Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, : : : MISSOURI

THE CANYON TRESTLE.

This has man wrought; to span the untamed flood,
To link the hoary sundered cliffs in bands,
To cleave his pathway straight with sweat and blood
Up the white silence of untrodden lands.
Measure the man against the foe he fought,
Invincible—and chained. This has man wrought.

Deem not the mountain's holy place defiled
When the black smoke-cloud blots out slope and scaur;
Think not its silence desecrate, when wild
Long warning whistles thrill the snows afar.
The way of toil is sacred. Rock and sod
And forged steel are holy things of God.

Nay, not for gold alone the toilers wrought;
Nay, not for fame or pride the pulsing brain
Flung out across the cliffs its splendid thought,
Looped the wild pine-lands docile in its chain.
Brothers by danger shared, strong, patient, still,
Men wrought in steel the signet of God's will.

The scroll is graven large for eyes that see,
A writhing on the wall in storm and sun:
"Here shall the highway of the nation be,
For scattered peoples gathering into one;
Kindred unknown from unknown shores and lands,
Brought hither in God's temple shall touch hands."

This has man wrought—his manhood's gage and pledge.
What might was his who stormed the mountain's strength,
Recked not of toppling crag and icy ledge,
Bought by sheer will his path, held at arm's length
Disputing death! Read in his rock-cleft plan
God's measure of the stature of a man.

A stature that shall shame our petty strife,
Laugh down our littleness of selfish fears,
Flash on dim eyes the splendor of the life
Which set its token here for unborn years—
Wrung from the jaws of death, sweat-stained, blood-bought,
The sacred way of toil, this has man wrought.

—Mabel Earle, in Youth's Companion.

The Woman in Red

By Muriel Campbell Dyar.

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WINTER reigned throughout Europe, but on the Riviera spring and summer bloomed together. Overhead the sky was infinitely blue, below the sea was green and purple and amethyst. Everywhere the sun, everywhere the scent of geranium and mimosa, the fragrance of rose and violet. Always the deep boom, boom of the waves thundering against the tall cliffs of Monaco, always the cry of the sea gull, forever the chimes from the church of Sainte Devote.

At Monte Carlo, that paradise of the gamester, the season was at its height. The Hotel de Paris and Beau-Rivage were crowded, those of the quarter La Condamine were full, and well-dressed people, finding shelter in some cheap lodging house over in Monaco, gave the name of some fashionable resort when applying for a carte d'admission to the "Cercles des Etrangeres," the euphemistic title of that institution which draws hither the avid and the inquisitive of all the nations. Day after day, night after night, the Casino overflowed with those who came to tempt Fortune. Every one laughed and sang and was gay. Heavy hearts are hidden at Monte Carlo.

It was at a concert that she first appeared—the Woman in Red. The French tenor was just beginning his number when the doors of the middle box of the right hand tier swung slowly open and closed behind her. She stood for just a moment outlined against the ivory background. Very tall she seemed, dressed from head to foot in red—not cardinal, nor crimson—but the most intense and glowing scarlet. From out this mass of color her bare throat rose vividly white, and down the satin of her skirt her ungloved arms hung, soft and round as those of a child. Her hair, too, fine and fair, gave her head a rather childish look. And then—no wonder fans stopped fluttering and silks began to rustle—her face was entirely concealed by a mask of dark red velvet!

The lady seated hersif quickly, with a curious grace in every movement, and the red of her dress spreading out around her, stained as with blood the whiteness of the box. She raised her glass and insolently swept the house, moving her head so that the jewels in her hair blazed and flamed into the faces turned in her direction. A laugh floated from above as a woman in the gallery, with her programme twisted into a roll, mocked the motion. The Woman in Red turned away her face with a shrug of her white shoulders, and sat through the performance quite still and indifferent. At the beginning of the last number she rose slowly, and gathering together her shimmering scarlet left the box. That was the introduction to the world of Monte Carlo of the Woman in Red.

After that, interest centered about her, increasing as her peculiarities became known. She never wore a suggestion of any color but red, and that alone was enough to make her conspicuous. Then the mask, thought to have been merely a caprice on the night of the concert, was never removed. That rendered her mysterious. She talked but little, going about silently, with a soft, light step. One might be quite alone, and the next moment suddenly aware of the Red Woman's presence. When the tall young Englishman who lost everything at a turn of the wheel went out into the Casino garden and, cocking his pistol in the shadow of the cacti, muttered: "I'll end the whole cursed business!" the Woman in Red murmured persuasively beside him: "Oh, I wouldn't—" and he didn't, and when a lady knelt one evening before the image of the Virgin in the church of Sainte Devote, and whispered wildly, "O Blessed Mother, forgive me my sins!" it was the Woman in Red who finished softly for her, "and those who sin against me." This made her something more than conspicious and mysterious—it made her awesome.

No one ever saw her smoke, but her scarlet garments always exhaled a faint odor of cigarettes. Every night she came into the roulette room and sat there in her scarlet dress, with a red flower in her hair, and put down her stakes with as much emotion as though the gold and notes were worthless. Consistent in her color scheme, she invariably placed her money on the red, and nine times out of ten she won.

To make her a trifle more conspicuous, mysterious and eerie, she had for a chaperon a woman so thin and wrinkled and old as to seem hardly capable of life. When some one ventured to ask her a question about the Woman in Red the creature cackled: "Oh, the devil, the devil, the devil. How should I know?"

"No wonder the men like her," chattered a lively little French woman. "They'd like us if we muffled our faces and wore clothes like that. I'll wager she has the face of a blanchisseuse—any one could be fascinating behind a velvet mask!"

"She is, certainly," said a bystander, dryly.

"Peste!" exclaimed the sallow critic angrily. "No one wants that old count or that stupid baron or that pink-cheeked English boy, anyway!"

It is true that the Woman in Red had found ardent admirers in the old count and the stupid baron and the English boy—the one to whom she had whispered that night behind the cacti—and the rivalry between them increased as the season passed. To-day one was in favor, to-morrow another, and the frequenters of the Casino got to betting on the chances of the several suitors till it became almost as exciting as a game at one of the tables.

But throughout it all the woman remained calm, inscrutable, mysterious. Neither of the three could persuade her to tell her name or take off her mask.

"I answer to any name," she said. "I have forgotten my own, and as for my face, what makes you think it beautiful?"

"Oh, you," said the courtly old count.

"Your hands," said the stupid baron.

"Your hair," said the blond young Englishman, with British egotism.

In answer to each she only laughed a hard little laugh, not altogether pleasant to hear.

To be much talked about and to say little appeared to suit her. A month after her advent no one in Monte Carlo or Monaco knew a whit more about her than at first, and no one would have hesitated to give half his fortune—had he had one—to know everything. The mystery of the masked woman was exasperating—the theories concerning her innumerable. Perhaps the majority of the women believed that, being ugly, she had adopted this means of attracting the attention rightfully belonging to beauty. She was a problem which might be studied for weeks without arriving at a solution.

The warm southern days crept lazily along, and as sometimes happens even in the sheltered paradise, began to grow oppressively hot. It was on the languid evening of one of these scorching days that the Woman in Red and the young Englishman were gaming side by side at the roulette table. The air of the Casino was heavy and scented, there was a murmur of laughter and talk, and the frequent click-clack of the roulette balls. The woman pushed back her chair impatiently and said to the man:

"Do come out into the garden—it is insufferably hot in here!"

"I should think," said the young man at length, as they strolled through the shrubbery, "that your mask would be unbearable!"

"It is."

"Then why not take it off?"

"I did not come out to talk of that."

"But perhaps I did!" The British shoulders squared themselves aggressively.

The woman made no reply, but continued her occupation of listlessly slipping a ring up and down her finger.

"Oh, I have dropped it!" she suddenly cried, and stooped quickly to search for it. The low branch of a tree caught in the coils of her yellow hair. To free it she impatiently drew up her head. There was a sharp click, as of the release of a metal catch, and the velvet mask, loosened, fell softly to the ground. She made an inarticulate noise in her throat, and her hands were thrown up in an ineffectual attempt to conceal her face, but the young man was too quick for her. There, in the bright white moonlight, he looked full at the face of the Woman in Red and, with a terrible cry of horror, fell like one dead upon the grass.

It was a long time before he opened his eyes and felt the touch of the woman's hand upon his brow and the cool trickle of water over his face. He lay passive, thinking of nothing. Then suddenly it all came back.

"Oh, don't, don't, don't touch me!" he gasped. "Keep away from me!"

He staggered to his feet, and pressed his hands to his eyes to shut out the vision that would return. His knees trembled and his teeth chattered. Something as white as the moonlight gathered at his lips.

The woman made an imposing gesture. "Oh, see, I have put it on again," and she turned her head that he might behold the velvet mask.

At the sound of her voice he shivered in terror and, without a word, but making a strange moaning noise, he ran, like one demented, in the direction of the lighted Casino. And in the still, white moonlight the Woman in Red stood like one of the statues of the terraced garden, its marble purity turned to scarlet.

The next night she was at her usual place at the roulette table, but it was the stupid baron who sat beside her.

"Why don't you play?" he asked, as she sat motionless and indifferent, eyed curiously by the spectators of the game. She sat up wearily and pushed a pile of gold and notes upon the red, No. 12. The croupier started the wheel revolving rapidly in one direction and sent the ball deftly rolling in the other, and there was a little buzz of conversation. Tongues wagged briskly while eyes were fastened on the whirling wheel.

"What has become of our English friend?" asked one.

"Gone home," was the answer from another across the table. "Perhaps the heat went to his head!" He tapped his forehead significantly.

Gradually the wheel slowed down, and the ball was about to settle in its customary click. Gamblers leaned over the table to see the result of their bets. The slowly rolling sphere was just dropping into No. 12! No, it has settled in the adjoining compartment.

"Vinght-huit, noir Gagne!" calls out the croupier with shrill monotony, and the shining heaps are distributed to the winners.

"And madame has lost!" exclaimed the stupid baron, in surprise.

The Woman in Red made no reply, but stood up and, with an imperious motion not to follow, walked steadily from the salle de jeu, a vivid bit of color under the glittering lights of the splendid apartment.

Early the next morning she was found lying on the marble steps of the Casino, dead in her scarlet dress. The stain trailing along the snowy marble had been scarlet, too, but was now turning to a reddish brown. In one fine, strong hand was tightly clutched a folded note. The servants and people who gathered in trembling awe sent for the priest of the church of Sainte Devote to read it. He came quickly, panting a little for breath. Taking the paper from the fingers of the dead woman, he glanced over it nervously, while the people looked on in breathless silence. It was written in French.

"I will read it," the priest said slowly, and he translated the writing in trembling tones:

"'I have taken my own life—let that pass. Let no one lift the mask from my face but the priest of the church of Sainte Devote, and I pray him, when he knows my secret, to say mass for my soul. By all that is holy, respect these words.'"

As his solemn voice ceased, those crowding about shuddered and fell back in nameless fear. They at once carried the body of the woman to where she had lodged, the early morning sun gleaming strangely on her scarlet garments and yellow hair. The priest entered the house and closed the door upon the crowd.

When he again emerged, he was hardly recognizable. His face, deadly white, twitched and quivered spasmodically, his eyes protruded and rolled wildly from side to side, and his lips were parted in an awful, unholy smile. His trembling hands could scarcely hold the crucifix. To those who spoke to him he made no answer—he did not seem to hear.

They buried the woman that evening at sunset, among the nameless graves on the hill behind Monte Carlo, as speedily as possible. When the grim, grotesque companion of the dead was asked if any one should be sent for, the only answer she would give was:

"Oh, the devil, the devil, the devil. How should I know?"

The priest from the church of Sainte Devote mumbled the service rapidly and indistinctly over the grave, with one shaking hand raised in a defensive attitude, as though to banish something or still the quaking terror that shook him from head to foot. When the ritual was ended he turned to the dense crowd which no secrecy or word of authority had been able to keep away, and said so sternly and distinctly that his voice echoed in the silence:

"Whosoever as much as dares to touch this grave, upon him I pronounce the everlasting curse of the Holy Church of Rome!"

Down the sloping hillside, back to the town he led the procession, all the way shaking like a leaf. When they came again to the narrow streets he suddenly stopped trembling and began to laugh, and at the sound of such laughter the people stumbled over each other in their anxiety to get away.

The commissaire special and the administration acted promptly and with energy. There was an extra concert that very night, a grand ball on that succeeding, followed by a comic opera. At Monte Carlo it will not do to encourage reminiscence. And so, by and by, people stopped thinking, and began to talk of other things. The old count and the stupid baron were among the first to drop the subject. But when to the mad priest in his cell, there came continually the deep boom, boom of the sea, the cry of the gull and the chimes of the church where he should never more say mass, he laughed, and laughed, and laughed—though he could not remember why!

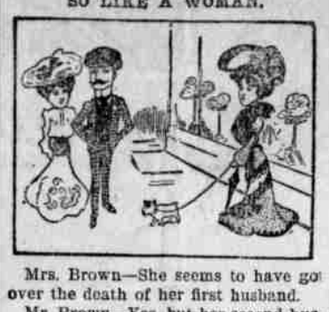
Wisdom of the Cat.

We may like cats or we may not like cats, but we must all confess that the cat is our superior. He uses us, in his eyes we exist for his delectation, we provide warmth and milk, we are a hearth rug to be jumped on and sat on, a curry comb to titillate him. In this aspect the cat is vastly superior to the dog, which is faithful to those who maltreat him, while a cat's fidelity takes the form of gracious adherence to those who serve him. He has proof of his philosophy. We knew an old lady, lodging in the suburbs, who spread bread on the lawn every morning for the sparrows. Every morning, as the sparrows ate, the kind old lady's cat ready behind the box brush, took his toll. How could he doubt that his mistress, his servant, was at the normal task of doing his service?—Saturday Review.

New Kind of Geologist.

An English professor of geology says that he once received a call from a man who was at the head of a large commercial enterprise. He wished to consult the professor about the instruction of his son, who would ultimately inherit his vast business and wealth. "But mind you," said he, "I don't want him to learn about stratums or dips or faults or upheavals or denudations, and I don't want him to fill his mind with fossils or stuff about crystals. What I want him to learn is how to find gold and silver and copper in paying quantities, sir, in paying quantities." Unfortunately for such people the preparation for no business in life can be kept down to such severely practical limitations.—Success.

SO LIKE A WOMAN.



Mrs. Brown—She seems to have got over the death of her first husband.

Mr. Brown—Yes, but her second husband hasn't.

ADAGES ABOUT WEATHER.

Observations of the Prophets Compiled by the Clerk of the Weather Bureau.

Recently the United States weather bureau compiled a list of the more common weather adages. From this the following examples are taken:

"When bees remain in their hives or fly but a short distance expect rain."

"Men work better, eat more and sleep sounder when the barometer is high."

"Do business with men when the wind is from the westerly, for then the barometer is high."

"In summer, when the sun burns more than usual, expect thunderstorms."

"If the temperature increases between nine p. m. and midnight when the sky is cloudless expect rain, and if during a long and severe period of low temperature the temperature increases between midnight and morning expect a thaw."

"A red sun has water in his eyes."

"A piece of seaweed hung up will become damp previous to rain."

"A rising fog indicates fair weather; if the fog settles down expect rain."

"Hoar frost indicates rain."

"The larger the halo about the moon the nearer the rain clouds and the sooner the rain may be expected."

"Snakes show themselves on the approach of rain."

"Human hair (red) curls and kinks at the approach of a storm and restraightens after the storm."

"When a cat washes herself good weather may be expected, but if she licks her coat against the grain bad weather is indicated, or if she washes her face over her ears or sits with her tail to the fire."

"When the birds cease to sing rain and thunder will probably come."

"Pigeons return home unusually early before rain."

"When fish bite readily and swim near the surface rain may be expected."

"A bee was never caught in a shower."

"When flies bite greedily expect rain."

"Cottonwood and quaking asp trees turn up their leaves before rain."

"When the leaves of trees curl with the wind from the south it indicates rain."

"When the sun draws water rain follows soon."

"Red skies in the evening precede fine to-morrows."

GOOD EXCUSE FOR STEALING.

Man Who Stole Rulers Only Took Measures to Make His Yardstick.

It was in a little new town in a far western mining settlement.

A man was on trial for a very serious offense, relates the Baltimore American.

But let us go back a little.

Ever since the town of Bailbat had been established there had been trouble about landslides.

A man would locate a claim one day, and that night a little shower would dislocate it.

Many a man's little all was ruined through dislocation of the claim.

Owing to the scarcity of timber it was difficult to secure stakes with which to fasten the lots in place so as to be sure that when the owners thereof arose next morning the land would be where it had been the night before.

One citizen who had considerable experience as a cowboy picketed his kitchen garden half the summer, and had a crop almost raised.

But one day his little boy, who was mischievous, cut the lariat, and before it could be headed off the garden had run over a crowd of people half a mile down the street.

And one lady's new dress was so saturated with onions that she sued the owner for damages.

But late in the summer a new store had been established in the village.

One of the things kept in stock was a lot of foot rulers to be given away as advertisements.

One morning the entire stock, consisting of several thousand rulers, was found to be missing.

A vigilance committee was formed and a careful search instituted.

At length the rulers were found in the house of a prominent citizen.

It was up to him.

And hence the trial with which our story begins.

The evidence was conclusive.

However, the judge was merciful and let him go on condition that he would restore the property.

"For," said the judge, "it is shown clearly that the man wanted to use the rulers to keep his lawn and garden in position, so that it would not run around of nights. Therefore, it is plain that in stealing these he was only taking measures to make his yard-stick."

Whereupon the mob released the prisoner and hung up the judge.

Maine Farmer's Queer Purchase.

A Woolwich farmer made a curious investment. He purchased in Massachusetts a second-hand hearse and had it shipped to his farm across the river, where he stored it in a shed with the intention of converting the body of the hearse into a potato bin and the running gear into some farm vehicle. The neighborhood boys, however, objected to the near presence of this wagon of death and one night hauled it from its resting place out into a field and made of it a picturesque bonfire, much to the agricultural speculator's displeasure.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

THE FIRST AMERICAN COINS.

They Were Copper Half Cents and Were Issued from the Mint in 1793.

The treasurer of the United States on May 6, 1903, redeemed two half cent pieces. This is the first time in the history of the country that such coins have been presented for redemption. It is more than a century since the first half cent piece was coined, and it is nearly 50 years since the government discontinued minting them, says the Gateway Magazine.

Possibly not one person in a thousand now living in the United States ever saw a half cent piece.

The last annual report of the director of the mint, page 82, shows that 7,895,222 of these coins, representing $39,476.11, were issued. For almost half a century each annual report of the treasury department has included them among the "outstanding" obligations of the government.

The half cent piece was the coin of the smallest denomination ever made by this country. It enjoys the distinction also of being the first coin issued and also the first whose denomination was discontinued. The United States mint was established in 1792, and copper half cents and cents were issued in 1793. Half the total number of half cents issued were coined previous to 1810, after which year their coinage, with few exceptions, was limited. None was coined for circulation from 1812 to 1824, nor from 1836 to 1848. Finally, in 1857, their coinage, with that of the big copper cent, was discontinued. On account of their limited issue in the last years of their coinage they practically had disappeared from the channels of trade.

The needs of adopting the half cent as the lowest value computing factor for a coin were made in the early days of the republic. Colonial half cents and British farthings of the same commercial value were then in circulation, and many articles were priced and sold in half-cents. With the progress of the nation values rose and the needs for a half cent disappeared, and their use following the first decade of the century was almost entirely confined to multiples.

While all other discontinued types and denominations of United States coin have found oblivion, the half cent is the only one of which the treasury reports do not record some portion of the issue redeemed. This singular and unexplained fact has been one of frequent comment and inquiry from mint and treasury officials.

Large stocks of half cents are to be found in the stocks of coin dealers. The most common dates are sold at a good premium and the extremely rare ones are worth their weight in gold.

Farran Zerbe, of St. Louis, was the man who sent the two half cent pieces to Washington for redemption. He now prizes highly the little voucher calling for "one cent" which was sent to him with that amount of current coin in exchange for the two half cent pieces he had forwarded.

HARVESTING BUTTERFLIES.

Trees Containing Them Are Wound Up in Gauze, Presenting Festive Appearance.

Travelers in Berlin visiting the adjacent country in the spring are surprised to see the trees in the woods gayly dressed in gauze as if for a ball. The gauze, which is put around the short branches, is tied up near the trunk of the tree and is not intended for decorative use, but is the work of the butterfly harvesters.

It is well known that many butterflies are valuable, and unique specimens in good condition will bring good prices. In catching a full-fledged butterfly there is always danger of injuring its delicate wings and destroying or lessening its value. To obtain the butterflies in the most satisfactory manner the collectors raise their own specimens, and they choose the woods for the grazing ground. With boxes of caterpillars on nests of leaves they repair to the outskirts of Berlin, and place the worms on the limbs, where they will have a sufficient quantity of food of the proper kind and live under natural conditions. The gauze is placed carefully over each limb after a sufficient number of the caterpillars have been placed on it, and left to make their cocoons, when the harvest is gathered. Trees dressed in this way present a peculiar appearance.

Canal Across Florida.

The project of building a ship canal across Florida has again come to the fore, and there is a strong probability of its being carried out. A canal, known as the Florida coastline canal, is rapidly nearing completion, and now extends from St. Augustine on the north to Key West on the south, a complete inland way of over 380 miles.—Scientific American.

COMMON PHRASE.

"It's no use."—Chicago Evening News.

Tastes of the Tongue.

The tongue is divided into three regions of taste, the first of which—the tip portion—is chiefly sensible to pungent and acid tastes, the middle portion to sweets or bitter, while the back is confined entirely to the flavors of roast meats, butter, oil, and rich and fatty substances.

Would Rush Things.

The Russians and the Japanese probably know that if they ever let the war correspondents go to the front they would never be able to catch up with them again.—Indianapolis News.

THE NEW MAN ON HORSEBACK.

PEOPLE DESIRE A CHANGE.

Voters Are Tired of Fraud and Grafting in All the Departments of the Government.

The democrats are united as they have not been before for ten years, and Parker and Davis will receive the normal vote of the party with a good many recruits from their opponents. The republicans are split into factions on several issues. Nearly all the old Hanna machine men are disgruntled, as they see a young element of their party in the saddle and they will not pull hard on the traces unless they are paid for their work either in money or promises. In West Virginia, Delaware, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Wisconsin the rival republican factions are intent on defeating each other and one or the other faction have no faith in or love for Candidate Roosevelt, though most of them declare they will vote for him. In these and other states there are minor factions and important republicans who, while keeping within party lines, are opposed to their candidate for president and do not mind saying so in private conversation. The glamour of the Rough Rider has worn off and the business interests of the country have more weight in politics than the imperialistic element.

That is the great danger to the Rough Rider. The farmers have discovered that the trusts are bleeding them and that the high price of wheat is more than offset by the increased cost of what they buy. The workingmen are organizing politically for their protection, for the republican majority in congress refused to listen to their prayer for legislation for the eight-hour bill, the anti-injunction bill and other lesser laws labor thinks necessary for its salvation. All the republican leaders favor the open shop and most of them are openly in sympathy with the Parry organization of protected trusts and manufacturers.

Wages are being reduced and strikes are numerous and the cost of living is still advancing, which does not inspire confidence in the economic policies of the republican party of those who are suffering from loss of wages and increased cost of food.

The trusts have decreased the profits of the small storekeepers, while rents and household expenses are higher than ever before and the opportunities for increased business are monopolized by the great department stores which can purchase from the trusts at much less than the small storekeeper has to pay.

People with limited incomes find their expenses have increased while their revenues are stationary. All these people are inquiring why the trusts should be protected by the tariff in selling their products at the highest possible price here and a much lower price in foreign countries. Many of the voters have discovered that the tariff prevents competition and fosters monopoly and the increased cost for their products which the monopolists charge is a much greater tax than the government receives.

The revenues of the United States are declining and the expenses are greater than ever before in time of peace. Not only have the expenses of the government increased much faster in proportion than the population, but neither President Roosevelt, nor his cabinet, nor the republican majority in congress have offered any solution of the problem. They are all intent on "letting well enough alone," and have paralyzed the industries of the country with a do-nothing policy by fighting all proposals for reform.

The government departments are extravagant and filled with grafters which the republican party has refused to investigate, although evidence was plentiful that but a beginning had been made in exposing the frauds through a partisan investigation of but two bureaus of the post office department.

Knowledge of all these sins of the republican party is finding lodgment in the hearts of many voters and they have determined on a change. Upon the surface of the political field all is still and serene, but there are mutterings in the homes of the farmers, the cottages of the artisans and the tenements of the laboring men that bode ill for the republican candidates. The still small voice of reason is working more changes of sentiment than the hired and blatant notes of the trust apologist can overcome, blare he never so loudly, and there is a quiet determination to "turn the rascals out."

Waste of Public Money.

The republicans admit the increased cost of running the government under the present extravagant administration, but claim that it is necessary, as the growth of the country demands it. But the cost per capita should not increase faster than the population increases, as it should be relatively cheaper to run an 80,000,000 country than one with 40,000,000 of people; but the cost is increasing at a much greater ratio than the population, which shows extravagance and waste of the people's money.

PARKER'S GOLD TELEGRAM.

Facts Regarding Its Transmission to St. Louis Which Can Be Maintained by Proofs.

The Brooklyn Eagle is in a position to affirm and to maintain by proof these facts:

That Alton Brooks Parker wrote the famous gold standard dispatch to William F. Sheehan, then in St. Louis, on Saturday morning, July 9, at 11 o'clock, and sent the same from the Esopus telegraph station.

That the dispatch was so written and so sent on Judge Parker's own initiative, without consultation or communication with a single soul.

That the dispatch was not written and sent in pursuance of a pre-arrangement and that those who advocated and advanced his cause in St. Louis had no foreknowledge of it.

That Judge Parker reached his determination to send the dispatch after he had been informed by the New York papers of Saturday morning, and by that means alone, and had comprehended in its entirety the situation as to the platform in St. Louis.

That Judge Parker did not anticipate or foresee the final action of the committee in its 16 hours session; that he did not have and could not have had knowledge of the events as they developed on Friday and Friday night at St. Louis, until eight o'clock Saturday morning; that during the 30 hours preceding the sending of the dispatch he had no communication whatsoever with any leader of the New York delegation, with any leader in the convention, or with any person of that convention or with any person in the east on any matter which could be construed as political.

THE PANAMA CONSPIRACY.

Morgan and His Pals Show Gratitude by Contributions to Republican Slush Fund.

The attempt to throw dust into the voters' eyes by the pretense that the republican national committee is short of cash is hardly consistent with the report that the head lobbyist of the Panama canal steal has paid to Mr. Cortelyou $400,000, which he promised Senator Hanna if the treaty was ratified. There was considerable consternation when Hanna died amongst the principal republican leaders as to whether that promise to Hanna would be kept, but the chief Panama conspirator kept his word and came up to the captain's office and settled like a little man. It was also reported that a large sum, said to be $200,000, has been forthcoming from J. Pierpont Morgan, as part of the bargain that gave his firm the control of the Panama payment to the French company. The support of President Roosevelt by the New York Sun, which is largely owned by Morgan, is doubtless part of the same bargain. Panama has been an unsavory mess from its inception and does not seem to have improved in flavor since it has been transferred to this country. That President Roosevelt should be even cognizant of the bribery and corruption is unfortunate, but that he is benefitting by it personally is deplorable.

FRESH POLITICAL NOTES.

——Motion raises temperature. The republican committee keeps Mr. Fairbanks moving with the idea that he may warm up before the campaign is over.—N. Y. World.

——Big trusts contribute $10,000,000 toward Mr. Roosevelt's campaign. The magnates are paying for those white house lunches and for what they took away.—St. Louis Republic.

——As a matter of secret fact the republicans are not worrying half as much about the seasoned age of Mr. Davis as they are worrying about the mental youngness of Mr. Roosevelt.—Atlanta Constitution.

——Senator Depew brought home some brand-new jokes from Europe. Here is one of them: He says that the republican party is going to win this fall by the greatest majority on record.—Boston Globe.

——On his way to Oyster Bay, Mr. Roosevelt was delayed by a flood. There may be a tidal wave next November—but it won't keep Roosevelt away from Oyster Bay; quite the contrary.—Albany Argus.

——An esteemed contemporary has been mourning the decline of fiction during recent years. But the mournful plaints, be it understood, were made before the republican campaign text-book was issued.—The Commoner.

——A New York supporter of the administration affirms with great confidence that imperialism is a myth because it could not exist in free America. Nobody is afraid of it here. But it can exist in the subject Philippines.—Philadelphia Record.