### WEEDS.

We call them weeds, the while, with slender fingers,
Earth's wounds and scars they seek to cover o'er;
On sterile sands, where scarce the raindrop lingers,
They grow and blossom by the briny shore.

We call them weeds; did we their form but study,
We many a secret might unfolded find;
Each tiny plant fulfills its heaven-taught mission,
And bears the impress of Immortal Mind.

We call them weeds; the while their uses hidden
Might work a nation's weal, a nation's woe;
Send thro' each wasted frame the balm of healing,
And cause the blood with youth's quick pulse to flow.

Weeds—yet they hold in bonds the mighty ocean;
Their slender threads bind firm the sandy shore.
Navies may sink amid its wild commotion;
These humble weeds ne'er their work give o'er.

And who shall say the feeblest thought avails not
To bind the shifting sands upon life's beach?
Some heart may treasure what we've long forgot,
The faintest word some soul with power may reach.

—E. Evans, in New Orleans Picayune.

## STOPPED IN TIME.

At the time of which I am writing I was living in seclusion in a small town about 35 miles north of London. I was engaged in rather a large literary undertaking—in fact, I was writing a novel. So engrossed was I with my task that I had no time to read even the newspaper and was quite ignorant of what was going on in the world. It was a little after 8 o'clock one evening in April that I finished the second volume of my work. I put on my hat and coat and started off for an evening stroll. I had no sooner stepped into the street than a boy accosted me with a bundle of papers under his arm and the request, "Buy an evening paper, sir?" I bought one, put it in my pocket and resumed my walk.

After my return I opened my paper leisurely—nay, lazily. Presently my eye caught the following paragraph heading, "Impending Execution of the Clinford Murderer."

There is a morbid fascination for most people in an execution, and so, yielding to the feeling, I proceeded to read the paragraph:

"The murderer of the unfortunate James Renfrew will be hanged tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock. The wretched man, whose name—Charles Fenthurst—is now in everybody's mouth, still persists in his plea of innocence."

Here I became deeply interested. The name Fenthurst was most familiar to me. I had formed a deep friendship for a man of that name. He was a good 15 years my senior and had died about two years previously. I knew he had a son named Charles, a young fellow who had emigrated to South Africa early in life and who was generally supposed to be working at the diamond mines. Could this be the same man? I read on.

"It will be remembered that at the trial the strongest circumstantial evidence was brought to bear upon Fenthurst. The murder took place in a house on the outskirts of the small town of Clinfold. It was proved that Fenthurst was in the habit of frequenting Renfrew's premises, and that apparently he was expected on the evening in question. He was seen near the place soon after the crime was committed, and several other proofs of a strongly condemnatory character were also laid against him. He has persisted from the first, however, in maintaining that he was absent from Clinfold at the very time the murder took place. This was about seven o'clock in the evening. At that hour, he says, he was returning from London, where he had been spending part of the day. Only one witness, he says, could prove this, and that is an individual who travelled with him as far as P— and entered into conversation with him. Advertisements have been inserted in all the papers by Fenthurst's legal advisers, for the purpose of discovering the individual in question, but as no answer has been forthcoming, it is generally believed that the whole story is a myth. At any rate there seems but small chance of the alibi being proved at the last moment. The murder was committed February 6. Since his condemnation the murderer has been confined in Silkminster jail, where the execution will take place."

Astonishment and dismay confronted me as I laid down the paper. I was the missing witness they had so vainly sought. I distinctly remembered early in February, running up to town rather late in the afternoon, spending just half an hour there, and returning by the first train I could catch. My landlady didn't even know but that I had been out for a longer walk than usual. I had entered into conversation on the return journey with the only other occupant of the compartment, a young man with a small black bag on which were painted the letters "C. F." I remembered all this distinctly. In order to make sure I snatched up my dairy and quickly turned to the date of the murder, February 6. There was the entry: "Ran up to town this afternoon. Inquired concerning material for chapter 7. Saw B— for half hour. Returned by 6:42 train."

The horror of the situation now flashed upon me. A man's life—the life of an old friend's son—depended upon me. I looked at my watch. It was just 11 o'clock. Hurriedly I dragged on my boots, thinking the while what I should do. My first impulse was to rush to the telegraph office. Then, with dismay, I remembered that it was shut for the night after 8 o'clock and that the postmaster took the 8:30 train to the large town of F—, about five miles off, where he lived, leaving the office for the night in the charge of a care taker, and returning by an early train the next morning.

It was impossible to telegraph. Then I thought of going to the police (there were just two constables and a sergeant in our little town), but what could they do more than I? Country police are proverbial for the leisurely "routine" manner in which they set about the inquiry and it would never do to trust to them. I was in despair.

Madly I threw on my hat and rushed out. I ran in a mechanical way to the post office. Of course it was shut, and if I had aroused the care taker he could not have wired. Besides, all our wires sent first to F—, and, as I have said, all communication was shut off after 8 o'clock. Then I started for the railway station. This was about half a mile from the post office and well outside the town. As I hurried along I thought, with fresh dismay, that this would also prove a fruitless errand, for the last train to Silkminster was the 8:30 p. m., by which I have mentioned, the postmaster always travelled nearly 150 miles down the line.

Should I wait till the morning and telegraph? I remembered that the office did not open till 8 o'clock. I had by this time reached the station. Of course it was all shut up and all the lights were out except those in the signal lamps for the night express. It was now half past eleven. Was there no hope?

At this moment my eye caught a light in the signal box, about a quarter of a mile up the line. I could see the signalman in his box, the outline of his figure standing out against the light within. I looked at my watch. The down express from London was almost due. I would make a rush for that signal box and compel the occupant to put the signal against it and stop it. It was a desperate game, but only get that train to stop for an instant and all would be right. By getting into it I could reach Silkminster in the early morning, and what cared I for any action the company might take if I saved my friend's son? If the signalman refused to pull back the levers the strength born of desperation would enable me to master him and then relax them myself. All this flashed across me in an instant, and I clambered over the railings on the side of the station and found myself on the line.

Even as I reached the rail the semaphore signal that was near me let fall its arm, and the red light changed into a brilliant green. The express was signalled. Would there be time? I dashed along over the rough sleepers towards the signal box. It was very dark, and I stumbled over and over again. I had cleared half the distance when I heard the ominous roar ahead, and in a few seconds could distinguish the distant glitter of the engine's head lamp bearing toward me. The train was just over a mile from me, rushing on at express speed. With a groan I ejaculated, "Too late!"

At that instant my eye fell upon a ghastly looking structure by the side of the track, looming grimly through the darkness. It resembled a one-armed gallows with a man hanging from it! For a moment I thought it must have been a fearful fancy conjured up by the thought of Fenthurst's dreadful fate, but immediately I remembered that this strange looking apparition was none other than a small mailbag suspended from a post—in fact, part of the apparatus by which a train going at full speed picks up the mails. The express train that was coming had a postal car attached to it. From the side of the car a strong rope would be laid out, catching the bag I saw suspended before me.

A mad and desperate idea took possession of me. Fortunately I am a small man. The bag hung just over my head. I jumped at it, seized it, drew myself up parallel with it, held it firmly at the top, where it swung by a hook, and drew my legs up so as to present as small a compass as possible. Then I waited. It was but a few seconds, but it seemed hours. I heard the roar of the approaching train. Then the engine dashed past me. There was a whir and a rush, and all was dark.

When I came to my senses I was lying on the floor of the postal van. Two men in their shirt sleeves were busily engaged in sorting letters at a rack. I felt bruised and stiff all over, and I found that my left arm was bound in a sling made out of a handkerchief.

"Where are we?" I asked.

They turned around.

"Oh, you've come to, have you?" said one of them. "Now perhaps you'll give an account of yourself. Its precious lucky you're here at all, let me tell you, for if you had been a taller man we should only have got part of you in the net. As it is, you've got your collar bone broken. We've tied it up a bit."

I told them the motive that had prompted me to take the desperate step I had done. They piled a quantity of mail bags on the floor and made me a rough shakedown.

A little after three we drew up at Silkminster station. There was a policeman on the platform, and I at once told my story to him, the result being that we drove around to the jail and insisted upon seeing the governor. Of course he was deeply interested in what I had to tell them and at once made arrangements to stop the execution. The home secretary was communicated with by means of special wire. Fortunately he happened to be in town, and after a couple of hours of anxious suspense a reprieve was received from him.

"Well," said the governor, "I don't know which I ought to congratulate most, Mr. Fenthurst or yourself, for you have both had a most narrow escape."

Little remains to be told. I soon identified the condemned man as the person whom I had met on the train. He also turned out to be the son of my old friend, as I had fully expected. After the due formalities he was discharged. Suspicion having strongly attached itself to his name, however, until about a fortnight afterward the real murderer was discovered and captured. Charles Fenthurst and myself became firm friends and although I was fearfully shaken and upset for a few weeks after this adventure I never regretted the night on which I was picked up with the mails.—Strand Magazine.

### Tabby Medivivus.

At a south side school the pupils were requested to bring some kind of an animal to be used in the study of anatomy.

Tommy Miller's mother had two kittens and wanted to get rid of them. The kittens were both alike and Tommy brought one of them with him to the teacher the next day.

The juvenile feline was killed, dissected and lectured upon and the remains were put away in a tin box for further use the next day.

Who can imagine the teacher's surprise when a live kitten jumped out of the box the next day when he opened it, expecting to find a mutilated feline cadaver? It was an exact image of the one he had chloroformed and was positive that he had killed the day before.

It is still an unsolved mystery to the teacher, but both kittens are gone from Tommy's home.

And Tommy wears a suspicion of a knowing grin.—Chicago Journal.

### EASTER GLORY.

May Christ, the risen Savior,
O'erflow your heart with light;
And may His gracious favor
Make all your Easter bright.

Upon the wings of the morning light
Something is borne to the waiting earth;
Something that's new and strange and bright,
Waking the world to a newer birth.

Breezes are blowing o'er hill and lea,
Flowers unfolding in bud and bloom,
Birds are astir in each nest or tree,
Valleys are bathed in sweet perfume.

Over the meadows the sunshine lies—
Tenderly breaking from zone to zone.
Carols are lifted to arching skies,
Chimes from the steeples are swung or blown.

Out on the mountains the wild flower springs;
Far on the river the mist wreaths curl,
High up above us, like great white wings,
The clouds sweep forth from their gates of pearl.

Ah, what is it, this glow in the air,
Gilding the day, tho' the skies were dim?
What is it, thrills thro' the soul's deep prayer,
This sense, in the heart, of a whispered hymn?

Christ is risen! Oh, marvelous word,
Speaking forever thro' sounds and signs.
Lift Then each soul like a soaring bird,
Up where the Light of the Risen One shines!

## EASTER TO EASTER.

"There's no use talking, Theodore——"

"Theodore!" interrupted the young man explosively.

"Yes, Theodore, I believe that is your name," was the reply in a crushing tone; "but as I was about to say, I shall never marry a farmer. I was born for a higher sphere, one broader and more—more—well, more to my taste."

"Exactly!—(with mock humility)—and would it be presumption for a poor, miserable clod of the valley like myself to ask what you propose to do?"

"I have my plans, sir, but you are not likely to sympathize with me in them, and words are only wasted."

"Very true, but, oh, Bab——"

"My name is Barbara, please."

"Hang it all!" cried the young man, springing to his feet and grabbing his hat. "I may as well go now as later. It's all over, I know, but it's terribly hard to realize; terribly hard to forget all the jolly old times we've had together when you was Bab and I was Thede, but it has been coming on, this change, ever since you came home from your visit. I thought it might wear off, but now since you've said it I—oh, Bab, little Bab, I've always loved you and never had a thought or plan that you wasn't in since I can remember; how can I give it all up?"

And then the great, true-hearted fellow dropped back into his chair and buried his face in his hands. Barbara, who had risen too, stood looking down at him, not knowing whether to laugh or cry. She remembered that in other days she would have done the latter to have seen "Thede" in distress; but now—well, things were so very different now, and when she tried to imagine one of those well-dressed men, to whom her cousin had introduced her, crying because a girl had refused him, she did laugh outright.

Thede did not look up, but he heard, and as soon as he could control himself, he rose again, saying:

"Pardon my weakness, Miss Barbara; I will not trouble you again. I am sure I wish you all success in whatever you undertake, and many happy returns of this Easter Day. Good-night!"

"Good-night!"

Barbara's voice sounded a little queer, even to herself, but she stood where he left her until the door was shut and the sound of his familiar footsteps had died away; then, with cheeks unusually red, she went to her room.

"He'll be around all right to-morrow, but I had no idea I would get rid of him so easily to-night. What a silly he is, anyway, to suppose that I could ever be content with him and 'the dear old folks,' as he calls them, on a farm."

Much to her surprise, Theodore Vane did not return on the morrow, or any other day, though she saw him ride by a number of times. It was annoying, especially after a letter came from her city friends telling her they had found her a position as "saleslady" in a store. She did so want to tell Thede (she called him that to herself), but though her little brother told him the news, he came not.

Barbara's parents, like all sensible country people, did not want her to go to the city. She had education enough to teach a district school—had taught the summer before—and her help was needed in the family, but she was determined. She could not afford to thus let slip what she called "the opportunity of a lifetime;" and go she did just when spring was bursting into beauty.

She just cried the least bit when she bade her mother good-by, but tears were not befitting a young woman going out to make her fortune and she was not a little ashamed of herself. During her five weeks' visit with her relatives in the city she had imbibed some ideas, chief among them that living in the country was a disgrace, and that any show of tenderness or feeling was vulgar.

Barbara's first letter home was full of news concerning her journey, her new position and the good time that each evening brought. Her aunt was going to move, however, and in order to be near her business she must rent a room and board herself.

The next letter told of a small apartment in the third story of a lodging house, its meager furnishing and how dreadfully tired she was at night.

"She'll be comin' home soon," laughed her father, but the mother looked troubled.

After that the letters were usually written in a hurry, sometimes sad and sometimes with a forced gaiety. More than once her mother urged her to come home, but only once did she refer to the matter, then to say she would come at Christmas.

The weeks and months rolled round, and the old farm house was full of festal preparations, for Barbara would arrive on the twenty-seventh. Three days before Christmas a postal card, hastily scrawled on the counter, had announced as much, and that the holiday trade kept her in her place until nine and ten o'clock at night.

The morning of the twenty-seventh found the family early active, and by train time father was at the station, and everything in readiness at home.

"They're comin'!" shouted Ted, as he decried the white blaze in Major's face far down the road.

"They are coming!" was echoed all over the house and by the time Ted has discovered that his father was alone, the mother and two sisters were at the door.

Poor, bewildered father could only say over and over again: "I can't tell anything about it; she wa'n't there—that's all I know."

The day dragged wearily on, and still no word. All the good things were set away; probably she would come to-morrow. Again father went to the station, again he returned alone and still no word. The third morning was but a repetition of the others, and then mother said that somebody must go and see what the matter was.

"You better go," father said, helplessly; and she went.

"Oh, Bab; my darling child!" was what she said, as she stood on the threshold of the barren, third-story room, and looked at the flushed, unconscious face on the not over-clean pillow.

"Don't you know me, dear; don't you know your mother?"

But the girl only babbled on of the spring in the orchard, the apple blossoms, the birds' nest in the cherry tree, Old Matta's kittens in the hay mow, and Thede.

"She came home from the store looking pale and tired," her landlady said: "I happened to meet her in the outer hall. She always speaks pleasantly and pays promptly for everything she gets, so I've learned to like her, and noticed particularly how bad she looked. 'I'm going home to-morrow, Mrs. Case,' she said, 'and won't be back till after New Years;' so when she wasn't about next day, I supposed she'd gone. It was just getting dark when Mr. Done—a bachelor next door to her—came and asked me what was the matter with Miss Burns; said somebody had been moanin' and takin' on in her room all day. (He writes stories or something; anyway, he's awful poor and ailers in his room.)

"I went right up and found the poor child ravin' in fever as you see. I sent for my own doctor, and he's doing his best. I didn't know where you lived, but 'lowed to hunt through her papers to-morrow, if nobody come, to see if I could find out. I'm so driven with work and trying to do for her, I hain't had time to do nothing else."

In the weary weeks following, spent by Mrs. Burns in that cheerless apartment, while life and death fought for supremacy over the frail Bab, the former learned from her wanderings how bitterly she had repented her choice, and how terribly homesick she had been. She learned, too, how the young girl had repented her of scorning the honest love of an honest man.

It was Easter Sabbath again, and evening, when, for the first time since one year before, Thede and Bab were alone; he so strong and manly, she so white and fragile.

"Now that the other railroad is coming," he was saying, as his dark eyes rested anxiously on her face, "father and mother have consented to sell out, and we will move to town. My uncle has offered me a third share in the store, and—and—well, I thought maybe you would reconsider your decision of a year ago if I could offer you——"

"Thede, Thede; don't, don't!" she broke out. "If ever you loved me don't remind me of my folly; however, I have this to say"—brightening and smiling through the ready tears—"if ever I am married it will be to a farmer. I have had enough of town life; give me the country with its manifold beauties and luxuries. 'God made the country, man made the city,' surely."

"What a glad Easter Day," was what Theodore said as he bent tenderly over Barbara's chair at leaving, "and what a joy it will be to the dear old folks; the thought of giving up the old home is well nigh breaking their hearts."

"One can learn a good deal of the world, and one's own heart as well, from one Easter to another," was what Bab said to herself, as the outer door closed; "but I knew a year ago that I could not live without Thede!"—Farm, Field and Fireside.

### The Spirit of Easter.

O lily crowned angel of Easter,
Spirit of gladness and light,
Touched by the glory of heaven,
Pause in thy jubilant flight
And sing to us echoing carols,
Sing till our hearts shall grow strong,
Till their happy pulsations shall measure
The time of thy rapturous song;

Till Faith, resurrected, shall greet us
With smiles on her radiant face,
While Love reaches out of the darkness
To hold us in clinging embrace;
Till Hope, happy Hope, shall awaken
From the languor of purposeless dreams,
And move us to earnest endeavor
By whispers on glorious themes;

O beauteous spirit touch gently
Our souls with thy quickening breath,
Till out late life and its duties
They leap from this torpor of death!
Abide till our hearts shall discover
The blessings that circle us now,
And our thoughts grow as pure as the lilies
That droop o'er thy radiant brow!

### The Risen View of the Rising Life.

Easter gives to us the privilege of the risen view of the rising life. By it the soul gains a bird's eye vision of its earthly existence before the time or power for flight. Christ, after He had passed through the grave, takes His disciples of every age with Him, that they, with Him, may look downward and see the new glory of their old life, and thus be prepared to live it with patience and devotion. The first meaning of Easter is not the mortal's view of immortality, but the immortal's view of mortality, which every mortal may have who is risen with Christ.—Rev. O. M. Lamson.

### Lord of Life.

Most glorious Lord of Life! that on this day
Didst make Thy triumph over death and sin,
And, having harrowed hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win:
This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin;
And that we, for whom thou didst sin,
May live forever in felicity!
And that Thy love, we, weighing worthily,
May likewise love Thee for the same again;
And for Thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,
With love may one another entertain.
So let us love, dear love, like as we ought:
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

### A Not Unpleasing Custom.

In Russia many men and women greet whoever they may meet on Easter morning with a kiss and the announcement, "The Lord is risen." A distinguished American civil engineer was thus greeted a few years ago by an innocent and sweet-faced chambermaid at a hotel at St. Petersburg, and no explanations would pacify the gentleman's wife.

### TWO EASTER MORNINGS.

1638. 1899.

# POLITICS OF THE DAY

### HANNA'S VICTORY.

Hanna's victory in the Senate is not such a triumph as an honorable man would delight in. He retains his seat, it is true, and for Hanna this is perhaps the main thing, but the verdict in his favor does not acquit him of the charge of bribery, and is, in fact, the Scotch verdict of "not proven."

Of course, the Republicans in the Senate committee stood by Hanna. He represents the Republican administration, and to him more than to any other man McKinley owes his election. But the Democrats on the committee were not forced to lay on the whitewash, and they pointed out the fact in their minority report that Hanna and those who acted for him at Columbus disregarded the subpoenas of the Ohio committee and declined to appear before it. The Democrats of the Senate committee take the ground that there should be further investigation.

Hanna's record is such that the charge of bribery causes no surprise, and the burden of proof rests upon hrm. He plotted to force John Sherman out of the Senate, so that, as boss of the Republican party, Mark Hanna could secure the coveted position.

Later he joined the conspiracy to make Sherman step down and out of the Cabinet.

Now, as Sherman has always served his party with absolute fidelity, Hanna showed treachery to his friend, and it is not at all improbable that he would use corrupt means to retain the seat which he secured so discreditably.

It is not probable that Hanna's case will receive any further investigation in the Senate. His Republican fellow Senators have applied the whitewash to his record, and by so doing have ranked themselves with the man who plotted against his friend, and who refused to testify in his own behalf when offered the opportunity.

### Revenue Deficit.

Representative Cannon, Chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, says there will be a deficit of $150,000,000 at the end of the present fiscal year.

This is a comment on Republican legislation which will cause a good deal of serious consideration by the people. How is this deficit to be met? Will the vast riches of the trusts be taxed? Will the men who have incomes ranging from $5,000 to $5,000,000 a year be required to bear their share of the burden?

Under Republican rule these questions can all be answered in the negative. Trusts are protected. The incomes of rich men are held sacred and the men who are least able to pay taxes will be the men who will have to pay them.

What does the $700,000,000 steel trust pay in the way of national taxes? Nothing. But every poor woman who buys a pound of tea pays the Government 10 cents to help protect the steel trust.

The New York Journal pictures the condition of affairs most truthfully and most vividly as follows: "If any more taxes are to be imposed they will be levied, not on the men with the millions, but on the men that do not have $170 apiece. The values of franchises, the profits of corporations, the stealings of trusts will remain untouched, while every rag worn by the shivering child of a day laborer out of work is taxed."

And yet poor men, wage-earners, men in moderate circumstances continue to vote the Republican ticket. Are they not, indeed, their own worst enemies?

### Grover Cleveland.

An absurd story comes by wire from Princeton, N. J., to the effect that Grover Cleveland is to be a candidate in 1900 for a third term as President. Grover Cleveland may try to be a candidate, for there is no limit to his self-esteem, but the absurd part of the proposition is the assertion that he will be a candidate.

If there were no other objection to Cleveland, the fact that his candidacy would have to fight the established and popular conviction that no man should be given a third term in the highest office of this country should be enough to rule him out of the race. But the Democrats of this nation, the 6,500,000 voters who cast their ballots for W. J. Bryan in 1896, have no desire to stultify themselves by approving the nomination of a man who made the record which stands against Grover Cleveland.

No greater mistake could be made by the Democrats than that of selecting Cleveland to lead the party. Defeat would be certain, and the leaders of this party need not be told this fact, for they know it already.—Chicago Democrat.

### Griggs' Miscalculation.

The trusts may imagine that in John K. Griggs they have an easy thing, but in John K. Griggs they have in reality their worst enemy. Not that Griggs will do anything to annoy the trusts. Far from it. But by his willingness to let the trusts multiply and pile on the burdens he is preparing the people for an industrial revolution that will forever make trusts impossible and make those now in existence pay a heavy penalty for all their misdeeds. As a matter of fact, the smug and complacent Mr. Griggs in his efforts to help out the trusts is doing more to cause the trusts trouble than any other man or set of men.—Omaha World-Herald.

### Went as Far as They Dared.

Many Congressmen are pointing to the imperial schemes for spending hundreds of millions which Congress rejected in spite of the urgings of Mr. McKinley and his friends, and are saying, with Clive, "In view of our opportunities we marvel at our own moderation." But the simple truth is that even Congress did not dare spend any more money. The menace of the figures of deficits was too vivid not to impress the most reckless of prodigals.—New York World.

### McKinley's Shiftiness.

Because the President has suddenly changed his mind and is trying to drive the country in a directly opposite direction to that which a few months ago he said its duty and honor required it to pursue, are we to be told that it is incumbent upon men of more stable convictions to whirl into line with a shifting administration? Such talk does no credit to those who indulge in it, and certainly does not strengthen the administration.—Atlanta Journal.

### What Worries the Organs.

The administration organs severely censure Miles for uttering words calculated to damage our export trade in beef. Up to date none of them has been particularly vociferous in denouncing the issuance of bad beef to the soldiers. As between building up our export trade and properly caring for the soldiers, the export trade will always receive first consideration at the hands of the administration organs.—Omaha World-Herald.

### Lincoln's Prediction.

To Abraham Lincoln seems to have been given the power of prophecy. With the vision of a statesman, Lincoln peered into the future and raised a voice of warning.

In one of his prophetic moods, the great liberator said: "I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned and an area of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people, until all wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the republic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of the country than ever before, even in the midst of the war."

No words could express more clearly the present condition of affairs. The great corporations are doing exactly what Lincoln feared they would do.

They are working upon the prejudices of the people. They are aggregating the wealth of the country into a few hands. They are endeavoring to establish an aristocracy of wealth. They are striving to crush the workingmen and to put the classes in a position of absolute power over the masses.

It is the aim of the money power to make riches supreme. To reduce wages to their lowest terms, to take away all methods of redress from labor, to kill competition and to rule with an iron hand is the aspiration of the trusts.

These money sharks have secured control of the Republican party. They rule the administration. They control the army and the courts of justice.

There is no hope for the people except in the Democratic party. When will the wage-earners learn this? When will the men who labor cast off the bonds of Republican tyranny and vote for their own freedom with the only party which is ready and willing to come to their relief?

### The Anglo-American Conspiracy.

Lord Charles Beresford is somewhat too frank for his mission. He wants the United States to go into partnership with England, Germany and Japan to control China, yet he inadvertently quotes a parallel case, which shows that the job will be utterly profitless. "Save for its strategic advantages," he says, "Egypt has not been worth a shilling to England. Great Britain has sacrificed lives and money to make Egypt safe and secure, and she has put the Egyptian army and police in order. She has gained no financial advantage." The admission is opportune, for what England has done in Egypt is precisely what we are expected to do in China. We are to sacrifice lives and money to make China safe and secure, and we shall reap no adavantage whatever, for the strategic value of the joint occupation would be enjoyed not by the United States, but by England, Germany and Japan. If we go into the partnership we shall incur the fate which invariably overtakes the greenhorn who plays in a game with professionals. We shall come out with a large and perhaps valuable stock of experience, but with considerably less assets.—Chicago Chronicle.

### McKinley Seeing the Light.

President McKinley has changed his opinion about foreign trade. In 1890 in his speeches in defense of his tariff bill he declared that "the foreign market is illusory." Yet in his speech at the Commercial Club in Boston the other night he admitted the protection racket was played out, just as Senator Aldrich did in the Senate a year ago. "We have turned from academic theories to trade conditions," he said, "and are seeking our share of the world's markets." This is the very thing which only eight years ago McKinley declared would lead to national disaster.—Pittsburg Post.

### Bitter Fruits of the War.

"Shall we not gather the fruits of the war?" asked a presidential voice away out in the west—away out in the west where the sun goes down. We shall. We are. Name some of the aforesaid fruits. There's the war investigating commission, the Egan court-martial, the embalmed beef inquiry, the Alger-Miles controversy, the Sampson-Schley controversy, the Shafter-Sampson controversy, the Long-Schley controversy, the Senate-Sampson controversy, and so on, words without end.—Detroit Free Press.

### Presidential Junkets to Come.

The President is planning several nice little junkets. It is a splendid way to start the shouting, and the President likes it. He can point to the yelling, which would occur just the same if any other President of the United States should make a public spectacle of himself by traveling over the country, and say, "See how popular we are with the hoi polloi." This administration must appeal to the emotions instead of reason. And junkets are the things.—Keokuk Constitution, Democrat.

### Criticisms and Awkward Truths.

President McKinley is likely to hear a good many sharp criticisms and sober truths before the next Presidential convention shall be called. Even his own party organs will be compelled by the force of public opinion to discuss the question of President McKinley's responsibility for the incapacity, the demoralization, the jobbery and all the other examples of Algerism that have disgusted and humiliated the entire nation in the conduct of the war.—Minneapolis Times.

### Governor Pingree's Hopeless Task.

Governor Pingree is still protesting that the Republican party is dominated by the trusts and combines, and still persists in maintaining his allegiance to that party. The Governor should have learned by this time that no man can fight the monopolies effectively within the Republican party. In fact, this is a pretty difficult matter even outside of the Republican party.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

### Reached a Queer Verdict.

The gist of the report of Mr. McKinley's war inquiry board was: "There was very bad management, but the managers were not to blame."—St. Louis Republic.

# THE PEOPLE'S MONEY

### Why Are We for Silver?

Probably most bimetallists are asked almost daily why they are silver men and what reason they can give for their belief that the adoption of the bimetallic standard will be for the best interests of the country. Without assuming to speak for others, I will give a few of the reasons that have influenced me, and which I think will influence many others during the progress of the campaign.

I am for silver—first, because silver is the money used by the people every day in their business transactions. Second: Because gold alone does not furnish a sufficient basis for the commercial needs of the country; and the supply is too easily controlled by a few men possessed of great wealth. Third: Because it is abundantly proved by experience that with a full currency prices are higher, industries more active, labor better employed, and there is more general comfort and contentment among the people. Fourth: Because the production of gold does not keep pace with the increased demands for currency in commercial transactions, and hence with the gold standard prices continue to fall, and under falling prices business is always depressed and industries always stagnant. Fifth: Because the real value of silver fluctuates less than gold. The real value of an article is measured by what it will exchange for in commodities. The bullion in a silver dollar will buy just about the same amount of commodities in 1899 as it did in 1873, while gold will buy nearly double the quantity. Silver, therefore, is the better, fairer and more stable measure of values. Sixth: Because the people buy gold with their products, and with the present prices of products, compared with prices in '73, the people are obliged to pay virtually for gold a premium of nearly 100 per cent. Seventh: Because, whatever injures the producer injures all classes of the people, and as falling prices—which have invariably followed the adoption of the gold standard in every country—must infallibly injure the producers, the adoption of this standard must inevitably, in the future as in the past, injure the whole people. Eighth: Because, as an American citizen, I believe our legislation should be in favor of American interests, and do not believe it either wise or patriotic to defer necessary legislation until we can obtain the consent of the monarchies of Europe.

For the above reasons and many more I am against the continuance of the gold standard, and unqualifiedly in favor of the free coinage of both gold and silver, without discrimination against either metal, by the mints of the United States.—J. H. M.

### The Contracting and Payment of Debts

A gold bug paper says that every dollar of indebtedness now owing in the United States was contracted on a gold basis and must be paid on that basis. That is a very broad statement and a very reckless one. As a matter of fact the entire national debt (except Mr. Cleveland's $162,000,000) was contracted upon the basis of "lawful money," which included gold, silver and legal tender paper. All other indebtedness contracted prior to 1873 was upon the same basis in effect. Even the debts incurred since that year cannot honestly be said to have been contracted on the gold basis as it exists to-day. If the adoption of the gold standard in 1873 had instantly doubled the value of gold, that is, had cut prices down one-half, there would be some force in the contention. But it did not work in that way, and in the nature of things it could not. When gold was made the standard, the silver coin in existence was not entirely destroyed. It continued to do some monetary duty. Its effectiveness was reduced, because gold became the sole money of international trade between those nations that had formerly done their business on the basis of both gold and silver. Hence, gold became the chief support of that credit by means of which an immense proportion of the world's business is done.

### What They Are After.

That the complete control of the money of the country is what is aimed at by the national banks of issue is not denied. They have already, by the demonetization of silver, reduced the primary money—the money with which a debt can be paid—$600,000,000, and every scheme of reform presented involves the reduction of that class of money nearly $400,000,000 more by destroying or retiring the greenbacks. This would leave but $400,000,000 to $500,000,000 of gold as the only primary money, and every dollar of that locked up in bank vaults. Not only is the retirement of every greenback a part of every scheme of "reform" (?), but the retirement of every form and kind of national currency is also included. In short, the plan for a "sound money" system, as propounded by everyone who has spoken, is a paper currency issued exclusively by banks, and supplemented and redeemable in gold coin. Everyone must admit at once that this would give the banks absolute control of the amount of currency, as well as the quality. Opposed to this scheme stands the free silver party, which is in favor of no money, whether coin or paper, except what is issued and controlled by the Government, and a full legal tender.

### Goldbugs Did It.

The bimetallic system existed in this country from 1793 to 1873 and our mints were open free to both gold and silver and all over the world our silver was accepted at about $1.30 per ounce. But for the combined effort of the money loaners, the bond dealers and the gold syndicate who sought to make money dearer by establishing the gold standard, that would be the case today.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Chasing Debtors in China.

It is enacted by statute in China that debts which are not settled on New Year's eve cannot subsequently be recovered, but, according to recognized usage, a creditor who has vainly pursued a debtor all through the night may still follow him after daybreak, provided he continues to carry his lighted lantern, as if he believed it was still night.

Thirteen out of every 10,000 people in the United States are in prison. Seventeen out of every 10,000 are insane, the number being divided almost equally between the sexes. The tendency to insanity is greatest among the Irish. It is least among the Canadians.

An ostrich egg, which weighs three pounds, is equal in bulk to about thirty hens' eggs, and is amply sufficient to provide a meal for ten men.