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### MYSTERIOUS ACTRESS

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#### CHAPTER XXI.

"DO NOT ASK ME TO TELL!"

I had cautioned my companion to say nothing of my adventure of the night before and the next morning at breakfast all appeared as calm as though nothing had happened.

Nellie came to the dining-room a rather later than usual and took a seat at my right. She looked pale, and seemed sad. But little was said during the morning meal except some droll expression from Charley Mitchell, which even brought a smile to the sad face of Nellie. When breakfast was over I offered my arm to Nellie to accompany her to her room and she accepted it.

"You are pale this morning, Miss Nellie; are you not well?" I asked.

"Well as usual," she answered after a curious glance at me.

"There is something of great moment wearing on your mind," I said, taking a seat at her side on the sofa; "can you not be induced to tell me what it is?"

"I am forced to make the same answer I have always made," she replied—"that I cannot tell."

"And I am constrained to utter the oft-repeated sentence that you are doing yourself a great injustice," I said. "Oh Nellie, if you only knew how willingly I would share your troubles, if you only knew how willingly I would lay down my life for you, you certainly would keep nothing from me."

She bowed her face in her hands and wept for a few moments in silence.

"Nellie, have I wounded your feelings?" I asked.

She shook her head but made no reply.

"If I have inadvertently done so, forgive me, and allow me to assure you that it is my strong love for you that makes me so anxious."

"Do not talk of love to me," she said, drying her tears with an effort. "Heaven forbid that anyone should love me!"

"Nellie, why do you give away to such cruel utterances?"

"Cruel as they are, they are not half so cruel as to know I am loved. I who to the world must be a stranger, who must never love nor wed, should be hated and loathed by all."

"My darling," said I, encircling her form in my arms, "the very mystery about you seems to make you only the more lovely in my eyes. The fact that you are to be won by surmounting the greatest difficulties makes me the more determined. I will yet drive this cloud of despair from your horizon, and you shall shine forth as my brilliant star. I will clear up this mystery and you shall yet sparkle as my jewel. We will be happy that quiet country home amid lowing herds and bleating flocks on the hillside and in the meadows. You shall know what peace and rest are amid the leafy bowers and delightful lawns. Undisturbed by the fears of a villainous plotter we will live happily and contentedly together."

I paused and she replied directly: "It is very wrong of me to permit you to talk of love to me; to sit by my side with your arms encircling my waist. And it is very wrong of you to hold up such delightful pictures to me for only too well am I aware that the pictured cup can never reach my lips."

"Why not? Many things may yet happen of which we little dream?"

"Alas, you know not of what you speak. You do not understand me."

"Heaven knows, I wish I did," I answered sadly.

"You never can."

"I may."

"You would loathe and detest me if you did."

"I would love you a thousand times better."

"You think so."

"I know it."

"But if you knew all my dark life you would not, you could not, although as Heaven is my witness I never did wrong knowingly."

"You need not have said that, dearest—I knew it."

"You have great confidence in me now, but it would be shaken ere the investigation was begun."

"I will take you for better or worse without any investigation."

"But why need we continue this further; we cannot love and wed now—nor never."

"Remember, Nellie, dearest, that it is always darkest just before day," I said, in hopes the adage might revive her.

"But my life it has ever been one of Putonian darkness. No ray of sunshine ever fell upon me except, as your love, to taunt me for a moment, and then disappear, leaving that eternal gloom more horrid than before."

"Let us hope."

"I have lost hope."

"Do not despair then."

"Despair has possessed me for some time."

"Answer me one question, Nellie,

and pray think me not wantonly inquisitive."

"What is it?"

"Have you seen him since we have been here and within the last few days?"

"Whom?"

"He who seems to hold your fate in his hands. That tall dark monster who appears like an evil genius to repeatedly destroy your happiness."

After a brief silence, she asked: "Oh why do you question me about him?"

"It is my great love for you, Nellie, that prompts me to do it, not idle curiosity. I see you are paler and more agitated than usual, and I would know if his presence is the cause."

"It is."

"When did you see him last?"

"Only a few days ago."

"Where?"

"Oh do not ask me to tell," she almost sobbed.

"Believe me, dearest, I do not ask only for your own good," I said.

"But your knowledge of all will do no good."

"It may."

"It cannot, do not ask me to tell anything more. I am sworn not to—would you have me perjure myself?"

"No; heaven knows, no. But, darling, oaths extracted under torture or fear, are not morally binding."

"My troubles are all I can endure now, without risking more."

"Nellie, forgive me, if I have added aught to your burdened heart."

"You are freely forgiven," she answered sadly. "I know it is the goodness of your heart that prompts you to relieve me. But I am surrounded by naught but darkness and woe."

"Oh do not say that! Rather say that I may be able to help you."

"You can only relieve me as a skillful surgeon would the wound beyond cure—by giving me rest and ceasing to agitate the subject that is at no distant day to prove my destruction."

"Do not talk so, Nellie, do not let despair have utter possession of you."

"I speak from what I have long known."

"Do you doubt my motive in my efforts to relieve you?"

"Not in the least. I know your motives are pure and noble, but you can do me no good."

"One more Nellie and I am done with this subject."

"Can you not spare me?"

"But it may help you."

"Oh! I have told you so often that nothing would help me."

"But, dearest Nellie, this one question can do you no harm."

"What is it then?"

"This tall, dark man seems to be your evil genius. Suppose he was out of the way would you be happy?"

She started to her feet with a slight scream.

"Are you meditating murder?"

"No," I answered.

"Then why," said she, "ask me such a question?"

"This is a troublesome country. He gambles and drinks, and in some brawl may lose his life. In such a case, would you be relieved?"

She shook her head but remained in a strange silence.

"Have you seen him?" she asked.

"I have."

"When?—where?"

"Last night in the gambling saloon. I went there with some of the gentlemen members of the troop and saw him gambling."

A new terror seemed to possess her.

"You say you love me," she finally said, clutching my arm violently, while her beautiful brown eyes were fixed on my face.

"I do. I swear it by all my hope of heaven. I love you as I never did and never can love another."

"Then as you love me, swear by that love that you will never seek the company or acquaintance of that man, and that you will use all efforts to avoid him. And also, that you will never recognize him when you see him, and will mention his presence to no one."

I made the desired pledge and she permitted me to kiss those beautiful but cold lips, when I left her, with the mystery no nearer solved than before.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

JACK CARNS IS INQUISITIVE.

"Stop, young man, I want to speak to you," said a voice near me.

I was walking down the street several blocks from the hotel on the afternoon of the same day the events related in the last chapter occurred. I was alone, and the command or request, for it seemed from the tone to be either, was apparently addressed to me.

Turning I beheld a stout, rather elderly, well-dressed gentleman, with iron gray hair, approaching me and beckoning me to stop.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "but were you addressing me?"

"I was, sir. Are you in a hurry?"

"No, sir; I have all my time at my own command."

"Then, sir, my carriage is near. Will you accept a seat in it and accompany me home?"

I had by this time recognized the stout, elderly gentleman as old Jack Carns, the millionaire.

Having nothing better to occupy my time just then, and greatly wondering why the old gentleman desired my company, I accepted.

We returned to where his carriage

stood waiting, and he opened the door and bade me enter, which I did.

I greatly wondered what suddenly made the gruff old Jack Carns so friendly toward me. He was extending a hospitality not usual to him. Was it because I had been a witness to the few hot words between himself and LaMorge, or was it an account of my own encounter with the latter person.

The carriage rattled on at a rapid rate, and the stout old gentleman smoked his cigar in silence. A thousand foolish conjectures were in my mind, and all of them far from the old man's real intentions.

We stopped at last, and on glancing out I saw we were at the residence of Jack Carns. The old gentleman started up as if from a reverie, brushed away the ashes which had fallen from his cigar on his vest, and said cordially: "Come in."

I followed him up the marble steps along the snow white pebbled path and into the grand sitting room.

"Have a seat," said Jack in his plain, straightforward way.

I knew from the manner of the man that something was coming, but just what that something would be I could not guess. The old man after a few more whiffs in silence at his cigar, threw the stump into the blazing grate, and after some little effort on his part, crossed his right leg over his left.

"I wanted to have a little chat with you alone," he finally said, "so I brought you here to my house. We might be overheard on the street when we least expected it, and I do not want any one to know that we ever had a chat. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, though in fact I did not.

"You see, walls have ears," some people say and it's best to be particular. You understand?"

"Oh, yes; I think one cannot be too careful."

"I want to ask you some questions, and you, of course, can answer them or not; you understand?"

"Yes, sir, I think I do."

"Then what is your name—your real name, not the name you go by on the stage, which is printed in flaming letters on those big bills."

"My real name is John Thornburg," I answered.

He studied for a moment with his head bowed in his hands, and said: "I don't think I ever heard of it before. Where do you live."

"I call Illinois my home."

"Where were you born?"

"That is my native state."

"What business did you follow before you became an actor?"

"I was a college student."

"How came you to become an actor? You need not answer unless you want to, you understand."

"Perfectly, sir," I replied, and I proceeded then to give a brief detail of the formation of our company.

"Were you acquainted with Seymour before you all together organized the troupe?"

"No, sir."

"Were you acquainted with the other members?"

"Most of them I was. Some of them were classmates with me."

"Which ones did you know? You need not tell, you understand, unless you want to," said old Jack.

"Wondering why the old gentleman was so inquisitive, I saw no reason, however, for refusing to answer his question."

"I was acquainted with George Wainwright, Charley Mitchell, Tom Horne, Miller, Mrs. Ladue, Mrs. Atwell and their husbands, Miss Rose, and slightly acquainted with Miss Nellie Cornell."

The old gentleman sat facing me, with his cane between his knees and his head bowed until his lips came in contact with the golden knob on the top. Between questions he nervously sucked at the golden knob, and waited with all the astuteness of an experienced attorney cross-examining a witness.

"Were they all members of your college?"

"No, sir."

"How many were?"

"Wainwright, Mitchell and Horne."

"What business were the others in?"

"Some were engaged in business, and two of the young ladies were attending a Ladies' Normal Seminary."

"What two?"

"Miss Rose Perry and Miss Nellie Cornell. Mrs. Ladue was also in the seminary," I added after a moment's reflection.

"Is Miss Rose Perry the young lady who plays the part of the French Spy?"

"No, sir; that is Miss Nellie Cornell."

"Miss Nellie Cornell," he repeated, giving the head of his cane a vigorous suck. "Were you intimately acquainted with her before the organization of the troupe? You're not to answer unless you want to, you understand."

"I had seen her frequently, but had formed no intimate acquaintance with her," wondering what turn his cross-examination would take next, and what could be its real object.

"Do you know where she was from before you met her at Hampstead?"

"No, sir, I do not," I answered, fancying for the first time that I began to see the drift of his questioning.

"Do you know where Miss Rose Perry is from?"

"She is a native of the State of Illinois," I answered, all at sea again as to his motives.

Who was L. H. Seymour, you acting manager?"

"He was an actor, so he informed us, from the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans," I replied, still more at sea in regard to his object.

"Were the two young ladies very intimate? You understand, not to answer unless you want to," and again he sucked the gold head of his cane.

"They were."

"Had known each other before they met at Hampstead City?"

"No, sir; they had never heard of each other until both became classmates of the institution."

"Well, Seymour knew them before?"

"You are mistaken there again. No one knew Miss Cornell, our star actress, until she came to Hampstead."

"Where did she come from?"

"No one knows."

"A strange girl, does no one know her past history?"

"No, sir, at least no member of our company."

"Have you met any one since who does know her past history?"

I looked at him keenly, but his grey eyes were upon the floor, and his mouth upon the gold head of his cane.

"Sir," said I after a moment's reflection, "there is a motive in all this interrogation."

"You understand, sir, you are not compelled to answer."

"If I knew your object I would better know what freedom to answer."

"My object is a just one, but I am not at liberty to reveal it," he answered. "Will you answer my question? Have you seen any one since you have been in this city who does know her past history?"

The question was put pointedly and directly, like an experienced lawyer would drive an unwilling witness to the wall.

"I do not know for certain."

"What is your best impression, or rather opinion in the matter?"

After a few moment's reflection I concluded that I could do her cause no harm to answer.

"I believe I have," I said.

"Was it a man or a woman?"

"A man."

"Tall?"

"Yes."

"Dark?"

"Yes, rather swarthy."

"Rather past middle age?"

"I should judge so," said I, my own curiosity beginning to be aroused.

"Do you know his name?"

"Only from what you addressed him."

"I addressed him when?" It was old Jack's turn to become curious.

"The last evening in the gambling saloon."

"Umph, you heard that?"

"I did."

"Did you learn what it was about?"

"No, sir."

For a moment the old man sucked the head of his cane in silence.

"Have you ever asked the young lady to reveal a part or all of her past history?" he finally asked.

"I would inform you now Mr. Carns, that there are precious secrets between Miss Cornell and myself which I cannot reveal, and still I know comparatively little about her former life, save that she is an angel on earth and has always been one."

"The old man looked up and fixed his keen grey eyes on me with a curious stare.

"Of course, young man, you understand you are not to tell anything except of your own free will and accord."

"I will say then, Mr. Carns, that I know but little of the past life of Miss Cornell. That it has been one of sorrow I can have no doubt; that there is a terrible family secret she has told me; but as to where she was born, who or what her parents were, and what great power that villain, LaMorge, holds over her. I have not the slightest idea. I sometimes think he is her father, then her husband, then a brother, and then neither. I cannot understand it all. Miss Cornell is a lady as pure as an angel, but there is a shroud of mystery enveloping her."

"Do you know that her name is Cornell?"

Again the keen grey eyes were on the floor and he was sucking the cane vigorously.

"What could his last question mean? Did this wealthy Californian know aught of the beautiful, unfortunate girl, whom I had learned to love."

"Mr. Carns," said I solemnly, "the young lady is in great distress. If you can do ought to relieve her, it will be a Christian act. If you know anything of her past that can be of advantage to her, in God's name what is it. I would give all my earthly possessions, nay, even my life itself, to relieve her from that monster, LaMorge."

The old gentleman was not to be swerved from his point, so he repeated his question.

"Do you think that Nellie Cornell is her real name?"

"My opinion is, it is only assumed. I trust, however, that all this 'pumping' will not be used to add to the misery of the poor girl."

"I swear on my honor, sir, and before heaven, it shall not," replied the elderly gentleman.

"I have told you all, sir, that I know and care to reveal. Can you do anything to relieve Miss Cornell, to remove this cloud of trouble from her soul?"

"I do not know," he answered, sucking the head of his cane.

"Do you know anything about her?"

"I do not know whether I do or not."

"Did you ever see her before?"

"I do not know."

Finding that I was not likely to reach the bottom of this mystery by sounding Jack Carns, I bade him adieu and left, hardly knowing whether I done right or wrong in permitting so thorough an interrogation in the interview.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 17, 1883.

One of the agreeable features in the matter of our national finances is the great reduction in the cost of collecting the revenues. During the year ending June 30, the receipts from internal revenue were \$144,553,366.96, for the collection of which there was paid out \$5,120,000, or less than three and one-half per cent. It used to be said under Johnston and to some extent reiterated under the administration of General Grant, that the actual cost to the Government to get a dollar into the treasury was more than the dollar itself; but this financial retrogression was never satisfactorily demonstrated, in the face of the fact that the national debt was being reduced to the extent of three millions per month under both of these administrations, and up to this time at the rate of five millions per month under the Hayes and Arthur dynasty.

Of this large amount received in a single year Illinois contributes more than one-sixth, or twenty-six millions in round numbers, as her quota of tax, principally on spirits. And what is particularly notable, the same state is levied upon for nearly one-half of all the tax collected upon spirits in the whole country, the Empire State coming in as second, with Ohio and Kentucky practically making up the remainder of the receipts from this source, which last year footed up close upon seventy millions. The announcement that there will be but a slight, if any, reduction in the principal of the national debt for the month of July, comes of the sweeping reductions in the receipts for stamps upon matches and bank checks and the rebate upon tobacco and cigars in bond, which alone calls for more than thirty millions of dollars. With the prospect that there will be yet more sweeping reductions by the Democratic Congress next year, the country will gradually work down to the limit of paying the interest on the public debt, and let the principal take care of itself and the generation to whom it shall be a heritage.

Twenty years ago no American living could have entertained the thought that the United States with all her unlimited resources, and with all the unstinted patriotism and loyalty of her people, could have borne up under a debt of two thousand millions of dollars, when we were worrying ourselves almost to death over an indebtedness that did not cover one-tenth of that now owed by a single city.

Nor do the people of the present day seem to realize that our public debt, large as it is, is not so large by one fourth as another public debt which must be paid from the pockets of the people, and that is the debt contracted by the railroad corporations of the country, and amounting to the round sum of sixty-five hundred millions of dollars. Every mile of the more than 100,000 miles of railroad, with every bridge and tunnel and station, and every part and parcel of structure and superstructure, with every particle of rolling stock pertaining to are under mortgage to that class of bondholders who will exact the last drop of blood nominated in the bond. It is a debt of the peculiarity of construction that enables it to perpetuate itself, and no possible forecast can be taken as to the particular generation that will extinguish it. While every dollar of our national debt is paid is the cessation of so much of a draft upon the resources of the people, every payment upon a railroad debt is attended with additional burdens burdens upon the travel and commerce of the nation. The public as it pays one bond, finds itself confronted with two to make the place of the one extinguished; and the fifteen hundred millions of dollars that have been the subject of foreclosure in the last eight years, or since 1874, have been augmented by nearly triple that sum in the stock-watering trash called securities!

To form some idea of the extreme facilities with which railroad indebtedness is created take the statistics of the best authority upon such matters. From these it will be seen that in 1872 the indebtedness by railroads in the United States amounted to \$56,116 per mile and this was more than double the actual cost of construction. Nine years later the indebtedness was increased to \$64,441 per mile or sixteen per cent greater than in 1872, when the fictitious values of our paper

currency affected stocks of every character, helping to precipitate the crash of 1873, and swelling the railroad indebtedness out of all proportion by the forced issuance of watered stock. Yet railroad buildings goes on and will continue to go on until the country is absolutely gridironed with them, and every rod of subsidized railroad land in the hands of Wall street. And there follows to the far west in the track of him who would "grow up with the country" the blessed privilege of meeting a tax to pay off a railroad mortgage laid upon railroad pre-emptions years before the shriek of any locomotive had loaned its echoes to the forest, and prairies; and upon these lands are laid already a burden of twenty-seven hundred millions of dollars, of which the public will pay all and the railroad never a cent! Then in its good time will come the epoch of a reorganization of railroad indebtedness by which the frightful increase of interest and stock watering may be decreased if not altogether checked by a repetition of the disaster of '73.

DOM PEDRO.

#### Consideration for Old Employees.

Physical vigor and mental activity are necessary in all kinds of employment and all sorts of business. Lacking either, the man is, in some degree, incompetent. The cases are exceptional where profitable employment is fitted to the man, whether physically weak or mentally slow. And yet there are cases where employment and occupation should be given to such persons, not alone as a matter of policy—to prevent mental and bodily injury—but as a duty. An employee who has spent the vigor of his best years in the service of an employer deserves something more in his last years than cold neglect. Even the turning out of an old horse to die is a subject for attention by the officers of humane societies.

If an employee is of any value whatever, he ought to earn for his employer something above his stipend; in fact, the labor of employees, combined with the judicious use of capital, should accumulate for the employer a competency, if not actual wealth. The wealth thus gathered represents, in part, the excess of the value of the labor performed above the amount that has been paid to the laborers. Although the employee has no legal right to demand more than the agreed sum as wages, or salary, which he receives, the fact remains that the wages, or salary, may not represent the proceeds of his work in full.

This fact may not constitute even a moral claim by the employee for anything beyond his regular compensation under any circumstances. It may be that the compensation was sufficient to have placed the employee, in his old age of feebleness, in a condition of comparative independence, but he may have neglected to provide for the inevitable rainy day. Employers have no special supererogatory duties toward employees of this class. Nor is it, perhaps, incumbent on them to pension off old employees, as governments sometimes do public servants. The circumstances will alter the cases. It is not to be expected that employing establishments or individuals are to become insurers against the decrepitude of old age and its attendant incompetency. But the dictates of humanity and the demands of business policy may so far go harmoniously together as to prevent the too common spectacle of an old, faithful employee deprived not only of a position of profit because of inability, but of occupation adapted to his failing powers. There are few sadder sights than this, and pity for the unfortunate man and detestation for his thoughtless or perhaps avaricious employer is felt by every spectator.

As men grow old in any particular service their business ways and work habits become fixed, and all the surroundings of their secular employment become more familiar to them than their home life. It is like casting them adrift without a rudder, oars, or chart to turn out old employees under such circumstances. Who has not felt a pity for some superannuated employee thus set adrift, as he has noticed him returning occasionally to his old haunts, and looking about wistfully on scenes of which he once formed a necessary part, in which he is now only an incumbrance and a disturbing element. Too old to start anew in another line, and possessing none of the hopefulness of youth and the ambition of mid age, he becomes disheartened, melancholy, and perhaps imbecile, until death steps in to his relief.

There is a large manufactory in a New England State that for more than thirty years has been running with pecuniary success, employing young and old, male and female, in its various departments. When business has been dull, and the markets unstable, work has been reduced and wages shortened, as was necessary to prevent financial disaster. But good employees were kept, if possible, even in the dulllest times. There never was a strike, nor a threat of one, in this establishment. Among other humane practices and considerate measures for the comfort and well being of their employees, this company keeps their hands warm when old and unprofitable. There is one old man, now more than eighty, who has worked faithfully, for the best part of his vigorous manhood, for the company. He still works—not, however, full hours—and his employment is of so trifling a character that but for the circumstances it would be ludicrous. But the old man is proud of his employers and that he is still able to work, and is living a happy, contented life, believing that he is independent of charity and that he is still useful, if not necessary, to his employers. This is an example that might properly be followed by others.—Scientific American.

A cyclopedia agent, while canvassing the suburbs lately, devoted fifteen minutes' persuasion to an old gentleman, only to be rewarded with a shake of the head, in a decisive tone, this reply: "No, I don't want none of them in my house. My brother's boy, he's got one, and before he'd had it two weeks broke his ankle a-trying to ride out here one Sunday afternoon."—Boston Globe.

**Why Some Mechanics don't Get on.**

We were much interested the other day in drawing from one of the oldest practical mechanics (Cleveland) the secret of his success. Said he: "I have always made it a rule to do my work so well that it left a good impression on my employer." There is more in this than at first appears. Hard work is one thing; conscientious work is another. The hard worker may outwardly conform to all the requirements of the shop; he may always be in his place at the starting of the machinery; he may take short noontimes, and he may be among the last to drop his tools at night, but after all he may utterly fail to get on in the world, and why? Let our experienced informant answer: "I know of a young man of just that kind. He works hard enough and wants to succeed, but somehow he can't. He came to me for counsel, and I found that he was slighting his work. That is, in his anxiety to turn off a large amount, he neglected the finish which always tells on good work. The consequence will be that, unless he makes a change, when times are dull he will be one of the first to be dropped by his employer." Superintendents and foremen notice these defects more closely than many are aware. The man who slides over his work who lacks in thoroughness, who lets an unfinished piece of work leave his hands, is marked. In the unwritten law of the shop he is barred from promotion, while the conscientious workman is morally certain of advancement. Is the tendency of the day in the direction of a better finish to work? We think it is. As machinery is brought into competition the strife will be to secure superiority in cheapness, simplicity, and finish. Here it is that the thorough workman brings into play all the resources of his skill and honesty—his "mechanical moral sense," it has aptly been called. Here it is, too, that the slovenly, or careless, or hasty workman utterly fails. There are some forms of bad work that can be deftly covered up, but the compensations of life bring the inevitable result—failure to him who does not put his heart in the work, success to him who not only does his task, but does it well.—Trade Review.

**World-Crowding.**

The series of statistics and inferences embodied in the startling paper on "World-Crowding" by President Griffin of the London Statistical Society, has attracted very general attention, which is not likely to subside now that it has been brought out in book form. The general thesis is that the time is close at hand when the world will be full, when the population will have so pressed upon the means of subsistence that a large share of the inhabitants will live habitually upon the verge of starvation, as the Irish do now. This conclusion rests upon the fact that in India population has already reached this point, while in the whole of Europe it has become so dense as no longer to be able to live upon the product of the soil, but on food imported from abroad, largely from the United States. With regard to India the case is indeed very grave, and it is not easy to contrive a solution. With regard to Europe generally, we have not at hand sufficiently definite information as to the extent of the uncultivated land or lands withheld from agriculture to determine whether, if fully cultivated, it would or would not be able to support the population. The argument also appears to leave out certain elements which, if included, would lead to a different conclusion, or at least to a suspension of judgment.—For it is evident that these European peoples do not eat foreign bread free of cost. If bread is bought it is paid for, which can only be by the proceeds of labor. And it is by no means proved that this labor if applied to agriculture, would not have been sufficient to draw a support from the native soil. Besides this, it fails to take into account the present rude condition of agriculture. We have only begun to learn the art of applying labor to the fields and the more important questions of the varieties of food which can be most easily produced, of which would go furthest toward satisfying human wants, we have hardly looked squarely in the face. So much, at least, we may safely conclude from this gloomy assemblage of figures namely, that mankind can never go on doubling once in twenty-five or fifty years, as they do in civilized countries, and be allowed to feed chiefly upon meat and bread. The limits in the case of wheat are already in sight. Further enlargements must mainly come from increasing the productivity of the soil.

In this direction the present product can be trebled, provided we can avoid the chinch bug and such like pests, before whom science is as yet helpless. Still this would stave off the over-crowding but for twenty-five years or so.—Chicago Herald.

**American and German Hogs.**

There is no such thing as sentiment in business. The Germans, it might as well be understood have excluded American pork simply in reference to the persistent clamor of the protectionists at home, who are anxious somehow to kill off competition with the products of the United States. The allegation that American pork is unwholesome is but a pretext, the dimness of which has been time and again exposed. The meat is as wholesome as any that is produced at home; but as it can be sold cheaper, it is driven from the market in order to protect "home industry"—in other words, to secure to the home trader a monopoly, and to deprive the German consumer of the benefit of cheap food. The evil in due time will cure itself.—The prohibitory decree rests upon a false pretence, and no economic policy for any length of time can be maintained upon a basis of that character. The great mass of the German people, who certainly are no fools, will soon discover just what the thing really means—a food monopoly; and we are mistaken in the sturdy German spirit if they do not rise up and put an end to it.—Commercial Bulletin.

A dry goods paper has a good deal to say about the reclassification of domestics. We do not know exactly what this means but if it will only transform chamber-maids into good cooks we will rise up and call it blessed.