THE CLARION.

RAYMOND BREAUX, Editor and Business Manager.

OPELOUSAS, :-: :-: LOUISIANA.

"Country's" Victory

By JESSE SARTELL.

THE high-school team was practicing on the campus, but Jeremiah Scott sat under the elm with the iron entering his soul. His broad back was toward a group of girls whose voices came to his freckled ears like the gurgle of the brook that crossed his grandfather's farm. These words separated themselves:

"Why, what is the matter with that boy's back?"

"Oh, that is 'Country!' You have not seen all our rustic curiosities yet. His grandmother must have been letting out his coat to make it large enough for him, and that is a strip of new cloth. Isn't it funny!"

Jeremiah's soul swelled with wrath and grief as the girl's voice went on, sweetly: "Did you ever see him standing up? There are dark stripes around each leg of his trousers where tucks have been let down."

"Honestly?"

"Just wait till he stands up."

Jeremiah, watching the football game with angry, unseeing eyes, wished that the great elm might grow old and be uprooted before it was necessary for him to rise. He knew the voice of the girl who had spoken first. She was the judge's daughter, Lucy, who had been away for a year in New York, and consequently was looked up to as a superior being. Jeremiah had watched her from a respectful distance, and it cut him deeply that she should have seen the mark of his grandmother's efforts, but her next words filled him with conflicting emotions.

"He has a nice face. I like him."

He held his breath to listen. Surely she must be making game of him, as every one else did—but—no—

"Why isn't he on the team?" It sounded like a serious question, with no suggestion of mockery.

"What, that country jay? He wouldn't know a football from a pumpkin—he might try to eat it."

"I'll ask Jack about it. He might help win the game."

John Singleton, Lucy's brother, was captain of the team, and took the responsibility seriously. For several years the high school had been beaten by the "Tigers" of the neighboring village, and it was getting irritating.

The coming game was a matter of great anxiety to Jack. If the team would only do as he wished, there might be more chance, but some of them would "break training" and get out of condition. It was discouraging. He and Lucy talked it over on the way home from school.

"That boy they call Country doesn't smoke. He's big and strong. There was a big boy of the lower grade teasing a little one, and Country was passing through the hall. He lifted the big boy by the collar and rapped his heels against the wall three times, and told him in a kind of drawl not to do that again. He did it as if he were dreadfully strong—and—I think he's nice."

"He might do—only he's not in our crowd—but if he isn't too stupid—"

They talked of the matter to their father that evening. His eyes brightened.

"Jeremiah Scott," he said. "His father was in my regiment. A splendid fellow. If Jeremiah is like his people he ought to be the right sort. I remember Scott was first inside the breastworks—he had a medal for that. If young Jerry could do for you in your game what his father did in that battle—"

When, the next day, George Slocum appeared heavy-eyed and pale from indigestion, Jeremiah was summoned from his gloomy vigil under the elm tree. The captain looked him over, and nodded approval. After all, the fellow did not look so stupid when one saw his face—and the unwieldly appearance of his body was chiefly due to his clothes.

That afternoon was a strange and delightful experience to Jeremiah. At the end of it, he was a regular member of the football squad. In a few days, for the great game was drawing near and the training was being hurried, he was put in at half-back.

Then he ceased to be a butt, groups of girls did not laugh as he passed, no one joked, no one gibed. It was everywhere "old man," and "old fellow," and no one thought of asking him the price of oats. He was still called Country, but with an accent of friendly admiration to which no one could object, and when the day came for the great game, he was happy and at peace with the world.

The Tigers had come on from Crompville. The fair ground swarmed with onlookers. Jeremiah, standing head and shoulders above the rest of the team, looked about at the crowd and wondered who among them all, to look at him now, would ever imagine that he had been, not so very long ago, an outcast and an alien. He was like the others now except for being so much larger and stronger, but that could not be helped.

He was conscious that strangers asked about him as if pleased, and his head was perhaps getting somewhat turned when he heard the old familiar titter from a group of girls. Glancing round to learn the cause, he saw that his grandfather and grandmother had come.

They had stationed themselves on the track, the beheld of all beholders. In the poor old family vehicle that had carried many generations of Scotts on state occasions, they sat and fixed their loving eyes on his face, their faces wreathed in happy smiles.

Jeremiah knew that the girls were making unkind remarks, and saw that Lucy was one of the group. He did not see that she left them and joined her father, for with his breath coming quickly he took great strides to the old equippage, where he leaned against the wheel and talked until called to duty.

He never could tell how the game was won. But the Tigers were beaten. The crowd of men and boys came rushing and closed about him to do him honor—to carry him on their shoulders in demonstration of their own joy at the victory. It was a great moment. There were cries of "Country! Country! What's the matter with Country?" and answering shouts of "He's all right!"

But to the right of the crowd, voices said, "Here you are. Make way for the lady," and through a narrow passageway came the little grandmother.

"Wait a minute!" she quavered shrilly, as her boy was about to be lifted from his feet. Jeremiah heard and turned toward her. She ran to him and opened a great bundle she was carrying.

"You must put this on," she said, "because you are so warm that you might take cold."

She took off the newspaper wrapping and shook out a new, gayly colored patchwork quilt. It was the one she had been making all the fall. Perhaps all along she had been planning it for this, her feeble little hands unconsciously patching his complete and overwhelming downfall. Hereafter he would be in the minds of all these people—just a thing in a bed quilt, something to laugh at till their sides ached. The groveling horror in his heart was like nausea.

Lucy stood beside her father, the judge. They were looking at him with intent, stern scrutiny. He caught the judge's eye. There was an intentness in it that reminded him of one pupil trying to tell another something in the schoolroom, and not daring to speak except with his eyes.

It was an eternity of misery, yet all in a flash grandmother was lifting the awful thing up and around him. It was not yet too late to refuse it quietly—to thrust it back into her eager, loving hands that had toiled on it. Could he—must he—be carried around the track with that thing streaming out behind him? Impossible! too humiliating to think of!

She was lifting it in her feeble hands. "Grandmother knows what her boy wants," her old voice caressed him.

A man laughed—a course, brutal laugh. The outside crowd pushed and shouted, unseeing, "Scott! Scott!"

It was the laugh that did it. It made him grandmother's champion against the world. The struggle was over.

Jeremiah loved his little grandmother, and as he stooped to let her fasten the quilt about him with a great horse-blanket pin, he planted a swift kiss on the soft, wrinkled forehead, and the crowd lifted and bore him away while shrieks and howls rent the November air. But the conqueror's chin was high.

When he found himself free once more, he picked up the mass of bedquilt that trailed behind him, and hung it over his arm.

To his surprise a portly gentleman barred his way with outstretched hand, and the voice of the judge, deep, earnest and cheerful, said: "I congratulate you, my boy! You have won a great victory. Here, Lucy, come and shake hands with the hero."

Lucy's small, eager hand was quite lost in his, and Lucy's cheeks were pink.—Youth's Companion.

HE LEANED AGAINST THE WHEEL AND TALKED UNTIL CALLED TO DUTY.

An Age of Materialism.

It has become necessary to adopt stringent measures to exclude sheep herders from the Yosemite National park, says the Kansas City Star. The Palisades on the Hudson river have been converted into stone quarries. The falls of Niagara have been harnessed to supply power for a line of big mills and factories and the placid and beautiful Walden pond, at Concord, Mass., is to be defiled by the establishment of railroad hog lots on its sequestered borders.

Punished for Showing Mercy.

Lieut. Perezel has been expelled from an Austrian hussar regiment because he did not use his sword on a laborer who struck him.—London News.

A way to circumvent the Texas lynchers has been found, says the Chicago Tribune. Hang the villain legally before they can get at him.

FORTRESS OF PROTECTION.

It Is Like a Card-House and Will Fall of Its Own Weight If One Schedule Is Changed.

"The policy of protection is a beneficent one and whatever changes experience has shown to be needed will be made by the republican party." That is what Senator Allison says, and as he is chairman of the appropriations committee and a member of the finance committee of the senate, it is probably a fair statement of the position of the republican leaders.

It means that no changes in the tariff schedules will be made, because "experience" has shown that if the door is opened ever so little and one item could squeeze out of the protection stockade, others would try to follow and the door would be pushed wide open for a general revision of all the schedules. The protection fortress that the republicans and the trusts have erected is impregnable to look at, but remove one stone and it will tumble like the toy house that children build with a pack of cards.

The legislative facts show this. If a bill is introduced to amend one item in the Dingley tariff law, such a bill is open to further amendment. The democrats can order the ayes and nays to be called and every member of the house of representatives must go on record, for or against free coal, free beef, free steel, free iron, free hides, free wool, free salt, free oil, free lumber, free wood pulp, free barbed wire, free borax, free cotton thread, free ammunition, free leather, free wire nails, free paris green, free plate glass, free window glass, free sugar, free steel rails, free steel beams, free iron bars, free shovels, free spades, free scythes, free starch, free sad irons, free tin plate, free wire rods, free axle grease, free white lead, free saws, free sewing machines, free typewriters, free wire rope and free wire of all kinds.

All of the above articles are trust productions and should be placed on the free list. Nearly every article is sold by the trusts and combines vastly cheaper in Europe than to customers of the United States.

Why should the trusts be permitted by the tariff law to thus overcharge the American people and pay enormous dividends on their watered stock? The only possible answer can be that the republican party is a beneficiary of the trusts, and its representations in both houses of congress are bound in return to aid them.

Voters in every congressional district should demand of their congressmen and of the candidates for the next congress that they pledge themselves to vote for abolishing the duty on trust productions. If only 25 of the members of the present congress so pledge themselves, this relief from the trust extortion can be accomplished before next March, when the term of the present congress expires. Otherwise the relief to the people is procrastinated until the 58th congress, which does not meet until December, 1903, and it must contain a majority of tariff reformers.

The whole question of trusts and tariff reform is therefore in the hands of the voters. If they elect a democratic majority to the next congress, it will be notice to the republican leaders that tariff reform is demanded and possibly they will yield to it next winter. If not, the 58th congress will take the matter up and the senate will yield to reasonable reform.

When casting your ballot, it will be well to remember that the legislative ticket is of equal importance with the candidate for congress. The legislatures of one-third of the states elect United States senators when they next meet. A tariff reformer in the senate is even more important than in the house of representatives; he holds his seat for six years.

Tariff reform is the great issue and must be met sooner or later. The voters can hasten or delay it. Which will you do?

——Senator Allison asserts that the removal of duties on trust-made articles would benefit the trusts, and cites the tobacco trust as a case in point. We are not convinced by the senator's assertion that this would be true even in the case of tobacco, but the senator should remember that no one has proposed to take the duty off tobacco. He should talk to us more about steel and coal if he hopes his remarks to be taken seriously.—Indianapolis News (ind.).

——Nothing can be plainer than that the tariff keeps out imports so long as home prices do not exceed the foreign cost with the duty added. Foreign competition is excluded up to a certain price in the case of steel billets by the tariff, but not in the case of oil. By comparing the markets we find that the advance of the tariff-protected trust product has been more than five times that on the commodity not so protected.—Louisville Courier Journal.

——Secretary Shaw seems to have made himself solid with the speculators, at least.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

ANTI-TRUSTS OR TRUSTS.

The Question That Is to Be Decided by the American People at the Polls.

If the republicans hold their own or are able to organize the house of representatives, it will be heralded as deciding that the protective tariff is indorsed by the voters. Such a result will even be interpreted to mean that there are no bad trusts, and that the American people are willing to pay more for trust products than the trust is asking the foreigner to pay. In short, the voter will "stand pat" with Senator Hanna, although they know they have a losing hand in the trust and tariff game.

If the democrats gain the lower house of congress and carry the legislatures of some states that are now represented by republican United States senators, it will be notice to the protectionists that their days are numbered and that monopoly is to be dethroned.

To show that these issues between the parties is not exaggerated and that the republicans really stand for protection to the trusts and the democrats for placing trust productions on the free list, it is only necessary to take the known utterances of the nominees of both parties on these questions.

Of all the 300 and over republican candidates, only one, Mr. Foss, of Massachusetts, has been quoted as declaring for any relief from trust exactions. He wants free coal, free iron, free hides and free wool. He does not say he wants it to help the people, but as a relief to the manufacturers of the country who use those raw materials. For such a small expression of free trade the republican machine, managed by Senator Lodge, the Home Market club and the other republican auxiliary organizations, did all they could to defeat him.

It is true that Secretary Moody and perhaps others have declared for free anthracite coal, but as there is no true anthracite anywhere in the known world that equals the Pennsylvania product, it requires no argument to show that after the extraordinary prices that now prevail for hard coal recede to the normal level, none will be imported. So the taking off the duty on anthracite and leaving it on bituminous coal will not affect the price to the American consumer. Is any other republican candidate for congress in favor of free raw products? If so, now is the time for him to lift up his voice and declare it. On the other hand, nearly every democratic candidate is either pledged by his platform or has openly declared for free trade in trust productions. The declarations of the democrats also call for a reduction of the tariff to a reasonable basis.

So there is no doubt of the issue, and it is almost impossible to believe that there is any doubt of the result. It is improbable that a majority of the American people will vote to hurt themselves and help the trusts.

DISCIPLINING THE "BAD" TRUSTS.

President Roosevelt—"Now, you holler and pretend it hurts—but it won't, for I'll not take off the tariff pad."

POINTS AND OPINIONS.

——The republican managers appear to be apprehensive of a strike of voters.—N. Y. World.

——Secretary Moody says that the duty ought to be taken off anthracite coal. Every day shows at least a waver in the ranks of the protectionists.—Indianapolis News (Ind.)

——There may be some good trusts, as President Roosevelt contends, but in the estimates of most people they are where the westerner says the good Indians are.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

——If Theodore Roosevelt does not realize before long that there is such a process in politics as whipsawing, it will be surprising indeed, considering the course of events in the coal strike settlement.—St. Paul Globe.

——Was Secretary Moody quite discreet to say, in a western speech that the coal duty "was smuggled into the tariff act in a sneaking and cowardly manner?" It is dangerous to begin throwing bricks, however small, at one's idols.—Springfield Republican (Ind.).

——It will interest the people at large to know that the American Protective league has emitted an unmistakable cry of distress. A circular letter has been prepared and sent to members of the league—about 900 in number, who are all beneficiaries of the protective tariff—begging for more funds immediately. The request is made "in view of the large demand upon us in the doubtful districts."—Sioux City Tribune.

——In both east and west the cause of tariff revision is looming to proportions that has alarmed the trusts. The south stands where she has stood for many years, practically solid for a tariff only for revenue, and the outlook for a big break in the lines of the protectionists in the other sections of the country at the congressional elections is very bright.—Atlanta Journal.

——If monopoly is not sheltered in the tariff, why this mighty protest from monopoly and its organs against removing the tariff on monopolized commodities?—Sioux City Tribune (Ind.).

BANK CLERKS GO TO SCHOOL.

Educational Institution Under the Patronage of American Bankers' Association Teaches Business.

Bank clerks have to go to school nowadays to learn their business, says the Brooklyn Eagle. They cannot learn it in banks, for there they have only a glimpse of the meaning of their daily routine, and their horizon is bounded by the wire cage or the ground glass at their elbows. So they attend school to try to find out how to become Morgans and Rockefellers. And best of all, their school is a club where jolly goodfellowship rules and where the dry bones of finance are picked along with the milk of human kindness.

Banking has long since ceased to be a matter of merely keeping books. Men who are successful in that business must have a broader knowledge of the meanings of commerce, for the bank is to trade what the heart is to the human system, and it sends its glittering streams of gold and silver along channels of which the everyday world has little knowledge. Institutions that handle millions and hundreds of millions of dollars a day and which are responsible in the long run for keeping that delicate organism called business on a steady basis, must know more things than the debit side of the ledger from the credit.

So the American Institute of Bank Clerks has been organized to teach musty old clerks and energetic young fellows a bit about the things that they should know. Each member is supposed to be both teacher and pupil, for at any time a man may get up in meeting and express himself regarding the best methods of running a bank or a department, which is more than he can do when he gets into his cage in the daytime.

Many people seem to think that banking is a system by which a person puts a $10 bill in one window and then a few days or months later takes it out of another window, and that meantime the bank has been carefully guarding that same identical note in a deep vault, safe from burglars and moths. They also seem to think that the bank begins business when the doors open at ten o clock and ends when they close at three. These are only the obvious signs that the bank is doing business, and have only the smallest relationship to the real workings of the institution. The public does not see astute men deliberating on the value of stocks offered as collateral for a loan, or learned lawyers going through a document with a magnifying glass to find out what the contract is worth, or highly educated mathematicians computing a problem in the foreign discounts that reads something like this: "If a Persian buys a thousand pesos in Ecuador for two thousand dinars, what could he sell them for in Baden Baden after converting them into pounds, shillings and pence?"

Yet these and a thousand more intricate and difficult problems than these must the bank clerk know how to solve before he is able to hold a high office in the institution where he earns his daily bread. Every day it becomes more and more difficult for a clerk to get this knowledge. Ten years ago, when the era of consolidations began, a number of moderate sized banks became wedded and acquired new powers by the enormous capital that they controlled. With every consolidation new difficulties met the clerk who wanted to know why the president took his lunch in his room instead of going out for it, and why the paying teller marked certain accounts with a red pencil and others with a green.

Then the bankers all found themselves in trouble. When a valued clerk became sick or left their employ, they had the greatest difficulty in finding anyone who could take his place at a moment's notice. Frequently men in higher positions would be compelled to take a step backward for a few weeks to teach some new man the work that he should be able to do after a few days of personal observation. So the wise men who compose the American Bankers' association fostered the idea of a club among their clerks where the general business of the bank and the work in the various departments could be taught out of working hours. The result was the Bank Clerks' Institute, with chapters in every important city in the United States, with regular semi-monthly meetings and with a journal where the wisdom that is laid before the meetings could be permanently preserved for the edification of those who could not or would not join the club.

Marriages Expected.

Only recently the complaint was made that the preparations for a wedding were becoming so elaborate, troublesome and costly that young men preferred to remain bachelors rather than undergo the ordeal. In view of this complaint is is reassuring to learn that, owing to the perfection of system established in the county building, weddings may now be performed there with the greatest dispatch. A couple, it is reported, may seek the marriage license window at any time in the day and then depart from the county building man and wife in the space of eight minutes and 20 seconds. The gain over the slow, old-fashioned wedding, which requires weeks for preparation and a whole day for the ceremony itself is obvious. A man may now get married in less time than it takes to ride around the loop. Some improved method of courtship on the lightning express principle doubtless will soon be forthcoming.—Chicago Daily News.

Nut and Fig Filling.

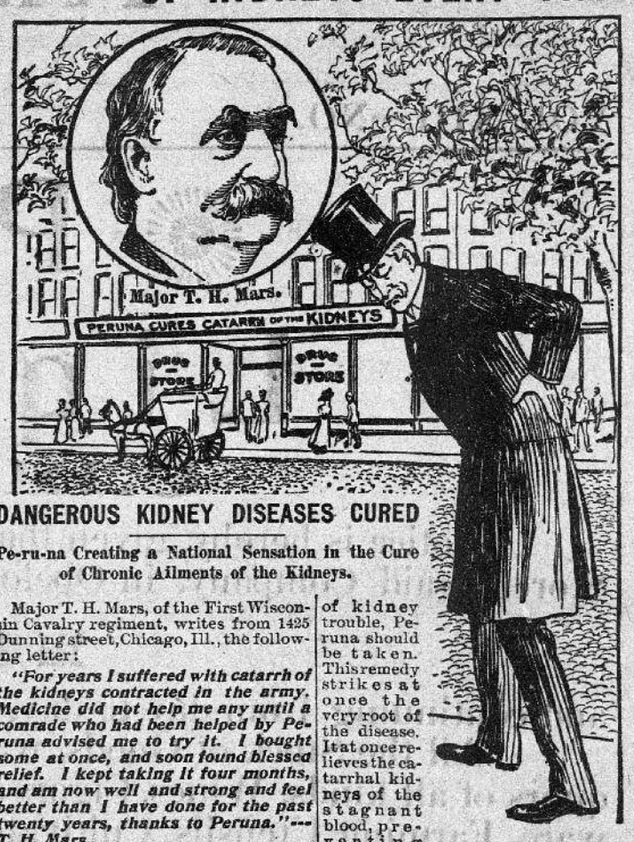
Blanch one pound of almonds, seed one pound of raisins; add to them a half pound of citron and three-fourths of a pound of figs. Chop them all together until fine and moisten to a smooth paste with a little good brandy or wine. Spread a thin frosting over the layer, then the paste, and another thin layer of frosting.—N. Y. Herald.

In a Close Place.

"How do you manage to live within your income, Briggs? Don't you feel cramped?"

"Cramped, did you say? Why, I have to go out and borrow $10 every time I want to stretch myself."—Smart Set.

PE-RU-NA CURES CATARRH OF KIDNEYS EVERY TIME.



DANGEROUS KIDNEY DISEASES CURED

Pe-ru-na Creating a National Sensation in the Cure of Chronic Ailments of the Kidneys.

Major T. H. Mars, of the First Wisconsin Cavalry regiment, writes from 1425 Dunning street, Chicago, Ill., the following letter:

"For years I suffered with catarrh of the kidneys contracted in the army. Medicine did not help me any until a comrade who had been helped by Peruna advised me to try it. I bought some at once, and soon found blessed relief. I kept taking it four months, and am now well and strong and feel better than I have done for the past twenty years, thanks to Peruna."—T. H. Mars.

Mr. John Vance, of Hartford City, Ind., says: "My kidney trouble is much better. I have improved so much that everybody wants to know what medicine I am using. I recommend Peruna to everybody and some have commenced to use it. The folks all say that if Dr. Hartman's medicine cures me it must be great."—John Vance.

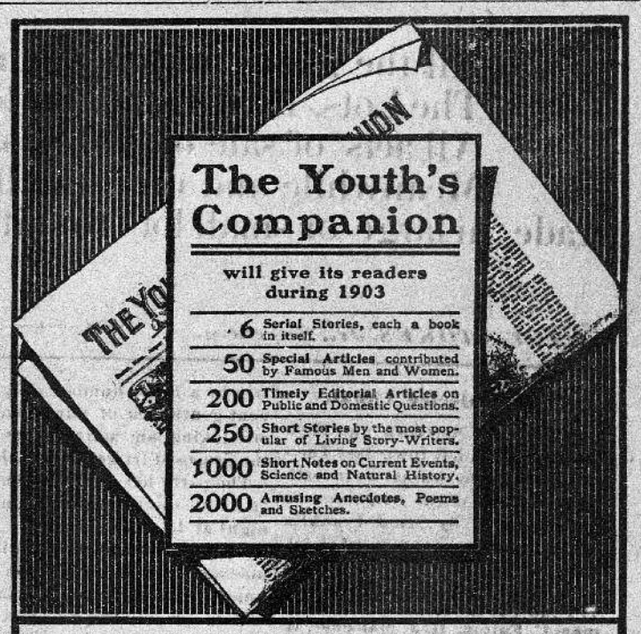
Mr. J. Brake, of Petrolea, Ontario, Canada, writes: "Four years ago I had a severe attack of Bright's disease, which brought me so low the doctor said nothing more could be done for me. I began to take Peruna and Manalin, and in three months I was a well man, and have continued so ever since."—J. Brake.

At the appearance of the first symptom of kidney trouble, Peruna should be taken. This remedy strikes at once the very root of the disease. It at once relieves the catarrhal kidneys of the stagnant blood, preventing the escape of serum from the blood. Peruna stimulates the kidneys to excrete from the blood the accumulating poison, and thus prevents the convulsions which are sure to follow if the poisons are allowed to remain. It gives great vigor to the heart's action and digestive system, both of which are apt to fail rapidly in this disease.

Peruna cures catarrh of the kidneys simply because it cures catarrh wherever located.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.



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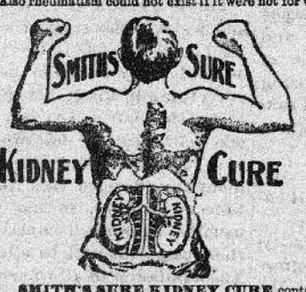
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

Have You Kidney or Bladder Trouble?

The Case of Mrs. Nancy Ball.

There are no diseases that more quickly and surely derange the entire constitution than Kidney or Bladder trouble, and it behooves every man and woman suffering from these diseases to have themselves cured at once. The body depends upon the Kidneys to throw off the waste matter of the system, and when it fails to do this the result is an interference with digestion, a sudden stoppage of the free circulation of the blood and a serious weakening of the heart. Also rheumatism could not exist if it were not for weak and deranged Kidneys.



Mrs. Nancy Ball, proprietor of the Ball House, Columbia, Miss., says: "I was for a long time a great sufferer from dropsy complicated with Kidney and Bladder troubles; my feet and hands were swollen and at times I was unable to walk about. My family physician had exhausted his skill in the treatment of my case without giving me any relief. I was then induced to give Smith's Sure Kidney Cure a trial and to my utter astonishment the first bottle relieved me, and I am in perfect health and able to attend to all my duties about the hotel. I consider Smith's Sure Kidney Cure the greatest medicine of the age."

MRS. NANCY BALL, Columbia, Miss.

SMITH'S SURE KIDNEY CURE contains nothing harmful, but nevertheless it will entirely cure Bright's Disease, diabetes, dropsy, gravel, stone in the bladder, bloated bladder, frequent desire to urinate, pains in the back, legs, sides and over the Kidneys, swelling of the feet and ankles, retention of urine, scalding pain in the bladder, wetting the bed—in short, every form of Kidney, bladder and urinary trouble in man, woman or child.

Price **50c** and **$1.00** a bottle of druggists generally or direct from the chemists.

FREE SAMPLE SENT ON APPLICATION.

SMITH MEDICAL COMPANY,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

Instead of giving a list of ailments we will say use it on your horses or cattle for almost every ailment and you may be sure good results will follow.

It will cure everything that a good liniment ought to cure—that's what horse-owners say of Mexican Mustang Liniment