

THE POST-INTELLIGENCER.

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CITY OFFICIAL PAPER.

SEATTLE, TUESDAY, DEC. 21.

A CONTRAST IN ELECTIONEERING.

A very vivacious and unusually impartial Englishman has just been publishing the result of his observations of an American election.

Our recent visitor admits that in our presidential campaign there was plenty of enthusiasm with much leaping to the feet and waving of infinite flags.

Chandler is still fascinated by the possibilities of a sensation. He makes believe that he is willing to go in to the churchyard alone, but when Secretary Gage offers him a lantern he runs away.

Referring to the great meeting at Madison Square Garden, when, as our friend the writer says, "Mr. Bryan read out his famous sermon," the Englishman says he was listened to uncomplainingly by 20,000 people.

The country has been warned that certain evils exist. A remedy was proffered and rejected, but it leaves upon the Republican party the responsibility of providing sure means to prevent a recurrence of the troubles.

AS CAESAR'S WIFE.

The opposition to Attorney General McKenna is attracting considerable attention in Eastern papers and even those which profess to know nothing of the facts appreciate its seriousness.

Presidents are not omniscient; and with all respect to them, they walk too often on the public highway which affords the companionship of lawyers.

peal is made to "that British love of order and fair play," which always responds, and the "heckler" who has subsided.

CHANDLER'S BAD FRIGHT.

Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, who has never made a study of anything but politics, is still in a doubtful state on the money question.

The majority of the people of this country have about returned to the convictions which they have maintained for many years. They are like a man who has been told that a ghost walks the churchyard every night.

IN CHINESE WATERS.

The situation in China becomes more interesting as the varieties of warships gather in its waters. The denial that there is any agreement between Germany and Russia is quite consistent with the conditions.

SNAPSHOTS BY THE WAY.

We shall know today whether the Colfax lynchings consider intentions and execution synonymous.

Senator Wellington's Flight.

There is what you might call a delicate situation over in Maryland, where the Republican senator from that state has had the editor of the chief Republican organ arrested for criminal libel and has sued him for \$100,000 damages.

A Canadian View of the Colonist.

Certainly we have no argument to make with a paper capable of such gross and baseless misrepresentation. Nor can we conceive of the unutterable depths of meanness to which the paper which could print such miserable misrepresentations has sunk.

Mr. Elliot's Appalling Error.

Boston is shocked and not quite without reason, because President Elliot, of Harvard, in a recent address, said: "Everybody ought to be a politician."

glements which sometimes compel nominations, political complications which a president may think he has to consider and may properly consider in regard to any other office than that of justice of the most learned and dignified court in the world.

It must have been a very interesting dinner that Prince Henry of Prussia took with his grandmother, Queen Victoria. He was passing on his way to take part in an act which has for one of its prime objects the humiliation of England.

There is no time for holidays just now. The lamp chimney factories are so busy that instead of laying their men off for two weeks, and so depriving them of wages at a critical time of the year, they can only get Christmas day.

STATE PRESS.

Whatcom Blade: The hills of Washington are laden with gold and silver—very dry but rich in mineral demonstration of that fact.

West Coast Populist: As the extermination of the fur seal herd means also the extinction of the fur seal expert herd, or the still more dreadful alternative of working for a living, they very consistently oppose it to a man.

Garfield Enterprise: Phenomenal as the Palouse soil is in its adaptation to wheat culture, incredible as the story must be to the outside world that wheat may be sown here, and actually is sown during every month in the year and produces a bountiful crop, yet we should not on that account forget that very few old countries escape the burn of artificial fertilization and that by a little prudence in advance we may postpone the evil day indefinitely.

Port Townsend Call: The lawless need not presume to take comfort from the astonishing results which have concluded the murder trial last evening and by the same token the citizens need not feel at all skittish about going home after darkness sets in.

Parish Visitor—Yes, and there are two new tracts for you, and a ball of yarn to darn your husband's socks.

The Visited One—Cos he's th' legless wonder in Skinner's sidewalk, mum—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Well, Tommie, what did you learn at kindergarten today?" asked the boy's father.

"How to make a caterpillar out of clay," said Tommie.

"I guess not," said Tommie. "I couldn't make it without breaking its back, so I rolled it up into a ball and played marbles with it, and won five glass agates from Bobby Jones."—Harper's Bazar.

Abner Appleby—What was the matter with that young city fellow who had been boarded at your house, that made him leave and never come back?

Jay Green—Aw, he didn't have sense enough to appreciate a convincing argument when it was given to him. He was a queer chap, and went around saying that life was only a dream, and when I couldn't argue him out of it with words, I beat took and kicked him down stairs, and then it was to wake him up—and blamed if he didn't get so mad about it that he packed right up and lit out for the city.—Harper's Bazar.

"What does your Auxiliary Society at the church do?" asked Mr. Hawkins of Mrs. Hawkins, when that good lady returned from the meeting.

"We take the garments made by the young girls in the St. John's Guild and make 'em fit to wear," replied Mrs. Hawkins.—Harper's Bazar.

A REST FOR THE WHEEL.

The biker's melancholy days

Have come around at last.

And now he jogs along the streets

Who off to the races? He'd like to "pump" in the year.

And slyly he complains

Her chaffing biases and rains.

Far out upon the country roads,

Where he was wont to spin,

The mud is waiting for a chance

To take a sufficing freeze will come.

It cannot end the woe,

For every wheel is so bedeviled up

That it'll be a fall of snow.

The wheel is in the attic stored;

Where mice can chew the tire;

Upon the biking suit the moths

Now feast to their desire.

The jaunty cap is on a peg,

Accumulating dust;

The stockings with deceptive pads

In secret place are thrust.

But while, with faces showing gloom,

The bikers make lament,

Another class of mortals find

A time of sweet content.

For now pedestrians can walk

About the streets at will,

And "accidents" do not dash along

To injure or to kill.

But melancholy days will go,

And biding days will come;

And then again on every side

A time of sweet content.

The biding youth and biding girl

Will sit for all their worth

And every power of the land

Will think he owns the earth.

—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

tended to say. The strictly accurate form of course would have been, "Not every body can play football," in the meeting Boston as he does, for a city where the inhabitants have ceased to write books and to do business, and therefore have on their hands much leisure for the consideration of trifles, it was really reprehensible in Dr. Eliot to fail to use the utterly correct form of expression.

Mr. Corbett's Poor Chance.

Washington Post. Would-be Senator Corbett, the white-bellied aspirant for Mitchell's vacant seat in the senate, contented himself yesterday with viewing his promised land from a sofa in the rear of the senate chamber. The rosaceous hue of hope has dawned for Mr. Corbett because one of two Republicans have intimated that he may be seated.

A New Version.

Albany Argus. 'Twas the night before Christmas and near its approach a creature was stirring, not a single cockroach. Mamma was mourning o'er poverty's ills; papa was thinking what to do with those bills. The children were dreaming of stockings well filled by some very good fairy with good will.

Prosperity's Forward Step.

Louisville Courier-Journal. The Missouri Pacific has granted its 30-60 employees a 10 per cent. increase in pay. The earnings of this system have been growing at an astonishing rate and President George Gould is willing to share the good fortune with the wage earners.

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