POLITICS OF THE DAY

A Cure for Monopoly.

The trusts themselves are the most active instigators of discussion of this question: How shall these great combinations of capital be controlled in the public interest?

Every trust that is pillaging the people gets its power to do so from monopoly. Monopoly is rooted in special privilege. The Coal Trust, for example, has an absolute mastery of the market for anthracite because it owns the coal fields and the railroads that carry the coal. To attack the trust in the courts on the complaint that it has not been formed in strict compliance with the technical requirements of the law is to be interested in the make of a highwayman's pistol rather than in its shooting capacity, its power to enforce the orders of "Hands up!" And to rally public opinion for protest against the Coal Trust's rapacity and arrogance is but to roar against effects while ignoring causes.

"Why," asks so conservative a journal as the Springfield Republican, "why should exclusive private monopoly of natural resources so essential to the life and industry of the people as coal be suffered to exist?" And everybody who can think asks why railroads, which ought to be common carriers, treating all shippers equally, should be suffered to be used by the trusts to k... off competition.

So we see the country coming to an understanding of the elementary truth that, as private ownership of natural resources and of the means of transportation inevitably results in the creation of monopolies, the effective way to deal with monopolies must be to strike at the private ownership of natural resources and the railroads.

The Coal Trust and the Food Trust are just now the leading schoolmasters of the American people. The education in clear thinking about fundamental economics which they are giving is of the very highest value. It is sure to bear fruit ultimately in thorough-going remedial and not merely palliative legislation.

Every workingman or other citizen who sympathizes with the striking miners, or who objects to extortionate prices for fuel and food, if he is a reasoning being, will hereafter advocate and vote for government ownership of the railroads.—New York Journal.

A Democratic House Needed.

With the increased representation in the next House of Congress it will require 194 members to make a majority. There are now 156 Democrats in the House, so that presuming all of their seats will be retained in the elections of this year, the Democrats will still need to gain thirty-eight new members in order to have a majority.

The question the Democratic campaign managers have to figure on is where they can most surely make fights with the prospect of winning those thirty-eight seats. A careful review of the votes cast at the election of 1900 shows that there are many more than thirty-eight congressional districts as they are now formed, and in spite of recent Republican gerrymanders, in which the Democrats have fighting chances against majorities ranging from 16 votes to 700 votes.

With the dissatisfaction that is pervading Republican ranks in the West, with the great strikes on in the East, and with the beef trust revolt affecting the people in every part of the country, the Democrats feel that the current is with them and that they may fairly expect to win the majority of the next House.

It will be worth while to give the Republicans a battle to the last ditch in every doubtful district in the Union. There is need for Democratic control of the House of Representatives to the end that a strong scotch may be put upon the extravagances of the Republicans and a ratchet on the headlong career of an administration equally indifferent to the popular will and the constitution of the nation.—Atlanta Constitution.

Teddy Duly Notified.

The Republican State convention in Ohio, personally engineered and controlled by Senator Mark Hanna, chairman of the Republican national committee, is conceded to have furnished the keynote for the next presidential campaign. At that convention Gov. Nash, who is Senator Hanna's official representative in Ohio, made the speech which is supposed to outline Republican policy. Here is one of the things he said:

"Corporations should not be looked upon as the enemies of the people, but as their friends, capable of still further development and making useful the great resources of our State, and giving to labor remunerative employment and to capital safe investment. The last Legislature looked with friendly spirit upon the presence of corporations in Ohio. It believed that they should be fostered and encouraged, and not fought as the common enemies of mankind."

Those who are in the habit of reading between the lines will experience little difficulty in discovering the warning thus conveyed to the present occupant of the White House, who has shown a marked disposition to be obstreperous upon the question of corporate and trust operations. It may also be accepted as due and timely notice that the Republican party has no intention of abandoning those interests from which it drew its $6,000,000 campaign fund for the election of McKinley. The Republican party is the friend of the corporations, and if the Man on Horseback doesn't approve he will be given the future privilege of returning to his cowboy ranges.—Denver News.

Independent with Limitations.

It is clear that to speak of Cuba as "independent" is not strictly correct; she is dependent upon the good will of the United States. Her so-called independence is limited by the approval and sanction of her conduct for the future by the United States. She is practically nothing but an experimental state on her good behavior. If ever she becomes a derelict government the United States can and doubtless will interfere.—Portland Oregonian.

Promise of Independence.

What has happened in the case of Cuba is, as a matter of fact, vastly better than the most optimistic ventured to hope, while what has happened in the Philippines is, in many respects, worse than the most confirmed pessimist dared to prophesy. If any conclusion is to be drawn from the experience as to the benefit or injury of a promise of independence, the lesson is that that promise was our salvation in Cuba, and that the absence of it was the source of unspeakable misery and wrong in the Philippines.—Baltimore News.

Invoke the Criminal Law.

W. J. Bryan, in his paper, addresses a letter to President Roosevelt, urging him to cause criminal proceedings to be started against the alleged beef trust. Incidentally Mr. Bryan declares the President a courageous man. He begins by quoting the provisions of the Sherman anti-trust law, and continues:

"You are the chief executive of this nation, and as such are not only empowered but are required to enforce the law. By commencing a civil action against the members of the beef trust you declared that the members of that trust are, in your opinion, guilty of a violation of the law. Why do you hesitate to commence a criminal action? The penalty fixed in the statute is insignificant compared with the penalty prescribed for a violation of less important statutes. If the members of the beef trust have raised the price of meat one cent per pound, they have laid a tax of millions of dollars upon the people of the United States.

"It is publicly stated that some of the capitalists have condemned you for attempting to enforce the anti-trust law even by civil process; it is even hinted that they threaten to oppose your renomination if you show the strenuousness in this direction that you have shown toward the Filipinos, but can you be scared by such threats? Will you fear to face concentrated wealth? Civil suits may annoy the captains of industry, but if you are going to shackle cunning you will have to shackle it with criminal laws. A prison cell will prove more effective in the prevention of monopoly than judgments or decrees for the payment of money. You have a chance to show that you were in earnest when you made that Minneapolis speech."

The Democracy of Indiana.

The Indiana Democratic convention was as harmonious and enthusiastic as such gatherings ever are when they address themselves solely to the principles of the Democracy. There are but four Democratic members from Indiana in the present Congress, the total membership from that State being thirteen. Under the new Congressional apportionment it is possible that the Democrats may carry two or three additional districts.

The Republican gerrymander of the State lacked material elements of strength. In trying to make more "sure districts" than the popular vote warranted the Republican majorities were spread out thinly even under the landslide vote of 1900. All the close districts are likely to elect Democratic members this year.

The Indiana Democratic platform reverts to indisputable Democratic principles. The spirit of the convention in all its stages was a pledge of harmony, efficiency in the campaign and an old-fashioned Democratic movement with reasonable assurances of success at the polls.

It is a noteworthy fact that the Indiana Populists also held a State convention on Wednesday, nominated a full State ticket and adopted a regulation Populistic platform. As they are going in a direction different from that which the Democrats have taken, both parties wisely dropped the idea of a fusion.—Chicago Chronicle.

Republican Philippine Secrets.

Senator Culberson of Texas has caused a deal of fluttering in and around the War Department by his revelation of official documents relating to the Philippines which seem to have been withheld from publicity with the greatest care. These documents contain, it is true, fresh evidence of revolting cruelties practiced upon the natives by subordinate officers, doubtless without the approval or knowledge of their superiors. But what is the occasion of all the official secrecy and play of hide-and-seek with official documents to which Congress is entitled?

Secretary Root has apparently manifested much frankness in submitting to the Senate such official reports from the islands as have come to his hands. Yet Senator Culberson has several times endeavored to secure the passage of a resolution calling upon the Secretary for the papers in the Arnold-Weir case, and each time he has been baffled by the Republican majority of the Senate. But now, when he has secured the documents by some leakage in the War Department, the indignation over the matter in administration circles goes far to encourage the suspicion of evil thinkers that there are other documents of like character which are sedulously kept from the light.

Special Embassies Galore.

The special embassies to the Spanish and British coronations imply that on similar occasions we must compliment all other powers with which we sustain diplomatic relations. Discrimination would not be tolerated. And if to the induction of new executives in monarchies, then also to the inauguration of all presidents. And we ourselves, as a return courtesy, are entitled to have a swarm of special representatives in Washington on every March 4. The special embassy business carries implications.—Des Moines Leader.

The Oregon Lesson.

There is food for thought in the result of the Oregon election. It shows the possibility of breaking through the lines of a majority party, notwithstanding its organized strength in the support of federal policies of administration, through the presentation of strong, suitable and aggressive candidates for State offices who make their appeal for support by ranging themselves on the right side of State issues.

More White House Repairs.

The White House is an expensive but necessary institution. It is now being repaired, but, though Mr. Roosevelt is a man of good taste and understood to especially have artistic ideas as to wall paper, there is no surety that the work will not have to be done over again after the 4th of March, 1905.

THE BOOMING CANNON

RECITALS OF CAMP AND BATTLE INCIDENTS.

Survivors of the Rebellion Relate Many Amusing and Startling Incidents of Marches, Camp Life, Foraging Experiences and Battle Scenes.

Jim was on picket that night—'twas
down on the Tennessee,
Not far from his old homestead—but a
Union soldier was he;
One of the loyal many who hid in the
mountains there,
Driven from home and friends when treason tainted the air.
'Twas after the Donelson fight, when
our ranks were broken and thin.
Jim strayed into camp one morning and
begged to be mustered in;
A stripling of seventeen, tattered and
sorry and slim,
With great, deep eyes that troubled our
hearts as we looked on him—
Eyes of most piteous pleading, yet touched with an ominous glow,
That told of a nameless wrong that
gnawed at his heart below.
Patient and sad and silent . seemed,
as one who had known
Already the pains of existence, and carried his burden alone,
Yet holding some resolute aim—some purpose that gave to his life
A courage that mastered his years, and
strengthened his arm for the strife.
In battle as brave as a Bayard, he never
faltered nor shrank,
When the showering shot of the enemy
poured on the charging rank;
And even at times it seemed to the men
as they watched him there,
That he somehow courted death in the
depth of his mute despair.
There was that in the strange boy's nature that held him aloof and apart,
Not even his messmate sharing the secret
that saddened his heart;
Only one time, when the lad fell ill, and
the fever ran high,
He muttered some words about "Mollie"
—for her being "ready to die,"
And then we all knew that love—that
love in some pitiful guise,
Was feeding the poor boy's passion, and
paling the light of his eyes;
And "Dixie," the company's poet, he
lighted his pipe and swore
That "Mollie's" old dad was a rebel—a
rebel—no less and no more—
And the whole of the secret was plain—
as plain as the nose on each face,
That Jim had been driven away from the
home of the girl in disgrace—
That she, in her first wild passion of loving, had clung to him still,
In spite of the fortunes of war, as women
frequently will.
At least, so "Dixie," the poet, had argued
the evening before
With Jerry McFadden, the drummer, in
front of the orderly's door.
And here the true story begins: Jim was
on picket that night,
Just under the hill, and a few hundred
yards to the regiment's right;
The woods hung heavy around him, while
off in the valley below,
He saw the moon on the waters, and
heard the Tennessee flow;
And his thoughts strayed off in a dream
—in a dream of happier hours,
When Mollie and he together had strolled
down there in the flowers,
Ere ever the blast of battle had darkened the pleasant vale,
Or ever the orphan's cry was heard, or
the widow's wail.
And then as the shadows shifted, he
thought of his father away
On the trackless mountains—an exile—
hiding by night and by day;
Of his mother weeping alone, in her cabin
across the wood,
And then the remembrance of Mollie
again took fire in his blood,
As he walked to and fro on his beat,
through glimmering patches of
light,
That reached to the river below, and
back to the lonesome height,
The crickets had fallen asleep, and the
last lone whippoorwill
Had flitted away into silence, and all of
the camp was still;
When suddenly down by the river, scarce
thirty paces from him,
The hurrying sound of a horse's feet attracted Jim;
As swift as the meteor fell, just then,
from the starry vault,
His musket flew to his shoulder, and he
shouted sharply, "Halt!"
But the rider lunged ahead t'ward the
spot where the sentry stood,
Right in the face of death, as a reckless
trooper would;
A breathless silence followed—and then
the rifle's roar
Went up to the sleeping army, and down
by the river's shore;
The mad horse reared and fell, and the
rider tumbled prone
On the turf of the Tennessee, where the
awful moonlight shone.
Then, clubbing his gun, Jim sprang over
rock and ravine to the place
Where the man went down—and, pausing
an instant, peered in the face
Of a slender, quivering youth, whose
mass of shimmering hair
Clustered over a brow that was strangely smooth and fair;
And lo! as he stooped at the side of his
bleeding and helpless foe,
A sudden horror seized him—his blood
refused to flow,
And he faltered "Mollie! Mollie!" as the
truth flashed over him,
And the dying girl responded with a
faintly whispered "Jim."
He clutched her close to his breast, in
agony awful to see,
And smiling up in his face, she died with
her head on his knee.
Such was the end of the story—a sorrowful one—and yet,
'Tis only a fragment of war—a thing to
deplore and regret.
We carried her back into camp, but none
of us ever knew
The inside truth of the matter—never
the slightest clew—
Never a reason was given—never a how
or a why—
Whether she came as a lover—whether a
friend or spy—
But a letter was found in her bosom,
simply directed "To Jim,"
And the secret of that night's tragedy
afterwards died with him,
When he fell at the storming of Vicksburg, bravely leading the rest,
With a grape-shot mangled shoulder and
a rifle ball in his breast.
But "Dixie," the poet, still claimed in
verses long afterward penned,
That Mollie was true and loyal—the federal soldier's friend.
No matter! Jim and the girl will never
forgotten be
By the boys who camped that night on
the bluffs of the Tennessee.

—James Newton Matthews, in Indianapolis Journal.

Closing Days of the War.

"A good many of the boys," said a veteran recently, "made mistakes in the last year of the war. The hundred days' men and the one-year men who enlisted in 1864 or early in 1865 were hard to hold after the surrender of Lee. Even some of the veterans who had reenlisted were restive when they saw the Confederate armies breaking up. They had enlisted for the war, and now that the war was over they wanted to go home. Those who for any reason were retained beyond their time became almost mutinous, and were only restrained from outbreaks by pride and sense of duty. The more reckless men, however, indifferent as to consequences, immediate or remote, took the bits in their teeth and went their way.

"These were the exceptions, however. Ninety-nine men in every hundred stood firm and true to the last, as proud of their long service as of their first, exultant over the privilege of participating in the grand review at Washington, prizing beyond all other documents their honorable discharges, and returning home the better citizens because they had been good soldiers. We know much of these fellows because they have little to conceal and much to be increasingly proud of. Their records are as an open book, but there are others who in the last year of the war had adventures and experiences that were known only to their company officers or to their most intimate comrades or to men of my profession."

A Flanking Party of One.

"I flanked a company of rebel sharpshooters out of position once," said Albert Grossman of the Twenty-fourth Illinois. "I am not bragging about it, but I did that very thing. Our regiment reached the gap between Rocky Face Ridge and Buzzard's Roost in the evening. Our Colonel, Geza Mihalstzy, saw the danger of our position and instructed us to throw up breastworks as soon as possible. The Colonel was a Russian, a fine, courageous officer, and when occasion demanded he worked with his men. On this occasion he was helping a squad engaged in rolling a log into position, when a squad of rebels, not over twenty rods distant, fired a volley into us. The Colonel was mortally wounded and died some days later. Our squad drove the rebels off, and after that there was quiet during the night.

"The next morning we found the Nineteenth Illinois in line on our left. Soon the rebel sharpshooters in front of them were getting in their work, and every once in a while we could see some Nineteenth Illinois boy carried to the rear. We talked about the Nineteenth bearing the brunt of the skirmishing, and many suggestions were made as to what ought to be done to relieve them. The discussion resulted in no action, but I decided to make an effort on my own hook. I selected a stump some distance in front, squarely on the rebel flank and not 200 yards distant from their line.

"I made a zig-zag rush and got to the stump and under cover. I had thirty rounds of ammunition, and I opened on the rebel sharpshooters and soon had them carrying their wounded to the rear. I also kept them away from a cabin which commanded my own position. Several of the sharpshooters made an attempt to reach this cabin, but I drove every one back. At one time a rebel ran out from shelter to assist one of the wounded skirmishers to the rear. I shouted to him to keep back or I would drop him, and he ran back to where he belonged.

"When my ammunition was exhausted, I called back to our boys to bring me a supply, and our adjutant, Julius Pann, deliberately walked out from our line and brought me more ammunition. When he started to return I told him to make a run for it, and I would keep the rebs down until he reached our rifle pits. But he replied that he would take his chances. He said that he had been cramped up all night in the rifle pits and he was out for a walk, and he walked every foot of the way back in a straight line and without stopping. I was all this time squarely on the flank of the rebels, and the Nineteenth kept them busy from the front. They kept dodging from tree to tree, until finally they made a break and retreated back into their own rifle pits. There were over 100 minie bullet marks on my stump. But I flanked them."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Hampton's Body Servant.

When the Civil War broke out and Wade Hampton went to the front he took a negro body servant with him. The man was a companion as well as a slave, and a loyal, great-hearted, loving worshiper of his master. Years went on and the war continued. On one day an officer bearing dispatches or going back on furlough stopped with General Hampton, who learned that the man was going to Columbia.

"Here, Sam," said he to his body servant, "you got married the day before you left home, and it is now three years since you have seen your Dinah. This gentleman is going to your old home, and I have asked him to take you along. Get ready, Sam, you lucky fellow; it's a great chance for you."

The servant cast his eyes on the ground and great tears welled up into them.

"Are you tired of me, Massa Hampton?" he said. "Why do you want to get rid of me?"

The General again expressed his conviction that Sam must want to see his wife, and that this was a good chance.

"Well, then, I don't go a step, massa," said the slave. "I'se a gwine to stay along wid you."

"What for, Sam? Don't be foolish."

"What for?" the servant answered in sheer astonishment; "what for? Why, if I go and leab you, what you gwine to do, wid nobody to take keer of you. Who's gwine to take keer of you, and what you gwine to do widout me, massa?"

Sam died while the General was in the United States Senate, and his master ,having heard of the loss by telegram, packed his bag and went home to Columbia to walk humbly behind the faithful servant's body at the funeral.—Julian Ralph, in New York Mail and Express.

Two Presidents in a Battle.

President William McKinley's and President Hayes' parts in the battle of Antietam will be marked by a monument erected by the State of Ohio. In this battle McKinley, then a private, acted as commissary to the Ohio troops. The monument will stand at the place where he stood during the fiercest part of the fight. At the head of the Twenty-third was the late President, then Col. Rutherford B. Hayes, on whose staff Mr. McKinley was an aid.

A Hall-Mark Superfluous.

Tompkins—What is your idea of an aristocrat?

Jenkins—Well, a real aristocrat is a man so thoroughly well-bred that you wouldn't know he was an aristocrat.

His Private Opinion.

Brown—Were you the best man at Hobson's wedding?

Green—No, I guess not. But I was just as good as any man there.

Dr. C. H. Roberts, a retired millionaire, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., had as his maxim that "no man has a right to consume more than he produces," and, living up to that principle, he educated his children's hands as well as their heads, and when they left school, he required each to learn a trade.

In 1881 English ships brought to the bone factories of England 30,000 skeletons of Turkish and Russian soldiers who had perished in the Crimean war. They were to be utilized as fertilizing material, after being ground to powder in the mills.

Many people are interested in race horses as a matter of course.

THEIR FIRST RAILROAD RIDE.

How It Impressed the King of Swaziland and His Indunas.

Ubunu, the young king of Swaziland, appeared in full court dress, that is to say, a 40-shilling slop suit, with a bowler hat, and attended by his "tail" of Indunas—about a dozen nearly naked Swazis—on the station platform at Barberton, and waited patiently until it was almost dark, when the rumble of the train could be heard in the distance. With straining eyes they watched the track to see the flying wonder they had heard of. But when the engine, with screaming whistle and two great lamps glaring like the eyes of a monster dragon, rounded the curve and came screaming toward them, they fled like panic-stricken rabbits to the nearest cover, leaving their chief and the few white men on the platform to face the danger.

Next morning the chief reappeared on the platform with his "tail," and begged the acting station master to show his Indunas the locomotive in less bellicose mood, and if it were humanly possible to give them a short ride behind it. As there was really nothing doing at the station, the station master decided to humor the young chief's wish, and, hooking an empty coal truck onto the locomotive, he told the driver to take them for a few miles' run along the line. Ubunu and his "tail" got into the coal truck, the station master into the cab of the engine, and off they set It was "fair and softly" for a short distance from the start, and the Swazis seemed delighted with the new sensation, but the driver put on speed, and when it got to about twenty miles an hour his passengers were clearly in a great state of alarm; they grasped the side of the truck, and gazed like paralytics at the rocks and trees flying past them.

Ubunu did his best to reassure them, but in vain, and some of them were on the point of jumping overboard to escape a worse fate when Ubunu shouted to the driver and asked him please to slacken the pace. No sooner said than done, and in little more than a minute their speed was reduced to that of an ox wagon. The Swazis were quite reassured, and were soon laughing and talking again as lively as ever. At a siding, half-way to Avoca, they halted, the engine changed ends and the return journey began. Ubunu gave the sign that he would like a bit of speed put on, and the driver, nothing loath, whipped her up until she was going between thirty and forty miles an hour. He imagined that the Swazis would get the funks again, for the road was not very smooth and the truck was jumping about a good deal, but he was mistaken. The Swazis had seen enough to satisfy them that he was master of the "smoking horse," and a hundred miles an hour would not have shaken their confidence.

On returning to the station they got out of the truck with evident reluctance, but highly delighted with their adventure. The station master was no longer a person of consequence. They crowded around the cab of the engine, made their most dutiful obeisance to the master of the smoking horse and his mate, and departed with shouts of "Inkoos, inkoos!" (Thank you, my lord, thank you!"—Edinburgh Scotsman.

A Lapland Clock.

Perhaps it is not realized by many persons that in the higher latitudes clocks become more and more a convenience, if they are not a prime necessity, to the housekeeper. When the sun is above the horizon for weeks together there is little difference to be noted between day and night. An English traveler thus describes a clock he met with in Lapland: "An ordinary solid clock does not take the Laplander's eye. He likes something flimsy, and if possible something novel. At one place, hung on a peg driven into the logs of the wall, we were condemned to gaze hourly upon the exasperating device of a dentifrice advertisement connected with a clock. In this a smiling young person drew a tooth-brush briskly across a beautiful set of cardboard teeth between every tick. I was much wishful for sleep and forgetfulness, but neither would come. Hour after hour I was condemned to lie awake and stare at the tooth-brush clock, and to read the legend, printed in my native tongue, that it was "made in Germany," and that the dentifrice was put up in neat packets, priced sixpence or one shilling, and that it could be had of any chemist with the least presumption to call himself respectable."

The Kaiser's Notepaper.

His uniform is not the only thing that the German Emperor changes frequently. His notepaper is also constantly being changed. He has just had a huge quantity ordered of his own designing. On one kind—paper and envelopes alike—the device is the following: On a gold ground the Black Imperial Eagle displays a red beak and claws to match; around the bird is entwined the blue ribbon of the Garter, with "Honi soit qui mal y pense" in gold letters; surrounding that is the variegated chain of the Black Eagle, and above the whole the crown. Some more paper has in addition the Imperial Standard, and other sheets show two flags crossed, and the name in small gold letters—"Hohenzollern." Another kind displays an admiral's flag and the Iron Cross with sword and scepter. All the paper and envelopes, which are pure white, are furnished with a broad mourning margin.

The Real Reason.

A visitor to Dublin refused the services of a driver because of his ragged clothing.

"Ah, sur," replied the Jarvie's friend, "you must excuse him, sur; he can't help it."

"Why can't he help it? Why does his wife not mend his clothes for him?"

"Ah, your honor, he has no wife."

"Then why doesn't he get another coat?"

"He can't, sur, I assure you, he can't."

"Why can't he?"

"Well, sur, it has been tried once or twice, but it can't be done. He is so very ticklesome that divil a tailor in Dublin darr lay a tape on him."

Filial Affection.

An Oxford undergraduate was present at a supper where the fathers of those assembled were being roundly abused for their parsimony in supplying the demands of their sons. At last, after having long kept silence, he raised his voice in mild protest. "After all, gentlemen," he said, "let us remember that they are our fellow-creatures!"

When a graduate talks so low no one can hear her, her friends have a great deal to say about the "literary merit" of her essay.

Herr Krupp's Struggles.

"The old lady," Herr Krupp's mother, managed the small business affairs, while Alfred stepped into the shop, rolled up his sleeves, worked all day with his arms, and then until midnight with his brains, says the Outlook. They lived in a small cottage which is still standing in the factory, and which he did not exchange for a better home until long after his marriage. I now quote Mr. Krupp's own words uttered on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the factory:

"From my fourteenth year I had the care of a family father during the day, added to hard work at the factory, and at night had to study how to overcome the difficulties in the way; during this period I lived on potatoes, bread and coffee, and scant portions of meat, and toiled until late in the night; for twenty-five years I struggled thus, until conditions grew a little easier. My last remembrance of that period is the growing danger of total ruin, and my endurance, suffering, and hard labor to avert the calamity; and I say all this for the encouragement of young men who have nothing, are nothing and want to get something and be somebody."

Couldn't Straighten Up.

Breed, Wis., June 16th.—Charles F. Peterson of this place, Justice of the Peace for Oconto County, tells the following story:

"For years I had an aching pain in my back, which troubled me very much, especially in the morning.

"I was almost unable to straighten my back and the pain was unbearable.

"I did not know what it was, but seeing an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills, I concluded to try a box.

"I can only say that that one box alone has done me more good than anything else ever did.

"I feel as well now as ever I was.

"I have recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to several others who are using them with good results."

Mr. Peterson is a highly respected man and one who would not so positively make a statement unless it was absolutely true.

Incomplete.

Saymold Storey (cautiously producing a package from under his coat)—I'ard, we're in luck. I lifted a canvasback duck from de swell hashhouse round de corner.

Goodman Gonrong—Ye blame fool! I've got to go out now an' pinch a bottle o' champagne!

AIR CUSHION RUBBER STAMPS.

All Kinds of Stamps. Also Printing Outfits, Daters, Etc. Send for Catalogue and Price List. Lock Box 219 Fort Wayne, Ind.

Civil Service.

First Venezuelan—Ha, ha! That's a good one on the politicians!

Second Venezuelan—What's happened now?

First Venezuelan—Why, the President has issued an order bringing revolutions into the classified service!—Puck.

Do you want a Self Inking Dating Stamp for 75 cents? Address, Lock Box 210, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

His Opportunity.

Mr. Timmid—I've decided to speak to your father to-night.

Miss Patience—Oh, who told you?

Mr. Timmid—Told me what?

Miss Patience—That he sprained his ankle to-day.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

If it were not for the salts of the ocean the whole sea would soon become a mass of corruption, owing to the decay of the organic matter it contains.

The Managing Mamma.

"And now," clucked the old hen, surveying with pride the fifteen eggs in her nest.

"I am going to have a smart set of my own."

Three weeks later, true to her word, she had a coming-out party, and society eagerly flocked to see her debutantes, who were arrayed in the daintiest and fluffiest of garments and looked too sweet for anything.—Chicago Tribune.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

Terrible Revenge.

"Do you know what Borus says about you?" tattled the busybody. "He says you don't read half the books you review."

"I'll get even with him!" exclaimed Mr. Naggus, literary editor of the Daily Bread.

And he did. When he reviewed Borus' next novel he gave away the entire plot of the story.—Chicago Tribune.

YELLOWCLOTHES ARE UNSIGHTLY

Keep them white with Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers sell large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

As to Giving.

"I was one of the earliest subscribers to your fund, and here you are asking me to subscribe again."

"Well, he who gives quickly gives twice, you know."—New York Sun.

AIR CUSHION RUBBER STAMPS.

All Kinds of Stamps. Also Printing Outfits, Daters, Etc. Send for Catalogue and Price List. Lock Box 219, Fort Wayne, Ind.

His Ruling Passion.

With great presence of mind the bare-footed and half-clad young man broke away from the other members of the family and rushed back into the burning building at the risk of his life.

Presently he emerged, scorched but triumphant.

He had rescued his camera.

"Oh, Harold!" they exclaimed, "Why did you do that?"

"Do you suppose I'd miss such a chance as this?" he asked, planting the instrument in the snow, adjusting and taking a snap short of the fire.—Chicago Tribune.

Longing for One.

"By the way, Miss Quickstep," said the young man, brightening up a little, "I am awsked to take the part of the foolkiller in a charade. How ought I to dress for the part?"

Suppressing a wild desire to tell him it would be suicide for him to act such a part, she merely replied, with a despairing glance at the clock:

"I don't know, Mr. Longstayer. I don't believe there is any such person."—Chicago Tribune.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The Perverse Fowl.

Mary had a little hen
That caused her many a tear.
It used to lay when eggs were cheap
And quit when they were dear.
—Washington Star.

Henry A. Salzer, the well-known Wisconsin seedsman, gives the last thousand dollars to wipe out the debt of the La Crosse Y. M. C. A.

The oldest musical instrument is the cow's horn, cleaned and bored, and used by savage man at feasts and in war.

I cannot praise Piso's Cure enough for the wonders it has worked in curing me.—R. H. Seidel, 2206 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo., April 15, 1901.

He is a wise man who wastes no energy on pursuits for which he is not fitted.—Gladstone.

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Cuticura Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (25c.), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle; CUTICURA OINTMENT (50c.), to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal; and CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS (25c.), to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the **THE SET $1.** most torturing, disfiguring, and humiliating skin, scalp, and blood humours, with loss of hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world. British Depot: 27-28, Charterhouse Sq., London. French Depot: 5 Rue de la Paix, Paris. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

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