

German women have been appealed to by the International Woman's League for Peace in Paris to help them in bridging about a general disarmament.

Count Okuma's proposition of a world's fair in Japan is a sensible one, thinks the New Orleans Picayune. The Occidental attendance at an Oriental exposition would be immense.

Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, is going to write a life of Abraham Lincoln from the standpoint of an ex-Confederate who admires the genius of the martyred President.

Four professors of the University of California, after listening, as judges, to a public debate on the New Woman movement, voted solidly against the New Woman, deciding that the movement "is not for the best interests of the race."

Alphonse Daudet, the French novelist, has been sorely troubled by his uncomplimentary remark about English women. He declared the other day that he had decided to say nothing about women in the future, because this "sex, usually called feeble, has too many defenders when attacked."

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has asked all the important lines using Pullman sleepers to join in a request to the Pullman Company to reduce the price of upper berths twenty-five per cent. below the price charged for lower berths. Pullman cars are run on 127,000 out of 173,000 miles of road in this country.

Feminine caprice in dress has ruined many a flourishing industry, and now the Calais lace-makers are the sufferers. The present fancy for thick heavy guipure laces prevents sale of the fine delicate fabrics wrought in the neighborhood of Calais. Calais manufacturers have distributed their lace free to Parisian shops, but customers will not take it up.

The truth of the alage that an hour of sleep before midnight is worth two hours after midnight is questioned by Dr. E. P. Colby, who states that he made some study of the subject while in naval service during the Civil War. The ship's company on shipboard—officers and men alike—stand four-hour watches day and night, with the interpolation of a dog-watch of two hours to change the time of each set of men on successive days. These men are therefore obliged to get their required sleep very irregularly, but in more than two years of observation Dr. Colby could never discover that the watch officers and men were not as fully refreshed by their sleep as were the medical and pay officers, who stand no watch, and have hours as regular as any householder. In the varied industries of our cities, where many workers are employed at night and must sleep by day, further evidence of doubtless be found that the time of sleep is obtained has not the influence upon health and longevity formerly attributed to it.

Tennessee has planned and is now constructing an industrial exposition of interstate and international scope to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of her admission into the Union, to open at Nashville, the capital of the State, September 1, 1896, and to continue 100 days. The plans call for twenty main buildings to be grouped around a lake, a military plaza, and a reproduction of the Parthenon at Athens, standing snow white and alone in the middle upon a high terrace. In the main exhibition buildings Tennessee will present in classified form under appropriate departments the evidences of her resourceful mines, her fertile fields and her numerous manufactures. She invites every other State and foreign land to come and place its exhibits by side with hers, and will make charge for the space occupied, management to which has been insisted the details of the fair desire the most unique and the most complete exposition possible may result from their labors. For Tennessee part more than 1000 prominent and women scattered throughout the State are said by the managers to be working earnestly and patriotically, without salary, preparing exhibits. For other States, free space in buildings for exhibits and sites of individual edifices are offered, and management will render all assistance to such commissioners as are appointed for the successful performance of their duties. "Tennessee," say the managers, "is in earnest and she will prove again by her exposition the fitness of the term 'Volunteer State.'"

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

My ship comes sailing in from the sea, And I am glad as glad can be. Oh! I have kissed my love to-night, And all life seems one calm delight. My ship comes in, my ship comes in, My ship comes sailing up the sea, And life is like a dream to me. The stars look larger than before; The moon is silver now. The door Of Paradise seems open wide As you chime-door for my fair bride. My ship comes in, my ship comes in, My ship comes climbing up the sea, And land and sea are fair to me. I know full well in my ship's hold Lie neither gorgeous silks nor gold; But oh! I know my love loves me And ask no more of land or sea. My ship comes in, my ship comes in, My ship has crossed the lonesome sea, And I am glad as glad can be. —Joaquin Miller, in His "Poems."

A BAN ON THE NAME.



AM Agnes Grey, or at least that was my name when, one bright summer day, the sky was blue as though there never could be another cloud in it. I came home across fields from Nellie Hobart's wedding, when my foot caught in the grass, where some boy had tied it, and down I fell, twisting my ankle and hurting my head so that for a while I knew nothing.

At last I felt some one lift me off the ground, and opened my eyes to see that it was a great, swarthy, black-eyed girl of seventeen or so—a girl with her tangled curls tucked under a dress which was not ladylike, but she had the voice and manner of a lady, and she asked me very kindly if I were much hurt; and, seeing that I was, picked me up in her strong arms, and carried me through a garden gate, and into a little parlor, where she laid me on a sofa and bathed my head with rose water, and told me to keep up my courage for "Gideon had gone for a doctor."

That name told me where I was. I was under a roof that I had never thought would shelter me, no matter what came to pass. I would have risen and gone away, if I could have stirred from the old sofa, for this was Gideon Lee's old homestead, and here dwelt the children of the man who, sixteen years before, had been hung for the murder of my Uncle Matthew. I was but a baby when it all happened, but I could remember how the whole village was astir in search of the missing man, and how a body was found, at last, in the heart of Alcott's woods, and how the facts that there had been a quarrel between Gideon Lee and Uncle Matthew, and that Gideon Lee owed the latter money, and how they were last seen together quarreling in Gideon's garden, where a bloody handkerchief marked M. G. was found soon after, brought Gideon to the gallows. Perhaps his grandfather made me fancy I remembered it; but, at all events, the name I had learned to hate was that of Gideon Lee, and now it was the child born on the day of her mother's death, the very day on which the father met his awful fate, who lifted me from the ground, dusky Madge Lee, who had never found a playmate nor a friend in the village, because of the ban upon her father's name, and Gideon, the son, who had been old enough to understand it all at the time, who came in with old Dr. Humphries soon after. They were not poor people. The gray stone house was a substantial one, and the farm had prospered in Gideon's hands, and there were more books and pictures and tokens of refinement within than country homes generally boast of; but even the child spoke contemptuously of the "son of the man who was hung," and the servants who were hired by Madge Lee were not natives of the place.

And then she brought me the picture that they kept as a sacred relic, and verses written by his hand, and tender love-letters, yellow with age; and as I looked at the face, so sweet, so good, so like that of the Gideon Lee I knew, I felt sure that those who stood before me, though they were the children of the man who was hung, were not the offspring of a murderer. And afterwards Gideon also spoke. "It is hard for you to bear," he said, "hard to know that we must bear it all our lives; but, if you only see the truth—if only without proof you will understand that we know no murder was ever done by our dear father's hand—we, who have his pictured face upon the wall, the letters written to our mother, the words our mother wrote, begging us to read them often when she was dead, and never doubt the man who, on his knees in the condemned cell, calling on God to witness his last words, had sworn to the wife who would have loved him even had he, in some hasty moment, dealt a fatal blow, that he knew nothing of Matthew Grey's death, and even doubted that he was dead at all—if you can believe with us, and not with those who were his murderers, I, at least, shall have a lighter heart."

And I put my hand into his, and gave the other to Madge, and said honestly: "I do believe as you do, and I always will." A pretty scandal there was through the town when I began to go down to the grey stone house to see my friends. I knew it, and fought it bravely. "Gideon Lee never killed any one," I vowed aloud to those who chided me. "I will not ban his children for the fault of others."

But there, in the village, were those who had been at the trial, and eleven of the jury men, and the Judge and the Sheriff and the witnesses, and under a stone in the graveyard were the bones that had been sworn to as Uncle Matthew's, and in a bleak, lonely spot—for they refused it burial in holy ground—the coffin of the man who was hung; and how dared I, a baby almost at the time, to judge for myself?

I knew they were right enough, but I never faltered. I was as sure as Madge was that her father never killed Uncle Matthew. They would not come to my home. Indeed, grandfather would have had the door closed in their faces, but nothing could keep me from them. And it was dangerous work for me, too, as I began to know before long, to sit so much by Gideon Lee's side, to hear his voice so often, to feel my heart thrilling with a loving pity for him for which I have no words. He was my wound and despised knight, this dear Gideon Lee, before I had known him three short months, and I would have given my life for him. But he said no word of love to me, nor I to him.

We were sitting together one evening, when grandfather walked into our midst and clutched me fiercely by the arm. No need to repeat the words he uttered. The insults stung me as sharply as they could Gideon Lee's children. But he forbade me ever to speak to them again, and took me home with him.

The last glimpse I caught of the brother and sister showed them to me standing hand-in-hand, their fingers clasped tight, their teeth set, their faces white with wrath, under the bright moonlight. It was my last glimpse for many years, for the day after this we sailed for England. Grandfather was an Englishman, and it was partly to revisit his native land, and partly to put the ocean between the Lees and me, that he took the voyage. But he could not tear my heart from them. I loved them better than any people I ever met; most of all, I loved Gideon.

But I never heard of him or from him, nor could guess whether he lived or died, remembered or forgot me, for three long years. At the end of that time my poor grandfather died, and I, his heiress, returned to my native land a rich woman and my own mistress. This codicil to his will had left me all: "If, Henry Grey, having cause to fear that my beloved grandchild is easily misled by artful persons, and is not guileful enough to understand their guile, do, for her own welfare, add this proviso, that, should she ever give her hand in marriage to the son of the murderer of my son, Matthew Grey, all claim upon the moneys and estates above bequeathed her shall be forfeited, and said property go, without reserve, to the Hospital of Saint Martha and the church attached thereto, to be used by the trustees of said church and institution as they see fit." But, despite this codicil, I went down into the valley in which Gideon Lee's homestead stood before I had been at home a day. It was sunset when I reached it, but the light did not, as of yore, gild the panes of the upper windows to sheets of burnished gold. Every shutter was closed, and the house seemed to frown upon me. The garden had run wild, the fields lay desolate, the broken branches of the orchard trees told of boyish depredation. Strange cattle grazed in the meadow, and Rover's kennel was empty. I went up to the old porch and found there, wet with rain and tangled in the dead relics of last year's morning-glory vine, a scarlet ribbon, one Madge must have worn. No one could tell me anything of Gideon Lee's children, except that the empty house had told me—that they were gone.

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MEMORIES.

As a perfume doth remain In the folds where it hath lain, So the thought of you remaining Deeply folded in my brain, Will not leave me; all things leave me; You remain. Other thoughts may come and go, Other moments may be in their going, That shall wait me, in their going, As a breath blown to and fro. Fragrant memories, fragrant memories Come and go. Only thoughts of you remain In my heart where they have lain, Perfumed thoughts of you remaining, A hid sweetness in my brain. Others leave me; all things leave me; You remain. —Arthur Symonds.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

It does not cost more than the price of two or three ice creams to be a hero to a girl.—Acheson Globe. The greatest trouble about blessings in disguise is their dilatoriness about discovering themselves.—Puck. It is said that the idea of the toboggan-slide first suggested itself to a man while swallowing a raw oyster. Lots of room for cheerfulness. Though it rains a flood, Let's be thankful that it's not, Slush instead of mud. Silenus—"Leave me alone with my thoughts." Cynic—"What perfection of solitude!"—Philadelphia Record.

There is a difference between a cold and the grip; but you will not realize it until you receive the doctor's bill.—Truth. Poet—"Hope springs eternal in the human breast." Cynic—"Yes. That the pool of disappointment may never go dry."—Truth. "Happy Thought" Mem. (from note-book of careless man)—"When nothing else to do, wind up my watch. It saves time."—Punch. There are battles in a kiss. I've heard it once or twice; I really didn't know—did you?—That germs could be so nice. —Washington Star.

Visitor—"But this portrait of Mr. Bulger is a good deal more than life size." Artist—"I know it. That is the size he thinks he is."—Boston Bulletin. Bowlder (excitedly)—"I tell you, sir, this town isn't big enough to hold us both." Waugh (calmly)—"All right. When are you going away?" Somerville Journal.

"I am not going to take my meals at the Hash restaurant any longer." "Why not?" "I heard the proprietor tell a delinquent customer to 'pony up!'"—Detroit Free Press. Proprietor—"I can't engage you; your feet are too large!" Clerk—"But they will be hidden by the counter, sir." Proprietor—"No counterfeiters allowed in this establishment!"—Waterbury. "Women," said he oracularly to her, "are rarely good listeners." And the prospective mother-in-law in the hallway only applied her ear a little closer to the key-hole and smiled grimly.—Indianapolis Journal.

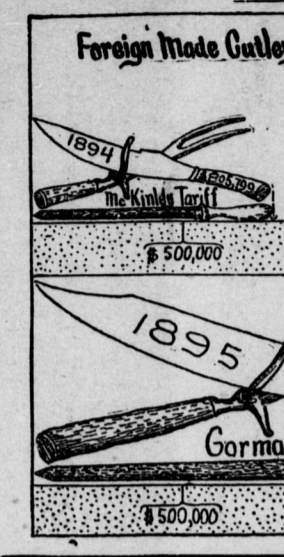
"Why, Willie! what have you done to Jimmy Woods that he has gone home crying?" Willie—"Well, he told a lot of boys that his ma said our family was one of the oldest in the place and I liked him."—Pittsburg Bulletin. "Great Scott!" howled the boss, "does it take you four hours to carry a message three squares and return?" "Why," said the new office boy, "you told me to see how long it would take me to go there and back, and I done it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Ethel—"I suppose I shall have to see this veil; it's the only one I have so thick one can hardly see my face through it." Ethel—"Oh, wear it, by all means. Everybody says you never had on anything half so becoming."—Boston Transcript. "I want to buy a make-up box," said the young married man. "A make-up box?" the confectioner echoed. "We don't keep theatrical supplies." "I mean a box of candy to take home to my wife. I promised to be home three hours ago."—Indianapolis Journal.

Judge—"What is the use of appointing a receiver for this corporation? There is nothing left to receive." Lawyer—"Your Honor, I will show by numerous cases that it is not customary to appoint a receiver while there is anything left to receive."—Brooklyn Life. "Papa," (She knelt beside the dejected figure and fondly kissed the drooping head.) "Papa, can I not keep the wolf from the door with my singing?" He was without hope, although he smiled. "My child," he sighed, "your singing would keep almost anything from the door, but the wolf is pretty nifty."—Detroit News-Tribune.

A Remarkable Ink. One of the most remarkable inks known to the chemist is made of a preparation of Prussian blue in combination with nitric and hydrochloric acid. The writing done with this ink has the singular property of fading when exposed to the light and recovering its color when taken into the shade or placed in perfect darkness.—Indianapolis Journal. Chinese Great Top Spinners. The Chinese excel at spinning kites, but they are even greater at spinning tops. Some of their tops are as large as half a barrel, and it requires the strength of three Chinamen to set them a spinning. The humming of these tops can be heard at a distance of several hundred yards.

HOW FOREIGN MARKETS CAPTURE US.



THE RAG-BAG BILL.

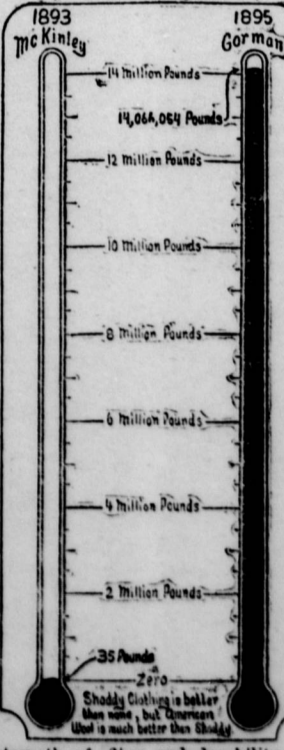
DEMOCRATIC TARIFF FOR SHODDY AN UNSAVORY SUBJECT.

"Snaking" the Odious Word From the Bureau of Statistics' Reports—Import 14,000,000 Pounds More Foreign Rags Than Under McKinley Protection—Shoddy Clothing for the American People. "Anticipating that their bill would flood the country with shoddy they (the Democrats in Congress) were careful to 'snake' that odious word entirely out of the new law." This, from the New York Press, is hardly accurate. The word shoddy does appear in section 279 of the Gorman tariff where the tariff is reduced to a 20 per cent. ad valorem rate from the specific duty of 30 cents per pound that existed under the McKinley law. This was equivalent to an average ad valorem rate of 62 per cent., so that the reduction made in the rate of duty by the free traders was 71.43 per cent.

Now as to the "snaking." This has been done by the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department. Under the McKinley law all of these adulterated goods were classified together as shoddy, noils, waste, rags, mungo, flock, etc., etc. For purposes of comparison it is necessary to use the same classification, although under the Gorman law they are returned under different heads—some free and some dutiable. The total showing is a bad one for the free trade tariff law. But we don't intend to allow them to escape from the responsibility of having made a law which admits free duty, as in the case of rags, or of such a trifling duty as that upon shoddy.

The fact remains that the imports of all of these wool adulterants have increased in one single year of the new law over 16,000,000 pounds above the imports of the same articles during the whole four years of the McKinley law, and as they were once secured wool, worked over and over until they had lost the length and

SHODDY (Rags, Noils, and Waste) Produced in Foreign Countries and Marketed in the United States Fiscal Years Ending June 30



strength of fiber and durability of pure new wool, they are still as clean as scoured wool, though thoroughly rotten. The increase in these imports during the first year of the new law has been so great as to exceed the entire yield of scoured wool produced in the annual clip of our two largest wool growing States of California and Texas. But the free traders sometimes object to comparisons being made with 1894, so let us look back to 1893. And as they have "snaked" the word shoddy from their statistics we will accommodate them by using their own term—rags. Here are the im-

ports of rags for the two fiscal years ending June 30, 1893 and 1895: IMPORTS OF FOREIGN RAGS TO BE MANUFACTURED INTO CLOTHING FOR AMERICAN MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN. Year ending June 30. Quantity. Pounds. 1893, free trade. 14,066,055 1895, protection. 35 Increase of free trade rags. 14,066,019 Under the McKinley tariff the protectionists were not ashamed to call this stuff shoddy. But the free traders shirk shoddy and "snake" the word out of their statistical reports. But what's in a name? There are the facts. Farmers can tell the quantity of rags that are being used in place of their wool. The people can tell the quantity of foreign rags that they must wear on their backs, besides all the shoddy goods that are coming from Yorkshire. And everybody knows the increase in our supply of foreign free trade rags. Senator Hill did well to stigmatize this shoddy tariff as "a rag-bag production."

Roach and Whitney.

We note with pleasure the arrival of the day when an inability to construct a battleship is taken as an evidence of inability merely—not of crime. We recall with pain the existence of the day when not the inability, but the partisan suspicion of the inability, to construct a cruiser or a dispatch boat was taken not as evidence of inability, but of crime. We are glad that nobody calls William C. Whitney a thief, or deprives him of the dividends of his investments, or drives him into bankruptcy or the grave, because his imported English (in design) cruiser "Texas" turns out to be a worthless tub. We are sorry that William C. Whitney called John Roach a thief, robbed him of his dues, drove him into bankruptcy and the grave because partisan dislike had put in his mind the belief that John Roach's "Dolphin," the staunchest vessel of her size that floats, was such a lopsided, down-by-the-head, buckling, turtle-turning (in posse) nautical monstrosity as William C. Whitney's "Texas" has been shown to be. The world moves. And in nothing more is this fact shown than in the conduct of our navy. Not only would it be impossible for any Secretary of the Navy to-day to direct such a ruthless and baseless persecution as Mr. Whitney, in pursuit of political capital, directed against John Roach, but nobody thinks of asking Mr. Whitney to reimburse the Government for the millions diverted into the mass of old iron now lying in the Brooklyn dry dock. Nobody charges the costly failure of the "Texas" to anything worse than Mr. Whitney's Anglo-manic ignorance.—New York Press.

An Agricultural Exhibit.

In September, 1894, our exports of agricultural products constituted 65.64 per cent. of all exports. This year, in September, they formed but 60.81 per cent., a loss of 4.83 per cent. In September, 1892, they were 72.53 per cent., showing a loss this year of 11.72 per cent. In September, 1891, they were 77.88 per cent. of all exports, showing a loss of 17.07 for last September as compared with 1891. This gives farmers an idea of the manner in which the free traders help them to capture the markets of the world. In actual value this year's September loss was nearly 50 per cent., the shipments of agricultural products in September, 1891, being worth \$63,739,533 and this year, in September, only \$31,699,952, a decrease of \$29,039,581 in a month.

Free Trade Trusts.

The Leather Trust, having put up the price of its product, has now decided to close one hundred of its tanneries, throwing fifteen thousand persons out of employment for an indefinite period. Still the Democratic trust-smashers are in control of the Government at Washington.—Cleveland (Ohio) Leader.

A Democrat on Democracy.

Ridiculous as it sounds for the United States at this period of their existence, we are on the straight road to bankruptcy. The situation is such that with Congress in Republican control, a President of the opposition must accept the revenue bill which is laid before him. There is a deficiency in the National revenue, and we must have money. It is a condition which confronts us, not a theory.—New York Sun.