The Marble Hill Press.

J. S. Hill, Business Manager.

MARBLE HILL, - - MISSOURI

Let us hope that the Spaniards will not get up a war with Hannis Taylor, too.

Keely's motor is now a flying-machine which paralyzes gravitation through a "sympathetic outreach"; though, to be sure, the sympathetic outreach belonged to the original invention if the experience of certain capitalists is any criterion.

The unpleasant incidents and accidents of the recent indoor bicycle race in New York degrade a sport and add nothing to our knowledge of physical strength, nor does such an exhibition in any way encourage a wholesome development of an outdoor sport which is doing so much to improve the health and raise the vitality of the American people.

A writer who has been entertained by the sultan says his majesty is quiet and very much of a gentleman. He has a velvet voice and is evidently a man of conscience and culture. He cannot help the assassination which has occurred pro and con between his subjects of different religious creeds, but he is sorry for it. Perhaps Byron described that person better—"as mild a mannered man as ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."

The jury and the judge that recently rebuked a lawyer for putting an insulting question to a lady witness have set an example that ought to mitigate a great evil. Frequently a witness is treated worse than if he were the prisoner at the bar. The lawyer guilty of that cruel injustice ought to be held responsible for it, and if the court will not protect a lady against insult her friends ought to have the right of punishment.

Burnt cork for women minstrels in behalf of charity having been forbidden by Bishop Potter under the auspices of his church, one recalls the remark of Henry Ward Beecher, that the devil has no right to all the best tunes. A minstrel show of that kind has a deal of fun as well as charity in it, and has the church no right to fun, either? The proprieties and the dignities spoil a good deal of enjoyment, though they have their rights, too.

If Mr. Dana left orders that his own newspaper should be beaten by every other journal in the country in connection with the news of his own death, it is evident that something was the matter with him besides the alleged cause of his departure. Eccentricity is pardonable where it can't be helped; but the kind of eccentricity that troubled Horace Greeley was permitted no authority in the office of the Tribune when that good old man went to his reward.

This is an age of progress and the church cannot afford to stagnate. The clergyman of today takes advantage of modern improvements. He pays pastoral calls on a bicycle; he lights his church by electricity and he is experimenting with the plan of giving his sermons a wider circulation by transmitting them to his parishioners by telephone. The newspaper is by far the most effective aid he can employ. It is the ultimate manifestation of modern progress and energy. The church cannot do without it.

A women's society for political study recently tried and acquitted Aaron Burr. He was forgiven for his gallantries to women other than his wife. "Had he lived in another age and time," said one lady, speaking of these gallantries, "he would have been treated differently." Evidently the present time was directly referred to, though we are glad to say that the lady didn't press the point or defend the alleged fact very energetically. He was also forgiven for marrying Madame Jumel for her money; and then the society decided that it wasn't proper to discuss the private lives of great men and hastily dropped the subject.

The present year will have among its noteworthy anniversaries the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the death of Isaac Watts. It will be chiefly as a writer of hymns that he will be honored by affectionate remembrance. Of his hymns the Christian world has chosen a few as pre-eminent. If he had written only the hymn beginning, "O God, our help in ages past," his name would have a sure place in the roll of makers of verse worthy and destined to live. A great hymn levels denominational barriers. While men are talking of Christian unity, or dreaming of it, the hymn, in its sphere of influence, if only for the moment when heard or sung, makes believers one. He who has strengthened and inspired generations, refreshing the saints and moving those who make no pretensions to saintliness, may well be remembered.

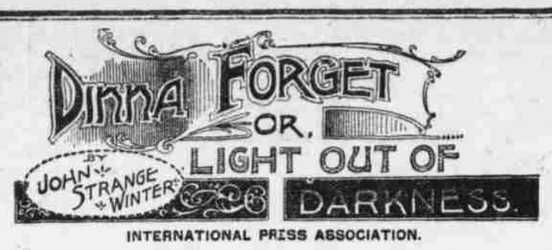
The proposition of David Christie Murray that Englishmen pay for a statue of George Washington to be put in London smacks of the exceeding amiability of the man who, smitten on one cheek, smilingly turns the other to his assailant for similar punishment. But we hope the scheme will fail. Such a statue would invite abuse on the part of Englishmen which would amount to gross humiliation of the memory of our first president. Cyrus Field put up a monument to Major Andre and we all know the result of his forgiving generosity.

Territory-grabbing by the Great Powers almost necessitates morning and evening editions of maps, so rapid are the changes. A series of maps makes an interesting record of racing to outstrip competitors for territory which the weaker must give up to the stronger.

The right of a woman to search her sleeping husband's pockets is not questioned. The thing complained of is her habit of uttering blasphemy and tearing her hair when she can't find anything to steal.

Miss Claneros can marry as soon as she chooses, not to say as often, and she has her choice of several fortunes. Well, she had a hard time of it while a prisoner, and under the law of compensation she is entitled to all possible good fortune. Let her learn our language, and with her book or her lecture she can get rich without any outside generosity.

One paper in New York got hold of the President's message at least one week before the President had begun to write it. That's journalism, too.



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

In a moment the kitten, a little the worse for wear and tear, was safely in her mistress' arms, and a great fuss did she make over it. In the midst of it, Dick Aylmer, knowing that his fretful horse was dancing about on the other side of the house, said good-by again and escaped. "And, by Jove!" he said, as he turned out of the gates, "she does not know my name either. I seem bound to be mysterious today, somehow or other. Evidently she mistook me for Haines—or, rather, she mistook me for the other in the matter of names. Ah, well, she's going away tomorrow, and I don't suppose I shall see her again, or that it matters in the least whether she calls me Harris, or Haines, or Aylmer," and then he added to the horse, "Get along, old man, will you?"

He slackened the pace, however, when he got to the turn of the road which skirted the sloping meadow in front of the Hall where "she" lived, and the horse crawled up the side of the hill as if it had been an Alpine hight instead of a mere bend of the road. But there was no sign of her. As he passed he caught a glimpse of the gay flower-beds and a big tabby cat walking leisurely across the terrace, but Dorothy Strode was not to be seen, and when Richard Aylmer recognized that fact he gave a jerk to the reins and sent the horse flying along in the direction of Colchester as fast as his four good legs would carry him.

CHAPTER III.

DOROTHY STRODE said very little to her aunt about the gentleman who had brought her home from Lady Jane's tennis party. Not that she voluntarily kept anything back, but in truth there was very little for her to tell, very little that she could tell. The language of love is an eloquent one, but when you are one of the principal persons concerned you cannot give to another the history of a pressure of the hand or a look of the eyes, and still less of a tone of the voice which tells you all too eloquently of the state of feelings which you cause in that other one.

Yet when Miss Dimsdale came home from Colchester, having been fetched from Wrabness Station in an ancient victoria which had seen better days, drawn by a pair of cobs which, let use mercifully hope, would never see worse than they enjoyed in sleek comfort at present, she dutifully—ay, and with pleasure—gave her an animated description of the party. How Lady Jane had specially asked for her and had sent her dear love to her; how sorry she was, and everybody else, that Miss Dimsdale had had to go and see that tiresome lawyer on that particular afternoon; how Lady Jane had told her that her new white frock was exquisite, and that she ought always to wear full sleeves because they became her so well, and finally how there had been one of the officers from Colchester at the party and she had been his partner in several games of tennis, and finally that Lady Jane had sent him to see her safely to the gate. "Our gate, I mean, Auntie," said Dorothy, not wishing to convey a false impression.

"And David Stevenson, he wasn't there, I suppose?" said Miss Dimsdale, as she sipped her claret.

"No, Auntie, he wasn't," Dorothy answered. "You see, Lady Jane does not like David Stevenson very much."

"I know that," said Miss Dimsdale shortly.

On the whole Miss Dimsdale would have liked Dorothy to marry David Stevenson, who was young and a good enough fellow to make a good husband. He had a well-kept valuable farm of four hundred acres a mile or two from Graveleigh, with a convenient and spacious house thereon, of which he was very anxious to make Dorothy mistress. But Dorothy had, with a strange perversity, said nay over and over again, and she seemed in no desire to change her mind now. Miss Dimsdale gave a sigh as she thought of it—for David Stevenson's mother had been her dearest friend—but all the same, she was not the woman to try to force the child's inclination.

"Mr. Harris asked me if he might call—if he might come and see me," said Dorothy presently, after a pause.

"Mr. Harris! and who is Mr. Harris?" asked Miss Dimsdale, startled out of a reverie about David Stevenson's mother, who, by-the-bye, unconsciously and dear friend as she was of Marion Dimsdale's, had stepped in and married the man of Marion's heart.

"Mr. Harris! He is the officer I told you about, Auntie, the one who brought me home," said Dorothy, in surprise that her aunt should not remember.

"Oh, yes—yes. And what did you say?"

"I told him that I thought he might."

"And when?"

"Oh, I told him to take his chance," Dorothy answered.

"Quite right," said Miss Dimsdale, who had no notion of making the way of a gallant too easy and pleasant to him. "Well, we shall see what he is like when he comes, if we happen to be at home."

She began then to tell Dorothy all about her day in Colchester. What the lawyer had said, how she had been to the bank, and looked in at the saddler's to say that the harness of the little cob which ran in the village cart must be overhauled and generally looked to. Then how she had found time to go in the fancy-work shop and had bought one or two new things in that line, and last of all how she had been in to the jeweler's to get a new watch-key and had there seen a wonderful belt of silver coins which some one had sold for melting down, and this had been offered to her at such a reasonable price that she had been tempted to buy it.

"Auntie!" cried Dorothy.

"Oh, I did not say it was for you, child," said Miss Dimsdale promptly.

Dorothy's face fell, and Miss Dimsdale laughed. "There, child, there, I won't tease you about it. There it is in the chimney-shelf."

And Dorothy naturally enough jumped up and ran to open the box in which the belt was packed, opening it eagerly, and uttering a cry of delight when she saw the beautiful ornament lying within. It was a lovely thing, and in her pleasure and pride at the possession of it Dorothy almost forgot her new admirer, Mr. Harris.

Not quite though, for when she slipped it on over her pretty white dress and ran to the pier-glass between the windows of the drawing-room to see the effect of it, she suddenly found herself wondering how he would think she looked in it, and instantly the swift color flashed into her cheeks, so that she hardly liked to turn back to face the gaze of her aunt's calm, far-seeing eyes.

Miss Dimsdale meanwhile had walked to the window, and was looking out into the soft evening dusk.

"Some one is coming along the drive," she said. "I think it is David Stevenson."

A gesture of impatience was Dorothy's answer, a gesture accompanied by an equally impatient sound, but she never thought of making good use of her time and escaping out of the room, as a girl brought up in a town might have done. No, she left the glass and went across the room to the table where her work-basket stood, and took up an elaborate table-cover which she had been working at in a more or less desultory fashion for six months past, and by the time David Stevenson was shown in she was stitching away as if for dear life. Miss Dimsdale, on the contrary, did not move from the window until she heard the door open, then she went a few steps to meet him.

"Good evening, David," she said very kindly. "How very nice of you to come in tonight! We have not seen you for a long time."

"No, I've been dreadfully busy," he answered, "and I am still, for the matter of that. But I hadn't seen you for a long time, and I thought I'd come over and see how you were getting on."

"That was very good of you," said Miss Dimsdale; then she moved to the bell and rang it. "We will have a light; the evenings are closing in very fast."

"Yes," he answered.

Then he went across where already his eyes had wandered to Dorothy, who was bravely sewing away in the dusk.

"How are you, Dorothy?" he asked.

"I am quite well, thank you, David," she replied, just letting her hand rest for a moment in his.

"I saw you this afternoon," he went on, seating himself on a chair just in front of her.

"Why, yes," said Dorothy; "you took your hat off to me."

He was a fine-grown, good-looking

SOME ONE IS COMING.

fellow, big and strong and young, with the unmistakable air of a man who is his own master; but in Dorothy's mind a vision rose up at that moment of another young man, who was also big and strong, and very unlike David Stevenson.

David frowned at the remembrance of the afternoon and of her companion, and just then a neat maid servant came in with a lamp, and the dusk vanished. She set the lamp down beside Dorothy, so that David Stevenson was enabled to see her face clearly.

"If you please, ma'am," said Barbara to her mistress, "Janet Benham has come up to speak to you. She's in great trouble about something."

"Janet Benham in trouble?" cried Miss Dimsdale, in dismay. "Oh, I will come at once. Dorothy, stay and talk to David," she added, for Dorothy had made a movement as if she, too, wanted to go and hear more about Janet's trouble.

CHAPTER IV.

HOWEVER, in the face of her aunt's distinct command, she had no choice but to remain where she was, and she took up the work again and began a-stitching vehemently as if she would fain sew her vexation into the pretty pattern.

David Stevenson, on the contrary, was more than well satisfied at the way in which matters had fallen, and inwardly blessed that trouble of Janet Benham's as much as Dorothy did the contrary. He jerked his chair an inch or so nearer to hers, and leaned forward with his elbows upon his knees. Dorothy sat up very straight indeed, and kept her attention strictly upon her work.

"Who was that fellow I saw you talking to this afternoon, Dorothy?" he asked.

"A man that Lady Jane asked to see me home," answered Dorothy, promptly.

"Oh, you have been to Lady Jane's?" in a distinctly modified tone.

"Yes, I had been to Lady Jane's," returned Dorothy, matching a bit of yellow silk with minute care. "Why didn't you go?"

"Because I wasn't asked," said he curtly. "Lady Jane never asks me now—she's taken a dislike to me."

"Well, I can't help that," said Dorothy, indifferently.

"I don't know so much about that," he said, rather gloomily. "I think you might if you liked. Not that I want you to trouble about it, or that I care a single brass farthing about Lady Jane or her parties. In any case, I should only go because I might meet you there."

"Oh, that's a poor enough reason," cried Dorothy, flippantly.

There was very little of the mute lover about David Stevenson, and whenever he found that Dorothy was, in spite of good opportunities, slipping further and further away from him, he always got impatient and angry.

"Well I don't know that you're far wrong there," he retorted, in a tone which he tried with the most indifferent success to make cool and slighting. "However, her ladyship has left off asking me to her entertainments of late, and I don't know that I feel any the worse man for that. So you met that fellow there, did you?"

"You don't suppose I picked him up on the road, do you?" demanded Dorothy, who was getting angry, too.

David drew in his horns a little. "No, no, of course not," he said soothingly. "I had no right to ask anything about him, only everything you do and everyone you speak to interests me. I wanted to know who he was, that was all."

"Then," said Dorothy, with a very dignified air, "you had better go and ask Lady Jane herself. She can tell you, and I am sure she will. I know very little about the gentleman—just his name and very little besides."

David Stevenson sat back in his chair with a groan; Dorothy Strode stitched away furiously, and so they sat until Miss Dimsdale came back again. "H'm," her thoughts ran, "quarreling again."

Dorothy looked up at her aunt and spoke in her softest voice. "What was the matter with Janet, auntie?" she asked.

(To be continued.)

HOW BISMARCK BECAME RICH

German Writer Says the Chancellor Speculated on State Secrets.

From London Truth: A pamphlet has recently appeared in Germany entitled "Bismarck and Bleichroeder." Its author is a member of the old Junker party of the name of Diebat Daher, and it professes to give some curious details in regard to the present fortune of the ex-chancellor and how it was acquired. After the German war of 1870 the prince received from the country two estates of no great value, which coupled with his own paternal estate, brought him in a fair revenue. He then left Bleichroeder to look after his private monetary affairs, with the result that he now has a fortune amounting to 150,000,000 marks. This, the author contends, can only have been made by stock exchange speculations, based on the knowledge that the prince derived from his position at the head of the German government, and which he confided to Bleichroeder. That, with the cares of empire on his shoulders, he left his monetary affairs in the hands of his banker is very possible, and equally possible is it that his banker did the best for his client. But I should require a good deal more evidence than is afforded in this pamphlet to believe that the prince speculated on state secrets in partnership with a Hebrew financier or that his fortune is now anything like 150,000,000 marks.

Treatment of Women in Former Times.

From the subversion of the Roman Empire to the fourteenth or fifteenth century women spent most of their time alone, almost entire strangers to the joys of social life; they seldom went abroad, but to be spectators of such public diversions and amusements as the fashions of the times countenanced. Francis I. was the first who introduced women on public days to court; before his time nothing was to be seen at any of the courts of Europe but gray-bearded politicians, plotting the destruction of the rights and liberties of mankind, and warriors clad in complete armor, ready to put their plots in execution. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries elegance had scarcely any existence, and even cleanliness was hardly considered as laudable.

The use of linen was not known, and the most delicate of the fair sex wore woolen shifts. In Paris they had meat only three times a week, and one hundred livres (about twenty-five dollars) was a large portion for a young lady. The better sort of citizens used splinters of wood and rags dipped in oil instead of candles, which, in those days, were hardly to be met with. Wine was only to be had at the shops of the apothecaries, where it was sold as a cordial; and to ride in a two-wheeled cart along the dirty, rugged streets was reckoned a grandeur of so enviable a nature that Philip the Fair prohibited the wives of citizens from enjoying it. In the time of Henry VIII. of England the peers of the realm carried their wives behind them on horseback when they went to London, and in the same manner took them back to their country seats, with hoods of waxed linen over their heads, and wrapped in mantles of cloth to secure them from the cold.

Court Knew What Was Poker.

Paul Millikin, who is one of the most popular men on 'change, was yesterday on the floor rehearsing the latest poker incident. It is unnecessary to say that he secured a great many auditors, as there are numerous admirers of the great American game there. A private game had been broken up in a small town, which was very religiously inclined, and the players arrested and taken before the county judge. The five prisoners were told by the judicial light to rehearse in strict honesty what was going on when the officer appeared.

"Well, —— had just dealt. It was a jack pot. Said I, 'Open it, but it will cost you $2 to come in.' The next player put up the needed amount and said: 'Well, it will just cost $5 more to be in this play.' And when it came to me I looked at my hand and found a pair of threes. I had been lucky, and concluded to go in the jack pot, and did so."

"Prisoner is dismissed!" cried the judge, interrupting him in his story.

"Well, what's the trouble?" said the latter, looking alarmed and studying the judge in surprise.

"Why, simply this: You are charged for playing poker, and your own evidence shows that you were not," replied the court.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Thing to Do.

Would-Be Contributor—I have a poem here that I would like to read to you. (Reads it.) What would you advise me to do with it? Editor—Get Corbett to read it to Fitzsimmons. He claims that he wants to make the latter fight again.

Proof Positive.

Dasherly—"Too bad Mrs. Swift doesn't like her husband." Flasherly—"Why, I thought she did." Dasherly—"Oh, no—she gives him cigars for Christmas presents."—The Yellow Book.

After His Time.

Airtight—"In one way Adam had a snap." Dewtell—"What was that?" Airtight—"Christmas presents weren't in vogue then."—The Yellow Book.

Children under seven years of age prefer yellow to all other colors.

BEWARE OF PAPERS.

"METROPOLITAN" PAPERS ENEMIES OF THE PEOPLE.

There Are Some Exceptions, but They Are Few and Far Between—The Paid Agents of Advertisers and Selfish Interests.

The following, taken from Walter Vrooman's New Democracy, illustrates clearly the wisdom of extending the circulation of our party literature, if we would have the people know the truth:

The attempt of the gold press to array the agricultural producers against the city laborers, and the mechanics against the agriculturists, is cruel and deliberate. And this power to deceive and mislead carries with it the power of life or death.

Suppose I were to go to Mr. Jones and tell him that Mr. Smith had declared to me that he was going to shoot him on sight, and that I had seen him purchase a revolver for that purpose; and then I should go to Mr. Smith and tell him that his friend Jones had just armed himself to the teeth for the purpose of killing him, stating that I had heard him swear and curse and declare before heaven that Smith should not live another day. Now, suppose these two neighbors, heretofore warm friends, were to approach each other, and Smith, as a precaution, would reach his hand toward his hip pocket, and Jones, in order to save his life, would pull out his weapon and fire, both men shooting each other at the same time.

The result would be TWO DEAD FOOLS, the victim of ONE LIVE LIAR.

Now, the modern newspaper is a corporation, formed for the one purpose of paying dividends to stockholders. In order to make money it must serve the people who have money, for now all the profits of the great dailies are derived from the sale of space in their columns, the receipts for the sale of papers not covering expenses. The business manager, with a few exceptions, controls the editorial department and dictates all policies. So we poor wayfarers, hungry for information concerning some important interest, seize upon a learned editorial in a great metropolitan daily, and while we think we are being instructed by the weighty opinion of some friendly and scholarly writer, we are in fact reading THE PAID ADVERTISEMENT of our enemies, placed in the paper to confuse us. When, in the news department, we read a speech or an interview, it is often so garbled that the meaning is quite changed. And what we consider to be a simple statement of fact is often a doctored narrative, containing fictitious figures, and printed for the sole purpose of misleading the public.

The Hope of the Republic.

The Democratic party in power in 1900 controlled by the common people will, without doubt, EXPERIMENT boldly. It will lead our government into new and untried ways, as our enemies very clearly and very truthfully predict. It will make many improvements and it may make some blunders. The one thing that above all and in spite of all it is pledged to do, is to arouse the United States government from its paralysis, stupor and corpse-like state of being experimented on, and declare that whatever the EXPERIMENTS of the future, instead of being made ON THE UNITED STATES, THEY SHALL BE MADE BY THE UNITED STATES.—Walter Vrooman in New Democracy.

Further Proof Unnecessary.

Philadelphia Ledger: If the United States treasury deficit of almost $40,000,000 for the fiscal year to date does not convince congress of the necessity of either rigorous retrenchment and economy in the matter of government expenditures or of providing additional revenue to meet extravagant appropriations, it is unlikely that anything will do so. Or if congress should not promptly recognize that the Dingley tariff is a disastrous failure as a revenue measure, or as a measure for the protection of domestic labor, it will fail to recognize a clearly demonstrated fact.

The Bloodsucking Pension Attorney.

Fastened upon the body of nearly 1,000,000 men and women drawing pension from the treasury there is a leech of tremendous appetite. It drew out of the pensioners during the last fiscal year more than $500,000 in fees for obtaining new pensions and increases of old ones. It is a most ingenious and insatiable creature. It is about as little necessary now in the pension service of the government as the leech is in medicine. And it is scarcely less repulsive to contemplate than the slimy bloodsucker of the old-fashioned practitioner.

Sparing Appropriations Advisable.

Bearing in mind that the present time is particularly inauspicious for allowing any but the most necessary expenditures, it is unquestionably the policy of wisdom to deal very sparingly with appropriations for public buildings. The nation can well afford to be liberal in this direction when its revenue is greater than its expenditures, which is likely to be the case by the next session of congress. Until that time these appropriations should wait.

Acknowledging the Truth.

Senator Aldrich has let the cat out of the bag in a recent discussion of the Dingley bill! he said that in future we must look less to duties on imports for revenue and rely more upon an increase of internal revenue taxes to raise the necessary revenue for the government. This tears the mask from the whole Republican scheme of taxation and reveals it as a system devised solely for the purpose of bestowing benefits upon one class of the people at the expense of another.

Secretary Gage and His Hopes.

Cincinnati Enquirer: The very best that the secretary of the treasury hopes for will leave an enormous deficit in the affairs of the United States treasury at the end of the fiscal year July 1 at the rate things are now going. And it is highly probable that what Mr. Gage "hopes for" will not be realized.

Only One Thing More Needed.

The Illinois Republican leaders propose to gerrymander the state again in order to secure, if possible, a few more legislative and congressional seats. If they could only deprive the minority of representation absolutely they would rest content.

Nebraska has 35,000 Silver Republicans and less than 100 gold Democrats

EDITORIALS.

There are 75,000 Silver Republicans in Ohio. There are less than 1,500 Gold Democrats in Ohio.

There are 120,000 Silver Republicans in Michigan. Don M. Dickinson and eight others comprise the gold Democracy of the State.

Wisconsin has 40,000 Silver Republicans. There are less than 800 gold Democrats in the State.

Illinois has 115,000 Silver Republicans John P. Hopkins and sixty others comprise the gold Democracy of the State.

Indiana has 160,000 Silver Republican voters. W. D. Bynum is the only gold Democrat in the State.

Minnesota has 60,000 Silver Republicans. Minnesota has no gold Democrats.

If a man tells you that the Democrats ought to get together, put him down as a gold Republican. He wants the Democratic party to "kiss and make up" with the renegades so that the Silver Republicans will quit the fight in disgust and go back to the G. O. P. (Gold only party), in which case the gold Republican would get another lease of life.

Join a silver club in your vicinity. You have no business to remain inactive. The battle cannot be won without your aid. If there is no silver club in your vicinity form one. Five or ten voters are sufficient. Be up and doing.

Every vote precinct ought to have its vigilance committee, to preserve the purity of the ballot from the acts of the "holier than thaw" rascals.

Our precinct clubs must see to it that the purity of the ballot is preserved. We may educate to doomsday without good results, if we are not vigilant for honest suffrage.

Every individual should contribute his mite to the support of the organization, precinct, ward, town, county, district, state and nation. Money must be had to carry on campaigns and the common people should aid all they can. The Democratic party is simply the agent of the common people and in all things act for them. The Republican party is the agent of the interests that rob the people and those interests contribute liberally to its coffers.

In these halcyon days of McKinley prosperity, when the laboring man has run the gantlet of the trust robbers, the footpads generally let him go free, because he is not worth holding up.

The Republican party has always been terribly distressed over the competition of foreign labor, but somehow or other it thinks the annexation of thousands of Japanese, Kanakas and Chinese coolies would be a blessed thing all around.

Retrenchment rather than revenue is the need of the hour, according to the Republican mahatamas. The trouble is that we shall have neither the one nor the other under a Republican administration.

The cotton spinners of Fall River, Mass., are in a fair way to enjoy the "honest dollar for an honest day's work" so sternly demanded by Major McKinley in the autumn of 1896. Their wages of $8 per week have been cut 10 per cent, leaving them $1.20 per day. As prosperity continues to diffuse itself throughout the land the mill barons will probably seize the opportunity to lop off the odd 20 cents, thus bringing the stipend down to the ideal standard proclaimed from the front porch at Canton.

From the complaint of the New England cotton manufacturers it is to be inferred that they need a protective tariff against the south.

Competition may be the life of trade de jure, but combination is the life of trade de facto at the present writing. The sheet iron and enameled ware manufacturers are now engaged in uniting themselves into an irresistible monopoly. Nearly every day, in fact, brings to light some great movement of this kind.

The Prince's Faith in Science.

It is a well-known scientific fact that the human hand may be placed uninjured in lead boiling at white heat, being protected from any harm by the moisture of the skin. Should the lead be a perceptibly lower temperature the effect need not be described. The Prince of Wales and Dr. Lyon Playfair, it is related, were standing near a cauldron containing lead which was boiling at white heat. "Has your royal highness any faith in science?" said the doctor. "Certainly," replied the prince. "Will you then place your hand in the boiling metal, and ladle out a portion of it?" "Do you tell me to do this?" asked the prince. "I do," replied the doctor. The prince then ladled out some of the boiling lead with his hand, without sustaining any injury.

Gold in Ancient Ireland.

Ireland of prehistoric times was the gold country of Europe. In no other country, at any rate, has so much manufactured gold of early ages been found; not less than 400 specimens of Irish gold antiques being contained in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy alone, while the British museum gold antiques illustrative of British history are entirely Irish. Trinity college, Dublin, has many fine examples, and there are large private collections. Native gold occurs in seven localities in Ireland, and the ancient miners may have had sources of supply that are now worked out or lost.

Buried the Dog by Its Master.

John P. Smith of Muncie, Ind., died seven years ago. One of his last requests was that his pet dog should be buried at the foot of his grave when it died. The animal's death occurred a few days ago and Mrs. Smith placed the body in a coffin and had it buried as her husband wished.

Trouble in the Parker Family.

(From Town Topics.)

Willis—Parker's salary was doubled a short time ago, so I hear. Wallace—Yes, it was; but it got him in lots of trouble. Willis—How's that? Wallace—His wife found it out.

Queer Kick of the Ostrich.

The offensive weapon of the ostrich is his leg. He can kick as hard as a mule and it is a remarkable fact that his kick is forward, never backward.

COTTON AND SILVER.

MEXICO MAY SOON RIVAL THE SOUTH.

That Country Is Alive—The Humming Mills—While Our Exports Are Falling Off—Premium on Gold the Cause—Bimetallism Is the True Protector.

Cotton manufacturing in Mexico is flourishing, but in New England the wages of 40,000 operatives have been cut 10 per cent because of poor business. In Mexico the conditions of success are made possible because of the free coinage of silver and the premium on gold, which serves as a barrier against imports from gold countries.

In discussing this question the Mexican Financier says: "Mexico's importations of cotton cloth from England during the past ten months have declined 7,862,600 yards, or 19 per cent, contrasted with imports for the same time last year, and imports from the United States have decreased 1,531,135 yards, or 25 per cent."

New mills are going up in Mexico, and those now in operation are reported to be making from 40 to 60 per cent profit on their product.

Another important factor in the causing of poor business for the New England mills is the retaliation of Canada for the Dingley bill. As proof of this statement, the following monthly record of exports of cotton goods to Canada since the enactment of the Dingley law, in comparison with the same months last year, is significant:

Exports of cotton cloth to Canada (yards):

	1897.	1896.
July	1,477,538	3,744,754
August	832,023	4,310,471
September	809,865	3,997,760
October	597,498	3,934,479

This is not all. Exports of the products of American cotton goods to foreign countries generally have largely fallen off since the passage of the tariff bill. The Pittsburg Post shows that for September and October of this year under the Dingley tariff the exports amounted to $2,643,870, but for the same months last year, under the Wilson tariff, they were $3,563,360, or nearly a million dollars more.

Thus the cotton industry is handicapped in two important matters. The Dingley tariff prevents exports to Canada and Europe, while the gold standard cuts off trade with Mexico.

The moral of the question is that bimetallism is the best kind of Protection. It at once breaks the back of monopoly and at the same time stimulates the home markets.

Great Opportunity for Congress.

New York World: The expenditures of the government are enormously in excess of the actual need, because a very great proportion of the appropriations is made simply to serve party purposes, or, in plain words, to buy votes with bounties. What a monument the present congress could build for itself if it had the courage to deal with this matter rationally and honestly, cutting off all unjust appropriations and levying taxes with sole reference to the replenishment of the treasury!

Republican Opportunity Lost.

Dallas, Tex., News: The hue and cry about prosperity, based on an accidental and temporary advance in wheat, evoke merely taunts and jeers from millions who have been still further exploited by legislative jobbing schemes and protected monopolies. The republican opportunity has been lost. The tide of popular indignation and discontent, with irresistible sweep, is bearing down upon the pernicious and guilty crew who betrayed a people's trust.

"Prosperity" at Fall River.

In the favored and much protected United States, within six months after the introduction of the Dingley duties, which represent the complete and final system of protection, the wages of the 28,000 Fall River cotton spinners are reduced 10 per cent without notice and without concern for the consequences. As a lesson on the results of protection the deficit in the pockets of the Fall River cotton spinners is even more instructive than the deficit in the revenue.

A New Foe to Dingleyism.

The appearance of an American firm in foreign competition is disquieting. It is a symptom, and not the first, that our much protected manufacturers have outgrown the home market and must look to foreign markets to absorb their surplus products. The new foe to Dingleyism is the American manufacturer, who will be forced to run his mills on half time if he can not have free access to foreign markets.

Hanna Meets With Ingratitude.

Cincinnati Enquirer: Just think of it! Here is the man who discovered William McKinley, elected him to the presidency, mortgaged his administration to Wall street, "fired" John Sherman from the senate to make a place for himself and dragooned a governor into appointing him, now having to make a desperate struggle to get the vote of the republican members of the general assembly. And all this in a little more than a little year.

Bright Outlook for Trouble.

Indications have cropped out thus early in the session that Republican brethren in congress are inclined not to dwell in harmony together. Their rowing is a comforting spectacle for the Democrats, who, as a solace for being a minority party, will be treated to the luxury of observing the rascals fight against the honest incompetents in the ranks of their political adversaries.

Republican "Reform" in Wisconsin.

They have increased the state debt "in time of peace" till it has swung a hundred thousand beyond the two and a half million mark, and are now selling the state lands to throw into the hole. Sweet birds of reform, aren't they?

Fond of Pet Names.

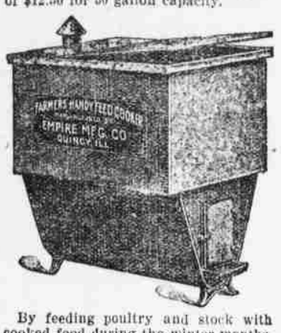
They are fond of pet names in the royal family. The Duke of Fife is called "Macduff;" the duchess is called "Her Royal Shyness," because she is so retiring in disposition; little Prince Edward of York is known as "The New Boy," and Princess Patricia of Connaught, who was so christened after her father, and because she was born on St. Patrick's day, is affectionately dubbed, "Paddy." Princess "Paddy" is a cheerful child, aged eleven years.

An idle baker does not make a loaf of bread.

Rheumatism
Is permanently cured
By Hood's Sarsaparilla
Which neutralizes the
Lactic acid in the blood.
Thousands write
That they have felt
No symptoms of
Rheumatism since taking
Hood's Sarsaparilla.

FARMER'S HANDY FEED COOKER.

We desire to call our readers' attention to the Farmer's Handy Feed Cooker, which is sold at the low price of $12.50 for 50 gallon capacity.



By feeding poultry and stock with cooked food during the winter months, at least one-third of the food is saved; also having stock in a healthy condition, preventing hog cholera among your hogs, and insuring the hens laying freely during the winter months when eggs are always wanted at high prices. This Cooker will pay for itself in one week's time and is without doubt the best and cheapest on the market—just what its name implies, a Farmer's Handy Feed Cooker. Upon application to the Empire Manufacturing Co., 615 H street, Quincy, Ill., a catalogue, giving a full description, may be obtained. They are made in all sizes.

Dressing in Pairs.

Dressing in pairs is the latest Parisian fad, which found its first expression in America at the November horse show. A commendable fad? That is another question. A fad is merely the visable expression of some individual caprice, seldom artistic, and never logical. Women who attempt to carry out this ultra-quixotic idea have their costumes identical, from the tip of the hat-feather to the rounded toe of the boot. The hair must be dressed the same, the lorgnettes of an exact pattern, the bunches of violets must match in size and hue, and the same pose, expression, and accent are sought after. The effect is striking to the beholder, but monotonous to the wearers.—January Demorests.

STILL THERE IS MONEY IN IT.

Carl Vollen sold $350 of Salzer's Cabbage. Labor, seed, rent and all did not cost him $50, profit $300. You can beat that and make lots of money on Early Radishes, Peas, Lettuce, Mushrooms, Onions, Sweet Corn, Tomatoes, Potatoes, etc. Salzer warrants his seeds the earliest in the world. Potatoes only $1.50 per barrel. Millions of Raspberries, Cherries, Apples and small fruits. Catalogue tells all about them.

Send this Notice with 14c. Stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and get free their big Plant and Seed Catalogue and 10 packages vegetable and flower seeds, novelties worth table and flower novelties worth $1.00. w.n.j.

"Once a friend of mine and I agreed that it would be helpful for each of us to tell the other his faults." "How did it work?" "We haven't spoken for nine years."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c

He—Shall I speak to your father? She—It is apparent that you are not familiar with our domestic affairs. Gain mother's consent and there is nothing more to be done.

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

I always did believe that those who dance should pay for the music. Never ask one to contribute money to run a hobby horse of your own.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for **FREE $2.00** trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Some persons of weak understanding are so sensible of that weakness as to be able to make a good use of it.

To Be Happy

or cheerful or useful is next to an impossibility when one is suffering from a discomforting cold or a nasty little cough. If you are "down in the mouth" from the effects of a cough or cold, you will find your delight in the use of a 25c bottle of Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. Druggists sell it.

The desire of appearing to be wise often prevents our becoming so.

Ask thy purse what thou shouldst buy.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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SCALES Self-adding, put combination beam. No loose weights. U. S. standard. Best and cheapest. Send for prices. WEEKS SCALE WORKS, BUFFALO, N. Y.

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