Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. - - - MISSOURI

WHAT HE WILL BE.

When we were boys of eight or ten
We spent much speech in saying
What we should do when we were men
And past the age of playing.
Tom Culver vowed he'd run a farm,
And little Billy Proctor
Said he would cut off Tommy's arm
When he became a doctor.

And Harry Stone would drive a dray;
Dick Brown would be a parson;
Hen Klunk, full armed, would go away
And emulate Kit Carson.
And one would toil and one would teach
And one would go a-cruising
On board some stately ship. Thus each
Made statement of his choosing.

I thought of this to-day when Paul
Came to me gladly, gayly,
To hear me read the news to all,
Just as I read it daily;
And when I reached Cervera's name
And hurried through the column
About his treatment, quickly came
A look profoundly solemn

Upon that boyish face; and then
He said: "When I am growed up
And just as big as other men,
I'm goin' to get blowed up.
I'm not a brakesman any more!
I heard all that you readed,
And I am goin' off to war
And get whipped just like he did.

"And be dressed up in pretty clothes,
That's bought me by the winners,
And have mince pie and jam, I s'pose,
And cake at all my dinners;
And visit ev'rywhere. Yes, sir!
When I get big and growed up
I'm going to be a prisoner
Whose battleship was blowed up!"
—Chicago Daily Record.

Miss Matilda's Substitute

By J. L. HARBOUR.

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THERE was not in the whole town of Kent a more motherly looking woman than Matilda Gwynne. She bore no resemblance whatever to the ordinary spinster. She was a large, jolly, warm-hearted woman of about fifty years. Never prim nor in the least "fussy" about her dress or anything else, she verified her oft-repeated statement that she always took things as they came.

Miss Matilda was one of the most useful persons in Kent. She was one of those capable women who can turn their hands to most anything, and as the spirit of hopefulness was strong within her, there was not a day of her life that she did not do someone a good turn, rejoicing that it was her privilege to do so. When the war with Spain became a settled and sorrowful fact Miss Matilda at once became filled with a desire to do something to help.

The spirit of patriotism ran high in her heart, and she was the first person in Kent to run up a flag and to begin the making of comfort bags and mosquito canopies. It was a labor of love and loyalty.

Then she went around with a subscription paper, collecting money for the Volunteer Aid association, and although Kent was but a small town, Miss Matilda never stopped until she had collected $500. Only she herself knew how much of that sum had come from her own slender purse.

And yet she was not satisfied.

"If I were a man," she said, "I'd enlist as quick as a flash, and I'd go as a nurse if I was not so old and so big and fat. I never could stand it down there in that hot climate, for heat always makes me dizzy. And, of course, they'd want experienced nurses. I've nursed most ev'ry disease I ever heard of, but I ain't fit for an army nurse for all that. I'd just love to be down there caring for our boys, but I ain't fit, and I'd only be in the way. But us stay-to-homes needn't be useless."

When the call for volunteers came, it filled Miss Matilda with disappointment and indignation because there were no volunteers from the town of Kent.

"I'm ashamed of the place," she said, openly. "To think that there isn't a man in this town with patriotism and loyalty enough to respond to his country's call for men to battle for the right. It's disgustin'."

"Mebbe you wouldn't want to go if you had a fam'ly depending on you for support," said old Mrs. Lane, to whom Miss Gwynne had thus unburdened herself.

"I would. For," said Miss Matilda stoutly, "I'd have my family trained so that they'd be plumb ashamed of me if I didn't go, and so that they'd be willing to make any sacrifice to have me go. I tell you, Kent wouldn't be without a single volunteer if I was a man."

But Kent made no response to even the second call for troops, and Miss Matilda's regret and indignation waxed warmer.

"Well, there's one thing," she said to herself, "if I can't go myself, mebbe I can send a substitute. I know what I'll do. I'll offer to support some man's fam'ly if he'll go, and put him to the test that way."

This idea took such full possession of her that she let the comfort bag on which she was sewing fall into her lap and began to run over in her mind men who might be willing to volunteer under these conditions, but the number of available men was very small. Indeed, Miss Matilda could not think of even one until she chanced to look out of her sitting room window and saw Sam Dawson spading up a strip in her vegetable garden.

"Why, there's Sam Dawson!" she exclaimed in the spirit of one who has made a joyful discovery; "he's a great, strong fellow, who ought to be a match for any Spaniard in even a hand-to-hand fight. I could support his wife and two children for two dollars a week better than he supports them, and I'd give more than that to tell that I had a substitute fightin' for my country.

"And it might be just the making of him to go to war. Then, again, he might get killed, but if he did he'd be dying for his country, and his fam'ly would have a pension, which would be more cash money to them ev'ry week than Sam brings in."

After a little further reflection Miss Matilda suddenly appeared in her little garden with a corner of her apron thrown over her head and her crisp calico skirts gathered up in her hand.

"How you getting along, Sam?" she asked.

"Well, it digs kind o' hard," said Sam, in his usual tone of whining complaint.

"I don't know why it should with so much rain as we've had to soften up the ground. Set down on that bench and rest a spell, while I talk to you."

Sam obeyed willingly enough, and Miss Matilda sat down beside him.

"Sam," she said abruptly, "why don't you volunteer?"

"Huh?"

"Why don't you show the people of Kent that at least one man in the town has a little patriotism, and go and fight for your country?"

Sam grinned. Then he said: "I got my fam'ly to s'port."

"Well, you don't half do it," said Miss Matilda, bluntly. "Your wife takes in washing and maybe she'd be willing to take in more if you went to war."

"No, she wouldn't. She hates to wash even her own things. I got to stay to home an' s'port my fam'ly."

"Would you go if you were sure that your family would be well provided for during your absence?"

"I might be absent forever if one o' them Spanishers got a good dig at me."

"Well, you would have died in the service of your country, and then there would be the pension for your wife and children."

"That wouldn't do me no good. But then," he added, after a moment's reflection, "mebbe I could manage to git disabled just enough to draw a good big pension my own self."

"Sam Dawson, I'm ashamed of you!"

"Why?"

"For not having any more real patriotism than that. If I were a man and went to war I wouldn't accept a pension if I got all my legs and arms shot off. I couldn't feel that I'd given them to my country if I took pay for them. But, truly, Sam, I do wish our town could have at least one volunteer in the war. If you'll come out like a man and go, Sam, I'll be responsible for the support of your fam'ly while you're gone."

The man looked up with real interest in his flabby, florid face.

"You're such a big strong fellow, Sam, and such a sure shot with a gun you ought to make a good soldier. I'd go if I could, but as I can't I'd like to send you as my substitute, and, as I say, I'll see to it that your wife and children are provided for while you are gone. You think the matter over, and let me know to-morrow."

The next issue of the Kent Clarion contained the following notice:

"We are pleased to announce that our fellow citizen, Mr. Samuel K. Dawson, has decided to respond to Uncle Sam's latest call for volunteers. This will give our town at least one soldier boy at the front. Hurrah for Sam!"

The notice gave Miss Matilda great pleasure. She made Sam the nicest comfort bag of all. Her enthusiasm ran high when she saw Sam on board the train, bound for the recruiting office in B——, 50 miles distant.

"SAM DAWSON, I'M ASHAMED OF YOU!"

"You must write and let me know what regiment you are put in and all about it. And if you should be in a battle you must write a full account of it for the Clarion. I hope that you'll distinguish yourself so that the whole town will turn out to meet you when you come home."

Two days later the following brief communication from her substitute came to Miss Matilda on a postal:

"Gott hear awl rite. Hav not been assined to anny Rigimint yit by the recrooting offis. Awl well. i may sale for Kuba befor i git time to rite agin. if so, will rite from there."

"Dear me!" said Miss Gwynne, on receipt of this information. "He will have to brush up on his spelling before he goes to sending letters to the Clarion. But I guess that there is many a good soldier who cannot spell."

Days and weeks passed without bringing any word from the substitute.

"But that is not to be wondered at, irregular as the mails are now between here and Cuba," Miss Gwynne said to Mrs. Dawson, who said that "Sam never was no hand to write letters, nohow."

Miss Gwynne gave Mrs. Dawson five dollars a week for her support and the support of her two children. As this was about three dollars a week more than Sam had ever brought in, Mrs. Dawson confided to her most intimate friends that she hoped that the war would be long.

Affluent as she now was, Mrs. Dawson added a long desired green plush album and lace curtains to her possessions, and her children blossomed out in blue and pink silk dresses, very flimsy as to texture and very lavish as to trimming. A white silk parasol and a pink zephyr shawl partly satisfied her own aesthetic longings, although she declared that if Sam got killed and she got a big pension, her neighbors would see her "rigged out fit to kill."

Weeks passed and Miss Gwynne received no tidings from her substitute. She scanned the war columns of the newspapers eagerly, and when the first list of killed and wounded was published, she almost feared to find Sam's name. When Hobson sunk the Merrimac in the entrance to Santiago harbor, Miss Matilda said:

"If Sam had only done that how small it would have made the stay-at-homes here in Kent feel, and what lasting honor it would have brought to the town! I do hope that he will do something to make even that unpatriotic and addle-pated wife proud of him. They say that actual conflict develops wonderful courage and bravery in men one wouldn't expect to be possessed of much of either quality. I hope Sam will come home a major general."

Sam had been gone three months and no news of his promotion from the ranks had reached Miss Gwynne. Indeed she had not heard from him at all. One day she went out to the suburbs of the town, where the Dawsons occupied a dilapidated old house of three rooms, in which disorder ran rampant. It was Mrs. Dawson's argument that "if a body cleaned things up they jess got dirty ag'in, so what was the good of cleanin'? It wa'n't no use at all."

Holding to this conviction Mrs. Dawson's domestic labors were by no means exhaustive, and the house was in an appalling state of disorder, loathsome to one of Miss Matilda's orderly instincts. Had she not felt that she was talking to a possible major general's wife she would have given Mrs. Dawson a piece of her mind regarding the condition of the house.

Holding this desire in check, she said:

"I s'pose you've heard nothing from Sam?"

"No'm, I ain't had a line. Geraldine, you keep away from that there bed!"

This last remark was sharply addressed to Mrs. Dawson's daughter of five years, who was lounging around a bed in a corner of the room.

Heedless of her mother's admonition Geraldine kept close to the bed, and suddenly dropping to her hands and knees on the floor she cried out, shrilly and gleefully:

"Peek-a-boo, daddy!"

"Here, stop that!" cried Mrs. Dawson, threateningly, darting forward and grasping the child by the arm. But Geraldine was rebellious, and she clung to the bedstead, crying out shrilly:

"I want to play peek-a-boo with daddy! Daddy! daddy! can't I play peek-a-boo with you, daddy?"

The child tried to crawl under the bed, but Mrs. Dawson grasped her retreating figure by the ankle and dragged her back, saying, angrily:

"What possesses you to act so?"

"I'll find out," said Miss Gwynne, with grim determination on her face and fire in her eye. Striding across the room she grasped the bedstead firmly by the footboard and rolled it away from the wall. There, close to the wall, lay Miss Matilda's substitute!

Sam sat up in a corner, abashed and frightened, with Miss Matilda's tall, gaunt form towering over him.

She stared at him in silence for a moment and then said, with withering scorn:

"A pretty major general, you are!"

Sam grinned foolishly.

"I would grin if I were you, Sam Dawson!" said Miss Matilda, with increasing scorn and indignation. "Now, you git up there and give an account of yourself or I'll have you arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses. I will, as sure as shootin'!"

Sam's account of himself is best told in Miss Gwynne's own words, as she gave full vent to her indignation when she reached home and unburdened herself to a friend, whom she found waiting to see her.

"The miserable creature never even tried to enlist," she said hotly. "I made him own up that he didn't! He fell in with some creatures as trifling and shif'less as himself there in B——, and if they didn't put off up the country on a hunting and fishing jaunt! Yes, they did! I should think from Sam's looks and what he owned up to that they lived like a lot of gypsies, and that just suited Sam!

"Then he traipsed off visitin' a lot of his worthless kin here and there. He's been for the past three weeks visitin' some cousins within five miles of here, and its my belief that he was getting ready to light out again when I caught him at home, hiding under the bed. He couldn't have got a much worse scorching in the war than I gave him and he'll never hear the last of it from me! I'm ashamed to think that I live in a town that hasn't patriotism enough in it to send even one volunteer to the war. But it'll be one while before I send another substitute!"

Digestibility of Cucumbers.

Those foolish people who have endeavored to rob the cucumber of its harmful qualities by letting the slices stand in salt and water and have succeeded in eliminating its flavor, the only thing that makes it appetizing, are hereby informed that their attempts to get rid of its colicy propensities have really intensified them by making it more indigestible. The salt and water, vinegar, etc., wilts the fiber and makes it tough. Cucumbers are digestible if eaten fresh, before the seeds have hardened.—Detroit Free Press.

A Martyr to Patriotism.

Mrs. O'Reilly—Faith, Mrs. Mulcahy, an' phwat's th' matther wid yure face?

Mrs. O'Brien—Saints aloive! Pat, me hushband, dhramed lasht noight Oi wus a Spanish shpoy. It's moighty near killin' me he come befoor Oi cud wake him up!—Up to Date.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

The Proposed Anglo-American Alliance and What It Would Signify.

A SUBJECT OF PRESENT IMPORTANCE.

Address Delivered by Charles A. Gardiner, A.M., Ph.D., Counsel for the Elevated Railroads of New York City, Before the American Social Science Association at Saratoga, N. Y.

Saratoga, N. Y., Aug. 31.—The following address on "The Proposed Anglo-American Alliance" was delivered before the American Social Science association, at its annual meeting in this city, by Charles A. Gardiner, AM., PH.D., of New York city.

The Address.

The nations of the ancient world were swept from existence one by one, by a sudden and terrible death. "In the background of centuries," says Hugo, "we see those immense vessels, Babylon, Nineveh, Tarsus, Thebes and Rome, sunk by the terrific blasts that blow from the mouths of darkness." Mediaeval and modern states have lived longer, yet for 2,000 years death has claimed its victims with ever-increasing fatality, and tribal and state entities are fewer to-day than ever before. Intense concentration is the rule of modern life. Steam and electricity have eliminated space and time, and the world is now one-tenth as large as in 1800. Private rights are aggregated into corporations and trusts; and strong nations, reflecting the spirit of the age, grow larger and stronger until the nation and the race become identical, while weak states grow weaker, and die, or are absorbed by the strong world powers.

In continental Europe and Asia, Russia is the only virile, invincible and increasing dominant power, and its domains are practically coincident with the Slavic race; in the western hemisphere the United States is supreme, and in the rest of the world Great Britain, two nations whose territories embrace the Anglo-Saxon race. These three nations, and two races, in the ultimate analysis of human power, rule the world. Thousands of miles from their seats of government, on the other side of the globe, they have met, face to face, for the first time in history. For 200 years Russia struggled to reach the open sea, and to-day her flag floats over Port Arthur. England has been in the orient for a century; and America now holds the Philippines.

Shall it be America for Americans, segregation for the rest of the world, a policy of isolation, and internal development without external expansion? Or shall we keep the Philippines, and enter the lists with England and Russia for the trade and empire of the world? If the latter course, shall we encourage alliances, or shun them; contract offensive and defensive treaties, or avoid them? The answers to these questions are one, and are not found in recent events, but in social, economic and political forces, that have been silently at work for centuries.

Russian aggression is consistent and inexorable. A policy once formed is never changed. Eight hundred years ago Russia knocked Constantinople, and failed; in the Crimean war she would have annihilated Turkey had not France and England intervened; now with a part of Armenia in her possession, and Germany and France at her side, she hopes to defy England and absorb the rest of the Ottoman empire. For a hundred years she has been acquiring portions of Persia, and her protectorate to-day is so autocratic over the balance that the shah is virtually a Russian vassal. China, north and east of Pekin, she claims as her sphere of influence, and she is now disputing with England the sovereignty of the great central region. When it is realized that Siberia borders the empire for 4,000 miles, that Tartars and Moguls inhabit both sides of an imaginary boundary, that China is helpless, and that England, single-handed, has confessed her impotence, the probabilities are strong that northern, eastern and a large part of central China may pass under the rule of St. Petersburg.

Such is Russia to-day, and she hopes to be in the future; a continuous, compact, unconquerable domain, with a teeming population of 500,000,000 people through whose veins will flow the invincible virility of Cossack, and Tartar and Slavic blood; an empire of warriors, Asiatic in spirit, born to fight, and whose only glory is in conquest; a nation that has Russianized every people it has conquered, until the nation and race are identical, and that race the one on the whole globe most inimical to every element of Anglo-American civilization; differing from us in language, literature, religion and government, and vigorously antagonistic to all our conceptions of human rights and human duties. This great power is opposed to an Anglo-American alliance, and to protect her interests has hastened to Washington her ablest and most subtle diplomat.

When the Chinese-Japanese war revealed China not only as a dying nation, but even then as almost dead, England sought to induce Russia to abandon military occupation of the empire, and failed. War was the alternative; but England deprecated war because, as Mr. Chamberlain said: "History shows us that unless we are allied to some great military power, as we were in the Crimean war, we can not seriously oppose Russia." And he admitted: "It is impossible to overrate the gravity of the issue. * * If the policy of isolation is to be maintained in the future, then the fate of the Chinese empire may be, hereafter, decided without reference to our wishes and in defiance of our interests."

Just as this peril seems to be culminating, the portentous figure of the American Republic, armed, alert, victorious, rises slowly up in the Philippines. Shall America keep the Islands? This question has become fundamental to the consideration of an alliance. Without the Philippines, the prejudices and environment of the past might control discussion; but with them, an alliance becomes the most important problem of our new world relations.

It has taken us nearly a century to push our domain across the continent and along 4,000 miles of the Pacific coast. By conquest, annexation and purchase, within a hundred years we have expanded our territory westward over 3,250,000 square miles. We are now engaged in pushing our coast line 2,000 miles farther out, to Hawaii. We own the Aleutian islands, almost at the gates of Japan. In Samoa we have naval and coaling rights. An island in the Ladrones will soon be ours. Why turn back from the Philippines?

It is objected that the islands are extra-territorial and non-contiguous; but Porto Rico is 1,000 miles from Florida; Hawaii is 2,000 miles from San Francisco; the nearest point of Alaska is 500, and its farthest point 1,600 miles from Seattle; and the Aleutian islands extend not only 2,400 miles from our borders, but into the geographical system of another continent. It is objected that military government may have to be maintained for years, contrary to the spirit of our institutions; but military government existed in the southern states from 1865 to 1870; and in Alaska from 1867 to 1884. It is objected that colonial or territorial government may exist indefinitely, while statehood is contemplated in the constitution; but Alaska has been a territory for 31 years and Arizona and New Mexico for 52. It was 59 years before Wisconsin, and 83 years before Montana, became states. It is objected that the inhabitants are alien races habituated to other institutions and forms of government; but Florida when acquired was peopled by Indians and Spaniards; Louisiana by Spaniards, French and negroes; alien races and institutions existed in New Mexico and Arizona; and Alaska had Indians on the Yukon and Russians in Sitka. It is objected that we will abrogate the Monroe doctrine; but that doctrine, freed from its academic cobwebs, is the non-intervention of European powers in matters relating to the American continent. That has nothing to do with American intervention in Asia, nor with legitimate expansion of our territory in the orient. If we are abrogating the doctrine, it must be because the orient is exclusively for orientals, and not for English and Russians and Germans and French and Hollanders, who are all there now, and fast appropriating the orient to themselves. Finally it is objected that we will be involved in entangling alliances, and depart from the precepts of the farewell address; but Spain provoked continuous trouble at our very doors for a hundred years, Mexico and Central and South America have had revolutions without number, Great Britain bounds our territory for thousands of miles; and yet for a century we have avoided entangling alliances, although both propinquity and provocation existed.

The nations of Europe are to-day concentrating their energies on the shores of the Pacific. England pushed through the Canadian railway to foster her Pacific trade. Russia is building her trans-Siberian road for the same purpose. Germany and France want ports and trading areas. Of all the nations struggling for the trade of the Pacific, ours is the only one naturally entitled to it. London and Paris and Berlin and St. Petersburg are on the other side of the globe, but we have a Pacific coast line of 4,000 miles. The Philippines mean our ultimate supremacy in the Pacific. They are the easternmost boundary of the markets of the east. On one side is China, on the other they look across to our shores. Stretching 1,000 miles from north to south, and 600 from east to west, they form a natural barrier between the east and the Pacific. Scattered over 600,000 square miles of the ocean's surface, the whole vast area would serve as an outpost from which to protect and develop the interests of America.

Facing the Pacific and Indian oceans is more than half the population of the globe. Excluding North America, the foreign commerce of these people already amounts to $2,500,000,000 a year. History shows that whatever nation controls this commerce, controls the trade of the world. The stake at issue is stupendous. Nothing less than an entire and undivided control of the Philippines would give us a base adequate to our needs. Manila bay, or even Luzon, for a naval and coaling station would be too perilous and costly a possession, with all the other islands partitioned and garrisoned by European powers. Let England's experience with India and China be a warning. India conquered and governed, has a mine of wealth. China, exploited through trading posts, is a burden and a constant peril. We want the Philippines, not Manila; just as England to-day needs central China, and not simply Hong Kong. We own the Philippines by right of conquest, no other nation does; we are in possession, no other nation is; we can maintain stable government, Spain can not, and the natives are incapable of self-rule. I can conceive no reason to give away, or sell, or lease, or abandon a single foot of territory. It would be to lessen in that proportion the greatest opportunity Providence ever placed before the nation. With the Philippines, Ladrones, Samoa, and Hawaii, our possessions will reach across the Pacific, and its commerce will be ours preeminently; our territory will bound it on two sides; our islands will dot its surface; and with the ocean and its trade in our possession, our political predominance will be assured among the nations of the world.

Such is the broad plane of international relations, upon which alone it is wise to discuss an Anglo-American alliance.

A formal, articulated alliance, in the European acceptance of the term, and as represented by its dreibunds and kaiserbunds, is an artificial bond, arbitrary in character, and essentially military in purpose. It implies constraint, disregards national conscience, eliminates national judgment, and discourages individuality of national action. If defensive only, England would defend us, and we would defend England, against the world, irrespective of past relations, friendships or future interests. If offensive and defensive, each would be a party to the quarrels of the other, without the exercise of discretion or judgment. Such an alliance would increase entanglements; international impartiality would be impossible; each nation would be fettered and hampered; discussions of compensations and advantages and equivalents would follow; and friction and irritation would finally degenerate into open hostility. It was against such alliances that Washington warned us, and his advice is sound today. We want none of them. We need no alliances offensive and defensive; nor permanent and comprehensive treaties.

More powerful than formally articulated alliances and more enduring than written treaties, is the bond of interest and sentiment that unites the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. Next to giving us the Philippines, the greatest blessing of our late war was to rediscover England and America to each other. The two peoples, now for the first time in a century, earnestly desire each other's friendship. Nor is this a sudden aspiration born of emergencies in the Spanish-American war, but the result, as we have seen, of economic, political and radical forces which have been silently at work for centuries. The great unwritten and natural laws, the laws higher than human institutions, are asserting their supremacy and are drawing the peoples together with an impulse that no human power can safely resist. That alliance is even now more than a theory; it is fast becoming an actuality; anr woe betide any man or party that disregards that fact and gets in front of an inexorable racial movement backed by 125,000,000 enlightened sovereigns.

America contains to-day 75,000 000 of the most ingenious, intelligent and active producers in the world. Production is far exceeding consumption. The result is that we must find additional markets or curtail our products. Hence our intense and increasing interest in the world's commerce, to which we gave scarcely a thought when the country was young. And wherever we go, in whatever direction we expand our trade, there we find Great Britain already established, maintaining open markets, forcing wide the doors of commerce, and developing trade interests identical with our own.

The area of England and her colonies is 16,662,073 square miles, more than four and a half times the size of the United States; and the population is 361,825,000. These possessions, too, are constantly increasing. In the past twelve years England has acquired 2,600,000 square miles, more than twenty times the combined area of the Philippines, Porto Rico and Hawaii; and all this territory is open to America on practically the same terms as to Great Britain. Even into remote British possessions and markets, we are pushing our commerce and discovering untold possibilities. The African Cape colony imports from British dominions, aggregated last year $38,670,362; and nearly three times larger than the imports from any other country where those from the United States, of $13,151,071. Our total exports to Africa in 1888 were only $3,000,000; but for the fiscal year 1898, they were over $17,000,000. And in China, where England single-handed is opposing Russia, we pass through the doors she forces open, and in her own sphere of influence, compete with her own merchants for their local trade. Our commerce amounts to one-seventh of all China's foreign trade. Last year it was three times as great as in 1895, four times as great as in 1890; 50 per cent. greater than that of Germany, and second only to that of England.

In fact in England's own territory, as well as in the ports held open by her diplomacy and arms, we are her chief rival. Our trade ranks second to her own, and often aggregates more than the combined continental imports. And that trade is rapidly increasing, even more rapidly than the phenomenal increase in our general export trade, which last year was twice that of 1888, four times as much as in 1869, and seven times that of 1865.

And what the startling and incredible aggregate result of this alliance of trade interests? In 1897 our entire exports aggregated $1,050,000,000, and our exports to the British dominions and spheres of influence were alone nearly 60 per cent. of that sum. During the same year our exports to Germany and all German colonies were 11.91 per cent., to France and all French colonies 5.74 per cent., and to Russia and her dominions .77 of one per cent., of our export trade. In other words, our British exports were 5 times as great as our German, 10 times as great as our French, and 75 times as great as our Russian; 240 per cent. greater than our exports to Germany, France and Russia combined; and 50 per cent. more than our exports to all the rest of the world.

These facts need no comment. These establish the conclusion, however, that if you necessarily curtail British territory or British influence, you necessarily curtail American commerce. Our trade in the orient is now $55,000,000 per year, and under normal conditions it will soon be $100,000,000. All along our Pacific coast this new trade impulse is felt. Our general increase of exports last year was 17.3 per cent.; but while our Atlantic ports increased 17.51, and our gulf ports 8.8 per cent., the increase of our Pacific ports was no less than 25.7 per cent.

All that trade is now seriously menaced by Russia and her allies in the east. In the present anxious position of affairs may we not greatly assist England? And incalculably benefit ourselves? What right have we to stand supinely by and let Great Britain fight our trade battles? Is it just? Is it becoming a great nation? What if unaided, Great Britain should fail? When the trade interests of the two nations are identical, as in China, and those interests are imperilled, are not temporary trade alliances both justifiable and necessary?

Last November Austria's minister of foreign affairs used this threatening language: "The peoples of Europe must fight shoulder to shoulder against the common danger, and must arm themselves for the struggle with all means at their disposal." This "common danger" and "struggle" refer to the American invasion of continental markets. If joint action should follow Austria's advice, would not a well-defined trade alliance between England and America, against Europe banded for the destruction of the commerce and industries of both, be justified on every ground of self-interest and self-preservation? And if the united diplomacy of Great Britain and America should not avail with Russia and Germany and France, to abolish prohibitive discrimination in Chinese ports, why should not a trade alliance establish discriminations against the commerce of those nations in British and American ports?

We have a valuable export trade with Germany and France; but so have they with us. Besides, every European nation except Russia, is largely dependent upon our food products. Statistics show that the slightest disturbance in our cereal exports precipitates bread riots in more than one European city. Europe is affected by any emergency that isolates her from our wheat fields; particularly helpless would she be if cut off from the territory dominated by Anglo-American influence. Even Russia is not independent, for she is often an importer of grain. England, Ireland and Scotland grow wheat enough to feed themselves for only 14 weeks. We furnish nearly all the balance. Usually the supply in the United Kingdom, at any one time, will not last two months, and often not one. So serious is England's situation, that the Yorburgh committee recently advised as a war measure the permanent storage of 32,000,000 bushels. Each nation in Europe is to-day more dependent on America than on any one single nation. Hence, if we make necessary trade alliances with England, to protect our European, Asiatic and African commerce, we can defy the rest of the world to do its worst; and it can do nothing.

Another utilitarian basis for the alliance is the maintenance of peace. The attitude of the American power is now best described, not as anti-American, nor even anti-British, but as broadly hostile to the Anglo-Saxon race. They all dread concerted Anglo-American action. And England knows and America knows that all the nations together could never stand against it. Europe will invite no open breach with two gigantic world powers conscious of their innate strength and elated by the recent victories of American arms backed by the moral support of England. But peace fosters trade, and trade demands peace. In short, the empire is peace, it means peace, it needs peace; and the same is true of the republic. The interests of the two peoples in and peace are common and supreme. A mere determination for peace will impress it effectually wherever the power of the race extends, and such a guarantee of peace will go a long way to make war impossible to settle the affairs of the two nations in conformity with the principles of natural justice.

An alliance between England and America to adjust their controversies by means of enlightened arbitration has already been introduced into practical politics. The time is opportune for its re-introduction. If the friendly sentiments at Westminster and Washington should be promptly utilized to enact a treaty of arbitration, such an alliance would be justified on every ground of common and reciprocal interests, would have the moral and political support of both nations, and would establish a most beneficent precedent for the international adjustment of the affairs of mankind.

If war should give way to arbitration, and under a peaceful primacy one race should dominate, can we doubt for an instant that, irrespective of common interests, common national sentiments would compel united action and make the Saxon supreme? It is not conceivable that England or America would contemplate with equanimity Slavic domination of the world; a Russian world-language instead of our own tongue; the despotism of the czar instead of personal liberty, cherished by our race even before Magna Charta.

The grandest thought of the century is this convergence of the Anglo-Saxon race. What more ennobling conception can engage the attention of any association of scholars and thinkers? As citizens and individuals our duties ally us with this beneficent movement. Let us promote a unity already begun; let us encourage the common interests and sentiments of the nations; let us, so far as in us lies, consummate in our day that alliance of kin predicted by the wise and good of three generations, as the "noblest, most beneficial, most powerful primacy ever presented to the heart and understanding of man."

The Anglo-Saxon race occupies all the lands, "fair to look upon," in Asia and Africa and America and the isles of the sea. It is 125,000,000 strong. It rules 310,000,000 more. Within all its borders, human intelligence has the freest exercise, public conscience is the most powerful, law is the most respected, crime meets the swiftest punishment, and the energies of the race are combined in evolving the highest good of mankind; and England and America, its two branches, isolated from the rest of the world, and that isolation increasing, but no longer isolated from each other, will hereafter in all divisions of the world's affairs be found together, fostering common interests, cherishing common sentiments, and pursuing common action, for their common good.

A Great Hotel Clerk.

A good American hotel clerk is expected to know everything. He must be able to read the inermost thoughts of every guest that comes to his house. He must be ready to answer every question that is asked, whether concerning trains, pedestrianism, politics, law, science, geography, astronomy, or theology. Houston, Tex., is said to have one of the brightest hotel clerks in the world. He is always affable, ready with every kind of information, and never has to be asked twice for anything. Two "drummers" were sitting in the lobby of this hotel a few weeks ago, and one of them was telling the other about the clerk's readiness. "I'll bet you the drinks," said he, "that if you open that newspaper you have in your hand, select the first phrase that meets your eye, and then walk over to the clerk and say it over to him, he will respond in some way without a moment's hesitation." The "drummer" opened the paper, by chance at a political article, and the first words he saw were: "The greatest good to the greatest number." He walked over to the clerk's desk, leaned his elbow upon it, and said seriously: "The greatest good to the greatest number." The clerk smiled pleasantly and touched a bell, and said to the bell boy: "Take a bottle of whisky up to room 200."—Implement Age.

A Sermon with a Point to It.

A clergyman in the west country had two curates, one a comparatively old man, the other very young. With the former he had not been able to work agreeably; and on being invited to another living, he accepted it, and took the young curate with him. Naturally there was a farewell sermon; and we can imagine the feelings of the curate who was to be left behind when he heard the text given out: "Abide ye here with the ass, and I and the lad will go yonder and worship." Sterne once declared in regard to the widely-respected maxim, De mortuis nil nisi bonum, that there was nothing right about it but its Latin. This view was evidently shared by a certain Edinburgh minister, who being asked to preach the funeral sermon of a miserly brother cleric, chose as his text the words: "And the beggar died."—Chamber's Journal.

The Masarwa Bushman.

Here is a solitary figure, that of a Masarwa bushman, engaged in digging up bulbs, small, round and smooth, and of sweet, nutty flavor, are exactly the same as those for which the guinea fowl are searching so eagerly. They may be called the bushman's bread, and, when game is scarce or hunting luck is out, they serve as a mainstay against utter starvation. The bushman collects his bulbs in the shell of a tortoise, and presently will return to the protecting bush, beneath which he and his family slept last night. After that he will perhaps visit a snare he set yesterday to entrap a duyker, one of the small antelopes of South Africa, or, failing the capture of the little buck, he may try to stalk a paauw with his bow and poisoned arrow, or follow the troop of guinea fowl on the off chance of securing a head.—London Spectator.

Compensation.

"Wasn't it awfully hard for you to give your daughter up, Mr. Smitherleigh?"

"Yes, it was hard to think of it, but she's going to live in the east and I have always wanted to spend a summer down there so much."—Chicago Evening News.

Vexed Questions.

"What were those two men fighting about?"

"Each claimed that his grandmother used to make the best pumpkin pies on earth."—Detroit Free Press.

THE RISE IN SILVER

Its Transactions Have Been Heavier Within the Past Few Months Than Any Time During Past Six Years.

The recent activity in the silver market has led to the publication of statistics which show that transactions in the white metal during the past four months have been heavier than at any time during the past six years. London is the chief, and, in fact, the only important silver market in the world. America furnishes a large share of the metal, but the transactions are made in the British capital.

According to the recent report of the British board of trade, silver shipments from London to China, Japan and the British East Indies for the month of April, 1898, aggregated $3,531,690, as compared with $3,363,835 for the corresponding period of 1897. The shipments for the four months ending April 30, 1898, were $15,262,345, as compared with $10,899,680 for the same period of the previous year.

The report continues: "The increase in shipments to China this year has been very large, although the quantity does not quite come up to that of some former years. The revival of the movement, however, has been notable, especially in view of the falling off in some branches of the Chinese trade. China has been a heavy borrower in Europe recently, but the loans have all been taken in gold, and have gone to pay the indemnity due Japan. The last named country no longer takes silver from Europe.

"The Indian shipments showed a slight decrease in April, but for the four months they were heavily in excess of last year. Should the tentative proposals of the India council to call in a large part of the rupees in circulation, melt them down and sell the silver, be adopted, the government will have so large an amount of silver to sell that no imports are likely to be made for a year or two. No one expects that those proposals will be adopted without great changes, however, and the shipments to India continue."

Large orders from Spain are also anticipated in the immediate future, it having been practically decided that the government gold reserve shall be turned into silver in order to avoid the suspension of specie payment on the part of the Bank of Spain, which is practically the Spanish treasury. These and other favorable influences have resulted in an advance of nearly five cents in the price of silver during the past 60 days, with prospects of a still greater rise.—Denver Times-Sun.

FUTURE DEMAND FOR SILVER.

Outside of England and Germany Silver Has Taken a Decided Rise in Popular Favor.

Under the new currency system agreed upon by the joint government of Austria-Hungary, there will be immediately coined in those countries something like 76,000,000 florins in silver—an amount equivalent to about $37,000,000. This will make the total silver currency of the empire about 212,000,000 florins, or something over $100,000,000—an increased usage of silver amounting to considerably more than one-half. The silver currency of the country will then be about one-fourth of the whole. The country will then resume specie payment and remain permanently upon that basis—a course involving a constantly increasing use of silver.

The government of Japan is also proposing to readjust its financial system upon a more satisfactory basis, and to raise funds to the amount of $225,000,000 for internal improvement purposes. The gold standard experiments recently undertaken in that country have not proven altogether satisfactory, either to the government or to the people, and the probabilities are that a large proportion of the new fund will be in silver. The government is exceedingly anxious to raise this money without resort to foreign loans, and if this plan shall succeed it will surely result in a very large new silver coinage. China is likewise negotiating for large silver purchases to be used in governmental undertakings and in discharging her large war indemnity. Spain's financial affairs can only be readjusted after the war upon a basis which will involve a very large rise of silver for domestic circulation, and it is universally admitted that India is slowly but surely drifting to a point where the resumption of silver coinage will be inevitable.

In fact, outside of England and Germany, there is a distinct movement throughout Europe toward a more favorable consideration of silver's claims as a standard money metal, and this must inevitably lead to a largely increased future demand for the white metal and a consequent rise in its bullion value. This movement likewise confirms the belief of bimetallists that this country would find powerful European support in an attempt to establish independent bimetallism, and that it would find itself easily equal to the task should it be undertaken.—Denver Times-Sun.

Wheat vs. Silver.

The Liverpool Corn Trade News cables the final official Indian reports at 244,000,000 bushels, against 184,000,000 bushels last year; 228,000,000 bushels average for five years and 238,000,000 bushels average for ten years. This means that India has this year 60,000,000 bushels more wheat than she had last year, and 6,000,000 more than her average for ten years past. This is a very important condition for the American farmer to reckon with. Since the collapse of the "Leiter deal" September wheat has fallen to 68 cents at New York, and the gap between silver and wheat has been nearly closed. It is not only possible, but quite likely that ere long wheat will be actually below silver, and if the Indian mint should reopen the metal and the grain will once more become "running mates."—National Bimetallist.

Its Fate Coming.

The foreign money power, whose influence upon financial legislation in this country during the past 30 years has been such a blight to industrial and financial development, will become as impotent as the Spanish navy when American voters discharge their functions with intelligence, independence and patriotism such as characterize our intrepid navy.