

# POLITICS OF THE DAY

## COMPARING TARIFF BILLS.

Defenders of the Dingley tariff rise to the dignity of the occasion with assertion for lack of argument. Chairman Dingley asserts that "in time" his famous deficit producer will bring in sufficient revenue to meet the expenses of the Government, and he defiantly adds that those who criticise the tariff "do not dare to make comparisons between the first months of the Wilson act and the first months of the present act."

This assertion was made in the face of the fact that comparisons have been made right along showing the failure of the Dingley bill to secure as much revenue as the Wilson measure, which was so roundly condemned by Republicans.

As an example of the comparisons which have been made, Chairman Dingley's attention is called to the following figures, showing the revenue which was secured by the two tariffs during the initial four months of their operation:

|                        | Wilson act.  | Dingley act. |
|------------------------|--------------|--------------|
| First month . . . . .  | \$15,564,990 | \$6,987,702  |
| Second month . . . . . | 11,962,118   | 7,943,100    |
| Third month . . . . .  | 10,260,692   | 9,713,494    |
| Fourth month . . . . . | 11,203,049   | 9,830,025    |
| Fourth month . . . . . | \$48,990,849 | \$34,474,321 |

This presents a balance of over \$14,000,000 in favor of the Wilson bill. It should also be remembered that the revenue secured by the Wilson bill for the time in question was collected when business was paralyzed by the panic of 1893, while the Dingley bill was operating under the glorious influence of the McKinley prosperity, which is so much vaunted by the Republican press. Truly, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, "comparisons are odorous" to Chairman Dingley.—Chicago Dispatch.

**Silver in India.**  
It is said that "dear" rupee will ruin the export trade of India. If a "dear" rupee will ruin the export trade of that country, it follows inexorably that a "cheap" rupee must foster and stimulate it. This is exactly what the silver men in the United States have steadily claimed and what the gold men have just as steadily denied. Upon this point we will now simply remind our gold idolators that the "export trade" referred to is one that has been built up very largely at the expense of gold standard countries, and particularly at the expense of the United States.

**An Administration of Deficits.**  
The biggest visible thing the McKinley administration has developed is the deficit in the treasury, but that is nothing compared to the deficit in the pockets of the people through the protection afforded to trusts under the Dingley law.—Louisville Dispatch.

**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 indistinctly engaged in trying to evade.—Wheeling Register.

A collection of words, and not brilliant ones at that. Of positive expression, of individuality, of pith and marrow there is none. The message is hardly warm enough to melt a hole in the snow on the Fourth of July.—Quincy (Ill.) Herald.

He has missed a golden opportunity for writing a great and patriotic message, and has given the country instead a tedious discourse filled with excuses for inaction on some important subjects, and making tentative and indefinite recommendations with regard to others.—Buffalo Courier.

The whole message is pitifully weak. Abstract where it should be concrete; wavering where it should be steady, and evasive where it should be frank; cautious where it should be bold, and disappointing where it should be inspiring.—Minneapolis Times.

That is a highly humorous paragraph in the President's message which would "make our ships familiar visitors at every commercial port of the world." The object of the high tariff being to restrict commerce, what use have we for ships in foreign ports?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**Organ Predicts Defeat.**  
The Republican party in Congress is at present divided on every important proposition upon which action is expected by the country. No recommendation by the President is unanimously endorsed. Does this argue a do-nothing session or only such results as carry with them the scars of bitter factional fighting? A do-nothing session of Congress and moralized Republican organizations in important States will inevitably lead to defeat next year.—Washington Star.

**Honest and Bogus Pensioners.**  
In the process of purging the pension rolls which has become so imperative there would be nothing to be feared by those who rightfully belong on the lists. The enormous amount which is now expended in pensions would be cheerfully paid by the people, without a word of complaint, if it were in discharge of an honest and patriotic obligation. No retrenchment is asked which interferes with the relief of any

## HUNGRY IN LONDON.

### One of the Most Striking Peculiarities of the English City.

Americans who have penetrated as far away from home as London remark, as one of the more striking peculiarities of that metropolis, the extraordinary difficulty of getting something to eat there after midnight. There are perhaps fifty open-all-night restaurants in New York, and in all considerable American cities provision is made for people who have occasion for food when most people are asleep. The restaurant wagons, which during the last two or three years have come to be familiar in most American cities, do business from sunset to sunrise or later, and in themselves form a sufficient safeguard against nocturnal famine. London seems not to have developed even these itinerant havens. Julian Ralph lately communicated to the London Mail a distressing narrative (though happy in its ending) of the anguish of an American gentleman, who left Paris with nothing more than a cup of coffee in him, omitting to take food at Boulogne or on the boat ("I find it's throwing money overboard to eat crossing the channel"), and who found himself in London after midnight, "so hungry that I was all one clamorous appetite with a hat on and a suit of clothes." There was not a bite of anything at his hotel; he had not telephoned. He was recommended to consult a cabman. Cabby took him to a proprietary club, where he was first refused admittance and, afterwards told he could get in by signing an application for membership and paying an initiation fee, but as there was no food in the house except a few sandwiches, he retired. A house near by was said to contain food, which could be had at a cost of a guinea for each edible object ordered—guinea for a chop, a guinea for a potato, and so on. That didn't do, either. Then the cabby, touched by the anguish of his fare, and assured that the plainest food would more than satisfy a man the sides of whose stomach were knocking together like castanets, drove to "a little green cabin stranded in the roadway in Piccadilly," frequented and sustained by cabmen, and there the suffering American got the steak and potatoes and bread and tea that his system clamored for. The food was good, and the company genial and well-mannered, so the story ended with the return of a happy man to his hotel; but he still wonders that the habits of London should be so very different from the habits of American cities. Other Americans have been heard of whose experiences have stirred in them the same surprise. One of them is Mr. Ralph himself, who says: "Why London does not demand all-night restaurants I don't know, except it be that the English have developed the home, their love of it, and its capacity for giving satisfaction as no other people have. And England, be it remembered, is all English."—Harper's Weekly.

### Lost the Subject.

A few days ago Rev. Dr. McIntyre delivered a lecture in a new theater at Washington, Iowa, says the Chicago Times-Herald. It was a fine building, and the company which built and operated it also owned a private electric plant which lighted it. A large audience was present, and the lecturer had his subject well in hand, when suddenly every light went out. The theater was pitch dark.

A few words from the speaker prevented a panic, and the lecture was resumed in the dark. Just at the climax of a fine period the lights suddenly flashed up again, throwing the audience into disorder and disconcerting the lecturer. After a few minutes of blinking Dr. McIntyre settled down to work again, and was warming up nicely when another plunge into darkness interrupted him.

He was nearing the peroration and hoped to finish it in the dark without further interference. "Patience," he said, "is absolutely necessary for success in the daily affairs of life. Never lose your temper. It is foolish to display such a weakness."

Just then the lights flashed up. The speaker walked to the wings and shaking his fist at a brawny Irishman who was tampering with the wires, cried out in a tone which could have been heard a block away: "Confound you, you idiot! Will you ever have sense enough to leave those wires alone?" That ended the lecture on "Patience."

**Fortunes Awaiting Claimants.**

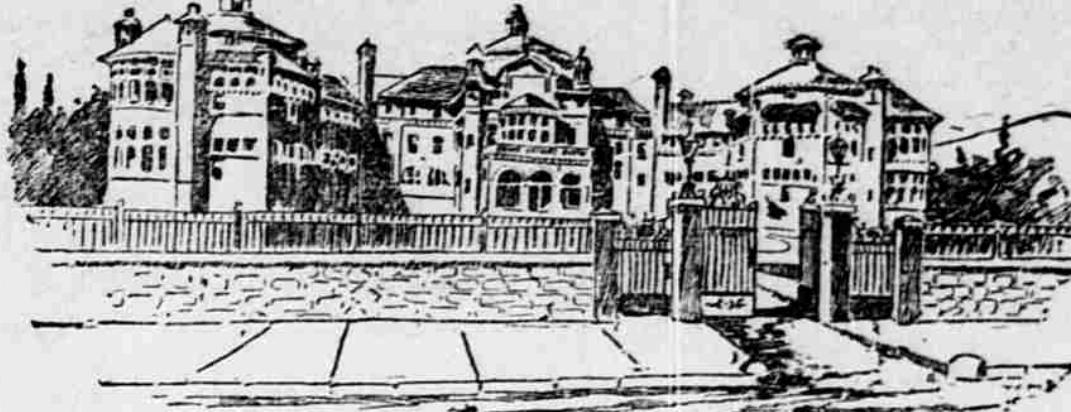
By order of Parliament a report has just been made out and published concerning the unclaimed funds in the keeping of the various English government departments at the present moment. The chancery division of the Supreme Court of Judicature has in its possession over \$300,000,000, after paying during the last two years \$85,000,000 to successful claimants. The Irish Court of Chancery holds some \$50,000,000 of unclaimed moneys, while the unclaimed Government stocks and accumulated dividends retained by the treasury department amount to \$28,000,000. Unclaimed dividends in bankruptcy are figured at \$50,000,000, while unclaimed army and navy prize money and accumulations of pay exceed \$3,000,000. All these funds are used by the British Government until claims thereto have been satisfactorily proved. An endeavor will be made to transfer to the state the custody of unclaimed funds in the hands of bankers and others. These funds are known to amount to a colossal sum, far exceeding the total amount of unclaimed money now in the keeping of the Government.

The President has to say to Congress.—Boston Transcript.

It keeps some men busy inventing schemes to separate other men from their money.

As a successful writer of fiction the man who gets out the weather reports easily distances all competitors.

## HOMEOPATHIC HOSPITAL FOR SAN FRANCISCO.



The homeopathic hospital which the citizens of San Francisco are to build is designed to be one of the finest institutions of its kind on the continent of North America. The University of California having refused to include the homeopaths in the allied college, the homeopaths and their friends set to work to get even, and the result will be a magnificent medical and surgical hotel, which, it is hoped by the new school of treatment, will make the "regulars" green with envy. The institution has already been endowed by Mrs. Phoebe Hearst with a ward for children, and some of the most prominent citizens in California are deeply interested in the enterprise.

## COUNT'S WICKED SCHEME.

### Would Unite Europe in a Commercial War on America.

Count Agenor Goluchowski, the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs who desires to unite Europe in a commercial war on the countries of America, has the reputation among European diplomats and statesmen of being a peaceful man. His speech, in which he almost violently advocated a concert of Europe for industrial warfare on the United States and the South American republics, would be startling were there any possibility of the Count's plan being put into practice. The Count is a man in the prime of life. He comes from a family which has been powerful in Austrian affairs for several generations, and he holds one of the three ministerial places within the gift of his country. His only associates of equal power and rank are the ministers of war and finance. He has been regarded as one of the most brilliant diplomats

friends do, and because it is the fashion. Wheelwomen of these two sorts, it is pretty safe to say, are not admired by men, and what is an even sounder test, neither are they by women. Did a girl but know it, there is, after all, no surer test of character than the way she rides her wheel. Not only the way she rides it, but the way she regards it, the position to which she delegates it among her other interests and activities. Bicycling brings to the surface all sorts of undreamed of possibilities in one's nature. It is a splendid gauge of personality. Not fast or hard rules can be laid down concerning it, of course; but this much may be said, at least: The girl who behaves well, dresses well, and rides well because she enjoys the pastime and because she is in need of suitable outdoor exercise may be sure of calling forth respect and admiration wherever she goes.

## WOMAN'S EXPRESSION.

### The Peculiar Story It Tells to Those Who Take Time to Observe It.

The faces of women one passes in the street form a curious story, says the Family Doctor. One woman purses up her lips, another screws her eyes into unnaturalness, while a third will wrinkle up her forehead and eyebrows until she looks absolutely ugly. The trick is an unconscious one, but is none the less a trick, and a bad one.

There is no reason why any woman should look forbidding and bad-tempered just because she is annoyed about something. Deep-seated trouble has a way of writing itself upon the face whether we will or not. Sickness, too, has its handwriting, and will not be concealed by art. But the frown caused by superficial trouble should not be entertained by the face for an instant.

We should strive to look as pleasant as possible for the sake of others; a corresponding cheerfulness of temperament will inevitably result, and always to the sweetening of our nature.

We cannot afford to go about with gloomy faces. To depress others is not for us; our work is to cheer, to raise up, to comfort, but we shall never do this unless we cultivate a pleasant demeanor, and the cheerful temper inseparable from it. This brings us to that question of worry.

Can we put it more strongly than to say that it is a duty to put care, worry, fretfulness behind one? The habit must be learned, or we shall not "grow straight in the strength of our spirit, and live out our life as the light," as Swinburne so well puts it. "It is difficult to do that," says someone.

We all know that it is very hard, but women are not afraid of difficulties. The more difficult the right thing is to do, the greater reason for doing it. All we need is to make the first effort—strength will be born which will increase at each subsequent attempt, and we shall conquer it in the end. Salvation for women lies in this—not to be overcome by troubles, but to overcome them.

## Information for Patrons.

When patrons of a small laundry in the upper part of the city failed to get their wearing apparel Saturday evening they found the place closed and this note pinned upon the door:

"Closed on account of sickness till Monday. I'm not expected to live."—Utica Observer.

## Real Aristocratic Touch.

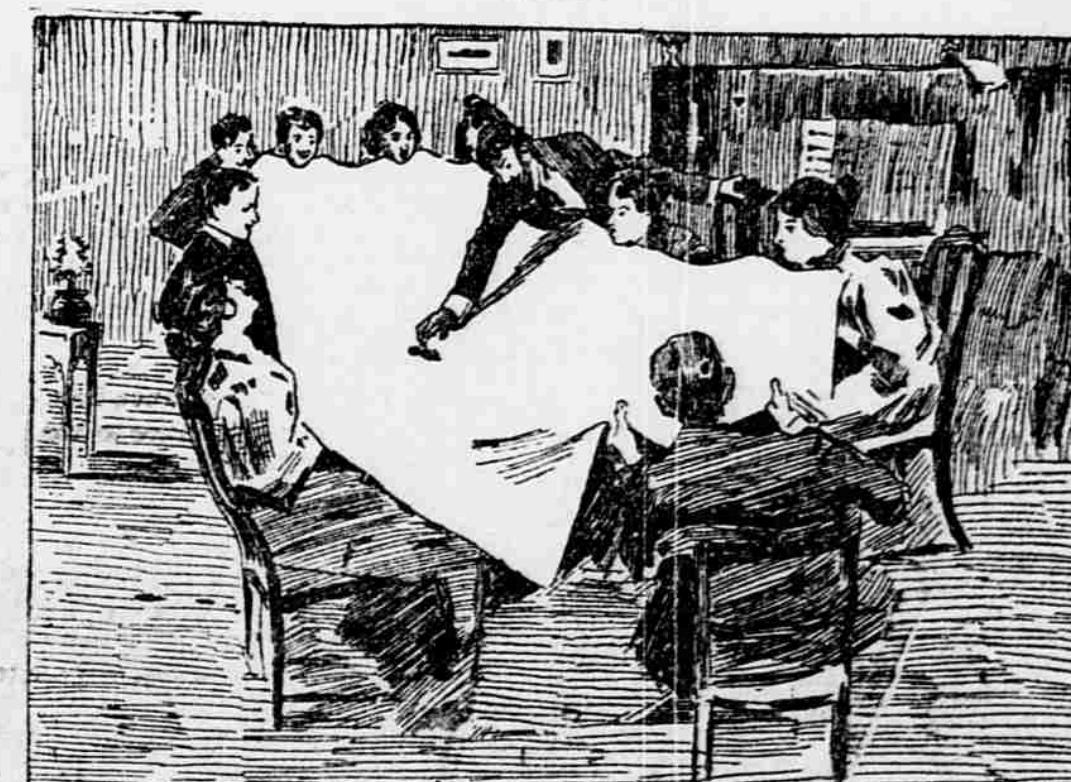
"George met a duke while he was abroad."

### A real duke?

"He must have been. George loaned him \$7."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There is no parting so bitter as the parting of a quinine capsule just as you are in the act of swallowing it.

## CHASING THE FEATHER.



"Chasing the Feather" is one of the merriest of healthful parlor games. A large sheet or tablecloth is held by the participants, who sit on chairs, placed in a circle. A small feather from a sofa cushion is laid upon it. The one who is to catch it must do so standing. To blow, blow, blow just as hard and fast and furious as possible is the bounden duty of every player. The one in whose vicinity the feather is caught is elected to do the "chasing."

## CUTENESS OF THE COYOTE.

### Dog Drawn Into Ambush—Tricks to Make Away with a Badger.

No cuter animal is found in the West than the coyote. The coyote is to the plainsman what a fox is to an Eastern farmer, only the coyote is more in evidence. Forest and Stream tells about a dog that had its principal sport chasing and otherwise worrying coyotes, and was led into ambush by one coyote and then set upon by several other of the prairie wolves and almost done to death.

"About 9 o'clock one night," the paper says, "one of the coyotes came to the kitchen door and howled aggravatingly at the dog, which thereupon set after the coyote full tilt. The coyote fled around the house, down to the corral and around the blacksmith shanty, the dog yelping after. Behind the shanty were other coyotes, six or seven of them, and all of them made for the dog in a way that made it feel lonely. The ranchman heard the fight and the dog's howls of pain, and, grasping a rifle, started that way on the run, yelling as he went. The coyotes each took a farewell nip and fled, leaving a sore dog behind. Since then the dog has not been so much interested as on former occasions in coyotes. It follows single coyotes vigorously, but the appearance of another sends it back as fast as it can run."

The coyote likes badger flesh very much, but one coyote is not equal to a badger in a fight; consequently, the coyote, when it meets a badger, has to resort to stratagem till aid arrives. The manner in which it does this, according to the sportsman's paper, is interesting.

"A few weeks ago," the writer says, "as I was riding along I saw a coyote and a badger. The coyote seemed to be playing with the badger. He would prance around it, first as if to bite it, then run off a little ways, the badger following, evidently very angry. When the badger saw me it ran into its hole, while the coyote went off forty or fifty yards and lay down, evidently knowing I had no gun with me. The coyote's device was evidently to tease, and so keep the badger interested till another coyote happened along, when the badger would have been killed."—New York Sun.

## How She Became Noted.

As every one knows, "Lady Audley's Secret" was the novel which lifted Miss Braddon into fame. It may not be so generally known that the author had no little confidence in her work as to bring it out in an obscure serial, Robin Goodfellow.

The story of the story is a romance in itself. Mr. Maxwell had started, in more or less rivalry to Dickens' first periodical, the magazine called Robin Goodfellow. Dr. Mackey was its editor and Lascelles Wraxall was his second in command. There had been some difficulty in regard to the opening novel, in consequence of which the new periodical was on the eve of postponement, a serious contrempt in the face of its extensively advertised date of publication. The day before a decision was necessary Miss Braddon heard of the difficulty and offered to write the story.

"But even if you were strong enough to fill the position," was the publisher's reply, "there is no time."

"How long could you give me?" asked the aspiring authoress.

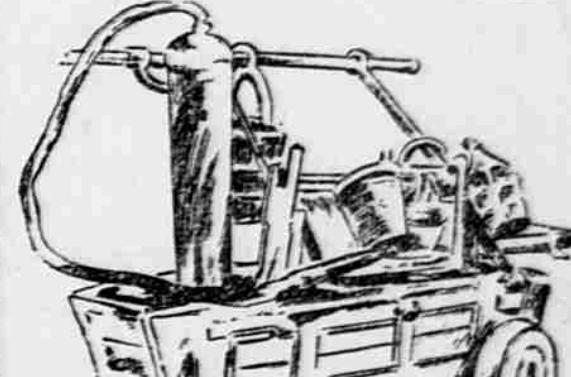
"Until to-morrow morning."

"If the first installment were on my breakfast table to-morrow morning," he replied, indicating by his tone and manner the utter impossibility of the thing, "it would be in time."

The next morning the publisher found upon his breakfast table the opening chapters of "Lady Audley's Secret." Robin Goodfellow did not hit the public. It did not live to finish "Lady Audley," which, indeed, would have remained "forgotten, buried, dead," had Miss Braddon not been able to prevail upon a publisher to bring it out in three-volume form. It then sprang into an instantaneous popularity. The success of the novel was amazing, and probably the critics did no harm to the sale by describing the work as "sensational." More than 1,000,000 copies have been sold.

## A Present from George III.

Here is a picture of the fire-tub that George III. presented to his loyal subjects of Shelburne, N. S., in 1795. This was in the days when the town was a populous and thriving place. Half the royalists who left Boston during the



revolution built houses in Shelburne and, of course, the king could not see such loyal subjects suffer for lack of proper protection against fire. The tub is still in a fair state of preservation.

## FIRE TUB WITH GLASS.

The latest use for glass is instead of gold as a material for stopping decaying teeth. It answers splendidly, and is far less conspicuous than the yellow metal. Of course, it is not ordinary glass, but is prepared by some new patented process which renders it soft and malleable.

At threescore and ten a man has usually accumulated enough wisdom to enable him to acknowledge his ignorance.