Weekly Chillicothe Crisis.

VOLUME VII. | CHILLICOTHE, LIVINGSTON COUNTY, MISSOURI, THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1884. | NUMBER 31.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THERE are thirty-nine English tailors in Paris.

HEAVY late suppers are fashionable in London.

KNEE breeches are again advocated by certain London men.

MARY ANDERSON often visits localities described in Dicken's novels.

DENNIS KEARNEY is running an employment bureau in San Francisco.

THE largest city in Japan is Osaka, which contains 1,585,695 inhabitants.

IT is estimated that 3,000,000 horse-power is going to waste at Niagara Falls.

THE Princess Victoria of Hesse is to be married in an Irish Poplin wedding dress.

DIAMOND and pearl drop earrings are replacing the buttons in Paris ladies' ears.

A MASSACHUSETTS woman is suing her mother-in-law for $26,000 damages for alleged slander.

THE Albany *Argus* says that the ice is ten feet thick in the Hudson river just below that city.

SEVEN political state conventions have already been called to be held on Wednesday, April 30.

DR. HAMMOND, the well-known New York physician, is about to build a $50,000 house in Washington.

AN Iowa paper anxiously asks: "What is money?" Another Iowa paper responds: "Don't know."

THE British training ship Warspite has rescued 50,400 children from poverty and degradation and traind them for the sea.

A SCIENTIST of Texas, who has seen the big meteor that has been dug up in Los Angeles, describes it as "about the size of a trunk."

DONNELLY, the great California cattle man, avoided probate costs by giving his estate out-and-out to his brother before his death.

ACCORDING to the London *Truth*, sherry is going out of favor, and the only wines really largely consumed in England are claret and champagne.

AN irate Mexican challenged a man who accidentally trod on his favorite corn. If a duel comes off, his opponent will know where to find a tender spot for a target.

M. DE LESSEPS appears to keep a running account with nature. He often sleeps for twenty-four hours or more at a stretch, and then goes a whole week without even a moment's dozing.

A SINGULAR accident happened lately at a mill in Nashville, Tenn. A workman was thrown toward a circular saw, and, thinking he would strike it, died from fright. When picked up he was dead, but there was no sign of a bruise on his body.

A WINE competition was opened at Rome on February 16, in which 124 growers took part. The competitor who is decided to have produced the best sparkling white wine capable of being substituted for champagne will receive a god medal presented by the king.

THE total number of journals published in Great Britain is 2,015, and the total number of magazines 1,260. Of the journals, London has 401, the provinces 1,177, Wales 80, Scotland 181, Ireland 156 and the Channel Islands and Man 20. According to another classification, 179 of them are dailies. Of the magazines, 332 have a religious character.

THE *Progres Medical*, referring to the enormously increased consumption of drugs used in nervous affections, says: "In the central hospital pharmacy of Paris the amount of bromide of potassium sold in 1855 was but three kilos; in 1870 it had increased to 389 kilos; in 1875 to 730 kilos, and for the past ten years had increased all over Paris in like proportions. Quinine, morphine, and bromide are said to be the three great popular 'drugs of civilization.'"

THE following are said to be the sixteen American inventions of world-wide adoption. The cotton gin, the planing machine, the grass mower and reaper, the rotary printing press, steam navigation, the hot-air machine, the sewing machine, the India rubber industry, the machine manufacture of horseshoes, the sand blast for graving, the gauge lathe, the grain elevator, artificial ice making on a large scale, the electro-magnet in its practical application and the telephone.

PRINCE BISMARCK tells a story of the Duke de Morny, who made a very good thing out of his ambassadorial privileges. When he went to St. Petersburg as ambassador from Napoleon III., he took with him wagon loads of boxes and packing cases containing laces, silks and other dutiable articles. Being the "personal luggage" of an ambassador, everything passed the Russian frontier unexamined. Once in St. Petersburg, however, the Duke de Morny sold his silks and laces at a net profit of 800,000 roubles.

THE latest gossip about the Gladstones, father and son, is that the younger, who is the dullest of dull speakers in the house of commons, always gets up and leaves the moment his distinguished father gets on his legs to make a speech. The old man's latest most effective speech was his reply to a labored effort of Lord John Manners. Gladstone heard him through, and exclaimed "Bosh!" apparently forgetting and yet remembering Manners. Whereupon Manners incontinently left, making what is described as a "frigid bow" to Gladstone on his way out.

COME, TEACH ME.

Come, teach me the worth of affection,
The love that will never grow cold,
A bliss which will brighten life's pathway,
More precious than silver or gold.
Then whisper of joy in a cottage—
A charm that no lover would miss—
And with your sweet face flushed in beauty,
Just meet me half way with a kiss.

Come, tell me how long I must linger,
A-sighing for joy you can give,
These years you have kept me a-waiting—
It's hard out of sunshine to live.
Then teach me the worth of affection,
While I am so eager for bliss,
And with your fair face bright with blushes,
Just meet me half way with a kiss.

Come, teach me the art of true loving,
And smile when I call you my dear;
My heart is now throbbing with pleasure
And tenderly drawing you near.
While youth's bright, warm summer is passing,
Oh! give me one token of bliss;
Just fly to my arms with an answer,
I'll meet you half way with a kiss.

When shadows of twilight are deep'ning,
And nightingales' songs we can hear,
Come, teach me the worth of affection,
The love that is constant, my dear.
I wait in the sweet, blooming clover,
And long for your token of bliss;
Come, love, with your fond eyes a glowing,
And meet me half way with a kiss.

—*Randolph Barrett.*

THE BLACKBIRD'S SONG.

Aye, when th' weary sun comes round
To greet the hospitable West,
And, in her crimson curtains wound,
From fevered labor sinks to rest,
Men revel in the scene profound
And restful rapture fills each breast—
But 'mid the wealth of sight and sound
One golden note I love the best.

For soon as sunset flames the day,
With music through the dreamy air,
Clear as when cornets sweetest play,
And rich as wine of vintage rare,
Down the pure song-stream floats a lay
That ravishes both heart and brain—
Thick foliage screens the trembling spray
Where, hid, the blackbird pours his strain.

—*Walter Buchanan, in Good Words.*

BEHIND THE TAPESTRY.

The first part of the strange story which I am about to tell happened some ten years ago.

Ten years ago I was in the first sorrow of my widowhood. I was childless, too; and when the grave closed over my husband I thought there was no place left for me in the world.

I was rich, young; and my friends and my own reflections in the glass told me that I was beautiful.

Of course, I had many acquaintances; what rich young widow has not? But acquaintances and friends differ widely. I did not care for the people who flattered and made much of me, but I turned, even in the first days of my trouble to one friend.

She, too, was young and beautiful. We were school fellows: we were engaged at the same time: we were married in the same month of the same year.

During the three years of my married life we had seen little of each other, but when my husband died and Mary Clifford wrote to me tenderly out of her full heart, I answered back her love.

She asked me to stay with her, and I went.

How peaceful were those days spent in her beautiful home! The house and place were called Aspen's Vale. The house was many centuries old. Its architecture was remarkable: its rooms curious. It was a rambling old place, and of course it had a ghost. It stood in the midst of very lovely grounds, overlooking wood and river. Altogether it was one of the show places in ——.

I stayed with the Cliffords a couple of months. During that time the house was quiet, visitors few—they eschewed company for my sake.

At the end of two months I left them, comforted and helped, and with many promises of a return by and by.

Circumstances, however, too varied and too many to mention, prevented a second visit taking place for a couple of years. At the end of that time a great longing came over me to see Mary Clifford again. I must write to her and propose a visit. I did so.

By return of post I got a short, but characteristic, reply:

DEAREST HONOR—Of course I long to see you, but, unfortunately, the house is full. Large as it is, it is crammed from cellar to attic.

My dear, I don't wan't to refuse you. I do long to see you. Will you sleep in the tapestry room? for of course it is empty. I dare not put anybody else there, but I don't think you, Honor, will be afraid of the ghost. If the tapestry room will suit do come, and a thousand welcomes. I can put up your maid. Your loving friend, MARY CLIFFORD.

To this letter I made a short answer:

"I do not believe in the ghost. The tapestry room will do beautifully. Expect me to-morrow."

The next evening I arrived at Aspen's Vale in time for dinner. The tapestry room looked charming. I fell in love with it on the spot, and vowed, laughingly, that the ghost and I would make friends.

My maid, however, looked grave over my jesting remarks. It was plain that she believed in supernatural visitations.

Gaiety of heart, however, was over me. I could not resist the cheerful influence of my old friend's company. I felt happier than I had been since my husband's death, and after a very delightful evening retired to my room, feeling brave enough to encounter any number of ghosts that might choose to visit me.

The tapestry room was quite away from the rest of the house; it was at the extreme end of a wing.

No other bedrooms were in this wing. There were a smoking room, a morning-room and a little oriel chamber, which Mrs. Clifford in her early married life had curiously fitted up for herself, but now seldom occupied. Neither did she believe in the ghost, but she confessed that the little oriel chamber had an eerie feel.

The morning-room opposite, cheerful and pretty enough, was unused. Its furniture was antique; it belonged to a by-gone day, and its inhabitants were dead. The smoking room also was deserted; even the fumes of tobacco had left it, the squire preferring a more central apartment in the modern part of the house.

Altogether, this wing of the old house seemed dead. Visitors only came to it out of curiosity; they paid brief visits and preferred doing so in broad daylight.

It must have been quite a hundred years since the tapestry room in the far end of this wing had been slept in. Old as the other rooms in the wing looked, the tapestry room bore quite the palm for ancient appearance. There was not an article of furniture in it, not a chair, not a table, which must not have seen the light of centuries.

The furniture was all of the blackest oak, the bedstead the usual four-poster, on which our ancesters loved to stretch themselves. But the curious feature of the room—that which gave it its name—was the tapestry. Not an inch of the walls was to be seen; they were hung completely with very ancient and very faded tapestry. There was a story about this tapestry. One Dame Clifford, of long by-gone days had worked it, with the help of her maidens. She had come to an untimely end on the very day on which the great work of her life had been completed.

It does not matter to this story what became of the proud and fair dame, but it was her ghost which was said to haunt the wing, and the tapestry chamber in particular. Warden, my maid, as she helped me to undress, looked quite pail with terror.

"They do say, ma'am, as Dame Clare Clifford appears with her head tucked under her arm and threads from the old tapestry hanging to her skeleton fingers. She's dressed in gray silk that don't rustle never a bit, though 'tis so thick it might stand all alone they do say. 'Tis awful lonesome for you, madam, to sleep here all alone, and I'll stay with you with pleasure if it comes to that, though my nerves arn't none of the strongest."

I thanked Warden, however, and assured her that I was not in the least afraid; and she, with a well-relieved face, left me alone. I heard her footsteps echoing down the corridor—they died away. I was now out of reach of all human help, for in this distant room—in this distant wing—no possible sound could reach any other inhabitants of Aspen's Vale.

I think I have implied that I was brave. In my girlhood, in my short married life, even in the sad depression of my early widowhood, I have never known physical fear; nevertheless, when the last of Warden's footsteps echoed out and died, and that profound stillness followed which can be oppressive, I had a curious sensation.

I did not call it fear. I did not know it for that grim and pale-faced tyrant; but it made me uncomfortable and caused my heart to beat irregularly.

The sensation was this—I felt that I was not alone.

Of course it was fancy, and what had I to do with fancy?

I determined to banish the uncomfortable feeling from my mind, and stirring the fire to a cheerful blaze I drew one of the black oak chairs near it and sat down.

Warden had looked so pale and frightened before she left me that, out of consideration for her feelings, I had allowed her to leave the jewels which I had worn that evening on the dressing table.

There they lay, a set of very valuable brilliants. There was an oldfashioned mirror over the mantlepiece, and as I sat by the fire I saw the reflection of my diamonds in the glass. As I noticed their sparkle, again that strange sensation returned, this time more strongly, this time with a cold shiver. I was not alone.

Who was in the tapestry chamber? Was it the ghost? Was that story true, after all? Of course I did not believe it. I laughed aloud as the idea came to me. I felt that I was getting quite silly and nervous. There was nothing for me but to get into bed as quickly as possible.

I was about to rise from my easy chair and go over to the old fashioned four poster, when again my attention was attracted to the glass over my head. It was hung in such a way as to reveal a large portion of the room, and now I saw, not the diamonds, but—something else.

In the folds of the dim and old world tapestry I saw something move and glitter. I looked again; there was no mistaking it—it was an Eye, a human eye, looking fixedly at me through a hole in the canvas. Now I knew why I felt that I was not alone.

There was someone hidden between the tapestry hangings and the wall of the chamber. Some one—not a ghost. That eye was human, or I had never looked on human eye before. I was alone with a thief, perhaps with worse, and gems of immense value lay within his reach. I was absolutely alone, not a soul could hear the most agonized cry for help in this distant room.

Now I knew—if I had ever doubted it before—that I was a very brave woman.

The imminence of the peril steadied the nerves which a few minutes before were beginning to quiver. I neither started nor exclaimed. I felt that I had in no way betrayed my knowledge to my terrible guest. I sat perfectly still, thinking out the situation and my chances of escape.

Nothing but consummate coolness could win the victory. I resolved to be very cool. With a fervent and passionate cry to One above for succor, I rose from my chair, and, going to my dressing table, I slipped several costly rings from my fingers. I left them scattered carelessly about. I denuded myself of all but my wedding ring.

Then I put the extinguishers on the candles; they were wax, and stood in massive candlesticks. The room, however, was still brilliant with the light of the fire on the hearth.

I got into bed, laid my head on the pillow and closed my eyes.

It may have been ten minutes—it seemed more like an hour to my strained senses—before I heard the faintest movement. Then I discovered a little rustle behind the tapestry, and a man got out. When he did so I opened my eyes wide; at that distance he could not positively see whether they were open or shut. He was a powerful man of great heighth and breadth. He had a black beard and a quantity of thick, black hair. I noticed his features, which were tolerably regular.

I noticed also another peculiarity—among his raven locks was one perfectly white. One rather thick white lock was flung off his forehead—so white was it that the fire-light instantly revealed it to me.

The man did not glance towards the bed; he went straight, with no particularly quiet step, to the dressing table. I closed my eyes now, but I heard him taking up my trinkets and dropping them again. Then he approached the bedside. I felt him come close. I felt his breath as he bent over me. I was lying on my side; my eyes were shut; I was breathing gently.

He went away again; he returned to the dressing table. I heard him rather noisily strike a match, then with a lighted candle in his hand he once more approached the bed. This time he bent very low indeed, and I felt the heat of the flame as he passed it softly before my closed eyes. I lay still, however, not a movement, not a hurried breath, betraying me.

I heard him give a short satisfied sigh. Again, candle in hand he returned to the dressing table. Once more I heard the clinking sound of my trinkets as they fell through his fingers.

There was a pause, and then—for no reason that I could ever explain—he left the trinkets untouched on the table, and went to the door.

He opened the door and went out. I did not know what he went for—perhaps to fetch a companion certainly to return—but I did know that my opportunity had come.

In an instant, quicker than thought, I had started from my feigned slumbers; I was at the door. I had bolted and locked it. There were several bolts to this old-fashioned door, there were even chains.

I drew every bolt, I made every rusty chain secure. I was not an instant too soon. I had scarcely fastened the last chain, with fingers that trembled, before the thief returned.

He saw that he had been outwitted, and his savage anger knew no bounds. He kicked at the door, he called on me wildly to open it; he assured me that he had accomplices outside, that they would soon burst the old door from its hinges, and my life would be the forfeit.

To my terror I perceived that his words were no idle boast. The old door, secured by its many fastenings on the one side, was weak on the other: its hinges were nearly eaten through with rust; they needed but some vigorous kicks to burst them from their resting places in the wood.

I knew that I was only protected for a few minutes, that even if the thief was alone he had but to continue to assail the door as vigorously as he was now doing for a little longer to gain a fresh entrance into my chamber.

I rushed to the window, I threw up the sash and bent half out. Into the clear calm air of the night I sent my strong young voice.

"Help, help!—thieves!—fire!—danger!—help, help!"

I shouted these words over and over, but there was no response, except an echo. My room looked into a distant shrubbery; the hour was late, the whole household in bed.

The thief outside was evidently making way with the rusty hinges, and I was prepraing, at the risk of any consequences, the moment he entered the room to leap from the window, when I heard a dog bark.

I redoubled my cries. The bark of the dog was followed by footsteps; they came nearer, treading down fallen branches, which cracked under the welcome steps. The next instant a man came and stood under the window and looked up at me. I perceived by his dress that he was a villager, probably taking a short cut to the house. He stood under the window; he seemed terrified; perhaps he took me for the ghost. He was not, however, all a coward, for he spoke:

"What is wrong?" he said.

"This is wrong," I answered. "I am in extreme danger—extreme danger. There is not a moment to lose. Go instantly—instantly, and wake up the house, and say that I, Mrs. Crawford, am in extreme danger in the tapestry wing. Go at once—at once." I spoke distinctly, and the man seemed to understand. He flew away, the dog following him.

I instantly threw myself on my knees, and in the terrible moments that followed I prayed as I never had prayed before. Would the man be in time? Must my young life be sacrificed?

Ah, no! God was good. I heard joyful sounds; the thief's attacks on the door ceased suddenly, and the next instant the Squire's hearty voice called out:

"Let me in, Honor! What is wrong, child?"

I did let him in, and his wife, and several alarmrd looking servants who followed after.

We instantly began to look for the thief, but—mystery of mysteries—he had disappeared.

That terrible man with the black hair and white lock over his forehead had vanished as though he had never been.

Except for the marks he had made with his feet on the old oak door, there was not a trace of his existence.

I believe the servants doubted that he had ever been, and only thought that the young lady who was foolish enough to sleep in the tapestry chamber had been visited by a new form of ghost. Be that as it may, we never got a clew to where or how the man had vanished.

* * * * * *

Ten years later I was again on a visit at Aspen's Vale. This time I did not sleep in the tapestry room.

I now occupied a most cheerful modern and unghost-like room and but for one circumstance my visit would have been thoroughly unremarkable.

This was the circumstance which seems, in a wonderful way, to point a moral to my curious tale. I paid my visit to the Cliffords during the assizes. Squire Clifford, as one of the most influential county magnates, was necessarily much occupied with his magisterial duties during this time. Every morning he went early into the town where the assizes were held. One morning he told us of a case which interested him.

"He is a hardened villain," he said. "He has again and again been brought before me, but has never yet been convicted. He is unquestionably a theif; indeed, one of the notorious characters in the place; but he is such a slippery dog no jury has yet found him guilty. Well, he is to be tried again to-day, and I do hope we shall have some luck with him this time."

The squire went away, and it came into his wife's head and mine to pay a visit to the court, and see for ourselves the prisoner in whom he was interested.

No sooner said than done. We drove into ——, and presently found ourselves in the large and crowded building. When we entered, the case under discussion had not commenced, but a moment after a fresh prisoner was ushered into the dock.

What was the matter with me? I found my sight growing dim, I found myself bending forward, and peering hard. The memory of an old terror came back, the sensation of a couple of hours of mortal agony returned to me again. Who was in the prisoner's dock? I knew the man. He was my guest of the tapestry chamber of ten years ago.

There he stood, surly, indifferent, with his vast breadth and height, his raven-black hair, and that peculiar white lock flung back from his brow. He did not glance at any one, but kept his eyes on the ground.

I could not contain myself; I forgot everything but my sense of discovery. I started to my feet, and spoke:

"Mr. Clifford, I know that man; he was in my room ten years ago. Do you remember the night when I got the terrible fright in the tapestry chamber in your house? There is the man who frightened me. I could never forget his face. There he stands."

Whatever effects my words had on the squire and the judge, there is no doubt at all of their remarkable significance to the prisoner. His indifference left him; he stared with wide open and terrified eyes at me. It was plain that if I recognized him he also recognized me.

All his bravado left him; he muttered something, his face was blanched, then suddenly he fell on his knees and covered it with his hands.

My evidence was remarkable and conclusive; and that day, for the first time, Herculese Armstrong was committed to prison. He had long been the terror of the neighborhood, and no one regretted the just punishment which had fallen on him. What his subsequent career may be I know not; this is the present end of a strange and perfectly true story.—*L. T Meade, in New York Tablet.*

A Peace-Maker.

The citizens of Chicago are very sorry to notice the feeling against that city that is exhibited by St. Louis citizens, and they would do anything to put a stop to the sparring between the two cities. When a number of the Chicago citizens get together they talk it over, and all admit that if a united effort was made by citizens of both places, and an understanding arrived at, there would be no more hard feeling, as all realize that there should be no antagonism between cities so near together, and whose interests are so nearly identical. The recent defeat of St. Louis by Chicago in securing the democratic national convention has brought the matter before the people, and at a recent gathering at a club it was suggested that whenever a Chicago citizen was in St. Louis it was his duty to mingle pretty freely with the people and try and overcome the prejudice, so that there might in future be no antagonism. One old fellow was greatly taken with the idea, and he said he was going down to St. Louis in a day or two, and he should make a point of doing all he could to heal up the wounds. He returned on Tuesday, but did not show up at the club till Thursday evening, and as his coachman helped him up the steps, into the reception room, and helped him off with his coat, the club members gathered around him. He had one arm in a sling, one eye was bandaged, his nose looked as though it had been run into somebody else's business, one ear hung by a small piece, and was stuck on by court plaster, several of his front teeth were gone, his chin-whiskers were pulled out, and there was a lump on his head as big as a goose egg. Some one asked him if he had been in a railroad accident, and he looked up with the eye that was whole, and said:

"Wuss nor that, gentlemen. I have been to St. Louis. Just lift my sprained leg up on that chair a little. There, that will do. You see, being down there on business on the board of trade I thought I would try and say a few words that might tend to make people there see that there was nothing mean about Chicago, so when the boys went out to lunch near the board of trade, I went along, and about forty of us were standing up to the bar, so I opened on 'em. I told them I was from Chicago, and we did not as a people have any hard feelings toward St. Louis, because our town was the biggest and did four times as much business as they did. Just as I said that a lemon took me right in this eye. I looked around toward where the lemon came from, and I told the fellow at the end of the bar that they must not expect that a little place like St. Louis, with no hotel accommodations to speak of, and no desirable resorts for people to visit, could secure so important a convention. Says I, 'Years ago you could get a convention, but you are about forty years behind the age.' Just then a fellow behind me pulled my plug hat right down over my nose and hit the top of it with a dish of crackers and cheese. That is what took the skin off my nose, and loosened my ear. Then a fellow, that I will know if I ever see him, took a mug of this yellow stuff that looks like custard, which they make Tom and Jerry of, and poured a lot of it down my collar, and a chap pulled up my pants-legs and poured some more of it in my boots. I tell you I was mad. If I could have had about forty Chicago boys there we would have taken the town. They yelled to me to give 'em a rest, and a chunk of cheese struck me in the mouth, and the bar tender squirted seltzer water into my good eye with one of those syhlon bottles, but I told them that Chicago was the greatest city in the world, and that St. Louis wouldn't make a good door-yard for us, and that they didn't any of them know enough to keep out of the hands of bunco steerers, and that their bridge didn't amount to as much as a viaduct in Chicago. Well, you ought to have seen me. I think they threw me up in a blanket, but I don't know, for there was lemon juice in one eye and seltzer and custard in the other, but I felt as though I was going through the air for about fifteen minutes, and then I went out doors without my coat, and a barrel hit me in the back, and a crowd yelled 'Kill 'im,' and I guess I ran. I came across the bridge to East St. Louis and caught a freight train, and here I am alive. Don't any of you ever try to patch up a peace with St. Louis."—*Peck's Sun.*

"Flowering the Graves."

Probably to a great number of English people the pretty Welsh custom of "flowering the graves" on Palm Sunday is entirely unknown; what the origin of this beautiful custom is we know not. On Friday and Saturday before Palm Sunday the churchyard presents a busy scene, women washing and scrubbing the tombs and headstones, men trimming the grass and shrubs. When Easter is late and flowers consequently numerous, the whole churchyard seems, as we enter on Palm Sunday, to be one mass of blossom and color, and on looking closer we find some really beautiful designs, such as "No cross, no crown," the letters "No" being made in moss, and a cross and crown being cut out in cardboard and then covered with primroses. Another which caught my eye was a tomb consisting of a gray stone cross standing on seven or eight steps; each step covered with moss, and in the moss was placed first a root of maiden-hair spleenwort, then a bunch of violets, then a root of maiden-hair spleenwort, then a bunch of primroses, and so on around each step; the cross being wreathed with some of the same flowers and ferns. The effect was prettier than can be imagined from my description. It is not unusual in Wales, at this time of the year, for people to travel twenty and thirty miles to flower the graves of their friends and relations.—*New York Home Journal.*

TARIFF TAXATION.

The Morrison Tariff Bill as "Doctored" in Committee and Reported to the House.

Text of the Majority and Minority Reports Accompanying the Document.

Majority and minority reports of the ways and means committee on the Morrison tariff bill were submitted in the house Tuesday. The division in the committee was upon strict party lines. The majority report is as follows:

The committee on ways and means, to which was referred so much of the president's message and accompanying documents as relates to revenue, respectfully report that in said message the president has deemed it his duty to give to congress information as follows: To make a start in the proposed reduction of revenue for imports the tariff commission had been created. In good faith it undertook the work. In its report to congress it said that early in its deliberations the commission became convinced that a substantial reduction in tariff duties is demanded not by mere indiscriminate popular clamor, but by the best conservative opinions of the country. Such reduction of the existing tariff the commission regards not only as due recognition of public sentiment and a measure of justice to consumers, but one conducive to general industrial prosperity, and which, though it may be temporarily inconvenient, will ultimately be beneficial to the special interests affected by such reduction. Entertaining these views, the commission has sought to present a scheme of tariff duties in which a substantial reduction should be the distinguishing feature.

WHAT THE REDUCTION IS.

The average reduction in rates, including that from the enlargement of the free list and the abolition of duties on charges and commissions, at which the commission has arrived is not less, on the average, than 20 per cent. It is the opinion of the commission that the reduction will reach 75 per cent. The chairman of the senate committee on currency, in explanation of the bill before the senate last year, which, after various amendments, became a law, estimated at $45,000,000 the reduction of revenue which would follow the change in the tariff proposed thereby. These calculations have not been verified. So still the question presses, what legislation is necessary to relieve the people of unnecessary taxes? Your committee find that in the first six months ending December 31, 1883, under the act of March 3, 1883, (the new law,) dutiable merchandise was imported into the United States valued at $235,898,109, on which duties were paid amounting to $96,514,136, being 40 91-100 per cent on value thereof. In the corresponding six months of the year 1882, under the old law, the value of dutiable imports amounted to $260,856,273, and the duty paid was $111,266,507, or 42 65-100 per cent on value. It thus appears that the average cost of importing goods valued at $100 was only 1.74 per cent less under the new than under the old law. This exhibit in the reduction in rates made by the act of March 3, 1883, amounting to 1.74 per cent of duty, is subject to an unimportant modification, resulting from changes in value and other conditions, some of which increase and others reduce comparative ad valorem rates.

THE APPARENT REDUCTION

The nominal reduction made by the proposed bill is 20 per cent, or one-fifth of present rates. With the Morrill tariff limitations in the bill, and liquor and silk schedules admitted, as they are, the actual reduction on the basis of last year's imports will not exceed 15.71 per cent on the whole importation of dutiable goods. Together the average reduction made March 3, 1883, and that to be made by the proposed bill, do not equal the reduction "at which the commission arrived." Wood, sawed lumber, coal and salt are in such universal use among us, and so necessary to all people that, in view of the present abundant treasury receipts, it is not deemed advisable longer to obtain revenue from a tax on these articles. The decrease in revenue, as shown by receipts under the new law, other than that resulting from a nominal reduction of 1.74 per cent, results from the falling off to value nearly $25,000,000 imports in the first half of the year under the new law, as compared with the first half of the previous year under the old law. The reduction in revenue receipts under the bill reported is estimated at $31,000,000 on the basis of last year's imports. To extent of that $31,000,000 the bill will relieve the people of unnecessary taxes, to that extent taxes will be rendered directly, "as a means of justice to consumers," and indirectly in largely increased proportions. From the statement made by the bureau of satistics, a copy of which is appended. It appears that duties or tariff taxes were decreased on some and increased on other articles of imported goods under the act of March last (the new law). While this is true, there has been no increase in the rate of wages in any, but reduction in wages in most industries, as well in those whose competing products receive more as in those that obtain less protection under the act of March last.

THE IRON INTERESTS.

The condition of the manufacturing industries is not satisfactory. In common with other industries, they only recover late in 1879 from reverses or patial paralysis of five years' duration. In less than three years after this recovery such new evidence of industrial adversity appeared that in one of the largest, best paying and best paid industries, iron and steel, the calamity of four months' stoppages and idleness fell upon the workers dependent upon it, not upon the capital invested in it. In the annual report of the because it is a step in the direction of absolute free trade, declaring their preference for the collection of the revenues of the government by direct taxation of domestic products and duties upon commodities that can not be produced in this country, such as tea and coffee. With these exceptions every interest in this country has spoken with the strongest emphasis in opposition to the bill. While all unite in opposition to any reduction, some interests assert the necessity of an increase of duties for the actual maintenance of the industry and labor employed therein. The wool-growers of the country, representing every state in the union, demand a restoration of the wool duty of 1867. The undersigned have sought to respond favorably to this demand of more than a million of our fellow-citizens, representing the agriculture of our country, but have been overruled. The opponents of our views, not content with a refusal accede to the requests of this large class of producers for an increase of duties, deliberately propose to reduce duties still lower. Against this we enter a most earnest protest.

There are some inequalities, however, found in the present law which it would be only just to correct. Among American Iron and Steel association for the year 1882, made May 1, 1883, by James Swank, secretary of the association, he says at the beginning of June nearly all the mills referred to (rolling mills in Pittsburg and the west) were closed by a general strike, which continued until the last of September, when work was resumed upon the scale of wages which previously prevailed. During the strike for months the prices of rolled iron did not advance, notwithstanding the stoppage of so many mills, a fact which clearly demonstrated that the capacity to produce this form of iron had again, as in panic years, exceeded the demand. At the same time it must be frankly admitted that our rolling capacity has for some time been in advance of the consumptive wants of the country, and that the overproduction of rolled iron which was afforded by the strike of 1882 was in no sense a calamity to manufacturers. It is believed that the condition of the iron and steel industries and the workers in them has not much changed since 1882; that the condition of other industries is not unlike, and differs only in degree from iron and steel; that the calamity of frequent recurring of industrial embarrassment and inforced idleness is inseparable from the enormities of our protective system, and that the calamities of uch system always fall upon the laboring poor. Your committee; therefore, report a bill to reduce import duties and war tariff taxes, with the recommendation that it be passed as a measure of partial relief to the people from unnecessary taxes, as a measure of justice to consumers" and "conductive to general industrial property."

MINORITY REPORT.

The minority report was prepared by Mr. McKinley, as follows: "The undersigned, dissenting from the views of the majority of the committee on the tariff bill, beg leave to present the following objections to its passage: The last congress made a general revision of the tariff, securing important reductions in duties upon imports. In a few cases the reductions were below the point of necessity or wisdom, and in other cases, as was believed, touched the lowest limit of safety. There had been no general revision of the tariff laws since 1864-5. These laws had been practically undisturbed for nineteen years, and there was a manifest necessity for revision, while new classifications were required to meet the changed condition of business. Every effort from 1864 to 1883 at full revision of the tariff laws proved a failure. Some changes were made during that period, but no full and comprehensive revision accomplished. Finally, in response to the general sentiment of the country, the forty-seventh congress at its first session created a tariff commission to investigate the whole subject and report a basis for revision. This commission, composed of practical men, after the fullest study of the subject, calling to their aid representatives of all interests and all views, made a recommendation for revision of the tariff, which, with some important changes, was also adopted the 3d of March, 1883. The law went into effect the 1st of July, 1883, and has therefore been in operation about eight months, too short a time to have given it a sufficient practical test. Its effect upon either revenues or the business of the country can not yet be ascertained or determined. It should have a fair trial and its results be fairly known before we enter upon the subject again. The reduction proposed by the bill now under consideration is 20 per cent, and it is a noteworthy fact that not a single interest in the United States has asked for it. Neither manufacturer, miner, laborer, farmer, nor consumer has demanded the proposed reduction. On the contrary, every interest, manufacturing, laboring and agriculture, represented before the committee on ways and means, have protested most earnestly against the change recommended by the majority of the committee.

FREE TRADE THEORISTS.

We have said that no interest has asked for it; we should have expected the free-trade clubs of New York and Brooklyn, which were represented before the committee by a number of so-called political economists, urging not this reduction alone, but the entire abolition of import duties which in any way discriminate in favor of American producers, and favored this proposition these wire rods, cotton ties, and tin plates bear greatly disproportionate duties to kindred articles, and should be made consistent and harmonious. In addition to the foregoing, we are opposed to the bill because.

1. It will disturb business; the discussion of it in committee has already done this. It will unsettle values, retard incipient enterprises, cripple those now established, impair confidence among business men, so essential to our development and prosperity, and bring no counteracting benefits.

2. It will of necessity force down the price of labor in the United States. It will starngle imports, increase competition from abroad, which can only be successfully met by reducing the cost of home products. We can not too strongly emphasize our opposition to any legislation which even tends to reduce our labor to a foreign standard either in price or condition. The maintenance of a fair and adequate scale of wages for American workingmen is indispensible to their comfort and their well being, and the education of their families is essential to the good order of our society, the stability of our institutions and the welfare and progress of our country.

3. The proposed reduction will inevitably increase foreign importations, and as a consequence will, as all experience teaches, increase our revenues to which increase every interest of the country is opposed.

4. It is wholly unnecessary, unjustifiable and to every American interest only hurtful. The enormous increase of the capital wealth of the country during the last fifteen years under a protective tariff now forces capital to seek employment in development of all mineral, agricultural and other resources to the advantage and gain of all our people, and a change of modification of the system will create such doubt of successful enterprises as to check this useful tendency and thwart our national development, which is without precedent in the civilized world.

5. It has none of the merits of a carefully matured tariff bill. It is not the result of studious consideration of the interests of our people, their investments and employments, or of the condition of the public treasury. It proposes to reduce alike the duty upon every article of foreign import indiscriminately, and without examination of its effect upon particular industries, and wholly ignoring its necessary effect in advancing prices abroad by the destruction of competition at home. While nominally it is a uniform reduction, in fact it is grossly unequal under the limitations of the bill, and it will be found difficult if not impracticable of execution. It is a leap in the dark.

6. That feature of the bill which applies ad valorem duties to most schedules affected by it is especially objectionable, because it will greatly increase the existing evil of undervaluation and consequent frauds upon the revenue, as well as so complicate the assessment of duties as to greatly embarrass the administration of the law. Against the statement of the majority as to the effect of protective duties upon the wages and on the laboring poor, is the statement of workmen themselves before the committee. All unite in declaring that protective duties are essential to fair and remunerative wages, and that every reduction of said duties inevitably results in lowering the standard of American wages. We dissent radically from the statement of the majority of the committee that a reduction of duties lightens by so much the burdens of taxation. The whole history of our national experience shows constantly decreasing price as the effect of increased home competition. A reduction of duties which destroys production and competition as inevitably results in putting up prices demanded by our foreign rivals. In the belief that the late tariff legislation would remain without material change for a period of years business has adjusted itself to it. Producers have entered into contracts and generally arranged their business in character and volume.

THE PRESENT LAW.

In conformity with it all classes of our people have relied on its reasonable permanence and freedom from immediate and radical changes, so that every consideration appeals to congress to let the present law alone and permit the business of the country to proceed without legislative disturbance. What the country wants most is relief from congressional agitation. All the industries of the country are extremely sensitive, and just at this time, when business is more or less depressed in every branch thereat, fear of change introduces an element of uncertainty and disturbance throughout the country, the evil effects of which no one can foresee. A 20 per cent reduction, or any reduction however slight, following so close upon the reductions made last winter, can not be defended, as to a single schedule tariff and as to many, it can be shown to be wholly disastrous. We believe if after a sufficient trial of the effect of the last revision it shall appear that the industrial interests of the country may be maintained with it, and that the condition of the treasury will justify further revision, such action will be more wisely undertaken by the friends of the protective system, and with less disturbance to public prosperity than if done now by avowed advocates of the destruction of the American system of protection.

(Signed WM. D. KELLY,
JOHN A. KASSON,
WM. MCKINLEY, JR.,
W. A. RUSSELL,
FRANK HISCOCK.

The Color Line Again.

There is no sneer that America gets from Europe so well deserved as that which is called forth by the contrast between American and European gets treatment of negroes. Here where we pretend that all men are equal, the negro is treated as an inferior being; in Europe, where they have aristocracies and castes a negro is regarded as good as any other man. America, the asylum of the nations and the home of the free, is the only civilized country in which difference of color defines social and political status. It is probable that conmopolitan Clifornia is more free from this mean and un-American spirit than any other state. In Philadelphia now there is excitement and disgust because one of the newspapers has employed some negro reporters, and the white reporters are going to boycott them. In San Francisco, we venture to say, a negro reporter would be given as good a chance by his fellow reporters as the whitest man of them all. We remember that some twelve years ago, when two negro reporters were working for newspapers published specially for colored subscribers, they were treated with every considerationand that the white reporters went out of their way to help rather than hinder them. We have said before—and this is another instance of it—that the home of narrow-mindedness and provincialism is in the great eastern cities, the residents and journalists of which think they are "metropolitan."—*San Francisco Daily Report.*

A Strange Phenomenon.

Last week Mrs. Reneau, who with her husband and family lived on Coryell Creek, some five miles from Turnersville, died rather suddenly. At the time of her death several neighbors were present, together with the attending physicians, Dr. J. D. Calaway, of Turnersville, and Dr. Toland, of Jonesboro. When the spirit had parted from the body and wended its way to the home above, a sight was seen which, to the faithful ones who were watching by the couch, was as startling as it was real. The spectacle presented itself just above the house and was frightful in the extreme. Six coffins of different sizes were seen to come and hover immediately above the house. The night was dark, and ordinary objects at any distance were invisible, but the coffins were as plainly seen as they would have been in broad daylight. When the gaunt and ghastly coffins had been visible for some time they disappeared, and as they seemed to glide gently upward sounds of the sweetest and most melodious music were heard, and seemed to accompany the dark omens in the journey toward the skies. We did not see any of the parties who saw the strange phenomenon, but no doubt can be entertained of their veracity, or the facts regarding the strange sight as herein stated. The phenomenon was indeed a curious one and we do not remember to have ever chronicled such a rare occurence before.—*Gatesville (Tex.) Advance.*

Some of the nice young ladies who are in the habit of using slang will be shocked to hear that the word "gosh" so often used when practicing on the piano or when trying to sharpen a lead-pencil, is the worst kind of swearing. "Gosh" means "my Father" and was used by Eliot in his Indian Bible.—*Peck's Sun.*

The Mayor of Zaratecas, Mexico, has just issued a decree that every house in the city shall be painted within a specified time, at the owner's expense, and also directing that owners of city lots shall build houses thereon immediately or forfeit the same to the government.