



A St. Louis court has ruled that an engaged girl has an insurable interest in the life of her fiancé.

Gladstone said recently that he was too old to have an opinion on the new woman. His "ideal woman had not altered in the last three score years and ten."

It has been recently calculated that during the eighteen years ending with June 30, 1890, no fewer than 1826 persons were killed in cyclones in the United States.

The Kansas City Journal observes, facetiously: "People seldom kill themselves in the city of Brooklyn. When they get tired of life they simply quit dodging trolley cars."

"The craze over roller skates some years ago is nowhere near so sweeping and widespread in its effects as the present craze over the bicycle," maintains the Chicago Record.

A society for the suppression of scandal has just been started at Insterburg, in East Prussia. Every scandalous story spread in the town will be traced and the originator prosecuted by the society.

The New Orleans Picayune is astonished because Henry W. Hall, of New York, has been sentenced to prison for a year for shooting himself, and the same day, in the same city, a woman, who had tried to murder her husband, was discharged.

Two reasons given in the New York Sun for the falling off in the receipts at Monte Carlo are the financial stringency in the United States and in Italy--the Nations that spent most money at the tables--and the rise of Cairo as a winter resort.

The bicycle has had a serious effect on rents in Chicago, claims the New Orleans Picayune. Clerks and people of moderate means find that they can get to their business as early and as easily from a distant suburb, and can save in the rent more than the cost of the wheel.

An international monument to Hermann von Helmholtz is to be erected in Berlin. It promises, remarks the Washington Star, to be a unique memorial for the money with which it will be purchased is being contributed by Germany, France, England, Italy, Russia and the United States. Science knows no nationality.

One of the great blessings which will undoubtedly result from the war in the East is that China will be opened to the trade of the world. Mr. Denby, United States Minister at Peking, in a late report, predicts that Japan, in making a treaty with China will, to a great extent, endeavor to remove many restrictions now existing on foreign trade.

Miss Estelle Clayton, an enterprising New York actress, is trying to have every one else enjoined from acting the part of Trilby with bare feet, avers The Pathfinder. She says she has a copyright on bare feet on the stage. In that case the law requires her to send two specimens to be filed in the Library of Congress. What's to be done? There is no provision for storing bare feet in the Congressional Library.

The growth of cotton mills in the South has increased nearly 100 per cent. in five years. The total number of spindles in operation in 1895 was 3,001,840, against 1,630,082 in 1890, and the number of looms in operation in 1895 was 70,874, against 38,865 in 1890. It is said that New England manufacturers, who represent 1,500,000 spindles, have recently been investigating the advantages of the South for cotton manufacture.

There have been few deaths of Cabinet officers since the war, Mr. Gresham being only the fourth to die in all that time. General John A. Rawlins, who was Secretary of War under President Grant, died while still in service. Charles J. Folger, who was Secretary of the Treasury under Arthur, died in 1884, and William Windom died in 1891, after making a speech at the Chamber of Commerce banquet at Delmonico's. At that time he was Secretary of the Treasury in Harrison's Cabinet. Mr. Gresham is the fourth Secretary of State to die in service. The others were Hugh S. Legare, who died in 1843 while Acting Secretary of State under Tyler; Abel P. Upshur, who followed him in the same Cabinet, and who was killed by the explosion of a gun on board the war vessel Princeton; and Daniel Webster, who at the time of his death was Secretary of State in Fillmore's Cabinet.

WHEN THE MERCURY RISES.

The man whose rule it is to take The weather as it comes, Without a word of fuss, finds life A pudding full of plums. He doesn't care how low or high The mercury has got, And even when it's mid-July, He hardly knows it's hot.

But he who, when the mercury Goes up to eighty-five, Makes such a fuss that every one Regrets that he's alive, Thus makes himself unhappy Than he was meant to be, And feels the heat at seventy-two As if 'twere ninety-three.

HOW TOM RAISED THE WIND

JUDGING by his haggard looks and the monotonous way in which he was pacing up and down the room, the Hon. Robert Spenceley was evidently under the influence of a serious mental depression when his particular chum, Tom Langton, favored him with a morning call.

"Hallo! What's up, Bob? By Jove, you are looking seely." The Hon. Robert stopped in his purposeless walk, languidly extended his arm, lightly touched the tips of his friend's fingers, and heaved a deep and bitter sigh.

"Are you ill, chappie, or has the peerless, patrician Penelope--" "Sit down, Tom. The fact is, I've been a fool."

"And how did you discover it?" "Well, as you know, I've been mixed up a bit with Lord Temptown and his set. Jolly fellows, but inclined to go the pace a bit too fast. Hang me if I can say 'No' to anything that they propose, and the upshot of it all is that in two nights I have lost upward of £3000 playing cards at the Junior Aborigines--at least, that's the amount they hold my I O U's for."

"What confoundedly bad luck you must have had!" "I posted down to the family neck yesterday, laid the whole affair before the governor, and vowed that I would never touch a card again if he would help me out of this scrape."

"And has he refused?" "Point blank. He reminded me that on several occasions he had paid off my legitimate debts--small in comparison to this one--but he considered playing cards for high stakes so outrageously foolish that he could not and would not help me. I told him they were debts of honor, but he said it was most dishonorable way either of making or getting rid of money."

"In conclusion, he told me that as it was most desirable that I should break off from this connection, he proposed to reduce my allowance to £500 for one year, during which time I am to travel and see as much of the world as I can on a paltry £10 a week."

"And what did you say?" "What could I say? I have no choice in the matter. I have made up my mind that I will not go to money-lenders, and so I must get these fellows to wait until I can redeem my paper."

"Look here, old chap. I'll come with you for a time, and we'll go in for a walking tour." "Tom, you are a brick. Let us start this week."

Three months had elapsed since Robert Spenceley's departure, during which period frequent communications--each bearing expressions of regret for the past and promises for the future--kept Lord Methwick fully acquainted with his son's doings. The absent one seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself, judging from his graphic descriptions of the scenery and incidents of the walking tour.

Several times lately the doubt had arisen in Lord Methwick's mind as to whether he had not been too severe, remembering that his son had hitherto borne an irreproachable character, evincing a deep dislike to all the worse forms of dissipation, and there was no doubt that this unfortunate affair at the Junior Aborigines was not the result of inherent or newly-acquired viciousness, but rather, brought about by a false position, in which, surrounded by companions of wealth and repute, he had been led away by the excitement and his inability to say "No."

to the gendarmes will be on the son of your Excellency.

(Signed) "GRUSEPPE." Giuseppe! The most noted and bloodthirsty brigand of modern times, about whose cruelties and tortures so many harrowing tales were told by travelers, and upon whose head a heavy price had been set long ago.

Lady Methwick piteously besought her husband to send the money at once.

"They will kill my darling boy, and you--you--will have sent him to his death!" Her daughters, the Hon. Agatha, Ondine and Clovis, added their agonized entreaties; indeed so carried away were they by their feelings that they actually offered to go without new hats and dresses for the next twelve months, in order to contribute to the ransom money.

"It took me quite by surprise when they accused me of having two ears, and told me they had buried one of them. But how about the money?" "I have told the fellows that you have negotiated a loan and empowered me to pay your debts. Here are the I O U's that I have bought up, and the total amount is about £2996. The remaining £1004--"

"You will please keep for yourself as arranged, for the double purpose of paying you for your trouble and buying your perpetual silence." "Thanks," old chap. I will be silent as the grave; but, I say, I had a difficulty in keeping silence when we had Her Majesty's Consul in the forest. I never wanted to laugh so much before."--London Tit-Bits.

Dog Whips Catamount. There was an exciting fight last night between Tige, a brindled bulldog, owned by a Portsmouth man, and a catamount, owned by a Broken County (Ky.) farmer.

The scene was in a barn near Latonia Springs and the amount bet was \$100. The announcement of the fight drew a crowd of about 200 people from this city and across the river. The catamount was confined in a cage about twelve feet long and six wide in the center of the barn. The catamount was driven to one end of the cage and then the dog was thrown in. At first neither made a move.

The dog, after eyeing the catamount some moments, finally jumped at it and secured a hold on its neck. This started the fight on in earnest and both fought viciously. Several times the catamount shook the dog off, but finally the brindled fastened its fangs in the catamount's neck and held on. After a ten minutes' struggle the catamount succumbed and was taken out of the cage, dead. The dog was badly scratched about the head, but not seriously hurt.

The result was not what the sports had expected, and considerable money was lost. Many thought the catamount would make short work of the dog, and were disappointed, as it only acted on the defensive. The dog weighed thirty-two pounds and the catamount twenty-two pounds.--Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mustaches Proscribed. It is the rule at the well-known banking house of Goutts & Co., Strand, London, that none of the bank clerks are to wear mustaches, and it has long been considered a point of business etiquette that all the gentlemen employed at the bank should wear frock coats during business hours.

A clerkship at Messrs. Goutts's is considered one of the prizes in the banking profession. Some of the men are university graduates, many have been educated at one of the great public schools, while several have been called to the English bar. Some years ago an attempt was made to have the unwritten law regarding mustaches rescinded, but it was found that a greater number preferred the old custom to remain in force than were in favor of its abolition.

This curious custom is also said to prevail in some of the large tea houses of the city, while it is well known that some Church of England bishops prefer the courtes under their charge to be clean shaven. A lady who tried about three years ago to enforce a shaven face on the groom in her employment, and dismissed him at once because he refused compliance. In order, found that the law gave her no such power, and was nixed in the costs of the action by the Judge of the Bedford County Court.--Tit-Bits.

Happy Idea to Banish Tramps. Daniel Dolobran, the contractor who is building the new public school at Flobert's Cove, Conn., has hit on a happy idea for keeping tramps off his grounds at night. His "Beware of the Dogs" signs have been sufficient warning for the daylight hours, but, not being visible after dark, he has been annoyed by intruders who have slept in his barn and appropriated his poultry. He now has four such signs painted with phosphorescent paint and they gleam their warning so effectively that he has not been bothered since he hung them out.--New York Mail and Express.

A Strange Village. At Tebessa, in Algeria, near the Tunis frontier, a strange megalithic village has been discovered. At the foot of a shell limestone cliff, half a mile from the phosphate mines, are many large boulders, from thirty-five to forty feet in circumference, which have fallen from the cliff. These were hollowed into rooms about seven feet square, and openings cut in the rock for windows and doors. As megalithic tombs, large slabs supported on upright stones, are near by, it is probable that these little rooms were used as dwellings and not as burial places.--New York Sun.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

The Embarrassing Moment--Hardly True--A Passive Instrument--Scenes of Warfare, Etc., Etc.

There are times when man would be alone, Far from the maddening crowd, Where he his privacy can own And think his thoughts out loud. One of these times, without a doubt, Is when he first bestrides A bike, and neighbors all come out To see how well he rides.

A PASSIVE INSTRUMENT.

Father--"Tommy, stop pulling that cat's tail." Tommy--"I'm only holding the tail, the cat's pulling it."--Life.

HARDLY TRUE.

Father--"My son, no man ever accomplished much who talked at his work." Son--"How about a law yer, dad?"--Detroit Free Press.

HATHER OLD.

Mrs. Progress--"There goes Mrs. Paddy, she is a perfect type of the new woman." Mr. Progress--"Impossible. Why she's sixty-five if she's a day."

HAPPY THOUGHT.

She--"Goodness, what shall we do? There's pa's step coming down the stairs!" He--"I will hide behind one of your sleeves and he will never see me."

SCENES OF WARFARE.

Tourist--"What are the most famous battle-fields of England?" Guide--"Oh, Flodden Field and Hastings, and the house in Chelsea where Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle used to live."--Truth.

A CHRONIC MOOD.

The Wife--"You say that mamma may come to visit us as often as she likes?" The Husband--"Yes, dear, but it may be well to remember that she always dislikes."--Truth.

NO SLUGGING, NO KICKING.

The Captain--"G'd-mornin', Mr. Goodman. Would'er be empire fer us ter-day?" Mr. Goodman--"Oh, I'm too old, boys."

The Captain--"Dat's jest it. Yer so old an' feeble dat der fellers 'ud be ashamed ter slug yer, an' der wouldn't be no kickin'."--Judge.

ELOPEMENT WITH USUAL FEATURES.

Ho--"And you will elope with me to-night?" She--"I will." Ho--"What will your parents do?" She--"They will wait until we come back, 'n' then give us their blessing."

Ho--"I'm a little afraid they won't." She--"Indeed they will. They have both promised."--New York Weekly.

HE MOVED.

The quick-witted conductor and the financial dunder were both on an Ogden avenue trailer to a Madison street cable train. The long coated dude was content, as the car filled up the conductor undertook to secure room for another passenger.

"Move up there, gu," he said. But the dude object to the abbreviated term applied to him. "I say, I'm no 'gent,'" he protested. "Move up a little, lady," responded the conductor, promptly. He moved.--Chicago Post.

ONE WHO DIDN'T KNOW.

First Friend--"Hello, Jinks, that's a bad cold you have. Soak your feet in boiling water and drink a pint of hot vinegar and molasses. It's a sure cure."

Second Friend (a few moments later)--"By Jove, Jinks, you ought to do something for that cold. Take a big dose of quinine, sure thing every time."

Third Friend (ten minutes later)--"I say Jinks, there's no use coughing yourself into the grave like that. Get a bottle of Jane's Hopterant--stop it quicker a wink."

Fourth Friend--"Got a bad cold, haven't you?" Jinks (after waiting some time)--"Well, do you know a sure cure?"

Fourth Friend (hoarsely)--"No. Got a bad cold myself."--New York Weekly.

A LIMITED STOCK.

A member of the bar was recently in one of our thriving provincial towns on bus. In the hotel he was accosted by a very agreeable gentleman, who finally wanted to know where he was from.

The legal gentleman, not exactly relishing the stranger's familiarity, answered shortly, "From London." "For what house are you traveling?" "For my own." "You are! May I ask your name?" "You are!" "You are!" "Well, desperately, what is your name?" "Dobson." "What line are you in?" "I don't understand you, sir." "What are you selling?" "Impatiency." "Brains!" coolly. The mercantile traveler, looking at the other from head to foot, said slowly, "Well, you appear to carry a very small lot of samples."--Tit-Bits.

THE LIMIT DETERMINED.

EDITOR OF "AMERICAN ECONOMIST" TALKS ON PROTECTION.

Our Tariff Should Cover the Difference of Cost of Production--Wages in This Country Must Be Protected Against Cheap Foreign Competition--A Strong Case Clearly Stated.

Will you be kind enough to write on the following subject: "What Should Determine the Limit of Protection for American Industries?" It is quite a subject and there are a great many opinions. B. F. MELLOR, Rockville, Conn.

This is an exceedingly interesting question. According to the principles of the American Protective Tariff League, the object of its existence, as expressed in Article II of its constitution, is, "by adequate duties upon imported products, to protect American labor, whether agricultural, manufacturing, mining or commercial, against the competition of low priced labor in foreign countries."

All friends of protection believe that the American people should not, and will not, submit to the low standard of wages prevailing in other countries. It is the desire of protectionists to ameliorate the condition of American labor, and this can only be done by excluding from our markets the products of cheaper labor. The question then arises, To what extent or to what degree of protection are we prepared to go?

We believe that the limit of protection to American industries should be determined by the cost of labor in similar industries in other countries. For instance, if certain work in a certain factory costs an American manufacturer \$2 per day, and similar work in similar factories in Europe can be performed for \$ or \$1.50 per day, then we believe the product of the American factory should be protected to the extent of \$.50 per dollar, which is the difference between the lowest rate paid abroad and the rate paid in this country.

In framing a tariff for protection, it is essential to bear in mind that the greatest amount of competition will naturally come from such countries as pay the lowest rate of wages. If an article can be made in England for a dollar and in Germany for seventy-five cents, the two being of equal quality, the German article will secure the trade and the American wage earner must be protected against the lower German rate. The knowledge of what such rates are should be in the possession of business men engaged in different industries. An American woolen manufacturer should have reliable and authoritative data regarding the wages paid in other countries by those who are engaged in making similar goods. It may be true that the lower wage rate paid in other countries, in some cases, sufficient for the needs of those people to procure the actual necessities of life, but we are not prepared to ask American labor to work for a mere existence, and we trust that we never shall be compelled to do so.

The great mass of our people wish for prosperity to their fellow citizens, that they may earn not only the actual necessities but also something in addition that will enable them to enjoy some of the comforts and, further, to save money for their old age. A poorhouse policy is out of place in the United States. In determining the amount of protection necessary to American labor and American industries other factors enter into consideration. The interest on the capital employed is higher here than in Europe. Cheap ocean freight on the other side will often enable foreign goods to be laid down in our ports for less money than similar American goods could be delivered there from our manufacturing towns. When our railroads, moreover, give special concessions in freight rates to foreign goods that are shipped to our interior points then our manufacturers are still further handicapped.

There has in the past been considerable criticism at what is regarded as the high percentage of protection under the McKinley tariff. In some instances, it is true, the percentage of protection was high and necessarily so, but the actual amount of protection was in no case excessive. The percentage is regulated by the cost of the goods generally, being higher where values are low.

In any future tariff for protection that may be framed there are some entirely new considerations to be borne in mind. The termination of the war between China and Japan will stimulate industrial progress in the latter country, which is already rapidly advancing its manufacturing industries. But few years will elapse before Japanese goods will be found in our own and in the European markets, supplanting such as we have imagined it would never be possible to make except here or in Europe.

Japanese cotton and woolen goods of all kinds will very shortly be strong competitors with our own cottons and woollens. Russian cotton goods are also to be looked for, and now we find that the cotton industry is being planted in China, upon English lines, no less than ten mills being erected or equipped there, which will, of course, be worked mainly with Chinese labor.

This is undoubtedly England's advance move to offset the progress of Japanese manufacture. But what are we doing? We have simply begun to lower our tariff so as to give the manufacturers of England, of Continental Europe, of India, of China and of Japan greater opportunities and greater facilities for reaching our market, which is the largest and the best in the world. We are inviting foreign made goods to take the place of our goods, inviting foreign cheap labor to compete with our own labor, and gradually forcing the American

McKinley Captured an Industry.

"I believe," said McKinley, "that with protection in America we can capture the business of raising and manufacturing all our linen, just as we have captured the nail, tin, chioory, silk and carpet industries, and make all of these things in the end cheaper for our people. I would agree to have the Belfast linen manufacturers in this country in two years, and Minnesota covered with flax in place of cheap wheat, if I could dictate the policy. I think that \$25,000,000 a year saved to the United States on linen is worth trying for, and proper protection would do it."

Mr. Dana tells me that he raises chioory in his famous garden at Flushing and uses the green tops for salad.

Now comes the news from Nebraska that the State is so delighted with the protective policy which brought a great industry into their State that the Legislature has added a bounty on both chioory and sugar.

The million dollar beet sugar plant at Norfolk has been found large enough to manufacture their great North Platte beet crop into sugar, and now they are turning the great Grand Island sugar houses into a chioory factory. Millions of bushels of corn and wheat will go out of Nebraska, and by and by, thanks to protection, the farmer will get a better price for wheat. How much wiser is such a policy than the policy of killing an industry. With the tariff on wool, sheep were going all over Dakota and Minnesota taking out wheat and enriching the worn out land. Now sheep are being killed, the industry destroyed and \$25,000,000 annually will go to Asia for wool.

Let us be glad that the new industry of chioory has escaped Mr. Wilson's poisoned arrow.

Free Trade's Foolish. The advocates of protection have made decided gains in the earnest popular discussions of the tariff question covering a period of two or three years last passed. I have witnessed the changes, and know of the truth of the statement I make. In view of this growing sentiment, fostered by the industrial development of the South on every hand, the tariff reformers, the political heirs of the former free traders of the South, are now proclaiming everywhere that the financial issue is the only one before the country, that the tariff is no longer an issue--that was settled, they claim, for years to come by the last Congress--and the only issue is "sound money" or free coinage of silver, and this issue is given undue prominence in order to divert attention from the tariff and the benefits of the protective system, which in our section are understood better than ever before. C. W. BUCKLAND, Montgomery, Ala.

One Shepherd Left.

A man in New York City is earning a living in sheep industry. He is engaged on salary to take care of a flock of sheep which has been placed in Central Park as curiosities.--Journal, Sioux City, Iowa.

Table comparing 1892 and 1895 wages and costs. 1892: WAGES \$9.00, BOARD 3.00, PROFIT 6.00. 1895: WAGES \$3.00, BOARD 1.50, LOSS 1.50.



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