BIGNESS OR GREATNESS.

Bishop Potter Discusses the Paramount Question of the Day.

The Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, bishop of the Episcopal diocese of New York, had this to say to the Liberal club, of Buffalo, Thursday night, Feb. 2, his subject being, "National Bigness or Greatness—Which?"

"It may be said that what we want is accessions of people and not of territory; that we want the people of the Philippines and not so much the territory there. But when we say that we must look into the character and bent and relations of the people there. What are the relations which these people bear to our scheme of government? What continuity have they to us? What promise of productiveness? What promise that they and we ever can sustain any mutually beneficial organic relations? None, it seems to me. There are 11,000,000 of people there of race, characteristics, aspirations and possibilities, all different from and lower than ours.

"But there are other and as grave dangers as these to be faced. We are compelled, in the first place, to consider the burdens of an enormous standing army. Let me say right here that I have great respect for the president and admiration for his character. He is one of the most astute politicians ever produced. But we all know that the incorrigible and savage Philippine islanders are not going to be persuaded by 100,000 men or even by an army of 150,000 men, for 11,000,000 warlike people opposed to subjugation are not to be overcome and brought into the Union by such an army. But, suppose that an army of but 100,000 men is necessary; have you stopped to think how much in money, blood and, ay, corruption and shame such an army will cost you? We are just told that the revenue of the government failed to cover its expenses during the month of January; that the army is costing us more, now that there is peace, than it did during the war.

"Where are there more startling illustrations of the personal inadequacy of officials than in the army? What branch of the government furnishes more examples of political greed, of political favoritism, of corruption and unfitness than the army? The appointments of unfit men to positions of responsibility in the army are enough to fill the American heart with utter dismay. I know of an instance where a Southern man took his son to Washington, called on a certain official and had that son appointed to a captaincy in the army, although there was not even the vaguest claim that this young man had the ability to fill the position. That was but one of hundreds of similar appointments. Thank God that there is such a splendid contrast between the army and the navy and that the navy is so free from the scandals that have disfigured the history of the army!

"It is impossible to conceive of our holding these important distant positions in the Pacific without a great navy to support the army, and there will be more expense. We dread to think of the schemes of the politicians, the corruption and the shame that may follow the attempt to govern a vast and wealthy territory on the other side of the world, so far from the watchful eye of those who labor for purity in government affairs. Those who have fought for the principles of civil service reform feel like the sailor cut on the yard in a gale trying to reef a sheet, with his hands, teeth and feet. The conviction of the country in the soundness and security of civil service reform is still wabbling and what attention would be paid to it in selecting the men to administer the affairs of government in colonies beyond the sea no man can say. But open the door to such vast opportunities for plunder and we may see civil service reform thrown to the winds.

"Suppose we hold the Philippines permanently. Every man born within the territory of the United States is a citizen of the United States, according to the constitution. In three generations we shall have at least 12,000,000 citizens in the Philippines who will have precisely the same right to come to Buffalo as I had to come here tonight, unless you are so to reconstruct the government as to have a class who, while they are in us, will not be of us. And after we have acquired these 12,000,000 citizens it will be extremely interesting to ask ourselves what influence they are going to have on our civilization, progress and happiness.

"Whether we were wise or not in getting a grip on the Philippines, one thing is certain. We cannot abandon them to their fate now. What shall we do with them? I am going to exploit a new idea, an idea which may be startling to some of you. We have certainly achieved a position from which we may dictate terms to any individual power. What we want is an international court of appeals to which the nations may take their differences and problems for final adjudication instead of settling them by wars. With our position outside of the politics of the rest of the world we are in a position to propose this higher step in the progress of civilization. Let us go to the other nations and say: 'We have been settling our differences for a long time by what may be called the Queensberry rules. Now, haven't we about got to the point in the history of the world where we should be above that? Let us have done with this business of butchery and substitute a tribunal before which these questions may be referred. To show our sincerity in suggesting this scheme we will bring before it this question of the Philippines, with which you have more to do than we and let this court decide how they shall be governed.'

"I believe that we have come to a point in connection with the great and grave question that confronts us today when we may flash our signal lights and lead the procession of nations down the glowing track of the future of the history of the world."

Bishop Potter was enthusiastically applauded during his address.

Here, There, Everywhere.

Senator-elect Chauncey M. Depew, addressing the Vassar Alumnae in New York, said: "Girls, don't expect anything for nothing. The other day I received a letter from a girl in Virginia. It was to this effect: 'If you look at the map of West Virginia you will see in a certain spot a certain lake. It is about the size of a pin's head. My house stands alongside it. Your railway passes not far off. I have three beautiful bull pups, and I want to send two of them to your Gov. Roosevelt, but I can't afford to pay fare for them. Now, if you will transport them for nothing, I will give you the other pup.' "—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Poor Unfortunate.

His hoss went dead an' his mule went lame;
He lost six cows in a poker game;
A hurricane come on a summer's day
An' carried the house whar he lived away;
Then a earthquake come when that was gone
An' swallowed the land that the house stood on!
An' the tax collector, he come roun'
An' charged him up fer the hole in the groun'!
An' the city marshal, he come in view
An' said he wanted his street tax too!

Did he moan an' sigh, did he set an' cry
An' cuss the hurricane sweepin' by?
Did he grieve that his ole friends failed to call
When the earthquake come an' swallowed all?
Never a word of blame he said,
With all them troubles on top his head!
Not him! He climbed to the top of the hill,
Whar standin' room was left him still,
An', barin' his head, here's what he said,
"I reckon it's time to git up an' git;
But, Lord, I hain't had the measles yit!"
—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

Success of Eight-Hour System.

An important English ship-building firm, Short Brothers, of Sunderland, have recently issued a report on the results of seven years' experience with the eight-hour system in their establishment. Under the old system the men began work at 6 in the morning, took half an hour for breakfast at 8 o'clock, half an hour at noon for lunch, and quit work at 5. Many were unable to endure the long hours, and large numbers of employes regularly lost a portion of their wages each week from forced absence from duty. Now the men get their breakfast before beginning work. They start at 7:30 and finish at 5. Under this plan they not only do more work but the general operation of the plant is much more economical. This has been practically the universal experience wherever the shorter-hour experiment has been tried, either by voluntary action, as in this case, or by uniform legal restrictions.—Gunton's Magazine.

Railroads in Porto Rico.

A short line is in operation between Yauco and Ponce, a distance of 22 miles, with two stations on the line at Guayanilla and Tallaboa. This railroad has an average annual income of $2,760 per mile, but it should be noted that, because of the high freight rates, $2.25 per ton for a 22-mile haul, or 10 cents per ton-mile, a great part of the freight carrying between Yauco and Ponce is performed by ox-carts, in successful competition with the railroad. The freight rates of the ox-carts are not much lower than those of the railway, and the speed about the same. Besides this excessive charge the railway does not offer the facilities which should obtain in this district, as it does not reach to the harbor of Ponce, where the great bulk of business is done. Bulk must be broken and the goods transferred.—Antonio Mattei Lluveras, in the Engineering Magazine for February.

Snakes the Cats of the Philippines.

The snakes are the professional rat-catchers in the Philippine archipelago, and every well-regulated household must have its snakes. "Nearly all of the older bungalows in Manila," a correspondent writes, "possess what are called house snakes—huge reptiles, twelve or fourteen feet long and as thick as a fire-engine hose, that permanently reside up in the roof and live on rats. These big creatures are harmless, and rarely, if ever, leave their abodes. Judging from the noise over my cloth ceiling, a pair of these pets find pasturage up above, and I can hear them whacking around about once a week in their chase after rats.

"They are good though noisy rat-catchers; but since they must needs eat all they catch, their efficiency seems to be limited to their length of stomach. The only way to get rid of the rats seems to be to buy more snakes, and this is simple enough, for you often see the natives hawking them around in town, the boas curled up around bamboo poles, to which their heads are tied."—Public Opinion.

Still Stage Struck.

Senator Davis, of Minnesota, is for the moment one of the most conspicuous members of the senate, and the majority of the tourists who visit the galleries ask to have him pointed out to them. He is easily distinguishable, because of his bald head and the cast in his eye, which is, perhaps, one reason for his resemblance to the late Benjamin F. Butler. He speaks frequently and with seeming ease and grace, but, as a matter of fact, has never recovered from the nervousness which has troubled him since his first attempt to speak in public, and, in spite of the constant practice of years in public speaking, is still afflicted with stage fright. Senator Davis professes to believe that his timidity increases year by year, and says that his mental and physical sufferings before he makes an appearance in public cannot be exaggerated. But he still adheres to his practice of not reading from manuscript, having tried it once with a rather unhappy result.—New York Tribune.

He Dispensed Them Both.

'Squire Bean, of Langtry, Tex., is evidently a "character." He used to be saloonkeeper, justice of the peace, sheriff and practically everything else. He was specially proud of his position of justice of the peace, while his saloon brought in the money. The sign above his bar room door said: "J. Bean, Cool Beer and Justice."—Kansas City Star.

Polecat Legislature.

I was a long time learning that the common skunk is the Alaska sable of commerce. A few years ago a bill was introduced into the West Virginia legislature protecting this animal on account of its insectivorous qualities, but it was defeated by the suggestion that if the bill became a law the session would be remembered as the "Polecat Legislature," and the measure died a natural death.—Forest and Stream.

Austria's Tax on Newspapers.

Austria shares the doubtful honor with Turkey of having a government tax on each newspaper printed in or introduced into the country, and the privilege with Russia of prohibiting the sale of journals in the streets. The removal of this unpopular tax on knowledge has been a matter of constant agitation, and promises of a speedy reform have been made by the present government. The obstructionist policy of the opposition in parliament, however, has rendered the prospect of legislation on this point hopeless, at least within any measurable space of time. The Social Democratic party has, nevertheless, taken a very pronounced position in the matter, and is agitating for an abolition of the obnoxious laws. At the head of the present movement are many compositors, who fear that the number of the employed will be considerably reduced by the pending introduction of composing machines unless in the meantime the existing tax is removed.

It is a noteworthy feature of the present agitation that paper manufacturers are limiting their outputs owing to insufficient demand. Thanks to the newspaper tax, which requires the payment of a farthing on every paper before it is issued, and a halfpenny on every foreign newspaper, Vienna is rapidly earning the credit for being the most illiterate city in Europe. The people do not purchase their own journals, but read them in the cafes. There are, roughly speaking, only seventy newspapers for each million of inhabitants, whereas the figures for America are 259, and even in Germany as high as 129. The morning and evening issues of "dailies" in Vienna collectively do not exceed 600.—London Post.

Baltimore Building Many Ships.

Sixteen vessels are now in course of construction in the port of Baltimore. This number is larger than at any previous time since steam supplanted sail. The shipyards are building five large steamers, five tugs, five torpedo boats and one fishing steamer. Baltimore has long been running up and tuck with Boston as the second port on the Atlantic coast, and at the present time she is on a par with the great shipbuilding cities on the coast or the great lakes. It is estimated that the contract price of the vessels now in hand will amount to $3,000,000. In addition to the sixteen vessels now building around Baltimore, there are three large steamers building on the Delaware, and a big sea tug in New York for Baltimore interests.—Baltimore American.

Ship Building Era Sets In.

Sixty million dollars' worth of ships now building in our shipyards, our products to the value of $1,250,000,000 going abroad annually, new markets opening in the West Indies, Hawaii and the Far East, our steel production leading the world, millions of capital seeking investment—no wonder the shipowners, the shipbuilders and the steel makers say we are entering upon a great era of American shipbuilding. Once England's peer as a builder of wooden sailing ships, this country is now on the way to become her peer as a steel steamship builder. Early in the twentieth century America will probably regain her old position in the ocean-carrying trade, and, as the decline of our shipping dates from the Civil war, so will the rise of our shipping date from the Spanish war.—New York Sun.

A Needless Question.

The Human Pincushion—I suppose you get paid handsomely for eating nothing but Razzleigh's health food?

The Strong Man (witheringly)—Well, I hope you don't think I'm eatin' it fer me health, do you?—Puck.

Impertinent.

Suburbs—I've just returned from a hunting trip.

Towne—House or cook.—Puck.

The Minnesota Press.

Fees Are Too Much.

The report of State Oil Inspector Barrows shows that the net income of the office for the past two years has been $26,677.78, or an average of over $13,000 a year. Here is certainly a chance for applying the pruning knife of reform. Such a compensation for an office that is usually dispensed as a part of the spoils for political or partisan service offers too great an inducement for a corrupt scramble. The office should have a fair salary attached and the fees be turned into the state treasury.—Faribault Republican.

Save the Forests.

A bill has been introduced by Representative Brusletten, of Goodhue county, for the repeal of the law of 1895, which is directed to encourage the preservation of forests and prevent the great destruction and waste annually accomplished through forest fires. Not to dwell upon the importance of the preservation of forests at the head waters of our rivers to operate as an equalizer for water distribution and preventing destructive floods, the direct pecuniary value to our lumber interests is very great. The governments of Europe recognize the great importance of this interest in the establishment of an intelligent system of forestry through which the timber supplies are kept good. In this country the necessity for such a system has not yet dawned upon our frontier population, who have practiced the utmost improvidence in disposing of our originally enormous timber resources. The legislature in 1895 recognized the necessity for a change and adopted a law that is likely, if allowed to stand, to prove of great value to the interests of the state. Mr. Brusletten's bill should be indefinitely postponed.—Faribault Republican.

Ice Palace Needed Badly.

Nothing can stop this cold spell but the appointing of a delegation to meet the St. Paul mayor and council to whom a large bonus should be offered if they will but start the rumor that St. Paul intends to start an ice palace and winter carnival. Any talk about a St. Paul ice palace never fails to bring warm weather.—Crookston Tribune.

Wow!

The Globe displays its mendacity and stupidity in saying that the president is responsible. The responsibility lies with such papers as The Globe and the pig-headed senators who oppose the treaty. These papers and these senators are responsible for the shedding of American blood at Manila.—Janesville Argus.

"Old Man" Pease's Paragraphs

Minnesota editors will meet some hot babies when they attend the smoke social given in their honor by the St. Paul Elks next week.

* * *

What a tender hide Senator Young, of Appleton, must possess if he cannot stand a little adverse criticism from such a paper as The St. Paul Globe.

* * *

Poor picking so far in the legislature, and a few members are carrying their hands on their backsides, waiting for stuff to be placed therein.

* * *

Take away the conceit of the Hon. Jens Grondahl, of Red Wing, and nothing would remain.—Anoka Union (Rep.).

No Place for Lemon-Aid.

"Get rid of Lemon," that's the cry, governor.—Lake Crystal Union (Rep.),

If He Stays by His Friends.

It's funny the g. o. p. managers are now talking of Gov. Lind for their nominee for governor in 1900. If the affairs of state run to the end as he has started, to the end, and he stays by his friends, there is no man in the great state of Minnesota who can beat Mr. Lind.—Lake Crystal Union (Rep.).

Suspicious of the Senate.

The Minnesota house is pushing some very good bills over into the senate, but whether any of them will ever get out of that cemetery is another thing.—Sherburne County Star-News (Rep.).

Will Want Rubber Wheels.

Isanti county is getting its first railroad, but already they are kicking over the location of stations. When the first train goes through there is liable to be a roar because of the noise made.—Sherburne County Star-News (Rep.).

Bare Suggestion of Old Times.

The "oldest inhabitant" is in his glory. To hear him talk, this little blast of Boreas is like a June breeze, compared to the days when he was a boy.—Winona Independent.

You Bet!

If the Demopops and the ragtag silver Republicans had been in control of the state government for forty years, and the Republicans came into possession of the same, every mother's son of the combination would be turned down so quickly it would have made their heads swim.—Lake Crystal Union (Rep.).

Favors Shorter Session.

Representative Larson, of this county, has introduced a resolution into the lower house seeking to cut the term of the present session of the legislature about eighteen days. He would have the session terminate on March 13. It is pretty generally conceded that by putting in more time at the commencement of the session all of the business of a session could be transacted in seventy-five days, and, if Mr. Larson's resolution is adopted in both senate and house, the state will not lose anything by the failure to pass any meritorious act, and it will be a great deal of money ahead financially, as it requires about $1,500 per day to run the legislature.—Redwood Falls Gazette (Rep.).

How Davis and Hale Lunch.

From a Washington Letter.

It is interesting to loiter about the Senate restaurant and notice the tastes of the different senators. Senator Hale, of Maine, for instance, never goes into the restaurant to eat. Senator Hale is an exclusive, fastidious gentleman and he has his midday luncheon served to him in his committee room, He always eats lobster at noon. For years he has not failed to consume one boiled lobster daily. Now, boiled lobster is a pretty good dish, but the average man is apt to get tired of it after a few trials. Senator Davis, of Minnesota, comes into the senate restaurant, goes to the counter where dishes are displayed and looks over the entire outfit. He does this with great care, and it takes him a good while, no matter how busy he may be. When he has made his daily inspection he gives his order—mince pie and coffee. Sometimes he changes and takes pumpkin pie, but it is almost always pie and coffee. The new senator from Vermont, Mr. Ross, who is a skittish young fellow of only seventy-two summers—pretty young for a Vermont senator—is a confirmed pie eater.

From a Man Who Knows.

A judge at St. Paul says a man takes chances when he draws cards. Well, we should guess yes. It is a 100 to 1 bet that the judge has been in many a game and vainly attempted to fill a bob tail. You bet a man is taking all kinds of chances when he draws cards.—Stillwater Gazette.

Self-Congratulation.

"This scientist says that a future war may be decided by submarine fighting."

"That's good!" exclaimed Sagasta, with a gleam of hope in his eye. "We have a lot of ships already on the ground."—Exchange.

A New Sectional Map.

A new sectional, township and county map of Minnesota, corrected up to Jan. 1st, 1899, has just been issued by The Globe. It is 44x55 inches in size, and shows all railroads, county seats, Indian reservations, etc. It is the most valuable map yet issued, and will be a necessity to every business man and farmer in the state. This map will be sent, carriage paid, together with The Weekly Globe one year for $1.25. The map alone will be sent to any address on receipt of $1.

Visit the Southern Railway exhibit at 364 Jackson street, St. Paul. The display includes grains, cotton, fruits, minerals and marbles, and will give the visitor a general idea of the opportunities offered along the line of the Southern Railway.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LINCOLN.

From Lippincott's Magazine for February.

A delegation from Nevada called at the White house with written charges against Edward D. Baker (senator from Oregon, soon after killed at Ball's Bluff), and protesting against his influence with the president regarding official patronage on the Pacific slope. Together, in Sangamon county, had Baker and Lincoln toiled through the sparsely-settled country, through doubt and danger and hunger and cold, until both became eminent lawyers in the early history of Illinois. The president, with unusual sternness in his face, read the protest against the senator. There were a dozen prominent men from the West who felt sure they had spiked Baker's guns. Mr. Lincoln rose to his full height, tore the protest to shreds, cast the fragments in the fire and bowed the visitors out of the east room of the White house. He said: "Gentlemen, I know Senator Baker. We were boys together in Illinois, and I believe in him. You have taken the wrong course to make yourselves influential with this administration at Senator Baker's expense."

The story of Lincoln's stubborn devotion to his old friend and companion in arms spread over Washington like wildfire, and neither before nor after that day did anybody ever try to climb into high places with Lincoln by pulling somebody else down. In four years' close acquaintance, I never heard him speak ill of man or woman.

* * *

Dick Gower had shown his bravery and his capacity among the Western Indians, but was rejected by the board of military martinets at Washington because he did not know what an abatis, or echelon, or hollow square was.

"Well," sharply said the dilettante officer who wore a single eyeglass, "what would you do with your command if the cavalry should charge on you?"

"I'd give them Jesse; that's what I'd do. I'd make a hollow square in every mother's son of them."

Lincoln signed his commission, and Dick made a famous soldier.

* * *

Gen. Frank P. Blair, who was very close to the president while the war lasted told Richard Vaux this story:

"Mr. Lincoln had become impatient at McClellan's delay on the peninsula and asked Frank Blair to go with him to see the commanding general. The country was a volcano, smoking and ready for eruption.

"The dintinguished visitors arrived on a hot day, and went at once to McClellan's headquarters. They were received with scant courtesy. Lincoln sat silent and uncomfortable, with his long and sinewy limbs doubled up like a jack-knife, until the general broke the silence by saying, 'Mr. President, have you received the letter I mailed you yesterday?'

"'No,' Lincoln replied; 'I must have passed it on the way.'

"McClellan then requested the chief of staff to find a copy of the letter. It was speedily produced, and the general read his vituperative attack on Stanton, with reflections on the conduct of the war. Lincoln's peaceful smile vanished. When the letter was ended he rose quickly and went out, looking neither to right nor left, and not waiting for any farewell. He seemed oppressed with a consciousness of the dangers of the military as well as the political situation. He drove slowly with Gen. Blair over to the boat which was to convey them from Harrison's Landing back to Washington. When the vessel had started Lincoln, for the first time since leaving McClellan's tent, broke the silence and said:

"'Frank, I understand the man now. That letter is McClellan's bid for the presidency. I will stop that game. Now is the time to issue the proclamation emancipating the slaves.'

"He forthwith issued the emancipation proclamation."

In the congressional delegation from a Western state were two members who were intensely jealous of each other. Mr. Lincoln told the following story to a mutual friend of both, describing their different gifts. Jones, a class leader in Sangamon county, was exceptionally gifted in prayer. Simpkins, Jones's neighbor, was a farmer who could not boast of a similar gift, but was known all over the county for his skill as a fiddler, which made him a welcome quest at every country "hoe-down." Simpkins never concealed his jealousy of Jones's power when he appealed to the throne of grace. After a remarkably effective display of Jones's vigor as a praying man, as Simpkins walked down the aisle of the little frame church, he turned towards Lincoln and said: "Lincoln, I know very well that I can't make half as good a player as old Jones; but, by the grace of God, I can fiddle the shirt off of him."

* * *

No more touching incident in Lincoln's life has ever appeared than that contained in a story told by Gen. William T. Sherman. It came directly from William H. Seward, Lincoln's secretary of state. It was the habit of that gracious optimist, Mr. Seward, to spend his Sunday mornings with the president. After the president had been shaved in his own room, he accompanied his secretary of state across Pennsylvania avenue and over to the Seward mansion, afterwards occupied by Secretary Blaine.

On one of these Sundays a tall, military figure was pacing up and down in front of Secretary Seward's house. He saluted the president in military fashion as the two statesmen passed him. There was something in the officer's expression that arrested Mr. Lincoln's attention. The soldier was a lieutenant colonel in a Pennsylvania regiment. Emotional himself, the president was swift to detect unusual emotion in others. He said, "You seem to be in a peck of trouble?"

"Yes," said the lieutenant colonel, "I am in deep trouble. My wife is dying at our home in Pennsylvania, and my application for a furlough for two weeks was peremptorily refused yesterday by my colonel. My God! what can I do? If I go home my colonel will brand me as a deserter, and I will be arrested on my return."

Mr. Lincoln was visibly affected. "Never mind, young man," said he. "We'll try and fix this matter."

He pulled a card from his vest pocket, and, leaning against the broad oaken doors of the Seward mansion, he wrote on its back:

"Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War: It is my desire that Lieut. Col. ——— be granted fifteen days' leave of absence.

—"A. Lincoln."

PROLOGUE, TRAGEDY AND EPILOGUE

Thirty-four years ago, on the evening of the 14th of April next, a small squad of soldiers belonging to the First Michigan cavalry, were gathered in a buffet near Ford's theater, Washington, D. C., known at that time as the Green Room. This regiment was encamped at Bladensburg, the old dueling ground, and the soldiers had come to Washington on passes for the purpose of attending the performance at the theater, which they eventually did. While there, instead of the expected comedy, they witnessed the awful tragedy resulting in the death of President Lincoln.

But to this tragedy the five cavalry boys were destined to witness, also, an exciting prologue, an account of which has never before been published. While they were conversing with each other a tall, slenderly-built man, with coal-black hair and pallid face, came hurriedly into the buffet. He hoarsely demanded a glass of brandy. The barkeeper spun out a couple of glasses, the one an ordinary-sized water tumbler, the other a much smaller liquor glass. Seizing the decanter the man nervously filled the larger glass to the brim, drank the contents at a gulp, threw down a coin and stalked out.

Somewhat surprised at the unusual conduct of the stranger, one of the cavalry boys inquired:

"Who's that fellow? Crazy?"

"Guess not," replied the man behind the bar, "that's John Wilkes Booth, the actor. Brother of Edwin Booth. Both of them are heavy tragedians; he's not in the play tonight; it's a comedy."

The last statement of the barkeeper was incorrect. Booth was in the play, and that, too, as the principal character. Within twenty minutes of that time the cavalry boys in the gallery heard a shot, saw the stranger leap from the proscenium box, saw him catch his spur in the folds of Old Glory draped before the president's box, fall, recover his feet, limp to the center of the stage and heard him utter that memorable Latin quotation, "Sic semper tyrannis!"

And one of the cavalry boys who had witnessed the prologue and the tragedy, was an actor in the epilogue at the blazing barn when the frenzied assassin dragged himself out from the flames and smoke, and was shot to death by Corporal Boston Corbett.

Voices Against Algerism.

The New York Herald, in pressing its demand that the war department scandals be investigated by an impartial congressional committee, has this to say:

"Nothing short of a radical and impartial investigation by a congressional committee will satisfy the American people. The giving of worthless and poisonous meats to the brave fellows who were fighting their country's battles is only one of a series of crimes and blunders perpetrated during the war. It is impossible to permit either the individuals who perpetrated these or the organization under which they occurred to go unrebuked and unreformed. Neither the president nor the secretary should entertain a mistaken notion that this is a matter that will 'blow over.' The facts must and will out; the guilty must and shall be punished. Congress should institute a rigorous inquisition, and nothing less will satisfy the people."

And so say we. And so papers are saying all over the country. Turn on the light and go to the bottom of the whole outrageous business, no matter whom the exposure may hurt.—Richmond Dispatch.

* * *

In a certain sense, it will be observed, it is the president who is really on trial in this wretched business of "embalmed" beef contracts. There are those who insist that he is a creature of syndicates and a facile tool of political manipulators, while on the other hand many are to be found—even among the ranks of his political opponents—who accredit him with that sturdy honesty and indomitable will power that was ever a characteristic of his Scotch-Irish ancestry. Let us see what course the president, thus situated between two fires, will choose as an alternative. If he have blood and iron in his disposition, now is the time for him to show it. Will he join the hue and cry against Miles, or will he kick Alger out?—Philadelphia Record.

High Tariff Breeds Trusts.

Trusts can be organized in free trade England, but they cannot practice extortion in defiance of foreign competition. They are still held within the bounds of moderation by the force of active competition, whether it has been suppressed in the home market or not. But not so the trusts in the United States. A paper combination could be organized here under free trade in pulp and paper, but it could not quite so readily advance prices $5 to $10 a ton as it has. It could not quite so readily water its capitalization 300 or 400 per cent in the certainty of being able for some time to earn handsome dividends on the whole inflated mass. It could not quite so easily undertake to put old and out-of-date machinery on a paying basis through the sheer force of monopoly.

Practically all of the American trusts are thus favored by the tariff laws of the nation and made instruments of extortion and oppression by the representatives of the people, where otherwise they would be comparatively harmless. "The old argument over again" is as sound as ever. Our tariff in the present epidemic of trust-building is a tariff to protect trust extortion and to deliver the people, bound, into the hands of the extortioners. We are not to lose sight of that fact. The paper trust is intrenched behind the laws of congress to make the consumers of paper pay dividends on watered capital and worn-out machinery, and that is true of practically every one of the scores of trusts now operating in nearly every product which is of common use among the people.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Manila Is a Warm Place.

So are the cars of the Wisconsin Central Lines during this cold weather. All trains heated by steam. Try it. City Ticket Office, 373 Robert street.

TETTER ON HANDS

Troubled for years. Sore All Over. Could not use them. Spread over Arms, Neck, and Face. Smarted Like Fire. Physicians no Benefit. Tried CUTICURA. Immediate Relief. Permanent Cure.

I had been troubled with tetter for several years. At times my hands would be sore all over, so that I could not use them at all, and were so tender that clear water, even, smarted like fire, and it spread over arms, neck, and face. I had been treated by physicians, but without benefit, when I began the CUTICURA remedies. *I found relief before I had taken the first bottle.* I used three or four bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, one cake of CUTICURA SOAP, and one box of CUTICURA (ointment), and it has never troubled me since. ELLA CURZON,

March 10, 1898. Eppingham, Ill.

BLOOD POISON CURED

By Cuticura Resolvent

One of my children ran a rusty nail into his foot, which was most painful. His blood got out of order, and sores broke out on his hands and feet. I gave him one bottle of CUTICURA RESOLVENT and used one cake of CUTICURA SOAP, principally as a salve, and the child recovered. MRS. J. S. FUREN,

March 15, 1898. Markham, Fla.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT

Begins with the Blood and Ends with The Skin and Scalp.

That is to say, it purifies the blood and circulating fluids of HUMOR GERMS, and thus removes the *cause*, while warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle anointings with CUTICURA (ointment), greatest of emollient skin cures, cleanse the skin and scalp of crusts and scales, allay itching, burning, and inflammation, soothe and heal. Thus are speedily, permanently, and economically cured the most torturing, disfiguring humors of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail.

Sold throughout the world. POTTER D. AND C. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. "How to Cure Every Humor," free.

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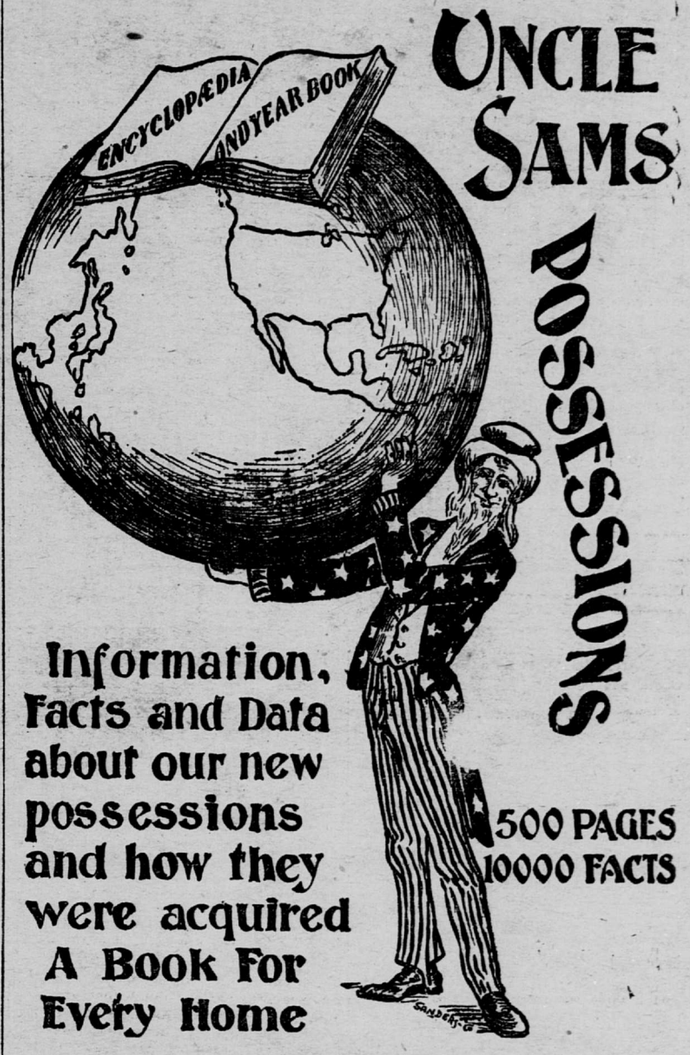

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