OUTBOUND.

A lonely sail in the vast sea-room,
I have put out for the port of gloom.

The voyage is far on the trackless tide,
The watch is long, and the seas are wide.

The headlands blue in the sinking day
Kiss me a hand on the outward way.

The fading gulls, as they dip and veer,
Lift me a voice that is good to hear.

The great winds come, and the heaving sea,
The restless mother, is calling me.

The cry of her heart is lone and wild,
Searching the night for her wandered child.

Beautiful, weariless mother of mine,
In the drift of doom I am here, I am thine.

Beyond the fathom of hope or fear,
From bourn to bourn of the dusk I steer.

Swept on in the wake of the stars, in the stream
Of a roving tide, from dream to dream.
—Bliss Carman.

They Were All Sorry.

GEORGE FERGUSON, what does this mean?"

The voice was that of Mrs. Ferguson—shrill, piercing, and ominous.

"What does what mean?" asked George.

"This letter!"

She held it up.

"Laura, have you been——"

"No, I haven't been searching your pockets. You know I haven't. I was moving your coat from this chair, and a letter fell out. This is the letter. It is directed to you, and it's in a woman's hand. You haven't told me of any correspondence you are carrying on with——"

"Open it and read it, Laura," interrupted Mr. Ferguson. "If there was any letter in my pocket I didn't know it. Go ahead and read it. Maybe it's a millinery bill."

Scorning to reply to this, Mrs. Ferguson opened the letter and ran her eye over it.

"Oh, you didn't know this was in your pocket!" she piped. "You didn't know it! Maybe it's a millinery bill, is it? Listen! 'My dearest George'—so you're somebody else's dearest

THIS LETTER DROPPED OUT OF YOUR POCKET.

George, are you?—'My dearest George: When are you coming to see me again? I am very lonely'—she is very lonely, is she? Oh, you two-faced hypocrite!—'If you can't come, George, dearest, do write!'—she wants you to write if you can't come, does she?—'You can't think, dearest George, how I miss——' "

"What nonsense are you reading, Laura?" demanded George, beginning to be roused. "Do you mean to say——"

"I mean to say I am reading this letter you told me to read, Mr. Ferguson. I am reading this letter I found in your—that dropped out of your pocket. You don't know anything about it, don't you? 'You can't think, dearest George——' "

"Laura, are you fool enough to think that's genuine? Don't you know better than to imagine——"

"I am a fool, am I, Mr. Ferguson? Well, I'll just show you——"

"Let me see the letter."

"Let you see it? What do you want to see it for? Oh, no, Mr. Ferguson! I am going to keep it and show it to my mother!"

"Well, hold it so I can look at it. I promise you solemnly I will not attempt to take it away from you."

"I'll see that you don't. Here it is. Now look at it. Stay right where you are, George Ferguson. Don't you come a step nearer!"

"How can I see it ten feet away? Lay it down and then come and tie my hands behind me if you are afraid I'll——"

"Oh, yes! Lay it down and you'll grab it! I see through you! What's the use of pretending you never saw this before?"

"There doesn't seem to be any use in it—that's a fact. Nevertheless, I assure you, Laura, on my honor as a man——"

"On your honor! Humph!"

"Yes, on my honor—h'mph! I have never seen that letter before. I never put it in my pocket. I didn't know it was there. I am not anybody else's dearest George, and that letter is a clumsy fake got up by somebody who wants to have a little fun with me——"

"I wish I could believe it! Oh, George! George!"

(Sobs).

* * * * * * * *

"Boys," said George Ferguson the next day when he went into the office where he was employed downtown, "that was a good joke some one of you played on me when you put that letter in my pocket yesterday, but it threatens to break up my family, and I ask as a favor that the chap who did it will just write a letter to my wife and tell her it was a bit of fun and that I am not to blame in the slightest degree. I don't want to know who it was. All I ask is that the thing be straightened out."

* * * * * * * *

It was late in the afternoon. There came a ring at the door bell pertaining to the Ferguson dwelling, and a messenger delivered a letter addressed to Mrs. George Ferguson.

She opened it and read:

"Dear Mrs. Ferguson—In a spirit of mischief I slipped a letter in your husband's coat pocket yesterday which I fear may have fallen into your hands, and in order to atone for any misunderstanding it may possibly have caused I wish to say that I wrote it myself and that it is purely imaginary. With great respect, I subscribe myself yours truly."

This was signed "Marcellus Haukinson."

Hardly had she finished reading this when another messenger came and left another letter. It read thus:

"My Dear Mrs. Ferguson: I have a little confession to make. Yesterday, in a thoughtless moment, I wrote a letter purporting to come from some woman and dropped it into your husband's pocket. For fear you may have seen it I take occasion to assume the responsibility for the clumsy joke and to apologize for it. With great respect, yours sincerely."

The signature was "Oliver Peduncle."

Then there came another letter—also by special messenger. It was as follows:

"My Dear Madam: Pardon me for addressing you, but I wish to plead guilty to the perpetration of a foolish joke on your husband yesterday. I wrote a love letter (signed 'Dollie,' if I remember rightly) and slipped it into Mr. Ferguson's coat pocket. Fearing it may have met your eye I write this to exonerate your husband and to take upon myself the entire blame for the silly performance. Respectfully yours."

It was signed "A. Spoonamore."

The bewildered woman had hardly perused this note and laid it on the parlor table with the others, when a fourth came. It was to this effect:

"Permit me, my dear Mrs. Ferguson, to atone for an act of thoughtlessness committed yesterday. Yielding to a hasty impulse, I wrote a letter to your husband purporting to come from some feminine admirer. This I placed in one of the pockets of his coat, unknown to him. As it may possibly have fallen into your hands, I take the liberty of assuring you that I alone am to blame for the stupid joke and to express my hearty contrition."

The signature to this was "Wesley Higintop."

About two hours later Mr. Ferguson came home. He was whistling, with apparent unconsciousness of any domestic trouble, past, present, or to come.

"George," exclaimed Mrs. Ferguson, in a high-pitched voice, as she met him at the door, "where are those other letters?"—Chicago Tribune.

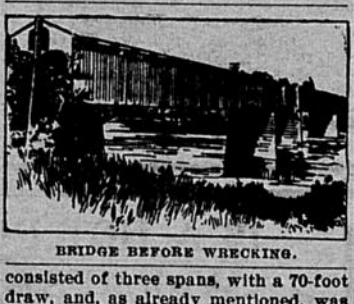
WRECKING A BRIDGE.

Novel Use of Electricity Successfully Tried at Clinton, Ind.

The 735-foot bridge over the Wabash at Clinton, Ind., was wrecked in August by a Hoosier, who employed the heating power of an electric current to do the work, without injury to the substructure. This exceedingly interesting feat is described in the Western Electrician.

It appears that the bridge was, up to that time, the only toll bridge in the State, and was owned by one man. It had become antiquated, and the county authorities purchased it with the idea of erecting a steel bridge in its place, using the same piers and approaches. Under the terms of the contract, the owner of the bridge was to remove the superstructure inside of thirty days, without injuring in any way the sustaining piers and masonry. This was apparently a very easy task, but, after consultation with bridge builders, house wreckers, riggers, engineers, and, in fact, every one who had a plan to suggest, the only practical plan evolved was to build a false work and take the bridge down piecemeal. To blow the bridge up with dynamite would probably injure the piers, and to burn it would likewise crack and injure the masonry. The thirty days elapsed, and no plan had been decided upon. An extension of the time for one week was granted. At this point a young electrician living in Clinton came to the fore with a scheme to literally cut the bridge down with hot electric wires, and this unique plan was finally successfully carried out with the greatest satisfaction, the operation requiring but ten hours.

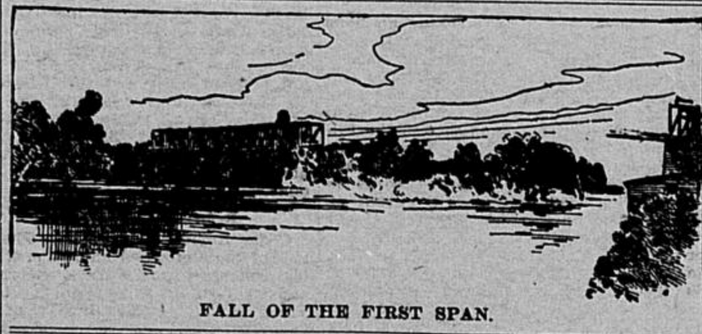
The bridge, which was built in 1853,



BRIDGE BEFORE WRECKING.

consisted of three spans, with a 70-foot draw, and, as already mentioned, was 735 feet long. Each of these spans was composed of nine chords, each consisting of three nine-inch by nine-inch yellow poplar timbers. It is perfectly evident, therefore, that if each of these timbers was cut through simultaneously, the span would drop into the river without injuring the piers. Current was secured from a near-by generating plant, and leading wires were run to the farthest span. Each of the timbers cut was next encircled with a heavy resistance wire and connections run to the main circuit. The resistance of these wires was so proportioned that the passage of an electric current of definite strength would bring them to a cherry red, just on the same principle as an incandescent lamp filament is brought to a nearly white heat. To make the cutting, or more correctly, burning, more positive, a five-pound sash weight was hung at the bottom of each loop. In exactly one hour and forty minutes after the application of the current each timber was cut through by the hot wires to a point where the weight of the structure was sufficient to break the rest, and the span they supported tumbled into the river. This operation was repeated with each span without a hitch or delay of any kind.

An examination after the fall of the bridge showed how thoroughly the current had done its work. Each timber was burned through to the same extent, namely, five inches deep on the top and three inches on the sides, the cut being comparatively clean, the wood not being charred more than an inch on each side of the point of contact with the hot wire.



FALL OF THE FIRST SPAN.

SENSIBLE SOVEREIGNS.

They Are Investing Their Savings in Sound Securities.

The first European sovereign to place a considerable portion of his fortune in American stocks was Leopold II., the present King of Belgium. The recent disturbance in Brussels and the serious menace to his throne induced him to turn a large portion of his home securities into foreign values, a portion of which has been transferred to the London representative of a large New York banking establishment. Hitherto it was the Bank of England that almost exclusively held the fortunes of European sovereigns.

When the late Napoleon III. found that his throne was tottering in the latter part of 1869, and in the spring of 1870, he had the wit to place his savings, which were considerable, notwithstanding that he was considered lavish in his expenditures generally, in the Bank of England in the name of the Empress Eugenie, and it is due to this precaution that the ex-Empress remains to-day one of the wealthiest of royal widows, says the New York Telegraph.

The present Sultan of Turkey may have wild notions on the question of humanity and its bearing on matters connected with his throne and person, and fearless though he is in many things that affect his government, he is, nevertheless, apprehensive that there is nothing sure or safe in this life, so he, too, saves cautiously, dropping his savings in all sorts of hiding places in Constantinople. He is also shrewd enough, in case the latter is discovered at any time, to send vast sums to London, but he looks askance at fluctuating stocks, and consequently prefers the deposit system.

The Khedive, too, sends all his savings to London; in fact, there is hardly a ruler of any imoprtance who has hitherto failed to send his oversurplus income for investment in British securities in connection with and governed by the Bank of England. A singular and important exception is Queen Victoria herself. Strange to say, she does not place her money with the great national bank, but deposits it all with Coutts.

A Chinese Dooley.

Two Irishmen stood at Gates avenue and Bedford street discussing a Chinese laundry sign.

"Kin ye say it, Pete?"

"Where?"

"There; don't ye say it?"

"Oh, Oi do now."

"Well, they say a Chinaman's feerst name is his last name. Do ye blave it, Pat?"

"Yis."

"Then rade it backwards."

"But rade it furrous feerst, an' it spells Lee Dew."

"But rade it backwards, man."

"D-e-w, Do; L-e-e, Le—Dooley."

"Roight ye are, Pat, an' Dooley is a foine old Irish name, but it's the feerst toime in me loife I iver heerd of a Chinese with an Oirish name. He ought to hang, the spalpeen."

They stepped into a barroom to liquidate.—New York Press.

Juvenile Depravity.

"Papa," said the boy, as they drove along, "that's the same horsefly that was buzzing around the horse when we started out, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Then one horsefly will follow one horse more'n a dozen miles, won't it?"

"It seems so."

"I reckon," said the boy, who had been busy thinking again, "you'd call it a one-horse fly, wouldn't you?"

"Perhaps."

"Then it was a one-horse town where we got this rig, wasn't it?"

"Don't be too fly, my son," said papa, grasping his whip and meeting the necessity firmly.—Chicago Tribune.

A Horse's Sense.

Every soldier knows that a horse will not step on a man intentionally. It is a standing order in the British cavalry that if a trooper becomes dismounted he must lie still. If he does this, the whole squadron is likely to pass over him without doing him injury.—The Rival.

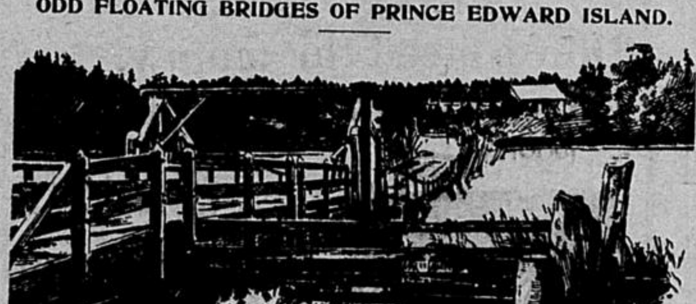
Intricate Reasoning.

"Aunt Jane, if you had your life to live over again, what would you do?"

"I'd get married before I had sense enough to decide to be an old maid."—Puck.

At the store where feathers are taken in trade the farmer's wife pays down for what she gets.

ODD FLOATING BRIDGES OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.



Floating bridges are picturesque affairs, but one who ventures on them for the first time feels that he is risking his safety in crossing. The one shown in the illustration does not span, but lies upon the beautiful Morrell river, in Prince Edward Island. The central portion is merely a raft, attached at each end to slightly more stationary divisions. The stretch is long, and as a vehicle crosses the bridge sways and threatens to float down stream. In the flood seasons, or even at high tide, the water frequently comes up over the timbers, and as the horse splashes through the water the sense of uneasiness increases if one is not bred to such methods of getting from one side of a river to another. In winter the bridge is embedded so firmly in the ice that it is as stable as the Brooklyn bridge, but at that season it is not needed, for one may cross anywhere on the ice for six months or more.

POLITICS OF THE DAY

DEMOCRATIC PROSPECTS.

It grows more evident as the time passes by that the prospects of Democratic success in 1900 are particularly bright. The old isms are stronger than they were in 1896 with the people of the United States. Arbitration has gained friends, the income tax is stronger with the masses, the opposition to government by injunction grows apace, the people want bimetallism and appreciate more clearly the injustice and oppression of the single gold standard. These "reformers" of the currency who wish to have the paper money issued by the banks instead of the Government and secured only by the office furniture of these institutions have but a small following. Thus it is evident that the issues of 1896 gained largely in popular favor.

As to the new issues, the Republican party has furnished several of great importance. Concerning these issues, William J. Bryan says: "On the new questions sentiment is developing rapidly. Many Republicans who did not recognize the menace of the trusts in 1896 are becoming alarmed. They now see the dangers which threaten the nation when an industrial aristocracy can arbitrarily control the price of the raw material, the rate of wages and the price of the finished product. The Republican party is impotent to destroy the trusts because the trusts are largely responsible for the success of the Republican party in the last campaign. While that party is not framing its politics along religious lines, it will not disobey the injunction, 'Remember thy Creator.' Republican hostility to the masterly inactivity displayed by the administration on the trust question will manifest itself as soon as a clear-cut issue is presented by the platform. The Republican party will thunder against the trusts with generalities when the Democratic party will point out specific remedies. On the question of imperialism the opposition within the Republican party is already manifesting itself, and will grow as the determination to fasten its imperial policy on the country becomes more apparent. There is no real attempt being made to defend the President's policy."

It will be seen by the foregoing that with the old issues more clearly understood and the new issues pressing strenuously for solution the Democratic party has the position of vantage and is entitled to feel highly encouraged as to the prospects of success in 1900.

What Must the Sacrifice Be?

If there be any certainty of securing peace in the Philippines by increasing the military forces there, then there ought to be no hesitation at Washington about making such an increase. Before it is decided the situation should be most carefully and seriously considered. Nearly 40,000 men have already been sent there. More than half of them are either dead, wounded or ill from climatic diseases. The fighting has been going on during the healthful months.

At the same time, after all this sacrifice of life and death, we actually hold less territory than we did a few weeks ago. How many men will we have to offer up altogether in order to subjugate the natives? A calculation on this question by either the War Department or President McKinley will be thankfully received, no doubt, by the people of the United States.

There are between eight and ten millions of the Filipinos, and they have shown that they are not to be despised as fighters. After having been "routed with fearful slaughter" they come up in better shape than ever, and are evidently learning the art of war to some purpose.

In the entire group of islands there are considerably over a million fighting men. How many American lives will it take to annihilate them? For that is what will have to be done with them, judging from their present temper.—New York News.

A Paralysis of General Business.

Since the organization of industrial combines matters have changed materially. The trust does not see why it should divide the profit with a jobber. In some instances the wholesaler is already ignored and the sales are made directly to the retailer and the trust gathers in all of the profit. It no longer divides with anyone and it does not intend to do so for the future. By removing competition the necessity for protecting a jobber and a wholesaler has also been removed. Under other conditions the manufacturer would not dare to ignore the jobber for fear he would turn his customers, the wholesalers, over to some other factory. To-day the jobber is left absolutely without fangs. All factories are in the trust, therefore all customers must seek the same source of supply and the jobber, however unwillingly, must accept the inevitable.—Denver Post.

Sugar Trust and Trustees.

At a difference of an eighth of a cent a pound between raw and refined sugar the protection of the trust would be high above the percentage stated by Mr. Havemeyer. Against his assertion it has been demonstrated over and over again by current facts and figures, and by the tariff act itself, that the discriminations in favor of the sugar refiners (especially against importations of German beet sugar) range as high as a cent a pound. The McKinley tariff pretended to make sugar free, while levying a duty of a half cent a pound on the refined product. This was actually and practically a duty of a half cent on the entire consumption, raw and refined, imported and domestic; and it transferred $20,000,000 from the pockets of the people to the coffers of the trust, while despoiling the treasury of its most important source of revenue.—Philadelphia Record.

They Ought to Be in Line.

The Hanna managers are evidently alarmed. They have engaged the stumping services of nearly all the Republicans of any prominence in the United States for the Ohio campaign, including the members of the cabinet, United States Senators, Congressmen, Governors and Mark Hanna. It is presumed that H. H. Boyce, of Canada, who bought legislative votes for Hanna, and Captain Carter, the millionaire swindler of the government, will not be overlooked when the list of speakers is made up.—Urbana Democrat.

When We Hauled Down the Flag.

For a century this nation has been on the side of liberty, and our sympathies have gone out to Greece, Poland, Hungary, Italy, Ireland, Mexico, the South American republics and to Cuba. We warred to free the Cubans. It was the appeal to the spirit of liberty that hurried us into the conflict with Spain. That was and is Americanism, its bent by right of birth and kinship, and its rule of conduct. We have had sympathy for struggling republicanism everywhere, and at close quarters we took down the flag in Mexico and in Japan, when we conquered the one and opened the other to modern civilization.—Springfield Republican.

The Administration on Its Travels.

In their Western tour President McKinley and the attending members of his Cabinet are scattering flowers of eloquence and begging the people not to be too hard on them, as they are doing the best they know how. A more pitiful exhibition has not been made by any national administration for many years, and it makes one ask in wonder whether these are the chief representatives of the party which, less than three years ago, felt so sure of being firmly entrenched in power for a decade at least.

McKinley is the principal distributor of the lingual bouquets. His speeches are full of heroism, patriotism, gratitude to the soldiers, thankfulness to the people and glorifications of the flag, with all of which no citizen can find fault, unless he wants to be classified among traitors and other wicked persons. The five Cabinet members who keep McKinley company follow with appeals for patient support and for discriminating censure.

Secretary Long of the Navy Department believes that he has worked hard, and that while he did not discover Dewey, he thinks that he deserves some credit for not immediately taking steps after the victory at Manila to nullify the gallant Admiral's doings. Griggs, the Attorney General, who will not bother about the enforcement of the anti-trust laws, is taken back to the days when he was an American schoolboy and when the study of geography was not so hard as it is now, when we have to go around the world for islands to conquer. The head of the military administration, Elihu Root, speaks of his humble duty to his Presidential chief, and sheds a tear as he reflects that poor McKinley is not better appreciated by his countrymen.

And so they go on. Secretary of State Hay is glad to be back in the bracing atmosphere in which he wrote "Little Breeches," but he would like the zephyrs to blow a little more gently for our noble President. Smith, the Postmaster General, reminds everybody that there is a great man in the Executive Mansion at Washington, and that there is another in the Postmaster General's office.

It is a pity that the other three members of the Cabinet were not taken along to complete this bouquet of conceit, adulation and apology.—New York News.

Not Fighting Riffraff.

In view of the testimony of credible witnesses on the ground we are forced to conclude that our soldiers are fighting something more than Filipino riffraff. We are forced to conclude that Mr. Hanna is pursuing the Otis and administration policy, for which he may be responsible himself, of deceiving the American people as to the nature of the job on hand. If the people are really in favor of finishing the job, right or wrong, they at least want to know the truth about its dimensions and character.—Chicago Chronicle.

McKinley's Short Corners.

There is no man in public life that has turned more short corners on great questions than President McKinley. In 1878 he was a radical silver man. Voted for the free coinage of silver, and for the Stanley-Matthew resolution declaring all government obligations payable in silver. As late as 1894 he denounced President Cleveland for attempting to demonetize silver. In 1898 he was a single gold standard advocate and denounced the proposition to pay in silver as repudiation.—Bellaire Tribune.

The Real Copperheads.

Lentz, Garrison, Mason, Reed, Hoar and other old-time Republicans and and Democrats, are now opposing men who are giving aid and comfort to the schemers who are defying the Constitution and nullifying the Declaration of Independence. The real "copperheads" of to-day are the men who are seeking to overthrow the theory that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.—Omaha World-Herald.

Can't Fool the Solid Germans.

It is now said that of the 600 German papers in the country only six are supporting the administration on its imperialist policy. The Germans are too practical and level-headed to be carried away by mere partisanship. The administration has good reason to be worried over its lack of support in this particular quarter.—Millersburg Farmer.

A Notable Convert.

When asked about the Philippine question, Mr. Tom Reed quietly remarked: "I believe in the Declaration of Independence." It is curious how democratic a Republican becomes just as soon as he gives up office-seeking.—Atlanta Constitution.

Why? He Has Done It Before.

Desperate as is Hanna's plight in Ohio, the report that the President of the United States will take the stump in his interest seems almost beyond belief.—Albany Argus.

The Alternative.

The responsibility of taking human life under any circumstances is tremendous. Justifiable as it may be to kill in self-defense, we cannot but admire the wonderful self-control of an Armenian who preferred to die rather than live with blood upon his hands.

It was during the horrible massacres in Armenia. A native, says the Rev. George H. Hepworth, was employed in one of the railroad stations. He was standing on the platform when the mob approached. A Turk, who knew the man to be a faithful servant, handed him a pistol, saying:

"It is an outrage. Take this and defend yourself. It is good for six of the rascals."

The Armenian took the weapon, hesitated for a moment, then handed it back with a groan.

"I can't do it," he said. "I had rather die than commit murder."

In less than ten minutes he was a bruised and bleeding corpse, and the fiends had started on the track of another victim.

Dr. W. Seward Webb, financier, likes to farm, and occasionally to run a railroad engine himself, just to show that no man can do it beter.

A REPUBLICAN PANIC.

DEMOCRATS EXPECT TO DRIVE PARTY FROM POWER.

Great Throng Hears W. J. Bryan and Cato Sells at Sigourney—Managers for White Are Confident of a Great Victory Next Month.

If the outpouring of the Democrats of Keokuk and surrounding counties is indicative of party enthusiasm elsewhere in Iowa it is not difficult to find a reason for Senator Allison's recent prayerful appeal to President McKinley to help save the Republican party from the severest defeat with which it has ever been threatened. No fewer than 5,000 farmers and their wives and children assembled in the big square that surrounds Sigourney's picturesque court house to listen to William Jennings Bryan and Cato Sells of Vinton.

It is extraordinary to note how confident the Democratic leaders are about the outcome of this campaign in Iowa and how faithfully the rank and file of the party reflect the opticism. The conviction that the eloquent Keokuk farmer will be returned a winner by the ballots of the people in November seems to have fastened itself so strongly upon nine out of every ten Democrats in the State that not even a timid suggestion that Iowa will again justify her record as the banner Republican State of the Union is accepted with good-natured indulgence.

The reason for this confidence is found partly in the increased activity of the State committee, partly in the knowledge that there are fewer divisions in the ranks than have existed since 1896 and partly in the undeniable popularity of the new issues—trusts and imperialism—which have furnished the sole topics of discussion for all the party orators who are stumping the State.

Then there are dissensions in the Republican ranks. In some quarters it is due to indifference, in others to a desire to rid the Republican organization of the domination of certain leaders who have been in control so long that a vast army of younger and ambitious young workers have grown gray waiting for a chance to reach even the exalted station of lieutenant.

The bitter and aggravated contest between Senator Gear and A. B. Cummins for control of the Legislature is not injuring the Democratic State ticket, for the reason that the Cummins forces have begun to despair of ever being successful in their contest against the power of the great railroad corporation that is popularly believed to exercise a greater influence in fixing Republican policies in Iowa than any other and which is backing Gear's candidacy. Cummins himself is attached to a railroad, but it is a road that heretofore has not interfered in politics sufficiently to give the Des Moines man as its political representative the strong grip on the party machine that other railroads have obtained through their representatives.

Mr. White and a small army of Democratic orators have been campaigning in the State for several weeks and have covered a great deal of ground.

Bryan Addresses Great Throngs.

According to a statement by Chairman George Huffman, they have attracted larger crowds than ever before were known to turn out to Democratic meetings in Iowa. Their reception has not only been cordial, but distinctly enthusiastic. The party organization is stronger in every county in the State than it has been for years.

Cato Sells sounded the keynote of the pending battle when he earnestly proclaimed that he believed that Democracy is going to score a notable victory in Iowa. Mr. Sells, owing to the prominent part he played in the State convention and his associations with the party leaders, regardless of factions, is perhaps in a better position to judge the situation than any other man in Iowa. He told the correspondent that the Democratic party was never more united and harmonious, that there was never so earnest a determination on the part of the rank and file to secure a victory at the polls and that seemingly Republican farmers never before betrayed such interest in Democratic politics as they are evincing this fall. They appear to be fascinated by the Democratic discussions of trusts and imperialism.

The meeting at Sigourney was only one of a large number of political meetings that were held in various parts of the State. The meeting was a spontaneous outpouring that was all the more remarkable because it was not widely advertised as most political mass meetings. The double attraction of Mr. Bryan and Cato Sells proved a magnet that few Democrats who live within reasonable traveling distance of Sigourney could resist. Col. Bryan had been expected to reach Sigourney at 4 o'clock, but owing to a series of delays he did not arrive until after 5 o'clock. In the meantime Mr. Sells had made a characteristically strong and aggressive speech, covering all the issues of the present campaign, which served to hold the attention of the multitude for more than two hours. The striking features of Mr. Sells' speech was his quotation from the Congressional Globe containing the proceedings of the first session of the Thirtieth Congress. It was printed in 1848, while the Mexican war was in progress. James K. Polk was President and Abraham Lincoln was a member of the House of Representatives. President Polk was a Democrat. Lincoln belonged to the opposing party. During the progress of a debate on the war one day Mr. Lincoln indulged in caustic criticism of the administration for what he termed its failure to determine how soon the war would end, what it would cost and what returns it would bring the United States.

"I want to stand on the same platform with Abraham Lincoln," Mr. Sells declared: "He was a patriot whose works will live as long as the republic survives. If he were alive to-day he would stand on this platform with me and I have no doubt indorse the position which I am taking relative to the attitude of our country toward the Filipinos.

"When Lincoln deemed it necessary in the discharge of his duties as a representative to criticise a Democratic President who was prosecuting a war that had been declared by a resolution of Congress I have no doubt that the Republicans of the period said that he was a patriot. The Republicans of this generation would echo that estimate of the martyred President who gave up his life in a holy cause. But when a Democrat stands up and questions the right of the Republican administration to carry on a war against a people who are struggling for liberty we are called copperheads. The war that is being prosecuted across the Pacific to-day differs from the Mexican war in that it is a war of aggression to perpetuate the policy of imperialism. It differs from the other war also in that it was not ordered by Congress. The war against the Filipinos is the handiwork of McKinley and his military and political advisers.

"When Mr. Lincoln made his assault upon the administration the American army was in the enemy's country, fighting for its own salvation. Mexico was contiguous territory. The Philippines are 7,000 miles away.

"The Mexicans angered our people beyond endurance by invading American territory and murdering American citizens and pillaging American homes; the only excuse for the present conflict is that a Filipino discharged a gun at a sentry. Aguinaldo sent a messenger to Gen. Otis to inform that commander that the discharge of the weapon was accidental. Otis replied: 'War will be prosecuted to the grim end.'

"It has been going on and will go on under its present auspices, I have no doubt, until Otis is driven into the ocean. Oh, American citizens, think of the spectacle that is presented by our timid commander in the Philippines. I am not one of those who believe that our soldiers ought to run or retreat under fire. That would be cowardly, but I do believe that the brown men of the eastern archipelago who have been struggling for liberty for 300 years ought to be given an opportunity to show that they can govern themselves. Let me quote from what Mr. Lincoln said in that historic speech:

" 'The President drops down half despairing. The country is divided by distracted factions. As nearly as I understand his position, it is wait until our soldiers in Mexico are all shot to death.' Then Mr. Lincoln says in another place: 'All this shows that the President is not satisfied with his own position. The task he has undertaken to perform is beyond his power. He is running hither and thither, like some tortured creature that has been consigned to a burning furnace.' "

Mr. Sells took occasion to compare the conduct of President Polk, as portrayed by the eloquent Lincoln, to that of President McKinley in the political crisis that confronts the administration. He called attention to the President's trip across Iowa at the request of Senator Allison, of his attempts to inveigle Admiral Dewey into accompanying him to Ohio and finally the failure of his administration to account for the poor showing made by Otis since that commander was left to his own resources. Mr. Sells concluded his quotations from Lincoln's speech with the following:

" 'Again I say it is singular that the President does not know when or where the war will terminate. He knows not where he is—he is a bewildered, confounded and miserably perplexed man. God grant he may be able to show that there is not something about his conscience more painful than his perplexity!'

"Again," Mr. Sells exclaimed, as he closed the congressional tome and dropped it on the table, "I desire to say that I stand where Lincoln stood and I defy those Republicans who are crying out for imperialism to criticise the honest-spoken criticism of citizens who differ with the President on his war policy."

Mr. Sells dwelt upon the war for nearly an hour. He stated that it offered him a multitude of ideas for the arraignment of the Republican party on which he could speak interminally. His handling of the trusts was severe. Mr. Sells was chairman of the Iowa delegation to the late trust conference held in Central Music Hall and heard every speech and every paper that was delivered or read during the four days the conference was in session. He said that his observations during that period led him to know that there were honest and dishonest advocates of both sides of the trust question. He assailed Bourke Cockran of New York with considerable bitterness and placed that gentleman in the category of dishonest advocates. "His was a special plea," Mr. Sells declared. "It was an adroit presentation in the interest of a client, a subterfuge, eloquent but dishonest."

Mr. Sells paid a glowing tribute to Mr. Bryan, whom he pronounced an honest advocate of an honest method of dealing with the trust problem. He told the audience what Mr. Bryan said to the conference and that his solution was not alone the most forceful, but the only complete one that was proposed by any speaker who appeared at the conference. He warned the public to beware of the man who seeks for redress against the trusts through the medium of an amendment to the Federal constitution. "That man," said Mr. Sells, "simply wants to secure delay."

Mr. Sells drew an analogy between the existing high tariff provided for by the Dingley law and the multiplicity of trusts that have sprung into existence during the past year. He demonstrated that but for the tariff the trusts could not survive. Mr. Sells prefaced his remarks on imperialism by a reference to the military oligarchy that rules France. "We want no military oligarchy in this country," Mr. Sells declared earnestly. "The soldiers who fought for liberty in 1776 were content when they had won the victory to lay down their arms and take up the occupations of peace. They fought for national and individual freedom. The soldier who fought in 1898 fought for the freedom of an oppressed people. The soldier who fought Spain fought for liberty of an alien. The soldier of 1860 fought for the liberty of a black man. There was no selfishness in his conduct. Neither was there any selfishness in the conduct of the men who went forth last year and offered their lives on the altar of another man's country."

Mr. Bryan in his speech discussed the trust issue at length, explaining his position and repeating his suggestions made at the trust conference in Central Music Hall in Chicago last month for legislation against the combines.

BRYAN AT OTTUMWA.

Nebraskan Discusses the Issues Now Before Iowa Voters.

One of the largest and most enthusiastic Democratic gatherings in Wapello County assembled at Blakesburg to hear William Jennings Bryan discuss the political issues as they present themselves in Iowa this fall. Besides Mr. Bryan Fred White, the Democratic nominee for Governor of this State, and C. A. Windle of Ottawa, Ill., were present and addressed the people. The attendance at the demonstration, which lasted all day, was estimated at 5,000. A barbecue dinner was prepared by the local committee and oxen, pigs and sheep were roasted and served to all.

The speaking in both the afternoon and evening was in a large tent. Mr. Bryan was introduced by Fred White, who referred to him as the man nominally defeated in 1896, but who would be elected in 1900. Mr. Bryan spoke fully two hours and during the entire time held his vast audience spellbound, except when it would burst out with prolonged applause. He referred to the question of senatorial election by the people which the Democrats and Populists made possible for the people, but it had been defeated and he placed the blame on the Republican party. The income tax and taxation in general were discussed briefly, after which he took the subject of the Republican war policy, condemning it in the most scathing terms. He said that the money question is not dead. The tendency of the Republican party, he demonstrated, was that of retiring the greenbacks by substituting national bank notes.

Mr. Bryan then took up the question of trusts. No Republican, he said, ever defended a trust in this State until a year ago. Republicans say there are good and bad trusts and that it is the bad trusts that we must destroy. But he made no distinction between good and bad trusts and contrasted the strength of God-made man and the corporations, showing that the one, being often a million times stronger than the individual, is able to crush all competition and exert an appreciable influence on government itself.

Pictorial Postcard Craze.

Some idea of the pictorial postcard craze in Germany is given by the figures just published by our Consul at Frankfort, says the London Globe. About 12,000 workmen are employed in producing these postal souvenirs, and it is estimated that every day about 100 new designs are published. Allowing for each card an issue of 1,000 only—and this is a modest estimate—it means a total of 100,000 per day, or something like 30,000,000 per annum. Since the introduction of the souvenir card the number of postcards dispatched in Germany has increased by 12,000,000. The latest cards are a great improvement on the earlier ones, and some bear etchings by artists of repute.

John D. Rockefeller always dresses in the quietest fashion, but never fails to have a flower of some kind in his buttonhole.

Don't think because a diamond has been in soak that it is of the first water.

THE PEOPLE'S MONEY

"Money Is Cheap."

Republicans claim that a sign of prosperity exists in the fact that "money is cheap." They mean by this that one can get all the money he wants at from 4 to 5 per cent. interest if the proper collateral is given. But how many are there compared with the total sum of citizenship who can furnish that necessary collateral?

The "cheap money" will not come out of the bank unless the security is supplied. Real estate under the gold standard has fallen in value from 50 to 75 per cent. In fact, every form of property, except money and bonds, which bring a fixed income in money, has fallen in value because the measure of value, gold, has appreciated. Therefore, if the average worker on a salary or owning depreciated property, if he wants to borrow must do so on personal property at a cost of from 5 to 10 per cent. interest a month.

But, even if the average man could borrow this money at 5 per cent. a year he could not invest it in property, under the gold standard, so as to make a profit over the interest. Therefore, money piles up in the banks—becomes cheap, and like most "cheap" things is useless for the general good. But, in reality, money is not cheap. The use of money is cheap because there is nothing that will pay as an investment, but the money itself is dear—dearer every day. Try to purchase $1,000 with a city lot. The result will be the discovery of the fact that land is cheap, but that money is exceedingly dear. This is the kind of prosperity the Republicans prate about.—Chicago Democrat.

From "Coin to Gold."

The favorite proposition just now of the money trust is that Congress as soon as it assembles shall enact a law—an irrevocable contract—that the money standard of the United States shall be gold. This looks like a very innocent proposition—a sort of stump speech in a law—but it goes much farther. It proposes to change the contract of a thousand million of outstanding United States bonds from "coin" to "gold" for no practical purpose of government but to advantage the money trust. Supplemented with this proposition is the policy openly advocated by the leaders of the Republican party to withdraw the greenbacks from circulation—to substitute for a non-interest bearing debt an interest bearing debt. It implies a monopoly of the paper money supply of the government in the national banks—a money trust, in fact, that will regulate the supply, and therefore the price of money. These are the money issues of the future. The people will not be fooled and intimidated by trusts, as they were in 1896. Their eyes are open.—Pittsburg Post.

What Bankers Want.

The financial legislation desired by the money power in this country, and which will be made effective by the next Congress, is pointed out in the following resolution adopted by the National Bankers' Association just adjourned at Cleveland, Ohio:

"The bankers of the United States most earnestly recommend that the Congress of the United States, at its next session, enact a law to more firmly and unequivocally establish the gold standard in the country by providing that the gold dollar, which, under existing law, is the unit of value, shall be the standard and measure of all values in the United States; that all the obligations of the government and all paper money, including the circulating notes of national banks, shall be redeemed in gold coin, and that the legal tender notes of the United States, when paid into the treasury, shall not be reissued except upon the deposit of an equivalent amount of gold coin."

Following the Example of Necessity.

A dispatch from Manila states that the Filipino government has issued paper money to the amount of $3,000,000. They are not the first fighters for liberty and independence who had to resort to that expedient. The American "insurgents"—1776-1782—were obliged to issue paper money, time after time, until depreciation of value made it almost worthless.—Los Angeles Herald.

Mighty Expensive.

Two old farmers sat talking in a public office, and any one who passed by might have heard the following high-keyed conversation:

"I'm 72."

"I can beat ye; I'm 75."

"I've had eleven children."

"I've had thirteen and lost all but four. I've got more money in coffins and boards in Hickory Green graveyard than any other man in the township! Them last two caskets cost me $65 apiece, and that's not saying anything about the price of graves and other et-cetters. I tell you, it comes mighty expensive on a man—buryin' a family!"

High Caste Widows.

There are in India alone 3,000,000 high caste widows under 15 years old. In that country if a girl is not married at 10 or 12 years of age her parents are looked down upon. They are, consequently, given away in marriage as early as possible to men of any age. On the death of the husband the widow cannot marry again, and she gets little support from her own relatives. Her future life is one of misery and destitution.

A Dog's Bark.

The barking of a dog on the earth can be heard by a balloonist at an elevation of four miles.

All Sorts.

He laughs at scares who never had a fright.

The pinnacle of fame seems to be getting higher—in price.

A syndicate is being formed in Cork to insure quick and cheap transport of Irish dairy produce to the English markets.

The table in the household of Russell Sage is said to be one of the best furnished in New York, both as to meals and the manner in which they are served.

Thomas G. Shaughnessy, the new President of the Canadian Pacific, began his connection with that line in 1870 as one of the road's general storekeepers.

Austerlitz, where Napoleon's greatest victory was won, is a town of Moravia, situated on the Littawa River, twelve miles east of Brunn. The battle was fought in the heights beyond the town.

Collis P. Huntington always wears when at work an ordinary black silk traveling cap. This he dons at once upon removing his hat, and his clerks have a story that no man in his employ has ever seen him bareheaded.