

The St. Landry Clarion.

Courier

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

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ON PATSALAGY RIDGE.

When Rufus Sanders and His Best Girl Turned Out.

"Busted a Big Campmeetin' with Fine Clothes and Fancy Trimmings—But 'Shameless Over' 'Till Show Was Out."

Hit is the goneyest most strangest thing in this round created world to me what a tremendous big lot of devilment 'one mortal man can do single-handed and alone under the sun. The meanness with he vain and fleetin man does is more than probable to live after him, whilst the good deeds done and the whisky he drinks is sometimes buried with his bones. Raley and truly, I didn't mean to do it, but onest upon a time—in my youth and magnolous days—when I was feelin' my feed and gullin around right plentiful and prompkins like—I busted upon a whole campmeetin'. And onest upon another time I busted up the biggest sort of a weddin' match, when I wouldn't of done it a-purpose for the finest young mule in the settlement.

Who Should and Who Shouldn't.

That was years and years ago, before me and mother ever took up a notion to walk together in the ten commandments and work in double harness for better or for worse. It was way down in the old Panther Creek settlement, where the Sanders generation of people had made their clearings and built their cabins in the first settlement of the country.

When the boys were all the go in them good old days, and indurin that particular summer—Methodists, Baptists and all—went in kersnooks together and got up one of the biggest campmeetings you ever heard tell of. They struck camp in a big shady grove over on Patsalagy ridge, and the people they come for miles and miles around—come in wagons and on horseback and afoot—till it did look to me like everybody was there.

Now in that day and generation most everybody had to live at home and board at the same place. They made their meat and bread and raiments at home, and even to the highstrictracy of the land most in generally wore homespun clothes in summer and winter and the whole year round. And as for us boys, it took our level blamedit to climb up in a suit of store-bought clothes onest a year.

But, as I was goin on to say, right about that time I was kep in close company with Miss Susy Ann Stringer and cuttin the pigeon wing around her every Sunday the Lord sent, and two or three nights in the week for good measure. At the same time my fellow servant, Bunk Weatherford, he was payin his most fervent regards to Miss Rosebud Castleberry reglar and constant. Well, if you have ever traveled along that road you can see how it was. It did raze seem to me like I was about the first lookin youngster in the settlement and I felt certain that Miss Susy Ann was way yonder the most loveliest girl in the whole created human race. Naturally of course Bunk Weatherford had took about the same sort of fool notions in regards to Miss Rosebud and himself.

Something Had to Happen.

If you had went to most any sort of a big meetin anywhere in the surroundin country that summer you would of met up with me and Miss Susy Ann and a whole passle more of the young people. But from the general way in which the talk was carried on you never would of thought there was any young people on the grounds exceptin Bunk Weatherford and Miss Rosebud Castleberry. They flew so infernal high and skimmed so blame light, and everybody had somethin to say about how sweet and pretty she was and how smart and fine lookin he was. To be certain I knowed profation well that it was nothin but their extra frills and fineries and fancy trimmings, but at the same time the general circumfrence was powerful diggin and hurtin to me. Bunk does simply took the day and swept everything before him, whilst I had to fall back and hang on around the edges as best I could.

"This thing has now gone on jest a little bit further than I can stand and take it, and I will be eventually dashed if it ain't got to stop!" says I to myself that night. "Bunk Weatherford thinks there ain't nobody in this country that can wear clothes exceptin him and his onest own, but by the livin and the dead I have never yet seen a colt so fiery or so fine but what I brought to his milk and weaned by my br. I hate to do it, Bunk!—Honest to God, I do mortally hate to do it—but somethin will have to happen."

"Fixin the Triggers."

So consequently I fixed the triggers that night, and bright and early

next mornin I went to work settin up the traps. "Old man Eph Simpkins was then way yonder the most richest man in the settlement. He kept store over at the Cross Roads—owned two or three good plantations, and, accordin to common talk, he was plum lousy with money. So in the next place I went over to see Uncle Eph that day, laid all my plans and schemes before him, and asked him if he wouldn't stand by me till I could wean Bunk Weatherford, or either make him sick on the milk.

"You see that horse, bridle and saddle, Uncle Eph?" says I. "Well, they are mine and paid for. How much money would you say I have got buckled up there together?" "I would put the figger at \$150," says he.

"When are you goin down to New Orleans to lay in your full stock, Uncle Eph?" says I. "I would start for the river landin to-morrow," says he. "Well now, Uncle Eph," says I, comin right down to business, "when you go to New Orleans I want you to spend \$150 for me—spend it exactly like I tell you—and then take a waverly note on that horse, bridle and saddle to make your money dead safe."

"I will let you have the money, Rufe," says Uncle Eph. "or I will spend it for you and spend it exactly like you say, providin you will give me all the pints of your game as you go on with it—providin you will be there at the milkin and the weatin."

"You are traded with on the spot," says I, "and now, Uncle Eph, let me tell you how to spend the money. In the first outst I want you to git the finest and prittiest dress that money can buy for Miss Susy Ann—no poker dops, no muslin and no calico, Uncle Eph, but the finest of silks and satins—somethin that will rustle and whistate at every step she takes. And don't go and git a pale and ashen and serious look in clothes, Uncle Eph, but pink and red and yaller buff—somethin gay and gorgeous-like and flashy. Then buy her the finest hat and the shiniest slippers you can find, and fin in plenty of ribbons and laces for trimmings and good measure.

"Then for my own riggins, I want a navy blue broadcloth suit of clothes, calfskin, spike-toed boots and a bell-crown silk hat, which the same like our congressman wears when he ain't out huntin for votes. And I don't want no sawed-off, high-water coat, neither—I want a double-breasted calf-wiper, Uncle Eph. Then I want a ruffle-bosom shirt, and if the pile ain't clean gone by that time you can fetch me a heavy gold watch chain. I wouldn't give a darn for no watch, Uncle Eph, but I might maybe need the chain in my business."

"He Petches the Filaments." Now, in them plain old days we didn't have the railroads and telegrams, to make quick trips on, and it was nearly two weeks before Uncle Eph returned back home. But when he did come he fetched the filaments with him. It was then along in the first part of August and the camp meetin was comin off about the middle of September. I managed some way to slip the riggins we had got for Miss Susy Ann over to her house, and she had plenty time enough to set up of nights and put them together unbeknownce to the old folks. The plan was for both of us to bud and bloom and bust out sudden and surprisin like and take all the shine off of Bunk and Miss Rosebud the very first lick.

The big camp meetin opened up on a Sunday. We didn't have many bugles then, and when the young people went about they had to ride horseback, or either take it afoot and walk. I was to give the old folks time to git off to meetin and then ride by after Miss Susy Ann. And I do wish in my soul that you could of seen me when I got into my new clothes and come out in full bloom that Sunday mornin. My navy blue coat had a velvet collar and brass buttons on it. It was not only a calf-wiper, friends and fellow citizens—it was a double-breasted ankle-kicker. And the bell-crown hat, which I wore. My my, my! It was a wind splitter and a sky scraper. Then with my ruffle-bosom shirt and spike-toed boots on, and a heavy gold watch chain danglin from the broy hand of my breeches—dabblame it, I felt like I wouldn't give more than half of the road to a governor or a president.

"The Terrible Confusionment."

But then, when we marched hand in hand through the crowd and up under the big fresh arbor, we did raise the dadblamdest flutter and flurry that had ever come to pass in all that skirt of the woods. The show was wide open then and the goneyest most terriblest confusionment you ever read about was goin on around here presently. The preacher had just got into a wavin way with a powerful and stirrin sermon, but he had to give it up and turn loose to catch his breath. On the first flush of some of the people thought I must be Gen. George Washington, or King Jeers, or some other royal monarch, with a queen for a wife by his side.

Of all the hustlin and bustlin, and flutter and giffin and gizin that ever went on at one time in this world, it was right over there on Patsalagy ridge that Sunday mornin.

Tarectly the preacher sung out and said, with a loud voice: "Let the congregation come to me. Be seated and behave yourselves. It's nobody but that rattle, harun-scarrum Rufe Sanders and Susy Ann Stringer."

Then there was a spell of screamin amongst the women folks, and when old Misses Stringer found out that it was nobody but me and her dear Susy Ann, she threw up her hands and keeled over and went off in a dead faint. So instid of breakin up the performance the preacher only made it worse and still more of it. Things went on at that lick till Misses Stringer come to, and then the leaders of the flock come to the conclusion that it might be best to take out for twelve and feed. But the people couldn't eat any dinner to speak of for lookin at me and Miss Susy Ann and the fineries we had on us. After dinner the elders blowed the horn and the preachers tried to go on with the meetin. But it was all pluperfect vanity and vexation. The procedins wouldn't proceed worth a hardly. A few of the amen corner members went back to the big arbor, but the mainest part of the crowd was busy followin around after me and Miss Susy Ann like a passle of school boys at a Punch and Judy show.

Late that evenin the preachers and the deacons and the elders got together and held a little private confabulation. Then they sent a committee to see if I want willin to take Miss Susy Ann and go on home, and let the meetin proceed. Now Uncle Eph Simpkins was there accordin to our private understandin, and he had already laughed and laughed till I raley don't think there was a button left on his breeches. He saw what was goin on, and callin me off to one side, he went on to say: "Don't you do it, Rufe. This is a free country, and if you and Miss Susy Ann want to wear good clothes, it is nobody's business. Bunk Weatherford and Miss Rosebud couldn't stand the shine you all put on. They lit out from here and left the grounds before dinner. It will never do for you to run up the white feather now. Never retreat under fire, my boy—never retreat under fire."

So I made the committee own up that me and Miss Susy Ann hadn't done a blessed thing but went to the meetin with our own clothes on, behavin ourselves as best we could, and then I give it out that we would hold our ground and remain over and see the show out. Well, I didn't think about doin anything that was wrong and wicked, and I knowed that Miss Susy Ann didn't mean it that way, but bless gracious the next news we got seem like we had busted the camp meetin higher than a kite. That night the preacher prayed to the good Lord to "have mercy upon that wild and wayward Rufe Sanders and the giddy young thing with him." And then the meetin adjourned for good and all.

Uncle Eph loved to me afterwards that he wouldn't take three hundred dollars for the sights he saw and the fun he had that day.

"You can keep your horse, bridle and saddle, and also your new clothes, Rufe," says he. "I have lost that darn waverly note anyhow, and I will give you a hundred years to settle in."

UNCLE EPH SIMPKINS DIED AND WAS BURIED.

RUFUS SANDERS.

LAFAYETTE'S COURTESY.

His Act of Homage to an American Woman.

The visit of Lafayette to America, as the nation's guest, is graphically retold by Jean Fraley Hollowell, who writes of "When Lafayette Kept in Philadelphia," one of the notable series of articles on "Great Personal Events." The welcome given Lafayette in Philadelphia is said to have exceeded in its warmth and enthusiasm that extended to the distinguished visitor in any other city. In connection with his riding into Philadelphia, the central figure of a resplendent pageant, an interesting incident is thus recalled: "Lafayette's barouche was passing, on Eleventh street, the house where dwelt the widow of Robert Morris, financier of the revolution, a sister of Rev. Bishop White. Mrs. Morris was at her window, and recognizing her after many years, Lafayette rose up in his carriage and bowed to her. The rare courtesy was instantly discerned by the thousands congregated at this point, and it seemed as if the people would go mad with enthusiasm. The recognition of Mrs. Morris seemed to set them aflame. Even Lafayette seemed surprised that the simple act should evoke such a wave of frantic huzzas. Shout after shout rent the air; women vied with men in their efforts to show to Lafayette that his graceful act touched them. So great was the furore that the hero had to rise again and again in his carriage, and it was several minutes before the wonderful enthusiasm had abated. But if the applause subsided at the special point where it had been wafted into a flame, it was rekindled again and again, and carried along the entire route of march. By a simple act he had aroused the people, and the fruits of it remained with him—all through his visit in the Quaker city."—Ladies Home Journal.

Spartan Perfumery. Plutarch mentions a visit paid by a Spartan lady to Bernice, the wife of Derotarus, tetrarch of Galatia. This lady smelled so strongly of sweet ointment and Bernice of butter that they could not endure each other's presence.—Chicago Chronicle.

The mean temperature of Greece is 64 degrees Fahr.

ARP'S COTTON SPIN.

Southern Staple Continues to Be King of All.

How It Was First Spun—Bill's Mother Used to Pick Seed from the Lint—Then Came the Gin and Spinning Jenny.

"Cotton is king!" I don't know who first said that, but it is a fact. It is the most useful and most important product in the world and has the most influence on its commerce. I was ruminating about this because of some letter of inquiry that from time to time I have received concerning cotton. The last one from an old friend, Col. Saxon, says he cannot learn from the department at Washington when cotton cloth was first imported to this country.

And so I will venture a few remarks on this subject in general, for it is full of remarkable facts and illustrates the kindness of Providence to His creatures. Providence is always kind and whenever we need anything He unlocks another door of His treasury and says here it is.

There is no doubt at all that the cotton plant was created "in the beginning," and with a design for the use and benefit of mankind when it should be needed. Attention was attracted to it away back in the centuries. Four hundred and fifty years before the Christian era Herodotus wrote about it as a plant bearing fleeces more delicate and beautiful than those of sheep and of the Indians using it for the manufacture of cloth. From India it was introduced into Greece and Rome, and Caesar used it for his army tents and covered the forum with it. The cotton fabrics of the Hindoos have been excellently of modern times. We read of a Hindoo princess who came into a court reception and the king said: "Go home—go home, my child—you are not decently covered." "Father, I have seven suits on." "But they were of cotton muslin so thin and delicate that the king could see through them. The famous muslins of Decca, in Calcutta, were called "webs of woven wind," and when a piece was laid upon the dew-covered grass it was not discernible.

Imagine the wonder of these fabrics when there was not a spindle, but the distaff and only a loom that the weaver carried about with him, setting it up under a tree and digging a hole in the ground for his feet to work the treadle. But the manufacture of cotton for the common people was smothered during all these centuries and only wool and flax were used for clothing. The ancient Egyptians used it to some extent, spinning it with the distaff and weaving it with the primitive looms, but the plant was not cultivated. It was indigenous to that country and the fleece was gathered from the wild stocks. It was not until the tenth century that the cultivation began, and that was by the Moors in Spain. The Venetians engaged in it in the fourteenth century and the English in the early part of the eighteenth. But its use was very limited, for the seed were in the way.

But now comes the evolution of cotton: the revolution that in a few years made it king. Nothing so wonderful has ever transpired in commerce and manufacture. There was a conjunction of the three things that were necessary to bring about this revolution: The cotton gin by Whitney in 1793, the spinning jenny by Arkwright in 1789 and the power loom by Cartwright in 1789, all started the world about the same time and gave an impulse to the growth and use and manufacture of cotton that was pregnant with great results. One of these results was the fixing of salary as an institution upon the southern states. Up to that time it was not considered either safe or profitable to encourage their importation from the northern states. But of course the cotton gin, several years introduced. My mother told me that as late as 1815 she used to spend most of the winter evenings picking the seed from the cotton by hand—with half a dozen or more of the family servants sitting in a circle around the fire. She vied with them in trying to excel in the quantity seeded. This was in Liberty county in this state, and the cotton was probably the long staple variety.

Whitney became involved in interminable law suits and his gin, which was for only the short staple cotton, was not in general use for many years after it was invented. My father put up the first gin in Gwinnett county in 1828, and seed cotton was hauled to it from all the adjacent country. Previous to the use of the gin it was considered a fair day's work to seed enough to make a pound of lint. But the gin with two attendants picked 600 pounds in a day. At that time the old-fashioned spinning wheel was in general use and a day's work for the spinner was six outers—a cut being 140 rounds on the reel, but the first spinning jenny with one attendant did 80 times as much and did it better. Later on it did 2,000 times as much. The saving in weaving by the power loom was in similar proportion and hence it suddenly came about that ten men could do the work of 10,000. No wonder that Hargraves and Arkwright were driven from their homes by the spinners and the spinners. Excuse me for telling the girls just here that a spinster is the feminine for spinner, and used to mean a marriageable girl who had made herself eligible and fitten to be married by spinning and weaving enough cloth for her own trowsers, and sheets and coverlets for the bed and table cloths and napkins for the table. This was the dowry she brought her husband. But these inventors went to Nottingham and put up their mills and made a monopoly of the business. They and their associates grew rich so fast that they determined to exclude all mankind from

acquiring a knowledge of their inventions. The doors were kept locked and the operatives sworn to secrecy. New England tried in vain to buy the right and could not compete with English yarns.

But deliveries was not far off. Samuel and John Slater, who had worked for Arkwright in England for seven years, saw large money on this side of the water. They came and brought with them a full knowledge of all three of the inventions, and how to use them and how to build a factory. Of course they met with a warm reception, and in 1806 they erected a mill and planted a town and named it Slatersville. They soon made a fortune. When John died he left his millions to his son, and when John Jr. got ready to die he bequeathed a million to our Dr. Haygood in trust for the education of the negroes of the south. It was a gift fit to be made, for the fathers and mothers of these negroes grew the cotton that made the Slaters rich. The Slaters not only spun their yarns, but wore them, and the cloth was called homespun, because it was woven at home and not brought from England.

But, although cotton was now king commercially, it was ranked socially by other fabrics. It was not so beautiful as silk nor so strong as flax nor so warm as wool, and hence for years it was woven only into the common fabrics for the common people. The calicoes that were imported from Calcutta in Turkey were spun with the distaff and woven with the old-fashioned hand loom. The mankeet cloth that came from Nankin in China was made by a similar process. I remember that my father, who was a merchant, bought some of that mankeet when I was a lad, and my mother made me a pair of pants and a round jacket out of it, and I was proud and yellow. It was not until the 40s when the finer fabrics, such as muslins and lawns, were made of cotton. In 1842 a machine was invented of so delicate a nature that a single pound of cotton was spun to a length of 1,100 miles, and in 1851 some cloth of exquisite fineness was woven expressly for a dress for the queen of England, and was exhibited at the Crystal Palace fair in London in that year. But it is still asserted that no machinery has ever surpassed the hand work of the Hindoos, and that Montezuma presented Cortez with robes of cotton interwoven with feather work that rivaled the delicacy of the finest painting.

But notwithstanding the inventions of the spinning jenny and the power loom, our country people continued for years to spin and to weave their own cloth, and the female slaves were made to do so by their masters. The spinning wheel was the first to surrender, and the factory yarn, or "spun truck," as it was called, came into general use along in the 40s. In a few years more the homemade loom had to go, and since the war the wheel and the loom have ceased their music in the homes of our people.

It was not until after the close of the war of 1812 that even the northern people bought any cloth from England. Until about 1816 England had none to sell or export, but from that time until 1821 its exportation increased very rapidly and almost paralyzed our New England mills. But in that year and in 1828, our country people continued for years to spin and to weave their own cloth, and the female slaves were made to do so by their masters. The spinning wheel was the first to surrender, and the factory yarn, or "spun truck," as it was called, came into general use along in the 40s. In a few years more the homemade loom had to go, and since the war the wheel and the loom have ceased their music in the homes of our people.

But cotton is still king—king in the southern fields and in the factories and in the carrying trade of the ocean and in Liverpool and other great markets of the world. Whether we make large crops or small ones, it is still the greatest factor in the world's comfort and prosperity. Long live the king—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

HIS ROMANCE.

It Illustrates the Fickleness of Man as Well as Woman.

"Of course there's romance in my life," asserted Fromer, when it was intimated that there was nothing of sentiment in his composition.

"I felt when I saw her, 'tis she or none on earth," 'tis what Schiller wrote in his 'Bride of Messina.' That is exactly what I felt when I met the woman of my romance. Nobody can describe a woman. You can rave about her classic features, her speaking eyes, her neck like a pillar of marble touched with tints, the graceful Psyche knot that she twists to a crown of beauty and all that kind of rant, but after it is done you can meet the woman and not know her. When I can picture a soul I'll go into the business.

"Of course I was young when I met her. Otherwise I would have shown some slight imitation of sense and surrendered by degrees. Love at first sight is not uncommon, but it is restrained by a sense of propriety, by pride or by some other modifying influence. Every force in my being was cooperative. There was no check, and I fell to the very depths.

"She refused me very prettily and very properly. I asked her if I could cherish no hope, intimating that to deprive me of hope would be immediately fatal. She gave me a very scant allowance. Then I went proudly away to win a fortune that I might lay it at her feet as an additional inducement. In four years I returned. The woman was there just as I had left her, but not my ideal. While I was trying for moral strength enough to recall my vows, she was mastering courage sufficient to tell me she was engaged to another man. She spoke first. Then I was so mad at the other fellow, whom I should have blessed, that I insisted she had broken my heart."—St. Louis Republic.

Starve to Death.

"No man should marry until he is able to support a wife."

"In that case lots of men would starve to death."—North American.

DECEITFUL DEALING.

How the Dingley Committee Stuck to the Trusts.

It will be observed that the advocates of the Dingley bill are careful to speak of the sugar differential as one-eighth of a cent a pound, or 12 1/2 cents per 100 pounds. By the "differential" is meant the extra duty put on refined sugar for the benefit of the sugar trust. Refined sugar under the present law pays 12 1/2 cents per hundred more duty than raw sugar. But this means 12 1/2 cents more than raw sugar of the lowest as well as the highest grade. This "differential" ought not to have been in the bill. It was put there by traitorous senators who called themselves democrats cooperating with the republicans. An account of it the republicans denounced the bill as a "trust bill" because it had cut down the McKinley differential only 7 1/2 per cent.

In spite of their denunciation of the trust bill of 1894, they are willing to admit that their bill contains the same differential as that of 1894. This, however, is a deception. The differential is larger in the Dingley bill, and those who understand the subject know it. The tax on raw sugar testing 75 degrees by the polariscope is one cent a pound, or a dollar per 100. The tax on refined sugar is \$1.875 per 100 pounds, or, in decimals, \$1.875. This refined sugar is taxed seven-eighths of a dollar per 100 pounds more than raw sugar of the lowest grade. Under the present law it is only 12 1/2 cents per 100 pounds, in addition to the 40 per cent. ad valorem on raw sugar.

It is true that the tax on raw sugar in the Dingley bill is on a sliding scale. For each degree over 75 there is added a tax of 3-100 of a cent a pound, so that by the time we get to 100 degrees, the tax amounts to \$1.75 per 100 pounds, and 12 1/2 cents added to make the duty on refined sugar \$1.875. But this takes no account of the smaller tax on sugar less than 100 degrees. In point of fact, if we go back to 1890, when this sliding scale was in use before, there was no sugar imported testing 100 degrees, nor yet any at 99 degrees. There was a small quantity at 98 degrees, but all imports above 94 were comparatively unimportant. On the other hand, there were imported 350,000,000 pounds testing 84 and 85 degrees, and nearly 400,000,000 pounds testing 90 degrees. Below 84 degrees the qualities imported were smaller, but still considerable, extending all the way to and including 75 degrees. The rate then ranged from \$1.40 to \$2.75 per 100 pounds, the latter for sugar testing 100 degrees, but the average tax on the whole was about two cents a pound, or about equal to that imposed on sugar at 90 degrees.

Let us apply this 90 degree test to the differentials. Under the Dingley bill sugar at 90 degrees pays \$1.45 per 100 pounds. Taking this as an average, and subtracting it from \$1.87 1/2, we have 42 1/2 cents per 100 as the true differential in favor of the trust.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

QUESTIONS ON WOOL.

Some Things for Mr. Dingley to Account For.

Mr. Dingley has some hard things to say, in his report on the tariff bill, about "speculators importing wool," into whose pockets, he says, the money (enormous wool tax bill provides for) will be turned that should go into the treasury. In this connection we have a fair question to ask of the chairman of the ways and means committee, who is himself interested in woolen manufacture. He is said, by Washington correspondents, to be "snuffy about this fact, but it is a fact. Through his family, if not directly, he is interested in a woolen mill at Lewiston. Has that mill been stocking up with a year's supply of free wool, and will it buy every pound of free wool it can get hold of before the Dingley tax goes into effect? Will it, in Mr. Dingley's words, turn into its own pockets and those of the Dingley family the money which, he says, ought to go into the treasury? On this we have to say that, if the Dingley mill is not doing this, it is not doing what all the other mills are doing. If its manager is not taking every bale of free wool he can put his hands on he is incompetent, and should be discharged. If the Dingley mill is not getting its wool free while it can it will have to go out of business. There is nothing wrong about importing wool in advance of the duty. What is wrong is to get up in congress and condemn, with great show of virtuous indignation, the thing which you are doing yourself."—N. Y. Post.

Necessaries to Be Taxed.

If increased taxes upon the necessities of life shall not bring with them increased wages for labor the men who are framing the new tariff are only sowing the wind and will surely reap the whirlwind. The people of the country will not submit to increased taxes upon that which they must consume unless they realize a compensating increase in the wages of labor. If in this regard the new tariff shall fail the revolution of a million majority against the McKinley bill in 1890 will be repeated against the Dingley bill in 1898. We beg the framers of the new tariff bill to read the impressive lessons of the past, and to remember that never in all the history of this country were the people so sensitive as to taxation and so inclined to revolutionary action as they are to-day. A tariff that taxes the necessities of life without increasing the wages of labor to the full measure of the increased exactions put into it must provoke revolution, and another revolution against a protective tariff would doom protection to a death from which there could be no resurrection.—Philadelphia Times.

The democratic policy can be stated in two sentences, both short: Let the tariff alone. Reduce expenditures. The Wilson tariff will support the government, economically administered, and there is cash enough in the treasury to pay the bills until congress, by cutting down expenses, can make both ends meet.—N. Y. Times.

TROUBLE FOR TARIFF MAKERS.

Republican Professors That Wren's Stand the Test.

It is reported from Washington that President McKinley's currency commission for the study of the currency laws during the recess of congress has not been abandoned entirely, according to the declarations of republican leaders. It has been determined, however, that the tariff shall have right of way. This means, of course, that in view of what is beginning to look like a desperate tariff emergency, the republican professions of favor for the proposal to promote international bimetalism must be kept before the federal lawmakers. All signs point to trouble ahead for the tariff-makers, and it is thought to be wisest not to let any doubt as to the republican position in support of the conference proposition constitute an additional obstacle to the carrying out of the tariff programme. By postponing the dispensing of patronage and keeping to the front the professed republican intention to do the fair thing by silver the administration is doing all that it can to make the road of the tariff bill as little rocky as possible.

What effect this policy will have on the silver republicans in the senate can hardly be foretold, but it is not amiss to remember that some of them yielded to the siren voice of the international agreement vocalist last summer, and they may be prepared to do it again. They are all protectionists, of course, and they may consent to aid in establishing the proposed protective policy, although their pet product is not included in its provisions. In this they will be influenced, doubtless, by the hope that their turn will come later, and no more delusive hope ever took up its abode in the human breast.

It is likely, however, that this attempt to play on the credulity of the silverites, while it may achieve that end, will not operate to save the condemned and repudiated tariff bill from serious trouble in the senate. That measure is too clearly a terrific blow at the public interests to admit of any deception as to its possibilities and purpose. The patronage will be withheld and the silverites fooled in vain.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader.

PROFLIGATE MEASURES.

No Such Word as Economy in the Republican Program.

Instead of saying one word upon the necessity of economy in his message to congress, President McKinley encouraged the very extravagance which has produced the deficiency which is his excuse for the extra session. He declares at the start that "we are presenting the remarkable spectacle of increasing our public debt by borrowing money to meet the ordinary outlays incident upon even an economical and prudent administration of the government." Is a succession of billion-dollar congresses and an increase in the national expenditures of \$100,000,000 a year in ten years an evidence of "an economical and prudent administration of the government?"

"Ample revenues," said the president, in closing, "must be supplied, not only for the ordinary expenses of the government, but for the prompt payment of liberal pensions." The cost of pensions has increased \$65,000,000 in ten years. This is the full amount of the deficiency for the current year. In other words, if congress, 21 years after the close of the war, had put a reasonable limit upon pensions—as Gen. Grant and President Garfield both declared it should do—the present tariff bill, even after the income tax had been nullified, would have yielded revenue enough.

Our pension list of \$140,000,000 now exceeds the total of the combined military pension lists of Europe. It has more than doubled since 1866. It costs more than some of the greatest standing armies in Europe.

Was there any necessity, outside of the old soldier demagoguery, for the president to lug in a reference to "the prompt payment of liberal pensions" in the face of a yawning deficit in the revenues?—N. Y. World.

POINTS AND OPINIONS.

The Fifty-fifth congress cannot make itself popular by applying the gag rule and passing appropriations at the rate of \$450,000 a minute.—St. Paul Globe.

The woolen manufacturers want to reduce the Dingley rate on raw wool one-half. The wool growers want to double it. Here's a pretty row.—Utica Observer.

The new tariff bill will increase the duties by \$117,397,867, and will swell the profits of the beneficiaries by as much as the combinations can squeeze out of the people.—St. Louis Republic.

The Dingley bill has done more in three days to reconstruct and strengthen the democratic party than all the harmonizers and conciliators and managers could have done in a year.—Baltimore News.

The McKinley tariff was introduced as a measure to reduce the revenues, which had been redundant, and it had that effect, while now, when the revenues are regarded as insufficient, it is proposed to reenact substantially the same tariff in order to increase them.—Philadelphia Times.

The tariff built up the trusts and the trusts are building up the tariff. Look at the genesis of the trusts. They controlled nominations, corrupted state legislatures and log-rolled in congress to get the tariff higher, ever higher. As a result of the exorbitant prices thus exacted from the American people the barons amassed millions, until the artificial conditions created brought into existence an excess of industrial plant. Then ensued the destructive competition which led the manufacturers to combine—and they claim in self-defense—into the trusts and put an end to competition. Excessive tariffs destroyed foreign competition, and the resulting trusts have destroyed domestic competition, and there you are.—N. Y. Herald.