

The Tobacco Plant.

"HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIBED BY GAIN."

VOL. XVII.--NO. 20.

DURHAM, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1888.

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The Plant is in no wise responsible for the views of its correspondents.
Address all communications to
THE TOBACCO PLANT,
DURHAM, N. C.

LOSS AND GAIN.

DR. TAGMAGE'S SERMON AT THE TABERNACLE.

He Expounds a Familiar Text with Characteristic Clearness and Originality—A False and Malignant Report Concerning the Doctor Denounced.

What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall he give in exchange for his soul?—Matt. xvi. 26.

I am confident, Sabbath by Sabbath, to stand before an audience of large numbers. There may be men in all occupations sitting before me, yet the vast majority of them, I am very well aware, are engaged from Monday morning to Saturday night in the store, across the breakfast table and the tea table, are discussing questions of loss and gain. You are every day asking yourself, "What is the value of this? What is the value of that?" You would not think of giving something of greater value for that which is of lesser value. You would not think of selling that which cost you \$10 for \$5. If you had a property that was worth \$15,000, you would not sell for \$1,000. You are intelligent in all matters of bargain making. Are you as wise in the things that pertain to the matters of the soul? Christ adapted his instructions to the circumstances of those to whom he spoke. When he talked to fishermen, he spoke of the Gospel net. When he talked to the farmers, he said: "A sower went forth to sow." When he talked to the shepherds, he told the parable of the lost sheep. And am I not right when speaking this morning to an audience made up of bargain makers that I address them in the words of my text, asking: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

I propose, as far as possible, to estimate and compare the value of two properties.

First, I have to say that the world is a very grand property. The flowers are God's thoughts in bloom. Its rocks are God's thoughts in stone. Its dewdrops are God's thoughts in pearl. This world is God's child—a wayward child indeed; it has wandered off through the heavens. But about 1,888 years ago, one Christmas night, God

you that when you propose that I give up my soul for the world, you cannot give me the first item of title.

Having examined the title of a property, your next question is about insurance. You would not be silly enough to buy a large warehouse that could be possibly be insured. You would not have anything to do with such a property. Now, I ask you what assurance can you give me that this world is not going to be burned up? Absolutely none. Geologists tell us that it is already on fire; that the heat of the world is one great living coil; that it is just like a ship on fire at sea, the flames are not bursting out because the hatches are kept down. And yet you propose to palm off on me, in fact, the world, a world for which you will be surprised to find how little you can give no insurance. "Oh," you say, "the waters of the oceans will wash over all the land and put out the fire." Oh, no. There are inflammable elements in the water, hydrogen and oxygen. Call off the hydrogen, and then the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans would blaze like heaps of shavings. You want me to take this world, for which you can give no possible insurance.

Astronomers have swept their telescopes through the sky, and have found out that there have been thirteen worlds, in the last two centuries, that have disappeared. At first they looked just like other worlds. Then they got deeply red;

Then they got ashen, showing they were burned down. Then they disappeared, showing that "even the ashes were scattered. And if the geologist be right in his prophecy, then our world is to go in the same way. And yet you want me to exchange my soul for it. Ah, no; it is a world that is burning now. Suppose you brought an insurance agent to look at your property for the purpose of giving you a policy upon it, and while he stood in front of the house he should say: "That house is on fire now in the basement; you could not get any insurance upon it. Yet you talk about this world as though it were a safe investment, as though you could get some insurance upon it, when down in the basement it is on fire.

I remark, also, that this world is a property, with which everybody who has taken it as a possession has had trouble. Now I know a large reach of land that is not built on. I ask what is the matter, and they reply that everybody who has had anything to do with that property got into trouble about it. It is just so with this world; everybody that has had anything to do with it, as a possession, has been in perplexity. How was it with Lord Byron?

DID HE NOT SELL HIS IMMORTAL SOUL for the purpose of getting the world? Was he satisfied with the possession? Alas! alas! the poem graphically describes his case when it says: "Heard every trumpet of fame; Drank every deep draught; Drank draughts which common soldiers might have quenched; The death of him because there was nothing to drink.

Oh, yes, he had trouble with it, and so did Napoleon. After conquering nations by the force of the sword, he lies down to die, his entire possession the military honors that he insisted upon having upon his feet while he was dying. "So it has been with men who had better ambition. Thackeray, one of the most genial and lovable souls that ever lived, had the applause of all intelligent lands through his wonderful genius, sits down to a restaurant in Paris, looks to the other end of the room, and wonders whose that form and wretched face is; rising up after a while, he finds that it is Thackeray in the mirror. Oh, yes, this world is a cheat. Talk about a man gaining the world! Who ever owned a hemispherer? Who ever gained a continent? Who ever owned Asia? Who ever gained a kingdom? Who ever gained a world? No man ever gained it; of the hundred-thousandth part of it. You are demanding that I sell my soul, not for the world, but for a fragment of it. Here is a man who has had a large estate for forty or fifty years. He lies down to die. You say: "That man is worth millions and millions of dollars." Is he? You call up a surveyor, with his compass and chains, and you say: "There is a property extending three miles in one direction, and three miles in another direction." Is that the way to measure that man's property? No! You do not want any surveyor, with his compass and chains. That is not the way you want to measure that man's property now. It is an

undertaker who you need, who will come and put his finger in his vest pocket and take out a tape line, and he will measure five feet nine inches one way and two feet and a half the other way. That is the man's property. Oh, no, I do not want such a man. If he does not own even the place in which he lies in the cemetery. The deed to that belongs to the executors and the heirs. Oh, what a property you propose to give me for my soul! If you sell a bill of goods, you go into the counting-room and say to your partner: "Do you think that man is good for this bill? Can he give proper security? Will he meet this payment?"

Now, when you are offered this world as a possession, do you want to test the matter? I do not want you to go into this bargain blindly. I want you to ask about the title, about the insurance, about whether men have ever had any trouble with it, about whether you can keep it,

about whether you can get all of the 10,000th, or 100,000th part of it. There is the world now. I shall say no more about it. Make up your mind for yourself, as I shall, before God, have to make up mind for myself, about the value of this world. I cannot afford to make a mistake for my soul, and you cannot afford to make a mistake for your soul.

Now, let us look at the other property—the soul. We cannot make a bargain without seeing the comparative value. The soul!

HOW SHALL I ESTIMATE the value of it? Well, by its exquisite organization. It is the most wonderful piece of mechanism ever put together. Machinery is of value in proportion as it is mighty and silent at the same time. You look at the engine and the machinery in the Philadelphia mint, and as you see it performing its wonderful work, you will be surprised to find how silently it goes. Machinery that roars and tears soon destroys itself; but silent machinery is often most effective. Now, so it is with the soul of man, with all its tremendous faculties—it moves in silence. Judgment, without any racket, lifting its scales; memory, without any noise, bringing down all its treasures; conscience taking its judgment seat without any excitement; the understanding and the will all doing their work. Velocity, majesty, might; stillness—silence. You listen at the door of your heart. You can hear no sound. The soul is all quiet. It is so delicate an instrument that no human hand can touch it. You break a bone, and with splinters and bandages the surgeon sets it; the eye becomes inflamed, the apothecary's wash cools it; but a soul off the track, unbalanced, no human power can readjust it. With one sweep of its wing it circles the universe and governs the throne of God. Why, in the hour of death the soul is so mighty.

IT SHOWS ASIDE THE BODY as though it were a toy. It drives back medical skill as impotent. It breaks through the circle of loved ones who stand around the dying couch. With one leap, it springs beyond star and moon and sun, and chasms of immensity. Oh, it is a soul superior to all material things! No fire can consume it; no floods can drown it; no rocks can crush it; no walls can impede it; no time can exhaust it. It wants no bridge on which to cross a chasm. It wants no plummet with which to sound a depth. A soul, so mighty, so swift, so silent, must be a priceless soul.

I calculate the value of the soul, also, by its capacity for happiness. How much joy it can get in this world out of friendships, out of books, out of clouds, out of the sea, out of flowers, out of ten thousand things; and yet all the joy it has here does not test its capacity. You shall not cross the ocean with a concert before the curtain hoists, and you hear the instruments preparing—the sharp snap of the broken string, the scraping of the bow across the violin. "There is no music in that," you say. It is only getting ready for the music. And all the enjoyment of the soul in this world, the enjoyment we think is real enjoyment, is only preparatory; it is only anticipative; it is only the first stages of the thing; it is only the entrance, the beginning, the dawn of the music. The orchestra harmonies and splendors of the redeemed.

You cannot test the full power of the soul for happiness in this world. How much power the soul has here to find enjoyment in friendships! But, oh, the grander friendships for the soul in the skies! How sweet the flowers here! But how much

PHEASANTS AND FISH.

FROM WOODIE HILL TO WINDY SHORE.

All Sorts of News Items, Some Long and Some Short, Some New and Some Old, But News Items Just the Same.

The Democratic convention of Macon county adopted resolutions endorsing Steadman and Avery.

Mr. Pearson's meetings in Asheville are drawing large crowds. Four hundred went into the inquiry room at one meeting last week.

Since the first of December, Morehead City and Beaufort have shipped nearly five thousand barrels of oysters, clams and scallops.

The Lexington Dispatch says W. H. Mangrove went to Raleigh Sunday night, and surrendered himself to the penitentiary authorities Monday morning.

Elizabeth City Esquimaux: The fisheries have cut off, and the merchants are now reaping a harvest from the employees, who always spend their money received in wages, very liberally.

Tarboro Southerner: Died, yesterday, Joseph J. Potter, at his residence in this town, in the 95th year of his age. Thus, one by one the connecting links between the past and present generations are obliterated.

Wilder's Weekly: Our brother and collaborator, C. F. Lewis, of the Raleigh Times, who was buried out a few weeks ago, had just bought for New York City, where he will purchase an entirely new outfit for the Times.

Newton Educator: Mrs. Pollie Thornburg, of Starvation, is 82 years old, and can read 180 rolls of cotton a day. During last winter she has carded and spun on an old fashion spinning wheel thread for 100 yards of cloth.

Western Southern: The revival which has been in progress at the Centenary M. E. church for four weeks past, closed last Sunday night. Forty-six conversions were the result of the meeting—forty-four of whom were received into the church.

Morris, Ches. E. Haskell & Co. have taken charge of the Oxford Telegraph. The paper has a sprightliness that argues high spirits. The editor says: "The Telegraph acknowledges with pleasure the many flattering words of praise rendered during the past week and the genuine reception tendered this writer upon his entering his lot amongst this people—his lines have fallen in pleasant places."

Tarboro Southerner: The spirit of grace would seem to be continually poured out upon East Carolina during the recent and protracted meetings and revivals. This is the third week during which protracted meetings have been held in the Methodist church here and the end is not yet. Rev. Mr. Kendall, pastor, affirms that the meetings will continue so long as conversions occur at them, or their good effect is noticeable.

The State Medical Society, held last week at Fayetteville, was largely attended. Fayetteville entertained the visiting M. D's, royally. The following physicians passed their examinations: Dr. J. M. Miles, Elberta; Dr. Travis, of Raleigh; J. W. McGee, Elberta; R. A. Reynolds, (col'd) Raleigh; R. T. Merritt, Asheville; J. G. Sherill, Salisbury; A. E. Ledbetter, Guilford; J. O. Walker, Randolph; Isaac M. Lynn, Johnston; Preston B. Lottin, Hookerton; Geo. L. Hughes, Snow Hill; Aaron M. Moore, (col'd) Columbus.

Fayetteville Observer: The protracted meeting commenced in the Baptist church two weeks ago has continued up to this date with a daily increasing interest. The Rev. R. T. Gray, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Pope, of Lumberton, have labored daily and with wonderful success. On Sunday last twenty-nine were added to the church, and fully one hundred or more have been converted. Surely, the Spirit is abroad, working to save the souls of men. At the Methodist church on Sunday last there were nine who went forward to join the church, and a like number at the Presbyterian.

Hendersonville Times: Mr. T. W. Picklesimer, of Transylvania county, who was injured some three years ago by falling from a railroad bridge, near Danville, Va., brought suit against the R. & C. railroad company, in the Danville municipal court, for the recovery of \$20,000 damages. He obtained a verdict giving him \$10,000. The defendants appealed to the Virginia Supreme court, and the appeal had been in court for about three years before it was reached. The good news now comes to inform Mr. V. S. Pickens, the plaintiff's attorney for the lower court has been affirmed, and Mr. Picklesimer will soon be in possession of his money.

Social Narrowness.

A Reminiscence of the Great Songstress.

(From Ireland, "Woman's Work.")

The only person I have ever met who knew Jenny Lind in her childhood, was Max Bronzen, an old musician. I asked him to tell me of her, and the old man's furrowed face became radiant with a smile. "Remember her," said he, "she has been the angel of my life, the memory of her voice was my salvation. She and I were alike once poor. We were young and happy. Hand in hand we used to wander in the fields and on the hills of old Sweden. She was a little bare-foot thing in a stuff dress, and I the blacksmith's son, yet I had music in my soul, and I worshipped her. Often she would sing as we wandered through the sweet, cool woods, and the birds would come to listen to her song. She would trill and sing, and as I would pelt her with wild roses and butter-cups, she would laugh and ask, "Max, which was it trilled, the birds or I?" In my infatuation I would cry, "Jenny, the birds have come to learn of you!"

The old man bowed his head and was silent. At my request he continued his recital, but his face became sad and he looked old and weary.

"Years passed," said he, "and she drifted from my life, she became the idol of princes and kings, and from that I worshipped her, as I would worship a star in yonder heaven. I tried to keep pace with her, but failed. I became a victim to strong drink, and with that vile passion, ambition was buried. In 1819 I was passing "Her Majesty's Theatre" in London. I was sober enough to recognize the clear, ringing trill that had thrilled me in my boyhood days. I was penniless, but I swore to enter my claims on her fame once more. I edited by the very same fellow Reid, said of the Maine demagogue: "Mr. Blaine's record in railway matters grows darker as it is examined." That record is black now.—Wilmington Star.

Mr. Gladstone received an honorarium of 100 guineas for the manuscript of his last essay from an American magazine. The Sage of Hawarden has got higher pay from American periodicals than any other writer.—N. Y. Star.

Joseph Chamberlain loudly asserts that he is engaged to Miss Endicott." But the question is, is Miss Endicott engaged to Joseph Chamberlain? These matrimonial bargains require at least two assenting parties.—Greenboro Patriot.

An esteemed contemporary states that Mrs. Cleveland's collection of diamonds and other precious stones is worth \$1,000,000. That may be, but it is worth less to her, for she is still the brightest jewel at the White House.—Savannah Truth.

It is interesting to learn just at this time that President Cleveland and Senator Ingalls are related. Mr. Cleveland's grandfather was a Melchizedek Ingalls, who was the first cousin to Rufus Ingalls, the father of the Senator.—Greenboro Patriot.

And New Jersey! New Jersey declares for Cleveland and the Cleveland Administration and tariff reform. The steadfast old Democratic commonwealth still keeps her place. Her politicians sometimes waver and dither, but her people stand firm.—Philadelphia Record.

Edward V. Valentine, the Richmond sculptor, has been invited to Lexington to confer with the executive committee of the Jefferson Monument Association in regard to the erection of a colossal statue to Stonewall Jackson. The cost will be about \$12,000, of which \$7,000 is in hand.

This will be the eighth re-election of a President. Mr. Cleveland will be the first, however, to gain that rare glory by the plain and simple ways of peace. Every other President who has had a second term came out of war. They were all men on horseback. Here's to the man about.—Correspondent Boston Globe.

Senator Cullom does not look forward to any picnic for the Republic. It is not too late, he no longer a vagabond, as you say you are, but he is a man worthy of my friendship. "I could scarcely speak," said the old man, but hoarsely I uttered, "With God's help I will." The house had been silent as death, when it suddenly burst into tumultuous applause, and the curtain fell. I left that place a new man, with new inspirations and courage, and in all the years since that night, nearly half a century ago, I have been a hero and a conqueror ever since. I have lived true to my word.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

The Boston Transcript refers to Senator Voorhees as the tall sick-emperor of the war-bush.

Mr. Randall is said to be in doubtful physical health. His political health has been bad for some time.—Wilmington Star.

Daniel Dougherty, late of Philadelphia, has just been elected a delegate to the New York Democratic State Convention by Tammany Hall.

Mark Antony is in the grocery business in Atlanta, Ga. Julius Caesar does wholesale in Richmond, and Cicero is a hotel runner in Memphis.

Can any reader of the Blaine trust papers doubt that the scheme of the Republican machine is to run the campaign of 1888 on the lines of the defeat of 1882?—N. Y. Star.

The Graham boom seems to move along with encouraging steadiness. The only discouraging incident thus far is the fact that the New York Sun has made fast toit.—Philadelphia Record.

We do not know that Mr. Blaine desires the nomination, but we think he will get it; not by meddling with the chances of other candidates, but by clearing out of the scramble.—Wilmington Star.

Perhaps Miss Willard's idea is that such a school should be of moral effect; but we would not trade a dozen brown women on top of a temple for one energetic and spunky live one at the head of the stairs.—Omaha World.

"Christiana, Queen Regent of Spain, is soon to make a tour of her dominion." The European Queens seem to be rather restless just at present. Perhaps they want to show off their spring clothes.—Greenboro Patriot.

In 1872, the New York Tribune, edited by the very same fellow Reid, said of the Maine demagogue: "Mr. Blaine's record in railway matters grows darker as it is examined." That record is black now.—Wilmington Star.

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WAKE THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

and all heaven will then break forth into: "Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna! Worthy is the Lamb that is slain."

I calculate further the value of the soul by the price that has been paid for it. In St. Petersburg there is a diamond that the government paid \$200,000 for. "Well," you say, "it must have been very valuable, or the government would not have paid \$200,000 for it." I want to see what my soul is worth, and what your soul is worth, by seeing what has been paid for it. For that immortal soul, the richest blood that was ever shed, the deepest groan that was ever uttered, all the griefs of earth compressed into one tear, all the sufferings of earth gathered into one rapier of pain and struck through his holy heart. Does it not imply tremendous value?

Large also is the value of the soul from the home that has been fitted up for it in the future. One would have thought a street of adamant would have done. No; it is a street of gold. One would have thought that a wall of granite would have done. No; it is the flame of seraphim mingling with the green of emerald. One would have thought that an occasional doxology would have done. No; it is a perpetual song. If the angels of heaven marched in straight line, some day the last regiment, perhaps might pass out of sight; but no, the angels of heaven do not march in a straight line, but in a circle around about the throne of God; forever, forever, tramp, tramp! A soul so bought, so equipped, so provided for, must be a priceless soul, a majestic soul, a tremendous soul.

Now, you have seen the two properties—the world, the soul. One perishable, the other immortal. One unsatisfying, the other capable of ever increasing felicity. Will you trade it? Will you crossed the ocean with a concert before the curtain hoists, and you hear the instruments preparing—the sharp snap of the broken string, the scraping of the bow across the violin. "There is no music in that," you say. It is only getting ready for the music. And all the enjoyment of the soul in this world, the enjoyment we think is real enjoyment, is only preparatory; it is only anticipative; it is only the first stages of the thing; it is only the entrance, the beginning, the dawn of the music. The orchestra harmonies and splendors of the redeemed.

You cannot test the full power of the soul for happiness in this world. How much power the soul has here to find enjoyment in friendships! But, oh, the grander friendships for the soul in the skies! How sweet the flowers here! But how much

What is the value of the soul? Well, by its exquisite organization. It is the most wonderful piece of mechanism ever put together. Machinery is of value in proportion as it is mighty and silent at the same time. You look at the engine and the machinery in the Philadelphia mint, and as you see it performing its wonderful work, you will be surprised to find how silently it goes. Machinery that roars and tears soon destroys itself; but silent machinery is often most effective. Now, so it is with the soul of man, with all its tremendous faculties—it moves in silence. Judgment, without any racket, lifting its scales; memory, without any noise, bringing down all its treasures; conscience taking its judgment seat without any excitement; the understanding and the will all doing their work. Velocity, majesty, might; stillness—silence. You listen at the door of your heart. You can hear no sound. The soul is all quiet. It is so delicate an instrument that no human hand can touch it. You break a bone, and with splinters and bandages the surgeon sets it; the eye becomes inflamed, the apothecary's wash cools it; but a soul off the track, unbalanced, no human power can readjust it. With one sweep of its wing it circles the universe and governs the throne of God. Why, in the hour of death the soul is so mighty.

IT SHOWS ASIDE THE BODY as though it were a toy. It drives back medical skill as impotent. It breaks through the circle of loved ones who stand around the dying couch. With one leap, it springs beyond star and moon and sun, and chasms of immensity. Oh, it is a soul superior to all material things! No fire can consume it; no floods can drown it; no rocks can crush it; no walls can impede it; no time can exhaust it. It wants no bridge on which to cross a chasm. It wants no plummet with which to sound a depth. A soul, so mighty, so swift, so silent, must be a priceless soul.

I calculate the value of the soul, also, by its capacity for happiness. How much joy it can get in this world out of friendships, out of books, out of clouds, out of the sea, out of flowers, out of ten thousand things; and yet all the joy it has here does not test its capacity. You shall not cross the ocean with a concert before the curtain hoists, and you hear the instruments preparing—the sharp snap of the broken string, the scraping of the bow across the violin. "There is no music in that," you say. It is only getting ready for the music. And all the enjoyment of the soul in this world, the enjoyment we think is real enjoyment, is only preparatory; it is only anticipative; it is only the first stages of the thing; it is only the entrance, the beginning, the dawn of the music. The orchestra harmonies and splendors of the redeemed.

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What is the value of the soul? Well, by its exquisite organization. It is the most wonderful piece of mechanism ever put together. Machinery is of value in proportion as it is mighty and silent at the same time. You look at the engine and the machinery in the Philadelphia mint, and as you see it performing its wonderful work, you will be surprised to find how silently it goes. Machinery that roars and tears soon destroys itself; but silent machinery is often most effective. Now, so it is with the soul of man, with all its tremendous faculties—it moves in silence. Judgment, without any racket, lifting its scales; memory, without any noise, bringing down all its treasures; conscience taking its judgment seat without any excitement; the understanding and the will all doing their work. Velocity, majesty, might; stillness—silence. You listen at the door of your heart. You can hear no sound. The soul is all quiet. It is so delicate an instrument that no human hand can touch it. You break a bone, and with splinters and bandages the surgeon sets it; the eye becomes inflamed, the apothecary's wash cools it; but a soul off the track, unbalanced, no human power can readjust it. With one sweep of its wing it circles the universe and governs the throne of God. Why, in the hour of death the soul is so mighty.

IT SHOWS ASIDE THE BODY as though it were a toy. It drives back medical skill as impotent. It breaks through the circle of loved ones who stand around the dying couch. With one leap, it springs beyond star and moon and sun, and chasms of immensity. Oh, it is a soul superior to all material things! No fire can consume it; no floods can drown it; no rocks can crush it; no walls can impede it; no time can exhaust it. It wants no bridge on which to cross a chasm. It wants no plummet with which to sound a depth. A soul, so mighty, so swift, so silent, must be a priceless soul.

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A Spring Shower.

(Miss Ferrall, May Wide Awake.)

Down the drops come, tinkle, tinkle, With a sudden dash and sprinkle, Though as blue as periwinkle.

Was the sky,

"Some mysterious looks-pokes, Knocked above us and awoke us," Cries a little yellow creeper.

With a sign, there's a clatter!

There's a roaring, there's a clatter!

Of the dust, as the pattering Of the drops.

Such a drencher, such a peltor, Is it yet when, here we are, Everything has found a shelter,

Then it stops!

Good, But Not Quite Good Enough.

(Ashby's Son.)

The drunken party who disturbed the religious services at the Tabernacle Wednesday night was taken before Mayor Harkins yesterday morning and fined \$27.75. Another man who was considerably under the influence of "John Barley Corn," and lay down on a bench at the Tabernacle, was fined \$10.50.

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Distance Lends Enchantment.

(Mary Bell, May Wide Awake.)

Said a frowny little blowy little drowsy little boy:

"I'm too young to work, and playing's little fun."

So I'll sit me down and wait, with what fortitude I can,

Till I grow to be a merry little cheery little man.

Said a frowny little blowy little drowsy little man:

"I'm too old for play, and to work is not my plan;

So I'll sit me down and ponder on the joys without alloy

That were mine when a cheery little merry little boy."

Oh! But Free Trade Will Ruin Any Country.

(Lincoln (Neb.) Democrat.)

In free-trade-ridden England there are \$3,000,000,000 of bank deposits idly awaiting investment, while \$100,000,000 a year are sent over to America to buy the securities that the capitalist of this highly protected country can't afford to carry.