The Horry Herald.

"BE TRUE TO YOUR WORD AND YOUR WORK AND YOUR COUNTRY."

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POLLY'S BISCUIT.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

"Polly, don't buy your pearls to-day." Polly Rutherford looked up quickly from the jeweler's case she was bending over, and saw Mr. McIlwaine standing at her side.

"Why shouldn't I buy to-day?" she cried. "I have had this hundred dollars in gold for almost a year, Mr. McIlwaine, trying to make up my mind what I wanted most; now my birthday is almost here again, and I am afraid Grandpa will make this do for two birthdays, if I don't hurry and spend it."

But Polly's gay little laugh was checked by a look of unmistakable compassion in the gentleman's eyes. The color faded a little from her bright young face, but she would not ask any questions here in the crowded store.

"You may put them back to-day, Mr. West," she said to the jeweler, "I'll come again to-morrow."

"Very well, Miss Rutherford," said the vexed salesman, concealing his disappointment, "I shall reserve them for you."

Polly left the tempting store with Mr. McIlwaine, and once on the streets turned upon him a pair of frank, questioning eyes, which he found hard to answer.

Paul McIlwaine was a friend of the Rutherford family; but not specially of little Polly; she was only sixteen, a mere child to the hard-working lawyer of thirty, and one whom he considered as altogether frivolous and empty. Polly was an only daughter, living with a widowed mother in her grandfather's elegant house, and if she was not a spoiled girl it was not the fault of the dear old grandfather, whose idol she had been from her babyhood.

"What did you mean, Mr. McIlwaine?" she asked, presently, finding that the questioning look brought no reply. And then, seeing how embarrassed he seemed about answering, she said, with a sudden fear, "Have you been at Grandpa's since I left? Is anything the matter?"

"They are all well," he said, answering the thought which he knew was in her mind, "but something has happened, Polly, of course, or I would not have interfered with your purchase."

"Oh! tell me, tell me," said the girl in an agitated voice. "Why do you keep me in suspense?"

"What a blunderer I am," thought her companion. "If I tell her out here on the street, there will be a scene; but I'm in for it now, and if I don't tell her I suppose there will be a scene; that's the way these fine young ladies are."

"It is a hard thing to say to you, Polly but your grandfather has failed."

"Failed," repeated Polly vaguely, "you mean he has lost his money? Is that all? Is that what you were afraid to tell me?"

"That 'all' means a good deal more than you seem to understand," said Paul McIlwaine, impatiently; "it means loss and grief and disappointment and to one of the best gentlemen in the world; it means hard work to your mother who has no strength for work; to you ——"

He stopped, and Polly said quickly, feeling the tinge of contempt in his tone: "Never mind about me, but I see how bad it will be; poor Grandpa! Mr. McIlwaine does—must—will anybody else lose by Grandpa's failure?"

"It is too soon to say positively," he replied, "but I think not. I think he has quit business in time to leave his creditors any appreciable loss."

Polly's head was up now, and her eyes shining. "Dear old Grandpa," she said, "bless his heart; I am ashamed that I asked the question; I might have known. But, oh! I'm so much obliged to you for keeping me from spending my hundred dollars; it was very kind of you, very; I don't know how you came to find me. How long have you known about Grandpa?"

"It only came out this morning, and took us all entirely by surprise. But here we are at your door, my dear; if I can [illegible] any way [illegible] ney, but [illegible] member the long intimacy between our families gives me a right to help you."

"Thank you," she said, simply; it was all she had voice for, and, using her latchkey, she let herself into the house:

"Bless me!" said the young lawyer, as he walked off, "but the girl has pluck! It was very pretty, and entirely womanly, too, the way she thought of others, her grandfather and the creditors. I didn't think little Polly had it in her."

If he had seen little Polly at this minute, he might not have thought she had so much in her; she had slipped noiselessly into the great handsome front parlor and dropped down on one of the low cushioned divans, "all in a heap," as the girls say. For two whole hours she kept herself hid in the parlor, nobody knowing she was in the house, and in that long, silent time, when she heard only the tinkling little bronze clock, and her own irregular breathing, something happened to Polly, almost like what happens to the moth when it comes out of the cocoon. It happened to the Polly that was hid away inside of the Polly that everybody knew; and who shall say but that this great, startling change of fortune was not sent to keep that inside Polly from being smothered and dwarfed by the outside Polly!

When she went to find her mother and grandfather, it was with a bright face and steady voice.

A few days after this, Polly brought up a dainty little breakfast to her mother, who was quite overcome by their disaster, as was the poor old grandfather.

"Come, mither," Polly said blithely, "I made these biscuit, and you've got to eat two. What a good thing it was that you had that hobby about teaching me to do things; don't it fit in nicely now?"

"It was a theory of your father's," answered the mother, in a depressed tone; "I promised him when you were a wee baby in long clothes that I would have you taught to do every thing that women can do, and of course, after his death, I felt the more bound to do it. But I don't know why you should make so much of it now; you can't support yourself by making biscuits."

"I don't know," said Polly, carelessly; "I don't know," she repeated more earnestly, springing up and walking about the room as if her mind were not following her footsteps.

In a few weeks the Rutherfords had moved into a small down-town house, with all the available rooms "let," and poor old Mr. Rutherford was trying to discharge the duties of a small-salaried office into which his friends had put him.

Polly's mother seemed quite crushed at first, but the girl herself was buoyant with hope, as every girl has a right to be, no matter what her style of living is—or is not.

Thanks to Mr. McIlwaine, she had her hundred dollars now to invest in an enterpeise on which she had set her heart far more than it had ever been set on the pearls. And along with the hundred dollars she had also to invest in it youth, health, good sense, a brave spirit, and a proud independence. What else needed she for a happy and successful life?

Her enterprise began with a visit, basket in hand, to seven or eight of the best city hotels, and as many of the restaurants; to all of them she offered a daily, weekly, or tri-weekly supply of her dainty little beaten biscuit, such as she had learned to make down in eastern Virginia, from a famous old cook, who had in slave days belonged to her father's family. She was successful almost up to her own expectations, and far beyond her mother's, and her elation could not but infuse some hope into that lady's weak spirit.

"We must have a new name for your biscuit, miss," said one wise old restaurant keeper: "what shall we call them?"

"Call them," said Polly, hesitating and laughing, "call them the Polly-wolly-winkum biscuit."

The Polly-wolly-winkum biscuit got to be the fashion that winter; after hiring one good cook [illegible] raing [illegible] a second put on her great kitchen apron, tied up her abundant hair into a high knot, and spent four hours of every day in her kitchen herself; no plea of other engagements, no pretense that the cooks would do as well without her, no tempting offer of sleigh-rides, no flattering invitations of any sort could make the little mistress of the bakery break her rule, or neglect her work. Naturally the biscuit grew in favor.

The last time I visited the Polly-wolly-winkum bakery, it had moved its quarters to a large, well-lighted kitchen, with a class-room attached. Yes, a class-room; for Polly had agreed to teach cooking to a number of rich men's daughters at a good round price per girl, and not to lose the chance of doing good because she was poor, she selected a dozen poor girls, to whom she gave another hour a week, without pay.

Mr. Paul McIlwaine was my cicerone on the occasion of my visit and when I had admired and praised until the English language was exhausted he said, gravely:

"Nevertheless a suit is pending in court against the Polly-wolly-winkum bakery; it is charged that Miss Rutherford is dishonestly withholding from all the young gentlemen of her acquaintance the time and thought and interest they believe to be their due."

"That is a dreadful charge, Polly-winkum," [illegible] "What are you going [illegible] about it?"

"I'll engage Mr. McIlwaine to defend me," replied the little bakeress, running to look into an oven. But somehow her face was red even before she opened the oven door.—*Good Cheer.*

Cheap Salt For the People.

The light is gradually breaking through the mists which the subsidized organs of Protection have raised up before the eyes of the farmers. The truth that the present war tariff is robbing the people to enrich the pampered manufacturers is becoming more and more generally received and believed. The falsity of the claim that the tariff is for the protection of the laboring classes has been so often and so clearly shown that it is now useless to appeal to free laborers to stand up for any political party that bases it hopes of victory upon the advocacy of protective tariff. The working man living in a hovel and burdened with debt can not be aroused to any great enthusiasm over a tariff that keeps him where he is, but enables his employer to live in a mansion and clip coupons from sheets of gilt-edged securities. The farmer now sees that there is not much protection for him in a tariff that requires him to pay fifty per cent above the value of articles of day household consumption, in order that certain manufacturers may make big profits.

A convention of the farmers of the Northwest has recently been held at Minneapolis. Delegates were present from six States. A resolution was unanimously adopted, demanding such revision of the existing tariff as would give the country, among other things, "cheap salt." The duty now placed on foreign salt is 83 per cent. The enormous tax has stimulated the manufacture of salt in the United States, and as a result of the competition among the various factories the price has been reduced. This has been of real benefit to the unprotected people; but the protected manufacturers have become alarmed, and have organized a "Trust" for the still further protection of their "infant industry." At the time of the organization of this Trust, which in reality is a pool of the leading manufacturers of salt. The *News and Courier* showed that it was one of the legitimate results of a protective tariff. Its avowed object is to control the production of salt, and to regulate its price. There is no reason to expect that the price of this household necessity will be further reduced. The great reduction already obtained, as the result of home competition, shows, however, what we could expect if the present high rate of duty were removed and the competition was extended to the world.

The farmers of the Northwest realize their situation and have spoken out plainly, demanding a revision of the present robber tariff. It is cheap every day necessities that the people want, and not free whiskey and tobacco. The sooner Congressmen recognize this fact the better it will be for the country. The people want cheap salt, for one thing, and the way for them to get it is for Congress to [illegible] the present enormous [illegible] article and throw [illegible] ition in its manufacture. —*News* [illegible]

General Jackson's Speech.

ATLANTA, GA., Oct. 28.—The sensation created by the speech of General Henry R. Jackson in Macon makes the further elucidation thereof of interest. The point of the speech hangs on this sentence: "In that triumphal procession (alluding to the final triumph of the principle of local sovereignty against centralized power) Abraham Lincoln shall not move as the rightful President, but Jefferson Davis, the so-called traitor, leader of a so-called lost cause."

This is the sentence on which issue is to be made. Before the conversation with General Jackson which follows, a few words as to his invitation to Macon and his personal relations with Mr. Davis would not be out of place. From the Mexican war, in which both Mr. Davis and General Jackson served, there was an estrangement between these two men. This estrangement deepened during the civil war. Both were proud, determined men, and their estrangement appeared to be beyond discussion or interference. Neither said much about it, preferring to carry it in silence.

General Jackson was invited by the committee to be present at Macon and deliver the address. It is testimony to his character that he lost in the sight of the aged invalid, by whose side was placed, all sense of hostility, and that his words of praise were so cordial and so strong.

When General Jackson was seen to-day he said:

"When I was invited to Macon to make the address on the occasion of Mr. Davis's last appearance before his people I felt it would be proper for me to express there and in that presence the convictions I have held all my life, and I did so."

"What about the sentence quoted above as the Lincoln-Davis sentence?" "That sentence with its context should explain itself, but as it may be subject to misconstruction, which misconstruction may do injury beyond my personal relations, I will give you the precise line of thought that led up to it. You will find at once in this a statement and an argument from which no man who believes as I believe can dissent."

"It has been my conviction all my life that a [illegible] model government would be reached on this earth through local sovereignty as opposed to the centralization of power. I reach this conviction when I was a young man, and my observation and study have but deepened it. We find illustrations of its truth on all sides. In France 25,000 men in Paris—the most irresponsible and worthless element of its population, if you please—can precipitate a revolution that will involve the whole country. Mr. Gladstone, seeing the danger of the centralization of power, is giving the last and best years of his life to an appeal for Home Rule and an argument against lodging in Dublin. In this country, where the plan of State sovereignty still lives, New York may engage to-morrow in a war with her unemployed laborers. Blood may run in the streets of her principal cities, and Georgia, and perhaps no other State, would be involved except so far as it voluntarily operated to the protection of New York.

"It is my conviction, therefore, as it has always been, that when the solution of the problem of human government is found it will be found in a lodgment of local sovereignties in local commonwealths. It was the triumph of this principle of which I spoke in my address. It was for this principle that Mr. Davis fought, and against this principle that Mr. Lincoln fought. Mr. Davis represented State soverignty, Mr. Lincoln stood for a centralized nation. When my prediction comes true, if it should come true, that the true principle of successful government is local rights lodged in local sovereignties, in that triumph Mr. Davis would take precedence by virtue of the triumph of the principle of government for which he fought. The principle and its discussion is not local to America. It is as wide as human civilization and is being fought out to-day in England as it has been fought in America for more than a century."

"You insisted in your speech that the South did not fight to protect slavery."

"I did, and this is concurrent with what I have just said. It was for the principle of State sovereignty that the South fought. She imperiled slavery when she began the war. She could easily have perpetuated slavery if she had been willing to sacrifice the principle of State sovereignty. She put both to the guage of battle, knowing perfectly, whatever the issue of the war may have been, slavery would have suffered. Suppose we had conquered. We would have siply moved the Canada line to the borders of the Southern Confederacy, and would have changed the line of lakes to the Ohio River. It is not too much to say that wise men in the South believed that even if the South was successful the institution of slavery would be put in imminent peril thereby. It is due [illegible] and the truth of history that it should be declared now and forevermore that the South did not fight because of slavery, but that in spite of slavery and to the peril of slavery. To support a governmental principle, the wisdom of which will be demonstrated in England, and the lack of which has many times plunged France into causeless and irresponsible revolution, the South deliberately put in jeopardy an institution involving its entire labor system and over $400,000,000 of property. It was to make this fact clear that much of my speech was spoken.

"Will you pardon me," General Jackson continued, "since you deem this subject of enough importance to seek this interview, for repeating briefly my position. I attempted to make plain two things in my speech. First, that the South did not fight for slavery, but that she fought for a governmental principle in spite of slavery and to the peril of slavery. Second, that this governmental principle, which is not local in this country, but which is world-wide, is the principle upon which successful human government must finally be built, and incidentally, and purely incidentally, that Mr. Davis, having represented this principle of State sovereignty, when that triumph comes to the world will take precedence of Mr. Lincoln, who fought for the opposite and, as I believe, unwise and pernicious principle of centralized power. You may understand how incidental this personal allusion was when I tell you that I yield to few men in my admiration for Mr. Lincoln as a man. From the day that he and Mr. Seward with their carpetbags in hand came to the Fortress Monroe conference, earnest to meet the Confederate authorities, I realize that he was a patriot of great proportions and a statesman of practical sense and of absolute devotion to his convictions. I spoke for a principle to which all personal allusions, or even all American allusions, were subordinate. The conflict over that principle and the victory in its final struggle is world-wide."

The Future of Our Boys.

It stands to reason that all boys cannot achieve wealth and fame, but as the years go by the proportion of the fortunate ones will constantly grow larger. What is needed more than anything else to add to the usefulness and honor of coming generations is a higher and fuller appreciation of the dignity of labor. We have in mind the experience of a Maryland boy who was left several thousand dollars by his father. He did not squander it, as many boys would have done, but he determined to spend it all, and he did it in such a way that it became the very best investment that he could have made. He went into one of the railway shops of the city at nominal wages and paid the rest of his expenses out of his little fortune. He learned all he could in a practical way there and then entered a first-class school of technology. By the time he graduated his money was all gone, but he was able to earn his way. He kept on learning, and the consequence was that he soon rose to an excellent position, and to-day he is in receipt of a splendid salary and is considered one of the best men in his professoin in the country.

Mr. Roberts, the wonderfully able and astute president of the Pennsylvania railroad, started out as a chain carrier in a surveying party. Mr. Frank Thomson, the vice president of the same road, was an apprentice in the Altoona shops. Mr. Samuel Spencer, of the Baltimore and Ohio, and one of the best railroad men in the country, was a clerk not many years ago at Camden station. Instances innumerable could be cited, and the moral of them all would be to learn a trade and to trust to industry and application for promotion. The future of our boys is the future of our country. We have not the slightest doubt that it will be brilliant and substantial; but the individual cases of marked success must always depend upon the capacity and industry of the individuals. Boys who look upon life as a serious problem, that must be worked out and not played out, are able to take care of themselves. The idlers, who expect to live off of money which they do not earn, are the drones in the great national hive of industry.—*Baltimore American.*

Taking off the Hat.

The habit of taking off the hat while talking to ladies is falling into disuse; that is, the uncovering in public places like the post office, elevator, theater lobby, exposition, etc. The reason is found in the increased practicalness of the age. Men do not fancy sacrificing their good looks for the sake of gallantry, and that's what they would do nine times out of ten should they doff in a hurry. They would reveal a mussed up head of hair (for how long will a man's hair look nice?) or, in these days of baldness, a shining pate. So by keeping on his cephalic covering, he doesn't have to grasp either horn of the dilemma.

And then another fact that weighs heavily, too, is the presence of women everywhere now, in all the busy places where once women were never seen. In the shop, factory, store, they are employed to such an extent that it is difficult to give to the sex that chivalrous attention which once was accorded them because of the infrequency of their public appearance.—*Globe-Democrat.*

Address to Young Physicians.

"Young men and women" some practical old physician will say some day in addressing a graduating in medicine, "you are about to go out into the world as doctors, to extract a living from its inhabitants. Most of you are young men, and I take it for granted that you are gentlemen, although I don't know such to be the case. A few of you are young women, and I take equally for granted that you are ladies, though for purposes of scientific demonstration my opinion on this subject could not be taken as conclusive. But I trust you may be mercifully spared from the folly of ever speaking of yourselves as lady doctors or gentlemen doctors. The one title is as appropriate as the other. Let the scrub ladies, the wash ladies and chamber ladies, the sales ladies and the forelady continue to monopolize the professional use of the word lady. Never let me hear of a lady doctor. The term is ridiculous. If I had a daughter who called herself a lady doctor I should try to marry her to some gentleman preacher, and then I would have them both put in a glass case and kept on exhibition as a warning to mankind. If it becomes actually necessary to designate yourself in speaking of you as physicians, you are male doctors and female doctors, or doctors and doctresses, if you prefer. The Lord created you male and female. Remember that. It is not a reproach to you, or he would not have done it. A medical college can only make you doctors. It can't make you lady and gentleman doctors—the Lord be thanked."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Wise Rule.

It is a wise rule to let the mind rest attentively upon some reason for devout thankfulness just before lying down to sleep at night. Even if the day has been crowded with cares, and even if sorrows have overshadowed its passing hours, the devout soul will be able to recall, in looking back, some occasion for gratitude, some memory which proves afresh the goodness and mercy of the Heavenly Father. When one falls to sleep thus with soothing and gracious thoughts in the mind, not only is slumber sweeter and invigorating, but also the morning waking is more courageous and hopeful. The day's tasks, however hard, appear less formidable. Hardships seem to have dwindled over night, and blessings to have brightened and multiplied. To be at peace within will nerve one to meet the fiercest conflict without. Inward composure and happiness are proportioned to the degree of our recognition of God's presence in and control over our lives, and this depends greatly upon our training our minds to dwell upon Him and His goodness, especially at times when there is little or nothing to draw off our attention.

Lord Macaulay's History.

Macaulay's histdry is the best ethical study for forming the mind and character of a young man, for it is replete with maxims of the highest practical value. It holds up in every page to ha'red and scorn all the vices which can stain, and to admiration and emulation all the virtues which can adorn a public career. It is impossible for any one to study that great work witout sentiments of profound admiration for the lessons it inculcates, and those who become thoroughly imbued with its spirit, no matter whether they coincide or not with his opinions, will be strengthened in a profound veneration for truth and justice, for public and private integrity and honor, and in a genuine patriotism and desire for the freedom, prosperity and glory of thy country.—*Greville Memoirs.*

Prudence.

If I may so say, there are two kinds of prudence, the little, clever, timid mousey prudence that heeps out and draws back, and blesses itself because it makes no mistakes. That is not prudence in my view. It is short-sighted selfishness, which generally ends in showing its own shallowness and trickery. There is also prudence which believes in God, that practices the audacity of faith, that takes in a wide view, that is telescopic rather than microscopic; that prudence that asks to be vindicated by clear and impartial time.—*Dr. Parker*

At Talmage's Tabernacle.

The tabernacle has nothing imposing about it. Next to Plymouth it is one of the homeliest church buildings in Brooklyn from any external point of view.

Probably 3,000 people were patiently waiting for the iron gates to open on Sunday morning. Some of them must have been in the street an hour, and when the iron gates opened there was a rush for the unreserved pews and they were quickly filled When the services commenced every seat was occupied, people were sitting in some of the aisles, and the space between the back pews and the wall was packed with standing auditors.

I said something in a former letter about the interior of the Tabernacle, but its gold, silver, blue and green is seen at a double advantage from the balcony. Its decorations would be appropriate for any pleasant theatre or hall. Two or three people in the balcony, one of them a lady, became so impressed with the secular characteristics of the place that they proceeded to study morning papers. But ushers made a descent upon them and the papers were pocketed again. Comedy followed and there was a slight commotion when the reporters and stenographers filed down an aisle to the space before the pulpit and a company of ladies marched in as the great organ belched out the first heavy chords of the opening voluntary. Then everybody standing sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and the pastor made the opening prayer standing, while the congregation sat. I am thus minute because there are scores of Presbyterian churches that would probably consider the sitting posture, as a practice, disrespectful in the extreme. Only two years ago I recall an incident in a western New York town in which the minister told his hearers it would be better for them to stay at home than thus to show their weak spiritual condition to the world.

After the prayer the people, led by a cornet player, accompanied the thunder of the organ song, "Hold the Fort." Several thousand people is a great chorus when everybody sings. Then we had a cornet solo as the collection was taken.

I have told you before how the preacher looks, but his preaching is indescribable. I am sorry that it is not like that of anybody else, without any fear of contradiction. His methods are peculiar but not fantastic, dramatic but not sensational, as I think. Such differences of opinion exist about this preacher, however, that I want to try to express how most of his auditors regard him.

One of the queer figures of speech I heard the other day at the Tabernacle was from the pastor in speaking about the self righteous "grinding away at the windlass of dry well of earthly satisfaction." One of the things heard that pleased everybody and didn't seem to do any harm was "Boulanger's March," with the use of the great organ's bell stop in the second Strain, played just before the sermon.

A free thinking friend of mine from Cattaraugus county attended this opening service with me. "I tell you," said he, "if I lived here I'd never miss that service." Yet, he said he hadn't been inside a church for five years. He was entertained, heard a sermon that saint or sinner alone could find meat in without wearisome encounters with doctrinal matters, and, since they say anything heard or seen has an undying influence, he was influenced for good rather than evil, I am sure.

By the way, Mr. Talmage told me one day that he asked no greater recognition for what he had done than the inscription of his tombstone, "Talmage, a 'Popular' Preacher."—*McDonald in Buffalo Express.*

Price of the Bible.

In the reign of King Edward I of England, the price of a fairly well-written Bible was $350. The hire of a laborer was three half-pence per day, and the purchase of a copy would have taken such a person the earnings of 4,800 days, or thirteen years and fifty days; and, excluding the Sundays, something more than fifteen years and three months of constant labor would have been required to compass the price. It is quite within the limits, then, to say that to the man who now receives one dollar a day for his labor the Bible costs twenty-two thousand times less than it did in the days of Edward I.

England produces the majority of Bibles used in Europe. In the past year the Bible Society issued 3,932,678 Bibles and Testaments. Fifty years ago the annual issue amounted to 600,000; now it generally exceeds 4,000,000. At the former period the cheapest Bible was fifty cents, and the Testament, twenty cents. Now the prices are twelve cents and two cents, respectively, and all this wonderful production without grinding down producers.—*Inland Printer*