NOTHING LOST.

Not every glistening pearl of dew
Like rich set jewel, finds a rest
Upon a rose, or nestling down
Shrinks, modest, on its velvet breast,
Not every songster's swelling throat
Pours forth its wealth of song to bless
Our ears, but countless carols float
Unheard in the deep wilderness.

Not every arrow finds its mark,
But sped all eager from the bow,
Too deftly feathered, floats too high,
Too lightly driven, falls below,
Not every effort finds success
But fails, as fails the archer's dart,
Not every sunbeam gilds the gloom,
Nor every song may reach the heart.

Yet, though I fail, mine effort lives,
And somewhere on a scroll engrossed
The glory of my striving is,
For nothing fruitless, nothing lost
That like a seed sown of the soul,
May fall and die in desert hot,
But would have blossomed and borne fruit
If fallen in some fertile spot.
—J. W. Foley, Jr., in Bismarck Tribune.

A Sailor's Love

The Grey Eagle went on her course, parting the waves of the Indian Ocean. She was a packet steamer in the employ of a great English company, and carried many passengers. Among these, standing on the promenade deck forward and looking out across the broad expanse of water before her, was a beautiful girl, in the flush of her youth and beauty.

In the wheel-house stood a young man, second mate of the ship, looking at Mabel Vane. He was young, with a bold, manly face, curling brown hair and beard and speaking gray eyes—a man, in grace of person, manly beauty and pure heart—a man worthy of the name. He was only a sailor, and had risen to his present rank from cabin boy, but yet he dared to love the daughter of the East Indian millionaire, Arthur Vane.

He loved her and had no hope—loved her as we worship a star which is far beyond our reach. Nothing was further from his thoughts than to insult her by telling her that he loved her; but to be near her, to see her often, perhaps to do some service which would win a smile from her—that was reward enough for Will Clay.

She never dreamed of his adoration; and he had heard her say among her friends that she liked him better than any other officer on board the Grey Eagle. She said it in the careless way of girlhood, and yet he treasured it in his heart. Standing there, watching the course of the ship and ready to give a word of warning to the wheelsman if it were needed, he never took his eyes from her long.

"Mr. Clay," said the man at the wheel, as he gave it a half turn and rested there, "don't you smell smoke?"

"It comes from the galley."

"Perhaps so, but what are they burning rosin in the galley for?"

"Rosin," cried Will, raising his head quickly and snuffing the air. He caught the peculiar smell himself and leaped down from the wheel-house. "Keep steady," he whispered to the man at the wheel. "There may be danger, but if there is, for God's sake, keep it quiet."

The man nodded quietly and took a firmer hold on the wheel. Will Clay crossed the deck without apparent haste, and yet with a terrible fear tugging at his heart. He caught sight of the captain coming out of the gentlemen's cabin and hurried up to him.

"There is something wrong," he whispered. "Don't you smell burning rosin, captain?"

The old sea captain suppressed a cry of horror. With fifty passenger on board, in the midst of the Indian Ocean, far from land, a fire was one of the most horrible things which could come upon a ship.

"Go forward and investigate," he said, in a low tone. "If you find that it is a fire, you will know what to do. How are the boats?"

"All right, sir; you may trust to them."

They had good cause for fear. The entire forehold was filled with rosin, in boxes and casks, and if a fire started there it might as well be in a nest of fat pine. Will ran down to the lower deck, where he was met by a crowd of excited firemen and coal-passers, who were rushing madly on deck. Quick as thought he seized the foremost and hurled him back.

"Get back, you fools!" he cried. "Where are you running to?"

"Fire!" whispered the man, hoarsely. "Fire in the forehold!"

"Suppose there is. Is it your duty to rush on deck and alarm the passengers, or get buckets and try to put out the fire? Back, there, all of you, for I will brain the man who dares to flinch a hair now! Stand back, I say!"

The men cowed before his superior will and saw that they might yet do something to save the steamer.

A guard was placed at the hatch, so that no one could come down, and the scuttle which led into the forehold was opened. No sooner was this done than a dense volume of black smoke rolled out, and the scuttle was closed again, for Will saw that nothing could be done in that way. The men ran forward with axes, but had scarcely gone a dozen steps when they felt the deck tremble under their feet, and saw small jets of flame shooting up through the planks. A moment more and there was a sort of explosion, and the red flame leaped up suddenly and caught the planks above.

There was no hope of concealing the danger from the passengers now, for the steamer was full of smoke, and wild cries from the deck announced that the danger was known. They must face the most terrible situation known to the sea—the one or all others the most feared—fire! Women shrieked and fainted, strong men trembled and could not move hand or foot, and others ran wildly about the decks, rendering no assistance. Mabel Vane, utterly bewildered by the sudden horror, felt a strong hand clutch her arm, and saw Will Clay, blackened by smoke and singed by flame.

"Go aft," he said, hoarsely. "Stand on the port quarter and wait for me, and I will save you or die trying. Obey me, girl; I am your master now."

She looked at him in mute wonder and obeyed him in silence. He sprang away and began to fight the fire as he could, aided by the officers and crew and some few of the passengers who kept their heads. Among these was Arthur Vane, a handsome old gentleman, with an engaging face.

"You are a man, William Clay," he said, as the two hurled the contents of a great water cask down the open hatch. "If we ever escape, the company shall know that they have got a man in their employment. If we don't, it is all the same. Have you seen my daughter?"

"I sent her aft just now, and told her that I would save her or lose my life. And I'll do it, too, because I love her."

"Love her—you!"

"Just now you said I was a man," said Will quietly. "Lay hold on that cask, you. What are you shirking for; can't we talk and work, too?"

A strange smile came oevr the face of the old merchant, and they hurled the cask into the water, and assisted the man working at the fall in raising it.

"Don't think I'm a fool, Mr. Vane," said Will. "If I lived a thousand years, and saw her every day, I wouldn't tell her as much as I've told you. And what's more, you wouldn't have heard me say it if it had not come out before I thought."

Mr. Vane said not a word, and Will Clay was silent. They worked hard to save the steamer, but the flames gained upon them inch by inch, and drove them aft.

"Give it up, captain," whispered Will. "Get out the boats and provision them. Take time for all you want, and we will fight the fire."

The sailors worked with a will until they saw the boats drawing up to the gangway, and the passengers taking places, when they left their work, and sprang for the boats. The passengers made a rush at the same moment, but as they neared the gangway they met Will Clay, a pistol in each hand, and his eyes flashing fire.

"Stand back, there!" he cried. "Do you call yourselves men? Do you want to swamp the boats, and spoil our only chance?"

"Get out of the way!" hissed a gigantic Swede, raising his heavy hand. "Out of the way or I will crush you with a single blow!"

A pistol cracked and the man fell back, shot through the shoulder. The crowd recoiled before the determined young man, for even in an hour like this men fear sudden death.

"Keep back, I say!" repeated the young mate. "Pass along those ladies first, for they go in the first boat."

The order was promptly obeyed, and then six of the crew, called out by name, went into the boat and pulled it away from the gangway, under command of the first mate. Boat after boat pulled up to the gangway, received its load and pulled away. There was no more rushing, for there was death in the eyes of the young mate and the captain, who had taken his place by his side.

"My daughter is not in the boats, young man," said Arthur Vane, hoarsely.

"Miss Vane," cried Will, "you can come now."

Mabel, who had been standing apart, hurried forward. Mr. Vane stepped into the boat and the last of the crew followed. Then a panic seemed to seize them, and they pushed off, leaving the captain and mate upon the doomed steamer, as long tongues of flame leaped out toward the boat. Through this fiery barrier the two men dashed and were seen striking out for the boat.

"Stop!" cried Mr. Vane. "You have left the captain and Mr. Clay."

The men looked at him fiercely, but the steady eye of the old man awed them, and the two were helped into the boat, the captain supported by the strong arm of his gallant mate. The boats pulled away together, while the columns of flame which shot into the air announced the fate of the Grey Eagle. They reached the islands safely after a week had passed.

. . . . . .

There is a young man who sails a steamer from London to Alexandria, whose name is Will Clay, and he is married. The name of his wife is Mabel, for Arthur Vane, having "found a man," knew how to make him all his own.

VEGETABLE TALLOW.

Squeezed Out of the Seeds of a Tree That Grows in China.

The people of China are eminently practical and have added much to the civilization of mankind by their habits of industry, of which the method of obtaining vegetable tallow is an example. The Chinese pick the seeds of this tree in autumn and first place them in a wooden cylinder, open at the top and perforated at the bottom. After being steamed over a fire for ten or fifteen minutes the tallow is softened and is then more readily separated. The seeds are transferred from the steaming cylinder to a stone mortar, in which they are gently beaten. They are then thrown on a stove, heated over the fire and sifted, by which process the tallow is separated and resembles coarse Indian meal.

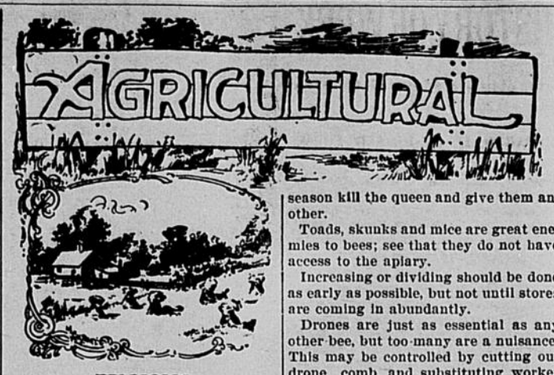
In this State the tallow is put between circles of twisted straw and these placed in a press, by which the tallow is forced out and falls into a tub. Freed from all impurities, it is then a semifluid of a beautiful white color. Candles made of it easily melt in hot weather, and on this account they are dipped in melted wax of various colors red, green or yellow—and are exposed for sale by tallow chandlers and other shopkeepers. This remarkable tree is found on the banks of the Min, in Szechuen. It is a tree with shining green leaves and small yellow flowers at the end of the branches. They are succeeded by dark-colored seeds and vessels containing delicate white seeds. In late autumn, on the banks of the Tsein-Tang River, in Chokiang, south of Hangchow, this tree is a striking object. The leaves are then of a blood-red color instead of light green. When the tallow has been squeezed out of the seeds the remainder is preserved to be used as fuel or to enrich the land.—Philadelphia Record.

Carpets in Corea.

"Carpets in Corea are not of as little moment as are carpets here. They are handed down in families as heirlooms from generation to generation to become darkened and subdued with age. They are rugs always, and are made of paper by a peculiar process. In appearance they are much like the laquered boxes which come from Japan and which are so much used as handkerchief boxes," said the old-time American Consul in Corea. "The natives always take off their sandals when they enter the house and that fact accounts largely for the long life of the rugs. When I was there, however, I shocked the feelings of every one by wearing my shoes, carpets or no carpets, and during my stay I completely wore out some of those beautiful dark-colored carpets. They are about a quarter of an inch in thickness and very effective."

A woman may forget when her birthday comes around, but that doesn't keep the wrinkles from coming in her face.

AGRICULTURAL



The Angora Goat.

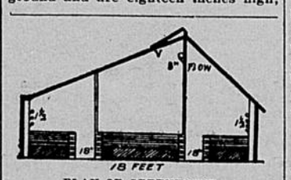
The accompanying picture shows what the Angora goat is like. Its chief value is in its fleece, which supplies a material known as mohair, that is now largely used in manufactures for serges and coarser woolen goods, braids and bindings, for which no sheep wool is fitted. It is of African

ANGORA GOATS.

origin, being kept in large flocks in that part of northern Africa known as Dongola, a part of the Soudan, where the British armies recently subdued the barbarous Dervishes. The skins of this kind of goat are extensively used for leather, of which the Dongola kid shoes for women are made. There is a large amount of the wool and skins imported into every civilized country, and especially into North America, where women and children do not go barefoot, and need light shoes. There is an extensive interest arisen of late in the United States in regard to this goat, and large flocks of them are being formed in many localities.

Greenhouse Plan.

A plan of a greenhouse and the arrangement of pipes for heating is shown in the accompanying cut. The width is eighteen feet, the length as may be desired. The walls are four feet high. The benches are set on the ground and are eighteen inches high;

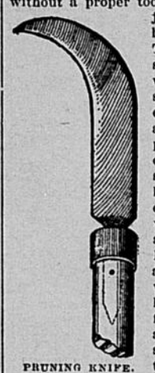


PLAN OF GREENHOUSE.

the side ones are four feet wide and the middle ones seven. The dark space in the benches represent the filling of stones or broken bricks for drainage of the beds. There are seven distributing heat pipes, one three inches in diameter at the top, which branches into four inch and a half pipes on the north side, and three on the south. Whether steam or hot water be used, the pipes must slope sufficiently to cause the water to flow in a steady current. The depth of soil in the benches is ten inches. The best way to heat a house of this kind is by steam. The steam is condensed on its passage and the water is returned to the boiler, thus forming a steady circuit through the pipes.

Good Pruning Knife.

Any one having tried to cut the old wood of raspberries and blackberries without a proper tool knows that the job is anything but a pleasnt one. The force necessary to cut an old woody cane is sometimes quite enough to pull up a whole raspberry plant. To make cutting easy one should draw the knife across the object to be cut. A writer in Farm and Fireside says: I have lately come across a knife that works well. I have tested it and find it superior to anything I have seen. Looking at the accompanying illustration, one might suppose a knife of such shape would slip off instead of cutting. But that is not so. In testing it one will be surprised how nicely it will do the cutting. It will slip just enough to give the drawing motion, and thus it will sever the hard cane from the stub with the least outlay of strength. The illustration represents the shape of the knife exactly as it should be. A good blacksmith should be able to make one out of a wornout flat file. It should be inserted in an old hoe handle, or something of that order.



PRUNING KNIFE.

Care of Milk and Churning.

As soon as drawn from the cow, put the milk where no bad odors can reach it, or better, as soon as a pail is filled strain it into the can and place in a tank of cold water or run through the separator, if one is used. If ice is plentiful, reduce the temperature of the water to 45 degrees and practically all the cream will be obtained. Do not mix the night's and morning's milk if the best grade of butter is expected. Change the water in the tank often enough to prevent its becoming foul. If the water is kept at about 55 degrees, practically all the cream will rise in twenty-four hours. Skim, and when enough is obtained for a churning, raise to a temperature of 60 to 65 degrees to ripen. Hasten the ripening by using sour skim milk as a starter. In winter churn at 65 degrees; in summer 55 to 60 is preferable. As soon as the granules are the size of wheat grains, draw off and wash until all the buttermilk is removed. Work, salt and market as soon as possible. If you are so unfortunate as to get a poor grade of butter it must be consumed at once or it will soon be unfit for use.

First Principles with Bees.

Bees when frightened by smoke will immediately gorge themselves with honey and lose all inclination to sting.

The most vicious colony of hybrids may be controlled by using a little tobacco in the smoke.

The prosperity of a colony depends upon the fertility of the queen. If weak colonies have become populous in one season kill the queen and give them another.

Toads, skunks and mice are great enemies to bees; see that they do not have access to the apiary.

Increasing or dividing should be done as early as possible, but not until stores are coming in abundantly.

Drones are just as essential as any other bee, but too many are a nuisance. This may be controlled by cutting out drone comb and substituting worker comb or foundation.

Drones may be prohibited in objectionable colonies by dividing early in the spring.

"Keep all colonies strong."

Growing Sugar Beets.

We have never been very enthusiastic in regard to the profit of growing sugar beets in those sections where other crops can be grown profitably and sold readily. We know nothing but what we read about the conditions in the Northwestern States or on the Pacific coast, and they may not be able to do better in some places than to grow sugar beets, even as farmers in some places find potatoes a good crop even when they have to sell them at 25 cents a bushel. We see that the Michigan Sugar Beet Growers' Association have adopted a resolution stating that the business has been conducted at a loss; that the price of beets has been too low, and that they could not raise them for less than $5 per ton for beets showing a 12 per cent sugar content. To grow beets showing that analysis they cannot grow many tons to the acre, as large, rank-growing beets are low in the percentage of sugar contents.—American Cultivator.

Starting Grape Vines.

I have had good success in inducing young grape vines to make a vigorous growth the first year by the following method: When set they are cut back to two or three eyes and from these they usually start a number of canes. Some let all of these grow the first season, others remove all but one. I do neither. Any plant to make a good growth needs plenty of leaves. When my vines start into growth in the spring I pinch back all but the cane that I wish to let grow. Those that are pinched back form a nice bunch of leaves which serve to shade the ground and take in from the air for the benefit of the remaining cane. When a sufficient number of leaves have matured, the canes which have been pinched back are removed to save further work in keeping them pinched back. By this method I have had vines of Delaware make as much growth the first season as they usually do in two.—Burrell Stephens.

Growing Corn.

Prepare your ground with a fine pulverized surface. Mark rows 3 feet 6 inches to 3 feet 8 inches apart. Plant either in hills or drill rows. When your corn is large enough to plow, commence by plowing the first row on the side of the field. Skip every other row. When you have gone over the entire field in this way, commence plowing the rows which have been missed. I find that by this method it is much easier to turn without breaking down corn at the ends, especially so after corn is knee high or higher. In dry hot weather this method of plowing keeps down the weeds better, and is less injurious to the roots of the corn. This method retains the moisture much better than plowing the rows as they come. We are able also to kill weeds in the center of rows much more readily because those that have not died as the result of the first plowing may be killed on the second.—S. A. Hofman.

Work Horses Wanted.

The market reports are just now confirming the prediction made last fall that farmers would buy large numbers of horses this spring, says the National Stockman. When farmers in sections that formerly marketed a big surplus of horses have to go to the cities to buy, it is evident that the supply of ordinary work horses is no longer excessive. We may look for a big run of range horses eastward this year. There are still a good many range horses available, but good sized ones are not a very large proportion of the supply. Some well broken branded horses are now selling at fair prices in the market and at country points, but they do not, as a rule, come direct from the range. Range stock will come forward before long, however, as the winter has been mild, and the horses have come through in splendid condition.

Crops that Pay Best.

Small farms can be made to combine many advantages. Some poultrymen grow plums in the poultry yards, and also keep bees. Others grow early vegetables under glass and also grow two or three crops in the open ground. One gardener near Philadelphia makes a large profit on four acres, on which he grows only lima beans. Another makes peas a specialty, following the peas with late cabbage. To attempt to "farm" four acres in the usual way, with wheat, corn, oats, etc., would cause bankruptcy. The crops that pay best are those that require the most hand labor.

Long Rows Save Labor.

An exchange well illustrates the importance of long rows by telling of a Western farmer who had plowed land 100 rods wide and a half-mile long. He made three fields, each 33 rods wide and 160 rods long. When planted in corn he found that his man could cultivate it the long way of the row in three days, while if going the other way there was four days' work. Just one day extra was spent in turning around at the end three times as often.

Increase in Creameries.

The Northwest Agriculturist says: Five years ago there was not a creamery upon the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad; to-day there is not a station upon the road which has not at least one if not several creameries. Last year the road hauled 11,000,000 pounds of butter from Southern Minnesota. That means a good deal of cash for our farmers; it also means forage crops and fertilization for the farms and permanent prosperity.

Good Poultry Food.

One of the best poultry foods for inducing egg production is cow peas. They may be fed whole to adult stock or cracked for chicks. They are highly nitrogenous and are superior to corn or wheat. Another excellent poultry food is rape, which may be grown on all kinds of soil.

NATION IS IN PERIL.

ONLY A SWEEPING DEMOCRATIC VICTORY CAN SAVE IT.

American Republic Approaches a Period of Corruption as Deep and Degraded as That Which Preceded the Downfall of the Roman Empire.

Washington correspondence:

The Cuban frauds grow in size and significance every day. There does not seem to be an honest man in the service. From the beginning the department at Washington declared with absolute positiveness that there was certainly one honest man, and that was Postmaster Thompson of Havana. The Senators from Indiana and every one from Postmaster General Smith up and down declared that Thompson was all right. They argued, as did Abraham, who pleaded for the city of the plain, that if there was one honest man in the Cuban postal service the service should not be entirely condemned.

Alas! Thompson had already fallen by the wayside. Thompson is under arrest and has confessed that he "borrowed" money from the money-order funds, that he instructed his subordinates to juggle with the stamp accounts and that whenever an inspection was to take place he would put in money to cover the defalcation and take it out the next day. Alas! poor Thompson! A great deal of sympathy is expressed for him in administration organs, seemingly because they expected him to be honest, though he has turned out like the rest of them. As for Neely, the head center of the corruption in Cuba, the administration will now consider itself lucky if the extent of his looting does not reach $400,000. Never was there such a close corporation worked for the benefit of the insiders as the Cuban postal service.

As for the administration, while with one breath there is a loud declaration that every criminal shall be punished, with the next breath orders are issued in every direction to administration organs in this country and to the officials in Cuba to minimize the whole affair into the smallest possible compass. Postmaster General Smith's newspaper, the Philadelphia Press, has scarcely mentioned the fact that there has been corruption in Cuba. But there it is, hanging like a millstone of corruption around the corrupt neck of a corrupt administration.

The Michigan Platform.

That the Democracy is advancing in the direction of a better government than that offered by a plutocracy is evident from the platform adopted by the Michigan State Democratic convention. Although the Democracy persists in maintaining the principles upon which our system of government was based, by the maintenance of which it alone can be successfully perpetuated as a government of the people, yet it finds the more we progress in the direction of the solution of the human problem, that the ills to which all flesh is heir can only be cured by a close study of the wants, the demands and the necessities of the whole people, and that those necessities can only be supplied by the people themselves.

Hence municipal ownership and direct legislation, following in the lead of Nebraska, the adoption of which is in strict line with the most advanced ideas of statesmen and economists everywhere in the world. Because the Democratic party insists upon the rigid observance and the practical adaptation of the principles specified in the Declaration of Independence, enacted into the United States constitution as the organic law, and always observed, enforced and impressed upon the people as their only salvation, until the McKinley administration cast it all overboard, the Democratic party has been charged with senility, old fogyism, effeteness, and has been plainly told that the government has outgrown the principles which it has always borne close to its heart, and is therefore incompetent to handle the affairs of the government as they have progressed. In the light, however, of the recent declarations and enunciations of its statesmen and leaders, no man can say that this charge is true. The Democratic party does not carry its bag of grain to mill with the wheat in one end and a big rock to balance it in the other. It, in common with all American citizens except the Republican party, has outgrown this old fogyism. The main point after all is, how are we going to stop the increasing corruption, extravagance and wandering away from the principles of government which have made the nation great? How are the people to be drawn out from under the crushing weight of monopolists, trusts and plutocracy which cannot live unless they are based upon the imperialism adopted as the policy of the Republican party? Would the government expend in three years over one thousand millions in cash, a sum greater than the total of the much-vaunted balance of trade in our favor for the same period if the people themselves possessed any influence with the law-making power? Could Mark Hanna, as the agent of criminal combines, stand behind the Presidential chair and dictate laws, expenditures and policies for the benefit of his own special class if the people stood between him and that Presidential chair? How could the people of the country be annually drained of a sum of money in excess of the entire circulating medium, gold, silver and paper money, if they owned, controlled or regulated the means by which this money is diverted from their own pockets for the special class already alluded to?

The great Democratic party is drawing closer and closer to the people, as is evidenced by the Michigan, Nebraska and other platforms, and in the daily enunciations from the Democratic press.

Corruption in the Philippines.

What is true of Cuba is trebly true in the Philippines. There the censorship, which Gen. Otis declared abolished last September, is more active and oppressive than ever. Private letters from the Philippines make the most horrible charges in regard to the condition of affairs. It is declared that the war has degenerated into a massacre, in which hundreds of Filipinos are being shot down weekly, whether armed or unarmed. The Filipino soldiers are now called bandits and robbers in order to find a convenient justification for the abandonment by the American army of the rules and decencies of civilized warfare. Not only have over four hundred volunteer officers tendered their resignations, but hundreds of American soldiers are in prison for absolutely refusing to obey orders to shoot unoffending Filipinos.

The insurrection is blazing from one end of the archipelago to the other. In and around the American outposts large bands of insurgents are constantly hovering, attacking whenever the slightest advantage is to be gained. The Filipinos are not well equipped with arms. The native sword or bola is their principal weapon, but a hundred men a week are added to the death list by this terrible weapon. The hospitals are overcrowded. Over six thousand men are on the sick list, and the rainy season is not yet four weeks old. Neither the correspondents at Manila nor the local newspapers there are permitted to lay the facts before the public. Yet in this horrible tragedy corruption is rampant. The lives and even the deaths of American soldiers and Filipinos alike are compelled to pay tribute to the ghouls who thrive amid death and pestilence.

It is hard to conceive that the American republic is rapidly approaching a period of corruption as deep and degrading as that which preceded the downfall of the Roman Empire. But it is unfortunately true. Every phase of the Roman corruption is finding repetition in the affairs of the United States. Unbridled corruption and cruelty in the government of the Roman colonies is repeated to-day in Cuba and the Philippines. The rottenness of Rome was no greater than the rottenness prevailing in Washington. Rome went through the farce of popular elections long after the will of the people had been subverted by the compact and powerful oligarchy at Rome. Here in Washington the influence of less than a hundred men outweighs the sentiment of ten million voters. Worse yet, there are strong signs that every important piece of legislation taking money from the public treasury, from the ship subsidy bill and the appropriation bills for building war vessels for the navy to the Pacific cable subsidy bill, is made to pay a tacit tribute to Mark Hanna's Republican campaign fund. This is a fearful charge, yet the signs are only too evident that the favored interests are the ones which furnish the Republican corruption fund, and that they furnish it because they are favored. Only a sweeping Democratic victory next November—overwhelmingly sweeping at that—can save the country from its peril.

A Bright Ray of Hope.

It is declared by Mr. Bryan that the Senate of the United States is not definitely lost to the people, and that if he should be elected in November with the almost certain Democratic gains, the free silver force in the Senate would certainly be considerable and in the end decisive. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat, a rabid gold standard organ, concedes this much, and that Mr. Bryan's election will be a serious breach in the gold standard intrenchments and would give prestige to further efforts to break them down completely. The majority against silver in the existing Senate is not over seven. Of the thirty Senators whose terms expire March next, seventeen are Republicans, including one each from Kansas, Montana, West Virginia, Oregon, Idaho, Nebraska, Wyoming and Colorado. Two gold Democrats go out at the same time. The Democrats are likely to fill two of the three vacancies, those in Delaware and Utah, and Bryan's election will bring in a Democratic Vice President, who would vote in case of a tie. Thus far the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Still further extending the idea, the people of the Western States have reached the conclusion that they are misrepresented in the Senate. Colorado, Wyoming, Kansas, Montana, Idaho and Nebraska are represented by six Senators, who were elected on the pretense of being bimetallists, and who voted for the single gold standard, the placing of paper money in the hands of the banks and the creation of a bank trust controlling all the business of the country. There is no question that the people of each and every one of these six States are absolutely opposed to the things for which their six Senators voted, and the evidence is accumulating that they are taking exceedingly great care not to permit any of the six to further misrepresent them after next March. The change of these six States alone will cut the gold majority in the Senate in two, without taking into account gains that may be made in other parts of the country. Kentucky has already elected a silver man to succeed Lindsay. In Louisiana Caffrey has been defeated overwhelmingly in the primaries by a silver man. The review of the whole situation will therefore appear to be one of great hope to the Democracy and to the cause of the people, and that the election of Mr. Bryan will not be, as has been so often alleged, a useless expenditure of votes and the placing of a helpless incumbent in the Presidential chair. Success, however, can only be attained by constant efforts to abide by unity of purpose. There never has been a time in the history of the country when the lines have been so clearly defined between the cause of the people and that of a special class.

General Otis on the Filipinos.

An interview given out by Gen. Otis just before his departure from Manila contains some passages of special interest.

"It is astonishing," says the General, "how eager these people are for schools. They are clamoring for them everywhere. We bought $40,000 worth of books and have exhausted the supply of Spanish-English primers. I told some prominent Filipinos that they must wait for a new supply, but they said no, and suggested that we give English instead of Spanish books, declaring that the children would learn very quickly."

This is encouraging, but even more significant is the following: "At present there is little understanding of a real republican government, but the people are eager to learn, and they readily assimilate American ideas and become Americanized. When once they recognize the beneficence of our institutions, these people will quickly adopt them, adapting themselves to the changed conditions."

If all this is true the war policy of the administration stands condemned by its chief instrument. Conciliation and recognition of American principles are required, not brutal aggression. Tact might have prevented the war. It may yet bring peace. At any rate, we have here a confession that the Filipinos exhibit marked liking and aptitude for American ideas and principles. Why not apply them?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Boss Hanna.

Boss Hanna was forced to put his ship subsidy bill in his pocket, a bill which contemplated a steal from the people of $9,000,000 a year, but he was mad, and he swore a great oath that "the bill must and shall pass next session." This belligerent boss would have forced the bill down the throats of the Senators this session had not a Presidential campaign been impending. Fearing defeat of McKinley at the polls if the iniquitous measure were forced through Hanna has withdrawn it for the present, but hoping that McKinley will be elected he cannot refrain from boasting that he will crack his whip over the Senators next session.

Hanna means what he says. Senators are afraid of him, and as they are not elected by the people they will do what the boss says, irrespective of the wishes of the masses. The only way to defeat Hanna's robber schemes is to retire McKinley to private life. This is in a fair way of accomplishment, and if the voters do their duty next November both McKinley and Hanna will find their occupation gone.—Chicago Democrat.

Where Success Lies.

The administration and its masters and serfs have created the Presidential issue of "the trusts against the constitution," which is to dominate the campaign of 1900. They do not dare to meet it squarely in their platforms, and they will not be able to anywhere else. Indeed, if a united Democracy under competent leadership could be certainly assumed, the situation in which the Hanna administration and machine have placed themselves would destroy the last hope of Republican success in November.—Washington Times.

MARK HANNA—"I AM AFRAID THAT TESTIMONIAL WILL BE A BOOMERANG."

—Chicago Record.

FROM HERBERT SPENCER.

Right conduct is usually come short of more from defect of will than defect of knowledge.

Precepts often heard and little regarded lose by repetition the small influence they had.

There are lies told by actions as well as lies told by words, and ethics give no more countenance to the one than the other.

It is the duty of every one who regards a doctrine as true and important, to do what he can towards diffusing it, leaving the result to be what it may.

There is no immediate connection between blood-thirstiness and the telling of lies. Nor because a man is kind-hearted does it follow that he is truthful.

Most people dread far more the social frown which follows the doing of something conventionally wrong, than they do the qualms of conscience, which follow the doing of something intrinsically wrong.

Complete truthfulness is one of the rarest of virtues. Even those who regard themselves as absolutely truthful are daily guilty of over-statements and under-statements. Exaggeration is almost universal.

Let every one insist on reality and sincerity and refrain as much as he can from complimentary usages which involve untruths. If each resolves to tell as few tactic lies as possible, social intercourse will be much healthier.

PATENTS AND INVENTIONS.

Any new or useful art, machine, manufacture or method may be patented.

Improvements upon a patent in France may at any time be made by the inventor upon the payment of a small fee.

The fee to be paid for certified copies of patents and other papers in manuscript or typewritten is 10 cents per 100 words.

Rigid examination is made into every claim, and no patent will be issued which seems to infringe upon the rights of a previous patentee.

Applications must be accompanied by the oath of the applicant that he believes himself to be the original inventor of the right, device, article or method for which a patent is asked.

JOLLY JOKER

Why do they say "boys will be boys?" They know well enough boys will be men."

One swallow may not make a summer, but one bull frog makes a spring and one banana skin a fall.

Never ask a crust of a crusty man. Ask him for meat, for he'll give you a cold shoulder with pleasure.

He—What if I should catch myself proposing to you? She—I should consider you a pretty good catch.

Mrs. Hix—I'm glad to hear that your husband is working again. Mrs. Dix—But he isn't working; he has a political job.

Couldn't Stick Willie: Teacher—Willie, what's the masculine of "laundress?" Willie Wiseguy—Chinaman!—Brooklyn Life.

The following epitaph may be seen in an Ulster churchyard: "Erected to the memory of John Phillips accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

She—A married couple should pull together like a team of horses. He—Yes, and they probably would if like a team of horses they had but one tongue between them.

Evidently Holding Hands.—"Is that young man in the parlor with Maude still?" asked her father, suddenly looking up from his paper. "Very still," replied her mother.

Photographer—How shall I finish your photographs, madam? Madam—Well, retouch half of them to look ten years younger than I am. I want those to send out of town.—Chicago Record.

At the Dinner Table: "Georgie, don't stare at Mr. Crumley that way; it isn't polite." "I was just waitin' to see him pick up his glass of water, ma; I heard pa tell you that he drinks like a fish."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A lady residing in North Columbus, meeting a girl the other day who had lately been in her service, inquired: "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please, ma'am, I don't live nowhere," rejoined the girl, "I'm married."

"I've bought a bulldog," said Parsniff to his friend Lessup, "and I want a motto to put over his kennel; can you think of something?" "Why not use a dentist's notice—'Teeth inserted here?'" suggested Lessup.—Tit-Bits.

"See here," howled the manager, "does it take you four hours to carry a message three squares and return?" "W'y," said the new office boy, "you told me to see how long it would take me to go there and back, and I done it."

Teacher (infant natural history class)—You will remember that, will you, Tommy—that wasps lie in a torpid state all winter? Tommy (with an air of retrospection)—Yes'm, an' I'll try an' remember that they make up for it in summer.

Mother—I notice, Ostend, that you did not eat any pie at dinner. Ostend—I asked for a piece, ma. Mother—But I did not hear you. You should have asked a second time. Ostend—But, ma, you told me never to ask for pie the second time.

Following Instructions: "Young Sammie Spender is carrying out his governor's wishes faithfully, isn't he?" "How's that?" "Why, the old gentleman left instructions in his will that after his death his dust was to be scattered to the winds."—Life.

Mrs. Jackson—Speakin' ob your husban', Mrs. Wimple, did he evah confess to you dat he done propose to me before he married you? Mrs. Wimple—'Deed he didn't tell me! He was so ashamed ob some ob de fings he did dat I nevah insisted upon a confession.

"How about the loan of one hundred marks that you were to have returned to me six weeks ago?" "I wanted to return it then, sir, but you had just met with a bereavement. How could I break in on your deep grief with so cheerful an announcement?"

Mamma—What is Willie crying about? Bridget—Shure, ma'am, he wanted to go across the street to Tommy Green's. Mamma—Well, why didn't you let him go? Bridget—They were having charades, he said, ma'am, and I wasn't sure as he'd had 'em yet.—Exchange.

Stage Manager—By Jove, there's a nice thing happening on the stage! Proprietor—Eh? What's up? Stage Manager—The hero and villain are doing their duel act, and the latter won't die until you signal him that he'll get his arrears of salary at the end of the piece.—Tit-Bits.

"Your American soldiers," said the disgusted Filipino envoy, "are dead to the rules of civilized warfare." "What have they done now?" inquired the dignified president of the commission. "Perhaps you won't believe it," said the envoy, with great bitterness, "but they actually ambushed one of our ambushes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"You seem to have quite a sum in your bank, Bobby," remarked the visitor. "Yes," said Bobby; "ma gives me sixpence a week for coming to the table with clean hands and face." "Sixpence is a good deal of money for a little boy to earn every week." "Yes, ma'am, but I have to do a large amount of work for it."

A Yorkshire vicar recently received the following note from one of his parishioners: "This is to give you notice that I and Miss Jemima Arabella Brearley are coming to your church on Saturday afternoon next to undergo the operation of matrimony at your hands. Please to be prompt, as the cab is hired by the hour. Forewarned is forearmed."

Cedar Forests Are Diminishing.

The cedar forests remaining in the northeastern part of the continent are in Aroostook County, Maine, the northern counties of New Brunswick, and the counties of Temiscouata, Rimouski, Bonaventure and Gaspe, in Quebec. Here cedar grows large and there are more trees to the acre than farther south. It is found on the high land as well as in the swamps. In Nova Scotia cedar does not grow. In Southern New Brunswick there is not enough left to supply ties for the local railroads.

Chinese Widows Seldom Marry.

In China it is the rule of good society that widows do not remarry. They are not forbidden to do so, but they are thought more highly of if they don't. In order to encourage them the government, when they have passed the age of 50 and have not remarried, confers on them a tablet containing a eulogy of their virtues, which they can stick up over their front door if they like.

The surprise at an amateur concert is the number of good places for stopping which are disregarded by the performers, who keep right on.