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The Republican wave still dashes high. It is a sort of flood tide in Chicago.

When Republicans attend strictly to business they are mighty apt to "get there." They voted in Chicago yesterday.

It is about time for that long-heralded Democratic reaction to set in if it is coming at all, but the elections this week are just as pleasingly Republican as they were last year, and as they are likely to be next year and the year after.

It is announced on the authority of one of the President's confidential friends that "during the next two years he will do everything in his power to keep the Democracy together." The first thing is to get them together by corralling the factions.

The Congressional Record burst out with a sporadic issue on April 1, containing a posthumous wail entitled: "Economy in Public Expenditures, Not an Increase of the Public Debt and Taxation, Is What the True Interests of Our Country Demand. Remarks of Hon. William S. Holman, of Indiana, in the House of Representatives, Thursday, Feb. 7, 1895." No doubt this is the Great Objector's very last public appearance.

A Chicago paper, which has never been reliably sound on the money question, and which is now engaged in circulating the mass of rubbish called "Coin's Financial School," says the book "has crossed the water and is doing duty in Germany." A prominent German bimetallist is reported as saying that "a careful perusal of its pages had taught him much that was new." So would a careful perusal of the celebrated "Moon Hoax" or the work demonstrating the existence of "Symmes's Hole."

A very stringent bill is pending in the New York Legislature in regard to naturalization, which has so long been a wholesale fraud as well as a farce in the large cities of that State. This bill restricts naturalization to the Supreme and county courts, requires a record to be kept of primary declarations, with particulars as to residence in this country. Full naturalization will be attained only on certain days, and the final decree given only after fourteen days' public notice. No person is to be naturalized within ninety days of any general election.

Women who want to run for office should take a leaf from the experience of their sisters in Ohio. A considerable number of women were candidates for positions on school boards. In most cases where they were independent of party affiliations they were defeated; where they were straight-out Republican nominees they were elected. In one town the five women candidates were all defeated. There is no gallantry in politics, and no tears should be shed when the votes go to the other side. The moral is plain—let women declare their faith in the Republican party.

The honors paid to Prince Bismarck are eminently deserved from the standpoint of German imperialism and perhaps from that of German patriotism. He is a patriot in the sense of standing for the Fatherland against the world, and he is the real creator of the German Empire. But, after all is said in the way of eulogy, the fact remains that in all he has done has represented absolutism. In so far as it is better to have one powerful, centralized, absolute government than a number of petty, warring ones, Bismarck has rendered great service to Germany and perhaps to civilization, but he has done nothing to advance the cause of human liberty or to shatter the dogma of the divine right of kings. The greatest German will be he who leads a successful movement for the formation of a German republic.

Oklahoma seems to be trying something new in the way of caring for the insane of the Territory. Instead of building and conducting an asylum at great expense its authorities have just closed a contract with a private sanitarium company to care for insane patients at $300 per year for each patient. This does away with a batch of offices which are a continual source of annoyance to the appointing power in this and other States, and a cause of contention among politicians. If proper conditions are exacted and the welfare of the patients duly guarded there is apparently no reason why these afflicted wards of the State should not fare as well under private as under public management. Among the members of the company interested in this enterprise are two Indiana men—Dr. T. S. Galbraith, of Logansport, and William Galbraith, of Peru.

Republican victory in Chicago yesterday was generally expected, but those who have been reading the Chicago papers saw nothing to indicate that the majority of the Republican candidate for Mayor would be anything like the 40,000 reported. The result is the protest of the decent, law-abiding, taxpaying element against the demagogy, the misrule and the corruption of the Hopkins regime. It goes to show, also, that the man who pandered to the mob last July as a demagogue was rebuked by the decent voters of the city yesterday. The result shows that in cities as large as Chicago the majority, when aroused, is in favor of decent government. The large majority for the Republican candidate leads to the inference that the bill submitted to the people which divorces the police from the domination of the saloon bosses and the general service of the city from jobbery has been ratified. The result furnishes another illustration showing that when the people of the largest cities are in earnest they can defeat the boodle and the criminal classes.

THE UNIT OF VALUE.

One of the stock arguments of the silver maniacs is based on a misconception of the meaning of the phrase "unit of value." They assert that the silver dollar was the original unit of value established by the fathers, and that it should be restored to its original and rightful place. Some even go so far as to assert that silver itself was the unit of value. The author of "Coin's Financial School" does this. He says:

> Congress fixed the monetary unit to consist of 371¼ grains of pure silver. This was in 1792, in the days of Washington and Jefferson and our revolutionary forefathers who had a hatred of England and an intimate knowledge of her designs on this country. They had fought eight long years for their independence from British domination in this country, and when they had seen the last redcoat leave our shores they settled down to establish a permanent government, and among the first things they did was to make 371¼ grains of silver the unit of values. Our forefathers showed much wisdom in selecting silver of the two metals, out of which to make the unit. Much depended on this decision. For the one selected to represent the unit would thereafter be unchangeable in value. In considering which of the two metals they would thus favor by making it the unit, they were led to adopt silver because it was the most reliable. It was the most favored as money by the people. It was scattered among all the people. It was so much handled by the people and preferred by them that it was called the people's money.

As an attempt to represent the motives which actuated the framers of our monetary system to adopt the dollar as the unit of value this is laughably absurd. Hatred of England and the departure of the last redcoat from our shores had nothing whatever to do with it, and the alleged fact that silver was called "the people's money," which is false, had just as little to do with it. The framers of our monetary system had far too much sense to be influenced in an important commercial transaction by such sentimental ideas as these. They were statesmen, not demagogues. And, by the way, if silver was so pre-eminently "the people's money" at that time, and gold under a ban, it is somewhat singular that during the first ten years after the first coinage law was passed there was coined and issued $2,118,546 in gold and only $1,660,672 in silver.

Our forefathers did not make the silver dollar the unit of value, and much less did they make silver the unit. They understood the English language too well to butcher it in that way. They knew, as every intelligent person ought to, that the word "unit" is an abstract term, signifying one as opposed to a plurality. When they discussed a standard of value they spoke of a unit of value, and when they came to frame a currency system they decided that the unit should be one dollar—not a silver dollar or a gold dollar, but a dollar. Mr. Jefferson, in his suggestions relative to fixing the money unit, recommended the dollar because it was a convenient measurement for large as well as small sums; because it adapted itself easily to the decimal system, "its multiples being in easy proportion to each other, so as to facilitate the money arithmetic," and because its parts or divisions would be nearly identical with the Spanish silver coins then in circulation. Jefferson makes no mention of England's designs on the country or of the departure of the redcoats. He discusses the abstract question of a unit of value from a strictly commercial standpoint. Neither does he show any preference for silver over gold. He was after a unit of value, not one metal or another. As to the ratio between gold and silver he says: "Just principles will lead us to disregard legal proportions altogether; to inquire into the market price of gold in the several countries with which we shall principally be connected in commerce, and to take an average from them."

In 1785 a coinage committee of Congress reported in favor of the dollar as the unit of value, and on July 6 of that year Congress unanimously resolved: "That the money unit of the United States of America be one dollar; that the smallest coin shall be of copper, and that the several pieces shall increase in a decimal ratio."

Alexander Hamilton, in his report on the establishment of a mint in 1791, recognized the convenience of the dollar as a unit of value, but in regard to the silver coin of that day said:

> That species of coin has never had any settled or standard value, according to weight or fineness, but has been permitted to circulate by tale, without regard to either, very much as a mere money of convenience, while gold has had a fixed price by weight, and with an eye to its fineness. This greater stability of the value of the gold coins is an argument of force for regarding the money unit as having been hitherto virtually attracted to gold, rather than to silver.

Hamilton was a bimetallist, and devoted a large part of this report to demonstrating that the money unit should not be attached peculiarly to either of the metals. He concluded: "The Secretary is, upon the whole, strongly inclined to the opinion that a preference ought to be given to neither of the metals for the money unit. Perhaps if either were to be preferred it ought to be gold instead of silver." He accepted the term "dollar" as a designation for the unit of value, though he thought that "in time the unit may succeed to the dollar."

These suggestions of Jefferson and Hamilton, and the coinage act as finally passed April 2, 1792, show that in all the monetary discussions of that day the word unit was used as an abstract term to designate a unit of value. It had no necessary connection with either silver or gold, the coinage of the unit in silver being, as Hamilton said, "to fortify the identity of the dollar" by making it in size and form as nearly as practicable like the Spanish dollar of that day. The idea that any sacredness attaches to the silver dollar or to silver because of its connection with the unit of value is absurd. The silver dollar of to-day does not honestly represent the unit of value because it is not intrinsically worth a dollar, as it was when Hamilton and Jefferson wrote. If they were alive today they would scout the suggestion of the free and unlimited coinage of dollars containing 371¼ grains of pure silver. That amount of silver made an honest dollar in their day, but it does not now, and they were honest men.

DIPLOMACY AS SHE IS PRACTICED.

The Hon. Lewis Baker, United States minister to Nicaragua, Costa Rica and San Salvador, has been granted leave of absence from his post, or his several posts, and will soon be home. Mr. Baker was formerly editor and proprietor of a paper in St. Paul, Minn., but in his service as a diplomatist he does not seem to have developed the tact and savoir faire that usually pertains to the trained journalist. It is true his position is a hard one, for he has had to represent the United States at three different capitals, and travel from one to another has probably consumed a great deal of time and been wearing on the nerves. This may account for some peculiarities in his diplomatic methods and official correspondence. In an official report to the State Department from Managua, Nicaragua, he states that he had called to see Minister Madriz, the Nicaraguan Minister of Foreign Affairs, in company with the late General Daniel Macauley, the local representative of the International Canal Company, in obedience to cabled instructions from the State Department regarding the unwarranted seizure of the canal company's property. "Unfortunately," he writes, "my latest Washington dates by mail were May 1, therefore I was in the dark as to the instructions referred to, but I assumed for my purpose with this government on this occasion that they were something pretty perpendicular, containing a genuine American ring." Acting on this assumption, he says he made the following speech to the Nicaraguan minister:

> You express to me, Mr. Minister, your friendship for the United States and the President does the same; and then you jump on us with both feet and spit in our faces. Your action in the canal matter has advertised to all the civilized world your own lack of good faith, and your indisposition to protect the capital that would come here and develop your naturally splendid country. Nothing is so sensitive as credit; not even capital is so timid, for credit—good faith—must go before capital. This is a rock upon which capital builds. Your notice of the forfeiture of the canal concession, even though it be upon a frivolous ground, and one not warranted and not founded in law, not only destroys the credit of the interoceanic canal company, but it is the most ghastly stab under the fifth rib of the credit of your own government which could be inflicted by the keenest Damascus blade.

It must be admitted that is decidedly a perpendicular speech in the sense of being straight up and down. There is a notable absence of the "great and good friend style" with which Mr. Cleveland addressed Queen Liliuokalani, and of the assurances of distinguished consideration with which diplomatists usually palaver one another. Ten days later Mr. Baker wrote the State Department that he was disabled from travel by an attack of fever, and really disqualified from performing office work, but he added: "I am doing my best under most discouraging circumstances to keep up my end." He does not say anything in this dispatch as to the effect of his speech on the Nicaraguan minister. The speech was probably too perpendicular to suit the administration, for it is rumored that Mr. Baker is to be relieved. Perhaps, however, it is only proposed to leave the post at Nicaragua vacant for a few months, in order that the delicate questions arising there may be handled directly from Washington. The statesmen in charge of things there at present do not make any diplomatic blunders.

SLANDER IN PRAYER.

The case of Miss Kelso, librarian of the Los Angeles, Cal., public library, will be a warning to ministers, revivalists and others not to be too personal in their prayers. From time out of mind it has been the custom of a certain class of evangelists to single out individual sinners as objects of especial attention and pray at them by invoking divine grace in their behalf. The natural inference in such cases is that each person prayed for is a miserable sinner in need of regenerating influences. Doubtless many of the persons thus singled out have been indignant at the prominence given to them and their failings, but as specific sins are seldom named and the term "miserable sinner" may be applied and is accepted without offense by devout church people as a mere generalization, the victims of the open petitions are apt to nurse their anger in silence. With Miss Kelso the conditions were somewhat different. The beginning of the trouble occurred some months ago, and was mentioned in the Journal at the time. The young woman, acting in her official capacity, had purchased some works of fiction which to her judgment seemed suitable for circulation, but which were condemned by the leading Methodist minister of the city and other censors as immoral and unfit for perusal by young persons. The minister mentioned the matter in his sermon, and afterwards prayed that the librarian might be cleansed of all sin and made worthy of her office. As she looked at the matter the implication in these words was that she was an immoral and improper person; that there was no generalization, but a specific charge of iniquity. She wouldn't submit to it, and brought suit for damages, with a result as related in to-day's dispatches, in her favor so far as the case has gone. The court's decision that a prayer is not a privileged utterance, but may be slanderous as readily as any other form of speech, promises ill for the minister in the final verdict. Probably he meant no reflection on the young woman's character, but henceforth he will address no audible remarks, even to the Lord, which may be construed as slanderous. If the affair shall result in checking the exuberance of the Sam Joneses and others more respectable than he who take advantage of their position to make free with names and characters in their pulpits, the Los Angeles young woman will have done a good work.

All things considered, Mayor Hawkins and the Republicans of Evansville are to be congratulated upon what may be regarded as a signal victory, considering the circumstances. An independent Republican was in the field, who undoubtedly did more injury to the regular ticket than his vote represents. Then, of all the cities in the State, it had been believed that in Evansville the Nicholson law would be most damaging to the Republicans, though it is in no sense a partisan law. In addition to this, the head of an administration in a city with a special charter like Indianapolis and Evansville, which was patterned after it, is quite sure to make some enemies, so great is the change if it proceeds to make public improvements. For a Republican Mayor to be re-elected under such circumstances shows that the Republican party retains its popularity of the past two years in the pocket city.

Tights and True Art.

The bill introduced into the New York Legislature to prohibit the wearing of tights and posing in the nude by "female persons" was the subject of discussion in the Central Labor Union in New York city the other day. At first thought the connection between labor and the wearing of tights is not apparent, but this is made plain on disclosure of the fact that the Actors' Protective Union has a membership in the Central union. The delegate representing the actors was highly indignant. "From time immemorial," he declared, "tragedy, grand opera and tights have gone together." No one venturing to hint that he was inaccurate, that tragedy without tights had been known, and that music lovers would reject the idea that grand opera was chiefly a leg show, he grew excited. "Imagine Rosalind in a Mother Hubbard," he said. "I can't," said the delegate of the street-cleaners' union. "How would Pauline Hall look in bloomers or Della Fox in an ulster," continued the speaker. This seemed to be a convincing argument, for the delegate of the plasterers' union and the delegate of the tailors' union started a round of applause. "Tights and the stage are inseparable," went on the impassioned actor man. "Same here," was the response from a large number of delegates. Then it was unanimously resolved by the assembled laborers that the bill was destructive of the interests of true art, and the secretary was instructed to write to the author protesting in the name of the union against it.

It has seemed to a simple-minded and imperfectly informed public that tights were more suggestive of nature than of art, but the public is learning every day, and will no doubt be gratified at having an authoritative definition of true art. If the Central Labor Union says tights are true art, then true art they are. This does settle it.

The insanity of General O. P. Gooding, who has been placed under restraint, in Washington, dates back some time. A sort of autobiography which he published about two years ago, in which he dwelt largely on his religious beliefs and his services to the country and claims for reward, gave unmistakable evidence of a disordered brain. It seems quite clear that his insanity had assumed a dangerous form, and his arrest and confinement came none too soon. Many persons in this State, where he was formerly well known, will regret to hear of his affliction.

A singular movement now going on in Minnesota is a revival of the curfew custom. A number of towns have enacted ordinances providing that the fire bell shall be rung at 9 o'clock every night, and after that hour every boy or girl under sixteen years of age who is found out on the streets without being accompanied by parents or guardian, or on some important errand, will be arrested and fined according to the direction of the city justice. The movement is doubtless a reaction against the license which permitted young people to do as they pleased.

The primitive custom practiced by Oklahoma landlords of putting two strangers to sleep in the same bed is likely to become unpopular with timid travelers, now that one unfortunate gentleman has been shot through the heart by his bedfellow in a quarrel over the proper division of the blankets. The shooter, it is ingenuously explained, was something of a desperado. Fastidious tourists should at least insist that desperadoes be given separate beds.

Philadelphia has had trolley cars for a year, and has never got used to them. One or more of its citizens, young or old, gets run over by them every day, and the papers are making such a fuss over what they call the slaughter that it looks almost as if the trolley system would be wiped out. And yet all the trouble seems to be that Philadelphians have not learned to move rapidly enough to get out of the way when they see a car in the next block.

About as wise a thing as a millionaire can do is to make no will at all. If an estate is worth fighting for the will is generally broken, and, anyhow, the law disposes of a man's property very equitably.

That is rather an ingenious suggestion of Consul Tingle—to get even with Germany for not taking our beef by selling it horse meat. But the idea is enough to make the horses kick.

BUBBLES IN THE AIR.

Too Much for Him.

Mrs. Wickwire—Did you mail that letter I gave you Friday? The one addressed to Mary Potts.

Mr. Wickwire—Why—er—my dear——

"I'm glad you didn't, because we had a quarrel Saturday—goodness gracious! what's the matter with the man?"

For Mr. Wickwire, in his revulsion of feeling, had come as near fainting as an old-fashioned man can.

One True Admirer.

"Mr. Timmins," said the old-fashioned girl, "I hope you are not an admirer of the New Woman."

"Oh, but I am," confessed Timmins. "She is good for at least three jokes and a poem every week."

Spring.

Hail, gentle spring! Anou blithesome lass,
We greet your skies of blue;
To you we fill a brimming glass,
And so, here's looking—atchoo!

Still Struggling.

"Conquered your bicycle yet?"

"Not yet. I've got so the darn machine doesn't win more than two falls out of three, though."

ABOUT PEOPLE AND THINGS.

Mr. Dickens, lawyer, son of the novelist, was counsel recently in a case before a London court in which the firm of Dombey & Son was interested.

The color line has been passed at Radcliffe. A young woman—Miss Alberta Scott, of Cambridge, Mass.—has entered the college, the first of her race to do so.

Augustus Dickens, brother of the famous novelist, emigrated to this country and lived and died in Chicago. He was a clerk in the Illinois Central office and turned out idle, intemperate and thriftless. His brother never recognized him after he deserted his wife.

A very simple and effective means to stop snoring is to touch the throat of the snoring sleeping, giving it a very slight pressure. No explanation for the cause or effect of this remedy has been offered or found, but it is convenient and may well be recommended.

When Mr. Gladstone was in Mentone recently he was met at the station by hundreds of people and listened to an address of the Mayor. In answer to the cheers and words of welcome he stood for some time with his head bare, and, replying to a request to keep his hat on, said: "I am not weak from old age yet—don't fear."

Prof. Henry A. Rowland, of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, who has a world-wide reputation for the wonderful instruments and machines devised by him, has the most expensive thermometer in the world. It is said to be the most perfect thing of the kind ever made. It reads to such small fractions of a degree that one requires a microscope to take its indications.

F. Hopkinson Smith, the well-known artist, has had the great misfortune to lose the entire collection of his paintings, which had been on exhibition for two or three weeks in Milwaukee, in Tuesday's big fire. The pictures were chiefly Venetian scenes, with a few Dutch subjects, and were valued at $18,000. Mr. Smith had no insurance on them, and it is doubtful whether he will recover anything.

"Amusia," or loss of the musical faculty, has been reviewed by Professor Edgren, of Stockholm. The disease proves to be strictly analogous to aphasia, the loss of speech, which may or may not accompany it.

As traveler, writer, editor, hotel keeper and dealer in real estate the late Maturin M. Ballou, of Boston, was a remarkable man. In his later years (he was seventy-five) his liking for travel became a passion, and he was in Egypt when he died. Mr. Ballou was the talented son of a famous father, the Rev. Hosea Ballou having been one of the most noted divines in New England half a century ago.

Mary had a little hen,
'Twas feminine and queer;
It laid like smoke when eggs were cheap
And quit when eggs were dear.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Though woman may eclipse the men
In ways of industry and fame;
She'll never, never learn just when
To holler at a baseball game.
—Washington Star.

JOUETT AND LOLA MONTEZ.

A Bit of Reminiscence Concerning the Admiral and the Dancer.

New York Tribune.

In the Mexican war young Jouett served on the John Adams, and was the executive officer of the gunboat Chapin on the Paraguay expedition. On his return from this detail he visited his family in Maryland, from where he went to join his ship, the Illinois, in New York. It was on this journey that he met a notorious personage, who was at that time a subject of intense interest both in Europe and America. The incident is best told in his own words:

> I was on my way from Baltimore to join my ship in New York. We had just returned from southern waters, and the Chagres fever was in my system, although I did not know it. In those days the cars were divided between the ladies and the smokers. There was no place for a poor devil like me, who had no lady with him, and who didn't smoke. I tried the smoking car, but the atmosphere was intolerable, so I made an effort to get into the ladies' car, but without success. The conductor would not let me in. Finally I concluded to make myself happy on the platform, and took a seat on the railing. A lady on the inside of the car was having a good deal of trouble with her window. Every time she put it up it fell down. At last I put my thumb under the window and held it for her.
>
> "Oh, don't do that," said the fair creature on the inside. "I beg that you will not give yourself so much trouble."
>
> "I have nothing to do, madam," I replied, "and to serve you is a pleasure."
>
> "But, why don't you come inside?" she asked.
>
> "Unhappily, madam, I cannot."
>
> "But why?" she demanded, imperiously.
>
> "Because I am so unfortunate as to have no lady with me, and the severe guardian at the door will not unlock it," I answered, mournfully.
>
> "Oh, that is easily arranged," she smiled coquettishly; "come in at once. I will open the door," and, suiting the action to the word, she went to the end of the car and threw the door open.
>
> "Sit there," she commanded, pointing to a seat near her. We chatted for some time on various topics. She was a woman of much culture and deep knowledge. I recognized in her at once an unusual person, but could not place her. She was extremely beautiful, her wonderful Irish blue eyes were full of expression and sympathy, exquisitely dressed, and there was an air of elegance and refinement about her. Her conversation was brilliant and intelligent, and she showed a remarkable knowledge of politics, both home and foreign.
>
> "You are a strange people," she said. "You do not love your own country, your institutions, or your great men, and some day you will have an internal war."
>
> It was the celebrated Lola Montez who in this way first predicted the civil war to me, for my hospitable friend was none other than the celebrated woman. I did not discover her identity until she spoke of having been on Lake Geneva in a yacht manned by the younger sons of royalty, when it suddenly flashed across me who she was. Of her life in Bavaria she spoke very frankly.
>
> "I did much for the people," she said, "lightened their taxes, instituted reforms and was their friend to the end, but they did not appreciate it, and finally sent me away."
>
> As we neared Philadelphia she asked me suddenly if I knew we must stop there all night, and when I answered her in the affirmative, she demanded the name of my hotel. "Jones Hotel," I told her.
>
> "How delightful," she exclaimed. "I am going to stop there, too. You will dine with me to-morrow night, will you not?"
>
> I assured her that nothing in life would give me so much pleasure, but realized how impossible the plan was. It would never do for an ambitious midshipman, with a sweetheart in the background, to be seen with so obnoxious a woman as the Montez. The next day, which was Sunday, I did not materialize at the appointed hour. On Monday morning I took the train with my shipmate, "Jack" Hamilton, for New York, inwardly hoping that I might escape seeing my fair friend, not caring to explain my nonappearance by lame excuses and having a rather guilty conscience. I had learned in Philadelphia that the night before in Baltimore the Montez had publicly whipped a man for a fancied insult. The prospect was not agreeable. The train moved out, and a feeling of great relief came over me. Surely she was not on board. But in a moment a gentle tap fell on my shoulder, and, looking up, I recognized the Montez. "By the way, Mr. Jouett," she said, "that was an agreeable little dinner we had together last night."
>
> "Oh, Countess," said I, "it will be my everlasting regret that I could not go. But do you happen to know anything about the Presbyterian faith?"
>
> "I know all about it," she answered brightly. "But what has the Presbyterian faith to do with your failure to join me at dinner last night?"
>
> I told her a long tale of some relatives having taken me to church, then to Sunday school, then to church until I was in no condition for dinner or anything else. She amiably forgave me, and was a most responsive and interesting traveling companion on our way to New York. When we reached there she took me to her apartments at the Astor House, where she was located, quite after the manner of royalty, in a suite of princely rooms. Before we separated she had arranged to go to San Francisco on my ship, and was most cordial in pressing me to call upon her. But this was my last glimpse of Lola Montez, Baronne de Rosenthal and Comtesse de Sansfeld. She did go to San Francisco, but I was stricken down with the Chagres fever, and for three months shivered and shook and burned in every limb.

The Forward Farmer.

He's sure it's spring, for now the frog
Cries from the dark marsh reeds,
So he consults the catalogue
And buys his garden seeds.

The "Little Wonder" marrowfat,
The "Climax" Lima bean,
The "Drumhead" cabbage, early, flat,
The turnip "Sussex Queen."

The "Early Rose" potato, too,
The "Peerless" sugar beet,
The rhubarb "Eclipse Devereux,"
And corn, "horse kind" and sweet.

He plants them all, then comes the frost
To plague the hapless Josh,
And make him mourn the money lost
By previousness, b'gosh.
—Puck.

AN AMERICAN ORATOR.

Wendell Phillips Before a Critical Canadian Audience.

John Talbot Smith, in Donahoe's Magazine.

His voice was deep, sweet, resonant. The range of it was not large, for any approach to the higher notes resulted in weakness, which invariably sent him back to the lower register. He had a quick ear. The introductory was simple but fetching. It fetched that audience, anyway, from the remote corner of suspicion and prejudice in which it had sheltered itself against the possible fascinations of the orator. The exact words I do not recall, but the sentiment was as follows, Phillips being well acquainted with Quintilian's rules for winning an audience: "It is over two decades since I stood under the folds of the flag which flies over the Dominion of Canada. I remember the occasion well. The war which recently rent my country in twain for a period had not yet begun, and we were struggling with great issues. I had reason to visit the city of Kingston; and as I stepped on the dock and saw before me the citadel surmounted with the British flag, I paused. I had little love for it; it had once done grievous injury to me and mine; great crimes against humanity were represented by its blood red; it had a great history, and millions loved and hated it, but, forgetful alike of its crimes and its glories, as I saw it I thanked the God of freemen that on the American continent there was one flag whose domain held not a single human slave."

A thrill shot through the audience, and brightened it as a flood of sunlight might have brightened a glacier; it was so surprising, so flattering, so true, so American. A little apologetic ripple of applause flew over the hall and died away again; but Phillips knew that he had his audience in his vest pocket, as it were, and from that moment he proceeded to do as he pleased with them.

BIRDS COMING BACK

FEATHERED SONGSTERS MAKING THEIR SPRING APPEARANCE.

Varieties Found in the Indianapolis Neighborhood—Know in Advance of Cold Weather.

There has been a "feel" of spring in the atmosphere on several of the days of the past week and under its benign influence the trees have begun to show signs of life and the grass has commenced to assume its healthy color, green, but a surer sign of the coming of spring is found in the appearance of the birds. The latter seldom miss it upon the seasons, and generally when they come it foretells warmer weather, and when they go it means winter is approaching. Anybody who is observing can see many different kinds of birds these mornings, many of which are varieties unknown to this locality. Nearly all have come from the South, and some of them will stop here for the summer, while others are en route to places further north. It does seem that the birds possess a great deal of wisdom or forethought or something, which tells them when to go, and when to come, and when to stay. Last fall the robins and native birds all left this section of the country for the South. They seemed to know that it was to be a long, cold and hard winter. The year before many of them remained here, and this characteristic has led people to say the birds know when it is to be a cold winter. Their coming now must then mean it is to be warm.

The study of the birds has grown a great deal in the past few years until now in many sections it amounts to a fad. More attention is now paid to the habits, families and characteristics of birds than ever before. During the past few years a number of interesting books have been written upon the subject and many magazine articles have appeared. Scientific societies have taken the matter up and the migrations of the birds is now watched from all parts of the country. Ornithologists are not ready to admit that there are fewer birds now than there were thirty years ago, although persons who delight to wander back in their imagination to the time they spent on the farm, deplore the seeming extermination of birds. It is well known, however, that there are fewer birds of plumage now than there was then, because of the demand of gay feathers for hats. The ornithologists say there are more birds found in the cities and towns now than a few years ago, and they attribute this fact to the slaughter of the pugnacious English sparrow. The sparrow population has decreased and the prettier and more timid birds dare to come where they did not three or four years ago. The cold and the nets have been responsible for the death of thousands of English sparrows. Hundreds of them were frozen to death the last winter, and the family is not so numerous and vigorous as it was. Thousands of them have been caught in nets to be used as targets for marksmen, and the ornithologists find comfort in the sparrow's degeneration.

The robin is one of the first of the native birds to make its appearance and "robin songs" have been reported for more than a week. There is something pathetic about the robin, and as he is so harmless and his song is so pleasant he is always classed first among the birds of this locality. It is a trifle early in the season for the wren, although a few of them have come in ahead of time. In the wren is shown as clearly as in any other family some of the characteristics of the bird tribe. An interesting circumstance is reported by a North Pennsylvania-street resident. In a large bush in the rear of his yard there is built every year a wren's nest. There are many other trees and bushes in the yard, but the wrens always choose the one particular spot for a home. For six or seven years the birds have appeared there every spring. The birds that will probably build there this year are not the ones that built there six years ago. The presumption is that the birds that will come this year are ones directly by one raised there last and the children continue to live in the home of the fathers and mothers. But even this way it seems strange that one of the little birds can fly thousands of miles south, spend several months there and then return to the happy home of the year before. The advance guard of the black bird family has commenced to arrive here and those brainless ones that decided to spend the winter here are not in a condition to meet those that had the wisdom to go South. Black birds frequently attempt to remain here all winter, but it generally fares badly with them. There is one thing in a bird's favor and that is that he can stand a great deal of cold. When winter comes he is pretty well protected with fat and a good heavy coat of feathers and can exist so long as his feeding ground is not covered with snow. Persons who have lived in the country have no doubt noticed how birds gather about the barns and house when the ground is covered with snow and on such occasions varieties can be seen which persons naturally suppose would be many miles south.

The meadow larks are coming in and preparing for the season. The meadow lark is one of the popular birds and, what is more, the family has increased wonderfully in a few years. It is too early yet for Mr. Bobolink, as he generally makes his appearance in May. The bobolink is somewhat of a pessimist and never believes it is going to be summer here until he has evidences. He is always ready to go again at the first sign of cold weather. The humming bird never comes north until it is very warm and the flowers are in bloom. The little humming bird is one of the most interesting of all birds and his industry is proverbial. Ornithologists say he leaves for the South before the first breath of cold weather and keeps on traveling until he reaches the tropics, where it is always warm.

The American goldfinch, sometimes called the yellow bird, and again the "yaller bird," is here, and is busy making ready for the summer. There are many of them about, and they can be seen almost any morning a short distance from the city. Many of them are on their way further north, and some of them will remain here. To see them, and to see any of the birds, one must arise early, for most of them are bound north, and it is only a small per cent. of those seen here now that breed here during the summer. Why it is, no one seems to know, but nearly all the birds in their migrations fly during the night. They are best seen in the morning while they are searching for something to eat. The several varieties of the woodpecker have come, and the blue jays are expected next week. The warblers, to which class the tanager, the summer yellow bird, the indigo bird and cat bird, or American mocking bird, and others belong, are not represented yet. They are always a little late in arriving, and they are not so common as are other varieties. The singers also wait until their more vigorous cousins have become established before putting in an appearance. Among the singers are classed the wood thrush, Wilson's thrush and the brown thrasher. The orioles are also generally a week or two behind. The average person would be surprised to know how many varieties of birds there are which nest in this locality. Ornithologists have names for about forty different varieties, many of which are virtually unknown to most persons. That lonesome and much-hated bird, the crow, is here already, and with a faith in the leaving of the trees and the success of the crops, he has commenced to build his nest in leafless trees.

But all the birds seen now are not summer boarders here. There are many birds which have been remaining near Indianapolis because of the "mild climate," or more probably for their ability to get something to eat. They are snow birds and members of the sparrow family which already are beginning to leave for the north. Many of them will go many hundreds of miles north so as to escape the summer. The migrations of the ducks and wild geese are closely watched by the hunters, and these eatable birds are killed both coming and going. Cold or heat, rain or shine, the English sparrow remains with us all the year.

What England Wants.

Washington Special.

Every move and every feint in English diplomacy has a commercial inspiration. That is always a safe proposition to bet on at every point in every sort of international dispute having a London end. The motive of England's stand in the Venezuelan controversy is to compel that government to pay English holders of her bonds. That is the beginning, the ending, the middle and all there is of the business. The play in the Nicaraguan matter is furnishing an excuse for "sitting in" when the time arrives for the construction of the ship canal. The Englishmen were pounded on the fingers last winter and forced to relax their shadowy grip on the Mosquito strip, but now they are making a demonstration at another point, and the same motive is over in view. Their experience with the Suez canal has given them a keen appetite for an isthmus canal. That investment proved prodigiously profitable, both directly and indirectly, and a waterway across the little strip of land connecting the two Americas and shortening salt water communication between the Pacific ocean and the European markets ten thousand miles would be of even greater commercial advantage to the nation behind it than the Suez canal. This simple fact is burned deep into the sordid soul of Britain, and her merchants and money lenders can't keep their itching hands off the geographical locality of the splendid prospective prize.

Just where the intrigue into which the British Foreign Office has engaged in the interest of London money and merchant kings is going to land the plotters and this country cannot be foreseen. It is a deep game and the $250,000 sum total indemnity demanded of Nicaragua by Great Britain to liquidate damages sustained by her Majesty's subjects is the smallest item. It is projected into the situation merely as a peg upon which to hand a dispute designed to give the English government acting for and in behalf of its loyal money-getting subject the colonc of vantage in playing for the domination of America's projected ship canal.

THIS DIDN'T REALLY HAPPEN,

But There Are Contingencies Under Which It Might Occur.

New York Times.

It was this way: The Cincinnati, coming up the Windward passage, had brought Cape Maysi light over the port bow, and had set a course to round that point shortly after nightfall had set in.

The first watch had been set, and a brisk southerly breeze was raising a whitecap here and there. Once the watch about the deck had dispersed, the watch below had turned in, and the watch on deck had esconced itself in snug nooks, when the lookout forward shouted:

"Light, ho!"

"Where away?" came the response from the bridge, where the officer of the deck was keeping vigil.

"Three points off the port bow, sir."

"Can you make her out?"

"Looks like a steamer's masthead light, sir."

The officer looked intently at the point indicated through his night glass, and, after a few moments' survey, summoned the orderly, who was stationed in front of the captain's cabin, and said:

"Say to the captain that there is a steamer three points off the port bow—can't make her out."

"Ay, ay, Sir!"

"The captain says, 'Very well, Sir,'" reported the orderly upon his return.

The light grew brighter and then a green one was hove into view just beneath it, indicating that the stranger was trying to cross the path of the cruiser. The officer of the deck watched the two lights intently. The vessels rapidly neared each other and suddenly the green light vanished, and only the masthead light was seen [illegible] wing that the vessel, which was the[illegible]y abeam, had swung to a course par[illegible] with that of the cruiser.

B[illegible] the officer of the deck had had tim[illegible] to report the maneuver there came a flash of light and a dull report from the inshore vessel.

"Orderly!" cried the officer of the deck, "report to the captain that the sail reported is now off the port beam and has fired a blank cartridge."

Capt. Glass reappeared with the orderly. Just as he reached the bridge another flash of light blazed from the vessel, whose outlines could then be dimly seen.

The captain lowered his glass and, turning to the officer of the deck, said:

"Beat to general quarters, sir!"

There was a hurried routing out of the drummer and fifer, and a moment later the sharp "rat-a-tat-tat" of the drum and the notes of the bugle were drowned by the hoarse voices of the master at arms and his mates arousing the sleepers between decks. There was a noise of scurrying feet; men came tumbling up the hatchways, and officers buckling on their swords hurried to their stations.

"Cast loose and provide," shouted the executive officer, James D. Jerrold, who reached the bridge, and to whom the captain had spoken briefly.

Shutter ports flew open; the moonlight slipped along the muzz