

POLITICS OF THE DAY

A MANLY MAN.

It is every day becoming plainer that the gold forces recognize William J. Bryan as the most formidable candidate that could have been placed in the presidential race. Aside from the wonderful strength given the Democratic party by its fearless declaration for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, the unassailable character of Mr. Bryan both as a statesman and a citizen makes him the nominee upon whom all eyes are fixed.

The opposition is laying much stress upon the youth of the Nebraska man, yet therein lies his great power to win the support of the majority of the voters. His nomination marks a new era in the history of the country. It writes the word "manly" to a period that covers more than thirty years. The war heroes have passed by and the nation is glad to turn to a leader who represents the union of North and South, and who champions a cause that affects the prosperity of all the people. Mr. Bryan was only five years old when the civil strife ended, and the events that have been personal experiences to the men who have occupied the White House since Lincoln's time are a stirring part of a

But the new departure of the Democratic party assumes to be the voice of the downtrodden and oppressed many against the aristocratic assumptions of the few, against the special privileges enacted into law, by which during the past few decades the wealth of this great country has largely drifted into the hands of a few, who corner it and make financial panics or bond speculations at will.—Cleveland (Ohio) Recorder.

A Word to the Deserters.

The right of any man to shake the dust from his feet and depart from the Democratic party at any time is denied by nobody. A political organization is a consorting together of persons aiming at the same ends and purposes of public policy. If a member changes his mind he has full liberty to betake himself elsewhere, whether he will. But he has no moral right to assume that his act of secession has so changed both his own nature and that of his former associates as to elevate him away above the equal level they all formerly occupied, and to depress them relatively in the same degree. In other words, he assumes any airs of new superiority with a bad grace; and

we will serve the Lord!—New York News.

Republicans and the Income Tax.

The McKinleyite organs and politicians are doing their best to dodge the income-tax issue in the present campaign. They know that the law providing for a 2 per cent. tax on incomes, which was enacted by the Democrats in 1894, was one of the most popular measures which ever passed through Congress. They know that the people are tired of a tax system which collects public revenue from the goods used by the masses, and that the injustice of tariff taxes are now everywhere understood. And they know very well that in the public mind the tariff stands for restrictions on beneficial trade; for heavier taxes on the poor than on the rich; the creation of protected monopolies and trusts. At the same time it is evident to even the dull brains of McKinley shouters that a tax levied on the superfluous incomes of the owners of great wealth is one which a large majority of the voters want.

Of course it would never do for true believers in the theory that taxes on imports are good because they make things dear, to favor a system which relieves them of taxation. The Republican party depends for its very existence on the funds contributed by the trusts and manufacturing monopolies. These, in turn, depend for their enormous profits on the favors given them by protection. Without the tariff the corrupt alliance of plutocrats and politicians would go to pieces.

There will be registered this year about 15,000,000 voters. If every man

REPUBLICAN IDEA OF FINANCE.



OPPOSED TO INCOME TAX, BUT INTEREST MUST BE PAID IN GOLD. The man with SMALL income, who pays BIG interest and taxes. The man with GREAT income, who RECEIVES big interest and pays small taxes.

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

written history to him. With the exception of Mr. Cleveland, every president since William J. Bryan's childhood has served in the field of battle. Four years hence, when the next term of office as chief executive of the United States shall be concluded, all the active business of the country will be in the hands of the new generation. Citizens of the great republic who were voters before the war will be aged men. These veterans in politics will have surrendered their places to successors who are contemporaries of the man now opposed because he has not numbered two score years.

As a type of this latter day, no man could be more representative than Mr. Bryan. Born of parents who stood as the best examples of American citizenship, he was given the opportunities that belong to every boy reared in this great country. He inherited with his extraordinary intellectual talents a patriotism that became the keynote of his ambitions. Realizing the full meaning of the opportunity called life, he has steadily held the highest aspirations and patiently performed the every-day duties that came to him. Accepting his talents as a sacred trust, he has always made the best use of them. Winning many laurels as a statesman before he had reached the thirties, he never realized that he had achieved more than most men. He simply appreciated the responsibilities put upon them and tried to discharge them for the good of the people and not for the acquirement of personal fame.

With the warmest sympathy in humanity in general, and having experienced all the financial struggles that come to the man who has his way to make, he is in the closest touch with the people. Yet the real secret of his power does not lie in this fact. Mr. Bryan still retains the high ideals of youth, the abiding faith in the destiny of the nation, the vivid apprehension of the possibilities encompassing each individual. When he speaks, his words are the outpouring of earnest thought and sincere conviction. Being true to himself, the man who has been acknowledged the finest orator of the day lifts up and inspires all who come under his influence.

Since acts are the outgrowth of thoughts, Mr. Bryan's biography is an honorable record, in which no one can find any unworthy pages. The American people will do credit to themselves and to their country by electing him president.—Denver Sun.

Revolutionary? Yes. Why Not?

Of course this movement is revolutionary. All movements are revolutionary that attempt to make a struggle against the status quo, against "the going scheme." Of course it contains some error. All such movements do,

if he has abusive things to say, or even to insinuate, concerning his former comrades, he undertakes in doing so a perilous adventure. For retort and reply are sure to come, and the final judgment of mankind invariably favors the mass and not the straggling individual.

Certain Democrats who have been high in their party's councils, and have been overwhelmed by it with honors, have lately seen fit to go out of our camp and to indulge in offensive declarations as to the conduct and motives of the great multitude they have left behind. They claim to be "honest," to be "sound," to be "honorable." They consider it their privilege to say that those with whom they disagree are "Anarchists," "rabble," "enemies of society." If their zeal will allow them to reflect, they will see that in all this they are acting unwisely. The bandying of epithets does not advance any cause. Furthermore, it is an exercise which all can indulge in.

We would, therefore, caution these distinguished renegades to go slow. We have no desire to quarrel needlessly with them. We look to them to go their way, to lie down on the resting place they may find and prefer. In the noble language of Jefferson, we hold them "enemies in war, in peace friends." We shall not copy nor follow them. We shall not suffer them to continue to insult their former brethren; but beyond that we do not care to encounter them. Let them go in peace. In the words of the pious old patriarch of Scripture, who contemplated around him confusion, treachery and dishonor, and who had resource but in the old faith he had so long professed, we can only exclaim: "As for us and our house,

who will be benefited by the adoption of an income tax, or some other form of direct taxation instead of the unjust and oppressive protective tariff, will vote according to his interests the Democratic candidates would be elected by more than 14,000,000 majority.

Why Not?

We use more silver than gold in our every day business. Why shouldn't silver be a standard money as well as gold? A silver dollar has sixteen times as many grains of silver as a gold dollar has grains of gold. Why shouldn't the ratio in value be made standard as well as the ratio in weight? We have different standards of dry measure, of linear measure, etc., and the value of a bushel is in a ratio to the value of a quart of any product. Why cannot we have a double standard of values? Why can we not make the value of so many grains of silver a fixed ratio to so many grains of gold, call each a dollar, and compel the coinage of the two precious metals to adhere to this standard or ratio. The preciousness of gold to silver is about as one to sixteen, estimating from the respective quantities of each mined.

The 'Crown of Gold' This Time.

The St. Louis convention, in forming its alliance with the feudal classes of Europe, in antagonism to the industrial classes in the United States, vainly decorated its leader with a crown of gold and placed in his hands the sceptre of the taxing power; but they calculated at too low a value the spirit of the American people when they undertook to rivet the chains of monopoly upon them and to load them with the burdens of taxation under the McKinley plan.—Senator Morgan, of Alabama.



IF THE DRESS AND THE HAIR WERE SIMILAR. The artists find a remarkable resemblance of Bryan to Washington in the prominent lines of the face.

PERSONAL Tidbits

The Queen of England has never seen the house of commons in session.

Mrs. Garfield's income is \$21,000—\$16,000 from the fund raised by Cyrus W. Field and \$5,000 from Congress.

Rudyard Kipling's present ambition is said to be to serve as a war correspondent. The next big war will take him into the field.

Albert Curtis, 89 years old, is the only living selectman of Worcester when that city was a town. He has seen the city grow from 2,000 to 100,000.

Eunice Smith, of Lake View, N. H., undoubtedly holds the clover record of New England with forty-one four-leaf, fourteen five-leaf, and one seven-leaf.

Ex-Consul Waller intends to make his permanent home in Kansas City, and will become the editor of the American Citizen, formerly the property of C. H. J. Taylor.

A "beauty book" is in course of preparation in London. Among the portraits it will contain will be one of Mrs. George Curzon, formerly Miss Leiter, of Washington, D. C.

Andrew Carnegie has sent a check for \$1,000 to the Oyster Bay free library. Mr. Carnegie has been interested in this institution for some time and has made several donations to it.

Gen. Booth, commander of the Salvation Army, conducted a week's crusade in Berlin with a degree of success which the Salvation Army has never heretofore been able to achieve in Germany.

The Japanese are up to date in the sciences. A series of sixteen reproductions of photographs obtained by means of Roentgen rays has been issued by Prof. Y. Yamaguchi and T. Mizuno, of Tokio University.

George Welch, a New York florist, who has had his entire tongue removed, although there is not a vestige of that organ left, is still able to converse almost as naturally as before the operation, and still retains the sense of taste.

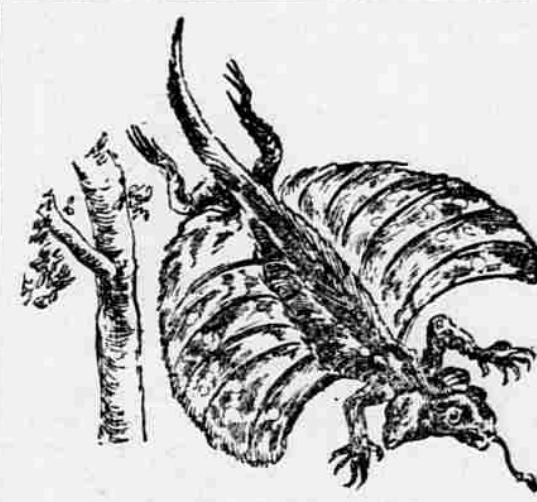
Dr. Conan Doyle has been speaking in London, and has been telling his auditors how much he owes to Sir Walter Scott and Lord Macaulay, a queer combination, to which, he says, he is indebted for the inspiration of his romantic stories.

THE FLYING DRAGON.

A Lizard with Aeroplane and Balloon Attachment.

The flying dragon is one of the freaks of mammalia. It is nothing more than a lizard that is fitted out with a skin aeroplane like the flying squirrels. It is not adjusted in quite the same way, but it amounts to about the same thing, and enables the lizard that enjoys it to take long, soaring leaps from tree to tree. It sails ninety or 100 feet in this way with apparent ease. Not only does the dragon use his aeroplane, but he seems to have a balloon combination, for he puffs up three pouches of the thin skin that are placed under his neck when he starts on a flight. When he alights he lets the air out.

One of the most interesting things about the flying dragon (Draco volans) is the supposition that he is the cousin of some monster flying lizard that lingered on earth until after the arrival of men, and so gave a historic basis for the fiery and hideous dragon which figures in the folklore or mythology of nearly all peoples. The dragon of fancy



FLYING DRAGON.

could hardly have been built up from the creature in the picture, for he is only a few inches long in real life, and possesses an extremely mild and affectionate disposition. He is very easily tamed.

HOUSES IN THE TREE-TOPS.

The Indians of Guiana Build Beyond the Reach of Floods.

Interest in the Guiana country naturally centers about the most fertile region, that which commands the mouth of its great waterway. As you approach the Orinoco from the Gulf of Para you will see that picturesque sight to which Humboldt refers in his travels, "innumerable fires in the tall palm trees"—the dwelling-places of the peaceful Guaraunos.

The legend that this strange tribe of Indians, once the masters of the Orinoco, live in trees the entire year, results from the great annual rise of the Orinoco. At Ciudad Bolivar, three hundred miles up, this amounts sometimes, in a contracted place, to ninety feet. On the broader delta it is always sufficient to cover islands and low ground; therefore the inhabitants very wisely build their houses well above the ground. For this purpose four tall palm trees are selected, and the crosspieces which form the foundation for the houses are lashed to the main support by pieces of a tough vine indigenous to the delta. Upon these is laid the flooring, and then the sides and roof are thatched with large palm leaves, to which the Indians have given the poetic name of "feather-of-the-sun."

There are many advantages which this particular palm leaf possesses over others of the same family, the principal

one being its similarity to asbestos in the quality of resisting fire. In the location of his house the Guarauno takes another wise precaution in building, and it is one that carries with it a lesson for the government under whose sovereignty he lives.—Century.

AFRAID OF TWO CORPSES.

An Experience of Burns, Who Guards Millions Across the Continent.

Col. J. H. Burns, of San Francisco, has guarded so much government gold across the continent that he could not count it in a lifetime—not if the sixty-five years he has already spent on earth were doubled. The sum amounts into the hundreds of millions. Only last week he arrived in New York in charge of a Wells-Fargo express car in which \$1,000,000 of gold and \$45,000 in silver was packed for transfer from the sub-treasury in San Francisco to the sub-treasury in New York. The schedule of such a trip is always kept a profound secret, to avert robbery. For thirty years Burns has been engaged in this work, and in one year alone—1885—he guarded over \$40,000,000 in gold and silver from the Golden Gate to Washington.

"Did the robbers ever bother you?" the colonel was asked. "I never lost a cent of all the millions entrusted to my care," said he, in a quiet sort of way—not with any suggestion of self-laudation, but in a tone intended simply to let the facts be known. "But I was badly scared one time while traveling

from Kansas City to St. Louis on the 'Frisco road. Two corpses frightened me—not because they were corpses, but because I was afraid they weren't. I can't say what made me suspicious, but I expected to see the sides of those rough boxes flap down any moment and a couple of robbers come rolling out with revolvers in their hands. I sat watching those boxes for many weary hours with a carbine across my knee and a brace of revolvers near at hand. But after all it turned out they were mere enough corpses." The colonel is a dead shot—one of the best in the California National Guard, with which he has been connected since he ended his service in the civil war.

Probably it is true that some men have by nature a peculiar power over wild animals, and it is matter of common experience that animals sometimes strike up sudden friendships with persons they have never seen before. An extreme instance of this kind is described by a military correspondent of the New York Sun.

Perhaps of all the wild animals that may be at least partially civilized or tamed, the Rocky Mountain lion or catamount offers the least promise; and yet in the writer's experience one specimen was as gentle and docile as human kindness could make him.

He followed his master around like a dog, obeying every wish or nod, but would allow no other person to approach him with offers of kindness or anything else.

This creature was a full-grown mountain lion, that for some strange reason had taken a fancy to a Cheyenne Indian. Whether in camp, on the prairie, or in the post, the brute could always be seen quietly following the Indian, but he would never leave his master's heels for any reason except at his master's bidding.

Often would he accompany the buck into the post trader's store, where his entrance was the signal for all dogs to get out and for bipeds not acquainted with the situation to lose no time in taking to the counters.

The officers of the post finally persuaded the Indian to part with his pet for a consideration, and the lion, after being securely caged, was shipped as a present to the National Museum at Washington.

Bulow's Marvelous Memory. I have referred to Bulow's astonishing feat of memorizing Kiel's concerto, which the man who wrote it could not accompany without notes. His accuracy was almost infallible. He was once rehearsing a composition of Liszt's for orchestra, in that composer's presence, without notes. Liszt interrupted to say that a certain note should have been played piano. "No," replied Bulow; "it is sforzando." "Look and see," persisted the composer. The score was produced. Bulow was right. How everybody did applaud! In the excitement one of the brass-wind players lost his place. "Look for a b-flat in your part," said Bulow, still without his notes. "Five measures further on I wish to begin."—Century.

French Law as to Burial. French law requires that a body shall be buried within forty-eight hours after death, unless it is embalmed.

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HOW THEY FIGURED IT OUT.

Mrs. Harkins Proves that Marriage Has Not Been a Financial Failure.

Harkins had covered the backs of two or three envelopes with figures and had begun on the third, says the Detroit Free Press, when Mrs. Harkins looked up from her sewing and asked: "What are you figuring out there?" "Oh, nothing much." "Well, it takes a good many figures to figure out nothing. What's it all about?"

"Oh, it don't amount to anything. I was just making a kind of calculation."

"About what?" "Well, if you must know, I was just figuring out how much I'd in all probability be worth to-day if I hadn't married and gone to rearing a family."

"Humph! S'pose you think you'd been a millionaire?" "No; but from the way I figure it out, I'd been worth a cool fifty thousand or so. Not that I regret marrying and, doing my duty by rearing a family and all that. Not at all, when—"

"How old were you when I took pity on you and married you, Sam Harkins?" "Why, you know that I was 35."

"And how long had you been in receipt of a good, comfortable salary?" "Well, about twelve years."

"And you'd no one to support but yourself in all that time?" "Well, no, I—"

"And how much did you have saved up when we were married?" "Hang it all, Maria, you're always—"

"How much, Sam? I'm doing a little figuring in my head, and I want to know."

"You know as well as I do." "Yes, I do. Sam Harkins, you didn't have money enough to last you through our wedding trip, that's what you didn't have. And I had to loan you \$20 before we got home, because—"

"You're always flinging that in my face!" "It's a good time to fling it in your face when you sit right down before me and try to figure out how much you'd had to-day if you hadn't married me. It took you ten years to pay off your bachelor debts after we were married, and you'd been in the poor-house to-day if I hadn't married you and helped you to get rid of some of your fast habits. You've got a roof of your own over your head, and are a fairly respectable and respected citizen, which you wouldn't have been if you hadn't married; I can tell you that!"

And the galling part of this statement was that it was true.

Unique Way of Living. Odd and remunerative avenues of employment are constantly being opened up in Cincinnati. Here is one of the latest:

A competent stenographer, who arrived from England a year ago, was unable to find work. One day, while reading the brief notices in the daily papers of the obsequies of a distinguished citizen, he was struck by the scant mention of "the touching and eloquent tribute to the memory of the deceased" delivered by the officiating clergyman.

He attended the next funeral at one of the swell churches, getting well down to the front of the church, where he took a full stenographic report of the prayer and "eloquent tribute." A few days later he appeared at the home of the widow with a neatly typewritten copy of both prayer and sermon. He suggested that she would, no doubt, like to preserve, as a souvenir of the dear departed, the truthful and eloquent review of his life, so beautifully given on the occasion of his obsequies.

The widow was deeply impressed, and almost bent a willing ear to the suggestion that a dozen or more copies would be a suitable remembrance to send to absent relatives or near and dear friends. The young man was willing to furnish twenty copies of the sermon and prayer for \$100. The widow, who was not supposed to know anything about the cost of typewriting, thought this a most reasonable offer.

This was the commencement of a prosperous business. The stenographer has been so busy at times as to require two assistants. He recently attended a swell wedding and took down the remarks of the officiating divine at the wedding breakfast. The parents of the bride gave a liberal order for copies, and private wedding reports will now be a regular feature of his business. To this end he has employed a young man of good social standing who can secure cards of admission to swell social functions.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Jim Tucker's Cold Meal. Jim Tucker, of White Top, N. C.; and Frank Edmiston, who lives a few miles across the Virginia line, had trouble some time ago, and as usual it resulted in a shooting affray. Tucker shot Edmiston, the bullet taking effect in the latter's leg. He had the doctors cut the bullet out and saved it, declaring that some day he would make Tucker eat it. Recently the men met and Edmiston got the drop on his late assailant. Then, making him throw his hands in the air, Edmiston took the bullet and put it in Tucker's mouth and made him swallow it. Edmiston jumped on his horse and rode back to his mountain home, apparently satisfied.—St. Louis Republic.

Never Did. Flasher—So Easewan's dead, eh? Poor fellow! How did he die? Dumbleton—Without a struggle.

Flasher—I might have known it; he never was known to exert himself.—Richmond Dispatch.

Rare White Wild Geese. A white wild goose was recently shot at Mathews Island, Maine. It is said that these species of geese are very rare and quite valuable.