ON A ROMAN COIN.

Here is an old denarius from Rome—
Some Caesar's head half buried in green rust—
That in this polished case hath found a home.
Secure from any tarnish more, or dust.

I call it "rust," this green and purple stain
Upon the ancient silver coin—but, nay!
'Tis but the copper driven out, as pain
And sorrow purge from us the dross away.

Pure, ah! how pure this precious disk, refined
By ages' testing!—purer than the hour
When first in the great Emperor's mint it shined,
The glistening type of all his pomp and power.

So we, all scarred and stained by life's long test,
Are we not purer than the soul untried,
Whose coarse alloy doth still abuse its best—
A coin that shines, but is unpurified?
—James Buckham, in Philadelphia Times.

PERFECT LOVEMAKING

DEAR MISS RAYMOND — The Magpie Dramatic Club, of which, as I think you know, I am a member, has been placed in a very awkward position by the sudden marriage of its leading lady. Will you help us out of our difficulty by taking her place in the approaching performance of "A Golden Heart?" The part of Sybil would suit you splendidly. Perhaps you will let me come and talk the matter over with you to-morrow evening. If I do not hear from you by the morning I shall conclude I have your permission. Believe me, yours truly, ROBERT MORE.

Marjorie aRymond looked at the letter with an expression half of pleasure, half of alarm on her pretty face.

"What shall I do, dad?" she asked, appealing to her father across the breakfast table.

"Whatever you like, of course, Madge. You always do, you know."

"I'm not sure what I want to do," said Marjorie, ignoring the latter part of the sentence. "The worst of it is, I've got to make up my mind at once, because—let me see, what is it he says? Oh, here: 'If I do not hear from you by the morning——' the morning! Why, that's to-day—now—this very minute!"

"H'm! Let me look at the envelope. Why, that letter was only posted at midnight, so you couldn't possibly have got it before this morning."

"Consequently, I couldn't possibly let him know in time if I didn't want him to call this evening. He might have thought of that. How stupid of him!"

"On the contrary, Madge, it was rather clever of him," retorted Mr. Raymond, regarding her humorously.

Miss Raymond attempted a frown, but only achieved a smile.

"But I don't know that I care about stepping into Miss Montgomery's shoes," she said. "She was quite a star, you see, and all the male Magpies are such shining lights; I shall feel like a farthing dip in comparison."

"Why not talk it over with More tonight?" suggested her father. "Anyhow, you needn't make up your mind till then, you know, Madge. The pressing question of the moment is, what are you going to have for breakfast?"

* * * * * * *

"It's awfully good of you to come to the rescue, Miss Raymond," were More's first words to Madge that evening.

"But I hven't said 'Yes' at all yet," she protested, "and I'm not sure that I am going to, either."

"Then you're far more stony-hearted than I took you to be. Just think of my position! Why, I've as good as promised the Magpies to get you for Sybil."

"You know very well you'd no business to do so. Why, you've never even seen me act."

"Now, remember what an infallible physiognomist I am. You've got an acting face; that's quite sufficient assurance for me."

"What nonsense! I'm only a feeble amateur—that's what Tom calls me—and Sybil is quite beyond me, I'm sure."

"At least, why not have a shot at it? It's a capital part, and you ought to play it well. Just think of that exquisite scene in the third act between Jack and Sybil. Doesn't the thought of that tempt you?"

"On the contrary, it appals me. I hate those sentimental bits. They don't appeal to me in the least. I'm such a frightfully prosaic creature myself, you know."

"So much the beter; then you needn't be afraid of letting the part run away with you. Come, you're not going to be so cruel as to disappoint us?"

"Well, if you put in that way—I don't want to be disagreeable. But, I warn you, I shall never be able to do that love scene properly."

"You will, with practice. We can have lots of private rehearsals, if you like. My evenings are quite at your disposal."

"Why, you don't mean to say you're cast for Jack? Oh, how funny!" And Miss Raymond burst into a peal of laughter.

More looked a trifle hurt.

"I don't consider the situation so very humorous," he said. "However, I'm glad if it amuses you."

"Oh, I really beg your pardon!" cried the girl. "I know I'm frightfully rude; but if there is one person in the world more prosaic and matter-of-fact than myself, I believe it's you, Mr. More. And the idea of us two impersonating a love-sick couple! It's really too absurd!" And the speaker gave vent to fresh peals of merriment.

"Yes, of course, I see it now. Ha, ha! It's awfully funny!" retorted More, and joined in the laugh with a gusto that did him infinite credit. But then, of course, More was a prominent member of the Magpie Amateur Dramatic Club.

* * * * * * *

"And you honestly think I shall do?" asked Madge, on the day following the first full rehearsal of "A Golden Heart."

"You'll do first-rate," More responded, heartily. "Hartley is delighted with you, I know. Of course, it's against his traditions as stage manager to wax very enthusiastic over anything."

"But that terrible third act scene! I shall never rise to the occasion there!"

"The great thing is to remember that you've got to persuade a skeptical audience that you're in love with me."

"It's very difficult."

"I dare say."

"But you've got to persuade them, too, that you're in love with me, and you do it much better than I. However do you manage it?"

"I—I really don't know."

For a man who prided himself on his self-possession, More looked a trifle awkward.

"I suppose those things come more naturally to some people than to others," Madge remarked, innocently.

"Well, suppose we have another go at that scene now," said More.

"Very well. Do you remember our positions?"

"Yes. You're sitting on the garden seat—there, that settee will do—and I'm standing just behind you. Now, are you ready? Jack says: 'I love you, Sybil!' "

"Oh, do you think we need go through all that again? You do it so well and there's nothing for me to do except to cast down my eyes, so I can't very well go wrong."

"Just as you like. We'll go to the end of Jack's little speech, then: 'Say you hate me, Sibyl, and put me out of misery.' "

" 'Is it such misery? Let me see—does the embrace come there?'"

"Not yet. Jack replies: 'To know that I have made you wretched and myself ridiculous!' And then Sibyl says: 'To know that you have made me very proud and very happy.' That's where you rise and come up to me, taking both my hands. Jack says: 'My darling!' And then we do the embrace. Go on."

"Wait a minute. I can never get that embrace properly," interrupted Madge. "Now tell me exactly, after I've taken hold of your hands, what ought I to do?"

"Simply put your head on my shoulder."

"Which shoulder?"

"The left—the one nearest to you. That's always a safe rule. Now, then, shall we try that again?"

"All right."

And Madge went through the ceremony of embracing her companion in a business-like fashion.

"There," she said, "that was better, wasn't it?"

"Beautiful," replied More, gravely. "But, forgive my saying so, couldn't you manage to put a little more feeling into those words: 'To know that you have made me very proud and very happy?' You see, the audience doesn't know that Sibyl loves Jack, and you have to make it as plain as possible to them."

"Oh, dear, it's so hard!" sighed the girl. "I feel I don't say those words properly. Tell me frankly, what's wrong with me, do you think?"

"Frankly then, you are too self-restrained. You won't let yourself be carried away with your part."

"Why, you said the other day that it was a good thing not to be carried away with one's part!"

"Oh, you're not going to remember what I said more than a week ago, surely! Besides, I merely used that argument to induce you to accept the part. The end justifies the means."

"I'm annoyed with you, all the same. You might have saved me a week's misery. I've been so afraid of letting the part run away with me that I simply wouldn't let myself go. I didn't want to be inartistic."

"Please forgive me," said More, humbly. "I'm horribly penitent. I had no idea——"

"But now I'm simply dying to try that scene again!" interrupted Madge, excitedly. "Come, let's begin at the very beginning, so that we can get worked up to the climax!"

* * * * * * *

"Bravo, More! Bravo, Madge! I had no idea you could act like that." And Tom Raymond regarded his friend and sister with an air of profound admiration.

"I—I didn't know anybody was listening," said Madge, looking a trifle flushed.

"Oh, I only came in a minute ago."

"I'm glad you liked it," remarked More.

"Liked it!" cried Tom. "My dear boy, it was superb."

"Awfully good of you to say so," said More, with elaborate politeness.

"Not at all. I assure you, I mean every word," retorted Tom, calmly. "Why, if I hadn't known you were acting, that stage kiss of yours would have deceived me completely!"

"By the way, More," added Tom, turning suddenly upon his friend, "the girl's name is Sibyl, isn't it?"

"Yes, of course."

"H'm. You got a bit mixed at times, that's all. So did Madge. Well, so long! I dare say that scene wants all the rehearsing you can give it?" With which parting shot Master Tom took a hurried leave.

Then Madge said, "How absurd of Tom!"

"It wasn't so very absurd!" More retorted. "Why, I noticed it, too."

"Noticed what?"

"That you said 'Robert' once or twice instead of 'Jack.' "

"You know very well you made the same mistake," she added hotly. "You called the girl 'Madge' every time!"

"It wasn't a mistake on my part," said Robert. "I meant it." It was a full minute before he dared to look at his companion. When he did so he discovered that she was laughing softly.

"I'm glad you meant it, Robert," she said, "because I meant it, too."—Woman's Life.

The amateur photographer who wishes to make a name and reputation that will be worth something to him must make a specialty of some one line and stick to it. Think the thing over and study the particular subjects that best suit your temperament and the surroundings, and in which success can best be won. George Horace Lorimer, editor of the Saturday Evening Post, says the condition of affairs is such now that the man who makes a study of and best understands some one subject, even if it be no more than huckleberry puddings, will make a better success than the one with a general knowledge of a variety of things. Go slow and sure. Put away some of the pictures you think all right and in a week or two look at them again. Defects will appear, not apparent at first, and points where an improvement could have been made will suggest themselves. Get some friend who is capable of doing so to criticise your work honestly. This does not mean to tell how good it is, and what a great photographer you are, but to say wherein he thinks it could be made still better. Discussion along this road is worth a great deal.

If you are troubled with your negatives frilling, give up using your alum bath which at best is rather troublesome, and try rubbing a little vaseline on the outer edges of the plate, and your troubles will cease. Do not put too much on, however, or it will become mixed up with the developer.

If one's hands become stained with developer, pour a few drops of muriatic acid in a minim measure, and fill up with water. Dip your fingers in this and then wash them with hot water and soap, and the stains will disappear. The juice of a ripe tomato well rubbed in to the hands will also remove the stains.

Do not use old hypo. New is cheap enough and when a fixing bath is used too long, it becomes highly charged with a deposit of nitrate of silver, and is very apt to stain the film.

Indian Brave's Dramatic Fate.

One of the most tragic episodes in the life of "The First White Baby Born in the Northwest," after she had grown to girlhood, is told by W. S. Harwood, in the Ladies Home Journal. Her father was an army officer and the little frontier post where he was stationed had been established to prevent bloodshed between the Chippewas and the Sioux, and to see justice done between them. A quintette of Sioux braves had brutally killed some of the Chippewas without cause. The commandant of the post investigated the affair, demanded the guilty Sioux, and, as there was no question regarding the crime, turned them over to the Chippewas. One of the Sioux, a stalwart young fellow, was an especial favorite of the little girl. He was a master hand at fashioning curious toys, and many were the treasures which he had given to the little paleface whom he loved. So it was with a heavy heart that she heard the decision of the Chippewa council—the gantlet. Far across the flower decked parade ground stood the line of Sioux waiting for their comrades. Opposite them were the Chippewas with their best riflemen in readiness. If the prisoners succeeded in reaching their friends they were entitled to liberty. One by one the Indians sprang forth, and one by one they were left quivering amidst the summer flowers. "Little Six," the friend of the girl who stood watching the strange scene from the doorway of her father's quarters, was the last of the five, and the swiftest runner of them all. There was an intense hope in her heart that he might be spared, but though he withstood one volley she was doomed to see her favorite spring into the air, just as he reached the goal, and fall dead at the feet of his friends.

A policeman, like a rainbow, is a token of peace, and both have a habit of appearing after the storm is over.

HISTORIC BATES HOUSE, OF INDIANAPOLIS, A MEMORY.

The historic old Bates House, Indianapolis, will be removed to make way for a modern hotel. The old Bates will be wiped out wholly, even to its name. For fifty years the Bates was the most noted hotel in Indiana, and for a long time it has been one of the most famous hotels in the country. The house was built in 1852 by Harvey Bates, Sr., in whose honor it was named. Its first cost was $60,000, a goodly sum for an investment of this kind in a small Western town. A few years later improvements and additions to the cost of $75,000 were made. Under its various ownerships the hotel entertained many eminent men. Lincoln stopped there before the Civil War, President Johnson spoke from its balcony, Stephen A. Douglas was a guest within its walls, and all the noted Indiana statesmen honored the hotel with their presence at one time or another. Another national event in which the Bates figured was the funeral of the late Vice President Hendricks, whose home was in this city, and to whose obsequies eminent men came from all parts of the country. Other famous people whose faces gladdened its corridors are Calve, Patti, Irving, Edwin Booth, John McCullough and other artists and actors of distinction.

THE HAWKEYE STATE

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONCISELY CONDENSED.

Burglar Ad is Arson to Other Crime—Lamp Explosion Destroys a Farm House—A Drunken Fracas Fatal to Henry Walker—Girl Takes Poison.

A daring case of burglary and apparently attempted incendiarism occurred at the large retail store of the Chas. Craft Company, one of the largest in Fort Dodge. The thief apparently made his entrance into the store by means of a skeleton key, and $4 was stolen from the cash drawer of the meat department. The thief then set fire to a barrel of waste paper, which was in the rear of the store, and took his departure through the front door, which he left standing open. The light from the flames soon attracted attention, and the fire was extinguished before any amount of damage was done.

Dougherty in Ashes.

The business portion of Dougherty was burned the other night. Fire originated from spontaneous combustion in the wareroom of Swallow's drug store. The city has only limited fire protection, and when the fire spread to the hardware store and into the stock of powder, benzine and gasoline, embers were thrown all over the town and nothing could be done to prevent the fire's spread. The fire started at 10:30 o'clock and by 2 o'clock in the morning the town was in ashes. The total loss reaches $44,000, with $28,500 insurance. The following are the losers: Shauli's restaurant, $1,500; L. E. Bucklin, barber, $600; Arnold & Son, general merchandise; $4,500; Joseph Kreibs, $2,000; P. Moran & Co., hardware and furniture, $10,000; George Swallow, druggist, $3,500; Ryan & Co., druggists, $2,500; Feyersein & Gahort, general merchandise, $3,500; Mullen & Son, general merchandise, $3,000; J. V. Kelley, hardware, $3,000; Charles Clare, hotel, $3,000; E. M. Wilson, World printing office, $1,000; E. W. Holbrook, building, $2,000; Arcade Hotel building, $3,500; Dr. Bowes, physician, $100; Mill.r & Magee, dressmakers, $50; First National Bank, damage $200.

Keokuk Girl Swallows Poison.

What seems to have been a case of attempted suicide occurred at Keokuk, a young woman swallowing a large quantity of some compound, the nature of which is not definitely known. Ora Bennington, a young woman who lives with her sister, while in company with two or three persons in the house, suddenly seized a bottle and drank the contents. She soon fell into a comatose condition, from which she could not be aroused. A woman who was watching by the side of the sick woman said she had quarreled with her sweetheart and that this led to her attempt upon her own life.

Shot in Drunken Fracas.

A serious shooting affray has occurred at Fraser, which may result in the death of Henry Walker, white. A number of people were in a shed or building and evidently drinking when Walker and a man by the name of J. Gibson, colored, became involved in a discussion. Walker took an empty beer glass and struck Gibson a blow over the left temple, making an ugly gash. Gibson walked to the door of the building and stepped outside. Here he turned about and pulled a revolver and shot Walker in the stomach, the bullet lodging near the right hip.

Busse Persuaded to Confess.

Through the bars of the Butler County jail Louis Busse confessed to his pastor, Rev. Welter of Vilmar, the terrible crime of the killing of his wife on the 18th day of June. Through the persuasion of the pastor, Lou confessed to County Clerk Palmer and Sheriff Cline the afternoon of the same day and the confession was kept quiet as possible by these three gentlemen until a recent Sunday, when the matter was made public from the pulpit of the German church at Vilmar.

Williamsburg Changes Water System.

Williamsburg city officials have closed a contract which calls for a complete change in the water system from gravity to compressed air to sustain pressure. It is a step that is taken after over a year of investigation of the subject. The contract is made with J. L. White of Perry, Ill., and calls for the removal of the present tank and the installation in its place of two huge tubular tanks with air compressor, engines and everything complete, together with a brick building to enclose it all.

Barely Saved Family.

The residence on the A. H. Brett farm, one and one-half miles south of Mason City, was totally destroyed by fire, and Beecher Clapper, the occupant of the farm, had barely time to save his family from death in the burning house, so quick was the work of the flames. It was at 10:30 o'clock when the fire broke out. Mr. Clapper had taken up a lamp and passed to another room. The rest of the family had retired. As he set the lamp down it exploded and the burning oil spread rapidly in every direction.

All Over the State.

The Home Savings and Trust Co. of Des Moines will go into voluntary liquidation on Sept. 24, according to the action of the stockholders.

Hiram Hekla, a farmer whose home is two and one-half miles north of Eddyville, is dead, and his 10-year-old son in a serious condition as the result of having been struck by a Rock Island passenger train. The train was a few minutes late when it left Beacon and was racing across the prairie at the rate of about forty miles an hour, when the engine struck the wagon in which Heki and his son were riding home.

Stella Dearborn of Floris, 15 years of age, committed suicide by swallowing a dose of strychnine. Absolutely no cause is known for the deed.

James Glass, a miner in the employ of the American Coal Company at Evans, met instant death in his room at Mine No. 5. He was crushed beneath a great block of slate.

Andrew Peterson, a man of about 45, was accidentally killed at Waterloo by falling on the cement sidewalk. He struck the back of his head and died almost instantly. He had been in the employ of the Union Mill Company.

John F. Morrell, an electric lineman, who was nearly electrocuted July 20 while working for the Burlington Electric Light Company, has sued the company for $10,000 damages, charging the company with criminal carelessness. The young man was frightfully burned.

Reuben Jarrett, at one time worth $100,000, died at the county poorhouse at Dubuque, aged 90 years. He came West in 1836 and made his money by mining. Jarrett, after he had made his pile, went to St. Louis, where he spent money lavishly. Among other things he bought a steamboat and ran it up and down the river for pleasure. His fortune was soon spent.

Solomon Anderson of Burlington nearly cut his head off with a razor in a successful endeavor to end his life. It is thought he was mentally deranged.

A most distressing accident occurred at Grinnell which has cast a shadow of sorrow over the home of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Newman. Their youngest son George, 2 years old, got hold of a bottle of turpentine and poured a small quantity into a little cup which he was carrying. This he drank, and although he was instantly discovered by his mother, it was too late. Medical aid was hurriedly summoned, but within a few moments after its arrival the little fellow was dead.

The hotel and lumber yard at Terrill were destroyed by fire. The loss is not known at present.

J. H. Cave has been exonerated by the coroner's jury at Correctionville for the killing of Joseph Sullivan, an employe of Pawnee Bill's Wild West show.

Laura Lewes of Des Moines was fatally shot. She is alleged to have quarreled with a roomer. Dottie Duffy, occupying the same house, disappeared after the shooting.

A. J. Pieper, the young city editor of the Gem City, went bathing at a place on the sandbar opposite Fort Madison, and in taking a final plunge before dressing, got beyond his depth and was drowned before he could be rescued.

The State board of control has determined, in view of the unusually high price of potatoes, to feed the inmates of the institution on beans, corn and hominy to a considerable extent this year, providing potatoes once a day.

The family of Wesley B. Holub were horrified at finding his body lying just before the house. Investigation proved that death was the result of his own act, he having shot himself, the weapon lying beside him. Mr. Holub lived one mile east of Prairieburg.

Unknown robbers entered the clothing store of S. L. Graham, known as "The Hub," at Ottumwa, and stole clothing valued at $300, and perhaps when the full loss is found it will reach $500. Besides this the money drawer was robbed of $3 in small change.

Thomas Hall, an alleged joint keeper at Cleveland, was shot and probably fatally injured. It is alleged that James Sage, keeper of the company boarding house, is responsible for the wounded man's condition. Sage claims that he did the shooting in self-defense.

During a severe rain and thunder storm at Cleghorn a bolt of lightning struck the E. Stevens elevator office, in which eight young men had taken refuge from the storm. Wm. E. Springer, who was standing at a window, received the full force of the bolt and was instantly killed. A tramp tailor, who gave his name as Barger, was badly stunned.

Fred Daily was found lying unconscious by the roadside a mile east of Homer. His pockets were turned wrong side out, his empty pocketbook lay near by, and his horse, hitched to his buggy was grazing about. When revived Daily said he was returning home from Webster City alone and about 10:30 at night as he was nearing home was attacked by two strangers. He was struck on the head and knew no more till revived by the doctor. He had had about $30 in his pocketbook.

Reuben Jarrett, at one time one of the richest men of early days in Dubuque, died at the poor house, aged 90 years. He was one of the pioneers, coming here in 1836. He went into mining and after many years struck a lead which yielded him $100,000. He went from Dubuque to St. Louis, where he spent money lavishly. He bought a steamboat in St. Louis and ran it for pleasure up and down the river. His fortune was soon spent and for years he had been an inmate of the poorhouse.

Shortly after 1 o'clock the other afternoon an unknown man, presumably a laborer on the Milwaukee, was instantly killed and terribly mangled by a Northwestern freight train, about a mile west of Fairfax. It is stated that the unfortunate man was walking towards Fairfax, probably for the purpose of having a little check cashed, and that the engineer whistled repeatedly. The stranger must have been very deaf, as the boss of a section gang was an eye-witness and states that the stranger made no effort to get off the track.

The first station south of Iowa Falls on the new Des Moines, Iowa Falls and Northern Railroad will be Buckeye and within a few weeks a town will be springing up in the grain fields nine miles southwest of Iowa Falls. This name for the new station has been approved by the railroad company, by the postal authorities at Washington and by the town site company which will plat the new town at once. Several lines of business will be put in as soon as the track layers reach the new town, among others being grain, lumber and general merchandise, while a creamery will be started as soon as the town is platted.

After one of the most bitter fights ever seen in an Iowa convention hall, the Prohibition party in convention in Des Moines virtually absorbed the Anti-Saloon League. The convention was that of the Anti-Saloon League, composed of men of all parties who are opposed to the saloon. In the past it has been antagonistic to political interference, and it has opposed the Prohibition party as the means of restoring the power of the saloon. The Prohibitionists succeeded in securing credentials as delegates and went to the convention in large numbers. Led by their State chairman, J. H. Campbell, formerly of Sioux City, now of Des Moines, they proceeded to take matters into their own hands, and came out practically victorious. At the end of the convention unity prevailed.

Labor Commissioner C. F. Wennerstrum has compiled for his forthcoming report a statistical reference to the amount of money expended in different States for labor bureaus. This shows that Iowa is at the bottom of the list. The showing is regarded by him as worthy of a place in his biennial report so that the incoming Legislature may take some action to increase the scope of the Iowa department, which now has very little authority or latitude. Mr. Wennerstrum finds that Connecticut pays out the highest amount per capita in the work of labor investigation, protection, etc. It pays out annually $33.11 for each 1,000 people in the State. Montana comes next with $26.75 per 1,000; New York is next with $17.14, while Wisconsin expends $15.46. As against these figures Mr. Wennerstrum cites Iowa, which expends annually $1.68 for this sort of investigation per 1,000 of her people.

Ira Godfrey of Bussey placed a bottle of carbolic acid in his hip pocket. He fell, breaking the bottle and burning the flesh to the bone on his spine and hip, producing death in a few hours. He was 55 years old.

George Davenport of What Cheer, a car repairer, was badly injured while riding on the tender of an engine. The engine crashed into a string of cars. When picked out of the wreck Davenport was found to be severely injured, one leg being so badly crushed that amputation was necessary. It is thought that he cannot recover.

Two cases of smallpox have broken out in the family of Silas Devol, living five and one-half miles southeast of Troy Mills. A strict quarantine has been established, but some fear is expressed of a spread of the disease, as a crew of threshers was quartered at the home the day the patients were taken ill.

A burglar entered the residence of O. F. Cady in Fort Dodge and awakened Margaret Cady, while removing a valuable ring from her finger. She was admonished to keep quiet or have her head blown off. A stern demand for money and valuables brought a scream from the lady, awakening the entire household. The burglar escaped.

Word has been received that Frank Bender of Waterloo, the Illinois Central engineer who was impaled on a timber at Fort Dodge, is somewhat better, and that the attending physicians hope for his complete recovery. The Fort Dodge physicians say that the case is one of the most remarkable in medical annals.

A tragedy on West Okoboji was averted by sheer good fortune. A gasoline launch, occupied by a gentleman and eight ladies, caught fire and all would have perished either by flame or drowning had the conflagration occurred ten minutes later. As it was the boat was just about starting on a cruise, but had not yet left the dock.

POLITICS OF THE DAY

Republicans and the Negro.

When the Democrats of Maryland made the race question an issue in the pending campaign the Republican press of the North protested with vigor and gave the impression that the Republican convention would accept the challenge. The party which has never neglected an opportunity to proclaim its disinterested love of the negro might in truth have been expected to rally to his defense when the Democrats of Maryland made him an issue. Not so, however. In the course of a long and tiresome platform lauding all things Republican and denouncing all things Democratic, these so-called Republican friends of the negro did not find space for a syllable of protest.

Oh, shade of the fallen, oh, genius sublime,
Great friend of the negro from Africa's clime;
Alas, how low he lies!

While the Republican papers of the North were dancing the old Republican jig upon the grave of secession and waving the bloody shirt with accustomed vigor, their party on the scene of conflict, with characteristic cowardice, refused to burden itself with the defense of negro suffrage. But for the purpose of justifying the ludicrous hypocrisy of Northern Republicans in the North the chairman of the convention, in his speech, dropped generalities for a moment to give one weak, limping paragraph to the negro question. By merely stating that the negro population of Maryland is not sufficiently large to endanger white domination he justified white people of other States, in which the conditions were reversed, in their discrimination against the blacks. This Republican of Maryland, then, takes issue with the Republicans of the North, who denounce disfranchisement under all circumstances. It is really too bad that the Southern Republicans cannot rise to the level of their Northern brethren.

The Maryland Republicans then admit their impotency in this matter. The Louisville Courier-Journal, always trustworthy concerning local political conditions in the South, declares editorially:

"The Republicans in Maryland have evidently been content to assume mere opportunist positions. They have not the courage of their convictions. They have made bad use of the power which they obtained by Democratic divisions, and their object is to obscure the real issues in the hope of retaining some Democratic votes. In this respect the resemblance between the plan of campaign in Maryland and in Kentucky will not escape attention. In both States it is to the interest of the people to intrust the management of their affairs to the party which, everything considered, represents the better elements of the population.

If the truth and the whole truth were only known it would show that the race problem is sectional and not political. The Republican party has never dared to go to the defense of the negro in the Southern States. Why? Because it would lose votes. Thus we have Republican cowardice exposed.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Danger Ahead.

"Sound finance," in the opinion of Wall street and its organs, has resolved itself into the theory that the people have to be supplied with money not by the mints, but by the paper mills on a bank-bills-based-on-bonds plan. In the past sixteen months 365 national banks have been organized, 457 with a capital less than $50,000. These institutions are issuing notes galore upon which they are drawing interest, as well as interest upon the bonds which they have put up for security. These notes are not intended to be "redeemed," and as a matter of fact are never "redeemed" unless a bank goes into liquidation.

The system that puts the making of the money of the people into the hands of private corporations is undemocratic and dangerous. It is a system against which the Democratic party has always set its face, and which has been denounced and protested against from the days of Jefferson until the present day. It is a system which requires a public debt as a basis, a debt that the Democratic party has always held is a calamity and a curse, a perpetual blight upon honest industry and productive labor.

Those who to-day are back of this system and scheming for its supremacy are men holding the same views held by the men Thomas Jefferson warned the people against, who he declared were seeking to establish "a single (and centralized) splendid government, founded on banking institutions and moneyed incorporations, riding and ruling over the plundered plowman and beggared yeomanry."

If the people shall submit to the establishment of this system of "sound finance," as the supreme money-making power, they will rue the day. It is the appropriate agent of the stock-jobbing interests, increasing the unjust advantages which these already possess. It is a system similar to that which has caused the degradation of labor in Europe, and is the foundation of a great moneyed monopoly in absolute supremacy over the business interests of the country that adopts it.

We can endure the system as it now exists, perhaps, although it naturally assumes political character and influence that are dangerous; but if the scheme is made complete, and silver coin and treasury notes are abandoned as money, and the entire business of the money supply turned over to these corporations, we may look for manifold evils that will destroy a government of the people, for the people and by the people, and substitute one of the banks, for the banks and by the banks. They will become the regulators of business and of prices, will make the laws, and will found "a splendid government" in which the moneyed corporations will rule and ride rough shod over the common people.

Against such a consummation the Democratic party has always labored and should continue to labor. Far better a flood of "free silver" than a flood of bank bills based on bonds.—Illinois Register.

Politics and the Trusts.

Every day it becomes more imperative that some step should be taken to check the trust movement which threatens the industrial freedom of the people. Since the last election these combinations have multiplied with alarming rapidity and conducted themselves with an audacity unparalleled in American history. Four months ago the press considered the organization of a trust as worthy of sensational headlines, but their formation has become so commonplace of late that no especial notice is taken. The prospects are that within a short time a majority of the railroads will be consolidated under one management. When the trust element has secured control of the transportation facilities—and such is its intention—the business man and farmer will be completely subservient to its will. The people are confronted with one or two alternatives. Either they must find some method whereby the trust may be eradicated, or they must acquiesce in the destruction of their industrial liberty.

Considering the intelligence of the American people, we are justified in the inference that they prefer the eradication of the evil to its acceptance. The question then occurs: To what source shall they look for the means for its eradication?

There is absolutely no hope from the Republican party. The trust principle, after all, is but the Republican principle applied to economics. It has developed during the period of Republican supremacy and largely as the result of Republican legislation. No serious effort has ever been made to retard its progress. On the contrary, every effort in that direction has been resented by the Republican machine.

The socialists represent the very opposite extreme. Their solution would completely revolutionize society. There is reason to believe that the remedy would be as bad as the disease. The Socialist convention of last week clearly demonstrated the incapacity of the Socialists as a reform party.

If any solution is to be offered, it must emanate from the Democratic party. By its very nature it is opposed to the trust principle—that of concentration. It has the conservatism of sanity and is as radical as justice. It has received no tribute from the trusts and has no debts to pay. It is free to act.

Thus the hope of the nation depends upon the possibility of Democratic success before these abnormal monopolies become too firmly imbedded in law and precedent. One of the most prominent planks of the next Democratic platform will promise salutary legislation along this line. There will be no reason to doubt the sincerity of the declaration. And if intrusted with the government of the nation there will be every reason to hope for the eradication of all combinations which have for their purpose the destruction of competition.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

The Philippine Government.

The five American members of the commission, with three natives, constitute the legislative department of the government. They are all appointed from Washington. That is neither self-government nor a step in that direction. But the Philippine legislature is not elected by the people, nor are the people consulted in its appointment, nor are natives given a majority in its membership, nor can the people displace it and elect others. The plan is just as far away from self-government as was the Spanish rule. It is, in form, exactly the same despotism.

The financial report from the islands shows that we have taken out of them the same taxes as Spain did, $10,000,000 a year. So in denial of self-government and burden of taxation they are just where they were when Dr. Rizal and Aguinaldo made their first stand for freedom in 1896. They cannot effectually reach the source of the laws that govern them any more now than they could when Weyler was the captain general.

It is necessary to say these things in order that our own people may not deceive themselves as to the problem in the islands It is not solved by the present scheme of government, nor by the cessation of armed resistance in many of the provinces. Let the truth be told and appreciated. Our government in the Philippines is purely autocratic, with no popular feature in it. A similar community of Americans would destroy it in an hour rather than submit to it a minute.—San Francisco Call, Rep.

What Is the Duty For?

The American people were taxed a cent and a half a pound to establish a tin plate industry for the benefit of American labor. Then the manufacturers brought over Welsh workmen to make the tin plate, on the ground that American workmen did not know how. Now the Welsh workmen are out on strike, the mills are closed, and the steel trust, which has absorbed the tin plate trust, is importing plates from Wales to fill its orders. Is it not about time for that duty to come off?—Chicago American.

The Demand for Tariff Reform.

There will be an effort at the next session of Congress to change the tariff and it will be vigorously resisted. This movement is in the Republican party. While it does not proceed wholly on sectional lines, the demand for tariff changes and commercial treaties is strongest in the West, while in the East the resistance plants itself on the existing law as the best thing that seems attainable just now.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Time to Abolish the Tariff.

The perpetuation of the high protective tariff threatens not to precipitate a trade war, waged against this country by a European trade alliance, which would be of infinite costliness to American trade. The high protective tariff now only further enriches the American trusts. It taxes the American consumer for this sole purpose. It is time to abolish the high protective tariff.—St. Louis Republic.

There Is No Resurrection.

Neither the candidate nor the fatal issue of 1896 and 1900 can do the party any great harm in a temple of fame or a mausoleum. And there is where the Democrats generally—North, South, East and West—seem disposed to place and leave them. As Mr. Barksdale said: "There can be no more rising from the dead."—New York World.

Promise Will Not Be Kept.

The Iowa Republican convention threw a sop to the farmer by declaring for a revision of the tariff. The Republican leaders in Congress say that there will be no tariff revision and it is likely that the Iowa delegation will vote against it as one man.—Rochester Herald.

Inopportune consolations increase a deep sorrow.—Rousseau.

HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

Bread Pudding.

One pint of stale bread crumbs, soaked one hour in one quart of milk. Beat two eggs; mix one-quarter of a cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one saltspoonful of nutmeg or cinnamon and one tablespoonful of softened butter. Stir into the eggs and then stir all into the milk. Bake one hour in a buttered pudding dish. Add one cup of raisins and you have a plum pudding. The raisins should be first boiled, at least one hour, in water to cover, till plump and soft, as they will not cook sufficiently in the baking. Four eggs may be used when a richer pudding is desired, and this becomes the queen of puddings by leaving out the whites, and, after baking, spreading a layer of jam over the top, then a meringue of the whites and browning slightly.

The Muskmelon.

The ability to select a good muskmelon is said to indicate unerring judgment in all things. However this may be, it certainly seems to be a gift with some to know at a glance when a melon is "just right;" and there is nothing more disappointing than the discovery that spicy richness of flavor makes them so delicious is missing. When selecting a muskmelon or cantalope see if it has odor, press gently on the stem end, and if it is sweet and "musky" it is quite ripe and a good melon. Also observe if the skin between the sections is yellowish green, not bright yellow. The skin on the raised sections should be quite rough and green. A melon that is too ripe is insipid and unwholesome.

Apple Charlotte.

Pare, core and quarter eight or nine good cooking apples, put them into a double boiler with two tablespoonfuls of butter, half a cup of sugar, the juice and grated rind of a lemon; cook until tender. Take a plain mould that holds three pints, butter it well, line the bottom and sides with very thin slices of home-made bread. Remove the crust, dip each slice in melted butter, fit them evenly together in the mould, fill with the apples, cover with the bread, dredge it with sugar and bake three-quarters of an hour in a quick oven. Have a hot platter, lay it over the top of the charlotte, turn it over, and lift off the mould. Serve hot with or without sauce or cream.

Virtues of Buttermilk.

The virtues of that old-fashioned and easily procured drink, buttermilk, have not been half sung these days. Physicians say that its lactic acid is even more healthful than the citric acid of oranges and lemons. It is credited, too, by those who should know, as being of value to a rheumatic patient. It has been found to be both nourishing and fattening, as well as remarkably easy of assimilation. If liked at all it is undoubtedly a better drink in summer than many of the carbonated artificially flavored drinks that are consumed in almost unlimited quantities.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Baked Tomatoes.

Take a deep pudding dish and butter the inside of it well; first put a layer of bread crumbs, then a layer of peeled sliced tomatoes, then a small onion cut very thin; dredge on a little flour, pepper and salt; now begin with bread crumbs again, tomatoes, onion and seasoning, till the dish is full; the top layer must be bread crumbs, with salt and pepper and a few small bits of butter over it; put this in the oven; keep it covered with a tin plate for an hour, then remove the plate and let it brown. It does not require too hot an oven. It will take at least two hours to bake.

A "Goodie" for the Afternoon Tea.

Here is a recipe for little chocolate biscuit that are nice for 5 o'clock tea: Melt half a pound of butter in a large basin over hot water, and stir in gradually, in the following order, two beaten eggs, half a pound of white sifted sugar, two large tablespoonfuls of cocoa, and a pound of flour. Sprinkle over the whole a heaped teaspoonful of baking powder, roll out thin, cut into biscuits about the size of a wine glass and bake on a buttered tin in a quick oven about ten minutes.

Currant Marmalade.

Strip the currants from the bunches and soak them in boiling water until they break. Then place them in a sieve to drain and when they are cold press them through the sieve to clear off the seeds, and then dry them over the fire until the sugar is brought to the boiling point, allowing as much sugar as fruit. Mix as well together, simmer over the fire until it is quite thick and then place in marmalade jars, being careful that they are hermetically sealed.

Boiled Corn.

Have the capon drawn and well "cleaned," and boil in equal quantities of water and white wine. At the last of the cooking add salt and a bit of white pepper to the water, which should by the time the capon is tender be reduced to less than a pint. Take out the capon, add to the water in which it was boiled a dozen fresh mushrooms chopped, a few truffles chopped and thicken with a little flour braided with butter.

Meat Jelly.

For the children's tea a dish which is relished may be made as follows: Into five cups of boiling salted water stir one-half cup of Indian meal which has been thoroughly moistened with cold water. Cook for one hour, stirring often. Then pour into a jelly mold previously wet in cold water. When turned onto a platter at tea time, an ordinarily homely dish will become very attractive.—Good Housekeeping.

Stuffed Peaches.

To prepare the dainty dessert known as stuffed peaches, brush the down from the ripe, solid fruit, place on a dish in a steamer to cook until a straw will pierce them; cool, then rub off the skins; cut a slit in one side so as to remove the pit;