

and the rattle of the clods, and the surrender to corruption. For the first time — — had seen beauty and hope and spirituality for the poor clay. He has seen life and death and love, the heart of nature and her greatest glories. But he has never seen another thing so beautiful as was that translation of a corruptible body into the cleanest and the most imperishable thing in the visible world.—Land of Sunshine for February.

MR. STONE AND THE EXPANSION BEE-TREE.

Adapted from "Uncle Remus," for The Public.

Ex-Gov. W. J. Stone's imperialistic predilections are well known in Missouri. It is also known that while Bryan was in the army languishing in a state of military quiescence, Stone used his efforts to commit the democracy in Missouri to a sort of quasi-imperialistic programme, and measurably succeeded, for the time; but when the Bryan voice rang out for freedom to all men, the Stone movement was prematurely eclipsed.

"W'en I see deze yer swell-head folks like dat 'oman w'at come en tell yo' ma 'bout you chunkin' at her chilluns, wich yo' ma made Mars John strop you, hit make my mine run back to ole Brer Stone. Ole Brer Stone, he got de swell-headedness hissef, en ef der wuz enny swinkin', hit swunk too late fer ter he'p ole Brer Stone. Leas'ways, dat's w'at dey tells me, en I ain't nevah hearn it 'sputed."

"Was his head sure enough swelled, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Now yo talkin', honey!" exclaimed the old man.

"Goodness! what made it swell?"

"Hit was dis way. One time w'en Bryan was goin' lopin' home frum a frolic w'at dey bin havin' up at Miss Democracy's, who sh'd happen up wid 'im but ole Brer Stone. Co'se, atter w'at done pass 'twix um dey want no good feelin's 'tween Brer Bryan and Brer Stone, but Brer Bryan he want ter save his manners, en so he holler out:

"'Heyo, Brer Stone! how you come on? I ain't seed you since I done jine de army. How's all down at yo house?' Brer Bryan he ax 'im howdy, he did, en Brer Stone he 'spon' dat he was mighty po'ly, en day amble 'long, dey did, sorter familious like, but Brer Bryan he keep one eye on Brer Stone, and Brer Stone he study how he gwine nab Brer Bryan. Las' Brer Bryan, he up en say, sezee:

"'Brer Stone, I speck I got some bizness cut out fer you,' sezee.

"'W'at dat, Brer Bryan?' says Brer Stone, sezee.

"'Wiles I wuz cleanin' up my new groun' day fo' yistiddy,' sez Brer Bryan, sezee, 'I come 'cross wunner deze yer ole time bee-trees. Hit start holler at de bottom, en stay holler plum ter de top, en de honey's des natally oozin' out, en ef you'll drap yo 'gagements en go 'longer me,' sez Brer Bryan, sezee, 'you'll git a bait dat'll las' you an yo fambly twel de middle er nex' mont',' sezee.

"'Brer Stone say he much obleege en he b'leve he'll go 'long, en wid dat dey put out fer Brer Bryan's new-groun'. w'ich twan't so mighty fur. Leas'ways, dey got dar atter w'ile. Ole Brer Stone, he 'low dat he kin smell de honey. He wuz pow'ful fon' er honey. Brer Bryan, he 'low dat he kin see de honey-koam. Brer Stone he 'low dat he kin hear de bees a zoonin'. Dey stan' roun' en talk biggity, dey did, twel bime-by Brer Bryan, he up 'n say, sezee:

"'You do de clim'n, Brer Stone, en I'll do de rushin' 'roun'; you clime up ter de hole, en I'll take dis yer pole an' shove de honey up whar you kin git 'er,' sezee.

"'Ole Brer Stone, he spit on his han's en skint up de tree, en jam his head in de hole, en sho nuff, Brer Bryan he grab up de pole, en de way he stir up dem bees wuz sinful—dat's w'at it wuz. Hit wuz sinful. En de bees dey swawm'd on Brer Stone's head, twel 'fo' he could take it out'n de hole hit wuz done swell up bigger dan dat dinah-pot, en dar he swung, en old Brer Bryan, he dance 'roun' en sing:

"'Tree stan' high, but de honey mighty sweet; Jes watch dem bees wid stingers on der feet!"

"'But dar ole Brer Stone hung, an ef his head ain't swunk, I speck he's hangin' dar yit."

SPEED MOSBY.

Jefferson City, Mo.

BEATING THE BUSH.

"When night dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased." So when the tax man starts out with his beaters and crashes through the forest on a hunt for assessable personal property, the heavens are darkened by the innumerable multitude of wild fowl that are flushed by his uproar, but among them are seen strange, surprising shapes before which the most relentless hunter would lower his gun in wonder. The list published yesterday from the official record of personal assessments levied this year by the department of taxes and assessments probably was the cause of more innocent mirth in this community than the most gifted professional humorist could have occa-

sioned by the launching of his best joke. In that list Mr. Feitner truly pressed down the mighty and exalted the humble, for gentlemen with hardly a free dollar to their names found themselves thrust into the society of open and notorious millionaires whose fortunes had been suddenly apocated to effect the unusual association.

But who can blame Mr. Feitner? He is doing his best with the light given to him. Why shouldn't the tax assessor scurry about in pursuit of missing personalty when the comptroller of the state of New York holds this discourse in his report to the legislature, dated January 9:

The attention of your honorable body is again called to the great disparity between the assessed valuation of real and personal property, as appears from the returns of the supervisors last year. The assessed valuation of real property was \$4,811,593,059, while the assessed valuation of personal property was but \$649,709,693. * * * Attention is specially called to the fact that while in 1870 personal property bore but 22 per cent. of the burden of taxation, seemingly a small proportion, in 1900 it bore but half as much (11 per cent.), which is certainly out of all proportion to the known increase of the vast amount of personal property in this state.

These statements are all true, but they inspire, and it is their purpose to inspire, tax assessors all over the state to redouble their exertions to get upon their lists all the personal property owned within their jurisdiction. Always and invariably the results of their zeal take the form of the list given out by Mr. Feitner—a grotesque guesswork, a burlesque performance of the assessors' sworn duty. Yet it is doubtless the very best he can do, unless by adopting the suggestion that he should assess everybody at \$1,000,000, and let justice be done in the swearing-off he might get at a sounder result.

But there is and in the nature of things can be no sound and just result in the assessment of personal property for taxation, because of the fact that it is in most cases susceptible of perfectly successful concealment, while by far the greater part of it is not property at all, but only evidence of property. The attempt to tax personal property has been a failure through all the ages. It has been a fountain of wrong, inequality and injustice, and those who suffer most by it are the very persons who are least able to bear an undue share of the burden of taxation. Mr. Feitner's \$3,000,000,000 of personal assessments in New York will shrink about \$500,000,000 in the swearing-off process, that is, to a sum that will include property in estates, in trust, or in other forms of which official cognition has already