



A King's Daughter. BY T. C. DE LEON.

Copyright, 1893, by the Author. LAYING back-ward, Bert, at this hour? The worm must be nimble to escape so early a bird!

"Going to Philadelphia, Ed—business trip," Albert Harley answered shortly, not looking up from his breakfast in the club-dining room, as Edgar Vane sat down opposite and picked up the coffee. But he studied his friend's clouded face over its edge, though he retorted lightly:

"Case must be a criminal one, Bert; for you certainly don't look festive. Woman in it, of course?"

"No; but a woman is cause of my leaving home for a month," Harley pushed back his plate and stood before the other, as he added: "Ed, I made a mistake to marry!"

"You really astounded me!" Edgar Vane said, quietly; but a dark gleam crept to his eyes, and color stole over his sallow cheeks over the Van Dyke beard. "You do not mean that Mabel is—"

"All at fault? No!" Harley broke in. "But there are a million of petty trifles in married life that none may dream of without experience. God knows I would speak so to no other man living! But you, Ed, were my college chum, Mabel's oldest friend—our groomsmen! I tell you, the first year of my married life was heaven; this last has been hell! No, do not stop me. I cannot explain, but must speak. Merest trifles—very—"

"nothing—come between us. I am absorbed in the law; I am sure she loves me from ceaseless round of society. I know what you would say; faults on both sides. Granted; but if neither will acknowledge any fault, there is no way to peace. Old friend, my dream is over; and—his voice shook; he swallowed something in his throat—"God help her! Her heart is broken!"

"Tut! my boy; you have let yourself grow morbid."

"I have not!" The other turned half fiercely on him. "I have fought—yes, I have prayed—against this thing! I know I love Mabel; I am sure she loves me; sometimes, I only for she does not know what real love is—that she never did know!"

Vane's even, white teeth held his lip firm, and he studied the menu attentively; but his voice was very quiet as he said:

"Probably not. You were a great cheat, Bert. Good looks, family and fortune daze a girl—"

"But not a lady!" the other broke in. "Why, Ed, she had refused a dozen richer men!"

"Yes, women are riddles!" Vane answered in deep voice. "By the time you come back she'll change again."

"God grant it! I return at—"

"Cabanian says just time to catch the train, sir," the servant said, and Harley wrung the other's hand as he cried:

"Good-by, old boy! Forget what I said. We'll talk no more of it—yet!"

Edgar Vane's attention was attracted by the breakfast, still staring steadily at the menu. But his eyes looked over its edge into the past—and the future! Under the magic of memory, the club breakfast room transformed into a brilliant ball scene, music and glare of lights came before his dazed eyes, when the empty parlor beyond became a dim conservatory, whence wafted scents of tropic flowers and murmured, half-forgotten words. Again he sat beneath a tall palm; a stately, grand woman beside him, listening to his passionate voice; her fair head bowed; her gleaming bosom panting at restraint of its low corset. A question—a pledge—one first mutual kiss of truth—and the pair moved back among the dancers, happy, radiant, hopeful!

Swiftly the scene changes to a dimly-lit, plain sitting-room. The same woman—trembling, contrite, "forget-lets"—she had spoken hastily; that she likes, admires, but cannot love him; that she loves no one—and never can! And he—the petted darling of society; the dreaded of mammas and the adored of daughters—strides forth into the snowy night, shocked in vanity, irate, but not humble!

Edgar Vane dashed the menu to the floor; sprang erect to his feet and stared at his reflected shape in the tall mirror. Then he ordered and ate his breakfast; his brow clouded and his eye dreary, but his thin lips smiled under the Van Dyke beard, as he sipped his Sauterne.

"I was lonely; and it was very good of you to come, Edgar," Mrs. Harley certainly looked lovely, reclining in the great, tufted chair, her rich tawny gown, emphasizing the soft curves of the finest figure in all society.

"Very selfish, rather," the man answered, earnestly. "I knew you were alone, Mabel. I knew too, you were—unhappy!"

Vane, remember I am your friend's wife."

"I can only remember that you should have been mine, Mabel—that you love me, Mabel—that you were the only woman I cared for in all my mad career! Can only remember that my lips still carry the first of the only kiss in real, love you ever pressed on man's!"

"Oh, Edgar! You shall not!" Crimson-faced, trembling, she sunk into the tufted chair, her bosom tumult-tossed. He was on his knees beside her; her hands in his, hot kisses raining on them, as he cried:

"Oh, my love! my lost darling! my poor, unhappy love! Curses on my pride that kept me from you—that let you sacrifice—"

"No! No!" she moaned. "I did love him—I do still! But, oh, Edgar—I am very, very wretched!"

"Oh, my poor darling! If he is cold, absorbed, selfish. Your heart craves love—warm, living, thoughtful love, that places you above all; love like mine—"

"Hush! this is terrible!" She shuddered and drew from him. "For God's sake, meet me! This is wrong, sinful! I do love my husband! Go, Edgar—go!"

"I cannot—will not, Mabel! Three years ago, at order of your pride, I tossed away the jewel of your love! Life has been a dreary blank for me since—has been a little more, for you. Now, you shall listen."

"Not now! Not now! Go! In pity go!" Again she rose before him tall, stately, but trembling still; moving toward the door.

"Not until I have your answer! Mabel, you love me! God never meant a heart like yours to waste on—"

"Go! If you—love me, go!" Her face pale now, her lips white, her bosom tumultuous. How, she knew not, but she felt strong arms clasp her fiercely—hot breath fanned her shrinking cheek; her ears caught the murmured cry:

"Not Mabel! I will come for my answer to-night!"

Then she was alone, prone on the sofa, hiding in the down cushion the sobs that racked her. What were her thoughts? Does such flood of feeling let thought flood upon it?

"Well, there's a picture! Don't move, my dear! The prettiest post! 'Niobe, all tears!' Has the pug cur, or has Bert lost a big case? Neither! Well, I haven't a minute to waste on—"

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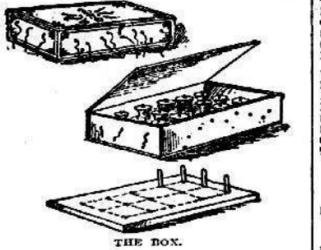
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HANDY THREAD BOX.

It is Just the Thing for Boys to Make for Mother.

Probably nothing in the category of domestic supplies is more productive of displays of temper than spoils of thread which are left to work their own sweet will in a sewing basket. Perhaps some of the romping boys with a patient mother would like to reward this patience in some degree by a little work of their own in her behalf. If so, what would be more acceptable than a neatly-arranged box for spoils of thread, one which will keep all the various ends free from snarls. The box shown in this cut is made from a cigar box of sufficient depth to hold the size of spoils to be used and leave a little more than half an inch space between the cover of the box and the spoils.

The box will probably be plastered inside and out with paper decorations hardly fitted to your purpose. Moisten these with a sponge and they can soon be scamped off with a piece of glass or a knife, or the box may be rubbed down with coarse sandpaper and polished with a finer grade. When this is done tighten the joints and fasten on the cover with small



THE BOX.

hinges, strips of leather or cloth glued on inside. Then get a piece of half-inch board and saw out a small thread hole as there are pegs in the box; mark off the squares on this board so that the lines will cross each other as near together as the spoils can stand without interfering. At each point of crossing bore a hole with a very small gimlet and smooth off the board neatly with sandpaper or plane; then drive through these holes from the under side some round wire nails long enough to reach the top of the spoils.

Put this false bottom in the box and along the front and ends bore as many small thread holes as there are pegs in the board. Put on a little metal fastening to hold the cover down and it is ready for decoration and use. A small ornament traced on with a burning iron point is permanent and quite effective if carefully laid out, or it may be drawn on with a pen and ink and laid on with a small brush in imitation of inlaid work.

After this is all done, varnish or oil the box inside and out and it will make a very pretty and acceptable gift.—N. Y. World.

SEAFARING PIGEONS.

One of them Fell a Victim to the Jealousy of His Consort.

On the old Constellation, says a writer in Harper's Young People, we had a number of pigeons, four or five pairs of them, of various breeds and plumage. The birds were great favorites and grew very tame during our long passages at sea. They had a comfortable house made for them by the ship's carpenter, but they preferred one of our boats, a large roomy cutter, hanging from davits abaft the quarter-deck, where the officers used to take their after-dinner smoke. In the stern-sheets of the cutter the pigeons had made nests, securing for that purpose such as rope yarns, bits of cloth and twine, and they would fly down for them to gather up. As the straws fell on deck, the birds would fly down from the gunwale of the boat, seize the pieces in their beaks and fly back. Each pair was building a nest, and it was interesting to watch them work together. The most energetic seemed to be a purple hen, whose flights to the deck from the boat were most frequent. Nevertheless she kept good watch over her mate and saw that he did his share of the work.

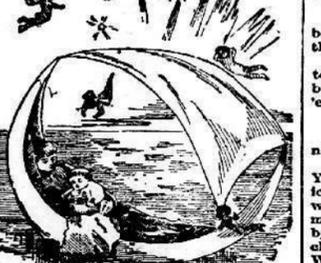
One evening, as this daily nest-building was going on, the purple hen, who had just carried a straw to the boat, hopped up on the gunwale, preparatory to flying down for another. While there, her mate was on deck picking and choosing from a number of straws that had been thrown down for him. Close to him was a white hen pigeon whose mate was in the boat. The two interchanged, perhaps, some bird remarks or glances, not perceptible, however, to the officers who were standing about. The keen glance of the purple hen, on the other hand, was full of attention in the actions of the two birds, and ruffling up her feathers and puffing herself out to her fullest extent, she swooped down from her perch to the deck. Walking up to the pair with an air that showed unmistakable indignation and wrath, she straddled around her mate, looking him square in the eye, and dealt him three sharp blows with her beak in quick succession. The blows fell squarely on the head of the bird, who staggered for a few seconds, and then fell over dead, an undying victim to the jealous rage of his consort.

Needed Strength. Young Wife—I am surprised to have a strong man like you ask bread of me. Weary Wanderer (with dignity)—Madam, if I were not a strong man I should not ask for your bread.—Judge.

The Difference. Papa—Why, May, you are too big a girl to play with dolls. May—Oh no, papa. This is a big doll.—Harper's Young People.

On and Off. When a man gets off a pun he is always anxious for some one else to get on to it.—Truth.

THE ISLE OF NID-NOD.



Oh, a satin sail, and a silver best, Over the purple waves to float; For a path of gold, from the sunset west, Shines out the way that we best! Shut, dear eyes, that have drowsy grown, Dreams are waiting my sweep, my own! Mother pilots her tale down me! To the wonderful Isle of Nid-Nod!

On the shores of pearl we'll roam all night, Watching the dream-elves, wee and bright; They will sing a song for my baby dear— Hence for my darling, do you hear? Gifts they'll lay at these duple feet, Stars and roses, all woven sweet; Oh, the pretties that we shall meet In the beautiful Isle of Nid-Nod!

When the scarlet glow of the dawn shall wake, Homeward again our sail we'll take; And we'll say good-by to the wee folks all, Promising every night to call! Soon my precious will soo with glee, Safely moored will our dreamboat be; Oh, the pretties that we shall meet In the far-away Isle of Nid-Nod! —George Cooper, in Our Little Ones.

STORY OF A RING.

Daisy, the White Kitten, Lost It, and Little Frank was Almost a Year Old, but he could not yet walk a step or speak a word. All he could do was to sit upon the floor and play with blocks, and make his rubber doll squeak.

One morning his mamma was going to make preserves, so she took off her bonnet and went to sleep on the hay, but she forgot to lock the door, and then she drove through these holes from the under side some round wire nails long enough to reach the top of the spoils.

Put this false bottom in the box and along the front and ends bore as many small thread holes as there are pegs in the board. Put on a little metal fastening to hold the cover down and it is ready for decoration and use. A small ornament traced on with a burning iron point is permanent and quite effective if carefully laid out, or it may be drawn on with a pen and ink and laid on with a small brush in imitation of inlaid work.

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Little Brother—If you mook anybody that stutters, you'll become a stutterer yourself.

Little Sister—Will it? "Yes, not will; and if you mook anybody that limps you'll get lame, 'cause that's punishment."

"Then I guess that's why ladies has to begin wearin' hoop skirts. They's been laughin' at folks that used to wear 'em."—Good News.

Ice Well Stay Up. Housekeeper—Ice will be very cheap next summer, won't it? Ice Man—Well, I don't know, mum. You see, we've got a good deal of ice left over from the year before, and we'll have to sell that first, because it might spoil, you know, and I'm afraid by the time the old stock is gone, the cheap ice will all be melted.—N. Y. Weekly.

Poor Musical Politics. Irate Politician—You shan't have a nickel of your bill, confound you! Bandmaster—Why not? Irate Politician—Why not, you idiot? What's more, you play "Die with Am Rhein" whenever we get into an Irish district and "The Weeping of the Green" when we get into the German wards?—Chicago Record.

Making It Black for Him. The Cook—See here, you idiot, what you mix'n' soot inter dat coffee fur? Is you done gone crazy? The Waitress—Crazy? No. A gentleman in de dining-room dar said he didn't want any yellor dish wash in his'n, but if I'd bin 'im a cup of black coffee he'd give me a quarth.—Harper's Bazar.

A Star on the Medical Profession. Squills—A doctor never makes a visit after his patient is out of danger. Bills—I've heard of them doing so many times. Squills—No, I guess not; for so long as a doctor continues his visits the patient is in danger.—Des Moines Argonaut.

Pat's Joke. Pat was digging in a deep trench. "Hello, Irish!" cried a man from above. "O! was Orlish befor Ol got in hepp," returned Pat, "but now Ol'm a Ditch-man."—Judge.

Practically Indestructible. Miss Fadette Flower—I have a great affection for that church, professor—as a child, I played about it, while it was building! Prof. Solomon Stiff—Is it possible?—Miss Fadette—It is still in remarkably good repair.—Puck.

Inevitable. Hicks—And you say that Styles was shot at by a miscreant in the public street. What a fright it must have given him. I don't suppose he'll get over it for years. Wicks—He'll never get over it. He is proud as Lucifer about it. He flatters himself that he was mistaken for a millionaire.—Boston Transcript.

No Poverty. Wife—That new gown of mine is a perfect poem, isn't it? Husband (who writes)—No, it isn't. I've been trying for an hour to make passermenterie, or furbelrow, or bouffant, or some of those other words in the bill, rhyme with dollars, and I can't do it to save my neck.—Detroit Free Press.

A Good Excuse. Judge—Why didn't you give the purse to the police when you found it? Prisoner—Because it was late in the evening. Judge—But why didn't you give it on the following morning? Prisoner—Because there was nothing more in it then.—Fliegende Blaetter.

The Explanation Accepted. She—Have you doctors any feelings? He—Oh, yes. When my own brother is sick I call in another physician. Doesn't that show you? She—Yes. A man who has no compunctions about murder, but avoids fratricide, must have some feelings.—Life.

A Glib Salesman. Business Man—I'll buy nothing more from you. The last suit of clothes you sold me shrank terribly after a single shower of rain. The coat now doesn't reach as far as the waist and the trousers are up to the knees. Traveling Salesman—Then you have a first-class bicycle suit, and the best thing you can do is to buy a wheel.—Fliegende Blaetter.

She Corrected Him. "You are the only girl in all the wide world that I have ever loved," he said to the Boston maiden. "I am delighted to hear you say so," she answered, "but I think you are hardly correct in saying the wide world. Round world would be better. The world is round, slightly flattened at the poles."—N. Y. Press.

Made a Great Hit. "I was immensely pleased with Hamphat in that last act." "Why, he doesn't come on then at all." "No, I know he didn't."—Chicago Record.

On Economy Best. "I like to lunch with Parrows. His conversation is very bright." "That's all right, but it's cheaper to get it direct from the comic papers."—Harper's Bazar.

THE FINANCIAL DIFFICULTY.

When an imminent danger threatens, the first thing to do is to avert it. It is time enough to inquire into the causes of the danger afterwards.

This is plainly the right policy in regard to the existing financial difficulty. But the organs of the discredited republican party are laboring to impeach the sense and the patriotism of a great majority of the people by assertions that "about money the democratic party is not to be trusted," and that the "heavy loss of gold" is occasioned by the fact that "the over-whelming prejudice within the democratic party favors silver payments."

It is due to the truth of history to meet this misrepresentation at once with a plain statement of incontestable facts.

1. When the democratic administration came into power, on the 4th of March, the "heavy loss of gold" under republican rule had left but \$987,000 of "free gold" in the treasury, whereas when the democrats went out of power four years before the amount of free gold above the \$100,000,000 reserve turned over to Mr. Harrison was \$97,874,422.

2. There has been no democratic clamor in favor of silver payments. On the contrary, Senators Voorhees and Cockrell, prominent advocates of free coinage, have approved the determination of the administration to pay in gold.

3. The most active cause of the present difficulty is the republican silver act of 1890, under which, as Secretary Carlisle says, "the government has been and now is paying gold for silver bullion and storing the silver in the vaults, where it is as useless for any purpose of circulation or redemption as iron, lead or any other commodity."

4. The suggestion of free coinage for silver redemption are contained in this same republican law, which directs the secretary of the treasury to "coin of the silver bullion purchased under this act as much as may be necessary to provide for the redemption of the treasury notes herein provided for."

In fixing responsibility stick to the facts. But first of all, let all good citizens sustain the government's policy to maintain the public credit and keep the public faith.—N. Y. World.

HARRISON AS LECTURER.

His War Policy Will Have to Undergo a Change. Ex-President Harrison's services have been secured as a lecturer on international law at the Stanford university in California, and Senator Stanford is reported as saying that he "had an abhorrence of war, and had suggested to Gen. Harrison that in his lectures he should devote himself to any extent he desired to arguments for peace and arbitration."

It will be interesting to hear Gen. Harrison lecture in favor of arbitration, considering his notoriety for being in power to uphold, in his dealings with Chili, that view of national honor which makes arbitration, as a means of settling international disputes, difficult. The Chilians were in great trouble when the Valparaiso riot occurred, and Secretary Carlisle, believing that the government authorized or approved of it, or were reluctant to punish the rioters. There was no doubt of our capacity to conquer the country in a single campaign, if we chose. The Chilian, as Secretary Carlisle has often called for delay, and patience, and forbearance, for, in short, the display of faith in peaceful methods. President Harrison, however, from the very first, permitted the navy department to shower threats on the Chilians, and such a course as to make it very difficult for a high-spirited people to apologize and make amends, and to commit the American press and public to a war policy towards a small feeble power. His getting in a war message on Monday because he had no telegram on Saturday, which even our body's supporters of arbitration, we trust that he will bear in mind that a peaceful, peace-loving state of the public mind is necessary to make arbitration successful, and that to produce this state of mind, a single gentleman has to be laid aside, it was as difficult to persuade people, when they found we had a nice new navy, that honor did not require us to fight the Chilians promptly last year, as it would have been to convince a South Carolina gentleman in 1859 that as a great gentleman as he here at the north kept their honor in good condition without either occasionally shooting at anybody or being occasionally shot at. In short, in order to have peace or peaceful modes of settling differences, we have to cultivate a peaceable disposition.—N. Y. Post.

Carlisle's Banking.

Democrats understand very well the pressure to which Secretary Carlisle is subjected by the millionaires and gold speculators, and he will find all democrats ready to support him in carrying out a just and honest policy. He need not ask from these insolent and dictatorial people a single dollar, either as a loan or as a favor. If he wants another hundred million in gold, or if he needs two hundred million or three hundred million, to do what the plutocrats call "maintaining the public credit," the democratic party and the democratic congress will see that he gets it. Let him give these people to understand that it is inconsistent with the dignity of the United States under democratic administration to beg from them or to accept favors from them and that it is inconsistent with both law and justice to borrow from them to get them corner money against the people. He can rely on it that the democratic congress will give the treasury all the gold that can possibly be called for.—St. Louis Republic.

Senator Cullum, of Illinois, is rallying around the flag which was lowered at Havana. The senator is always ready to rally in times of peace.—St. Louis Republic.

The republican newspaper correspondents must get together on their stories before they can hope to pull the cabinet apart.—N. Y. World.

CONFIDENCE RESTORED.

Public Faith Has Withstood Cowardly Republican Attacks.

It is a credit to the people of this country that all the petty attempts to create a financial flurry and precipitate a disastrous crisis have been unavailing. Never before has the spirit of party magnanimity more recklessly asserted itself. The relations of the president and the cabinet have been misrepresented and an open rupture between them made to appear as imminent. Republican organs have exerted their influence to create a want of confidence and to arouse the financial interests of the west against those of the east. There has been a well-defined purpose to injure the administration in the eyes of the country, no matter what disastrous consequences might ensue. But public confidence has withstood the cowardly assault because firm in the belief that those who have been placed at the head of affairs will do that which is wisest and best for the good of the government and the people.

The recent meeting of the secretary of the treasury and the bankers of New York removed any disturbing doubts that may have been created in the minds of the business men and the financiers of the country. It threw light upon phases of the question that were before obscure, and corrected misunderstandings that had arisen. It brought out clearly the fact, which some have affected to doubt, that the secretary and the bankers have the same object in view, and are entirely agreed as to the necessity of repelling the silver act of 1890 as the only complete remedy for existing evils. There were some differences of view as to the details of the action probably required in the interval before this repeal can be achieved; but they are anxious to cooperate with each other in the most cordial manner.

These facts are of the utmost importance, because it is plain that no financial policy can be successful which, on the one hand, has not the approval of the secretary, and on the other does not meet the requirements of the large commercial and financial interests represented by the bankers. Secretary Carlisle has shown a clearer conception of the situation and its demands than some even of his friends were willing to concede to him. He has also recognized the responsibility of the bankers in the present financial crisis, a matter which in itself is of primary importance. With amicable cooperation secured, and with the known broad and well-considered views of President Cleveland, the country can look forward with confidence to the meeting with confident assurance that they will be overcome without serious consequences to the business interests of the country.—Detroit Free Press.

CLEVELAND'S FINANCIAL POLICY.

A Declaration Which Leaves No Room for Doubt.

The following authoritative statement by President Cleveland clears the financial atmosphere. It follows up specifically the pledge of the inaugural address. It meets boldly a situation which has thrown into uncertainty many positive men. The president says:

"The inclination on the part of the public to accept newspaper reports concerning the intentions of those charged with the management of our national finances seems to justify my emphatic reiteration of the government's policy of redemption by the kind of treasury notes, except in gold, has at any time been determined upon or contemplated by the secretary of the treasury or any other member of the present administration. The president and his cabinet have absolutely no intention of determining to exercise every power conferred upon them to maintain the public credit, to keep the public faith and to preserve the parity between gold and silver and between all financial obligations of the government."

"While the law of 1890 forcing the purchase of a fixed amount of silver every month provides that the secretary of the treasury, in his discretion, may redeem in