

POLITICS OF THE DAY

THIS IS DEMOCRACY.

A large number of people are asking what is the policy of the Democratic party on the Hawaiian, Philippine and Porto Rico annexation. It is impossible to answer this question at this time. The Democratic party, unlike the Republican party, is not operated by a junta. It makes its expressions known through the people in national convention assembled, every four years. What the party as a whole believes about these questions will find expression in the platform of 1900. Until then every individual Democrat is free to express his opinion and to endeavor to find expression for it in the next national platform. This is Democracy, free opinion, truth expressed by the majority. We are of the opinion that the great masses of Democracy are favorable to the extension of the power of this republic. We want no colonies, but we do want coaling stations. We want the Nicaragua Canal and the Democratic party will construct it. We want to drive England and every foreign power out of the West Indies, and the Democratic party will do it. We do not want an alliance with England or any other foreign power.

The Republican party favors an alliance with England, favors British partnership in the Nicaragua Canal and British partnership in all our affairs—national and international. The next national convention of the Democratic party will draw the lines so plainly on these questions that every true American, whether adopted or native born, will rally to its purpose.—National Democrat.

Candidates for Congress.

Democratic success in returning members to the House of Representatives this fall will go a long way toward securing Democratic victory in the Presidential contest of 1900. But there is danger even in success. The danger will consist in sending unfit men to the lower house. If cranks and impractical enthusiasts are elected they will do the party incalculable harm. Democracy is of the people and for the people. The party does not exist to further the ambitions of aspiring politicians. It has a prouder and more practical mission. There are plenty of wise, careful and brilliant men in the party who can do it and the people good service in Congress. Such men should be nominated and elected. Men with some one fixed idea to which all other things are secondary should not be given a place on any Democratic ticket. Wild speeches in Congress, incendiary utterances on the part of sincere but mistaken fanatics can do no good and cannot fail to do much harm. Conditions point toward Democratic success at the polls this fall. That success should not be turned into defeat by a mistaken choice of Congressional candidates. Let the selection be made with extreme care, and the result in 1900 will fully repay the efforts of the present.

Mark Hanna's Case.

What is the United States Senate going to do with the bribery charges made against Mark Hanna? These charges, backed by the report of an investigation committee appointed by the Ohio State Senate, have been laid before the upper house, and now the people of this country demand that prompt action be taken thereon. Fortunately for Hanna there is a war, though he asserted there would be none, and that war has drawn attention from his disgraceful acts to matters of apparently larger moment. Apparently they are larger, but not so in reality. There can be nothing of more importance to the people of this country than in the honesty and patriotism of its lawmakers. Foes without can be met and conquered, but foes within are a constant and deadly menace to liberty. It should not be forgotten that the report of the investigating committee declares Mark Hanna, personally or through his agents, guilty of bribery. He is alleged to have bought his seat in the United States Senate as he would buy a seat in the board of trade. Is the Senate going to pigeonhole this indictment against one of its members, or is it going to investigate the charges, and if it finds them sustained by the facts, expel this man, who has corrupted man in order that he might be in a position to corrupt the laws? What is the Senate going to do, anyhow?

Sources of Wealth.

There are two sources of wealth—land and labor. Gold and silver in their natural states are land which labor reduces to element of wealth. Besides their natural adaptability as money metals, they represent the day's works of labor in reducing them. But after all it is the open mint and government stamp that gives them currency in commerce as measures of value. Their "intrinsic value," of which we hear so much, lies in the stroke of the government die which coins them, just the same as it does in the greenback or the government gold or silver certificate.—Preston Watchman.

Why Europe Is Uneasy.

The reported uneasiness of the European nations over the prospect of the United States entering upon a career of territorial conquest is uncalled for, but perfectly natural. They have got it into their heads that Mark Hanna, Steve Elkins, Pierpont Morgan and such like scoundrels are the whole thing over here, while as a matter of fact the American people are doing in their

might against the party that gives these individuals refuge. This war was started to free Cuba and to avenge the murderous deed of Feb. 15, 1898. The Philippines have fallen into our hands. Porto Rico may become ours, and we may take in Hawaii, but there it stops. God freed this nation from a land grabber and oppressor that its people might achieve a glorious destiny. Woe betide the political party that attempts to divert us from the cause which our All-wise Providence has laid before us.—National Democrat.

From an Honest Republican.

It has at last come to be realized that the foreign policy of the United States could not be made a party issue, subject to abrupt changes, as it has been in the past, by whichever party happens to acquire power. It should not be a policy of aggression or of greed, or of unreasonable demands upon any other member of the family of nations, but it should be a policy always demanding that America shall be given what is her just due, that American opinions shall have just weight in all matters that concern her, and that America's rights shall never be ignored, trampled upon or contemptuously cast aside by any other power or combination of powers.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Greenbacks.

To the Editor: It seems strange to me at this day that there are found men advocating bank currency, for those that are old enough know that next to the valor of our army and navy, the greenbacks were the means that put down the most gigantic rebellion in the world's history. It must be that the press is bought up by the money power, or they would not advocate a cause so detrimental to the best interests of the people. This war, if it continues long, will probably compel the government to issue some more of these same shabby pieces that the bloated bondholders hate so much. May the time come soon that the only currency we have will have the stamp of the United States upon it.

The Dingley Fizzle.

The Dingley law is a failure. Custom receipts in May, 1897, under the Wilson law, \$17,000,000; in May, 1898, under the Dingley law, \$13,465,534. The new tax bill will serve to hide from general view the deficiencies of the Dingley law, but its failure is nevertheless obvious. The treasury deficit for May was \$17,800,000. It arises in part, of course, from war expenditures. These aside, however, the ordinary expenditures would have been in excess of the ordinary receipts. Dingley's lauded measure was a good thing for the monopolists whom it protected. As a revenue law it is a failure.—Chicago Chronicle.

Fat Places for Those with Pulls.

Wanted immediately at the War Department: A few more sons, nephews and brothers-in-law of politicians with a pull, for commissaries of subsistence, quartermasters and inspectors general of the volunteer forces of the United States. Knowledge and experience of military affairs not necessary. Officers of the regular army and veterans of the civil war need not apply. For further information apply in person or by letter to Russell A. Alger, Secretary of War.—Philadelphia Record.

Another Trust in Operation.

The latest trust combination is that of the manufacturers of envelopes. It boasts a capital of \$17,000,000, to control the business, compel uniformity of prices and break down undue competition. This is the euphemistic way of saying that the new trust has organized to skin the public. The tariff assistance of the combination ranges from 20 to 35 per cent. Without this protective encouragement it would be a foredoomed failure.—Pittsburgh Post.

The Quicker the More Humane.

It is estimated that the expenses of one year of war will aggregate \$373,000,000. Not only will we be called upon to make sacrifices of money, but of human life. Let the bill of costs, the expense account of blood and money, be cut down to the minimum. To strike hard and fast, to fight incessantly and remorselessly is not only a wise national policy, but a policy of humanity for us, for Spain and the balance of the world.—Baltimore Herald.

We Object.

No Democrat or Populist voted against any bill the sole purpose of which was to provide revenues for the war. Populist and Democrats do object, however, to make the war an occasion for bleeding a patriotic people for the benefit of the Wall street gang of blood suckers, that always made the extremity and necessities of the nation their opportunity for the most outrageous swindling of the people.—Cleveland Recorder.

Wolcott a Traitor.

Wolcott of Colorado, alleged silver man and bimetalist, voted with the goldites in the Senate Finance Committee to issue \$500,000,000 of bonds. This action shows where Wolcott stands on the money question.—Silver Knight-Watchman.

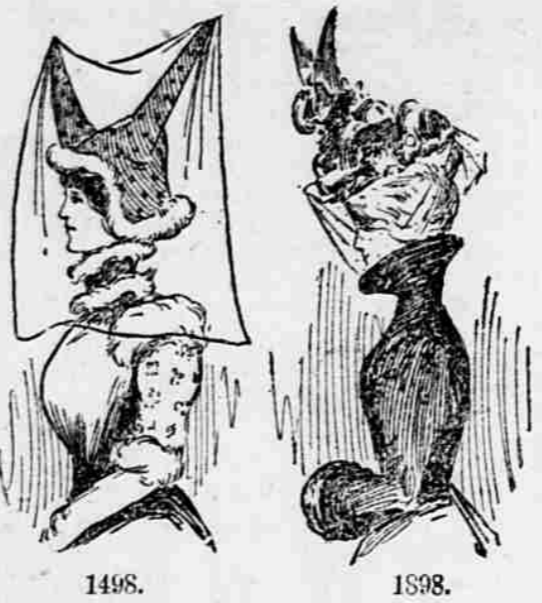
Enemies of the People.

The man who favors interest-bearing notes to pay the war expenses is no friend of the people. Bondage is slavery and he who favors bonds rather than greenbacks is not a true, loyal citizen.—Chicago Express.

WHICH HEADGEAR IS WORSE?

The Honored Hood of 1498 or the Beautiful Structure of 1898.

About the time when Columbus was sailing "the ocean blue," as the readers used to say, the ladies of Spain and of other places were wearing the headgear shown in the left of the picture. It doubtless moves the observer to laughter now—that honored hood of 1498. "How absurd; how insane and unesthetic," every one will say. Com-



pare it with the same and beautiful structure on the right—the hat of 1898. Which will move the laughter of 2298 more—the hood, with its frightful inverted cornucopias or that huddled lot of feathers, flowers and velvet, which makes the outline of the wearer's head something too grotesque to exist out of a nightmare? Indeed—not to leap four centuries ahead—which will be more comic in another decade?

WARNING TO YOUNG MEN.

The Pipe Face Results from Long Continuance of Pipe-Smoking Habit.

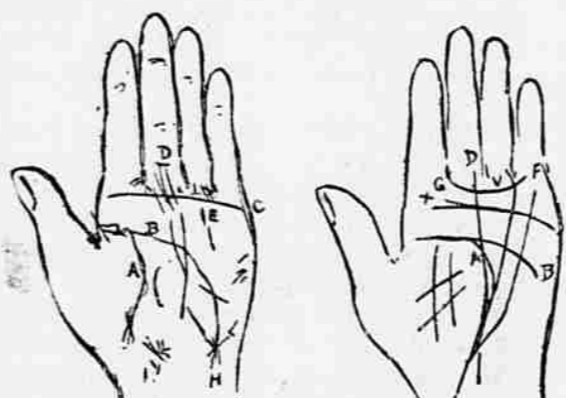
The bicycle face is old. The bargain-counter face, the quick-lunch face and the war-bulletin face are more recent.



The newest discovery in this line is the pipe face, which is grown by men who smoke pipes. The staid old Medical Record saw it first and said this of it: "The habit of THE PIPE FACE, smoking the pipe has a perceptible effect upon the face. The pressure of the lips to hold the pipe in position increases the curvature of the lips round the stem, and the muscles become more rigid here than in other parts. Thus the lips at a certain point become stronger and the pipe is unconsciously held in the same habitual position. After long continuance of the habit small circular wrinkles form parallel with the curvature of the lips round the stem. These are crossed by finer lines caused by the pressure of the lips to retain the pipe in position. In the case of old men who have smoked a pipe for years the effect upon the lips is very marked."

Lesson in Palmistry.

There should be few lines in the lucky hand (look at the left hand only), but these should be neatly and deeply traced. They rise from the wrist and run toward the fingers, and form neither islands nor labyrinths en route. A hand of this sort tells of an even temper and of a moderate amount of sensibility.



STUDY THE LINES IN YOUR PALM.

It is the hand of the egotist, satisfied with himself, indulgent to others, rejoicing in a good constitution, enjoying life. Now for the unlucky hand. The wavering, uncertain, confused lines and stars and crosses mean restlessness, indecision, bursts of enthusiasm and depths of depression—a hot head, in fact, above a hot heart.

Bootsblacks in London.

The force of American demand is being once more exemplified in London by the placing at all important railroad stations of chairs in connection with the bootsblack brigade. This work is undertaken by the Central Shoeblack Society. There is already such accommodation provided at Viaduct station. It appears that American gentlemen visiting London express surprise that they are expected to stand while they have their boots blacked, as they are accustomed to sit during the operation at home.

The society has sixty boys, who are lodged, taught and partially boarded on the premises of the institution, and there is an ingenious allotment of their earnings into three parts after an allowance for food required out of doors, one-third being their own, another third the society's and the remaining third going to their bank account, on which they can draw for special purposes.

Real Glory.

Mrs. Feasher—I don't see why you should feel so stuck-up just because your husband and two of your brothers have gone to war. There are plenty of other women in the land who have just as many near relatives as you have at the front.

Mrs. Kimmish—That may be so, but not one of my folks has a commission.

Proof Enough.

Mrs. Blouser (after some years)—I suppose you don't love me. Mr. Blouser—Don't love you! Don't I live in the same house with you?—Boston Transcript.

If there are any Spaniards in heaven, we don't want to go there.

ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT

Scientists are curious husbands. Once Mrs. Agassiz screamed on finding a snake in her shoe in the morning. Her husband asked what was the matter. "Why, a little snake has just crawled out of my boot." "Only one? There should have been three." He had put them there to keep warm.

A certain medical specialist was in the habit of using a note-book to assist his memory. In the course of time his aged father died. The worthy doctor attended the funeral as chief mourner with due solemnity. At the close he was observed to draw out a note-book and to cross out the words: "Mem.: Bury father."

A clergyman is quoted by Sir M. E. Grant Duff in his memoirs as authority for the story that on the occasion of Hallam's going down to Richmond to be godfather to Tennyson's eldest boy, the historian asked: "What is to be the child's name?" "Hallam," answered the poet. "I don't like surnames for Christian names," said the other. "Why not call him Alfred?" "What if he were to turn out a fool?" was the reply.

Sir Francis Doyle was dining with his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, when some one broached the queerness of American names. "Fancy such a name," said somebody, "as 'Birdseye.'" "Birdseye," said Doyle, "is surely as good as 'Cavendish.'" Here is another tobacco story: In colonial times the Virginians had a grievance, and sent in a long-winded petition for redress of fancied wrongs, with the windup that their request was to be granted, "for the safety of their immortal souls." "Oh, d—n your souls," replied the minister; "grow tobacco."

The late Charles Pelham Villiers, the "father of the House of Commons," used to tell a story of how he had been asking a Radical elector to support him. "Yes, I'll support you. But Villiers, we must have a division of property." "Certainly," replied the diplomatic candidate; "I should be quite in favor of such a measure. But I am afraid that if property is divided, there will not be enough for you and me and the rest of us." After a momentary embarrassment the cheerful and resourceful socialist hit on a remedy: "Why, then, Villiers, we must divide again!"

A young Southern attorney, addressing the supreme court for the first time, became hopelessly entangled in his argument, and Justice Brewer, thinking that he might relieve the embarrassment of the counsel and give him a chance to make a fresh start, interrupted him and said: "I don't quite follow the learned counsel in his argument. Perhaps if he will go back and repeat a little of what he has already said I may understand him better. I haven't been able to follow the thread of his argument." "I noticed you couldn't," retorted the unabashed attorney; "it is a very complicated point of law, but if you will give me your close attention I will try to make it so clear that you can understand it."

The date M. Challemeil-Lacour, sent as an ambassador from France to the Swiss confederation, called in due form on his arrival upon the President. The servant who opened the door said that his excellency was in the cellar bottling wine, but that the visitor could come in and wait. The ambassador hung up his overcoat in the hall and went up into the salon. Presently the President bustled in. "An ugly job, monsieur,"—drying his hands—"an ugly job! But I always bottle my own wine. Pardon me cold also; it is a poor fit"—glancing down; "it is my son's, to tell the truth. I hurried it on without looking at it." The ambassador bowed and smiled—it was his own coat. The interview being over, he went home shivering, sent a messenger next day for the coat—"the coat which he hung up in the hall."

At the close of a busy day in Wall street it was found that the books of a certain New York bank did not balance. Forty-five cents was missing. At 3 o'clock not a trace of the sum had been discovered. Dinner was sent in from a neighboring restaurant and the search was continued. At midnight a pause was made for sandwiches and coffee. "Hello," exclaimed one of the clerks, "the Blank national people are working to-night, too. Guess they are in the same box." Across the street, the windows of the other bank were brilliantly lighted, but the clerks were soon back at their work. At about 1 o'clock a loud rapping was heard at the front door. "Hello!" called the cashier through the keyhole, "what is the matter?" "Matter, you chumps! Why, we have got your blamed old 45 cents. Go along home to bed." Outside stood the crowd of clerks from the neighboring bank. It appears that in making a cash transaction one of the banks had overpaid the other 45 cents. As a result, half a hundred men had worked for nine hours, and the search was only ended then because a bright clerk, noticing a light in the bank opposite, shrewdly guessed the cause, hunted up the cash-slip and discovered the error.

In Small Quantities.

A good many people here live under their hats, but a good many more barely escape belonging to that class because they own a little one-hole gas stove or a chafin dish, and lodge in a house where cooking in rooms is part of the agreement. While consulting a green grocer recently a smart-looking woman entered and gave her order. It called for one sweet potato, two Irish potatoes, one turnip, three apples, a

quarter head of cabbage and a penny's worth of lintels. The raw material followed her home in a basket borne by the grocer boy. "Have I many customers like her?" said the proprietor of the place, repeating my query. "Yes, sir; lots of 'em, and some are mighty particular, too, especially when the bill runs up to a quarter. But I cater to 'em properly and punctually, as there's more profit in these small sales than you imagine." It's a sure thing that lots of people here don't live to eat, simply because they have to hustle to keep up appearances and get far enough ahead to buy an icebox. If the lid could be lifted off city life the farm lands would be more thickly populated.—New York correspondence Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Marshall, the Gold Discoverer.

Had Marshall been a man of ordinary shrewdness or tact, he could have made a fortune by taking up claims and working them by hard labor. Instead, he wasted his time and energies in efforts to prevent predatory attacks on his cattle and saw-mill, and caused so much ill-feeling that he was forced to seek safety by flight. This experience soured his disposition, and on his return he foolishly boasted of rich mines of which he knew, but the location of which he refused to disclose. Hungry prospectors, eager to make their fortunes, were driven nearly insane by such tantalizing, and again Marshall was compelled to leave suddenly to save his life. His mill was torn down and most of his property confiscated. He returned, built a small cabin near the scene of his great discovery, and there lived the life of a recluse, prospecting in the mountains, and eking out a poor living.

Efforts were made to secure a pension for the man who started the great development of California, and the Legislature granted allowances for four years amounting in all to \$7,200. This was all the money that Marshall ever received from the State for a discovery that made scores of millionaires, and that crowded into ten years the normal development of a half-century. Marshall regarded himself as an ill-used man. He nursed his grievance, and as a hermit he lived till Aug. 10, 1885, when he was found dead in his lonely cabin.

His grave is on a hill not far from the site of his great discovery, and two years after his death the State erected a monument to his memory. The monument is of granite, is thirty-one feet in height, and is surmounted by a bronze statue ten and a half feet high, representing a typical California miner.—Harper's Weekly.

The Most Beautiful Spot on Earth.

No matter how far you may have wandered hitherto, or how many famous gorges and valleys you have seen, writes John Muir in the Atlantic, this one, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, will seem as novel to you, as unearthly in the color and grandeur and quantity of its architecture, as if you had found it after death on some other star; so incomparably lovely, and grand, and supreme is it above all the other delightful canyons in our fire-molded, earthquake-shaken, rain-washed and wave-washed, river and glacier sculptured world. It is about six thousand feet deep where you first see it, and from rim to rim ten to fifteen miles wide. And instead of being dependent for interest on waterfalls, depth, wall sculpture, and beauty of park-like floor, like most other canyons, no waterfalls are in sight, and there is, in reality, no appreciable floor space.

The big river has room enough to flow and roar obscurely, here and there groping its way as best it can, like a weary, murmuring, overlaid traveler trying to escape from the tremendous, bewildering, labyrinthine abyss, while its roar serves only to mellow and deepen the silence. Instead of being filled only with air, the vast space between the walls is crowded with Nature's grandest buildings—a sublime city of them painted in every color of the rainbow, and adorned with richly fretted cornice and battlement, spire and tower in endless variety of style and architecture. Every architectural invention of man has been anticipated and far more, in this grandest of God's terrestrial cities where awe fills the spectator's soul.

A Combination Coat Tent.

At the boating exhibition in London a firm of "rain-proof specialists" show a novel exhibit which is called Nicholson's patent combination coat tent. It consists of a long, loose coat which can be comfortably and conveniently worn as a protection from rain or cold, and can be readily converted into a covering which forms half a tent. Thus, two men traveling together, by combining their coats, can form a tent under which they can sleep at full length, and with ample room. It can also be folded up and carried on the back as a knapsack, or rolled and carried round the shoulders. The weight of each coat or half tent which each man would carry is about 5½ pounds. It ought to be useful for Klondike explorers, if for nobody else.

Her Gentle Hint.

Mr. Bilkins—Say, Maria, what you got that old photograph of me out on the mantel for? Heavens and earth! That don't look anything at all like me now.

Mrs. Bilkins—I know it, Henry, but I ran across it up in the attic yesterday and thought I'd like to have it around where I could see once in a while what you used to look like when you smiled.

Lively.

Miss Westlake—Do you take much interest in society when you are at home?

Young Mrs. Willmerding of Philadelphia—Oh, yes; I have very lively times at home. My husband and I belong to three progressive theater clubs.

Appetite--Strength

Without the First You Cannot Have the Last.

Hood's Sarsaparilla gives both. It gently tones the stomach and gives digestive power, creates an appetite and invigorates the system. By making the blood rich and pure it strengthens the nerves and gives refreshing sleep.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5. Hood's Pills are the favorite cathartic. 25c.

SYRUP OF FIGS



NEVER IMITATED IN QUALITY.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

FRIENDLY WARNING.

The Old Man Had a Personal Interest in the Flirtation.

The young man in the street car with the swell suit and gold-headed cane was trying to flirt with the girl opposite, when the old man on his left nudged him with his elbow and hoarsely whispered:

"Young man, pause and reflect." "Are you speaking to me, sir?" demanded the young man.

"Yes, right to you, but I've got such a hard cold that I cannot say much. Let me repeat that you should pause and reflect!"

"What for?"

"You are trying to flirt with that young gal, sir?"

"And is it any of your business?"

"It is, sir. Excuse my hoarseness. I kicked the bed clothes off the other night and got cold. I want to say to you, sir, that it is my business, sir! Suppose that you succeed in attractin' that gal's attention?"

"Well, what of it?"

"She might be flattered and flirt back, though I don't think she's very flirtatious. It might lead to a case of love, and love to marriage."

"You'd better attend to your own business, sir," replied the young man.

"That's what I'm a-doin', sir! 'Sense me while I blow my nose. Yes, sir, I'm attendin' right to my business."

"Then let mine alone!"

"Then you let mine alone! I'm that gal's father!"

"Oh, you are?"

"Yes, I am, and I don't want no more foolin' around! I've got four sons-in-law just about your shape, and am supportin' the hull gang of 'em, and afore you saddle me with a fifth you'd better pause and reflect. It might be the last straw, and I'd turn the hull crowd out to dig fur fodder under the snow banks!"

Travel as an Educator.

The usefulness of travel for rightly trained and constituted lads is so generally recognized, says Scribner's that it is not at all unusual for parents who wish to give their sons every chance possible to increase in wisdom to offer them the choice between spending several years in Europe or going to college at home. Each of us knows one or two men who have pursued education in this way, and we are used to compare them with their college-bred coevals and pass opinions as to which method of intellectual development resulted best. Every year there are lads who were fitted for college and perhaps entered, but went abroad. To compare them six or eight, or ten or twenty years later with their schoolmates who went on and took their college degree is, perhaps, the most available test of the respective efficiency of the two methods; and it seems safe to say that, according to that test, the educational fruits of travel and study abroad compare very well with the products of the domestic tree of knowledge.

A Nobleman in Exile.

Phidaleophia boasts of a teacher of noble blood, Count Antanas Alexandrowicz Jockis, who has charge of one of the night schools. He is a Lithuanian. While a student in the University of St. Petersburg he was arrested for sedition and sentenced to exile in Siberia. He escaped, was captured again, and escaped again after a desperate fight, and, after conducting a Liberal paper in Tilsit, Germany, finally came to Philadelphia.