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The post-election homilies and explanations have been many and from different standpoints. Their great variety indicates the complex nature of the struggle. Motives that were dominant in one quarter were without influence in another, and men of high aims who have heretofore acted in political harmony, found themselves widely separated in this campaign.

My own limited field of observation included many voters who stubbornly declined to face the issue which the parties had accepted and which the public speakers and the press made the one topic of consideration. Side issues were held to be paramount. I except from this those favoring prohibition, which, taking on a legitimate political form, fought on its own lines. But to many of the old abolitionists and most of the colored voters, the suppression of the negro vote in the south obliterated every argument for the overthrow of that kindred oppression, the protective tariff. In the name of freedom free trade was antagonized; under the pretense of doing justice to a portion of the people, a system of injustice to all was upheld. Logic was powerless to convince where this sentiment prevailed, because minds were closed against argument on a subject declared to be insignificant beside the unlawful suppression of legal votes. After the failure of Grant and Garfield and Arthur to correct this injustice, no reason could be given to show how Harrison could succeed where his predecessors failed; but that white democrats were the unlawful transgressors, and the fact that states thus carried would cast their electoral vote for Cleveland were reasons enough for declining other considerations. And there was much to respect in this attitude, when sincerely taken, although it evinced a color blindness to other evils. The memories of the war are still potent, intensified by a widespread inability to recognize that the standpoints of men and parties have changed in twenty-five years. Keen politicians were not slow to avail themselves of this condition of mind, and the southern question was worked "for all it was worth," with a modicum of scruple, in all colored districts where race prejudice could be aroused. This was illustrated in the Third Massachusetts congressional district, where a faithful and lifelong abolitionist like Colonel T. W. Higginson was defeated by colored votes in favor of General Banks, his opposite in character, ability and fidelity to freedom.

Aside from the feeling alluded to, party spirit controlled a multitude. To many, a party is as a church, and its tenets are to be accepted with unquestioning faith. It would have made no difference to the regular party voter whether the republican platform had advocated free trade or protection. Principles do not trouble him. His one reply to adverse arguments is the astonished inquiry, "What! vote the democratic ticket? I would cut off my right hand first."

One strong reason for clinging to the republican party was the attitude of the Hill democracy in New York. Confessedly embracing the vicious elements of the community, which made it possible to elect its corrupt leader and defeat the incorruptible president, it is not surprising that many pure minded men declined to be counted in that category, exclaiming, "Unto such assembly mine honor, be not thou united."

In Massachusetts the president obtained little help from the old democrats. They were dazed by his proclamation and at no time lent an earnest support to the campaign. The leaders in the state fight were the independents and the young democrats. They supplied the brains and the enthusiasm; they championed the reform of the tariff with a courage and ability that will yet bear abundant fruit. General Butler again threw himself into the arms of his old love, and few old democrats wept when the election returns showed Harrison's success.

But enough of the past. What of the future? The east is radiant with the dawn. As principles are not dependent

on numbers, no majorities against them can for a moment alter their truth or ultimate success. They create parties and breed conditions. No numerical reverses block for a moment their imperial march. The seeming defeat of to-day turns into the sure victory of the morrow. What though the party that opposed tariff reform takes the helm of state? Its very safety will compel it to steer toward the port where shelter lies. It must follow in Mr. Cleveland's wake or go upon the rocks. It may be that a democratic triumph would have been a hindrance to our purpose. Party success might have been mistaken for the success of principles, and apathy and self satisfaction tend to paralyze agitation. Moreover, as the republican party contains a larger portion of the intelligence, the conscience and the moral purpose of the country than its opponent, it must of necessity gravitate to our reform. Our future converts lie within its ranks to a large degree. For a political purpose all these high qualities have been derided by the republican leaders in the recent campaign, but a party which deliberately scoffs at conscience because it leads to independence of party, and at the scientific study of political economy because it conflicts with the stupidity and crass ignorance underlying the protective system, must change its tactics or lose its vital constituency.

But we who have no personal ambitions to serve or offices to seek can look unmoved upon the mutations of parties. It is our work to spread the light. The Polks and Pierces and Buchanans of this new era may for a few administrations discourage the weary workers and confirm the croakings of the pessimists, but in due season, when the time is ripe, another Abraham Lincoln will bring a clearer atmosphere to the White House, and sign the waiting proclamation that shall bring emancipation to labor.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Cardinal Gibbons Advises the Pope Regarding the Single Tax.

A special dispatch to the New York Herald says: The Rome correspondent of the Daily Chronicle telegraphs the following: "Cardinal Gibbons recently wrote another letter to the pope wherein he insisted upon the advisability of not condemning the writings of Henry George, as has been contemplated. The letter has created a great impression on the pope, and the matter will be considered at the next meeting of the holy office, which will, it is expected, follow the president's visit to the Knights of Labor case and decide against the condemnation. The reasons on which this decision will probably be based will be that the condemnation would, in the first instance, be useless, and, second, it would be dangerous to the Roman Catholic interest in America."

Henry George in England.

The New York World on Sunday last published the following cable dispatch: Henry George has haunted parliament all week listening to the debate on the land purchase bill. He has a great deal stronger support among the masses here than in New York. He came here for rest, but has been compelled to promise to address three big meetings. He will speak at Lambeth on Tuesday night and go to Glasgow on Wednesday night, where he is to have a public reception. On the following evening he goes to Liverpool to address the financial reform club. He speaks in London on Saturday night, and sails for New York on board the Ems on Sunday from Southampton, addressing the workmen there from the pier on his way going aboard the steamer. Mr. George has been interviewed by nearly all the papers here.

It Answered Just as Well.

An enthusiastic single tax advocate is Mrs. X., who lives in the Fourteenth assembly district, and X., as everybody knows, is the name of an equally enthusiastic single tax man—her husband. In fact, so strong is their adherence to the cause that the fact of their being X.'s is lost sight of by some people in view of the better known fact of their being "Georges."

Mrs. X. has a habit of dealing with the local tradesmen entirely on a cash basis. She never runs any accounts or "books." One day, some months ago, she went into a butcher store, and when she had finished her purchases found she had not enough money with her to pay for them. So she went to the proprietor and said, "You can charge these things to me; I'll be in to-morrow and pay for them." Next day she went to the store and asked for her bill. The man took his book, and running his finger down the page, stopped when he had reached the order. "Ah yes," he said, "here it is, 'Henry George, one dollar and thirty-two cents.'"

"What's that?" said Mrs. X. "Henry George don't deal here, does he? He lives way up town."

"Oh no. You see, madam, we didn't know your name because you never have kept an account here, but we knew you were a strong believer in Mr. George's ideas, and we just put you down as Henry George."

Across the Water.

LOXPOX, Nov. 19.—The arrival of THE STANDARD every week, especially for the last three months has been to me quite an event. I have listened for the postman's knock on Monday evenings with breathless interest something like a youth waiting for a letter from his lady love accepting his offer to make her his wife. All other literature is thrown aside until the current STANDARD has been read, almost every line of it.

One of the chief reasons why I doubted Cleveland's election was the veto of the ballot reform bill in New York. When I heard of that it gave my confidence the greatest shock. I beg to inclose pamphlet copy of the speeches of William Lloyd Garrison and Henry George in Cooper union, two or three thousand of which I have distributed in the workmen's and liberal and radical clubs. I hope the work of educating the public mind on the importance of the free trade and single tax questions will go steadily on. I am delighted to think that it will not be long now ere a free trade party after my own heart will be making the fight in the United States.

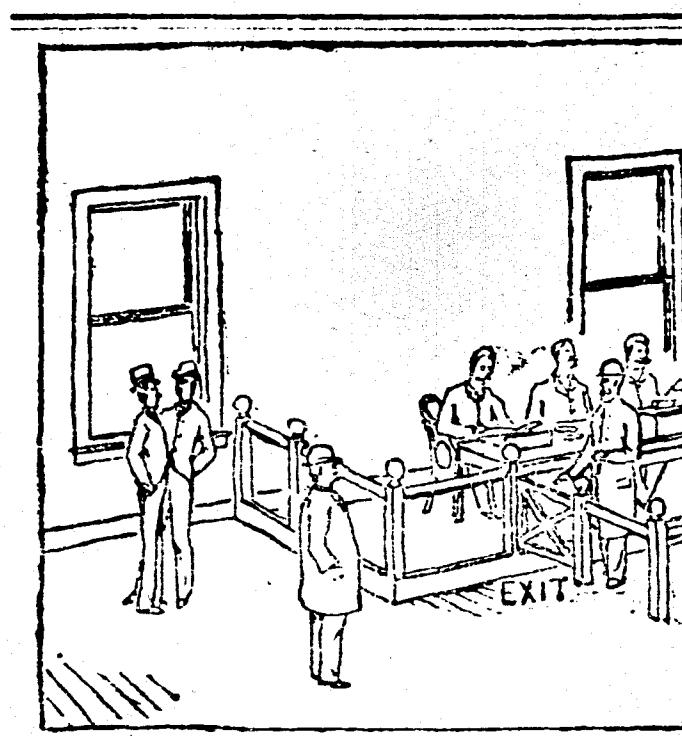
THOS. BRIGGS.

THE AUSTRALIAN SYSTEM.

The Australian system of voting, so-called because first used in Australia, has been for several years in successful operation there, and, with non-essential variations, in England, Scotland, Ireland and Canada. It has also been adopted in Massachusetts, where it goes into effect in 1889. Its principal objects are to prevent bribery and intimidation, to place all candidates upon an equality before the law, and to undermine the dangerous powers of political machines.

The system will be readily understood by reference to the accompanying drawing:

The voter, upon entering the polling



place, turns to his right at the point marked "ENTRANCE," where he receives, from two election officers selected from opposing political parties, a single ballot or a single set of ballots according to the local custom of voting. On the back is indorsed a stamp or signature, sufficient and only sufficient to identify the ballot as official; and on the face are plainly printed the names of the candidates for each office, with a designation of their respective political parties, after this manner:

	For Mayor.	Vote For One.
Democratic.	John Doe.	
Republican.	Richard Roe.	
Prohibition.	David Smith.	
Independent.	Samuel Jones.	
	For Congress.	Vote For Two.
Democratic.	Alanson Jacobs.	
Republican.	Harvey Sylvester.	
Prohibition.	Martin Rawson.	
Independent.	Wyman Simpson.	
	Victor Simpson.	
	Erasmus Myers.	
	Samuel Bialo.	

Having received his ballot the voter enters one of the booths back of the railing, where, secluded from observation, he prepares the ballot by placing in the blank column a cross opposite the name of each candidate for whom he desires to vote; or, if he prefers, by writing the names of candidates of his own nomination in place of those already there. If there are several candidates for the same kind of office, as coroners in the sample ballot above, or presidential electors, and he wishes to vote the "straight" ticket of his party, he places the cross under the name of the party, or draws it through the space in the blank column allotted to the party's candidates, which signifies that he votes for each candidate named in that space. Thus, in the sample ballot, a cross under the word "democratic," or through the first two spaces of the blank column to the right, is one vote each for Alexander Jacobs and Harvey Sylvester.

After preparing his ballot by indicating every candidate for whom he votes, the voter folds it in such manner as to conceal the face and expose the indorsement, and, withdrawing from the booth, gives the ballot to the inspectors, who identify it by the indorsement as official. It is then deposited in the box and the voter passes out at the gate marked "EXIT."

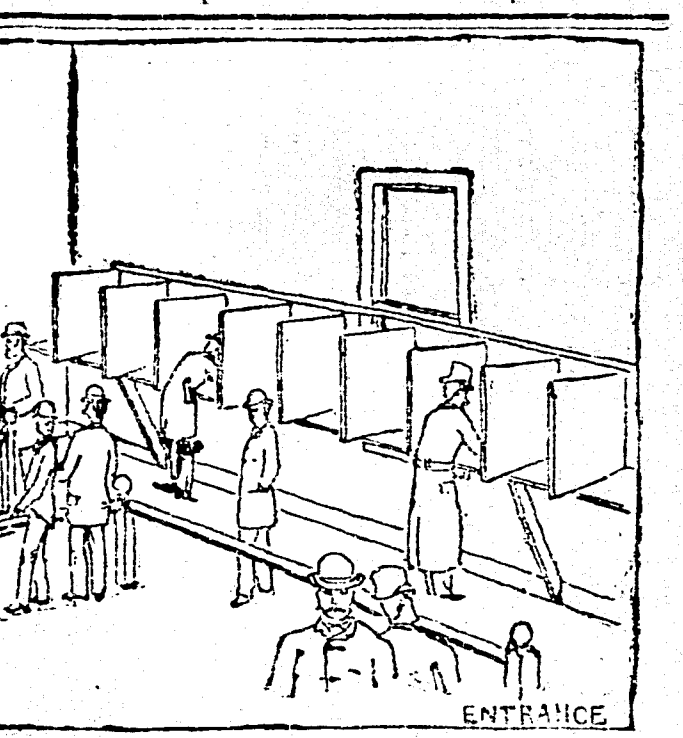
From the time he receives his ballot until he casts it, the voter is permitted to have no communication with any one but the election officers, and with them only for official purposes; and only election officers and persons actually engaged in voting are ever admitted within the railing.

Upon proof of inability from physical infirmity or illiteracy, a voter may call into the booth officers appointed and sworn for the purpose, to aid him in preparing his ballot; and when a ballot is accidentally destroyed or defaced it may be exchanged for a clean one. The importance of the latter requirement may not at once be apparent; but to secure secrecy every ballot delivered to a voter must be either cast or returned. This explains the necessity for indorsing ballots. But for the indorsement a blank paper outwardly resembling a ballot might be cast by a voter, who would then be able surreptitiously to carry away an official ballot. This could be prepared for a bribed voter, the proof of its use being his production of a second official ballot. That could be similarly prepared and used, and so on. Such a fraud, known as the "Tasmanian dodge," was successfully perpetrated in Australia in the early days of the system; but its repetition was prevented by requiring ballots to be officially indorsed.

As it is essential that ballots be printed

at public expense and distributed by public officers, the system must include some mode of certifying nominations to the proper authorities a reasonable time before elections. That proposed by the Yates-Saxton bill of New York was perhaps as convenient as could be desired. Under it, state nominations were to be certified fifteen days, and local nominations ten days, before election; nominations of a political party which at the next preceding election polled three per cent of the whole vote were to be certified by party officers; and independent nominations, if for a state office were to be certified by a thousand voters and if for a local office by a hundred.

A brief explanation of the way in which



this system effects its objects cannot anticipate or answer captious objections, but will be useful to candid inquirers.

Penal laws are ineffectual to prevent bribery and intimidation. The primary remedy is a secret ballot. And this is best secured when the only proof of an elector's vote is his own uncorroborated assertion. Under the Australian system no other proof can be made. That fact gives to the most timid among dependent voters a sense of security which makes him free. And to bribery it is fatal. Bribers are not likely to invest money on the faith of a bribed man's naked assertion; if there be such a virtue as "honesty among thieves," it is not acceptable security to the thieves themselves.

But secrecy, though the primary remedy for bribery and intimidation, is not all that is required to purify elections, nor the only remedy the Australian system offers.

The printing and distribution of ballots is a most important part of election machinery, and, left to private enterprise, inevitably tends, as does the farming out of any other public function, to breed corruption and build up monopoly. It makes a necessity for irresponsible organizations which come to wield automatic power over the political party they claim to serve, and, in turn, through discipline almost military in severity, are dominated by an inner circle of "leaders." As ballots can neither be printed nor distributed without money, and may not be faithfully handled unless trusty workers are rewarded with more than an election day stipend, the organization undertaking the work has a plausible if not reasonable claim for money from its beneficiaries and official patronage for its retainers. It is the necessity of raising these funds and employing these "workers" that justifies assessments, gives color of voluntary contributions to what in truth are sales of nominations, excuses the submission of official patronage to the distribution of the machine, provides ample cover for collecting a corruption fund, and, through "workers" at the polls, a convenient channel for disbursing the fund in bribes. And as corruption funds increase, masked in increasing demands for legitimate expenses, assessments grow, the price of nominations rises, independence is shackled, and the organization becomes more indifferent to party principle as its monopoly of political power strengthens. Born of the necessity of volunteer machinery for preparing and distributing ballots, it develops into a powerful instrument, which, in the hands of political jobbers, enables them to buy and sell office "as the Praetorians sold the Roman purple." Already, poor men rarely obtain political advancement without assuming obligations to be redeemed by official perjury, and the obstacles to unalloyed candidacy have become so great as often to prevent and always to discourage independent nominations.

This political monster would be destroyed by the Australian system. If the state assumed its function of providing ballots, there would be no necessity for "workers" at the polls, and the excuse for raising, as well as the best mode of using, corruption funds would disappear. Assessments could not then be levied upon candidates, for when "workers" at the polls are not required, machines can neither serve nor injure. Nor would nominations be sold; for when candidates stand upon an equality in respect to election machinery, and there is no opportunity for bribing voters, organizations merely as organizations, have nothing worth buying, while organizations as representatives of principles cannot be approached through commercial channels. Trafficking in office would be replaced by political discussion, the power of the machine by the voice of the party.

The evils of machine organization and the remedy of the Australian system, are

summarized as follows by William M. Ivins, than whom no one has done more intelligent, energetic and effective work for electoral reform:

1. The necessity for voluntarily printing and distributing the ballot, justifies organization for this purpose.
2. It practically vests the power of the monopoly of an essential part of the election machinery.
3. And it enables anybody of citizens of the number authorized by law to lay the name of their candidate printed on the same ballot with the names of all other candidates for the same offices that before the law and before the voters all candidates and all party organizations will stand on a perfectly even footing.
4. It will dispense altogether with the necessity of assessments or contributions by candidates, of the holders or party leaders.
5. Which facilitates bribery and corruption by allowing them to find themselves covered.
6. And leave no legal cover for bribery.

To this system it is objected that by requiring nominations to be made in advance of elections it denies a constitutional right of voters to select candidates from the whole body of voters. From such eminent authority as Judges Cooley, McCrary and Folger, and the highest courts of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and New York, it may be safely inferred that a restriction of the franchise to candidates nominated a short time before election is a reasonable regulation and not an unconstitutional interference; but the inference is not necessary, since the system allows each voter to reject all candidates and write new names upon his ballot.

It is objected, also, that by requiring the blind and illiterate to expose their vote to election officers' scrutiny of the ballot is as to them violated. Under our present system voting is not secret; it was for that reason rejected by the British parliament and the Australian system adopted. The object now is to secure secrecy, but in aiming at that we are confronted with a class of voters to whom exposure of their ballots to somebody is necessary, and an exception must be made in their favor to prevent their disfranchisement. What form which shall be consistent with the highest degree of secrecy can that exception take? If allowed to carry their ballots away these voters fall into the hands of irresponsible and perhaps dishonest persons, and may be made, innocently or otherwise, instruments for perpetrating some form of the "Tasmanian dodge." If, for their benefit, official ballots are generally circulated, all efforts for secrecy are frustrated. And if they are permitted to take a "friend" into the booth, a door is opened for the bribery of every venal voter who is, or can successfully pretend to be, unable to read English. Exposure of ballots must be prevented by every means that ingenuity can suggest; but in exceptional cases in which it cannot be avoided it may most safely be confided to election officers, who represent opposing parties, are under oath of secrecy and fidelity, can be readily detected in malfeasance, and when detected are liable to severe penalties. As to blind voters this seems to be the only course, but respecting the illiterate any exception to the general rule may be avoided by identifying the names on the ballots with numbers, or by printing them with inks of different colors.

There is reason to believe that the Australian system of voting is about to receive favorable consideration in all the states where election abuses have been seriously felt; but its adoption would so surely dispense with machine organizations that there is reason to fear attempts at essential modification. These are likely to be in the direction of allowing the delivery of ballots to parties and candidates before election, and distribution as well by "workers" at any time or place as by sworn officers at the polls. A little thought will show that this would continue the power of political machine and endanger secrecy. Any such modification no intelligent and sincere advocate of electoral reform can accept, for in this matter it is not true at this time that "half a loaf is better than no bread." It were better that the reform be delayed with the force of public opinion pressing it forward, than that inefficient measures should ally public opinion by seeming to meet its demands. Details may be compromised, but essentials must be required at every step in the agitation. These are, that one official ballot or set of ballots be delivered by sworn officers to each voter as he appears to vote; that the voter be immediately secluded for the purpose of preparing to vote; that he deliver his ballot to the inspectors so folded as to conceal its face and expose the official indorsement; that immediately after voting he withdraw from the secluded part of the polling place; that there be no intercourse with him except by election officers for official purposes from the time he receives his ballot until he votes; and that no voter be allowed to cast any ballot but the one he receives from the election officers.

LOUIS F. POST.

New York, November 26, 1888.

The big trusts do not intend to go out of business the next four years.—[St. Paul Globe.]

WHY DEFEAT CAME.

Single tax men who can recall their own sensation one year ago, when our movement had apparently been overwhelmed by disastrous defeat, can appreciate the feelings of democrats over the defeat of Cleveland. In our own councils there was difference and division. What to do next was a question that called forth a multitude of divergent answers. With hope and enthusiasm we had championed a principle that promised to remedy a great wrong to the masses, and we found that the very men whose good we had sought had turned their backs upon us.

Many earnest and thoughtful men in the democratic party are to-day similarly stunned and confused by unexpected defeat. They, too, have made a gallant fight against one of the delusions that blind the eyes of the masses to their own true interests and they find themselves defeated by the votes of those whose interests they had sought to serve. Many of them are even yet overwhelmed with despair and some of them say it is useless to make a fight in behalf of a great principle. Politicians of the baser sort and satanic newspapers, like the New York Sun, encourage this feeling and advise the democratic party to put aside all contact with the living issues of the present and appeal to prejudice, passion and greed in order to win back power and patronage, and they assure the party that until it adopts this course it can have no hope of success. Is this true? The question is a serious one to those of us who have aided the democratic party because it has championed a principle and who see no reason for desiring the success of that or any other party unless its triumph does advance principles in which we believe. I therefore propose to consider calmly and without prejudice, the probability of democratic success as the exponent of the doctrine of tariff reform as laid down in the president's message of last December, and as a necessary preliminary I shall here review the events of the campaign of 1888.

After years of exclusion from power the democratic party barely achieved success four years ago in a contest replete with passion and prejudice, but singularly devoid of real principle. The responsibility of power forced the president thus elected to face a situation, from which there was no retreat if he was to perform his sworn duty. The enormous surplus piling up day by day in the federal treasury compelled the president to at least state the facts to congress and propose some plan for meeting a serious exigency. So far Mr. Cleveland had no choice. Necessity compelled him to speak. No mere doctrinaire enthusiasm moved him, and the whole tone of his message showed that he yielded with some reluctance to the pressure of events. But having determined to act, he proposed to solve the problem by legislation in accord with the traditional principles of his party. Had he done less he would have justly deserved the spoilsman's sneer at the quality of his democracy—a sneer that found concentrated expression in the spoilsman Hill's declaration: "I am a democrat." Mr. Cleveland was therefore bound to recommend that the problem of the surplus should be solved by reducing protective duties and adding to the free list. How little inclined he was, on mere doctrinaire grounds, to push the traditional doctrines of his party to the front was clearly shown in his declaration that: "It is a condition which confronts us—not a theory." The whole tone of the message leaves on the mind of the careful reader the impression that had it not been for the "condition" the president would gladly have escaped the discussion of the "theory."

The president having done his duty the democratic leaders of the house prepared to do their part. It is a known fact that a large number of the democratic members shrunk even more than the president from opening the tariff question. Fortunately, however, real democrats, like Mills, Carlisle, the two Breckinridges and others were in control of the republic's policy in the house, and they determined that the now inevitable bill should be framed on correct lines, however moderate its provisions. They, too, faced a "condition" rather than a "theory," and the condition was the presence in their party of several nominal democrats in full sympathy with the republican views concerning a protective tariff. Everything that could be yielded was yielded to conciliate these men, and finally a measure was framed that secured the support of all who even pretended to any belief in the traditional principles of the democratic party. In its details the measure was moderate to a fault, but in principle it antagonized the protectionist theory.

Then began the great debate in the house. At once the "condition" was to a large extent lost sight of, and both parties found themselves plunged into a hot discussion of the "theory" of protection. All attempts to conceal this fact were soon abandoned. Mr. Butterworth's declaration on behalf of the republicans that the contest was not over the details of tariff revision, but one that arose out of an "irreconcilable difference" between the two parties "as to the wisdom and justice of the protective system" was met by Speaker Carlisle, on behalf of the democrats, with the assertion that the contest was a fundamental one "between those who believe that the power of taxation should be used for public purposes only . . . and those who believe that it is the right and duty of the government to promote certain private enterprises and increase the profits of those engaged in them" through the exercise of its taxing power. The issue was thus clearly and unmistakably joined, and that issue

was not the "condition" of the surplus, but the "theory" of protection.

While the debate was still in progress the democratic national convention met. The renomination of President Cleveland was a foregone conclusion, but the machine politicians, who have so long controlled the democratic national organization, were on hand to prevent any clear cut declaration of the party's principles as expounded by its leaders in the discussion in congress. They succeeded in securing a reaffirmation of the cowardly and ambiguous tariff plank in the platform of 1884, but were compelled to accept a clause making the president's message the official interpretation of that plank. In so doing they unwittingly helped their opponents by authorizing an interpretation of the platform of four years ago that partially wipes out a disgraceful blot on the party's otherwise unbroken tariff record. The victory of the reformers was made even more complete by the convention's endorsement of the principles on which the Mills bill, then pending, had been drawn. Thus far, a contest into which the democratic party had been reluctantly driven by the force of circumstances had, from a timid beginning, broadened more and more into a conflict of principles such as dignified political parties and justifies their existence. The Mills bill passed the democratic house and was flung aside by the republican senate and the discussion so well begun in congress was transferred to the stump.

Now began the era of political management. The machine men who had sought to control the St. Louis convention succeeded in retaining their grip on the national committee. The blunder of 1880 was repeated. Then a campaign in behalf of Hancock was committed to a Tilden committee. Eight years later a campaign against protection was committed to a committee dominated by protectionists. The immediate result was alarm and timidity. Despite Carlisle's bold acceptance of the challenge of Butterworth, the national committee was foolish enough to seek to conceal from the people the fact that the real issue was the indefinite continuance of the protective policy. In newspapers under the control of the national committee the president's declaration that "It is a condition which confronts us—not a theory," was paraded in bold type. Such newspapers insisted that the democratic party was not opposed to the protective idea. They sought to denude the contest of principle and reduce it to insignificance by showing that the reduction proposed by the Mills bill would not average over five per cent. One such paper even went so far as to garble the speeches of leading democrats and to cut out radical utterances that had called forth enthusiastic applause, in order to conceal the issue. At a county democracy mass meeting held in Cooper institute Senator Gray of Delaware made the principal speech, and he is thus reported by the *Herald*:

You have been told that the tariff is so intricate that a plain man cannot understand it. Who are telling you this? Those who are taking the money out of your pockets would be glad to have you think so. (Applause.) If it is intricate, then, in God's name, let us do away with it altogether and have a system we can understand, (applause) and that we will know all about. (Cheers.)

Do the interruptions by applause and cheers of so radical a free trade utterance indicate that the national committee was right in supposing that such declarations would scare workmen? Yet this is the way in which the *Star*, then controlled by employees of the national committee, under its close and immediate advice, pretended to report the same part of Senator Gray's speech:

You are told that the tariff was too deep for you to understand it. The gentlemen who tell you that would only be too glad to be there themselves to look after it for you.

There are numerous instances that go to show that the national committee, while pretending to fear that "free trade" talk would alarm the workmen, deliberately shut their eyes to abundant evidence that their pretended fear was unfounded, and it is impossible for any man familiar with all the facts to avoid suspecting that the real solicitude of the committee was for the feelings of the individual protectionists among its members—men whose devotion to protection arises from their own immediate pecuniary interests and not from any such sentiment in the communities they pretend to represent.

There are many other evidences of the persistency with which the committee sought to disguise and conceal the real issue unmistakably revealed to the country by the debate in the house. There is no question that they sought to muzzle speakers. I am credibly informed that in some localities they circulated the tariff plank of 1884 instead of that of 1888. Thurman's great speech at Port Huron, vigorously attacking protection, was not printed promptly, and it was not widely circulated. Miserable demagogic appeals to the class prejudices of workmen were scattered broadcast, and, for a little time at least, the hopes of democratic salvation were based on convincing farmers that the success of the republican policy of abolishing internal revenue taxes would remove the tax on oleomargarine. There was a positive screech of delight over the president's retaliation message, and men close to the committee jubilantly declared that the new issue would cause the people to forget all about the tariff. The committee was ready to do anything with the tariff question but discuss it.

Yet what did it all amount to? The question discussed before the people was that on which Messrs. Butterworth and Carlisle so boldly joined issue in the house debate. It was the one question of the contest, and it would not down at the bidding of Mr. Barnum, Mr. Brice or anyone else. In the great commercial centers, before bankers and wholesale merchants, some attention was given to the dangers of the growing surplus, but before the masses speakers found themselves compelled to attack the protective policy or else concede that workmen

ought to vote for Harrison and protection. However a speaker started out, before he had spoken many times the burden of his argument was against the decision that a tariff on goods enhances wages or protects labor. The fisheries treaty, the retaliation message, and even the sensational Sackville incident, all fell flat, and men would listen to nothing but talk about the tariff. One evening, after speaking from a truck, I got down and stood among the crowd. The speaker who followed me was handed a telegram, which he at once read aloud. It announced the dismissal of Lord Sackville. It did not produce even a ripple of excitement, and a workman near me clearly expressed the unanimous opinion of the crowd when he exclaimed: "Never mind England or Ireland; let us hear about the tariff." Every man who spoke from these trucks, whether he is a tariff reformer, a free trader or a single tax man, will bear me out in the assertion that the crowds thus hastily gathered in the streets listened intently to tariff argument, and showed an intelligent interest in every detail of the discussion.

It was just such debate of the real issue before the masses that saved the democratic party from a much more disastrous defeat. Wherever workmen, educated to think on economic subjects by their long struggle against oppression, and influenced to no small extent by their familiarity with single tax free trade literature, were found in large numbers, there the cause of tariff reform gained votes. Such men were not for a moment deceived by the stupid attempts of the national committee to hide the true issue. So far as those efforts had any effect they tended to drive workmen to the support of Harrison. To them there was in that canvass one question of supreme importance: "Does a protective tariff assure us better wages than we would otherwise get?" Those who believed it did voted against the party that proposed to reduce the tariff, and they would have voted against it whether the proposal was to reduce it seven per cent or seventy per cent. If tariff helped them they wanted all they could get of it, and they knew perfectly well which party would give them the higher tariff. Every effort by the democratic national committee to disclaim hostility toward protection merely caused such men to believe it had been caught in an attempt to injure them and was trying to lie out of it. They distrusted it all the more on that account.

Fortunately there is a large body of workmen whose observation and experience, during years of struggle against the class that insists on protection for its own special benefit, has caused them to doubt the value of the system to wage earners. These were the men who listened so eagerly to tariff discussions and, in the end, they voted for tariff reduction. They understood as well as any one the silly tactics of the national committee, but they were not alarmed by them. Their attitude was that of a man I once questioned as to why it was that he and his fellow jurors had given a manifestly just verdict in defiance of an adverse charge by an exceedingly stupid judge. "Oh," he answered, "the judge hadn't talked five minutes before we saw he didn't know the first thing about the case, and we paid no attention to what he said."

The democratic national committee never understood the first thing about the tariff issue as it presented itself to workmen. The "free trade" scare did not work where they had supposed it would be effective, among workmen in the towns, and it did work, apparently, among the farmers over whom it was expected that it would have no influence. Of course many minor causes contributed to Mr. Cleveland's defeat. The rage of disappointed office seekers against his civil service policy—a rage fed and fanned by Governor Hill and his friends—was one important factor in the result in New York. Revolt against boss rule in other states jeopardized democratic success. Bribery and intimidation played a not unimportant part, and yet the fact remains that, taking the country as a whole Mr. Cleveland failed of re-election to the presidency because of the failure of his party to educate the country up to his views on the tariff question in a single campaign. This is partly due to the natural difficulty of uprooting suddenly an error that has not been seriously assailed for more than a quarter of a century, and quite as largely due to the cowardice and bad faith of the protectionists who dominated the democratic national committee throughout the campaign. Such being the situation, the most interesting political question of the present is: "Can the democratic party ever carry the country on the issue of tariff reform?" Personally, I think this a debatable question, and I propose to consider it in the next issue of THE STANDARD.

WM. T. CROSSLAND.

Up and At It in Detroit.

DETROIT, Mich.—As to the election in this state the results seem to point to a clear case of self-sacrifice on the part of the voters. In the mining regions of Lake Superior, in the lumber regions of the Saginaw and Grand rivers, and in the three counties most largely interested in wool raising, the democrats either elected their ticket or showed substantial gains; while in the counties not supposed to be in any way benefited by protection, the voters have piled up good round majorities for the good of the other fellows, who have become educated enough to try and save themselves, and the country generally, from that protection. We are not depressed here. The Young men's democratic club have re-organized since election as the Young men's political reform club, pledged to tariff and ballot reform, and the free trade republicans and independents will probably do likewise. Several single tax men belong to the above club, and you may depend upon it that no one who has seen the cat here will rest until its claws are thoroughly clipped and its tail amputated close behind its ears.

S. G. HOWE.

What Does It Mean?

That is probably what the man says who receives the postal card which some Toledo, O., single tax man is industriously putting into the mails. The card reads like this:

Toledo, O., Nov. 25, '88.

THE SINGLE TAX WILL DO IT.

WHAT WE SHOULD DO.

A. R. Wynn, Toledo, O.—I think Professor Hamlin Garland's suggestions are all good—particularly the one about the sticker. I would suggest as an appropriate illustration for the sticker two roosters—one crowing and the other lying dead—with the inscription underneath, "Single tax did it. Single tax will kill land monopoly." These stickers could be used on envelopes, newspapers, packages sent out by business men, or in public places, on fences, posts, or the like. I want a thousand as soon as they are got out.

John Cairns, Hartford, Conn.—I believe that the campaign just ended was one of the greatest if not the greatest educational campaign ever conducted in these United States—an education of a kind that should make every single tax man feel happy. Already I have met eight men who have expressed their desire for voting the republican ticket. They said they thought they were voting for protection to American industries, but when I exposed the falsity of the whole protective fable, as only a single tax free trader can do, they said they saw through the whole thing, and would vote for free trade principles next time. And so the good cause keeps making converts. I was surprised to see in THE STANDARD that the Higgins, the largest manufacturer, had got rid of his help since election day.

While I was in South Manchester, Conn., a few days ago, I learned that Cheney Brothers, also, silk manufacturers of that place, had got rid of a considerable part of their help since election day. On the afternoon the news reached South Manchester of Harrison's election the works were stopped for three hours. All the operatives thought that of course they would be paid for their lost time; but they were mistaken. When one of the girls, whose house I happened to be visiting, came home, she was very much chagrined. She had been "docked" thirty cents, ten cents an hour for the three hours lost. She was doubtless more chagrined later on when the number of operatives was cut down.

Henry Sterling, Detroit, Mich.—I began talking single tax in the spring of 1887. I always found the subject to be distasteful to my hearers. I was seldom snubbed, but single tax talk was received with an indifference that frequently approached contempt. Nevertheless, I kept on, and talk to a very small tariff agitation changed this completely, and there has been no lack of interested listeners for the last six months. Where I work there are about twenty-five voters, and among them just three democrats. Not one of the democrats pretended to understand much about the tariff question, and I had one of the arguments all to myself. I tried always to direct the talk toward single tax on land values and met with gratifying success. There is now scarcely one among my acquaintances who would not sign a single tax petition, and the least on state issues. We need to be thankful for the issue the campaign was fought upon. It has done us more good than we dream of, and we have gained more by democratic defeat than the republicans have gained by victory.

F. W. Moore, Brooklyn.—What the single tax and free trade cause needs is individual work. It isn't enough for us who are of the rank and file, to simply lend our presence to the movement, but we must labor to bring in new recruits. We can't all be leaders and not many would want to be, but every one who believes that the laboring man does not receive justice in the distribution of the products of his industry has already pointed out to him the duty as well as the grand privilege of earnest work.

It is our work that must count—we who have never been heard from; we who are poor, with comparatively little time for study or speech making. Each man who feels himself in this position can, by a very simple and the work of all together must inevitably sweep with rapid strides towards the single tax and free trade. The more earnestly we advocate this cause the greater becomes our own intelligence; and the wider and more intensely we extend our sympathies the grander and truer becomes the solid religious foundation of our character. Let us use every righteous means to advance our cause; let our policy be to win adherents, not simply to get the best of them in an argument. We can't all be leaders and we can't all be students. Now, just after the campaign when we as well as our opponents are still warm to the subject, is the time to begin. If every true free trader, and a true free trader must be a single tax man, would get a few friends or acquaintances to meet once a week or once in two weeks to discuss these questions, to read a little, to get various points clear in his own mind as well as that of his friends, it would be of immense advantage to him personally while it would be adding forth shoots in every community and would be extending an intelligent appreciation of these questions which would be of incalculable advantage to the cause.

Let us put our hearts into the work; let us antagonize in so far only as it will awaken a desire to know more. Nothing perhaps would do more to stir a man to thought than to get him to pay a tariff for literature on the subject—a few cents for his subscription to THE STANDARD would do an immense amount of evangelizing work—or get him to pay for a small book or pamphlet; this means practical work. Let us not be discouraged and however diffident we may feel on account of our own lack of knowledge we may feel sure of the greater ignorance of those who have voted to pay more taxes under the name of protection.

W. B. Steers, Englewood, Ill.—I find that we have advanced the cause of free trade and the single tax more than we could have in any other way by the use of the *Standard*. Men who would not listen to us a year ago will now do so with eagerness. I find that a great many of my acquaintances who never considered what free trade or protection was before, have now come out for absolute free trade.

It would be a grand thing to have a lecture in each of the large cities and keep agitating and pushing the single tax and free trade discussion all over the country. Now is our opportunity. Let us begin at once.

John B. Young, Beaver, Pa.—I once heard a man say that there were more votes in a barrel of whiskey than there were in the "Ten Commandments," and it is evident, from the facts and figures stated in THE STANDARD, that there are more votes in a barrel of money than there are in the whole bible. My opinion is, first, that we should work under cover, by organization and education, and not show our hands at any point but the slaves can't be freed by force. We cannot carry the country; we should have a small newspaper, one fourth the size of THE STANDARD, that could be furnished weekly to every reformer at fifty cents per annum. Such a newspaper could easily be pushed up to a half million subscribers the first year. The three great monopolies of land, money and transportation could be briefly discussed in each issue sufficiently to put all our men upon inquiry after books, pamphlets and documents, which would give them a sound political education—and this would lead to a more extended circulation of THE STANDARD and other valuable anti-monopoly papers.

J. G. Galloway, Dayton, O., Nov. 18.—The result of the election has not affected the faith of single tax men in this region. Right onward, straight to the one great idea, is the watchword. The Dayton Journal, a protec-

tion sheet of this city, said the morning after election, "We will have to stop and look around to account for the large democratic gains in this city." Mr. Williams, candidate for congress on the republican ticket, two years ago received 1,300 majority; this year he gets 415 and if the democrats provided a district committee, who would have listened to the appeals of workmen for speakers on the wage question, Mr. Hook would have been the congressman from the Third district.

The little village of Miamisburg, twelve miles southwest of us has asked for a meeting of the free land club in this town, to explain the single tax and organize a club. It will be held next Sunday. The club here has commenced its weekly open meetings and will push things.

Theodore J. Werner, Newark, N. J.—Now that time enough has elapsed for us to estimate the result, it looks as if the democrats had lost the offices, the republicans had gained the offices, and the absolute free traders had won the fight for the only principle at issue. I have always, ever since I became convinced of the falsity of the doctrine of protection, felt that the great majority of the men that would be in the winning fight for the single tax and real free trade in this country would come out of the republican party. I see that Mr. William Walter Phelps of this state is quoted as saying in an interview, that if the republicans will remain in power twenty-four years, but if not, 1892 will see them turned out. If the G. O. I. will keep at the tariff till they adjust all the inequalities out of it, they will be in a fair way to get the fervent thanks of single tax free traders. It would take a microscope to see a tariff with no inequalities in it.

E. Norris, Boston.—Our first move should be in advocacy of appropriating land values for public purposes. Let the democratic party fight the free trade battle, and all join in who wish, while the radicals press the rightful claims of the government to the rental value of lands.

It can hardly be the proper order to say if we, society, can get our just dues without not need to collect money in any way from our citizens, therefore we should first drop this method of collecting taxes. I shall regret to see the now really great body of single tax men and women of the country turned from this great humane issue to that of free trade, an indirect issue. The resources of nature are tied up. They must be set free, that the people may again come direct to their great inheritance. We must thrust out from our temples the money changers who buy and sell that which God has designed for a common good to his great family.

Ulysses Tanner, Cannon Falls.—After the battle it is in order to rub slins. I think a great fault of our government is the despotic power of the majority. I believe the best means to obtain perfection of government is to have a fair representation of all classes and opinions, in executive as well as judicial departments. Therefore, I now propose: First, that we work by concert of action, petitioning the powers that be. Second, that we insist on minority representation. Third, that we make the principle of the toll-free insurance of universal application.

A Good Plan for a Spread the Light Club. New York.—No safe convert is made by an hour's argumentation—thousands have been won by an hour's careful reading; therefore it is proposed that we organize "Spread the light clubs" on the following plan: A number of the books written by Henry George are purchased. A blank is pasted in each book on which is printed:

"SPREAD THE LIGHT CLUB."

—, Secretary, —, st., —, city.

This book is the property of the above club. We trust to the reader's honor to obey the conditions under which it is loaned to him. When finished reading this book, please fill in the first blank space below with your name and address, and say whether you approve or disapprove of the author's views; then transfer the book to a friend with the request to do as you have done—this circulating to be continued until ten readers have signed their names, address, etc. The tenth reader is requested to return the book to the secretary of this club.

This book has been placed in circulation by club.

Name of reader. Address. Approve or disapprove of this book. (And so on up to ten spaces.)

If you agree with the doctrines expounded in this book and wish to help propagate them communicate with the secretary and he will furnish you with all the necessary information. Public meetings every — evening at — street. Informal debate open to all.

A memorandum should be kept of all books sent out, when and to whom, with space for ten names. When the book is returned, enter the names and addresses and send the readers tracts and copies of THE STANDARD until they too join in and help spread the light of the single tax.

Would also suggest that a monthly resume of the work done should be sent to THE STANDARD for publication. BENJ. DOBLIN.

He Speaks as a Coal Miner.

WEST WARREN, Mass., Nov. 25.—If there is one class that would feel free trade more than any other, it is the men working in the anthracite coal fields. Every right thinking man knows that if the tariff was abolished coal would become much cheaper; consequently poor people would be able to buy more of it, with a greater consumption there would be a greater demand, which would insure to the miner steadier employment. That this system of protection protects the coal mine owners is shown by the millions they keep piling up. It enables them to combine and compel their slaves to eat to-day what they earn to-morrow, and as long as this state of things exists the outlook for the miner cannot be very promising. Two years ago I was a miner in the state of Pennsylvania, and therefore know the wrongs the coal producers receive from the hands of these protection monopolists—wrong that the slaves can't be freed by force. Their tyranny became so unbearable to me that I made up my mind, that, sink or swim, survive or perish, I would work there no more. And neither I have. It does seem strange that workmen will vote directly against their own best interests by voting the "protection" ticket.

WM. CHAPMAN.

About That Club House.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 26.—The suggestion of Mr. A. J. Steers is a good one. Let us have a single tax club house in New York for a starter, for 500 members of a benefit organization in Brooklyn can build and maintain a \$25,000 club house, surely the single tax men of the two cities can do more. If Mr. Steers will mature his plan, he can get help from this city, either on a routine or a stock company plan. G. W.

CONCENTRATE ON ONE STATE

And Raise a Single Tax School Fund to Support the Work.

HONEOYE, N. Y.—That the present plan of instructing the people in the single tax system is slow and discouraging must be evident to all, and in my opinion it is largely owing to a lack of concerted and concentrated action. Would it not be well for our adherents to concentrate all their efforts for a short time on some one state, a state showing the least resistance, a state so small that it would be within our means to give the inhabitants of every election district in the state a thorough understanding of the principles of taxation? We could then work as a majority or a large minority and would get respect and attention accordingly.

I assume that every believer in this principle of taxation is from the bottom of his heart desirous for a speedy trial of the system. Let us then raise a fund that shall be known as the single tax school fund by asking every adherent of the principle to contribute a nominal sum, say one dollar, this, if mistaken not, would raise the aggregate to a large fund. Then appoint a board of trustees to control the fund; this board to select some state of our union where the conditions such as size, closeness of vote, large latitude given in the organic law as regards taxation, are the most favorable. Then call for volunteers from out the ranks of single tax people, one for each township in the state selected, to act as teachers and to be paid from the fund. I believe that the necessary expenses and a small personal remuneration; these teachers to be thoroughly examined by the board of trustees or by persons appointed by the board as to their qualifications and fitness for the position before they are sent to their field of labor, and then let the attack on that state be made simultaneously and earnestly with the full purpose and determination to make the people understand what is wanted.

To illustrate: Suppose Connecticut were the state selected. It has 137 townships. Let volunteers would be called for and when examined and appointed they would each start a class in six election districts of their townships, giving one night a week to each. Teaching to be rudimentary. All references to party politics avoided, and scholars requested to ask questions. No election district class should be given up until the ground principles are thoroughly understood.

I believe that after two months of this kind of work in a state like Connecticut a memorial to the legislature could be circulated that would not only bring on a general discussion of the principle but its adoption.

VERITAS VINCI.

A Reflection.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Lo, the poor farmer, who, from wilds way back, Sees in "protection," God; and hears him in the clack Of the whole mad, monopolistic crew, That in his sweat and blood their hands imbue, Yet marvel much at his bucolic sense, The while they dance and feast at his expense.

Lo, the reformer of the tariff—bent On slight reform; an undefined per cent. And scarce disturbed by smell of nauseous

That doxude from saintly Foster's hat, As long the line, among the thieves, he hat, It circulates to purchase—"blocks of five."

LOOKING FORWARD.

Ball, the free trader, whose unerring ax Hews to the line of truth—"the single tax." No quarter asks, the same to fee denies, His motto this—"With thieves no compromise."

Then nail your flag, free traders, to the mast; Yield ignorance, monopoly and caste!

Nov. 25. E. H. P., Providence, R. I.

"Written Sarcasmic."

SPRINGFIELD, Ill.—What blockheads we have been on our British free trade notions, and how the intelligent voters of the country have sat down on us; and you, your cranks notions on taxation as set forth in "Progress and Poverty" and "Protection or Free Trade" have brought us to this pass. Now, I have a plan which, in spite of the glamor of British gold, even you must see is just the thing for us. Let us abolish all forms of taxation, except customs duties, which we will make so high that they will yield an enormous surplus. Then we will divide the surplus equally among the people, on the basis of pension to every citizen, amending the naturalization laws so that a foreigner must reside twenty-one years in this country to become a citizen. If the tariff does not yield sufficient surplus to give a handsome pension, we can levy an export tax, and the thing is done. The tariff and export tax are the two forms of taxation that the foreigner always pays, and so we would be killing two birds with one stone. We would keep our home market, and the foreigner would pay our taxes. Besides, indolent persons could live on their pensions, and thus leave the work for the industrious.

I think an independent party with such a platform would sweep the country and bury both the corrupt old parties. Of course you in your egotism will sneer at it; but the intelligent workmen of the country that don't belong to any labor organizations are in accord with it almost to a man.

The expenses of maintaining schools might be met by levying a license on saloons in the prohibition states; the other states would not need any schools.

I find your STANDARD quite interesting (though fallacious). HENRY WALKER.

A Suggestion to Knights of Labor.

WARREN, Pa., Nov. 24.—The protected monopolists of this country went to work and organized a great "American protective tariff league," and then they poured out rivers of surplus cash money getting their good friend Harrison elected president of these United States. And why put themselves to all this great trouble? Bless you, haven't they already told us why? It was all done because these kind hearted gentlemen are so intensely anxious to secure to American toilers the just fruit of their labor—the exact thing the Knights of Labor themselves want! Don't you see? The knights ought to initiate these good monopolists into their order and make leaders of them; and right off, too.

A. G. BEECHER.

The Way to Get at Business Men.

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 23.—I would like to make a suggestion for the new campaign of education upon which we have entered. All who have ever engaged in the advocacy of real ideas will agree with me that condensation—short and pithy arguments—the crowding of much reasoning into a few words—is far more effective with the masses than long drawn homilies, however eloquent. I am a busy man myself, with little time to spare, and in the recent presidential dispute addressed a single brief, unanswerable argument to those whom I desired to reach, thus: Cheap goods make quick sales; quick sales create a demand for more goods; demand encourages production; increased production makes more work; more work requires more

men; the more men employed the less competition for places; the less competition for work (the greater scarcity of labor), the higher wages become. Free materials would enable the producer to start the big wheel (cheap goods) that would start all the others, and once started they must go on indefinitely.

This little argument, once understood, never failed in its effect where the man addressed was amenable to logic, and I flatter myself that I was thus enabled to show the free trade tail of "the cat" to a good many who had before imagined themselves invulnerable high tariffs. Condense, brothers; it saves time, labor and the taxing of careless and unretentive memories. JOHN F. HART.

Important Advance in Passaic County.

PASSAIC, N. J., Nov. 22.—The effect of the two single tax meetings in Passaic during the campaign has been very great. Since the tax bills were distributed men have been discussing them as I never heard them discussed before. They are questioning the justice of taxing houses and other improvements and asking why they should pay as much tax on one or two improved lots as the speculator pays on an acre or more of vacant but equally valuable land. Many have said to me, "George is right. I never saw it in that light before."

I feel safe in saying that a few more such single tax lectures as the two we have had would give us a strong hold on politics in Passaic and make us the leading party on election day. Our republican paper has not seen fit to print a single disrespectful word of the cause of those engaged in it since November 3. The paper is something new.

During the past two or three weeks I have been trying to find how men of both parties feel about the Australian method of voting and also about separating the land from the improvements on the assessment roll and all with whom I have spoken are in favor of both and willing to sign a petition. Of course I have not consulted speculators.

I am beginning to feel that our defeat will hasten the final result. Had Mr. Cleveland been elected we could hardly have got the single tax in operation soon enough to have prevented the hard times which seem certain to come upon us before 1892. With the republicans in power we can go on and secure the Australian method of voting, and get land and its improvements separated on the tax list so as to take advantage of the depression that protection must bring, to educate the masses. Hard times are great educators. Should wages continue to fall and times become dull about 1892, then with the Australian method of voting and the single tax in operation in a few states, it does seem as though success would be certain.

O. D. WOOD.

Meeting of the Twenty-second District Club.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—The single tax men in the Twenty-second assembly district have formed a permanent club and have engaged rooms at 1,506 Second avenue, where an open meeting will be held every Thursday evening at 8 p. m. All single tax men are requested to come and join us in making the association a success. ARTHUR D. FRICK, Pres.

ANGUST SCHULTZ, Sec.

To Toledo Single Tax Men.

TOLEDO, Ohio, Nov. 22.—Toledo single tax friends please enter into correspondence with the undersigned for the purpose of devising means for organizing a single tax club in our city. Yours for the right, A. R. WYNN, 319 Huron street.

THE NEW DEMOCRACY.

As the question of justice to Ireland will not be suppressed at the command of tory landlords, neither will the question of tariff reform be silenced at the dictates of monopolies, trusts and petted manufacturers. The discussion of it has only begun.—[Albany N. Y. Argus.]

The way to discuss the tariff question is to advocate free trade and direct taxation. Aim at the bull's eye and a little about it—sure. —[Exeter N. H. Protest.]

To go before the people with free trade on every democratic banner, and assure the people that on their account the intention is to reduce the protective tariff on manufactures as fast and as far as it can be done with safety, guided at every step by experience, until trade with other nations shall be carried on with unrestricted reciprocity, is the winning policy of the future. If the democracy will adopt it.—[Oswege N. Y. Palladium.]

Destroy the curse of land monopoly, and all others must go with it. The coming labor struggle must proceed upon this line, and here will be fought the decisive battle for human rights.—[Davenport, Iowa, Industrial Leader.]

That the issue Mr. Cleveland made will go on gathering momentum and power, we can believe, until four years from now there will be no question about protection being swept away.—[Farmington, Iowa, Herald.]

We believe the democrats would have fought a stronger fight had they accepted the republican term of reproach as their battle cry. They could have suffered nothing worse than the defeat that apparently befell them Tuesday, and they would have laid the foundation for a successful fight four years hence, between the west and south, or producing states, under the banner of democracy, and the eastern, or money lending and tax eating states, under the banner of organized piracy.—[Evansville, Ind., Courier.]

If labor gets the share of created wealth, why is it that a million men have been on strikes and lockouts in this country at one time? Any law restricting the trade of a country to its home market must necessarily reduce wages. This paper has always been soundly against the so-called system of protection.—[Rockville, Ind., Tribune.]

The issue of tariff reform has come to stay. On it there will be no step backward. Its certain triumph is a mere question of time.—[New Jersey Unionist.]

After Bull Run comes Appomattox; please give us the same time between the two that the Union generals required and we will show you the same result.—[Indianapolis Labor Signal.]

The tariff agitation having been used by us to good advantage, we should now go to work within state lines for ballot reform and for the instruction of the people in single tax ideas.—[Dear Park Citizen (single tax).]

The election was the voice of the people, spoken with emphasis. But in this emphasis there are ominous undertones which statesmanship, in the presence of communism, labor agitation and social anarchy, every one would do well to consider.—[N. Y. Herald.]

The tariff is a tax. It is a tax that falls with special weight upon the masses of the people. It is a tax that builds up great monopolies, and is rapidly dividing this republic into classes of very rich and very poor. The imposition of this tax is a flagrant abuse of the powers of government, and a monstrous outrage upon the people. Sooner or later it must be wiped out.—[Indianapolis Sentinel.]

The fight against the existing predatory tariff has now gained an impetus which will not be satisfied with a mere reduction of the surplus. Four years hence the light will not be over the surplus, but over the system of taxing one man for the benefit of another. The democratic party will face the issue boldly, and with four years more of education and experience, we believe that the American people will render the only verdict that will stand the test of truth and justice—a verdict that will sound the death knell of every tax-born monopoly in the republic.—[New York Evening Post.]

MARKHEIM.

Robert Louis Stevenson in "The Broken Shaft," Appleton, Publishers.

"Yes," said the dealer, "our windfalls are of various kinds. Some customers are ignorant, and then I touch a dividend on my superior knowledge. Some are dishonest," and here he held up the candle, so that the light fell strongly on his visitor, "and in that case," he continued, "I profit by my virtue."

Markheim had just entered from the daylight streets, and his eyes had not yet grown familiar with the mingled shine and darkness in the shop. At these pointed words, and before the near presence of the flame, he blinked painfully and looked aside.

The dealer checked. "You come to me on Christmas day," he resumed, "when you know that I am alone in my house, put up my shutters, and make a point of refusing business. Well, you will have to pay for that; you will have to pay for my derangement, when I should be balancing my books; you will have to pay, besides, for a kind of manner that I remark in you to-day very strongly. I am the essence of discretion, and ask no awkward question; but when a customer cannot look me in the eye, he has to pay for it." The dealer once more chuckled; and then, changing to his usual business voice, though still with a note of irony, "You can give, as usual, a clear account of how you came into possession of the object?" he continued. "Still your uncle's cabinet?" A remarkable collector, sir?

And the little pale, round, shouldered dealer stood almost on tiptoe, looking over the top of his gold spectacles, and nodding his head with every mark of disbelief. Markheim met his gaze with one of infinite pity, and a touch of horror.

"This time," said he, "you are in error. I have not come to sell, but to buy. I have no curios to dispose of; my uncle's cabinet is bare to the wainscot; even were it still intact, I have done well on the stock exchange, and should more likely add to it than otherwise, and my errand to-day is simplicity itself. I seek a Christmas present for a lady," he continued, waxing more fluent as he struck into the speech he had prepared; and certainly I owe you every excuse for thus disturbing you upon so small a matter. But the thing was neglected yesterday; I must produce my little compliment at dinner; and, as you very well know, a rich marriage is not a thing to be neglected."

Then followed a pause, during which the dealer seemed to weigh this statement incredulously. The ticking of many clocks among the curious lumber of the shop, and the faint rushing of the cabs in a near thoroughfare, filled up the interval of silence.

"Well, sir," said the dealer, "he it is. You are an old customer after all; and if, as you say, you have the chance of a good marriage, far be it from me to be an obstacle. Here is a nice thing for a lady, now," he went on, "this hand glass—fifteenth century, warranted—comes from a good collection, too; but I reserve the name, in the interests of my customer, who was just like yourself, my dear sir, the nephew and sole heir of a remarkable collector."

The dealer, while he thus ran on in his dry and bitter voice, had stooped to take the object from its place; and as he had done so, a shock had passed through Markheim, a start both of hand and foot, a sudden leap of many tumultuous passions to the face. It passed as swiftly as it came, and left no trace beyond a certain trembling of the hand that now received the glass.

"A glass," he said, hoarsely, and then paused, and repeated it more clearly. "A glass? For Christmas! Surely not!"

"And why not?" cried the dealer.

"Why not a glass?"

Markheim was looking upon him with an indefinite expression. "You ask me why not?" he said. "Why, look here—look in it—look at yourself? Do you like to see it? No! nor I—nor any man."

The little man had jumped back when Markheim had so suddenly confronted him with the mirror; but now, perceiving there was nothing worse on hand, he chuckled. "Your future lady, sir, must be pretty hard favored," said he.

"No," said Markheim, with great conviction. "But about you. I ask you for a Christmas present and you give me this—this damned reminder of years, and sins, and follies—this hand conscience! Did you mean it? Had you a thought in your mind? Tell me. It will be better for you, if you do. Come, tell me about yourself. I hazard a guess now, that you are in secret a very charitable man."

The dealer looked closely at his companion. It was very odd, Markheim did not appear to be laughing; there was something in his face like an eager sparkle of hope, but nothing of mirth.

"What are you driving at?" the dealer asked.

"Not charitable?" returned the other, gleefully. "Not charitable; not pious; not scrupulous; unloving; unbeloved; a hand to get money, a safe to keep it. Is that all? Dear God, man, is that all?"

"I will tell you what it is," began the dealer, with some sharpness, and then broke off again into a chuckle. "But I see this is a love match of yours, and you have been drinking the lady's health."

"Ah!" cried Markheim, with a strange curiosity. "Ah, have you been in love? Tell me about that."

"I," cried the dealer—"I in love! I never had the time, nor have I the time to-day for all this nonsense. Will you take the glass?"

"Where is the hurry?" returned Markheim. "It is very pleasant to stand here talking; and life is so short and insecure that I would not hurry away from any pleasure—no, not even from so mild a one as this. We should rather cling, cling to what little we can get, like a man at a cliff's edge. Every second is a cliff, if you think upon it—a cliff a mile high—high enough, if we fall, to dash us out of every feature of humanity. Hence it is best to talk pleasantly. Let us talk of each other; why should we wear this mask. Let us be confidential. Who knows, we might become friends?"

"I have just one word to say to you,"

said the dealer. "Either make your purchase, or walk out of my shop." "True, true," said Markheim. "Enough fooling. To business. Show me something else."

The dealer stopped once more, this time to replace the glass upon the shelf, his thin blond hair falling over his eyes as he did so. Markheim moved a little nearer, with one hand in the pocket of his great coat; he drew himself up and filled his lungs; at the same time many different emotions were depicted together on his face—terror, horror, and resolve, fascination and a physical repulsion; and through a haggard lift of his upper lip his teeth looked out.

"Thus, perhaps, may suit," observed the dealer; and then, as he began to re-arrange, Markheim bounded from behind upon his victim. The long, slender knife flashed and fell. The dealer struggled like a lion, striking his temple on the shelf, and then tumbled on the floor in a heap.

Time had some score of small voices in that shop, some stately and slow, as was becoming to their great age; others garrulous and hurried. All these told out the seconds in an intricate chorus of tickings. Then the passage of a lady's feet, heavily running on the pavement, broke in upon these smaller voices and startled Markheim into the consciousness of his surroundings. He looked about him anxiously. The candle stood on the counter, its flame solemnly wagging in a draught; and by that inconsiderable movement the whole room was filled with noiseless bustle, and kept leaving like a sea; the tall shadows nodding, the gross blots of darkness swelling, and dwindling as with respiration, the faces of the portraits and the china gods changing and wavering like images in water. The inner door stood ajar, and peered into that league of shadows with a long slit of daylight like a pointing finger.

From those fear-stricken roving Markheim's eyes returned to the body of his victim, where it lay both humped and sprawling, incredibly small, and strangely meager than in life. In these poor, miserably clothes, in that ungainly attitude, the dealer lay like so much sawdust. Markheim had feared to see it, and lo! it was nothing. And yet, as he gazed, this bundle of old clothes and pool of blood began to find eloquent voices. There it must lie; there was none to work the cunning hinges or direct the miracle of locomotion—there it must lie till it was found. Found! ay, and then? Then would this dead flesh lift up a cry that would echo over England, and fill the world with the echoes of pursuit. Ay, dead or not, this was still the enemy. "Time was that, when the brains were out," he thought; and the first word struck into his mind. Time, now that the deed was accomplished—time, which had closed for the victim, had become instant and momentous for the slayer.

The thought was yet in his mind when, first one and then another, with every variety of pace and voice—one deep as the bell from a cathedral turret, another ringing on its treble notes the prelude of a waltz—the clocks began to strike the hour of 3 in the afternoon.

The sudden outbreak of so many tongues in that dumb chamber staggered him. He began to bestir himself, going to and fro with the candle, beleaguering by moving shadows, and startled to the soul by chance reflections. In many rich mirrors, some of home design, some from Venice or Amsterdam, he saw his face repeated, and repeated, as it were an army of spies; his own eyes met and detected him; and the sound of his own steps, lightly as they fell, vexed the surrounding quiet. And still, as he continued to fill his pockets, his mind accused him, with a sickening iteration, of the thousand faults of his design. He should have chosen a more quiet hour; he should have prepared an alibi; he should not have used a knife; he should have been more cautious, and only bound and gagged the dealer, and not killed him; he should have been more bold, and killed the servant also; he should have done all things otherwise; poignant regrets, weary, incessant toiling of the mind to change what was unchangeable, to plan what was now useless, to be the architect of the irrevocable past. Meanwhile, and behind all this activity, brute terrors, like the scurrying of rats in a deserted attic, filled the more remote chambers of his brain with riot; the hand of the constable would fall heavy on his shoulder, and his nerves would jerk like a hooked fish; or he beheld, in galloping delirium, the dock, the prison, the gallows, and the black coffin.

Terror of the people in the street sat down before his mind like a besieging army. It was impossible, he thought, but that some rumor of the struggle must have reached their ears and set on edge their curiosity; and now, in all the neighboring houses, he divined them sitting motionless and with uplifted car—solitary people, condemned to spend Christmas dwelling alone on memories of the past, and now startlingly recalled from that tender exercise; happy family parties, struck into silence round the table, the mother still with raised finger; every degree and age and humor, but all, by their own hearths, prying and hearkening and weaving the rope that was to hang him. Sometimes it seemed to him he could not move too softly; the clink of the tall Bohemian goblets rang out loudly like a bell; and, alarmed by the bigness of the ticking, he was tempted to stop the clocks. And then, again, with a swift transition of his terrors, the very silence of the house appeared a source of peril, and a thing to strike and freeze the passer by; and he would step more boldly, and bustle about among the contents of the shop, and imitate, with elaborate bravado, the movements of a busy man at ease in his own house.

But he was now so pulled about by different alarms that, while one portion of his mind was still alert and cunning, another trembled on the brink of lunacy. One hallucination in particular took a strong hold on his credulity. The neighbor hearkening with white face beside his window, the passer by arrested by a horrible surmise on the pavement—these could at worst suspect, they could not know; through the brick walls and shut-

tered windows only sounds could penetrate. But here, within the house, was he alone? He knew he was; he had watched the servant set forth sweethearts, in her poor best, "out for the day," written in every ribbon and smile. Yes, he was alone, of course; and yet, in the bulk of empty house above him, he could surely hear a stir of delicate footings—he was surely conscious, inexplicably conscious, of some presence. Ay, surely; to every room and corner of the house his imagination followed it; and now it was a faceless thing, that yet had eyes to see with; and, again, it was a shadow of himself; and yet, again, beheld the image of the dead dealer, reinspired with cunning and hatred.

At times, with a strong effort, he would glance at the open door which still seemed to repel his eyes. The house was tall, the skylight small and dirty, the day blind with fog; and the light that filtered down to the ground story was exceeding faint, and showed dimly on the threshold of the shop. And yet, in that strip of doubtful brightness did there not hang wavering a shadow?

Suddenly, from the street outside, a very jovial gentleman began to beat with a staff on the shop door, accompanying his blows with shouts and ralleries in which the dealer was continually called upon by name. Markheim, smitten into ice, glanced at the dead man. But no! he lay quite still; he was dead away far beyond earshot of these blows and shouts; he was sunk beneath seas of silence; and his name, which would once have caught his notice above the howling of a storm, had become an empty sound. And presently the jovial gentleman desisted from his knocking and departed.

Here was a broad hint to hurry what remained to be done, to get forth from this accusing neighborhood, to plunge into a bath of London multitudes, and to reach, on the other side of day, that haven of safety and apparent innocence—his bed. One visitor had come; at any moment another might follow and be more obstinate. To have done the deed and yet not to reap the profit, would be too abhorrent a failure. The money, that was now Markheim's concern; and as a means to that, the keys.

He glanced over his shoulder at the open door, where the shadow was still lingering and shivering; and with no conscious repugnance of the mind, yet with a tremor of the belly, he drew near the body of his victim. The human character had quite departed. Like a suit half stuffed with bran, the limbs lay scattered, the trunk doubled on the floor; and yet the thing repelled him. Although so dingy and inconsiderable to the eye, he feared it might have more significance to the touch. He took the body by the shoulders and turned it on its back. It was strangely light and supple, and the limbs, as if they had broken, fell into the oddest postures. The face was robbed of all expression; but it was pale as wax and shockingly smeared with blood about one temple. That was, for Markheim, the one displeasing circumstance. It carried him back, upon the instant, to a certain fair-day in a fishers' village; a gray day, a piping wind, a crowd upon the street, the blare of the brasses, the booming of drums, the nasal voice of a ballad-singer, and a boy going to and fro, buried overhead in the crowd and divided between interest and fear, until, coming out upon the chief place of concourse, he beheld a booth and a great screen with pictures, dismally designed, garishly colored; Brownrigg with her apprentice; the Mannings with their huddled guest; Wear in the death grip of Thurtell; and a score besides of famous crimes. The thing was as clear as an illusion; he had shrunk back into that little boy; he was looking once again, and with the same sense of physical revolt at these vile pictures; he was still stunned by the thumping of the drums. A bar of that day's music returned upon his memory; and at that, for the first time, a quail came over him, a breath of nausea, a sudden weakness of the joints, which he must instantly resist and conquer.

He judged it more prudent to confront than to flee from these considerations; looking the more hardly in the dead face, bending his mind to realize the nature and greatness of his crime. So little a while ago that face had moved with every change of sentiment, that pale mouth had spoken, that body had been all on fire with governable energies; and now, and by his act, that piece of life had been arrested, as the horologist, with interjected finger, arrests the beating of the clock. So he reasoned in vain; he could rise to no remorseless consciousness; the same heart, which had shuddered before the painted effigies of crime, looked on its reality unmoved. At best, he felt a gleam of pity for one who had been endowed in vain with all those faculties that can make the world a garden of enchantment, one who had never lived and one who was now dead. But of penitence, no, not a tremor.

With that, shaking himself clear of these considerations, he found the keys and advanced toward the open door of the shop. Outside, it had begun to rain smartly; and the sound of the shower upon the roof had banished silence. Like some dripping cavern, the chambers of the house were haunted by a faint incessant echoing, which filled the ear, and mingled with the ticking of the clocks. And, as Markheim approached the door, he seemed to hear, in answer to his own cautious tread, the steps of another foot withdrawing up the stair. The shadow still palpitated loosely on the threshold. He threw a ton's weight of resolve upon his muscles, and drew back the door.

The faint, foggy daylight glimmered dimly on the bare floor and stairs; on the bright suit of armor posted, halbert in hand, upon the landing; and on the dark wood-carvings and framed pictures that hung against the yellow panes of the wainscot. So loud was the beating of the rain through all the house that, in Markheim's ears, it began to be distinguished into many different sounds. Footsteps and sighs, the tread of regiments marching in the distance, the clink of money in the counting, and the creaking of doors held stealthily ajar, appeared to mingle with the patter of the drops upon the

cupola and the gushing of the water in the pipes. The sense that he was not alone grew upon him to the verge of madness. On every side he was haunted and begirt by presences. He heard them moving stealthily in the upper chambers; from the shop, he heard the dead man getting to his legs; and, as he began with a great effort to mount the stairs, feet fled quickly before him and departed gradually behind. If he were but dead, he thought, how tranquilly he would possess his soul! And then again, and hearkening with ever fresh attention, he blessed himself for that unresting sense which held the outposts and stood a trusted sentinel upon his life. His head turned continually on his neck; his eyes, which seemed starting from their orbits, scouted on every side, and on every side were half rewarded as with the tail of something nameless vanishing. The four-and-twenty steps to the first floor were four-and-twenty agonies.

On that first story, the doors stood ajar, three of them like three ambushes, shaking his nerves like the throats of cannon. He could never again, he felt, be sufficiently immured and fortified from men's observing eyes; the sole joy for which he longed was to be home, girl in by walls, buried among bedclothes, and invisible to all but God. And at that thought, he wondered a little, recollecting tales of other murderers and the fear they were said to entertain of heavenly avengers. It was not so, at least, with him. He feared the laws of nature, lest, in their callous and immutable procedure, they should preserve some damning evidence of his crime. He feared, tenfold more, with a slavish, superstitious terror, some scission in the continuity of man's experience, some willful illegality of nature. He played a game of skill, depending on the rules, calculating consequence from cause; and what if nature, as the defeated tyrant overthrow the chessboard, should break the mold of their succession? The like had befallen Napoleon (so writers said) when the winter changed the time of its appearance. The like might befall Markheim; the solid wall might become transparent and reveal his doings like those of bees in a glass hive; the stout planks might yield under his foot like quicksands and detain him in their clutch; ay, there were sober accidents that might destroy him; for, for instance, the house should fall and imprison him beside the body of his victim; or the house next door should fly on fire, and the firemen invade him from all sides. These things he feared; and, in a sense, these things might be called the hands of God reaching forth against him. But about God himself he was at ease; his act was, doubtless, exceptional, but so were his excuses, which God knew; it was there, and not among men, that he felt sure of justice.

When he had got safe into the drawing room, and shut the door behind him, he was aware of a respite from alarms. The room was quite dismantled, uncarpeted besides, and strewn with packing cases and incongruous furniture; several great pier glasses, in which he beheld himself at various angles, like an actor on a stage; many pictures, framed and unframed, standing with faces to the wall; a fine Sheraton sideboard, a cabinet of marquetry, and a great old bed, with tapestry hangings. The windows opened to the floor; but by great, good fortune, the lower part of the shutters had been closed, and this concealed him from the neighbors. Here, then, Markheim drew in a packing case before the cabinet, and began to search among the keys. It was a long business, for they were many; and it was irksome, besides; for after all, there might be nothing in the cabinet, and time was on the wing. But the closeness of the occupation sobered him. With the tail of his eye he saw the door; even glanced at it from time to time directly, like a besieged commander pleased to verify the good estate of his defenses. But in truth he was at peace. The rain falling in the street sounded natural and pleasant. Presently, on the other side, the notes of a piano were awakened to the music of a hymn, and the voices of many children took up the air and words. How stately, how comfortable was the melody! How fresh the youthful voices! Markheim gave ear to it smilingly, as he sorted out the keys; and his mind was thronged with answerable ideas and images; church-going children and the pealing of the high organ; children afield, bathers by the brookside, ramblers on the brambly common, kite flyers in the windy and cloud navigated sky; and then, at another cadence of the hymn, back again to church, and the solemnity of summer Sundays, and the high gentled voice of the parson (which he smiled a little to recall), and the painted Jacobean tombs, and the dim lettering of the Ten Commandments in the chancel.

And as he sat thus, at once busy and absent, he was startled to his feet. A flash of ice, a flash of fire, a bursting gush of blood, went over him, and then he stood transfixed and thrilling. A step mounted the stair slowly and steadily, and presently a hand was laid upon the knob, and the lock clicked and the door opened.

Fear held Markheim in a vise. What to expect he knew not; whether the dead man walking, or the official ministers of human justice, or some chance witness blindly stumbling in to consign him to the gallows. But when a face was thrust into the aperture, glanced round the room, looked at him, nodded and smiled as if in friendly recognition, and then withdrew again, and the door closed behind it, his fear broke loose from his control in a hoarse cry. At the sound of this the visitor returned.

"Did you call me?" he asked pleasantly, and with that he entered the room and closed the door behind him.

But Markheim stood and gazed at him with all his eyes. Perhaps there was a film upon his sight, but the outlines of the newcomer seemed to change and waver like those of the idols in the wavering candlelight of the shop; and at times he thought he bore a likeness to himself; and always, like a lump of living terror, there lay in his bosom the conviction that this thing was not of the earth and not of God.

And yet the creature had a strange air of the commonplace, as he stepped in and stood looking on Markheim with a smile; and when he added: "You are looking for the money, I believe?" it was in the tones of everyday politeness.

Markheim made no answer.

"I should warn you," resumed the other, "that the maid has left her sweetheart earlier than usual and will soon be here. If Mr. Markheim be found in this house, I need not describe to him the consequences."

"You know me?" cried the murderer.

The visitor smiled. "You have long been a favorite of mine," he said; "and I have long observed and often sought to help you."

"What are you?" cried Markheim; "the devil?"

"What I may be," returned the other, "can not affect the service I propose to render you."

"It can," cried Markheim; "it does! Be helped by you? No, never; not by you! You do not know me yet; thank God, you do not know me!"

"I know you," replied the visitor, with a sort of kind severity, or rather, firmness; "I know you to the soul."

"Know me!" cried Markheim; "who can do so? My life is but a travesty and slander on myself. I have lived to belie my nature. All men do; all men are better than this disguise that grows about and stifles them. You see each dragged away by life like one whom braves have seized and muffled in a cloak. If they had their own control—if you could see their faces, they would be altogether different, they would shine out for heroes and saints! I am worse than most; myself is more overlaid; my excuse is known to me and God. But had I the time, I could disclose myself."

"To me?" inquired the visitor.

"To you before all," returned the murderer. "I supposed you were intelligent. I thought—since you exist—you would prove a reader of the heart. And yet you would propose to judge me by my acts. Think of it; my acts! I was born and I have lived in a land of giants; giants have dragged me by the wrists since I was born out of my mother—the giants of circumstance. And you would judge me by my acts! But can you not look within? Can you not understand that evil is hateful to me? Can you not see within me the clear writing of conscience, never blurred by any willful sophistry, although too often disregarded? Can you not read me for a thing that surely must be common as humanity—the unwilling sinner?"

"All this is very feeling expressed," was the reply, "but it regards me not. These points of consistency are beyond my province, and I care not in the least by what compulsion you may have been dragged away, so as you are not carried in the right direction. But time flies; the servant delays, looking in the faces of the crowd and at the pictures on the hoardings, but still she keeps moving nearer; and remember, it is as if the gallows itself was striding toward you through the Christmas streets! Shall I help you; I, who know all? Shall I tell you where to find the money?"

For what price? asked Markheim.

"I offer you the service for a Christmas gift," returned the other.

Markheim could not refrain from smiling with a kind of bitter triumph. "No," said he, "I will take nothing at your hands; if I were dying of thirst, and it was your hand that put the pitcher to my lips, I should find the courage to refuse it. It may be credulous, but I will do nothing to commit myself to evil."

"I have no objection to a death bed repentance," observed the visitor.

"Because you disbelieve their efficacy?" Markheim cried.

"I do not say so," returned the other; "but I look on these things from a different side, and when the life is done my interest falls. The man has lived to serve me, to spread black looks under color of religion, or to sow tares in the wheat field, as you do, in a course of weak compliance with desire. Now that he draws so near to his deliverance, he can add but one act of service—to repent, to die smiling, and thus to build up in confidence and hope the more timorous of my surviving followers. I am not so hard a master. Try me. Accept my help. Please yourself in life as you have done hitherto; please yourself more amply, spread your elbows at the board; and when the night begins to fall and the curtains to be drawn, I tell you, for your greater comfort, that you will find it even easy to compound your quarrel with your conscience, and to make a truckling peace with God. I came but now from such a death bed, and the room was full of sincere mourners, listening to the man's last words; and when I looked into that face, which had been set as a flint against mercy, I found it smiling with hope."

"And, do you, then, suppose me such a creature?" asked Markheim. "Do you think I have no more generous aspirations than to sin, and sin, and sin, and, at the last, sneak into heaven? My heart rises at the thought. Is this, then, your experience of mankind? or is it because you find me with red hands that you presume such baseness? And is this crime of murder indeed so impious as to dry up the very springs of good?"

"Murder is to me no special category," replied the other. "All sins are murder, even as all life is war. I behold your race, like starving mariners on a raft, plucking crusts out of the hands of famine and feeding on each other's lives. I follow sins beyond the moment of their acting; I find in all that the last consequence is death; and, to my eyes, the pretty maid who thwarts her mother with such taking graces on a question of a ball, drips no less visibly with human gore than such a murderer as yourself. Do I say that I follow sins? I follow virtues also; they differ not by the thickness of a nail, they are both scythes for the reaping angel of death. Evil, for which I live, consists not in action but in character. The bad man is dear to me; not the bad act, whose fruits, if we could follow them far enough down the hurtling cataract of the ages, might yet be found more blessed than those of the rarest virtues. And it is not because you have killed a dealer, but because your name is Markheim, that I offer to forward your escape."

"I will lay my heart open to you,"

answered Markheim. "This crime on which you find me is my last. On my way to it I have learned many lessons; itself is a lesson, a momentous lesson. Hitherto I have been driven with revolt to what I would not: I was a bond slave to poverty, driven and scourged. There are robust virtues that can stand in these temptations; mine was not so, I had a thirst of pleasure. But to-day, and out of this deed, I pluck both warning and riches—both the power and a fresh resolve to myself. I become in all things a free actor in the world; I begin to see myself all changed, these hands the agents of good, this heart at peace. Something comes over me out of the past; something of what I have dreamed on Sabbath evenings to the sound of the church organ, of what I forecast when I shed tears over noble books, or talked, an innocent child, with my mother. There lies my life; I have wandered a few years, but now I see once more my city of destination."

"You are to use this money on the stock exchange, I think?" remarked the visitor; "and there, if I mistake not, you have already lost some thousands?"

"Ah," said Markheim, "but this time I have a sure thing."

"This time, again, you will lose," replied the visitor, quietly.

"Ah, but I keep back the half!" cried Markheim.

"That also you will lose," said the other. The sweat started upon Markheim's brow. "Well, then, what matter?" he exclaimed. "Say it be lost, say I am plunged again in poverty; shall one part of me, and that the worst, continue until the end to override the better? Evil and good run strong in me, haling me both ways. I do not love the one thing; I love all. I can conceive great deeds, renunciations, martyrdoms, and though I be fallen to such a crime as murder, pity is no stranger to my thoughts. I pity the poor; who knows their trials better than myself? I pity and help them; I prize love, I love honest laughter; there is no good thing nor true thing on earth but I love it from my heart. And are my virtues only to direct my life, and my virtues to lie without effect, like some passive lumber of the mind? Not so; good, also, is a spring of acts."

But the visitor raised his finger. "For six-and-thirty years that you have been in this world," said he, "through many changes of fortune and varieties of humor I have watched you steadily fall. Fifteen years ago you would have started at a theft. Three years back you would have blenched at the name of murder. Is there any crime, is there any cruelty or meanness, from which you still recoil? Five years from now I shall detect you in the fact. Downward, downward lies your way; nor can anything but death avail to stop you."

"It is true," he said huskily: "I have in some degree complied with evil. But it is so with all; the very saints, in the mere exercise of living, grow less dauntless, and take on the tone of their surroundings." "I will propound to you one simple question," said the other; "and as you answer, I shall read to you your moral horoscope. You have grown in many things more lax; possibly you do right to be so; and, at any account it is the same with all men. But granting that, are you in any one particular, however trifling, more difficult to please with your own conduct, or do you go in all things with a loose rein?"

"In any one?" repeated Markheim, with an anguish of consideration. "No," he added, with despair, "in none! I have gone down in all."

"Then," said the visitor, "content yourself with what you are, for you will never change; and the words of your part on this stage are irrevocably written down." Markheim stood for a long while silent, and indeed it was the visitor who first broke the silence. "That being so," he said, "shall I show you the money?"

"And grace!" cried Markheim.

"Have you not tried it?" returned the other. "Two or three years ago, did I not see you on the platform of revival meetings and was not your voice the loudest in the hymn?"

"It is true," said Markheim; "and I see clearly what remains for me by way of duty. I thank you for these lessons from my soul; my eyes are opened and I behold myself at last for what I am."

At this moment the sharp note of the door bell rang through the house, and the visitor, as though this were some concerted signal for which he had been waiting, sprang instantly upon his feet.

"The maid!" he cried. "She has returned, as I forewarned you, and there is now before you one more difficult passage. Her master you must say is ill; you must let her in, with an assured but rather serious countenance—no smiles, no over-acting, and I promise you success. Once the girl within and the door closed, the same dexterity that has already rid you of the dealer will relieve you of this last danger in your path. Thereafter you have the whole evening—to ransack the treasures of the house and to make good your safety. This is help that comes to you with the mask of danger. 'Up!' he cried; 'up, friend; your life hangs trembling in the scales; up and act!'"

Markheim steadily regarded his counselor. "If I be condemned to evil acts," he said, "there is still one door of freedom open—I can cease from action. If my life be an ill thing, I can lay it down. Though I be, as you say truly, at the beck of every small temptation, I can yet, by one decisive gesture, place myself beyond the reach of all. My love of good is damned to barrenness; it may, and let it be! But I have still my hatred of evil; and from that, to your galling disappointment, you shall see that I can draw both energy and courage."

The features of the visitor began to undergo a wonderful and lovely change; they brightened and softened with a tender triumph, and even as they brightened, faded and dislimbed. But Markheim did not pause to watch or understand the transformation. He opened the door and went down stairs very slowly, thinking to himself. His past went soberly before him; he beheld it as it was, ugly and strenuous like a dream, random as chance

medley—this review but on a quiet hour. He paid into the burned by silent. Into his then the impatient. He could threshold. "You have he; 'I have Who is has any cl not been sh other of a print of a written, wa ter, has into perfe papers, m certain ex when it is to be pro mands of "very late into the c which the "copy," and Sir Robe put in a tury, whic ludicrous peared, pe was with a cleavage of when he r party of fr land." Speaking cured the all absorbe to state living and the altera read "ex this some Pests ju nature, ha dence they readers of the man See, the when he sa See, the Of course t lym eyed n during pe Burns ha time, for known to be line. Og This is an for "rose" books a yo though yo through co the misde the nose." Misprints not the only Pape had al ations, wha their mean Measure," B dec. 8, nov. fifth novel. full to the p "Cmbio," Numerous might be g way train s and cutting "halves" of scarred"ins or a lady is sweetly Gu pianist out dering of a Major of err and this is the of net instance lat east iron w exploded in and painted member of Printers, have the sa of their ra Moore, whi recants wh To commen dead. Havine said, "Two insincere," A request son to revisi cal errors, r recommend correction, unfortunate now. A The attent may be calli read est The name of persons me with argum 1888—Two \$30 each, o 1881—The father owns The assessm B, sent r addition of over two ac more taxes t two lots wh he pleases w the way of 1888—R. J. 1884—Dut 1887—He a actly the sa same contrac \$50 less th work to be d penters wer exclusive of May, 1888. Deput, on the families ere is half reat want the o July—Two pubcan, on Sue says B's the lots. As surroundings for \$1,000. —the lots on the two acre Later—B. H. House of his it's about ri much is C. n bars. B's g than C's, or expended mo house was on tenants ca than he exp C's house w He was assed Some Alton a store down fire off all t his assessme that of C. A sub with B \$1,100, but h with nothing Assessors go Next Day— scement is

