CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

She had assured herself long ago that this man hated and despised her, and that it was a duty she owed to herself to despise him. It was in her nature to feel and do all things with an exceptional intensity. As she had loved her benefactor with all the force of her young heart, so she hated her benefactor's brother. She was ready to be insolent to him on the slightest provocation.

"I was neither listening nor watching; but I went to that window yonder to see who was promenading the terrace, and was just in time to see you fling yourself at our statesman's feet, and kiss his hand. It was very prettily done, and I have little doubt that it will have the desired effect."

"Indeed! Pray what effect do you suppose I wish it to have?"

"My dear Miss Boldwood, when a young lady throws herself at a gentleman's feet the obvious conclusion is that she wants to bring him to hers. It is taking a short cut to a denouement that bangs fire. And in the case of a young lady whose attractions are much greater than her fortune, and a wealthy widower, impressionable but wavering, one can conceive no better coup de main than that with which you have just surprised our friend Nestorius."

"You think that I want to catch Mr. Nestorius as a husband?"

"What else can I think, having seen what I saw just now?"

"You are very quick in jumping at conclusions, Lord Lashmar."

"When the conclusion is so obvious the jump is inevitable, and it is a very small jump—only a gutter. Do you suppose that I have not understood your game for the last three weeks? That I have not marked your maneuvers, your lonely rambles across the park and accidental meetings with Mr. Nestorius on the way; your piteous revelations to him, your tears for the father whom you lost too long ago to have the faintest real feeling about him, always remembering how much you were a gainer by his loss?"

"A gainer!" she cried, "to eat the bread of dependence in your mother's house. Do you think that is gain?"

"It is at least better than being a factory girl, which you would have been in all probability had your father lived."

"Had he lived! Do you know for certain that he is dead?"

"I know, as everybody else knows—that he perished in the attempt to save your life," answered Lashmar, forgetting everything but his headlong anger; "and I know that my brother, who was worth a dozen demagogues, risked his life to save a child whose face he had never seen. You have good need to be grateful to him."

"Dead!" she faltered; "your brother told me that he had gone away to a distant country. I thought, as I grew older, that he had left England because life here was too hard for him; that he had left me behind, intending to send for me if things went well with him in his new country. And then I thought that fate had still been against him, and that he was waiting for the tide to turn, waiting to be rich enough to send for his only child; and now you tell me he was killed the night of the fire—killed in trying to save me! Oh, it was cruel, infamous, to deceive me so," she cried, passionately.

"It was your benefactor, the man who was more than a father to you, who told the lie."

"Yes, but when he was gone—when I was older, better able to face sorrow, when I had to bear a hard, bitter life, when no one would have been pained by my tears—why was I not told the truth then? Neither you nor Lady Lashmar have been so anxious to spare my feelings that you need have kept this from me. You have let me go on year after year, feeding on a false hope, dreaming a mocking dream."

"It was an oversight on my mother's part and on mine," said Lashmar; "we ought to have told you the truth. My brother Hubert had a foolish sensitiveness on the subject, a morbid dread of your tears; but with us it was otherwise. We did wrong in not telling you. However, you have been in somewise a gainer, as your pathetic case has made a profound impression upon Mr. Nestorius; and that last touch of pathos—your belief in your father's existence many years after his death—has quite subdued him."

"Mr. Nestorius has been very good to me, and I am deeply grateful to him; but if you think that I have schemed to win his regard——"

"I do think that you have so schemed and that you have gone very near winning your game—not quite, perhaps—but your last move was admirable and I anticipate the pleasure of congratulating you upon your promotion before Nestorius leaves the castle."

"Is that all you have to say to me, Lord Lashmar?"

"Yes, that is all, until I offer you my congratulations."

"I thank you for your kindness and consideration. It is almost equal to that with which you sent me out of the library seven years ago."

"Oh, you were a child then, and I am sorry to say you were a very unmannerly child. I hope you do not harbor resentment after all these years, because I was a little rough with you that afternoon."

"I do not harbor resentment. I do not care enough about you to resent your conduct to me in anything—no, not even your cruelty in trying to strangle every ambitious thought of my mind, every hope and every dream when your brother's death made my life desolate. I despise you too much to be resentful."

She turned from him and walked quickly towards the house; he followed as quickly and opened the library window for her to pass through. The action was polite, yet it reminded him of that other action, seven years ago, when he had flung open the door for her to "march."

She had not forgotten. She turned on the threshold and looked at him with flashing eyes.

"Why don't you tell me to 'march,'" she said, "as you did that other day? This time there is no need of your order. I am going to march."

And so, with a short, angry laugh, she left him.

"What a she-devil," he muttered. "It is her Spanish blood, I suppose, and Boldwood's blood. A nice mixture! Yes, upon my soul, a very pleasant brew!"

He went back to the terrace and tramped up and down till after the warning gong had sounded. Then he rushed to his dressing room, and scrambled through his toilet, and to dress hurriedly was a thing he hated.

"What on earth did the creature mean when she said she was going to march?" he asked himself, as he bungled with his cambric tie.

CHAPTER XVIII.

She had gone, she had shaken the dust of that unfriendly home from off her feet, and had gone out into the more unfriendly world, penniless, without so much as the means to buy a loaf of bread, carrying her little bag, with a change of linen and half a dozen of her most cherished books, Homer, Virgil, Shakspeare.

It was after eleven o'clock and most of the shops had closed by the time she reached the town, but at the corner of a narrow street she found a shop door open and the light shining on the pavement in front of it. She looked in timidly and saw two women, one elderly and stout, the other thin and waspish-looking, of that doubtful period between eight and twenty and eight and thirty, in which unmarried womanhood is apt to turn to shrewishness. The shop was of the humblest order, known as a general shop, furnishing almost everything except butcher's meat and of exceeding usefulness in a poor neighborhood. Stella looked from the thin daughter to the stout mother and it was to the latter she addressed her questions.

"There used to be a large lodging house for working people near the cemetery," she faltered. "It was burned down a good many years ago. Was it ever built up again?"

"Of course it was," answered the younger woman sharply. "If you'd gone twenty yards further you'd have seen it straight before you. It was rebuilt, and it was made twice the size it was at the beginning."

"Was this shop here at the time of the fire?"

"Yes, twenty years before the fire," answered the mother. "My daughter was born in this very house. I've lived in it nearly forty years. It was a new house when my husband came into it, and he had to make the business bit by bit."

"As you have lived here so long perhaps you remember a man called Boldwood," said Stella tremulously.

It was the first time she had ever pronounced that name to a stranger. It seemed a kind of sacrilege; but she felt that her only chance of finding a friend in this great dreary town was through her father's memory.

"Boldwood—Jonathan Boldwood; yes, I should think I do remember him, drat him! My husband was almost cracked about that man, and used to go to hear him at every meeting, and come home with a pack of nonsense in his head. I hate your Radicals, always knocking everything down, and never setting anything up."

"What's this, old girl, off again? I never did hear such an old 'ooman to talk politics, and knows no more of 'em than a baby," said a round good-natured voice from within, and a round-faced, good-natured looking man in shirt sleeves and linen apron rolled in from the little parlor behind the shop. "What's sent mother into 'high strikes' to-night?" he asked his daughter.

"This young person has been asking about Jonathan Boldwood."

"Why, what do you know of Jonathan Boldwood, lass?"

"He was my father."

"Your father! What, are you the child Boldwood tried to get out of the burning house when he lost his own life, poor chap, in trying to save the little one?"

"Yes," sobbed Stella.

"And then the young hunchback lord saved you and took you off to Lashmar Castle, and 'dopted of you. I know there was no end of talk about it at the time."

"Yes, but he has been dead for many years, and I have been very miserable in dependence upon fine people."

"Ah! there spoke old Boldwood. No dependence for him. He was a free and noble spirit, heaven bless him! They say it's only Papists that pray for the dead. Now, I'm no Papist, and I'm no churchgoer, but I say wherever Boldwood is, heaven bless him! And so you've got sick of your fine house, lassie, and you've come to look up your father's old friends in Brumm?"

"Had he friends here—many friends?"

"Yes, many friends—there wasn't a working man in Brumm that didn't call him friend; but not such friends as could be of much use to him. Most of 'em was poorer than himself. He was proud, too, and wouldn't have taken a favor from any of us. We all knew that he had been born a gentleman. Let's have a look at you, lass," scrutinizing her keenly under the glare of the unshaded gas; "no, you're not like him—there's a look, perhaps, only a look of him somewhere in your face, but it ain't so much as a likeness. Poor Boldwood—yes, he was a grand talker, he was. If he'd been alive now we'd have got him into Parliament. Wouldn't he have astonished the milk and watery [illegible] who grind in that mill! And what are you doing in Brumm at such an hour as this, my lass?"

"I have come to look for work."

"I tell you what it is, Miss Boldwood, you'd better stay with us for a week or two while you look about you," said honest Chapman. "Jonathan Boldwood's daughter shall never want for a home while I've a roof over my head. We're homely people, mother and me; but Polly there has cultivated her mind a bit, and she'll be company for you. Stay with us as long as you like, my dear."

Mrs. Chapman added a kindly word of her own to confirm the invitation, and Polly put her arm round Stella's neck and kissed her.

"I don't often take to any one, but I have took to you," she said, "and I think it's because you've got a mind. I worship mind."

Stella's eyes filled with sudden tears.

"You are all so good to me," she faltered, "and I value your kindness all the more because it is given for my father's sake—my dear father, whose face I can hardly remember. Till yesterday I used to hope and dream about seeing him again—that he would come back to me from the other side of the world—and yesterday I was told how he died in the attempt to save me."

She burst into a passionate fit of sobbing, and it was some minutes before she could tranquilize herself, even with the aid of Polly's comforting hugs.

"Yes, I will stay with you, if I may, kindest friends," she said. "I shall be happier—more at peace here than I can be anywhere else."

CHAPTER XIX.

Lord Lashmar telegraphed to Mr. Nestorius, who had come to London immediately after his interview with Stella, that the girl was missing. There was no reply until late the next afternoon, when there came an answer to the effect that Mr. Nestorius would be at Lashmar Castle next morning.

"He is not afraid to face us," said Lashmar, relieved by this reply; for in spite of her ladyship's conviction to the contrary, he had been tortured all last night and all day by a rankling suspicion that Nestorius had induced Stella to elope with him. Lady Carminow did not attempt to hide her disgust at the fuss that was being made about Stella's flight.

"I had no idea that Lady Lashmar's reading girl was the most important person in the house," she said at luncheon, when Lashmar, who was utterly unskilled in concealing his feelings, fretted and fumed at the non-arrival of any reply to his telegram and the non-result of his own inquiries in Brumm, where he had spent the morning tramping about with a detective.

"She is very important to my mother," answered Lashmar moodily; "no one else can read as well, and to be read to is the only relief for my mother's nerves."

Lady Carminow's womanly instinct understood Lashmar's feelings better than he did himself. She had not been without suspicions upon the subject before to-day. There had been something in his manner of speaking about Stella that indicated hidden fires. And to-day she knew for certain that he had fallen in love with the creature, was under the very same unholy influence that had bewildered Nestorius, the charm of a pale, strange loveliness and eyes of dark, unfathomable depth.

"I cannot help being amused at your simplicity in supposing that this young person has gone no further than the nearest town," exclaimed Clarice with open scorn. "Is it not much more likely that she is in London or Paris?"

"If you will take the trouble to comprehend that she had absolutely no money when she left the castle——" began Lashmar angrily.

"But I cannot comprehend that. She may have had no money from you or from her ladyship; but is it so certain that she could not get money from some one else? I am sure, judging by Mr. Nestorius' air when those two were walking in the park together at dusk the other evening, if she had said, 'Lend me fifty pounds,' he would have rushed to his check book that instant."

"I do not think—little as I know of her—that she would ask Mr. Nestorius for fifty pounds or five pounds."

Yet the suggestion startled him, remembering that little scene on the terrace, which implied some very warm feeling, such as grateful affection, for instance, on Stella's part. Perhaps she had taken a gift of money from Mr. Nestorius in order to flee away from a hateful bondage.

"Whatever evil thing she has done, or whatever harm may happen to her, it all must lie at our door,' he thought, meaning himself and his mother.

Lady Lashmar had not appeared that day. She was much troubled by Stella's flight, and sorely missed her quiet ministrations; but she was troubled far more by the way in which Victorian had taken the event. Why should he be so grieved, so angry? He, who had affected to despise and dislike his dead brother's protege.

The phaeton was at the door when he went down to the hall. He only stopped to inquire if there were any telegrams, and finding no tidings from Nestorius, he drove off at once on his way back to Brumm.

On arriving at that commercial center, Lord Lashmar went straight to the police station. Had there been any news of the missing girl since the morning? No, there had been nothing heard of any young person answering the description. The want of a photograph of the party was mentioned as a stumbling block. The police officer seemed to consider it strange and even scandalous that in a Christian land any young woman could have grown up without having been photographed.

CHAPTER XX.

Mr. Nestorius' telegram was in the hall when Lord Lashmar returned to the castle, and Nestorius himself arrived at half-past nine o'clock next morning, startling the select few who remained after the shooters had gone off to their sport. Neither Lady Carminow nor Mrs. Vavasour appeared at this early meal and Lady Sophia always accompanied the shooters when there was no hunting; so the select few on this occasion consisted of Lord Lashmar, Mrs. Mulciber and Captain Vavasour, who had stayed at home to work at a new novel in which all his dramatis personae were gradually coming to life at an average of eleven descriptive pages for every character. On these burst Nestorius, haggard and pallid, after a sleepless night.

"Have you found her?" he asked agitatedly.

"No, nor any tidings of her," answered Lashmar, rising. "If you will come to the library I will tell you what I have been doing."

"Why, in heaven's name, did she leave this house?" exclaimed Nestorius, alone with Lashmar in the library. "What made her do such a thing? She seemed to me tolerably contented with her fate—resigned to live on as she was living, till her literary talent found an opening and gave her independence, and yet, within a few hours of my leaving her, she rushes away as if she were driven by Furies. What can it mean?"

"It means that I am a brute," answered Lashmar, standing before Nestorius with a downcast brow and a dogged air; "yes, a brute. I have always been a brute to that girl, from the hour when my poor brother first brought her into this house to the hour she left it, driven out of it by my foul tongue. You do well to talk of the Furies. That girl has been my Nemesis. She has brought the sin of pride of birth, the overweening confidence in caste, home to me. She has made me feel what a poor worm I am, and that in gentlemanly feeling I rank lower than the lowest iron worker in Brumm. I set my face against her from the first; I was resolved to see nothing but evil in her. I was hard, cold, cruel, pitiless, saw her youth blighted by hard usage and never entered one plea in her behalf. And then when I came back to the castle the other day and saw her grown to graceful womanhood, saw her strange and spiritual beauty, I was angry with her for being so superior to her station, for giving the lie to all my prejudices. The more I found myself yielding to the spell of her mystical beauty the more I set myself against her, wrestling with the inclination to see more of her, tearing myself from the room when she was reading to my mother, shunning her at all times and in all places as if she had breathed infection. And yet I could not pluck her from my heart; and yet her image haunted me and I started up out of my sleep fancying that her voice was in my ears, those deep, low tones, which gave new melodies to Keats and Milton. I hated myself for falsifying every principle of my life, which was to see perfection only in the well born; and every grace that attracted me to her was an offense against my pride and made me more resentful of her existence. It was in this mood that I watched her and you the night before last from yonder window. I saw her throw herself at your feet and kiss your hand, and I was mad with rage at the spectacle. I accused her of trying to entrap you with an offer—playing for high stakes!"

"You accused her of trying to entrap me!" cried Nestorius. "Did you do that, Lashmar? How wise and far-seeing you young men are! What if I tell you that I had just asked her to be my wife, asked her with as earnest entreaty as ever man made to the woman of his choice? I had so asked her and she had refused me. It was friendship, gratitude, which she offered me on her knees—all unworthy as I am. Love she could not give me."

"She refused to marry you—she, my mother's slave!"

"Yes; it is strange, is it not? She has not seen enough of the world to have learned how to sell herself to the highest bidder. She has curious primitive notions that a woman can only give herself in marriage to a man she loves, and she does not love me."

"She is a strange being," murmured Lashmar, walking to the nearest window and staring out into the garden, with his face averted from Nestorius.

(To be continued.)

Use of the Great Toe.

The negroes of the West Indies use the great toe constantly in climbing. Several years ago, while spending some time at one of the famous resorts in Jamaica, I had an opportunity to observe the skill with which the black women, who do a great part of the menial labor, carried stone, mortar, and other building materials on their heads to the top of a five-story tower, in a part of the hotel not then finished.

Much of the unerring accuracy with which they (women and girls) chased each other up and down the long ladders, with heavy loads skillfully poised on their woolly pates, was due to the firmness with which they grasped each rung of the ladders with the great toe. They did not place the ball or the hollow of the foot on the rung, but the groove at the juncture of the great toe with the body of the foot, and they held fast by making the back of the other toes afford the other gripping surface. In much the same way the Abyssinian native cavalry grasp the stirrup. And I have seen a one-armed Santo Domingan black, astride the near ox in a wheel yoke, guiding a lead mule with a rein held between his great and second toes, while his only arm was devoted to cracking his teamster's whip. —Overland Monthly.

The Best Place.

He was suffering from a severe shock occasioned by a stroke of lightning.

"Your vocal organs are badly paralyzed, but you will learn to speak in time," said the hospital surgeon, as he looked up from a rigid examination of the patient's injuries. "The very best thing for you to do is to go where you can hear a great deal of talking."

The patient motioned for a writing pad, and when it was handed to him he wrote in a firm, clear hand:

"I am a married man."

The surgeon looked at the pad and smiled in sympathy. Then turning to his assistant he said:

"Get the gentleman's address and send him home."

Most Durable Wood.

A London paper claims that a teak is the most durable wood known for structural and mechanical purposes. It is hard, yet light, easily worked, and, though porous, shrinks little, and because of its oily nature does not injure iron. In Southeastern Asia it is much used for shipbuilding. The wood is frequently girdled a year before it is felled, and thus exposed to sun and wind it seasons more rapidly than when cut green.

A Plague of Rats.

While mosquitoes have come with the wet weather in the cities of the north, rats have multiplied in New Orleans. The city swarms with them. "They scamper over the sidewalks, assail families at dinner, and even run along telegraph wires," says a newspaper.

OWN THE RAILROADS.

THAT IS WHAT THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD DO.

People Should Be Brought to See That They Have More than an Impersonal Interest in This Matter—Criminal Neglect Would Decrease.

Corporation Insolence.

It has been shown beyond the shadow of a doubt that the recent terrible accident near the Hudson River, resulting in the loss of so many lives through the mismanagement of the Vanderbilt railway system, was a peculiarly atrocious case of carelessness on the part of the corporation. The Vanderbilt railroads are known for the niggardliness and incompetence with which they are conducted, this being due to the fact that it is a political system mostly, in which dividends are always subservient to the service. But no sooner had this last accident taken place than the superintendent of the line was sent to the scene on a special train and he promptly found that the horror was caused by the placing of a bomb on the track "by some miscreant." That is all he had to say. How he knows it was a bomb and not a whale or who the miscreant was or who saw him and like particulars are not forthcoming. Nor are even told why the individual is or was a "miscreant." He might have been a divinity student who picked up the bomb at the theater, intending to take it home and use it as a paper weight. This theory is plausible, because divinity students are proverbially absent-minded, and this one might easily have dropped the bomb on his way [illegible] never noticed it. We present [illegible] of the case for what it is worth.

As long as we tolerate this corporation nonsense, to come down to serious language, we may expect our intelligence to be insulted and our lives to be endangered, the only satisfaction obtainable being bomb theories. This last instance of Vanderbilt mendacity is truly a climax capper. The Vanderbilts know perfectly well that the accident was the result of their own criminal neglect. They know as well as anybody that the condition of the track was ascertained by experts after the accident, and that, as their report shows, the only wonder is that the calamity did not come years ago. The roadbed and the embankment at this particular spot were rotten and crumbling. They were not attended to. They were allowed to rot away because they could not be repaired without expense, and, under the private ownership system, the repairing of a railway is too costly to be undertaken. Private ownership has reduced the Vanderbilt railroads to a terrible condition. Private ownership has gotten them into politics, into combines, into wheat and corn corners and into one trust after another, besides leading to the grossest bribery and corruption of our public servants. But the worst feature of private enterprise is this unwillingness to protect human life, and when, as a result, lives are lost, we are given cock-and-bull stories about dynamite bombs. These things are the best answer to the sneers of Chauncey M. Depew, who, when called upon to say anything about Government ownership of railroads, finds the subject enormously funny. He cannot stop laughing long enough to treat it seriously. But he has a superintendent who goes to the romantic school of fiction to account for the fatalities along the lines.

Every believer in collectivist ideas can make use of this Vanderbilt policy to emphasize the perils of private ownership of railroads. The people should be brought to see that they have far more than an impersonal interest in this side of the railway question. It concerns the safety of their lives and limbs, for no man can tell when he may die by the hand of the most terrible of executioners in case the Vanderbilt methods of running a railroad are not ended once and for all.—Twentieth Century.

Standing Army.

The New York Mail and Express, personal organ of the Vanderbilts, declares editorially that "our army is popular," and comments with fervent fervor upon the recently inaugurated custom of sending companies of the regular army to drill at State and county fairs. It says, "the spectacle they present is not only delightful, but educational also." And "Moreover these exhibitions tend to make the army popular. Our regular troops, so few in number, are but the nucleus of an organization which in time of need must depend upon public sympathy and support for its strength."

"Our army is popular." Yes. The popularity is with the money power, plutocratic slander sheets and mugwump magazines. Those who give column after column to denouncing any one who dares to tell the truth in reference to the present condition and aim of our army.

This dress parade business in getting the army before the public is one of the methods of plutocracy to get Congress to assist in supporting the army. "Our army" in the past has proven to be a private army for our money kings. In each case they have protected property rights in the place of human life. The soil of our "free land" is yet crimson with the blood of human life, and for which plutocracy through "our popular army" must answer at the bar of justice. This bleeding the farmers through the unjust system of taxation to support a "popular army," to protect the British money power is opening the eyes of the voters. This "nucleus" of the army organization is a great thing. It should be "nipped in the bud." This army business should be crushed. The only way to do it is to crush out the competitive wage system of labor which makes the millionaires and paupers. Without the former we would have no paupers, neither would there be any demand for "our popular army." —Nonconformist.

The Remedy for Trusts.

Senator Jones, of Nevada, lucidly stated, in a New York Journal interview, the cause of and remedy for trusts. Continued falling prices compels and prevents competition. Rising prices encourage expansion and stimulate trade. Free silver coinage, he says, will put twice as much new money in circulation each year as we now have, which will immediately raise prices. On a rising market money will be invested in all kinds of property. On a falling market no one dares engage in business, as the result will be certain bankruptcy. Senator Jones has a clear conception of economics and speaks at all times with authority.—Silver Knight-Watchman.

Object Lesson in Robbery.

Thousands of poor struggling toilers who borrowed money from a building and loan association in Chicago are to be sold out because the homes of the people, built by the money, are no longer good for the loan. In every instance the home builder owned the lot. He had put in it the small savings of years. In many cases they not only owned the lot, but put considerable money in the building. But the value of the property has gone down in response to the gold standard. Their wages and the profits of business also declined to such an extent that they could no longer keep up their dues. Now they will lose their all and the favored few who did not borrow money out of the association will make a good thing. For $1,000 loaned a few years ago upon a $2,000 or a $2,500 home, they will now get the home. The $1,000 or $1,500 the owner put in it will be transferred to the money lender. The poor man who expected to own his home and who would have succeeded under an honest financial system, is left homeless and must pay rent.

Reform Notes.

Prosperity that comes from adversity abroad will be followed by a reaction. Whatever hurts part of the world will, in the end, hurt all the world.—New Era.

Plutocrat is defined as "one who exercises political power by virtue of his wealth." It fits like a glove and we see no reason for ruling it out of the vocabulary.—Civic Review.

The total output of the gold and silver mines of the United States last year was about $125,000,000, about what the wheat and corn crops of Kansas for 1897 are worth.—Topeka Advocate.

If the gold finds in Alaska continue as fabulous as reported, in another year or two we will be getting enough gold from Alaska to pay from one-fourth to one-half of the interest on our bonds.—West Plains Quill.

The battle for freedom is going on, yet there are millions of suffering human beings who should be in it, but who are merely loafing around and waiting for some one else to win the victory for them.—Grander Age.

Don't imagine that Mark Hanna, in spite of his close call, won't go back to the Senate. A few "disaffected Republicans" may have to be bought for the purpose, but the banks and the trusts have the money.—Silver Knight-Watchman.

Klondike gold may relieve, in some measure, the financial stringency, but under our present financial system it will not prevent the stock gamblers from making another stringency when they find it will be profitable to them to do so.—Equity.

Why do the goldbugs shout good times when prices rise, notwithstanding the fact that they insist that contraction and falling prices are the sum of human happiness and progress? Because they know the people feel good when prices go up, and they want to make the masses believe that they will put prices up for their benefit.—Silver Knight-Watchman.

The President's Message.

It is fortunate for the country that President McKinley's peculiar financial views, as expressed in his message, stand no chance of being enacted into law.—Knoxville Tribune.

Late, but frankly, a Republican President acknowledges that the Republican financial legislation of the last thirty-five years is unsound, unsafe and ought to be reformed altogether.—New York Times.

The President closes a remarkably weak and meaningless message with a good word for the civil service laws, which his officials just now are so industriously engaged in trying to evade. —Wheeling Register.

President McKinley's first message to Congress will hardly go into history as a great state paper. The message at no point, either in thought or in diction, rises to a height to make it noteworthy.—Des Moines Leader.

The message on the whole is colorless, and we imagine it will be disappointing to both the friends and the enemies of the administration. It says hardly enough to please the one or to gratify the other.—Detroit News.

He has missed a golden opportunity for writing a great and patriotic message, and has given [illegible] a tedious discourse [illegible] for inaction on some [illegible] jects, and making ten[illegible] nite recommendations [illegible] others.—Buffalo Courier [illegible] I be.—

President McKinley [illegible] entirely overlooked that [illegible] month treasury deficit. [illegible] months ago he insisted th[illegible] of expenditures over [illegible] dangerous condition [illegible] stopped at once, [illegible] perity were [illegible] his News.