THE LAFAYETTE GAZETTE.

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The Seamp's Parable.

By W. E. Morris

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THE Rev. Clement Wright divested himself of his cassock, left the churchwardens to count the coins collected in the offertory and stepped forth into the foggy darkness. His parish was not, either in point of situation or in point of emolument, a desirable one, and it looked more than usually cheerless on that chill November night; but Rev. Clement was in pretty good spirits, because he felt that he had done his duty. Dreading and disliking the subject of eternal punishment, he had more than once shirked preaching upon it, in defiance of the behests of his conscience; but this evening, with all the impassioned eloquence that had drawn crowded congregations to listen to him, he had laid down the orthodox doctrine—the doctrine which "whosoever will be saved" must needs accept.

"That was a fine sermon of yours," remarked a tall and very seedy-looking old man in a battered, greasy hat, who had apparently been waiting for him to emerge from the vestry and who now joined him without ceremony.

"I am glad you liked it," answered the preacher.

It was no new experience to him to be accosted in the street, and the only thing about his present interlocutor which aroused his curiosity was that the man's intonation was a good deal more refined than might have been expected from his extremely disreputable appearance.

"Oh, I didn't like it; no human being could like a sermon of that kind. But it was scholarly and well put, and you spoke as if you were in earnest. I was wondering whether you had really educated yourself to believe in endless torment—that was all."

"We are bound to believe in it. We are bound to believe in much that we cannot understand."

"Yes, to be sure—the Trinity in unity, baptismal regeneration—eternity itself, if you come to that. Still, there are cases which bring the absurdity of this particular dogma home to a man; my own case, for example.

"Once upon a time I had an only son who went to the devil as straight as he could go. Personally, I have always been a bad lot—drunken, unprincipled, absolutely without belief in any form of revealed religion, so that I didn't deserve to have a good son. I am not going into the details of the story, but I may mention that I was fond of the fellow, that he was ungrateful, and that he practically ruined me.

"Now, supposing that, after the lapse of some years, I had met with that son of mine under circumstances which placed him at my mercy. I have, or had, great muscular strength; and supposing that I had fallen in with him in some lonely spot; that he had crawled, exhausted with fatigue and hunger, to my camp fire; supposing that I had said to him: 'Now you shall be made to suffer a little of what you made me suffer;' supposing that I had bound him hand and foot and thrown him upon the top of that fire to roast slowly to death, with nobody to rescue him from what he had well earned. What then, Mr. Wright?"

"I cannot believe that any mortal man would be such a monster!"

"Well, you needn't believe it, because nothing of the sort ever took place. I was merely making use of a parable."

"My dear sir," interrupted the clergyman, eagerly, "you are falling into the common error of applying human experience to what is superhuman. I should like to talk this matter over more fully with you, and if you will come and eat supper with me—"

"Do I look like the kind of a person who could be taken home to supper in a respectable house? No, no, Mr. Wright; you are welcome to your creed, since it makes you happy. I didn't wait outside the church in order to discuss theology with you. I began as I did partly because it wasn't a bad way at opening a conversation, and partly because my little allegory has a foundation in fact which may interest you. I daresay you haven't forgotten that you once had an uncommonly rascally uncle, Alfred Warren by name, whom your people were compelled to disown."

"I had supposed that my uncle was dead," Mr. Wright answered, with a somewhat uneasy glance at his questioner. "I sent him a little money once, in response to an appeal which reached me from America; but that was a good many years back, and I have heard nothing of him since."

"Don't be alarmed; I am not about to reveal myself as your long lost relative. What I wanted to say to you was this. I knew Alfred Warren out in Nebraska, and I assure you that he had his good points. Perhaps you never heard that he married a widow in Nebraska shortly after circumstances had rendered it advisable for him to quit his native shores? Well, he did; and the result of his marriage was an only son, who grew up to rob him and ruin him. Now, Mr. Wright, I will frankly confess that, if I were poor old Alf, I couldn't bring myself to forgive that young prodigal. But I take it that your religion commands you to exercise a good deal more mercy than you ascribe to its founder, and if you knew that your nephew was ill and almost starving within a stone's throw of you, I don't see how you could reconcile it with your convictions to pass by on the other side."

"Is this the case?" asked Mr. Wright. "If so, I will go to him at once and do what I can for him."

"It is the case. I chanced upon the young man in a filthy lodging-house where I slept last night, and, knowing his history, I thought I would try to do him a good turn, little as he deserves to be befriended by any friend of his father's."

"What has become of his father? I never saw my uncle. All I know about him is that he dissipated his small fortune and disgraced himself by stealing money long ago. Still he is my own flesh and blood. Where is he now?"

"In endless torment, I suppose, if your views are correct. You can't do anything for him; but it is just possible that you may be able to save his son, at least from temporal torment."

Rev. Clement five minutes later was conducted into the miserable tenement where his reprobate nephew lay tossing in the first stages of typhoid fever. While he was satisfying himself that he had not been the victim of a hoax, the man in the battered hat disappeared.

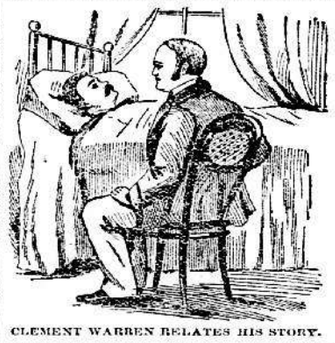
It was not until nearly six weeks later that Clement Warren was in a condition to relate his story to his benevolent relative. Sitting up in the convalescent ward of a fever hospital, he made full confession. It was true enough that he had been a great blackguard; he did not attempt to make excuses for himself; yet he could not help pleading that he had not had half a chance. Both his parents had been given to drinking; his mother had died before his eyes in the agonies of delirium tremens; his father, who had risen suddenly from the extremity of indigence to wealth, had treated him with a certain cynical indulgence, but had never taught him to discriminate between honesty and fraud, nor ever expressed the slightest wish that he should curb his natural passions. When, in order to pay a gambling debt, he had helped himself to a large sum of money which he knew to be upon the premises, he was quite unaware of the magnitude of the catastrophe which he was thereby bringing about.

"But the consequence was that father went bankrupt, so he cursed me and kicked me out of doors. Then I went to sea, and for the last two years I've had a roughish time of it. If you want me to say I'm sorry, I'll say so to please you. I am sorry, and I'd say as much to father, too, if I knew where to find him."

"Your father is dead," Mr. Wright answered, with a sigh. "No doubt he was to blame; but, then, he was punished. As for you, you are young, and life still lies before you. You must make your home with me until we can see our way a little more clearly. After a time an opening will doubtless be found for you, since you have had a good education. No; don't thank me. I am a childless widower, and although I am not a rich man my means are ample for my wants. By the way, I wonder who the unknown friend was who brought me to you. He also was evidently an educated man, though he described himself—and, I am afraid, only too accurately—as a drunken scamp."

But Clement Warren could throw no light upon the stranger's identity.

Only after the lapse of a month, during which time his nephew had become domiciled in his household, and had gladdened his heart by showing signs of a sincere desire to reform, did the eye of Rev. Clement light upon a news-



CLEMENT WARREN RELATES HIS STORY.

paper paragraph which recorded the discovery of a body in the river. That the corpse was that of a suicide was placed beyond doubt by the following written paper found upon it:

"Alfred Warren, having had enough of this life, and being short of money to spend on drink, proposes to ascertain whether there is a future for him elsewhere or not. He feels pretty sure that there is not, but remains open to conviction."

Poor Mr. Wright hurried off to the riverside tavern where the inquest was being held, and arrived in time to identify the man in the battered hat. When orthodox consolations fail one must needs clutch at the best that come to hand. "Anyhow, his conduct proved that he forgave his son before he died, and that is something," was all the comfort that the theologian could lay to his soul.

But the coroner's jury took an even more optimistic view, and found that the deceased had destroyed himself whilst suffering from mental derangement.

How She Turned Him Down.

He had been going to see her for some time and was now getting down to business, as he explained. After telling her of his scanty income and the size of the lot he wanted her to share, he asked:

"Can you sew, dearest?"

"A little."

"And cook?"

"Oh, yes."

He was delighted. She would be a perfect treasure. Then he asked airily in the way of final argument:

"Can you keep house?"

"I can," she said, looking him over, "on certain conditions."

"Name them, dearest."

"I must have a house to keep."—Detroit Free Press.

—Mariage de Convenance. — "And why, Jennie, did you tell Willie you wouldn't be his little wife?" "Cause he didn't ask till he knowed I had a new sixpence."—Tid-Bits.

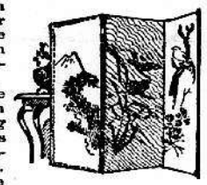
INEXPENSIVE SCREENS.

Valuable Hints for Admirers of the Beautiful.

What an Ingenious Woman Can Do with a Few Dollars—Pleasant and Profitable Work for Leisure Hours.

The frames for screens are best made of pine or spruce, two inches wide by three-quarters of an inch thick. If the corners are mortised, they will be stronger; but if they are nailed against each other with long wire nails, when the covering is stretched over them, they will not be likely to pull apart.

For the Japanese screen in the illustration, make three frames six by two feet each, with a crossbar through the middle of each for extra support.



Cover one side of each with burlap, tacking it over the edges with small, flat-headed tacks. Now cover the other side of each with burlap, this time tacking the top and two edges of outside wings with round-headed brass tacks. Give both sides a thorough coating of thin carpenter's glue.

For hinges cut eight pieces of thin leather, two inches by two and one-fourth inches. Fold these three times, as in Fig. 3. This will make each fold three-fourths of an inch wide.

Now tack or glue folds one and three against either edge of two wings of the

Fig. 1. Fig. 2. Fig. 3.

screen, as in Fig. 2. This will leave fold two of Fig. 3 as a hinge, and allow the wings to swing free of each other.

But by placing another hinge, reversed, directly under the first, the effect will be to keep the wings close together, and yet allow them to swing perfectly free.

If the edges of the screen are to be covered with some molding, the flap of hinge can be tacked on the outside, as in Fig. 1.

You can decorate this by using oil color thinned with turpentine. For a design you can purchase a Japanese book for fifteen cents, and enlarge the drawings that please you.

Use soft colors, never trying to make them "naturalistic." The burlap makes a good tone for a background. If the screen is treated in one color, as indigo or burnt sienna, the effect will be very pretty.

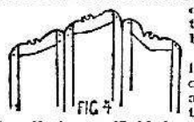


FIG. 4

Soften your lines by running one thing into another, so that they will not be too distinct. Half the pleasure of decoration is not to tell all the story, but leave something to the imagination. The effect is what you want.

Another way to make this screen is to cover it with coarse cotton and, after it is stretched and tacked on, to sponge it. This will cause it to shrink, and it will draw very tightly. Then with flour paste cover it with some fancy paper.

Or cover only the edge with figured paper, and paste a piece of gold paper—choosing the lemon gold rather than the pink golds—all over except for a margin of one inch on the sides and five inches at top and bottom. This gold can then be decorated with water colors mixed with Chinese white, using the Japanese designs as before.

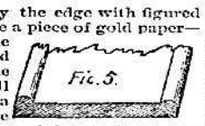
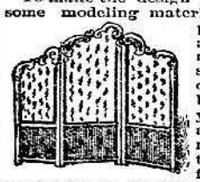


Fig. 5.

For the other screen make the frame as before, but shape the top as shown in Fig. 4. Stretch the cotton cloth as before, and then you can either cover it with figured cloth, tacking it on, or pasting the figured paper. Let the lower part be darker and of a slightly heavier design.

Now get a thin molding (Fig. 5), one and one-half or two inches wide, and tack it on all around except at the top, as you see in the cut.

To make the design at the top, get some modeling material that can be purchased at any art store, and model the design in imitation of rococo. It is better to draw your outline on a board and model it there, tacking it on the frame when it has hardened. To finish, paint the molding and top ornament with enamel white. When this is dry, mix some thin yellow ochre and go over the white, wiping off carelessly with a rag. This will leave the yellow in the corners, and give a good ivory effect.—Vesper L. George, in Youth's Companion.



She Didn't Know the Lady.

Mrs. Clancy—Yis, Mrs. Muggins, Pat and Oi part to mate no more. Oi went to the hospital to ax after him. "Oi want to see me husband," sez Oi—"the man that got blowed up." "Yez can't," sez the docther; "He's under the influence of Ann Estherticks." "Oi don't know the lady," sez Oi, mighty dignified-loike; "but if me lawful wedded husband kin act loike that when he's at dith's door, O'll have a divorce from him."—Demorest's Magazine.

Tried Moral Suasion.

Hoosier Schoolmaster—Don't do any whipping here, eh?

Eastern Pedagogue—No, we use moral suasion.

Hoosier Schoolmaster—Moral suasion, eh? I tried that in Indiana, but it made a heap of trouble. The girls didn't object to the kissing, but the old folks cut up like all possessed.—N. Y. Weekly.

ARTISTIC CABINET.

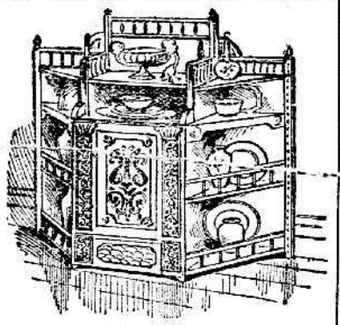
How a Woman Managed to Construct One at Slight Expense.

There are women who can no more resist the possibilities of a packing box than they can write immortal verse. For the benefit of all such the following story is told. It concerns an English woman whose one passion was cupboards, and whose life work consisted in the manufacture of these cupboards out of soap boxes, starch boxes, and the raw material thrown in her way.

"Cabinets do not go far toward providing storage room," remarks this confiding person, "but they are better than nothing. It was this reflection that induced me to close with the offer of a singularly tidy and healthy-looking packing case which for a long time had persistently tried to draw me into controversy respecting its fitness for a higher sphere.

"The embryo cabinet consisted then of a box which, when placed upright, measured twenty-seven inches high by nineteen inches wide and fourteen deep, the lid being used as a door. Behind the box I nailed boards to form a back forty-five inches wide and fifty-four inches high in the center, but dropping to thirty-six inches at each side. This back I strengthened with battens top and bottom. The next additions were the little upright pieces rising from the sides of the box. They do not come forward quite to the edge in front, space being left for the small 'quadrant' pieces which fit into the angles at the foot of these. Between the uprights a shelf was placed, and the triangular shelves were next fixed at each side. This finished the skeleton of the cabinet.

"Before adding the spindles, the back was faced with Japanese paper, and at this stage two little shelves were in-



THE CABINET.

troduced into the cupboard, the interior and the door of which were lined with maroon cloth. The door was provided with ornamental brass hinges, and the front was paneled with lincrusta, the same material decorating the higher portion of the back.

"My cabinet I ebonized. The rich color and large surface covered by the Japanse paper seemed to leave me no alternative if I wished to obtain 'repose.' After enameling, however, I wiped over the raised ornament very lightly with a turpentine cloth, and this has given a lovely effect of dull ebony carving on a bright ground.

"The total expenditure did not exceed $2, and the time occupied in making was not quite three days. It certainly does not look 'homemade,' and already I know of two women who have made similar ones after seeing it."

FACTS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

SWEET oil and putty powder, followed by soap and water, make one of the best medicines for brightening brass or copper.

REMOVE rust from steel knives by covering them for two days with sweet oil; then rub with a lump of fresh lime until the rust disappears.

GUM arabic and gum tragacanth in equal parts dissolved in hot water make the best and most convenient mucilage you can keep in the house.

A BOTTLE of flexible collodion is very useful for cracks in the hands, scratches, cuts, etc. Care must be taken to keep it well protected from the air.

TO KEEP polished steel from rusting after cleaning, or when not in use, take a cloth with a little sweet oil on it and wipe the steel over so that the surface may have a very light but warm coating of oil.

IT is not generally known that gold gilding may be cleaned with a little soap and water applied with a soft sponge and instantly rinsed off and dried. Inferior cheap gilding will not stand this process.

WHEN it is wished to reduce in appearance the height of an object horizontal or oblique lines should be employed and perpendicular when height is required. In papering a room with a low ceiling this should be remembered.

A Good Liniment.

A cheap stimulating liniment which will be almost odorless and yet effective for outside application can be made as follows: In one quart of turpentine mix one quart of coal oil. Pack half an ounce of alkanet root and two ounces of pulverized capsicum in a large, ordinary funnel. Over this mixture pour the turpentine and oil, allowing it all to percolate through the capsicum and alkanet root. In this way it will extract the substance of the capsicum and take on a beautiful red from the alkanet. After this has been done, add one ounce of the oil of peppermint and four ounces of gum camphor. To make it more fragrant add a little oil of pepper grass. This liniment thus completed is a strong, efficacious one to rub on the skin, and so clean and fragrant that even the most fastidious would not hesitate to use it.

Another Instance.

"It's curious," mused Bjorkins, "how this law of compensation runs through everything. For example, wherever there is a well-off aunt you will always find a sycophant." — Chicago Tribune.

Matrimonial.

Mrs. Candid Talker, a fashionable lady living on Madison square, New York, called on a lady friend and found her petting one of those pug dogs.

"Where did you get that animal?" asked Mrs. Candid.

"My husband gave it to me to remember him by when he was away traveling."

"What a horrid, nasty looking brute he is."—Texas Siftings.

The Deacon's Thoughts.

Good Boy—Here is that penny you gave me to put on the contribution plate. I made a mistake, an' put on a button instead.

Father—Hum! What did Deacon Sharpp say when he saw it?

Good Boy—He didn't notice it. I guess the church is out of kindling wood, 'cause I heard him mutter something about getting more chips from the ole block.—Good News.

Why They Fled.

She—You know my grandfather was a relative of Washington, and we always celebrate his birthday by bringing out our Washington relics.

He—I see. And is this waistcoat one that he really wore during the war of the revolution?

She—Oh, yes.

He—No wonder the British left the country.—Judge.

Where the Difference Came In.

He—What makes the pupils of your eyes so large?

She—The oculist put atropine or belladonna in them; and now, do you know, when I sit down to eat I can see nothing on the table at all.

He—That's the way it is with me at my boarding house; but atropine has nothing to do with it.—Judge.

Sound Financial Methods.

"I should like to meet your friend yonder, whom you have introduced to many people this evening."

"Sh! You don't know what you ask. I have made him acquainted with a lot of fellows whom I don't like, in order that he may have some one to borrow money of besides myself." — Chicago News Record.

Poor But Proud.

Hooker—I hear you and Biffington had a personal encounter.

Busby—Yes; he called me a poor fool.

Hooker—No!

Busby—Yes; and I struck him. I don't allow anybody to deride my poverty.—Truth.

A Hopeless Case.

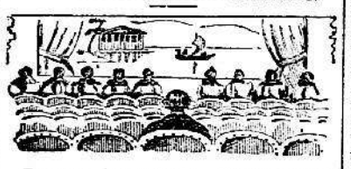
Judge—Prisoner at the bar, the court has assigned counsel to defend you.

Prisoner (with a glance at the counsel)—Is dat my lawyer, yer honor?

"Yes."

"Den I pleads guilty."—Des Moines Argonaut.

ADVERTISING EXTRAORDINARY.



Some early arrivals. He was much struck by their beautiful complexions.

When they took off their opera cloaks he knew the reason why!!!—Pall Mall Budget.

Rough on the Colonel.

The reason registered by the coporal for a punishment inflicted by him:

"Four days cell confinement for Private X., for bee hawing like an ass, in imitation of the colonel."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Beauty's Barrier.

When she from Paris had returned,
A circling crinoline around her,
My heart with hopeless passion burned,
For unapproachable I found her.
—John Ludlow, in Puck.

They Should Go Together.

Gildersleeve—A Philadelphia man has a carriage which he says Washington once owned.

Tillinghast—Who has the hack Washington took at the cherry tree.—Brooklyn Life.

Caught in a Lie.

Jinks—Mr. Spicer, I have a four-dollar bill against you and I would—

Spicer—My dear sir, there is no such a thing as a four-dollar bill, and to-day I am in no humor for jesting.—Texas Siftings.

The Mistake of Her Life.

She—I made a great mistake in marrying you to reform you.

He—Why, I'm a changed man!

She—But your faults were the only things of interest about you.—Life.

Arithmetical.

Terry—How many fish have ye hooked the day, Pat?

Pat—Whin Oi've got the wan O'im afther now, an' two more, Oi'll have three.—Demorest's Magazine.

A Moderate Ambition.

"What would you like to be when you grow up, Wallie?" asked the visitor.

"A man, sir," replied Wallie.—Harper's Young People.

Overheard in a Pharmacy.

Druggist—I got stuck on this lot of court plaster. It's no good.

Friend—If it's no good I don't see how you got stuck on it.—Texas Siftings.

Doubtful Popularity.

"You must be very popular if your friends subscribed to buy you a ticket to leave town?"

"Mebbe. You see it wasn't a return ticket."—Chicago News Record.

THE TIN DUTY.

A Good Illustration of the Madness of the McKinley Bill.

It may have been altogether accidental that the report that the duty on block tin had been repealed was extensively circulated for two or three days after the adjournment of congress. The confusion which prevails in the last hours of a dying congress, the manner in which conference reports are written, referring to amendments by numbers, render it impossible to tell precisely what has been done, without a careful comparison of reports with the bills to which they relate, a work for which there is scarcely time in the prevailing hurry and confusion.

It is probable, however, in spite of these drawbacks, for one whose interests prompt him to look after a particular bill or amendment, to the neglect of all others, to keep track of it and to be able to know its fate as soon as it is determined. In point of fact, it is in this way that the fate of many measures first become known to the public. It is obvious, therefore, that a person thus keeping track of a particular measure, which is of great importance to him and those he represents, but of comparatively little to the general public, may easily have it in his power to mislead others with reference to the matter, if his interests will be forwarded by such a course.

Whatever may have been the origin of the incorrect information, it happened that the adjournment of congress was followed by considerable speculation in tin. After the report that the duty had been removed was contradicted a rapid advance in prices of tin occurred. The advance was not confined to New York; at London also the price rose about three dollars per ton (12 shillings 6d). This increase of price was directly contrary to what was demanded by the statistical position of the metal. Rumors were also in circulation that several hundred tons of tin stood in the names of persons active in politics, and that these persons had been active in throwing obstacles in the way of a repeal of the duty.

The tax on tin, levied in the McKinley bill, is to take effect July 1. According to the theory of Mr. McKinley himself the foreign producers ought to pay this tax. Instead of making their arrangements to do this they have already advanced the price. This is in anticipation of the increased demand which is likely to follow the failure to repeal the law imposing the tax. English mine owners hope to imitate the sharp practice which was adopted before the tin plate duty took effect. Our dealers were anxious to import large quantities before the higher duties became operative. The manufacturers accordingly put up the price and were thereby enabled to extract several millions of dollars from our consumers. It is probable that importations of block tin will be large between this time and July 1, and the mine owners will do their best to collect a part of the tax in advance.

The tax on block tin is no great matter as compared with other oppressive taxes, as it will amount to no more than twenty per cent. It is valuable, however, as an object lesson, because it is a tax avowedly levied to protect American tin mines, although no American mine is now producing a pound of tin. It is therefore a good illustration of the madness of protection during the McKinley era, now happily past.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE SUGAR TAX.

How the Country Is Plundered Through the McKinley Bill.

The McKinley bill retained a tax on refined sugars of half a cent a pound. For the year ending last December there were imported only 24,000,000 pounds of refined sugar, and there were exported over 15,000,000 pounds. There were imported 3,580,000,000 pounds of raw sugar free of tax. The comparatively small amount of refined imported shows how fully the sugar trust controls our market. The fact that we export refined sugars shows that no protection, not even that of half a cent a pound, is needed. As a revenue tax it amounts to nothing. As a means of plundering the consumers of sugar in this country its power will be seen by a few facts.

The stock of the sugar trust, still a trust notwithstanding its reorganization under the flexible laws of New Jersey, is $75,000,000, very largely water. It declared a quarterly dividend recently of 3 per cent., and an extra dividend of ten per cent. A dividend was paid in January of $1,750,000, and the official statement is made that it now has a surplus of $5,000,000. The profits of a little less than a year are thus seen to be about $16,000,000. These figures are given by the Commercial Bulletin, of New York.

The import price of raw sugar is about 3.37 cents a pound; that of refined 4.56, a difference of 1.19 cents a pound. Deducting 5 cents a pound, the tax, and there remains .69 cent a pound, to cover the cost of refining, which is more than ample. Allowing for loss in refining, and the tax of half a cent a pound on the quantity imported nearly equals and accounts for the abnormal profits of the trust. In other words, the country is taxed some $15,000,000 for the benefit of the sugar trust.—St. Paul Globe.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

The Democratic Idea of Dealing with Other Nations.

The foreign policy to which the democratic party is committed is of peaceful trade with all countries and intrigues against none. Only through such a policy can we long escape a foreign war that will saddle our workers with another grand army of military pensioners, so that instead of supporting a single million pretorians we will have several millions of them, insisting on their right to be supported at public expense because of their patriotism.

The foreign policy of the last four years has been dangerous to the welfare of our own people and alarming to our neighbors. Things have come to a pretty pass with us when it requires a change of administration to make our neighbors feel, as Chili now feels, that they are safe from imminent danger of being oppressed by our intrigues in their affairs, if not by an actual army of invasion, sent to subjugate them and acquire control of their guano beds, their sugar trade, or whatever any syndicate of rapacious American plutocrats may chance to covet.

We have all the territory we need and a great deal more than we are yet able to develop. We have not yet learned to govern ourselves justly, and we would be foolish indeed to subjugate others for the sake of governing them the better to give the same class of plutocrats who are robbing us opportunity to rob them under our auspices and with our consent.

The foreign policy we want is not one of robbery, subjugation and annexation, but of peaceful extension of our trade. We want to put the American flag back into every port of the world and, wherever there is an English or a German mercantile agent, we want an American drummer there to compete with him.

President Montt, of Chili, feels that his country is safe from attack now that the democrats are back in power in the United States, and the party must so shape its foreign policy that no weak people will dread subjugation from the United States. We must keep on good terms with our weaker neighbors and restore their confidence in our sense of justice and love of freedom. The country has been sufficiently disgraced by the policy of Pateganism. Let us have no more of it, neither in Chili nor in any other country.—St. Louis Republic.

THE PASSING OF RAUM.

Fitting Close of a Malodorous Official Career.

The announcement of the acceptance by the secretary of the interior, Hoke Smith, of the resignation of Pension Commissioner Green B. Raum is glad news.

Secretary Smith has not waited for the president to select a successor. He has summarily relieved the nation of the disgrace of having Raum occupy an official place. For this he is entitled to public thanks.

The people do not need to be told how unfit Raum is. More than once has been given in detail his dishonorable record. President Harrison knew it all, knew it long before his own term expired; but he kept Raum in place in spite of his proved unfitness and shame.

Why he did this may never be known. Perhaps he thought Raum was a pet of the union soldiers and could not safely be disturbed by a president seeking reelection. This was rank folly, as the votes demonstrated. But if Harrison had any other reason for clinging to this disreputable representative of honest soldiers it can only be conjectured what it was. Certainly he was a drag on the administration and a scandal to the republican party.

But he is out of office. He was put out. The acceptance of his resignation before a successor is appointed was a mark of want of confidence. It is an act that will gratify all good men in every party. It ends Raum's public career properly. Under no conceivable circumstances is he likely to come again to the surface of affairs. He is as dead as Keifer.—N. Y. World.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

——Eight years ago Mr. Cleveland was an experiment. This time he is a tried and accredited statesman.—Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.

——Secretary Smith has shown himself a reliable democrat by getting rid of Raum as soon as possible. Now for the rest of them.—St. Louis Republic.

——Secretary Carlisle is not talking quite as much about the condition of the treasury as his predecessor did in his latter days. Nor is there need of much talk. The treasury's situation is improving.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat (Rep.).

——The trifle of two million dollars lost by an improper ruling in the pension department is a small matter, according to the ideas of the republican leaders. "This is a billion-dollar country," says Mr. Reed, of Maine.—N. Y. World.

——A distinguished democratic senator says that there is not going to be any trouble between President Cleveland and the senate. He remarked that it reminded him of his own domestic relations. "There never was a happier family than ours. My wife does just as she wants to, and I do just as she wants to, also."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

——Secretary Carlisle has dispensed with the services of the head of one of the bureaus in the treasury department who was a delegate to the republican national convention. If this rule obtains in all other departments of the government it is calculated that something like two hundred heads will come off. The Minneapolis convention was distinguished above all others of recent times for the prevalence of federal office holders there.—Boston Herald.

—— Mr. Cleveland's renomination was the work of the people, and Mr. Cleveland knows it too well to be imposed on by those who claim that they helped do it, and that they should, therefore, be reimbursed for the sacrifices they made as his friends. He does not feel himself in anybody's debt for his renomination and reelection, and those who undertake to foreclose mortgages on his gratitude are going to have a hard time doing it.—St. Louis Republic.

——The removal of the statistician of the agricultural department will surprise no one who knows how thoroughly saturated with McKinleyism the work of that officer has been for several years. The economic policy that this statistician advocated with great industry and enthusiasm, if not always with propriety, has been emphatically condemned and rejected by the people, and especially by the farmers to whom he addressed his arguments. A professor of McKinleyism is not wanted in the statistician's office now, either by the people or by the new administration.—N. Y. Times.