

FAVORS FREE WOOL.

BRYAN HATES PROTECTION AS MUCH AS EVER.

Declares He Stands as He Stood Six Years, An Uncompromising Opponent of any Tariff for the Benefit of the American Sheep Grower.

Last week the wool market report of the Commercial Bulletin contained the following paragraph:

"The Salt Lake City correspondent of Hecht, Liebmann & Co., of this city, writes that Mr. Wm. J. Bryan, in his recent visit to Utah, assured leading dealers and growers in private conversation that he had changed his mind on wool, and that though he would consent to a reduction of duties, they could rest assured that he never would sign a free-wool bill."

We desire to repeat the paragraph, and are perfectly prepared to furnish the names of the persons who were given the assurance that the wool tariff would not be an issue and that the protectionist who wished to vote for free silver might do so without fear that the beneficent duty would be removed from wool by Mr. Bryan.

Mr. Bryan now makes this publication unnecessary, however, by a public pledge, which, of course, recalls all private or personal assurances as to his attitude on wool. In an interview accepted as authentic by such free wool authority as the Boston Herald, he is quoted by that paper, among others, of Jan. 14 as follows:

"When asked regarding the report that he had changed his views on the matter of free wool importation, and had asserted that, in behalf of western dealers and manufacturers, he would, if elected president, favor a tariff on wool, Mr. Bryan stated most emphatically that he had made no statement whatever to the effect that he had changed his former views on the question."

These are Mr. Bryan's "former views," as expressed on the floor of congress, March 16, 1892:

"I, therefore, Mr. Chairman, denounce as fallacious, as unworthy of consideration, the only reason that can be given in support of a tariff on wool, as a protective tariff and for protective purposes."

And on Jan. 13, 1894:

"It is immaterial in my judgment whether the sheep grower receives any benefit from the tariff or not. Whether he does or does not, whether the wool manufacturer collects a compensatory duty from the consumer of woolen goods and pays it over to the wool grower, or collects and keeps it himself, or doesn't collect it at all, and therefore doesn't need it, I am for free wool."

It is idle for Mr. Bryan's friends in Utah or the other Western states longer to seek the votes of wool growers, as they have been doing, on whispered assurances that the free trade plank of the Chicago platform is not an issue.

Free wool is an issue in 1900.

Mr. Bryan has made it so by his own public utterance at Columbia, Miss., Jan. 15, 1900. The private whisper in Salt Lake City is overridden by the public declaration again publicly endorsed: "I am for free wool."

A Bryan victory thus means not only surrender and free silver, but a drop to the old free wool basis of 27 cents a scoured pound for ordinary fine medium Utah wool. The Western wool grower will do well to ponder this and to cut out Mr. Bryan's interview for reference when the campaign is on next fall.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

A TRULY GREAT CHANGE.

Marked Improvement in the Grade of Coffins and Furniture Now Demanded. "Some queer facts regarding improved business conditions are set forth by the Canton (Ill.) Register in the shape of an interview with a traveling man who represents three factories, one that manufactures coffins, one that makes a specialty of tables, and another that produces a general assortment of furniture. Said this commercial traveler:

"The factories, though running night and day, are away behind their orders. Three of the largest houses on our custom list we have, for the present, quit taking orders from, simply because we can't fill them by the time desired. This being true, it looks as though my services as trade solicitor will have to be dispensed with."

"How do you account for this excessive demand?" was asked.

"Prosperity; everybody at work; good wages; plenty of money."

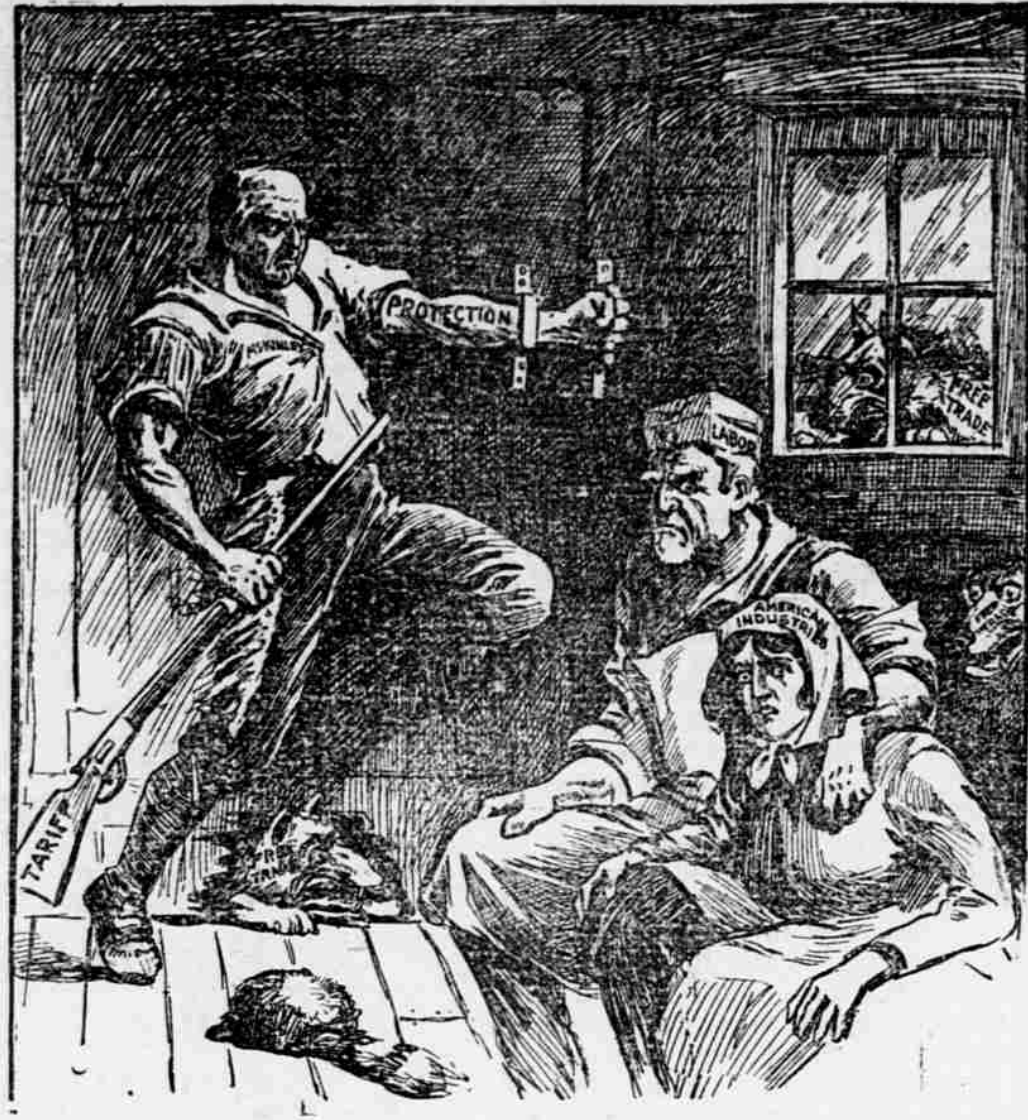
"Well, but ain't coffins as much in demand in hard as well as in good times?" interposed a Democrat.

"Yes, and perhaps more so, but in such times those of inferior quality are the most called for—the kind that can be more rapidly thrown together. In such times as we now have the best is required, and it takes longer to manufacture them."

"What is your experience with tables in good as compared with hard times, or in McKinley as compared with Cleveland times?" was asked.

"Now, that is something I would sooner talk about than to talk about coffins. I will tell you. The many who use store boxes and loose boards for tables in the Cleveland times are now, that they have plenty of work, good wages and good money, wanting good factory-made tables. And when it comes to furniture in general it is wonderful to note the increased demand in these McKinley times compared with the demand in the Cleveland-Wilson tariff era. People who could not afford sideboards, rocking

THE MODERN DAVY CROCKETT.



and easy chairs then are now in a position to have and enjoy them. I confess, as I contemplate the situation, that I am somewhat troubled lest I be laid off until my houses can catch up with their orders."

It will be noticed that in the difference between Cleveland's reform tariff times and McKinley protective tariff times the change runs to quality as well as quantity of goods consumed. Coffins must be better than four years ago. Any old sort of burial box would do then; it had to do; but it will not do for people who are earning and making more money than ever before, and who are able to afford seemly and proper mortuary accessories. So must the tables be more neat and presentable than in the times when a board or a box had to suffice; and in the matter of furniture a demand had sprung up for a style and quality of articles that put to shame the cheap stuff that found a stunted market in the days of the Wilson tariff. All this means more demands upon American labor, more employment, more wages, more money in circulation, more comfort, more happiness. Truly the change is great.

ACHIEVEMENT AND FAILURE.

Results of Republican and Democratic Policies Contrasted.

We have had three years of McKinley and Republican domination. Look at the practical results. During the free silver panic pending the election of 1896 every man owning a hundred dollars in currency, who could get into the treasury, got there demanding its substitution in gold, and the Republican leaders even predicted that McKinley, if elected, would be compelled to start out with a bond issue. But instead, confidence being restored even before his inauguration, the gold flowed back into the treasury in a steady stream, just as it came back from its hiding places in Europe to which it had been driven by the phantom of four-bit silver. Before the spring of '98 had waned the money supply of the country, resting upon a sound foundation, in circulation, in the banks and in the treasuries, had reached the high water mark of experience, and before the autumn had waxed every preceding record had been broken. This success was repeated in the unprecedented increase of our domestic and foreign trade, and for the first time in many years the balance of trade was registered at a high figure in favor of this country. Before January, 1899, more than a million of laborers driven into the streets by the Democracy had been restored to work at top-rate wages. At the beginning of the last named year every furnace was ablaze, every mill was pregnant, and every piece of machinery was instinct with life. Yet the record of 1898, surpassing all others in business achievements so far as to stand out as a conspicuous landmark in history, is dimmed and eclipsed by the achievements of the year just closed.

Wherein experiment has proved Democratic policies a miserable failure it has proved Republican policies an unparalleled success. Then where lies the path of patriotism and honor?—Webb City (Mo.) Inter-State Com-moner.

A Fine Fiscal Record.

The January record of receipts and expenditures by the treasury department was an excellent one. Omitting consideration of anticipatory payments liquidating the public debt by bond purchases in advance of the maturity of the bonds, the net excess of receipts over expenditures for the month was more than \$6,000,000. The record of customs receipts was also an excellent one, showing more than \$20,000,000 of receipts from this source. The receipts from internal revenue were about \$22,000,000. It is a matter of surprise to public officials that the expenditures on account of the war department continue at such low figures, being less than half what they were during the Spanish war, notwithstanding the maintenance of large armies engaged in active campaigns in the Philippines. A year ago the monthly expenditures exceeded the receipts by about \$10,000,000. As evidence, however, that existing tariff laws are not only proving efficient as protective measures, but also in bringing increased volumes of revenue to the treasury, the receipts from

customs last month were more than \$3,000,000 in excess of those in January last year.

WAITING FOR DEFEAT.

How the Democrats Hope to Get Rid of Mr. Bryan.

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican, which is not Republican, but is bitterly hostile to the Republican administration, says:

"The Bryan situation is strictly unique. The less his prospects of election the tighter grows his grip on the nomination. For the first time in our political history, a great party sits worshipfully at the feet of a man and does little or nothing to oppose a leadership which few believe can result in victory."

The foregoing is a fair statement of the situation by a paper which would delight to support any candidate who could make a half hopeful fight upon an anti-expansion platform. But its zeal for Aginaldo and its relentless hostility to the Republican party do not make the Springfield mugwump oblivious to the facts which are obvious to all except the blind followers of Mr. Bryan. There is but one explanation for the general acquiescence of the Democratic leaders in Mr. Bryan's candidacy. With the issue before the country they have no hopes of success next November. Whatever the platform may be or whomsoever the candidate may be, President McKinley, who has generally satisfied the country and whose administration has been attended by a marvelous prosperity, will be re-elected. This fact seems to be conceded by leading Democrats in most of the states. The anti-Bryan men who are prominent Democrats realize this fact, and, realizing it, they see a sure way to get clear of Mr. Bryan, his silver and other heresies. They may make a little show of opposition, but they will acquiesce in Mr. Bryan's nomination. They do not "sit worshipfully at Mr. Bryan's feet," as the Massachusetts paper affirms, but they are waiting patiently to see Mr. Bryan rejected as the party dictator by another defeat. When he is again defeated they believe the Democracy will accept men of brains as leaders.—Indianapolis (Ind.) Journal.

Need of New Adjectives.

One of the needs of today seems to be a new dictionary with a long and varied list of terms applicable to the unprecedented prosperity of the present. The newspapers seem to have quite exhausted their vocabularies, even sometimes in a single issue, in their efforts to tell the story of the great and wonderful prosperity which the enactment of the Dingley Tariff law has brought to the country. The headings of "Good times in Ohio," or "Good times in the South," or "Good times" somewhere else, in common with all the other brief statements made to describe the industrial conditions existing throughout the country, are repeated over and over again until the reader would grow tired of seeing them, were it not for what they stand for. In fact, all the words in present use which are descriptive of prosperous times are very much over-worked—almost as much over-worked as are the mass of American laborers in the present rush of business in the country.

The International Trust.

There is no tariff on automobiles. But there is a so-called automobile "trust" with an authorized capital of \$75,000,000. This would suggest that a Protective Tariff is not a sine qua non for trusts. There is another interesting fact in connection with the automobile "trust." It is that, according to report, the promoters of the combination purpose to unite all the important British and American automobile concerns into one organization. When a trust can be formed in respect to a product on which no tariff is imposed, and when, furthermore, that trust contemplates the uniting of British and American interests into one company, it ought to be self-evident to all but the wilfully blind that the trust problem is utterly distinct from any question of tariffs.

Unless a woman is pretty in her tears she should do her crying in secret.

THE THOUSAND-DOLLAR BILL

A MYSTERY OF THE UNITED STATES TREASURY—A SHORT STORY

BY LEONARD OUTRAM

(Conclusion.)

An hour later Edmond Hackett sat at this desk in the department of the Secretary of the Treasury, counting and recounting a packet of 1,000-dollar bills. They were old and frayed, ragged and discolored, and belonged to the issues of long ago. They were only half notes, moreover—the lower halves; and each fragment of paper had two big holes punched in it by a blunt instrument, totally destroying the signatures which had made it money, and at the same time reducing the half-note to the merest remnant.

One by one Edmond turned over these morsels of dirty paper, counting them most carefully.

"Forty-one, forty-two, forty-three, forty-four, forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine! There are not fifty here! And yet they've been passed as fifty in the Redemption Office. Humph! Awkward for one of those clever ladies. A thousand-dollar bill missing. Poor Mrs. Lawson. Infallible Mrs. Lawson! It must be she who's in for this."

Taking up his pen to make out the report, he glanced at the wrapper upon which appeared the number of bills it was supposed to contain and the initials of the lady-examiner who in the Redemption Office had counted and made herself responsible for the packet's accuracy. "What!" The pen dropped from his fingers. "B. H. Great Heaven!" That was the signature of his own wife.

CHAPTER III.

Now this error would mean more than discredit and a consequent check in Bertha's future promotion. It was a rule that the examiner who overlooked a counterfeit or missing bill should make good the value of it. To make good a thousand dollars would pretty well ruin the Hacketts and old father Caleb into the bargain. But it was his duty to make his report instantly to the Secretary, and with painful reluctance he filled up the prescribed but seldom requisitioned form. With slow, dragging steps, he proceeded with it to the Secretary's private room, but halted with his hand on the door. Suddenly that frivolous gossip on the veranda rushed into his memory. Had Wilton Loring—had Bertha herself stole the missing bill? What then? Should he turn conspirator and cover the fraud? No, no, his duty was clear. He would not allow himself to hesitate, but knocked at the door and entered.

But there was no respite for him and for his wife. The Treasurer himself was closeted with the Secretary.

"One moment, Mr. Hackett! I'm engaged," was the sharp peremptory dismissal, and he perforce withdrew postponing the declaration. As he returned stupefied to his desk a clock struck the hour of his luncheon interval. It was the custom of the family to meet at home for their midday meal. He locked up the report and rushed out of the Treasury. Flying home on a cable car, he found his wife there before him. Bertha sat at the table like one in a dream. She did not raise her eyes from the food that stood untouched before her. Edmond himself could not swallow a morsel, but furtively watched his wife while the negress who waited on them tarried in the room. The moment they were alone he leant across the table and whispered hoarsely:

"You passed a packet today—a packet of Thousands."

The young wife looked up with a start of surprise. The fear that was written in her troubled face gave way to a flash of desperate hope.

"It came to you?"

"One bill is missing."

"Thank God you can pass it!"

No word of denial. She caught his recoiling hand across the table.

"For my sake—for your Bertha's sake—you will, will you!"

Edmond Hackett raised his other hand to his damp forehead.

"Impossible, child—impossible! You must be saved another way—if it be not too late. Find the missing bill among some papers, as if an accident had placed it there. But, whatever you do, put it forward instantly, instantly!"

"I cannot, Edmond. I haven't the bill."

"You did not steal it? Oh, forgive me! Heaven be thanked for that! It's an oversight, then? Bad enough, but not beyond repair. Make out your report at once, and send it in. You are a novice, the delay may be overlooked."

"I cannot do that, Edmond. It would be to cast suspicion upon the cashier who forwarded the bills to the Treasury."

"That is his affair. If the packet was short when you counted it—"

"Edmond, why will you not ignore the shortage? By a miracle it is in your power to prevent the discovery."

"It is not in my power."

"How not in your power? The packet will go from your hands to the committee, who do not count it again; and by them it will be deposited in the mangle, to be ground into pulp. It would never be known that forty-nine instead of fifty bills had been destroyed."

"Bertha, you forget the other half. I have only a portion of the bills. The upper section of your packet went to the Register's office to be counted there."

Bertha Hackett grew white as death, and hot tears sprang in her eyes.

"We are ruined!" she cried, "unless, unless—"

Her glance from the window perceived Caleb Loring entering the house. "Here is father! He will find out who had the count at the Register's."

But the old man knew already. They read it in his face as he confronted them, closing the door. Whatever hope he had cherished on his homeward way that he might find Bertha unconscious of the storm that threatened was dashed to the ground the moment he perceived her and her husband's agitation. The memory of that evening on the veranda burned in his mind, and in a fury of rage he demanded, fiercely:

"Daughter, what infernal thing is this you've been doing? Are you mad? Have you turned thief? Is Edmond in it? Or has Wilton—No, no. For God's sake don't tell me it is my son!"

Then Bertha, to her husband's amazement and dismay, fell down at her father's feet and confessed that she, she had yielded to temptation and stolen the missing bill. She hurriedly stated the miraculous chance that had put Edmond in a position to save her, and inferring from her father's knowledge of the affair, that the man who had detected the shortage had confided to him his daughter's responsibility with a view of screening her, besought him to accept the friendly overture.

"I would permit no man's dishonor for the sake of me or mine," he declared. "For what you have done, you must pay the penalty. Your impossible combination has actually come to pass. As the counter-check came to your husband in his department, so it has come to me in the Register's. It was I myself who caught the short packet which you had signed for."

Bertha clasped her hands in thanksgiving.

"Then, father, you alone know?"

"I—and one other."

"One other?" repeated Bertha, aghast. "Who in your department should know besides yourself?"

"My chief," replied the old man, with a face of adamant.

"You have reported it, knowing that your own child—"

"Certainly. Fraud or oversight; yours or your brother's; it was not for me to consider. I am, first of all, a servant of the State."

They went back to the Treasury, where Edmond at once delivered his report.

Bertha found Mrs. Lawson impatiently awaiting her. The Treasurer had sent for the Head of the Redemption Division to investigate an error in one of the packets which Bertha had made up. Mrs. Lawson was highly indignant.

"I counted the Ranchers' packet myself," said she. "I am positive there were exactly a hundred bills."

"If one is missing," began Bertha, but the senior lady interrupted her.

"Missing? No, nothing is missing at all. There is said to have been one too many."

So many miracles had happened that day that poor Bertha could only gaze at her in astonishment. It was an anomaly in arithmetic that one taken from one hundred should leave one hundred and one. There came another summons to the Treasurer. Another report had come in of an error from Mrs. Lawson's desk. The old lady was almost in tears but she carried it off with a show of jocosity.

"Either there must be some conscience money knocking about, or Mrs. Bertha Hackett brings a mascot to the treasury," said she. "Is this another surplus thousand-dollar bill, sir?"

But this was the shortage which Edmond and Mr. Loring had reported, and it was happily met by the excess in the other packet. So, beyond an admonition tempered in mercy for the manifest distress of the girl, Bertha got into no trouble. She held stoutly to a theory of the intervention of providence when discussing the matter at home, and her husband swept the pious fancy away.

"I reckon Providence don't supply cheating clerks with thousand-dollar bills," said he. "You divided the packet of 100 in two of 50, as you thought. But you counted the first backward, from 100 to 50 inclusive, and that left only forty-nine for the second packet. But why didn't you tell Mrs. Lawson you made one short?"

"Fact is, Edmond, that combination chatter of ours had got into my brain. I thought Wilton had pinched a bill, and I reckoned to do more for my brother than Daddy would do for his little girl."

"Ha!" observed old Caleb, filling his pipe. "Duty first, family afterwards, and roguery never at any time, under any circumstances."

(The end.)

Improved Opportunity.

Peter Foote, long since dead, used to be a police Magistrate in Chicago. Foote was intensely Irish and loved to show it. One day a dudsy attired young fellow calling himself Frederick Edwards, and plainly betokening by his speech that he hadn't been long from the shores of England, was arraigned before the justice charged with lounging about the parks. When he was arrested he showed fight and had to be dragged into the patrol box.

"E'rted me feelin's badly, your worship," said the prisoner, when in the dock the following morning. "E'rt me on the sole of me fute an'— 'I don't think you've any feelings in your soul,' growled the sympathizer of downtrodden Ireland. "And, another thing, you must remember you're in America now. In England you object to an Irishman wearing the green. Here we object to Englishmen lying on it; \$1 and costs." And the justice pinched himself to look unconcerned while the Briton begged the clerk to cut the fine down to a "bob."—Chicago Chronicle.

When I came out of the fair House of Youth
I heedlessly behind me closed the door—
Now every hour is bitter with the truth
That I can find that portal never more.
—Louise C. Moulton.

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