The Intelligencer.

PUBLISHED DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAY, BY

The Intelligencer Publishing Co.,

25 & 27 FOURTEENTH STREET.

TERMS: Per Year, by Mail, Postage Prepaid.

DAILY (SIX DAYS IN THE WEEK)	$6 00
DAILY (THREE DAYS IN THE WEEK)	4 00
DAILY (TWO DAYS IN THE WEEK)	2 75
DAILY (ONE MONTH)	65
WEEKLY (ONE YEAR IN ADVANCE)	1 00
WEEKLY (SIX MONTHS)	60

THE DAILY INTELLIGENCER is delivered by carriers in Wheeling and adjacent towns at 15 cents per week.

Persons wishing to subscribe to THE DAILY INTELLIGENCER can do so by sending in their orders to the INTELLIGENCER office on postal card or otherwise. They will be punctually served by carriers.

Tributes of Respect and Obituary Notices, 50 cents per inch.

Correspondence containing important news solicited from every part of the surrounding country.

Rejected communications will not be returned unless accompanied by sufficient postage.

(The INTELLIGENCER, embracing its several editions, is entered in the Postoffice at Wheeling, W. Va., as second-class matter.)

TELEPHONE NUMBERS:
Editorial Rooms 333. Counting Room 339.

The Intelligencer

WHEELING, SEPTEMBER 20, 1895.

A Fresh Crop of Fools.

There is a fresh crop of fools in Europe, and money is flowing like water into all sorts of South African so-called securities. Nothing is too absurd or too wild. Hang it on to the South African gold fields and it will go with a rush, particularly if there be connected with it the name of somebody who has been successful in that far off region.

The shares of a something-or-other in the way of a bank were offered in London. There was not even a prospectus. But there was a rush, until all the shares were taken at a price which increased fivefold the already enormous capitalization. They have the fever as well in France, Germany and other parts of Europe.

If this were the first time that such a nightmare of senseless speculation has struck the old world it might be understood, but there is not a country in Europe that has not paid heavily for being caught in such bubbles and swindles. By this time sensible people should have their eye teeth cut, but it seems that each generation insists on doing its own cutting; and some persons are not content without cutting a second crop.

We have had some experience in this country, but this does not mean that we shall not have more. In any flush time any scheme that has ever been worked anywhere may be worked here again, and no amount of warning will avail. We produce as fine a crop of fools to the acre as any country on earth.

THERE is talk of another advance in wire nails. What is the justification? Surely it is not found in the demand.

It Is Real War.

The Spanish premier denounces the Cuban patriots as bandits, and says they are not entitled to belligerent rights. In the Spanish view Cubans are never entitled to any rights. They exist to put money in the treasury of Spain. Just now they are forcing Spain to pay out large sums which she cannot afford to spend. They are making the most successful fight ever made on the island for independence. This is why they are bandits.

The revolt will not be quelled by calling names. It will take troops to do that, and the troops will have to do more execution than those already sent have been able to do. The Spanish force on the island not only has been unable to break the backbone of the rebellion, but has failed to prevent its spread. The patriots are steadily gaining territory, so that now they appear to control more of Cuba than Spain does.

The Cuban cause is advancing at home and strengthening its hold on the sympathies of the people of this country. Presently our government will have to do something about it.

THERE are some things that Mr. Cleveland hesitates to say. One is, "I would not accept a nomination for a third term."

Shall Mexico Have the Chance?

If Mexico were to take it into her head to recognize the Cuban patriots as belligerents she would win the everlasting gratitude of those people. If that act of recognition were followed by Cuban independence it might result in the annexation of Cuba to Mexico, something which this country does not desire and as certainly could find no pretext for preventing.

Cuba prefers to be part of the United States, but if this country stands off and looks on while the Cubans are struggling, refusing to grant them so much as recognition, when Cuba gets her independence she will probably be independent enough to tell us that we are too late.

Why should the United States be so mindful of the desires of Spain? When we had trouble of our own Spain did not hesitate to recognize the Confederacy.

PITTSBURGH has been annexed to Philadelphia by the traction cable and the trolley wire. Is this the Greater Pittsburgh we have been hearing of?

Filley's Funny Fight.

Word comes from Missouri that Chauncey I. Filley has enlisted for the war against the renomination of General Harrison, and in this cause he will do battle day and night. Mr. Filley is a very smooth politician, but this time he is wasting effort.

If the Republican party wants General Harrison for its standard bearer next year Mr. Filley will be run over. If the Republican party doesn't want General Harrison it cannot be induced to take him up because Mr. Filley is fighting him. When Mr. Filley opened his campaign it is probable that he thought the summer over.

WE have gone through one summer this year and if need be can worry through another. The philosophical mind takes things as they come, even as "hot stuff" as this.

Work and Wages Under Two Policies.

The American Economist makes a striking exhibit of the industrial situation now as compared with that under the Republican policy of protection. The instructive article, with some of the details omitted, is reproduced in to-day's INTELLIGENCER. The net result of the comparison is that 3 per cent less labor is now employed than in the census year 1889, and the average wages paid are 14 per cent less.

In other words, under Democratic policy the country has slipped back more than six years. If the house tariff bill had gone through without modification the slipping back would have been further and faster. But there has been enough of it to show what the Democratic party has done for the country.

It shows also that we have a long way to go before we shall be again where we were when, in a moment of thoughtlessness, the people allowed the Democratic party to get where it could do mischief.

COMMENTING on an article on "Waking Up a Dead Town" the INTELLIGENCER gave credit to the American Manufacturer. Credit should have been given to the Manufacturers' Record.

Words Fitly Spoken.

The Vice President of the United States, presiding over the Chickamauga dedicatory services, could think of nothing better than to quote from Lincoln's short and sublime utterance on a similar occasion at Gettysburg. There is nothing better, and Vice President Stevenson showed excellent judgment and appreciation in quoting words so fitting.

The Gettysburg oration of President Lincoln, strangely enough a disappointment to those who listened to it, now accepted by all the world as a classic, will live as long as the English language shall last. The longer and really able oration of Mr. Evarts is forgotten.

RUSSIA takes pains to emphasize on all occasions the alliance between France and herself. Nobody doubts that the alliance exists, but what will they do with it? They will be very slow to try the strength of the combine.

Job Lot Marriages.

A Washington heiress married a blacksmith five years ago. Now she wants a divorce from him on the ground that he has not supported her and has lived on her money. What did she expect? She had no thought of living on the money he could hammer out on the anvil. The truth must be that the romance has worn off, the illusion has been dispelled, and she finds herself badly mated.

Men and women do best when they marry their own sort. A man can raise a woman to his level. It is very hard for a woman to raise a man to hers. The wife of a king is a queen. The husband of a queen is a prince consort.

LORD THURLOW, lately a World's Fair commissioner, now an absconding debtor, is a fair representative of the titled Englishman who lends his name to any scheme that pays him. He was a director in all sorts of companies, receiving $16,000 a year, for which he rendered no service except to permit his name to be used as a catch for the unwary. This ignoble nobleman is connected with half the aristocracy of England. Nothing seems to be left for him except to get a divorce and take his pick of our American heiresses.

WHEN Lord Donraven reaches home he will be confronted by the facts in the case, including the correspondence. The fact which he will be unable to get over is the offer of Mr. Ieelin to resail the second and third races, or to begin the whole contest anew, an offer which Lord Donraven declined to accept. His lordship goes back, therefore, beaten in sailing and in letter-writing, the latter being apparently his favorite sport.

SOME students of the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, working as street car conductors through the summer, have earned enough to carry them through college this winter. There is good stuff in those young men. If they will keep up this gait they need have no fear for their future.

THE mayor of Chicago is surprised that so large an amount as $3,000,000 should be asked for to clean the streets of New York, and he takes occasion to remark that the amount allowed for that purpose in his city is $250,000. But the streets in Chicago are not clean, are they?

THE emperor of China has decreed against the massacre of foreigners and caused a few of his cheap subjects to be beheaded. This does not meet the requirements. There must be such guarantee for the future as shall be acceptable to the civilized powers.

WHAT has become of the Adlai Stevenson presidential boom that was to sweep the Democratic party? The movement needs a talented advance agent, a corps of experienced bill posters and a brass band with plenty of wind in it.

MR. PLATT is very handy at managing conventions on some lines, but when it comes to striking the common sense and the conscience of a convention he isn't in it for a minute with Warner Miller.

THE search for secret water pipes in Chicago is an edifying spectacle, the more so as some of the largest concerns in the city have been tapping the city pipes without paying for the water. The man who uses a sandbag on an unsuspecting victim and then goes through his clothes is highly respectable when compared with the Chicago manufacturers who have been tapping the public till through the water pipes.

MARTIN'S FERRY follows the sensible example of her neighbors and raises the quarantine against Wheeling. Our friends everywhere may be assured that they shall have the truth as we know it at home. At this time everything indicates that the smallpox is on its last legs.

WHAT was the administration's agreement with the bond syndicate, any how? It must have been something, and that something is worth knowing. When Congress meets the cat will have to be let out of the bag.

EDITOR NIXON'S SYMPATHY

Successfully Imposed Upon by a Professional Beggar—The Rose was a Potent Factor.

Chicago Record.

They tell a story on William Penn Nixon, editor of the Inter Ocean, which has not spoiled with age. Mr. Nixon's sympathy with the old soldier is notorious, and this sympathy has cost him many and many a dollar. One day a relic of "the late unpleasantness" found his way into Mr. Nixon's office; his appearance would have excited compassion in a heart of stone; as soon as he saw him Mr. Nixon knew he was a veteran, and forthwith his heart began to melt and throb as only a truly tender and sympathetic heart can melt and throb. This old soldier had a pathetic story to tell, and he unfolded it to Mr. Nixon after the fashion of a dry-goods salesman unfolding yards and yards of print calicoes for the delectation of a prospective buyer. Fate had dealt harshly with him, so he said; adversity had overtaken all his business enterprises, and, to crown his misfortunes, obstacles had been interposed which delayed the payment of the pension to which he was fully entitled. He found himself, he said, confronted by starvation; for himself he had little solicitude, but it ground the iron into his soul to see his wife and little ones suffering for want of clothing and food. As he proceeded with his narrative the hoary veteran shed bitter tears, and as for Mr. Nixon—well, he, too, broke completely down, and he, too, wept profusely. The interview ended by Mr. Nixon's drawing out his lean wallet and producing a $5 bill, which he begged the unfortunate soldier to accept as a slight token of his sympathy. The hoary veteran took the money and withdrew from the office, invoking the choicest blessings of high heaven upon the head of his benefactor.

The experience made so powerful an impression upon Mr. Nixon's plastic and retentive mind that for a month thereafter the editorial page of the Inter Ocean teemed with eloquent tributes to the unrecognized heroes of the civil war.

The old soldier did not turn up again for about six months. One bitter day in midwinter, however, Mr. Nixon looked up from his editorial work to greet a visitor who had just been ushered into the sanctum sanctorum. It was the old soldier; Mr. Nixon knew him at once.

"Aha, my good friend!" cried Mr. Nixon cheerily, "and how has it gone since we last met?"

The old soldier took a seat hard by and ruefully apprised Mr. Nixon that adversity still pursued him.

"I am mortified and grieved," said the old soldier, "that misfortunes have showered upon me so mercilessly as to render it impossible for me to discharge the obligation to you which I incurred some time ago. You have probably forgotten that on one occasion you kindly advanced me the sum of $5 to bridge over the financial chasms which threatened to ingulf me; I say you have probably forgotten that beneficent action, for one of your noble impulses, sir, does such deeds with no thought of recompense further than the pleasure which the performance of a generous deed carries with it. But I, sir—I have never for one moment forgotten your kindness; for months my waking thoughts have been employed in an attempt to devise some means whereby I could reimburse you for that loan. Alas! adversity claims me for its own! I have come to you to-day to tell you that I am unable to liquidate the obligation and to assure you that if heaven do but spare my life amid the dangers which now threaten to o'erwhelm me, I shall ultimately discharge the debt to its last penny!"

Mr. Nixon hastened to assure his visitor that his solicitude was wholly unnecessary; that it was a matter of no consequence whatever whether he ever paid the trifling obligation or not. Actuated by the most considerate motives, Mr. Nixon gave his visitor to understand that the particular $5 bill in question gave him no more concern than did the diminution of the spot in the left limb of the solar orb.

"I am aware of the truth of what you say," replied the old soldier, "but I could no longer resist the counsel of my conscience, which bade me come to you with the explanation I have made. As I left my humble home this morning my wife said to me: 'Where are you going in all this storm?' 'I am going,' says I, 'to tell Mr. Nixon that I cannot pay him the money I owe him.' 'If you are going to see that noble friend of ours,' says she, 'take with you this rose and give it him from me. Tell him it is the only bloom of a tiny bush given me last summer by a kind lady. I have cherished the plant with exceeding care and with tender solicitude have watched it bud into loveliness. I prize it so dearly that parting with this fragrant bloom involves a painful sacrifice. Tell Mr. Nixon that he alone deserves this tribute which speaks our gratitude to him.'"

With these impressive words the old soldier laid upon the editorial desk the magnificent jack-rose he had brought with him. For a moment silence reigned supreme. Then, in a tone suppressed by emotion, Mr. Nixon murmured an expression of his appreciation of this delicate tribute; he was touched, he said, by this truly feminine demonstration of gratitude. "Thank your good lady for me," said Mr. Nixon, "and meantime accept this further mark of my sympathy, which may serve to lighten temporarily the burden of adversity."

After remonstrating prudently the old soldier accepted the proffered $2 bill and once more invoking the benedictions of heaven upon his benefactor, the veteran stumped out of the office and went his way.

It was possibly half an hour later that Mr. Busbey, managing editor of the Inter-Ocean, came in for a consultation with his chief. Presently his eyes fell upon the magnificent rose.

"Where under the sun did you get that rose?" he asked.

Mr. Nixon told the story of the old soldier and of the sacrifice the old soldier's wife had made in plucking and sending him that beauteous flower.

"Fiddlesticks!" cried Mr. Busbey. "That rose was lying on my desk when that old soldier came in to talk with me an hour ago. I didn't have any money for him, so I gave him the rose. Nixon, you've been worked again."

Mr. Nixon held his peace for a spell; finally he said: "Busbey, you will find several editorials on the standing galley; they refer to our neglect of the old soldier and to the ingratitude of republics; kill them. I think it would be wise for the Inter-Ocean to take up editorial consideration of the tariff on wool, the condition of the wheat market, the status of our relations with Spain, and the prospect of a speedy revival of our manufacturing industries."

Quite Advanced.

New York Sun.

An elderly man most properly attired in silk hat and frock coat, walked up Madison avenue last night. Near the corner of Fiftieth street a bloomerite on a wheel pedaled up behind him, and, dismounting, touched him on the shoulder and asked him if he had a match. The elderly man had been in deep thought, and he only answered shortly:

"No, I haven't got one."

"Oh, well, you needn't be so ugly about it," responded the girl, at which the elderly man turned around and saw it was a woman he had been talking to. The vision in bloomers flustered him a bit, but he managed to get out an apology.

"I really beg your pardon," he said. "I thought you were a man."

"Indeed," replied the young woman scornfully. "You don't say so?"

"Really," insisted the man; "but I have got a match," and he handed out a silver match-case.

"Thank you so much," replied the girl, smiling sweetly once more. "You see, my lantern went out, and I don't care to be arrested for riding without a light."

"You're perfectly welcome," replied the man, who had been making frantic efforts to light one of the matches on the edge of the case. Failing in this, he made a vicious scrape on the sidewalk with it, but only succeeded in rubbing off all the sulphur. Two more matches were wasted, and the man was about to begin operations on the fourth when the girl suddenly exclaimed:

"I think I could light it, sir."

"Try it, by all means," said the old man.

The young woman took the match and lighted it expeditiously, secundum artem. With a quick movement she threw open the front of the lamp and touched the match to the wick. Slamming the front to again, she jumped on her wheel, with a "Thank you so much, sir," and was away.

The elderly man stood still for a moment. Then he shoved his hat back on his head, mopped his brow with his handkerchief, and muttered:

"That's certainly the most advanced woman I've seen yet."

The Big Little Fisherman.

New York Press.

Fish, little statesman, fish!
The summer's come and gone;
The mellow fall is here and all
The waves lap softly on.
Sunk in a quiet, undisturbed
Save by the little line's swish,
Enjoy your day while yet you may;
Fish, little statesman, fish!

Fish, little statesman, fish!
The country's in a fix.
But that's no fault of yours, you know;
It's all high tariff's tricks.
We've only bonds to feed us now—
It's not a toothsome dish—
But then, why let it pain our pet?
Fish, little statesman, fish!

Fish, little statesman, fish!
How calmly now you rest!
No anxious care of state would dare
Oppress your peaceful breast.
And though the nation foundered quite,
We could not, could not wish
That it annoy your baby joy;
Fish, little statesman, fish!

Down the Alimentary Canal.

San Francisco Examiner.

Could you give a poor fellow a quarter?" he said;
"I've nothing to eat, nor the price of a bed."
He reached for the coin as his face beamed delight;
Five schooners, 'tis known, crossed the bar that same night.