AFTER WAR THE SONG OF PEACE.

Dark drifts of clouds shut out the sky,
The air is rent with sounds of strife;
My brother marches forth to die,
Or take some fellow mortal's life—
The Peace the world has waited for
Shrinks pale behind the skirts of War!

Across the plains the ruts are deep
Where engines of destruction passed;
The blinds are drawn where orphans weep,
And blood is flowing free and fast;
The hills give back the cannon's roar;
The Song of Peace is heard no more!

My brother mocks me in his heart,
I blame him for the stand he takes;
The world Christ saved is rent apart,
And every tie that bound us breaks!
The war god shrieks, the sabre gleams,
And crimson streaks are in the streams.

But God was reigning in the sky
When David went to smite his foe;
And God is reigning still on high,
And still inspiring men below!
And when the sounds of battle cease,
And when the work of War is o'er,
Then shall the hopeful Song of Peace
Swell higher, clearer than before!
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

The Smuggler's Stratagem

HOW HE SAVED HIS TRUNKFUL OF DIAMONDS.

When Capt. Owens, recently retired from the command of a transatlantic greyhound, joined the little circle of men seated around the stove in a downtown shipping office, where they had spent the greater part of the afternoon discussing rates for over-sea freight, marine insurance and other interests of the maritime world, the conversation naturally turned to the grave responsibility resting upon the captain of a modern ocean liner. They talked of the thousands of human lives which are annually entrusted to his care; of dreary hours on the bridge, when the white fog hangs and wind moans of the shipwreck and the drowned, or when the winter gale is whistling and the icy spoon-drift hurties against the funnels. They talked of the sodden derelict and the iceberg, which so often defy the skill and watchfulness of the transatlantic captain. "Is it any wonder then," said one of the circle, "that a skipper's hair is white before he is fifty and that his face is as wrinkled as a crumpled bank note. Look at Capt. Owens. Looks ten years older than he really is, I'll warrant."

"Well, gentlemen," replied the captain, with a twinkle in his gray eyes which seemed out of keeping with the general trend of the conversation, "it is a wearing life; there's no getting away from that fact. Yes, you have got to think pretty quick at times, and sometimes you have to act before you think. Speaking on this strain reminds me of how Capt. Blank of the Nereid once saved his vessel and the lives of all on board by acting promptly in an emergency. Capt. Blank is not very proud of the whole affair, and I doubt if he ever told it to any one. At all events he never received a vote of thanks suitably engrossed from the passengers, but perhaps he was not much disappointed." After this preliminary the captain told the story, which in substance is as follows:

Just before the Imperial Line steamship Nereid, Capt. Blank, pulled out of its dock in Liverpool for New York City, some years ago, a thick-set man with a heavy black mustache ran up the gang-plank and gazed anxiously at the pasengers, who were crowded along the rail watching the bustle and confusion on the dock. He evidently found the person for whom he was looking, for he gave a sigh of satisfaction, rushed down the gang-plank and sent a cablegram. Then he boarded the vessel again, secured a stateroom and did not appear on deck nor at the seat assigned to him at the dining table in the saloon until the vessel was well out to sea. He registered under the name of James Sweeney.

This is the cablegram he sent:

Collector of Port at New York:

"James Packard, smuggler, on board steamship Nereid. Thousand of dollars' worth of diamonds concealed in small trunk. Will arrest him at quarantine. McGRATH, Inspector."

The inspector's cablegram caused much satisfaction among the revenue officers in the city; for diamonds had long been leaking into this country from England and the dispatch gave evidence that no mistake had been made when McGrath was selected to cross the ocean and hunt the smugglers down.

Meanwhile the Nereid ploughed her way through the waters of the North Atlantic and on the third day out she had made such good time that the captain began to look for a record-breaking voyage, while the passengers, no less eager, made bets regarding the exact time that would elapse before the vessel arrived abreast of the Sandy Hook Lightship. Packard, who was known aboard the ship as Thomas Gray, a broker, was the most gentlemanly of smugglers, and his engaging conversation and polished manners made him the life of his table and established him as a prime favorite among the passengers in general. McGrath, known to the passengers as Sweeney, was not so popular. No one knew anything about him or his business, and, moreover, he ate with his knife. And then, too, his eyes had a suspiciously roving cast which set him down in the minds of many as a professional gambler. But the inspector did not care. In fact, he was supremely happy; for he had forced an entrance into Gray's stateroom with the aid of a skeleton key during the smuggler's absence and had located the small trunk. That was all he wanted. When the time came he would seize the trunk, point Gray out to the inspectors and his work would be accomplished.

"The only thing that bothers me," said the inspector to himself one day, as he sat in the smoking room, puffing a very fat, black cigar, "is how the devil he ever expected to get that trunk ashore." That thought, however, did not worry him much and he soon became engrossed in a game of poker with two actors and a champion heavyweight pugilist.

Had the smuggler remained in blissful ignorance of the identity of the inspector he would probably at the present time be enjoying an enforced confinement at the expense of the Government. But, unfortunately, the inspector had forgotten to lock the stateroom door after he had forced it with his skeleton keys, and this did not escape the notice of the acute smuggler. He had locked the door. Who opened it? He became suspicious and then alarmed. From a steward he learned that Sweeney had been seen loitering around the passageway some time before. That was sufficient. He never had liked the way Sweeney had eyed him on various occasions. What was to be done? At 5 o'clock the next morning the vessel would be off the Lightship. He thought a minute, then ran to the smoking room and, as he expected, found Sweeney absorbed in his favorite game. That was just what he wanted. He went back to his stateroom, and then tip-toed noiselessly to the inspector's door, a little further down the passageway. It was unlocked. He left it wide open and then ran back to his stateroom, seized the trunk—it was a small affair—carried it to the inspector's room and shoved it under his berth. This done he shut the door with a sigh of satisfaction and went on deck. He had still one more card to play, and if things worked right it would be a trump.

Sweney retired late that night and neglected to take off his clothing. It is likely he would have retired with his hat on had he not left it in the smoking room.

At 6 o'clock the next morning the smuggler played his trump. With a mysterious air he beckoned Capt. Blank down from the bridge. The vessel had not broken a record and the captain was in a sour mood.

"Well, well," he said impatiently; "what is it?"

"Listen," said the smuggler impressively. "I have a confession to make. I come to tell you that in a short half-hour this ship will be blown to atoms. It is my duty; it is in your power to prevent it. Listen This man Sweeney is a dynamiter and anarchist, an arch fiend whose hands and heart and soul areare red with blood of the innocent lives he has taken. Years ago his father was lost in the wreck of one of your vessels. He has sworn revenge, it has been his main object in life. I fell under his hynoptic influence and was compelled to aid him in his dastardly scheme. But the spell is broken and I hasten to save your ship and our lives."

"Well, what is it man? Out with it!" roared old Blank excitedly.

"It is this," said the smuggler calmly. "Under his berth there is a small trunk. It contains nitro-glycerine in a sufficient quantity to wreck New York City. A time lock is attached and it is set for 6:30. Don't hesitate; act promptly or we are lost. Do something, dispose of the trunk somehow and all will be well." And Gray frothed at the mouth and fell to the floor in a very realistic faint.

The captain barely noticed the smuggler. With a roar and a bellow he summoned the first officer and half the crew.

"Get that trunk," he roared, "and heave it overboard. Clap the man into irons."

The crew made a rush for Sweeney's door and broke it in with a bang. Half of them fell upon Sweeney and bound him hand and foot, while the rest laid hold of the trunk, carried it up stairs with a rush and hove it far over the stern. Sweeney was locked up in his stateroom and when the revenue officers boarded the vessel at Quarantine and asked for McGrath, the inspector, and Packard, the smuggler. Captain Blank assured them that he had never heard of either of the gentlemen. He said that he had a dynamiter aboard named Sweeney who had tried to blow up the ship, but no smugglers or detectives. The smuggler was the first man down the gangplank when the vessel was warped into the dock and when McGrath was released he told Captain Blank several things that made him blush. The other inspectors did likewise. The trunk was picked up by a sailboat containing the smuggler's confederates, who had sailed out from Sandy Hook to signal Gray that the authorities at this port were on the lookout for him.—New York Sun.

"The Course of True Love."

He is a pushing young lawyer and does considerable work for her wealthy father, who believes in Detroit and has many irons in the fire. The young people met, became very fond of each other and were engaged. But they quarrelled. Both are proud and reconciliation is in the future.

He called at the house a few days ago to see the old gentleman on business, of course. When the bell rang she happened to be passing the door and opened it.

"Ah! Miss Jones, I believe. Is your father at home?"

"He is not. Did you wish to see him personally?"

"Yes, miss," bluffly, "on very important personal business. Good day," and he turned abruptly.

"Beg pardon, sir; who shall I say called?"

He grunted and made no other answer. She forgot to "frizle" her hair before going to a card party, and had rode clear around the street railway belt line before he noticed that he had passed his own office.—Detroit Free Press.

To Have Baths in the Schools.

An experiment is soon to be tried by the Committee on Buildings of the Manhattan School Board. It consists of providing shower baths in the public schools, and is a scheme which Commissioner O'Brien has been pushing for some time. The experiment will be tried first in a few schools on the lower East Side, and the plan to be adopted, it is said, will be most effective, and yet cost a moderate amount.

Portions of the playgrounds will be curtained off, and this space will serve for the dressing rooms and baths, which will be entirely of the needle description. These, it is believed, give better sanitary effects than the ordinary showers. The city will furnish hot and cold water, but the children must bring their own towels.—New York Tribune.

French President a Sportsman.

President Loubet, whose fondness for shooting is fully equal to that of his predecessor, is a cooler and more successful sportsman. M. Faure, during the official "shoots" at Marly and Rambouillet, used to blaze away his cartridges at an alarming rate. This is not the case with the present occupant of the Elysee, who fires deliberately and with greater effect.

NEW LAND OF GOLD.

PROSPECTORS ARE FLOCKING TO CAPE NOME.

The Recently Discovered Fields Declared to Surpass the Klondike or South African Rand in Richness of Yield.

THE Alaskan miners and prospectors have begun a general stampede for Cape Nome. The wonderful tales of the vast wealth that lies hidden in the frozen regions of Northwest Alaska is the magnet that is drawing thither thousands of prospectors from Dawson, Skaguay, Vancouver, Seattle and other places along the coast. A new city has sprung up, the city of Nome. One year ago five Scandinavians comprised the population. Last summer 5,000 miners, gamblers, saloon-keepers and traders settled there. Soon more than 20,000 Americans will be there and many believe that in the course of a few years Nome will have a population of 100,000. The wonders of the Klondike region and the richness of the rand in South Africa do not compare with the placers of the newly-found Alaskan gold field.

A Missionary's Discovery.

It was through a missionary, Rev. Jos. Anderson, that it was learned that gold existed in that northwestern projection of frigid Alaska, where the Bering Sea separates North America from Asia and where the thermometer varies from zero to 70 degrees below in winter. He had heard from Eskimos in a settlement about 120 miles from Cape Nome that gold had in former years been found in several creeks near the Cape. The missionary imparted this news to some prospectors. This was in October, 1898. The miners were eager to get to the scenes at once. Despite the bitterly cold weather, the deep snow and the forming ice, the party, which comprised five Scandinavians, made the journey across Norton Sound and explored several creeks around Cape Nome. In a freezing temperature the men made several hundred trial pannings in different spots along creek branches and some remarkably rich gravel was found. The finders decided that it would not do to leave such claims for others to occupy so they decided to remain there all winter. But in some way the news of the rich findings spread along the western coast of Alaska and hungry prospectors, in spite of the terrors of the winter season, started on foot 300 and 400 miles for the new diggings. When spring came 500 men were camped along the banks of the many streams that flow into the sea about Cape Nome.

When navigation reopened on the Yukon River and travel was resumed in the spring the story of the discovery of gold spread faster and faster. A general stampede of Alaskan miners and prospectors was begun for the new Eldorado. By June 2,000 people were at the new gold camp, a month later there were 3,000, and by August the population reached 7,000. The same scenes that have followed the springing up of mining towns in the West were enacted. Gambling dens started, dance halls were opened. By August, the town had a main street, a city government with a mayor and two marshals and several general merchandise stores. Any one of the buildings could be duplicated in the States for $200. At first the miners gave their attention getting gold from the banks of water courses among the hills back of the seashore, until a St. Louis miner, John W. Peters, noticed the peculiar bluish color of the seashore, panned some of the sand and found it rich with gold. He kept his find a secret and took up a claim along the surf, to the ridicule of the other miners. Within two weeks every foot of the sand for ten miles north of Nome was staked out. By October every inch of the beach for thirty-three miles northwest of Nome was staked and the limits of the area claimed for placer mining were being pushed onward six and eight miles a week.

Prospectors Make Fortunes.

Several big fortunes have been made by those who secured good claims. Rev. Joseph Anderson, who first directed the miners to Cape Nome, has made fully $200,000. Gabriel Price, a young Californian, is the richest man in Nome, although less than 30 years old. He went to the diggings about a year ago, enduring severe privations. He has located three claims, bought and sold others, and also bought real estate for a song that he has sold for fabulous prices. John Brindensen, one of the five Scandinavian discoverers of Cape Nome, has $26,000 in a Seattle bank and two claims which are good for at least $15,000 for almost a decade. He has also an interest in two other rich claims. Edward M. Bottume, a brickmaker of Rochester, N. Y., has made $40,000 out of a small part of his claim on the beach, while Carl Winkler, who was a porter in a Los Angeles Hotel a couple of years ago, has a claim that has yielded him over $32,000 since May. The beach sands yielded about $1,000,000 from July to October, and they have scarcely been touched. There are dozens of square miles of the beach remaining which are likely to contain wealth beyond the wildest dreams. The interior country has been but little explored, and no one has the faintest idea how much gold is locked up there. The cost of living in Nome is high, and the winter climate too rugged for any but the most rugged constitutions.

It is believed that the season of 1900 at Nome will add $10,000,000 to the world's wealth, and many miners place it as high as $14,000,000.

CAPE NOME CITY, THE NEW ELDORADO.

FIRST FOLIO SHAKSPEARE.

Trifling Causes Influence the Prices of Books at Auction.

The following remarks by Mr. Quaritch upon "the unprecedented sum" recently paid for a copy at Christie's are worth a place in Notes and Queries, says that publication. They will be found in his December catalogue, No. 194, apropos of "a much finer copy (excepting the first two leaves)" which he offers for £550:

"It is amusing for those who are acquainted with the trifling causes that influence the prices of books at auction to read the philosophical theories of tendencies and results, which are solemnly expressed by critics in high consideration. According to those persons it was a great wave of public appreciation which raised the value of the first Shakespeare at a recent sale to the price of £1,700, and their opinion is that the wave will go on increasing in strength and volume forever. As a matter of fact, at the sale in question all the public desires were quenched when the biddings had advanced to £1,000, and scarcely more than two individuals remained to carry on the strife. One of these was an agent holding a simple commission 'to buy' (probably equivalent in the views of his principal to £1,000); the other was my agent, a fiery young man to whom (as I wanted the book) I had given the exaggerated commission of £1,200. Now, he, finding himself outdone by an unlimited commission, determined to push his opponent, and the result was that exactly £500 of the £1,700 represent a gratuitous addition to the cost of the volume—in nowise altering its real value, which may be set down as about £1,100."

A FAMOUS CLOWN.

Dan Rice, Who Made Three Fortunes and Gave Them Away.

The death of Dan Rice, which occurred at Long Branch recently in his 77th year, has removed a man who at one time was the best known showman in America and one of the wealthiest.

Rice's real name was Daniel McLarin and he was born in New York. His father nicknamed him Dan Rice, after a famous Irish clown. In his early years Dan peddled milk and then became a stable boy and hack driver in Pittsburg. He soon achieved prominence as the owner and exhibitor of a learned pig and in 1844 settled in New York, where he made his first appearance as a clown and negro song and dance performer. In 1845 he traveled with Howe's circus and bounded into popularity in Philadelphia. He next traveled in Canada and in the South and became a member of the Dr. Spalding Company. After his severance with this company he launched a show of his own, which, however, he was forced to disband in 1863. Out of the wreck he saved his famous trick horse Excelsior and his pair of trained Burmese cattle. He was the first man who ever trained and introduced in the ring a performing rhinoceros. In 1864 a contract for two seasons was made with Forepaugh, by which Rice received for his services as clown and for the services of his trained horse and cattle $35,000 for each season. In 1866 he got $1,000 per week through the season as a clown with John O'Brien and for a season of 26 weeks

DAN RICE.

in 1867 he received $21,500 from Gardner, Hemmings & Cooper's circus.

Thereafter his star steadily waned. His habits were irregular and consequently he was unreliable. He was once offered his own terms in California if he would keep sober, but he refused. A similar offer was made him in New York, but he declined, saying that he would sooner have $100 a week and liberty to do as he pleased than ten times that amount under restraint.

Rice made three fortunes during his career, but died a comparatively poor man. He gave away fortunes, being very generous, and his charities in the region around Girard, Pa., where he owned property and lived, were great. He built a soldiers' monument at a cost of $35,000 and during the war gave $32,000 for wounded soldiers and their families.

ONLY AN HONEST HEART.

The Kindly Farmer and Two Different Styles of Women.

"An all-fired hot day, marm! Goin' fur?" said an old farmer, addressing a lady who sat at his side in a railroad station waiting for a train.

The lady drew away her rich silks impatiently, frowning as if to say, "You're out of your place, sir," but she made no audible reply.

"An all-fired hot day, marm," said the old man in a louder tone, supposing that she was a little deaf. "Are you goin' fur? Why," he continued, as no reply was vouchsafed. "I'm sorry you're deaf, marm. How long have you been so?"

"Sir," said the lady, rising, "do you mean to insult me? I shall complain to the police," and she swept haughtily from the room.

"Waal, I never!" exclaimed the old man, as he drew out the red bandanna and mopped his forehead. "Pretty tired, marm?" he continued, addressing a woman who had just come in, carrying a baby and a lot of bundles, and with two small children clinging to her dress. "Are you goin' fur?"

"To Boston, sir," was the pleasant reply.

"Got to wait long?"

"Two hours. Oh, children, do be quiet, and don't tease mother any more."

"Look a-here, you young shavers, and see what I've got in my own pocket," and soon both children were on his knees eating peppermint candy and listening to wonderful stories about the sheep and calves at home. Next he pulled out a string and taught them how to play "cat's-cradle." They were soon on the floor, happy as kittens.

"Now let me take that youngster, marm," he said, noticing that the baby wanted to be tossed all the time; "you look clean beat out. I guess I can please him. I'm a powerful hand with babies." In his big arms, the child crowed with delight until he fell asleep.

"'Taint nothin' at all, marm," he said, two hours later, as he helped the woman and her charges on board.

Buying a pint of peanuts from a little girl, and paying 12 cents instead of 10 cents, he munched in hearty enjoyment until his train was called.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor, and the train started. "Something bright has gone out of this depot that doesn't come in every day," said one who remained—"an honest heart."—Success.

USE QUEER EXPRESSIONS.

Thieves Have a Language that Is Intelligible Only to Themselves.

Thieves have a language all their own, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. It was created by them for their own particular use and is entirely unintelligible to the uninitiated. Some of them are as follows:

A policeman in uniform is said to be in "harness."

A policeman in civilian dress is called an "elbow."

"A graft" is that at which a lawbreaker is most proficient; for instance, cracking a safe or picking a pocket.

"Molly Buzzer" is a woman pickpocket.

"To work the shorts" means to relieve people of their valuables as they either alight from or board a street car.

A drunken person is known as a "dummy."

"One stitch" means one year in the penitentiary; "two stitches" means two years, and so on.

One who taps tills is designated as a "heeler."

The individual who has the faculty of learning the arrangement of a house to be robbed is known as a "house prowl."

Pickpockets are "dips" and "fanners" or "stallers" are assistants.

To "switch" is for one thief to transfer to an accomplice whatever plunder he has secured.

"When a town is on fire" a "crook" means that a city or location is not fertile in valuables, or that it is best not to ply the trade because of the vigilance of the police.

When a thief has been frustrated in a design he is said to have had a "fall."

The individual who is an expert in removing bills and papers from a purse or pocketbook without extracting the pocketbook is called a "weeder."

A "wire" is another term for pickpocket.

A safe or hiding place in which valuables are hidden or stored is known as a "register."

A clucking sound made by one thief to another implies that he wishes the booty to be divided.

Women Jewelers.

All the jewelers in the Philippines are women, and their skill is marvelous. The shops are small and gloomy and the stock displayed is meager and unsatisfactory. But if one wants to buy the jewelers will exhibit such treasures that any pocketbook is too lean to buy all the pretty things desired.

Necklaces of pale pink coral, statuettes of the coral, rosaries with beads exquisite in shape and tint; pendants and chains of pearls, white and pink and yellow—all these are to be seen.

There are a bewilderingly varied lot of garnets shown, blood, orange and yellow, the later set in silver; silver filigree work is popular and small bowls of mother-of-pearls. Gold is worked up in pattern-like lace. The women buy the crude gold, make their own alloys, draw out the wire thread and beat it with hammers. They are equally skillful with silver and do delicate filigree work, very original and striking.

The Chinaman Never Wearies.

A North China paper says: The quality of nervelessness distinguishes the Chinaman from the European. The Chinaman can write all day, work all day, weave, beat gold, carve ivory, do infinitely tedious jobs for ever and ever, and discover no more weariness and irritation than if he were a machine. This quality appears in early life. There are no restless, naughty boys in China. They are all appallingly good and will plod away in school without recesses or recreation of any kind. The Chinaman can do without exercise. Sport or play seems to him so much waste labor. He can sleep anywhere—amid rattling machinery, deafening uproar, squalling children, quarreling adults. He can sleep on the ground, on the floor, on a bed, on a chair, or in any position.

Human Food from a Lily.

A wonderful reserve fund for the human appetite is to be found in the vegetable diet of the Klamath Indians. A novel variety of food forming a menu unknown to the civilized is offered in the pulp of the great yellow water lily, which is converted into a farinaceous food; in the weed known as goosefoot, which bears a black seed that is ground up for loaves and cakes and in the arrowhead, which in the fall develops a starchy white tuber at the end of the roots.

Where Cooks Get Credit.

At Queen Victoria's table an odd custom, which originated at the time of George II., is preserved. As each dish is placed upon the table the name of the cook who prepared it is announced.

Shanghai Growing.

Since the war of 1894 the Chinese population of Shanghai has grown from 400,000 to 700,000. The attraction lies in the many new industrial establishments.

The Simon-pure Article.—Percy—Have you ever loved before? Edith—No, Percy! I have often admired men—for their strength, courage, beauty, intelligence, or something like that; but with you, Percy, it is all love—nothing else!—Puck.

The average girl has only one good dress in winter, and changes her clothes by changing the ribbon on her neck.

POLITICS OF THE DAY

ANOTHER TRUST PROPHET.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, whose name has been linked with various profitable schemes, notably a rake-off of ten or fifteen millions in a United States bond transaction less than a hundred years ago, writes a letter to the public deploring freight discriminations.

"While I have no personal knowledge of such evils, no man deplores them more than I do. I supposed that the interstate commerce law would abolish such discriminations and punish everybody participating in them, but it is unfortunate that no substantial results have been accomplished in this respect. The remedy is in publicity and the law must be enforced. The railroads suffer by these discriminations, and so long as the violators of the law go free, it is discouraging to the railway companies, and they must either adopt the same illegal course or meet secret concessions by an open tariff. The remedy is severe, but ought to be effective. You (committee of small shippers who wrote me) have my sympathy and support in your efforts to conserve railroad revenue and the protection of shippers."

In the meantime increased "railroad revenue" pours into Mr. Morgan's coffers, but he doesn't know where it comes from. With such balderdash, Pecksniffian sentimentality the Chicago Times-Herald (Rep.) thinks it can impose trust benevolence upon a trust(ing) people!

Our Duty to Porto Rico.

Since the cession Porto Rico has been denied the principal markets she had long enjoyed, and our tariffs have been continued against her products as when she was under Spanish sovereignty. The markets of Spain are closed to her products except upon terms to which the commerce of all nations is subjected. The Island of Cuba, which used to buy her cattle and tobacco without custom duties, now imposes the same duties upon these products as from any other country entering her ports. She has, therefore, lost her free intercourse with Spain and Cuba, without any compensating benefits in this market. Her coffee was little known and not in use by our people, and, therefore, there was no demand here for this, one of her chief products. The markets of the United States should be opened up to her products. Our plain duty is to abolish all customs tariffs between the United States and Porto Rico, and give her products free access to our markets.—From President McKinley's message to Congress.

Later, as amended: "Our plain duty is to establish such customs tariffs between the United States and Porto Rico as will be most agreeable to the sugar, tobacco and Standard Oil trusts, and give her products access to our markets in such manner as will not hurt our own infant industries."

Later, No. 2: "Owing to the disapproval of the nation of the action of Congress, in taking the sole responsibility of imposing tariff duties on the Porto Ricans, and the contingency of my defeat next November, if this policy be continued, I revert to my prior opinion."

Later, No. 3: "It appearing that the campaign fund will be seriously impaired by yielding to the Porto Rican anarchy and conceding free trade, I hereby return to my former opinion."

Later, No. 4: "Damfino where I am at. Who will haul down the flag?"

Imperial Magnanimity.

Filled with the consciousness of a high and holy purpose, President McKinley on March 1 instructed Secretary Root to authorize the use of $1,250,000 in affording relief to the people of Porto Rico. This is the answer which the administration desires to make to the charge that in helping the passage of the House bill it has lost sight of the interests of the people of that island. There is no authority in the law appropriating the money for such expenditure, but an amendment to this effect was added to the Senate Porto Rico bill.

This is all very laudable, but the misfortune of it is the money does not come out of Mr. McKinley's own pocket, but out of the royal treasury, which, in former times, was considered as belonging to the people. Another misfortune is: All this money will be gathered in Porto Rican duties by the sugar trust, tobacco and other trusts. It is too tough. Truly Mr. McKinley is a philanthropist of royal, nervy, imperial proportions, particularly when the consumers of sugar and tobacco pay the bill.

An Anomaly.

Speaking of the Payne-Foraker bill Senator Pettigrew, of South Dakota, said the other day: "I am opposed to the Payne-Foraker bill. Trade, we are assured by President McKinley, follows the flag. But the Constitution doesn't. Did you ever hear of such an anomaly?

"I contend that we cannot maintain, under our Constitution, an empire and a republic at the same time. The tendency seems to me toward imperialism and empire. The republic must not fail or the empire will stand; the empire must fail or the republic cannot stand."

Senator Pettigrew Wants Light.

The Senator from South Dakota is a thorn in the flesh of the McKinley administration. He troubles their spirits by his treasonable demand for information concerning department matters. His last escapade is to demand the war record of Adjutant General Corbin, whose promotion is opposed on account of his bad record, but alas! as Pettigrew discovered in the Philippine imbroglio, the record of the court martial that sat on Corbin for cowardice and various other delinquencies turns out to be missing. The Senator will now become a double-dyed traitor.

Trade Don't Follow Our Flag.

The war department has given out some details of trade with the Philippines for the three months ended with September last. It appears that Great Britain is taking much of the export trade of the islands and that Europe altogether commands over two-thirds of this trade; while of imports into the islands Europe contributed $2,295,520 and North America only $331,475. And yet we understood that trade follows the flag.—Springfield Republican.

Why Didn't They Do Something?

If some of them ex-officials, Senators, Governors, Congressmen and town marshals who are going about the country telling people what ought to be done to cure the evils which afflict them, would explain why they didn't do something when they had a chance, their advice would receive some recognition. What the country needs is an entirely new dispensation with fresh intellects, capable of acting up to their convictions. As long as the party is in the control of hamfatters, slinks, trimmers and ex-officials, good-by, Democracy.

Mr. Reid Alarmed.

Whitelaw Reid's talk at the Massachusetts Club dinner would serve admirably in good part as an anti-imperialist campaign document. He is alarmed at certain dangers which his Paris peace policy threaten to bring upon the country. The possibility that the new possessions may become a part of the United States through the force of the constitution or otherwise staggers him. It threatens to "plunge us over the precipice." How would Massachusetts relish "having this mixed population" (of Porto Rico), "a little more than half colonial Spanish, the rest negro and half-breed, illiterate, alien in language, alien in ideas of right, interests and government, send in from the mid-Atlantic two Senators to balance the votes of Mr. Hoar and Mr. Lodge?"

Very good. Make the people of Porto Rico citizens now, give them also the constitutional rights of free trade and so on, "and you have already made the island potentially a State." Exactly. And behind Porto Rico stand the Philippines! And so the constitution becomes "a crazy quilt, under whose dirty folds must huddle the United States of America, of the West Indies, of the East Indies and of Polynesia; and pandemonium is upon us." And again:

"What holds a nation together, unless it be community of interests, character and language, and contiguous territory? What would more thoroughly insure its speedily flying to pieces than the lack of every one of these requisites? How manifestly under the incongruous hodge-podge of additions to the Union thus proposed, we should have the exact conditions which have invariably led to such downfalls elsewhere!"

Again very well spoken. But who, besides the President, has done more than Whitelaw Reid to attach this hodge-podge to the fortunes of the nation and annex it hard and fast as territory of the United States?—Springfield Republican.

The New York Chamber of Commerce.

How is this? The New York Chamber of Commerce rebukes the President by unanimous vote for having forced the Porto Rican tariff bill! Is it possible that this is the same Chamber of Commerce which only a few weeks ago indorsed the subvention of American ships, and gave as its reason the fact that such subvention was in harmony with the protective tariff policy? Here is the resolution:

Resolved, That the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York records its emphatic opinion that every consideration of honor, justice and humanity demands that trade between the United States and the Island of Porto Rico shall be unrestricted by any customs duties whatever.

If the President gets himself disliked by such a body, a body whose annual dinners have been turned into Republican love feasts for several years past, how is he likely to stand with the conservative element of his party?—New York News.

Dress Makes the Man.

There were those who insisted that Abraham Lincoln was not a statesman and unfit to govern the country because his pantaloons bagged at the knees, just as there are Americans who claim that the Boers are not entitled to their freedom because they do not bathe every day and part their hair in the middle. The proper badge of statesmen under the McKinley administration consists of knee breeches and dropped "h's."

No Suppression of Facts.

One thing is certain, there will be no Hannaizing of the proceedings of the National Democratic Convention at Kansas City as there was at Chicago four years ago. Kansas City newspapers are not actuated by the kind of partisanship that countenaces the garbling and suppression of facts.—Kansas City Times.

A "Holey" Terror.

If the Republicans failed to pass the Porto Rican tariff bill they would put themselves in a hole, as far as the trusts are concerned, and if they passed it they would put themselves in a hole so far as the voters are concerned. The situation confronting the g. o. p. seems to be a "holey" terror.—Kansas City Times.

Blowing Hot and Cold.

"There is no use depreciating the islands, East or West," says Whitelaw Reid to the Massachusetts Club. And then he proceeds to depreciate them in the most scathing manner possible, telling his hearers what a perfectly hopeless, degraded, hybrid lot their people are.—Springfield Republican.

Easily Demonstrated.

A simple, quick and effective method of resting tired eyes has been discovered by a French author. He had been obliged to spend almost the entire night writing an article that must be ready for the printers in the morning. His eyes gave out at last, and he was compelled to stop a while to give them a rest. Turning from the half-finished page of manuscript, the eyes of the writer fell upon some gay scraps of colored silk which formed a part of a patchwork quilt upon which his wife had been working before she went to bed. The gay colors seemed to have a peculiar attraction for the wearied eyes, which remained fixed on them for several minutes. On resuming work the writer found his eyes almost as fresh as they were on commencing his work. Subsequent experiments gave the same result, and now this author (whose name is not given) has his inkstand so surrounded by brilliantly colored striped silk material that his eyes must rest on the later every time that he dips his pen into the ink. In this manner, it is claimed, the eyes are kept fresh and feeling easy, even after hours of work. The experiment costs but little to try, and is easily made, at any rate, whether the story is an invention or not.

Belgian Cities.

Antwerp in a century has risen from 53,000 to 257,000, an increase of 383 per cent. Liege has advanced from 46,000 to 160,000; Ghent from 55,000 to 155,000; Brussels from 66,000 to 187,000.

IOWA LEGISLATURE.

Barnard Murphy of Vinton and Howard Tedford of Mount Ayr were elected State printer and State binder, respectively, by the Assembly on Thursday. They assume office Jan. 1, 1901. Gov. Shaw sent to the House of Representatives a communication in response to the Head resolution, calling for information as to his financial and business connections. He said that he had no connection with any concern with which he has to deal in an official capacity. The House passed the Harriman bill, creating a department of agriculture in Iowa. It makes the agricultural department a part of the State government and brings the State fair under State control, with the provision that the State is not responsible for its debts.

The Senate Friday afternoon passed a bill, based upon the Indiana and Ohio statutes, providing for taxation of the capital stock and surplus of express companies, according to the proportion of mileage in Iowa to the mileage of the entire system. Only three votes were recorded against the measure, although it had met with much opposition. The House passed the bill for the establishment of a State appellate court of three members, who are to receive the same salary as Supreme Court judges. The judges will be elected and will assist the Supreme Court in handling its business. An amendment to a bill for the establishment of a building and loan department was adopted which provides that such companies shall not receive more than 8 per cent interest in any form, whether actual interest or in the form of dues, fines and assessments. Such a law, it is said, would practically drive the companies out of business. The bill was referred to a committee to revise. The House passed a bill giving savings banks the right to receive deposits amounting to ten times their capital stock and surplus instead of their capital stock alone.

Eight bills were passed by the Senate on Saturday, several of which were of State-wide importance. Perhaps the most important is the measure by Senator Mullan increasing the law courses in the Iowa schools from two to three years. Another measure of importance is the Soldiers' Home pension bill. The House bill by Kimball was passed. It provides that hereafter soldiers who are inmates of the home may retain all of the pension money paid them monthly, except two classes of inmates. Those having dependent wives or children are to give up half the pension money for their support, and those who have twice been convicted of crime or of breach of rules of the home are to forfeit the entire sum, half of which goes to dependent relatives if any exist. Other measures passed were McIntire's bill increasing the penalty for train robbery, Hobart's bill increasing the salaries of assistants in the State library, Hayward's bill to allow school corporations to issue bonds for the purchase of school house sites, Alexander's bill providing for change of venue from superior courts to the district courts on proper showing, bill legalizing a levy made by the town of Bonaparte, and Griswold's bill giving the State prisons authority to use 25 per cent of their gate receipts to provide for entertainment for prisoners. The House passed the bill by Cowles to provide for the appointment of a third appraiser by a judge of the District Court when the appraiser of the insurance company and the policy holder sustaining a loss cannot agree within a period of five days, and a bill by Boysen to increase the term of office of the treasurer and secretary of school townships from one to two years and the one by Sweet for calling special elections to fill vacancies on boards of school directors. The Shambaugh bill to give real estate owners jurisdiction over game and bees found thereon was defeated.

The Senate on Monday took up the Fitchpatrick bill to prohibit the solicitation of liquor sales by agents in all counties in the State where prohibition prevails and mulct saloons are not in force. The vote on the measure stood 27 yeas and 2 nays. The House accepted reports of committees indefinitely postponing twenty-four bills. It passed the bill by Warren, providing that holders of national bank stock cannot deduct the account of indebtedness to offset the assessment of taxes against bank stocks or shares. The Senate took up and discussed in the afternoon the House bill to allow the secretary of the board of educational examiners or someone appointed by the board to conduct examinations without the presence of any member of the board.

Short State Items.

Dr. J. S. Watts of Millersburg is dead.

The Iowa Central will put in a turn table at State Center.

There are now 496 volumes in the library at Correctionville.

The creamery at Anthon will begin operations about April 15.

Sac County contains the largest corn growing farm in the world.

Atlantic is complaining of the lack of houses to rent in that city.

The wagon bridge at Wapello was wrecked by ice and high water.

A lodge of the Foresters of America has been instituted at Centerville.

The farmers of Clinton County are largely engaged in stock feeding now.

A postoffice has been established at Cruver, with Van N. Clifton as postmaster.

The Sibley Gazette, the pioneer paper of Sibley and Osceola County, has been sold.

The Iowa Central has just received two monster locomotives which weigh 108,000 pounds each.

Winterset citizens are very much opposed to the city's granting any more franchises gratis.

Several citizens of Winterset will leave shortly for Great Falls, Mont., where they expect to locate.

B. H. Mathews, secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Muscatine, has resigned his place on account of ill health.

Records at Washington show that over 490 patents were issued to Iowa citizens this year.

Unknown parties made an unsuccessful attempt to burn the school house at Moville.

Horace Wood, an old man at Greene, was found dead in one of his empty tenement houses.

Frank Ward, a cigarmaker of Keokuk, died very suddenly in his room after a two weeks' spree.

The new depot for the Northwestern at Jefferson has been completed and is now occupied by the road.

St. Charles is soon to have a new brick block including a Masonic hall.

Edward O'Brien, a deaf mute, was run down and instantly killed by a train near Avoca.

Three pickpockets who were getting in their work at Dubuque have been arrested.

Howard's grocery store at Oskaloosa was entered by burglars and looted of about $200.

It is believed that Clinton's smallpox cases will cost that county in the neighborhood of $1,000.

A big effort is being made at Iowa City to lift the $8,000 debt of the Y. M. C. A. building there.

Four hundred thousand dollars of real estate has recently changed hands in Greene County.

Edward H. Stubbs, a machinist of Council Bluffs, attempted to commit suicide by shooting himself.

About fifty miles of steel for the new C. & N. W. branch road has been delivered at Belle Plaine.

The delinquent taxes in Polk County at the first of this year amounted to a little over a quarter million.

The State board of control has awarded contracts for furnishing of supplies to the State institutions for the current quarter.