

LITTLE CALICO'S RUN.

BY CHARLES ADAMS.

A somewhat bulky registered package for which the postoffice desired a receipt arrived with my other mail a few mornings ago. The strings, knots and wrappings with which it was secured had a homely look, as if it had been tied up by unaccustomed hands. Through the wrappings, too, the package felt softly pliable, as if possibly composed of paper money; and I cut the many strings with some curiosity as to whether or not I had unexpectedly fallen heir to a small legacy.

I became still more excited when, on removing three successive wrappings of paper, I found enclosed a large, old leather pocketbook. But a glance at the pocketbook at once dissipated my dream of inherited wealth. It was, alas! quite empty of banknotes, checks, or deeds of gift, and contained only a slip of paper on which, in a cramped hand and in very dim ink, was written the following quaint legend:

"This is the wallet which your grandfather, Stephen Root, brought home the 'surplus' revenue money in from Portland, when the highwaymen chased him across Long Pond. Your grandpa left it to me. But I am getting old and shall not live much longer, and I want you to have the wallet. 'Your Aunt, Rowena Root.'"

Ab, yes, how often Grandpa Root had told me that story when I was a boy! The wallet and the story of that horseback journey to Portland on "Little Calico" date back to the time when Andrew Jackson was president. Grandpa Root was then a young man 22 years old, and had but recently come to Maine to clear up his farm. At the usual town meeting in March of that year the settlers had elected him town treasurer and tax-collector, one reason being that he owned a nimble little "calico" mare, and could ride about easily over the then imperfect roads.

When, therefore, word came later that season that the amount assigned to Maine had arrived at Augusta, and that everybody was to have his or her share, a special town meeting was held, and the treasurer was deputed to go to Portland—where the money for the western part of the state was to be deposited—and bring back to town the amount allotted to its inhabitants.

The story of the distribution of the "surplus revenue" is one of the most interesting episodes of our early political history. The government, previous to the civil war, depended entirely upon customs receipts, or "the tariff," for its revenue, save when the revolutionary debt was unpaid and during the war of 1812. During the administration of Andrew Jackson the receipts from this source exceeded the ordinary expenses of the government.

Along about 1832 or '33 there was great speculation in land, and the sales of government land in the west were enormous. The receipts ran up from an average of two or three millions a year to almost fifteen millions in 1835, and almost twenty-five millions in 1836. The public debt was paid off, and there was no way to dispose of this money for any ordinary purpose.

The politicians—perhaps they were statesmen—conceived the idea of distributing the surplus money to the states in proportion to population, and thus restore it to the channels of business. The scheme was very popular because it meant the restoration to the people of the sums that had been taken from them by taxation. The deposit of this money with the states was arranged to take place in four installments, and two such installments were actually paid; but before the third could be made, the great panic of 1837 struck the country, and the distribution was never completed. Moreover, in accordance with what was probably the intention of Congress when the distribution was voted, the states were never called upon to refund that which had been "deposited" with them.

Each state did what it pleased with the money; some used it for internal improvements within their own borders; some used it to reduce their debt; and in some states the money was distributed directly to the people. As has been said, that which was to be used for this purpose was sent to the state of Maine, and a part of it was distributed from Portland. The sum which was to be paid to each person was hardly more than a dollar and a quarter, and yet there are old people still living who gratefully remember it.

Grandpa Root, then a smooth-faced youth of 22, weighing only 114 pounds, rode to Portland on Little Calico's back, and he bought the calfskin wallet at a shop on Congress street to bring the money home in. There had been delays in getting the cash ready for distribution, and it was now late in November.

He spent five days in the city before bills and silver enough accumulated at the bank to supply the amount due him, and meantime he probably became known to a considerable number of people. It would seem so, at least, from the family story of his journey home, and of what occurred on the evening of the second day.

Little Calico was a light mare. She tipped the scales at only 650 pounds. I think; but she was strong and agile. Had as the roads were, she made 50 miles a day easily with Grandpa Root on her back, for he was of light weight himself.

The first half-day out of Portland, two men on horseback came to the wayside tavern where Grandpa Root had stopped to get dinner and bait his horse. He paid little attention to them, and did not even notice which way they had come. Nor did they seem to notice him. One rode a large chestnut horse, the other a white one.

On the forenoon of the second day Little Calico cast a shoe, and he stopped at a blacksmith's shop to have another set; for the weather was cold and the road hard frozen. While the shoe was being fitted on, the same two men whom he had seen the previous day came up and passed the blacksmith shop; and when he rode on, he in turn passed them at a tavern six miles farther along, where they had called for a drink.

Still, he thought little about them; they had not spoken to him, and apparently gave him no more than a passing glance.

Either the little calico mare had grown tenderfooted on the hard road, or else the blacksmith had been careless in driving the nails in her hoof. Shortly after noon that day she went lame, and before evening was limping badly, and as a result Grandpa Root got on more slowly than he had planned. The country was much less settled than that near Portland, and there were long stretches of forest and of tamarack swamp.

The route was familiar to the young treasure-bearer only as he remembered it from his outward trip; but he knew that he was approaching the Androscoggin river, and hoped to reach a tavern on the other side of the ferry where he had spent a night the previous week.

The weather was cloudy, and by five o'clock it began to grow dark. The mare had then become so lame that he dismounted and led her by the bridle. He did not know how far on it was to the river, but supposed that it was five or six miles. He passed two settlers' houses a little away from the road, and would have turned in and asked the people to put him up for the night; but as he wanted to reach a blacksmith, he concluded to walk to the ferry.

It began to snow as he plodded on, with Little Calico limping behind him, and by this time it had grown so dark that he could not see objects more than a 100 yards away. Just then, however, he heard horses' hoofs behind, approaching at a canter. By the sounds, he judged that there were two or more horses, and he led his mare out of the middle of the road to let them pass.

The horses soon came into sight; and having keen eyes in those days, Grandpa Root distinguished them plainly enough to make out that they were the two travelers who had been on the road with him ever since he had left Portland. On first recognizing them, he felt rather glad than otherwise, for it was a dreary night and a lonesome road; he thought that he would speak to them.

Apparently they did not see him until they had come up within 100 feet. Then they both pulled up short, and one of them said something to the other in a low tone.

Thus far Grandpa Root had not entertained a suspicion that they were pursuing him with evil intent, but something in their manner of stopping and speaking to each other when they saw him filled him with sudden apprehension. He thought of his walletful of money; and in an instant it flashed through his mind that these men had been following him all the way, and meant to rob him.

He sprang into his saddle, his first thought being that, lame or not, Little Calico must do her best now to reach the ferry. He did not carry a pistol, or even a knife larger than a pocket-knife, and he had no doubt that the men behind him were armed.

The little mare whinnied with the pain of her foot; but she ran at touch of the spur, and ran well. He hoped to get away, but immediately heard the robbers' horses coming on behind him. They covered as much as a mile in this way, going fast; and Grandpa Root, glancing back, saw by the sparks their horses' shoes struck on the frozen road that they were keeping pace with him.

Pretty soon one of the men shouted, "Stop, you!" he cried. "Pull up, or I'll shoot you!"

At the sound of the stranger's voice, Little Calico laid her ears down and ran faster; but even then they hung close behind.

"Throw down your money!" came the shout again, and then one of the highwaymen fired a pistol. Little Calico laid back her ears again and ran hard; but she was lame and tired from the long day on the road. Grandpa soon heard the horses' hoofs behind very plainly, and began to lose hope of getting away. He looked anxiously for a light along the road ahead. If he came to a house, he thought that he would turn into it and shout, "Murder!" and "Help!" but there were only dark woods and swamps on both sides.

Soon one of the men came almost alongside of him and fired another shot, the red flash of which showed his face. Little Calico whinnied from fear, and gathered herself to run so smartly that for some minutes she kept well ahead.

Presently, as they ran, Grandpa Root saw indistinctly the gap of what seemed to be a road that turned short

off into the woods on the right. He thought that it must lead to some settler's clearing not far off the main highway. Obeying a sudden impulse, he turned Little Calico aside and dashed into it. The highwaymen were close upon him and followed, one of them firing again and shouting that he would cut Grandpa Root's heart out if he didn't stop!

The road which they had now entered proved to be merely a logger's road, instead of a road to a house; it was very narrow, rough and boggy. The little mare broke through the frozen mud into deep mire several times, but floundered on and came out, after a few hundred yards, between two great piles of logs. Just beyond was a large pond which looked very white, because a thin coat of snow had fallen and covered the ice.

The robbers were close behind; and owing to the great log piles on both sides, it was impossible to get away to right or left. Grandpa Root did not know whether the ice on the pond would bear or not; but it came into his mind that he would be more likely to bear Little Calico than to bear the heavy horses of his pursuers; and in his desperation he put spurs to Little Calico, and galloped straight out on the pond.

At every bound the mare gave, he could feel the ice give and bend under her feet, and hear it crackle. The calks of her shoes cut clean through it, and water flew up at these little holes and splattered his hands and face. But it was that new, tough, elastic November ice which will bend and hold before breaking down.

The highwaymen shouted to him again; and an instant later he heard a great splashing and floundering behind him, as if one or both of them had attempted to follow him on the ice, and had broken in. But Little Calico did not once slacken her run until she reached the other side of the pond—a distance of nearly half a mile. She appeared to know from the feeling of the ice underfoot that if she stopped she must break in and be drowned.

There was open upland on the east shore of the pond; and after getting through two fences, Grandpa Root came to a house on another road, where the people took him in and kept him overnight.

Next morning Little Calico was so lame that she would not step on her high forefoot; but they pulled off the shoe, and Grandpa Root led her home barefoot.

He saw nothing more of the robbers. The pond was said to be very deep, and it is possible that the two men and their horses were drowned.

The walletful of money was duly distributed among the townspeople some taking their share cash down, others turning the same over on part payment of their annual taxes. Several of the large families secured as much as \$15 apiece; and the largest family in town received \$21.—Youth's Companion.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The largest carpet in the world is in Windsor Castle, England. It is 40 feet in breadth and contains 58,840,000 stitches. The weaving of it occupied 28 men 14 months.

Cork is about the most buoyant substance there is, but a cork sunk 200 feet deep in the ocean will not rise again to the surface of the water. At any less distance from the surface, however, it will gradually work its way back to light once more.

Men and women never eat together in China. The meal is formally arranged and shared by the men when it is hot and fresh; the women retire and wait until the men have finished. It may not be correct to say that they have nothing to eat but what the men leave, but they must often have to be content with a cold and cheerless meal.

The horseshoe in China, as well as in other countries, is looked upon as a harbinger of good luck. For that reason Chinese mandarins, when buried, have horseshoe graves, and they believe that the bigger the horseshoe grave the better the luck of the departed. As a result, the mandarins outvie each other in the size of these horseshoe graves.

A novelty in street-railway rolling stock is the funeral street cars of the city of Mexico, which are arranged as hearses. The charge for the use of a street-railway hearse varies from \$3 to \$4 up. The cheaper cars do not leave the track, and the bodies have to be carried to them to be put aboard. The expensive cars, however, used by the wealthy, are made so they will run either on the track or in the street, and they can be driven to the door.

Illustrations of the adage that there is nothing new under the sun are never far to seek, and a singular instance is supplied in "The Art of Warre," by Niccolò Machiavelli, dated 1500, and translated by Peter Whitehorn. At the end of the book the translator has added some original matter. In telling "How to write and cause the same that is written to be read afar off without sending any message" he says: "A captain besieged in any town or fortress unable to communicate without by letter may, by night so far as light can be seen by day as for a burnished glass casting the sun on a hut, or sunlike, may be described—he having arranged with his friends the order of signal—one or two lights being flashed, hidden or displayed again." This is the principle of the modern heliograph.

ATTACK ON FOREIGNERS.

WHAT BRYAN'S MANAGER THINKS OF NATURALIZED VOTERS.

Vitriolic Speech Made by Senator Jones, the Democratic National Chairman, Before the Arkansas Legislature—Refers to "Ignorant Foreigners."

"These comprised fully one-half of the number of votes received by McKinley."—Deliberate assertion of Democratic National Chairman James K. Jones.

"He believed devoutly that Bryan had been elected and was swindled out of the Presidency."

"He believed that in 1900 bimetallic forces would win a great victory."

His declaration that the principles of 1896 are "absolutely essential to the welfare of the country."

The man who advocated the gold standard denounced as "No better than a vile thief."

(From the address of United States Senator James K. Jones, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, before the Legislature of Arkansas.)

"Hundreds of thousands of ignorant foreigners, who were here taking bread out of the mouths of honest labor, voted at the last election at the dictation of McKinley's supporters. The foreigners comprised fully one-half of the number of votes received by McKinley."

These are the words of the man who conducted the Democratic campaign in 1896. The same man is the present Chairman of the Democratic National Committee. He owes his position to the wish of Mr. Bryan. The language quoted above was used in a speech. It is no remembered scrap of idle conversation. It was uttered in no heat of discussion. It was a deliberate expression.

"Hundreds of thousands of ignorant foreigners," said Chairman James K. Jones, of the Democratic National Committee, "who came here taking bread out of the mouths of honest labor, voted at the last election at the dictation of McKinley's supporters. These foreigners comprised fully one-half the number of votes received by McKinley."

And then on this basis that the Republican party owed success in 1896 to "ignorant foreigners," Chairman Jones proceeded to hold out the hope of success in 1900.

"Can there be any doubt," he asked, "as to which shall prevail, the six and one-half millions of intelligent Bryan voters, or the three and one-half millions of ignorant foreigners who voted for McKinley?"

It will seem to sensible people almost incredible that the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee could make such statements in a public speech. But the Honorable James K. Jones did it.

More than two months after the election of 1896 he uttered the assertions quoted.

The occasion was no less serious than an address before the Legislature of Arkansas. Senator Jones had just been elected to his third term in the United States Senate. On the 20th of January, 1897, the Senator appeared before an informal joint session of his State Legislature at the Capitol in Little Rock. He returned his thanks to the people of Arkansas through their representatives, the Legislature, and then he proceeded to discuss the defeat of Bryan, speaking as the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee and the head of the management of the Democratic campaign. He said that he "believed devoutly that Bryan had been elected and was swindled out of the Presidency."

He declared his belief "that in 1900 the bimetallic forces would win a great victory." This still makes 16 to 1 the paramount issue.

He reasserted his conviction "that the principles he spoke for were absolutely essential to the welfare of the country." That is 16 to 1.

The Senator spoke for over an hour. Running through his speech were two principal thoughts. One was this idea that Republican success had been achieved through the "ignorant foreigners," a result which the Senator resented in the name of the native Southern population which was "more American."

The other central idea with the Senator was the injustice of the unequal distribution of wealth. Upon this he dwelt with almost the emphasis which he gave to the "ignorant foreigners."

"What has been the cause of this great struggle?" the Senator asked.

"The people are as honest and as industrious as they ever were. What then was the matter? The last census report shows that the wealth of the country was \$65,000,000,000, or about \$5000 to each family of five members. The Senator quoted figures to show the inequality in the distribution of wealth. Why was Massachusetts so much better off than Arkansas? Were they more industrious and more deserving? He considered that the Southern people rank fully up to, if not ahead of, the people in the balance of the country. The Southern people are more completely Anglo-Saxon than those of the other States and therefore more American."

At this point the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee made one of the most remarkable of this series of startling statements for Arkansas consumption. He illustrated his assertion that the Southern people are "more American" than the rest of the country in this way:

"It took the people of the combined North and East four years to conquer the Southern people and the latter had built for them a pension list that was appalling."

The Senator's speech bristled with assertions intended to incite the spirit of class prejudice. He said:

"Millionaires and paupers grow on the same bush. When you make a millionaire you make dozens of paupers."

"The man who advocated the gold standard the Senator described as 'no better than a vile thief.'"

England Borrows From America. Mr. Bryan said in his Madison Square speech in New York City four years ago:

"It is true that a few of your financiers would fashion a new figure—a figure representing Columbia, her hands bound fast with fetters of gold, and her face turned toward the east, appealing for assistance to those who live beyond the sea—but this figure can never express your idea of this nation."

It must gratify Mr. Bryan to see that his managed figure does not exist, and that the financiers of England—the dreaded men of Lombard street—are looking westward and appealing to the financiers of New York for assistance.

Never in the history of politics has there been a more crushing answer to the gloomy predictions of a professional fault-finder and calamity howler. No wonder the spellbinders of the party of disaster are willing to let the bogey man of '96 rest in an unhonored grave, while they drag out to the centre of the political stage another pastebored monster, which they call "a paramount issue" and "anti-imperialism."

Tennessee Benefited by Protection.

This State during the Harrison Administration in 1892, and under the McKinley tariff, had farm animals of the class enumerated below, valued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture at a total of \$57,349,126. But four years of depression under Democracy and tariff for revenue had, in 1896, caused their value to shrink to \$39,082,862, a loss of \$18,266,264 under the Democratic Administration. Here are the figures:

| | Jan. 1, 1890. | Jan. 1, 1896. |
|--------------|---------------|---------------|
| Horses | \$21,522,778 | \$13,758,044 |
| Mules | 15,891,390 | 7,659,823 |
| Milch Cows | 6,166,644 | 5,135,616 |
| Other Cattle | 4,921,187 | 5,493,215 |
| Sheep | 1,105,879 | 651,068 |
| Swine | 7,741,239 | 6,384,196 |
| Total | \$57,349,126 | \$39,082,862 |

Due to Bryan's Work

It is surprising that Democrats in their present anxious search for a cause why Bryan supported the ratification of the treaty with Spain, have not discovered that, after all, it was because of his loyal devotion to the cause of "anti-imperialism." Every anti-imperialist now asserts that had that treaty been ratified, and had the Philippines not been taken over by the United States, that there would have been no "imperialism," consequently no "anti-imperialism" issue. It was, therefore, indeed, due to the loyal work of Bryan in supporting the treaty, that the "anti-imperialism" issue was rescued from the everlasting oblivion of never having been born.

Adlai Stevenson's Politics.

The chief reason for the great love of the old-time-now-and-forever-Democrats for Adlai E. Stevenson has been that he "has always been a Democrat." In his speech, however, accepting the silver Republican nomination for Vice-President, he brought forth many facts and arguments to prove how good a Silver Republican he has always been.

McKinley's Qualification For President.

President McKinley is not a "flighty" man, William J. Bryan is. His name is associated with nearly every cranky political notion ever proposed in the United States. The best qualification which a President can have is common sense. President McKinley has it.

Elevates Welfare of All.

There is not an honest man living under the protection of our laws and flag who does not know and will not agree that American sovereignty was never extended over any territory, unless it served to elevate the people and add to their general prosperity and welfare.

The Real Issue of the Campaign.

Mr. Bryan may try as hard as he pleases to make what he calls "imperialism" the main issue in this campaign, but he will fail. The real issue is to get rid of Bryan and "Bryanism," and the people will consider no other.

People Want to Know.

In the course of the campaign Mr. Bryan will doubtless make it clear why it is wicked to govern Tagals without their consent, but righteous to govern Southern negroes without their consent. People want to know.

Same Old Song.

The same old ticket, the same old boss,
The same old platform, minus the cross;
The same old powder and the same old gun,
The same old wadding—Sixteen to one.
The same old kickers, the same old growl,
The same old anti-everything howl;
The same old issues—nothing new,
The same old lies to help 'em through.
The same old spouters, the same old josh,
The same old brand of campaign slosh;
The same old voters—Lord save their souls,
The same old trouncing at the polls.

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Lord Roberts is a Firm Believer in Temperance and Total Abstinence—How He Worked a Reformation in the Canteen System in the British Army.

Lord Roberts, who brought order out of chaos in South Africa as far as British military interests were concerned, and who to-day in consequence stands the greatest soldier in that vast empire, is of Irish blood. He is also a believer in temperance and total abstinence. He has done much for the soldiers in this direction. We may not be enthused over Lord Roberts's defeat of the Boers, but we can at least learn with interest and profit of the change he has wrought in the canteen system of the British army. Here is what a writer in the Standard says of him:

"Knowing the terrible amount of drinking in the army in India, and that drunkenness is the father of many other vices, and seeing that evangelistic work met with so much opposition on the part of many officers, Sir Frederick determined to remedy these evils. Accordingly, a thorough reformation in the canteen system was attempted. And no one outside of the army knows what a gigantic undertaking this is. Where formerly men sat within bare walls and at dirty benches drinking beer from tin pots, which they carried to and from their barrack rooms, and with absolutely nothing to divert their minds from drinking, there sprang up decorated walls, clean floors, covered tables, glasses, innocent games and reading matter, all of which led the soldier something of self-respect. After a while the coffee shop, which hitherto had been in the hands of native Mohammedans, was taken up by the soldiers themselves and greatly improved in cleanliness, respectability and attractiveness. The temperance canteen shops came into being, a recognized institution and received a due share of attention. Here men could spend a quiet evening, writing letters, sipping a cup of tea or coffee, or even having a substantial meal served. No half-drunk comrade could enter the door, and the man here. To my personal knowledge, the regimental savings banks in the Lucknow cantonments received a marked increase in the number of depositors as a result of these changed conditions. In fact, men here who had been so long neglected for their own and their families' social and moral improvement, were at this time strictly enjoined to teach self-respect by example, and if they themselves were found drunk, either on or off duty, they were severely dealt with."

The March of Disfranchisement.

The following extract is made from a sermon by the Rev. E. Teazet, Liverpool, reported in the Christian Nation, of New York:

"In the drink problem we are face to face with one of the most wealthy and selfish combinations that ever threatened the national well-being. And the all-important question is, how shall the nation best protect itself from this danger? Temperance societies and temperance instruction and restrictive legislation have been tried, but the evil and the danger are still with us. That ragged and reeling procession winds its way through the doors of the taproom to the haunts of poverty, crime and death. The true remedy can only be found in purging the electorate and through it the Legislature from the drink interest."

"Why not place the members of the drink trade under a drink disability, and exclude them, not only from Parliament, but also from the polling booths? Such a measure would meet the liquor dealer and shareholder on their own ground. They by a wide distribution of shares, have been laboring to create thousands of interested voters, and thus push their 'trade' regardless of the public good. Disfranchisement of the drink interest would set the electors free to give useful votes for unselfish and public-spirited men."

"The disfranchisement of the drink interest seems the only remedy capable of meeting the situation. When those men who clothe their fellows in rags, and send them through poverty and to prison, drunkards' graves, are excluded from the polling booth and Parliament, godly citizens who have hitherto been compelled to stand aloof from politics will be induced to play their part and cast their vote for the public good. The man who will become what God intended he should be, the minister of God to the people for their good."

An Object Lesson.

Only a few years ago and Sockalexis, a full-blooded Penobscot Indian, was a prominent figure in the baseball world. He was the star player on the league team, and his name was one to conjure with. Strong, wiry and agile, he was the ideal of an Indian athlete. He drew a large salary, and his future seemed annually bright. To-day that same Sockalexis, clothed in filthy rags, and named only still a young man, is locked up in a Massachusetts workhouse on the charge of vagrancy. He is a victim of that worst enemy of his race, fire-water has got the better of him, and now he is but a broken, shattered wreck of his former self. Sockalexis is a living object lesson of the evils of intemperance.—Washington Star.

Saloons and Tuberculosis.

Dr. J. Wheatley, medical officer of health, Blackburn, England, in his annual report just issued states that no places, excluding the workrooms of some trades, are more favorable to the spread of tuberculosis than saloon parlors and other frequented rooms of saloons.

This is not to be wondered at when one considers the filthy habits of the frequenters of such places, and the neglect of cleanliness that often obtains with the people in charge of the lower-class drinking places. He urges most scrupulous cleanliness in the management of these places.—Lancet.

A General's Testimony.

General Gallieni, Governor of Madagascar, says: "I have never drunk anything but water, and not filtered water or boiled water; no, but the water found within reach—in the Sudan, water often proceeding from a medicinal spring and having an unpleasant odor—at Tonquin, water from the rice swamps, from the marshes encountered in the course of our operations—at Madagascar, the water from Tananivo and other localities, which, moreover, are considered bad. I do not mean by this that I would recommend bad water, but what I would say is simply this, far better had water than any sort of alcoholic liquor."

The Crusade in Brief.

The deaths from cirrhosis (drunkard's liver) in men have increased twelve per cent.; in women, twenty-six per cent. According to the London Lancet, chronic drinking in 1897, as compared with 1878, is the cause of an increase of 82 1/2 per cent. of deaths among men, and of 15 1/2 per cent. among women.

Statesmen may create for themselves theories that extenuate a national vice like intemperance, which yields the exchequer so many millions a year, but, speaking from a medical point of view, we must point out that it is disgraceful and disastrous.