

INDIANS WERE KIND.

Received the Early White Settlers with Gifts of Corn.

And Scientific Research Demonstrates That Many of the Tribes Had Attained a Fair State of Civilization.

[Special Washington Letter.]
GIFTED with reasoning faculties so well balanced that his analytical and synthetic mental processes were equally superb, Auguste Comte gave his "Positive Science" to the world as naturally and easily as a mother gives a part of her life to the wee babe in her arms.

It was Comte who first clearly explained that "science is fact; philosophy the reason or cause of the fact." It is one thing to know that the sun gives light and heat. It is another thing to take a philosophic theory and deduct from it the reason or cause of that fact. It is one thing to ascertain the facts that the vegetable and animal worlds interchange carbon and oxygen. It is another thing to theorize and philosophize concerning the rationale of those facts. There is no argumentation in science. Philosophy is based upon and absorbed in these and discussions.

Although the learned men of the old world and the new have endeavored to follow Comte by keeping their science and philosophy separate, they have not been wholly successful. This is particularly true as to the science of geology, which is largely also a philosophy. This also is true of archaeology. Delvers in the earth have not been content to coldly chronicle their ascertained facts, but have endeavored to give the reason for all of those facts. Whatever and wherever they have sought the rationale, they have ceased to be positive scientists and have sought also to become philosophers.

In our own country and continent philosophical endeavor has surmounted scientific attainment. For example, discoverers of facts concerning the mysterious mounds which abound in certain localities have taxed their brains to develop theories concerning a race called mound builders. Lapsing into theories they have become theorists and philosophers, rather than pure scientists or fact-getters.

It is admitted that philosophy has developed many facts which are now a part of positive science. Theorizing is not decried, because from it knowledge, and philosophy is useful, however, is the higher form of knowledge and philosophy is useful only as it develops truths which are added to science. When a child burns its finger, it ascertains a fact concerning heat; the child is then in the domain of science. But the child enters upon the realm of philosophy when it asks why heat burns.

In the tide-water region of the Potomac river, for many miles to the southward of our national capital, scientists have discovered utensils and implements of bone, stone, pottery, iron and copper. They have added the well-known fact that Indians originally inhabited this continent, and they have evolved interesting philosophies concerning the habits of these prehistoric human beings. Books and pamphlets on these topics fill many shelves of the congressional library, while the National museum and Smithsonian institution exhibit the prehistoric articles concerning which the numberless works have been written. There are upwards of 25,000 specimens of rare relics which have been gathered by different individuals during the past half century. Local archaeologists have uncovered village sites all along this region;



PURITANS RECEIVED WITH CORN.

and they say that these sites are as distinctly the former dwelling places of the Indians as Herculaneum and Pompeii were the cities disclosed by similar delvers near Vesuvius.

According to the facts and theories of these workers to the earth, more than 40 of these villages have been uncovered within the limits of the District of Columbia alone, while scores of other village sites have been discovered along the river and Chesapeake bay. It is a matter of well-defined history that a number of tribes were included in the Powhatan confederacy when white men first trod the soil of Virginia, well-nigh 300 years ago. Until this day the country near the headwaters of the Potomac and the northern portion of Chesapeake bay is a happy hunting ground. In the pristine conditions of 300 years ago, this must have been a favorite hunting ground for the tribes of that confederacy. The Virginia Historical society has preserved maps of well-known trails which were used by the Indians in their annual trips to the Blue Ridge mountains in summer, and back again to the warm coasts in the autumn and winter, where they felt

the warmth of the gulf stream without knowing what produced that effect. Their water dwelling places are marked by miles of deep beds of oyster shells, which, philosophers say, plainly show that in winter the Indians lived upon those scavengers of the ocean.

The capable, active, energetic and enthusiastic workers of the geological survey have given systematic study and research to this entire region for a number of years; just as they have given to other portions of the country, as was notably manifested in their recent issuance at Buffalo of bulletins giving history, modern and pre-historic, of the formation of Niagara falls and the glacial erosions which formed the chain of great lakes. These diligent workers have contrib-



"WHITE MAN HE KILL INDIANS."

uted to this Potomac region lore the most valuable portions of the collections now on exhibition. In their official published reports they give graphic illustrations of conditions which lead them to the conclusion that the Powhatan confederated tribes subsisted in winter on oysters and fish, while they hunted in the mountains during the milder months of each year.

These gentlemen offer proof that the Indians had reached the pottery stage of their existence, by showing numerous relics of earthen ware for domestic use. They had bowls, urns, rude plates and some large tubs. But that they were still barbarians, and had produced no Tubal-Cain, is manifested by the relics of knives, spears, arrow heads, mortars, pestles, drills, scrapers and war implements, all made of stone. They were learning to make implements of bone, when the white men came with their iron and steel weapons and implements. They were beginning to decorate their pottery, but all of their developments were cast aside and they ceased to grow towards civilization of their own volition, when the superior race appeared, with Bible in one hand and blunderbuss in the other.

Those ancestors of ours were freebooters who blazed their way across the continent with the blood of the original owners of every foot of soil. In the capitol rotunda are four pieces of statuary representing white men landing and being received by Indians offering them corn, Penn's treaty, Indians giving tobacco and pipes to white men, and a white man killing an Indian. When the Sacs and Foxes were in Washington a number of years ago and Gen. Bailep was showing them about the big building, one old chief pointed to those groups and said: "White man get corn from Indian; white man get land from Indian; white man get tobacco from Indian; and then, pointing to the fourth group: "White man he kill Indian." Thus were condensed the salient features of three centuries of history of this continent.

In these collections concerning the early inhabitants of this region one of the most important is the historically indexed 12,000 arrow heads and spear heads, all of stone. These implements increase in size, so that there seems to be no distinct line of demarcation between the arrow and the spear.

The students of relics show similarities between the implements found here and in other portions of Atlantic tide-water. By them they offer proof that these Powhatan tribes were of Algonquin stock, and that they had dealings and commercial relations with the great body of ancient peoples whose domain extended from Nova Scotia to Florida. Their domestic and art relics, when compared with those found in the far northern and southern regions, are strikingly similar. But the deduction is by no means positive that they held commercial relations. However, there is where science and philosophy again strike a dividing line.

Two and one-half miles north of the white house there is a very large boulder quarry and in it are evidences of having been the workshop of ancient implement makers. Two miles northwest of the white house there is a large and even now valuable soapstone quarry which the Indians worked. One mile and a half south-east of the capitol building is a thoroughly excavated and exposed Indian village which must have contained a population of not less than 5,000 people. All along the Potomac river, from Georgetown to Cabin John's bridge, and near the great falls of the Potomac, are disclosed fishing sites which are inhabited for months at a time by the Powhatan tribes.

These people left no mounds nor monuments other than the rude implements of industry and crude art which have been found, but careful explorations have shown to our professional students of the geological survey that the vanished people were intelligent, industrious and enterprising. They knew the locations of all valuable mineral and stone deposits in their area, and worked them to the best of their beighted ability. SMITH D. FRY.

INWAY INCUMBRANCE

BY JOHN HABERTON.

Author of "Helen's Babies."

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From the day of marriage to the day her husband died young Mrs. Inway was the darling of all young married women of her acquaintance, for she was slightly and sympathetically, she loved her husband too dearly to give any other woman cause for jealousy and she had a fund of vitality that made her untiring in enjoyment and in devising pleasures for others, as well as in lifting burdens from weaker shoulders. She also rejoiced persistently in her three children, though most other young matrons of her set were wont to regard their own children as preventives of what were curiously called "good times."

When her husband died Mrs. Inway was the recipient of many condolences that were tearful and sincere, but in a short time she found herself left very much alone by her old acquaintances, for, as one very pretty young woman remarked at a theater party, "What can any of us do with a woman in black who can't think of fun?" The young widow had much to think of, however, and his nature, which was well known, was the cause of oceans of talk. Harry Inway had left no property and but little life insurance, his wife had no relatives, so what should she do when her money had been spent?

The subject was discussed for weeks and months after Mrs. Inway had discharged her servant and moved into three rooms and sold most of her furniture and begun to look wistful and absent-minded. At first the tone of the conversation was sympathetic, then vague, finally irritating, and the children were called, successively, "the poor dear things," "Nellie's brood," and, at last, "the Inway incumbrances." Most of the chat went on in the sitting-room of young Mrs. Barless, a semi-invalid who set forth tea and cake and confections every afternoon to make sure that she should have company. One afternoon some echoes of the talk reached Tom Dorley, a mature bachelor, brother of the hostess, who had recently come from the west and was lounging for an afternoon in a tiny room called the library, which was behind the sitting-room. After the callers had departed Tom joined his sister and said:

"Why don't you women do something for the incumbrances you've talked of so much?"
"Because we don't know what to do," replied Mrs. Barless, almost tragically.
"H'm! I wouldn't take so much talk out west to organize a new corporation or send a man to the legislature."
"Indeed? Then I wish you'd use some of your western sense to help us out. Nellie Inway can go out of mourning this week, and we can get a good position for her as governess, but there is no way of providing for her children."
"H'm! Isn't that the woman you used to rave about, in your letters to me? If you're all as fond of her as you profess to be, why don't you divide her children among you until she can get a start? That's the way women out west would do for a widow."
"Spare us! Our own children are sufficient care and drag."

"Then chip in and hire some other woman to do it. I wouldn't cost each of you more than a dollar or two a week—less money than you spend on trash that you don't need."
"Trash, indeed!" sighed Mrs. Barless. "None of us has as much money as she needs."
"H'm! I've heard that sort of talk from millionaires. Still, if you're in for anything, and want to get it off your mind, do it at once. That's the way we do out west."

"Very well," said Mrs. Barless, with another sigh. "I'll repeat your suggestion to Nellie's friends to-morrow."
Dorley took care to keep out of sight and hearing the next day, but an afternoon later, when arrangements had been made for leaving for the west, the widow herself, who had not been consulted, was summoned with her three children to appear before her acquaintances and be told what had been done for her. Dorley was unable to escape from his favorite lounging place behind the sitting-room, so he overheard an angry refusal and some reproachful rejoinders, followed by high-tempered words on both sides. Then he heard some of the ladies hurry to the parlor and the door, as if to depart, and he heard his sister follow them, and then a figure in black whisked into a corner of the library and burst into tears; so he assumed, and rightly, that the intruder was the owner of the Inway incumbrances. Between her sobs the widow talked to herself, so the bachelor made haste to warn her that she was not alone.

When the startled woman turned, Dorley saw a handsome, tear-stained face, two flashing eyes and a small figure in a defiant attitude. He instinctively retreated a step or two as the widow exclaimed:
"I do believe that you are the originator of the cruel plot to separate me from my children. Aren't you Mrs. Barless' western brother?"
"I am, madam."
"And there," continued the widow, pointing dramatically toward a sofa in the sitting-room, "are the darlings whom you would have dragged from their mother! How could you have devised so cruel a plan? Are you a father?"
"Madam," said Tom, earnestly, while he thought rapidly. "I am not, though I wish I were, if my children could be as likely a lot as yours."
"Don't try to palliate your cruelty with compliments!" A more heartless—
"Madam," he interrupted, looking bravely into the angry eyes before him. "I meant exactly what I said, and I can prove it. I pass for a poor man in the part of the west I came from, but I'm worth about \$20,000, and I'll give you every cent of it for those children, if—"
"Oh, you monster!"
"Please, madam, allow me to finish what I began to say? I'll give you everything I have for those three children if—there's where you stopped me—if I can have the mother also. Think it over at your leisure. I've heard much about you; my sister and her husband can satisfy you that I'm a man of my word, and not a bad man in other ways."

With a bow Dorley went into the sitting-room and kissed all of the children repeatedly. Then he stumbled upstairs and told his sister what he had done, and his sister dashed downstairs with a rapidity that was remarkable, for a semi-invalid, and she and the widow cried together, and then they laughed a little, after which the widow and her children slipped softly away. Mrs. Barless sought her brother and exclaimed:
"You never saw her till this afternoon!"
"Oh, well," her brother replied, "as I said before, when you're in for a thing, and want it off your mind, attend to it at once. That's the way we do out west. And there's another thing we do."
"What is that?"
"We size up human nature quickly, and when the specimen is first-class we do it at first sight."

TRULY MEASURED.

Prosperity and Plenty Give the People Reason for Being Genuinely Thankful.

In his first Thanksgiving proclamation President Roosevelt has forcibly emphasized the peculiar benefits for which the people should be grateful.

Though a respected president fell a victim to crime the nation has shown the unanimity of horror over the assassin's deed and in the general condemnation of the anarchistic cult is found a cause for thankfulness. The country is united in opposition to anarchy and all forms of lawlessness.

There is little need to recall the great material prosperity of all sections. The year 1901 promises to be the best in the history of the nation in nearly every line of effort. The banks have full vaults, money is circulating, manufacturers are busy filling orders for months ahead, farmers are receiving high prices for their products and the railroads are loaded with traffic.

During the past year the lines have been drawn closer in public morality. In no city where elections have been held has there been an evasion of the great moral and economic questions that inevitably force themselves upon a wide-awake and conscientious people. The ideals of the people are higher than they were a year ago.

There is fitness in those words of the president in his Thanksgiving proclamation. "We have prospered in things material and have been able to work for our own uplifting in things intellectual and spiritual. Let us remember that, as much has been given us much will be expected from us, and that true homage comes from the heart as well as from the lips and shows itself in deeds. We can best prove our thankfulness to the Almighty by the way in which, on this earth and at this time, each of us does his duty to his fellowman."

The sermons and prayers and songs of the last Thursday of November will not reveal all the depths of our thankfulness. Each day's work is the measure of gratitude for past blessings. Is there a better day in which to show the nation's devotion to ideals than by following the advice of the president in his proclamation? The devotion which each person shows in thus expressing his full heart will be good for the individual, the nation and the world.—St. Louis Republic (Dem.).

SENATOR HANNA'S CRITICS.

Democratic Newspapers and Orators Responsible for Conditions That Precipitate Murder.

Some of the democratic newspapers are becoming hysterical because Senator Hanna, in his speech at Springfield, held some of the democrats, and the democratic yellow press in particular, responsible for the assassination of the president.

The senator disclaimed all intention to make a political issue of the assassination, but he said he desired to place the blame where it belonged. Senator Hanna is not alone in his belief that the democratic newspapers and orators had much to do with creating a sentiment against the late president under the influence of the weak mind of an anarchist like Czolgosz could be turned in a murderous direction.

Congressman Burton, in Cleveland, charged that the yellow democratic press was responsible for the assassination. Gen. Horatio King said the same thing in the speech he delivered here during grand army week, when it was believed the president would recover. Rev. Dr. Morgan Wood expressed the same sentiments, in a speech at the same time, and he went further by referring in particular to a cartoon which had been published by Tom Johnson's organ in the campaign of 1900, in which President McKinley was pictured as an emperor on a throne, with Senator Hanna as the power behind the throne.

Of course neither Senator Hanna nor anybody else desires to hold the democratic party responsible for the assassination, but that certain democrats and certain democratic newspapers are responsible for the condition of affairs which made the assassination possible cannot be doubted or disputed. The less democratic papers say in criticism of what Senator Hanna said at Springfield the better it will be for them.—Cleveland Leader.

The defeat of the Bryan fusion populist and democratic ticket in Nebraska eliminates Mr. Bryan from all consideration of democrats in the future as to their platform and national candidates. As his last hold on the national democracy he announced his intention to "redeem" Nebraska from the republicans, who carried it against him in 1900. Nebraska was not "redeemed"; it gave a greater republican majority than it gave a year ago. There are no unkind feelings toward Mr. Bryan; his future is before him, not behind him, as is the case with many defeated leaders. He may fill a career of political usefulness which never would have been possible in a national administration and policy founded on the unsafe, impracticable basis of the Chicago and Kansas City platforms.—Chicago Chronicle (Dem.).

Senator Tillman, who is traveling the country, declared in Kansas City last week that "President Roosevelt, in inviting a nigger to dine with him, had butted his head against a stone wall that would put new life into the democratic party." As Thomas Jefferson extended a similar hospitality to a colored man, it may be assumed that the Tillman brand of democracy differs from the Jefferson in some essential features.—Indianapolis Journal.

HANK AND HIS MONEY

BY HAYDEN CARROTT.

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Old Hank Brierly lived some three miles from Hawleyburg. Aunt Lavina Crayshaw declared him to be the "fussiest man in these parts." He was. When anything went wrong in the Brierly household the old gentleman would begin to talk; and, once started, he never stopped. If one of the children broke the clothesline old Hank would scold about it for six months. Not a good, lively, satisfying scold, but a snothered, growling, rumbling, nagging sort of a scold, fitted to make a saint throw up his job. Brierly's best record was made in the case of his wife's letting a pot of lard boil over and burn up a window shade. This happened in 1867; in '81 the miserable old reprobate was still "throwing it up" to her.

Naturally old Hank was lavish of advice and directions. He never started for town without leaving a mountain of instructions for the rest of the family big enough to fill a small book. Part of this always was to beware of agents and other predatory persons likely to be looking for money. Indeed, he considered himself the only member of the family who could with safety handle a piece of money. His constant adage was: "A fool and his money are soon parted." The coin which passed out of his hand was foredoomed to be in some way lost. When his wife went to town he ascertained the smallest possible amount which she would be obliged to spend, and then gave her half of it—together with the cheering prediction that she would either lose it outright or get euchered out of it in some manner. The world, he was fond of saying, was full of skullduggery; mightily few besides himself had the native gifts to cope with it.

Old Hank had a son, young Hank. Of course young Hank's life was made a burden to him. It never helped in the least for him to say that he did chop down the cherry tree—he heard about it just the same long after another had grown in its place and was bearing cherries. He had the absolute certainty that he must lose his money dinned into his ears till he became possessed of the notion that every coin had a shell, like a June bug, and was on the point of putting on a pair of tissue paper wings and flying away.

One day when young Hank was about 14 old Hank decided on the most astonishing move—nothing less than going to the circus and taking the boy. He announced that he should let young Hank pay his own way into the show with a quarter which he had earned so as to "learn him the use of money," to the end that he shouldn't grow up into a "dod-gasted spendthrift like his mother." So they set off together for Hawleyburg, old Hank first cautioning his wife to "keep her wits about her if she had any," and "not to pay no money to strangers," nor go and "get a crazy spell and burn up no winder curtains."

On the way to town old Hank admonished the boy about every five minutes to "freeze onto his money." He himself had two one-dollar bills, and on arriving in town he went to a trusted storekeeper and got them changed into small coin so that he might be able to tender the exact sum in case of any outlay at the circus, having, of course, no faith in any showman's ever giving back the right change. When they reached the grounds he said to young Hank:

"Where's your money?"
"Right here," answered the boy, indicating a trousers pocket.

"What, loose?" went old Hank.
"Yes."

"Thunder and mud, sock your hand right in and grab it! That's the only way to be sure of money—keep it right in your fist and keep your fist in your pocket. That's the way I've got mine, and he pointed with his other hand to his own bulging pocket. "Hang on to that quarter like you dog to a root if you want to get into the show. If you lose it, as you probably will, don't go whining around expecting me to take you in, 'cause I won't."

They then began to moon about the grounds waiting for the ticket wagon to open. Even after this had happened old Hank kept say, it thinking that perhaps the price of tickets might be reduced, or that they would get a chance to slip under the tent. There was a tethered group of regulation circus horses, gorgeous as Easter eggs, which had been used in the parade. The two Hanks stood looking at them. In his enthusiasm at their spottedness the boy took his financial hand from his pocket. Old Hank detected the action instantly and turned on him boiling with indignation.

"Get your hand into your pocket, you young jackanapes! Do you want to ruin me with your carelessness, like your mother? A fool and his money are soon—"

One of the horses swung around suddenly, almost against old Hank. He made a quick backward step, struck a tent peg and went down. Instinctively to save himself he jerked his hand from his pocket violently. That moment there rained two dollars' worth of small change among a neighboring crowd of boys. While old Hank roared and struggled to his feet willing hands gathered up the money and—kept it. It was unfulfill on the part of young Hank, but he saw it was the only hope. Dodging away among the crowd, he bought his ticket and rushed into the tent.

An hour later old Hank arrived home. He sat down on the bench and seemed lost in thought.

By and by his wife came out to empty some dish water, and he said:

"Melvina, I wish you'd go over and tell Squire Peters to come round this way."

"What you want of the squire?"

"I want to have a guard-keen appointed. I want to take out a dog license for myself, and get a brass collar and a tag. Tien! I'll get a muzzle to wear, so I won't go like a durned fool and eat up my tag!"

The French Equivalent.

A French Catholic was discussing some literary points with an English friend, and the latter observed that in all attempts at translation from one language to the other the finer shades of meaning must necessarily be lost. "Even in ordinary cases," he said, "how difficult it is to find really equivalent expressions, and when it is a question of how to render such a thing as a play upon words the matter becomes hopeless. Take, for instance, such a quip as the famous answer to the query, 'Is life worth living?'—That depends on the liver! How impossible it would be to turn that into French!" "Ah, mon ami," smiled the Catholic, "ce n'est qu'une question de foie (foi)."—Westminster Gazette.

A Pleasure of Memory.

Drolicien bought a phonograph and insisted upon his mother-in-law having her voice registered by the instrument.

As the good woman refused, he added, maliciously:

"Oh! come, now, just a few words. You can't think how much pleasure it will give to hear your voice—when you are gone!"—Le Figaro.

STRAIGHTFORWARD TALK.

Sensible View of a Southern Man Regarding the Booker Washington Incident.

The Atlanta Constitution publishes a communication from W. A. Candler, which makes some points that the southern people would do well to think about in connection with the subject of "social equality" that is just now worrying them a good deal. The Journal does not know anything about Mr. Candler beyond the internal evidence his letter affords that he is a southern man of progressive views and possessed of more "horse sense" than nonsense. He may possibly be a relative of Gov. Candler, of Georgia, though he is evidently not a republican. He makes the recent Booker T. Washington incident the text for some remarks regarding the race question which do not seem to have occurred to those who think it is only skin deep. He admits that personally he thinks that in inviting Mr. Booker Washington to dine with him President Roosevelt "blundered badly," but he ridicules the idea that any number of such acts could bring about social equality. But he remarks there is real danger, if southern whites do not rouse themselves, that the negro will achieve another kind of equality, or rather of superiority over the whites, namely, educational. He says the negroes have better educational advantages in the south than the whites have and that the latter are relatively losing ground rather than gaining. To quote his words:

"The colleges for negroes are far better equipped than the colleges for whites, and their superiority in this particular rapidly increases every day. Booker Washington can get more money for his school by an hour's speech in Boston or New York than any president of a white college in the south can get by a year's campaign among our own people. Now let this sort of thing go on for another 25 years, and the most undesirable conditions will inevitably arise in the south, bringing to pass results injurious to both races. * * * While I begrudge the negro nothing, I cannot believe it would be best for him or best for anybody else, that he should continue to have better educational advantages than the whites. But this will be the case if our own people do not deal more liberally with the colleges of the whites. The north will do in the future, as in the past, most of what it does for higher education in the south on behalf of the negroes. Southern white people must depend upon themselves to maintain and equip the colleges of the whites in this section. And we are abundantly able to do it. Our 'horse shows' and like things prove the plethora of our purses."

Coming to facts, he mentions two colleges in Georgia for the education of whites which are now appealing for support. Mr. John D. Rockefeller has offered to give \$15,000 to Mercer university if the friends of the institution will raise \$15,000 more, and a southern man has offered \$15,000 to Emory college on the same conditions. The writer says these two institutions ought to be as dear to the hearts of all Georgians as Booker Washington's school is to Bostonians and New Yorkers, and they should imitate the example of northern people by putting their hands in their pockets and contributing to the support of their own institutions. He concludes:

"I propose that any Georgian who is contending to give to either of them quit abusing the president about dining Booker Washington. Men who really care to maintain proper relations between the races in the south will do something more substantial to promote that object than to blow hot blasts of indignation about social equality. That sort of windiness is cheap; it is also very unprofitable. Let us help our colleges for whites—or hush!"

A northern man would hardly venture to put the matter in as personal a way as this. The argument is clear that educational progress involves to a certain extent social advancement and elevation, and that if the southern whites wish to maintain their traditional superiority they must adopt a more liberal and progressive policy in support of education. The whites cannot keep the negroes down by "hot blasts of indignation," if they allow them to maintain permanent superiority in educational advantages. Mr. Candler's letter goes to the heart of the subject.—Indianapolis Journal.

DRIFT OF OPINION.

A good many democratic papers are wasting energy in trying to smuggle in free trade in the disguise of reciprocity.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Some democrats are talking of nominating Admiral Schley for president in 1904. This preference for old salt is a mean intimation that they think Bryan too fresh.—Troy Times.

Senator Hanna's drawing power on the stump is as great as ever. He is a star of the first magnitude in the present campaign. The predictions which were made a few weeks ago that he would cut little figure in politics after the death of President McKinley look ridiculous enough now.—Cleveland Leader.

Even John P. Jones, United States senator from Nevada, now acknowledges that the silver issue is dead. Believing that he has returned to the republican party. Since Jones and his colleague, William M. Stewart, control Nevada the announcement means that that state will henceforth be in the republican column. It has only three electoral votes, but it sometimes happens that every vote counts in the electoral college.—Troy Times.

Speaking of President Roosevelt's appointment of ex-Gov. Jones, of Alabama, to a federal judgeship, the Montgomery Advertiser says: "It will be pleasant to many at the north as well as the south to recall that the man upon whom this honor has been bestowed, when not yet 21 years old, bore one of the flags of truce at Appomattox, and after the war was among the first at the south to plead for a genuine reconciliation between the sections."—Detroit Free Press (Dem.).