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The Easton Gazette.

THE OLDEST PAPER IN TALBOT COUNTY

The Purest in Politics, the Subscription Lists containing the most Bona fide subscribers.

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WINGS.

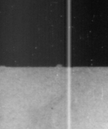
Wings that flutter in sunny air;
Wings that dive and dip and dare;
Wings of the humming-bird flashing by;
Wings of the lark in the purple sky;
Wings of the eagle aloft, aloof;
Wings of the pigeon upon the roof;
Wings of the storm-bird swift and free
With wild winds sweeping across the sea—
Often and often a voice in me sings—
O, for the freedom, the freedom of wings!

O, to winnow the air with wings!
O, to float far above hurtful things!
Things that weary and wear and fret—
Deep in the azure to fly and forget.
To touch in a moment the mountain's crest,
Or haste to the valley for home and rest;
To rock with the pine tree as wild birds may,
To follow the sailor a summer's day.
Over and over a voice in me sings—
O, for the freedom, the freedom of wings!

Softly responsive a voice in me sings—
Thou hast the freedom, the freedom of wings,
Soon as the glass a second can count
Into the heavens thy heart may mount,
Hope may fly to the topmost peak,
Lone its nest in the vale may seek;
Outspeeding the sailor Faiths's pinions may
Touch the ends of the earth in a summer's day.
Softly responsive a voice in me sings—
Thou hast the freedom, the freedom of wings!

—Mary F. Butts, in Youth's Companion.

A FATAL LOVE.



REGINALD VAN Swellum muttered: "Confound it!"

He moved his head so far to the right in his effort to get a glimpse of the face behind the paper novel that it crashed into the bonnet of the woman in the seat next him on that side; then he leaned over to the left, and his derby crumpled the paper in which the crusty individual on that hand was engrossed, and the crusty individual, in turn, scowled at him. It was of no use. He could see but her pretty hat and a few waves of soft dark hair beneath it, two small hands neatly gloved, a trim waist; the face was hidden by the blue backed novel that she was reading. So he was compelled to stare disconsolately at the binding and at the great black letters thereon, which read: "A Fatal Love."

The guard thrust his head into the car and bawled: "Nexate!" The door banged shut and Van Swellum again muttered: "Confound it! and Fourteenth again."

He craned his neck in an endeavor to see over the top of the paper volume. But it was in vain.

Then a great hulking Italian got right in the middle of the aisle and completely shut off his view. Van Swellum was inwardly calling down vengeance on his stupid head when the train swung around the curve and the man toppled over. There was a slight feminine scream. Van Swellum jumped from his place and picked "A Fatal Love" from beneath the foreigner's feet, and while the disconsolate fellow was pouring forth apologies in broken English, he politely handed the crumpled volume to its blushing owner. Then, for the first time, he saw her face, and he was not disappointed.

Beneath her wavy brown hair he found a broad white forehead, delicate brown lashes, clear blue eyes, a straight, well cut nose, full rounded cheeks pink with health and a mouth—when Van Swellum saw it parted in a smile he fell back in his seat and muttered: "Thank you, my clumsy Italian friend."

The novel hid the face from view again, and he stared blankly at the blue binding and lost himself in thought.

"Plaguey pretty. Knew there was something behind that book worth looking at. I'd like to meet her. I wonder where she lives and who she is. Nothing like her in our set. Now, if mother would pick out something like that for me. I would be willing. But Angelica Billions; ugh! Well, money and beauty never do go hand in hand. What a mouth! I really think she smiled at me when—"

"T-e-e-n!" bawled the guard.

Van Swellum started.

"Fourteen?" he inquired of the crusty individual next him. That personage nodded stolidly at him in reply. He jumped from his seat, dashed through the car and was just in time to force his way through the closing gates.

He threaded his way down the crowded stairs and started up Sixth avenue. Suddenly he halted; then he smiled and plunged on among the crowd. Right ahead was the pink shirt, the neat hat, the brown hair and a hand holding the blue-backed novel.

"She must live around here," thought the now excited Van Swellum. "If she does, I'll find where; and if I find where—adieu to all thoughts of Angelica Billions. Mother'll kick, but what's a mother's kicking to a son's happiness."

He stopped. She had turned into a small shop. He would wait until she came out. He walked very slowly, until he found that he was getting dangerously near the store. She might discover him. He wheeled about and walked slowly back, frequently glancing about to see that she did not escape him. Ten minutes and she had not come out. Could she have seen him and escaped by a back door? He applied at the door. He turned and walked quickly up the avenue by the shop; he looked in the window and gasped. It was a shock to Reginald Van Swellum. She had removed her hat and was seated on a high stool at a cashier's desk. He glanced at the sign above the door and read: "The Ruination Dyeing Company." Then he muttered "Confound it!" and hurried away.

Any one acquainted with New York genealogy will appreciate Reginald Van Swellum's thoughts and his position. There is no older nor prouder family on all Manhattan Island than the Van Swellums. Three of the same were members of the Governor's Council in the early days of New Amsterdam. They had possessed many fine cabbage patches on the outskirts of the settlement which still remain in the blood of the family. Twenty-story buildings rear their ugly heads where once the good Van Swellums dug, hoed and weeded when not busy with the affairs of State. Reginald Van Swellum was not the brainiest of his line, not of which he was perfectly aware. In consequence of this knowledge he wisely refrained from entering any business or profession, not wishing to imperil the fruits of his ancestors' industry. He was not energetic, and not being energetic, did not care for society. It bored him. It was easier to read about it, comfortably settled in an easy chair before a bright, cosy fire, with a pipe in his mouth. His mother was a widow, who lived a quiet life between her old house on lower Fifth avenue and her comfortable place up the Hudson. To have her son safely and properly settled was her sole care. She had chosen for him Angelica Billions. To be sure, Miss Billions's family on her father's side was not all that could be desired, but then there was money, and that covers a multitude of sins. The only drawback to the match was Reginald. But doubtless he, too, would have succumbed if it had not been for the clumsy Italian on the elevated train who discovered to him a more charming prospect in life.

Van Swellum's sensibilities were shocked by his ideal's connection with the Ruination Dyeing Company. He felt that his blood called upon him to forget, and for the next few weeks he busied himself with the work of forgetting as he had never busied himself at anything before. He would fix his favorite armchair before the fireplace, in which the logs crackled right merrily, and with a pipe in his mouth would endeavor to lose himself in some stirring novel. By and by the book falls from his hand and he is gazing absently into the cloud of gray smoke curling up from the bowl.

What is that in the depths of the thick whirling cloud? A blue curtain. Van Swellum leans forward and gazes intently. Black letters are forming there. Now they stand out clearly and boldly—A Fatal Love. A smile of content spreads over his countenance, for now the blue veil is lifting and a sweet face beams on him from the gray cloud. He starts. The smile departs. Over the fair face with its crown of rich hair more letters are forming. He reads: The Ruination Dyeing Company.

One day he gave up forgetting.

"George!" he called. His man appeared at the door.

"Put that new grey spring suit in a bag for me. No. Just the trousers. They'll do."

George looked surprised.

"You'd better let me attend to what you want, sir. I can help you."

"I wish you could, my dear man; but you can't."

A few minutes late he was hurrying along Sixth avenue. He came to a halt in front of the shop and looked in. She was behind the desk. He hesitated a moment; then entered resolutely and threw his bag upon the counter. She hurried to wait on him, and, as their eyes met, started. She recognized him and blushed. Van Swellum blushed, too, to the roots of his hair. It had just occurred to him that she would remember him. She recovered herself and said pleasantly: "What can we do for you?"

He silently fumbled the bag and finally succeeded in opening it.

"I want 'em dyed," he stammered.

"What color?" she asked, drawing a pencil from behind her ear and preparing to make a note.

"Well—er—hanged if I know. What's a good color?"

The thin little young man with a crooked nose who had been moving some cases about the store stopped his work and grinned at him.

The sight of him roused Van Swellum.

"Make 'em black," he exclaimed. "Of course I wanted 'em black."

He saw that he turned the contents of the bag on the counter and rushed away.

All thoughts of Angelica Billions were shattered; all deference for his mother's wishes gone. Of course she would object. But who could help it? It was fate. Suppose that grinning idiot was making love to her there in the shop every day. He would not stand it! To the winds with the Van Swellums and the Van Swellum blood! He was a man, and for once was going to have his own way.

Four days later he called and got his trousers, all black and shrunk into shapelessness. But what did he care? He was composed now, and determined.

"It seems to me," he said, as he leaned over the counter, "that we have met before."

She smiled divinely, and replied "Yes. And ain't it queer we've met again."

The "ain't" jarred on Van Swellum's nerves, but he cast it aside as a small matter. He could cure that very quickly.

"Yes," he replied, leaning further over the counter. He blushed and whispered: "Perhaps it was Fate."

A beautiful red suffused her cheeks, and Van Swellum decided that he had gone far enough for the present, and departed, gaily swinging his bag and feeling well content with the world and himself.

On the next day he left the gray coat at the shop to have it dyed also. A brown golf suit, his light check trousers, his tennis flannels, his old and new covert coat, his driving coat, two pairs of light striped trousers, his riding breeches and two suits of tweed, imported from England, followed in rapid succession to the vats. They were sacrificed on the altar of his love, he said gayly to himself. His man George was aghast at the devastation, and vainly remonstrated. He was promptly rebuffed, and received no explanation of the strange havoc his master was making in his wardrobe. He would have reported the young man's unaccountable conduct with his own suspicion that he was mentally unbalanced to Mrs. Van Swellum, but she had gone to the country a month back. Van Swellum had promised to follow her in a week, but instead kept staying on in town until now the summer was well advanced.

May flew by; June came and went; July opened. At length one day Van Swellum stood in the middle of his dressing room gazing about him at the sartorial derelicts which George had laid out for his inspection. He smiled.

"I guess," he said aloud, "I'll have to bring this business to a close. People'll think I'm in mourning, if this keeps on. Only one dyeable garment left. That delightful brown and red plaid that Cutem just sent over last month. I'll try to-day, and perhaps I can save it, if she says 'Yes.' Oh, my! What a howdee it'll make! I guess we'll go abroad for a while." He chuckled softly.

"And my friend, the grining idiot that handles cases. Well, I guess he'll outgrow his grief."

He folded the last dyeable garment in the bag and started away on his errand. There was no one in the store, for it was late in the afternoon. She greeted him cordially as usual, as he laid his burden on the counter and slowly opened it.

"I have something I want to tell you," she said with a little blush and a little gush.

"And I," he said firmly, leaning his elbows on the counter, resting his chin in his hands and gazing at her, "have something I want to tell you."

"But," she began, naively, "you have been so good to us this summer; you have brought us so much trade; business, you know, was very dull before you came, and you have helped us—"

"Helped you?" exclaimed Van Swellum. "Nothing has delighted me more, Miss—er—er—" He hesitated, for he did not know her name.

"Well, you have," she replied, her eyes lighting with gratitude. "And Jim and me are very thankful. You see, you were our first customer, and I tell you we didn't take in much money when we started the Ruination Dyeing Company after our marriage—"

"Married!" gasped Van Swellum, straightening up.

"Why, didn't you know Jim and me were married?" she cried. "Oh, Jim, Jim, do come here!"

Van Swellum turned in time to see the thin little young man enter the store from the rear room.

"Have 'em dyed black!" he cried, tumbling the contents of his bag on the counter. "I'll send for 'em."

With that he rushed wildly from the shop.

Not long after he stood again in the middle of his room, the wrecks of his wardrobe about him.

"Black," he said slowly, puffing at his pipe. "Everything black—mourning—fitting emblem—the grinning idiot—confound him. Did he know—did she know? Confound it! It's good they don't know my name. To think that such a beauty would take to such a whipper-snapper of a specimen!"

Van Swellum laughed ironically.

"George!" he cried.

The man appeared at the door.

"George," said Van Swellum, solemnly, "I'm an ass. Don't you think I'm an ass?"

"I don't know, sir," replied George, stammering confusedly.

"Well, I am," said Van Swellum, emphatically.

"If you insist, sir," replied George stolidly.

Van Swellum was lost in thought for a moment.

"George," he said, suddenly, "the Paris sails to-morrow. Go quick, now, and telephone for passages for you and myself!"

The man hesitated. "About clothes, sir," he said.

"I'll go over in mourning," said Van Swellum, smiling. And when George had withdrawn he added suddenly: "And the Billions are in London. Confound it, it's fate."—New York Sun.

WISE WORDS.

A man may unlearn, but a woman, never.

To some people ignorance seems to be intuitive.

Wealth is sometimes more burdensome than poverty itself.

No virtue, that is the result of fear, can be taught by example.

The time to shoot folly is not when it flies, but before it flies.

Whether one's taste is good or bad is largely a matter of taste.

The consequences are sometimes more than one person can take.

Many a silly woman has been able to lead a wise man around by the nose.

Some American ridicule foreign dukes and then claim to be related to them.

Only the most superior woman will admit that she is lacking in beauty.

When a man combines in himself pluck and character, he is practically invincible.

Those who have no money are not always poor, and those who have it are seldom rich.

Every man longs to be a woman just long enough to show what a good wife he would be.

It may be stated as a business fact that Cupid doesn't always pay the debts he contracts.

It is the way in which we employ the odd minutes that counts for or against us in the end.

If a man could run out of debt as easily as he can run into it, times would not be so hard.

Man argues that woman cannot be trusted too far; woman feels that man cannot be trusted too near.

For the sake of depriving others of pleasure, some people are willing to endure hardships themselves.

The coward may not be able to keep up his own courage, but he keeps up the courage of somebody else.

When a boy first starts in the shoe shining business, he nearly works himself to death on one pair.

The person who attempts to keep one eye on the past and the other eye on the future will run cross-eyed.

To store our memories with a sense of injustice, is to fill with rusty iron a chest that was made of refined gold.

The question in some communities is not whether a young man can do anything, but whether he can do anybody.

A little early success has spoiled a great many good men; and a little early failure has crushed myriads of imbeciles.

A Story of Pluck and Sacrifice.

A Rockland woman whose story is briefly outlined by the Courier Gazette this week, has particular reasons for thankfulness that the last years of her life are spent in the land that celebrates July 4th. This lady, Mrs. Hanrahan by name, lived in Ireland at the time of the potato famine. At last things got so desperate with her family that they hald a council to see what could be done to keep them from starvation. America was thought of, but if the husband went to the United States what would keep the mother and children? So the brave woman decided that she would go. By hard exertion and bitter sacrifice her passage money was earned, and taking a sad farewell of her home and little ones she crossed the ocean. She procured a situation in New York, and while the father kept the family together and earned enough to give them a scanty living, the mother worked night and day in the far-off city to get the funds that would bring her dear ones to this country. At length the years of probation were over, the father and children landed in New York and the family was once more united. "Ah," said the old lady, "it was a happy day when I saw me man and the children landing from the steamer."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

A Picnic on the Alps.

A picnic 10,500 feet above the sea level was recently given on the top of the Languard, in Southern Switzerland, by Sir Seymour and Lady King. The women were carried up on chaises a porteur, used for the first time on the mountain, by Italian bearers, the Swiss mountaineers having refused to undertake the risk.—New York Sun.

Went Nearest to the Pole.

The nearest approach to the North Pole, according to the Dallas News, was made on May 13, 1893, when Lieutenant Lockwood stood within 396 miles of that coveted spot.

A NEW CURATIVE POWER.

HYPNOTISM A POTENT REMEDY FOR DISEASES.

The Fact Demonstrated Before the New York Academy of Medicine—A Doctor's Experiment.

THE New York Academy of Medicine, Section of Neurology, is deeply interested in the experiments being conducted by J. Arthur Booth to demonstrate the value of hypnotism in the cure of disease. Dr. Booth's work, say the New York Recorder, has been done in his private practice among patients of his own or those which have been sent to him by other physicians. Dr. Booth, at a meeting of the Academy of Medicine on Saturday evening, gave a practical demonstration of his methods of applying the hypnotic treatment. He was accompanied by a very pretty young woman, a member of a well-known family, who had consented to act as a subject for experiment before the members of the Academy. She had been Dr. Booth's patient, and had been cured of a very annoying malady by hypnotism. The technical name of the disease is mydriasis, which is a morbid dilation of the pupil. It was confined largely to her right eye at first, but when the right eye was improved the disease extended to the left eye, and the treatment was given regularly until both eyes were restored to a normal condition.

The young woman seemed to be greatly amused at the interest taken in her. Dr. Booth, after explaining the nature of her case, stepped in front of the woman and held a bright key several feet from her eyes. He directed her to fix her gaze on the key, and slowly moved toward her. A calm, peaceful expression came upon her face in less than a minute, and the key was brought so close to her eyes that they became crossed. Dr. Booth passed his left hand gently across her forehead several times, talking to her quietly, and her head slowly drooped until it nearly touched her left shoulder. Her breathing became heavy, as if she were in a deep slumber. She was examined by the physicians near her, and they were all satisfied that she was sleeping and under the control of Dr. Booth.

The operator said the woman was then in the first stage of the hypnotic sleep, and in the condition where she could be influenced by the suggestions which are used in the place of drugs to cure disease. He raised her arm, and at his suggestion it became rigid. She could not move it. Dr. Nammack, who was inclined to be a bit skeptical and possesses more than average strength, found that it required the exercise of all his power to lower the arm to the woman's side. When he released it it flew up as if it were on a spring. Then Dr. Booth told the woman that her arm was limp and lifeless and she could not raise it. Her arm fell to her side, and it seemed to be without feeling.

Dr. Booth then explained that the practical cure of disease was made in the same way as the suggestions in relation to the condition of her arm. The patients were told while in a hypnotic spell that they did not have the disease from which they were suffering, and upon being restored to a normal condition the disease (if the patient is sensitive to the hypnotic power) disappears.

Dr. Booth has had large experience with patients suffering from various disorders due to hysteria. Hysteria, according to Dr. Booth, is a condition of the general nervous system which renders it capable of simulating most local diseases, complicating them in their progress and modifying them in their usual phenomena.

Dr. Booth has treated five cases of hysteria, four women and one man, which induced the patients to simulate blindness in one or both eyes. They were all put under the influence of hypnotism by Dr. Booth from six to twelve times, and four of them were completely cured simply by hypnotic suggestion. They were told that nothing was the matter with their eyes, and when their minds were capable of appreciating their condition they were cured. While undergoing the hypnotic treatment for the eyes, one of the patients got rid of a tapeworm. Hypnotism failed to cure one of the patients for the reason that she had been so long under the mental impression that she was blind that the disease was actually established.

"A great many of us," said Dr. Booth, "are prone to look upon hypnotism as either belonging to the domain of quackery, or believing that it requires some special power, hesitate to take advantage of this method of treatment. The time has now passed for any such argument, and any physician who will take the trouble to study the subject will obtain satisfactory results in certain cases. We possess in suggestive therapeutics an important aid in the treatment of certain morbid conditions, but just how valuable this may be cannot be estimated until it is more generally used and the results reported. Instead of waiting and trying other methods first, I would recommend the trial by hypnotism. The use of hypnotism by the intelligent physician, in the cure of certain morbid conditions, does not produce any bad effects, notwithstanding reports to the contrary."

A Musical Dentist.

There is a dentist in San Francisco who is noted for his musical tastes and his high charges. His ordinary fee is fifteen dollars per hour; his extraordinary fee is unknown. Some time ago a lady was in his chair, and the dentist was conversing with her while her mouth was filled with rubber dams and things. Carried away by his enthusiasm while talking of a certain song, he offered to sing it for her. Taking an inarticulate, rubber-interspersed sound for an affirmative, he skipped lightly to the piano, which stood in one corner of the operating room. There he toyed with Polyhymnia, the muse of music, doubtless much to his satisfaction, and, turning to his patient, asked how she liked it.

"Very much, indeed, doctor," came the reply in muffled tones, "but it would have been cheaper at a concert, for here it has cost me three dollars and seventy-five cents."—Argonaut.

Wire Railways.

All through Norway wires are to be seen stretched from the small farms on the mountains above to the farms in the valleys below, and we wondered at their usefulness. In the early spring the farmers resort to these aerial abodes with their flocks and herds and carry late into the autumn, their main communication with their families at the "home office" being these wires, often many hundred feet in length. Upon these they send down hay, wood, milk and other farm productions, and we often caught sight of the bundles as they passed on the wire over our heads, while journeying along the roads.—Boston Transcript.

UNCLE SAM'S SICKNESS.



We regret that our artist has been compelled to bring Uncle Sam's serious condition so forcibly to our attention. There is evidently a failure of circulation in his system. He has already suffered from three serious attacks, the last of which impaired his vitality to such an extent that Uncle Sam is still a very sick man.

Uncle Sam's advisers, not satisfied with the treatment which was being administered by the family physicians, called in the services of Doctor John Bull, giving him complete control over their patient and curtly dismissing the doctors who were formerly in attendance. By the injection of strong doses of gold cure, Doctor Bull was enabled to restore Uncle Sam's vitality to a normal condition, but weakness has again shown itself. His circulation has become seriously impaired as the following statistics show:

CIRCULATION OF MONEY IN THE UNITED STATES.		
October 1, 1893	$1,701,939,918	$25.39
October 2, 1894	1,655,038,982	24.07
October 1, 1895	1,583,593,509	22.72
Decrease since 1893	$1,116,346,409	$2.72

A loss of upward of $116,000,000 in circulation, within a couple years, would kill many people, but Uncle Sam's extraordinary strength and resources have enabled him to pull through, although his reserve force has again fallen below what is usually regarded as a safe limit to sound health.

The agony that Uncle Sam appears to endure is probably increased by the knowledge that, in his weak and helpless condition, Doctor John Bull has pocketed a ten million dollar fee. There is a mingled look of pain and disgust upon his honest old countenance. He will recover, however, with better treatment from wiser counselors.

WHERE IS THE McKINLEY CASE?



HOW BRADFORD BOOMS.

HER EXPORTS OF WOOLENS BREAK ALL RECORDS.

More Stuff Shipped in Nine Months of 1895 Than in Any Full Year—Selling Us Four Times as Much as Under Direction—Shoddy Goods Shunted Here in Abundance.

BRADFORD, ENGLAND, October 31, 1895.

Although last month's shipments do not tot up to the big total of August, yet the deficiency is practically on raw wool, while on manufactured goods some big totals are shown.

Worsted coatings, for the first time this year, command the head of the list, and what amount of labor is spent in putting together £172,484 15s. 2d. worth of goods must indeed be great. But while the returns for one month speak loudly, its voice is most stentorian when we consider what has been done during the quarter ending same date. Let the following comparison speak for itself:

Exports for Sept. quarter	£1,619,413 7s. 10d.
Exports for June quarter	1,299,919 18s. 1d.
Exports for March quarter	1,389,748 8s. 6d.

Comparing these returns with the corresponding quarters of 1894, when the McKinley tariff was in operation, they show the following increases:

Increase for September quarter	£1,219,530
Increase for June quarter	1,041,519
Increase for March quarter	1,127,745

The quarterly average when the 1886 tariff was in force was £1,033,000 odd, and when McKinleyism reigned it fell to £538,000 odd. What a difference!

For the nine months of the year ending September 30 the Bradford exports to your side have totaled the gigantic sum of £4,308,965 14s. 5d., whereas the total for last year (McKinley year) was but £1,688,119—the increase for 1895 over the nine corresponding months of 1894 having been, so far, £3,388,795 19s. It requires, however, more than a comparison with the preceding year to form a proper estimate of the present dealings of Bradford with your side. The McKinley tariff greatly reduced the demand for textiles from this side, and it is therefore necessary to go beyond October, 1890, the period when it came into operation, to make a fair comparison. As an assistance to this end I give the total exports from Bradford to the United States during the time the McKinley act was in force and four years previously. The figures are for the first nine months of each year:

Nine months ending Sept 30.	Values of exports from Bradford.	
1887	£2,558,308	Morrill tariff
1888	3,023,786	Morrill tariff
1889	3,489,391	Morrill tariff
1890	3,655,283	Morrill tariff
1891	1,794,636	McKinley tariff
1892	2,950,914	McKinley tariff
1893	1,803,830	McKinley tariff
1894	1,688,119	McKinley tariff
1895	4,308,965	Gorman tariff

During the first nine months of 1890 goods were, of course, being rushed to your side to avoid the tariff, but the demand experienced even during that exciting period was not equal to that during the first nine months of the present year, and a comparison will disclose an excess of exports in favor of 1895 to the extent of £653,795. To take an even more extensive survey of the situation, going back so far as the year 1864 and considering the figures for each intervening twelve months, it will be found that only on three occasions during those 30 years has four millions sterling been touched in the value of exports from Bradford. In 1888 they reached £4,183,984; in 1889, £4,692,106, and in 1890, £4,112,618. Hence, only once since 1864 have the exports for an entire year exceeded the total for the first nine months of 1895.

YANKEE.

The "Burden of Taxation."

The free traders desired to repeal the McKinley tariff in order to lighten the burden of taxation that was supposed to be hanging like a millstone around the necks of the people. In September, 1894, we experienced our first imports under the Gorman tariff passed by the free traders. To the end of this month our imports of free goods for the year, goods that paid no customs duties, amounted to $298,075,881. A year later, to September 30, 1895, our imports of free goods were worth only $284,990,995. After a year of the free traders' tariff the people got $13,000,000 less of free goods.

Now for the other side. To September, 1894, our imports of dutiable goods were worth $205,514,161. This year they were worth $315,983,127 or $110,468,966 more than in the nine months of 1894. After a year of the free traders' tariff the people had to pay their "tariff tax" upon $110,468,966 more foreign goods. The "burden of taxation" was increased to this extent.

The average ad valorem rate of duty under the free traders' tariff being 38.68 per cent., the "burden of taxation" amounted to the payment of $42,729,396 more customs duties than in 1894, at the rate of $4,747,710 a month. Besides this we got $13,000,000 less of free goods, at the rate of $1,083,333 a month. This is the way the free traders "lighten" the "burden of taxation." Better have the McKinley millstone.

The Threat Not Withdrawn.

The Democratic press of the country is seeking to turn aside the eyes of the people from the issue of tariff for protection. The profession is made that the tariff issue is at an end. But these papers have not told us when and where it was that Mr. Cleveland retracted his deliberate threat, made when he denounced the Gorman-Wilson bill as "party perfidy and party dishonor," that he would enter the ranks as a private soldier and fight to overthrow the Gorman bill and substitute free trade. Nor does it appear that Mr. Wilson, who is the acknowledged exponent of the Administration's views upon this question, has retracted his threat to make unceasing warfare upon the Gorman bill.

Good Out of Evil.

Over thirty years of protection was one of the compensations of the Civil War.

A REPULSIVE OCCUPATION.

PROFESSIONAL EXECUTIONERS IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

How the Legal Decrees Are Carried Out in Cuba, France, Spain, China and Elsewhere.

PROBABLY more legal executions occur in Cuba at present, according to the New York Herald, than in any country in the world, but there are no professional executioners in that war-ridden island. Garroting in Cuba, although under the requirements of Spanish law, is a very rare occurrence. The circumstances must be very grave before a Cuban judge will sentence a prisoner to death; not from any sentiment, but from the fact that powerful pressure is usually brought to bear by the friends of a condemned man upon the judiciary. General Campos has firmly objected to the revival of the garrote as a means of punishment for rebels caught under arms, although a strong effort was made by Cuban tories to have the barbarous relic brought to use again. The garrote has been considered barbarous because of the horrible spectacle it makes of a victim dying under its grip. After the victim is secured in the chair, and the "cravat" placed around his neck—the cravat being the band which presses against his throat—the executioner gives a sudden half turn to the garrote handle, and almost instantly a screw punctures the neck at the back and grinds into the vertebrae, breaking the bone and piercing the narrow canal. For an instant the body of the victim shivers, trembles and stiffens, as if suffering intense agony. This lasts but an instant, for death comes as soon as the screw has broken his neck. There is no professional garroter in Cuba. That office is always performed by some attache of the prison where the execution is to take place. There is the usual Spanish accompaniment of priests and platoons of soldiers. At present most of the executions in Cuba, being of a military character, are by the latter, and sometimes the poor marksmanship of the soldiers makes the scene far more painful than if the prisoner were guillotined.

There is probably no legitimate trade followed by man more repulsive and abhorrent to the average person than that of professional executioner. No matter how jolly and light hearted they may be, no matter how they may go to church and pray and mingle with their neighbors, they are always regarded as living haunted lives and sleeping in the company of headless ghosts.

In this State, where condemned prisoners are executed by electricity, the man who turns on the current stands in another room and is publicly unknown. This makes the lot of the executioner a comparatively easy one.

In Scotland the duty of witnessing executions is imposed on the civic magistracy, one of whom attends for this purpose. Since 1847 Edinburgh has had no regular executioner, but depends one the London executioner, who is hired for the occasion. Formerly this personage was William Calcraft, he is related of Calcraft that he himself, together with his father and brother, was imprisoned in the Tower and condemned to death. Nobody could be found willing to carry out the sentence. Finally Calcraft himsel offered to execute his father and brother, provided he was given his freedom. The compact was made, and the father and brother were duly executed. Calcraft was then made regular executioner and traveled all over England in the performance of his duties. He never seemed to worry over public opinion, but rather enjoyed the notoriety he gained. He amassed a snug little fortune from his peculiar trade.

Besides the usual fees of £1 per month as a retainer, the English executioner received £10 for every execution. In addition to this the English executioners from early times have claimed the clothes of the executed as a perquisite.

So numerous were the public executions in England in former times that almost every town and county had an executioner as an acknowledged officer of justice, with a salary. On many noteworthy occasions special executioners were employed. When Charles I. was put to death the executioners concealed their faces under visors, but this was more in the way of precaution than of custom. The office of executioner seems to have been at one time hereditary in England. This custom died out in time, and the office was filled by appointment.

Calcraft was succeeded by Marwood, who became quite as celebrated in his way as his predecessor. The last especial headsman of the Tower of London died in 1861. Latterly the office has been a mere sinecure.

Probably the most noted executioner of France was the late M. Sanson, who officiated at the death of Louis XVI. In his latter years he was assisted by his son. The French people do not seem to entertain any particular aversion for executioners. There was nothing particularly lugubrious about either M. Sanson or his son. They mingled with the crowds at executions with the greatest good nature. This, however, was before the days of the anarchists. Since the latter have monopolized the guillotine French executions have lost many of the features that made them so characteristic. Nowadays fearstricken crowds press against the barriers that used to keep mobs of merrymakers back. The present sentiment that something may happen fills every mind.

The scenes at these political executions are in strange contrast with what takes place at the foot of the guillotine when a "passional" criminal is hurried into eternity amid the gibes of a French crowd. On the latter occasions vice-bought elegance and abject misery rub elbows in the struggle to catch a glimpse of the spot where the execution is to take place. In these executions M. Deibler, the present Paris executioner, is pre-eminent, and does his work with an easy good nature that is fascinating.

The office of executioner in Spain is not regarded with undue aversion by the masses. The executions are performed with great ceremony, but are seldom in public, although squads of soldiery are almost invariably drawn up around the garrote. The Spanish executioner has a far less repulsive job than that of his French brother. A simple twist of a screw and the prisoner's neck is dislocated by a sharp metal point that enters at the junction of the spinal column.

In Cambodia the public executioner does his work with the sword, chopping his victim wherever he may please. Beheading is the style affected by China, while in Armenia the condemned man kneels and has his throat cut quietly and peaceably by the executioner. This, however, is a fine death compared to that inflicted by the executioners of Central India. In former times the condemned man was forced to put his head on a block, where it was stepped on by an elephant.

As for the domestic lives of public executioners, they are probably as quiet and happy as those of most men. At the same time the job is not one calculated to excite envy. The garrote is also employed in Sweden, Italy, Belgium and Norway.—New York Herald.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

BRUSHES.

Kitchen brushes can be put to a variety of uses. For the washing of dishes with handles, the outside of iron kettles and other cooking utensils made of iron, they are especially serviceable. The smaller sizes are also excellent for cleaning cut glass ware; in fact, any kind of ware with raised figures or corrugated surfaces. For cleaning a grater nothing is superior to one of these little brushes.

Such a brush is also most useful for washing celery or lettuce, as the uneven surfaces of the stalk and leaves make a thorough cleansing with the hands a difficult operation. Then if one uses a brush with handle, ice water, which adds to the crispness of the celery and lettuce, may be used for the cleaning, as there will be no necessity for putting the hands in the water. A small whisk broom is also valuable for the same purpose.

Such vegetables as potatoes, turnips, etc., are best cleaned with a brush. It makes work less disagreeable, as the hands need not be soiled; and in no other way can the cleaning be so well and thoroughly done.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

USES FOR CHEESECLOTH.

Cheesecloth is used for dishtowels, scrubcloths, breadcloths, dusters, strainers, coffee bags and even tea bags, when the tea ball is out of order, or has not yet put in an appearance among the family silver.

Little bags with a thread run in to draw up and wind around the neck are a substitute for the tea ball and make a cleanly method of making tea.

Sash curtains no less than longer drapery prove how a small expenditure may be put to good and durable purpose.

Very fine and smooth cheesecloth, without the familiar black speck, can be painted in water colors, large flowers conventionalized being easily accomplished by stretching the stuff over a frame without a back, and painting in air so to speak.

Cabinetmakers use it entirely to oil furniture, providing three cloths in every set—one to rub on the oil, one to rub it off and a third for polishing purposes.

For baby's face it is soft, and for towels and squares it is recommended especially. The capacity to hold water makes cheesecloth or cotton material less irritating to chafing skins than linen.

HOMINY BREAD.

A noted New Orleans housekeeper in Woman's World and Work said she was quite interested in the query of a Natchitoches "Country Housekeeper," with reference to the making of cornmeal bread with sour milk and the receipt given. Continuing the talk of housekeeping receipts generally, this lady, whose table is known as one of the daintiest and most palatable in New Orleans, gave me one of her own excellent receipts for the making of corn or hominy bread, which I reproduce for the special benefit of not only "country housekeepers," but of city readers also.

Take three cups of boiled grits, one cup of corn meal, two eggs and two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder. Beat well together, bake and serve hot with country butter.

"And by the way," continued this interesting housekeeper, "I always have made my own yeast powder for the past twenty years, and will give you my home recipe, which is unfailing in the proportions I have given for hominy bread. Take one pound of soda and two of cream of tartar and sift them thoroughly together three times. In using flour, the proportions are two teaspoonfuls to a pint of flour."—New Orleans Picayune.

RECIPES.

Potatoes—Cook small potatoes in the jackets. Heat a lump of butter in a skillet, peel potatoes and throw in the butter; cover and shake till the potatoes look mealy.

Frizzled Beef—Shred beef, pour over it cold water and let come to a boil (must not boil, as it toughens), pour off this water, add milk, a little pepper, butter, a well-beaten egg and thicken with smooth paste of flour.

Floating Island—One quart milk set in sauce pan, let almost boil; beat yolks of four eggs, one cup sugar, one tablespoonful cornstarch together. Pour in the milk and let boil until it thickens. Flavor when cold. Beat the whites very light with a little powdered sugar, lay by the spoonful upon boiling water for two or three minutes, and then place on custard, dropping a little jelly on each.

Celery Salad—Line a salad bowl with tender lettuce leaves. Cut a bunch of celery in small pieces and pour over all a mayonnaise dressing as follows: Beat the yolk of an egg with a saltspoon of salt until light, add one-half teaspoonful of dry mustard and beat again (always with wooden or plated fork), add olive oil, drop by drop, until it is thickening, then a few drops of vinegar and same of lemon juice; continue until the egg has absorbed a little more than a gill of oil. If liked add a little cayenne pepper.

Cornstarch Pudding—Boil one pint milk with two heaping tablespoons of sugar and some salt. When boiling stir in two tablespoons of cornstarch mixed with some water; stir till well cooked and thick. Remove from fire and stir slowly into it two well-beaten eggs; put on fire till eggs are cooked, flavor with vanilla and cool. Serve with preserves or gravy made in the following way: Boiling water one gill, good sweet jelly one-half cup, teaspoon cornstarch mixed with cold water, juice of half a lemon and the yellow rind of one lemon, grated.

Quarrying by Fire.

Granite is quarried in Bangalore, in Southern India, by burning a wood fire about seven feet long over the surface of the flat rocks, and keeping this continually moving forward. To such perfection has this method been brought that in less than a day about 700 square feet may be split up, burning wood at the small rate of one pound to thirty pounds of stone quarried.

An eighty-year-old fisherman of Amesbury, Mass., caught a lobster four feet long and weighing twenty-five pounds at Salisbury Beach a few days ago.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

In the Modern Rush—All in the Tone of It—Disposed Of—Her Haunting Fear, Etc., Etc.

So many suitors has she had,
She's gotten printed blanks,
And forwards to each lover sad,
The words, "Declined with thanks."
—Washington Star.

ALL IN THE TONE OF IT.

"Say, did I ever tell you that story—?"

"I guess you have."

And they don't speak any