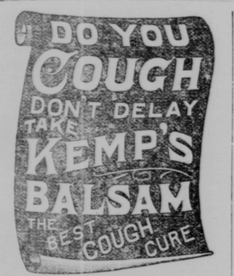
# The Easton Gazette.

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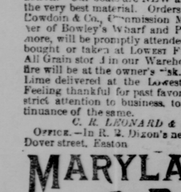
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### THE SUNSET THRUSH.

Is it a dream? The day is done—
The long, warm, fragrant, summer day;
Afar beyond the hills the sun
In purple splendor sinks away;
The cows stand waiting by the bars;
The firefly lights her floating spark,
While here and there the first large stars
Look out, impatient for the dark;
A group of children saunter slow
Toward home, with laugh and sportive word,
One pausing, as she hears the low
Clear prelude of an unseen bird—
"*Sweet—sweet—sweet—*
*Sorrowful—sorrowful—sorrowful!*"

Ah, hist! that sudden music gush
Makes all the hearkening woodland still—
It is the vesper of the thrush—
And all the child's quick pulses thrill.
Forgotten in her heedless haul
The bail-filled berry-basket swings;
What cares she that the nurry ban l
Pass on and leaves her there! He sings!
Sings as a seraph, shut from heaven
And vainly seeking ingress there,
Might pour upon the listening even
His love, and longing, and despair—
"*Sweet—sweet—sweet—*
*Sorrowful—sorrowful—sorrowful!*"

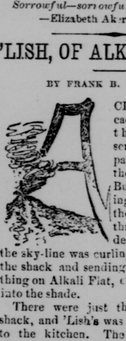
Deep in the wood, whose giant pines
Tower dark against the western sky,
While sunset's last faint crimson shines,
He trills his marvelous ecstasy;
With soul and sense entranced, she hears
The wondrous pathos of his strain,
While from her eyes unconscious tears
Fall softly, born of tenderest pain.
What cares the rapt and dreaming child
That dusk'er shadows gather roun.?
She only feels that flood of wild
Melodious, melancholy sound—
"*Sweet—sweet—sweet—*
*Sorrowful—sorrowful—sorrowful!*"

Down from immeasurable heights
The clear notes drop like crystal rain,
The echo of all lost delights,
All youth's high hopes, all hid lea pain,
All love's soft music heard no more,
But dreamed on and remembered long—
Ah, how can mortal bird outpour
Such human heart-break in a song?
What can he know of lonely years,
Of idols only raised to fall,
Of broken faith, and secret tears?
And yet his strain repeats than all—
"*Sweet—sweet—sweet—*
*Sorrowful—sorrowful—sorrowful!*"

Ah, still amid Maine's darkling pines,
Lofty, mysterious, remote,
While sunset's last faint crimson shines,
The thrush's resonant echoes float;
And she, the child of long ago,
Who listened till the west grew gray,
Has learned, in later days, to know
The mystic meaning of his lay;
And often still, in waking dreams
Of youth's lost summer-times, she hears
Again that thrilling song, which sees as
The voice of dead and buried years—
"*Sweet—sweet—sweet—*
*Sorrowful—sorrowful—sorrowful!*"
—Elizabeth Akers, in the Century.

## 'LISH, OF ALKALI FLAT.

BY FRANK B. MILLARD.



CLUMP of scraggly cacti grew against the shack, and scratched its unpainted side when the wind blew hard. But it was not blowing at all now, and the same heat that throbbed over the desert and warped the sky-line was curling the shakes atop the shack and sending every breathing thing on Alkali Flat, even to the lizards, into the shade.

There were just three rooms in the shack, and 'Lish's was the one in the middle, next to the kitchen. The little house was closed as tight as a drum to keep in whatever of the night's coolness remained in it, which was little enough.

'Lish—the whole of it was Alicia—sat in her room, and talked with her mother, who was peeling potatoes in the kitchen. Although in separate rooms, their sharp, Missourian voices were clear enough to each other. There was just one thing to talk about, and nearly everything on earth that could be said about it had been said, so they had been going over it all again. It was pap's big strike.

"It ain't dead sure, ye know, 'Lish," wound up the mother; "but it looks as near like it as one jack-rabbit looks like another."

"O,' pap's workin' awful hard ain't he, maw?"

"I reckon he is."

'Lish looked out through the small window. Her glance shot past the two rails that glimmered under the angry sun, down there by Alkali Flat Station, past the two scurrying dust demons that showed there was air in motion somewhere, even though sporadically, and away over to the blue buttes. There was a notch in the far butte—Scrub Canon, they called it. Pap was working there in that notch, under that awful sun, in the restless way that pap always worked. He was there alone, digging his pick into the dry ground and scanning each clod and broken rock for the yellow specks that meant so much to him, and that were to put something better than a shake roof over their heads.

She felt for him that horrible heat; she saw the drops of sweat trickle from his brow and plash upon the rocks, making their dark mark there for an instant and drying up in an other; she felt, as she put it, "the spring goin' out of her," just as it was going out of "ol' pap."

"But he wouldn't let me help him—never would, even of he was a-workin' his two han's off," she sighed.

Then she went and set the table for dinner. They ate in silence, 'Lish and "maw." There was no good talking it all over again. It would not do to count too much on it, anyway. Other strikes had been in promise, year after year, and nothing had come of them, absolutely nothing.

The afternoon wore on. The glare had gone out of the day. They opened the door to let in the growing coolness outside, watching for "ol' pap's" dust meantime, and wondering what news he would bring. He was late; but he had been late before. They sat on the door-step and glued their eyes to the notch in the butte, which had begun to blur as the sun had gone to make an oven of some other part of the world.

"There he comes," 'Lish would say; but it was only a dust demon trying to trick them.

And so the night grew on; but the full horn of an early moon shown down, and still they watched.

"Guess I'd better go over an' see of I kain't raise him," said 'Lish. "An of he's a-goin' to stay out all night, he'll need a blanket. I'll take him one, an' come back with the news, whatever it is. Git the blanket, out, maw, an' I'll go an' buckle the sheepskin onto O.' Jim."

The desert night told its secrets to the girl as she rode the slow mustang over the trail to the buttes. And the desert night holds many secrets for those who care to hear them; but it did not 'whisper the darkest of them to 'Lish that night. The air came warm and then chill, as she passed through the different strata that were from low, hot plain or frigid mountain-top. Old Jim was so slow. He minded no more the flicks from the strap-end than he did the brushing of the greasewood past his lean form. He did make a plunge now and then; but that was when a cactus-spine pricked his side.

At last the girl reached the canon, which seemed to be done in black and white, so light did the moon make the exposed parts, and so inky were the shadows. It was frightfully quiet in there. As she went along, she heard the whinny of her father's horse, tethered beside the wall of rock. She left Old Jim to munch the mesquite near by, while she tripped up a steep trail, and came to the gash her father had made with pick and shovel in the lone canon-side.

There he was, sitting on the ground and leaning against a rock. The moon shone upon his patched overalls and upon his dusty shirt; but she could not see his face, for his head was bent forward and was hidden by the brim of his slouch hat.

"Pap," her sharp voice stabbed the quiet, "I came up ter see of you was ever comin' home. I brung a blanket, pap, case yer wanted to stay all night. You oughter 'a' come home hours and hours ago, 'stead o' workin' an' workin' till you was all fagged out."

He did not lift his head. A pall of cold wind came down the the canon, and, striking the girl's brest, made her shiver.

"Sleepin' on the rocks. Wal, I swun! Tuk too much outen the black bottle, I'll bet."

She stepped nearer.

"Hullo, pap! You ain't drunk again, be you? Pap, pap, I'm clean 'shamed o' you!"

She leaped to the rock, gave him a dig in the side of his leg with her stoutly leathered toe, and then shook his shoulder.

"Pap, wake up! You'll catch yer death a-cold, sleepin' out this way. An' here we've be'n a-watching' out fer ye, an' watchin' till our eyes was most give out, while you've be'n up here havin' a good ol' swaslin' time, all by yerself, an' not carin' a cuss. It's playin' us mean, pap, an' you know it."

She shook his shoulder again. His head fell back. The face was chalky white.

"God, pap! What is it?"

She felt his face. It was stone cold. The touch froze her. She felt his heart. The throb was gone out of it.

"Pap, pap!" and all the canon heard her sharp, desolate cry; "my ol' pap! He aint dead!"

A big lizard went scuttering down the slope, an owl in a scrub-oak near by gave a dismal hoot, and the coyotes set up their throaty howls.

She gulped and gasped. Her breath seemed cut off. She would have fallen at his side, but that her ear caught the coyotes' howls and caught, too, their horrible meaning. She stayed herself by her two hands against the rock and tried to get her breath. The coyotes howled again, in awful chorus, and she shuddered.

"They shan't get you, pap; they shan't get you. I'll take you home."

Her breath came free as she spoke. She grasped the dead man's shoulders, and, keeping as much of his body from the ground as she could, she dragged him down the rocky trail, toward the spot where the horses were tethered. She winced when she heard his boot-heels scratch the ground, but she pulled and tugged with all her might, and, panting, she laid his for a near Old Jim, who snorted and jumped and pricked up his ears. Then, with a glance backwards from time to time, she went to her father's little camp, took his axe, and cut two poles, with which she made a "dust-trailer," the poles being bound to old Jim's sides like shafts, with pieces of strap and bale-rope. She lifted the body again, to put it on the rude conveyance. The moon struck it full this time, and, as she rolled it over gently upon the trailer, she saw a big clot of blood on the back of the dark shirt, and by it was a clean-cut bullet-hole. With a shudder, she let the body fall. Then she looked at her hands. There was blood upon ahem and upon the sleeve of her dress.

"Claim-jumpers!"

She set her teeth hard when she thrust forth the words, and clenched her hand till the nails dug into the palm.

They had killed him, then, while he was at work. He had crawled as far as the rock and had died. It was a strike—a big one—and it had cost him his life. But—

She looked up the canon with awful eyes, and smote the air with the clenched hand.

Then she bent down, and, taking a long halter-strap, fastened the body securely to the top of the trailer, and, mounting her father's horse, she led Old Jim carefully down the canon and out upon the night-chilled plain. The coyotes followed her, and almost rent her heart by their howls, but she kept on, and before midnight the sad little procession reached the cabin. The mother was still up, and she ran to the door when she heard the sound of the hoofs.

"Is that you, 'Lish" she called out. "D.d ye bring pap home? Is it a dead-sure strike?"

'Lish slid from her horse and ran to the door.

"Maw, Maw, Maw!" was her cry. "Maw, they've killed him! They've killed poor old pap!"

It was a month after they had laid the old man in the white earth, and the wind was whispering through the sage-brush and scattering its gray leaves on his grave.

'Lish was up in the canon, behind the very rock where she had found her dead father. The canon draught was grateful to her after the hard ride over the heated plain. She drank in long breaths of it, but all the time her eye was on the hole where her father had made the one great strike of his life and had died for it.

"Strange he never comes 'roun'—that greasy-faced Jose Garcia. 'Twas him that did it. Praps he's waitin' fer us to move away. He'll wait a long time—till he's dead."

She let her glance fall for an instant to the something that gleamed along the top of the rock. That something was the barrel of her father's rifle. The wind rustled a snake skin on the rock at her side, and a "swift" darted into the shade and looked at her with unwinking eyes.

Then a dark, squat figure stole out of the canon depths and up to the mine. The girl did not start, but a smile passed her lips. The figure moved about as silently as a shadow. It turned a swart face toward the spot where she lay hid, but there was more of interest for it in the hole in the canon side than for aught else, and on this the eyes were bent.

By moving the muzzle of the rifle two inches along the top of the rock, it covered the flap of the pocket in the left breast of the blue flannel shirt.

"Farther than I thought for," the girl said to herself—"nearly a hundred and fifty yards. The middle sight's the best."

She squinted through the pin-point hole, and lowering the muzzle the smallest fraction of an inch, she smiled as the small round dot of light rested on the very centre of the pocket-flap. At that instant a dark shadow made an inky patch on the scarp near her, and looking up she saw a big buzzard wheeling in the air. She smiled again, and hugged the rifle butt, which fitted closely against her shoulder. Her right hand went forward a little. Her slender forefinger, held straight, smoothed the black trigger lightly, almost lovingly. The man straightened up a little. The finger crooked, there was a sharp crack, and the man fell upon his face.

Then she pressed home another cartridge and clambered up the rock, rifle in hand. She leaned over the body. It was motionless.

"You oughter 'a been shot in the back, too," she said, grimly; "but 'Lish ain't no greaser."

She moved away, with light step, hugging the rifle under her arm. And the buzzard circled a little lower.—The Argonaut.

### WORDS OF WISDOM.

A suppressed resolve will betray itsel in the eyes.

The best place to practice good manners—at home.

Anger is the avalanche of the heart and a breath may loosen it.

Your trouble's easy born when everybody gives it a lift for you.

If people are not aware that you are a good man don't tell them you are.

Truth travels in slow boats while hope and fear run in slippers of lightning.

A believing outlook into a long future is most favorable to a careful and virtuous life.

The right word is always a power, and communicates its definiteness to our action.

Who can tell just what criticisms Mun the Cat may be passing on us beings of wider speculation?

It always seemed to me a sort of cleve stupidity only to have one sort of talen—like a carrier pigeon.

In our eagerness to explain impressions we often lose our hold or the sympathy that comprehends them.

Folks as have no minds to be o' use have allays the luck to be out of the road when there is anything to be done.

Every country merchant will agree that the hardest customers to please are the women who bring bad eggs to the store.

The man who pays his debts simply because he is forced to, is not worthy to be trusted, because he is not an honest man.

It is difficult for a woman ever to try to be anything good when she is not believed in—when it is always supposed that she must be contemptible.

Will was not without his intentions to be always generous; but our tongues are little triggers which have usually been pulled before general intentions can be brought to bear.

It is a melancholy solace, though it is one, to make the gains of experience repair the ravages of disappointment, balancing unrewarded exertions of affection with accumulations of knowledge.

We, perhaps, never detect how much of our social demeanor is made up of artificial airs, until we see a person who is at once beautiful and simple. Without the beauty we are apt to call the simplicity awkwardness.

### Islands Named for Dogs.

There are dozens (some say scores) of islan ls of greater or lesser dimensions known as "Little Dogs," "Dog Islands," "Big Dogs," etc. An island in the Thames, now a part of London, is called the "Isle of Dogs." Carlyle alludes to it when he says: "Tell us first whether his voyage has been around the globe or only from Rumsgate to the "Isle of Dogs." Three lofty and rocky islands near St. Thomas (Virgin Islands), are known as the "The Great Dog," "George Dog" and the "West Dog."

These are "Dog Islands" in the Maylan Archipelago; on the coast of Maine, off the coast of Franklin County, Florida, and another in the Serawati Group. On the cost of Kamschatka there is an island known as "The Island of Talking Dogs." The curious story connected with this little spot of land, and the one which gives it the name it bears, is this, according to an old Asiatic legend:

The first inhabitants of the far North did not employ dogs, but drew their walrus-rib sleds themselves. After ages had elapsed, man made an attempt to use the dogs of that region—which, by the way, talked just as men do—as beasts of burden. The talking dogs, however, argued the case with their would-be masters, and were not long in proving that they had enough to do to catch game for themselves and the children of men. But the men soon learned the use of the bow and the spear, thus ruining the occupation of the talking dogs. Again an attempt was made to harness them to sledges, but the talking canines rebelled and all swam out to the island, afterwards known by the title given in the opening. Here game was scarce and the dogs soon turned cannibals, and by the end of the first winter there were only seven left. Some human Kamschatkans volunteered to row out to the island and bring off the remnant of the dog colony. But the dogs refused to leave their barren island, each earnestly asking: "What people are you? We have never seen you before." For this untruth Chami, the dog god, took their voices from them, and until this day they have been the dumb servants of man.—St. Louis Republic.

### Gossip About Tea.

"Americans are not tea drinkers. What they drink is Japan tea, which, in my opinion, is poor and tasteless. So-called 'English breakfast tea' is a brew which an Englishman is compelled to come to the United States to taste for the first time in his life.

"The appointment of 'tea taster' was much sought after in the old days. After paying a premium of $2500 in London one was taught the business in a three-years' apprenticeship in Mincing Lane and then sent out to a tea firm in China. Then came another year's local apprenticeship before being made a regular buyer. Salaries ran from $150 to $500 a month, with handsome quarters and sumptuous board.

"The tea is sampled from 'muster cans.' We examine the dry leaf for appearance and weight. Then the tea is fused and tasted. Just a sharp sip and spit, never a swallow. The touch of the liquid on the palate is sufficient to get the taste and aroma. After that the wet leaf is examined and scented. That is the time to detect foreign substances and adulterations which are impossible to detect in the dry state of the leaf. I have tasted as many as 500 samples in a morning, sometimes 1000 tastes a day.

"The proper way of making tea? There is only one correct rule, all fancy faddists notwithstanding. That is the professional rule and applies to all and every kind of tea. The proportion should be one light teaspoonful for each person and one for the pot.' Tne water should be poured on the leaf boiling—boiling, mark you, not merely very hot. It should then stand for five minutes exactly, not a second more or less, and your tea is ready. We use sand glasses in the trade to hit the exact moment to pour off the tea from the leaves, which then rapidly commence to give tannin."—San Francisco Chronicle.

## THE NEWS.

Senator Roger Q. Mills, of Texas, is reported to be critically ill, hard campaign work having caused a relapse of the grip. ——There is a suspicion that J. H. Wickes, the New York millionaire, was murdered in Detroit.——The body of George Bruce Mitchell, a hardware merchant of St. Louis, was found in a ditch alongside the railway track near the station at Perth, Ont. There was a large gash on the back of his head and a cut two inches long on his forehead. It is supposed that he was robbed and murdered. He was on a visit to his father and mother, who live there.——One of the highwaymen who robbed the Snipes & Co., bank at Roslyn was captured near Tacoma.——John Shields cut his cousin, Ed. Woldridge, to death near Brazil, Ind.——The body of Bandmaster Patrick S. Gilmore was buried in New York. There was a large attendance of representatives from many organizations.——Uriah T. Washburn, president of the People's Bank of Haverstraw, dropped dead at the West Shore Railroad station at the West Haverstraw while waiting for a train. He was a member of several brickmaking firms and very wealthy.——Fire caused damage to the amount of $200,000 in the Singer Sewing Machine factory, in Elizabeth.——Ex-Judge Theo. W. Barnett, of Indiana, died in New York.——Fire destroyed thirty-one small cottages on Rossnau, St. Andrew and Adelee streets, New Orleans. Loss estimated at $50,000.——The Arkansas General Belt Railroad Company was incorporated with a capital of $3,500,000.

Hugh O'Donnell was remanded to jail in Pittsburg, Judge Porter refusing to accept bail.——Four colored men and one white were whipped at New Castle, Del.——The general store of Benjamin Herr at Delta, York county, was burned with contents. Loss $7,000; insurance $4,800.——An agreement has been signed between Quincy granite manufacturers and the cutters.——At the final session of the National Camp Patriotic Sons of America, Chicago was almost unanimously chosen as the place of meeting next year.——The fisheries at many points along the coast and the St. Lawrence, have been a complete failure this season and in consequence large numbers of the local population are selling out and leaving for the United States.——Governor Flower granted the requisition on which Walter Lasalle, alias Charles Beresford, is to be taken to Rome, Ga.——At a meeting of the Executive Committee, the demand for a building to be devoted entirely to the Departments of Liberal Arts and Ethology, as a part of the World's Fair, was practically defeated.——A strong corporation has just been formed in Denver, with Stephen W. Dorsey at the head, which is to be known as the American Land and Canal Company. It has a capital stock of $2,000,000.——C. H. Eddelstein, a pawnbroker, was fatally shot, in Chicago, by one of three unidentified men, who were evidently bent on robbing the pawnshop.——A number of convicts escaped from the jail in Rochester.——Fifty persons were poisoned by drinking milk with arsenic in it, in Cincinnati.——The overflow of the Rio Grande river continues to cause a great amount of damage in the neighborhood of Rio Grande City. It has reached a higher stage than ever known, and thousands of acres of rich bottom lands, between Rio Grande City and Brownsville, have been washed away.——Fire destroyed Davidson's grain elevators, Mahomet, Ill. Loss $30,000.

Owing to a defective frog, the passenger train on the Joplin branch of the Missouri Pacific Railroad was wrecked, two cars being derailed and almost demolished. Frank DeForest, of St. Louis, the air-brake inspector of the Missouri Pacific, was killed, and several others injured.——Fire broke out in the plant of the Union School Furniture Company, in Battle Creek, Mich., and the factory, office and four other buildings were destroyed. The loss will aggregate $100,000.——A consolidation of farmers and laborers has been arranged in Illinois, to be known as the United Farmers and Laborers of Illinois.——A destructive cyclone is reported to have occurred on the Rubin Island.——Judge William E. Sherwood of the Common Pleas Court of Cleveland, died from exhaustion caused by a surgical operation.——Garfield and Leo Van Arman shot each other, and then jumped into Black River, New York, and were drowned.——Jacob Kealley, who was injured in the Clayton explosion, died at Wilmington.——The whaling steamer Kite, with Peary's exploring party, and the relief expedition aboard, arrived at Philadelphia.——Mrs. Elizabeth Stanton died in Paltor county, Pa., at the age of one hundred and seventeen years.——Joseph St. Clair, an employe at the electric power-house in Richmond, while adjusting a belt was struck in the head by a piece of a broken pulley, knocked senseless, and died in two hours.——The body of a man was found floating in an upright position in the river near New Castle.——The western part of Lancaster county, Pa., was visited by a terrible rain storm, and bridges washed away.

Henry Von Bergen suicided in Savannah, Ga., by drinking an ounce of carbolic acid in a glass of soda water, dying in five minutes. The loss of position, refusal of marriage and drunkenness were the causes of the rash act. Taylor & Hawthorn's hosiery mill in Germantown, Pa., was damaged by fire to the extent of $10,000, insurance $6,000.——T. R. Vincent was killed by contact with an electric wire in Kansas City, the result of a practical joke.——At the Ryan slate quarry Moore township, Pa., George Shissler, Jr., was instantly killed and Lucas Smith badly burned about the face and eyes by premature explosion.——While in the act of writing a bogus check in the office of Atwood, Violet & Co., W. R. Cossett, the embezzling cashier of the People's Bank at Hops, Ark., was arrested. Cossett robbed the bank and made off with the funds of the county school board of which he was treasurer.——A fire, supposed to have been started by children, has swept the whole eastern side of the business street of Howard, S. D., causing a loss estimated at $100,000, insurance $30,000. R. B. Allensmoth and wife, an old couple, lost their lives while saving household goods.——The boiler of a locomotive on the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company's branch line exploded, killing one and injuring two.——Colonel C. F. Crocker, first vice president of the Southern Pacific Railroad, intimates that the report that the Arkansas Pass Railroad is soon to go into the control of his company is correct.——The New York State Senate Committee adopted the report of their counsel declaring the Reading combine illegal.——George T. Comstock, formerly chief justice of the New York Court of Appeals, died in Syracuse.——The large steam saw mill, door and sash factory of J. P. Collins, at Seaville Station, twenty miles from Cape May, was entirely destroyed by fire.——A number of Philadelphia van drivers were arrested for robbing the mails.——William Ayer, aged thirteen years, of Adamstown, Pa., while out gunning with his father, accidentally shot and killed himself.——The Democratic State Convention of Massachusetts renominated Governor Russell.——Two men were killed in a railroad wreck on the Western Alabama road.

## A TOWN INUNDATED.

Brunswick, Ga., Visited by a Cloud Burst That Floods the Streets.

A special from Brunswick says that town was visited by a cloud burst and a terrific electric storm that damaged $20,000 worth of property, filled New Castle, Mansfield, Bay, Union, Oglethorpe, and Grant Streets with water four feet deep, penned the citizens in their homes and stores and threatened to inundate an entire block of three-story brick houses.

## CLEVELAND ACCEPTS.

His Ideas on Tariff, Immigration and the Force Bill.

Needs of the Nation for Continued Prosperity.

The following is the letter of Grover Cleveland accepting the nomination as the Democratic candidate for President of the United States:

"*To Hon. William L. Wilson and others, Committee, &c.*—Gentlemen: In responing to your formal notification of my nomination to the Presidency by the national Democracy, I hope I may be permitted to say at the outset, that contained reflect on and observation have confirmed me in my adherence to the opinions, which I have heretofore plainly and publicly declared, touching the questions involved in the canvass.

"This a time, above all others, when those questions should be considered in the light afforded by a sober apprehension of the principles upon which our government is based and a clear understanding of the relation it bears to the people for whose benefit it was created.

"We shall thus be supplied with a test by which the value of any proposition relating to the maintenance and administration of our government can be ascertained, and by which the justice and honesty of every political question can be judged. If doctrines or theories are presented which do not satisfy this test, loyal Americanism must pronounce them false and mischievous.

"The protection of the people in the exclusive use and enjoyment of their property and earnings, concededly constitutes the especial purpose and mission of our free government. This design is so interwoven with the structure of our plan of rule, that failure to protect the citizen in such use and enjoyment, or their unjustifiable diminution by the government itself, is a betrayal of the people's trust.

"We have, however, undertaken to build a great nation upon a plan especially our own. To maintain it and to furnish through its agency the means for the accomplishment of national objects, the American people are willing through federal taxation to surrender a part of their earnings and income.

TARIFF LEGISLATION.

"Tariff legislation presents a familiar form of federal taxation. Such legislation results as surely in a tax upon the daily life of our people as the tribute paid directly into the hand of the tax-gatherer. We feel the burden of these tariff taxes too palpably to be persuaded by any sophistry that they do not exist or are paid by foreigners.

"Such taxes, re sulting a diminution of the property rights of the people, are only justifiable when they are collected for the purpose of maintaining our government and furnishing the means for the accomplishment of its legitimate purposes and functions. This is taxation under the operation of a tariff for revenue. In accords with the professions of American free institutions and its justice and honesty answer the test supplied by a correct appreciation of the principles upon which these institutions rest.

"This theory of tariff legislation manifestly enjoins strict economy in public expenditures and their limitation to legitimate public uses, inasmuch as it exhibits as absolute extortion any exaction by way of taxation, from the substance of the people, beyond the necessities of a careful and proper administration of government.

"Opposed to this theory the dogma is now boldly presented that tariff taxation is justifiable for the express purpose and intent of thereby promoting especial interests and enterprises. Such a proposition is so clearly contrary to the spirit of our constitution and so directly encourages the disturbance by selfishness and greed of patriotic sentiment that its statement would rudely shock our people, if they had not already been insidiously allured from the safe landmarks of principles. Never have honest desire for national growth, patriotic devotion to country, and sincere regard for those who toil, been so betrayed to the support of a pernicious doctrine.

"In its behalf, the plea that our infant industries should be fostered, did service until discredited by our stalwart growth, then followed the exigencies of a terrible war, which made our people heedless of the opportunities for interior schemes afforded by their willing and patriotic payment of unprecedented tribute, and now, after a long period of peace, when our overburdened countrymen ask for relief and a restoration to a fuller enjoyment of their incomes and earnings, they are met by the claim that tariff taxation for the sake of protection is an American system, the continuance of which is necessary in order that high wages shall be paid to our workingmen and a home market be provided for our farm products.

"These pretenses should no longer deceive. The truth is that such a system is directly antagonized by every sent ment of justice and fairness, of which Americans are preeminently proud. It is also true that while our workingmen and farmers can, the less of all our people, defend themselves against the harder home life which such tariff taxation decrees, the workingman suffering from the importation and employment of pauper, instigated by his professed friends and seeking security for his interest in organized cooperation, still waits for the division of the advantages secured to his employer under cover of a generous solicitude for his wages while the farmer is learning that the prices of his products is fixed in foreign markets, however he suffers from a competition invited and built up by the system he is asked to support.

"The struggle for unearned advantages at the doors of the government tramples on the rights of those who patiently rely upon assurances of American equality. Every governmental concession to clamorous favorites invites corruption in political affairs by encouraging the expenditure of money to debauch suffrage in support of a policy directly favorable to private and selfish gain. This in the end must strangle patriotism and weaken popular confidence in the rectitude of republican institutions.

"MARKETS AND RORALS."

"Though the subject of tariff legislation involves a question of markets, it also involves a question of morals. We cannot with impunity to permit injustice to taint the spirit of right and equity which is the life of our republic, and we shall fail to reach our national destiny if greed and selfishness lead the way.

"Recognizing these truths, the national Democracy will seek by the application of just and sound principles to equalize to our people the blessings due them from the government they support, to promote among our countrymen closer community of interests cemented by patriotism and national pride, and to point out a fair field where prosperous and diversified American enterprise may grow and thrive in the wholesome atmosphere of American industry, ingenuity and intelligence.

"Tariff reform is still our purpose. Though we oppose the theory that tariff laws may be passed having for their object the granting of discriminating and unfair governmental aid to private ventures we wage no exterminating war against any American interest. We believe a readjustment can be accomplished, in accordance with the principles we profess, without disaster or demolition. We believe the advantages of favorable material should be accorded to our manufacturers, and we contemplate a fair and careful distribution of necessary tariff burdens, rather than the precipitation of free trade. We anticipate with calmness the misrepresentation of our motives and purposes, instigated by a selfishness which seeks to hold in unrelenting grasp its unfair advantage under present tariff laws. We will rely upon the intelligence of our fellow-countrymen to reject the charge that a party comprising a majority of our people in planning the destruction or injury of American interests, and we know that they cannot be frightened by the spectre free trade.

THE FORCE BILL.

"The administration and management of our government depend upon popular will. Federal power is the instrument of that will not its master. Therefore the attempts of the opponents of Democracy to interfere with and control the suffrage of the state through federal agencies developed a design which no explanation can mitigate, reverses upon fundamental and safe relation between the people and their government. Such an attempt cannot fail to be regarded by thoughtful men as proof of a bold determination to secure the supremacy of a discredited party in reckless disregard of a free expression of the popular will. To resist such a scheme is an impulse of Democracy. At all times and in all places we trust the people. As against a disposition to force the way to federal power we present to them as our claim to their confidence and support, a steady championship of their rights.

THE CURRENCY.

"The people are entitled to sound and honest money, abundantly sufficient in volume to supply their business needs. But, whatever may be the form of the people's currency, national or state—whether gold, silver or paper—it should be so regulated and guarded by the governmental action, or by wise and careful laws, that no one can be deluded as to the certainty and stability of its value. Every dollar put into the hands of the people should be of the same intrinsic value or purchasing power. With this condition absolutely guaranteed both gold and silver can be safely utilized upon equal terms in the adjustment of our currency.

"In dealing with this subject, no selfish scheme should be allowed to intervene and no doubtful experiment should be attempted. The wants of our people, arising from the deficiency or imperfect distribution of money circulation, ought to be fully and honestly recognized and efficiently remedied. It should, however, be constantly remembered that the inconvenience or loss that might arise from such a situation can be much easier borne than the universal distress which must follow a discredited currency.

CIVIL SERVICE.

"Public officials are the agents of the people. It is, therefore, their duty to secure for those whom they represent the best and most efficient performance of public work. This plainly can be best accomplished by regarding ascertained fitness in the selection of government employees. These considerations alone are sufficient justification for an honest adherence to the letter and spirit of civil service reform. There are, however, other features of this plan which abundantly commend it.

"Through its operation worthy merit in every station and condition of American life is recognized in the distribution of public employment, while its application tends to raise the standard of political activity from spoils hunting and unthinking party affiliation to the advocacy of party principles by reason and argument.

PENSIONS.

"The American people are generous and grateful, and they have impressed these characteristics upon their government. Therefore, all patriotic and just citizens must commend liberal consideration for our worthy veteran soldiers and for the families of those who have died. No complaint should be made of the amount of public money paid to those actually disabled or made dependent by reason of army service.

"But our pension roll should be a roll of honor, uncontaminated by ill desert and unvitiated by demagogic use. This is due to those whose worthy names adorn the roll and to all our people who delight to honor the brave and the true. It is also due to those who in years to come should be allowed to hear, reverently and lovingly, the story of American patriotism and fortitude, illustrated by our pension roll. The preferences accorded to veteran soldiers in public employment should be secured to them honestly and without evasion, and when capable and worthy, their claim to the helpful regard and gratitude of their countrymen should be ungrudgingly acknowledged.

SUMPTUARY LAWS.

"The assurances to the people of the utmost individual liberty consistent with peace and good order is a vital principle of our free government. This gives no sanction to vexatious sumptuary laws which unnecessarily interfere with such habits and customs of our people as are not offensive to a just moral sense, and are not inconsistent with good citizenship and the public welfare. The same principle requires that the lines between the functions which are properly within governmental control and those which are more fittingly left to parental regulation should be carefully kept in view.

"An enforced education, wisely deemed a proper preparation for citizenship, should not involve the impairment of wholesome parental authority nor do violence to the household circle. Paternalism in government finds no approval in the creed of Democracy. It is a symptom of misrule, whether it is manifested in unauthorized gifts or by an unwarranted control of personal and family affairs.

"Our people, still cherishing the feeling of human fellowship which belonged to our beginning as a nation, require their government to express for them sympathy with all those who are oppressed under any rule less free than ours.

SUMMED UP.

"In an imperfect and incomplete manner I have thus endeavored to state