

COLUMBIA'S MEMORIAL DAY.

HERE stately trees beneath the sun their emerald foliage spread. And the rivers seek the ocean, sleep in their hero dead. Noblesse oblige, they now, no war cry shakes the pines. But ghostly sentries seem to guard the silent battle lines; O'er all the land, from sea to sea, the garlands softly fall. On those who sleep upon the plain or on the mountain wall. The gentle ringdove softly coos where once the grass was red. And tears and blossoms o'er the Nation's sacred dead.

For them no more the stirring fight, for them no chargers neigh. The blades they drew where Death was king a Nation weathers free. The bushes in Virginia's vales wave o'er them fair and free. And seraphs guard their bivouac from Atlanta to the sea. A common country hastes to pay its tribute fair of flowers. For May their hearts treasures yields from all her fragrant bowers. The Southland and the Northland meet beside the crystal rill. Beneath the flag that on the day on grim San Juan's Hill.

Columbia's heart beats fast to-day o'er every silent line. As she mingles the palmetto with the branches of the pine. She looks and in a vision sees a marching line of gray. And on each flank a dash of blue, and then she turns away. "My children!" cries Columbia. "See! In bonds of love we come. I hear again their martial tread, I hear the muffled drum. No North! No South! One Union! Neath the flag that they made sacred. They crown their hero comrades sleeping now 'twixt sea and sea."

The ocean sings a requiem to the land's immortal brave. The rose of peace blooms sweetly upon every sacred grave. They fought and died beneath our flag from Sacramento's pines. To where the world's honored o'er Manila's battle lines. They sleep the soldier's dreamless sleep where clear the rivers wind. Through lands of peace and plenty to the mighty seas of sun. The blue-bird trills her matchless lays from out the canyon's throat. Which guarded grimly long ago the gateway of the South.

In peace they rest this holy day—Columbia's gallant dead. For them again the banners wave, for them the tear is shed. Their campfires burn no longer on the mountain and the plain. But where they sleep beneath the flag the blossoms fall like rain. To them the Nation's boundless love goes out from shore to shore. They fought the fight, they kept the faith; they're ours forevermore. A grateful Nation bows her head beneath the skies of May. And Columbia strews her garlands on her own Memorial Day.

FOR LITTLE BENJIE Decoration Day Story.

HE counted the buds and blossoms over again, with slow care. There were so many! Eighty-three! Diantia Berry cried, delightedly. The level rays of the late afternoon sunshine sifted through the close branches of the great tree geranium and made an eccentric tracery in lines of light on her plain face. The splendid plant stood head and shoulders above her, and its topmost leaves swept the whitewashed ceiling. His clusters of rosy pink petals peeped out blushingly all over it.

Across a narrow space of yard little Leah Swallow put on her glasses and tried to count the blossoms, too. Her pale, lean face was wistful with longing. On her own window-sill a pot of stunted cactus grew.

It was late May, and the tiny village "band" down the street a little way was practicing the "Star Spangled Banner" ambitiously. It was hired to go to a little distant town to play on Memorial Day. There was only one soldier's grave at home, and the people had never made any observance of the day there. It was that of one soldier's grave that little Leah Swallow was thinking—and Diantia Berry, across the yard. But it was Leah who was crying.

By and by the great tree geranium's petting ended; Diantia went back to her sewing at the other window. "I declare, I believe I can smell liniment," she said, aloud. "Leah's got another of her spells of rheumatism, I guess. She uses dreadful smelly liniment, and the wind's this way. I can smell it as sure as I live."

A sudden memory made her grim features relax into a smile. She was thinking how Leah used to say—when they were bits, knee-high—that she could smell Miss Job Daggett's boiled dinner round two corners. Her talent for smelling had developed early.

The band struck up the "Red, White and Blue," and the faint rhythm of the music set Diantia Berry's feet tapping. Across the strip of brown grass it sent Leah Swallow's head down into her open hands.

"Twenty-three—the most it's ever had to one time—or, let me see, was it 23 it had last spring? I declare, I'm losin' my memory, and that'll be some-thing new for a Berry!"

The dainties were piled in a neat row on a shelf over the table. The year of each was printed in careful figures on a bit of white paper on the back. It was easy to find the right one at once. She opened it and read aloud, monotonously: "April 7—m-m-m—, that ain't it. It was nigher the last of April it bloomed last year. 'April 12—13—17,'—here 'his' 'April 23. The tree geranium's all bloomed out splendidly. It looks handsome. I turned the best side out so the soldiers could see it, goin' past. I saw Little Benjie lookin'—he's dreadful fond o' flowers. His mother'd got a cactus blossom pinned onto his coat, among the brass buttons. I can't bear a cactus blossom. If things hadn't been just so, I'd have sent Little Benjie off to war with plenty o' my pink geraniums on his soldier's coat."

Diantia Berry's voice came to a stop with a jolt. She had forgotten to see how many blooms the tree geranium had last spring—when Little Benjie went to war. Little Benjie! She had a clear vision of him before her eyes; Little Benjie in his brand-new soldier's suit, with his brown, curly hair up in the air, tramping away like a veteran. How plainly she saw him!



DIANTIA BERRY SAT Musing.

The way the morning sunshine had played with his brass buttons—how plainly she saw that! Was it the dazzle of it in her eyes that made them water? Diantia Berry was old—if 60 years is old—and lonely and grim. There had been few shadows—or sun-flashes—in her life. Little Benjie had been more to her than, in her heart, she would confess. It had been to her almost what her own son might have been.

She sat back in her chair now, rocking fiercely, and remembered many things. Little Benjie was in them all. They filed before her mind in steady, relentless succession—the time when Little Benjie put on his first bits of trousers and stumped across the yard to show her the pockets in them—the time when he first went to school and she tucked a pair of his beloved strawberry tarts, unnoticed, into his lunch basket, for a surprise—and the time—Diantia Berry drew in her breath sharply, with the pain of remembering—the time when, in his brave soldier's clothes, he marched away to war, to the tune of the "Red, White and Blue." That memory hurt her. She wondered, in dull misery, if mothers could feel worse than that. If Little Benjie's mother—but she would not finish that thought out. Her thin lips clenched. What had she to do with Little Benjie's mother? It was Leah Swallow that mattered to her.

"But I'd pity her—I'd 'o that, if 'twarn't for the way she treated me when they brought home Leah's body. I'd have forgot all the rest then—wasn't I ready to? Wasn't it the first one to give in? Do you suppose I'd have let a miserable little quarrel stan' between us then, when Little Benjie lay dead in the house? But Leah felt different. She wouldn't make up even then—then! If 'twarn't for that, I'd pity her, settin' across there, all alone. I'd be sorry for the mother o' Little Benjie. I'd go across and see how her rheumatism was, and I'd run down the street where the band's practicing and make 'em stop goin' over that tune of Little Benjie's. I'll tell 'em to have pity—it hurts his mother so to hear it. But now—"

She turned the pages of the diary in her hand, searching for something. It was not there—of course not! It was in the next little book further along the shelf. She took it down and found the page she wanted.

"They brought Little Benjie home, dead, to-day. Little Benjie dead! I saw 'em take the box out of the hearse and carry it in to Leah—poor Leah! My heart is achin' for her. She's feelin' the way I would have if they'd brought my boy home to me dead, wearin' his worn-out soldier's clothes. I know how Leah feels—poor Leah! 'I'm goin' across to comfort her—I've got to, I can't help it. You wouldn't expect a quarrel to hold good when Little Benjie was layin' dead?"

gett's little boy. I've oeen waitin' all day for an answer. It hasn't come yet, but I haven't give up."

The little room was quiet save for the soft rustle when Diantia Berry turned a leaf. At the top of the new page she began again: "I've give up. Leah ain't goin' to answer my letter. It's most nigh now, and I sent it across yesterday mornin' when Mis' Daggett's little boy went past to school. She don't want me to come over—and to-morrow mornin' they'll bury Little Benjie! I shan't ever see his face again!"

It was like a cry of pain, in little neat letters, there on the page. It seemed to echo through the room. The diary slipped to the floor with a gentle thud. It lay there, unnoticed, a long while. The twilight dimmed to-night while Diantia Berry sat musing. The darkness crept about her like a soft mantle and wrapped her in. The low creak of her chair, as she rocked monotonously, was the only sound in the room. After awhile she began to talk again—aloud, as lonely women do.

"Tuesday's Decoration day—28, 29, 30, yes, Tuesday. To-day's the 27th o' May. Well, I'm goin' to cut off some o' my geranium tree blooms and carry 'em down to Little Benjie Tuesday. They'll look so beautiful—and Benjie was dreadful fond o' pink flowers. There'll be enough to make a



LEAH SWALLOW SAT Musing.

great wealth at his head. I guess I can spare a lot of them to Little Benjie! I shall have him all to myself—Leah's got a spell of rheumatism. If 'twarn't for that, I couldn't go at all."

She experienced a fierce joy, and the sound of it was in her voice. She was glad that Little Benjie's mother was sick. Across the yard there was no glimmer of light. Little Benjie's mother sat in the dark, too, and mused. A faint remnant of daylight kissed her was face gently as it vanished.

"He was such a little mite of a boy, Benjie was, when I put him into pants," her thoughts kept on, with relentless cruelty. "and I sent him over to Diantia's to show 'em to her. When he came back, all his little pockets were full o' goodies. I can see just how he looked, struttin' across the yard, takin' long steps like a man. And I can hear how Diantia laughed. She couldn't have been much fonder of Little Benjie—she always called him Little Benjie—if he'd have been her own boy. But afterward—afterward, when he laid still and cold, in his blue clothes, she forgot she'd ever loved him. She forgot then. If he'd been her own boy, would she have forgot? Would she have kept away from him then because of a little foolish quarrel?"

In the bitterness of her soul, Leah Swallow flung out her arms and cried out sharply. The rough motion tortured her pain-racked body, but she scarcely felt it.

"Benjie! Benjie!" she moaned. "Benjie—mother's boy, why didn't I hold you back? I needn't you. Why did I let you go? I weren't there other boys enough? Give them boys whose mothers had other boys home? And you were all I had, Benjie! We thought it was so fine, dear—the soldier's clothes and the sound o' the band playin' the 'Red, White and Blue,' and the glory of settin' Cuba free. I thought it was fine, too, but now—oh, Benjie, my little brave soldier Benjie!"

The kind mantle of the dark shut in the poor little mother, with her grief.

Seventeen, 18 blossoms dropped into the basket Little Benjie had liked. Mis Diantia had a new idea. "I'll cut off 22 for Little Benjie—one for every year that the Lord let him stay. I'm glad I thought of it. Yes, I'll cut off 22."

The great tree geranium, shorn of most of its glory, stood in the window, alone. Diantia had taken her little basket of flowers and had gone away down the road. It was at the crooked elm she stopped. Little Benjie had always stopped there, years ago. With sudden distress Diantia thought of the poor little mother he would never have his cap to again.

"Poor Leah!" she cried, aloud. The fountain of her pity was unsealed at last. The bitterness and anger were swept away—she forgot, for the moment, everything but Little Benjie's mother, alone in her pain. She remembered how it had always been her part to comfort Leah, when they were little girls together. She would go back now and comfort her.

"Leah," she called at the door, a minute later. "Leah, I've come. You didn't answer my letter, and mebbe you don't want me, but I've come. I couldn't help it."

The suffering woman's face was a study of joy and wonder. The wonder prevailed.

"I never got any letter, Diantia," she said, slowly. Diantia sprang toward her eagerly.

"Not my letter, askin' if I could come over to see Little Benjie? Didn't you get that, Leah Swallow? I sent it across by Mis' Daggett's little boy—and the Lord knows how eager I waited for the answer! I couldn't seem to give it up."

"I never got it, Diantia. Do you think I wouldn't have answered? You don't know how I waited, too!" "Leah, Leah—dear child, what a dreadful mistake it all was, and how we've been sufferin' for it! I might have comforted you a little mite—and I needed comfortin', too, Leah. Is it too late now? See, dear, I was goin' down to decorate Little Benjie's grave with my geraniums. There's 22—one for every year he lived. Put your face in 'em, Leah; see how sweet they are! I'll carry them down for you, dear—they're yours now. You can send me, because you can't go, and Little Benjie will understand."

She had drawn the slight figure into her arms, and was rocking it back and forth as mothers' rock babies. The long misery was over. After all, it had not been the forgetfulness of a little child.

After awhile she took up the basket of flowers and started again for the cemetery; but at the door Leah called her back, half timidly.

"There's something I'd like, Diantia," she said. "If—if you wouldn't mind arrangin' the flowers kind of in the shape of a flag. I wanted to see Leah; see how sweet they are! I'll carry them down for you, dear—they're yours now. You can send me, because you can't go, and Little Benjie will understand."

A GENTLE REBUKE. A Thoughtless Man's Stupid Practical Joke Played on a Lady Musician.

The following little anecdote, says the Philadelphia Times, is told by a man who, while spending some time in the different cities of Italy, used to frequent, in one particular place, a certain coffee house. In the center of the main room, under a large marble slab, which covered the pipes that heated the place, and the tables were arranged around this.

There was always fine music there in the evening, made by a man and his wife. She played on a stringed instrument and after several selections she carried around a little silver slab, which covered the pipes that heated the place, and the tables were arranged around this.

One night, as the music began, a man seated at one of the tables held up a gold coin. The woman smiled, and the man dropped it on the marble slab that covered the hot pipes. When she made her collection she went to the main room, where the music was being played, and she picked it up, she gave a cry and dropped it again, for it had become heated on the slab. The husband glared at the man, but did not say a word.

The next evening, when the musicians appeared, the woman's hand was bandaged and she had some difficulty in managing her instrument. When she made her collection, she avoided the man who had played the practical joke on her; and night after night, she did the same thing. In vain he offered her apologies, and other coins, but she merely bowed and smiled in passing him, and never allowed him to give her the slightest donation. Of course one can imagine the offender's feelings, but who can find fault with the woman's gentle yet dignified rebuke?—Philadelphia Times.

HALLOW THE DAY. Let Memorial Day be hallowed; And the parent, widow, child. As they gather where the resting place of the dead has despoiled, Feel that with them 'tis befitting Thus to spend the time apart. With the dead, who lie around them, And the sorrows of the heart. —J. M. Thompson.

NOTES FROM WASHINGTON

Items of Information on Matters of Interest to the General Public.

DARK SPOTS IN REPUBLICAN LEGISLATION

Effect of Protection on Farming Interests—Volume of Trade is Shrinking—Ohio Republicans Being Drooped by the Administration—No Sympathy for the Boers.

[Special Correspondence.] There are strong signs that the high protective tariff party in Germany is going to fight a series of pitched battles with the German manufacturers over the question of American markets and American imports. The protective tariff party in Germany is composed almost exclusively of the farmers, who cannot stand the intense competition and low prices of American farm products. The prices of German farm lands have been forced to a high point, and the German tenant farmers are racked and as badly as ever they are in Ireland. Naturally the landlord element don't want their rents lowered, which will be the inevitable result if American farmers give free trade with Germany. On the other hand, the German manufacturers want cheap food products from the United States, so they can sell their excellent manufactures in their constantly growing markets all over the world.

But this situation in Germany is to be taken advantage of by the protected interests in the United States at the expense of the farming interests of this country. Already there are signs that the entire textile interests of this country will unite in a demand for a still higher tariff against foreign goods. For instance, there are now within the United States enough knit goods factories to supply the entire American demand for knit goods with nine months' work.

Instead of trying to seek a foreign market for surplus products, these concerns will strive to monopolize the American market by raising still higher the tariff wall against foreign knit goods.

The profits of knit goods are enormous, and the knit goods combine, which is practically a trust in its effects, is making millions of dollars for its owners. The owner cost is a pair of stockings, knit by machinery, is less than one cent, yet the manufacturers make a profit of ten cents on each pair of stockings retailing at 25 cents. The retail dealer makes the next ten cents, and the balance is charged up to raw material, interest, insurance, deterioration of plant, freight charges and the miscellaneous items of large businesses.

This new tariff programme which has a hundred ramifications is to be kept quiet until after the next presidential election. If McKinley wins, these protectionist interests will know they have the apostle of protection in the white house to further their aims.

The enormous foreign market for American agricultural products, so far the principal market of American export trade, is to be still further ruthlessly sacrificed in the interests of these vast trade monopolies.

Shrinkage in Trade. The shrinkage in the volume of trade within the United States is already so marked and perceptible as to give grave concern to the administration. Its pet statisticians are purchasing the newspapers with columns of figures regarding the growth of American export business. But they neglect the fact that the domestic exchanges of the United States are more than 20 times the volume of the entire foreign trade of this country. During the past 30 days the shrinkage in domestic exchanges is more than three times the volume of our foreign exchanges for the same period. All signs indicate that this shrinkage will increase, and as it increases prosperity, even of the trust variety, will disappear.

Republicans Going Down. What is the matter with the administration congressional supporters? In Ohio five republican congressmen have thus far been defeated for re-nomination—Weaver, Lybrand, Phillips and Kerr have been thrown overboard. Shattuck and Bromwell are marked for slaughter, and the hoary Grosvenor had to promise on bended knees that he would retire at the end of the next term, to secure his re-nomination. Such is the reward for faithfulness to a president who claims from his supporters undying fealty, but who gives nothing in return. As a matter of fact it is well recognized among republicans in congress that there is not a single bright spot in their legislative career during this congress which entitles them to the gratitude of their constituents. It is an endeavor to save the next house from the demerits that the republicans in so many districts have been compelled to present new men to their outraged constituencies, knowing that the men who voted for the Porto Rican infamy, and who stand for such outrageous species of lobbied legislation as the Hanna ship subsidy bill, would be apt to lose their districts to the democrats, no matter how strongly they have been held by the republicans in the past.

What is true in Ohio is true in many another state. All signs point to a demerit house to be elected next November, with a larger democratic majority than any in 20 years. The popular wave which will sweep Bryan into the white house will sweep the republicans out of power, not only in the house and senate, but in states hitherto so rock-riveted in their republicanism as to be considered not even fighting ground, in the coming election.

Treatment of the Boers. The Boer envoys now in Washington are giving emphasis to the pro-British attitude of the administration and the pro-Boer sentiment of the people. They are a fine sturdy trio of brawn and intellect. Vessels, one of the three, is a farmer and ranchman, who, according to old residents of Washington, looks, acts and talks like Abraham Lincoln. At the Governor's Grand opera house meeting on the night of the 20th, he made a short, simple, pathetic speech, not over ten minutes in length, which fairly took his audience

off their feet. There were other able and notable speakers, among them Congressman William Sulzer, Congressman John J. Lentz, Congressman Champ Clark, Senator Wellington, Senator Mason and Bourke Cockran. Not a single administration senator, congressman or sympathizer could be induced to speak in behalf of the Boers, although wide and urgent invitations were sent to them all, from the president down, with every assurance that the meeting would be non-partisan in its character, as it was in fact. Not a word was said in hostility to the administration. But it was noticeable that the most prolonged and vigorous applause of the evening was given when Senator Wellington declared the Filipinos were entitled to their independence as much as were the Boers. The audience demonstrated their sympathies for the Boers by contributing in a few minutes about \$5,000 to the Boer Red Cross fund. This was in addition to several thousand dollars which had already been raised here on the announcement of the coming of the Boer envoys.

ADOLPH PATTERSON. A TRIBUTE TO BRYAN. The Democratic Leader is No Quitter and Remains True to His Political Faith.

The New York Sun, in a generous moment, pays the following tribute to William J. Bryan: "The Bryan of 1900 stands before the people as a man with the boldness of honest convictions. The sincerity and courage of such an attitude are admirable, however deplorable the convictions may be. He is not a quitter. The American people hate a quitter; we have seen his testimony in Hon. Samuel Fessenden, that the Almighty hates a quitter, too. "Mr. Bryan has resisted to the present time all the efforts of the opponents to make him an accomplice in the suppression of the main issue which bore him upward to the commanding position he occupies in his party's councils. He is using his unequalled power to hold the democracy to its declared creed, notwithstanding the temptations of supposed expediency.

"It is a somewhat curious circumstance that Mr. Bryan should prove to be more stalwart for free silver than Mr. Cleveland was for tariff reform.

"Indeed, Bryan is showing in 1900 that he really possesses the moral stamina and unyielding adherence to principle which the mugwumps of ten or a dozen years ago thought they had discovered and chiefly admired in their idealized prophet.

"In the case of Mr. Bryan the part of honesty is likewise the part of political wisdom. He has been urged to alienate several millions of voters for the sake of pleasing a few hundreds of thousands.

Letting the Cat Loose. Mark Hanna, according to the New York Herald, says that four years ago we were practically a home national, isolated from all world forces that promote industry, trade and commerce. The statement is absurd. We invite Mr. Hanna to the contemplation of the reports of our trade. He adds that our manufacturing capabilities and facilities were beyond our own needs. This is what the trusts think. Competition forces prices down, so they combine, close up several factories, choke down production, and then, in the scarcity thus produced and made possible in part by the tariff that protects them from world competition, raise the prices.

Mr. Hanna adds that the home demand was enormous, but that manufacturing for home demand does not add to general wealth. Is it so? Then it seems to us the Hon. Mark has let a very large cat out of the bag. With our high protective tariff we hand over our home markets to our home manufacturers. The market thus at their mercy is simply plucked by them. It adds to their wealth, without the Carnegie and Frick, with their yearly millions of profits. But their enrichment, according to Mr. Hanna, is at the expense of the rest of the country.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

As stated by the Times, of Kansas City, Mr. Dillon cites in particular one incontestable fact showing that, although England, through the lip service of Colonial Secretary Chamberlain, constituted herself "the champion of the outlanders"—yet, side by side with the burghers fighting to keep back the British invaders are found these same outlanders—Germans, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Belgians and even Englishmen.

This stubborn fact scatters to the four winds Great Britain's pharisaic pretext. Greed, infamous, detestable, soul destroying, liberty murdering greed, is the root and inspiration of this infamous war. If the invaders' gold mines England is after, and she will put them into the maw of her syndicates, no matter if the butchery of every one of 50,000 freemen and patriots that stand in her way must be done in the accomplishment of her purpose.

No More Foolery About It. I am glad the issue has at last been made. I am glad to know that the republican party has made its last running retreat, that they have taken their true stand on the financial question, hoisted their flag the colors of which cannot now be changed, and that they must leave it to be upheld or hauled down by the American people in 1900. * * * I am glad that the issue is boiled down to its last analysis and that the question has been made whether the government shall adopt the single gold standard, pure and simple, or not. I invite the issue and willingly submit it to the American people.—Congressman Elijah B. Lewis, of Georgia.

How It is Settled. The republicans are fond of saying that the money question is settled. Yes, it is settled, just like the tariff question is settled, like the foreign policy is settled, like the Porto Rican question is settled, like the rule of the trusts is settled, like imperialism is settled, like all the iniquities perpetrated by republican legislators are settled, or to sum it all up, like the rule of Mark Hanna is settled. The next election will show them that several things are still far from being settled.

BATTLE OF THE STANDARDS.

The Fight for an Equitable and Sound Currency by No Means Over-Significant Tabulation.

"Money" is the title of a "non-partisan" magazine, which is strictly a gold organ, and consequently a strong supporter of the republican party. Of course "Money" is pleased with the gold legislation which has been forced through by the republican administration, but it does not believe that the question has been settled for all time.

Indeed, Raymond E. Dodge, writing for "Money," is not at all sure that the battle of the standards has been settled in favor of gold for even four years.

Apropos of this view, Mr. Dodge says: "Republican leaders have frequently claimed that, in the event of the election of a free silver president and house of representatives, the senate would be safe for four years to come. I am unable to discover any grounds for their confidence, nor for the claim that the gold men will have a majority in 1901; certainly not in 1903, unless prompt action be taken to repair the weak spots in republican lines. Optimism upon the part of the leaders of the party in power may be pardonable in debate, but not in political calculations, and it may be well to consider the conditions under which the complexion of the senate may be affected by the results of the coming campaign.

"Judging by past votes upon the money question, and the results of the election of 1892, the necessity for active work and prompt action will be noted in the following table: POSSIBLE COMPLEXION OF THE SENATE IN 1901.

GOLD.	
Hold-over senators, including Kyle.....	25
Dewey.....	1
Illinois.....	1
Maine.....	1
Massachusetts.....	1
Michigan.....	1
Minnesota.....	1
New Hampshire.....	1
New Jersey.....	1
North Carolina.....	1
Pennsylvania (1 vac.).....	1
Rhode Island.....	1
46	

OPPOSITION.	
Hold-over senators.....	2
Delaware (1 vac.).....	1
Florida.....	1
Alabama.....	1
California.....	1
Colorado.....	1
Georgia.....	1
Idaho.....	1
Kansas.....	1
Kentucky.....	1
Louisiana.....	1
Mississippi.....	1
Montana.....	1
Nebraska.....	1
North Carolina.....	1
South Carolina.....	1
Tennessee.....	1
Texas.....	1
Virginia.....	1
Wyoming.....	1
44	

"The table shows a possible majority of only two for gold over opposition votes, including Kyle, who has declared his position by vote upon the Porto Rican amendment. If the states of Illinois and New Jersey, which went democratic in 1892, should happen to elect democratic legislators this fall, the small majority for gold might be reversed. And when the analysis is carried into the class of senators retiring in 1903, it will be found that Deboe, of Kentucky; Kyle, of South Dakota; Pritchard, of North Carolina, and Wellington, of Maryland, with others in less doubtful states, will retire, possibly to make way for men of opposite political faith and bound by chains of party regularity, further decreasing the strength of the gold men in that event."

GOLD, NOT LIBERTY. Greed, infamous, detestable, soul-destroying, the inspiration of the Boer War.

Many times since the beginning of Great Britain's brutal and greed-inspired war upon the two little republics the pretext that the course was taken by the empire to protect the outlanders from oppression and secure their rights has been made, and was again reiterated in Salisbury's reply to the Boer appeal for peace. This pretext, says the Illinois State Journal, has been shattered time and again, but nowhere more convincingly than in the message of John Dillon, the Irish parliamentary leader, sent to the Marquette club of Kansas City, to be read at its annual banquet.

As stated by the Times, of Kansas City, Mr. Dillon cites in particular one incontestable fact showing that, although England, through the lip service of Colonial Secretary Chamberlain, constituted herself "the champion of the outlanders"—yet, side by side with the burghers fighting to keep back the British invaders are found these same outlanders—Germans, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Belgians and even Englishmen.

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