail in search of an escape."

"It was told us in childhood that pigs cannot swim; I have known one to leap overboard, swim 500 yards to shore, and return to the house of his original owner."

"I was once, at Tauria, a pigmaster on a considerable scale. At first, in my pen, the utmost good feeling prevailed. A little sow with a bellyache came and appeared to us for help in the manner of a child; and there was one shapely black boar, whom we called Catholicus, for he was a particular presence in the village, and who displayed the marks of courage and friendliness."

"No other animal, whether dog or pig, was suffered to approach him at his food, and for human beings he showed a full measure of that toadying fondness, so common in the lower animals, and possibly their chief title to the name."

"One day, on visiting my piggery, I was amazed to see Catholicus draw back from my approach with cries of terror; and if I was amazed at the change, I was truly embarrassed when I learned its reason."

"One of the pigs had been that morning killed; Catholicus had seen the man, he had discovered when dwelling in the shambles, and from that time his confidence and his delight in life were ended."

"We still reserved him a long while, but he could not endure the sight of any two-legged creature, nor could we, under the circumstances, encounter his eye without confusion."—Youth's Companion.

The Old and the New Terror. A Piece of the Original Craft Hidden Away Somewhere in the Present Monitor. It is known generally that the Terror Terror, which has just gone into a course of years. The same is true of the other monitors, Puritan, Monadnock and Amphitrite. The Miantonohock, which went into commission about two years ago, was also started at the same time that the others were laid down. That was in 1874 and in 1875.

This group of monitors represents a different grade of vessel from that for which they were intended originally. The delay in finishing them has resulted in making them modern. They are now unsurpassed in their fighting qualities. They have modern guns, modern armor, modern engines and twin screws. These ships have been built and rebuilt. To convert them into fighting machines of an advanced type it has been necessary to rebuild them under the guise of "repairs." It is believed generally that the Terror has never been in commission until recently. The executive officer of the Terror surprised his mates in the wardroom the other day by saying:

"Do you know, I once sailed into Havana harbor on this very ship. That is to say, the Terror was in commission when I was a young officer and I was attached to her. This is supposed to be the same vessel. It is a new ship instead. Still there must be some one piece of the old ship in this one. She has been completely rebuilt under the 'repairs' system. Some day I'm going to try to hunt around and see if I can find that piece of the original vessel. It must be here somewhere, but I figure to say it will be many moons before we find it."—N. Y. Sun.

In the Louisville city court the other day there was a progress with red hair.

WOMEN COUNTERFEITERS. Every Gang Ever Arrested Had at Least One Female Member. Women have a weakness for counterfeiting. The first person ever executed for that crime was a woman. She was an Englishwoman named Barbara Spencer, and was put to death in 1721 for making false shillings. She was strangled and burned at the stake. Customarily enough, her accomplices were acquitted.

Nancy Kidd was one of the most remarkable female counterfeiters ever known in this country. She belonged to a family of noted forgers. She carried on her nefarious trade for more than 30 years in Chicago and was arrested there many times. On one of these occasions a lot of fiber paper was discovered on her person. The government officials were completely at a loss to know how she had obtained this. Finally she confessed that a chemical solution had been used to wash the faces of the notes and make them perfectly clean. Thus, she was in the habit of taking one-dollar bills and changing them into larger denominations. The government authorities released her in return for this valuable information and for telling them what the solution was. However, they had her shadowed by detectives and finally caught her with \$17,000 worth of counterfeit money in a box. She was found guilty upon seven different indictments for counterfeiting and was sentenced to eight years in the state prison, where she finally died.

One of the cleverest tricks ever played on Uncle Sam was invented by a woman who lived in Philadelphia. Her plan was to take \$10 and \$20 gold pieces and with a small drill worked by steam power to bore out the insides and then fill them with some base metal, being very careful that they should weigh exactly the right amount when she had finished. This she accomplished by drilling through the milled edge of the coin, and then, after filling the hole, covered it with a little of the extracted gold. In this way she made \$7.50 on every eagle and about \$16 on every double eagle. The officials of the secret service say that this is the safest device ever invented for cheating the treasury.

Counterfeiting is very apt to run in families. This, of course, is natural, as a father brings up his son or daughter to follow his profession. Women who would otherwise be good are often led into this sort of crime by men who carry it on as a business. But sometimes it works the other way. Women teach their husbands how to make false money. This is what happened when Ben Boyd married Mary Ackerman, of Indiana. Her father was one of the most successful counterfeiters of his day, and his daughter had a thorough acquaintance with the art. Mrs. Boyd carefully taught her husband all the secrets of the trade, and he became one of the most famous forgers of the age. They carried on the business with such a high degree of skill that they were not captured for years, and when at last the secret service Hawkskaws did run them down not a single counterfeit plate, note or coin was found in their possession. When their house was searched \$3,000 in good money was found. This small amount was all the money they had accumulated during all their years of crime. Of course, the officers could not touch it. Afterwards sufficient evidence was secured to convict them and they were sent to prison. They both claimed to be converted while in state prison, and after their release settled in Chicago, where they apparently lived an honest life.

A case that annoyed the secret service very much was that of a woman who employed a clever doctor. She went to a large shop and selected a valuable shawl. To pay for this she handed the clerk a United States treasury note for \$1,000. He took the money and disappeared, not returning for several minutes. When he came back she asked him why he had kept her waiting, and he confessed that he had taken the bill to a bank near by to be sure that it was good. She pretended to be very angry and said that she would not buy the shawl on any account, and walked out of the shop. A little later in the day she returned and said that as she could not find any other shawl that suited her as well in the other shops she had decided to take it in spite of the insult offered her. She gave him the \$1,000 bill, and getting the shawl and the change, left the shop. The owner of the shop afterward discovered that the note he finally accepted was a counterfeit. The first bill had been good, but on her return she gave him the false one, which was a wonderfully clever imitation. The secret service was much agitated about this and several others of the \$1,000 bills which turned up, but they have since captured the plates.

Practically every gang of counterfeiters ever arrested has had women associates. In the office of the secret service in Washington there is a large frame four feet square filled with the photographs of women who have either made or passed false money. Men almost always employ their wives or daughters for the purpose of "showing" their counterfeiters.—Washington Post.

Ought to Have. "Is it a fact," asked the cynic one day, "that you improve each shining minute?" "Yes," answered the Busy Little Bee, modestly.

"How long have you been doing that?"

"Always."

"Well, you ought to be having a better time than you seem to have if that is the case."—Detroit Tribune.

With Closed Doors. She—I'm learning a lovely skid dance, but of course I don't let anyone see me. I practice in a room all by myself.

He—Ah, I see. You follow the Australian ballet system.—Detroit Free Press.

ONLY A SCORE.

The Republican Bluff at an International Monetary Conference.

Pursuant to their recent campaign of bluntness, hypocrisy and false pretense, the republicans are getting ready to give their international monetary agreement bluff a send-off at an early day. Plunger Wolcott, who represents the state of Colorado in the United States senate, has been chosen as master of ceremonies. He has his set of resolutions oiled and greased and will present them to the senate as soon as the holiday recess is over.

It is said the resolutions represent the hard work of a committee of five senators friendly to silver, but not bolters, who were appointed some time ago for this special purpose by the republican senatorial caucus. While Wolcott has his international agreement resolutions on the silver question ready, as he says, he is not prepared to go into particulars or to outline how it is proposed to bring it about. All that the senator in charge of this international agreement humbuggery is willing to divulge is that the president of the United States is to be requested by congress to invite certain European powers to call a conference to see if they cannot arrive at some plan by which silver can be minted and circulated by the principal commercial nations as freely and unrestrictedly as gold is, and fixing the ratio between the two metals.

The senator from Colorado knows, as do all his colleagues in both houses of congress, that this international agreement talk is the same old humbug with which the republican leaders and their employing trusts and corporations have been beguiling the voters for the past 20 years. It is nearly that long ago since the first of these international monetary conferences was held. Four others have been held since, and we are further away from a restoration of silver to its old-time stability and equality as money as we were then.

If a monetary conference is called by President McKinley there is no reasonable hope that it will effect any more substantial benefit for bimetalism than its predecessors did. All such meetings can do that may prove beneficial to the country will be the additional proof it will give the American people that the democratic party was right when it made its magnificent fight for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the prevailing ratio, independent of the action of any other nation. This beneficial effect will be still further expanded when hundreds of thousands of republicans in the middle western and western states who were cajoled into staying with their party last fall with the old siren song of an international monetary agreement will have their eyes opened by the failure by Senator Wolcott's international conference to achieve the emancipation of silver, and will as a consequence vote with the democrats in favor of bimetalism at the next election.—Kansas City Times.

AN OBJECT LESSON. The "Advance Agent of Prosperity" Falls to Work. Apropos of one thing and another, as they come under its observation, the Brooklyn Citizen remarks editorially: "Information given yesterday of the reduction of wages in shoe shops of Lynn, Mass., and vicinity, and the closing up of some temporary establishments, illustrates, or perhaps the want of value of the pre-election praise of McKinley as the advance agent of prosperity, and the denunciation of Bryan as the advance agent of commercial and industrial ruin."

"This constitutes an object lesson in the value of campaign promises, several of which the republican party will have a high old time redeeming during the next four years. It was a fine thing to be in a position three years ago or more, to charge the democratic party with being to blame for the hard times. It is not so fine a thing, however, to be unable to shift the blame for promises unredeemed. The 'advance agent of prosperity' billed his show all right, but the attraction is not filling its dates. There's something wrong, evidently, and the people are naturally beginning to wonder if they really voted for something on November 3, or if it was all a dream.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they are the personification of justice in comparison with the mills that republican victory was to throw open.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader.

Free List Products. Hurtful monopoly is usually gained in one of two ways: Either by government favor in the form of legislative advantages, or by railroad discrimination in the form of special rates or rebates. Usually both advantages are enjoyed. If the states visited severe penalties upon railroads guilty of discriminations and upon corporations and individuals entering into combinations to regulate production or prices, the trusts and monopolies would be badly crippled. The monopoly combinations could be almost weeded out of the states by the enforcement of the principles of common law. Let congress, in addition to making laws to prevent the operation of trusts within the scope of federal authority, adopt the rule that every article handled by a trust or combination shall be placed on the free list and the corner stone of monopoly will be knocked out. If the republicans are sincere in their profession of a desire to smash the trusts, here is an opening.—St. Louis Republic.

If the radical republican newspapers of the country have their own way the wishes of the extreme McKinley republicans will be respected by the enactment of a new high protective tariff law. But already there are indications that the gentlemen at Washington who are to frame the next tariff bill are going to have much opposition from those whose business is already sufficiently protected and who do not want to see it disturbed any more, even for an increased protection.—Syracuse Courier.

A PLEDGE REDEEMED. How Republican Campaign Promises Are Fulfilled. The most comfortable theory we have yet seen advanced is that which has its origin with the Carnegie Steel company. That company has issued a notice to the effect that it will continue to pay the same scale of wages during 1897 that it has paid during 1896.

The comfortable theory that goes along with this notice is the announcement that the refusal of the company to raise wages is, in itself, a virtual increase of the wages of 6,000 men on account of the reduction in the price of products. This reminds us of the agricultural genius who tied green spectacles on his mule and in that way induced him to eat shavings. The idea was original and unconventional, and we have heard nothing to equal it until the publication of the Carnegie announcement that a refusal to increase wages is, in fact, when regarded rightly, a virtual increase.

It is to be hoped that the men will take the theory as kindly as the spectacle mule is said to have done, for it would be sad indeed if there should be any doubt or dubiousness in regard to the theory which the Carnegie company presented to its workmen as a Christmas gift. Discontent at this time would be a poor return to make for the great victory that has been won for "sound money" and protection—a poor return for the great wave of prosperity that is said to be preparing to flood the country, having already begun its work, if the New York newspapers are to be believed, the day after Mr. McKinley's election.

Consequently, we would advise the Carnegie men not to examine too closely the theory that has been thrust upon their attention, but to take it seriously, and go about their business feeling that they are richer and better off than they were before they discovered that a decision not to reduce wages is, in effect, an increase.

It may now be claimed, and with excellent reason, that a reduction of wages is no reduction at all, but merely a substantial evidence that although a reduction has been made, the wages remain precisely the same. We trust it will be long before this logical deduction from the Carnegie theory is put into actual operation.—Atlanta Constitution.

THE POOR TO SUFFER. McKinley Taxation Exempts the Capitalist. In none of the republican schemes for increasing the revenues is there a suggestion of restoring any of the repealed taxes on wealth. New and higher taxes on clothing, food and shelter, but no taxes on luxuries, on accumulated wealth or active capital. This is the McKinley programme. It is proposed to restore the barbarous and cruel tax on wool, to increase the taxes on woollens, to raise the rates on crockery and glass, to reimpose duties on lumber, eggs, potatoes, onions, cabbage and hay, but to continue the exemption of wealth in every form.

In 1866 the internal taxes collected on manufactures, aside from whisky, beer and tobacco, aggregated \$122,000,000. They were all repealed.

Other taxes collected from wealth in that year were: From incomes, \$61,071,932; from banks, railroad companies, etc., \$13,279,142; licenses, \$13,638,097; gross receipts—from 2 1/2 to 3 per cent.—of publishers, telegraph, express and insurance companies, steamboats, ferries, stage coaches, theaters, operas, circuses and museums, \$10,062,707; legacies and successions, \$1,170,978; stamps, \$15,044,373. All these, one after another, were abolished at the instigation of wealth's lobby.

There were other small taxes, like those at salaries of public officials, on passports, etc., the proceeds of which bring the total of internal taxes repealed immediately after the war up to \$340,000,000.

This exemption of wealth left the whole burden of the cost of the government upon consumption—mainly of the common necessities of the people. And this is where the party bossed by Mark Hanna, with McKinley as its figurehead, deliberately proposes to leave the burden.

If it shall do this, the history of 1860 will repeat itself in the elections of 1898.—N. Y. World.

PARAGRAPHIC POINTERS. —Mr. Hanna is still hot after the "right sort" of senators.—Atlanta Constitution.

—The republicans have not yet explained how increasing taxation is going to reform the currency.—Kansas City Times.

—It is so easy for a party to forget its platform that we are afraid the republicans will disremember that they made a few pledges to the people.—Atlanta Constitution.

—When a republican grows noisy in his talk about trusts, he can be quieted by the suggestion that all articles manufactured by trusts be put on the free list.—Louisville Post.

—The report that Hanna has given orders for the adoption of certain measures by congress and has fixed the date of the extra session indicates that Hanna is laboring under the impression that his syndicate holds the United States.—St. Louis Republic.

—Senator Thurston, of Nebraska, has had such a career as a railroad lobbyist that no one could have been much surprised when he recently suggested the abandonment of his party of all pretense of currency reform in order to win silver votes for protection.—Buffalo Courier.

—These gentlemen who used to fill the air with discordant howls about the Wilson tariff bill will note that under its operations for the present fiscal year our imports were not only decreased, which is one good thing, but our exports will show an increase of approximately \$50,000,000, which is another.—Wheeling Register.

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THE POOR TO SUFFER. McKinley Taxation Exempts the Capitalist. In none of the republican schemes for increasing the revenues is there a suggestion of restoring any of the repealed taxes on wealth. New and higher taxes on clothing, food and shelter, but no taxes on luxuries, on accumulated wealth or active capital. This is the McKinley programme. It is proposed to restore the barbarous and cruel tax on wool, to increase the taxes on woollens, to raise the rates on crockery and glass, to reimpose duties on lumber, eggs, potatoes, onions, cabbage and hay, but to continue the exemption of wealth in every form.

In 1866 the internal taxes collected on manufactures, aside from whisky, beer and tobacco, aggregated \$122,000,000. They were all repealed.

Other taxes collected from wealth in that year were: From incomes, \$61,071,932; from banks, railroad companies, etc., \$13,279,142; licenses, \$13,638,097; gross receipts—from 2 1/2 to 3 per cent.—of publishers, telegraph, express and insurance companies, steamboats, ferries, stage coaches, theaters, operas, circuses and museums, \$10,062,707; legacies and successions, \$1,170,978; stamps, \$15,044,373. All these, one after another, were abolished at the instigation of wealth's lobby.

There were other small taxes, like those at salaries of public officials, on passports, etc., the proceeds of which bring the total of internal taxes repealed immediately after the war up to \$340,000,000.

This exemption of wealth left the whole burden of the cost of the government upon consumption—mainly of the common necessities of the people. And this is where the party bossed by Mark Hanna, with McKinley as its figurehead, deliberately proposes to leave the burden.

If it shall do this, the history of 1860 will repeat itself in the elections of 1898.—N. Y. World.

PARAGRAPHIC POINTERS. —Mr. Hanna is still hot after the "right sort" of senators.—Atlanta Constitution.

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