

The Daily Leader

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H. T. STEVENS,
MANAGER

WHO PAYS THE PROFITS?

The statement in a newspaper, a day or two ago, that the recent rise in flour and grain had resulted in enormous gain to certain individuals, is certainly an important one, and one that, in our judgment, ought to arrest more than the merest attention of the reader. The sums made by different parties vary from \$1,000,000 to \$10,000,000 so that the total amount of profits gained is a very large amount of money. This of course represents a total of losses of equal amount and it is this feature of the case that calls for a moment's attention from those who have neither made nor lost through the transactions noted. But who are those who have not lost? Perhaps they are not so numerous as might at first blush be imagined. Suppose that every consumer of flour is obliged to pay more for his flour because of such transactions, suppose that a scheme to advance the price of flour is at the very base of the movement, and that flour advances in consequence of it, then it will be evident that the million dollars cleared by Ogilvie may in the long run be gathered from an immense number of contributors—the people who buy and consume the flour. From this point of view the whole subject of gambling in stocks, and particularly in merchandize necessary to human existence, is worthy of much consideration. We have no desire to pose as a purist of any type, but it does seem that the principles of political economy might in some way be applied so as to prevent wealthy speculators from taxing the bread and butter that all classes find necessary to existence. The subject is a large one, however, and our only aim at the moment is to suggest matter for thought to those who are in the habit of thinking on questions of this kind. The Lord has given our great country to our people to manage, and He has provided abundance for all, and it may not be quite right that facilities should be afforded and methods sanctioned that effectively prevent the distribution of the Giver's bounty according to his evident desire and design.

AN INDIAN'S RETORT.

Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, says that the Dakota Indians once held a war-dance near a mission house. He went to Wabasha, the chief, and said: "Wabasha, you asked me for a missionary and a teacher. I gave them to you. I visit you, and the first sight is this brutal scalp-dance. I knew the Chippeway whom your young men have murdered. His wife is crying for her husband; his children are asking for their father. Wabasha, the Great Spirit hear his children cry. He is angry. Some day he will ask Wabasha, 'Where is your red brother?' The old chief smiled, drew his pipe from his mouth, and said: "White man go to war with his own brother in the same country; kill more men than Wabasha can count in all his life. Great Spirit smiles; says 'Good white man! He has my book. I love him very much. I have a good place for him by and by.' The Indian is a wild man. He has no Great Spirit book. He kills one man, has a scalp-dance. Great Spirit is mad, and says 'Bad Indian! I put him in a bad place by and by.' Wabasha don't believe it!"

BRITANNIA WINS AGAIN.

DOVER, Eng., June 13.—In the regatta of the Royal Cinque Ports Yacht Club, Monday, Ailsa and Britannia started at 12.02 p.m. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York were on board the former's yacht. The sky was overcast and a fresh north-east breeze was blowing. Both the big racers, carrying their four plain working sails, crossed the starting line too soon and were recalled for so doing. In the race for the twenty-raters, the Niagara, Stephanie, Audrey and Luna started at 12.30 p. m. The Niagara crossed too soon and was recalled, with the result that she got away last. She finally won, however, beating the second boat, the Luna, by five minutes and twenty-two seconds.

In the big race the Britannia won on time allowance.

It is easier to convince a man that he is going to hell, than it is to lead him to the belief that he is going to heaven. Which leads us to believe that the majority of men have more faith in the existence of the evil place than the good one.

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"LITTLE BROWN FIST."

But Little Brown Fist did not throw away her old clothes. She quietly kept them, and carried them with her to the South.

There she soon became domiciled as one of the family. Mrs. Rushton and her brother lived in a pleasant house, somewhat like an English villa. It looked on the beautiful valley through which the James River flows, amidst scenes that recent events had commended to history and to time forever. Minola was the happiest and brightest of mortals. Mrs. Rushton did really learn Spanish, so that our little girl did not seem to herself to be a mere dependent. Percival and she often sang together, and were very friendly and familiar. He grew quite fond of the girl. Indeed, everybody was fond of her.

Everybody? Well, almost, but not literally. Miss Sophy Kendall disliked her, saw nothing in her; thought her silly, pert, affected, coquettish, almost improper, indeed; thought her quite out of her place, and wondered how Emilia Rushton could endure her. Especially Miss Kendall wondered how Emilia Rushton failed to observe that the odious little creole creature was making the most outrageous love to her brother Percival.

Sophy Kendall was a handsome, stately girl, of good family and good property. She and her people were close friends of the Weldons and Rushtons, and on all sides the families would have been glad if she and Percival were married. Percival admired her very much. They rode together, walked together, and flirted a good deal; and he was once or twice almost on the brink of saying to himself, and perhaps to her, that he was in love with her. In her eyes he might at any time have read encouragement enough. Perhaps if he had read less of such encouragement he would have been more bold and ready. Perhaps the genial, protecting, unconcealed affection which he always felt for Little Brown Fist was deepening into a profounder emotion. If it was, he did not then know it.

"Percie," said his sister, one morning, with a smile, "do you know that I begin to be afraid of something?"

"Lives Emilia Rushton," he demurred, in melodramatic intonation, "to acknowledge that there can be anything of which she is afraid?"

"Yes, Percie, but not for herself; for you, boy!" She too fell into the approval tone and language of melodrama.

"Say on, fair sister!"

"I begin to be afraid, dear, that little Minnie is falling in love with you."

"Oh, stuff and nonsense! Excuse me, Emilia; but of course it can't be, you know."

Nevertheless he colored and grew embarrassed, and presently he relieved his mind, after the fashion of old Virginia, by mounting his horse and taking a good gallop. But all the while the words rang in his ears, "I begin to be afraid that Little Minnie is falling in love with you." And the words seemed to call up from his heart a sort of refrain or reply: "Yes, and I begin to be afraid that I am falling in love with her." For he really feared it. He dreaded, as yet, the idea of loving the little creole who came from nobody knew where, who was only known around the country as his sister's dependent, and whom some people suspected to be a petted octobern born in slavery. As he returned homeward he saw Minnie on the steps of the house arranging some flowers. She smiled at him with her winsome, child-like smile, and then her large eyes grew plaintive and dropped. Percie went round to the stables another way, put up his horse and did not enter the house. He strolled out into the woods, and lounged there, and tormented his soul with regrets and doubts and conjectures. He sometimes wished he had either the courage to make himself happy by defying public opinion, or make her unhappy by bending to it.

While he was absent Sophie Kendall came to visit Mrs. Rushton. Emilia, in her outspoken way, told her laughingly what she had been saying about Minola, and Sophy smiled as much as ever she could, and listened with apparent good humor. In her heart Miss Kendall raged at the insolence and impertinence of the creole, and thought to herself how dearly she would like to have Minola whipped. But she was very calm, and she put a series of quiet questions, which soon drew from Emilia the whole story of the first discovery of Minnie, and the ridiculous nickname by which she had been designated.

"Little Brown Fist! What a funny name! Was it your invention?"

"No, dear, it was Percie's. He is so absurd sometimes. Do you know that for a long time we could hardly learn to call her by her right name; and even still we sometimes fall into the old habit. Only yesterday, I think it was, Percie asked me where was Little Brown Fist."

"But does she know of it?"

"Oh, no, Sophy dear; of course we took care that she shouldn't. She is very sensitive, and she might think, poor child, that when first saw her we were laughing at her, which we certainly were not. Only we had names to distinguish all our fellow passengers, and Percie hit off that name for her quite at random, and without the faintest idea of contempt or ridicule."

Miss Kendall's eyes sparkled. She thought she had a weapon now at last—a whip wherewith to punish poor little Minnie.

Minnie herself came in presently, and Miss Kendall was overpoweredly gracious and friendly. Emilia was greatly pleased, believing that Sophy only increased her friendliness because she knew the girl's poverty and her whole story. Miss Kendall insisted upon carrying Minnie with her to her own house, which was near, that they might sing some duets, of which the music was not to be found in Mrs. Rushton's house.

Sophy's eyes beamed again when she had got the girl all to herself in her own drawing-room. She exulted in anticipation over the punishment she was about to inflict.

Some duets were sung; Minnie played the piano, Sophy bending over her.

"What a pretty little hand!" Miss Kendall said, suddenly stopping her song, and taking Minnie's fingers carelessly in her own. "What a dear little pretty hand!

I think the brown color quite becoming—and it isn't so brown now."

"Isn't it?" asked Minnie, simply, turning half round to look up at her companion. "But it seems dreadful, next to your beautiful white skin. I do wish my hands were not brown; but I can't help them."

"Oh, but they are hardly brown at all now. I don't think they ever could have been so very brown—and I think the name was quite ridiculous."

"What name?"

"Well, that silly name. Why, my dear, when first I heard of you—I mean before I saw you—I expected to see a girl with hands the color of old Chloe's, the milkmaid nurse. I declare I hate that fashion of giving nicknames. I never could see any fun in it."

Minola's blood ran hot, and her lips trembled.

"What name, Miss Kendall? I don't know what you are speaking of."

"Why, Little Brown Fist."

"Little Brown Fist! What does that mean?"

"Oh, that ridiculous name that he gave you—that they always called you."

"That he gave me—that they always called me? Did he give me a nickname—did they call me that?"

"Why, didn't you really know? I thought you knew. I suppose I oughtn't to have said anything about it, but I didn't know there was any secret; I didn't suppose there was any harm. Why, they always call you Little Brown Fist to every one. I thought it was quite a pet name, and that you knew it; but of course if they didn't wish you to hear it—"

"Oh my God!"

"What a pity I should have said a word about it? I'm sure I wouldn't if I had only known. But it's nothing, and you needn't be offended in the least. They never meant any harm, you may be sure. It's only his pleasant way, he is so ridiculous, and he laughs so at things; but he wouldn't hurt anybody's feelings for the world."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Premature baldness may be prevented and the hair made to grow on heads already bald, by the use of Hall's Vegetable Siccilian Hair Renewer.

MILLIONS MADE IN A DAY.

Grain and flour dealers in Montreal have made fortunes in the recent rise. Members of the corn exchange declare that W. W. Ogilvie has cleared \$1,000,000; the Lake of the Woods milling Co., \$500,000; Hugh McLennan \$200,000; Robert Esdaile and Harry Reapphael \$50,000 each; Alex. McFee \$100,000; Crane & Baird \$100,000; Lake Hunsicker \$60,000; Adam Thompson and Ewan McLennan \$50,000; Jim Carruthers, \$65,000, Robert Peddie \$80,000; Jas. Campbell, R. E. Wight, Ed. Craig, Wm. Stewart, ex-Mayor McShane and Edgar Judge \$500,000 each. J. L. Smith & Co. \$75,000; Jos. McBean & Co., \$50,000, and twenty or more outsiders profits ranging from \$10,000 to \$30,000.

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THE HORSE YOUR FRIEND.

This being so, be sure to keep the harness soft and clean, particularly inside of the collar and saddle, as the perspiration, if allowed to draw in, will cause irritation and produce gall. The collar should fit closely, with sufficient space at the bottom to admit your hand; a collar too small obstructs the breathing, while one too large will cramp and draw the shoulders into an unnatural position, thus obstructing the circulation. Never allow your horse to stand on hot, fermenting manure, as this will soften the hoof and bring on diseases of the feet; nor permit old litter to lie under manger, as the grasses will taint his food and irritate his lungs and eyes.

A waggin' tongue makes me tired, remarked the wheel to the axle. Did you speak said the tongue. "No, I spoke said the wheel." "Well," replied the tongue, if I could reach you I would break you fellows in pieces.

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