

Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

THE WEIRD OF THE MORROW.

You'll be sorry to-morrow, sorry
For the harsh words said to-day.
You will wish you had waited a little,
Till the ill mood passed away.
You will grieve for the friend you wounded,
But you'll grieve till your heart is eze
For the strife and sin that entered in
When anger set wide the door.

You'll be sorry to-morrow, sorry
That an old face quivered and broke,
As if a blow had struck it,
At the low words you spoke.
You'll be sorry to-morrow, sorry
That a little child with dread
At the glance of your eye went hurrying
By
With downcast, drooping head.

You'll be sorry to-morrow, sorry
That you played the cowardly part,
And the hypocrite's hateful art,
For silence is sometimes shameful,
And both of the men degree,
And it creeps away at the end of the day,
To lurk where the mean things be.

You'll be sorry to-morrow, sorry
For the deed that fears the light,
Oh, why wait for the morrow
Ere you give yourself for the right?
Oh, why not summon your neighborhood,
Be noble and brave to-day:
There is grace to be had for Galahad,
As he rides on his perilous way.

Sorry to-morrow? Truly
There better be no content,
And have no guilt to atone for,
No wifful sins to repent.
By the word, the look, the action,
By the help of God in the world,
That light of Heaven, forever given
In the hush of the answered prayer.
—Margaret E. Sangster, in Youth's Companion.

IN UNDRESS UNIFORM.

By H. H. Bennett.

SERGEANT Bob leaned his rifle against
the stack, and sat down on an up-
turned, empty soap box in the shadow
of the tent, with a sigh of relief. He
unbuckled his belt, and mopped his
hot face with a red cotton handker-
chief.

"There," he said, "that's done for
one while! I shall not have any more
guard duty for at least 24 hours, thank
goodness, though we've got more than
many men and extra guard duty is
becoming the rule."

"Thought you liked it?" grinned the
other sergeant, looking up from his
occupation of poking a little sharp-
ened stick into the recesses of his
rifle-breach in search of dust.

"Like it?" Sergeant Bob ejaculated
ironically, with a diminutive wave of
a grimy hand at all the surroundings.
From the scrubby hills to the east
a dusty country road ran across the
narrow valley, and disappeared in the
hills to the west. The sides of the
hills were covered with underbrush
and second-growth timber, with here
and there a little whitewashed house
set down box-like in a clearing. The
valley was a marsh, with coarse grass
and weeds; here and there a pool of
stagnant water or a ditch-like stream;
lazy hummocks of dirt ground rose
from it, covered with brambles and
wild roses.

Through the center of this valley
ran the long black line of a railway
embankment, crossed midway by the
wagon-road. In one of the angles
formed by the crossing stood a coun-
try store, a one-story box of gray
boards. In another angle was a great
coal-tipple, its skeleton frame black
against the sky. From this a little
railway straddled across the marshy
ground on the high legs of a trestle,
running back to where the dark
mouth of a coal-shaft yawned in the
hillside.

Around the tipple were great piles
of slack, waste coal-dust, screened
from the dump. The store was built
on slack; the railway embankment
was made of slack; grimy hills of
slack, cut through by the railway
and the wagon-road, filled all the
neighborhood of the tipple.

Some of the murky hills were on
fire, smoldering, and they had been
burning for years, and from them
rose noxious gases. The stream that
ran at their base was polluted by the
drainage of the slack, and on the
surface of the water floated an irides-
cent, metallic scum.

Along the wagon-road, on either
side, stretched rows of tents; another
row was placed on a little strip of
level ground at the foot of the railway
fill, more tents stood in the shadow
of the coal-tipple. In front of the
store a tent held a telegraph instru-
ment, placed on a barrel, and here a
blue-clad operator listened to the
busy ticking of the receiver. The
brazen sun of a hot June day shone
in a sky of burning blue. The ther-
mometer, hung in the telegraph tent,
registered 94 degrees.

Now and then a long coal-train
rushed by, raising black dust in swirls,
which settled again on tents and tip-
ple and store. A wagon, dragging its
slow course along the road, was half
hidden in a gray cloud of dust. In
the shade of the tipple or in the hot
shadow of the tents lounged blue-clad
men, with blouses unbuttoned or cast
aside, each one trying to get a breath
of fresh air in that valley furnace.

Four infantry companies and a bat-
tery of the national guard were en-
camped here; four miles down the
railway were two other companies, and
four miles in the other direction
were two companies more. Sixteen
miles of railway were held and guard-
ed by these two battalions. Beyond
them were troops of other regiments,
scattered here and there along 60
miles of road, until the railway
reached the waters of the broad Ohio.

Night and day sentinels paced the
track and squads of guards watched
the bridges, the coal-tipples and the
mine buildings. Night and day watch-
ful pickets along the hills waited with
loaded rifles.

When the troops had reached the
narrow valley, three days before,
bridges and tipples were burning!
Loaded cars had been overturned and
wrecked, and not a train was running
on this section of one of the great
railways of the country. All this
was the work of rioters who found

opportunities for mischief in a strike
of coal miners. The majority of the
rioters were alleged, by the coal min-
ers, to be ignorant foreigners, Poles,
Hungarians, Slavs, Italians, deluded
and misled by mistaken men.

But the great dangers of this strike,
which has now been a matter of history
for some years, were at an end. Now
the bridges and buildings were safe;
long trains thundered over the
rails, and the men who had brought
about order panted in the sweltering
heat by day, and shivered in the
misty, chill air by night. By night,
too, the rioters from the foreign set-
tlement came across the hills and
fired into the camp and at the sen-
tinals.

The first night this was done the
bugle blew "To arms!" and the whole
camp roused itself to repel an attack.
Now, even the pickets did not notice
the firing unless the men came too
near, or tried to cross the lines.

Then it was: "Halt! Who goes
there? Halt! Halt! Who goes there?
Halt, or I'll fire!" followed, if the man
did not obey, by the report of a rifle,
and the crashing of bushes as the
intruder fled.

"I wish we had been detailed for the
upper post," growled Sergt. Bob, who
had got rid of his blouse and his leg-
gings, and was now meditatively re-
garding his dusty shoes.

"Why? You don't hear any news up
there; this is headquarters," said the
other sergeant.

"Headquarters indeed! You can get
passing there to go into town and
get a bath. You don't want to loaf
around in an atmosphere of coal-dust
all the time. And they have a barrel
of ice-water at the camp."

"What! Ice-water! You don't mean
it?"

"Yes, I do!" grumbled Bob. "The
major's orderly told me so when he
came down here. He had a bath yester-
day, and swam with plenty of
water. We have to tramp a quarter
of a mile to get drinking water, and
not much of that. I tried bathing in
one of those ditches. Stood in a wash-
basin to keep from sinking in the
mud. It wasn't a success, and I've got
clean things in my knapsack, too. By
George, we always get the toughest
detail of the whole lot."

"Oh, quit your growling. You're
not a duty sergeant, and don't go on
guard."

"No; but I have to stay here, and
it's Sergeant, do this, that and the
other all day. Then there are the
reports and requisitions; and every
time one of your fellows wants to
grumble you come to me. Yesterday
you wanted to know why I did not
give you coffee after dinner."

"I didn't! I just asked if you ex-
pected us to live on corned beef all
the time. Say, we got fired on three
different times at the bridge last
night."

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of fresh air in that valley furnace.

the air like a bee, and struck the tree
trunk near by.
B-z-z-z! Another singing through
the air, and two white streaks arose
from the enveloping blankets and
sought cover hurriedly. From a patch
of bushes on the edge of the cornfield
a little puff of blue smoke floated lazily
upward.

"Now, who on earth can that be?
Any one mean enough to fire at two
peaceful children. Are you hurt?"
asked Sergt. Bob from behind the tree.

"No, I'm not, but I'm very uncom-
fortable."
"What's the matter?"
"Why, look at me!" said the other
sergeant. "Here I am, lying in a puddle
of ice-water."

"Why don't you get out of it then?"
"Get out of it? These old well-
bores won't stop a ball, and I have
to stay flat on the ground behind this
curb. I don't want to get shot. This
is where you tipped over that bucket
of water. I wish I had that villain!"

A shot from the thicket answered
him as he shook his fist beyond the
corner of the well. Sergt. Bob
leaped against the tree and laughed;
then he stopped laughing and won-
dered how long the unseen marksman
would keep them there, and if their
absence from camp would be noticed
at noon mess.

Every movement it seemed, brought
a shot from the bushes. Once in a
while the man in the thicket turned
his attention to the clothes on the
fence and shot holes in them, while
the owners howled at him from their
cover.

"Well, I guess I can stand it as long
as he can," commented Bob.

"Yes; you're not exposed to the
wintry blasts as I am," complained
the other sergeant.

"Wintry blasts? Why, man, the
sun's burning patches on me till I
look like a tiled floor."

"Well, you aren't lying in a small lake
of well water that is way below zero.
Part of me is frozen; when I turn
over the other part freezes, and I'm
dirtier than when I came up here.
Wouldn't I like to get a crack at that
fellow?"

"Say," began Sergeant Bob after an-
other half-hour, "can't you get one
of the rifles? The little snap of his
gun can't be heard at camp, but if
you could fire one of ours, the bang
would bring the guard up in a hurry."

"I can't reach them from here.
Every time I stick my hand out to
reproach shoots at me. Wait a min-
ute. Is your rifle loaded?"

"No; but the box is hanging on it
with the belt and there's twenty
rounds in it."

The other sergeant looked around
and found a stick. Then he reached
over and poked the stick through a
crack in the boards, sawing it back
and forth until he got it against one
of the rifles. The gun came rattling
to the ground, and he pulled it behind
the curb. "This brought out more
shots from the man in the bushes."

"Is that my rifle?" asked Bob.

"Mine, and the best one in the com-
pany, too!"

"Well, you'll get your shoulder
kicked off. You've got no clothes for
padding."

"This rifle don't kick. No rifle does
if you hold it right, and I'll make a
pad of this towel. Of course you fel-
lows who shut both eyes when you
fire and hold the butt two inches from
your shoulder get kicked, and no wonder."

"Shut both eyes? Who got the
sharpshooter's bar, I'd like to know?
But go ahead! Blaze away into the
hills. Noise is all we want."

"Bang! went the rifle, and a crack
from the bushes answered it. Half a
dozen times the sergeant shot, as fast
as he could load and fire.

"That will do, I reckon," he said,
rubbing his shoulder. "They'll think
there is a battle, and the two
chuckles as they waited for re-en-
forcements and relief."

"Hey, you men! What are
you doing here?" It was the fat lieut-
enant, coming from behind the old
log house.

"Get back, lieutenant!" both boys
cried. "You'll be shot!"

"There's a villain six feet tall up in
the bushes there, with a Winchester!
He's kept us here an hour," explained
Sergeant Bob.

"Hey!" and the lieutenant dodged
behind the log hut. From back of him
the grinning faces of half a dozen of
the guard looked out.

"We'll get your man for you. We
reconnitered, saw from where the
shots came, and I sent a squad up over
the hill. They'll come down on your
rear. But what I want to know is
what you 're doing outside of
lines?"

"Taking a bath, sir."

"Taking a bath, eh?" Well, I might
overlook you coming out for such a
commendable purpose, especially since
you've been penned up already, but
you've made me run up this hill in the
sun, and you ought to be court-mar-
tialled. Hello! The other squad has
your man."

There was a commotion in the
bushes; then the corporal and the
rest of the squad appeared. The cor-
poral held in his hand a dingy little
Flobert rifle. Two of the men led a
small, shock-headed, dirty-faced boy.

"The lieutenant shouted with laugh-
ter: 'There's your six-footer and his
Winchester! Keep you here an hour!
Oh, my!' and the rest of the guard
enlisted audibly. Sergt. Bob and the
other sergeant looked at each other
and said nothing.

"What does he say, corporal?"

"Says he did it for fun, sir, and that
he did not shoot to hit."

"He did it for fun, eh? Well, just
bring along his rifle and keep it; box
his ears and send him home. As for
you two, get into your clothes and
come to camp at once. When you get
there report at guard headquarters—
that is, if you don't forget it, and
the lieutenant smiled as he departed.

"Guess we'll forget, won't we, Bob?"
asked the other sergeant. And they
did.—Youth's Companion.

Ready for the Rush.
They had been drifting about in the
open boat seven days, and all were
near unto death, when the half-fam-
ished sailor in the bow leaped up and
cried: "A sail! A sail!"

"What a bargain sale!" shrieked
the half-dead woman passenger, as
she began fumbling for her purse.—
Baltimore World.

PITH AND POINT.

Slow wisdom is sometimes better
than sudden inspiration. — Chicago
Daily News.

"Were you left much in your uncle's
will?" "Yes, confound it, completely."
—Town and Country.

We have tried it, and find that if
you tell a man who doesn't do a bit of
work that he is overworked, he gives
you credit for being most sincere.—
Athenian Globe.

The things that elude us are the
temptations for which there has been
made a way of escape and for every
disappointment there has been some-
thing gained.—N. Y. Sun.

First Actor—"Stormer Barnes says
that he'll accept none but Shakespea-
rean roles this season." Second Actor—"Well, I'll bet that he's around
hunting bread rolls before the season's
half over."—Indianapolis News.

Obbliging.—Old Lady—"Dear! dear!
I don't like to see a little boy smoking
a cigarette." The Boy—"Don't you,
mamam? Well, if I'll come 'round this
way at the same time, 'morrow I'll try
to be smokin' a cigar 'r a pipe."—Phila-
delphia Evening Bulletin.

D'Auber—"Have you seen my paint-
ing?" "The Haymakers," up at the acad-
emy?" Critick—"Yes, and I heard a
comment on it to-day." D'Auber—"Com-
plimentary?" Critick—"Judge
for yourself. An old farmer who was
looking at it said: 'Waal, that makes
me tired.'"—Philadelphia Press.

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open boat seven days, and all were
near unto death, when the half-fam-
ished sailor in the bow leaped up and
cried: "A sail! A sail!" "What a bar-
gain sale!" shrieked the half-dead
woman passenger, as she began fumb-
ling for her purse.—Baltimore World.

KILLING THE BLUE WHALE.

The Harpoon Gun and Its Terrible
Work When It Plants a
Shot Fairly.

To pursue the blue whale success-
fully, a boat is required that can steam
12 knots an hour, and which is fur-
nished with a formidable weapon
known as the harpoon gun, says Pear-
son's Magazine.

The harpoon gun is a ponderous
piece of apparatus placed on a raised
platform on the prow of the whaler,
and consists of a short, stout cannon,
mounted on a broad pedestal, on
which it can rotate horizontally. The
gun has also a vertical motion, and can
be turned quickly in whatever direc-
tion the prow of the ship dominates.

On the top of the gun are "sights" for
aiming, just as in a rifle. Behind the
stock, which is grasped in the hand
when firing the gun, and beneath the
trigger, the breech is a boxlike ar-
rangement, situated just where the
stock is fastened to the gun proper.
The gun is loaded in the ordinary way
tightly rammed into it. To discharge
the gun, a small cartridge, with a wire
attached, is first put into the breech.
Pressure on the trigger causes a pull
on the wire, which ignites the car-
tridge and discharges the gun simultane-
ously.

The harpoon is about six feet in
length, and very massive. It consists
essentially of three parts, the ante-
rior conical portion, the movable
barbs and the shaft. The anterior
conical piece is an explosive shell filled
with gunpowder, and screws on to the
rest of the harpoon. The explosive
shell is fired with a time fuse after
the harpoon is imbedded in the whale.

Behind the explosive conical piece lie
the four barbs situated at right angles
to each other. These barbs are always
bound down tightly together with thin
rope, and when the harpoon is going to
be discharged, as the harpoon pen-
etrates the flesh of the whale this rope
gets brushed off the barbs, and in so
doing pulls a wire, which sets fire to
the fuse, and it explodes the shell in a
second.

The shell gets blown to
pieces and makes a terrific wound in
the whale's interior, and the explosion
causes the four barbs to stand out, so
that it becomes impossible for the har-
poon to be withdrawn. The rest of the
harpoon consists of a long shaft with
a slot in it in which a ring moves free-
ly with the rope attached.

If the rope at a certain point, the har-
poon gets imbedded in the whale, and
unless the rope breaks the animal can-
not escape. The rope, which is a very
stout one, passes from the harpoon
onto a round tray in front of the gun,
where a coil of 50 feet or so lies.

NEW YORK'S MIDAIR CLUBS.

Novel Feature of Business Life in the
Great Eastern Met-
ropolis.

Mr. Cleveland Moffett, turning from
the consideration of steeple-climbing,
bridge-building and other "Careers of
Danger and Daring," devotes an illus-
trated article in Century to an account
of what he calls the Mid-Air clubs of
New York, which are used principally
by business men as luncheon rooms.

"Suppose we leave our toil of the
morning, our business scheming, and
try what the mid-air clubs can do for
us. A few blocks above the post office
rises the Central Bank building, a gray
granite mass piled up 16 stories over
the street and capped by a wide cornice
so high that, why, when you look up
at it—bend your head farther back—
it seems to sway out unsteadily. We
shall be lunching presently just above
that cornice!

"It is better already, as we turn into
the marble-columned corridor; the
outer dazzle is subdued; and as the
rapid car bears us upward we feel a
welcome downrush of cool air. There
is no stop—this is the members' car;
and nine, 12, 15, here we are in the
Arkwright club, one that is well worth
studying.

"And first for a table in the south-
west corner of the large dining-room,
if we may secure one, for here is the
finest outlook. A big place, as spacious
as a ballroom and borne up imposingly
by the column walls finished richly
in green—this is what walls
there are, for on three sides we look
out over the city through continuous
windows with single panes five feet
square! Now turn to the left, then
slowly to the right. Ah! splendid,
isn't it? We are so high that all else
seems beneath us, and the view sweeps
free from river to river, and far down
to the bay.

"This is the Brooklyn bridge with
strings of doll cars trailing over it.
There are the spindly piles of Newspa-
per row, once counted lofty. And
straight to the south cuts the deep,
gloomy canyon of Broadway, a narrow
cleft between gray and red precipices,
in the depths of which we can make
out the silent wriggling shapes of men
and horses. Away to the north stretch-
es the wide Hudson, and on a
clear day we can follow it from
Grant's tomb yonder down through its
spreading mouth to the mass of Staten
Island. And see the river craft! What
quiet pleasure there is in watching
them, the drifting barges, the laden
schooners, the fat ferry boats plying
in and out, with white foam streaking
the wake, all comfortable, one feels,
out in the cool, wet river. There goes
a liner steaming lazily—one of the
ocean rangers, says the waiter, who
knows them all by their funnels. Yes,
even the waiters yield to the charm of
this place, and one of them stayed his
table setting long enough to tell me
how it fills him with awe, sir, every
evening when the sun dips suddenly
in golden splendor from behind the
Orange mountains. And he described
the look of fairyland that the Jersey
shores take on with all the electric
lights twinkling along its water front.
What a contrast, I reflected, between
this man with a soul above his napkin
and waiters down on the street who
never see the river or the hills, who
never do anything but hustle plates in
red-hot rooms and bowl out orders!"

"This Arkwright club (named, of
course, after Sir Richard of spinning-
jenny fame) does for men in the whole-
sale dry goods trade what similar clubs
do for men in a dozen other trades.
There are the Drug club, the Wool club,
the Hardware club, the Merchants
club, the Aldine association, the Mid-
day club, the Transportation club, the
Fulton club, the Business Woman's
club, and various others, all unique in
this, that they have been lifted to the
top of very high buildings."

ROMANCE OF A BANKBOOK.

Dormant Account in a Savings Bank
Found in a Singular
Manner.

The Bank for Savings, which is 85
years old, has the heaviest dormant
account in New York, about \$300,000,
in which 2,000 accounts are tied up.
Of these the ownerships of about 200
are solved each year, and to this ac-
count are added about 50 which, be-
cause of the lapse of 21 years without being
touched, are entitled to enter the dor-
mant class. But in these days the
bank does not allow accounts to rest
so long, and after ten years have
lapsed a search is made and the de-
positors located. After that the bank
keeps informed of their whereabouts
each year. In 1819, the year when the
bank first opened its doors, a church
mission in New York made a deposit
in the name of "Mission to Jerusalem."
The amount deposited was small, but
it was 61 years before that amount
and the interest were paid out to the
proper church authorities, says the
New York Press.

"One of the oddest cases which I have
seen since I took hold of this work,"
said Mr. DeLisser, of the Bank for
Savings, "was that of a colored girl
who lived four miles from Jamaica.
The pastor of the family, while mak-
ing a call one day, saw the children
playing with a soiled and torn bank-
book. They had scribbled over the
leaves and were tossing the book
about. No one in the family seemed
to understand what the book was, and
the pastor, looking at it and seeing
that it was one of our passbooks, ad-
vised them to bring it to this bank.
This girl, who was 17 or 18 years old,
brought it to me, and on looking up
the account I saw that it called for
several hundred dollars, deposited by
a woman who afterward was proved to
be the girl's grandmother. Eventually
the girl got the money, and the inci-
dent, I thought, was closed. But sev-
eral months afterward she came in
and said: 'I was just going by and I
thought I'd drop in and tell you how
much good that money did us. And
say, do you know, I've just been mar-
ried on it,' and she left, bearing all
over, as I congratulated her."

TRUTHS BY BRYAN.

Texts for National Life Which Should
Be Pondered by the Re-
publicans.

William J. Bryan, in his late speech
at Galesburg, Ill., told some plain
truths, as he always does, that should
be pondered by all his fellow citizens
when he said: "Nations should be
judged as we judge men. Thomas Jef-
ferson said the same thing. Franklin
elucidated the same truth when he
said a nation is only a great gang. We
must apply to nations the same prin-
ciples as to the individual. I believe it
to be right for men to be ambitious to
be great and influential. There are
two ways. One can try to make his
neighbor think as he does. A quarrel
may result. So much time will be spent
in coercion that there is no good done.
There is a better way—and that is to
live so well, to do so well that the
neighbor cannot find anything better
to do. I am going to show how, as a
nation we should apply this principle.
I am going to give you a text for our
national life. It is this: 'Be not over-
come of evil, but overcome evil with
good.' I know of no other way to ex-
terminate evil. Then 'Let your light
so shine.' I know of no other plan for
overcoming evil with good, letting
your light shine. There is no philoso-
phy outside of the Bible that will take
its place. It is proper for man to be
great. But how shall he be great?
You republicans cannot get around the
Bible. In the contention in the Bible
as to who was to be chief, the answer
was that he who was to be chief of all
must be the servant of all. Service is
the measure of greatness."

—After reading the Pennsylvania
democratic platform, Boss Quay
probably wired every one of his 80,
000 repeaters to be on hand early in
November for emergent business.—
Albany Argus.

VICIOUS AND DANGEROUS.

The Hanna-Frye Ship Subsidy Bill
Right in Line with Robber
Trusts.

Wherever you find an honest news-
paper, free from the control of the
monopolists, it is opposed to the
Hanna-Frye ship subsidy bill. The
Philadelphia North American says of
it: "In spite of his failure to persuade
or to bully the senate into passing his
ship subsidy bill last winter, Senator
Frye has summoned some of his
friends to meet him in Boston the lat-
ter part of this month for the purpose
of laying plans for a fresh assault
on the United States treasury.

"If the republicans of the last con-
gress had been in favor of the policy
of paying \$9,000,000 a year to half a
score of ship owners, the Frye bill
would have been a law before now. As
a matter of fact, Senator Frye lost
ground the more he labored. He was
never able even to bring his bill to a
vote, and there was open satisfaction
among some of the republican sena-
tors at his discomfiture. The bill was
so vicious in principle and so danger-
ous in tendency, opening the way, as
it did, for a succession of special
bounty schemes that party leaders,
while courteously silent in debate, felt
thankful that they had been saved
from a serious political blunder.

"Discussion of the provisions of the
Frye bill has thoroughly informed the
public of its real purpose. A renewal
of the attempt to push it through con-
gress will be a dangerous experiment.
Against this active influence of the
clique of favored individuals who hope
to be made beneficiaries of the govern-
ment will be arrayed the great mass of
honest public opinion which resents
the singling out of a small number of
profitable concerns for