

"THE PRESS."

What Will M. Maupin Had to Say About the Eternal Fitness of Things.

The following is the response of Will M. Maupin of the World Herald to the toast: "The Press" at the Omaha Jacks n Club banquet:

"Mr. Toastmaster and Fellow Deafened: It is with fear and trembling that I undertake the task tonight of responding to this toast—a toast that should find response from more eloquent lips than mine. The toast to 'The Press' should be responded to by one whose pen is a recognized factor in public affairs and whose words of warning and admonition are worthy the attention of party leaders and party workers.

"Like the toast, 'The Ladies, God Bless 'Em,' the toast to 'The Press,' is often drunk without realizing its solemnity and without grasping the immensity of the power thus honored. It has become a matter of custom rather than a matter of choice to have a toast to 'The Press' upon an intellectual bill-of-fare, and because of its commonness men seldom pause to weigh its full meaning.

"Often times I think this toast is looked upon much like the toast offered by the man at the stag dinner: 'To Our Wives and Sweethearts; May They Never Meet.' I fear that among politicians the toast to 'The Press' is often looked upon something like this: 'To the Press. May It Whoop Things Up During the Campaign, and God Help the Editor Between Times.'

"Political parties and politicians owe everything to the party press. The party press owes nothing to the politician, and nothing to the party save when it stands by time-tried and tested principles. The party press owes allegiance only to party principles, and should designate politicians lead the party astray for the purpose of temporary aggrandizement, the party press should be and ever is found ready to oppose the surrender of principle for pelf.

Traitors Of the Press.

"Of course there are exceptions to this rule. One-twelfth of the apostles was bad. But here the analogy ceases, for the apostolic one-twelfth went out and hanged himself for very shame at having betrayed the master but the party paper that has sold itself for sordid gold or temporary favor boasts of its political honesty and demands a reorganization of the party.

"The press is the greatest power for good or evil in the world today. In the hands of upright, honest and able men it is the greatest weapon for good known to mankind. In the hands of dishonest and designing men it becomes a power for evil that leaves the devil nothing to desire.

"The honest press is feared by tyrants and its help sought by political mountebanks masquerading as men desirous of benefitting mankind in general. The honest press has elected congresses, and been sorry for it afterwards. The dishonest press has defeated presidential candidates who stood for right and justice and human liberty, and elected candidates who could not distinguish the difference between 'plain duty' and 'criminal assimilation.' The honest press denounces the Napoleonic financier who engineers a bond issue for the benefit of multimillionaires, while the dishonest press magnifies the awful crime of a man who steals a loaf of bread to keep wife and little ones from starvation. We hear much of 'yellow journalism' these days. That has become a common expression and is used by many as a term of reproach. But it is a compliment. 'Yellow journalism' does things, while 'conservative journalism' only imagines things. 'Yellow journalism' demanded a vindication of justice and humanity, while the 'conservative journalism' of the land urged delay and trembled lest stocks be depreciated, begging that the blood of the American slain be looked upon as merely an incident in our national life. 'Yellow journalism' has pulled the mask from the face of political hypocrisy and revealed sordid selfishness in all its hideous forms of ship subsidies, protective tariffs and New Jersey organizations. One of the latest and best compliments to 'yellow journalism' was to materially assist in preventing this republic from becoming a fief of Great Britain by the adoption of a treaty as drawn by the British minister at Washington and humbly accepted by 'Little Breeches,' who should never have been allowed to doff his infantine knickerbockers.

The Country Press.

"It is too often the case that those who propose the toast to 'The Press' think only of the metropolitan newspapers. This is an error that should be rectified. Because of its advantageous position the metropolitan press is the ammunition factory, but the country press is the Gatling, the Nordenfolt, the Maxim or the rapid-fire rifle that shoots the ammunition thus prepared into the ranks of the common

While the new congress will be even more large republican than the old and quite as unsound in political doctrine, it is likely to be more sensitive to popular opinion than the expiring remnant, and it has been made very manifest that popular opinion does not sustain the principles of subsidies and bounties. This matter was kept carefully in the background during the campaign, and when the triumphant Hanna brought it forward after the election as though he had received a mandate to do what he pleased it was soon recognized that the country would not have it.

enemy and routs him horse, foot and dragoons—or rather, to speak more exactly, routs the enemy, fryingpan, subsidy and coercion.

"That is, of course, sometimes. Occasionally the ammunition falls short and the runners must fall back. Occasionally, as the last election demonstrated, the enemy of self-government, liberty and justice is encased in armor plate at \$450 a ton and 50 per cent profit, and supported by platoons and brigades of corporations, trusts and officeholders, thus defeating the hosts of justice and liberty. But,

"Truth crushed to earth, will rise again
And throw the load from off her back;
While error, wounded, writhes in pain
And vainly calls to Mark and Mack.

"The press is a wonderful institution. Poets have tuned their lyres and sung their songs of admiration and adoration. Politicians have tuned their liars—same pronunciation, but different orthography—and eloquently sung the praises of the man behind the pen. But ere the echoes of the poet's song have died away he has cursed the editor for refusing to print his poetic slush, and while the politician is still red in the face from his exertions to make the editor feel good, he rises and proposes the toast, 'The Press, God Bless It,' with a striking change in the verb.

"The politician has slapped the editor upon the back and told him he is a good fellow, then stolen the editor's best thoughts and mounted the stump to preach th m as his own.

"The editor is always 'it' during the campaign and too often 'nit' after the campaign.

"The chief end of man is to praise God and glorify him forever. The chief end of the editor is to boost politicians into office and beg for cordwood on subscription.

"The chief occupation of the party editor is to elect men to office and apologize for it afterward.

"The editor's chief pleasure is to spin the linen and make the purple, and then see others wear it while he hustles up enough delinquent subscribers to get his 'patent insides' out of the express office.

"The editor blushes with conscious pride when the politician pats him on the back and compliments him upon an editorial leader, but the editor's family eat when the politician pays his subscription.

"The editor swells out his chest when told that he surely elected John Jones county sheriff, but he puts potatoes in his cellar and coal in his bin when Sheriff Jones gives him the sale notices to publish."

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"Truly a great victory, but another one like it will ruin us forever."
"The men who achieved the victory of last November, as they look out over the field strewn with the ruins of small industries, the sorely wounded forms of liberty and justice and the wrecks of individual enterprise, can well exclaim, with Charles of Sweden: 'Truly a wonderful victory, but another one like it will ruin the republic forever.'"

Precursor of Victory.
"It was a humiliating repulse, my friends, but it presages a glorious victory when next we marshal our forces and go forth to battle. I do not come here tonight with sackcloth and ashes hidden beneath the mockery of a dress suit and a dirge sounding in my ears. I come with a heart full of hope and the music of rejoicing promised for the future. We are indeed passing through the valley of humiliation, but we see before us no abyss of eternal disaster. The way is dark and the path is rough, but just ahead is a glimmer of light that tells us that justice still lives and that right will again rule. And so we press forward with the knowledge that where the light is are the plains of eternal truth and justice, where we shall plant the victorious standards of democracy and again rally the world around liberty, and free government."

"And through this dark valley which now we tread the democratic press is guiding the undismayed hosts of democracy. Undaunted and unafraid it still holds on high the truths written into the Declaration of Independence by Thomas Jefferson and shot into British red-coats by Andrew Jackson from behind the cotton bales at New Orleans."

"When these truths are again a working, vital force in the affairs of the nation the democratic press will herald the glad news abroad to all lands, and this republic will again be the Mecca of the free and the guiding star of all those who seek liberty. The flag will again be greeted by men whose eyes brighten at the sight of its waving folds, instead of by men whose eyes see it and fill with tears for lost aspirations and betrayed confidences. When that glad day comes the virtues of greed and force will seek their rocky fastnesses of despair to prey upon one another, and the breath of life will be breathed into the forms of dead industries, the wounds of liberty and justice will be healed and individual enterprises will stand upon its feet and be strong for the race before it."

"My friends, that glad day is close at hand. The first rosy glints of its dawn are already painting red the horizon of the future. Soon the sunshine of universal prosperity will drive away the gloom of trust glutony and corruption rapacity."

"To the democratic press I drink a toast: God give it strength to run the race, to fight the fight and win the victory. And when the victory is achieved, let the democratic press be remembered in the proclamation of thanksgiving!"

The candidates for United States senator are on edge these days. It is getting pretty close to the time when each must disclose his hand, and let the other fellows see whether they hold a royal, straight flush, or whether they were just simply bluffing.

Mr. George D. Meiklejohn has everything in readiness to save himself from drowning just when the contest gets darkest. He has a large assortment of robes de nuit, and plenty of cosmoline and matches.

The Jacksonian club banquet in Omaha was, from all reports, a grand success. Democracy is not dead nor will it perish. It has living principles, and will live because of such.

Mr. Lodge of Massachusetts devoted one whole day in the senate recently trying to convince the rest of the senators that an army of 100,000 would not be a menace but a blessing.

When the people get over the idea that the present only must be provided against, then there may come the time when sober judgment will be hearkened to.

Reorganization? Oh yes, we have heard somebody use that word. His name was Grover.

The word is forward, march, to victory on the platform of Kansas City.

There will be no turning back by the Bryan democracy.

Harrison Not in Line.
Des Moines Leader.
The speech made by General Harrison at Indianapolis on Monday night recalls those happy addresses which he delivered during the summer of 1888 and which convinced the republicans of the country that no mistake had been made in the choice of standard bearer. Benjamin Harrison, although for a long time forced to endure the gibe of grandfathers' hat, is now generally acknowledged to be the ablest living republican. It is therefore an event not to be belittled that he has turned his face squarely against the colonial policy of the present republican administration.

Hunters and Hunted.
Philadelphia Times.
Copying our Rooseveltian style of dubbing the Filipinos Malay pirates, our British cousins across the water are demanding that the boer guerrillas must be hunted down. This serves to fire the British heart at home, but it doesn't seem to have made much impression on the boer guerrillas in south Africa. In point of fact, they have recently displayed an inclination to do the hunting themselves, with more success than their British opponents care to admit.

A Problem of the Century.
Savannah News.
How to make the rich bear the burdens of government in proportion to their wealth and induce them to discharge obligations they owe to society is a problem that is awaiting solution. Its importance is not being overestimated by those who are calling attention to it. It is a problem that cannot be put aside. It will have to be solved, and with each year of the new century the necessity for its solution will become more imperative.

The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

He had hailed a passing boat to run him ashore, and it was one of the light skiffs with the double prow that the boys of Iceland use when they hunt among the rocks for eggs and down of the elder duck. Such, indeed though so late in the season, had that day been the work of the two lads whose boat he had chanced upon, and having dropped down to their side from the wailer with his few belongings—his long coat of Manx homespun over his arm, his seaman's boots across his shoulders, his English fowling piece in his hand and his pistol in his belt—he began to talk with them of their calling as one who knew it.

"Where have you been working, my lads?" said Jason.
"Out on Engy," said the elder of the boys.
"Found much?"
"Not today."
"Who cleans it?"
"Mother."

And at that a frown passed over Jason's face in the darkness. The boys were thinly clad, both were bare-legged and barefooted. Plainly they were brothers, one of them being less than twelve years of age, and the other as young as nine.
"What's your father?"
"Father's dead," said the lad.
"Where do you live with your mother?"
"Down on the shore yonder, below the silversmith's."

"The little house behind the Missions, in front of the vats?"
"Yes, sir, do you know about it?"
"I was born in it, my lad," said Jason sadly, and he thought to himself, "Then the old mother is dead."

But he also thought of his own mother, and her long years of worse than widowhood. "All that has yet to be paid for," he told himself with a cold shudder, and then he remembered that he had just revealed himself.

"See, my lads," he said, "there is a crown for you, and say nothing of who gave it you."
The little Icelandic capital twinkled low at the water's edge, and as they came near to it, Jason saw that there was a flare of torchlights and open fires, with dark figures moving busily before the glow where he looked for the merchant stores that had faced the sea.

"What's this?" he asked.
"The fort that the new governor is throwing up," said the boy.
Then through a number of smacks, some schooners, a brig, a coal hulk and many small boats, they ran in at the little wooden jetty that forked out over a reef of low rocks, and there some idlers who sat on casks under the lamp with their hands in their pockets and their skin caps squashed down on their foreheads seemed to recognize Jason as he landed.

"Lord bless me," said one, with a look of terror, "it's the dead come to life again."
"God-a-mercy me," said another, pausing with his snuff at his nose, "I could have sworn I fetched him a dead man out of the sea."

Jason knew them, but before they had so far regained their self-command as to hail him, he had faced about, though eager to ask any questions, and walked away. "Better not," he thought, and hurried on.

He took the high street towards the Inn, and then an irregular alley that led past the lake to a square in front of the Cathedral, and ended at a little house of basaltic blocks that nestled at its feet, for it was there he meant to lodge. It had been the home of a worthy couple whom he had known in the old days, caretakers of the Cathedral, and his mother's only friends in her last days. Old and feeble and very deaf that had both been then, and as he strode along in the darkness he wondered if he should find them still alive. He found them as he had left them; not otherwise changed than if the five years of his absence had been but five hours. The old man was still at the hearth chopping up some logs of driftwood, and the old woman was still at the table ironing her linen by the light of a rush candle. With uplifted hands and cries of wonderment they received him, and while he supped on the porridge and skyr that they set before him they talked and questioned.

"And where have you been this many a day?" said the old man.
"In England, Scotland, Denmark—many places," said Jason.
"Well they've buried you these four years and better," said the old man, with a grimace.
"Lord bless me, yes, love, and a cross over your grave too, and your name on it," said the old woman, with a look of awe.

"Who did that?" said Jason.
"Jogen Jorgensen," said the old man, grinning.
"It's next to your mother's, love. He did that, too, for when he heard that she was gone he repented," said the old woman.
"It's no good folks repenting when their bad work's done and done with," said the old man.

"That's who I say. There's them above that won't call it repenting. And see what has come of it," said the old woman.
"What?" said Jason.
"Why, he has gone. Didn't you know, love?" said the old woman.
"How gone?" said Jason. "Dead?"
"Worse disgraced—driven out of Iceland," said the old man.
Then an ugly smile crossed Jason's face. "It is the beginning," he thought.

"But the old mother is dead, is she not?" he said aloud.
"Your father's mother? Old Mother Orryson?" said the old woman.
"No such luck," the old man muttered. "Comes to service every morning the old sinner."

"But there's another family living in her house," said Jason.
"Oh, that's because she's past her work, and the new Governor keeps

her," said the old man. "No news of your father, though," he added, with a shrug, and then there was a silence for some minutes.
"Poor Rachel," said the old woman, presently. "Now there was a good creature. And, bless me, how she was wrapped up in her boy! I was just like that when I had my poor little Olaf. I never had but one child neither. Well, my lad," she said, dropping her flat iron and raising her apron, "you can say you had a good mother anyhow."

Jason finished his supper and went out into the town. All thoughts, save one thought, had been banished from his mind. Where was this Michael Sunlocks? What was he? How was he to be met with? "Better not ask," thought Jason. "Wait and watch."

And so he walked on. Dark as was the night, he knew every step of the way. The streets looked smaller and meaner than he remembered them, and yet they showed an unwonted animation. Oil lamps hung over many stalls, the stores were still open and people passed to and fro in the little busy throngs. Recalling that heavy quiet of that hour of the night five years ago, Jason said to himself, "The town has awakened from a long sleep."

To avoid the glaring of prying eyes, he turned down towards the bridge, passing the Deamery and the Bishop's Palace. There the streets were all but quiet as of old, the windows showed few lights, and the monotonous cime of the sea came up through the silence from the iron-bound shore. Yet, even there, from two houses, there were sounds of work. These were the Latory school and the jail. In the school a company of students was being drilled by a sergeant, whose words of command rang out in the intervals of snuffing feet.

"What does this mean?" said Jason to a group of young girls, who, with shawls over their heads, were giggling together in the darkness by the gate.
"It's the regiment started by the new Governor," said one of the girls.

"The new Governor again," thought Jason, and turned away.
From the jail there came a noise as of carpenters hammering.
"What are they doing there?" said Jason to a little tailor, who passed him on the street at that moment with his black leg on his back.

"Turning the jail into a house for the new Governor," said the tailor.
"Again the new Governor," said Jason, as he strode on by the tailor's side. "A stirring fellow, whoever he may be."
"That's true, young as he is," said the tailor.

"Is he then so young," said Jason, carelessly.
"Four or five and twenty, hardly more," said the tailor, "but with a headpiece fit for fifty. He has driven those Danish thieves out of old county. Why, you couldn't call your bread your own—no, nor your soul neither. Oh, a Daniel, sir—a young Daniel. He's too be married soon. She's staying with the old Bishop now. They say she's a foreigner."

"Who?" said Jason.
"Why, his wife that is to be," said the tailor. "Good-night, sir," he cried, and turned down an alley.

Then Jason remembered Greeba and the hot blood tingled in his cheeks. Never yet for an instant had it come to him to think that Michael Sunlocks and the new Governor were the same man, and that Greeba and his bride were one. But, telling himself that she might even then be in that little town, with nothing but the darkness hiding him from her sight, he shuddered at the near chance of being discovered by her, and passed on by the river towards the sea. Yet, being alone there, with only the wash of the waves for company, he felt his great resolve begin to pall, as a hundred questions rose to torment him. Suppose she were here, and they were to meet, dare he after all do that? Though she loved this man, could he still do that? Oh, was it not terrible to think of that he should cross the seas for that?

So, to put an end to the torture of such questionings, and escape from himself, he turned back from the shore to where the crowds looked thickets in the town. He went as he came, by the bank of the river, and when he was crossing the bridge some one shot past him on a horse. It was a man, and he drew up sharply at the Bishop's Palace, threw his reins over the pier of the gate, and bounded into the house with the light foot that goes with a light heart. "The new Governor," thought Jason, though he had seen him only as a shadow. "Who is he, I wonder?" he thought again, and with a sigh for his own condition within sight of this man's happiness he pushed heavily along.

Hardly had he got back into the town when he was seen and recognized, for with a whoop and a spring and a jovial oath a tipsy companion of former days came sweeping down upon him from the open door of a drinking-shop.

"What? Jason? Bless my soul! Come in! the fellow cried, embracing him; and to avoid the curious gaze of the throng that had gathered on the pavement Jason allowed himself to be led into the house.

"Well, God save us! So you're back! But I heard you had come. Old John Olafson told us. He was down at the jetty. Boys," the fellow shouted to a little company of men who sat drinking in the hotel parlor, "he's another Lazarus, came back from the dead."

"Here's to his good health, den," said a fat Dutch captain, who sat on the hearth, strumming a fiddle to tune it.

And while the others laughed and drank, a little deformed dwarf in a corner with an accordion between his twisted fingers began to play and sing.

"This is the last thing that should have happened," thought Jason, and with many excuses he tried to elbow his way out. But the tipsy comrade held him while he rattled on:
"Been away—foreign, eh? Married since? No? Then the girls of old Iceland are best, eh? What? Yes? And old Iceland's the fairest land the sun shines upon, eh? No? But, Lord bless me, what a mess you made of it by going away just when you did!"

At that Jason, while pushing his way through the throng, turned about with a look of inquiry.
"Didn't know it? What? That after the mother died old Jorgen went about looking for you? No? Wanted? Whq, to make a man of you, boy. Make you his son and the like of that, and not too soon either. And when he couldn't find you he took up with Michael Sunlocks."

"Michael Sunlocks?" Jason repeated, in a distant sort of voice.
"Just so; this precious new governor that wants to put down all the drinking."

"Yes. Put your nose out, boy; for that was the start of his luck."

Jason felt dizzy and under the hard tan of his skin his face grew white.
"You should know him, though. No? Well, after old Jorgen had quarreled with him, everybody said he was a kind of bastard brother of yours."

The reeking place had got hotter and hotter. It was now stifling, and Jason stubbed out into the street.
Michael Sunlocks was the new governor, and Michael Sunlocks was about to be married to Greeba. Thrice had this man robbed him of his blessing, standing in the place that ought to have been his; once with his father, once with Greeba, and once again with Jorgen Jorgensen.

He tried to reckon it all up, but do what he would he could not keep his mind from wandering. The truth had fallen upon him at a blow, and under his strong emotions his faculties seemed to be slain in a moment. He felt blind, and deaf, and unable to think. Presently, without knowing where he was going, but impelled by some blind force, and staggering along like a drunken man, he found himself approaching the Bishop's Palace.

"He is there," he thought; "the man who has stood in my place all his days; the man who has stripped me of every good thing in life. He is there, in honor, and wealth, and happiness; and I am here, a homeless outcast in the night. Oh, that I could do it now—now—now!"

But at that he remembered that he had never yet seen Michael Sunlocks, to know him from another man. "I must wait," he thought. "I must go to work cautiously. I must see him first, and watch him."

The night was then far spent towards midnight; the streets had grown quiet, the lights of the town no longer sent a yellow glare over the grass-clad housetops, and from a quiet sky the moon and stars shone out.

Jason was turning back toward his lodgings when he heard a voice that made him stand. It was a woman's voice singing, and it came with the undertones of some string instrument from the house in front of him. After a moment he pushed the gate open and walked across the little grass plat until he became beneath the only window from which a light still shone. There he stopped and listened, laying his hand on the sill to steady himself.

(To be Continued.)

A West Pointer as a Diplomat.
Arthur Sherburne Hardy, our new minister to Switzerland, is a graduate of West Point. He served in the Third artillery, traveled much, studied in France, was professor of civil engineering at Iowa college and Dartmouth, and wrote several successful novels and textbooks.

Sigsbee's First Thought.
Captain Sigsbee, who commanded the warship Maine when she was blown up in Havana harbor, was recently asked what was his first thought on realizing what had occurred. "To tell the truth," said the captain, "my first thought was—what will the newspapers say at home?"

The Quire Fined Himself.
John Hartman, justice of the peace at Millville, N. J., got into a wordy war with some visitors at his office and used language of the sulphurous variety. After the fuss was all over he asked the mayor for a warrant for his own arrest on the charge of disorderly conduct. "I caught myself redhanded," he said, "and why shouldn't I pay a fine like any other honest citizen? I'm an honest man, even if I am justice of the peace." A small fine was imposed.

A Little City in One Building.
The daily population of the Equitable building in New York is 3,100, and the mail averages about 18,000 pieces a day. Every forty-five minutes mail wagons run over from the post-office and carry back with them seventy-five pounds of outgoing mail.

Vermont Venison.
There were 111 deer killed in Vermont during the open season, which ended November 1. Last year ninety were reported killed in the brief ten days' season allowed, and in 1898, when the open season extended throughout October, 130 were killed.

To Test Election Laws.
Money is being subscribed, chiefly in Boston, Mass., to test in the supreme court of the United States the constitutionality of the election laws in Louisiana and North Carolina, which practically disfranchise the negroes of the two states. The total expense is expected to be about \$5,000.

Georgia's Real Daughters.
Georgia has within its borders four known real daughters of the American Revolution, they being Mrs. Olinia T. Way, Mrs. Martha Penn Rodgers, Mrs. Oliver P. Berry and Mrs. Mary Bibb Hall, each the daughter of a soldier who fought in the Continental army during the Revolutionary war.