

# Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AIKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

## THE SOLDIER'S REQUIT.

Only a single bullet as it sped 'mid the battle's rain,  
Into the ranks of the brave, true boys,  
Who fought in the war with Spain.

Only a single bullet, but it took the brave  
And the old man's heart,  
Only a youth of twenty who fell in the  
Enemy's snare.

O'er the sloping meadows, where the  
Company's line gave way,  
We carried a brave young hero  
Who dropped at his post that day.

We knelt beside him gently and smoothed  
His hair, and his brow,  
And took his last sad message, with many  
An earnest vow.

He murmured: "Now I lay me,  
Fainter, down to sleep,"  
We listened almost breathless to the  
Whispered: "Soul to keep."

"But some childish prattle said we  
With anxious care,  
"No," only of home and mother, and the  
Prayer she taught me there.

"Tell her I kept the promise I made that  
Last sad day;  
That I was true and faithful, and died as  
A soldier may.

"Do say it, boys!" he faltered, as he gazed  
With fading sight,  
On the faces of those who loved him, as  
They knelt in the waning light.

We looked at each in wonder, amazed at  
Such request,  
And waited, as if choosing which one  
Could say it best.

Jim leaped above the dear one, then  
Bowed his crimson face,  
And spoke the words gently, with  
Strength which lent him grace.

He closed the sweet petition just as the  
Setting sun  
Threw rays of glorious beauty on him  
Whose work was done.

We laid our brave young hero, with  
Mourning hearts and true,  
On that far distant hillside, in folds  
Of straggly blue.

We sent the waiting mother the message  
Full of pain;  
Our tears fell at thought of him,  
Who fell in the war with Spain.

No loving hands sweet garlands threw  
O'er that lonely grave,  
But the angels keep their silent watch  
O'er the true and the brave.

—Hattie E. Baker, in The Banner of Gold.

## A SON OF OLD SCOTLAND.

By Maud Howard Peterson.

(Being an extract from "The Potter and the Clay," published by permission, Copyright, 1901, by the Lothrop Pub. Co., Boston.)

Among the books of the year "The Potter and the Clay," published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston, stands out prominently as one of the strongest character stories of the time. The story may be said to be ordinary in plot, but the writer has done his work in a way that would best portray the strength and weakness of his characters. The heroine is an American army girl, whose favor is sought by two English army officers, friends of her childhood. The story is an interesting one. A sturdy son of Scotland, who from his youth up never understood the meaning of fear, who reeled in the mad rages of the sea and storm, who braved for the time and the opportunity when he might place his name on the roll of honor of England, of whom his father was one. Yet when the time arrived for love for a woman had made him weak and his failure cost him not only the woman he loved, but his honor was afterward retrieved, but without the fame of which he had dreamed, and the woman he loved from him forever. In no part of the book is the character of Trevelyan displayed better than in his declaration of love for the heroine, made in his old Scotland home, and this we reproduce below.

THERE was a storm chill in the air. Trevelyan readjusted the carriage robe that had slipped away from Cary and turned up the collar of his driving coat. Now and again he glanced at Cary. The girl's face was turned away and she was looking out over the gray crags to the grayer sea beyond. The last three months had wrought an indefinable change in her. Trevelyan had noticed it on his arrival at the Camerons' that morning, and wondered vaguely if it had anything to do with travel and the process of "polishing" to which Cary so often banteringly referred. Well he was not going to worry over it. He had only one day and he meant to make the most of it.

He had written the Camerons he was coming, and had not even waited for an answer. He had announced his intention and it was enough. He had known Tom Cameron since they wore kilts together, and back of their friendship his mother's family had known the Camerons for generations. Somewhere in the history of the houses there had been an inter-marriage.

It had taken him hours to reach the Camerons. He would take him hours to return. But this one afternoon at least was his. After it, night would come the deluge. After it—probably would come the deluge. He wasn't feeling very sure of himself or of his own self power. After a man has been in torment for three months—

Tom Cameron's horse knew the road well—almost as well as Trevelyan did—and kept up a steady pace, and Tom Cameron's cart was comfortable.

John was expected that afternoon for three days. Well, Cary would not be there to welcome him. Cary would be with him. Stewart might have her—undoubtedly would have her for those three days, but to-day—this afternoon—was his.

The Camerons, learned in the signs of the sky, had demurred at the storm chill in the air and the threatening clouds, when after an early lunch, Trevelyan and the American girl had stepped into the cart. Trevelyan, however, had no intention of having the stormy way, had overruled the objections. The storm was a possibility. His return next morning at day-break, a necessity. Let the storm come. He defied it.

turned her eyes away from Trevelyan's seaward gaze.

"God!" he said under his breath. As Trevelyan and the girl drove up the house entrance way and neared the long, cool vestibule through the faint Scotch mist that had fallen the outline of Maetier waiting for them at the door.

The old retainer hurried forward to welcome them.

"My, sir, but 'tis guide to see ye. My heart's been sore for a sight 'o' thy face this lang time!" he cried to Trevelyan.

"Hello, Maetier!" he cried. "Jove! But it's good to see you again!"

"Then he turned to Cary and helped her to the ground.

"This is Maetier," he said, as one saying all that is sufficient. "Maetier, I used to tell Miss Cary about you when I was a little shaver."

"Aweel ye were ever a mindful lad o' me!" The old man smiled.

He opened the door for them, and stood to one side to let them enter.

"'Tis a bad day ye have for seeing the old place," he said as they passed him.

"You can bring the horse around in an hour," called Trevelyan as the old man drove away.

Then Trevelyan went back to Cary. The girl was standing at the further end of the great hall, looking out the beat of the sea on the nearby crags and through the faint mist catch a glimpse of the water.

Maetier had opened the long-closed blinds and the light seemed concentrated around the figure of the girl. Trevelyan tore his riding gloves from his hands and bent and unbent his fingers rapidly. "If I had dreamed—if I had known—" He reached her side.

"I'm afraid it's a gloomy day we've struck," he said quietly, "but I'm in hopes the mist won't last. On clear days from here you can see the highest crag of all. It's wiser to spend half my days, as a little shaver—used to be a robber king and a shipwrecked mariner and a Viking all rolled in one."

Trevelyan laughed, bending forward and nearer to her and looked out of the window, as though to penetrate the mist. Cary leaned against the frame of the window listening.

"When I got a bit older," Trevelyan's voice fell heavily on the silence of the big lonely hall. "I used to climb up there—to get away from everyone, and where no one could find me; and I would hide up there and sit by the hour, looking out at the sea and watching the white spray breaking below me. And then later I used to try and think of what love meant—what love could be—if I should ever love—"

He turned away abruptly and walked up and down the hall. After a little he came back to Cary, who had not stirred.

"Sometimes I used to dream of a woman who would some day come into my life—and I used to crawl to the edge of the crag and lean over to the white foam below, until I got dizzy—looking for her face. It seemed her face must be in the white foam—foolish, wasn't it?"

Cary ran her finger along the ledge of the window.

"We all have our dreams," Trevelyan watched her, as she turned her face again to the window. The mist outside increased and seemed to muffle the beat of the sea and all the sounds of nature, and it hung around her and softened her face into wonderful curves. He turned his eyes away from her suddenly. He could have crushed that face in his hands, bringing it up to his own—

"Maetier will be around in an hour," he said, after while in a matter of fact way, "and then I'll drive you about the place a bit before we return. We can easily make it and be back for dinner."

"Yes?" asked Cary, absently-mindedly.

"Come! Wake up! and look around you! Isn't this a fine old hall?" But Trevelyan's voice lacked enthusiasm.

"Fine?" her voice pulsed with the enthusiasm Trevelyan had lacked.

"It's the finest old hall in all the world! The dearest old home. Take me over it—from the top to the bottom, and show me where you and John and Tom Cameron used to play!"

Trevelyan led her from room to room; passing quickly this one, that held memories of his mother; pausing on the threshold of another, to tell the story of the Scotch boy's playtime; to show her the first stag's head, shot when hunting with Maetier. Trevelyan told the story well, for the loved with the strange tales of strength of an unyielding nature, the memories his words called up. Now it was how Tom and he had slipped out of the window one night and scaled the ivy-covered turret wall, that they might investigate the old cave down at the water's edge, by the light of the waning moon. Maetier hung there, the strange tales of the happenings in the cave when the moon was on the wane. Again it was the day he had stumbled with his gun and the bullet had entered his thigh; how old Maetier had fumed him across his shoulders, and borne him home through the darkness of the falling night. Again it was the morning his mother had died; how he had been awakened by the hurrying of many feet, and starting up in bed had found his father bending over him calling him by name.

Never had the girl known Trevelyan to be so eloquent; never had she seen him as he was to-day. Now Trevelyan's voice was blithe with the blitheness of glad remembered things; now it broke with feeling, or vibrated with the passion of regret, or seemed long dead to life. He seemed not to be speaking of himself. He was telling her the story of an English boy, Scottish bred; of his wild escapades; of his love of freedom and unrestricted things; of his dangers and his hopes; of what he meant to be when he became a man!

And Cary, held fast by the magic of the story, felt her pulses throb, her being thrill. An unreasonable regret that she had not been a Scottish child

to follow where he led, up the high crags or down into the black caves, took possession of her; and she recalled a picture of a sea churned into foam; of a boat drifting out toward the waste of ocean; and above the gray surface of the stone-hued waters, a boy's head turned landward.

Once, in following Trevelyan from one room to another, she glanced out of the window and noticed vaguely that the heavy rain drops lay upon the glade. Later, she was conscious of the dull booming of thunder, echoing among the nearby crags and losing itself in the beat of the surf. Then a flash of vivid lightning lit up the sudden darkness that had fallen on the rock.

Trevelyan rushed to the window. The thrall of the Scotch boy's story was upon him still.

"It's a storm," he cried. "It's a storm come to welcome me!"

He turned to Cary.

"Come here!" he commanded, "where you can watch the sea and the storm, right in front of you!"

She came instantly.

The darkness increased until they could not distinguish each other's faces. The thunder came and beat itself against the crags and spent itself. Now and again they could see, by the glow of the prolonged lightning, the waters lashed into a white fury. Once, by its light, she looked at Trevelyan's face. It was white and he was breathing deeply. He was looking seaward and seemed unconscious of her presence. Once he flung out his hand and it touched hers. It was colder than the storm chill in the air. Once, she looked at him again, and he, turning, met her eyes. Some power as mighty as the storm held her look to his, and then about the beating of the thunder on the crags and the booming of the surf, she heard his voice.

"Just you and I and the storm! You and I in all the world—all that the world holds!" She felt his hand upon her shoulder; she felt its coldness through her heavy dress and she shrank away from him, her voice and her words broken, with a nameless fear.

Above the storm she could hear Trevelyan's laugh.

"Let you go, when I've got you at last! Let you go, when your face has haunted me through all the days and all the nights of the long months! Let you go!"

"Oh, Robert!"

"Oh, you think I'm mad! Well, perhaps I am for love of you. You haunt me. You possess me. It was your face I dreamed of in the foam. There! don't tremble so! I won't hurt you, child!" The thunder drowned his voice.

"Do you dream what you are to me or could make of me? Do you know what it is to hold a man's soul in your hands?"

The spell of his words lifted. The instinct of an unknown danger possessed her. She slipped away in the darkness toward the door. The silence grew and grew.

Gradually the darkness lifted and the thunder and the boom of the surf lessened and the lightning came at long and longer intervals. Cary became acutely conscious of every sound. Somewhere in the distance she heard voices and the echo of her own footsteps. She kept her eyes away from Trevelyan, who was standing with his back to her. Danger lay that way.

Then the spell of Trevelyan's nearness crept over her again. She tried to fight it off, trembling. She moved a step toward him, one hand pressed close to her breast. Then she paused, arrested by a voice.

"Robert! Cary! Cary!"

The sound echoed down the great hall, across the still, deserted rooms, to the study, where they stood.

Trevelyan turned sharply.

"John!"

Cary's hand crept from her breast to her face, and she covered her eyes.

"John!"

Trevelyan crossed the space between them.

"Cary!"

The woman shrank back.

"Don't, you frighten me!" she moaned.

Trevelyan caught her by the wrist.

"Cary! Cary! Take that back! How can you frighten? See, I love you—love you!"

She was in his arms and he was leaning over her, his mouth close to her face.

"Cary," he whispered.

Down the long hall, through the silence of the deserted rooms, came the voices.

## FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A member of the Austrian parliament has been arrested on a charge of highway robbery.

The Bank of France compels customers checking out money to accept at least one-fifth in gold coin.

The English law directory contains the names of some 10,000 barristers, but the number of those who practice does not exceed 8,000.

The plague in India has been practically limited to the native population, and in Glasgow it was last year limited to the lowest class of the population.

A young doctor in Ontario attended an old lady who was too poor to pay. A few months later she came into a £1,000, and dying soon after bequeathed it to the doctor.

In the chief room of every Japanese house there is a slightly raised dais, which is arranged so that it can be shut off from the rest of the room. This is a place for the emperor to sit should he ever visit that home.

The whole population of an Italian town is about to emigrate to the Argentine Republic and to constitute the majority of its population.

The city of Zurich must be the very paradise of clubs. In proportion to the number of its inhabitants it possesses more clubs than any other city in the world. At the end of 1893 it already had 534 clubs, but in 1907 they had increased to 771.

## WAITERS ARE DIPLOMATS.

Restaurant Patron Regaled by Smooth Patron and Relieved of a Tip.

One of the patrons of a downtown restaurant laid down his paper the other evening and, more to kill time than because he believed the fact needed enforcement, relates the Chicago Inter Ocean, said to the waiter:

"That man who is a great diplomat isn't he, George?"

"He is," said George, brushing a crumb about the size of three pinheads from the cloth; "he is, sir, but if you'll let me say it, I and my mates here are better diplomats than he."

"For instance—"

"There are a hundred for instances. Mr. Choate, and Sir Julian, and Mr. Hay, and end the great deal of material to work with. A waiter is a diplomat without any properties to help his act along, as we used to say when I took care of the front street scene in vaudeville. I contend, sir, that a Chicago waiter is the best diplomat on earth, and I'll show you why."

"Do you know how much pay he gets? No, you don't, and very few others do. His salary (and it is the same in all the first-class restaurants here) is eight dollars a week. The difference between that and what it costs him to live, he must get from tips, and that is where his diplomacy comes in."

"First, he must make friends with the head waiter, so that he will get a chance to serve people who look as if they have money. Next, he must serve them in such a way that they will want to give him some of it. The good waiter acts as if he is neither to be seen nor heard, but is only at the table to anticipate every wish of the members of his party. He watches every man keenly. His eyes never stray. No matter what he hears, he pretends he hears nothing. He looks upon broken crockery as of no importance. He regards his party as the only ones in the restaurant. He is soft-footed, and when he has to speak he is soft-voiced. He acts as if his party is possessed of unlimited cash and unlimited credit. He is a slave, old servant and manager in one. He is a diplomat, and he gets the liberal tip by pretending to regard a tip as superfluous. That's what makes a good waiter, sir."

"And that's diplomacy?"

"Yes, sir, that's diplomacy, and cash. Thank you, sir; that's a very liberal tip."

## BIGGEST PASTORAL CHARGE.

Presiding Elder Phifer's District Covers an Area of 45,000 Square Miles.

Northern Colorado has the largest pastoral charge in the world. It is known as the "Greeley district," and is in charge of Presiding Elder Rev. W. D. Phifer, of Greeley. The district extends from Nebraska on the east to Utah on the west, and from Wyoming on the north to 150 miles southward in Colorado, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

This great empire, over which a single man presides, is equal in area to a third of Colorado. It must be all visited, too, as often as possible. The presiding elder is the business manager of the churches, and Dr. Phifer travels constantly in order to meet with the various pastors under his charge.

When he prepares for one of these long journeys he faces a difficult task. He must travel over an area of nearly 45,000 square miles, a territory 30 times as large as Rhode Island, and as large as Delaware, New Jersey, Maryland and Rhode Island combined.

There are single counties in the district as large as the last-named state. The district is larger than Pennsylvania or Ohio, taken alone. It is a wild region, inviting the hunter and trapper, and the man who seeks sport either with gun or camera.

The pastor who journeys through this western empire must take all necessary precautions to insure safety, for many perils may confront him. In the winter deep snows block the mountain passes, and in summer streams must be forded. Occasionally wandering bands of Indians, who have run away from the reservations to hunt game, are encountered. They are harmless, but unpleasant company. It requires nearly three months for Dr. Phifer to visit the 47 churches in his district. The pastors, who with his care for the spiritual welfare of the people, are a brave band. They are nearly all young; some are college graduates, and all work from higher motives than salary or prominence and popularity.

Reasonable.

Mrs. Jones—They say bachelors should be taxed; but I don't think they are always to blame.

Dr. Jones—Certainly not! No man is always to blame until he gets married!—Puck.

## PITH AND POINT.

In making a lie it is a good plan to clinch the lie.—Chicago Daily News.

"A turned-down page" describes a certain congressionalophile who has been discharged.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The laugh was never intended as a means of being impudent, but young people sometimes use it that way.—Atchison Globe.

"Natalie, do you like to go to school?" "Oh, yes, papa; I just love to go to school." "What do you like best?" "Oh, gymnasium and recess."—Indianapolis News.

Overheard at the Glove Department.—"Thank goodness that woman doesn't shop here every day—she's worse than a dose of medicine." "Yes; a sort of counter irritant."—Town Topics.

"He never kicked at sitting back of a woman with a big hat at the theater?" "Never. He claimed that it was the duty of a chivalrous man to try and look over a woman's fault."—Philadelphia Times.

Not at All Partial.—She—"Your friend Mr. Flyntman is rather partial to blonds, is he not?" He—"Quite the contrary. To my knowledge there are at least four of them now that he's equally attentive to—show me parading, in fact."—Philadelphia Record.

"Do you believe that college-bred women make good wives?" "I don't think going to college makes the slightest difference," answered Mr. Meekton. "You couldn't keep a woman from assuming a position of superior knowledge by merely not sending her to school."—Washington Star.

Bunker—"Why do you take a short cut to 'Shure' Casey (with pick and shovel)?" "Shure, there is no short cut, except across the Country Club's grounds." Bunker—"Well, wouldn't mind that?" Casey—"Faith, O' would, thin. D'ye think O' would be to look for a golf player?"—Philadelphia Press.

## JUST LIKE OTHER GIRLS.

College Misses Do Not Wish to Be Regarded as Extraordinary Creatures.

It seems to me there is a great deal of bother and worry over the college girl. The one cries: "No, she does not care for marriage." Another one complains: "Athletics are making her rough." Still another objects: "Her education makes her much less companionable." And there is a chorus of voices declaring: "She won't make a good wife," relates the Springfield (Mass.) Union.

Why can't the college girl be left alone to work out her own salvation? While at college she thinks of anything but marriage, and after graduating matrimony is not her chief aim in life. She has a purpose in life, and tries to carry it out, and if she falls in love and marries it is because it happened so, and not because she planned it.

Athletics have made her strong and well. She has learned the value of exercise, hygiene and how to care for her health. While at college she may indulge in some boisterous games, but when she goes out into the world she carries the best part of her athletic training with her, and leaves behind the rougher part.

It is difficult for a girl to adjust herself to home life the first year after leaving college, but her education has broadened her out considerably, and she has more patience with the opinion of others, so that she is made more companionable rather than less so.

She has learned that all things are worth while, and that other interests than her own are worth considering. She has learned to adapt herself to all sorts and conditions of men, and is of much more benefit to society than the girl with one idea. Maybe she has stopped magnifying the little things, has less patience with small complaints, but this should be put down to her credit.

There is little reason to fuss over whether college girls will make good wives or not. Some will make good wives and some will not, as with their noncollege sisters. If they happen to be domestic by temperament they will make snug housekeepers, but if they dislike household work they may not become expert bread makers and doughnut fryers.

The advantage is on their side, however, for if they are skilled in domestic arts they have their education back of them to help make them attractive to their husbands, and the uneducated girl who hates domestic cares has not this help.

As a matter of fact college girls are just ordinary girls who have had a little better chance to improve themselves, who have learned a little more of the richness of life and its possibilities. They desire to be as sweet, lovable and companionable as the girls who do not attend college, and they are growing very weary of being spoken of as women who are a problem. They only wish to be let alone and treated like other girls.

## Stereoscopic Study of the Moon.

It has been observed that on account of the absence of an atmosphere on the moon and the consequent lack of graduation in shadows, the eye of the observer is seriously misled in judging the actual relief of objects forming the lunar landscape. Prof. Prinz, of Brussels, has recently developed a method of avoiding this difficulty, and of seeing the craters and other details on the moon in their natural proportions. Taking advantage of the fact that as the moon travels around the earth the eccentricity of its orbit produces the effect of a slow libration, or balancing to and fro, which causes its face to be inclined now a little one way and now a little the other way, Prof. Prinz makes two photographs of the lunar object to be studied, at opposite points in the libration, and then combines them in a stereoscopic, whereupon the object stands forth in full relief. This principle has hitherto been applied only to photographs of the moon as a whole, and not to particular craters or regions.—Science.

## Pot Luck.

Mrs. Dorcas—That missionary who went out among the savages was a noble man. He died, to save their souls.

Dorcas—Nonsense, my dear! There was a famine, and he died to save their lives.—Judge.

## THE MILITARY POWER.

Outstanding Civil Government Resting Upon Half Concealed Bayonets for the Philippines.

Secretary Root, in an interview, sets forth clearly and distinctly the fact that the president's reliance for authority in the Philippines is solely upon the military power. Secretary Root's interview, which may be copied as the official interpretation of the president's present policy in the Philippines, says:

"In the Philippines the president has announced a distinct policy of governing the islands under his power as commander in chief of the army, with a constant regard for the rights of the people and with the determination, as rapidly as conditions would allow, to diminish the use of military agencies and increase the employment of civil representatives of his power. This policy will be adhered to, and will be extended, as occasion requires, to every branch of government in the islands."

The matter no less than the manner of this announcement is startling. The president relies upon his military power—"his" power, not the power of a constitutional popular government, nor even the power of congress as enlarged by Justice Brown's decision—but upon "his" power as a military dictator. The poor makeshift of the Spooner amendment, whereby congress attempted to abdicate its powers, is contemptuously brushed aside. The president will continue to rule as the man on horseback, with the bayonet as his symbol and the Mauser rifle as his prime minister.

Of course, all will be done "with a constant regard for the rights of the people," and "with the determination to diminish the use of military agencies and increase the employment of civil representatives of his power." That goes without saying. George III. never intended to rely permanently upon the Hessians to carry out his plans for "the rights of the people" in the colonies; his idea also was, as far as feasible, to "increase the employment of civil representatives of his power." In fact, he did employ the civil representatives of his power until the people unreasonably demanded that their power be recognized, when he was obliged to resort to the military. It was the custom of Julius Caesar and of the Roman emperors, as soon as they had benevolently assimilated a conquered people, to give them some form of civil government, subject to the power and caprice of the Roman ruler.

There is little to be chosen between a military despotism, pure and simple, and an ostensible civil government resting upon half-concealed bayonets, such as the empire of the third Napoleon, for instance—and of the two, the military despotism, plain and undisguised, is the honest and in the end less destructive of liberty.

Could the secretary of war in any cabinet prior to President McKinley's have uttered such language as is attributed to Secretary Root without causing an instant investigation by congress, and, in case the president sanctioned these words, impeachment proceedings against the president as an intending usurper and subverter of our form of government? What is the matter with congress? Has patronage hopelessly corrupted the representatives of the people? Whether are we drifting?—Albany Argus.

## TARIFF AND TRUSTS.

Without Protection the Monopolistic Combines Would Not Long Be in Existence.

In the discussion of the tariff and the creation of the trusts, which was the feature of the recent Washington session of the industrial commission, Congressman Taylor, of Ohio, submitted certain figures which were enlightening as bearing upon the monopoly combine system.

Mr. Taylor defended the Dingley tariff law, and had no remedy to suggest for abatement of the trust evil; yet he expressed himself as deeply apprehensive of the cost of the latter to the consuming public. He called special attention to the recently organized steel trust, declaring that its securities now amount to \$1,500,000,000, while its cost had not been one-third that amount. Nevertheless, asserted the Ohio congressman, the holders of those securities would demand returns upon them.

It is the purchasers of the products of the steel trust, and the laborers employed by the steel trust, who must pay to the holders of inflated steel trust securities the returns demanded. This will come from the consumer in the form of higher prices dictated by the trust, which absolute controls all markets. It will come from the laborer in the form of lower wages accepted at the dictation of the trust, which exercises a large control of the labor market. And just as the billion-dollar trust operates to the sore cost of the consumer and the laborer, so do the smaller trusts operate in their respective fields.

Congressman Taylor is either of defective vision or falling on his face, or he has a very low view of the tariff and trust field, or else he has not the courage of his convictions and so declines to give them full expression. He should know that most of the trusts could not exist without the high tariff. He should know that the tariff continues to enrich the trusts at the expense of the people. He should know that the removal of the high protective tariff would also remove the trusts. And he should be brave enough to frankly confront the truth and work on the people's side.

—St. Louis Republic.

It is gratifying to find that some limitations are recognized in connection with the imperial power vested in the executive. Apparently Mr. Knox and Mr. Root shrink from declaring that Mr. McKinley can levy taxes upon the American people without congress is competent to levy. But as for the poor Filipinos, they hold that he can rule them absolutely under the "military power." He can even set up a civil government, so-called, and still remain absolute dictator by military power.—Boston Post.

President McKinley does not banker for an extra session of congress, which, weak and pliable as it has recently been, might be rendered unalloyed by that supreme court decision.—Alb