

first-class posts worth 25 cents each.

510 trees removed make 1,020 posts, worth \$255, being double original cost with total expenses, leaving the plantation fully paid, including twenty years interest and taxes.

The remaining 170 trees will, by the twentieth year, produce 850 cross-ties worth, at 60 cents, \$510, or 250 feet of lumber per tree, 42,500 feet, b. m., which, at \$20 per 1,000, is \$850.

The value of the land having been greatly improved, and a permanent income assured from the continued growths (as the trees are quickly renewed from the stumps) equal to a capital investment of \$1,000 at 8 per cent. interest.

## UNCLASSIFIED.

People never realized the terrible effects of the drouth until Missouri suggested it was time to pray.

The Ohio democratic convention left Bryan looking very much as if he had held a seance with Carrie Nation.

The Commoner says: "Ohio republicans have learned that it is not their part to think, but to accept." A close attention to the rumbling would have caused the peerless to notice that Ohio democrats have the ability to think and the judgment to act. Their attachment to ancient history is not pronounced.

Last year the republicans insisted that the price of wool was directly caused by the tariff. Today they assure us that the price is depressed by "destiny," the "will of God" and other well known attributes of republican politicians.

"The identity of the democratic candidate for president in 1904 is not yet known, but it is known that who ever he is, he will not be a democrat nominated by populists for populist purposes only." The above is stolen bodily from the Commoner with the change of but two words. It is gratifying to find that journal come within two of being right.

Mr. Bryan does not seem to comprehend how our currency has increased \$100,000,000 in amount of circulation when he had figured that inflation was the only method of increase. Once settled that he and his vagaries were relegated to the shelves of the antiquary, \$100,000,000 of sound money came out of hiding, where it was driven by the populist tornado of 1890.

Pennsylvania is the most intensely republican state in the union, and Philadelphia its most republican city. As we gaze at them, can we blame Croker for rolling his eyes to Heaven with that "I am holier than thou" look! Quay is doing his best to make Croker respectable, a thing the Almighty failed to do.

A corporation has been organized under the laws of New Jersey to do busi-

ness in the Philippines. This illustrates how much superior to the constitution are the laws of New Jersey.

The republicans are very nervous for fear that any agitation of the question of taxation will unsettle values and demoralize business. One would scarcely have expected the great slump in the stock market that followed the July 1st abolition of tax on chewing-gum.

Gradually the public are beginning to see Kruger in his real light. A stubborn, selfish, avaricious brute. With his twenty-five millions of political plunder he is safely housed in Belgium, and refuses to listen to the pleadings of Mrs. Botha, who has come thousands of miles to advocate the cessation of a war that means only death and desolation to those who did not follow the cowardly president in his flight. Even his poor wife, who had honestly struggled by his side for years, was left to die alone amid the horrors of a useless and hopeless war. While his precious body and fortune are safe he cries frantically for all others to risk their lives and sink their all in the struggle. From the very outset of the trouble his obstinacy and covetousness produced, he never ceased to quote pious psalms and plunder. At the first approach of danger he resigned his commission, but left not one dollar of his ill-gotten wealth to aid the cause he claims to represent. Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr at least had the imaginary or real excuse that their great services to the country had been requited by neglect and abuse. Kruger was simply a South African populist who had the temporary power to attach by legislative robbery every species of successful enterprise within his grasp. Corrupt enough to amass a fortune of \$25,000,000 in office, coward enough to flee, and audacity enough to pose as a standard bearer of liberty.

Even from Mr. Bryan's statement it is evident that Aguinaldo and his friends thought the contract would be more binding if they could plead a valuable consideration. A man who would not make a speech in behalf of his own candidacy except on a C. O. D. basis, cannot blame the poor Filipinos if they wanted to bolster up the promises of the Kansas City platform with those tangible beauties so dear to the prudent peerless.

It looks now as if nature, resenting the presumption of the administration was about to give us an object lesson, whereby we may judge whether prosperity is the result of her bounties or those dealt out to the steel and sugar infants by the tariff, that well known agent of the Almighty in distributing blessings to such as contribute with alacrity and sufficiency to the campaign fund. There is something sublime in the pecksniffian complacency with which Mark Hanna and his lieutenants assume

that they are vice-gerents of providence carrying out the decrees and destinies of the All-wise, who, until very recently was compelled to forward the civilization of mankind unaided. The constitution being taught to know its place and keep it, has removed a great obstacle from the path of the Almighty and "destiny" and soft jobs can walk hand in hand in the dependencies. The administration following the example of the patriarchs will "make a covenant with the Most High," and agree to not interfere with "destiny" so long as the soft jobs are as the sands of the sea for multitude.

"Et tu, Brute!" is said to have been the exclamation of the peerless when Charlie Towne became "satisfied that silver is dead." It is alleged that Charlie is making good money in New York, and does not want any foolishness to reduce it to a silver basis. How often Bryan must think of those words of Ney when Napoleon, on the retreat of Moscow, asked him, "Where is the rear guard?" "I am the rear guard!" said the old hero as he remembered that all but him had fallen in that awful retreat.

As Bryan looks back and sees Hogg, of Texas, a bloated millionaire, Pettigrew, the head and front of a soulless corporation, Charlie Towne forgetting the "masses" as he rolls in the lap of luxury, the New York Journal gone over to the gold mammon, the holy prophet, Croker, an exile in the land of the Philistines, Tillman politically dead from a base imitation of his leader's resignation, and so have fallen all those who once waked the echoes when the crown of thorns was torn from the sacred head to do duty in the vilest aggregation ever gathered in America for political plunder.

Well, can Bryan pose before the public after his political Moscow, and say, "I am the rear guard," with all the emphasis upon the rear.

T. M. S.

## FARM, STOCK AND HOME.

Any reader of THE CONSERVATIVE, who so desires, may receive for two months free, a copy of the Farm, Stock and Home, a very enterprising and worthy journal, devoted to the agricultural interests of the North-west, and published at Minneapolis, Minn. In addition to this, anyone renewing their subscription to THE CONSERVATIVE, and so specifying, will receive the same journal free for one year. This is an offer which will no doubt interest a great many of our up-to-date rural readers.

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