

### AN OLD-TIME GROWLER.

I never like the springtime—the weather's most too bright.  
An' I've got no chance fer howlin' an' growlin' let an' right;  
The winter time is better, but winter will not stay;  
But thank the Lord the summer is a-sizzin' on the way!  
Fer it's them I'm hard to beat  
In growlin' at the heat,  
An' 'sizin' watermelons air only bitter-sweet!

I jest wuz born fer growlin', no matter how it goes,  
To pick the world to pieces, find a thorn with every rose;  
The sunshine is too blandin', the winter is too col',  
An' the thunder, to my thinkin', is too reckless in its roll!  
Oh, I'm mighty hard to beat  
Findin' fault with cold and heat;  
The world's a peach, I reckon, but it's only bitter-sweet!

If a fiery heavenly chariot should come for me to-day  
I'd want to stop at stations, takin' ice in on the way;  
An', landed safe in glory, I hain't got any doubt  
I'd growl about the climate till the good saints turned me out!

Then, where every growler goes—  
Where we meet our friends an' foes,  
I'd growl about the weather till they'd drowned me with the hose!  
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

## His Friend, The Enemy

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK  
Author of "Rogers of Butte," "The Spur of Necessity," "Mr. Pitt, Astrologer," etc.

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### CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

"How is he getting along?" asked Capt. Blue riding close to the men who were carrying Guy.  
"He hasn't flinched an eyelid," replied Barney, who was one of the six and who imagined that he had been watching Guy very closely.  
"You're mistaken, Barney," spoke up Guy, his eyes wide open.  
"How do you feel, Herbert?" inquired the captain in tones of inexorable relief.  
"As well as can be expected, captain," Guy lifted himself slightly and saw that his coat and vest were unbuttoned and that, tight across his wound and over his blood-stained shirt had been bound a scarf of silk.  
"Whose house is that over there?" he asked, pointing.  
"That's Silas Whittaker's place," answered the captain.  
"Take me there, please," said Guy, dropping back on the blanket.  
"We've got orders to carry you to Harmony, to the squire's," returned the captain.  
"It seems to me that I am the one who ought to be consulted," murmured Guy, weakly.  
He was in much pain but he could probably have weathered out the longer journey to the squire's had circumstances been different. Just now he preferred any other haven than Willowview.

"See here, Herbert," demurred the captain, his brow wrinkled perplexedly. "Miss Vandingham has gone on to make things ready for your reception at the house. She's going to have a doctor there, too. If I don't bring you I'll be raked over the coals and I think I've had more than my share of that already. Put yourself in my place, can't you?"  
"Put yourself in mine, captain," said Guy, his eyes closed and his face twitching with pain.  
The captain felt that he understood then. Herbert was not able to be carried farther than Whittaker's.

"Major," said the captain to a man who reared above the saddle like Don Quixote over the back of Rozinante, "ride on to the squire's and tell Miss Betty that Herbert gave up and we couldn't get him past Whittaker's. Bring the doctor post-haste."  
"Correct, cap'n," was the response which the major shook out of himself. Relinquishing to a companion the horse he was leading, he rattled his spurs and was off at speed.  
Only a few minutes were required to carry Guy to Whittaker's shack. Whittaker was a bachelor and immediately came forth to welcome the Invincibles.

"What you got there, Blue?" he asked, nodding his head toward Guy.  
"A wounded man, Whittaker."  
"I heard shootin' off south, a spell ago. Did he get in the way of it?"  
"Yes. We had orders to take him on to the squire's but he doesn't feel able to travel any further. Will you take him in?"  
"Not if he's one of your folks," blustered Whittaker, whose house was just then on the Concord side of the farm.

"Well, he's a Concord man," said the captain, grimly.  
"All right, then. Silas Whittaker is with the under dog every time, and if he's from Concord he's welcome to the best I've got. Bring him in, bring him right in."  
Silas Whittaker's shack was small and its furniture, what there was of it, was very primitive, but the young man could not have been made more of had the house been a palace and Silas Whittaker a grandee.

After seeing that Guy was as comfortable as possible, Capt. Blue and his Invincibles galloped away, leaving Barney behind to be of what assistance he could.

They had not been gone long before Miss Betty came, accompanied by her father and a sober-appearing gentleman who carried a medicine case under his arm. Miss Betty was first in the room where Guy lay.  
"Are you better, Mr. Herbert?" she

asked, halting beside the bed and looking down at him.

"I shall do well enough, Miss Vandingham, thank you," answered Guy.  
"I hope so," she said, formally, after bending her blue eyes on him for a space. Then she turned to her father and his companion, who were just entering. "Mr. Herbert says he thinks he will get along all right, father," she added.

"Glad to hear that," responded Mr. Vandingham, heartily. Stepping up to the bed he reached down and pressed Guy's hand. "I'm sorry, confoundedly sorry, this has happened, Herbert," he went on. "Our people were getting carried away but I guess this little incident will bring them up with a round turn. Too bad, though, that you had to be the victim." Vandingham addressed himself to the man who had entered the room with him. "Dr. Larkin, this is Mr. Herbert. Please tell us what you think of his wound."

If one might judge from the way he went about his work, Dr. Larkin knew his business thoroughly.  
"You're worth a dozen dead men, Mr. Herbert," smiled the doctor, turning away to open his medicine case and draw out some lint and bandages and a polished probe. "You'll have to lie still for a few days and take life quietly for some time after you get up and around." He laid the lint and bandages to one side and drew a chair close to the bedside. "I'm going to hurt you now," he resumed, leaning over. "I know exactly where that bullet is and it's got to come out, you know."

"Go ahead," said Guy.  
The doctor "went ahead" with a vengeance. His bright probe sank into the wound, the blood flowed afresh and Guy stiffened as he lay, ground his teeth together and clutched the side of the bed with his fingers. Miss Betty voiced a little cry and left the room. In a little time the doctor raised up with his ensanguined instrument in his hand and dropped the bullet on a table that had been placed at his elbow.

"Good for you, Herbert!" he exclaimed. "That is about as painful a thing as a doctor can do for a man."  
"He never groaned once," murmured the admiring Barney, who had come in with Silas Whittaker.  
"You're all right, Mr. Herbert," averred Whittaker. "I couldn't have stood it better myself."

The wound was then dressed, and Guy, thankful to have the ordeal over, released his tense muscles and fell back, white, trembling and numb with the shock.  
"You're a Concord man with Harmony grit, Herbert," smiled Vandingham.

His daughter reappeared just in time to hear the words. Coming near the bed, she pushed her hands through her father's arm and directed her blue eyes at Guy. He returned her gaze steadily.  
Did he read sympathy in her look? And was there nothing else in it but sympathy? He was no weakling and

CHAPTER XVII.  
For a week after Guy had taken refuge at Silas Whittaker's nothing of moment happened. The doctor came regularly and Mr. Vandingham occasionally came with him. The squire was at all times his jovial self, although Guy fancied that an undercurrent of restraint permeated his good nature, at times. During those seven days the young man neither saw nor heard anything of Miss Betty. Her father avoided mention of her—studiously, as Guy imagined—and pride restrained the inquiries which Guy often had at the end of his tongue.

This reticence and seeming neglect hurt him, for he yearned to set Miss Betty right concerning that fateful meeting on the shore of Lake Elizabeth. While Guy fretted much over the devious course his true love was taking, yet this did not interfere with his rapid improvement.

The following Saturday found him able to sit up and walk with a cane about the house and out of doors, where Whittaker always had a comfortable chair ready in the shade of the house. Barney was gone, by this time, and Whittaker himself was attending to the wants of his guest.

On this particular Saturday two incidents occurred which effectually relieved the tedium of Guy's convalescence and took his brooding thoughts from Miss Betty.  
The first of these incidents had to do with Abe Landy, of Amityville. Mr. Landy was a cousin of Silas Whittaker's and drove over regularly once a week to argue the political question.

Mr. Landy was a florid man with a fringe of curly whiskers about his plump face. Guy and Whittaker were seated out of doors when he drove along in his two-wheeled cart.  
"Howdy, Silas?" said Mr. Landy.  
"Same to you, Abe," answered Whittaker.

"Come over to see if you weren't about ready to live on the other side of the farm, Silas."  
"If that's all you came for don't stop; just keep movin'!"  
"No, sir," said Landy, jumping down and tying his horse. "I think too much of you, Silas, to abandon you to your foolishness."  
Landy came forward, was introduced to Guy and another chair was brought from the house. In vain did Whittaker seek to divert the conversation to the weather, the crops, the doings of the territorial legislature, or what not; Landy always swerved back to the county question.

"The work I've laid out for myself," observed Landy, "is winnin' you over to vote for Harmony. Election day is comin', Silas; and I don't want you to throw away your vote."  
"You're the worst man I ever see to stick and hang," returned Whittaker, petulantly. "If I'm going to throw away my vote by castin' it for Concord, what do you care?"  
"I don't want to see you do a thing you'll be sorry for. Look here," pro-

"This shack will answer the Concordian's purpose very well," answered Guy. It nettled him to be referred to in such a generic manner.  
"By Jove," interposed the squire, "when you're able to come to Willowview you're going to come, even if I have to order out the Invincibles."  
Miss Betty turned on her father in a flash.  
"The Invincibles have already had their orders to disband," she exclaimed. "Haven't they done mischief enough? From now on I shall do my utmost to conciliate the Concord people, and you are to help me, father. I have a plan which we will discuss on our way back."

The squire cast a half-humorous glance at Guy and bowed humbly.  
"Of course, Betty, of course," said he, and they started out.  
Before she had reached the door Miss Betty halted and faced Guy once more.

"You will hear from us again, Mr. Herbert," she observed. "Barney will stay here to help care for you."  
"You are very considerate," said Guy, "but I can manage to struggle along without Barney."  
"Nevertheless he stays!" declared the squire. "Good by, my boy, for the present."

They left then and Miss Betty did not give the young man a parting word, a backward glance or even a smile. Guy thought of this gloomily, for naturally he could not know how absorbed Miss Betty had become in the plan she had suddenly evolved and which she was going to talk over with her father. This plan had to do with the policy of reconciliation and with the release of Col. Keever. The latter, as Miss Betty was planning the matter, should be freed and presented with an olive branch for delivery to the people of Concord.

Guy heard the hoofbeats of the horses die suddenly away in the distance and he imagined that even so was Miss Betty passing out of his life. He would lose her and he would lose the county seat. Before his vision passed a host of migratory structures, stores and dwellings, mounted upon broad-tired wheels and drawn by innumerable teams of horses. Col. Keever was on the roof of the Blizzard building with a spyglass laying the courses for the long caravan that bobbed behind. Pettibone and little Alee drove their own domicile with the high stepper between the shafts and, as this home drifted past, the sheriff winked derisively. One by one the buildings rolled by, in dreamy review, and the spot where Concord had been was desolated as by some comprehensive cyclone. Guy saw himself, forlorn and utterly alone, wandering among his vacant lots, bewailing the loss of the county seat, and of the girl he loved, and then—  
And then merciful oblivion blotted out the vision and he slept dreamlessly and the slumber did him more good than all the medicines in the world.

CHAPTER XVIII.  
The church of St. Agnes outside the walls of Rome was filled to its utmost limits by a large crowd, eager to witness the ceremony of the blessing of the lambs, says the Tablet. At the conclusion of the high mass the little lambs were brought in and laid upon the altar. They rested on damask cushions in separate baskets with their tiny limbs tied up in red and blue ribbons. Their equanimity is usually disturbed by the ordeal of passing through the crowd to the altar, and they bleat a plaintive remonstrance against the rough usage to which they are subjected. Fragments of their gay ribbons are torn away and portions of their snowy fleece rudely plucked out by people anxious to carry away a souvenir of their benediction. This year, however, the crowd was more merciful and the little creatures were gently stroked as they were borne past.

After the blessing the abbot delivered the lambs to the first master of ceremonies of the Lateran Basilica, who, as soon as the ceremony was over, took them to the vatican to present them to his holiness. The holy father sent them immediately to the dean of the Sacra Rota, who in his turn handed them over to the nuns of the monastery of St. Cecily in the Trastevere. They become the property of the nuns. About Easter they are shorn of their beautiful white fleece, which is given to the pope. His holiness commissions his prefect of ceremonies to have the wool woven into palliums, which are blessed on the vigil of the feast of St. Peter and Paul and then placed in an urn in the confession of St. Peter's Basilica over the body of the apostle. They are sent "de corpore S. Petri," the first shepherd of the Universal church, to metropolitans to be worn as a symbol of their share in the plenary jurisdiction of the chief shepherd over the whole flock of Christ.

The fashionable physician had told his patient what he thought was necessary to restore her to complete health after the wear and tear of a hard social season. She was to take a brief southern trip, give up all social pleasures for awhile and diet with moderate prudence.

She looked thoughtful and took in all his advice. After he had told her what to eat and what to avoid she spoke for the first time.  
"And how about squash, doctor?" she asked.  
"Squash?" he repeated, with a tone of surprise in his voice. "Of course, you may eat it if you want to. I didn't suppose you cared for it."  
"Eat it?" she repeated, in disgust. "I don't want to eat it, but I want to play it."  
The physician flushed slightly, remarked that he had so little time for sport that he could not keep up with all the new games, and told her to play it all she wanted to.—N. Y. Sun.

Not Privileged.  
The man had reached his hand through the wire grating and had it on a stack of bills when the paying teller turned and caught him.  
"Great mackerel!" cried the teller, as he grabbed the hand, "you've got no license to do that. You must think you're the cashier of this bank."—Chicago Post.

As Explained.  
Waiter—What kind of soup will you have?  
Guest—Chicken soup—and have it plain.  
"What do you mean by that?"  
"Without any feathers in it."—Chicago Daily News.

Don't Want to Know.  
"Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives."  
"And neither half cares!"—San Francisco Bulletin.

ceeded Landy, growing confidential. "Vote for Harmony and I'll see that you get three good lots for doing it."  
"Did Vandingham send you to me?"  
"Not exactly, but I've got an understanding with him."  
"There's a pointer for you, Mr. Herbert," said Whittaker, winking at Guy. "Don't you know, Abe," he added, addressing his cousin, "that Mr. Herbert is a Concord man?"  
"Heard he was," replied Landy, nibbling at a plug of tobacco. "I'll see that he gets three lots, too, if he'll only vote for Harmony."  
Guy smiled.

"Why," said he, "I've got about twelve hundred lots in Concord, Mr. Landy."  
"So I'm told," responded the un-ruffled Landy. "But the hull twelve hundred won't be worth three Harmony lots after the election."  
"I don't think I can accept your offer even if that is a fair statement of the case." Just then Guy had a bright thought. "There are 35 voters in Amityville, aren't there, Mr. Landy?" he asked.

"Fifteen," corrected Landy, "and I carry every vote in my pocket. The population of the village is 35, countin' men, women and children."  
"How many Harmony lots did Mr. Vandingham give you for turning these votes to his side?"  
Landy jumped.

"What makes you think he gave me any?" he asked, warily.  
"I'm sure he did. He must have given you a good many, it strikes me, for Amityville is the key to the situation."  
"You're right about our town being the key to the situation. Our votes will settle the county seat business—no doubt about that."  
[To Be Continued.]

### BLESSING THE LAMBS.

Interesting Features of a Singular Ceremony That Is Annually Performed at a Church in Rome.

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## HENDERSON DECLINES

### D. B. Henderson Refuses His Party's Nomination for Congress.

#### Gives His Views on Tariff Reform and Kindred Questions and Declares Himself in Harmony with His Party.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, September 16, Speaker D. B. Henderson issued letters to Chairman D. C. Glasser and other members of the congressional committee, and Chairman Albrook, of the nominating convention, and an address to the voters of the Third district, announcing his declination of the republican party's nomination for congress.

Following is the letter addressed to C. A. Albrook, chairman of the nominating committee, Eldora, Ia., by Mr. Henderson, announcing his determination:

"My Dear Sir: I have never answered the kind notice communicated by you and your associates advising me of my nomination for the seventh time by acclamation as the republican candidate for congress for the third congressional district of Iowa. Reported conditions in the public mind in my district upon public policies induced me to make this delay. Since my return to the district I have made a careful study as to the sentiment in the district and state, and I believe there is no little sentiment, and a growing sentiment, among republicans, that I do not truly represent their views on the tariff question. Believing this condition to exist and knowing that I do not agree with many of my people that trusts, to which I am and have been opposed, can be cured, or the people benefited by free trade, in whole or in part, I must decline to accept the nomination so generously and enthusiastically made. I have devoted 20 of the best years of my life to the service of my people and my country, and I have fought for what I believe to be best for the farmer, the laborer, and the business interests of this district and state. I am grateful for the devotion that has ever been accorded me, and to the hour of my death I will hold in grateful memory the memory of that devotion. I will give later on, in some detail, my views and convictions on our conditions and on public questions, and will state my reasons why the republican party and its voters should continue in the confidence of the voters of the United States, and why the doctrines of the democracy should find no lodgment in the faith and teachings of the republican party. Very truly yours,  
D. B. HENDERSON.

D. C. Glasser, chairman of the central committee, made the following statement:

"Speaker Henderson believes that the application of free trade to any American tariff to curb or control trusts dangerous to American business and labor, and that the only effect will be to stop American business and throw American labor out of employment. He finds so many of his people believing in the free trade cure that he feels it to be his duty to decline nomination for congress."

#### Explains Reasons for Action.

When asked for a further explanation of the reasons for his withdrawal Mr. Henderson said:  
"My letter to Chairman Albrook is the whole thing in a nutshell. You cannot kill the trusts by applying free trade without killing our own industries. The foreign trusts are fighting the American trusts, and I don't believe that, for the purpose of controlling American trusts, we should have our own trusts crushed by the crushing out of the industries of this country."  
"After my conference last Saturday at Waterloo, hearing the views of the chairman of my district, I concluded that my views on the tariff question were at variance with those of many of my party, and I did not desire to appear in a false position."  
"For three years I have advocated giving control of trusts to congress. In my judgment proper supervision can never be had until congress has power to treat with them."

#### Agrees with the President.

"I am glad to see from speeches made by our fearless and upright chief executive that he is advocating federal control over the trusts, corporations, and while in some matters they may differ at it I have not seen any proposition yet, except this, that seems at all likely to bring relief. No proposition has ever been made by the democracy existing to put everything on the free list and to give the country free trade. In other words, they propose to kill the child in order to cure it."  
"They propose to slaughter every interest in the United States, whether capital, labor, in a wild and blind effort to provide a remedy for trusts. In my opinion, if combinations could be regulated and controlled we would have little demand for the tariff laws. To show how strongly the republican party feels upon this subject, in its state platform this year it declares in favor of any modification of the tariff that may be required to prevent affording shelter to monopoly."

#### No Move Toward Free Trade.

"Our democratic friends treat this as moving into free trade ground. It is nothing of the sort. It is a bold declaration that if modifications of the tariff are required to prevent monopoly from sheltering the tariff shall be modified to prevent it. For my part, if any great interest in this country is prospering through protective policies or any other legislation, I do not believe that a single schedule of the Dingley tariff law can be so amended as to relieve the people from the oppression of trusts or combinations of capital, however named, and that such action may involve the retarding of our expanding commerce and getting our holding of foreign markets. Indeed, I believe such plan to be fraught with grave dangers to the people."

#### Believes in Reciprocity.

"I am a firm believer in reciprocity. I worked with untiring zeal to secure reciprocal arrangements between Cuba and this country, and I was successful in passing it through the house. The senate did not act on the bill, because consideration of it would have permitted the opening up of the whole question of tariff revision."  
"The house has nothing to say about the ratification of treaties, but the reciprocal relations upon which it legislated in respect to Cuba were not in the nature of treaties. They were reciprocal agreements in which

I think our country would have the best of the bargain, although doubtless they would have been of great advantage to Cuba.

"While I cannot speak for the prospects of favorable action upon bills sent to the senate, I still hope and believe that by a treaty the same result may be accomplished, and I have no doubt that President Roosevelt is now working on the question of a treaty with Cuba, to give that struggling young republic needed help, a help, too, in which, while they will be gainers, we will not be losers."

#### Position Is Made Clear.

"And now let me say, and let there be no misunderstanding as to my position: I believe in protection, that will protect the hand of labor, the wheels of industry, every farmer and miner, and I am against wicked corporations that would trample on the right of the people to fair play and to the fruits of honest efforts. I am against unnecessary legislation that would throw my country into panic and bring back the horrors bequeathed to us by the last democratic administration."

#### Grateful for Past Honors.

"In conclusion, I desire to say that after a careful study of conditions and political views in Iowa and in my own district, I am satisfied that I am not in harmony with a great many of the republican voters, who believe that free trade, in whole or in part, will remedy the trust evil. I believe that it will not, but that such a remedy is likely to involve the ration in dangerous results, and so believing I feel that I should not accept the nomination for congress, which was so generously tendered me, and I have decided accordingly. I cannot part from a people that I have loved and that have honored me without leaving an expression of my earnest and sincere views on this and other vital public questions."

### SURPRISE IN WASHINGTON.

#### Public Men Express Regret at the Declination of Speaker Henderson.

The dispatch announcing Speaker Henderson's declination of the congressional nomination caused a sensation in Washington. Few public men are in the city at this time, but all who are here expressed regret that the speaker had determined on the course announced in the Dubuque dispatch.

The causes leading up to his decision were perhaps as much matter of comment as the refusal to stand for reelection. Public men acknowledge there is a demand in sections of the west and northwest for a revision of the tariff along certain lines, notably in the cases of articles whose manufacture is controlled by trusts.

Secretary Wilson, of the agricultural department, who comes from Iowa, was thunderstruck when he heard of Speaker Henderson's decision, remarking that it came as rain from a clear sky. He expressed great regret that the speaker has determined on the course announced, but further than that he declined to make any statement for publication.

To Secretary Shaw, of the treasury department, whose residence also is in Iowa, and who is a great friend of the speaker's, the news came with equal surprise and regret. The secretary in response to a request for an interview on the subject dictated the following statement:

"I have not been in Iowa since February, and hence know little of any change in political sentiment in the state. All republicans found congenial standing room on the platform last year. I think most speakers took the old-time republican view that the tariff is not responsible for trusts. If sentiment has changed I am not advised."

"I regret Speaker Henderson's decision more than I can express, and I still hope the report is unfounded, or that he may be induced to recall his declaration. He was sure of his election."

George E. Roberts, director of the United States mint and principal owner of the Des Moines Register, a paper which has advocated tariff revision, speaking of Speaker Henderson's action, said:

"This action of Speaker Henderson is incomprehensible. I am wholly unable to account for it. He was sure of reelection. His withdrawal, of course, will emphasize and exaggerate the differences that exist among Iowa republicans, and it is to be deplored especially on this account."

### SPEAKER HENDERSON'S ACT.

#### Comments of the Republican Press on His Declination of Nomination for Congress.

It is to be regretted from a national standpoint that Mr. Henderson has not found it possible to agree with his constituents and has preferred to refuse the nomination tendered him.—Chicago Record-Herald.

There is one thing for the administration leaders to do in Iowa. They ought to insist on Henderson being a candidate, and ought to see that he is elected. He occupies exactly the platform that they have decided on, and they must make a fight for it while it is opposed in so bold a fashion within the party. It is only doing justice to Henderson and sticking to their principles.—Boston Record.

Those men in the republican party who are unwilling to permit the democrats and the free traders to do their thinking for them and all other republicans no doubt will approve of the independence of Gen. Henderson, but they will deplore his folly. Gen. Henderson acted with rashness and unwisdom. The fighting line is the place for the man who as a soldier boy lost his leg in battle and hastened to reenlist as soon as he had recovered from his injury.—Cleveland Leader.

One would not speak of Gen. Henderson except in terms of high praise. But his best friends must be profoundly grieved by his action. If it suggests Mr. Reed's, it also suggests a difference. Mr. Reed retired when no campaign was in progress. Gen. Henderson retired in the face of the enemy. The bugles are sounding and the drums are rolling and everybody is falling in. But Gen. Henderson sheathes his sword. He is a brave man, and if the soldierly spirit had dominated him at the moment he would not have taken this step.—Washington Star.