

### THE CONFESSION.

Once I was a youngster happy,  
Not a shred of care I knew;  
Mirth was ever on the tapis,  
Winged with joy the moments flew.  
If I had a heart it never  
Was the kind inclined to "love,"  
And the meaning of "forever"  
Was a thing I dreamed not of.

How I scorned my cousin Polly!  
"Nothing but a girl!" I said;  
How I mocked at melancholy,  
Moony, spongy brother Ned!  
But the height of my abhorrence  
Was a chap who went around,  
Quoting verses to "his Florence,"  
With his eyes upon the ground.

Woe for all my olden revels!  
Mirth and joy—alack a day!  
Now I dance with the "blue devils"  
If she looks the other way.  
She!—my heart is limp as vellum  
When I touch her tiny glove,  
And there haunts my cerebellum  
"Love forever"—ever "love!"

But—(O direst alteration!)  
(Awful irony of fate)  
I, who from exalted station  
Made such mockery but late,  
Now—(and this my pen rehearses  
With abatement most profound),  
Love to wander, quoting verses,  
With my eyes upon the ground.  
—Detroit Free Press.

### MY OWN DECEASE.

Although undoubtedly I had been very ill, I am by no means certain of my facts at about this time; so whether I was a victim of a little too much indulgence in the flowing bowl, or of a lively imagination, or of a hypnotic trance, I really cannot say, anyway, one morning I seemed to be conscious that I was talking with a demon, who sat by my bedside. He was a very pleasant sort of fellow and not bad looking, but somehow I knew that he was a demon.

"Would you like to hear what they are saying about you and go to your own funeral?" he asked pleasantly.

"People generally do attend that ceremony personally," I suggested; then after a moment's reflection, I asked: "Am I dead, then?"

"Of course. Did you not know it?" "If I did it must have escaped my memory," I replied imperturbably.

"Well, you are dead, but I will give you the remarkable power of going among your family in the spirit and invisible to them."

"That's very kind of you, but I've heard you people seldom perform services for nothing. What recompense do you require?"

"None. The penalty you will pay will be sufficient reward to me."

"What penalty?"

"To see yourself as others see you, and hear what they say of you."

My friend then dematerialized himself into thin pale air, and the next moment I was gliding noiselessly down the stairs.

I should explain to you that I am an orphan, without parents, but a member of a large family; sisters, brothers, cousins and all the rest of it. I happen to have more money than any of the others, and have hitherto been much sought after on account of my excellent personal qualities. I am not married. Well, the fact is, I am of a rather retiring disposition, and not having yet come across a girl who would help me out with the preliminaries, I had not found courage to take the fatal plunge. My eldest sister, Priscilla, had therefore been keeping house for me.

I passed easily through the closed parlor door without opening it, which was very convenient, and found myself, unseen by them, in the midst of relatives from different parts of the country. They were waiting breakfast for some important person who had not yet made his appearance. I was foolish enough to think it might be myself and sat down in my customary seat at the foot of the table, but of course, no one saw me. I had forgotten for the moment that I was a dematerialized spirit. Soon, however, the door opened and the important individual entered the apartment. It was my eldest brother Tom. Now I began to understand. He was my executor and residuary legatee. He represented me, the late Crawley Slowquicker, Esq., deceased, hence all the court and deference paid to him. This was absurd, you know, for a bigger fool never lived.

Well, he made straight for my chair, and sat down where I was sitting! This was stepping into my shoes with a vengeance—actually usurping the same place occupied by my disembodied spirit. Tom was a bulky fellow, and I felt the affront. Besides, wishing better to watch the proceedings, I got up quickly and sat behind my chair.

Two things especially attracted my attention, and somewhat shocked me. In the first place, Priscilla's presiding seemed more lavish than under my regime, and in the second, I was struck by the happiness and gaiety of the whole company. This was calculated to take my family down a few pegs, for I had fondly imagined that my death would plunge my entire family in the uttermost depths of despair. But it hadn't!

"I never like going into black," Priscilla was saying in her even tones to Aunt Gwen, "it's so very unlucky."

"I don't mind the change at all," said Aunt Gwen, "the color just suits me, you know. But I really can't tell what orders to give, not knowing how I am provided for."

"That's as good as asking," said Tom, with one of his horrible laughs which I used to consider so hearty. "A nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse. I suppose the regular thing is to read the will after the funeral, but as it's all among ourselves it doesn't matter, and I'll read it to all directly after breakfast."

Then they started talking about their late relation, Crawley Slowquicker, and the things I heard about myself positively astonished me.

They were all sadly deficient in the bump of reverence, and I found that not one of them entertained that respect and affection for me of which I had imagined they were all possessed. Now I fully realized the truth of my friend the demon's words. It was a dreadful penalty to pay, a sad mortification to hear what they said of me, and to see myself as others saw me.

"Well, of course," my cousin Vernon said, responding to some remark in a virtuously deprecatory tone. "Of course, de mortuis nil nisi bonum, and all that sort of thing, you know; but I can't help saying that Crawley was always mean—horribly mean!"

Confound the fellow! And this was a man to whom I had left \$500, forgiving him all the money he owed me which was as good as loubing the legacy!

"No, no; not mean," Tom answered, and I blessed him for those words, but he spoiled it all by adding, "A bit careful, you know."

"Ah, I should think so," says Priscilla. "You would hardly believe it, but it's a fact he never allowed me money enough to keep house decently."

Of course, this was not true, as you may imagine. She was always wanting more money, and yet it never succeeded in purchasing anything remarkable. And this was my sister Priscilla, whom I had always thought so affectionate, so entirely devoted to me. Oh, it was too horrible.

These three were my principal legatees. If I had only known sooner! But how was that possible?

I knew what I would do. I had made up my mind—and having no body, I was all mind now—I would go at once to my solicitor's, and have a codicil drawn up while there was yet time. But say, there was no time; it was too late. I had quite forgotten that I was only a poor ghost, a dematerialized spirit, and that old idiot, Sharpshaw, was so wedded to routine and old-fashioned custom that he would certainly regard a posthumous testament as informal, and as I was invisible he would treat my signature as null and decidedly void.

When next I turned toward my amiable and disinterested family circle, I perceived that the breakfast things had been removed, and Tom Slowquicker sat in the armchair with my will spread out before him.

"There's some one missing," he said, looking around him magisterially; "who is it?"

"Only my sister Minnie," Vernon remarked casually. "I went to her this morning, but she's so upset about his death that she feels quite ill, and could not come down to breakfast."

"Don't be absurd," said Priscilla; "why, she never gave him so much as a civil word." Then, sotto voce to her brother, "And that's what has upset her, I expect. She is afraid she has spoiled her chances of a legacy."

Oh, that spiteful Priscilla! If I could only alter my will! But it was too late, for here was my executor standing, or rather sitting, in my place. At least, there was one thing I could do: I would find my friend the demon and see if arrangements could not be made for haunting them!

But these precious words about Minnie had sent balm into my tortured spirit, so that my incorporate heart throbbed, shaking the venetians, and Tom asked where the draft came from. I would go to her at once, so I traversed the closed door again, passing them all as the sigh of a summer breeze, which is we know not what, or whence it comes, or whither it goes—a breath from—well, no matter where; I don't exactly know myself.

Thus I went upstairs, and into Minnie's room, where I found the poor girl still in bed, her cheeks pale, her eyes red with weeping, all the signs upon her of a sleepless night of sorrow, and pressed close to her soft bosom she held a likeness of my unworthy self, which I had given her once long ago. And this was the girl who never spoke save to ridicule and poke fun at me, whose dislike for me was almost proverbial in the family, and yet the girl whose love—with usual human perversity—I would have given all the world to win.

Ah, this knowledge of her heart's secret was sweet to me! It gave me courage. I would comfort her. I would pour forth my love. I would tell her—stay! What could I tell her? Was I not forgetting again that I was only a poor ghost—merely the shadow of a shade? Was I not unseen by her? And even were it possible for me to make myself visible for a few moments I should only succeed in terrifying my poor love out of her senses.

Alas! was this the realization of a hereafter? The punishment of early vanities and sins? To see things just as they are and yet to be so miserably impotent to alter them; to see too what might have been and to beat out my weary spirit on into eternity in vain longing for a fruition that can never come!

My funeral was appointed to take place the next day. It was a very grand affair altogether, and cake and wine had been laid in the parlor to entertain the guests upon this festive occasion. I dare say I should have done the same had I been burying a relation, but somehow it hurt me to see my best dry sherry being put away.

As I accompanied the mourners down the steps I suddenly perceived my friend the demon by my side. Vainly I sought a coach, but could find no room. I turned to him somewhat angrily and remarked:

"I say, you promised I should go to my own funeral, but I don't seem to have been considered in the arrangement at all."

"You forget that corporeally you hold the place of honor at the head of

the procession, but in the spirit you can get in here. There's only the doctor and the clergyman."

"Between the doctor and the parson! Really, my dear demon, you are remarkable for a most sardonic humor."

Well, the men of medicine and religion talked politics all the way, which I thought inappropriate, but as they were both conservatives they did not disagree. I am a liberal myself, and began vociferously expounding Mr. Gladstone's policy, quite oblivious that my gesticulations were unseen, my words unheard by them.

"Good job for yourself you are dead," said the demon. "You're just the sort to get into a jolly row with red-hot politicians."

The cemetery was soon reached, and I looked down and saw my coffin lowered into the grave.

"Earth to earth—"

A few lumps were thrown, and fell upon the lid with a growsome rattle, and—

I awoke with a start, and my eyes met those of my brother Tom, who asked cheerily, "Well, how do you do now, old fellow?" But I turned from him—for I could not help thinking of him as I had seen him last, reading my will down in the parlor—turned away and encountered my darling little Minnie, who sat unobtrusively in a remote corner of the room, and I felt, oh! so grateful and happy at seeing her there. I felt then that it was not all a dream.

I have used feigned names in this venacious tale, because I think she would not like to know the strange experience which led me to take the courage to woo and by and by wed her.—Spare Moments.

### HANNA'S EXPENSES.

#### ENORMOUS AMOUNT EXPENDED TO ELECT M'KINLEY.

Sum Placed Nearly Five Millions—Republicans Will Continue the Campaign for Maintenance of the Gold Standard and Enslavement of Toilers

Have Money Left.

The New York World publishes a story in which it places the fund handled by Republicans in the recent campaign at only \$1,462,000. Though those in a position to know agree that \$5,000,000 would be closer to the real amount.

According to the World's story, for the first time in twenty years the Republican national committee completed its work, paid all its debts and had a surplus. Money flowed into the Republican coffers. From the East the big contributions in round numbers were as follows:

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|--------------|-----------|
| New York     | \$500,000 |
| Philadelphia | 475,000   |
| Pittsburg    | 250,000   |
| Boston       | 162,000   |
| Scattering   | 75,000    |

Total \$1,462,000

The Philadelphia contributions include subscriptions from Bethlehem, Harrisburg, Mauch Chunk and other towns. The Boston subscriptions in-

clude many New England cities. Chicago contributions were disbursed chiefly in that city and State, and only a small part passed through the national committee treasury.

Within the past week about all the accounts of the national committee have been settled, and Treasurer Cornelius N. Bliss finds himself in possession of a surplus. It is hard to find out just how much money Messrs. Hanna and Bliss have on hand. Neither will tell, but Mr. Bliss denied a couple of days ago that it was about \$100,000. A well-known Republican leader, who has been close to the national committee during the campaign, told a World reporter that the balance on hand after all expenses were paid would be between \$75,000 and \$90,000. This will be used to carry on the permanent organization and to prepare for the battle of 1900. "No national committee," he said, "ever had such an enormous financial resources at its disposal." The dissemination of literature was the heaviest item of expense. This was practically all done through the Chicago Bureau presided over by Perry Heath.

Through this bureau there was sent out in one of the biggest weeks of the campaign 3,000,000 documents by mail, each piece covered with a 2-cent stamp. This meant an expenditure of \$60,000 for postage stamps alone. These are large figures.

Mr. Hanna has at last told how he "done it," and we are so glad. Most any old manager will know what is needed in the next campaign and will be happy in the thought that the amount of it is so small. He confesses that it took fully \$1,400,000 to elect McKinley, including \$60,000 a week for postage. It makes the public pulse beat with a quickened thump and the public face light up with a glow of pride to be thus taken into the Great Man's confidence. But, not satisfied with a general statement, the Republican chairman goes further and points out the sources of his revenue, saying where the big contributions were made.

It will be noticed that Cleveland, Mr. Hanna's home, is not in the list, which may lead some to declare that the Great Organizer was rather too well known among his neighbors to canvass them for subscriptions successfully. A most gratifying feature of the whole thing is the reflection that Republican spellbinders in this year of grace, 1896, performed a labor of love. None of them were paid for their services. Schurz, Cockran, Reed, Thurston and all that outfit not only worked for nothing but found themselves, so to speak. Of course, they were entitled at least to their railroad fare, but the Republican campaign committee was so poor it

couldn't afford the outlay, and they had to either buy tickets or walk.

Of course, Mr. Hanna doesn't say this, but his figures do, and, unlike Mr. Hanna, figures cannot lie. To examine them: The active work of the Republican committee began the first week in July and ended Nov. 3—covering a period of about eighteen weeks, during which \$60,000 per week was spent for postage. This would make Uncle Sam's tariff on the work of education \$1,080,000, leaving \$320,000 for Perry Heath's salary and other expenditures.

Now, \$1,080,000 worth of postage stamps would distribute in eighteen weeks 3,375,000 pounds of literature, and we are quite sure that it cost at least 5 cents a pound to print, fold and distribute even such light, airy and useless stuff as was sent out by Mr. Hanna's committee, which would leave a margin of only \$151,250, with Mr. Heath's salary still unprovided for. Deduct \$1,250 for gas bills, \$5,000 for Terry Powderly and \$45,000 for the New York office, then there is \$100,000 left for distribution among 10,000 McKinley clubs throughout the country. This balances the sheet and leaves the Canton excursionists in the dark as to who provided "them tickets," "those beers" and that badge.

Let the Work Go On.

The defeat of John C. Fremont for President in 1856 did not stop the anti-

ly increased. He will have fewer offices to dispose of than any President since the early days of the republic. The postoffices are, of course, the most numerous, but the fourth assistant postmaster general will attend to the decapitation of the fourth-class postmasters and the Presidential offices will be gradually filled. In the departments at Washington there will be a very small number of appointments to make, most of them being to positions of a confidential character. It is indeed fortunate that the next President will be saved much of the annoyance to which his predecessors have been compelled to submit.

The Republican platform contained an unequivocal declaration in favor of the merit system and Mr. McKinley indorsed it in his letter of acceptance. The outlook for the spoilsman is not bright.

Let Democrats Unite.

Because some hot-headed and indiscreet persons, who committed themselves against the Democratic cause at the recent election, have since met and resolved that they never will act with the noble old Democratic party again, there is no reason for being discouraged. Nobody wishes to force companionship where it would be unwelcome.

But there are others. The great mass of the Democratic party is not sold to McKinley, expects no favors from him and would accept none if

### THE FIGHT HAS ONLY BEGUN.



Mark—Great Heavens! Mack, that was merely a skirmish the other day. Those fellows have come to stay.

slavery discussion. It went on with increasing vigor, and in 1860 as a result Abraham Lincoln was elected President. The campaign of 1856 was the first direct struggle with the slave power, then as firmly entrenched in the control of the Federal Government as the money power is to-day. The first contest resulted in defeat. The second brought victory.

The silver fight is very similar to that which was waged against slavery. The declarations of the Chicago platform of 1896 were almost as new as were the declarations of the Republican platform of 1856. Both of them caused a new alignment of parties. The new Democracy with the silver banner has gone down in defeat in its first campaign. So did the Republican party with its anti-slavery banner. The few weeks devoted to the campaign of education, were not sufficient to convince the people of the real purposes of the slave power. But the discussion went on, and Buchanan's administration was an object lesson. So the silver discussion will go on, and so McKinley's administration will be an object lesson.

Before his time is half expired people will recall the assertions and predictions of the silver orators and the silver press in 1896, and wish they had voted for Bryan. Firmly they will resolve to vote the silver ticket in 1900. By that time the iron hand of the money power will have been making itself more generally felt, and it will not be incased in a glove, either. Nor will the people have to be told of its purposes. They will see them plainly enough and eagerly await the opportunity to get to the ballot box. The result in 1900 will be a silver victory and place the powers of the Federal Government in the hands of those favorable to the restoration of silver to the coinage.

While the presidential campaign has gone against the free coinage forces, there is hope in the fact that the number of silver Congressmen has been largely increased. With this fact as an incentive, the campaign of silver education should be vigorously continued. The American people are both intelligent and patriotic. They have not had time, however, to be educated on this issue. Great and influential forces have been arrayed against the cause of bimetallicism and these have won in the interest of the single gold standard. In four years their eyes will have been opened and the restoration of silver will be accomplished.—Denver News.

The Spoils of Office.

President McKinley has reason to rejoice that in the past eight years the number of office holders protected by the civil service law has been large-

offered. Nor is it endeavoring to effect its own defeat. Nine-tenths of the Democratic vote which has been estranged from us this year intends and proposes to return whenever it can do so consistently with its own views and convictions. We might go further still and say that nine-tenths of that vote has accomplished all that it cared for, and is ready to act with us now.

In Congress and out of Congress we are entering upon a four years' campaign against the administration of the

who will not be reconciled, and who expect to find elsewhere more congenial partisan associations and rewards, we desire to welcome the support of every man who believes that ours should be a government, not of bankers or of trusts, but of the people.—New York News.

Take Your Choice.

Anderson, Ind., Nov. 12.—The American Plate Glass Charities have been organized this week and are put in full operation in all of the gas belt cities. The organization has 400 men at work in this city. The plant has been closed two days. President Doxey says work will be more suffering in steady. Chicago the gas belt this winter than in any previous year. It is thought that between 2,000 and 4,000 men, women and children in this city will have to be cared for. Many cases are distressing.—Chicago Times-Herald, Nov. 12, third page, second column.

Brief Comment.

Dryden must have had his prophetic eye on the goldbug press when he wrote:

The only free silver which plutocrats favor is the silver plate that is free from taxation.

It is to be hoped that the eleven newspaper men in the next Congress will 'leven the whole lump.

An hideous figure of their foes they drew, Nor lines, nor looks, nor shades, nor colors drew, And this grotesque design exposed to public view.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat, whose editor once said that the best way to deal with strikers was to shoot them, now declares that the masses and classes in this country work harmoniously together, and are unable to tell where the division line is located.