

The Bondman

A.....
Continued
Story.

By HALL CAINE.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

The Bishop's words had quickened the pulse of the people, and cheer followed cheer again. "It is written," continued the Bishop, "that whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted. Our young President has this day sat down in the lowest room; and if he must needs leave us, having his own reasons that are none of ours, may the Lord cause His face to shine upon him, and comfort him in all his adversities."

Then there was but one voice in that assembly, the voice of a loud Amen. And Michael Sunlocks had risen again with a white face and dim eyes, to return his thanks, and say his last word before the vote for his release should be taken, when there was a sudden commotion, a sound of hurrying feet, a rush, a startled cry, and at the next moment a company of soldiers had entered the house from the cell below, and stood with drawn swords on the floor.

Before anyone had recovered from his surprise one of the soldiers had spoken. "Gentlemen," he said, "the door is locked—you are prisoners of the King of Denmark!"

"Betrayed!" shouted fifty voices at once, and then there was wild confusion.

"So this mysterious mummery is over at last," said the leader of the Levellers, rising up with rigid limbs, and a scared and whitened face. "Now we know why we have all been brought here to night. Betrayed indeed—and there stands the betrayer."

So saying, he pointed scornfully at Michael Sunlocks, who stood where he had risen, with the look of deep emotion hardly yet banished from his face by the look of bewilderment that followed it.

"False," Michael Sunlocks cried, "it is false as hell."

But in that quick instant the people looked at him with changed eyes, and received his words with a groan of rage that stifled him.

That night Jorgen Jorgensen sailed up the fjord, and, landing at Reykjavik, took possession of it, and the second Republic of Iceland was at an end.

That night, too, when the Fairbrothers, headed by Thurstan, trudged through the streets on their way to Government House, looking to receive the reward that had been promised them, they were allowed by a drunken company of the Danes who frequented the drinking-shops on the Cheapstead.

"Why, here are his brothers," shouted one of the roysterers, pointing at one of the Fairbrothers.

"His brothers! His brothers!" shouted twenty more.

Thurstan tried to protest and Jacob to fraternize, but all was useless. The brethren were attacked for the relation they had claimed with the traitor who had fallen, and thus the six worthy and unselfish souls who had come to Iceland for gain and lost everything, and waited for revenge and only won suspicion, were driven off in peril of their necks, with a drunken mob at full cry behind them.

They too were in a coasting schooner, setting sail for the eastern fjords. Six days afterwards the schooner was caught in the ice at the mouth of Seydis fjord, imprisoned there four months, out of reach of help from land or sea, and every soul aboard died miserably.

Short as had been the shrift of Red Jason, the shrift of Michael Sunlocks was yet shorter. On the order of Jorgen Jorgensen, the "late usurper of the Government of Iceland" was sent for the term of his natural life to the Sulphur Mines that he had himself established as a penal settlement.

And such was the fall of Michael Sunlocks.

THE BOOK OF RED JASON. CHAPTER I.

WHAT BEFELL OLD ADAM.

Now it would be a long task to follow closely all that befell dear old Adam Fairbrother, from the time when the ship wherein he sailed for Iceland weighed anchor in Ramsey bay. Yet not to know what strange risks he ran, and how in the end he overcame all dangers, by God's grace, and his own extreme labor, is not to know this story of how two good men with a good woman between them pursued each other over the earth with vows of vengeance, and came together at length in heaven's good time and way. So not to weary the spirit with much speaking, yet to leave nothing unsaid that shall carry us onward to that great hour when Red Jason and Michael Sunlocks stood face to face, let us begin where Adam's peril began, and hasten forward to where it ended.

Fourteen days out of Ramsey, in latitude of 64 degrees, distant about five leagues north of the Faroes, and in the course of west northwest, hoping to make the western shores of Iceland, Adam with his shipmates was overtaken by foul weather, with high seas and strong wind opposing them stoutly from the northwest. Thus they were driven well into the latitude of sixty-six off the eastern coast of Iceland, and there, though the seas still ran as high as to the poop, they were much beset by extraordinary pieces of ice which appeared to come down from Greenland. Then the wind abated, and an unsearchable and noisome fog followed; so dense that not an acre of sea could be seen from the top-most head, and so foul that the compasses would not work in it. After that, though they wrought night and day with poles and spikes, they were beaten among the ice as scarce as any ship ever was before, and so terrible were the blows they suffered that many a time they thought the planks must be wrenched from the vessel's sides. Nevertheless they let fall sail, thinking to force their way through the ice before they were stewed to pieces, and, though the wind was low, yet the ship fell the canvas and cleared the shoals that encompassed her. The wind then fell to a calm, but still the fog hung heavily

over the sea, which was black and smelt horribly. And when they thought to try their soundings, knowing that somewhere thereabouts the land must surely be, they heard a noise that seemed at first like the tract of the shore. It was worse than that, for it was the rut of a great bank of ice, two hundred miles deep, breaking away from the far shores of Greenland, and coming with its steady sweep, such as no human power could resist, towards the coasts of Iceland. Between that vast ice floe and the land they lay, with its hollow and terrible voice in their ears, and with no power to fly from it for their sail hung loose and idle in the dead stillness of the air.

Oh! it is an awful thing to know that death is swooping down on you hour by hour; to hear it coming with its hideous thunder, like the groans of damned souls, and yet to see nothing of your danger for the day darkness was a stout-hearted fellow and when the fog continued and he was without the help of wind or compass, he let go a raven that he had aboard to see if it could discover land. The raven flew to the northeast, and did not return to the ship, and by that token the master knew that the land of Iceland lay somewhere near on their starboard bow. So he was for lowering the long boat, to stand in with the coast and learn what part of Iceland it was, when suddenly the wind lashed again, and before long it blew with violence.

At this their peril was much increased, for the night before had been bitterly cold, and the sails had been frozen where they hung outspread, and some of the cables were as stiff as icicles and half as thick as a man's body. Thus under wind that in a short space rose to a great storm, with canvas that could not be reefed, an ocean of ice coming down behind, and seas beneath of an untouchable depth, they were driven on and on towards an unknown shore.

From the like danger may God save all Christian men, even as he saved old Adam and his fellowship, for they had begun to prepare themselves to make a good end of their hopeless lives, when in the lift of the fog the master saw an opening in the coast, and got into it, and his ship rode safely on a quick tide down the fjord called Seydis fjord. There the same night they dropped anchor in a good sound, and went in stantly to prayer, to praise God for His delivery of them, and Adam called the haven where they moored, "The Harbor of Good Providence." So with cheerful spirits, thinking themselves indifferently safe, they sought their births, and so ended the first part of their peril in God's mercy and salvation.

But the storm that had driven them into their place of refuge drove their dread enemy after them, and in the night, while they lay in the first sleep of four days, the ice encompassed them and crushed them against the rocks. The blow struck Adam out of a tranquil rest, and he thought nothing better than that he was awakening for another world. All hands were called to the pumps, for the master still thought the ship was staunch and might be pushed along the coast by the shoulders with crews of iron, and thus ride out to sea. But though they worked until the pumps sucked, it was clear that the poor vessel was stuck fast in the ice, and that she must soon get her death-wound. So, at break of day, the master and crew, with Adam Fairbrother, took what they could carry of provisions and clothes, and clambered ashore, leaving the ship to her fate.

It was a bleak and desolate coast they had landed upon, with never a house in sight, never a cave that they might shelter in, or a stone that would cover them against the wind; with nothing around save the bare face of a broad fell, black and lifeless, strewn over with small light stones, such as all of holes like the honeycomb, but without trees, or bush, or grass, or green moss. And there they suffered more privations than it is needful to tell, waiting for the ice to break, looking on at its many colors of blue, and purple, and emerald green, and yellow, and its many strange and wonderful shapes, resembling churches, and castles, and spires, and turrets, and cities, all ablaze in the noonday sun.

They built themselves a rude hut of the stones like pumice, and, expecting the dissolution of the ice, they kept watch on their ship, which itself looked like an iceberg frozen into a ship's shape. And meantime some of their company suffered very sorely. Though the year was not yet far advanced, in westerly winter, some of the men swooned of the cold that came up from the ice of the fjord; the teeth of others became loose and the flesh of their gums fell away, and on the soles of the feet of a few the frost of the nights raised blisters as big as walnuts.

Partly from these privations and partly from loss of heart when at last one evil day he saw his good ship crushed to splinters against the rocks, the master fell sick, and was brought so low that in less than a week he lay expecting his good hour. And feeling his extremity he appointed Adam to succeed him as director of the company, to guide them to safety over the land, since Providence forbade that they should sail on the seas. Then, as having done, so far as his help could avail, he stretched himself out for his end, only praying in his last hours that he might be allowed to drink as much ale as he liked from the ship's stores that had been saved. This Adam ordered that he should, and as long as he lived the ale was brought to him in the hut where he lay, and he drank it until, between draught and draught, it froze in the jug at his side. After that he died—an honest, a worthy, and strong-hearted man.

And Adam, being now by choice of the late master and consent of his crew the leader of the company, began to make a review of all men and clothes and victuals, and found that there were eleven of them in all, with little more

than they stood up in, and provisions to last them, with sparing, three weeks at utmost. And seeing that they were cut off from all hope of a passage by sea, he set himself to count the chances of a journey by land, and by help of the ship's charts and much beating of the wings of memory to recover what he had learned of Iceland in the days when his dear lad Sunlocks had left him for these shores, he reckoned that by following the sea line under the feet of the great Vatna-Jokull, they might hope, if they could hold out so long, to reach Reykjavik at last. Long and weary the journey must be, with no town and scarce a village to break it, and no prospect of shelter by the way, save what a few farms might give them. So Adam ordered the carpenter to recover what he could of the ship's sails to make a tent, and of its broken timbers to make a cart to carry victuals, and when this was done they set off along the fell side on the first stage of their journey.

The same day, towards midnight, they came upon a little group of grass-covered houses at the top of the fjord, and saw the people of Iceland for the first time. They were a little colony cut off by impassable mountains from their fellows within the island, and having no ships in which they dare venture to their kind on the seas without; tall and strong-limbed in their persons, commonly of yellow hair, but sometimes of red, of which neither sex was ashamed; living on bread that was scarce eatable, being made of fish that had been dried and powdered; lazy and unclean; squalid and mean-spirited, and with the appearance of being depressed and kept under. It was a cheerless life they lived at the feet of the great ice-bound jokull and the margin of the frozen sea, so that looking around on the desolate places and the dumb wilderness of things before and behind, Adam asked himself why and how any living souls had ever ventured there.

(To be continued.)

Biggest Emerald in the World.

The Duke of Devonshire owns the biggest emerald in the world. It is known as the Devonshire emerald, and was purchased by the present duke's father from Dom Pedro. As of late years this stone has become the rarest of gems, the Devonshire emerald, measuring two inches in diameter and of the finest color, is of fabulous value.

Skyscraper Makes Clerks "Seasick."

Down at the Battery, in New York city, there is a skyscraper office building on the top floor of which are the headquarters of a big trust. During a violent windstorm last week the building swayed so that half a dozen clerks became "seasick." One of them said he would sooner keep books on an ocean liner.

Missouri Giantess' New House.

Miss Ella Ewing, the Missouri giantess, who is eight feet four inches in height, recently completed a house for herself at the town of Govin, in that state. Her new house has doors ten feet high, ceilings fifteen feet high, with chairs, tables, beds and everything in proportion.

Capable Sign Artists.

The makers of the big and gaudy advertisements which so offend on every side, are not, as might be supposed, mere inartistic daubers. They are frequently real artists, who have had years of training even abroad, but who find that more legitimate forms of art afford them only a precarious livelihood.

California's Big Registration Book.

California visitors to the Buffalo exposition next summer will register in the largest book ever bound. It has just been completed in Los Angeles. The book is twenty-nine inches long, twenty-eight inches wide and eighteen inches thick, is of 4,000 pages and weighs 500 pounds.

Jerusalem's Stamp.

Jerusalem has its own Hebrew cancellation stamp, says the Jewish World. Hitherto all manner of stamps have been current in payment of outward bound mails. Now, however, the Turkish stamp is the order of the day, and Jerusalem in Hebrew—neat, square characters—forms part of the "postmark" which cancels the stamp.

Big Order for Wire.

The order, recently filed in Connecticut, for a million pounds of trolley wire, for an electrical road in India, is the largest export order for this material ever received in the state. The reels upon which the wire was wound required nearly 100,000 feet of lumber for their construction.

Long Delayed Chocolate Arrive.

It is reported that three boxes of chocolate sent by Queen Victoria the Christmas before last for the Rhodanese forces have now arrived at Mafeking. There had been much grumbling at the non-arrival of her late majesty's gift.

Automobiles Frighten Natives.

The arrival of two automobiles made a great sensation recently at Laghouat in the south of Algeria, and on the edge of the Great Sahara. The natives whom they passed on the route appeared both surprised and frightened and ran away shouting: "They are the devil's machines."

Kaiser's Imperial Train.

The German Emperor's imperial train cost \$750,000, and took three years to construct. There are altogether twelve cars, including two nursery carriages. The reception saloon contains several pieces of statuary, and each of the sleeping cars is fitted with a bath.

A perfect woman, nobly planned, to warn, to comfort and to command.

TRUTH ABOUT ALASKA.

Secretary Seward Said Its Acquisition Was Most Important.

To the vast majority of people Alaska is a frigid, barren, valueless section of country. It has never seemed to be closely enough connected with the United States to arouse any patriotism or interest in the hearts and minds of the masses. Doubtless there are thousands who cherish the same sentiments towards the cold corner that were entertained by the opponents of the Alaska purchase thirty years ago. Congressman Ferris then said that it was a "wretched, God-forsaken region, with absolutely nothing of value"; and he moved that the bill authorizing the president to pay \$7,500,000 for it be amended to read "to pay the sum to any European, Asiatic or African power that would take Alaska off our hands." Congressman Price declared that the payment would be a dead loss to the country. Gen. Butler proposed that, if we must buy the friendship of Russia, we give her \$7,500,000 and let her keep Alaska; and he denounced those who favored the acquisition as being insane enough to buy the earthquakes of St. Thomas and the icefields of Greenland. Such sentiments, in view of the value of Alaska, as at present understood by every well-informed person, appear almost like the babbling of idiocy. We paid 2 cents an acre for the territory, the area being 369,529,600 acres. The Alaska Fur company have taken \$33,000,000 worth of seal skins, and have paid, or owe the government \$7,340,533 in royalties. It is officially estimated that the Alaska fisheries, not including seals and whales, are worth \$67,890,000, and since the purchase the territory has produced \$25,000,000 of gold. Secretary Seward said that the acquisition of Alaska was the most important event in his long career, but that it would take a generation for the people to realize it.

There is scarcely any branch in which medicine has not advanced within the last twenty years, but in no one branch has more improvement been shown than in the compounding and putting together of drugs. No more is the unwilling patient made to swallow large doses of nauseating medicine, for sugar coated pills, capsules and wafers have come into use and patients can now take the most vile-tasting medicines without any discomfort. Now comes along a Frenchman with a still more ingenious plan which opens up to pharmacy unbounded possibilities of going still further ahead. On account of the difficulty of assimilating iron as a medicine, a French druggist has sought to introduce it in a digestible way by what he terms ferruginous eggs. Hens can digest iron easily, while rendering it back through the albumen of their eggs in a form which is easily digested by the weaker stomachs of mankind. A salt of iron is given to the hens with grains of wheat. A dozen of these medicated grains of wheat a day makes the hens after three or four days lay eggs which are very rich in iron and easily digested. The Frenchman is experimenting further with other drugs, and it is not without the bounds of possibility that we shall shortly be able to take all our medicine in the form of eggs.

NOW FOR MEDICATED EGGS.

Unbounded Possibilities That Are Opening Up to Pharmacy.

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Senator Elkins Talked Spanish.

Senator Elkins talks Spanish like a native. He learned the language when he was a young man in New Mexico, and he has never forgotten it. Yesterday he was talking Spanish in the marble room of the senate at the rate of 200 words a minute, says the Washington Post. A delegation of Porto Ricans had come to the capitol to protest against a law recently passed by the legislature of that colony which provides for the raising of revenue by the assessment of property. Their complaint is that the assessment was so high as to be ruinous, although it is only 1 per cent, and they wanted congress to repeal the law, as it has a right to do under a section of the Foraker statute. They poured out their grievance to Senator Foraker in broken English and with much gesticulation. Presently one of the delegation spoke to a fellow member in Spanish. Senator Elkins happened to pass at the same moment. He greeted the delegation with a Spanish sentence. Instantly joy was visible upon the faces of the Porto Ricans. One of them spoke to Mr. Elkins in Spanish. Mr. Elkins answered promptly and intelligibly. A moment later and he was surrounded by the entire delegation, all of whom were jabbering away in a loud tone of voice and with the words pouring from their lips like molten lava. Senator Elkins jabbered back at them in their own tongue. The conference lasted several minutes and its unique character monopolized the attention of all the visitors in the marble room. The satisfaction of talking in their native language was all that the delegation could secure by their visit. The law of which they complain is not to be repealed.

Had an Irish Wife.

The death of Baron Satge de Thoront at the age of 97 has removed from the roll of the Legion of Honor its oldest member. After having served for many years in the French army he went to reside in Ireland and married an Irish wife, by whom he had a large family. One of his sons served in the British army, but the baron himself spent the latter part of his life upon a picturesque estate in the eastern Pyrenees. He was a perfect type of the Frenchman of the old school.

Commoner Comment.

Extracts From W. J. Bryan's Paper.

WATTERSON ON DESTINY.

In a recent issue of the Courier-Journal Mr. Watterson, that quaint and always interesting journalist, advises his party to raise the white flag and surrender to the republican party on the question of imperialism. He does not announce that he is convinced of the righteousness of the republican position, but he excuses himself by assuming that it is impossible to combat the forces which seem to be behind the republican party. He admits that imperialism is an innovation upon American principles and antagonistic to the teachings of the earlier statesmen. Here are his words:

"Let us say at once that the scheme of occupying a territory remote from our borders, of subduing a people alien to our character and institutions and of undertaking a system of colonial government over this territory and these peoples without their consent—and apparently in opposition to their will—is not merely a serious innovation upon the original plan embodied by the constitution of the United States, and contemplated by the authors of that constitution, but that it is repugnant to the prudent counsels delivered by the wisest of our older statesmen, to say nothing about the teaching of history."

After a brief review of the past one hundred years, he accepts the republican doctrine of providence and says: "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. He made the Spanish war. He was not less behind Dewey in Manila than He was behind Shafter and Sampson and Schley at Santiago. What was His all-wise purpose? We know not. But there we were and there we are; and nothing is surer in the future than that we shall be there a century hence unless some power turns up strong enough to drive us out. Instead, therefore, of discussing the abstraction of imperialism, illustrated by the rights and wrongs of the Philippines, Mr. Bryan were more profitably engaged in considering how we may best administer possessions, which, for good or for evil, are with us to stay."

It will be noticed that he adopts the republican theory that God is responsible for what we have done; that it is a matter of destiny, and that we are being swept along by influences over which we have no control. The doctrine enunciated by the republicans since the Spanish war, and now endorsed by so great an editor as Mr. Watterson is not only dangerous, but it is immoral. It is politically dangerous because it encourages the republican party to shirk responsibility for its sins and shield itself behind the pretense that it is working out the will of the Almighty; and it is immoral because it obliterates the distinction between right and wrong. The republican argument is built upon the theory that wrong done upon a large scale loses its evil character, and becomes an integral part of God's plan. It is in keeping with the tendency to call an embezzler a Napoleon of finance, provided the amount embezzled is large.

Mr. Watterson has not in the past been in the habit of defending his position with the philosophy which he now employs. In former years he was known as the special champion of "the star-eyed Goddess of Reform." When the democratic party went down to defeat, as it often did, he did not say: "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." He made protest and the republican party, and, therefore, we must bow to both." On the contrary, he raised the democratic banner aloft and appealed time and again to the intelligence of the American people. Neither has he been in the habit of excusing the crimes of individuals by attributing them to divine inspiration. When Governor Goebel was assassinated Mr. Watterson did not say: "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform; He promoted the assassin to kill! We cannot understand His all-wise purpose, but there we were, and here we are, and there is nothing to be done about it."

Instead, he insisted that a murder had been committed and that the guilty should be brought to justice. When the Louisville and Nashville railroad entered the arena of politics, and Logan its work of corruption and intimidation, Mr. Watterson did not say: "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. This railroad company has sprung into existence and must be carrying out the purposes of an all-wise Ruler."

Far from it! He insisted that the railroad should keep out of politics; and attend to the business for which it was organized. There is no more reason for throwing upon the Almighty the responsibility for a war of conquest, and for an imperial policy which burdens our nation with a large army and suppresses the aspirations of distant peoples for self-government than there is to blame Him because one individual chooses to kill another, or because a great corporation attempts to control a state government.

Questions must be decided by the application of fixed and immutable principles. Jefferson said: "I know of but one code of morality for men, whether acting singly or collectively," and Franklin expressed the same idea, only in different language, when he said: "Justice is as strictly due between neighbor nations as between neighbor citizens. The highwayman is as much a robber when he plunders a gang as when single, and the nation that wages an unjust war is only a great gang."

Perhaps the Sultan of Turkey will agree to pay that \$100,000 on the day the administration keeps its promise to Cuba.

Attorney General Knox received his appointment because he was just the man to see that the trusts received exact justice—according to the trust idea of justice.

Those New York "insurgents" should not prematurely rejoice over the Odelling of Uncle Tom Platt. Thomas is quite a hand at enjoying the last laugh in matters of this kind.

If Jefferson and Franklin were right, how can we delude ourselves with the doctrine of destiny which is being developed now?

Yielding to a bad principle because it seems triumphant is simply an easy method of avoiding labor and sacrifice. It is a complacent but unsound philosophy, which teaches compromise with wrong merely because the enemy is strongly entrenched.

No one has a right to assume that error will be permanently victorious. If some of our citizens condemn small crimes, but seem inclined to condone grand larceny and killing on a large scale, Mr. Watterson should remember his lecture on morals and point out to the deluded ones that a nation can, no more than an individual, avoid the consequences of transgression. If he believed the authors of the constitution and "the wisest of our statesmen" wrong he would be justified in repudiating their counsels, but believing them right it is surprising that he should be carried away by the brutal and barbarous doctrine upon which empires are built. His influence might help to restore American ideals; he cannot afford to aid in their overthrow.

The position of Mr. Watterson would be untenable, even if the issue of imperialism had been the only issue presented last fall and the people had deliberately endorsed the republican policy. Suppose the campaign of 1900 had been fought with no other question before the people, even then it would still be the duty of those who are conscientiously opposed to imperialism to continue the discussion, with the hope of convincing a majority of the people. But, as a matter of fact, there were a number of issues in the campaign. While imperialism was declared by the democratic convention to be paramount, every one knows that other questions entered into the contest, and it is also well known that the republican party constantly denied that it had any thought of attacking fundamental principles, or of converting a republic into an empire. The indictment brought against the republican party was so severe that a great many refused to believe the party capable of such intentions as were charged.

Then, too, the republicans sought cover behind the fact that a war was in progress. They circulated misleading reports from the Philippine islands, and declared that the lives of American soldiers were imperiled by the fact that the democrats were criticizing the administration.

What the democratic party needs is not advice to surrender, but courage to resist the attacks which are being made upon American doctrines and democratic principles. The campaign of 1896 was the first one in recent years when there was a radical issue between the parties. The republican party pretended to want international bimetalism, when it really wanted the gold standard. It won its victory under the cover of international bimetalism, and as soon as the election was over, threw off the mask and came out for the gold standard. Many of the democratic papers which had supported the ticket, and all of the democratic papers which had deserted the party in that year, counseled the party to accept a decision, won by fraud, as conclusive of the question. And for four years the leading democratic dailies gave no assistance whatever to the democratic party in its fight against the money power. The republican party practiced another fraud upon the people on the subject of imperialism, and now Mr. Watterson and a few other democratic editors advise the acceptance of the republican position on that question.

On the trust question the republican party also practiced deception, and some of our democratic papers seem willing to concede the triumph of the trust principle. Nothing is to be gained from a party standpoint, and everything is to be lost from the standpoint of principle by Mr. Watterson's method of dealing with the questions at issue. He expects the democratic party to endorse the colonial system, and then promise to send better carpet-baggers to Manila than the republicans have sent. Such a course would make our party a laughing stock.

No party is good enough to administer a colonial system honestly and for the benefit of the subjects. A nation that is selfish enough to want a colony is too selfish to do justice by it, and a party demoralized enough to endorse a colonial system would be impotent to administer it satisfactorily. The Commoner is pained to see so able and brilliant an editor as Mr. Watterson unconsciously lend his influence to the republican party. Far better that his voice should command a charge upon the republican stronghold than that it should call a retreat in the midst of a battle which must determine not only the fate of this republic, but the fate of all republics for years to come.

The St. Louis Chronicle is charging that Mayor Wells was elected by fraud. This is adding insult to injury. To run seventeen thousand votes behind the national ticket and then owe his election to republican votes is bad enough, without having a suspicion cast upon his title.

One of the most humorous remarks of the decade is the one to the effect that Philander Knox sacrifices a private income of \$50,000 a year as attorney for the Carnegie interests to accept an \$8,000 position in the president's cabinet.

Caesar had his Brutus, Charles his Cromwell, and McKinley has just given a Rodenberg to the civil service.

The discovery of a new island in the Philippine group would tend to make Mr. John A. T. Hull favor a special session of congress for concession insuring purposes.

If "La Discussion" the Havana newspaper which was suppressed, would change its name to "Division and Silence" it might secure a new lease of life. Discussion is not popular in an empire.