

WORLDLY TRIALS.

Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Threshing Process.

Great Trials of Value to the Soul—God Never Makes Troubles Too Heavy to Be Borne—Christian Soldiers' Happy Ending.

"The Threshing Machine" was the subject chosen by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage for a late sermon at Brooklyn, the text being Isaiah 28:27, 28: "For the fitches are not threshed with a threshing instrument, neither is a cart-wheel turned about upon the cummin, but the fitches are beaten out with a staff and the cummin with a rod. Bread corn is bruised, because he will not ever be threshing it." Dr. Talmage said:

There are three kinds of seed mentioned—fitches, cummin and corn. Of the last we all know. But it may be well to state that the fitches and cummin were small seeds, like the caraway or thistle-seed. When these grains or herbs were to be threshed they were thrown on the floor and the workmen come around with staff, or rod, or flail, and beat them until the seed would be separated, but when the corn was to be threshed that was thrown on the floor, and the men would fasten horses or oxen to a cart with iron-floated wheels; that cart would be drawn around the threshing floor, and so the work would be accomplished. Different kinds of threshing for different products. "The fitches are not threshed with a threshing instrument, neither is a cart-wheel turned about upon the cummin, but the fitches are beaten out with a staff and the cummin with a rod. Bread corn is bruised, because he will not ever be threshing it."

The great thought that the text presses upon our souls is that we all go through some kind of threshing process. The fact that you may be devoting your life to honorable and noble purposes will not win you any escape. Will you, the Christian emancipator, be in his day derided as "Dr. Goodwell," because Babington Macaulay, the advocate of all that was good before he became the most conspicuous historian of his day, was caricatured in one of the quarterly reviews as "Babington Macaulay." Norman Macleod, the great friend of the Scotch poor, was industriously maligned in all quarters, although on the day when he was carried out to his burial a workman stood and looked at the funeral procession and said: "If he has done nothing for anybody more than he has done for me, he should shine as bright as the stars forever and ever." All the small wits of London had their fling at John Wesley, the father of Methodism.

If such men could not escape the mauling of the world, neither can you expect to get rid of the sharp, keen stroke of the tribulation. All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. Besides that, there are the sicknesses, and the bankruptcies, and the disappointments, and the disappointments which are ever putting a cap of woe on your face. Those wrinkles on your face are hieroglyphics, which, if deciphered, would make out a thrilling story of trouble. The footstep of the rabbit is seen the next morning on the snow, and on the white hairs of the aged are seen the footprints showing where swift trouble alighted.

Even amid the joys and hilarities of life, trouble will sometimes break in. As when the people were assembled in the Charleston theater, during the revolutionary war, and while they were witnessing a farce, and the audience was in great gratulation, the guns of an advancing enemy were heard, and the audience broke up in a wild panic and ran for their lives, so oftentimes while you are seated amid the joys and festivities of this world you hear the cannonade of some great disaster. All the fitches and cummin and the corn must come down on the threshing floor and be pounded.

My subject, in the first place, teaches us that it is no compliment to us if we escape great trial. The fitches and the cummin on the threshing floor might look over to the corn on another floor and say: "Look at that poor, miserable, bruised corn. We have only been a little pounded, but that has been almost destroyed. Well, the corn, if it had lips, would answer and say: "Do you know the reason you have not been so much pounded as I have? It is because you are not of so much worth as I am; if you were you would be as severely run over." Yet there are men who suppose they are the Lord's favorites simply because their barns are full, and their bank account is flush, and there are no funeral in the house. It may be because they are fitches and cummin while down at the end of the lane the poor widow may be in the corn. You are but little pounded because you are but little worth, and she is bruised and pounded because she is the best part of the harvest.

The left of the threshing machine is according to the value of the grain. If you have not been much threshed in life, perhaps there is not much to thresh. If you have not been much threshed in life, perhaps it is because there is going to be a very small yield. When there are plenty of blackberries the gatherers go out with large baskets; but when the drought has almost consumed the fruit, then a quart measure will do as well. It took the venomous snake on Paul's hand and the pounding of him with stones until he was taken up for dead, and the jammings against him of prison gates, and the Ephesian reiteration, and the skinned ankles of the painful soldiers, and the flogging of the Alexandrian cornship, and the beheading stroke of the Roman sheriff to bring Paul to his proper destination.

It was not because Robert Moffat and Lady Rachel Russell, and Frederick Oberlin were worse than other people that they had to suffer, it was because they were better, and God wanted to make them best. By the carefulness of the threshing you may always conclude the value of the grain.

Next, my text teaches us that God proportions our trials to what we can bear. The staff for the fitches. The rod for the cummin. The iron wheel for the corn. Sometimes people in great trouble say: "Oh, I can't bear it!" God would not have sent it upon you if he did not know that you could bear it. You trembled and you agonized; but you got through. God will not take from your eyes one tear too many, nor from your lungs one sigh too deep, nor from your temples one throb too sharp. The perplexities of your earthly business have not in them one tangle too intricate. You sometimes feel as if our world were full of bludgeons flying haphaz-

ard. Oh, no; they are threshing instruments that God just suits to your case. There is not a dollar of bad debts on your ledger, or a disappointment about goods that you expected to go up but that have gone down, or a swindle of your business partner, or a trick on the part of those who are in the same kind of business that you are, but God intended to overrule for immortal help. "Oh," you say, "there is no need talking that way to me—I don't like to be cheated and entranced. Neither does the corn like the corn-thresher; but after it has been threshed and winnowed it has a great deal better opinion of its business partner, and it is glad to be threshed by the mill and the corn-threshers."

Again: My subject teaches us that God keeps trial on us until we let go. We hold on to this world with its pleasures, and riches, and ornaments, and our knuckles are so firmly set that it is difficult to hold on forever. God comes along with some threshing trouble and beats us loose. We started under the delusion that this was a great world. Trouble came in after-life, and this trouble sliced off one part of the world, and that trouble sliced off another part of the world, and it has got to be a smaller world, and, in some of your estimations, a very insignificant world; and it is depressing all the things that you could hold on forever. God comes along with some threshing trouble and beats us loose. We started under the delusion that this was a great world. Trouble came in after-life, and this trouble sliced off one part of the world, and that trouble sliced off another part of the world, and it has got to be a smaller world, and, in some of your estimations, a very insignificant world; and it is depressing all the things that you could hold on forever.

"Well," you say, "if I could choose my troubles I would be willing to be troubled." Ah, my brother, then it would not be trouble. You would choose something that would not hurt, and unless it hurts it does not get sanctified. Everybody has some vexation or annoyance or trial, and he who thinks it is the one least adapted. "Anything but this," all say. "Anything but this."

Oh, my hearer, are you not ashamed to be complaining all this time against God? Who manages the affairs of this world, anyhow? Is it an infinite Moloch? or a Sitting Bull savage? or an omnipotent Nana Sahib? No; it is the most merciful and glorious and wise Being in all the universe. You cannot touch omnipotence anything. You have fretted and worried and worried enough. Do you not think so? Some of you are making yourselves ridiculous in the sight of the angels. God is always right and in nine cases out of ten you are wrong. He sends just the hardships, just the banishments, just the crosses that is best for you to have. He knows what kind of grain you are, and he sends the right kind of threshing instrument. It will be a rod, a staff, or a flail, or a wheel, according as you are fitches, or cummin, or corn.

We thought that friendship was a great thing. In school we used to write compositions about friendship; and perhaps we made our graduating speech on commencement day on friendship. Oh, it was a charmed thing; but does it mean as much to you as it used to? You have gone on in life, and one friend has betrayed you, and another friend has misinterpreted you, and another friend has neglected you, and friendship comes now sometimes to mean to you merely another ax to grind!

So with money. We thought if a man had a competency he was safe for all the future; but we have learned that a mortgage may be defeated by an unknown previous incumbrance; that signing your name on the back of a note may be your business death warrant; that a competency may change the current of trade; that a man may be rich to-day and poor to-morrow. And God, with all these misfortunes, is trying to loosen our grip; but still we hold on. God smites us with a staff; but we hold on. And he strikes us with a rod; but we hold on. And he sends over us the iron wheel of misfortune; but we hold on.

Oh, let go! Let go! The best fortunes are in Heaven. There are no abounding cashiers down at the bank, no falling prices in the market, no affections on things above, not things on the earth. Let go! Depend upon it that God will keep upon you the staff or the rod or the iron wheel until you do let go.

Another thing my text teaches us is that Christian sorrow is going to have a sure triumph. My text says: "Bread corn is bruised, because he will not ever be threshing it." Blessed be God for that! Your work will soon be done. O wheel! Your work will soon be done. "He will not be ever threshing it." Now the Christian has almost as much use in the organ for the stop tremulant as he has for the trumpet. But after awhile he will put the last digit into the portfolio forever. So much of us is wheat that will be separated from so much as chaff, and there will be no need of pounding.

The wheat is in Heaven, because they have nothing to cry about. There are no tears of bereavement, for you shall have your friends all round about you. There are no tears of poverty, because each one sits at the King's table and has his own chariot of salvation and free access to the wardrobe where princes get their array. No tears of sickness, for there are no pneumonias in the air and no malarial exhalations from the rolling river of life, and no crutch for the lame limb, and no splint for the broken arm, but the pulses throbbing with the health of the eternal God in a climate like our June before the blossoms fall or our gorgeous October before the leaves scatter.

In that land the souls will talk over the different modes of threshing. Daniel will describe the lions, and Jonah leviathan, and Paul the elmwood wings with which he was scooped, and Eve will tell how romantic Eden was the day she left it, and John Rogers will tell of the smart of the flame, and Elijah of the fiery team that wheeled him up the sky-steps, and Christ of the numbness and paroxysm and hemorrhages of the awful crucifixion. There they are before the throne of God. On one elevation all those who were struck of the staff. On a higher elevation all those who were struck of the rod. On a highest elevation and among the highest altitudes of Heaven, all those who were under the wheel. He will not ever be threshing it.

Oh, my hearer, is there not enough saved in this text to make a plaster large enough to heal all your wounds? When a child is hurt, the mother is very apt to say to it: "Now, it will soon feel better." And that is what God says when He undoes all the trouble in the hush of this great promise: "Weep many a night, but joy cometh in the morning." You will say: "Is it possible I am here? Is this Heaven? Am I so pure now I will never do anything wrong? Am I so well that I will never again be sick? Are these companionships so

firm that they will never again be broken? Is that Mary? Is that John? Is that my loved one I put away into darkness? Can it be that these are the faces of those who lay so wan and emaciated in the back room and who a few nights ago were so bright and radiant? Look at them! How radiant they are!

"Why, how unlike this place is from what I thought when I left the world below. Ministers drew pictures of this land, but how tame compared with the reality! They told me on earth that death was sunset. No, no! It is sunrise! Glorious sunrise! I see the light now purpling the hills, and the clouds aflame with the coming day."

Then the gates of Heaven will be opened, and the entranced soul, with the antenae and the power of the celestial vision, will look ten thousands of miles down upon the bannered procession of a shimmering splendor—and will cry out: "Who are they?" And the angel of God, standing close by, will say: "Don't you know who they are?" "No," says the entranced soul. "I cannot guess who they are." The angel will say: "I will tell you, then, who they are. These are they who come out of great tribulation, or threshing, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Oh, that I could administer some of these drops of celestial anodyne to those nervous and excited souls. If you would take enough of it it would cure all your pains. The thought that you are going to get through with this after a while, all this sorrow and all this trouble. We shall have a great many grand days in Heaven, but I will tell you which will be the grandest day of all the million ages of Heaven. You say: "Are you sure you can tell me?" Yes, I am. It will be the day we get there. Some say Heaven is growing more glorious. I suppose it is; but I do not care much about that. Heaven now is good enough for me.

History has no more gratulatory scene than the breaking in of the English army upon Lucknow, India. A few weeks before a massacre had occurred at Cawnpore and 200 women and children had been put in a room. Then five professional butchers went in and slew them. Then the bodies of the slain were taken out and thrown into a well. As the English army came into Cawnpore they went into the room, and, oh, what a horrid scene. Sword strokes on the wall near the floor, showing that the poor things had craved when they died; and they also saw that the floor was ankle deep in blood. The soldiers walked on their heels across it, lest their shoes be submerged of the carnage. And on that floor of blood there were flowing locks of hair and fragments of dresses.

Oh, that I knew they had heard of the massacre and the women were waiting for the same awful death; waiting amid anguish and death; waiting in pain and starvation, but waiting heroically—when, one day, Havelock and Outram and Norman and Sir David Baird and Peel, the heroes of the English army, broke in on that horrid scene; and while yet the guns were sounding and while cheers were issuing from the staring, dying people on the one side and from the travel-worn and powder-blacked soldiers on the other—right there, in front of the king's palace, there was some of handshaking and embracing and boisterous joy as would utterly confound the pen of the poet and the pencil of the painter. And no wonder, when these emancipated women, who had suffered so heroically for Christ's sake, marched out from their incarceration, and their hands were raised in prayer and their faces in the presence of the throne. On that night there will be bonfires on every hill of Heaven, and there will be illumination in every palace, and there will be a candle in every window—ah! no, I forget, I forget; they will have no need of the candle or of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever. Hail! hail! sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty.

A Peculiarity of Greek Art. Archaeologists have observed that in Greek statues the male eye is strongly arched, while the female eye has a rather flattened surface; and referring to accounts by the older anatomists who have affirmed such a difference to exist they found in this a fresh proof of the exact observation of nature by the ancient Greeks. The rule is not without exceptions, for the cornucopia in the Zeus of Oriculi has quite a flat form. Herr Greif recently set himself to inquire whether such a sexual difference actually exists, and from individual measurements of the radius of the cornea in the horizontal meridian he got an average of 7.53 mm. for men and 7.82 mm. for women. (Donner gives 7.558 and 7.799, so the difference is so small as to be imperceptible to the naked eye. Measurement of other dimensions gave but minute differences also. The author concludes that the Greeks (from artistic motives) did not in this case follow nature.—N. Y. Advertiser.)

It Was No Use. "Didn't I tell you I wanted to get off at Third Street?" shouted a woman on a Michigan avenue car as she jumped up and looked daggers at the conductor.

"I—I thought you said Fourth," he stammered.

"You had no business to think anything of the sort!"

"But I—"

"You attend to your business, John Smith, or I'll report you!" She got off the car and went her way; and one of the passengers soothingly said:

"I am sure she said Fourth."

"So am I," replied the conductor.

"Then why didn't you insist?"

"No use. She's my wife, and I've lived with her long enough to know that she never takes anything back!"—Detroit Free Press.

—Modern Housekeeping.—Maud Von Blumer—"Mamma, there's Mrs. Binger's carriage at the door, and she's evidently wants to leave something without getting out. Shall I send the servant out to her?" Mrs. Von Blumer—"No, my dear. Let her walk up the front steps. They haven't been swept to-day."—Truth.

IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

How Mrs. Coston Succeeded in Having Her Signals Adopted by the Navy.

One of Washington's remarkable women is Mrs. Martin J. Coston, now advanced in years, but brilliant in mind as ever, and able to look back upon a life full of achievements. Mrs. Coston is the woman who, almost single-handed, brought the Coston signals to their present perfection. Left a widow at the age of 21, with three children and no resources, she set out bravely to develop an idea which she found indicated among her husband's papers. This idea was to furnish colored signals at night for ships in the same way as colored flags were used by day. The trouble was to find the chemicals which would produce the necessary colors, red, white and green, in sufficient quantity. Mrs. Coston worked at this problem for many months and after a series of failures finally succeeded, and the Coston signals were adopted by the American navy and used during our late war. What they did during that war is known to every naval officer, although scant justice has been rendered to the plucky woman who furnished them. Admiral Porter took Fort Fisher by the aid of the Coston signals, starting the battle at night and ending it by day. His success broke the back of the war. It was the Coston signals which saved twenty-seven lives of men on board the famous Monitor lost off Cape Hatteras.

It is a pleasure to hear Mrs. Coston tell of her adventures in foreign lands, for she has traveled all over the world and seen the great people of many nations. Half the countries of Europe she has adopted the Coston signals, and whenever she arrives in one of these capitals, Mrs. Coston is treated and received as a benefactor to humanity. Mrs. Coston was in Paris when the French armies set out for the disastrous Franco-Prussian war, and she was shocked by the wild and disorderly appearance of the national guards as they swarmed down the boulevards behind the emperor, screaming the "Marseillaise." She was in Berlin also, and she saw the start of the war. The contrast between the prayerful earnestness of the one populace and the riotous excitement of the other seemed to her full of significance for the future.

Mrs. Coston, in her travels through Europe, was received by the pope, by Queen Victoria, by the French Emperor and the Empress Eugenie, by the king and queen of Sweden, and by a host of lesser celebrities. The anecdotes and amusing things she remembers about those august personages would fill a volume, and she has a truly American way of hitting off their little weaknesses and peculiarities.

WOMEN IN THE CENSUS OFFICE.

Superintendent Porter Pays a High Tribute to Their Efficiency.

Mr. Robert P. Porter, who has charge of the compiling of all the statistics in the country relative to the employment of women and has under his direct supervision no less than 1,800 women employees, says that women are especially well adapted to such work as they are called upon to perform in the census office, as evidenced by their rapid and almost complete mastery of the places. It was Gen. Walker who gave the sex the first trial in computing and tallying in 1820, and found them so capable that when the force was largest 700 women were employed. Now the number has increased to nearly 2,000. The examinations for computers, copyists, and clerks was opened to men and women alike, and the women were obliged to accept subordinate places was due to their inability to pass the examination in simple arithmetic. It is a pertinent fact that the very girls who failed in simple addition, fractions and percentages knew much of art and music, spoke foreign languages, and were probably considered creditable graduates of the institutions in which they were educated. This was especially noticeable in the girls who were in the normal and convent schools, and in the girls from the south. All of this emphasizes the fact that much of the primary and academic education of girls especially is lacking in practical features which will prepare students for the struggle of maintenance. Much of the work in this department is facilitated by the application of electricity to counting and mechanical devices for tabulating the census returns. Mr. Porter has found that the women show more aptitude and dexterity than the men, while in computations he found them more accurate than their male rivals. They are more exact in touch, more expeditious in handling the schedules, more at home in adjusting the delicate mechanism of the apparatus. As private and confidential secretaries in public offices, Mr. Porter believes that competent and trained women are far superior to men. They are, as a rule, conscientious, they rarely or never betray a confidence, and are not likely to give out office secrets to convivial friends over a glass of wine and a cigar.—N. Y. Sun.

MIXED CLUBS.

A Growing Opinion That They Will be Popular Here Long.

A growing opinion is that the coming club will be the mixed one, where men and women will study together the questions that present themselves and work out together the problems of the day. And this, it is asserted, will not be a consolidation of the distinctively women's and men's clubs as they now exist, but a merging of the best elements of each into fresh organizations.

Following this mixed-club sentiment, it is not surprising to find Mr. Stead in a London journal advocating "co-operative homes for the unmarried." By this he means that the co-operative homes for spinsters and those for bachelors should combine their household arrangements into a sort of idealized boarding house, where Mrs. Grundy would be appeased with "an experienced lady housekeeper" and where the women could have a scientific acquaintance. The limitations of the women's club are thus indicated, and admits that this matter of selection is the weak point in its scheme. The notion, in any form, grows out

THE FINANCIAL TROUBLE.

How the Change of Administration Has Affected Business.

When President Cleveland came in, business was large in volume and highly prosperous. The outgo of gold, which had begun the very month he was elected, both indicated and created some serious apprehension, but the business men were disposed to extend to him generous confidence and support. Banks loaned several millions of gold to the treasury for legal tenders, and net exports of gold fell off to \$1,500,000 in March. Everybody knows that there has been a great change. Gold exports rose to \$18,000,000 in April, and last week alone were \$20,000,000. Business is no longer as large or as satisfactory. Failures have multiplied and assumed serious importance. A great many strikes have stopped, and many others are preparing to close. Wheat and corn have dropped about 3 cents each, and cotton nearly a cent, in spite of official indications of a short crop. Railroad stocks have fallen an average of \$10 per share and trust stocks \$25.50 per share in two months.

FOR FRIENDLESS FEMINITY.

What a St. Louis Woman Has Done for Less Fortunate Sisters.

In the suburbs of St. Louis a literary woman, interested in the elevation and welfare of women, has devised a plan for delicate and practical help for women less fortunate than herself, that reaches the class of sufferers quite without the pale of public charity and more deserving than those who generally enjoy the beneficence of the charitable. Self-supporting, self-respecting women are the only ones for whom no sympathy is manifested, no homes or retreat or asylums are provided when illness or misfortune makes a little temporary help most necessary. The educated working woman is the proudest and most dignified lady in the land. She never parades her misfortunes. She is the most difficult woman in the world to reach with help. But Mrs. Holmes, of St. Louis, makes her pretty home a veritable haven of refuge to women weak and weary from overwork, close confinement or illness. Once an inmate of her home they are not made to feel their dependence in the slightest degree, but are treated as members of the family, supplied with entertaining books, and strengthened and refreshed in the atmosphere of refinement and unselfishness until both heart and body are strong again for the battle of life. It is just this sort of rest that many women of superior minds in the working-class world need at times, and which few women, who give thousands of dollars for the rescue of the depraved and the succor of the destitute and life ever think of giving.

JAPANESE POETESS.

Mrs. Mae St. John Bramhall, the Author of Japanese Studies.

Among the poetry processes recently at Chicago for the world's congress of women is Mrs. Mae St. John Bramhall, of El Paso, Tex. Mrs. Bramhall was born in New York state, but having traveled around the world so much, she has become cosmopolitan in her habits and tastes. She has written several books, the most successful of which are "Japanese Jingles" now in its second edition, and "Around the World at Leisure Letters." Like everyone else who has visited Japan, Mrs. Bramhall fell in love with that eastern country. The prettiest of her "Jingles" is the one which tells of her regret on leaving Japan. Like Sir Edwin Arnold, her muse always selects a Japanese theme and her ideas give evidence of life in a bungalow and spins in a jinnieshaw.

Before going home the natives of the Japanese village, with whom Mrs. Bramhall can converse freely in their native tongue, propose taking her around the fair grounds in her favorite little Japanese carriage and treating her to a spread of tea and rolls and rice, afterwards, to show how honored a guest she is among them. The Japanese appreciate highly the honor of having an American poetess who writes to them and for them. And in the matter of entertaining her, they are not going to be a whit behind the Americans.—Augusta Prossert.

An Astronomer.

Miss Nina Fleming, of the Harvard college observatory, is rapidly assuming the rank as an astronomer that was held by the late Miss Maria Mitchell at Vassar. Miss Fleming is a Scotch woman. Before leaving for Boston she taught for years in the public schools of Dundee. Under her supervision a corps of trained women assistants has been established in connection with the university. She has been engaged for years in scientific investigations, examining photographs, computations and reductions of the astronomical work in the observatory, and by a careful study of these she has discovered twenty-one new variable stars.—N. Y. Tribune.

SHORT NOTES FOR WOMEN.

In the United States there are over 300 women undertakers. Many of the working women of New York city, especially those employed by "sweaters," receive less than two dollars a week as wages.

At the next general election in Colorado, November, 1894, the people of the state will vote on the question of amending the constitution so as to give the ballot to women.

Edison prefers women machinists for the delicate details of electrical machines. He says they have more fine sense about machinery in one minute than most men in their whole existence.

Two women doctors in Buffalo, Dr. Lillian Randall and Dr. Mary Greene, have founded a hospital for the medical and surgical treatment of women, that they may take a more prominent part in operations than women physicians are allowed to take in hospitals.

Among the workers at the Harvard college observatory who have shown special scientific ability is Miss Mary, she is a granddaughter of Lieut. Maury, whose meteorological and other scientific work has been of immense value to seamen on the Atlantic, and a niece of Dr. Henry Draper.

At the annual meeting of Trinity parish (Protestant Episcopal), Seymour, Ct., the applications of several women to become members of the parish were favorably received. A local paper says: "This church is the first of its denomination in the state to allow women to vote on parish matters."

ISSUES OF THE DAY.

Salient Points of Gov. McKinley's Speech at Columbus.

In accepting the nomination for governor, tendered him unanimously and enthusiastically by the Ohio republican state convention, Gov. McKinley made a carefully prepared speech, which cannot fail to command general attention. There has been a good deal of loose talk about what issues would be joined. "One day," as the governor well put it, "we learn that the enemy want to give battle on state affairs; then upon national issues." He then adds: "We invite them before the bar of public judgment upon both, and shall permit them to run away from neither."

In accordance with this policy he divides his speech about equally between state affairs and national issues. In a detailed and specific way he gives account of the stewardship of himself and his associate state officers, as compared, so far as comparison was practicable, with the record of the immediately preceding administration. The record is one which cannot fail to be satisfactory to all fair-minded people in the state, and to add materially to his strength.

Two years ago the governor's executive ability had not been put to the practical test, but now he has fairly demonstrated that he is equally at home in framing and executing laws. There is no appeal to prejudice, no stunts, but a straightforward statement of exact facts. The governor began the discussion of national issues by calling attention to a fact which has not been made as prominent as it should have been. During the first year of his term President Cleveland made a new departure in regard to the tariff, which had no immediate effect, but was, after eight years, the seed then sown has begun to yield a harvest. Up to 1885 the gold in the treasury had all been carried on the monthly debt statement, as are other cash balances, but without any authority of law or practical occasion for it Mr. Cleveland fixed the sum of one hundred million dollars gold in the amount on hand, below which the government would not go in safety and in honor. He put up the danger signal, expressed it, created in the minds of the people "the feeling that this was the danger line, and that to cross it meant financial dishonor and the violation of pledged faith. There was no excuse for putting up any such danger signal, but he did it, and then was the first to let the reserve fall below that figure. All through the Harrison administration the reserve was in excess of that amount.

Mr. Cleveland's course had justified the alarm. He put up the danger signal and the country took note of it, and was naturally mistrustful and disturbed. This indictment is a true bill, and from it there is no escape. It is well known that Mr. Cleveland is afraid of his own party, but as the governor remarks, he can rely upon the cooperation of the republicans in congress in every good work for the restoration of confidence and the return of good times. The closing observation commends itself to every one, regardless of party. "This," he says, "is the time for all good citizens to help in spirit faith in the future and dispel fear and apprehension now so prevalent in business and financial circles."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

OPINION OF THE PRESS.

The democratic party might possibly have the courage of its convictions if it had any settled convictions.—Kansas City Journal.

If the democratic party will take its claims hand off the country will be as prosperous as it was before that fatal hand was laid on it.—Wheeler Intelligence.

Gov. McKinley is the kind of a man who goes right on growing, notwithstanding the adverse influence of a democratic administration.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Carlises, father and son, do not pay much attention to the civil service rules in weeding republicans out of the treasury. On an Ohio republican, who was named a few days ago, the only excuse given was that his place was wanted for a democrat.—Cleveland Leader.

The renomination of McKinley for governor of Ohio will serve to remind the people that a great deal of frantic talking was done last year about a certain law which bears his name by name who now seem to have forgotten that such a measure was ever passed.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

While the several kinds of democrats are trying to make up their minds as to whether they want an income tax or the income without the tax, it seems not to have occurred to them that they might find an agreeable compromise in the further development of reciprocity and protection. This means of building up the result of republican thought, but there is no patent on it. We commend it to the careful consideration of the slightly disorganized and demoralized democracy.—N. Y. Advertiser.

The McKinley law is the barrier that stands between American labor and the cheaper and competing labor of Europe, Asia, Africa and Canada. Twelve months of free trade would smash every labor organization in the land. Combination on the part of American wage-workers could not hold up wages against the flood of unrestricted competition from abroad. This is the condition which the wage-workers of the United States are likely to be called upon to face in the near future.—Albany Journal.

If the tariff is to be materially changed, and if it is true that the prices of many articles at present depend upon the tariff, what becomes of Mr. Cleveland's promise that no American industry is to be disturbed during the present administration? Furthermore, the danger from "breakers ahead" is intensified by the darkness and uncertainty in which future legislation is enveloped. That extra session of congress ought to be called before the hot weather, so that "protected industries" may know where they and we are at.—Once a Week.

Ohio will be, as it always has been, a battleground on which national issues will be fought as a preliminary to the greater conflict of 1896. Gov. McKinley's commanding personality, his sterling republicanism and his eminence in the party ranks especially qualify him for leadership in a contest which will have as its main feature a concerted attack upon the policies and course of the administration. Though its policies have scarcely been formulated, the administration is open to attack from several directions. The lines of attack have been laid down with great clearness in the very forceful speech of acceptance made by Gov. McKinley.—Detroit Tribune.

The treasury deficit. The debt statement of the treasury for June 1 gives the lie to one of the rebelem democratic assertions of last winter—that the treasury would show a deficit by the end of the fiscal year, which closes with June. It is now certain that all the appropriations made by congress for the fiscal year will be promptly and readily paid, and that there will be a surplus, not large, but ranging from ten to twenty millions. The republican tariff has proved that all obligations can be promptly met without resorting to borrowing or further taxation.

There was a net decrease in the debt of \$79,425 for the month. It shows that the aggregate of interest-bearing and non-interest-bearing debt on June 1 amounted to \$961,759,888, a decrease of \$656,876 for the month. The certificates and treasury notes issued by an equal amount of cash in the treasury amounted to \$594,531,017, an increase of \$1,485,694 for the month. The total cash in the treasury amounted to \$26,517,314, an increase of a little over \$2,000,000 for the month. The gold reserve amounted to \$95,048,640, a decrease of nearly \$2,000,000 for the month. In the last few days it has declined still further. Among the changes in the treasury holdings the principal ones are a decrease of \$5,754,747 in gold coins and bars, and an increase in silver, though not quite so large as the increase in gold—nearly \$600,000 less.—Tol-So Blade.

Secretary Hoke Smith, of Georgia, has been in office three months and has discovered one "fraud in the pension list," a deaf man in Indiana, "who is drawing twelve dollars per month." He forthwith annulled a law and its rulings, which he says "will cut off from fifteen to twenty million dollars" of "frauds," but honest veterans who are drawing small amounts under "the dependent pension bill of 1890." It is a brilliant achievement even for a Georgian.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Democracy can open up on McKinley as soon as it wishes to. He is doing business at the old stand, and never shuts and bars the front door in the face of his friends either before or after an election.—Chicago Inter Ocean.