

WAS HELD BY HONOR.



MERCY, MARIE, they are hunting me like a wolf!"

The speaker was a fine-looking man in the prime of life, and he bounded in to his own home as he uttered the startling exclamation. "Have there been new arrests, Pierre?" asked his wife, looking up from her work with a terrified expression on her beautiful countenance.

It was a troublesome time in Paris. The new government had just issued a decree that all communists and insurgents found with arms in their possession should be put to death without delay. The terrible edict was being carried out on every hand, and every hour witnessed the untimely fate of many an honest, if misguided, heart.

Pierre Lamonte had been among the most zealous workers against the republican party before election, and now that the latter had come into power he was wanted to answer for his rash speeches and intemperate action.

"They have just arrested a dozen at the Heyward and dragged them away like so many sheep to the slaughter. Curse them! It was only the thought of your sake and Henri's I am almost afraid to remain here."

"Hush, Pierre," cried his frightened wife, who trembled to think what his impetuous nature might bring upon them. "You must not talk like that. Calm your passions until the storm has blown over. In a few days, I dare say, the trouble will be escaped."

"I am not so sure of that, Marie," he replied, showing that her words had not been without their effect. "I am not a coward, you know that, Marie, but for your sake and Henri's I am almost afraid to remain here."

"Do you think they will follow you to your home, my husband?" "Alas! I know not where I am safe. They may be here any moment, and again it is possible that I am safer here than I would be elsewhere."

"I have a plan, Pierre. Why not let Henri go upon the street and see what he can learn? Our boy is capable of taking care of himself, as you well know."

"Though he was not quite 15, and small for his age, little Henri had proved on several occasions that he possessed a man's ready wit and courage, so his father willingly allowed him to start upon his errand, little dreaming of the fearful consequences it was likely to incur."

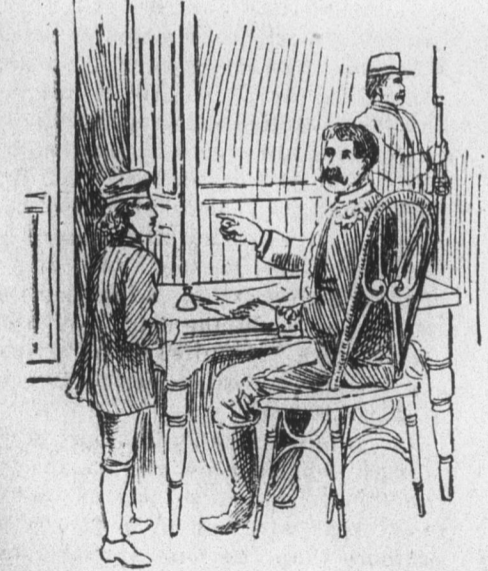
Availing himself to give a show of unconcern, Henri left his home, going swiftly toward the more densely populated portion of the city. Everywhere he went he saw evidence of the reign of excitement. Men were grouped together in earnest conversation at almost every corner, while through the darker streets and alleys crouching figures could be seen stealing away in all directions. He saw several squads of armed soldiers and as he approached the Elyses palace he was startled by the arrest of half a dozen insurgents.

Not wishing to be seen too near such scenes Henri turned off to the left, and was entering the garden, when he was startled by the utterance of his father's name. Concealed from the speaker's gaze by a thick bush, he heard the other describe to an officer his own home, with the added information that his outlawed parent would be found there at that moment.

He heard the officer say that a squad of soldiers would be sent at once to affect his arrest, when he was further startled by the appearance of four fugitives, who were fleeing for their lives. All were armed and they looked like a desperate party; but seeing an officer and his men suddenly stopping their escape, they uttered cries of dismay.

All but one threw up his arms and surrendered after a short resistance. The exception, catching sight of Henri's hiding place, leaped to the spot, and thrusting his weapon into the frightened boy's hands, pushed him out into the pathway of the excited soldiers.

Before he could offer a word of explanation Henri found himself borne



"GET THEE HENCE, YOU YOUNG RASCAL!"

away with the rest a prisoner! The smaller party was soon added to the larger band under a fierce-looking colonel, who marched them away to the place of execution, highly elated over his success.

I need not describe poor Henri's feelings, but I really believe he thought more of his father's peril than he did of that overhanging himself, terrible as it was.

They were nearing the scene which had witnessed the death of so many of his countrymen, and in a few moments it would be all over with him. Then his father would be dragged to the same fate! And then what would become of his mother?

Though Henri was a brave boy, he turned pale as he thought of all this, and then, with the spirit of a desperate resolution in his heart, he stepped boldly in front of the officer, and making the true military salute with a good deal of grace said:

"Monsieur, I suppose you mean to shoot me with the others?"

"Of course, you young rebel!" answered the surprised colonel. "Back there into the ranks with you! Taken with arms in your hands along with the rest, what else can you expect? It is my orders," he added, with less of severity, as he saw the extreme youthfulness of his prisoner.

"I don't blame you, monsieur," Henri

went on boldly, "for it is part of your duty. But I left my mother, promising to return in a few minutes, and if I do not come back she will worry about me. Then, too, I have her watch, which she prizes highly, as it was a present from my father. She is very poor, too, and the watch will be so much for her when I am gone. Now, if you will only let me run home and quiet her a bit and give her her watch, I will return just as soon as I can to be shot. I won't be gone over fifteen minutes, monsieur. May I go?"

It is safe to say the grizzled soldier had never seen the equal of this audacious request. He pulled his heavy gray mustache fiercely, and was about to order him back into the lines, when the peculiar gravity of the situation struck him with so much absurdity that he demanded:

"Want to go home to bid your mother good-bye, eh? What proof have I that you will come back to be shot?"

"My word of honor, monsieur," replied the youthful hero, drawing his slight figure up with great dignity. There was no mistaking the sincerity of his words.

"Your word of honor, eh? Well, I must say if it is the equal of your wit and assurance, you have a pretty good stock. Go home, and mind that you are lively about it."

With a joyful exclamation Henri bounded away, and a few minutes later he entered his home, where he found his parents anxiously awaiting him. In a few words he told his father of his peril, when the latter lost no time in fleeing to a place of greater safety. The brave boy then turned to kiss his mother, saying:

"I think I had better go back on the street, that I may keep posted in regard to what is being done. Please take your watch, for I may lose it, or it may be stolen from me."

He could not tell her he was going back to be shot. She would know that all too soon. Bidding her to be of good cheer, he went out of his home with a farewell look at its dear surroundings, and her with her tear-wet eyes.

It had taken Henri longer than he had expected to go home and return to his dismal fate, so he found that the place of execution was temporarily deserted. But upon inquiring of a bystander he was directed to headquarters.

Ten minutes later Col. Beauchamp was surprised in the midst of his rush of terrible business by the appearance of the young communist before him, who, with a military salute, said:

"Here I am, monsieur. I am afraid it took me longer than I expected. But I have comforted mother and given her the watch, and now I am ready to be shot."

For a moment the bluff old soldier was unable to speak or move. He recalled the boy's countenance as belonging to him whom he had considered as set free on account of his youth, and then, in a brusque manner, he cried: "Get thee hence, you young rascal! Go back to your mother, and never let me catch you in such company again, or even your honor may not save you."

Then, as Henri, showing his first evidence of fright, left the place, and the colonel with a very red face returned to his stern duties, he muttered to his companions, as he waved his hand to a party of communists doomed to die: "So they have heroes among them—those wretches!"

I am glad to say that Henri's father escaped, thanks to his timely warning, but when at last the danger was over and the story of the young hero reached his parents' ears, they could not help weeping to think how near he had been to death on that fateful day. If it was not true heroism I do not know what is.

OIL WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Standard and Opposition Represented—Look for Fun.

The oil trade is speculating on the possible connection between the sailing of the Standard Oil Company's agent, F. J. Barstow, for South America and the absence from this country of Lewis Emery—who is supposed to be in South or Central America. Mr. Emery is one of the few men who have successfully fought the Standard, and it is suggested that he may be ready to oppose the company's schemes in the Argentine Republic, says New York World.

An American company, known as the Pan-American Investment Company of No. 35 Wall street, has acquired control of the Colombian oil fields on the Gulf of Darien which the bureau of American republics brought to the world's attention. In the street it is not yet known what the influence is back of this company, but it is supposed to be Standard. The oil is found on the shore three days' run from the Standard's Cuban refineries. A pipe line of 150 miles would convey the oil from the Darien district on the Atlantic to a good Pacific port just south of Panama. A scientific commission is now on the Gulf of Darien surveying the oil field, and it is understood that the Standard company expects this week a large consignment of samples. The samples which have been received and tested show that the oil ranks with the average of the Pennsylvania district.

Great Merchants' Shabby Desks.

As a rule the head of any large and long-established concern has the shabbiest desk in the room, says Chicago Times-Herald. Business men have a kind of superstition on this point, at least many of them do. They feel like clinging to the old desk, which has witnessed so many of their financial triumphs, and are half inclined to believe, perhaps, that it might break the spell if they should part with these old partners of their joys and sorrows. Henry Clews, in his "Twenty Years in Wall Street," remarks that Jay Gould transacted all his business at a desk "which never ought to have cost over \$25," and everybody knows the story of A. T. Stewart, that when he removed from the old store in which he began his career to the new one which he built later on he insisted on taking along the old apple woman who had been carrying on her small mercantile transactions near his door for so many years and whom he grew to associate with his business success.

Indian Commerce.

The Indian manufactures were confined to the making of canoes, the building of lodges, the weaving of baskets and coarse fabrics, and the making of rude weapons and images.

Royal Families.

Of the twenty-seven royal families of Europe two-thirds are of German origin.

OLD-TIME ROMANCE.



ELUS, king of Tyre, was dead, and Pygmalion, his son, had succeeded to the throne. A new king is sometimes a blessing to a people, and sometimes he is not. This was one of the times when he was not, for Pygmalion had all the qualities that make a sovereign detested, and none that make him loved.

He had a sister, the Princess Dido, who was married to a man of immense wealth, a worthy nobleman of Tyre, named Sichaues. You might think that a king would be glad to have the friendship and support of a man of that kind, especially in that far-away time, when thrones rested, at best, upon somewhat shaky foundations, but Pygmalion was so puffed up with his own importance and so confident of his power, that he sometimes "lost his head."

He had one passion that subordinated everything else in his nature—the love of gold, and he was in the habit of overriding anything that might stand in the way of acquiring it.

In spite, therefore, of his close relationship to Sichaues, of the love that he should have felt, but did not, for his beautiful sister, the Princess Dido, he determined to become possessed of the wealth of Sichaues, and to that end he had him put to death.

But the widowed Dido managed to outwit the avaricious king, her brother, and, knowing quite well that she would follow her husband to the land of shades if she did not put herself beyond the king's reach, she secretly organized a band of followers, men and women, and fled from Tyre, taking with her the riches that Sichaues had left. She and her followers sailed away in ships.

Dido had all the spirit and ambition of a royal race, and her purpose was to found a city in some new country where she might reign as became the daughter of Belus. Committing herself and her companions, therefore, to the care and protection of the gods, she had her ships pointed toward the distant coast of Africa, and after a prosperous voyage landed at a point opposite to Sicily. The natives received her with many manifestations of friendship, and when she asked them for only so much ground as might be inclosed with a bull's hide, they readily gave their consent.

Their amusement, however, turned to dismay, and then to downright admiration, when they saw how the shrewd princess had interpreted her own proposition.

I don't know who suggested the idea to Dido; perhaps she evolved it out of her own head; but when the natives had consented to her request for as much ground as might be inclosed with a bull's hide, she had the hide cut into very fine strips, and then tied together into a very long string. With this string she and her followers managed to inclose a pretty good-sized piece of ground, upon which they at once built a citadel as the nucleus of a town.

And that is how the great and powerful city of Carthage was founded, a city that afterward produced Hamilcar and Hannibal, two of the greatest soldiers and chieftains of those times; a city that rivaled Rome itself in greatness and power.

One day a great storm swept over the sea off Carthage, and in the midst of it the people could see several vessels struggling with wind and wave. They were some distance from shore, but their tempest-driven course showed that they must soon be wrecked upon the rocks that lay just outside the harbor.

Word of their condition was brought to Queen Dido in her palace, and she gave immediate orders that her people should do what they could to aid the mariners if they should be wrecked.

But suddenly, as if by some supernatural power, the winds subsided, the waves laid their foaming crests down upon the surface of the sea, the face of heaven was swept clear of the dark clouds that had obscured it, and the vessels sailed quietly into port.

The people received the strangers with generous hospitality, and the queen sent a messenger to the leader of the expedition, requesting him to appear before her in the palace. Con-



A GREAT STORM SWEEPED OVER THE SEA.

ducted by the messenger, the leader set forth at once to obey the royal command.

"Welcome, noble stranger," said Dido, as the leader came into her presence. "I know not whence you came, but it is enough that you and your people have been storm-driven; all Carthage is subject to your will until such time as you shall have repaired the injury you have sustained. I, myself, am not unacquainted with sorrow, and I have learned to succor the unfortunate. Welcome, therefore, to this good city of Carthage, of which I am queen."

"Most noble queen," said the stranger, a man of heroic form and bearing, "I thank you for your hospitable greeting; may the gods forever bless you and your generous people."

"Know, Queen Dido, that I am Aeneas, one of the chieftains of Troy. That fair city, after ten years of heroic struggle against the valor and strategy of the besieging Greeks, has fallen, and its good people—all except those that came here with me in my ships—have suffered death by spear and sword at the hands of our victorious enemy."

"Yes, queen, Troy is no more; its palaces and its temples are in ashes, and its people are dead. We are the only survivors of the dire calamity, and we seek a spot where, under the good-will and protection of the gods, we may rehabilitate ourselves and, mayhap, found a new city and a new race."

"Noble Aeneas," said Dido, "it grieves

me to hear that Troy is no more. But right worthily did her gallant sons bear themselves in her defense. As long as the world endures shall their praises be sung, and their names be honored."

"You say that you and your followers are seeking a new home; rest here! Carthage welcomes all gallant men within her walls! Here there shall be no distinction between Carthaginian and Trojan. Your people shall be my people, and my people shall be yours. Abide in Carthage and find here the fulfillment of your ambition!"

And then the queen ordered a great feast prepared in honor of her guests; but before the feast there were athletic games, such as the people of that age indulged in, at which the men of Carthage and the followers of Aeneas contended on equal terms. The whole city gave itself up to festivity, and the storm-beaten Trojans were led to forget their distress.

In the evening the feast was spread in the great hall of the palace, and Queen Dido made Aeneas sit beside her on her throne. Then, while the festivities went on around them, she bade him tell her the story of his escape from Troy and his adventures before the storm drove him to Carthage.

"This, most noble queen," said Aeneas, "is how it happened. For ten years had the Greeks, led by Agamemnon, Menelaus, Achilles and the rest, sought in vain to capture Troy. Many a great and glorious struggle had taken place upon the plains before the city, and many a brilliant deed of arms had been done by warriors on both sides."

"But strategy accomplished what valor had failed to do, and when our people hauled within the gates a great wooden horse that the Greeks had left upon the plain our doom was sealed. That wooden horse was filled with some of the bravest of our enemies, and at night a traitor opened its side and turned the warriors loose upon our unsuspecting people."

"Straightway these warriors opened the city gates to their soldiers and Troy was taken. Then followed all the horrors of fire, pillage and massacre, in the midst of which I managed to find my way out of the city, bearing my father, Anchises, upon my shoulders, and leading my little son by the hand. Close after me followed my wife, but she, alas! was soon swept away in the confusion and utterly lost."

"Some others escaped, also, and when I encountered them some distance from the city, they placed themselves under my guidance and command. The fugitives, as you see, were men, women and children, and I determined to seek a new country and establish a colony, perhaps build a city that might rival fair Troy."

"In time we secured ships and set sail, meeting with various adventures on our way. We first landed on the shores of Thrace, but the gods sent me a warning, and we took ship again. Then sighting Delos, I sailed into its harbor, and having gone ashore, I consulted the oracle of Apollo for guidance. 'The oracle answered me in ambiguous phrase, as oracles always do: 'Seek your ancient mother; there the race of Aeneas shall dwell, and reduce all other nations to their sway.'"

"I knew not where to find my 'ancient mother,' but Anchises, my father, remembered that Crete was the reputed home of my ancestors. To Crete, therefore, we sailed, and having landed, we began to build a city, but sickness broke out among my people, our crops utterly failed, and I had a dream in which I was warned to seek Hesperia, in the west, whence Dardanus, the real founder of the Trojan race, had migrated."

"Leaving Crete, therefore, we turned our ships toward the west. Having touched at various points, and met with many strange adventures, we at last reached the coast of Sicily, over against your own good city of Carthage."

"With fair winds, clear skies, smooth water and hopeful hearts, we were speeding away prosperously toward our destination, when Juno, whose resentment against Paris for awarding the Golden Apple to Venice extends to the whole Trojan race, sent for Aeolus, the ruler of the winds, and ordered him to turn loose a gale upon our ships and wreck them."

"It was that storm, O queen, through which we struggled as we neared this hospitable shore. No doubt you marveled at the suddenness with which it subsided; but know you that it was great Neptune that quieted the waves. Hearing the storm raging, and knowing that he had not ordered one, he looked from under the water and bade the winds go back to their keeper."

"Then it was that we sailed through smooth water to your fair city, where you and your people have so royally received us."

"And here you shall remain, noble Aeneas, if it please you, for whatever you ask you shall have, even to the half of my kingdom. I beg you to seek not that unknown country, Hesperia; be content with Carthage, for here you shall have riches, luxury and power."

"Who will wonder that Aeneas accepted the generous queen's offer? And when she gave him her hand and made him her royal consort, he ceased to think of Hesperia and the mysterious warning he had received in his dream."

But the hands of the gods were upon this noble Trojan, for it had been decreed that his race should found the city of Rome, in Hesperia, or Italy, as it is now called, and Jupiter sent Mercury to remind him of the great destiny that had been predicted for him.

Surrounded by luxury, wealth, power, and all the allurements that ensnare a man's ambition, he was content to remain in Carthage with his beautiful queen. But a command from the gods he dared not disobey. When Mercury had left him, therefore, he began his preparations for leaving Carthage.

Dido used all the sweet persuasions that love and devotion could suggest, but while his heart was torn with agony at the thought of leaving her, he dreaded the anger of Jupiter too much to yield to her entreaties.

When the afflicted queen knew that he had sailed away she gave herself up to a grief that was too heavy to be borne, and even while his ships were still within sight of the city, she mounted a funeral pile that had been prepared by her direction, thrust a dagger deep into her heart and sunk dying upon the pile as the flames sent their long tongues up into the air."

Empress Elizabeth, The Empress Elizabeth of Russia was one of the stoutest women of her time.

HE HITS THEM HARD.

WHAT IF CHRIST CAME TO CONGRESS?

Howard Defends Himself Against the Attacks of the Plutocratic Press and Points Out the Source of Unjust and Corrupt Legislation.

When a man enters congress he must choose one of two things. If he wishes to be courted and feted by Washington society, if he desires the praise of the plutocratic press, if he is looking after fat places for his relations and friends, if his heart longs for the smiles of aristocracy and the fawning of sycophants, he has only to be the willing tool of plutocracy and all these things are within his grasp. If thus he chooses, his future pathway is strewn with flowers, and for him there is the purple and fine linen of Divs.

On the other hand, if he champions the cause of the people, and stands up for the nation's toilers and antagonizes Shylocks who are enslaving the honest yeomen of the country, he will be called a crank, an agitator and an anarchist.

He will be scorned by society, maligned, abused and ridiculed by the plutocratic press and treated discourteously and snubbed by those in power, and given to understand that he has no influence with the administration.

This condition confronts every man who is chosen to represent the people and he must become an ally of the aristocracy of wealth and desert the people or stand up for the rights of the people and be hated by the money power. Surrounded by lobbyists and corruptionists, with unlimited money to purchase votes, with avenue after avenue to luxury and ease continually open to the mental vision, surrounded by vice and profligacy, it is to be wondered at that so many of our public men fall victims to the temptation, and forget the poor toilers who labor in the mines and factories, the vineyards and the fields, and who are looking to their leaders with such intense, fearful suspense? Here lies the great danger. This is the very root of the evil, the source of all our ills.

So long as the trusts and monopolies hold such unlimited power, just so long will our legislation become more corrupt and vicious. The greedy, unscrupulous grasping, trusts have entered the halls of congress and they have polluted the men whom the people have trusted, and instead of a government by the people, it is a government by a money oligarchy. The capital city of our nation is reeking with rottenness; corruption and bribery stalk hand in hand with luxury and licentiousness. The man who sells his vote loses his honor and becomes the prey of vicious habits. Once started on the downward road there is no stopping and he becomes the easy tool of the money power. Thus it has come to pass that the congress of the United States is ever ready to foster the robber trusts while the people are starving. We talk of reform along certain lines, we hold monster meetings and petition congress for the passage of certain laws in the interest of the people, and we wait and fondly hope for good wholesome legislation when the very men who are to pass the laws have sold themselves to the money changers. We must break the hold which the money power has upon this nation ere we can hope for reform. We must scourge the Shylocks from the capital even as Christ scourged the money changers from the temple and we must turn out the unfaithful servants, and with them the corruptionists, the lobbyists, the rogues and prostitutes who make of the great capitol building at Washington a veritable den of thieves. If we would have the stream pure we must purify the head waters, so if we would have just laws, passed in the interest of the men and women who have produced the wealth of this nation, we must work a reformation among those who gave us the laws.

With an earnest desire to reveal to the American people this most shocking state of affairs and to show them the source of the great danger which menaces us, I wrote my book "If Christ Came to Congress." The pictures there drawn are no doubt vivid and startling, but this is because they are true—taken from real life. The plutocratic press all over the country is heaping abuse and vituperation on me for drawing aside the veil so that the voters of this country might look upon this shocking scene of corruption, shame and debauchery, and I have been threatened with ostracism by Washington society and expulsion from congress because of the revelations and exposures I have made, but in spite of all this I propose to wield my pen and raise my voice in behalf of the honest toilers who have elected me to congress, and to "cry aloud and spare not" until every man in the land shall be acquainted with the true situation and stirred to action.

Let me conclude with a picture of the closing scenes of the session of congress which expired March 4. It was the holy Sabbath day and the church bells were ringing merrily over the city. In the capitol champagne flowed like water. Committee rooms became temporary brothels. Women of ill-repute swarmed the corridors and sang songs in the public restaurants with inebriated congressmen. "I have seventy-five dozen glasses out," said Tom Murry, the disgusted caterer of the house restaurant. "That tell the story of the committee rooms better than any words I could utter."

In front of the main door is a perfect cloud of gentlemen interested in legislation. Some of the faces are familiar and have been seen here for the last

twenty years. Some are comparatively new. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars are to be won or lost within the next few hours.

Around at the other door are more lobbyists and among them are some women. Backed up against the marble pillars everywhere are members button-holed and on the defensive. Some of these women are notorious. The very fact that they are brought to bear upon any item of legislation is enough to stamp it with condemnation.

There are poker games in the committee rooms, and the side-boards are stocked with the best liquid refreshment which could be bought with the contingent fund. There were the house and senate bars where every one from the most respected citizen to the lowest strumpet could obtain a drink.

An aged senator passed into a private room with a hilarious member of the demi-monde on each arm.

A congressman was carried away by friends fighting drunk. A woman, with her daintily booted foot elevated on a committee table, and a glass of champagne elevated in her hand, was singing a merry song, while a dozen members and their friends sat around smoking and enjoying the society of the real lady. But this is enough. I will cease. All of this beneath the jeweled dome, between the marble walls of the temple of liberty, amid the royal surroundings of art expressed in bronze and marble and the exquisite touch of the painter's brush.

God pity the people when such scenes as these are possible. "When the wicked rule, the people mourn."

Sons of sires who bled for liberty, beware, for even now, if you will only listen you may hear the clank of slavery's chains which are being forged for you and your posterity.

Toilers of America this is a goodly land, we are vastly superior in numbers to the hosts of Shylock, so let us go up and possess it.

Ere it is too late let us vote for freedom. M. W. HOWARD.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The old party papers are not saying much about many Populist victories in cities and townships at the late spring elections. The returns, however, are coming in by slow freight. Pueblo, Colo., city of 25,000 population, elected Populist mayor, while Leadville, with 11,000 population, elected a Populist city ticket. Moline, Ill., with a population of 12,000 elected a Populist mayor by 400 majority. In Illinois the Populists elected a large number of county supervisors throughout the state. Many small towns throughout the country were carried wholly or in part by the People's party. These are straws.

The late municipal and township elections throughout the country have demonstrated in many places a surprising strength to the cause of Populism—the People's party carrying many towns and cities, where the Populist vote was light before. This is most encouraging to the old parties.

The average earnings of labor in 1892 was \$250; in 1894, it dropped to \$195, and the prospects are that the average for 1895 will be still lower. On the other hand, millionaire incomes are increasing, and official salaries climbing. Are you going to be foolish enough to vote for a continuance of a system that makes such conditions possible?

It is said that nearly 17,000 children are unable to attend school in San Francisco. How can the so-called humanitarians of to-day, who shut their eyes to the environments of the poorer classes, expect to build a noble manhood and womanhood where the great majority of the children are denied proper education?

It is estimated by Superintendent Byrnes and Elbridge T. Gerry that there are 40,000 prostitutes in the city of New York. It is safe to say that a large per cent of these unfortunate are driven by poverty to a life of shame. What a fearful responsibility is resting upon those who are forcing present conditions upon this country. Poverty, such as is forced upon one-half the American people to-day, can have no other than a demoralizing effect, the worst features of which are to be realized.

At a late delegate convention held in Chicago of German labor organizations, seventy-five German labor unions formally adopted the People's party platform. That is wheeling into line by battalions, regiments, brigades and divisions.

The tariff question has gone glimmering—given way to the universal cry of "money!" "money!" "money!" The persistent demands of the People's party and continued agitation of the finance question finally forced it to the front, in spite of the sham fight between the two old parties on the tariff. Truth and justice will prevail if we are faithful to the cause of reform.

The effort to side-track the People's party on a single plank platform has been met with such a storm of opposition and condemnation all around the country as to paralyze the schemers, and has had the further effect of uniting the People's party forces more strongly than ever before.

Bad eggs were thrown at Carl Browne at Massillon, O., recently. Browne is Coxe's lieutenant, having charge of the headquarters for the distribution of the good roads literature and the organization of good roads leagues. When men resort to rotten eggs as an argument they prove conclusively that they are without any others.