A LOVE TAIL.

SHOWING THE BEAUTIES OF ENGLISH ORTHOGRAPHY.

A pretty made went out won day,
'Twas in the summer thyme,
But a style maid paws to say:
"Ah, know! I cannot clime!"

"Then in the would suppose we wrest,"
Sew I made haste to say—
"And wen the son is inn the west
Wheel take our homeward weigh."

Her cheek was read, her smile was suite,
Soft shown her eyes of blew—
And threw the grass her dainty feat
Seemed just as if they flue.

Then boulder groan, my love I tolled,
I offered hart and hand;
And with a wring of purest gold
I ceiled love's mystic banned.

—E. T. Corbett in Life.

A MORNING GLORY.

ONCE upon a time, somewhere in Somebody's garden there grew a Morning Glory vine. Nobody knew how it came there, for no one had planted it, but it was a pretty little thing, with green hearts for leaves and cunning little palegreen curls here and there upon its fuzzy stem.

She wanted to get off of the ground where she had been all her short life, so she crept slowly along to find something to take hold of that she might climb high up into the bright sunlight. She put out her tender tendrils and felt carefully along, for she was blind poor little thing, and could not see where she was going.

As she reached out she felt something hard. "Ah, perhaps this is something high," thought Morning Glory, so she crawled up the side quite to the top, but she was not high at all—not much higher than on the ground—for it was only a stone shat she had found; so she quietly crept down the other side, and lay there quite discouraged.

There was an old man who used to take care of Somebody's garden, and he saw this plant growing there and groping about for a support, so he fastened a string from a peg stuck into the ground up to Somebody's window sill, and then he quite forgot all about it.

The next morning the Morning Glory felt more cheerful, and she started upon her search again. She had not far to go this time, because the kind old man had fastened the peg very near to where she lay; so she reached about with caution to avoid another stone, and took hold of the string.

The poor, sightless little thing did not know that the old man had put it there for her, but somehow she felt that it would lead her where she wished to go— up toward the beautiful sky and the great golden sun.

So she climbed along the string, slowly at first, then faster each day as she began to know the way, until like Jack's beanstalk, she had reached the window-sill.

Now, somebody, the person who owned the garden, was ill; so ill that he had to stay always in his room with an ugly black bandage over his eyes, and the doctors feared that he might never see again.

He was very unhappy, and was often—oh, so very!—cross; and the servants quite feared him when he spoke to them in a harsh and authoritative voice.

He had no relatives, and he lived quite alone in his great house, with many people to wait upon him and with ever so much money to buy things to make him happy. But the things that one buys do not always make one happy, and he was terribly wretched in his big, fine house.

One morning he groped his way to the open window and put his hand out upon the side of the frame, and he felt a little sharp nail. Now, if he had been gentle the nail would not have hurt him, for it was a harmless little thing; but he made a rough, impatient movement, and it caught his finger and brused it a little.

This made Somebody very angry, and he said some very unpleasant things about the person who dared to put a nail outside his window, and he felt about, very cautiously this time, to find the nail once more, that he might tear it out.

So he moved his hand slowly along upon the sill, and the Morning Glory was reaching her little hand about there at the same time, and their two hands met.

One did not look at all like a hand, but it was one just the same, and the little green hand grasped the great white one and they seemed to know and to understand each other at once, for the little green hand said to the large white one very tenderly, "Oh! so you are blind, too! I am so sorry!"

The great hand did not try to find the nail after that; it just touched the Morning Glory with a soft caress and two great drops fell upon her leaves. They felt strangely and not at all like the cool rain drops which sometimes watered the Morning Glory, and something told her that these drops were tears.

Now, after this, these two—Somebody and the Morning Glory—grew to love each other very dearly, and each day they would feel about for one another, and the dainty Morning Glory would nestle against his bearded cheek, and Somebody would pet her and stroke her leaves very gently.

And the cheerful hopefulness of the little green plant helped Somebody to be a little bit hopeful, too. You see it was harder for him, for he had not always been blind, while she had never seen, and was so used to it that now she hardly minded it at all.

One morning the Morning Glory brought her friend a surprise. She had kept it a secret all the while, and now she proudly put a great beautiful pink blossom into his hand. He could not see that it was pink, but he felt that it was lovely, and he kissed the pretty flower and murmured, "You little beauty," and that made the Morning Glory very happy, for all mothers dearly love to have their babies admired, you know.

And the next morning Somebody had a surprise for the Morning Glory. That was a secret too. No one knew it yet but the doctor, and Somebody drew the little Morning Glory close to his lips and whispered it into her ear. Then the little green hand twined about the great white one and this is what it said: "I am so glad that you are not going to be blind any more." And Somebody understood it, and the Morning Glory again felt two great warm drops which she knew to be tears, but they were not bitter, like the first ones; they were very sweet, because they were tears of joy.

After this Somebody went away and was gone a long time. The weeks passed and he did not return, and the little Morning Glory was very sad; she felt hurt that he had left her so suddenly and with no word of adieu.

Everything was in a state of great bustle and preparation all over the place. Little Morning Glory could hear them hammering and running about, and she felt that something was going to happen. Once she caught the word "bride," and something told her what it all meant, and a little jealous pain went through her heart, for she had once overheard the housemaid telling the cook that all men were fickle, and that when they were away from one they never thought of one at all, and were taken up with whoever was nearest them, and the cook had agreed fully with all that the housemaid had said, and the cook knew men if any one did, she said.

So little Morning Glory hung her leaves in sadness and quite forgot to feel proud of her pretty pink babies—for there were a great many of them now.

Once she felt something tug at her roots and a rough hand grasped her; then a kind voice said: "Don't touch that; master loved the little vine, and it must be left as it is." Oh! how relieved little Morning Glory felt at these words. She reached out and tried to touch the speaker, but the maid hurried away and never saw the little green hands at all.

Soon the nights began to be chilly, and one by one her babies left her and fluttered to the ground, and she herself grew pale and felt very weak and ill, and she feared that she was going to die. How she wished that Somebody would come back; she feared he would be too late.

One morning she heard the door open and Somebody again stood there; there was some one with him now, a beautiful lady, and he held her in his arms and called her "Sweetheart." In his new happiness he had quite forgotten his little friend; and Morning Glory's heart ached as she remembered what the maid had told the cook.

Just then Somebody looked out and saw poor little Morning Glory with her leaves all faded and brown, and he reproached himself because he had not thought of her before.

"Here, dearest," he said to the lady, "this is the little friend that I told you of," and he laid the withered little stem in the lady's delicate hand.

A glad thrill ran through the Morning Glory and she dropped 60 tiny seeds into the soft open palm; then as the wind swept around the corner a sudden shudder seized her, and little Morning Glory was dead.

"See! my pet," said Somebody, pointing to the little black seeds, "that means good luck; it is her gift to the bride."

And the beautiful lady smiled, and she put the seeds in a little box, saying, "Next year we will have another Morning Glory vine there just like the old one."

"No," said Somebody, "never one quite like that, for that one was like a little friend; it really seemed to understand me. But, then, I don't need any one to understand me now, for I have you," and again the lady was folded in loving embrace and Somebody kissed her softly.—Chicago Times.

NO POLES IN CHINA.

Why Telegraph Wires in the Flowery Kingdom Go Underground.

There are no telegraph poles in China. Not because there are no telegraph lines, nor yet because there are not wood suitable for poles. Strangely enough, says the St. Louis Globe Democrat, the reason is purely religious. The Chinese worship their dead fathers and grandfathers, and in regard the resting place of their remains as so sacred that they deem it a sacrifice to allow a shadow to be cast upon their graves.

When the linemen of the first Chinese telegraph companies began operations they were greatly embarrassed in their operations by crowds of inhabitants who followed them about and with the most frightful blasphemies, cut down the poles as fast as they were erected. For some time no explanation could be obtained, but at last the working parties discovered that in more thickly settled districts of the Celestial Empire graves were everywhere to be found, and scarcely a pole could be erected anywhere but that at some time of the day it cast a shadow on a grave.

The difficulty was insuperable, and the Chinese government, anxious as it was to render assistance, stood powerless. So all the wires went underground and it is said the system proved perfectly efficient.

A SCORCHER FROM REED.

HE CONTRASTS THE 51ST AND 52ND CONGRESSES.

No Such Pressure on the Latter as the Former--Large Deficiencies Left for the Future--Yet the "Billion Dollar Congress was Surpassed.

[HON. T. B. REED, in New York Press.]

But while the Democratic House has failed in all other respects, the most signal failure has been in the matter of economy. All the circumstances conspire to make that failure conspicuous. The abuse which was poured out upon the last Congress comes back with added force on this, and the time has now come to do justice to one of the most really economical statesmen we ever had, the Hon. Joseph G. Cannon. His conduct as chairman of Appropriations in the Fifty-first Congress was worthy of all praise. He was careful, economical, upright and just, and has always deserved well of his country. People do not realize the tremendous pressure there was on the Fifty-first Congress, and how very handsomely Mr. Cannon stood up against it, and how well he was backed by his associates. You must remember that the Democracy, as part of their scheme to pile up a surplus and break down the tariff, had refused to pay even the honest debts of the Government. The result was the accumulation of a great surplus revenue and an overflowing Treasury. The natural result of such an accumulation is always the same, It en enders proposals to send it. It is the tendency of piled up money to scatter. The rivers and harbors at once demanded more. Public buildings called for thousands here and thousands there. The soldiers were not reconciled to be left out of the distribution. New projects sprang up on either hand. Notwithstanding all this pressure the Congress of 1890 provided for the expenditure of only $463,000,000. This sum seemed at the time immense, and there is perhaps little wonder that great feeling was exhibited and great astonishment expressed. But it is now plainly visible to all men that this sum, large as it was, was but the adequate expr ssion of the honest expenditures of a great Government, which has grown every year beyond even the wildest hopes of its people. In the present session of Congress Mr. Holman has had to stand up against no unusual pressure, such as Mr. Cannon encountered. No one has failed to learn that the surplus has been paid out and the revenue reduced, so as to be only sufficient for the purpose of government honestly and economically adminstered.

Mr. Holman and his friends even went further. They strove with some success to frighten the American people with the declaration, oft-repeated by the mouths of his lieutenants, Governor Sayers and Mr. Dockery, that the income was unequal to the needed expenditures. With a House elected on a platform of economy, with over 140 majority, a majority larger than the whole opposition, we naturally expected some reduction of what Democratic orators call the public burdens. I confess that I was myself astonished to find that not only were the appropriations of the first session of this Congress to exceed the appropriations of the first session of the last Congress, but they were to exceed them by the enormous sum of $50,000,000. My surprise was very much heightened by the fact that day after day I had seen appropriations manifestly inadequate carried through the House against all argument and fact by sheer force of numbers. The present condition of things is an overpowering testimony, not only to the growth of the country, but to the integrity and economy of the Committee on Appropriations, of which Mr. Cannon was the head. The debate in the Senate of July 26 shows, moreover, that even the $510,000,000 appropriated have not reached the needs of the country. Mr. Allen, of Washington, shows that a lighthouse has been thrown out which should have been built, on a spot which has already cost the country the lives of many men, and Mr. Allison shows that one item at least of large amount has been lessened on the demand of the House by the simple expedient of cutting off one-half, with the understanding that it shall go on next year's deficiency bill. I want to call your readers' attention to this simple fact, even at the expense of reiteration and of being tiresome. We expended $462,000,000 the first session of the Fifty first Congress. We were abused most roundly therefor. The lowest figures any Democrat can now make for his Congress is $510,000,000. These figures are undisputed. The moral is indisputable.

NO FREE TRADE FOR THEM.

Wholesome Effects of the McKinley Tariff Act Upon the Hat Industry.

One of the leading industries of Newark and the Oranges is the manufacture of soft felt hats. There are over fifty firms engaged in the hat trade in these two cities and their suburbs, and over 2,500 hands are employed in the various factories. The majority of the hat manufacturers are Republicans, as are the larger number of the hands, and many of the manufacturers and journeymen are out-spoken in their enthusiastic support of Harrison and Reid on account of the benefit the hatting trade has enjoyed from the operations of the McKinley act, which, by increasing the duty on imported hats, has practically driven foreign felt hats [illegible] market. It is stated by dealers that the leading hatters of Orange and Newark that except in the case of some of the higher-priced goods, which are worn by men who think it the correct thing to wear articles of English make only, and who would not wear an American hat under any circumstances, the foreign-made hats have disappeared from the American market. As a consequence of this, the factories in Newark and Orange are busy now, while this is usually a dull season, and wages are at a good figure.

The hatters of the two cities mentioned are a prosperous and intelligent class of mechanics. Many of them own the houses in which they live and as a rule they are men who think and read a great deal. Books, papers and magazines are to be found in the houses of almost all of them. Their wives are well dressed and their children are sent to good schools. The majority of these men are Republicans. and can give a good reason for being so. They say that in addition to the driving out of foreign competition, the McKinley tariff bill, by its increased duties on articles used in the manufacture of hats, has caused the establishment of new industries in this country, and thus a larger number of people have received employment, and the communities in which they live have been benefitted, as these employes spend their money where they get their wages. Then, too, they say that the manufacture of these articles in the United States has cheapened the cost of making hats, and the same grade of head gear can be bought to-day much more cheaply than it could have been three years ago.—New York Tribune.

REPUBLICAN RECIPROCITY

Our reciprocity arrangement with Cuba went into effect September 1, 1891.

"Since January 1, 1892" (four months later) writes one authority, "American breadstuffs have as completely driven Spanish flour from the Cuban market as if the latter product had been boycotted throughout the island."

This is the result of what the Democratic platform terms "sham reciprocity!"

THE DISMAL FIGURES."

A Democratic Newspaper Laments the Failure of a Democratic Congress.

There could be no more striking illustration of the folly of irresponsible Democrats in the Fifty-second House than is afforded by Mr Holman's attempt to defend the record of the majority in the matter of appropriations.

To make a showing of reduction and retrenchment in the total for the session, Mr. Holman is obliged to compare that total with the figures for the second session of the Billion Congress, instead of the figures for the first session, where the comparison properly belongs. What the Fifty-second Congress will do at its second session no human being can foretell. A material reduction from the total of its first session is rather the subject af hope than of prediction. But it remains true, everything being considered, that the record of the Democratic House in the matter of appropriations is a betrayal of the voters who elected it on the issue of economy, a repudiation of its own professions and promises, and a shame and disgrace to the party.

Already the attempt has b gun to explain and excuse and extenuate the failure of the overwhelmingly Democratic majority in the present House to fulfill its mission. This course is regarded as good campaign policy. We do not think so. We believe that it is good campaign policy to state the facts exactly as they are, to hold Democratic sinners to their full measure of responsibility, and to secure, if possible, a Democratic majority in the Fifty-third House which will not imitate the reckless, selfish, and almost criminal extravagance of the money-scatterers of the Fifty-second.—N. Y. Sun, Dem.

Protection and the Farmer.

"It seems to me self-evident that protection tends to shorten the distance between the farmer and the artesan and manufacturer, hence to diminish the cost of exchanging their respective products, and thus to secure to the farmer not only surer and steadier markets for his produce, but an ampler recompense for his labors. Such are the conclusions that long ago made me a protectionist. Distant markets are all but inevitably inconsistent, uncertain markets. Europe has deficient harvests one year and buys grain of us quite freely, but next year her harvests are bounteous and she requires very little more food than she produces, no matter how freely we may be buying of her fabrics. Hence our wheat now sells very far below the price which ruled here when Europe had a meager harvest. A remote market virtually restricts the farmer to two or three great staples, while near markets enable him to diversify his products and thus maintain and increase the productive capacity of the soil."—Horace Greely.

Cleveland Tries to Obscure the Issue

"Ours is not a destructive party. We are not at enmity with the rights of any of our citizens. All are our countrymen. We are not recklessly heedless of any American interests, nor will we abandon our regard for them." * * —Grover Cleveland's speech accepting Democratic nomination.

"We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the federal government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties except for the purpose of revenues only. We promise its [the McKinley law] repeal as one of the beneficent results that will follow the action of the people in entrusting power to the Democratic party."—Democratic Platform, 1892.

DEFECTIVE PAGE