The Democratic Sentinel
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VERY STRANGE CASE.

DIVORCED FROM THE MAN SHE NEVER MARRIED.

Woman in St. Louis in a Peculiar Predicament as Result of Mistaken Identity—Fall River Manufacturers to Curtail Product Until November.

Divorced from Her Brother-in-Law.

There is a woman living in St. Louis who finds herself in a curious predicament as the result of mistaken identity. The old story about the identity of the man Joe Miller, who was twice tried in both the State and Supreme Courts of North Dakota on the charge of swindling some local Scandinavians out of some mines in a Montana mining deal, has bobbed up again. Allen J. Wine, alias Joe Miller, was a prisoner at Fargo three years, and was discharged last spring after his second acquittal. John R. Gill, who was a bookkeeper in the Minnesota woods last winter, makes affidavit that he has discovered the real Joe Miller; that he was a brother of the prisoner held at Fargo so long, and went by the name of George Wine. On each trial the case attracted unusual attention, as at least fifty witnesses testified on each side as to the identity of the prisoner. Those for the defense alleged that at was a case of mistaken identity. According to the story of the defense, the prisoner was a younger brother of the real criminal, slightly smaller and less gray. He stood the long imprisonment and the two trials because he did not want to have his brother in trouble, and partially because he was in almost as serious trouble in another State, where it was impossible to secure the evidence necessary for an alibi without admitting his guilt of a criminal charge. The case was made all the more interesting by the fact that the man who claimed to be Miller married a girl named Nansen at Fargo. He deserted her in Duluth. When Wine was taken back from St. Louis she immediately identified him as the man she married, and her testimony went far toward the conviction of the prisoner. Afterward she secured a divorce from the prisoner, having notice of the action served on him while he was in jail. Now she finds herself divorced from her husband's brother.

MANY MILL HANDS TO BE IDLE.

Fall River Manufacturers Will Curtail Production Until November.

From information gleaned among the manufacturers at Fall River, it seems probable that about 1,000,000 spindles will curtail some time until the end of October. The Chase, Stafford and Wampenoag mills will be shut down, making idle about 250,000 spindles. Some 2,500 hands will be out of employment and there will be a loss in wages of about $15,000 for the week. These three mills turn out about 30,000 pieces weekly. This is the beginning of an individual curtailment which is expected to continue intermittently until the first of November.

SEASIDE HOTEL IN A BLAZE.

Guests Save Their Lives by Leaping from the Windows.

The South End Hotel at Tybee, Ga., the principal seaside resort of the South, was destroyed by fire. It was owned by W. M. Bohan. The origin of the fire is unknown, but it is supposed to have started from defective electric wiring. The hotel was worth about $50,000 and was insured for $28,500. Guests from every city in Georgia and almost every Southern city lost from $50 to $200 worth of wearing apparel and jewelry.

National League Standing.

Following is the standing of the clubs in the National Baseball League:

	W.	L.		W.	L.
Boston	69	36	Pittsburg	54	51
Cincinnati	69	39	Philadelphia	49	52
Baltimore	63	38	Brooklyn	39	62
Cleveland	62	42	Washington	38	65
New York	60	45	Louisville	39	67
Chicago	58	49	St. Louis	30	77

Following is the standing of the clubs in the Western League:

	W.	L.		W.	L.
Kansas City	68	44	St. Paul	61	48
Indianapolis	64	43	Detroit	39	68
Milwaukee	67	45	St. Joseph	38	67
Columbus	59	43	Minneapolis	37	75

Latest Mystery at St. Louis.

The police of St. Louis are to have another mystery to solve. An unknown woman partly disrobed on the river bank at the foot of Meramec street and plunged into the water. The woman's body floated out into the middle of the stream and sank, and up to a late hour it had not been recovered. In the pile of clothes scattered on the ground was found $205 in paper money, $100 in gold coin and some change.

Boys Rob the Pool Seller.

Boy thieves stole $1,200 from the pool box at the race track at Fort Erie, Ont. The cashier had his attention attracted for a moment, but turned in time to see a boy's hand grasp a bundle of Canadian bills. The boy ran and was seen to hand something to another boy, who disappeared in the crowd.

Serious Wreck Near Boston.

In a rear-end collision at Sharon station, a summer resort, twenty miles out of Boston on the Providence division of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, four persons were killed outright and thirty-eight seriously injured, and besides there were several score bruised and shaken up.

Eighty Soldiers Drowned.

A dispatch from Budapest to a London news agency says that while a regiment was crossing a pontoon bridge over the River Maros, near Hoad, the bridge collapsed. Three hundred men were immersed, and it is feared that eighty were drowned.

Elevator Burned in Chicago.

The Chicago Railway Terminal elevator near the river west of the Northwestern passenger station in Chicago was destroyed by fire. The loss was nearly $300,000.

Von Der Ahe Marries Again.

Word has been received from Alton, Ill., that Chris Von der Ahe, former president of the St. Louis baseball club, was quietly married in that city to Miss Kaiser. This is the third matrimonial venture for Von der Ahe.

Saved the Sheriff the Job.

Charles O. Kaiser, who was under sentence to be hanged for the murder of his wife, committed suicide in the county jail at Norristown, Pa. He first cut an artery with a watch spring and then hanged himself.

Lava Streams Flowing.

Vesuvius is again in a state of active eruption. Four streams of lava are flowing down the mountain side at the rate of 400 yards an hour. The chestnut trees on Mount Somma have been burned.

Big Company Fails.

The Black Diamond Coal Company, with mines at Coal Creek and offices at Knoxville, Tenn., failed, T. H. Heald being appointed receiver. Liabilities are $150,000; assets unknown.

No Republican Ticket in Texas.

At the Texas Republican State convention at Fort Worth it was decided a State ticket would not be good policy and no candidates were named.

SHOT HIS DAUGHTER'S LOVER.

James Benton Adopts Heroic Measures to Prevent an Elopement.

At Wichita, Kan., James Benton, a horse dealer, apparently wealthy and claiming to come from Galesburg, Ill., shot and killed J. H. Summer, a young cattle man of Oklahoma, while Summer and Benton's 18-year-old daughter, Lola, were attempting to elope. Benton and his daughter have been in Wichita for three weeks or more, during which time Miss Benton became acquainted with Summer. The two frequently went out riding together, contrary to the wishes of Benton, who saw that the acquaintance was becoming a love affair. When Summer drove up to the hotel for Miss Benton the father remonstrated violently, but on the young lady's promise that it would be the last time he let her go, with the caution that she should be back in an hour. She did not return in an hour, nor in two. Benton, suspecting an elopement, notified the police, and himself started in search of the couple. He came upon them five miles out in the country in a mover's wagon, driving for the territory. Riding up beside the wagon, he called to young Summer to drive back to town. The young man refused, whereupon Benton shot him dead.

KILLS THE PUGILIST'S MOTHER.

Corbett's Father Takes Two Lives and Leaves the Ex-Champion an Orphan.

In San Francisco, P. J. Corbett, father of James J. Corbett, the heavyweight pugilist, shot and killed his wife and then turned the weapon upon himself with fatal effect. It is believed the murderer was demented. He had been in extremely poor health for some time, and had just returned from Bartlett Springs, where he had been stopping. Death was instantaneous in both cases. The shooting occurred at the residence of the Corbett family. Mr. King, a son-in-law of Corbett, who was living in the house, heard two shots in his father-in-law's room. Hurrying there, he found Mrs. Corbett dead in bed and his father-in-law dying on the floor. Mrs. Corbett was in her night attire, while her husband was fully dressed.

KILLED IN AN EXPLOSION.

One Man Dead and Several Badly Injured at Prescott, A. T.

A terrific explosion occurred at the roundhouse of the Santa Fe, Prescott and Phoenix Railroad, at Prescott, A. T., resulting in the fatal injury of two men and the wounding of two or three others. Machinists were at work on engine No. 2 in the roundhouse when the boiler exploded with tremendous force. Joseph Brown was on top of the engine adjusting the pop valve when the explosion occurred and was badly crushed about the head, dying in a few minutes. E. M. Seamans had his left arm blown fifty feet away, his left leg blown off, and he was badly bruised and cut about the head. He cannot live. Charles Chambers was also quite seriously injured. The roundhouse is a complete wreck.

CANADA'S BIG WHEAT CROP.

By Far the Greatest Yield in the Annals of the Dominion.

Canada's wheat crop this year will be by long odds the greatest in the history of the dominion. The Ontario Government bulletin shows that the fall wheat crop will be 25,000,000, or 1,000,000 more than last year, and the spring wheat crop 6,500,000, or 1,500,000 more than last year. Harvest operations are now in full swing in Manitoba, and the wheat crop there will be about 15,000,000 more than last year, estimates this year ranging from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 bushels. The condition of wheat in Canada was never better and will all grade very high.

Market of Japan Is Rich.

Shizuo Kondo, president of the Japanese-American Commercial and Industrial Association, with headquarters at Tokio, Japan, is in America attempting to interest American manufacturers in the possibilities of trade with Japan, which country, he declares, has been gaining wonderfully each year since 1890 and holds forth exceptional inducements to American exporters. If the American exporter knew the real conditions of the Japan field, Mr. Kondo says confidently, American exports to Japan would increase enormously. American headquarters have been temporarily established in New York. "When Japan was opened by the United States in 1854," Mr. Kondo said, "she took the position of an older sister and we have always so regarded her. We have exported to the United States more than to any other nation. But we do not find that the United States' exports to Japan are in equal ratio. Until about 1890 we bought little from the United States. We had heard that wages and the cost of living were comparatively high here. So we concluded that manufactured articles here must be high priced. Until about 1890, also, the United States did not take much interest in the possibilities of our market. Its merchants were contented with domestic trade." Japanese exports to America have increased 65 per cent since 1896, Mr. Kondo says. Last year they amounted to $26,218,202. Almost an equal increase in the American export trade into Japan has been noticed during the last two years. "We can buy from the United States just as much as, or more than, we export to her, Mr. Kondo said. "It is only a matter of time."

Big Fire in Russia.

A great fire at Nijni Novgorod, capital of the Russian Government of the same name, near the confluence of the Oka with the Volga, about two hundred and fifty miles northeast of Moscow, has destroyed a number of factories and eighty houses. Forty persons have been injured and damage to the amount of 1,500,000 rubles has been done.

Young Woman Commits Suicide.

Because of a belief that they were unfit to live two girls committed suicide by jumping from a ferryboat into the Delaware river. They were Bessie Foust, aged 19, of Camden, N. J., and Maud Hoffnagle, aged 20, of Philadelphia. Both took the leap to death together, hand in hand, and were drowned before a rescue could be effected.

Fearful Plunge of a Train.

An accident occurred on the Union Colliery Railway line, in British Columbia, resulting in the death of at least six persons. A long work train, with a passenger coach attached, plunged through the trestle which spans the Trent river about midway between the wharf and Union City. It was about 125 feet high and 500 feet long.

Attempted Assassination Near Chicago.

An attempt to assassinate John Hill, Jr., leader of the anti-gambling crusade in Chicago, was made at his home in Morgan Park, Ill. A dynamite cartridge exploded at the window of a bedroom where Mr. and Mrs. Hill were asleep. No one was hurt.

Place for Robert P. Porter.

Robert P. Porter, the superintendent of the last general census of the United States, has been appointed a commissioner to examine and report upon the finances, banking systems and customs laws of Cuba and Porto Rico.

Anti-Swearing Ordinance Killed.

The New York Board of Aldermen has killed an ordinance introduced providing punishment for swearing in public places by laying it on the table by an almost unanimous vote.

Open to Foreign Traffic.

The Hong Kong correspondent of the London Times says the new regulations opening every port on the West river to foreign traffic went into operation recently.

Thirty Killed in a Wreck.

A collision is reported to have occurred at Matjes Fontein, South Africa, between a goods train and a passenger train. Thirty passengers were killed.

Pardoned by a Sovereign.

Queen Victoria's disregard for certain social usages and customs has just been illustrated in a manner that has caused no little amusement and gossip in London and at the same time afforded a choice subject of comment to that portion of the penny press which is wont to make the most of her majesty's so-called parsimony. For some time the approaching coronation of the young Queen of Holland has been much discussed in England. Large parties are organizing in London and elsewhere, the steamship lines have announced low excursion rates and the present month will see more English visitors in Amsterdam and The Hague than ever before. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by a large and brilliant suite, will represent the Queen, and as custom prohibits the attendance of any reigning sovereign in person, the Prince of Wales will naturally be regarded as the most important personage present. As at the coronation of the Czar two years ago the gifts from different rulers of Europe will be a conspicuous feature of the enthronement. Speculation as to the nature of Queen Victoria's presents to the youngest of her sister sovereigns was satisfied a few weeks since by the official announcement that the Prince of Wales would present in behalf of her majesty a magnificent Indian bracelet set with diamonds and rubies of the first water. The public was somewhat surprised when the fact leaked out that the bracelet is one of the diamond jubilee gifts and was presented to the Queen by one of the Indian princes.

CHILDREN BURNED TO DEATH.

Four of Them Perish in the Flames that Destroy a Barn.

A frightful holocaust, in which four persons lost their lives, occurred near Stanley, Iowa, on the farm of Peter Foy. The victims of the flames were the children of Mr. and Mrs. Foy—Thomas, aged 18; Lewis, aged 16; George, aged 11, and Blanche, aged 9. During the hot nights the children had been allowed to sleep in the loft of the big farm barn, and the other night they retired to the haymow at an early hour. About 2 o'clock in the morning neighbors noticed a blaze on the Foy farm. Hastening to the place they found the family still asleep in the house. Mr. Foy was roused, but by that time the fire in the barn was beyond all control, and the efforts of the agonized parents were without avail. The fire had started in the lower part of the barn and there was no escape for the occupants of the loft, who were shut in by the burning of the ladder which had afforded them entrance to the place. Their screams of pain drove their parents and friends wild with anguish. At last the collapse of the building stifled the cries of the suffering prisoners.

DROWNED IN CLOUDBURST.

Five Persons Lost and Others Missing Near Pittsburg.

Reports have reached Pittsburg, Pa., of a cloudburst in Saw Mill Run, Temperanceville, a suburb of the city, on the south side of the Ohio river. Five persons were drowned and a number of others are missing. There was much damage to property. Crowds of people were near the river watching the flood when the bank caved in, carrying nine persons into the torrent. Those reported missing are: Regis Loftus, aged 3 years; Irene Loftus, aged 6 years; Mrs. Mary Shaughnessy, Geneva Shaughnessy, aged 7; Ignatio Saltze, aged 10; and an unknown man. There is no doubt that all of these and others were drowned.

His Whereabouts Is Unknown.

George A. Kimmell, cashier of the Farmers' State Bank of Arkansas City, Kan., is missing. His case is most mysterious, and his friends fear he has been made away with. Mr. Kimmell left Arkansas City recently, taking $19,000 worth of township bonds to the State Treasurer at Topeka. He delivered the bonds and sent back to his bank a draft covering the full amount of the transaction. On the following day he went to Kansas City and registered at the Midland Hotel. During the forenoon, it has been learned, he telephoned from the hotel to a Kansas City bank in which he had money deposited to send him $500 to the hotel. The money was sent to him as he directed. Detectives and bank officials who have been hunting for the missing cashier for over a week have learned that he left the Midland Hotel with three unknown men at 7 o'clock in the evening of the day on which he received the money from the bank, but since that time absolutely nothing is known of his movements. An examination of the bank proves the cashier's books to be correct in every detail. Mr. Kimmell went to Arkansas City from Niles, Mich., in 1897.

McKinley and Faure Talk.

President McKinley and President Faure of France exchanged direct felicitations over the relations of the two countries and expressions of mutual esteem of the two chief executives. The occasion was the opening of a new cable between Cape Cod, Mass., and Brest, on the French coast.

Pullman Weds Miss Fernald.

According to a report received from New York, George M. Pullman and Miss Lillian Fernald of Chicago have been married in that city. The marriage is said to have been in the nature of an elopement. Miss Fernald and Mr. Pullman have been staying at Long Branch.

St. Louis Strike Spreading.

It is asserted that 700 workers in the Allied Building Trades of St. Louis are out as the result of the strike for better wages inaugurated some time ago, and that the suspension of work may spread. There is a large number of new buildings in the course of construction.

Followed Her Husband.

Mrs. Womert, wife of Emanuel Womert, who was murdered in bed at Lancaster, Pa., by supposed burglars while his wife was asleep by his side, committed suicide the other night.

Hay for Secretary of State.

Ambassador Hay at London has accepted the office of Secretary of State.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, $3.00 to $6.00; hogs, shipping grades, $3.00 to $4.00; sheep, fair to choice, $2.50 to $4.75; wheat, No. 2 red, 68 to 69c; corn, No. 2, 30c to 31c; oats, No. 2, 19c to 21c; rye, No. 2, 42c to 44c; butter, choice creamery, 17c to 19c; eggs, fresh, 12c to 13c; potatoes, choice, 30c to 45c per bushel.

Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, $3.00 to $5.50; hogs, choice light, $3.00 to $4.25; sheep, common to choice, $3.00 to $4.75; wheat, No. 2 red, 67c to 69c; corn, No. 2 white, 30c to 32c; oats, No. 2 white, 23c to 25c.

St. Louis—Cattle, $3.00 to $5.50; hogs, $3.50 to $4.00; sheep, $3.50 to $4.25; wheat, No. 2, 72c to 73c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 30c to 32c; oats, No. 2, 21c to 23c; rye, No. 2, 44c to 46c.

Cincinnati—Cattle, $2.50 to $5.25; hogs, $3.00 to $4.25; sheep, $2.50 to $4.50; wheat, No. 2, 69c to 71c; corn, No. 2 mixed, 32c to 34c; oats, No. 2 mixed, 22c to 24c; rye, No. 2, 49c to 51c.

Detroit—Cattle, $2.50 to $5.25; hogs, $3.25 to $4.00; sheep, $2.50 to $4.25; wheat, No. 2, 72c to 73c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 33c to 35c; oats, No. 2 white, 22c to 26c; rye, 45c to 47c.

Toledo—Wheat, No. 2 mixed, 72c to 74c; corn, No. 2 mixed, 32c to 34c; oats, No. 2 white, 20c to 22c; rye, No. 2, 44c to 45c; clover seed, $3.30 to $3.40.

Milwaukee—Wheat, No. 2 spring, 66c to 68c; corn, No. 3, 32c to 34c; oats, No. 2 white, 24c to 27c; rye, No. 2, 43c to 44c; barley, No. 2, 45c to 46c; pork, mess, $8.75 to $9.25.

Buffalo—Cattle, good shipping steers, $3.00 to $5.75; hogs, common to choice, $3.50 to $4.50; sheep, fair to choice wethers, $3.50 to $5.00; lambs, common to extra, $5.00 to $7.00.

New York—Cattle, $3.00 to $5.75; hogs, $3.00 to $4.75; sheep, $3.00 to $5.00; wheat, No. 2 red, 78c to 79c; corn, No. 2, 36c to 38c; oats, No. 2 white, 32c to 33c; butter, creamery, 15c to 20c; eggs, Western, 14c to 15c.

POLITICS OF THE DAY

THROWS OFF THE MASK.

The Republican party at last has abandoned even the pretense of maintaining that plank of the St. Louis platform which declared for bimetallism. Senator Hanna, as Chairman of the Republican National Committee, has begun serving notice upon the local leaders that nothing which even squints toward bimetallism will be permitted in the State platforms. And what Mr. Hanna says goes—in Republican circles.

It is just as well that the Republican party should take this action, though its hypocritical professions of solicitude for bimetallism have deceived nobody. But the new departure in favor of out-and-out gold monometallism merely brings out in strong relief the bad faith and treachery which the Republican party has manifested in dealing with its bimetallist members. It shows that there was at no time an intention to act honestly with them. They have been cheated and deceived from first to last.

The bimetallic plank in the St. Louis platform was a humbug to begin with. It was framed with the hope of averting the bolt of Teller and his followers. It failed of that purpose, but it was retained in the platform, though it was repudiated on the stump, as a bait for the silver Republican vote of the West.

The Wolcott commission was another humbug, not as regards the commissioners themselves, but in the sense that the administration and the Republican party hoped that it would fail and meant it to fail. From the moment of the departure of the commissioners for Europe until the time of their return their mission was jeered at, derided and discredited by every Republican newspaper in the country. Europe was notified that the United States did not want bimetallism; that the St. Louis declaration was for campaign purposes only, and that the commissioners had been sent out on a wild-goose chase merely as a concession to the Republicans of the silver States. Nor has there been any change in the attitude of the party since that time. The Republican press, led by the recognized organs of the administration, has kept up a continual and vindictive warfare upon the very proposition advocated in the St. Louis platform. Not alone the 16 to 1 theory, but any suggestion of bimetallism in any ratio has been howled at as if it were rank treason instead of being an avowed doctrine of the Republican party enunciated in its national platform. Never in the political history of the United States has a party declaration been so quickly and thoroughly disavowed by the party leaders and the party press.

Mr. Hanna evidently thinks that the time has come to do away with the last shred of affectation and to avow openly that the Republican party is not a bimetallist party, and that bimetallists need expect nothing from it. He realizes that the pretense has become ludicrous and is doing the party more harm than good.

He is right about it, and he is to be commended for even tardy action in discarding humbug and hypocrisy and revealing the Republican party in its true attitude. But this belated concession to common honesty will not change history. It will not alter the fact that the Republican party, seeking for votes, held out the hand of fellowship to the bimetallists and then stabbed them in the back, and that it lied at St. Louis and boasted of its mendacity while the ink was still wet on its solemn declaration.

Mr. Hanna would no doubt be glad to have these matters forgotten; but they will be forgotten by no one—least of all by the swindled and humbugged Republicans of the Western States.

Republican Consistency.

An esteemed local contemporary estimates the cost of the war at $141,000,000. Another equally esteemed local contemporary puts it at $943,000,000. As both esteemed contemporaries are Republican in politics and both, presumably, have access to the official figures, the discrepancy is somewhat puzzling. Inaccuracy in the matter of statistics is notoriously a Republican weakness, but as both our esteemed contemporaries have, at one time or another, figured out that the Dingley bill produces a surplus instead of a deficit, they will no doubt be able to patch up this little difference of $800,000,000. A trifle like that presents no difficulty to a good Republican editor.—Chicago Chronicle.

Politics and Public Service.

Nothing could be more humiliating to the country than the talk of a Congressional investigation of the war department, but scandals may be expected wherever politics is permitted to influence the public service. When the President gave the war portfolio to a man peculiarly unfitted for its management, in payment of a campaign debt and by way of promoting party interests, he prepared the way for the exceedingly unpleasant developments which have marred the satisfaction attending the victories of the army, and which will subject the government to unwelcome comments by foreign powers.—Kansas City Star.

Democracy and the New Questions.

Opportunity, coldly and carelessly enough, has cast at our feet the wrecks and hulks of oppression. They are full of people, human beings like ourselves, though they are aliens and strangers. Shall we set them adrift, or shall we summon our boasted democracy to a test? That is the essence of the new acquisitions. We are very sure, indeed, that the great party of Jefferson will not shirk or postpone the issue. It must be met and disposed of now to the end that other important issues may not be obscured.—Atlanta Constitution.

Another Blow to Dingleyism.

It is the great, high exponent of Pennsylvania protection, the Philadelphia Manufacturer, which now inquires whether the Dingley act might not well be modified in the interests of larger trade with Canada. It can even contemplate a reduction of the duties on lumber, wood pulp and the like without shivering for the fate of the nation. Imperialist blow is serving one good purpose. It is revealing to all the utter absurdity of the Dingley enactment.—Springfield, Mass., Republican.

Need of Markets.

What is the use of shutting out importations when our producing capacity is twice our consumption? We are obliged to do one of two things—run on half-time or find new markets. The interest of our producers in this last plan has grown wonderfully in a few years, but the development of markets does not keep pace with the need of them. This explains also the reason for the complaint that there is not business enough to employ the idle money in the country. The limit of production, at least in many lines, has been reached, unless we can increase consumption by opening new markets.—Louisville Courier Journal.

The Dingley Fraud.

And that is the situation in which we find ourselves to-day. We have relied upon Idol Dingley to fill our pockets. We have gone ahead and made extensive outlays, confident that he would come to the rescue at the critical moment with the promised benefactions. He has disappointed us. Either he cannot or he will not fulfill his contract. We are worse off than we were before we ever heard of him, and yet he sits in his shrine, cross-legged, self-complacent, shining with the palm oil he obtained from us under false pretenses, and still insists that we should fall down and worship him. Shall we continue to do it? Shall we keep on lavishing homage and gifts upon this brazen old idol who has shown himself to be a pretender, an impostor and a shameless humbug? Shall we not rather knock him off his perch, throw him on the rubbish heap with his fellows, and, worshiping no idols at all, rely upon our own exertions for our own prosperity? May we not, in this case at least, profit by the example of our friends, the Papuans?—Chicago Chronicle.

Encroachments of Monopoly.

Pick up a newspaper of any date and the advancing strength of monopoly will appear. Yesterday it was the wall-paper trust, completed and launched, with the announcement that prices would be raised 25 to 50 per cent. at once, and that there would be a profit of $6,000,000 for the company next year. The wall-paper trust was yesterday's contribution to monopoly. What to-morrow's may be no one can guess. Everything from beef to coffins, from rubber overshoes to collars, is already a trust. We pay to monopoly for individual profit the heavy taxes which a few decades ago were considered intolerable when paid to the nation.—New York Journal.

He Might Command a Lumber Camp.

Cannot President McKinley find some place, north or south of the equator, to locate Secretary Alger and renew confidence in the capacity and integrity of the War Department by the selection of some one who has the qualities needed? Alger was appointed for pretty much the same reasons Mr. Lincoln named Simon Cameron, to discharge obligations and pledges incurred in the nominating convention.—Pittsburg Post.

Worth Its Cost.

From every standpoint the war is destined to be a blessing to the nation. It will pay in patriotism, in industry, in labor and in national greatness. Its deeds of valor have shed glory on the American name, and crowned the republic with luster as the proud possessor of such sons.—Denver News.

MARY ANDERSON AS A SINGER.

She Is as Graceful and Lissom as of Yore.

Madame de Navarro, who is none other than our beautiful American actress, Mary Anderson, of former day, recently participated as a vocalist in a concert at the sleepy old English village of Broadway, in the Cotswolds, where she lives. Hence the rumor, wholly unsubstantiated, of her intention to re-enter public life as a singer. At Broadway Miss Anderson has a congenial friend and neighbor in Miss Maude Valerie White, the composer, who has taken great interest in the development of the actress' singing voice—a full and deep contralto, flexible and of fine timbre. When Miss White organized her concert at the Lygon Arms—an antique hostelry with memories of King Charles and Cromwell—Miss Anderson readily consented to assist. The brilliant crowd of country gentry, loyal Broadwaylites and enthusiastic Americans who attended expected to make due allowance for an amateur, but the fair singer treated them to a genuine surprise. "Here," says the London Sketch, reporting the event, "was dramatic fire, variety of expression, and, above all, a deep sense of musical propriety. The applause was as sincere as it seemed grateful to the singer. No need to ask whether Madame de Navarro was pleased. Her face told the tale. In her dress of pale green silk, graceful and lissom as of yore, she looked as young as when she first captivated England's heart as Perdita or Juliet. The face of the successful artist is seldom entirely pleasing when in repose; there is almost invariably a spoiled, selfish look, some suggestion of pettishness or regret. But Miss Anderson is unspoiled by her success, and one may verily believe that her self-imposed seclusion has brought with it no heart-burnings. She lives between her domestic cares, the delights of social life, and the consolations of the little chapel, whose altar she is as proud to adorn as she was that of the Ursuline convent at Louisville in her girlhood days."—Leslie's Weekly.

A Sympathetic Stomach.

The kind of sympathy which some people have with human suffering—a sympathy which concerns itself with the effect of the spectacle of that suffering on themselves rather than with the feelings and relief of the sufferers—is neatly satirized in this story:

Mr. Cocdle, returning to his office after a trip outside, drew a long face.

"Oh, dear," he said. "I saw such a dreadful-looking beggar on the street! He was the very picture of the demon of starvation, and the sight of him had such a curious effect on me!"

"What effect?" he was asked.

"It actually made me hungry to look at him."

"And what did you do?"

"I went and got my dinner, though it was hardly 12 o'clock!"—Youth's Companion.

Spoke from Experience.

Buxom Widow (at evening party)—Do you understand the language of flowers, Dr. Crusty?

Dr. Crusty (an old bachelor)—No, ma'am.

Widow—You don't know if yellow means jealousy?

Dr. Crusty—No, ma'am. Yellow means billiousness!—Tid-Bits.

Longevity of Orange Trees.

An orange tree will bear fruit till 150 years old, and there are recorded instances of orange trees bearing when 500 years old.

ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT

When John G. Saxe was a young editor at Burlington, Vt., he attended a Roman Catholic funeral in the capacity of bearer. High mass was sung, and the bearers stood throughout the long service. Finally a companion whispered to the humorist: "Pretty long-drawn-out, isn't it, Saxe?" "Yes," was the reply; "they will run it into the ground pretty soon."

A tedious preacher had preached the assize sermon before Lord Yelverton. He came down, smiling, to his lordship after the service, and, expecting congratulations on his effort, asked: "Well, my Lord, how did you like the sermon. "Oh, most wonderful," replied Yelverton; "it was like the peace of God, it passed all understanding; and, like His mercy, I thought it would have endured forever."

That famous old country gentleman, the late Sir Rainald Knightley, had been expatiating after dinner on the undoubted glories of his famous pedigree. The company was getting a little restive under the recitation, when Sir William Harcourt was heard to say, in an aside: "This reminds me of Addison's evening hymn, 'And Knightley to the listening earth repeats the story of his birth.'"

Dumas the elder was rarely spiteful to or about his fellow-men, but one day, when he happened to be in that mood, a friend called to tell him a piece of news. "They have just given M. X— the Legion of Honor," he said. Then he added, in a significant tone, "Now, can you imagine why they should have given it to him?" "Yes," answered the great dramatist, promptly; "they have given it to him because he was without it."

George P. Morris, the author of "Woodman, Spare That Tree," was a general of the New York militia. Once Fitz-Greene Halleck, the author of "Marco Bozzaris," called upon Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood in New York, in his old age, and she asked him to define for her what was poetry and what was prose. He replied: "When Gen. Morris commands his brigade, and says, 'Soldiers, draw your swords,' he talks prose. When he says, 'Soldiers, draw your willing swords,' he talks poetry."

In an eastern county court the judge was in a quandary the other day. A coat was in dispute. The parties were Irish, and the evidence was direct and positive for both claimants. After much wrangling, Patrick Peters, one of the parties, proposed that he and his opponent, Timothy Maguire, should see whose name was on the coat. Timothy searched in vain, and the coat was handed to Pat, who immediately took his knife, opened a corner of the collar of the coat, and out dropped two small peas. "There, d'ye see that now?" said he. "Yes; but what of that?" said Timothy. "A dale it 'as to do wid it! It is my name, to be sure—pea for Patrick, and pea for Peters, be jabers!" He got the coat after that.

Two peddlers of Hebrew extraction were plying their vocation in the country. Calling at a farm house one day for dinner, they were accommodated, though the fare was, if anything, no more than that usually given to tramps—the dryest of bread, very stale, cold potatoes, scraps of fat meat, bones, sour milk, etc.—and what made matters worse, they were charged $1 for the miserable repast. It took all the small change they could rake and scrape to pay the score, and shouldering their packs, they left the house, two very sober and disgusted men. After walking down the road for half a mile in silence, one of them ventured to relieve his feelings: "Dot vas a pad man, Isaac." "Yes, Moses, dot vas a ferry pad man." Another half-mile and another long silence, then: "God vill punish dot man, Isaac." "Yes, Moses, God vill punish dot man." They trudged on fully a mile farther before either spoke again, and then Moses broke the silence by exclaiming, with quiet emphasis, as he drew a handful of silver spoons from his bosom: "Isaac, God has alretty punished dot ferry pad man."

Mr. Curzon under-secretary for India, was making a long and elaborate speech in Parliament, not long ago, against a measure urged regarding that dependency, as certain to result in a loss to the Government of many lacs of rupees. He repeated with emphasis: "Consider. Not pounds nor guineas, but lacs of rupees!" A quiet voice on the opposition benches asked, "Exactly how much is a lac of rupees?" Mr. Curzon opened his mouth, stammered, grew red, and then said: "I really don't know." The House laughed, and in that laugh he lost his cause. A somewhat similar scene is recalled by the Youth's Companion as having occurred many years ago in Congress. A present of Arabian horses, a sword, etc., arrived from the Iman of Muscat for President Adams. A Western member, with some heat, moved that the gift should be sent back, with a letter from Congress, informing the ruler of Muscat that the President of the United States was no king, but the servant of the people, and was not permitted to give or receive presents. Another member rose. "Such a letter, Mr. Speaker," he said, "can easily be written. But where is it to be sent? Where is Muscat?" There was no response. Apparently not a member of the House was prepared to answer, nor could Muscat then be found in any atlas published in this country. It was found at last on a German map. Nothing perforates bombastic oratory like a sharp question. When Burke, in the height of a labored peroration in Parliament against France, drew a dagger and threw it on the floor, somebody made the act absurd by saying: "Yes, that's the knife. But where's the fork?"

Gentle Courtesy.

Lady Camilla Gurdon, in her memories of Suffolk, tells a true story of a society woman who was sweet-natured and generous enough to give the poor of her very best. She used to visit the large, dreary workhouse in the manufacturing town near her country home. For this, she dressed herself carefully in her best clothes, and wore all her brightest jewels. "For," said Gertrude, simply, "poor people care much more to see one in one's best things than rich people do. I wonder why everybody generally puts on common, dull old clothes to visit cottages!"

One night we went together to a party, my pretty Gertrude dressed in every color of the rainbow, with diamonds sparkling on her wavy hair and shining about her soft, round throat. As we alighted from our carriage, the Prince and Princess of Wales happened to arrive, and we stood aside on the steps to let them pass.

As usual, there was a crowd of people waiting to enter the house. A poor woman, just behind us, was vainly endeavoring to lift her child, a little cripple, so that he might see the Princess; but each time she pressed forward a policeman pushed her back. The child broke into a wail:

"Oh, I can't see her! I can't see her! You promised I should see her, mammy!"

Gertrude turned quickly. "Give me your little boy," she said, and she took the astonished child in her arms. "I will hold him up. He can have a much better view here."

With a queenly gesture, she waved aside the bewildered policeman. The little cripple put his tiny, wasted arms trustfully about her neck, and leaned eagerly forward to see all that was to be seen; and when the sight was over, and Gertrude gently disentangled herself from his poor little hands, to give him back to his mother, the child put his pale lips her rosy cheek and kissed her.

"Pretty lady! pretty lady!" he said, admiringly.

His mother broke into a torrent of thanks and apologies, while Gertrude, gathering up her brilliant train, passed into the house.

THE SPANISH PEASANT.

Downtrodden and Oppressed, but Has Qualities of Greatness.

The condition of the Spanish peasant is one of ignorance, misgovernment, extreme poverty and sullen endurance. He deserves a better lot. He is to-day the best man in the land. He has fine qualities; he has large capacities; he has many virtues. Give him a real school, a fair day's wage for a fair day's work, an honest and capable government, and a well-founded hope of enjoying the fruits of his toil, and he would rise up to be the new man of a new land, one of the finest peasants in the whole of Europe. But he has not had a chance. To-day he has not a hope. The Spaniard as he was is not, and the world will never see him more. A thoughtful German who has lived for years in Spain declares that the old cavalier with his haughtiness and his honesty, his pride and his honor, his punctilious ceremoniousness, but his essential gentlemanliness has gone forever. And if Spain is to have a national and social resurrection the masses, not the classes, must be looked to. The hope of the future lies with the yeomanry and the peasantry.

It is sadly true that at this hour these classes are fearfully distressingly ignorant. No power has done anything effective to save them from sinking lower and lower into the slough of a semi-annual stupidity. Of course they are poor. What other result could years of merciless taxation, pressing chiefly on them, yield? Of course they are superstitious? What full beam of light has ever been poured around them? Of course they are now often passionate and stealthy. What other than this fell fruit would you look for from the wretched culture which has been their only care? Of course they are lazy. But what openings have they had? What incentive to toil?

But when all this disparagement has been set forth it remains true, according to the firm belief of a score of competent witnesses, that the peasant, the small farmer, the workingman, is the hope of this degraded land. And he is the coming revolutionary. The air is heavy with the brewing storms. The tempest may burst in an hour. Sleeping in these poor peasants, who have never had a fair show in the face of Europe, are great qualities. These men, now scoffed at as soldiers because, undrilled, unfed, unled, they have had to go from bitter defeat to defeat, can yet prove themselves worthy of the praise of Napoleon and Wellington as the raw material out of which might be made the toughest infantry in the world.

These masses are strangely patient and enduring—"sufrida," to use their own pregnant word. They have great pluck and heroism. They are cheerful, graceful, affectionate and hospitable. But they have been ground down till the good is buried out of sight. The evil has been called out. The nobles have racked and spoiled them. The government has known them only as patient beasts of burden on whom must be laid the multiplied and oppressive loads of petty taxes till they are verily crushed beneath the pitiless weight. For this oppression, this extortion, the peasant gets nothing. The bad roads grow worse and the appropriated road tax fills the pocket of some official. The fallen bridges are not repaired, but some engineer is benefited. The children are left without school or teacher, yet school tax is levied. The beardless lads are hurried off to Cuba or some other colony and die soon, but their pay is drawn by the officer.

Hardtack that Is Eatable.

The "hardtack" which is being supplied to our volunteers—some of it, at least—is a different article from the great round wheaten slabs which fed our armies during