ECHOES OF PIONEER DAYS

with roses and other flowers abloom at Southport and Wilnington and Wrightsville, and with a total escape from the snows and sleets which marked the latter part of the month in the central and western portion of the State. It is truly a far cry from the stately palmetices at the mouth of the Cape Fear river, where North Carolina is almost laved by the soft waters of the Gulf Stream, to the loftiest hills east of the Rockles. A won-

waters of the Gulf Stream, to the loftiest hills east of the Rockies. A wonderful State, truly.

Our placid friends, the Spaniards, have a proverb which, translated into our more homely English, means never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow. That is the gospel in Manans land—the "land of to-morrow." In my travels I found Manana land in North Carolina at three places, one of these being Ocracock, another Bath and the third Roanoke another Bath and the third Roanoke Island, but of all Ocracoke perhaps leads. The strenuous life is unknown to the dear inhabitants of that isle and the good peole on "ye isle of Roanoke" have but little more knowledge of it. At Bath they simply sleep, while the town itself, little more than a memory dozes in the more than a memory, dozes in the

sunshine.
Of all places in North Carolina
which are memorials of the past St. Philip's church and church years at Old Brunswick, on the Cape Fear river below Wilmington, easily ranks first. That place is to North Caroline what Jamestown is to Virginia. The ruins of the church are far more imposing than the old tower which is all that remains at Jamestown, while the splendor of the tombs shows what the gentry of the province were in those far off days. It is small wonder that the Colonial Dames make an annual pilgrimage to such a place. To go gives the visitor at once an idea of the cort of people who live in the lower Cape Fear section, a section where there is now, as there was then, the finest flavor of hospitality,

the saddest things in eastern North Carolina. These have, in a few cases, pased into new hands. Some of the pased into new hands. Some of the manner of places has been so formal and so stately that one feels like treading treading shot in Bruin which ended him then lightly, and with uncovered head, as in the very presence of the dead. Here is a home, now in allen hands where in the stables the rich and hospitable owner used to keep thirty rid-ing horses, always ready for the use of his guests. The saddest things to see are the old cemeteries, with tombs nacared for, surrounded by crumbling closures, with the trunks of great trees rising in their midst, the roots playing havoc with not a few of the memorials.

may say of a long-gone past, is the whirl of a new life; the infusion of the greatest development in railways there are great movements, with an few years ago. It is the timber that being sought mainly, but a little given to trucking areas and to the fish and oysters of that wonderful craze. People make fortunes simply by buying lands and holding them, and the State itself has the ing its own vast possessions. To the railways there are few problems in the way of grading, the country being as flat as any floor, as a rule, the only being the best methods of crossing the estuaries which come up State like a series of inverted V's. The problem is to get just as near the Sound shores as possible. Great force are behind the roads and of the Standard Oil trust looms Nights. There is talk of a road to les of Roanoke Island. There are all sorts of rumors about the ownerp of the Suffolk and Carolina, is doing a tremendous amout of building and pushing surveys in several di-rections, and which has made heavy purchases of material, steamers, etc. ere is one rumor that this road trois the Raieigh & Pamilico Sound Line, which is under course of con-

AROUND ROANOKE ISLAND.

The last letter I wrote was dated at Manteo, the county seat of Roanoke my side throughout my trip of almost a month, was most kind in getting me away from the Island. Black Care had no part in my journeys. I figures to myself that the best way to leave the Island was on a sailing vessel in the same method our early friends, Sir Walter Raleigh's colonists made their appearance in that part of the world, and so it came about that I took what our forefathers used to call the "Good Ship" Hattie Crief, a trim schooner, which after the modern manner is also equipped with a couple AROUND ROANOKE ISLAND.

ECHOES OF PIONEER DAYS

EAST CAROLINA RICH IN HISTORY

Col. Olds Recapitulates the Incidents and Discoveries of His Pilgrimage—Glimpses of Some of the Change-less Pinces—Mingled With the Echoes of a Long-Gone Past, He Finds the Whirt of a New Life—Something of the Progress and Development of the Section—A Day in Tidowater Virginia and a Quick Journey Home.

Correspondence of The Observer. Raleigh. Feb. 9—My extended tour of eastern North Carolina has come to an end and surely there never was a more pleasant way to spend the storious month of January, which in the main was perfect in its weather and at times almost summer-like, with roses and other flowers abloom at Southport and Wilmington and Wrightsville, and with a total escape from the snows and seets which marked the latter part of the month in the central and western portion of the State. It is truly a far cry from the stately palmetices at the mouth of the Caple Fear, river, where North Carolina is almost laved by the soft waters of the Gulf Stream, to the lofti
marked the latter part of the month in the central and western portion of the State. It is truly a far cry from the stately palmetices at the mouth of the State, it is truly a far cry from the stately palmetices at the mouth of the State. It is truly a far cry from the stately palmetices at the mouth of the State. It is truly a far cry from the stately palmetices at the mouth of the State. It is truly a far cry from the stately palmetices at the mouth of the State, it is struly a far cry from the stately palmetices at the mouth of the State. It is truly a far cry from the stately palmetices at the mouth of the State. It is truly a far cry from the stately palmetices at the mouth of the State. It is truly a far cry from the stately palmetices at the mouth of the State. It is truly a far cry from the stately palmetices at the mouth of the State. It is truly a far cry from the stately palmetices at the mouth of the State. It is truly a far cry from the stately palmetices at the mouth of the State. As we skirted the island we passed near these sand hills, which great as they are, looked really small beside the mountainous ones at Nag's Head, some of the latter being half a mile in length and the sun shinging boldly making them look like mountains stripped by some convulsion of every vesture of herbage and left as bare and grinning as any skeleton could be. Not Sodom nor Gomorrah could be more desolate than that place—ghastly as any figment of a dream, and with as any figment of a dream, and with its loneliness accentuated by the mis-erable buildings, unpainted and desolate which tower at the foot of the hills. Along a sort of trench across the narrow beach you could see the tumb-ling waves of the roaring sea, curling ing waves of the roaring sea, curling green and breaking in a smother of foam, while the spanking breeze tore off the crests and biew them away like whiffs of faint smoke into the brine, while where the crief blowed along were the muddy waters of the sound, rich with the sediment brought down by the haughtly Roanoke river, a tribute from two States. tribute from two States. "BILL, THE BEAR HUNTER."

I have said that fortune was most kind and as soon as I boarded the crief she gave me a smile and intro-duced me to "Bill Basnight, then Bear Hunter," made famous by the pen of Grandfather Creecy Bill is the Nim-rod of North Carolina, and before his facile tongue all other sportsmen, not cotton and corn, but no end of it movement is in full swing. I spent failing to include the trusty and well-beloved "Big Tom Wilson," of Grand-trains rush there. The world is on the father Mountain, looks small indeed, move, and nothing shows more and it may be said, parenthically that plainly what North Carolina has lost Mr. Basnight makes the eminent Gerthen, the finest flavor of hospitality, so to speak. The hospitality of eastern North Carolina is proverbial, but in that section it finds a most generous expression.

The abandonment of the great houses and their splendid farms is one of the saddest things in eastern North to draw the long blow with suych dexembers. Mr. Basinght makes the eminent German writer Munchusem look like thirdway of its own like the splendid one down the Cape Fear river to Wilmington, which has developed and is developing in such a marked degree. The influence of Norfolk is paramount over a great area of this State. The gental Norfolk people always speak of North to draw the long blow with suych dexembers. to draw the long blow with suych dexterity as Bill Basnight. With a tim-lidity which was almost imploring he "down home." The jest at their exidity which was almost imploring he

and there. There are, he says, big

panthers yet remaining her and there

in Tyrrell and Dare counties, but these are very timid and will only fight clasely mressed. These from the smaller wild cat. His closest call, so far as panters are concerned, told about in this wise. He and his brother were hunting in a cance and were skirting the shore of a river and "let the Gold Dust Twins do your or lake when they saw a big panther which was being chased by their dog. The animal crouched on the shore and the mighty hunter fired at it but the animal, he declares, "ducked" at the flash, and so was missed entirely, Mingled with these echoes, as one sprang into the water and swam out among some cypress leaves, was fired at again and for the second time didged and so was unhurt. This made Basnight thoroughly angry, and pushing the boat up to the bank, he pursued the panther, with only a knife expenditure of money undreamed of a in his hand. The panther, pressed by the dogs too, crouched to spring, but whom there must have been at least luckily Mr Basnight remembered what a dozen, if he had as many habita-he had read about the power of the tions as tradition says he had. Col. human eye upon animals and decided Creasey is full of the notion that one with his quick wit to use it on this of his places is near Elizabeth City. beast. He returned the glare of the the lower floor being of brick and panther with interest, say of the rate the upper of wood and the location of about ten per cent and then sprang night the water. Teach us, in fact, forward and with one sweep of the the sort of a person who had to albig hunting knife split the panther's ways be ready to take water. The brain, but even then in its dying people who own this house are quite agony it gave a leap and caught one of fils dogs which he mauled terribly entrance fee, but also sell relics. By in the few moments before death came. Mr. Basnight told me that he the people of Bath will prehaps knew there were man-eating sharks awake to the fact that Teach is something of a bonanza and they may offer cause some 20 years ago he found on some relics too, and have a cicerone the shore below Neg's Head the body to of a young man who had suddenly disappeared while bathing on that beach the day before. He said the shark had bitten the body in the abdomen, there being the great oval marks of its many teeth, but that the was too much, for it did not bother it further after the one swift

and horrible crash. PLAYGROUND OF THE SHAD. January was ended and the early shad were coming in, rather more nu-merously than usual at this season in merously than usual at this season in the upper waters. The broad stretches of aimost fresh water are the playground of this noble fish, which is in such request everywhere, and there are miles of net stakes, which in February will be hung with thousands of miles of seines and nets of all kinds, so thickly put out in those waters that it seems wonderful any fish at all can get up to the spawning grounds. One curious thing was observed in regard to my tour, which embraced the whole sweep of the State from Southport to Norfolk, this being the wonderfully small amount of intercourse between the people of the various towns. For example between Wilmington and Newbern there is, no travel save by commercial men worth speaking of the people at Newbern



One's lover tarries at the door, Eager in dreams of bilss. Her eye is light, her heart is love, Her lips are sweet to kiss.

cause the latter by no chance ever sav

boat, unless it be the gas-boat, is

pretty nearly at an end. The gas-

boat is pushing its nose into every-

thing and its consumptive cough is

heard far and near. It tends to make

residents of that section who are dis-

posed to be lazy, even lazier, this

being a very natural result to be sure.

It is nice to be able to loll in a boat

STEPPING INTO THE PAST.

line, Fayetteville, Southport, Wilming-

beth City, Roanoke Island, not to

speak of side trips to other points

particularly about that genial murderer and blackguard Teach,

he abode in their village.

The people of Roanoke Island are

indulging in a sort of hope that President Rosevelt will go there during

the Jamestown Exposition. They hope

to turn an honest penny out of this

exposition by the way by having peo-ple come to their place. Of course there is only the outline of the old

fort to be seen, but to the student this, slight as it is, is a point of very deep human interest, though to be sure the average islander cares noth-

ing for it. Some persons expect the government to mark the old fort and

ment there.

The Colonial Dames have not the strength in the East which they ought to have. There is really not a member of the order at Edenton, which is easily the most prominent of the colonial towns in this State, and which has few equals in the entire

country. One lady there said she would soon be a Dame, It would certainly appear that this organization would make a pilgrimage to Edenton, and it would be very easy

tainly in this vicinity of paces it would find a world of things which it ought

I followed the crowd and went to Norfolk, as all the world is doing, and found that city brim full of new life. I had never had a satisfactory view of the place, but spent half an hour on top of the new sky-scraper

ton, Wrightsville, Newberne,

What a trip mine was, all along the

Bath, Edenton, Hertford, Eliza-

suburbs of Norfolk

work."

The other's sleeps beneath a stone. Cold as the stone he lies. Dust are his lips and dust his heart And ashes are his eyes

due to North Carolina. So after town one leaves Newbern, northbound, ation of Portmouth and other outmost of the talk is about lumber and lying suburbs was found to be great, In other words the Greater Norfolk oysters and fish and truck, some about several hours at the Navy Yard at Portmouth and saw the great dry dock in course of erection. I found it being built of cement, connected move, and nothing shows more section by section on exactly the same plan used in constructing the by not having another fine watersea-wall at Galveston Texas. I went on beard the torpedo which was lying alongside the Bar-ney and Biddle, all these are being

stripped and repaired before they go to the Philippines, the engines put a few months ago having been found defective. The Bagley is the only torpedo boat, by the way, which has memorials, these being of bronze, and placed on each side of the conning

when a brother rushed up and put a shot in Bruin which ended him then in the northeast and the days of the State. In fact the North Carolinian is very sure to get the glad hand on all of a tall tree and barked at them. sides in Norfolk and Portsmouth. "Faith," said John, "I see the beast, There used to be some jealousy be- and he's shaking his tail at ye, Pat." tween Norfolk and Portmouth, but this is being kept down and I was told a very good story to the effect that in a Norfolk theatre a verly large part of the patronage comes from Portsmouth, and there is a no- and then the going was easy. Up and ed in the window and began to circle tice posted behind the scenes, that up he went, until the actor or actress who takes a fling scoffing squirrel.

very safe to say that no jokes and me and John will ate you for dinner, you little switch tail."

O yis, you beast, I'll catch you and now. The beast has gone out and got a torch and is hunting for us.

We might as well stay awake and the beast has gone out and got a torch and is hunting for us. The home run to Raleigh from Portsmouth was made on the swift he knew full well his powers. He seaboard Air Line train, through a laughed in the face of the Irishman, country which shows development at and made ready to jump to a nearby grieved for they are as ancient as the strength of the commissions Congress can pass, and with age to some I shall not feel again the commissions Congress can pass, and with age to some I shall not feel again the commissions Congress can pass, and with age to some I shall not feel again the commissions Congress can pass, and with age to some I shall not feel again the commissions Congress can pass, and with age to some I shall not feel again the commissions Congress can pass, and with age to some I shall not feel again the commissions Congress can pass, and with age to some I shall not feel again the commissions Congress can pass, and with age to some I shall not feel again the commissions Congress can pass, and with age to some I shall not feel again the commissions Congress can pass, and with age to some I shall not feel again the commissions Congress can pass, and with age to some I shall not feel again the commissions Congress can pass, and with age to some I shall not feel again the commissions Congress can pass, and with age to some I shall not feel again the commissions Congress can pass, and with age to some I shall not feel again the commissions Congress can pass, and with age to some I shall not feel again the commissions Congress can pass, and with age to some I shall not feel again the commissions Congress can pass, and with age to some I shall not feel again the commissions Congress can pass, and with age to some I shall not feel again the commissions congress can pass, and with age to some I shall not feel again the commissions congress can pass, and with age to some I shall not feel again the commissions congress can pass, and with a shall not feel again the commissions congress can pass, and with a shall not feel again the commissions congress can pass, and with a shall not feel again the co almost every station. Everything tree when he got good and ready. Pat shows how North Carolina is going did not know that the squirrels could of interest. Much of the tour was like stepping back into the past. Of course there are myths here and there notable those about pirates, ulation and it is passing it in devel-opment. No people are more hopeful surely none have greater reason for FRED A. OLDS.

> Mark Twain's Newest Story. Speech at Tuskegee Meeting at New York.

"We all swear-everybody, including the ladies. Including Dr. Parkhurst, that strong and brave and excellent citizen, but superficially educated. For it is not the word that is the sin, it is the spirit back of the word When an irritated lady says 'Oh!' the spirit back of it says that is the way it is going to be rerecorded against her. It always makes me sorry when I hear a lady swear says it in an amiable, hice way, it isn't going to be recorded at all.

"The idea that no gentleman swears is all wrong; he can swear and still be a gentleman if he does it in a way. The historian, John Fiske, whom and most noble and upright Christian gentleman, and yet he swore once. Not exactly that, maybe; still he-but I

exactly that, maybe; still he—but I will tell you about it.

"One day when he was deeply immersed in his work his wife came in, much moved and profoundedly distressed, and said, I am sorry to disturb you, John, but I must, for this is a serious matter, and needs to be attended to at once." Then, lamenting, she brought this accusation against their little son. She said: 'He has been saying his Aunt Mary is a fool and his Aunt Martha is a damned fooi!' Mr. Fiske reflected upon the matter Mr. Fiske reflected upon the matter a minute, then said: 'Oh! well, it's about the distinction I should make between them myself."

A ROCK HILL BLIND TIGER.

Legiesa Tom Phifer, the Inveterate Dispenser of Illicit Whiskey, Again on the Chain Gang.
Correspondence of The Observer.'
Rock Hill, Feb. 8.—Tom Phifer, the legiesa blind tiger, who had almost finished a \$100 fine imposed upon him by Mayor Roddey a few months ago, has gotten in trouble again. He was brought before the mayor the first of the week on the charge of storing contraband liquor. He was found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of \$100 or serve \$0 days on the county chain gang. Tom has been brought before the mayor on similar charges, but it is a well-known fact to the officers that Tom sells liquor, and it is an easy matter to convict him. Tom, as stated before, is legiese, he having lost both limbs

I would now sing a sad, sad song In moralistic style, Had not this artist struck me dumb With the old lady's smile.

town Exposition, and in the annex- ANCIENT IRISH TALES ON EARLY TRAVELERS

Pat and John and Mike and Tim, the First Settlers, Furnished Fun and Sport for School Boy Parties— Bewinskered Yarns Trotted Out for the Benefit of the Coming neration—Providence Township Youngsters Laughed at the Hibernians' Expense—A Number of Interesting Experiences Recalled. have wondered where the Uncle

Remus stories originated. Every oldtime negro tells tales about Brer Rabbit, Brer Fox, Ole Sis Cow and other animals, and in the main they are the same. Down in Providence township. where I first saw the light, white boys tell Irish tales, the origin of which is as much of a mystery as is that of the negro's Brer Rabbit tales. The following will illustrate what I mean

were reached, yarlous capacities and many of the deal shout field sports. The first thing this that the Hibernians saw was a squirrel and that proud little animal mounted a high limb near the tip top "Yis and begabbers, I'll tree and get him," declared Pat. Pat was in earnest for he shucked his coat and started up the tree. He pass into the sea of forgetfulness a hugged the body to the first limbs lightening bug, with tall all aglow, sallup he went, until he was close to the

But the squirrel was not uneasy for foight." leap from tree to tree or he would not have gone up the big oak.

At the proper time the squirrel

than North Carolinians and most walked out on the end of the limb and but such is not the case now. sprung into the air, landing on a tree scramble for the almighty dollar is too ten feet away.

RED BUCK.

Want to, but because they have to.

There is the whole railroad question. ten feet away.
"O faith and begabbers, I jump too," said Pat as he crawled out

on the limb after the squirrel.

The Irishman made the leap but never landed in the tree. He went head foremost to the ground and broke his That is the story as I heard it.

JOHN GOES DOWN IN THE WELL.

One fine day in May John and Pat were drawing water for the mules and horses, when the bucket broke loose

from the chain and fell to the bottom of the welf.
"Faith," said John, "and I will go after it. Pat you hold the windlass" and I'll go down the rope."

John was grit to the craw. He would always do, or die trying. Therefore, when he had shed his coat he caught the well rope and swung in. But the rope was so slick that he soon saw that he was in danger of losing his hold and dropping in the well. "Hold, faith and begabbers, and the rope is slick," shouted John to Pat. "Let me spit on my hands and then

I can hold it."

John let go to spit on his hands and went straight to the bottom of the But Innocent Philadelphians Would

ROLLING A LOG DOWN A HILL Pat and John wanted to roll a big to see what could be done. Pat struck gar dealer on Broad street, above Filting radical and something unit the first idea. In a joyful outburst he bert. Quinn had stopped in Smith's place tutional is to be done the peop said; "I have it John, I'll tie one end to purchase a cigar, when a stranger enot going to detail the Democratic party. If of the rope around my waist and the other around the log and Pil, hold

ed and John started the log The rope wrapped around the log and Pat was soon first on top and then the log. John was left in the race but when he found Pat he was trying to locate himself.

"Pat, and what did you let the log do you that way for?" asked John.
"Fath, I was on lop just as much

THE IRISHMEN HUNT BIRDS.

Pat and John went bird hunting.
They walked for hours without seeing anything to shoot at. Finally,
however, a big grasshopper flew out
of the weeds and lit on John's breast.
Seeing the insect Pat stopped short
and should "Hold John, there's a

up, you rascal, it's my bird that you are trying to hide."

THE DEER HUNT.

Pat and John joined a party of deer hunters and took stands. The hounds started a big buck and carried him right by Pat but that individual did not shoot until some time after the dogs passed. The boys went down to see if he had killed any game.
"Did you kill the deer, Pat?" asked one of the hunters.

"I was just looking to see now." declared Pat as he graveled around on the bank of a little pond. "I saw the beast jump out here and heard him say: 'Pat O'Reilly drop your gun' and I tried him a crack."

Pat had shot a big bullfrog. "Pat, that was a frog. Didn't you see the deer pass here ahead of the hounds?" 'No, faith, I couldn't see nothing for

the calf with the chair on his head and a bunch of cotton on his back." "Why that was the deer, Pat." "It was a calf, faith, and I know it."

JOHN FINDS A WATCH.

Pat and John had not been in this country very long. In fact, they had not had time to settle. They were traveling about the country, trying to select a good location, where they could labor and live. One fine day, as Pat and John were about to separate so that they might see different sections of this country, they met a stranger who told them that he had lost his watch on the way and asked them to look for it. When the two met again, after being apart for several hours, John yelled to Pat: "And faith, I found the watch.'

Where is it John," said Pat. "Here in my pocket," said John. "What time have ye?"

"It is now two and scratching like the devil for three," said John, as he struggled to hold something in his coat "Let me see the watch John," said

Pat. "And sure," said John, as he drew out a live upland terrapin that he picked up in the road.

The trouble with the Irishman was that he had found the terrapin and mistaken it for a lost watch; the American had told him that it would be going "Tick, tock" when he came up on it, and the clawing of the teripan had fooled him.

Pat had found the real watch, but when he heard its peculiar ticking, decided that he had found one of the terrible enemies that beset travelers in those early days, and smashed it with a rock.

THE HIBERNIANS AND THE MOSQUITOES.

In keeping with those Providence tales is the oft-repeated story of Mike and Tim, two Irishmen who had just landed in this country, and the mosquitoes of the coast region. Mike and Tim started out for a tramp across the country. As soon as they left the boat and when overtaken by night they slipped into an unoccupied house to sleep. Being foot sore and tired they fell asleep early. The innocent fellows never saw a mosquito or felt the sting or his bite. The only enemy they had in Ireland was England. As

of his companion and stirred. not in Ireland but in the land of "sing-

ing flies." They got up and closed the door to shut out the light of the moon climb the and, in that way, protect themselves from the mosquitoes.

Just as Mike and Tim were about to

> round and round. "John," said Pat, "and it's no use

hills. Bue, they are addressed to the boy whose father is too busy to tell stories. In the days of long ago men had plenty of time to repeat the tales they had heard in their younger days strenuous.

Why Hay Got No War News. Boston Herald.

In the summer of the commencement few days' rest. Naturally, it was important for him to have close and constant communication with the outside world, and arrangements hed accord-ingly been made for telegrams to be sent up to him from the telegraph office.

As the situation of the Eastern affairs became more tense and exciting thing. On the contrary, Paul owes Secretary Hay was expecting very important communications, but none came. A day went by, and no word. The next morning a messenger was dispatched early to see if there was any message.
"No," said the operator, "there is none."

"But has none come?" he was askeed.
"W-ll, one came yesterday, but there
was no sense to it, so I did not send it up.

IT WAS A GOOD JOKE. Like to See Perpetrator. Philadelphia Record.

Houdini, the handcuff king, was badly ocratic victory gained in this c wanted on Tuesday evening by two well- will be exactly like the last, a

SURRENDERED TO OCTOPUS

NO BIDDING ON CANAL SUPPLIES

"Savoyard" Declares the Administra-tion Made an Abject Surrender to the Tariff Barons—Instead of Buying Necessary Material in the Open Markets of the World. Pri-vate Contracts Were Made at Home—All Other Issues Subsidiary to Tariff Reform, and on This Lines the Democratic Party Must Fight it Out Until Victory is Won. Correspondence of The Observer.

Washington, Feb. 9.—Last sum the Roosevelt administration thro the Secretary of War, announced that it was going to engage the tariff octo-pus and it was heralded to the farthest extremity of the republic ships, materials and supplies for work of constructing the Panama ca-nal would be brought in the open markets of the world, and that if an American offered to sell his goods to the government he must do it at prices that competed with free trade England and continental Europe. We all remember what a howl went up from every tariff baron in the land. The standpatters were in a rage and severely arraigned the administration for a free trader, but the Secretary reiterated his resolution and was backed up by a statement from the White House itself.

Well, we have heard from the thing again. Except Portland cement-which could be had only from Great Britian-and lead, everything that has been bought for the canal has been purchased in the home market, and the cement and lead that were obtained were purchased of an American im-porter. Instead of advertising for bids at home and abroad, circulars were sent to domestic manufacturers and dealers and private contracts were thus made. It was as complete and as abject surrender as ever was heard of. The Secretary had protested that the administration was doing this great work as the trustees of the American people and that ordinary justice and common honesty required that he should go into the markets of the entire world and buy where he could buy cheapest. The influence was that whilst the tariff barons were clothed with the privilege to rob the people they had no right to rob the government; but it seems that the govern-ment is as powerless in the presence of the tariff monopolies as the indi-vidual. We have all heard of what a great fighter Roosevelt is, but in this instance he fought and ran away that he might live to fight another day.

The fact is that when Mr. Roosevelt was elected Vice President he was little less of a tariff reformer than Roger Q. Mills or William L. Wilson, just as McKinley, the day he was nom-inated for President, was as good a 16 to 1-er as Richard P. Bland or Henry M. Teller. Secretary Taft is not a stand-patter; but both the President and the Secretary shrink from a contest on the tariff and have yielded their opinions to the demands of the tariff barons. I doubt if the President would have been so timid if he had not been so busy chasing that other octopus, the railroads. When he chops off all the tentacles of that monster quite likely he will chase the tariff. monopoly.

He will find it a much tougher tob. Congress is going to give him a railroad bill just as soon as the United States Senate finds out the least he will put up with. That is what he will John, who had been sleeping but get, and all he will get, and between he will have plenty of opportunity to meditate on what Mr. Grover Cleveland called "perfidy and dishonor." The House of Representatives will give him all he wants, and thank the Lord that it is rid of a most onermin responsibility. Not so the Senate-It deliberates; it is conservative; it never jumps at a conclusion; it has more courage of conviction; but there will pointing to the people and aggravating the clamor for a season perhaps un-til after 1908. The malady that afflicts the railroads is fundamental and until the cause of it is removed, all "rate bills" Congress can pass, and all the commissions Congress can cretion. The railroad disease is competi-tion. The companies have to rob com-The companies have to rob communities where it does not exist to compensate for the losses where does exist. Be sure the companies do not rob the patrons because they but not ten men in one hundred-it se many should read this-will believe a word of what I say about it.

Indeed he that undertakes to destroy of the Russo-Jap war the late Secrethe tariff octopus will have a much tary of State John Hay came to his harder fight on his hands than the summer home at Lake Sunapee for a President is making against the railroads. And no Republican Congress will even attempt to extract the oppression in monopoly that lurks in every tariff schedule. They believe in it. It is the fundamental unprinciple of an unprincipled party. It forces the government to rob Peter to pay Paul when it does not owe Paul anvthe government. But the dogma of protection is firmly rooted in the public mind, and daily it grows stronger. The tariff league spends tens of thousands annually creating public opinion for the tariff monopolies. It has unlimited means at command-"fat fryed out" the tariff barons. They have the name of every man in at least Congressional districts who will his first vote this year. They have a note of the politics, the religion, the standing of his family. They sen him "literature" and gradually are making protectionists of youn Democrats.

Now let me tell you—the next De known Philadeiphians—Doc Quian, of the for tariff reform. All other issue City Solicitor's office, and Ed Smith, citered and in a few moments led the uair into a conversation over the feats of the famous lock defler.

The stranger displayed a set of handcuffs and claimed that he was going to see if Hondini could take them off his wrists after they had been locked, on. To show how tightly they fitted a man's wrist, the stranger persuader Quinn and Smith to allow atest, each to have a bracelet locked on one of his wrists. Smith, who stood behind the counter, readily equiesced, and Quinn followed suit. The cuffs were cloked on in ajiffy. Without more ado the stranger started. tered and in a few moments led the uair party to do it. They will order