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The St. Paul Globe

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TUESDAY, AUG. 13, 1901.

IT SHOULD BE ANNEXED.

On the map near Cuba will be found a goodly sized island called by the romantic name of the Isle of Pines. This island, not being specially mentioned in the treaty of Paris, is now in dispute. The United States claim it under the blanket clause of the treaty ceding all the West India possessions of Spain, except Cuba, to the United States. Cuba claims it on the ground that it was always regarded as a part of Cuba, and maintained under the same general government. We do not know what the outcome will be, but are willing to bet on the United States, that power having much the better hand in the game. Anyway, it ought to belong to the United States if a report of a recent election there be true. We say it ought to belong to the United States. We base this opinion on the fact that it now has the political ethics of the cities of the United States down fine and little political reconstruction will be necessary. The report says that at a recent election of alcalde, which being interpreted means mayor, there were two candidates, Mr. Juan Manuel Noda and Mr. Juan Manuel Sanchez. Mr. Sanchez was the hold-over mayor and had the municipal machinery in his hands. Mr. Noda now charges that his rival stole the office from him and has appealed to the military authority for redress. Noda in his case thus sets out the facts:

"I became a candidate for alcalde and the election was held at Nueva Gerona. Three hundred and thirty-three votes were cast, just as the polls closed the mayor, who was there all during the day, ordered every one from the room. The mayor was my opponent. The people left and were gone about twenty minutes. In the meantime the doors were locked. When the votes were counted I received barely enough to count, and so Sanchez had the election all his own way. I had an investigation made and a notary called upon all who voted for me, and they made affidavit how they voted. I had sworn statements from 190 of the 333 who voted saying they voted for me."

If the investigation which has been ordered finds the facts substantially as represented by Mr. Noda, the government ought not to hesitate a moment in annexing the Isle of Pines; for does not this show better than any proof yet submitted that these people are not fit to govern themselves, but that they should be made a municipality of the United States? Are not the methods employed to gain an election similar to those in vogue in many cities of the United States? There is every evidence of the highest kind of civilization in the conduct of Mr. Sanchez. He proposes to maintain his power, not by violence, but by the power of counting the ballots of a free election. This man Noda is a crack-brained reformer and should be promptly turned down by the war department. If he should be sustained, a precedent will be established which will cause much trouble in the voting precincts of our cities. It is having the last whack at the ballots which counts in an election. Mr. Juan Manuel Sanchez ought to be promoted to higher grounds—he should be brought to New York. Or, the Quakers will pardon the suggestion, he might be useful to Quay in Pennsylvania.

CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST.

Notwithstanding the fact that the policy of protection tended to the upbuilding of the manufacturing East at the expense of the agricultural West, the state of Iowa has always been faithful to this Republican fetich. The farmers of Iowa never knew why they were in favor of a high tariff to protect American industries, but they were told that it was for their especial benefit and they believed as became men of faith. There is now, it seems, a slight rift in the lute. The sacred symphony of protection and prosperity does not seem quite harmonious. The Hawkeyes feel the discord, but dread to name the remedy. In their recent state convention they reiterated the old chestnut of 1896, that protection and reciprocity are twins and go hand in hand. This theory is diametrically opposed to the up-to-date Republican opinion of reciprocity. It is now openly charged by the leaders of the party that reciprocity is but one of the devil's wiles to draw the unwary from the true faith, that it is nothing but free trade in an innocent-looking costume. Acting on this belief, the Republican senate refused to endanger the prospects of protection by the ratification of a single reciprocity treaty negotiated by the administration in a period of temporary mental aberration. To show how hopelessly the Iowa Republicans are confused in their ideas of protection and reciprocity, we have but to listen to the speech of James C. Davis, the chairman of the recent state convention. He said: "The present prosperity of the country is directly due to the Republican doctrine of protection which, in connection with the Republican policy of reciprocity, has opened to American manufacturers the markets of the world." Can it be that Mr. Davis is ignorant of the acts of his own party regarding reciprocity? Can it be that he believes what he says about protection opening the markets of the world to American manufacturers?

We cannot think that he is ignorant, but that he has been driven by the necessity of the case to say something to allay the general movement in the West for a modification of the tariff and the ratification of the pending reciprocity treaties, as measures absolutely necessary to preserve our commercial position in foreign markets. Like many another demagogue, Mr. Davis presumes upon the ignorance of his hearers and the public generally, in making such unwarrantable statements.

The speech of Mr. Davis opening this Iowa convention is a remarkable illustration of the mutations of political theories. It was seventeen years ago that Jonathan P. Dolliver, a young man with a local reputation for oratory, was selected as chairman of the Iowa state convention. The speech which he then delivered was the foundation of his political fortunes. He became the boy orator of the day, was elected to congress and upon the death of Senator Gear was promoted to the United States senate. One of the catching remarks of this reputation-making speech was the statement that "The Democratic party approaches the tariff issue, like a man emptying ashes, with its eyes shut and its back to the wind." This sally of wit, like Bryan's cross of gold, brought the convention to its feet and moreover it gave Dolliver a national reputation. Dolliver was at the convention last week which nominated Cummins for governor and which tried to say something in its platform that would keep the party together on the tariff issue. When the chairman, Mr. Davis, made his attempt to say something on the subject of the tariff and reciprocity, Dolliver must have been reminded of his own speech seventeen years ago. But now, it is the Republican party which approaches the tariff issue, like a man emptying ashes, with its eyes shut and its back to the wind. It was a long time, but this chicken of the youthful Dolliver remembered its coop and came home to roost.

POSSIBLE GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

The warning embodied in the decision of Judge Bunn against the action of the board of county commissioners in compromising claims on behalf of the county which have been brought to suit will probably be heeded. It certainly was needed. Judicial authority has found frequent occasion to issue words of warning and protest in connection with the official acts of this body, and they have not always fallen on fruitful soil. But constant repetition will doubtless have the traditional result of the dropping of water. The stone of insensibility which may be taken to typify the official sense of responsibility of this body must sooner or later give way to the constant pressure upon it from above.

The board of county commissioners of Ramsey county is a political and official anomaly. It has continued to discharge for years the three-fold function of county legislature, executive and judiciary. It is a hopeless makeshift, devised to maintain the semblance of a government where government is unnecessary. With a city and county of almost coterminous limits the idea of maintaining a dual system of local government simply involves the continued fleecing of the unhappy taxpayers for the gain of the governing classes, which with us are the gentlemen who have been devoting their energies to the running of primaries and conventions.

We have seen the movement urged, in a faint-hearted way, from time to time for the merger of city and county governmental institutions; but nothing has ever come of the movement, and nothing will until such bodies as the board of county commissioners, by the constant object lessons which they furnish of their utter unfitness for the governing function, drive the people to the adoption of the only effective remedy—that of their abolition.

If the scandals which have sprung so fruitfully from the existing administration of affairs in this county should eventuate in giving vigor to the movement for the abolition of the dual system of city and county government in this community, the people would indeed have reason to be thankful to the Republican politicians who have of late monopolized the public attention to such an extent.

DAVITT'S BALDERDASH.

Michael Davitt is an Irish politician who has won a good deal of regard on the part of the American people by his good sense and by the appeal which his labors and sacrifices have made to those who sympathize with all movements looking to the betterment of the lot of the common people. His latest utterance touching Ireland and the political concerns of its people will not tend to promote the prevailing idea of his good sense.

Mr. Davitt, discussing political affairs in Ireland, in connection with the prevailing exodus of young Irish men and women from that country to this, is reported as saying:

"If there is to be a future for Ireland we must find means to stop the emigration of Irishmen to this country. At the very time when our young people are best prepared to render yeoman service to their native land they desert it for America where greater liberty and advantages are offered them. Unless this movement is stopped there will soon be no Irish to free from the yoke of England. We like the United States at home but not to the extent of making it a present of the best blood of our own country."

We give the entire current extract of Mr. Davitt's statement because it seems to us to embody so much that is unfounded in conclusion and false in statement. He says in effect that the present political movement in Ireland must be abandoned because there will be no Irish to carry it on, unless the prevailing emigration stops. He also commits himself to the proposition that the emigration now in progress will result in draining the country of "its best blood," and is accordingly a great public disaster.

No one but the thoughtless and extreme will agree with any such view. It is a good thing for Ireland and the Irish people that so many of them are coming here. The "best blood" of Ireland was drained many times by entirely different processes. Yet the race can hardly be said to be as yet quite extinct. Cromwell sent them in slavery to the Barbadoes. Hundreds of thousands of the best fighting manhood of the race chose to accept the alternative of fighting the battles of Continental Europe rather than live in slavery in their own land after the ill-fated Boyne. England and Scotland hold unnumbered thousands of the race, shipped to those countries in the past twenty-five years to escape starvation. But still the political movement has gone on; and still the cry arises at home and abroad of Ireland for the Irish.

Mr. Davitt is less than just to himself or less than honest to his American hearers to urge such pure balderdash on their consideration as is embodied in the extract quoted above.

THE CHURCH BELL MUST GO.

It is not improbable that the crusade which has been inaugurated against the ringing of church bells will result in the doing away with that form of appeal to the faithful to attend their various places of religious worship. The movement has enlisted in its behalf many individual clergymen who do not hesitate to designate the ringing of church bells as a nuisance. On the other hand there are many clergymen and laymen who express the purpose to oppose the movement as strenuously as possible.

There is nothing surprising in the difference of opinion which the suggested discontinuance of the ringing of church bells has aroused. Indeed the only surprising circumstance which the movement has thus far brought out is the large proportion of clergymen who are willing to direct their energies toward doing away with the church bell.

There is really little room for difference of opinion on the subject. Centuries of use has invested the ringing of bells to bring worshipers to their respective churches with a large measure of poetic sentiment. The modern church bell bears but a slight relationship toward the church bell whose soft and mellow chime remains in the minds of many men and women still living as an endearing recollection.

"Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime."

It is thus that Moore sings of the church bell. The angelus chime which touched his poetic fancy finds but little thought of repetition in this busy, work-a-day land of ours. Rather is the church bell of the American city, as so many clergymen have designated it, an unredeemed nuisance.

There is no inspiration to be found today in the public bell. Its hard, metallic clang might better be used to call money-changers to the market places. To the nervous and irritable it is a source of agony. It contributes its full share, with the other hideous sounds of city life—the ringing of street car bells, the banging of street car gongs, the eternal and unending roar of the stone pavement, the shrill scream of the locomotive, the siren voice of the factory whistle—to the steadily increasing prevalence of neurasthenia.

If there were a single tradition associated with the modern church bell worthy to be preserved it would be worth while to make a fight for its preservation. But the public bell appeals not to the modern imagination. Here are some lines from Tennyson, showing the inspiration which the bell once possessed to the active fancy. How weak is the appeal which they make to the modern mind:

"Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The eager heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

The Globe thinks the church bell should go—at least out of the United States of America. If the churches, in the large money investments which must have been involved in the securing the bells in use among them, had striven to accomplish anything save to make a noise sufficient to stir up the lagging thought of the unwilling church-goer, there might be some reason to look with a feeling of toleration on the church bell as a public institution. But as well might a man stand at the church corner and with blare of trumpets summon the religious people to their churches as have the average church bell break the stillness of the Sabbath morn or eve with its angry, strident voice.

Every household has its clock. Every true Christian communicant knows the hours set apart for religious service. He needs no sound of warning or reminder from abroad. That which comes to him from the adjacent church tower is usually one which would distract any but the most devout from the holy thoughts which are inspired by divine worship.

The word Amalgamated will hereafter spell colossal failure.

If the present rate of burning negroes is kept up, there will be a boom in kerosene oil.

The Shamrock is here. We will soon learn whether she will follow the Constitution.

King Phillips of Chicago is a lucky cuss. He tried to fail, but his books will not let him. The errors are all on the right side.

"When the steel trust declared that its purpose is to eliminate unionism from every mill under its control," etc.—St. Paul Daily News.

Which the Steel Trust never did.

It seems that the members of the Amalgamated association in the West retain the respect for a contract, notwithstanding Preacher Shaffer's advice to pay no attention to the obligations of contracts.

It is said that the British have spent $1,000,000 in Kansas City for mules which have been shipped to Africa. And yet that town claims that it is steadily increasing in population, notwithstanding the emigration.

The successor of Admiral Sampson has been chosen. The admiral will be relieved from all active duty on account of ill health. If he could only be relieved of his blunders made under the influence of a bad stomach and an envious disposition, the remainder of his life would, no doubt, be happier. Sampson should be pitied rather than blamed for the course he has taken. It was owing to the way the man was built. Nature made the mistake in the first place, and it was emphasized by the head of the navy department, assisted by Mephistopheles Crowninshield.

We never lack friends. Russia was ready to help us against England in 1861, and England was ready to help us against the world during the Spanish war. What could their motives have been? Love for the United States?

It is awful. Scarcely has the empress dowager been buried when there was found among her effects a second husband which she left behind. He goes by the name of Count Seckendorf. This is rich picking for the French press.

Teddy will be at the Minnesota fair for business purposes. We think we can almost hear the chorus of candidates who have been looking with watering eyes toward Minnesota sing: "Dear, dear, what can the matter be, Teddy's so long at the fair."

Sampson will be an interested party at the Schley investigation. He will sit by the judge advocate and prompt him from time to time. In this matter he occupies the position of complaining witness in a criminal case. If he fails to secure a conviction, he ought to pay the costs.

Uncle Sam is to offer his good offices to Colombia and Venezuela. Now, we are of the opinion that the good offices of Uncle Sam are not desired in that muddle. War is what they want and not good offices, unless these are in the United States, with good salaries attached.

AT THE THEATERS.

The Criterion company is playing to good business at the Metropolitan opera house this week in the English drama, "The Black Flag." The play is lively and exciting, with a series of thrilling climaxes that arouse the audience to enthusiasm and bring a dozen curtain calls at every performance. The first matinee of the week will be played tomorrow."

For the final week of the summer season the Criterion company will deviate from the rule of one play a week, presenting "Nell Gwynne" for the first half, beginning Sunday night, and for the latter half of the week either "Sapho" or "Under Two Flags."

FREIGHT ON GREAT LAKES.

New Transportation Company With Capital of $2,500,000.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Aug. 12.—The plan of organizing a company to carry freight over the great lakes was completed today in this city, and it will be at once incorporated in New Jersey.

The new company will be a $2,500,000 corporation, and will be known as the National Transportation company. Contracts for the fleet of vessels have been let to the American Shipbuilding company, and they are to have a capacity of 27,000 tons. The contract calls for their completion on March 15, 1902. The builders of the vessels have plants in Cleveland, Duluth and at other points along the great lakes.

Lyman C. Smith, of this city, is to be president of the company, with Capt. W. W. Brown, of Cleveland, as secretary, and H. W. Smith, of this city, treasurer. The following are directors: L. C. Smith, William Nottingham, Charles M. Warner, George B. Leonard, H. A. Smith, Horace S. Wilkinson, of this city; W. W. Brown and J. B. Cowle, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Dr. A. G. Brower, of Utica.

Chicago, Duluth and intermediate points will be the ports visited. A number of the stockholders are interested in the Globe Navigation company, a big concern organized a few months ago to operate similar vessels on the Pacific coast.

SUIT AGAINST DIRECTORS.

Seventh National Bank Officers Are Charged With Violation of Law.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—A summons was served today in another suit against the directors of the Seventh National bank. The plaintiff is a man named Hoffman, who seeks $1,500 damages for loss sustained by him through the suspension of payment by the bank, and he seeks to hold the directors liable because of their alleged violation of the national bank act in loaning Marquand & Co. $1,600,000, a sum in excess of the bank's paid-in capital.

Mr. Hoffman alleges in his complaint that on June 4 he bought stocks through a brokerage firm, and that on June 26 his brokers demanded more margin, which he furnished in a check on the Seventh National bank for $500, sending this to the brokers at 2:30 p. m. When the check was presented for payment the next morning the bank had suspended payment, and owing to his money deposited in the bank, $1,800, being tied up by the suspension, he was unable to furnish other margin and his brokers sold the stocks at a loss to him of $754, which involved further losses, for which he seeks $1,500 damages.

A Prophecy Being Fulfilled.

Boston Herald.

We are now beholding the fruition of possibilities which John Sherman recognized in the McKinley tariff. From his seat in the senate he publicly warned the nation of them and earnestly entreated the manufacturers not to take unjust advantage of the power that the new tariff gave to them for oppressing the people. Sagacious as he was, he never dreamed of such gigantic combinations of capital and fictitious capital for extorting profits out of the American people as have been consummated within the last five years. It is full time to take away the abnormal, corrupting stimulus to these oppressive speculations.

The Burden of Debt.

Boston Herald.

With a nation, as with an individual, extravagance is much more easily encouraged than is economy. Too often the people look on the expenditures of their country as a matter in which they should take no particular interest unless they are to secure for themselves some portion of the money expended. They seem to forget that a national debt is a charge which must be borne by all the people of a country, and if a large amount has to be spent each year in interest charges and for redemption provisions there will be that much less to spend for other things.

The South Carolina Controversy.

Washington Times.

It is to be regretted that both Mr. Tillman and McLaurin have not been more conservative of speech, employing more of argument and less of epithet in their discussions of the issue that has arisen. Every point of importance could have been made without a direct impugning of the personal integrity of either, and when South Carolina has an opportunity once more to act it can and will be determined which is the better representative of the opinions and wishes of the state.

Hanna Still the Boss.

Richmond Dispatch.

Senator Cullom has dissipated all doubts that Hanna is still boss of the White house. After an interview with the president the Illinois senator has announced that there is to be no tinkering with the tariff by the next congress"—the exact words used by Mark when Mr. McKinley was under suspicion of being somewhat disloyal to the "fruitful mother of the trusts."

Chivalry Is Not Dead.

New York World.

The seizure of a little postoffice from a Kentucky woman for a spoilsman does not mean that chivalry is dead in the blue grass state, but that the politicians are on top—with the kind assistance of the one-time civil service reformer William McKinley.

OLD 'BI.

Trout, Politicians, and Philosophy as the Delightful Old Vagabond Saw Them.

By Ed. Mott.

New York Times.

"Now as to vôtin' early," Old 'Bi was wont to philosophize, "you don't do yourself justice if you vote early. The minute you put your vote in at town meetin' you're of no further account as a feller-citizen. Maybe there might be half a dozen or more candidates wantin' to be constable, 'n' pathmaster, 'n' this, that, 'n' the other thing, 'n' so, as long as you hain't voted, every one of 'em 'll be shankin' hands with you, 'n' callin' you Uncle 'Biram, 'n' askin' you how you be, 'n' how your family is, as if they was so eager to hear that they could hardly wait fer you to tell 'em, 'n' urgin' you to come in 'n' take a leetle somethin', every whipstitch or so. But the minute you put your vote in you hain't worth two shucks. No, Sir, I tell you! If you want to stand 'way up in the estimation of your feller citizens, 'n' to have 'em anxious about your welfare from sun up till sun down on town meetin' day, don't vote early!"

Many a quaint and original character came and went, and spent his pleasant and pleasing hour of an evening or a stormy day at the Old Buckhorn Tavern, that rare backwoods hostelry of the ancient time—last of the famous wayside inns that had brought cheer and comfort to the traveler or sojourner in the days when the rumbling stage coach creaked and jolted over the weary miles of hilly turnpike.

—when at morn,
As winding round by yon old mill,
The driver blew his mellow horn,
And echo answered from the hill,

before the railroads came and forced the coach aside to rust and ruin, and the abandoned turnpike grew choked with brush, and well nigh impassable from long neglect. But among all the odd characters that enlivened the whilom hour at the Buckhorn none was to be compared with Old 'Bi.

Rare Old 'Bi. He had been Old 'Bi so long that it was only tradition that his name was Abiram Steele, and that he had come from somewhere "down country" in the stage coach days, planted himself in the Buckhorn district, where he hunted and fished, worked in the lumber woods when so disposed, and rollicked and roystered at the Buckhorn Tavern with a robust humor and a ready wit that brought him a local fame and popularity for which better accomplishments have appealed in vain.

But he never would have come to be the Old 'Bi that he was if Old Maid Peggy Giles, lame, sharp-featured, distressingly thin—"somethin' like an ash saplin' as to figger," 'Bi was once heard to remark in referring to Peggy—and overshrewish withal, but with a little house and garden of her own and an inherited income of $300 a year, had not fixed her heart on lively Abiram Steele at the height of his popularity in the Buckhorn district. Abiram did not resent it. Not he. He married Peggy; at once sat down with good fortune, turned his face coldly away from even casual work from that day forward, and roamed with his gun and his rod, content with such bounty as Peggy bestowed upon him, minding her restless tongue no more than he minded the scolding of the red squirrels when he was afield. Thus in time he grew to be Old 'Bi—shiftless, unreliable, save as to his knowledge of the woods and streams and the things that lived and moved therein; his chief ambition a dram at the tavern, and his dearest plan in life one that insured him his ambition at no cost to himself either in money down or services rendered; unabashed by rebuff; morally unconcerned that he had no credit, but physically deploring its inconvenience; with an unfailing humor, a ready wit, a poetic fancy, a quaint philosophy, and an imagination so elastic and a gift for exercising it so unbounded that even in its art it was sometimes appalling; never a frown on his face; a quip and a quirk and a laugh ever ready to his lips; care to him but a phantom—rare, delightful vagabond was Old 'Bi!

"Business!" Old 'Bi philosophised once upon a time. "Don't talk to me about business! What is business? Business, the way I've seen the workin' of it, is jest a findin' out that your neighbor has got a dollar, 'n then a-layin' awake o' nights thinkin' up how you'm goin' to git that dollar away from him without its costin' you anythin' but trouble, 'n' then makin' him pay for that!"

Such a reprehensible philosopher was Old 'Bi.

Sly rascal though he was, Old 'Bi did not know, one day when I left the Buckhorn to try the trout in the creek that crawled through the valley half a mile away, that I knew he was watching me from behind a cherry tree in Peggy's garden, but I knew it, and was therefore not surprised when half an hour later he came upon me suddenly as I lay upon the bank, a few yards above where the creek began its winding course through the big stretch of dark hemlock woods, his rod in his hand, and he, to all seeming, flushed with the exercise of long and hearty whipping of the stream below.

I was not surprised, because if he had not appeared thus I should have imagined that all sorts of things had happened to him—because I had a flask in my pocket, and Old 'Bi suspected it. But I pretended to be surprised, and his well simulated astonishment at seeing me was delicious.

A big and lusty trout had risen to my fly. It was a long cast away, where the foam-flecked water eddied back to give a parting caress to the mossy rock it had kissed in passing, and snap! the fly snell, frayed perhaps, had parted, freeing the coveted prize, and netting me. So I had thrown myself on the grassy bank to smoke and let my temper down, and it was while I lay thus that Old 'Bi came upon me from behind an alder clump.

"Why, 'Bi!" I exclaimed. "You here, too! What luck?"

"What luck?" he replied, flopping down on the bank after he recovered from his assumed surprise at seeing me. "'Miser'blest kind! I sat on the Buckhorn stoop more th'n an hour this mornin', with my throat well nigh parched, waitin' fer a good Samaritan to come along 'n' moisten it. Ephra'm Bender come drivin' up with his ox team, 'n' I was hopin' like till he told me that he had sold his hoop poles, but had took it out in pork 'n' things, 'stid o' cash, 'n' I know'd that he didn't have no money to put in circulation for the good of his feller man, 'n' I was rather glad when he went whoa-geein' 'n' hawin' away with his oxen, 'cause I had a dime in my pocket that I was dependin' on, if the worst come to the worst. I sot a spell longer, 'n' was beginnin' to think the worst had come, when Evander Shaw come along.

"I know'd that Evander was a candidate fer sheriff ag'in Jonas Snively 'n' Sam Kinkler, 'n' I was glad to see him, 'n' told him he was wise to be startin' in early with his 'lectioneerin', so's to git ahead o' t'other fellers—ketchin' the early worm, as it were, I said—though I told him that it wa'n't necessary fer him to come 'n' 'lectioneer us folks, 'cause we was all goin' fer him, 'n' that Jones hadn't better come round here tryin' to get any votes, or we'd send him a flyin', with a flee in his ear. I was all ready fer the expected moistenin', when Evander said that the fact o' the matter was that him 'n' Jonas had had a conference 'n' that he had hauled off o' the track in favor o' Jonas 'n' wa'nt 'lectioneerin'. Then Evander passed on his way whistlin', jest as if I wa'n't settin' there with my throat puckered like as if it was a puddin' bag with the string drawed tight.

"The worst had come to the worst now, fer certain, 'n' I got up 'n' went in 'n' told 'Zeke'l, the landlord, to put plenty o' sugar and tanzy in it, 'n' I laid my dime on the bar so's that he could see I meant it. While 'Zeke'l was fixing the moistenin' he picked up my dime 'n' looked at it, 'n' then shoved it back to me 'n' set the molstenin' back on the shelf. There was a hole in the dime as big as a buckshot, I do declare, 'n' I'd jest like to know who could 'n' put it off on to Peggy! Knowin' that 'Zek'el had peculiar idees ag'in settin' me out things 'n' waitin' till I come tomorrow, I was walkin' out disconsolit, 'n' chokin', when who should come in but Jonas Snively.

"I was glad to see him 'n' called him sheriff, 'n' told him that I'd jest been congratulatin' Evander on his wisdom in drawin' off, 'cause he hadn't no more show ag'in Jonas, I said, than feather 'd have in a gale o' wind; 'n' I told Jonas we was all fer him here to a man. I was actually on my way back to let Jonas moisten me, when the sort o' grinned 'n' said he was tremendous glad to hear that we was all fer him, 'cause he wouldn't have to waste no time 'lectioneerin' us, but could go right on to the Bear Swamp deestric,' which wa'n so certain!

"'N' he went, 'n' I jes' grabbed my fishpole 'n' cut for the brook to get Peggy a mess of trout, thinkin' that maybe she might—well, consarn it all! That's the kind o' luck I been havin'."

Just a scheme against that flask he knew I had as well as he knew he had come to the creek by another way and lain in wait for me behind the alder clump—this merry tale of disappointments that had never come nigh him, the sly old rascal!

"But I meant what luck with the trout, Bi," said I, taking the flask out and placing it on the grass by his side. And his amazement, one would have sworn, knew no bounds.

"What!" he exclaimed, sitting up and reaching for the flask. "This ain't—this ain't—why, merciful man! you don't mean to tell me that you—pshaw! it can't be that it's—why, I do declare! Who'd ever a' thunk th't—well, well!—why, it is, as sure as guns!"

With a twinkle in his eye, and a wicked chuckle, old Bi "moistened" himself well, placed the flask on the grass within easy reach, wiped his mouth on his sleeve, and turned to me.

"Trout, eh?" said he, reflectively. "Trout is jest like politicians; e'zac'ly like politicians. How so? 'Cause you can't never depend on 'em. You can't depend on 'em from one day to another. When you're countin' on 'em doin' one thing, they'll right-up 'n' do somethin' else th't you wa'n't countin' on, 'n' 'll knock your calc'lations sky-high. Jes' look, fer instance, how often ye'll work to git a holt on to some ol' trout that's layin' low for bids down here in the creek. He's a smart ol' fellow, 'n' it'll be jes' like him to come up to everythin you offer him 'n' take it 'thout your ever gittin' a holt on to him.

"Arter while, mebbe, you'll run out of inducements to offer, 'n' while you're gone to dig up some more, along comes another chap 'n' puts in a bid for that trout. That chap, mebbe, is a leetle bit smarter'n you be, 'n' when you come back you find that the trout has jumped at his offer, 'n' that the feller has got a holt on to him, 'n' after all that you've ben puttin' up fer him you're left out in the cold. Hain't you never heern o' politicians treatin' folks jes that way? 'N' then, ag'in, the feller that got the holt on the trout 'll hev a chance to see how much like a politician it is, ef he don't look out, 'n' he wants to be keepin' his eye open, fer jest while he's workin' the trout for all he's worth, 'n' countin' on it big, all of a suddent it'll give a flop, 'n' the other feller 'll find that his holt is gone, 'n' the trout is ready to lay fer some one else's offers. Jest like politicians, trout is. Everlastin'ly on th' flop! But there's one thing that trout don't take after politicians in; not a bit. W'en ev'rythin's bright 'n' clear around you, 'n' no sign of a cloud anywhere threatenin' you, then the politicians 'll flock around you like flies 'round the 'lasses cup, 'n' there ain't nothin' they won't be willin' to do to help you along. But let the clouds come 'n' settle on to you, 'n' the sun git hid away, so to speak, 'n' you call on some of them politicians—where be they? That's the question. Where be they? Scarcer th'n fur on a catfish!

"'N' there's where trout differs from politicians. You don't see no trout foolin' 'round when it's bright 'n' clear, but w'en it's cloudy, 'n' mebbe agoin' to rain, 'n' you cant see no bottom in th' creek, even if it ain't more'n three inches deep; then they'll gather round, 'n' won't be back'ards in findin' out what you're wantin' of 'em.

"'N' now, ff you'll jest git up 'n' tosst your fly up yender, so it'll drop right by the side o' that ol' log that's half sunk where the water whirls away from it 'n' gits deeper, you'll more'n likely git another holt on the big trout that took your hook awhile ago, down by yon rock. They always run up-stream after you nip 'em once, 'n' that un's layin' by that ol' log now, I'll bet on it, 'n' has fergot all about that hook bein' in his jaw. You throw'd your fly too fur, anyhow, 'n' give the ol' chap too much leverage. Jes' drop it up yender by that logside wunst, 'n' then ef you handle him right, you'll hev him in your basket yit."

I glanced slyly at Old 'Bi and smiled.

"You said you were fishing a quarter of a mile down the creek, 'Bi," said I. "How did you know I lost that big trout?"

The conscienceless old genius never winced.

"I heerd your snell snap," he replied, lying back on the grass and gazing up at the sky. "Sound kin carry like sixty in them quiet woods, I tell you."

Tying on a new fly, I cast it where Old 'Bi had advised. Flash! Whizz! Old 'Bi was on his feet instantly and at my side.

"That's him!" he cried. "You've got him! Your fly is in his jaw! Give him line! Keep him away from that ol' root there on t'other side o' th' creek! Keep him away! There! That's it! Keep cool, now! Whew! See him come out o' the water! He's a beauty 'n' no mistake! Favor him! Favor him! There he goes like a steam engine! Give him line! Hol' on! hol' on! Stiddy! Back he comes! Reel in! Don't hold your rod so low! Straighten it up! Straighten it up! There! Now let him worry aw'lle in that deep hole. Keep him head on, though! He's a game un, but you've got him! He's whipped. He'll foller your line now, as you reel him in. Gentle, though, fer he'll give another kick 'n' a plunge w'en he secs you. There he comes! Where's your net? Aha! He's your'n! 'N' look! There's your t'other hook stickin' in his jaw! Didn't I tell you so? U'm'um! Jes' smell the flavor of him! Nothin' like that grows on tree or shrub, nor kin you make it with the balm of a thous'n' flowers! Well—unless—exceptin' it mowt be"—

Which qualification referred to what was left in my flask, which old Bi was once more inspecting, and lying on his back again in the grass, he soliloquized almost in a murmur:

"Seems like I was jest monarch of all I surveyed! Yender's the sky ez blue ez blue kin be, 'cept fer a fleecy cloud scuddin' 'crost it now 'n' then, 'n' high 'n' low, 'n' never restin'. 'N' yender's the brown throsher gushin' music in the bushes over there by th' ol' stone wall th't keeps the medder from the woods—th' medder stretchin' away so fresh 'n' green, with the cows standin' in bunches under the trees, with their eyes shet, 'n' their breath sweeter yit than th' clover th' bees is suckin'. 'N' here's the brook singin' along outen the valley, hidin' here 'n' there amongst the alders, 'n' then jumpin' out agin' laughing like a child playin' peek-a-boo, 'n' by-'n'-by goin' off b'itself in the deep woods yender, 'n' never comin' back no more! I see 'em all, 'n' I love 'em all, 'n' seems to me as if they must all be mine!—

'Hullo," and Old 'Bi roused up as from a reverie. "Jumpin' Juniper! This won't do fer me; I must be goin', 'n' goin' quick, fer Peggy 'll be expectin' me fer the chores!"

And with a wink and grin he rose, picked up his rod and sauntered away. Peggy's chores! If Peggy had ever waited for 'Bi to come and "do her chores" long would they have remained undone. I reclaimed the flask from where 'Bi had left it. It was empty. I gazed at the departing rascal 'Bi. He was just disappearing over the hill, bellowing the refrain of the old time woodsman's song:

A-lumberin' we'll go! 'N' we'll chase the buck 'n' doe!
We'll roam the wild woods over as a-lumberin' we go!

Rare old 'Bi! When he passed away the light went out in the Buckthorn district, and life even at the Old Buckhorn seemed scarcely worth the living. Men good and useful in their day and generation have come and gone there and thereabout before and since old 'Bi; but they have lain forgotten in their mold these years and years; yet the memory of old 'Bi is green to this day, such was the quality even of his vagabondage—delightful old reprobate that he was! Old 'Bi!

HOLMES JR. AT AN EASY ONE.

Chicago Record-Herald.

"Hah!" said Sherlock Holmes Jr., "it is as I suspected."

His companion stopped, mystified, and asked:

"What has happened?"

"There," replied the great amateur detective, pointing to a man who had just passed them; "he is the father of a child less than six months old, that is troubled with the colic. He has no other children and is left handed; his wife is not very strong, and they can't afford to keep a nurse. They feed the child on milk from a Jersey cow. He kissed her when he left home this morning, and then walked half backward to the street, smiling at her."

The other turned pale, and asked:

"Heavens, how do you know this? Is he a friend of yours?"

"No," said Sherlock Holmes Jr., "I never saw him before. I have never heard his name."

"But surely you can't expect me to believe there is anything in his personal appearance to enable you to make this wonderful deduction?"

"Yes. One glance as he passed close to us a moment ago was sufficient. Really, you are very stupid not to notice these things. They are so simple. Now he is stopping to look in at that haberdasher's window. We will pass behind him. Look at him closely and see if there is anything about him to indicate how I have arrived at my wonderful conclusion regarding him."

After they had passed, the great detective turned with a look of inquiry to his companion.

"No," said the latter. "I couldn't see anything that gave me the slightest clew."

"I knew you wouldn't," Holmes answered. "There are three spots on the back of his coat—or, rather, there is a streak broken into three parts on the back of his coat, passing downward from the right shoulder. You can't guess how those spots came there, can you?"

"No," his companion confessed, "I can't."

"That is because you are not an expert in the deducting business. He held his baby over his shoulder, and it drooled, making that broken streak. Why did he hold the child over his shoulder? Because it was colicky, and holding it in that position relieved it. His wife would have held it over her own shoulder if she had not been all tired out, which shows that she is not very strong. If they could afford to keep a nurse the father would not, of course, be compelled to hold the little one up and pat it on the back, and if he were an old hand at that sort of thing he would take off his coat or put a towel over his shoulder before holding the child up. Is that all clear to you?"

"Wonderfully so," his companion replied, with ill-feigned admiration, "but how do you know the baby is six months of age, that the man is left-handed, that they feed the little one milk from a Jersey cow, that he kissed his wife and walked backward to the street this morning?"

"I am coming to that," Sherlock Holmes Jr. said, with a queer gleam in his wonderful eyes. "After a child is more than six months old it isn't likely to have colic. If you have ever held a colicky baby you must know that a right-handed man always holds the little one over his left shoulder, and vice versa. Now we come to the cow. I have for years been smelling these spots on men's shoulders, and I know by the degree of sourness just what kind of infants' food or milk they are composed of. Of course, if he hadn't backed out of the door when he left home this morning his wife would have seen the streak and called him in to have it sponged off. So he must have kissed her as he departed, and kept turning and smiling back until he was so far away that the spots were invisible to her."

The great amateur detective then caught a glimpse of a man who wore a silk hat and a sack coat, and hurried after him to make further deductions.

OF SOCIAL INTEREST

An original German Kirmess, with Schwetzerfest and Hungarian barbecue, will be given on the grounds surrounding St. Agnes' parish, corner Kent and Lafond streets, the week beginning Aug. 25 and lasting one week. The fete will open with a parade of uniformed Hungarian peasants in their native costume of white. The barbecue will take place in the open air. Tyrolese singers will sing their native songs, and a special supper, consisting of native delicacies, will be served every evening by the young women of the parish in the different national costumes.

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The Hamline W. C. T. U. tendered a surprise last night to Mrs. W. T. Rich, the retiring president, at her residence, 1397 Hewitt avenue. The organization presented a beautiful diamond ring to Mrs. Rich, Mrs. C. M.