

"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphan."

The National Tribune

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THE "20th century crusade" of the Methodist-Episcopal Church, which every-one fervently hopes will succeed, is to raise \$20,000,000 and convert 2,000,000 people.

An astonishing demonstration of the distance to which dust is carried, and which will furnish an explanation for the many falls of "red snow," "yellow snow," etc., which have puzzled the people of the localities, has been given by M. Forel's examination of the layers of dust on some Swiss glaciers.

THE G. A. R. Post at Chattanooga, Tenn., has sent to each member of the Legislature a letter asking him to use his influence for the passage of the law increasing the Confederate pension fund.

THE READERS OF THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE will hear with deep regret of the death of Capt. Freeman Sparks Bowley, whose contributions to the paper entitled "A Boy Lieutenant" and other articles, were read by them with the greatest interest.

THE PRESIDENT OFFERED THE JUDGESHIP OF THE CIRCUIT COMPRISING THE STATES OF OHIO, MICHIGAN, KENTUCKY AND TENNESSEE TO GEN. BASIL W. DUKE, OF LOUISVILLE.

At the beginning of the war he was a fiery young secessionist, who did his best to carry Missouri over into the rebellion. He was Captain of one of the companies of Minute Men in St. Louis, who were organized to precipitate a riot, and seize the great arsenal with its rich stores of arms and ammunition.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S ITINERARY. The following shows the appointments of the Commander-in-Chief for the next few weeks:

- Feb. 11, Boston; Massachusetts Annual Encampment. Feb. 19, Denver, Colo.; Reception. Feb. 23, 24, 25, San Francisco; Meeting of Executive Committee to arrange for National Encampment. Feb. 27, 28, Topeka, Kan.; Reception. Feb. 29, 30, St. Paul; Minnesota Department Encampment. Mar. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Louisville, Tenn.; Reception. Mar. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 1903; Mississippi. Mar. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 1903; Connecticut Department Encampment. Mar. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 1903; Indiana Department Encampment. Mar. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 1903; Wisconsin Department Encampment. Mar. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 1903; New Jersey Department Encampment.

WE MUST BE UNITED.

We are in receipt of a great many letters from comrades advocating a per diem pension, a pension additional to that already received, and various other measures with which the comrades are all familiar.

But it is unwise and injudicious to insist upon these at the present time, when we should concentrate all our efforts upon a measure which is hopeful of success, but which requires all of the united strength of the comrades to push through.

A plain, straight service pension bill of \$12 a month to every man who served at least 90 days and was honorably discharged, or to his widow, is a simple, direct proposition which the minds of the people can easily grasp, and which will appeal to their sense of justice.

We can, therefore, much more hopefully agitate it in the expectation of speedy success. When it is made a law, it will do incomparable good to the immense number of veterans and their widows.

There is nothing that is within our reach which will do anything like so much good to so many people. It will, at once, end all the present aggravating and tiresome circumlocution in the Pension Bureau.

It will wipe out substantially all of the present irritating and expensive farce of examining surgeons, special agents, and the dreary round of examination of papers in the Bureau to discover whether men are disabled from a pensionable disease; the cat-fishing and espionage, frequently shameful and humiliating, to veterans' widows.

It will absolutely end all this, and make a man's honorable discharge his pension warrant. Consequently, let us unite our whole strength upon this important measure, and demand its passage in no uncertain voice with no divisions or dissensions in our ranks, with no quibbling as to provisions and discriminations. If we do this we can be entirely confident that the great sense of justice in the hearts of the American people will at once respond with such unanimity and force that Congress cannot fail to heed to our appeal and immediately pass a measure of such obvious and imperative national justice and gratitude.

When it is once passed and is doing its work among the tens of thousands who are now appealing to the Pension Office in vain, then we can begin a discussion as to what is further due those men who served long terms, or who suffered unusual disabilities. We can do this more hopefully than before we secured this legislation.

Their case will be made much better by it. They will be helped instead of hindered in getting what is justly due them. Let us, therefore, solidify our ranks and present an unbroken front, with the full weight of the column of 800,000 surviving veterans, and the widows of those who have died, in favor of the immediate passage of this measure.

ANTI-TRUST LEGISLATION.

The Senate Committee on Judiciary has agreed upon substitutes for Secs. 6 and 7 of the Littlefield Bill, which will make the law much more comprehensive and drastic.

These define what shall constitute a monopoly, and extend the definition to "any person or corporation engaged in the manufacture, production, or sale of any manufactured article that may be the subject of interstate commerce, which by reason of ownership or control of lands growing timber, or other vegetable products, or containing coal, oil, iron, or other minerals or metals used in the manufacture of such articles, or by reason of ownership or control of the instrumentalities of manufacture, production, or sale, shall have the power to control or affect, in whole or in part, the prices of said articles throughout the United States, so as to prevent, forestall, stifle, destroy, or hinder competition therein, and which shall be so conducted, in whole or in part, as to prevent, forestall, stifle, destroy, or hinder such competition."

The penalties provided are severe: "Any person violating either of the provisions of this section, or aiding, abetting, assisting, or counseling any other person, or corporation to violate the same, shall, on conviction, be punished by a fine of not more than \$5,000, or by imprisonment in the penitentiary for not more than five years, or by both such fine and imprisonment, at the discretion of the court."

"Any corporation violating the provisions of this section shall, for every such act forfeit to the United States the sum of \$50,000, to be recovered as in other cases of penalties; and for the purpose of said forfeiture every sale of goods, wares, or merchandise for shipment outside the State where said corporation is located and doing business with the intent so to monopolize, and every contract for such sale and shipment, or the shipment pursuant to such sale or contract, and every act of discrimination, with such intent, in prices or of giving special privilege to any person, shall be considered a violation of this section."

The penalties are extended to railroads and other common carriers which shall transport such goods and stringent provisions are made against "watering" the stock of such corporations.

IT DOES NOT SEEM THAT THE SENATE has done wisely in passing the Philippine Currency Bill with the provisions that the unit of value in the Archipelago shall be a gold peso of 129-10 grains nine-tenths fine. While this is just one half of the gold dollar, which is our standard, it seems to be an unnecessary complication. It could have just as easily established our standard, and adjusted everything else to it.

AN INJURIOUS PROVISION.

Occasionally there crops out in pension legislation a disposition which has the appearance of a desire to hamper and obstruct the securing of the benefits conferred, by denying the beneficiaries the right to employ an attorney; making it necessary for them to rely upon such gratuitous assistance as they can secure in the presentation and prosecution of their claims, and doubtless resulting in many cases in the claimants falling into the hands of irresponsible persons who in one way or another secure from them as compensation amounts far in excess of what the ordinary attorney fee would be if the claim were presented by attorneys who have been regularly admitted to practice before the Pension Bureau, and are under the check and surveillance of the Commissioner of Pensions.

An instance of this seeming disposition referred to is found in the pension act of March 3, 1901, to restore the pensions of certain remarried widows formerly pensioned under the general law. Sec. 2 of this act provides "that no claim agent or other person shall be entitled to receive any compensation for services in making application for pension under this act. It is understood that some protest against this feature was made at the time the law was enacted, but notwithstanding the common belief among the anti-pension press that the "pension sharks" are all-gone, the law remains unchanged, and claimants under the law are obliged to seek such gratuitous assistance as they can get. The requirements of the law make the restoration of the widow's pension dependent upon conditions that were not essential in the determination of her original pension title, which rather precludes any pretense that all that is necessary is for the widow to make a formal application for the pension, and it will be promptly awarded her.

Anyone who has had any experience in presenting a claim before the Pension Bureau, even under the most favorable conditions, knows what technicalities are encountered, which are often completely discouraging to a person having a plain, straight case. Of course many claimants are successful in prosecuting their own claims, but usually require, even then, the advice and assistance, in some form or other, of persons better qualified or more experienced than they are. The great mass of claimants prefer to do and employ attorneys, as the official records show.

It is noted that in a pending bill now before the Senate, to extend the provisions of this widow's restoration act of 1901, the same fee provision as contained in the original law is still retained, and the committee reports are silent as to this feature, notwithstanding that serious structural defects, aside from the wrong principle shown, have been pointed out in a proper manner. When a legislative body or its committee deliberately interposes provisions that have come to be well recognized as of an obstructive nature, there is a suggestion of lack of sincerity in the professed desire that the beneficiaries of the measure shall promptly, and without unnecessary difficulty, or expense, receive what the law grants them.

The anti-attorney clause in the pending bill, H. R. 12141, should in justice to the claimants be stricken out and the fee law of 1884, which is satisfactory to all parties, be made applicable to claims under the existing law and its proposed amendment.

THE NEBRASKA GRAZING BILL.

SENATOR DIETRICH'S bill providing for the leasing of Nebraska's grazing lands for a period not exceeding 10 years, and not more than 10 sections to any one lessee, is probably dead. It was introduced with the best intentions, to regulate and authorize the use of the public lands for grazing purposes, confirm privileges to those who were willing to pay a reasonable price for their use, to protect location upon them by homesteaders, and to get some revenue from them for the Comities, the State, and the irrigation fund. But so much opposition has been stirred up that the bill will be probably abandoned.

The men who are using the lands free now do not want to pay anything for them, those who are leasing whether they please with their cattle do not want to be restricted, and many of the possible homesteaders fear that if the cattle men are given any shadow of right to the lands they will fasten on them in perpetuity.

THE PRUSSIAN INCOME TAX.

In spite of the searching character of the income tax in Prussia, which has been matured by more than a century of experience, almost two-thirds of the entire population pay no tax whatever. The tax begins with those who have an income of from \$214 to \$714 a year, and which is by far the largest class of the tax-bearers. These pay on an average \$2.54 income tax per annum. The next class embraces those who have incomes from \$714 to \$1,428 a year, of whom there are but 280,000 in the Kingdom, or about one-tenth that of the next class below. They pay an average of \$21.84 tax a year; and the third class embraces those who have incomes of from \$1,428 to \$2,261. Of these there are but 75,740, or less than one-fourth of the class below them. They pay an average of \$47.91 a year. The fourth class embraces nearly as many, who have incomes ranging from \$2,261 to \$7,259, and pay an average tax of \$110.45. The fifth class includes those having incomes of from \$7,259 to \$23,800, of whom there are but 12,281, who pay a tax of \$428.22. The sixth and last class includes all those who have \$22,800 and over, of whom there are but 2,774, who pay an average of \$2,424.90 a year. It will be seen that the rates are rapidly progressive. The second class pays over six times the ratio of the first class; the third and fourth classes pay about double that of the second class; and the fifth class pays four times the ratio of the fourth class.

REPRESENTATIVE CUSHMAN'S BILL.

TO PROVIDE FOR THE ELECTION OF A DELEGATE from the Territory of Alaska to the next session of the United States of the inhabitants of that country. It provides that any native residing there may become a citizen by petition, the same as other aliens, upon satisfactory proof that he has abandoned his tribal relations, and adopted the habits of civil life. The main question about this is the precedent that it may make for people in other possessions. There are only a comparatively few natives of Alaska, and if there were all made citizens it would not be a matter of much consequence, except that it would furnish a basis for a plea for conferring the same rights and privileges of citizenship upon the Filipinos, Porto Ricans, etc.

Sergeant Klegg and the Boys of Co. Q. On the March through the Carolinas

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Up the Battle of Bentonville—Battering of the Wounded and Slain—Recovery of the Adjutant.

The rebel rebels sullenly retired into the dark recesses of the woods, doggedly pursued by the Union soldiers. Deep in their cover the rebels came to the line of works from which they had sallied. There they sat, and opened the upon their pursuers, who had now made a wide work of barricades, and went into watchful bivouac.

The moment the pursuit was arrested, the Union soldiers felt the strains of the awful day of fighting and of struggling with the rain, and became intently watching the movements of the rebels. The open ground was a sea of bobbing, staggering, wavering lights—men of every regiment carrying torches of fat pine, searching for their dead and wounded comrades.

Like lurid will-o'-the-wisps these lights danced through the woods in every direction in search of those who had fallen in the various stages of the battle. The streams of human carrying blankets or other conceivable way, focused on the surgeon's fires from all directions, and the hum of humanity suffering constantly and fearfully augmented.

The Duke of Wellington used to say that there was nothing on earth so awful as a victor's defeat. The Fourth and Tenth Corps had tasted both on that terrible March day, and every form of terrible pain and suffering had swept through it since it had marched out of camp in the morning of the 19th of March. A man had rolled up their tents then and taken their places in the column heading up the muddy road, nearly 1,000 were now shivering and half-dead with cold and hunger. They had not had such a harvest among them as he had not reaped since that glorious September day, more than six months before, when they swept in irresistible tide over the works at Jonesboro and ended the long campaign for Atlanta in victory. It was a dismal sunset for the corps, for they could only know that they had so far been utterly and completely beaten and that they had recovered their ground, they could not be sure of what the next hour might bring. Joe Johnston had shown them a victor's defeat.

The men at the barricades and works were sullenly determined; those in the rear were half-dead with cold and hunger. The men at the barricades and works were sullenly determined; those in the rear were half-dead with cold and hunger. The men at the barricades and works were sullenly determined; those in the rear were half-dead with cold and hunger.

All were in tense expectation, and the breaking of a twig or the popping of the fire made their hearts leap, for it hinted of the possibility of a new day. Shad Graham had fallen in a faint almost as soon as he had ceased speaking assurances of victory to Si. Si and Shorty sprang to his aid, and he was carried to the rear, where he was laid on a stretcher and covered with a blanket. "Don't raise him up. Let him lie. He'll lose less blood that way," admonished Alf, who was using all his growing strength to hold the stretcher steady. "Put him so that he will be easy, and I'll see whether I can do anything for his hurt."

Shad's eyes, which were found the ugly bullet-hole through his breast, cleansed a little, and drew around his body a strip of the wet tent. The cold shock brought Shad to.

"Don't waste any time on me. I'm done for. I only want to live till morning to see that Joe Johnston's settlement is satisfied to the satisfaction of my manager to live till then. Drop me and go back a little ways and find Tom Zamp—my teamster—splendid fellow. Took a horse and came along with me. He'll get that horse for me. He'll find his thing is broken. Find him at once. You may save his life. Take a couple of men with you, and get him to the rear."

Alf took two of the ponies and hurried away. "It is dead useless to go back for an ambulance," rejoined Shorty, "and the strip of tent about his wounded arm. We couldn't possibly get one up here to-night. There isn't one ambulance where 100,000 men are."

"I probably couldn't get within 100 yards of a surgeon either, if we did take the boys back," echoed Si with some touches of seeing that the bandage about his chest was not slipping. The hurt was beginning to pain him severely. "All the boys need a surgeon at once and very badly," continued Si, "but the best thing we can do is to get them to some comfortable tonight and wait till morning. They still suffer less here than if we tried to get them back."

"You needn't count me out," answered Si. "I can do a great deal yet," and he moved over to dig with a stick a little hole in the ground. He got a light fire, and a spot on which Shad Graham was lying. "The first thing to do is to build a fire," the ponies were willing and ready to do anything for their masters. The fire was left intact, for fear that some new emergency might arise to make them necessary, but enough stuff was gathered up in the woods about to start a light fire, which soon diffused a considerable feeling of cheer.

Tom Rathbone, Gil, and Sandy were placed things which could get the most benefit of it while Alf and Monty and Pete were forgetful of their own hurts in trying to find some way to administer to those who were worse off than they. There was a little that could be done. A cup of coffee would have been of invaluable value, but alas! all their haversacks, tents, and blankets had either been lost or they were so full of holes that they were of no use. They had been torn away in the rush through the woods, and there was absolutely nothing to meet the hunger which his heart was gnawing, stung by the flow of blood with a whip-lash he found in the teamster's pocket, and twisted into a tourniquet. After brief consideration it was decided that it would be better to carry him back to where the boys were than forward into the terrible rack which was gathered around the surgeon's fires.

While waiting for the axes to come, the ponies broke limbs from the trees to make beds for the wounded to lie on near the fires, and brought them water to quench their raging thirst. The rebel Colonel was still groaning with none of his friends near, except the dead and sorely wounded rebels. Shorty took two of the ponies and carried him in and laid him in a good position near the fire, upon a bed of pine boughs. He was desperately hungry and begged for something to eat. They were even hungrier than the Colonel, and begged pitifully for food.

"I wonder if I can find a few haversacks anywhere in the field somewhere that will have something in them for these men," said Si. "I don't seem to be able to do much around here. Maybe I can accomplish something in that direction. We are hungry enough ourselves to understand how these fellows feel who haven't had anything to eat for two or three days. Their big insides must be simply eating up their little ones."

"I guess that's so," echoed Shorty, "for I feel as if my liver was making an assault and battery upon my gizzard. I do wish we had a mouthful of something all around."

"Give me that torch," said Si, "and I'll see what I can do." Si waded out into the plowed fields and presently came across a rude haversack made of bed ticking, in which he found a small, stone-like chunk of corn-dough and two ears of corn. "Taint much," he soliloquized, as he slung the haversack over his shoulder, "but it is what they are used to, and it will do some good."

He continued his search for another one, and found plenty of strips of carpet and quilts worn by blankets, hats and caps, and many cartridges-boxes, but nothing with any food in it. He stumbled across a body lying at full length, prone, and deep in the mud. Recovering his balance, he was about to go on when the clinking of his torch on a jumpy cap with the figures "200th Ind." upon its top. Stopped, he looked closer, and discovered a tell-tale bullet hole just above the forehead, and the trunk of his heart stopped with a throb of anxious inquiry as to which of his officers had fallen. He turned about and threw the light of his torch on the body. It was the Adjutant's chest, and he had been trodden several times by the lines of Union and rebel surging back and forth across the field. These had stamped across it, and trampled it deep in the mud. Lacerated locks of jet black, silky hair mingled with the mud. With a great clanking at his heart, Si stooped and picked up the chest, and he could see it better, and exclaimed: "My God! it's the Adjutant!"

The body was yet warm, and it might be that he still lived. He hurried back to the fire, and started Shorty with the news, who yelled to the ponies to drop everything else and come with him. Led by Si with his torch, they quickly reached the spot, and lifting from the muck the prostrate form of the handsome, light-hearted youth who had been the joy and pride of the regiment, they carried it back to the fire, and laid it there in the full blaze of the bright, yellow light. Alf washed the face with a rag, and began some examination. He laid his ears to the Adjutant's chest, and found that his heart was still beating, though very feebly. The luxuriant hair was cleansed as far as his fingers could do it of the clinging mud, and the face of the bullet across the skull washed, and it was found that though it had lain the skull bare, Alf was unable to find any signs of a fracture. Still the case was hopeless, and he turned to his comrades, as they looked upon the cold, immovable features which had always been so full of vivacity and hope. To the man lying before them they had been indebted for a thousand acts of kindness. He had ever been their friend, and helped them out of many unpleasant situations. "Get some boughs, boys," said Si, in a choking voice, "and fix up for him over there by the fire the best bed of any. He deserves it. The best comes to, we have lost our best friend in the regiment. I'd rather have lost my arm, than to see him lying there as he is."

a shot, I think near the last one fired, and I have had to find another mule and load him up, which was troublesome in the darkness and riot back there. But I felt that you wanted me, and here I am. "We never wanted you so much in our whole lives," responded Si heartily, shaking his hand with his unwounded one. "Have you brought us any coffee?" "Indeed I have," answered Kramer with quiet gravity. "I felt that it was quite as my duty to get it to you, as it was yours to fight. I shall have it ready for you in a few minutes. Where can I find some water?"

He stepped back to his mule and took off the camp kettles. "Well bring you water. Give us your kettle," said a couple of the ponies. Kramer busied himself unloading the mules while they went for the water. Alf went to one and another of the wounded to give them a sip from the canteen, and had quite a struggle with the rebel Colonel, who wanted to fill himself up from it, commanding Alf to give him more and holding on to the canteen until Shorty was obliged to pull it away.

Shad Graham, however, in spite of Alf's entreaties, refused to let a drop pass his lips. "They all hastened to the Adjutant, and Si and Shorty watched with deep anxiety Alf force his lips open and drop discreetly a little portion of the liquor into his mouth. The Adjutant gave no signs of life, but Alf still felt a faint flutter at his heart.

"Pretty badly used up, but still in the grip, Colonel, as Shorty would say," answered Si, saluting with his unwounded hand. "And you have the Adjutant?" inquired the Colonel.

"We have him, but we can't tell whether he's alive or dead yet." "God send that he's alive yet," said the Colonel, whose arm was in a sling. "He fell early in the day, when the rebels charged us out of the field, and drove us back. I was certain he was killed, and we were looking for his body. 'Battalion—Halt!' he continued grinning, as he reached the Adjutant's command and making an effort to rise. "Close up, there. Close up! Right dress! Come out there on the left!" murmured the Adjutant, with the old-time response to the Colonel's command and making an effort to rise. "O, Colonel, he's alive; he's alive," shouted Alf joyously, running out to where the Colonel was dismounting. (To be continued.)

"That's what they're out for," said Si, starting to run back to where he could cross the branch and call to the Colonel. "Col. McGillicuddy! Col. McGillicuddy!" he shouted, with an effort that set his blood boiling afresh. "Come over here. We've got the Adjutant. Come over here."

The whole line of lights halted at the sound of Si's voice, and waited, as each man recognized it, and turned with startled inquiry toward it. "The Adjutant's features twitched faintly. "Halt. Left face! Rally on the left!" floated through the night-mists, in Col. McGillicuddy's flute-like tones of command. "Where are you, Sergeant Klegg?" "Right over here, Colonel," answered Si. "Keep to your right, and you can get across the swale."

"All right, Sergeant," responded the Colonel. "Stand where you are, and call out from time to time. 'Battalion, forward—March!' Head of column right—March!" Alf, who had gone back to the Adjutant, saw his lips move, this time unmistakably, and dropped into them a little trickle from the canteen. The skirmish line moved forward, and the Colonel seemed to Si, over the sinking fog, to be well. "Well, Sergeant," said Col. McGillicuddy, as his horse strained through the mud, and came up with an effort of deliverance on the more solid ground, "how are you all?"

"Pretty badly used up, but still in the grip, Colonel, as Shorty would say," answered Si, saluting with his unwounded hand. "And you have the Adjutant?" inquired the Colonel.

"We have him, but we can't tell whether he's alive or dead yet." "God send that he's alive yet," said the Colonel, whose arm was in a sling. "He fell early in the day, when the rebels charged us out of the field, and drove us back. I was certain he was killed, and we were looking for his body. 'Battalion—Halt!' he continued grinning, as he reached the Adjutant's command and making an effort to rise. "Close up, there. Close up! Right dress! Come out there on the left!" murmured the Adjutant, with the old-time response to the Colonel's command and making an effort to rise. "O, Colonel, he's alive; he's alive," shouted Alf joyously, running out to where the Colonel was dismounting. (To be continued.)

CANADA has a severe case of the stomach-ache over the recent treaty for the settlement of the Yukon-Alaska difficulty by a Commission of six jurists, three to be appointed by the United States and three by Great Britain. The Canada papers are abusing Congress, the President and generally every American who had anything to do with the treaty.

They are so angry that they are even banking here on thecession in 1783 of that part of the United States lying north of the Ohio river, as a distinct injury to Canada by the British. Undoubtedly, it would be a great thing for Canada to get access to Bering Sea, and cut in between us and our Alaskan possessions, but we are not hardly so polite as to allow that. If they will take up ancient history, we can do it, too, and point out the incomparably greater wrong which was done us in allowing Canada to come to the Pacific ocean, where she has made us so much trouble, and in the event of a war could do us infinite injury. There is nothing in our diplomatic history more likely to cause an American to redden with anger than the way in which Polk's Administration backed down from "Fifty-four-forty or fight," to give to Canada the territory on the Pacific extending from the State of Washington to the Alaskan boundary. We should have held on to that by all means, and would have done so had not the Slave Power dominated our national policy at that time, and surrendered what would have been free territory, for concessions to the South to add to the area of the Slave States.

The so-far unexplained relief of Ambassador Holleben from his post in Washington and his replacement by Baron Speck von Sternburg has set all the European papers talking. The British papers claim that it is a part of Kaiser Wilhelm's deep plan to alienate Great Britain from the United States. He found Holleben a clumsy instrument for this purpose, and sent von Sternburg, who was believed to be more adroit, to take his place. The French papers say that the Kaiser was very angry for the checkmate of the Monroe Doctrine on his Venezuela plans, and laid the blame on Holleben. The German papers will not give any reason for Holleben's sudden leaving, but content themselves with asserting that the British press is simply using the incident to poison the American mind against Germany. The London Times correspondent says that Holleben failed to make the Kaiser aware of the strength of the American feeling on the Monroe Doctrine, and thought that everything would be made all right by the offer of the statue of Frederick the Great, which he was mortified to find was so coldly received.

GALVESTON is showing the true American spirit in recovering from her disaster, and providing against the repetition of the same. An immense sea wall to surround the entire sea front of the city is now being built at a cost of \$1,244,755, and \$2,210,285 more will be expended in raising the grade of the city. The sea wall, which is concrete, three and one-third miles in length, will be 17 feet above mean low tide, and two feet higher than the extreme highwater mark of 1900. The top of the wall will be protected for 35 feet by vitrified brick pavement, laid on edge, and 60 feet further by soil and Bermuda grass. It will require 3,000 trains of 20 cars each to bring in the earth required to fill up the city to the level. The money was raised for the sea wall by issuing bonds of Galveston County, which were bought by the people. The money for the filling is provided by the State, allowing the city to divert for 15 years its State taxes for that purpose.

SECRETARY ROOT informs the Senate that, in his opinion, it would pay the Government to construct a system of railroads in the Philippine Islands, because their assistance in maintaining authority and civilizing the people, and the economy in handling the army, would much more than compensate for the construction. The moral effect would be very great, and, added to this, the employment of labor, distribution of money, and constant travel and communication among the inhabitants, would greatly aid civilization and order. In Luzon alone there are 30 different people, with eight or nine languages, and over 60 dialects. Railroads would greatly tend, as nothing else could, to make these people homogeneous and unite in a good Government. We see the effect of this in Mexico, where insurrections were put to an end to by building railroads, and also in our own country, where the railroads did so much to put an end to Indian disturbances.



"SI SHOUTED 'COME OVER HERE. WE'VE GOT THE ADJUTANT!'"