

TOPICS OF THE DAY

GREAT PAPER FOR BRYAN.

The manner in which the opponents of the ticket nominated at Chicago have begun their campaign must rouse the profoundest resentment of every American regardless of the interests and jealous of the honor of his country. The representatives of half the American people have been denounced in delirious language as anarchists, cut-throats and swindlers. Their chosen candidate for the highest office in the republic has been pictured as a crazy Jacobin or a designing demagogue. Commerce and industry have been threatened with the very panic these alarmists profess to fear.

This crusade has been one of reckless misrepresentation from the start. The libelers of the late convention know that the Chicago platform is not anarchical. In most respects it is inspired by enlightened progressiveness. The mild implied criticism of the majority of the Supreme Court, or, rather, of the one justice who changed his mind, was thoroughly well deserved, and might have been made much stronger without impropriety. Since when have we been endowed with infallible judges, whose acts are above criticism? If the advocacy of the just and scientific principle of taxation of large incomes was anarchistic, then every statesman in England is an anarchist, and, instead of

casualties as lunatics or incendiaries.

Nor is it possible with any more sincerity to call Mr. Bryan a demagogue. He is the very reverse of a demagogue. He follows the truth as he sees it, though it lead him to political destruction. Last year he could only muster ten thousand votes for his faction in Nebraska out of over 180,000, but he had no thought of compromise. He fought on, regardless of victory or defeat, thinking only of what he believes to be right. If he had not been nominated nobody would have dreamed of calling him a demagogue. His spirit is rather that of a prophet.

On the other side we have William McKinley, bound hand, foot and tongue to the most corrupt combination that ever exhibited itself openly in an American presidential campaign. His election would put the resources of the government at the disposal of the Hanna syndicate. It would mean a return to Chinese protection, and the exploitation of the people by a rapacious ring of mandarins. It would mean in the end a popular revolt before which a frightened conservatism might pray for a leader with the moderate instincts of Bryan.

In most respects the superiority of the Democratic candidate is so palpable as to make comparisons needlessly cruel to his opponent. What, then, is the duty of the American citizens who de-

government of McKinley, by Hanna, for a syndicate.—New York Journal.

They Are Not Democrats.
There is one thing very sure—Democrats who are Democrats from principle and believe in all the teachings of democracy, cannot and will not vote for Wm. McKinley for President. When a Democrat announces that he will vote for McKinley before he will vote for Bryan, he has renounced his allegiance to Democracy, and has no right or standing of any kind or character in the Democratic party.—New York Mercury.

Bennie Takes the Stump.



We will now have some talk through that hat.

Democratic Chances.
The prospects of the Presidential campaign of 1896 have changed most wonderfully during the two months past. They were greatly in favor of McKinley in May. His rivals for the

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Most of Queen Victoria's subjects are Hindoos.

Tasmanian apples are now selling in London at sixpence per pound.

The insurance upon St. Paul's cathedral, London, is said to be about \$475,000.

A speed of a mile in fifty-eight seconds is claimed for a motor cycle exhibited at the Imperial institute, London.

A man was trampled to death by horses on an Irish race course recently while trying to save a jockey who had fallen.

Pupils in the German Gymnasias and Real schulen are steadily decreasing in number, preferring to go to the schools where English and French are substituted for Latin.

Of the total of 38,000,000 sheep reported in the United States last year it is computed that one-fourth graze on the mountain slopes and valleys of the West and Southwest.

The four most ancient ecclesiastical communities in the kingdom of Great Britain are Peter house, Cambridge; Merton and Balliol Colleges, Oxford; and St. Katharine's hospital, London.

An idea of the size of the State of Texas can be gleaned from the fact that in Brewster County a herd of the scarcest quadrupeds on the American continent, buffaloes, has just been rediscovered. The last time they were seen was in 1894.

Forty years ago a Maine genius conceived the idea of the copper-toed shoe, and he made \$100,000 out of it. It is almost thirty years since Heaton of Providence invented the metal button fastener now in universal use, and a fortune has been made from that also.

The editor of the Ashland, Me., Headlight makes the following liberal announcement: Trout, tongue, salmon, whitefish or chubs taken in payment for subscriptions at this office. We haven't decided to take any suckers or 'hornpouts,' but may be driven to it later on."

The ladies of one of the Manchester, N. H., churches have set an example. Cutting away from custom, they have "resolved" against church suppers and agreed to tax themselves to raise money needed, and will no longer seek it through the laborious methods of church entertainments.

The telephone service between London and Paris has been so successful that the postal authorities are about to lay a second cable across the English channel to meet the increasing demands for the use of the wires. The work on the land wires is now being proceeded with on both sides of the channel.

A movement is on foot to erect a suitable monument to General Philip Kearney. For some reason this has never been done, though often proposed. It is said the family of the dead hero objected to it. Kearney Post of New York has offered to raise the entire amount necessary, but the family objections were paramount. At present the body lies in the obscure Watt vault in Trinity church-yard, with not even a slab to mark the spot.

The agricultural returns for Great Britain for the year 1895 were issued recently from the Board of Agriculture. The shrinkage of land under the plow, which has long been notable in Great Britain, has not only continued, but has been accentuated by the unpropitious character of the autumn seed time of 1894 and early spring of 1895. More than 510,000 acres less wheat were grown, and 57,000 acres less appear under the minor grain crops, rye and peas.

The complexion of the men and women in the Puget Sound country is said to be very clear and their skin is moist and smooth. This is due to their cloudy weather and to their humid atmosphere. The dry, dusty weather of the interior of Washington with its abundance of sunshine produces an opposite effect upon the residents. The contrast is striking. A barber in Olympia says that if he were blindfolded he could tell every subject from the interior who should sit in his chair by the dryness and harshness of his hair.

Over a year ago a bright man in New York conceived and put in execution the idea of putting a lot of American tinsans on an American schooner, then going to sea, catching a lot of turtles, and making and canning a cargo of turtle soup, which he brought to port. Collector Kilbreth spoiled his scheme, however, by deciding that the canned soup was an importation and subject to duty. The general appraisers reversed this decision, and now the treasury department has directed the collector to carry the question into the United States courts.

Last week a gold penny was sold by auction in London for no less than \$1,250. This rare and interesting coin was knocked down to Spink, of Piccadilly, who thus became the proud possessor of a coin of which only three other specimens are known. This penny was made by King Henry III, in the year 1257, "of the finest gold, which weighed two sterlings, and willed that it should be current for twenty pence." The coin was, however, decried in the same year as it became current, and only four are now known to be left, two of which are in the British museum.

He Was Mistaken.
All the passengers in the car noticed that the big man on the left of the rear door was looking fixedly at the small man opposite, and by and by the small man himself noticed the same thing, says the Detroit Free Press. After an

embarrassing interval of three minutes he observed:

"Well, what is it?"
"Excuse me, sir," replied the big man; "but your face seems familiar."

"Yes?"
"Though I can't place it."

"No?"
"Is your name Rambo?"

"No, sir."
"I thought it was. Didn't you used to live in Sandusky, Ohio?"

"No, sir; never was in Sandusky in my life."
"Wasn't there in 1890, eh?"

"No, sir."
"That's queer. Just the minute I got sight of you I was sure you was Rambo of Sandusky. If you are—"

"But I'm not!" interrupted the small man. "I never heard of Rambo and was never in Sandusky."

"Well, that settles it, I suppose," said the big man, as he looked out of the window and back again; "but if you hadn't said so I should continue to think you were the man."

"And what of it?" retorted the small man, flushing up over it.

"Oh, nothing much. He eloped with my wife from Sandusky in 1890 and I heard they were living in Detroit. If you were Rambo I was going to ask how—"

"If you'll get off the car I'll lick you and Rambo and Bambo and Hoodoo and all the rest of the gang put together!" shouted the small man, as he got up and went out.

"No—oh, no!" replied the big man. "No, there is no call to fight. If you are not Rambo, I beg your pardon. Your face had a familiar look, and I just thought I'd ask if—"

But the small man hopped off the car and went his way and the big man heaved a sigh and looked around and said:

"I'm sorry I offended him, but I thought it was Rambo, and was going to ask if Maria had had her teeth fixed and her eyes straightened."

Innocent Brides.
Occasionally bridal couples visiting Washington amuse listeners by their comments on the "sights" shown them by a local guide. The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune vouches for the following incidents:

A well-dressed and intelligent young woman, leaning on the arm of a young man whose relation to her no one could mistake, inquired of the guide accompanying them, pointing to the picture in the eastern wing of the Senate of Commodore Perry at the battle of Lake Erie:

"Is this 'Washington crossing the Delaware'?"

An equally unsophisticated bride, looking at a wretched copy of the well-known picture of "Charlotte Corday in Prison," which hangs in one of the rooms of the White House, remarked:

"I always thought it an outrage for the government to hang that Mrs. Surraat. Doesn't she look too sweet for anything behind those prison bars? How could they ever hang her?"

Still another bride stood musingly before the statue of Hancock in the Capitol, on the pedestal of which are chiselled the words, "He wrote his name where every native should behold it, and time itself should not efface it."

"Ah!" she murmured, as she nestled closer to her protector; "that's the man Garfield beat for the Presidency. I don't wonder—wearing such clothes!"

The Point of View.
A certain eminent physician went to a concert at his wife's earnest request, though he has no knowledge of or interest in music. He was rather listless until one of the singers, a lady, rose and began to sing for the first time. Then he brightened up.

"Who is that alto?" he asked.
"Alto!" exclaimed his wife. "That isn't an alto—she's a high soprano, and her name is Jones."

"Hum!" said the doctor.
"Why? Do you like her voice?"
"Can't say much for the voice, but she has one of the finest bronchitis that I ever encountered!"

His Stenographer.
Mrs. Santa Mentell—Do you believe that absence makes the heart grow fonder?

Mrs. Scrapeleigh—Certainly; I know from experience.
Mrs. Santa Mentell—You do?

Mrs. Scrapeleigh—Yes. During my absence last summer my husband grew so fond of his pretty typewriter that I have applied for a divorce.—Washington Times.

Coming Medical Congress in Mexico.
A subject which is already interesting many prominent physicians of the country is the second pan-American medical congress which will be held in Mexico next November. Eminent physicians and surgeons from the three Americas will be present. One of the vice presidents is Dr. H. L. E. Johnson of Washington.

A Narrow Escape.
Mrs. Snobbs—How many girls do the Newlies keep?

Mrs. Nobbs—Only one.
Mrs. Snobbs—Only one? Good gracious, and I came pretty near calling there yesterday!—Cleveland Leader.

A Cheaper Way.
"I see Roberts has bought a steamer trunk."

"Yes, the doctor ordered it."
"For a sea voyage?"
"No; for a tonic."—Detroit Free Press.

Staker—See here, haven't you always heard that money makes the mare go? Rhone—Yes, Staker—Well, it's a lie! I risked all the money I had on that bay mare at the track to-day and she didn't go at all.—Philadelphia North American.

An old man's philosophy may seem absurd to the young, but they will finally understand it.

LAST IMPERIAL VICTORY.

Napoleon's Battle Against the Allies at Dresden.

On the 25th, as he passed Bautzen, he learned that Oudinot had been defeated at Luckau; but he gave no heed to the report, and next day he reached Dresden at nine in the morning. An hour later the guard came up, having performed the almost incredible feat of marching seventy-six miles in three days. Vandamme, with 40,000 men, had reached Pirna, a few miles above the city, and St. Cyr was drawing in behind the temporary fortifications of Dresden. The head of Napoleon's defensive line was to be kept at any cost. The enemy, too, was at hand, but they had no plan. In a council of war held by them the same morning there was a protracted debate, and finally Moreau's advice to advance in seven columns was taken. He refused to "fight against his country," but explained that the French could never be conquered in mass, and that if one assailing column were crushed the rest could still push on.

This long deliberation cost the allies their opportunity, for at four in the afternoon, when they attacked, the mass of the French army had crossed the Elbe and completed the garrison of the city. For two hours the fighting was fierce and stubborn; from three different sides, Russians, Austrians and Prussians, each made substantial gains; at six Napoleon determined to throw in his guard. With fine promptness Mortier, with two divisions of the young guard, sallied forth against the Russians, and, fighting until midnight, drove them beyond the hamlet of Striefen. St. Cyr dislodged the Prussians and pushed them to Strebala, while Ney, with two divisions of the young guard, threw a portion of the Austrians into Plauen, and Murat, with two divisions of infantry and Latour-Maubourg's cavalry, cleared the suburb Friedrichstadt of the rest. Napoleon, alert and ubiquitous, then made his usual round, and knew when he retired to rest that with 70,000 men or boys he had repulsed 150,000 of his foe. His inspiring personal work might be calculated as worth 80,000 of his opponents' best men. That night both Marmont and Victor, with their corps, entered the city; and Vandamme in the early dawn began to bombard Pirna, thus drawing away forces from the allies to hold that outpost.

The morning of the 27th opened in a tempest of wind and rain, a fact which is considered as having been most advantageous to the French, since it enabled them to hide their movements, and interfered with their enemy's guns and ammunition. In any case, the second day's fighting was more disastrous to the allies than the first. At six both sides were arrayed. On the French right Victor and Latour-Maubourg; then Marmont; then the old guard, and Ney, with two divisions of the young guard; next St. Cyr, with Mortier on the left. Opposite stood Russians, Prussians and Austrians, in the same relative positions, on higher ground, encircling the French all the way westward and around by the south to Plauen; between their center and left was reserved a gap for the Austrians under Kleinau, who were coming up from Tharandt in the blinding storm, and were overdue. At seven began the artillery fire of the young guard, but before long it ceased for an instant, since the gunners found the enemy's line too high for the elevation of their guns. "Continue," came swiftly the Emperor's order; "we must occupy the attention of the enemy on that spot."

The ruse succeeded; at ten Murat dashed through the apparently unnoticed gap, and, turning westward toward the Elbe, killed or captured all who composed the enemy's extreme left. The garrison of Pirna stood firm until afternoon, and then retreated toward Peterswald. Elsewhere there was continuous fighting, but the French merely held their own. Napoleon lounged all day in a curious apathy before his camp-fire, his condition being apparently due to the incipient stages of a digestive disorder. Early in the afternoon Schwarzenberg heard of Murat's great charge, but he still held firm. When, however, the flight from Pirna was announced, he prepared to retreat, and at five his columns were slowly withdrawing from the conflict. By six Napoleon was aware that the conflict was over, and, mounting his horse, he trotted listlessly to the palace, his old gray overcoat and hood streaming with rain.—Century.

Fireproof Paper.

L. Froben, of Berlin, Germany, shows the production of a valuable article for industrial and other purposes. Ninety-five parts of asbestos fibre of the best quality are washed in a solution of permanganate of calcium, and then treated with sulphuric acid, which bleaches the fibre. After treating the fibre thus, five parts of ground wood pulp are added and the entire mass put in the agitating box, with the addition of lime water and borax. After being thoroughly mixed the material is pumped into a regulating box and allowed to flow out of a gate on to an endless wire cloth, where it enters the usual paper-making machinery. It is reported that paper treated thus will resist even the direct influence of a flame, and may be placed in a white heat with impunity. Ordinary paper may be made fireproof by treating with a fluid composed of 33 parts manganate of chloride, 20 of orthophosphoric acid, 12 parts carbonate of magnesium, 10 of boric acid, and 25 of chloride of ammonia to a quart of water. Paper saturated thoroughly with this solution will resist great heat.

"Why does a woman always call her purse a pocket-book?" "I don't know, unless it is because she carries it in a memorandum telling her where to find her pocket."—Chicago Record.

THAT TAMMANY INDORSEMENT.



Pot-Hunter Hanna: "There is that bloody tiger again!"

—St. Louis Republic.

searching the cellars of the house of parliament for barrels of gunpowder, the authorities ought to search the pockets of every member for bombs. The income tax is the backbone of the British financial system; it is about to be introduced, in a graduated form at that, into France, and it already exists in its most extreme degree in Germany. The condemnation of the practice of substituting government by injunction for the old, orderly processes of courts and juries, so far from being revolutionary, is a vindication of the ancient rights of the English-speaking race against a novel and dangerous innovation which deserves the name of anarchy much better than anything done at Chicago.

The platform reaffirms the principle endorsed by a vast majority of the people of the United States, of a tariff for revenue only, and protests against the disturbance to business that would be caused by a return to McKinleyism. There is nothing incendiary in that. In this point it is the Chicago platform that is conservative and the one adopted at St. Louis that is revolutionary.

"We hold," adds the Democratic profession of faith, "that the most efficient way of protecting American labor is to prevent the importation of foreign pauper labor to compete with it in the home market." That is honest, straightforward principle—the only kind that does what it pretends to do.

The Chicago platform demands simplicity and economy in government, and protests against the profligate waste of money that has characterized Republican legislation. That is not the reckless spirit of a mob. It is rather the sober utterance of prudent property owners and taxpayers, of whom the Chicago convention was principally composed.

The protest against arbitrary federal interference in local affairs is one which Jefferson would have commended as the very foundation stone of his political faith.

In denouncing the attempt to swindle the government out of more than \$200,000,000 by extending the Pacific railroad debts the convention was fighting anarchy, for there can be no more dangerous anarchists than those who are powerful enough to override the laws and amass wealth from the prosperity of the people.

Moreover the silver plank in the Chicago convention does not deserve the frantic vituperation leveled against it. The silver theory has too much expert authority on its side to brand its advo-

sure to secure the best possible government for the republic during the next four years? Plainly it is to vote for that presidential candidate who is manifestly best fitted to administer the government, and to settle the financial question through their representatives in

The Difference.



The Bryan Handshake—The Grasp of the People.



The McKinley 400 Handshake.

Congress. Gold men may vote for gold candidates, silver men for silver candidates, and bimetalists for bimetalists. But nobody who realizes what is at stake in this campaign can vote to abandon government of the people, by the people, for the people, in favor of

Republican nomination, who were, all of them, "sound" for "sound money," were then already beaten, and his own nomination was secured. But the friends of Morton, Reed and other competitors, as a last resort, raised the question of McKinley's "soundness" on the "sound-money" question. They interrogated, they beset him, they bullied him, till they got him partly committed to their gold-standard program. It was then too late to defeat his nomination, for that was secure, but it split his convention, disgusted his managers and imperiled his election. The chances of the campaign changed as though by magic.

The Democrats, when they met at Chicago, took advantage of the enemy's blunder, by adopting a free silver coinage platform, and selecting a new man to lead their array. The trifling defection which followed has been more than made good, and McKinley has been falling behind ever since the day when his Wall street and Chamber of Commerce enemies forced him upon their gold platform. He has lost his trans-Mississippi electoral votes, has gained no Southern support, and has made no advance at the North and East except in capturing the uncertain support of a handful of chronic malcontents.

Never has there been so sudden a change in partisan fortunes, never so prompt a collapse following upon a misstep.—New York News.

Barney—Arrah, shure Tim Costigan is a jewel. He is thot. Paddy—Av course he is. Desn't he come from the Emerald Isle?—Florida Times-Union.

HOW THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE DICTATES A LETTER.



William Jennings Bryan puts his feet on his desk with true American unconventionality and frames his sentences concisely and without hesitation.