



Fremont (Neb.) Leader: Every time Brother Hanna thinks of Tom Johnson he puts a new set of buffers on his senatorial boom.

Mt. Morris (Ill.) Democrat: It is error to say that King Alexander and Queen Draga were murdered. They were only benevolently assimilated.

Tarkio (Mo.) Independent: President Roosevelt's idea of publicity seems to be that it is a good thing so long as it does not injure the republican party.

Mesquite (Tex.) Mesquiter: In some of his late speeches President Roosevelt has been telling his hearers how to be a hero. Yes, and half the tramps touring the country can tell you how to get rich.

Allegan (Mich.) News: A number of republican papers are howling that their party must punish the traitors in the party. What's the matter with the people punishing the party by placing the democratic party in power?

Great Bend (Kas.) Democrat: An exchange says "the boom for Grover Cleveland was taken out of cold storage too soon." Yes, and it has already been out too long. Put it back, you republicans; it smells bad already.

Seward (Neb.) Independent-Democrat: The republican papers haven't had time to boost Grover Cleveland's candidacy for at least a couple of weeks now. They are too busy apologizing for the scandals in the post-office department.

Fremont (Neb.) Leader: The Philippine commission will make the opium business a monopoly and sell it to the highest bidder. This, we presume, is another step in the process of conferring the benefits of our Christian civilization on the heathens.

Salinas (Cal.) Journal: Every trust in the country is echoing Mr. Hanna's campaign cry of "Hands off!" Mr. Hanna's campaign cries seem always acceptable to the men who profit by legislative graft. The cry has become so familiar that it will fool no one.

Whitewright (Tex.) Sun: Grover Cleveland denied that he is not seeking the democratic nomination. Since two negatives are equivalent to a positive, the fisherman is undoubtedly out after the prize, but even his closest friends do not dare to hope that he will land it.

Clay City (Ind.) Democrat: There once was a western pioneer who expended his entire capital fencing his claim and had nothing left with which to put in a crop. The nation which spends all its surplus preparing for a possible war is likely to be in the same predicament.

Rochester (Ind.) Sentinel: The big republicans who are being put out of office and indicted for general rascality in the postal service are not losing any sleep that any one has heard of. They saw how it went with Neeley and Rathbone in the Cuban steals and they know they will not be prosecuted enough to hurt.

Gainesville (Fla.) Sun: It appears that the very name of Perry Heath prevented an investigation of apparent irregularities in the New York postoffice. Evidently the officials knew that they could not avoid a scandal if they attempted to investigate the actions of this illustrious member of the republican national committee.

Hastings (Mich.) Journal: The

money that has been expended for the subjugation of the Philippines would have built at least five lines of great freight railroads from the Pacific to the Atlantic. It is worse than the waste of five hundred million dollars; it has been a criminal expenditure of money drawn from the American taxpayers.

Crowley (Kas.) Signal: The spectacle of Honorable Perry S. Heath, secretary of the republican national committee, compiler of its two last campaign books, sometime assistant postmaster general, and backer of Neeley, Rathbone and others of that ilk, posing as an injured victim of political prosecution is enough to jar the back teeth out of a cigar sign Indian.

Thayer (Mo.) Tribune: Cleveland has denied with a great show of indignation the alleged interview in which he was quoted as saying that he was not a candidate for president. His denial is generally accepted as an announcement that he will be a candidate. He has not informed the public what ticket he will run on. In view of the fact that he supported the republican ticket in the last two campaigns, perhaps he intends to try honors with Teddy.

Sigourney (Ia.) Review: During all the talk of postoffice officials becoming rascals, does any one believe who stops to consider that the dirt and corruption is all in that department. Lift the lid and you will undoubtedly find similar transactions in all departments. "There have been too many hangers-on to be taken care of—something had to be done—places had to be found and if no other way they were made for the convenience of the men demanding recognition."

Mexico (Mo.) Intelligencer: The Intelligencer has been disgusted at the large amount of tommy-rot giving Cleveland's alleged candidacy for the presidency. Of course Cleveland has been willing to have the mugwump press advocate his candidacy, it being human nature that he should enjoy the nice things said about him by the reorganizers. Now that the boom has been punctured, we are not surprised to see these words from the ex-president: "It is perfectly absurd to suppose I have any desire to re-enter public life."

Merkel (Tex.) Mail: Nothing could be more heart rending than the recent statement from the war department that ten officers and seventy-three enlisted men have killed themselves in the Philippines because of homesickness. This all comes of our imperialistic tendencies, or, rather, the greed for conquest. The profits of "benevolent assimilation" and exploitation are piling up thick and fast, and in our efforts to Christianize (God forgive the word) the Filipinos we are falling into the brutal methods of inhuman warfare ruthlessly waged.

Honesdale (Pa.) Herald: Mark A. Hanna in his speech reminded his hearers of Roosevelt's promise to carry out McKinley's policy and Hanna says he has done so. It is well known that during McKinley's administration most of the great trusts were formed. Does Mr. Hanna want to have it understood that President Roosevelt is in favor of the trusts and his prosecutions thus far are only a farce? Hanna certainly insinuates as much. He is chairman of the national republican committee and his sympathy with the trusts is well understood.

As to Fishing.

Wearied by business cares, tired even of the hurrying life that we so dearly love, and with brain dulled and deadened by the strain of concentration incident to the struggle for existence, we leave it all and go—a-fishing.

And in the first week of our new life, with the stream's melody for our twilight lullaby and sunrise reveille; with the sweet airs of the forest permeating every vein and bringing new vigor and energy; with the divine peace that is the heritage of all those who love to go a-fishing—we are led to say that, after all, this outdoor life or freedom is the ideal existence and determine nevermore to return to the worries and struggles of the other world.

But mark a change. This sort of thing is all very well for a few weeks, perhaps, but we soon find ourselves ready to leave the privations of the camp and return to the flesh-pots of Egypt; ready to plunge again into the wild but fascinating whirl of the life we knew before we pitched our tent upon the banks of this merry stream.

To be out of the world is to be forgotten—and that hurts man's pride. Once having known the exhilaration of wielding power there is forever afterward the yearning to again be in command. Forgetfulness of one who has been in power and is deposed is a distinguishing characteristic of the American people. There is little time for the worship of former heroes—the hero of the moment demands all our attention. And this is far from satisfactory to the one deposed. The American atmosphere gives birth and nourishment to a desire for power, not temporarily, but permanent power—and our history furnishes few instances of men who have been able to conquer this powerful influence of Americanism.

It is not strange, therefore, that Mr. Cleveland should have grown weary of the quiet and solitude of retirement; that he should have found himself thoroughly refreshed after a period of rest on the banks of the domestic stream; and that he should long to elevate himself from the depths of the sea of oblivion to his former high position of power and honor. Having once been the "man of the hour," a man will never be content to be anything else for very long at a time. The poison of political preferment, having once entered the blood, cannot be eradicated.

It is not strange, then, that Mr. Cleveland, seeing no candidate upon the democracy's horizon, should modestly start his ship out upon the political sea, announcing to the world a pleasure cruise but secretly hoping that the political breezes may blow his craft into the harbor of national honor in which it once rode so gayly.

However the public may take Mr. Cleveland's candidacy, there is little reason to doubt that he takes it seriously—and that is really what makes it so ludicrous.

The layman may laugh—but every fisherman knows just how Mr. Cleveland feels and will tell you that he is in dead earnest.

Mr. Cleveland's devotion to the rod has not been in vain. It has taught him care and discretion. The skilled angler does not break through the brush and immediately send his cast to the center of the pool. He creeps carefully and noiselessly to a point of vantage and with consummate cleverness and skill tests with his flies the edges of the pool before sending them to their last and most important work. Mr. Cleveland has learned these little tricks of the gentle art, and he knows how to apply them to the greater efforts of life.

Mark the soft manner in which he breaks through the brush and stands revealed almost before we realize

what is happening. Note his delicate testing of the edges of the pool and how carefully he watches for that upheaval of the deep waters which denotes that his flies have been seen. Observe how adroitly he draws away his cast for the moment, nor suffers to disturb the peaceful depths where the quarry lies. Notice how exasperatingly he arouses curiosity and makes the big trout wonder what became of that luscious miller that a moment before flashed on the surface.

These are some of the wiles of the fisherman—and the politician.

All in good time the cast will be made.

But when that time comes there will be no wild sweep from the depths of the pool.

The dweller in them is a wary fellow—and he has seen that bait before. He recognizes it.

He has felt the prick of its steel—and he will not again be tempted.

And after the cast that failed the fisherman will sit down upon the quiet bank and remark, between pipe-whiffs, just as many an angler has remarked in the past:

"I was sure I'd get one out of that pool!"—St. Joseph Gazette.

Columbus' Log Book.

A Murphysboro, Ill., dispatch to the Kansas City Journal under date of June 19 says:

A book in script, on parchment, purporting to be the secret log book of Christopher Columbus on his great voyage of discovery, is in possession of Frank Reeves, a resident of Murphysboro, living at 108 South Fourth street.

This book is a record of the events and of the secret hopes and fears of the great navigator on his first voyage across the Atlantic. The record begins when the fleet of three small vessels left Palos, Spain, August 3, 1492, and continues complete until the two vessels that returned from the New World were caught in a terrific storm about 200 miles west of the Azores.

At this stage of the voyage, when Columbus and his crew had given up all hope of weathering the gale, the last entrance is made that the secret log was placed in a secure box and cast overboard, in the hope that it might reach the shores of Europe and be picked up and the people would thereby learn the cruel fate which had overtaken the great discoverer and his crew.

It is written in quaint language, and the orthography is that of 400 years ago. It gives a vivid description of the discovery and of the disappointment of Columbus when he failed to find either gold or spices on the tropical islands which he visited.

Mr. Reeves received the book from an old German family in Cincinnati several years ago. He has been offered a handsome price for the book.

The Senator's Share.

Senator Tillman tells of an old ducky in his employ that he once permitted to make use of certain land for farming purposes, on condition that the ducky should give to the senator one-fourth of the crop raised.

At the harvesting of the crop the senator was amazed to find that the ducky had not kept his part of the agreement, for, while he hauled away three wagon loads of produce, he had not sent a single one to the senator's barn. Tillman called the negro's attention to the fact that he had taken the entire crop, asking:

"Now, how's that, Zeb? Wasn't I to receive a fourth of the crop?"

"You was, Massa Tillman, you was," excitedly exclaimed the ducky; "but dere's only three loads, sah, only three loads!"—New York Times.