Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, : : MISSOURI.

SWIMMIN'.

In where the pool lies clear an' deep,
Up in the shadow where cows stand asleep,
A-dashin' an' splashin', now in, now out,
Darin' each other a turn about,
Then divin' off the big ol' limb—
That was the way with me an' Jim.

Chasin' the shiners so bright an' shy,
Laughin' to see 'em go scurrying by;
Tryin' to trace a big bumblebee
Flyin' home to his hollow tree;
Watchin' the swallers flit and skim—
That was the way with me an' Jim.

Wadin' way out where current runs swift,
Throwin' in chips just to see 'em drift,
Followin' on till they're 'way out of sight
Down where the channel turns to the right;
Then a-straddle a log with legs brown an' slim—
That was the way with me an' Jim.

Up to the bushes when the sun gets low,
Tumblin' now in our hurry to go;
Pullin' on our clothes most any way,
Wonderin' what dad will have to say;
I take the lickin', bein' older than him—
That was the way with me an' Jim.
—Walter S. Stranahan, in Chicago Daily News.

The Exhumed Repentance.

By Chas. Fleming Embree.

CORTES' gray palace with its arches of stone looks down on the spot. The spot is paved with cobble-stones, and, save for a few wistful handfuls of grass that grow there in the rainy season, it is very bare. It is a tiny public square in the center of Cuernavaca, surrounded on two sides by the adobe walls of pink, blue and yellow dwellings, on the other two by the flowery gardens of the Plaza of the Constitution. Pacheco's one-legged statue stands near, leaning on its crutches of bronze.

The pink house is nearest. There on a rainy, gusty day, somebody was dying. The room was full of many-colored things of a cheap sort, such as a print of Mary Magdalene over the bed. The bed was a narrow cot. The moribund lady was exceedingly old.

Having got rid of the priest, she sat up with unexpected vigor, and gazed about. The rain was dripping through the tiles. Nobody was left in the room but her son, Tomas, and his wife, Julia. They beheld, shrieked in terror at this rising of the dead, and fell down by the cot, crying out: "Mother! O Dios!"

"Take it cool, you sillies," said the fat, perishing one, scolding and gasping. "I'm not a ghost, Lord save you. Nor am I going to disappoint anybody. I'll die at ten sharp, or know the reason why. I'm too old a bird by ten years. But there is a weight on me, and I must have it off."

"Lie down!" groaned Tomas, his hair standing on end.

"Oh—lie down!" wailed Julia.

"I've got to lie long enough later on," joked the old lady, grimly. "Now listen."

She clutched Tomas by the shoulder and dragged him nearer. Julia crawled to the foot of the bed and lay there gaping. Julia was one of those lower middle-class Mexicans who are almost incredibly beautiful, and without any distinctly Spanish or Moorish characteristics.

"Now listen fast," said the husky old one, still with a sort of grim humor, "or you'll not keep up. You know the bare space in front of the house? It looks innocent. Fifty years ago a building stood there. The middle of that space was the middle of a patio and walls surrounded it. Well, there came a foreigner. Lord knows whether he was French, or Hindoo, or Chinese, or Irish, I take no stock in any of your foreign trash. Anyhow, some fool war or other was just finished, and this fellew was called a deserter from the trashy foreign army, whatever it was. He was big and bony, with a drooping mustache. He was secretive, and bought the house that stood where the bare place is. There he lived alone for ten years. And whenever there was a holiday, or the visit of a general, he shut himself up. Once I climbed the aguacate tree and looked over and he was digging in the patio. He looked thin. After that I heard him, from my patio, digging. Then at night I saw the haze of his lamplight shine up over the wall. So I climbed up again at night, and sat there an hour in the rain, looking down on him. Now listen. This is what I saw."

She was still clawing Tomas, to make him come closer.

"I saw him take up two boxes. I saw him hold the lamp over them, and the stuff that glittered in them was money. He buried them, and pounded down the dirt, and put the stones on top. Two days after that he died. We went in with the officers who found him. He was lying on the floor with a newspaper in some trashy foreign language in his hand. Some thought he killed himself. They found no money, nor name. There was no heir to the house, so the government tore it down and made a public square out of the ground, and so it is to this day. I never told about the boxes. Mind you," she pointed a fat, admonishing finger at Julia, "wherever there is money buried, there are devils. Bad luck and death comes to him that digs. Besides, it was some trashy foreign money, which can't be passed in Cuernavaca. Every year I thought I might dig. But the place is so public—besides, the devils."

She paused, and, though panting hard, seemed to dream long and absorbedly. At length she sighed and looked at the clock. "Nigh ten—heigh-ho!" She lay down.

"They say a Mexican can't keep an appointment. I am five minutes ahead of time, and the saints can hurry for once," chuckling. "Good-by, Tomas; don't forget that I had the milk hung in the fountain. It'll sour by night."

With this the odd old person passed away.

After a week, during which the life of Tomas and the beautiful Julia established itself on a motherless footing, they began to whisper to each other about the money buried in the square.

"Julia," said he, lying at dusk with his head in her lap, "do you believe it?"

She tickled his chin, propped open his eyes, and twisted his lip; then kissed him all over the face with comical fury.

"I do!" she cried. "Your mother was the most practical woman in the world, Tomas, and never lied."

"Julia, how could we dig down and see?"

"I don't know—without the whole town standing round and hooting at us. Oh—oh!" she gurgled in an ecstasy of imagination; "two boxes of gold!"

"I believe it's some old Aztec treasure," said Tomas, "and the man who buried it was an Indian of a tribe unknown to my mother. Aztec gold has been dug up before, thousands of dollars of it!"

She twisted his hair till he cried out, and hugged him convulsively, and said:

"You must devise a plan. I will—I will dig!"

"You don't believe it, about devils?"

"I can charm the devils—is it not so?—little sweet Tomasito—can she charm the diablito?" She was kissing his lips and talking endearing baby-talk to the big raw-boned man.

"She can!" swore he. "Let us plan! But how—how?"

And for two whole weeks they moped about, repeating: "But how—but how?" Staring at the bare open space which all the town went trooping over. Tomas worked no more. Julia scarcely cooked, so that they were unconsciously hungry and thin-looking. They grew melancholy during that fortnight looking out of the window at the cobble-stones.

One day at dinner, when neither had spoken for an hour, Tomas suddenly hit his plate with his fist.

"I have it!" cried he.

She sprang up dancing; leaped to him; hugged and twisted and smothered him; uttering a flood of incoherent questions.

"Why—ah—ugh—don't choke me—gr-r-r-r!" gasped he, with beans in his mouth. "The merry-go-round!"

She sat down with a sudden gloomy thump, and gazed at her coughing lord.

"Tomas! what rude, unkind joke have you played on your little Julia—oh, Tomas!"

"No joke! I say the little horses."

Merry-go-rounds are called "little horses" in Mexico. He was now arising in excitement.

"But—but," she murmured, sitting there, a beautiful picture disconsolate, "how in the world can we do it with them?"

"Didn't Romero tell me he was losing money with his merry-go-round in Yautepec, and offer to rent it to me to try in Cuernavaca?"

"Ye-yes," with reproachful doubt.

Tomas was now dancing, dignity gone, the idea fully formed in his brain.

"Big silly!" cried she, running and holding to his ears. "What is it?"

"Why—can't you see? This is the very spot the government rented once before to a merry-go-round. And merry-go-rounds have small inner circles walled in and hidden with canvas!"

Light came into her eyes. Her lips were apart. She threw her slender body with a cry of joy into his arms and upon his breast.

"And I can sing while you dig!" wept she.

Next morning Tomas rode away to Yautepec. For a week the world was a prison, life all but unbearable, to Julia. At the end of that time the little horses came.

They had wound along mountain trails from Yautepec. On the backs of mules and burros were they bound; canvas, poles, ropes, and much timber were bound likewise. A little steam engine, made in Cleveland, O., and sadly out of its elements, came a round-about way over two railroads. The caravan was a strange sight, yonder in those mountain wilds. The Cuantla valley, green and tropical and glorious, whence the little horses came, lies in a basin of the mountains. Over the low range, green and tropical and glorious, too, lies the valley of Cuernavaca. The two are sisters. The stony mail route from Yautepec crosses the range near the two round hills called Tetillas. Across the summit, with the green basins in view on either hand, and the clear air making old Popocatepetl seem close, wound Tomas's train; wooden horse-legs sticking up from mule backs; wooden horse heads overhanging burro heads; all the paraphernalia of a battered, modern, dreary, American merry-go-round, crawling thus over Montezuma's ancient trails.

On the bare space by Pacheco's one-legged statue, the caravan at length came to a halt. The drivers saw the anxious face of a woman looking out of the window of the pink house. Already ragged boys were whooping in the joy of anticipation. For this sort of diversion, the grandest which Heaven ever permits to men, comes but once in many moons to the boys of a town like Cuernavaca.

Tomas came and burst open his door, and the two fell into each other's arms as though they had been parted a dozen bitter years.

"My angel, Tomasito!" gurgled she.

"Soon—ah, very soon," he muttered, incoherently, with her hair wound around his neck. Then he strode out.

At length the circular canvas top of the merry-go-round was up. Then for two slow days Tomas and some workmen fitted those battered wooden steeds in place. The steeds stood in pairs, woodenly prancing on a circular platform. The engine was delayed. Tomas stormed and walked the patio. Julia sat right down on the floor of the corridor and wept endearing tears for her lord's encouragement.

After a while, the old engine from Cleveland, O., came growling into the open space, and there was a man to run it, and burro-loads of wood for fuel. Julia heard the shriek of the petulant whistle. Handbills, of that extravagant, over-done sort common to Mexico, had been strewn in all the streets. For Tomas was no dreamer; and if there should prove to be no Aztec gold below ground, at least there was Aztec copper above. The bills read as follows:

"Viva Mexico! Little horses moved by steam. The company, desirous of pleasing the high taste of this exalted community, is disposed to offer its services, together with an instrumental concert every day. Knowing that we are abjectly unworthy of the commendation of so enlightened a city, we have yet ventured, with humility, to bring forward our poor abilities. Viva Mexico!"

Within that circular platform of horses was a smaller circle of canvas wall, surrounding and hiding the central pole and a space three yards in diameter around it. This was the customary private chamber—forbidden city—of the owner of the caballitos. To the ragged boys it was the retreat of a god. Thereto strode Tomas, and, casually, big iron tools were taken in also and concealed.

At four o'clock, out from her home steps Julia, arrayed in sky-blue, with her hair waving nobly and her eyes like mountain lakes. She takes her seat in a chair on the movable platform, between two pairs of open-mouthed little horses. She carries a guitar in her hand. With that sweet, calm, mild, reliable repose, which is the exclusive property of the Mexican woman of a certain class, she sells little green tickets at three cents apiece to the clamoring boys. True, her calm permits some small scamps to steal rides for nothing, but that is neither here nor there.

"Tomas—ah, where is Tomas?" ask many.

"Taking his chocolate," replies she, sweetly.

The whistle shrieks, the engine gives a puff, and the horses do truly prance, indeed, go all round, one pair snorting after the pair in front, and they in turn snorting after those before them, till finally even the first snorters are snorted after, and the battered circuit is completed.

Julia up-takes her guitar in a fair hand, and, remaining seated on the circular platform with that mild, reliable repose, goes round and round, forever snorted after by incredible rings of those animals. And as she goes she touches her guitar with light fingers, and casts up the mountain lakes to the canvas of the tent and sings. Her song is sweet and ringing, clear and full of pathos. Her constant change of place causes the music to have that wavering, sinking, and rising uncertain quality so prized by certain lovers of the art. To be one moment yonder, and the next here, makes the voice of Julia like that of the night wind, which swells and retires with varying gusts and fills the soul with sadness. The words she sang were like these:

"Ah! that sweet, fair senora,
She lived beside the spring.
There stands a blue cross over her
And the breeze goes murmuring:
'Ah, sweet, sweet, fair Senora!' "

It may be mentioned, as a general truth, that there is always something exceedingly melancholy about a merry-go-round in Mexico. It is not known why; one's philosophy staggers before this truth. But, alas! a merry-go-round in Mexico is exceedingly melancholy.

The movement ceases; other tickets are sold; other circuits are made, and the senora is still mentioned as having lived beside the spring. The shades of night come on and torches are lit.

"And Tomas—why, where is he?" asked many still.

"Taking his chocolate," says Julia, sweetly.

"Faith, he takes much and long."

"Si, senor; Tomas was always very fond of chocolate."

Midnight at last arrives. The crowds have gone away. Julia, something of eagerness affecting her repose, descends with guitar in hand, and runs with swift feet into her home, hair flying. The torches are out. The engine is settling down grumblingly to slumber. The engineer has gone. The stone-paved space is deserted.

She sits in her room, staring at the door, waiting. The door bursts open; she springs forward with a cry, to fall upon Tomas, who comes in with a burden. He is toil-worn, earth-stained, with blistered hands. He locks the door and they sink down on the floor beside his burden.

There are two iron boxes, each about eight inches square, and locked with padlocks. She tears at them with her fair hands and falls palpitating on Tomas's breast. He takes a crow-bar, pushes her aside, and smashes the locks; and it is Julia's white fingers that throw the lids back.

The lamp-light shows some silver and gold in little heaps, but not very much. It shows some packages wrapped in cloth. The silver and gold coins were hurriedly piled on the floor. The packages are torn open. They reveal bankbills and a letter. Tomas and his wife stare stupidly at one another, and at the money. They finger it. The coins and the bills are unlike Mexican coins and bills. They do not know what kind they are, or their value. But there are eagles on some of them, which, at least, is like Mexico, and cheering.

"Read the letter!" she cries, curling up with convulsions of emotion in his lap.

It was as follows, in bad Spanish:

"Cuernavaca, June 9, 1857.

"This is a confession to be read by him who finds this money. I was born in North Carolina in 1821. I have lived nearly all my life in Texas. I joined Gen. Taylor's army for the war with Mexico in '46. I was in the battles of Buena Vista and Chapultepec. I was captain of a company in the Twelfth regiment. My colonel was a beast and treated me beyond the endurance of man. The regiment disliked me and made my life miserable. They stole my money. After a while I was made crazy, so stung was I. I came to hate the name of Americans, my people though they are. Then came a chance to take some money sent down by the United States government to pay the troops. One night I took it and deserted. Having shaved off my beard I came safely to Cuernavaca, and buried myself here. I have lived the life of the damned; and this is to testify that before God I repent. But what is a man to do?

ROBERT T. MARTIN."

This was the mute and brief appeal. This foreign trash meant little to Tomas and Julia. They made a secret trip to Mexico. They received $23,000 in Mexican money for the coin and bills. And in a pretty house in San Angel, that delightful suburb of the capital, does Julia twist the lip, and prop open the eyes, and fall upon the breast of Tomas.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Counter Effect.

She—Don't you think this beautiful sand, the azure ocean, the golden moon and all our surroundings have an effect upon your love?

He—It might if I hadn't just paid my hotel bill.—Detroit Free Press.

WOMEN AS TRAVELERS.

They Are Much Less Restless Than the Men When Journeying About the Country.

Are women good travelers? If one believes the average man they are not, if one believes his own sight they are—far better even than the detractors who criticise them with so high and mighty an air, says the Paltimore News.

It is perfectly true that the average feminine cannot make out from a time table whether the 2:40 train arrives at her town at six a. m. or seven p. m. It is true that she reaches the station a good half hour before she should, and spends the interim trying to find the baggage room and making false starts through the gate to board trains bound in diametrically opposite directions to the one in which she is going—impulses which are greatly checked by the uniformed employe of the road.

But once in a coach which she is assured is the proper one the average woman shows her adaptability by settling down quietly in her seat and preparing to pass the time as pleasantly as possible. She doesn't tramp up and down the aisle continually; she doesn't, of course, spend every alternate ten minutes in the smoking-room; she doesn't complain to the porter of the roadbed, nor to the train boy of the few magazines and papers that he sells, nor to the conductor of the heat and dust. She doesn't raise and lower the window eternally—she couldn't if she wanted to—nor does she get off the train at every station at which the train stops and tramp frantically up and down the platform, swinging herself on the moving coach at the last minute to the imminent danger of life and limb.

The average woman reads her book with a patience beautiful to behold, no matter what the discomforts of the journey, and moves not at all until she alights immaculately clean and composed at the end of her five-hour trip.

A man, his wife and two children entered a day coach in which the writer sat the other day and gave an apt illustration of the difference in the way the sexes travel. The man, as soon as he had seated his charges, washed his hands of responsibility and bolted for the smoking car. The woman set to work quietly to amuse the little ones and keep them quiet. She whispered a story to them; she pinned a handkerchief out of the window and made a flag of it; she made balls of another handkerchief and rabbits, and so kept those babies quiet and contented for six hours. At the end of that time back came the husband breathless.

"Are you ready to get off?" he asked. "Here we are at Baltimore. It's been a terrible trip, hasn't it? So hot. I'm tired to death."

"I rather enjoyed it," replied the woman. "Was it warm? You see I was too busy to notice. Yes, everything is ready. I'm sorry you're tired." And there wasn't a trace of sarcasm in her tones.

PAY OF ENGLISH OFFICE.

Political Positions No Longer Present Pecuniary Attractions to the Ambitious.

Great political position has long ceased to offer pecuniary advantages, and at a moment when huge salaries are paid to the able, the "emoluments" of office seem to the ambitious and the fortunate positively contemptible, says the London Spectator. The regular "pay" of a first-class politician never exceeds £6,000 or £5,000 a year—the lord chancellor is not paid as a politician, but as a great lawyer—and he only gets that at intervals, and usually after he is 50. We doubt if any of our leading men on either side have ever made by politics £2,000 a year from 40 to the time of decease, and need scarcely say that this is poor pay even for a professional man who has risen to the top. For a man in business who has done well it is a result which his rivals would stigmatize as failure, more especially as only an exceptional man, or one exceptionally placed, can accumulate anything out of it for the benefit of his family. The expenses entailed by a great political position, with its necessary corollary, neglect of private affairs, eat it all up. Sinecures have been abolished, patent places have all disappeared, and of pensions for politicians there are none, except what may be described as a charitable grant to cabinet ministers who have served a certain number of years, and are unusually poor. Wealth has become more attractive than ever, because life for the wealthy has become so exciting; but no man now regards office as a road to fortune. The ambitious young man who desires wealth might turn colonist, or merchant, or shipowner, or "financier," but it would never even occur to him to use his capacities in trying to be first or second among working politicians.

Luxury in London.

The tendency among the British middle classes is rather to live above their incomes than within them. There is also a passion for luxury in London and a desire to display, which seems a peculiarly stupid and useless desire in a huge city, where one seldom knows one's neighbors. And so, too, the cordial "pot luck" dinners of a generation ago have given place to ceremonial champagne functions, in which a man out of dress clothes is out of place.—Amsterdam Telegraaf.

Curse Cards.

Curse cards are being used in Switzerland and Germany to check profanity. People go about with the cards in their pockets and, whenever they hear bad language, present one to the swearer to sign. The card has printed on it a pledge to abstain from swearing for a specified time or to pay a small fine for each oath to some charity. Nearly 40,000 of these cards have been distributed in Switzerland alone.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Might Mean Either.

Brevity may be either the soul of wit or the poverty thereof.—Chicago Daily News.

PITH AND POINT.

Love's young dream is all right until the matrimonial alarm clock goes off and causes a rude awakening.—Chicago Daily News.

"Got a letter from Smiggins. Says he's having a great time." "Well, he ought; but what does he write you for?" "Twenty-five dollars."—Indianapolis News.

First Young Wife—"Do you find it more economical, dear, to do your own cooking?" Second Young Wife—"Oh, certainly. My husband doesn't eat half as much as he did!"—Punch.

Mrs. Oldun—"I hope you and your husband live happily together." Mrs. Strongmind—"I should say we do. I'd just like to see him try to live unhappily with me."—Philadelphia Record.

Would Be Draconian.—"Who was it who said he'd 'rather make the songs than the laws of the country?' " "I don't know, but I'd rather make the laws for the people who make the songs nowadays."—Philadelphia Press.

Gertrude—"I am so fond of flowers; I would like nothing better than to be among them all the time." Horace—"I notice you don't care to be among them when there's any weeding to be done."—Boston Transcript.

"The Blowahs tried hard to make it appear that their reception was a big success. Did you hear of one thing they did?" "No. What was it?" "Why, they took all the chairs out of the rooms so there would be standing room only."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Fallible Sign.—Mrs. Hauskeep—"I don't know much about the new girl, but she's good-natured and harmless, at any rate." Mr. Hauskeep—"How did you find that out?" Mrs. Hauskeep—"I notice that she sings at her work." Mr. Hauskeep—"Huh! That's no sign; a mosquito does that."—Philadelphia Press.

MEANEST SORT OF A MAN.

Made Sure He Wouldn't Have to Treat Then Regaled Himself with a Drink.

He got on the train at a way station and sat down beside me. He was long, lean and lanky. First he looked out of the car window and then at me, says a writer in the St. Louis Republic. Sitting deeper into his seat he suddenly remarked:

"Dry day, eh?"

I merely nodded my head affirmatively.

"Do you drink, young man?"

I said I didn't mind if I did.

He said he would mind, though "Furthermore," he continued, "I am surprised that a young man of your modest appearance, with eyes denoting Christian breeding, and a forehead denoting good moral character and a mouth too pure to withstand the taint of intemperance should be willing to indulge in the flowing bowl."

I could only squirm about in my seat and prepare myself for an 18 karat temperance lecture about to be thrust upon me.

"And young man, do you know that hundreds of homes have been devastated by strong drink?"

I knew.

"And do you realize that the idols of manhood have been shattered and wealth squandered by liquor?"

I realized.

"Are you aware that wine is a mocker and drink is the national curse?"

I was aware.

"Are you cognizant of the fact that every glass is the foundation stone of intemperance?"

I was cog.

"Do you know that wines, liquors and cigars are the advance agents of insobriety? And, young man, for the sake of your parents, for the good of your wife—if you have one; for the respect of your children—if you have any, I want you to make me one promise—"

"And that is?" I hurriedly interrupted, willing to promise anything, for his words had aroused me, and I knew that I had been grovelling in the dark and that every drink was a blot on the sunshine of my home.

"I want you to promise me that you will not let another drop of liquor pass your lips."

"I won't," I almost shouted, extending my hand as a seal to the faithful adherence to my promise.

"And you will not yield to temptation?"

"I will not."

"And you will not ask for a drink should you see anyone else imbibing?"

"I give you my word of honor, I will not."

"Thanks, young man, thanks," and with that the mean, groveling, contemptible, long, lean, lanky hypocrite put his hand to his back pocket, brought forth a pint flask of whisky and drank to his heart and stomach's content, while I sat like a bunkoed commuter amid the giggling occupants of the train.

Montana Sliding.

Is Montana creeping into Idaho and Wyoming? There is some evidence on the affirmative side of the question, but not enough to cause alarm in any of the three states. Still, for several years it has been known that there is some trouble with Montana's foundations, which are slipping, and leaving evidence of the fact on the surface of the ground. Railway companies have found quite plain and strange twists in the alignment of their roads, and civil engineers have found "bench marks" changing their elevations in a confusing manner. Quite recently these reasonably suspected movements have become apparent, and left large cracks in the earth at several points in the city of Butte, extending for a number of feet, and being in extreme cases 12 inches wide. The effect of this is not only to throw railways out of line, but to cause much more serious damage to gas pipes and water mains. Geologists say that nothing serious is threatened, and that parts of Montana are only doing in a more marked manner what is going on all over our restless world.—N. Y. Herald.

More Space Required.

Mr. Gooph—When I die, I don't want anything but the truth about me carved on my tombstone.

Mrs. Gooph—I am afraid we will have to put up a stone wall, then, instead of a monument.—Baltimore American.

BAD FINANCIAL POLICY.

Extravagant Way in Which Republicans Are Running Government Affairs.

Tight money in Wall street means a lower price for securities and stocks of all kinds, because many of the speculators are unable to borrow money at a rate that will leave any margin of profit. So but few want to buy stocks, and those who have borrowed money on call with stock as security are forced to sell. There are therefore more sellers than buyers and down go the prices. When the banks call for the money they have loaned, it does not always mean that they want it, but they have an opportunity to loan it at a higher rate, sometimes running up to even 60 per cent., and in times of great panic even higher.

Now, we would naturally think that all these gambling transactions did not concern the people of the United States and that therefore the government and the treasury would not be interested. But it appears that Secretary Gage when the late flurry occurred issued an announcement that he would receive proposals for the sale of $20,000,000 of bonds, so that the cash in the treasury to that amount could be paid to the banks or to those who sold the bonds and thus add to the money that could be loaned. He also sent the following telegram to the chairman of the Clearing House association, of New York:

"Recognizing the unfavorable influence upon general business affairs of a continued absorption into the public treasury of revenue beyond expenditure, I have directed that incoming internal revenue receipts be placed with national bank depositaries until a balance with each is reached equal to the par value of the bonds held as security from such depositaries. This will divert about $5,000,000 from the treasury vaults.

"The secretary will to-day invite proposals for the sale to the government of $20,000,000 of United States bonds other than the new twos. It is believed that these steps will obviate the otherwise possible embarrassments which are pointed out in your telegram of yesterday."

All this means that the United States treasury is helping out the bull speculators by buying back the bonds at a very high premium, that not long ago the government sold for par or at a small advance and in addition to that loaning them $5,000,000 without interest. When it is considered that the treasury has already loaned to the banks nearly $100,000,000 without interest, which they have had for over two years, it will be easy to understand how the banks and the trusts companies are able to pay such enormous dividends.

It would appear that the United States treasury was in some way interested in these great financial institutions and was anxious to see them accumulate all the loose money in the country, so that they can dictate the price they shall have to those who must borrow.

Thus through these underground workings of the financial end of the government the people are paying at both ends; they pay in the money for taxes and then the government loans it to the banks without interest and the banks loan it to the people at the highest rate they can make them pay.

This is the extravagant way in which the republicans are running the financial affairs of the government. By keeping up most of the war taxes and the high tariff they are collecting more money than they can expend even with the enormous present appropriation, and yet those who advocate revising the tariff by taking off the taxes on those products which are monopolies of the trusts are denounced as disloyal to the government.

MR. BRYAN ON VIOLENCE.

Nebraska Leader Speaks fr the Democracy Regarding McKinley's Assassination.

At the democratic convention of Lancaster county, Nebraska, in which Lincoln, the home of Mr. Bryan, is situated, he delivered an address in which he said:

"We meet here under circumstances of distress to all parties, the result of events at Buffalo. I have been glad to see that democratic conventions over the state have been passing resolutions condemning the cowardly and dastardly deed. I am not surprised because of what has been done by democratic conventions, but I am glad they have done so, because there are republicans small enough to hide behind the nation's sorrow in order to make political capital out of it.

"Our sympathy is as sincere and our sorrow just as great. We are sorry that there is to be found in this nation one man who would use force and violence to change the nation's head. There is a lawful remedy for every evil. There is not in any democratic or populist platform a single utterance that would justify any effort to change the laws by violence and bloodshed. We are in favor of a government administered so as to bring it so near to the people, and so pliant to the popular will, that everybody may hope for redress for every wrong."

That is the position of democrats all over the land and everywhere these words of the great leader will be indorsed and approved.

——Hanging Filipinos, 13 in one day, would seem to be one of the main occupations of the military government in the Philippines. Some of the court-martials are evidently more intent on hanging all they can lay their hands on than in doing justice, for one was liberated by Gen. Chaffee, who disapproved the sentence and rebuked the court by saying: "The finding cannot logically be sustained. The killing of the soldiers in an engagement with a regular detachment of the public enemy is not murder, but an incident of war." How many have been hung or shot for just fighting for freedom will never be known, but it is pleasant to believe that Gen. Chaffee will stay the most iniquitous of these murders. Where does the boasted civil government come in, or is that only for show?

——A New York dispatch reports the international salt trust as an assured fact with a capital stock of $30,000,000. This trust can make it mighty interesting for all of us if they can control the supply. Salt, beef, ham, bacon and fish will soon be a luxury.

NO LEGISLATION IN SIGHT.

Measures to Control the Trusts Have Not Been Projected by the Republicans.

The plan of ex-Senator Chandler for controlling the trusts and railroad combines by congressional and state legislation is no doubt the right one. But what a commentary it is upon himself and the other leaders of the republican party that after long terms in congress during which the whole growth of the trusts and railroad combinations has taken place no law has been passed, except the Sherman law, to try and control them. Several bills have been proposed by democrats in congress, but the committee of the senate on interstate commerce, of which Senator Chandler was for years a member, never reported a bill to control the trusts, nor to amend the interstate commerce law, though the commission charged with its execution have for years in their annual reports called special attention to what was required, but no action was taken. Senator Chandler did make a fight against the anti-scalper law and with the help of the democrats, especially Senator Tillman, defeated it by dilatory tactics.

A great majority of the democrats in congress have been anxious and willing to vote for anti-trust legislation, but the steering committee of the senate, Allison, Aldrich and Platt, would allow no such bill to be reported. As they are still in power and all the republican senators are controlled by the railroads, it is not probable that any such legislation will be forthcoming from the next congress. If the exigency of the republican party requires a show to be made against the trusts, and from the speech of the late president at Buffalo it is evident that he believed that his party must take some action, it is quite safe to say that a loophole will be left large enough for the trusts and the railroad combine to escape any serious damage.

The whole trend of legislation since the war has been to foster monopolies and a republican politician that is not in league with the railroad and at the back of the trusts is a rara avis and has about as much chance of being elected to congress as water has of running up hill.

There is satisfaction, however, in this crying aloud of Chandler over the tyranny of the trusts. He is alert to the signs of the times and openly says that judgment is coming upon the republican party if it does not mend its ways. He sees that the voters are becoming restless and that honest republicans can no longer be lulled to sleep by promises. The people are demanding action.

THE FUTURE POLICY.

What We May Expect from the Coming Administration of President Roosevelt.

It would be perhaps too early to call President Roosevelt an imperialist on what he has said and done in the past, because he may become more conservative now he has assumed the high station and great power of president of the United States. There is no doubt, however, that the president is a very ardent expansionist of the same school as the younger republican clique in the United States senate of whom Senator Lodge and Beveridge are choice exponents, and we may fully expect a most strenuous administration of our relations with foreign affairs.

But a few weeks ago Mr. Roosevelt delivered a set address at Minneapolis in which he expounded his views of our hopes and duties as a world power and he held up the Roman empire at a pattern for this country to copy, in dealing with other nations. Combating the opinion of what he termed some "excellent people who believe we can shirk these world duties" and others "who seek to deter us from treading the path of hard but lofty duty by bidding us remember that all nations who have achieved greatness, that have expanded and played their part as world powers have in the end passed away," he answered this by citing that "the Roman has passed away exactly as all nations of antiquity which did not expand when he expanded have passed away, but their very memory has vanished while he himself is still a living force throughout the wide world in our entire civilization of to-day and will so continue through countless generations through untold ages."

Mr. Roosevelt went further than this and said it was the duty of civilized nations to conquer barbarous ones and subdue them to civilization and claimed this was what we were doing in the Philippines and would have to do elsewhere.

When he was sworn in as president he took special occasion to say that the policies of the late administration would be fully carried out, so that we may look forward to an even more strenuous, imperial policy, reciprocity, and no revision of the tariff to control the trusts, ship subsidies and a general favoring of the money power and monopolies and no legislation in the interest of the common people. This is the outlook, but it is to be hoped that President Roosevelt will see more light on at least some of these weighty matters.

POINTS AND OPINIONS.

——The Monroe doctrine need not worry any of the European nations, if they do not visit America on any land-stealing expedition.

——The negro politician in the north is a troublesome question to the republican politician; they all want an office. In the south their only worry is how much it will cost every four years to fix the delegates to national conventions

——One of the principal spellbinders of the republicans in Ohio this fall is to be Senator Mason. Of course he has promised to go back on all he has heretofore said on imperialism, Filipinos, the Boers, striking down republics, and so forth, or Hanna would not have him there. A few of his former speeches scattered through the crowd that hears him would open their eyes to the inconsistency of the leaders they worship.