

Iron Cooky Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

AUNTY'S OFF DAYS.

Some days shaddered of de sun do shine—
Yo' hants fo' things dat yo' des cast' in;
Yo' brok de glass en de chany plates;
Yo' feet dey drag lak dey humped—
weights;
De misty come twell hit ben' yo' back;
En yo' hoodood den, fo' er suttan fac'—
Dem's de days
W'en de bread won' raise.

No use tryin' fo' ter do things right—
Yo' wuk en proff' wid yo' main en might,
But grasse spots spatuh de kitchen no',
En den foot peddles dey' poun' de do'
En tek yo' tention, en fo' yo' tun'
De stew biles oveh en de pies dey' bu'm.
Dem's de days
W'en de bread won' raise.

See'ch yo' fingeas en yo' tain' yo' dress;
Hab mo' trouble dan yo' evah guess!
Missus scoldin' case she wait an' hour';
Butch ransomed, en de cream gone sou'
Mo' yo' struggles, w'y de day goss'
wuss.
Lose mah' l'igion, en Ah wants ter cuss!
Dem's de days
W'en de bread won' raise.

No use ter try, en de' no use ter fret—
Dat bred des sot, en hit gwine stay set!
Bes' be patient w'ist de troubles pass
En ax de Mastuh son' tummor' fas'
Some days shaddered of de sun do shine,
En dey sho'ly tryin' ter de peace er min'.
Blame dem days
W'en de bread won' raise!
—Chicago Daily Tribune.

Miss Vandever, Heiress.

BY WALTER REYNOLDS.

"SYD, old man, we've nothing to do. I beg your pardon, I've nothing to do. Let's go for a stroll along the beach. It's a glorious night—moon, stars and all that sort of thing."

Mr. Michael MacDermott—a younger son of an impecunious but highly respectable Irish peer, who was endeavoring to earn a living by law practice in New York, and I had been chums for several years—had been chums from the moment we met in a plain little restaurant where we both made a practice of eating late suppers.

"All right, Mike," I said, putting my proofs away in a desk and locking it securely. "I am not busy to-night."

"You are always busy, lucky man," he said. "But all work and no play—you know the rest. What's this, nodding towards my desk, 'the masterpiece'?"

"I don't know about that," I replied, modestly.

"I entirely disagree with your argument," he said, as we went out. I had given him my proofs to read. Independent criticism is always valuable. It so often induces us to leave in what we were half disposed to strike out.

"Yes," I replied, this being the most non-committal ejaculation a man can utter when unprepared with a subtler retort.

"O," he said, "a man who would refuse to marry the woman he loved and who loved him simply because she happened to be an heiress would be an unmitigated ass."

"I would do it," I interrupted.

"Then you would be an unmitigated ass," he replied, placidly. Unvarnished candor is one of Mike's most pronounced characteristics. "I'd like to have the chance, that's all."

"My dear Mike, I know you better than you know yourself. A man of my trade must be a student of human nature or he's no good. You'll marry the woman you love, though she be as poor as an Irish politician."

"I'm not in love with any woman," he declared, triumphantly.

"No. Neither am I. Perhaps that is why we are both so positive about what we should do in such a case."

We strolled down to the shore. Then, suddenly, a search light shone across the water.

"We're in luck," cried Mike. "I didn't know the naval maneuvers were being held off here to-night. There's going to be a night attack."

We clambered upon the seawall—a sort of esplanade with the lamps and lounges omitted—and took our stand to watch the coming maneuvers. Three torpedo destroyers, we learnt from a chatty sailor, would presently attempt to run the gauntlet of those fanlike arms of light which were now sweeping the sea in every direction.

Presently a cry went up, "Here's one!" Then, simultaneously, a flash, a deep roar as of thunder, from the fort, and our sailor said—speaking, of course, in metaphor: "She's done for—blown to smithereens. They soon spotted her, didn't they? Humph! Pity 'tain't real, 'stead of only make believe."

For some minutes—five, ten, they may have been 15—time galloped when the mind is at high tension—there was silence. The guns, having annihilated the first of the invaders, were dumb, and every watcher began to wonder if the others were never coming. Then the light just behind us swung sharply shore, and, close in, rushing through the water like a race horse, came another destroyer at full speed. Boom! boom! and again boom! as the fort, detecting the third, gliding stealthily, at half speed, up midchannel, under cover, as its commander hoped, of his comrade closer shore, took a part in this mimic battle.

But, even as our sailor uttered a wild yell of warning, there was a sudden crash, the shouting of men, the whistle of escaping steam, and another searchlight, farther along the beach, played on the second destroyer fast aground in the grip of a ledge.

"There's a pretty kettle of fish," exclaimed MacDermott. Then, ever practical, he made a trumpet of his hands and belted, "Do you want any help?"

"Send—for—conastguard," came the answering shout, "and keep—searchlight—on us—will you?"

For once the American public—or some 40 of that sensation-seeking body—was in a fair way to be gratified. Even Mike rubbed his hands gleefully, and chuckled in my ear. "Syd, this is fine! We came out for one show, and behold, here is an extra turn."

The gift of pagophy seldom descends upon man. It was certainly in no self-

conscious spirit of presence that I replied, "Don't tempt fate too far. Remember there is a saying, 'Never too late but three.'"

The words had barely passed my lips, spoken in heedless jest, when there was a piercing scream, a splash, and that panic-stricken rush of people which always ensues upon a serious accident.

I guessed instinctively what had happened. In the eager throng of onlookers pressing too near the edge of the unguarded wall, some one had fallen, or been by inadvertence pushed over. I glanced down at the black, seething water. It was no inviting sight, but I tore off my coat, fung it into Mike's astonished face and jumped, ungracefully enough, feet foremost, into the darkness.

The tide was at its height and the water at that particular spot (as I heard later) eight feet in depth.

I grabbed a woman's dress and attempted to seize a projecting point in the masonry, but the stone work was too slippery, and I could secure no grip. Moreover, the waves strove industriously to dash us against the wall. The adventure had more in it than its promise, but I am a strong swimmer, and, fortified by the cries of the spectators, who each shouted different advice, I won my way to the sands. Here, awaiting me, were Mike and a young, pretty girl—I could not help laughing outright; it reminded me so vividly of the chorus of a comic opera—the 40 aforesaid members of the American public.

"Is she dead?" began the girl, in that tone which always indicates the approach of hysteria.

"No, Peggy; don't be silly, dear."

My burden, returning suddenly to consciousness—'tis woman's way when danger is past—spoke herself. "I'm wet through, though," she added, ruefully, and shivered.

"Where are you staying?" asked Mike. He is a practical man—a sheet anchor in moments of emergency.

"Bay hotel," said his late companion.

"Then, by George, Syd," he exclaimed, with the pride of a happy inspiration, "we'll just borrow this boat and row back for all we're worth. 'Twill be quicker than walking along shore. Hurry up, man. A good hand pull will warm you, too, after your cold bath. As for the destroyer, it's found its bed on the rocks; let it lie on it. We've other fish to fry just now."

As we shoved off, taking a couple of oars apiece, the mob on the beach raised a parting cheer. The American public is a demonstrative animal. But Mike was good enough to take this applause as his own, and, rising, bowed solemnly to the delighted crowd. That he nearly capsized our boat in so doing only intensified their enthusiasm.

I was in dread lest these well-meaning folk might proceed to the hotel and give us another ovation on our arrival, but evidently the stranded destroyer was too strong a counter-attraction.

"Syd, old boy, you're a lucky chap. D'ye know who the girl is?"

"Haven't the remotest idea. I've never seen either of them before, to my knowledge."

Mike had dropped his voice to a low whisper. The other men in the smoking room were eyeing us curiously, and half enviously, I fancied. Surely, I thought, no rumor of my swim had been carried here. If there's one thing I dislike more than toothache it is cheap notoriety.

"Miss Peggy Burford, only child of Millionaire Burford, an heiress, and as beautiful as she is wealthy. I've already interviewed her, on your behalf, and she's just dying to thank her heroic preserver in person."

"Stop that, Mike," I cried, sharply. "There are some subjects unfit for levity, and that little-er—episode of last night is one. Why, man, 'twas nothing. You'd have done as much."

"Only you didn't give me the chance. You were always hasty, Syd."

I growled inarticulately. I have no objection to saving a woman's life—assuming my prompt action went as far as that—but I did not want to pose as a hero on the strength of it. Besides, an heiress—probably a million heiress!

"I—suppose, Mike, I'd better just see her, and—hum!—ask her how she feels after her involuntary dip?"

"Sure, and 'tis herself that's waiting outside in the corridor now for that identical purpose."

I went out, awkwardly enough. The two girls were standing at the hotel door, chatting and laughing gaily. As I bowed, wondering how to begin, one came forward and held out a dainty hand.

"Mr. Weldon, I can never hope to thank you enough for your bravery, but I am grateful."

Our eyes met, and mine fell instantly. For in that brief flash of time I read my fate.

And I could have groaned aloud in bitterness of heart at the cruel irony of it. I—a common scribbler—and she, a millionaire's daughter.

Despising myself for my moral weakness, almost ready to curse myself for my folly, I—no better than my brother, worse, perhaps, than many—counted henceforward that hour lost in which I did not see, and speak to, Peggy Burford. A week had passed since our adventure, and each day—almost each hour—had brought to me happiness and unspeakable pain that could not be measured in words.

But in my blindness, though I could deceive myself, there was one who saw.

"My dear Syd, you must forgive the frankness of a life-long pal. Last Tuesday I called you an unmitigated ass; to-day I regard you as a—"

MacDermott stopped abruptly, and in some confusion. Even his blunt candor had a limit, and he had just discovered that limit was reached.

"Go on, old chap. Nothing you can say would ever offend me. Faithful are the wounds of a friend. Don't keep me in suspense."

"Well, I will, Sydney Weldon—you don't know it—but you're a scoundrel."

"Anybody can see the girl's madly in love with you—I, your best chum, can see you're madly in love with her. Yet you say nothing!"

"There is nothing to say," I muttered, sullenly, though my heart cried shame upon me.

"For the sake of a foolish whim—an idiotic, false idea of honor, or delu-

cion, or whatever the thing is—you are going deliberately to wreck two lives," he repeated, fiercely. "Yours is your own affair, but Peggy's—O, I've no patience with you, Weldon."

"Mine is inexhaustible," I observed, coldly, "though you are giving it a greater strain than it is used to."

"I don't care. Punch my head if you can't bear to hear the truth. I must speak."

"Then—I began to change the topic and carry the war into his own country, most valuable strategy in such controversy as this—"If you want to talk, let us discuss your own matrimonial intentions. Have you proposed to Miss Vandever yet?"

"Yes."

"Ah! I can see she has accepted you."

"Faith, she's the sweetest girl in the world—so simple and artless, and—O, go on!"

I went on imperturbably.

"And you—the man who wants to marry an heiress, to further his parliamentary ambitions—have succumbed to the pretty face and demure fascinations of a poor gentlewoman who is the companion, friend if you like, of a millionaire's daughter."

"I have," he cried, defiantly. "After all, 'tis love and love only that spurs a man on. Besides, Margaret, who was a schoolfellow of Peggy and has lived with her, being an orphan, ever since, has considerable influence with Burford. She thinks he might make me his private secretary, as a start, so the dream of my life seems in a fair way to come true. But you, Syd—"

"I absolutely decline to ask Peggy Burford to make the tremendous sacrifice that marriage with me—"

"A successful novelty!"

"Yet none the less hopelessly out of her proper groove—would entail. Moreover, I will give no one—even my dearest rivals—a chance to point the finger of scorn at me as a fortune hunter."

"Then, in heaven's name, why all these walks and talks, these picnics and boating trips of the last week, unless you were as serious in the game as I?"

It was no easy question to answer. I shrugged my shoulders, a careless gesture concealing my inner self-reproach. Indeed, I felt much like a convicted felon before his judge.

"You'll break the girl's heart, Sydney."

"God forbid!" I cried, fervently. But, for my own part, I had no prayer to breathe.

An hour later I was sitting with Peggy, looking down at a busy scene below; a beach crowded with laughing children, the yachts and sailing boats, the excursion steamers lying at the pier.

"Mr. Burford is coming down tomorrow," said Peggy, apropos, apparently, of nothing. Neither of us had spoken for several minutes, so she was perhaps justified in thus introducing a new topic of conversation.

I was in a captious mood, the result of much self-restraint, which, like excess of learning, can drive men mad.

"I don't profess to be familiar with the—er—manners and customs of the highest aristocracy—"

"No?" she queried, innocently, digging up the soft turf with her sunshade. "Then who got up the local color in 'My Aunt the Duchess' for you?"

"But I should have thought," I went on, ignoring her question, "that you might say 'my father.' You see, I've added, by way of explanation, 'we have already interviewed her, on your behalf, and she's just dying to thank her heroic preserver in person.'"

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"SH-H-H; THE BABY'S SICK"



"WHAT WILL PAPA MORGAN DO WITH THE BABY?"

ANXIOUS ABOUT HANNA.

President Roosevelt Declares for the Iniquitous System of the Ohio Senator.

When President Roosevelt wrote that letter to Secretary Shaw, approving his intention to stump Ohio and other states and congratulate him "upon having the chance to do your share to secure not merely the triumph, but the decisive and overwhelming triumph of Senator Hanna and the cause which he represents," he took a great step backward against the cause of the people. For one who is supposed to be an ardent civil service reformer that was an extraordinary and unusual promulgation and might be taken as an invitation for all government officials to abandon their official duties—like Secretary Shaw, and put their entire efforts into effecting "the triumph" of Hanna or any other republican candidate. We are thus likely to see in the coming campaign this fall and in the coming presidential election, the utmost political activity of the federal office holders, the very thing that the civil service reformers are supposed to be opposed to.

But Hanna and "the cause which he represents," what is it? He is openly favoring the ship-subsidy steal; and President Roosevelt was supposed to be opposed to that iniquitous and wicked attempt to tax the people for the benefit of the Morgan steamship trust.

Another cause which Hanna represents in Ohio, and elsewhere for that matter, is the unequal taxation of the railroads and other trusts and corporations, so that the farmers and other tax payers have their property, real and personal, assessed at over 60 per cent. of its value and the favored corporations only pay from 10 to 20 per cent. Does President Roosevelt favor that unequal taxation?

Hanna is openly fighting reform of the tariff and secretly opposing Cuban reciprocity. Is President Roosevelt in accord with him on those propositions? The cause that Hanna represents includes many other iniquitous propositions and his well known corruption of those voters or legislators that money will buy, to advance his cause, is so notorious that it was supposed that President Roosevelt favored more cleanly political methods. Unfortunately we have his written word for it that he is anxious for the decisive and overwhelming triumph of Senator Hanna and the cause which he represents.

No other president has ever espoused such a cause before; they have been wise enough to abstain from openly recoring their approval of disreputable causes that some of their partisans have maintained.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

Important Industries Curtail Production in Consequence of Decreased Demand.

In these days of retrenchment and sagging exports, which are the natural results of a high protective tariff, our manufacturers have been looking for markets abroad that were not walled in by a protective tariff against them. The British colonies in South Africa seemed the best field for exploiting and quite a nice business was springing up in that direction. The department of commerce, which now includes the bureau of statistics, was quick to call attention to our increased trade with South Africa, and the protectionist organs pointed to it as an example of foreign trade that had not been reduced by our own protection wall. But alas! those wicked Britishers who are free traders at home, where they cannot raise enough necessities to supply themselves, when transplanted to a new country with infant industries, which they are trying to build up, have determined on protection.

The department of commerce now informs us that all British territory in South Africa has put in operation a preferential tariff system in favor of Great Britain of 25 per cent. This will soon wipe out the trade that our exporters have built up with so much expense and care. The business thus lost with South Africa amounted to \$33,000,000, or about one-fourth of what the same territory bought from England, and the amount was increased with surprising rapidity. In 1898 our trade there amounted to only one-tenth of the British, which shows the great increase since that date.

Our trade with Canada is being cut off in exactly the same manner and all the European governments are also raising their tariff walls higher and higher against us. The principal sufferers by this system of protection adopted by other countries will be the American workman and farmer. Both will be cut off from markets for the surplus they produce over and above what the people of the United States can consume. The workmen will suffer by the decreased demand for what they manufacture and the farmers by the decreased markets for their surplus. As the demand decreases prices for goods or produce fall and wages decline, which is the immediate result that may be looked for in this country. In fact, the process has already begun and some of the greater manufacturers—the trusts—have already notified their workmen that the reduction must be made. The steel trust has posted notices that on January 1st a new agreement with its employes will be necessary. The Dover, N. J., Index of October 24, says: "Some of the employes of the mines in this section have received notice that their wages will be cut 15 cents per day, and it is said that the same rule is to prevail in all the mines in the country in the course of a few days. This is occasioned by the big 'slump' in steel and a consequent reduction in the price of pig iron."

That is from a local newspaper published in the iron mine region and the information therefor comes at first hand.

A Chicago special correspondent of the New York Evening Post of September 30th says: "The railroads and machine shops are not using as many men as recently, the night shifts have in a number of instances been dispensed with, owing to the falling off in business."

"We have the natural result of protection brought home to us by the efforts of other countries to preserve their markets for their own goods. As the foreign demand for our surplus productions decrease we must reduce our output. To reduce means men out of work and lower wages."

During the height of the trust boom, that has now run its course, wages have been increasing; they will now begin to fall and only the best skilled workmen will find steady employment. The protectionists would have us believe that the Dingley bill, if untouched, will continue prosperity, but the facts show that it has bred trusts and monopolies, raised the prices of living far beyond the increase of wages, forced foreign countries to increase their tariff wall against American products, and produced a panic in the stock market which seems destined to extend to all branches of trade.

That the tariff has been the mother of trusts was a sworn statement of one of the great trust magnates, and that the trusts have been selling their products cheaper to foreigners than to our own people has been proven. Yet with all this evidence of the harm that the protective tariff has done and is doing the republican leaders have determined not to reduce or reform it and are already engaged in packing the committees of the coming congress so that the subject cannot even be considered.

THE TRUMPETER TAKEN PRISONER.



Upon the defeat of an army in battle a Trumpeter was taken prisoner. The soldiers were about to put him to death when he cried, "Nay, gentlemen, why should you kill me? This hand of mine is guiltless of a single life." "Yes," replied the soldiers; "but with that braying instrument of yours you incite others, and you must share the same fate as they."

Moral—A Man may be guilty of murder who has never handled a sword, or pulled a trigger or lifted up his arm with any missile weapon. There is a little incendiary, called the tongue, which is more venomous than a poisoned arrow, and more killing than a two-edged sword.

EXCAVATIONS IN ROME.

What Has Been Uncovered by Archaeologists in the Last Fifteen Years.

As early as the autumn of 1898 attention had been directed to the various fragments of an architectural character which were scattered throughout the Forum area without assignment to the original structures, says Prof. Egbert in the Forum. The minister of public instruction appointed a commission consisting of Sigs. Boni, Gatti and Lanciani and Prof. Huelsen, whose duty it was to undertake the restoration of those monuments the relative completeness of whose remains justified such an undertaking. This commission, fortunately composed of men of scholarly judgment, determined upon a most thorough investigation, resolving to make excavations, if it was necessary, even to the lowest stratum.

Little did these scholars realize the results of this praiseworthy determination. In November, 1898, two of the colossal pillars which had adorned the north side of the Sacra Via opposite the Basilica Julia had been replaced on their bases and the shrine at the entrance of the House of the Vestals was restored. What proved to be of greater importance was the digging of "tasti," or experimental trenches, in various parts of the Forum. On January 10, 1899, the now famous "lapis niger" was found, which many at once described as marking the tomb of Romulus. This discovery was a great incentive to further excavations. Money was provided by the state and even private individuals contributed toward the purchase of houses which blocked the path of the excavations.

In the spring of 1900 a shrine and stela with archaic inscription were discovered under the "lapis niger" and in the summer months the ascent of the Sacra Via, that portion in front of the Basilica Aemilia were cleared. Finally it was proposed to visit to the archaeologists the modern street, along which ran an electric tramway. In the enthusiasm of the time this was done and excavations uncovered the area of the Comitium and the western portion of the Basilica Aemilia.

The early months of 1900 witnessed the purchase and demolition of the Church of Santa Maria Liberatrice, which stood in the way of archaeological progress on the other side of the Forum. There is the shrine of Juturna and the Basilica of Santa Maria Antiqua of the eighth century, over her were brought into view. In the fall of 1900 and in the spring of 1901 excavations were made at the rear of the Temple of Castor, near the Rostra and the House of the Vestals, and in the latter part of 1901 "tasti" were dug in the Sacra Via from the Arch of Titus to an entrance of the Palace of the Caesars. In 1902, near the Church of SS. Cosma and Damiano, remains of private houses of republican days and near the southeast corner of the Temple of Faustina graves of a very archaic period were found. The Temple of Divus Augustus, to the south of the Temple of Castor, received considerable attention during last year and is even now in the hands of the excavators. This is a summary of the operations of the last five years.

PRIVILEGES OF WOMEN.

They Are Not Losing Them as They Are Gaining Legal and Other Rights.

While ago a woman pretended to have a child, in order to secure a fortune. She was acquitted, but two male accomplices were convicted. "Who had that child, anyway?" shouted a bystander. Time and again women on trial for murder go free on evidence that would hang a man, says Collier's Weekly. If a woman assumes the privilege of walking up to a window and buying a railway ticket, while 20 persons wait their turn, it is an exceptional clerk who will tell her to take her place at the bottom of the line. "When lovely woman stoops to folly," and divorce results, the husband frequently assumes the guilt. Women are gaining rights without losing privileges. Men now treat them as equals intellectually, but they do not in return demand social equality for themselves. They still hold open the door for them to pass. The part of the Serbian tragedy which aroused most indignation in this country was the murder of the woman. The cause of this fine treatment is not to be sought alone in chivalry.

Woman's modern privileges are due less to her physical weakness than to her physical charm. A portrait of a pretty woman sells for more than double the price of a male portrait by the same master. Men, walking for pleasure on our streets, look at the women, and women, instead of reciprocating, observe their own sex. Pretty girls are the pervasive interest on the stage, in the street, in the illustrated press, in art, or wherever there is an answer to the public taste. Whatever may have been true of other times or places, the most charming object to an American of to-day is woman's beauty. The professor and the man of action discuss it, as well as the college boy and the other women. No wonder, then, that the rule of force being abolished, this conquering charm subdues juries and renders docile husbands and all mankind. The only male who consistently resists this fascination is the judge. If the evidence were estimated by the court instead of by the jury, sex sympathy would give place to rigorous equality. More women would see the scaffold or the gall, and such a lovely comedy as the aforementioned trial would be lost to the annals of human folly. May the spirit of chivalry flourish forever in the hearts of male America—but not at the expense of justice.

Asylums for Birds and Beasts.

Such is the reverence in India for certain birds and beasts that wealthy Hindus have established homes or asylums for the aged and infirm among them. One of these, a few miles from Calcutta, has a staff of about 80 servants and an experienced veterinary surgeon. On festival occasions the cows in these asylums are decorated and feted by natives, who travel long distances for the privilege. One of the established sights of the city of Bombay is the Pinjrapole, a spot where worn out or diseased creatures are sent by benevolent Hindoo citizens, and there maintained until they die or are restored to health.—N. Y. Tribune.

Origin of a Trick.

Mr. Charles Bertram, the famous conjurer, says that some of his best tricks have been invented as the result of some unexpected incident which may not in itself have been altogether desirable. Thus, once when he was giving an exhibition at Brighton a trap gave way suddenly and he disappeared through the floor of the stage with very unpleasant results. But the audience took it as part of the performance, and later on it actually became so, Mr. Bertram terminating his show by a disappearance in this way from beneath a sheet.

New Ideas Make Slow Progress.

The eminent Bavarian sanitarian, Prof. Pettenkofer, was once trying to convince a Munich householder of the advantages of plumbing and drainage; but his conservative friend answered: "Nonsense; I want to be able to smell my house."

Concerning Watches.

No watch keeps absolutely correct time, and even the most trustworthy chronometers used in observatories and on board ship must be regulated according to tables that are kept to fix the variations to which all timepieces are liable.

Russia's Gigantic Bridge.

The Russian government has sanctioned the building, at a cost of nearly \$4,000,000, a gigantic bridge over the Straits of Jenikale. It will be 2,400 meters long, and will connect the Crimean peninsula with the Caucasus.

Misrepresented Their Goods.

Two Birmingham nosers have been fined £2 and £5 costs and £10 and two guineas costs for selling as pure linen collars and fronts which were 80 or 75 per cent. cotton.

LOOKING TO WALL STREET.

The Administration, Through Secretary Shaw, Bolstering Up the Depreciators.

There is a chance that now the Wall street pirates are disagreeing and going to law about the disposal of their swag that the public may have their eyes opened about the way they have been swindled. The history of the organization of the shipbuilding trust, as told under oath by one of the participants, is a picture, doubtless, of the peculiar transactions that have attended the organization of numerous other trusts. The sale of the Bethlehem Steel company to the shipbuilding trust was participated in by the kings of finance in Wall street and the proportion of the steel was as gigantic as the supposed fortunes of the participants. The public who were swindled by this gold brick game have only themselves to blame, for careful inquiry, or, for that matter, a cursory glance at the properties included in the corporation, would have opened the eyes of the veriest tyro in financial affairs. The constant warnings sounded for the past year of the water-logged condition of the stock market by the honest newspapers of the country should have prevented their readers from being victimized.

The attempt of the administration through Secretary Shaw to bolster up Wall street in its deprecations on the honest investor by pouring millions of the public money into the favored banks, which are notoriously allied with Wall street pirates, is beyond belief. If President Roosevelt and his cabinet did not understand the conditions in the stock market, with all their sources of knowledge, they are totally unfit to manage the affairs of the greatest government on earth. If they, or Secretary Shaw, were apprised of the pitilessly beset plight of the trust makers and responded to their cry for help, they must answer for the unpardonable crime to the victims and to the nation.

Unfortunately Wall street has an indirect influence on the general business of the country, and it is much to be feared that the effect is already shown in some of the principal industries and that reduced business and falling wages may be looked for, for a time at least.

The enlightened republicans whom Gov. Cummins has ceased to lead are getting tired of this sort of thing. They think our manufacturers ought not to be sheltered by the tariff in forcing them to pay higher prices than they ask foreigners for the same articles.—Chicago Chronicle.

Disappointed Expectation.

It is said by an old historian that when the Spanish armada sailed along the south coast of England in Queen Elizabeth's reign the duke of Medina Sidonia, admiral of the armada, was so affected at the sight of Mount Edgcombe, a beautiful mansion, viewed from the sea, that "he resolved it for his own possession, in the partage of the kingdom, which the Spaniards conquered in their hopes and expectation." But as the author quaintly observes, "he had caught a great cold he had no other clothes to wear than those which were to be made of the skin of a bear not yet killed." A few weeks ago the prince of Wales was entertained at Mount Edgcombe.