Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON : : MISSOURI

A SEASIDE MEMORY.

It seems so strange. Once more beside
The sheltered cove within the bay
I sit. Out on the ebbing tide
The fishing boats sail far away.
Three cloudy bars, like ships aflame,
Float slowly down the saffron west;
The kine come home, each called by name.
And o'er the land steals twilight's rest.

Behind me lies the dewy dale;
I hear the rippling streamlet flow,
Singing again the witching tale
I heard one eve—long, long ago.
I catch the murmur of her name
Amidst the measures of its tune;
But, ah! the rapture's not the same
As 'twas beneath that quiet moon.

Throughout that soft, calm twilight's fall
We sat in bliss, hand clasped in hand;
We heard the last lone curlew call
Then silence crept o'er all the land.
We watched the beacon's quivering gleams
Shoot swift across the darkening sea;
And midst their glory wove our dreams
In love's enthralling ecstasy.

We sat till the first stars shed down
On sea and shore their kindly light,
And silently the spectral town
Lay in the dreamy lap of night.
And, oh! we saw such visions fair,
Through loyal Love's far-seeing eyes;
Whilst Fancy filled the kindly air
With music born in Paradise.

'Tis past! 'tis past for evermore!
I hear the bells upon the hill;
But I'm alone upon the shore,
Whilst she is sleeping calm and still,
Her dear hands folded on her breast,
Beneath the roses, far away;
And there my longing heart would rest,
To wait, with her, the brighter day.
—Alexander Lamont, in Chambers' Journal.

DURING HER MAJESTY'S PLEASURE.

By S. A. Smith.

"AH, my friend," said Detective-Inspector Westwood, "it is all very well for people who know absolutely nothing about the matter to complain of the alleged inefficiency of the police force, to call its members a set of bunglers, and all that sort of thing; but if they only took the trouble to find out all the particulars of our unsuccessful cases, they would soon realize why the police are sometimes completely at a loss.

"It would not be reasonable to expect a man to stand on nothing, in space—now, would it? Yet often we of the force have no more ground to work on than the man in space has to stand upon, so it cannot be surprising if we then effect nothing. I admit there are a great number of crimes whose perpetrators are never brought to justice; but, as they furnish no clew whatever, we are, of course, baffled—unless some lucky accident should reveal their identity."

"Has any such 'lucky accident' occurred to you in any of your investigations?" I asked.

"I should rather think so," the inspector replied. "Why, it is to one of them that I owe my promotion. Surely you have heard of the incident?"

"Not to my knowledge," I answered, "so you had better enlighten my ignorance."

"Well, two or three years ago there was a series of petty robberies in the mansions round Richmond, Kingston-on-Thames, and Henley way. It was in the summer time, when people were staying at their country houses. These robberies were very mysterious, and the remarkable thing about them was that they were always committed in broad daylight. The things mostly stolen were valuable diamond rings, brooches, and trinkets of that sort, which are allowed by ladies to lie on the dressing-tables of their bedrooms; though on one or two occasions costly bracelets set with gems, and diamond necklaces worth fabulous sums, were abstracted by the thief. Bulky valuables, such as watches and family plate, were invariably left untouched; as I said before, it was chiefly the jewelry of the ladies which was stolen.

"Of course, the police were communicated with, but as the thief—or thieves—left no trace whatever of their modus operandi, they were unable to accomplish anything, for one cannot consider the absence of stolen goods as a 'clew.' The superintendent, it is true, had a theory at first that the robberies must have been committed by some person or persons in the respective houses, but as all the domestics happened to be old retainers of unimpeachable integrity and honesty, that theory was soon exploded. The same fate befell another, which suggested that the thefts were committed by some stranger strolling unobserved into the houses, for the articles were invariably abstracted from upstairs rooms, and it was preposterous to suppose that the thieves could have got in the houses, gone upstairs, and left the premises again without having been observed, particularly in broad daylight.

"In spite of all vigilance and precautions the thefts still continued. There was scarcely a house of any size in the district which had not sustained some loss or other. It seemed to be a regular epidemic of losses, and that, with the great heat of the season, formed the chief topic of conversation amongst the inhabitants. Public feeling ran high over the matter—naturally enough, perhaps, under the circumstances—and the following, with but slight variations, was the plaint at all the garden parties and social gatherings:

"'Oh, my dear Mrs. Fitz-Blank, I really do not know what is coming over the place; one cannot trust a single article of value out of one's sight. Only this morning I placed that lovely marquise ring, which was given me by the shah of Persia, on my dressing-table while I went into my boudoir for something or other, and when I got back the ring was gone! Gone, utterly vanished, although I turned the place upside down to find it. I wouldn't have lost it for worlds, either. There was no one else in the room, only myself, and no one could have entered without my knowledge. Oh, it worries me so; it is all so mysterious.'

"'Very mysterious,' sympathetically replied Mrs. Fitz-Blank. 'But what can the police be about to allow such wholesale robberies to be carried on? They seem utterly helpless—or inefficient—and I certainly shall get Horatio to speak of the matter the next time he is in the house. He will soon have matters put right.'

"The London newspapers soon took up the matter, and reporters and journalists came down by the score; but smart as some of them undoubtedly are, they could throw no more light on the mystery than the local police had done. But one reporter, smarter than the rest, by dint of diligent inquiry discovered that in every house where articles had been stolen the window of the particular room from which they had been abstracted was open at the time—possibly to allow a little air to struggle in and temper the suffocating heat.

"This opened up a fresh field for theories, one being that the old, old dodge of a fishing rod, with a line and hook attached, was utilized, to fish for and hook the jewelry through the open window. But that wouldn't hold water at all, for how could a man stand near a house and angle unobserved with his rod and hook? Or, even admitting the possibility of that, how could he locate the position of articles in a room some ten feet or 12 feet above him? No, that idea was soon ridiculed, and had to go. Then another theory propounded was that some organ grinder and his monkey were the culprits: that the man had gone into the grounds ostensibly to 'grind' music, and while so doing his monkey had climbed up and got through the open window, and so stolen the valuables which he had been previously taught to recognize.

"For a time this theory was strongly favored, and organ grinders with monkeys were carefully escorted by the police out of the district, as soon as they made their appearance. But in spite of all this the robberies still went on, as regularly as ever. People talked of ghosts, Mahatmaism and all that sort of thing, as people will when almost panic stricken.

"You may suggest: 'Why didn't they keep all the windows closed?' Well, they did, at least sufficiently to prevent the ingress of man or beast, but to close them entirely meant suffocation during the terrific heat-wave then enervating the population.

"But it was all of no avail, and at last, in desperation, the local police sent to our department at 'The Yard' and begged assistance. My chief called me into his office one day and explained the matter, saying:

"'Now, Westwood, I am going to put you on this case, to see what sort of stuff you are made of. Do your best to unearth the mystery. If you succeed it will be the making of you.'

"I knew that well enough, but how was I to succeed where so many others had failed? It really seemed as though ghosts had something to do with the matter, however such an idea might be ridiculed, for the whole affair looked uncanny. Yet I determined to do my very best to solve the mystery, so biking down to Henley—where most of the robberies were occurring just then—I took apartments for a few days, and spent the greater part of my time in cycling up and down, here and there, dressed in boating flannels and looking very unprofessional, but keeping my eyes and ears well open, nevertheless.

"It was a wearisome, disheartening occupation. I left no stone upturned in my endeavor to find the culprit, but all to no purpose; he was as busy as ever at his nefarious employment. I cycled through every road and street in the district, in the hope of seeing something unusual which might be construed into a 'clew,' but nothing more extraordinary could I find than a young fellow, clad in boating flannels, like myself, riding a highly-geared, road-racing bicycle, with a basket about a foot square attached to the front of the handlebar.

"Now, a basket like that on a road-racing bicycle was a bit strange, and very incongruous in relation to the 'get-up' of the rider; but what was still more peculiar was that I met this young fellow and his basketed bicycle in nearly every one of the outlying roads where the big houses lay. Every day I met him pottering about; always with the basket, and always in the most fashionable and wealthy parts of the place.

"He began to excite my curiosity, and I determined to watch him without his knowledge. The basket, I noticed, was always closed, but once or twice when passing I fancied I heard a strange, discordant noise proceeding from it, as though some pet were being carried out for an airing. I got thoroughly inquisitive, but the young fellow seemed so frigid and 'stand-offish,' that I could do no more than wonder who he was and what he carried that basket for.

"And so things went on for nearly a week, until one day, when some distance out of the town, I came across my basket-man standing ruefully at the side of the road, surveying with chagrin the back tire of his bicycle, which was punctured; while every now and again he looked up and down the road, and then up into the cloudless sky, as though fearing bad weather.

"'Halloa!' I exclaimed, on riding up. 'Got a puncture? Can I be of any assistance to you?'

"'No, thanks,' he replied, nervously, looking into the sky again. 'I can manage quite well by myself,' and he moved forward with his bike, to show plainly that he did not wish to converse with me.

"But I was not to be shaken off so easily, and said: 'Afraid it's going to rain? No such luck, I fear; glass is too firm. We want rain badly, though, for the roads are aw—'

"I beg your pardon,' he interrupter, 'but when I want your opinion of the weather and roads I will ask for it. Until then, kindly keep it!'

"That was nasty, and it made me nasty, too. He seemed to have got out of the wrong side of the bed that morning, or else he had something about him he didn't wish me to see. That aroused my detective instincts at once, and I resolved I would know why he was so nervous, and what it was that he expected in the sky.

"So, nonchalantly whistling a tune, I leant my bike against the hedge and pretended to examine the tires, but kept a sharp eye on my man all the time. My action appeared to make him desperately anxious, and, taking his bike into the road, he tried to mount, in spite of the punctured tire; his sole object seeming to be to get away from the spot as quickly as possible, as though he had just started an infernal machine and didn't wish to be near when it exploded.

"But riding a bicycle with a punctured tire is not easy, and his hurried, nervous attempt to mount his bike resulted in his falling off on to the road, and just at that moment I heard a flapping of wings, and looking up saw a large black bird in the air, and after circling round once or twice it alighted on the ground near my haughty companion. There it stood, giving vent to funny little croaks, and then it hopped round and gazed up into the man's face with indescribable impudence and cunning; but he was strangely alarmed at the bird's sudden appearance, and stared at it in a most bewildered manner. Its tail was long and graduated, and beautifully iridescent with glorious blues, greens and purples, but the rest of its body was black. The shape of the bird seemed familiar, but I could not recall where I had seen a similar one, nor remember its name. Its boldness in thus venturing so near us was certainly astounding. My basket-man, however, apparently had a pressing engagement, for making another desperate attempt to mount his disabled bike he succeeded in riding away, while the bird, lazily rising in the air, flew away too, in the same direction.

"I watched both till they were out of sight, and then turned to my bicycle, but as I did so, something bright on the ground where the bird had stood attracted my attention, and stooping down I picked up—a diamond ring, set with large brilliants! I gave a low whistle of surprise as the truth suddenly flashed across my mind; I had solved the mystery of the robberies, and discovered the thieves!

"Swiftly mounting my bicycle I pursued my late companion with all my speed, and some distance on found him standing in a carriage-drive, putting the bird into his basket. Dropping my bike I made a dash and collared him before he could escape, and said: 'I am a detective, and arrest you on a charge of complicity in the robberies which have taken place in this district. I must caution you that anything you may say will be used against you at your trial.'

"He offered no resistance, although he turned as pale as death, but came as quiet as a lamb with me to the local police station, pushing his bicycle while I pushed mine, the bird in the basket giving vent to self-satisfied little croaks as we walked.

"At the police station we opened the basket, and found several articles of jewelry reposing at the bottom, while the bird hopped out and surveyed us all in comical inquiry. Now the whole plot was laid bare. The thief was none other than the bird, a mischievous magpie, whose love of bright articles and passion for secreting them is well known. His scoundrelly master, we found, had brought the bird's failings to a fine art, and trained him to fly through the open windows of houses, pick up all the bright things he could see, and bring them to his master, who cruised about the outskirts of the town in the meantime, recalling the magpie by a peculiar whistle. When the bird returned it was put in the bicycle basket, and so taken about from place to place, ready for instant action wherever his master saw an opportunity for using him, and free from all observation.

"It was a clever dodge, for of course a bird would never be noticed entering or leaving an unoccupied upstairs room through an open window, and doubtless his natural cunning taught him not to enter a room in which he could see anyone. Magpies, as you know, have brilliant black and white plumage, and it was here that the consummate craft of the bird's master came into play; he knew that a black and white bird would be noticed flying about, whereas an all-black one would not, but be mistaken for a rook, so he artfully dyed all the bird's white feathers black!

"At the magisterial inquiry the man pleaded 'not guilty,' averring that as he had stolen nothing there was no case against him; but he was committed for trial, when the judge awarded him five years' penal servitude 'as an accessory before and after the fact,' while as he considered that the bird's being at large would prove dangerous to the community, the magpie was ordered to be detained in one of the state prisons 'during her majesty's pleasure.'

"And I? Oh, yes; I got my inspectorship soon after."—Tit-Bits.

Carlyle and the Checker Player.

James Wyllie, the recently deceased "Herd Laddie," on a wet and tempestuous day many years ago turned into a little roadside inn near Lochmaben. Soon afterward he was joined by a couple of strangers, the younger of whom, a burly farmer, began to boast about his proficiency on the "dambrod," as the draught board is called in Scotland. He was at once challenged by the Herd Laddie to play, and consented, while the game was attentively watched by the third man, a person of rugged aspect. Time after time Wyllie swept the board, while the vanquished farmer fumed, swore and fairly lost his temper. Suddenly the third party broke the silence with the following warning to his companion: "Stop, stop; leave off, man! Can't you see that you are either playing with Satan himself or the Herd Laddie?" Wyllie smilingly acknowledged his identity; a jorum of punch was ordered, and the trio had an amicable chat, although the farmer said no more about his prowess with the checkers. But at the first opportunity he took Wyllie aside and whispered: "That chiel's a relation of mine, and as big a man as you are in some things. Maybe you've heard of him up in London. That's Thomas Carlyle!"—London Telegraph.

Hard Up for Presidents.

When he was 50 he returned to his native town, "just to see how the old place looked." He found it unchanged. The old store where, as a lad, he had clerked it, and sold calicos and groceries to the old farmers, was just the same. He contrasted the sleepy old place with himself, and felt a glow of satisfaction when he thought how much those 30 years had done for him. "They ought to be proud of me," he said to himself. Presently he met one of the old inhabitants. "Wall, I declare, is it reely you, Hank?" said the old man, increduously. "We've heerd you've been prospering fust rate sence you went west. They've made you a railroad president, or sunthin' of the sort, ain't they? I heerd so, but I couldn't believe it. It's reely true, is it? Wall, all I've got to say is, they must be purty hard up for railroad presidents out there." He took the next train for the west.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

DUTY OF DEMOCRACY

John P. Altgeld's Address to the Bimetallic League.

Results of Demonetization of Silver—Evils of Gold Standard—Trusts and Monopolies—Democratic Principles.

Before the League of Bimetallic Clubs, which met at Louisville, Ky., May 31, John P. Altgeld spoke at some length upon the great issue of bimetallism and touched up with much vigor the gold standard, trusts, monopolies, etc. In the course of his speech Mr. Altgeld said:

"In 1896 the true democrats of America decided that we did not need two political parties to represent the corrupt commercial interests, and they again made the democratic party stand for the interests of the great masses of the people. They declared for definite principles, they promulgated a second declaration of American independence. But there was an element in the party which did not approve of this—an element in the party which looks to the corrupt concentration of capital for favors; an element which, while pretending to be democratic, wants to play the aristocrat. In all essential particulars this element represents the same things that the republican party represents, but it formerly remained in the democratic party, because there it could achieve a prominence and a personal preferment, which it could not in the republican party. This element of our party remained hostile and is again seeking power. It commands vast wealth and is seeking by secret means corrupt and otherwise to secure control of our councils. It is proclaiming that we must change our position; that we must abandon the principles we stood for in 1896, or else be defeated. They tell us that we should adopt a platform broad enough for all to stand on; that is a meaningless platform; they tell us that we should raise some new cry, and that then we might sweep the country. And we find that those men throughout the land who have only an appetite for office, are inclined to listen to this talk. Let us look at this question a moment and see what is involved. We are told that we must be silent on the ratio and simply declare for bimetallism. Now, if it were a new and an original question, it may be that theoretically a different ratio would be just as good as the one we declared for. The book men have told us that one reason why Europe generally adopted the ratio fifteen and one-half to one was that that was about the ratio at which the precious metals were produced in the world. Whether that be correct or not, it is true that the financial systems of Europe rested on that ratio, and that in our country for the last 60 years the ratio was sixteen to one, and our financial system was based upon that. And inasmuch as silver was wrongfully and stealthily demonetized by the arbitrary act of government, and inasmuch as a great wrong was done, and we are asking to have that wrong righted, are asking simply for a restoration of what the world formerly had; asking for a restoration of conditions under which the world had done business and prospered for 200 years. This fact alone would be a good reason for adhering to that ratio. But there is another reason which rises above all others, and that is this: The moment you abandon that ratio you are at sea. No two men will agree upon what the new ratio should be. For 20 years prior to 1896 the country saw that the eastern financial manipulators were able to control congress and to dictate the policy of the government, and that just so long as the matter was left to congress and the government the people were helpless. This fact led the people to the determination to take the matter into their own hands and not leave it open, and they feel as strongly on that subject now as they did then. The fact is, my friends, if left open you would get no legislation at the hands of our government in a thousand years, for Wall street will again be in absolute control. This being so, it is apparent that the moment we abandon the ratio that moment we abandon the cause. The question which, therefore, presents itself is, are we prepared to abandon the cause. Everything that was predicted by the bimetallists as the legitimate result of the demonetization of silver has come to pass—first, universal paralysis of the world's business and its industries; second, the starting anew on a lower basis for the great producing masses. The evils that result from the gold standard have not been exaggerated or overstated. Time has sustained the bimetallist, and that man makes a fatal mistake who thinks that the American people are ready to abandon this cause, and, inasmuch as the abandonment of the ratio practically amounts to the abandonment of the cause, that politician makes a fatal mistake who thinks that the ratio can be abandoned without disintegrating and destroying the democratic party. For every score of wealth-worshiping gold democrats who would be brought to our standards by such an abandonment of principle 10,000 men of deep convictions would leave us.

"But the money question is not the only great question that confronts us. Calamities go in groups and the gold standard has brought with it a brood of evils, each of which threatens the life of the republic. You will find that as a rule gold democrats are not willing to take a definite position on any of these questions. As they look to corrupt and concentrated wealth for favors, they are not willing to take a position which might incur its ill will. There is the great question of government by injunction, a system under which a federal judge elevated to office by corporation influences strikes down the right of free speech, and with a contemptuous wave of the hand brushes aside the right of trial by jury, that bulwark of English liberty, at the mere request of a corporation agent. The Anglo-Saxon race has shed more blood to maintain the right of free speech, and the right of trial by jury, than for any other purpose, and yet here in free America we see the very foundation of liberty flippantly brushed aside, and I have not heard a vigorous protest against this practice from a single gold standard man in America. Again, with this commercialism, the establishment of this gold standard, has come an era of corruption, of bribery in government, whereby the national, the state and municipal legislatures are debauched and the rights of people betrayed. The only effective remedy for this evil that has yet been suggested is what is termed "initiative and referendum." The temptations offered by corrupt capital being too great for the ordinary man to withstand, it is evident that as long as these temptations are offered they will be effective. By the establishment of the system of "initiative and referendum" the fruits of bribery could be taken away, and thus the inducement to bribe would be destroyed. Under that system, when a city council or a legislature passed an act betraying the interests of the people a given number of citizens could have that act submitted to a popular vote with the provision that if not sustained there it should be void. Under this system not every matter would have to be submitted to the people, but it would be in the power of a respectable portion of the inhabitants of a city or a state to prevent wholesale bribery. Likewise could they make reforms which corporations now prevent. Have you heard of a single gold standard man who has come out and openly advocated the adoption of this system, or of any other effective system to end corruption in public affairs? I have not. Again, this is an age of concentration, of the formation of great corporations, of great trusts, and of great monopolies. It is found that by concentration the cost of production can be cheapened, and if the public got the benefit of this it might be a blessing, it would shorten the hours of labor and advance civilization; but instead of that the benefit of it under the republican administration goes to a few private individuals, who, by making themselves complete master of the market and having absolute control of the output of articles of necessity to the people, are able to arbitrarily fix the price of that article on the one hand, and are able to arbitrarily to fix wages on the other hand. In consequence of this fact these monopolies are not only a curse to the country but are threatening to overthrow our institutions, for they furnish the corruption funds that are destroying us. For a quarter of a century both political parties have denounced corporations, trusts and monopolies. Nearly every state in the union has legislated against them. The federal government has legislated against them, yet in spite of this denunciation, in spite of all this legislation, state and federal, they have gone on multiplying. State legislation has been found to be absolutely futile, because federal judges uniformly declared it to be unconstitutional.

"Federal legislation has likewise been found to be futile. The trusts are masters of the situation. It is evident that to simply go on denouncing trusts is an insult to the intelligence of the American people. It is the cheapest kind of political demagogy. The time has come when some new method of dealing with these monopolies must be adopted. The experience of other countries, as well as a thorough consideration of the question, shows that it is impossible to reduce many of these monopolies back to their original element. They have come to stay, and therefore it is the mission and the duty of the democratic party to secure the benefit of the monopoly for the public, for the people, that means municipal and governmental ownership of all monopolies which it is practicable for a government as yet to control. Have you heard any gold standard democrat declare himself openly to be in favor of this, or of any other practicable manner of dealing with monopolies? Instead of that, what do they propose? They tell us that we should adopt a platform denouncing trusts. That is, we shall do what we have been doing for a quarter of a century, indulge in declarations that signify nothing. Mr. Depew lately declared that the republican party would in its platform denounce trusts. What is the purpose of this? Why simply to fool the people, entertain the people. Trust lawyers and men who secretly serve monopolies will draw the declarations denouncing trusts, and it will be a farce.

"That politician makes a mistake who thinks that by a mere denunciation of trusts you can fool a great number of democrats in 1900. The people want to know what we propose to do about it. Look at the situation from any standpoint and you will find that the so-called gold standard democrats are not earnestly and heartily with us on any of the great questions that now confront our people. By affinity, taste, interest, affiliation and natural selection they are on the other side. The idea of abandoning principle and adopting some cheap common cry, with the hope of thus sweeping the country and getting offices, even if it were possible to succeed that way, is unworthy of a moment's consideration at the hands of any man who loves his country. But it would be futile, and if the national democratic convention of 1900 should adopt such a course it might as well issue a certificate of election to William McKinley. I hear it said that we cannot carry the country unless we get New York, and that in order to get New York we must abandon our principles. In the first place, I dispute both propositions, and in the second place I want to say that the time has gone by when the democracy can carry New York on a blear-eyed platform. The rank and file of the democratic party in New York is aroused, and it is as devoted to the principles of the Chicago platform as is the party anywhere in this country, and competent judges tell me that Gov. Roosevelt's election was made possible by the votes of democrats who preferred supporting an open enemy to a democrat who stood for nothing. For several years prior to 1896 the democratic party so melted away in a number of states that the populists and other independent parties gained absolute control, but as soon as our party again stood for definite democratic principles these men returned to our standard. For over three years we have been preaching devotion to principle. The democrats of the country have held their heads up, they have breathed the pure and invigorating air of independence, they are ready to face a thousand defeats, but they are not willing to speak down the dark alley of tricky politics. Men have said to me, why don't your people take up a late war hero and sweep the country? I answer, first, our people want to know what their candidate stands for. They want to know what governmental policy he will resolutely carry out; they want to know what influences will be slipping up his rear stairway and filling his council chamber. I answer, second, is there not danger of war heroes getting cheap?

"Compared with the mighty civil war, the late Cuban war scarcely rises to the dignity of a skirmish, yet the heroes of the late war seem to be more numerous than all the heroes, union and confederate, of the civil war. Let me say, my friends, that we are not hero worshipers, nor, on the other hand, are we devoted to the fortunes of any one man. We view this whole situation calmly, and even coldly. We rate men not by the clothes they wear, but by the principles they stand for, and by the services they render their country. And viewed from this standpoint, never before in the history of any country or any people was the cause of freedom, the cause of a great people, so heroically and so ably maintained in all its integrity, as it has been during the last three years by William J. Bryan. And when we say this, we are not indulging in hero worship, but are simply recognizing a great fact."

ALGER'S SMALLNESS.

The Indignities Which Are Now Being Heaped Upon Gen. Miles.

To the average American citizen whose love of truth and justice is inborn it must be simply maddening to read the daily doings of the war department. Russell A. Alger, secretary of war, is justifying his claim to being the smallest thing on the continent. Gen. Miles reported that the beef which was served to the troops was bad, and he was censured; Gen. Eagan, who abused the commanding general most villainously, and most deliberately, too, since he wrote it out on the typewriter and read his vilification, was sentenced to a leave of absence for six years with full pay. Now Lieut. Col. M. P. Maus, the inspector general who supported Miles in the embalmed beef scandal, has been punished.

The punishment comes in the form of an order relieving him of duty at Gen. Miles' headquarters and ordering him to report to Gen. Shafter at San Francisco. The malice of the assignment lies in the fact that Maus in his capacity as inspector general had occasion to call attention to the shortcomings of the Santiago expedition under Shafter. It is not likely that Shafter has forgotten this.

The way Maus has been treated is positively shameful. He was censured personally by the investigating board for not reporting sooner the bad character of the beef supplied to Shafter's army, and this in the face of the fact that the board in its findings reported the beef good. It was a cowardly attack upon the man, because it gave him no opportunity to defend himself. Maus had just fitted up a home in Washington, where he had reason to believe he would spend the remainder of his term of service.

Gen. Miles, in name the commanding general of the army of the United States, has been deprived of every vestige of authority. He has been forbidden to issue any order directing the movement of a staff officer unless personally signed by Alger. Staff officers have been told to report directly to Alger and not to Miles. Now the secretary is dissipating the general's personal staff to the four quarters of the continent, and the satire of it all lies in the fact that every order is signed with Miles' name.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

——"I am anti-Hanna, but everybody is for McKinley and the administration," says Gov. Bushnell, of Ohio. Perhaps Bushnell will explain how he can be for the shadow while rejecting the substance; for the creature, and opposed to the creator.—Chicago Democrat.

TRUST CHAMPION.

President McKinley Has Permitted Trust Formation to Pass Unheeded.

As chief magistrate of the republic President McKinley is sworn to take care that the laws shall be faithfully executed. No discrimination as to statutes can lawfully be made. He cannot properly make mental reservation, assuming that he may discriminate as to statutes, enforcing those which he deems proper and refusing to give effect to those which do not meet his approval. He must enforce the laws—all of them—or he fails necessarily in the full performance of his sworn duty.

Doubtless Mr. McKinley, who is a close and shrewd observer of the trend of public opinion, as has been his habit for a lifetime, notes with some uneasiness the growing sentiment of the community against trusts and combinations in restraint of trade. The more trusts the greater the feeling of public indignation at the fact that they are permitted unrebuked to organize. As a matter of course a candidate for reelection, he calculates the force of this opposition, which, gathering strength, may be sufficiently powerful to overturn him. He knows that he has deliberately ignored the Sherman anti-trust law and that trusts have been organized and operated with absolute impunity under his administration. They have found a useful defender in his attorney-general, who discovers various reasons why he should not proceed against them.

But, solicitous as he may be on the effect of this agitation against trusts, McKinley will stand by them. All his political life has been devoted to championship of the protective tariff, under which trusts flourish. Trusts have made him politically. Trusts will furnish the sinews of the campaign that he will enter upon next year. The people may cry out in indignation, but the president will disregard them. He is bound up with the trusts. Sink or swim, survive or perish, he must be with his friends. If he were to disclose hostility to the trusts by an active, aggressive, sincere attempt to apply the federal law against them and therein merely discharge his duties as chief magistrate they would turn upon him and rend him.

If any citizen of the United States should engage his attention sufficiently to point out to him the obligation which he is under to enforce all federal laws, the Sherman anti-trust law as well as any other, he would probably suavely point to the fact that the St. Louis convention which named him for the presidency forbore to make any declaration concerning trusts. But, as is inevitable, the agitation in opposition continues, and he will concur with equal complacency in the suggestion that a platform declaration be made against trusts, explaining to his familiars that as a president may ignore a statute that he has sworn to execute he may pay no attention whatever to a platform declaration of the piecrust order.—Chicago Chronicle.

COST AND PRICE.

Defenders of Trusts Fallaciously Argue That Monopolies Reduce Expense of Consumer.

It has been argued by some trust defenders that since monopoly can reduce the cost of production there must of necessity follow a reduction of cost to the consumer.

This conclusion does not follow, because the trusts will not give the consumer the benefit of the reduction.

But here is another answer to this argument which has been made by W. J. Bryan, who in discussing this matter says:

"But, even if it could be shown that a monopoly would reduce the cost of production and give to the consumer the benefit of the reduction, the trust would still be undesirable, because of its tendency to destroy individual independence. A landed aristocracy, which would secure to a few the ownership of all the land and condemn an ever-increasing number to perpetual tenancy, would be no more destructive of our national ideals than a system of industrial monopoly which promises hereditary wealth to the few at the top and hopeless toil to the breadwinners, upon whom our social structure rests.

"If it is admitted that the trust is wrong, then the only question remaining is: Is it possible to destroy it? As trusts are impossible except through the organization of corporations, and as corporations cannot exist except by legislative permission, there would be a complete remedy in the withdrawal of all corporate rights; but so radical a remedy is not necessary."

As a matter of fact, the difficulty in dealing with trusts has been that while the people have been hostile to the principle of monopoly the instrumentalities of government have been largely under the control of those who hold sympathy with the trusts.

The problem, then, is not so much the devising of a law which will destroy trusts as the putting of men in office who will enforce the law which is already upon our statute books.

It is vain to hope to secure such men from the ranks of the republican party; therefore the necessity of establishing democratic supremacy.—Chicago Democrat.

How Hanna Works.

Hon. Marcus A. Hanna has long been influential in politics, but has been an active, commanding politician for only a few years. He has not the arts of concealment and indirection that the older practitioners have. He is entitled to be credited with frankness. He went at politics with a club, and did not take much trouble to keep his methods in the background. And now he is called a wicked boss. There is good reason to believe the reports that frequently get abroad that he is disgusted with politics, and even wishes that he could get out of the senate and take all the complications of the situation with him. Senator Foraker is said to be tired, too. When he thinks of the way Hanna is "laying for" him when his time for reelection comes, he feels like kicking his fences down and letting everything go to pieces but after thinking awhile he feels that he must fight or go out of public life whipped. If Messrs. Hanna and Foraker would "get together" and simultaneously resign their places the people would be willing to get along with such temporary selections the the governor might make.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A TURNING POINT COMING.

The President's Policy Towards the Philippines Will Always Prevail.

The absurd notion that the attitude of Aguinaldo and his "wild and ignorant" followers is due to the encouragement of the anti-imperialists at home is exposed and exploded by a letter from a soldier in Manila, published in the New York Evening Post. From this letter we learn that not only the "wild and ignorant" natives uninformed as to what is going on in the United States, but our own soldiers do not know what the people at home are thinking or saying. He writes:

"There is one thing the army suffers from which is extremely aggravating, and that is the lack of telegraphic news from home. For a full month the men have been fighting, and yet not even an inkling of what the people at home think of the matter has reached the troops, except one or two telegrams of congratulation. They would like to know whether the people are backing the army up, or whether the fact that we are compelled to fight the natives has strengthened the sentiment against holding the islands. They would also like to know the fate of the army bill and the probable policy of the administration in the matter of sending the volunteers home. Not that the latter are so anxious to go home as they were. They are having a little fun now, and are willing to remain awhile longer to enjoy it; but when that is over they will clamor to go home as loudly as ever."

It will be borne in mind that a military censorship is exercised in the Philippines, and the only free communication is through private letters between soldiers and their families. All dispatches and news must pass the censorship both ways. So we learn only what Gen. Otis desires us to know, and the soldiers learn only what Gen. Otis permits them to know. How, then, can Aguinaldo and his "wild and ignorant" followers who are cut off from all communication whatever with America know that they are being "encouraged?"

The clamor of the soldiers to return which was told in this letter is already heard. The department at Washington is being reminded daily of the fact that the war for which the soldiers volunteered is over, and not five per cent. of the volunteers are willing to remain in the service to perform garrison duty or to slaughter the Filipinos. A turning point in the policy towards the Philippines is surely coming.—Utica Observer.

ELECTIONS IN 1899.

Democratic Chances Are on the Increase in Some Doubtful States.

There will be few elections this year Iowa, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, Mississippi and Ohio are the only states that elect governors and state officers. In all these, with the exception of Maryland and Ohio, the result can be predicted with reasonable certainty.

Without doubt Kentucky will supplant her present republican governor with a democrat. In Maryland the race will be close, with the probabilities favoring democratic success, owing to the result of the recent mayoralty race in contest in Baltimore.

In Ohio the situation is too mixed for confident prediction. If democratic sentiment has been crystallized and increased to the extent apparent in several other states, the outlook for democratic victory in the Buckeye state is by no means discouraging. The evolution of Mayor Jones, of Toledo, as an anti-machine republican candidate for governor is expected to increase democratic chances.

It goes without saying that Mississippi will go democratic and Massachusetts the other way. In Pennsylvania the republicans will elect judges, and in New York and New Jersey, where trust money is largely in evidence, a majority of the legislatures will probably be elected by the party which depends on trusts and on which trusts depend.—St. Louis Republic.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

——According to the Syracuse Post-Standard, Alger is losing heart. But McKinley isn't losing Alger.—Chicago Democrat.

——Michigan republican leaders are impressed with the necessity of dropping all of their convictions and principles and getting together.—Detroit Free Press.

——Ohio has queer politicians. One faction of the republican party declares that it is against Hanna but not against McKinley. As though that were possible.—Milwaukee Journal.

——The war in the Philippines and the beef scandal are about all that is left of our trouble with Spain. Of course, McKinley and Alger are still on our hands, but their official days are numbered.—Kansas City Times.

——If we want to carry out President McKinley's policy of "benevolent assimilation" all copies of the declaration of independence should be edited by the press censor before being admitted to the Philippines.—Buffalo Times.

——The talk that the republican party is opposed to trusts will count for absolutely nothing as long as the republican party, with full control of the legislative and executive branches of the government, does nothing to check trusts.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

——Protected wool is now being exported and sold under the pauper wool of Europe. However, the wool used to pull over the eyes of American consumers is not being exported. And it will not be until the tariff taxers find that the people will no longer stand for it.—Omaha World-Herald.

——If the protection which has been abused and turned against those whose benefit it was nominally laid were taken away from every industry that has come under the control of a trust we would have a chance to buy home-made goods as cheaply as the foreigner At present he has a decided advantage over us in the purchase of many articles which are made right under our eyes and shipped thousands of miles to him.—Atlanta Journal.

——The republican confusion in Ohio is becoming so prominent that the democrats are taking courage and claiming that they will carry the state by a heavy majority in the coming fall. The president is anxious and perplexed and Hanna seems to be in a bad way as regards popularity. The republican convention will be fortunate if it does not end in a bolt and two tickets and it will create lots of heartburnings in any event.—Boston Herald.