WHAT THE GOLD BUGS ARE DOING FOR UNCLE SAM.

HERE'S A CORKER.

POINTER FOR DEMOCRATIC FREE SILVER CONVENTIONS.

Tom Watson Tells the Boys What Is Necessary in Order to Make It a Grand Success—Harmless Pastime for Off Years.

Inasmuch as there are quite a number of cities yet left in which no democratic free-silver convention has been held, and it being highly desirable that everybody should know how to conduct one of these innocent affairs, we hereby publish a recipe which has been tried by a number of the best political cooks in the country, and which may be relied on to furnish you a pleasant political pudding—warranted to sit lightly on the stomach, and guaranteed to create no internal discomforts.

1st. Secure a lot of free passes over the railroads, good to fetch as well as to carry. Have these passes distributed by some great and good newspaper which advocates free-silver and supports the men who vote against it.

2nd. Secure the attendance of a lot of senatorial fossils who may be safely relied on not to do anything rash—men whose easy movements will not jostle the moss on their backs, and to whom the passing of a "ringing resolution," or two, seems the climax of political daring.

Harris of Tennesseee may be counted on. He's safe. He won't do anything rash. He will vote for a resolution "demanding" the instantaneous coinage of silver. Will meet you next week and vote for another one, if you want it. Will meet you next year, and vote for another one. No matter how strong you put your resolution you can't scare Harris. He is warranted not to be afraid of any resolution the English language can hold. After voting for the resolution, Harris will then go to sleep.

3d. Invite some brilliant orator who can reasonably be expected to have influence enough to carry his own vote, and let this orator come to the convention loaded with a speech against Cleveland.

The bitterer this speech is, the better. It doesn't hurt Cleveland, and it immensely relieves the free-silverites. A speech of this character is well-nigh equivalent to the reopening of the mints to silver.

4th. Invite Lon Livingston to attend, so that the moral character of the assemblage may be at once pitched to such a high level that no carping critic will be encouraged to make disparaging remarks.

5th. Read a letter from Billy Bryan to the effect that "There is not room enough in this country for two republican parties." This somewhat careworn and fatigued statement of Billy's is an eminently true saying, and its gloss cannot altogether be rubbed off by the disagreeable fact that the two republican parties are still in our midst, and that Billy continues to belong to one of them.

6th. Read a letter from Hon. Richard Bland stating that he has now got to the forks of the road, and has sat down on his coat tails a leetle to the democratic side of the fork.

7th. Introduce some resolutions about the "crime of 1873." Make 'em hot. It will please the boys. Intimate that you will hurt somebody if something ain't done to help the country. Bounce Carlisle. Bounce Sherman. Bounce Rothschild. Bounce Wall street. Invite Dan Voorhees to help you abuse the Shylocks. Say nothing against the democrats who in 1893 shut the mints to silver.

Put the world on notice that the down-trodden people are relatives of yours and that you are going to make it a personal matter if the John Sherman policies are not cast overboard. But avoid all unpleasant reference to the democrats who closed the mints in 1893. Some of them will be present, and it would be bad manners to personate them.

8th. Tip a wink to the gold-bug democrats; they will understand the wink to mean that you are not so madly mad as you seem to be, but that, on the contrary, there are indications of a well-defined method in your madness.

Let it gradually ooze out of you that if the Cleveland crowd will just recognize your rights in the distribution of political soup you will not wholly harden your heart against them.

Let it be felt that your devotion to the dear old democratic party is very deep and very tender, and that, if your affections are braced and encouraged by a goodly mess of pottage, you will remain a while longer in the companionship of the Wall streeters—leaving your relations, the oppressed people, to shift for themselves.

Democratic free-silver conventions of this type are peculiarly appropriate in the summer time and in an off year in politics. Not being quite so stiff and formal as a Chautauqua, nor yet so full of levity as a spelling-bee, it is a welcome diversion to a large and growing assortment of elderly ladies of the male persuasion who, without some such physical and mental exercise, might be driven to darning socks and mending dilapidated umbrellas. We wish these ancient people well. Sympathetic tears moisten our eyes whenever we read that old man Isham G. Harris of Tennessee, and old father Morgan of Alabama, and the venerable Patsy Walsh of Georgia, have once more met, somewhere or other, and gritted their teeth at the administration. Of course Livingston would grit his teeth also if he had any. Not having any, he can only applaud while the others grit.

A more harmless pastime than this could never be invented. It ought to be encouraged.

With that end in view we have written out this recipe, so that all democratic free-silver conventions hereafter may be certain to follow in the tracks of their illustrious predecessors.

T. E. W.

TILLMAN AND BUTLER.

They Speak to Three Thousand People at Concord, N. C.

Senator Ben Tillman, of South Carolina, and Marion Butler, of North Carolina, spoke to three thousand people at Concord, N. C. They both made strong free silver speeches of about two hours each. While not flatly coming out in favor of a new party, there was a strong squint that way in the speeches of both. They both advocated getting together of the silver men of all shades of opinion to nominate a president in 1896. Senator Butler was asked after the speaking concerning the meeting of Senators Harris, Turpie and Jones, of Arkansas, in Washington for a silver conference, and said:

"I understand that the men who are engaged in the silver conference at Washington have said that they will stay in the democratic party even if it nominates a gold bug for president. If this is true, then they are not honest free-silver men, but, on the other hand, are the most valuable and effective agents of the gold bugs, for they can get silver men to vote the gold-bug tickets, that all the gold bug-men in the country cannot persuade to do."

GOOD ADVICE.

Wendell Phillips Talks to the Workingmen of This Country.

My advice to workingmen is this: If you want power in this country; if you want to make yourself felt; if you don't want your children to wait long years before they have bread on the table they ought to have, the opportunities in life they ought to have; if you don't want to wait yourself, write on your banner so that every political trimmer can read it, so that every politician, no matter how short-sighted he may be, can read it: "We never forget. If you launch the arrow of sarcasm at labor, we never forget. If there is a division in congress and you throw your vote in the long scale, we never forget. You may go down on your knees and say: I am sorry I did the act. And we will say: It will avail you in heaven, but on this side of the grave—never." So that a man, in taking up the labor question, will know that he is dealing with a hair-trigger pistol, and will say: I am to be true to justice and to man, otherwise, I am a dead duck.—Wendell Phillips.

Over 3,000 delegates were present at the Pan-American Congress of Religion in Toronto. There were Protestants, Roman Catholics and Jews.

MONOPOLY CURSED.

A TERRIBLE ARRAIGNMENT OF OUR CIVILIZATION.

How the Good Gifts of Heaven Are Thwarted by Monopoly—Five Hundred Men Own Half of the State of California.

From "The New Crisis," by Capt. Bell: Half of California, including more than three-fourths of the best arable and pasture land, is owned by less than 500 men. Traveling once in that paradisiacal country, where nature seems to have halted in awe of the great Pacific and emptied out her precious load of all that could happify a world; so rich the soil, so bountiful and luxuriant the fruit and vegetable world, so varied the climate and pure and healthful the air, that it seemed I could hear the gods whisper from the snow-capped mountains and the tropical valleys, for man to come and eat and drink and be happy, as plenty defied exhaustion of her stores. Driving up a valley so rich, fertile and beautiful, I halted in wonder, and stood in silent amazement, beholding the enchanting scene. On one side the bold mountain stood grandly erect, with snow-capped summit that, like a crowned giant, guarded the fairy land, and the fleecy clouds that floated majestically over from the sea stooped to kiss the fair cheek of the generous king of the west. The mountain's brows were hung with fruits and vines, from which hung great festoons of ripened grapes of nature's kind.

The forests were silent except for the music of the birds and the sweet purling rills; the grass uncropped, except by the timid deer and antelope; the soil unbroken, except by the track of the freighter's lonely team, and the lonesome world of beauty seemed to sigh for some to praise and enjoy. The smiling valley was nearly as wide as that of the Nile, and as fertile as that of the Po. Thirty miles from a human habitation, I came upon a train of sad, weary, slowly-trudging emigrants. The teams were jaded and every step of the weary animals was a silent protest against the pleading driver for an onward movement. There were seven teams with seven families. The men were sad, sturdy, honest and brave-looking pioneers, with browned cheeks, worn and dusty clothing; and a look and word of subdued kindness showed them honest and true. There were seven wives and mothers, from the bride of a few months to the gray-haired dame, who lived again for her children's children. And, oh, what a sad, weary, hopeless looking group they were as they moved like ghosts about the camp-fire, preparing the frugal meal. Their eyes were deep and sluggish; their cheeks were brown, but sunken; their forms were bent and their arms lean and weak. Tired nature had chased away womanly modesty, pride and loveliness. The withered breasts of almost savage mothers were unblushingly exposed, and scrawny babes were vainly trying to gather from the dried-up fount the means of life. What looking children! There were twenty. Were a smile to come that way, the pouting faces would frighten it away, never to return. Nature opened her acres and seemed in glee to cheer the hearts of those newcomers. The rustling trees said, "come to my shade, and rest until you build a habitation." The fertile soil said, "plow me up, and quickly I will fatten the sides of all the weary colony," and the fruits said, "pluck and eat, for the gods have provided for the children of men."

With prospects so charming why were these people sad? Why did they not rejoice, like the pilgrims of old, or the multitudes in the oriental tale, when they found a like country? They were searching for homes, for a place on which to build a habitation, where they could cultivate the soil, sow crops, and rest at even, under their own "vine and fig tree." Why were they sad and helpless? For ten leagues there was no habitation, and why not bless God and go to work?

They were hunting homes in a world where nature placed them. They were hunting a resting place on God's footstool, where they might humbly toil at His feet and praise Him for His bounties. They were hungry, lonely, sad and weary, and were praying for a place where plenty would reward labor, and bring again the rose of health to the cheek of loved ones. This spot was a paradise, and why go further?

Oh, cruel fate! Oh, fiendish! For shame upon society and government, for these honest men remembered with a sigh that it was somewhere written, "thou shalt not tarry here, for this beautiful world 'belongs' to another."

The train had trudged nearly two whole days and camped three nights on the wild, uncultivated land, "belonging" to one man. How came the absent man of ease "to own" and keep from cultivation this garden of the world? By what right are these poor, weary children of God pushed from this vacant spot on His footstool, to tramp farther, they know not where, to find a spot on which to live or die?

Oh, thou direst curse that ever damned the world; that sent virtue in want, beggary and starvation; the blushing maid to unspeakable shame; the dimpled babe to lean want and misery; that polluted the saintly lips with a curse; that ever drove in insolent haste the helpless innocents from cottage hearth into winter blast, that filled the prisons with criminals, the church with hypocrites, the judiciary with hirelings, the legislature with knaves, and snatched the promise of God from nature's hand and forged it into a lie; thy name is Monopoly.

It is said, "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm," but the imbecile old dunce has given his possessions to a few of his idle sons, the sharpers, and left the balance to wrestle with life as best they can, in a "world already occupied."

NOTES AND COMMENT.

Gov. Stone says: "If the next democratic national convention declares for gold monometallism and nominates a president upon such a platform, the party will not carry a dozen states." Then the democratic party will not carry a dozen states, for no democratic national convention is going to do anything else but declare for a gold standard and nominate a man that favors it. Of course, the platform may be a straddle, in order to preserve harmony, but the candidate will not be. All of the eastern and middle states are uncompromisingly in favor of a gold standard, and about half of the states in the south and west that have held conventions this year have declared themselves in favor of the same policy. That the next national democratic convention will give free silver a black eye is as certain as any future political event can be. It is apparent now that the gold wing of the democratic party is assisting the republicans in carrying out John Sherman's financial policy. The free silver men in the democratic party are doing some very vigorous kicking now with their tongues, but after the next democratic national convention they will fall in line and assume the role of assistant republicans to the assistant republicans.

* * *

It's now perfectly plain that the meeting of free silver democrats (so called) at Washington was only a movement to check the stampede of voters from the democratic party. The three leading characters of that meeting were Senators Jones of Arkansas, Turple of Indiana, and Harris of Tennessee. They were reinforced by such political tumble bugs and blatherskites as Lon Livingston of Georgia, who climbed into prominence on an Alliance ladder, and then kicked the ladder out from under him, and Dan Voorhees, who engineered in the senate the repeal of the only silver law we had on the statute books. All these men assert that free silver is the only thing that can ever restore prosperity to this country, and that the present gold standard system is ruinous and leads to the hell of poverty, yet they declare that if their party succeeds in committing itself to such a policy in the next national convention they will vote with the party and thus indorse it. In fact they are simply acting in the role of stool pigeons and bunco-steerers for the Jew brokers of this country and Europe.

* * *

It requires no keen foresight to see that the trend of events in this country points to a monarchy. The recent utterances of Minister Bayard at a banquet in England in which he made the declaration that it required a strong man to govern the people of this country is only one of the straws which indicate the direction in which the political wind is glowing. In his speech Mr. Bayard said: "The President of the United States stands in the midst of a self-confident and oftentimes violent people, and it takes a man such as Mr. Cleveland to govern them." Now as a matter of fact when Mr. Cleveland undertakes to "govern" the people of this country he is out of the bounds of his jurisdiction. It is the general supposition that the people of this country govern themselves. Although they fall far short of it in fact, our plan of government is constructed upon this principle. As a matter of fact the people are governed by political machines controlled by men who have usurped the rights of the people and subordinated them to their own selfish greed. That Mr. Cleveland has for more than two years been actually governing this country no one will have the temerity to deny. He has subordinated his party machinery, and even violated the laws of the land and the spirit of our institutions to accomplish his designs. His ordering the troops to Chicago and bribing congress with the patronage at his command were not only flagrant violations of law, but were grave enough offences against the constitution to demand his impeachment. The logical result of such conduct on the part of the chief magistrate of the land can be nothing short of revolution.

W. S. MORGAN.

American Steam Laundry.

HUTTON & OSWALD, Proprietors.

Telephone 107, West Sherman Street

HUTCHISON, - - - KANSAS.

ARE BIRDS GUIDED BY STARS?

An Attempt to Solve the Great Mystery of Bird Migration.

In an article on "Birds of Passage" the Chautauquan says if one desires an explanation for the great mystery of bird migration, there being nothing else that will answer, he will have to accept the theory of hereditary knowledge, a knowledge of the unfailing stars. The Great Bear and Orion appeared at the same time in our region, even when the divisions of land and water were very different than they are today. That the stars are the guides of birds agrees with the fact that they fly at remarkable heights, often above the clouds, and that wanderers lose their way when they stray into clouds and mists. On starlight nights straggling birds are seldom noticed. When the sky is overcast, when the night is dark, but especially when a fine rain is falling, multitudes of traveling birds are heard. They will call often, doubtless for the purpose of keeping near each other; and often great numbers of them bound against the windows of lighthouses. Thus Gatke has observed that on Oct. 28, 1882, from 10 o'clock at night till the next morning golden-crested wrens bumped like snowflakes against the lighthouse of Heligoland, and that on the following day golden-crested wrens sat on every square foot of Heligoland. Toward the end of the summer, along into the fall, it was not a rare occurrence on dark nights to see, through the light of street lamps, birds flying over inland cities. The experienced observer recognizes by its call the curlew and the strand-snipe, sea-swallow and seagull, occasionally hears even the flap of their wings. But no bird is visible in the darkness. On dark nights no stars appear; then it is that the straying bird loses his way. The stars are the most plausible guides to birds in their migrations. But only the future can tell us whether they really serve in that capacity.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

THE :-: GAZETTE

A

NEW TRAIN

THE

"KNICKERBOCKER SPECIAL"

DAILY BETWEEN

St. Louis, Cincinnati, New York and Boston.

"Through the Beautiful Mohawk Valley and down the Hudson."

Lv St. Louis,	12 00 Noon
Ar Indianapolis	6 50 p m
Ar Cincinnati	10 45 p m
Ar Cleveland	2 20 a m
Ar Buffalo	6 50 a m
Ar New York	6 30 p m
Ar Boston	9 05 p m

Superb Equipments. Wagner Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars.

INAUGURATED

SEPTEMBER 30 VIA

BIG FOUR ROUTE.

Lake Shore and New York Central Railroads.

E. O. McCORMICK, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
D. B. MARTIN, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt.

CINCINNATI.

$5.00

—TO—

CALIFORNIA!

Is our Sleeping Car Rate on the Phillipps Rock Island Tourist Excursions, from Kansas City and kindred distant cities on the route of this car, to San Francisco and Los Angeles. The cars have upholstered spring seats, are Pullman build, and appointments perfect.

You have a special manager on the car all the way, and excursions run once a week, leaving Kansas City every Friday. Save money by taking this popular mode of travel.

Address for full particulars.

A. H. MOFFET,
G. N.-W. P. A., Kansas City, Mo.
JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago

T. J. Wolfersberger,

AUCTIONEER

(Successor to I. Wolfersberger)

Makes a specialty of country sales. Speaks both German and English. Prices to suit the times. Residence, No. 750 Avenue E. Call at Gazette office or Vincents store.

The Oldest Wholesale Whisky House in Kansas City.

Standard Liquor Company,

OLIVER & BRYAN,

Established by R. S. Patterson 1868

614 Broadway.

Kansas City, - - Mo

Kentucky Bourbon, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $4.00, $5.00 per gallon.
Penn. or Md. Rye, $2.00, $3.00, $4.00, $5.00 per gallon.

Brandies, Wines, Gin, Kummel, Alcohol, Rum

Terms: Cash with order. No extra charge. F. O. B., Kansas City, Mo. Send for Catalogue and Price List.

Burlington Route

SOLID THROUGH TRAINS

FROM

KANSAS CITY and ST. JOSEPH

TO

ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO, OMAHA PEORIA, ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS,

With Dining Cars, Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleeping Cars, Reclining Chair Cars (Seats Free)

ONLY ONE CHANGE OF CARS

TO

The Atlantic Coast.

THE BEST LINE FOR

NEW YORK, BOSTON,
BALTIMORE, WASHINGTON,
PHILADELPHIA, CINCINNATI,
NIAGARA FALLS, PITTSBURG,
AND EASTERN POINTS.

For full information, Address

E. C. ORR,
Gen'l Ass't Passenger Agt., Kansas City, Mo.

Books for the Times.

Progress and Poverty. An inquiry into the cause of industrial depressions and increase of want with increase of wealth: The Remedy. 320 pp.

"One of the most important contributions yet made to economic literature. It is full of vital thought, is written with earnestness and power, and is a work hard to lay down when once begun.—Popular Science Monthly.

"Progress and Poverty" is not merely the most original, the most striking and important contribution which political economy has yet received from American, but it is not too much to say that in these respects it has had no equal since the publication of "The Wealth of Nations," by Adam Smith, a century ago, or, at least, since Malthus formulated his theory of population and Ricardo his theory of rent. A more aggressive, not to say audacious, book was never written.—New York Herald.

Social Problems. The N. Y. Sun says: "To those who read only for diversion we may say that there is not a dry page in this book, nor is there a paragraph but will compel attention."

Protection or Free Trade? An examination of the tariff question with especial regard to the interests of Labor.

Mr. George has written as an economist and a reformer; yes, more than that, as a patriot and a Christian. We heartily commend his book to all who wish to see an intelligent discussion of a live and popular question.—Church Press, New York.

A Perplexed Philosopher, being an examination of Mr. Herbert Spencer's various utterances on the Land Question, with some incidental reference to his synthetic philosophy.

Above are mailed postpaid in paper for 50 cents each, cloth, $1.00. Half calf or half morocco, $1.00 each. "Progress and Poverty" and "Social Problems" are also published in smaller type at 15 cents each.

The Condition of Labor. A reply to the encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. Containing the text of the encyclical.

Not only the most lucid, compact and satisfactory exposition of the single tax doctrine that has appeared, but the keenest critique on the several theories of contemporaneous socialism.—Gospel Messenger.

Cloth 75 cents, paper, 50 cents.

The Land Question. What it Involves and How Alone it Can Be Settled.

One rises from a reading of this work with a conviction of the justice of the theory advocated, and with admiration for the clearness with which it is stated.—N. Y. Times.

It is a gem of logic, beautiful in composition and profound in thought. Victor Hugo never penned anything grander.—Sacramento Bee.

Paper, 10 cents.

Property in Land. A Passage at arms between the Duke of Argyll and Henry George. Paper, 10 cents. Contents: I. "The Prophet of San Francisco." By the Duke of Argyll. From the Nineteenth Century for April, 1884. II. "The Reduction to Iniquity." By Henry George. From the Nineteenth Century for July, 1884.

All of above books are by Henry George, whose works have had a larger circulation than any other book ever printed in English, except the Bible, as well as being translated into almost all other languages. His theories now have millions of earnest, active advocates, and you should know what they are in order to successfully answer or urge them.

The fact that New Zealand, which has partially adopted the single tax, is prosperous, and no man willing to work are idle there, while elsewhere all over the world business is paralyzed and men anxious to work are suffering from enforced idleness, has attracted universal attention to these books, and we have arranged to mail them postpaid on receipt of price. Send cash with order and address this paper.

The Story of My Dictatorship will also be mailed postpaid on receipt of 30 cents.

The Knights of Labor Journal says of it: "It promises to be to economic reform what 'Looking Backward' was to Nationalism."

Rooms Newly Furnished. Rates Moderate.

Adams House,

European Hotel.

J. A. ROUSE, Proprietor

1633 Union Avenue, opposite ladies entrance Union depot, Kansas City. Cut rate ticket office in connection.