

Daily Eagle

W. S. MURDOCK, Editor

WHAT IT DOES NOT EXPLAIN

The European crop shortage explains one thing—the high price of wheat. And that is all it does explain. It does not explain the fact that no bonds have been issued, burying the country deeper in the grave which Grover Cleveland dug. It does not explain the favorable agitation for international bimetalism which has England by the ears at this time. It does not explain the consternation in Spain at this very moment over the vigorous language and demands of one of President McKinley's ministers in behalf of freedom-loving Cuba. It does not explain the absence at this very minute of a congress sitting there in Washington, driving and sniveling, and dallying the hours and days and months away over tariff questions, impoverishing the country and stagnating business. It does not explain the whirring of reopened mills, the restocking of stores, the increased bank clearings, the vigor and strength and healthful tone manifested everywhere in all businesses. It does not explain the activity in every department in Washington, the business-like, sagacious activity of patriotic statesmen—the work of General Alger in behalf of our citizens pressing on through Klondike's ice and snow—the work of General Gary in drafting a bill for the institution of postal savings banks for the people—the work of John Sherman in bringing Great Britain up standing in regard to the seal question—the work of Secretary Long in improving and reinforcing the navy—the work of Secretary Bliss in entering upon a comprehensive and intelligent management of the interior—the work of Secretary Wilson in introducing American products to foreign markets. In a word, the foreign crop shortage does not explain the wonderful change that has taken place in this country in the marvellously brief space of six months.

Out of the chaos of incompetency, commercial disorder, imbecile management and criminal official carelessness that marked the closing months of bond issuing Grover Cleveland, there has sprung a brisk, snappy, lively condition of business. It is felt all over the country. Everywhere there is more business than politics. Every man at his post there in Washington is doing his duty, and doing it, not for politics, but for business. Tom Reed made enemies by his course in pushing a tariff through without debate, but he made business. John Sherman when he forced the Ruiz indemnity out of Spain was not fishing for Spanish votes when he did it—he was doing it as a business man would do it. General Alger, when he sent relief within twenty-four hours to the flood sufferers of the Mississippi valley, was not contemplating winning the electoral vote of any southern state—he was simply doing the business of his office, and doing it promptly, as a business man would.

THE TRUST WIPED OUT

The decision of Judge Foster, declaring the Kansas City Live Stock Exchange an illegal organization under the anti-trust law, created quite a sensation at the Kansas City stock yards. The dispatches announce that it "caused a great deal of suppressed excitement." Well, why should it? Was not this "exchange" properly before the court as defendant in this suit? Was there any good reason why the case should not be decided according to law and the evidence? By what right did this august combination of cow scalpers assume in advance that the federal court would grant them the perpetual right to exact a commission on every head of stock shipped to the Kansas City market? It is a specious plea that "the dissolution of the exchange will be a severe blow to the live stock interests, if it stands the test of the higher courts." Here is the threat to carry the case to the supreme court, and also the assumption that the live stock interests are going to encounter dire calamity through the disruption of a greedy combine. The court says: "The exchange is clearly a combination whose purpose is to restrict, control and monopolize the buying and selling of live stock at the Kansas City yards." There is nothing ambiguous about this declaration. What gives it peculiar force is that it is embodied in, and a part of, the decision. The public will be slow to accept the off-hand statement of a member of the exchange that ruin is to follow a legal decision from a regularly organized court of justice. The weight of public sentiment will be with the court's decision, regardless of the consequences to a trust. Not only this but the patrons of the Kansas City stock market will rejoice as one man over a decision which puts an end to the robbery they have submitted to all these years. This so-called exchange has been nothing more or less than a monopoly, organized to choke off competition, and to levy tribute from every patron of that market. The report says: "All stock which enters the city must pass through the hands of this organization." Any influence, whether a court order or what not, which breaks up such a combine is clearly in the interest of shippers.

Let the people rejoice at the justice of Judge Foster's decision. It is simply breaking up another trust. It is taking from a few men the privilege of levying an arbitrary tax on the many. It is asserting the supremacy of law over a syndicate of lordly bullwhackers at the Kawsmouth. It means a saving of excess commissions to the shipper, which will be only too glad to add it to the road to the stock raiser. It is just

such tolls and rake-offs that consume the profits of the farmer, and a decision which renders it a violation of law to collect them has not come a day too soon.

GUARDING AGAINST ANARCHISTS.

The announcement of Louise Michel, the Paris anarchist, that she intends to come over to this country to make a lecturing tour in behalf of her doctrines appears to have caused much alarm in the bureau of immigration as well as in a portion of the newspaper press. Commissioner Powderly is said to be industriously ransacking the statutes at large to find some pretext for keeping this dangerous agitator from our shores. When Louise Michel made a trip to Belgium the other day to advocate anarchy the police of Brussels led her over the border as a person dangerous to the public peace. The question is whether such a summary process is at the command of our immigration authorities should the "petroleuse" of Paris make us a professional visit.

The right to prevent the landing of migrating anarchists who have been arrested and imprisoned for crimes at home is tolerably clear under our statutes. Such persons as have been expelled by the police of Europe as dangerous characters can be refused, as "assisted aliens" admission to our shores. But Louise Michel has never been convicted of crime, neither does she come here as an "assisted alien." Nor can she be sent back on the legal ground that she is incapable of earning a livelihood and is likely to become a public burden. She would doubtless be able and willing to give ample security against any such contingency.

There are decisions of the courts however, that the immigration authorities have power to determine whether any person not a citizen or an inhabitant of the United States shall be prohibited from landing. Under these decisions an order of the commissioner of immigration forbidding Louise Michel from landing could be reversed only by the secretary of the treasury. Congress, it is held, has given the immigration authorities plenary power to determine whether a newcomer, immigrant or casual visitor, is likely to prove a burden or an instigator of mischief, and this is an end of the matter.

But the question is whether Louise Michel is so dangerous to the peace and well being of this country that its immigration laws should be strained and its liberal principles violated in order to exclude her. The law may seize her body and prevent her from landing; but so long as the press is free the propagation of her doctrines cannot be prevented. If there be a place on earth in which she should be supposed to be dangerous, it is in Paris; yet she walks the streets of Paris unmolested. When she can find an audience she preaches anarchy without interruption by the police save in cases of disturbance of the peace. The people of Paris listen with amused incredulity and with indifference to her predilections of the good time coming when all property shall be held in common, and when governments shall cease to exist among men. Paris has become used to her, and she is no longer an object of even idle curiosity. She could be made interesting only by police persecution; and our authorities should take care that she shall not be given this advantage for herself or for the evil doctrines which she endeavors to propagate.

The institutions of this country are not so frail that they can be shaken by the breath of this agitator of anarchy. If they were so brittle as that it would not be necessary for her and her fellow-anarchists to come here to disseminate their principles in person. If these principles were as captivating of the multitude as it is so much feared by those who distrust the people there are far more effective means of propagating them than by this woman's speech. By preventing her from landing there would be just one anarchist the less in this country; but whether this act would not in the end make more anarchists through sympathy with a supposed object of oppression is another question. The important matter is that the liberal principles of this government shall not be infringed in petty fear of a turgid tongue. The government of France does not tolerate Louise Michel out of any friendliness to her abhorrent doctrines, but on the enlightened policy that nothing makes those doctrines so harmless as their exposure to the light of free discussion.

The people who claim that Andrea is dead are going to have trouble to produce the corpus delicti themselves. France is all excited because the czar killed his president. Perhaps the president had a red ear of corn in view. There is no question about it. McKinley is preparing to beat Spain's boasted chivalry over the head with an ultimatum. If at this time one of Andrea's pigeons should light in New Orleans the authorities would at once seize it and fumigate it. The coal miners were anxious to get back to work. They won in their strike, and they went purely because they were peacable. An old sick hankerchief makes a good duster. Lamp chimneys can be cleaned by rubbing with a clean, soft cloth and polishing with a piece of newspaper. A certain Benedict was in the habit of troubling his father-in-law with complaints about his wife's behavior. "Really, this is too bad," cried the irascible old gentleman one day on hearing of some of his daughter's delinquencies. "If I hear any more complaints I will disinherit her." There were no more complaints.—Household Hints.

Consuelo Vanderbilt's first-born is a son. As he has English blood in his veins, it is hoped he will not grow up to be a son-of-a-gun. Worth, the Parisian milliner, will probably move to New York on account of the Dingley bill. That bill starts up immigration again, too. The big man of the McKinley administration is likely to be our minister to Spain. Woodford, Wooding an American at all times, even on the other side of the Atlantic.

Christopher Colbeck's Head.

(From Chamber's Journal. In four parts.)

PART I. Christopher Colbeck was dying. For three days he had lain upon his bed without word or movement, save for the quick, questioning glance, with which he had greeted and followed all who came. The first seizure had deprived him of speech and motion, and the next would be fatal. It was then that Robert Heigham, the sick man's nephew, and only relative, requested that he should be left alone in the patient's room for a short time. There were some private matters, he said, which he would try to communicate to his uncle, and he thought he would be able to ascertain Mr. Colbeck's wishes with regard to them.

The physicians hesitated at first, but eventually gave way. The end was very near, and an interview would not be likely to hasten it, though they warned the young man to avoid excitement. Closing the door softly, they went down stairs.

"I suppose Mr. Heigham is the heir?" remarked Dr. Butler, the consulting physician from Liverpool, as they entered the drawing-room together.

"The local doctor's name was Hornbeck. He was a man of slow speech, but excellent professional standing. 'I suppose so,' he answered with hesitation. 'The matter is delicate, and has to do with some years. Yes, I suppose he is the heir.' 'Is there much?' asked Dr. Butler, with curious interest at the substantial furniture of the room.

"Very much, I believe. There is the business, you know. Mr. Heigham will have that in any case. That is something, but Mr. Colbeck has a large private fortune as well. He was an able business man." Dr. Butler nodded, and settled himself in an easy chair to wait. Two or three minutes later they were briskly discussing a recent article in the Medical Journal on the minor functions of the cerebellum.

In the room above, Robert Heigham had drawn his chair to the bedside. His nerves were visibly agitated, and he kept, sorrow face pale, but he had thoroughly prepared himself for this interview. That it was to be an interview with a man who could neither move nor speak did not disturb him. In his younger days he had read "Monte Cristo."

Christopher Colbeck's eyes were fixed upon Heigham, dumbly following his every motion. There was a dim consciousness in them, and some of that life and spirit which people knew so well. For a moment or two Heigham gazed steadily into his face.

"Uncle," he said, then, clearly and slowly. "I am going to show you how to speak to me. When you wish to answer 'yes' you must close your eyes once. Do you understand?" He waited anxiously. For a few seconds there was no sign. Then it seemed to him that a gleam of intelligence appeared in the heavy eyes, and the eyelids suddenly dropped.

"That is right," he said with satisfaction. Then, in a still clearer tone: "I thought you might wish to give me some instructions. Is there any business matter which you would like to have settled at once?" A longer pause followed. It seemed that the sick man was considering. Then the eyelids dropped again.

"Yes," muttered Heigham, with increased agitation. Then, in a still clearer tone: "I will mention in succession all the chief matters in which you are engaged. When I reach the one you mean, you must let me know." He went slowly through a list of the most important matters in which Christopher Colbeck, finance agent, had been engaged at the time of his seizure, pausing after every one. But the end was reached without a sign.

"Then it is none of these," said Robert Heigham, still clearly and firmly. "Now I will repeat the letters of the alphabet. Give the sign when I reach the initial letter of the word you wish to speak." He commenced slowly: "A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z." "It is F," said Heigham to himself; and he mentally ran through those business matters again, until he reached the word "Foreclosure."

"F—hat is it Forest?" he cried. "But no—I mentioned Forest before." There was no motion in answer. Plainly it was not Forest's matter. "Forestry—is it Forestry's mortgage?" He had advanced him eight hundred pounds, said the nephew, with sudden remembrance.

Ha! there the eyelids fell again. "So! It is Forestry's mortgage. What do you wish? The last half-year's interest has not been paid. Do you wish me to foreclose?" There was no answer. "Do you wish me to give him an extension of time?" He waited, but still in vain. Only one suggestion remained. "Do you wish to release him?" "The reply comes instantly, 'Yes.' 'Very well,' said the new head of the firm, after a pause. 'I will do so. If you like, I will write a note here now. Then you can sign it. I will guide the pen in your hand, and you can make a mark. I will be your witness.' The eyelids dropped again. There was no doubt of this matter—no hesitation. It was that—the release of Forestry, who had advanced him eight hundred pounds, said the nephew, with sudden remembrance.

The Marlborough's Baby.

Consuelo Vanderbilt-Marlborough's son, the little mite of humanity who drew his first breath of life in Spencer House Saturday, has the title by courtesy of the Marquis of Blandford. If he survives his father he will be the tenth Duke of Marlborough and have a long string of titles, including Earl of Marlborough, Earl of Sunderland, Baron Churchill of Sandridge, Prince of the Holy Roman Empire and Prince of Mindelham, in Suabia.

In addition to a great name, the lucky child will inherit a magnificent estate, which has been restored and improved by American dollars. Through his father he can trace descent to some of the most famous men in English history; on his mother's side he will be related to the wealthiest family on this side of the Atlantic.

Most of the Dukes of Marlborough have had sufficient strength of personality to leave left marked impressions in their generation. Many of them have been noted for brains rather than good morals, for conquests in the battle field and in the boudoir. The little Marquis should inherit good looks, a strong will and superior intellect. The faculty of acquiring or of retaining money, for which the first Duke and Duchess were noted, was missing in some of their descendants and the splendid Vanderbilt blood should restore this desirable quality in the present heir.

The dukedom of Marlborough was created less than two centuries ago. John Churchill, the first to bear the title, was the greatest general of his time. His rise was due to his own prowess, to the favor found by his sister in the eyes of King James II, and to the diplomacy of his wife, Sarah Jennings, John Churchill's court mistress. The Duke of Marlborough boasted that the last general of the absolute monarchy was his father. His kinsmen were high-priced. From one of the court beauties he received £50,000, and the money that he obtained in this way he carefully saved. His son, John Churchill, was admitted to take the family name of Churchill.

The eighth Duke of Marlborough, grandfather of the baby born yesterday, married a daughter of the Duke of Abercorn, who is now known as Lady Blandford. She is still living. Her husband took as his second wife an American woman, who spent hundreds of thousands of dollars restoring the Palace of Blenheim. The eighth Duke was found dead in his palace on November 9, 1882, four days before his son, the present Duke, came of age.

The name of the baby's father is Charles, and the name of the mother is Consuelo. He was graduated from Cambridge University, where he made a good record as a student, and became an adept at polo and cricket. He was married to the present Duchess in St. Thomas' church, in New York City, on November 6, 1886. The Duchess is now about twenty-two years old. She is the daughter of Mr. William K. Vanderbilt and great-granddaughter of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, named Consuelo for the Duchess of Manchester, who was an intimate friend of her mother.

The young Duke and Duchess entertained the Prince and Princess of Wales and a large party at Blenheim Place last November, and they were the personal guests of Queen Victoria at Windsor last May. Their London residence is called Spencer House.

This title of Duke, which is quite common, and consequently comparatively unimportant in some countries in Continental Europe, is borne by very few in Great Britain. The dukes stand at the head of the English peerage, and the Queen addresses them as cousins. They have honor and precedence everywhere, and the Churchill infant will start in life with everything in his favor.

Fifty Paragraphs. One touch of the milliner's fingers makes the whole feminine world akin. When woman gets her right, she will be man's equal instead of his boss. Great minds may run in the same channel, but more frequently they about different channels. Men frequently forsake love for ambition. Men seldom give up ambition for love. If a man's mind is a blank during sleep it must be difficult for some men to tell when they are awake. A jealous person is always in love. It is usually more self-love than anything else. Passion makes a fool of a sensible man, and occasionally it makes a sensible man a fool. Flattery is the art of making others believe you are interested in them, when in reality they give you that tired feeling. Nature has a remarkable way of doing things. For instance, from chickens we get eggs and from eggs we get chickens.—Chicago Evening News.

Trouble Averted. "It is a good thing the Siamese twins are dead." "Why?" "Suppose one of them wanted to ride a wheel and the other one didn't."—Chicago Record.

Outlines of Oklahoma.

Mr. William A. Wallace of Oklahoma City, aged fifty-two years, is dead. Senator Murray, after a prodigious amount of hesitation, has at last decided to get married.

J. J. Powers, of Pennsylvania, will be in Perry next Thursday and expects a brass band at the depot. Cy. Leland is for French for the Alva land office, and Leland is going to have a heap to say about it. About the hardest thing Dennis Flynn ever tried to do is to keep away from Washington. He is back there again. Secretary Jenkins has made a mistake by rushing off to Washington. He will probably get his feet tangled in fly-paper, too.

The Oklahoma man of Oklahoma City is doing creditable work in agitating for an Oklahoma exhibit at the Wichita fair. The Perry Enterprise feels about as bad as anybody in the territory. It wasn't prepared for the shock of carpet-bagging. Seymour Price will be back from Washington in a day or two and he will tell the boys how the president made him take it. Above all things Oklahoma does not want a visitation of Kansas City A. P. A. politics, nor any member of the Davis family.

Green, Strang and Halmer are already in Washington holding down the front porch of the White House and waiting for the president. One of the causes of Oklahoma's political troubles is that everybody wants to be a numerical leader. The quota ought to be numerically limited.

There are times when Amos Ewing gets off by himself and thanks his stars fervently that he got under shelter before the storm broke. George Orput can see now where the McKinley administration fell down in not naming a United States marshal for Oklahoma before its summer vacation. It is hardly possible that President McKinley called Secretary Jenkins to Washington to consult with him. That is the rumor, but it is probably not correct.

Governor Barnes is for Vickers, while Secretary Jenkins is against him. If Jenkins ever meets Barnes in a fair contest Jenkins will not know what hit him. Here is a scheme for Lincoln McKinley: Let him settle in Pennsylvania for three months and then go down to Washington and request an appointment to a good Oklahoma place. Mr. Moreland's communication to the Eagle in regard to the murderous old squire, Geromino, brings to mind that it does seem a crime that his crime should go unpunished.

Sam Murphy and George Vickers fought Jenkins for secretary of the territory and now Jenkins has sworn to knock out Vickers for the Alva land office. Spite-work is poor politics. End Wave. Emory Krowles is not a bad sort of a young fellow at all, in fact he is better than some of his traditons. However, there is a couple of Emory's wild oats wheels a little out of gear in his head which he can repair with a little effort.

Guthrie Leader. Twelve armed men, including four Santa Fe secret service men and territorial deputies, went south on the Santa Fe passenger train last night. Rumors of a plot to hold up the night passenger near Edmond caused this unusual proceeding. No trouble occurred.

Guthrie Leader. Ed C. Little, private secretary to Governor Leedy of Kansas, and brother, Will T., of Noble county, left this morning for Chandler to visit their father and mother, who reside near there. Secretary Little is arranging to buy property in Guthrie and may locate here at no distant day.

The Golden Eagle Clothing house at Hutchinson says: "Come early, get first choice and save money." The \$50000 funding bonds recently voted by Hutchinson will be disposed of at par to the state school fund. A good heading over an argument in an advertisement is this: "A simple proposition to undersold."

The advertisement of a millinery proposition is lauding the flowers on the hats says: "A bee might mistake them for real." A good line for the advertiser who can not get his competitors out of his mind is: "Comparison will result to our advantage." W. M. Craig & Co. of Hutchinson, who held a millinery opening the first of this week, advertise designs by Mrs. J. J. Demotte, Mrs. Jossee and Mrs. Julia Demotte, etc.

The Star clothing store of Hutchinson is speaking of fashionable goods says: "But even fashion is nothing without value and our clothing values are our chief claim to your attention." P. Martin & Co. of Hutchinson, who may little things help the general appearance of the home, a piece of art, a pair of lace curtains, a new cover for the lounge, or a few yards of golden drapery." The Newman Dry Goods company of Arkansas City lead an advertisement: "Newman's Logic," and say: "Thoughtless folks only look at the price. The cautious ones look at the quality. They reason rightly—that the lowest price is not always

Wichita & Co.

GEO. INNES & CO. SUCCESSORS.

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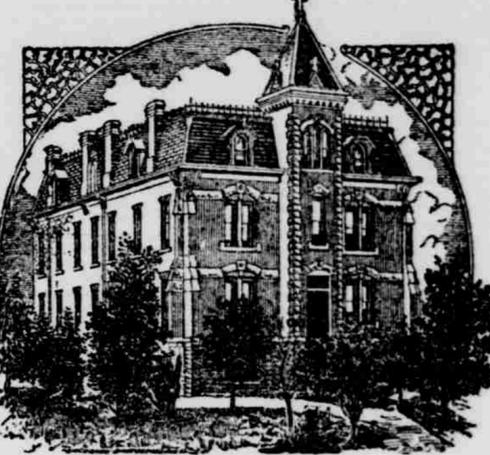
will give the ladies of Wichita and vicinity an opportunity to examine and select from the Grandest Display of Millinery ever shown in this city. We shall show the most Charming and Novel Ideas to be found in the Eastern markets; introducing the new colors, Castor, National Blue, Flame, Hunter's Green, Gray, etc., combined with the skill and taste of our head Trimmer into Charming Copies from the most Elegant Models, but at half their cost.

THE NEW STUFFS for Nobby Fall Dresses are here in grand assortments—the sorts you will not find elsewhere.

NEW GARNITURES, BRAIDS, GIMPS, FANCY RIBBONS AND GLOVES to match. There is Newness all over the house.

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THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, KANSAS CITY, KANSAS.

"THE POT CALLED THE KETTLE BLACK." BECAUSE THE HOUSEWIFE DIDN'T USE

SAPOLIO

the cheapest value. Better buy once at a fair price than twice at prices that can't possibly hold any value. The biggest advertiser in New York uses the phrase: "The public buys where it can get the best goods for the least money." This phrase is common in all the leading towns in Kansas. The best advertising in this country is done outside the big cities. The State Exchange bank opened in Hutchinson yesterday. The president is Joseph Baker, the cashier Willis N. Baker, the vice-president George F. Hill, the directors Joseph Baker, J. A. Chillingworth, George P. Sitt, P. J. Martin and Willis N. Baker. Bryan & Brown of Hutchinson say: "If we can't get your trade by honest business methods we don't expect it. We want qualified promises—No favoritism—No running down competitors to our own advantage—No such tricks tried at this place—Nothing but straightforward, stern business facts are our weapons, and we always have the lowest in price on good merchandise."

Along the Kansas Nile. A Kansas City trust has just been knocked out by a federal judge—the kind that Populists hate so. After studying up the styles, Ed Howe announces that this year a woman's hat will not be on straight unless it is on crooked. Mrs. Adelle Cowley Bradley, the first white child born in Butler county, was presented at the old settlers' meeting in El Dorado the other day. She was born in 1864. Property is from the Latin words, "Pro"=in storehouse with, and "reputa"=hope. When McKinley was elected every Republican hoped for dollar wheat. At Garden City the little vessel in which the joints were whisky led a stranger there to remark to the bar-keeper: "This I understand you to say that this was the short glass country?" A very suitable Populist in this town says that the fatal mistake of abolition was made at the beginning. That mistake was the Alliance store. These stores alienated the business men from the Populist

party and forever provide an opportunity to secure their support. The Old Settlers' meeting at El Dorado developed the fact that there are only three old settlers now living who were in the country forty years ago. These are M. Vaught, Mrs. Casey Hay and Dr. E. Lewis. The Populists of Leavenworth insulted Senator Harris by their conversion by ignoring him. It was a sad day for Kansas when she took it upon herself to give the state of Virginia three United States senators. A Populist from western Kansas who called on Governor Leedy recently, in telling his delirious about it afterward said: "And suppose I was out? The darn thing on Leedy's office is so thick you have to walk through it." It has always been believed that sooner or later the Democratic party in Kansas would gain ascendancy over their Populist allies. This change is now taking place in many Kansas counties, the Democrats being winning more open and open in their control of the Populist majority. Governor Leedy yesterday appointed M. M. Jones and M. R. Bowen police commissioners at Fort Scott, vice Robinson and Adams, removed. They had retired the police judge because he decided a law relating to poll tax was unconstitutional. The police judge was reinstated. The Democrats of Leavenworth passed this resolution: "Resolved, That looking back to the proceedings of the legislature of last winter, with shame and disgust, we demand that that body shall not be called together again to further afflict the state by its venality and impurity." Not only all the Populists but a tremendous lot of the Kansas Republicans really believed that McKinley would have to leave before he had been in the White House six months. The Republicans were going to claim that the bonds were necessary because of the horrible shape Cleveland had put the country in. "It seems to me," said the old Populist delegate in the back-end of the hall, as he held hold of his hat and walked out and looked up to the sky and said the Every-thing, man and beast had been driven out and drove out on the country road and ate his supper and went to bed. "It seems to me that Populism is being crucified on a cross of explanation."