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WHEELING, OCTOBER 24, 1895.

The Film-Flam Game.

The free trade literary bureau is in an active operation as though a presidential campaign were on in full force. The country is no longer told that it cannot make tin plate. That contention has been given up. But the country is being told what a rush there is to build new woolen mills, a fairy story which, unhappily, does not bear the reasonable test of close examination.

Then we have that formidable array showing the wonderful advance of wages in the iron and steel mills, an exhibit which is turning up now in the country papers, especially in Ohio. The aim is to show how bad things were under the McKinley tariff and how they have advanced under the Gormanized Wilson tariff. There is a wonderful straddle between 1890 and 1891 to 1895.

It suits Democratic purposes to leave out the dreary interval and to make much of advances of 10 per cent and of 15 per cent in wages. Advances on what basis? On the basis of wages under the McKinley tariff? Not much. The advances are on the basis of wages under the Democratic tariff.

The best test of the two policies is for every wage-earner to compare his wages under the present tariff, and while he is about it he may as well take into the comparison the days and weeks and months of idleness he has had under the Democratic tariff. But he must not stop here, or he will do himself great injustice.

He must remember that the Democrats were unable to go the full length of their theory. They found it impossible to pass a bill that had not a good deal of protection in it—so much that the Democratic President denounced it as party perjury and dishonor, and refused to sign it.

A wage-earner who supports the Democratic party after all it has done to him and all it proposed to do and would have done if it could, must have a very short memory and a very forgiving nature.

Mr. CORBETT will be at liberty to resume his noble work of elevating the stage—after Arkansas gets through with him.

National Convention of Wool Growers. The INTELLIGENCER hopes to see its wool growing friends in West Virginia, Ohio and Pennsylvania respond numerously to the call of President Lawrence for a convention of wool-growers in Washington, December 4. The object is to push the movement for the restoration of the duties on wool.

Every county should be represented. It will not take long to go to Washington and remain there for a day or two and help to swell the chorus. If the men engaged in the wool industry do not like the treatment they are receiving let them be on hand to say so. There is time to hold meetings in every county to select representatives.

The wool industry has suffered because those engaged in it have not given it the close attention that was demanded. This is a good time to turn over a new leaf and see what can be done.

The government needs the revenue and the growers of wool need the protection. Peasants are highly protected in the present tariff law. So is rice. Why not wool?

Ex-Governor CAMPBELL has overworked himself and is obliged to cancel his engagements for the present. He should have had somebody to carry along the cargo of epithets he hurled nightly at leaders on the other side.

Pettifoggery in the Case. Great Britain is pettifoggery the Venezuelan case. She will not consent to arbitrate the matter of the arrest of a British colonial constable, for the arrest was made on British territory. But it happens that this very territory on which the arrest was made is part of the territory in dispute. Great Britain's idea is to gobble a big slice and arbitrate the remainder—"needs I win, tells you lose."

The position for this country to take, that the whole question must be arbitrated or the whole British pretension given up. If Great Britain insists upon her present position she should be told that we regard her course as unfriendly, and we must be prepared to go to the full extent of the meaning of that declaration.

It comes to this, that if the great territorial gobbler finds the United States complacent in these matters she will go on grabbing American territory and ex-

tending the area of her influence on this continent. If we do not intend to allow this we should say so in language too plain to be misunderstood.

The Treasury stock of Silver. The secretary of the treasury orders the further coining of silver dollars to be stopped because the appropriation for that purpose is exhausted. It is well that it is so. Why go on coining silver dollars to pile up in the treasury? The people do not want them—and do not take them.

I is said that if the silver bullion now in the treasury were coined into dollars the profit to the government, that is to say the seigniorage, would amount to \$34,000,000, and this handsome sum could be used to pay the ordinary expenses of the government.

If the coins were cut in half and each of them were called a dollar the bullion on hand would go still further and pay more ordinary expenses, a particularly convenient thing at this time. If we are going into the clipped dollar business we may as well go in strong, coining discs without any regard to the value of the metal in them.

There is another thing the treasury might do instead of coining the seigniorage. It might sell at market price all the silver bullion in the treasury and figure up the loss on the transaction. That would be as instructive an object lesson as the country could have.

In his Atlanta speech the President could not help giving his hearers a little sugar-coated talk on free trade versus protection. He did not use these words, but his meaning is clear enough. Of course he tried to hold up his party's end of the controversy.

Is it a split? Again comes the story that the President and the secretary of state are not in accord in matters of foreign policy, the secretary wanting to open up that "vigorous foreign policy" and the President sitting on the tail of his coat to hold him down. There are those in Washington who think the disagreement so serious that Mr. Olney is not long for the cabinet. If the secretary of state were to retire because the President refused to allow him to stand up for his own country, that would be bad for the President. Among other things it would shiver the third term boom.

SEVERAL observers notice that Mr. Platt and Mr. Clarke and Mr. Quay are busily engaged in selecting a presidential nominee for the Republican party. If history goes for anything these gentlemen will not select the nominee. The convention will do that. If the persons named agree with the convention they will come out on the victorious side, and that will be something new for them. It has never been possible for two or three men to name the presidential ticket, and it will not be next year.

The New York gamblers have begun to lay bets on the coming city election. The odds are in favor of Tammany. This is the gamblers' idea of the situation, and they may be right. At the same time it will not be entirely safe to follow their leadership. Gamblers have been known to be mistaken about election results. They like to think themselves capable of taking a cold view of an election, but they are as likely as other men to be carried away by sympathy and desire.

GOVERNOR HANTINGS is to speak in Ohio and New York, and from this it is inferred that he is a candidate for the presidency. It is no secret that the governor of Pennsylvania would be glad to have the nomination, but it is also improbable that the anti-combiners in his state would let him have it. Another improbability is that the national convention will look to Pennsylvania for its man.

AFTER her divorce Mrs. William Kissam Vanderbilt should also have parted with her rather suggestive middle name, or changed it to Mrs. William Don't-Kiss-'Em Vanderbilt.

IN OTHER SANCTUAMS. New York Press. None of the powers has yet been asked to interfere and prevent further atrocities in Tennessee.

Not Like the Early Bird. Washington Star. It is not always the country which gets in the first ultimatum that does the most business.

It Will Survive. New York Advertiser. The Monroe doctrine has suffered from a bad attack of Clevelandism, but there are signs that it will soon be able to sit up without assistance.

And "It is Ours to Our Credit." N. Y. Mail and Express. There are 3,602,349 square miles of territory in the United States, yet there is not a twenty-four-foot space to be found with which two human brutes may slug each other into insensibility.

On Different Lines. Chicago Dispatch. Peoria has organized a society "for the elevation of the negro." It is hoped that this organization will supplant the impromptu affairs which have attended to this work throughout the south.

Had to Save Themselves. Chicago News. It may be true, as Lord Salisbury says, that England was an American power long before the existence of the United States; but his lordship will remember that just about the time the United States was beginning for an existence England was hankering to lose her grip.

SOME SUPERSTITIONS. To kill a marten in all folklore is considered unlucky. In all lands ravens and crows have been considered birds of evil omen. The natives of India believe that elephants have a religion and form of worship.

A hundred years ago all naturalists taught that the pelican fed its young with its own blood. It is said that among the Mexican peoples there is an idea that the bird

CHEW AND SMOKE MAIL POUCH ANTI-NERVOUS ANTI-DYSPEPTIC PURE HARMLESS SATISFYING

warns the men of the approach of a serpent. In South Italy there is a belief that the chameleon takes no food but air.

A great many country people believe that the screeching of an owl indicates impending calamity.

In England it is believed that hedgehogs foresee and by their uneasy actions foretell a coming storm.

In Dalmatia it is an exceedingly suspicious omen for a cat to sneeze when a bride enters her new home.

In France there is an idea that if a fisherman counts the fish he has caught he will catch no more fish during the day.

AUTUMN LEAVES. "I don't like you, Aunt Jennie," said Wilbur, after his aunt had interfered with some cherished idea he had in mind; "an' if you don't let me alone I'll save up my pocket-money an' buy a tape."

"A what?" asked his aunt. "A tape," said Wilbur; "an' tapira they says an't."—Harpers Round Table.

Fair Hostess—Now, Mr. Borom, you must spend one more evening with us before we go into our new house. Mr. Borom (graciously)—Most certainly, with pleasure. When do you move? Fair Hostess (doubtfully)—Pa is uncertain just when that will be, but not for a year or two at the least.—Tit-Bits.

Why," shouted the impassioned British orator, "why is it that the wife of the farmer lacks the happy, contented look to be found on the face of the bare-headed peasant women of the continent?" "Because," said the man near the door, "because the bare-headed peasant woman does not have to worry all the time about her hat being on straight."—Household Words.

"I wonder," said the man who had been out for the evening, "why some bright women marry such insignificant husbands?"

"William," she said admiringly, "you are only too modest; you nearly do yourself an injustice."—Washington Star.

The frost is on the chestnut, and the boy is in the tree; a limb is broke, the boy is down, and the doctor gets a fee.—Ocean Echo.

Young Husband (severely)—My love, these biscuits are sour, horribly sour.

Young Wife—who took the chemistry prize at boarding school—I forgot to add the soda, my dear; but never mind. After tea we can walk out and get some soda water.—New York Weekly.

With light turned low together sat the twain, As oft before and oft, they hoped again; And, if perchance lips of either hid, Those beams had lively times—that's what they did.—San Francisco Examiner.

The Hindoo's Search for Truth. BY E. H. POYLE.

All the world over, I wonder, it lands that I never have trod. Are the people eternally seeking for the signs and steps of a god? Westward across the ocean, and northward aynd the snow, Do they all stand gazing as ever, and what do the wisest know?

Here in this mystical India the deities hover and swarm Like the wild bees heard in the tree tops or the gnats of a gathering storm. In the air we hear their voices, their feet on the rocks are seen, Yet we all say, "Whence is the message, and what may the wonders mean?"

A million shrines stand open, and ever the omens swirlings As they bow to the mystical symbols or the figures of ancient kings, And the incense rises ever, and rises the endless cry

Of those who are heavy laden and of cowards loath to die. For the destiny drives us together, like deer in the forest of the hills,

Above us the sky and around us the sound of the shot that kills. Pushed by a power that we see not and struck by a hand unknown, We pray to the trees for shelter and press our lips to a stone.

Here are the tombs of my kindred, the first of an ancient name, Chiefs who were slain on the war field and women who died in flame. They are the gods of these kings of the foretime; they are spirits who guide our feet. Ever I watch and worship. They sit with a marble face.

And the myriad souls around us, and the legion of muttering spirits, The cereals and rices wholy, the dark, unspokable gods. What have they saying from the silence? Hath even a whisper come Of the secret—whence and whither? Alas, the gods are dumb.

Shall I list to the words of the English, who come from the uttermost sea? "The secret hath been told you, and what is your meaning to me?" It is naught, but the world-wide story how the earth of the heavens began, How the gods are kind and angry, and a deity once was a man.

I had thought, "Perchance in the cities, where I have sought for the gods, the gods are hid, and the earth with a god. They have lain hidden in the depths we float on or measured the unknown's vastness." Sadly they turn from the venture and say that the quest is vain.

Is life then a dream and delusion, and where shall the dreamer awake? Is the world seen like shadows on water, and what is the mirror looking? Shall the gods be angry that I struck, as a tent that is gathered and gone From the sands that were laid at eve and at morning are level and lone.

Is there naught in the heavens above whence the hail and levin are hurled? But the wind that is swept around us by the rush of the rolling world— The wind that had wester my ashes and bore me to silence and sleep, With the dirge and the sounds of lamenting and voices of women who weep.

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