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EDITOR'S CHAIR.

WHAT OF THE EDITOR ON THE ROSTRUM OF THE DAY.

Whether the methods of the politicians and the monopolists get the country into trouble or rather into the trouble, they have on hand always some patent cut and dried reason or explanation. They say "it is overproduction of products," but when the people refuse to swallow that and show that it is an UNDER PRODUCTION OF MONEY, then they say it is want of confidence." That they are doing now, but the people refuse to swallow it, for they know and say that IT IS WANT OF MONEY. What the next dodge of the plutocrats and oppressors will be no one knows, but the people are on the watch and are doing their own thinking and will hereafter do their own thinking.

To completely demonetize silver, withdraw from circulation and retire the remainder of the greenbacks, and then, to put out (in the place of silver or greenbacks) State bank notes, which are not a legal tender and can not be made so, and make gold the only standard, only legal tender money, and thereby turn the people over to the tender mercies of the London Israelites, seems to be the programme of Grover Cleveland and the new England end of democracy. Will the congressmen from the South and the West accept this scheme or will they bow their necks like so many slaves or spaniels? Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty!

Notwithstanding the failure of national banks within the last few days and the loss of many millions by deposits and shrinkage of values, all national bank notes are at par. This is because they are backed by the government. Who would pretend to assert that state bank notes, as now proposed as a substitute for silver coinage and legal tender treasury notes, would remain at par under a stringency like the present one? Spare the country from a wildcat currency and a single standard, Mr. Cleveland.

If the present financial troubles is caused by "want of confidence" then our present financial system must be largely on confidence. The country want something better than a sham and shadowy confidence, they want a financial system based on facts. But the money power and the papers and politicians which look to them, howl at that and say it is wild and visionary and unsound. Which side are you on?

We are now sending out blanks to more men in each county asking for the particulars in the election not fair. If you do not get one and you know of any frauds, write us for a blank. We want to hear from anyone who knows of any facts connected with the election that ought to be published and ventilated to send them to us.

Two years ago when the Republicans were in power, the whole Democratic party was clamoring for the coinage of silver. Now that the Democratic party is in power it is opposed to free coinage. Why the change? The gold bugs were running the Republican party then. They are running the Democratic party now.

The Sherman silver law put $4,500,000 month in circulation. The Democrats forced that law on the Republicans to prevent the passage of a free coinage bill. They are now doing their own work and want to demonetize silver by repealing the Sherman law and putting nothing in the place of it.

The financial issue is the real "question" and the tariff a secondary consideration, but last presidential election was won on fraudulent pretenses. The tariff was made paramount and all questions sent to the rear. We have not forgotten these things.

Just now beginning to see what politicians meant last fall when they talked for the people. They have office, therefore they have relief and they think everybody has or don't care. The people care only after "relief" for themselves.

Now they say that it is want of confidence that is ruining the country. There is something in that. It is the people are losing confidence in Democratic pledges, and the trouble was TOO MUCH confidence in them last fall.

Can you now think of the best men the world ever saw?

UNCLE GROVER AND KING AHASUERUS.

Going to the White House uncalled always was a perilous venture, it seems. Queen Esther, 500 years B. C., said: "All the king's servants, and the people of the king's provinces, do know that whosoever, whether man or woman, shall come unto the king into the inner court, who is not called, there is one law of his to put him to death, except such to whom the king shall hold out the golden sceptre that he may live."

Mr. Postmaster General Bissell admitted Mr. Rose and Congressman Greedy without ceremony in primitive American style. But on the 8th of May Mr. Cleveland, filled with the spirit of Ahasuerus the king, promulgated a similar law, closing the White House in the face of those who thought that they were THE people, and sought to be the servants, of the king, also. The Persian king threatened physical death, the magnificent American would kill politically. Since the days of Ahasuerus, who comes nearer "settin' back on his fetlocks" than your uncle Grover!

"A VOTER" SEES IT NOW.

MR. EDITOR:—I want to thank you for your editorial in last week's issue. I refer to the editorial headed "The folly of putting new wine in old bottles." I got from it an idea that you might have expressed, or rather your editorial suggested to me an answer to a question that I have asked myself and that has puzzled me now for nearly a year. It is why the old party bosses are ready to accept almost any reform the people demand and to put it in their party platforms, but that when the people dare to act independently and fight for these same reforms that the same bosses and politicians declare that the reforms are bad and vicious? I see it now. They are willing to put our reforms in their platform, if we will elect them to office, for then they will never carry them out or only pretend to do so. But when the people talk about electing to office men (who don't belong to the machine) and who might honestly try to carry out these reforms, then the men are bad and the reforms are worse. I see it all now.

Yours to the end, A VOTER.

WANTS DEMOCRATIC FREE SCHOOLS.

The Charlotte Observer, after raising a calamity howl about the condition of the free schools, says:

"This lamentable state of affairs must be remedied if we ever expect our State to be prosperous down to the very core; if we expect to keep our country children from growing up believing in the dangerous nonsense of Third party teachings—and other such fallacies, which their fathers believe because the State never provided for their education, but allowed them to grow up in ignorance."

If you will analyze the above it says (1) that the free schools don't do much educating but what it does do helps the "Third party," and (2) that since it has taught so many to join the "Third party" that if the Democratic party can not capture some of their sons, that it is "gone by the board." In short the Observer wants Democratic free schools, but if the schools should teach boys to be broad-gaged, and liberal in their views, if they should teach them to weigh all sides of every question, then the schools will be more than apt to help the People's party. Any way we are in favor of them.

There is a paragraph in the National Democratic platform favoring the repeal of the ten per cent. tax on State bank notes, but we observe that a good many Democrats, now that the election is over, are not standing on that plank. Nor is there reason why they should not do so.

There is also a plank denouncing the silver purchase act, but that is coupled with a declaration in favor of the free coinage of silver.

Free coinage may not now be practicable, and thus the utterance of the party on the silver question may not be a binding rule of action; this is not the case, however, in regard to the repeal of the ten per cent. tax. If that repeal is not practicable now, it never will be.—News & Observer.

Pray tell us why you think free coinage is not practicable now and when you think it will be?

We have been discussing the election law and showing how frauds could be committed under the law. Now please send us all the causes of fraud that occurred in your section.

It will be several weeks before we can begin the publication of the election frauds by counties. In the meantime, if you know any facts that ought to be published, write to us about it.

Getting "relief." That is what a politician means when he gets an office for himself.

GOL. HENRY WATTERSON'S SPEECH

AT THE GREAT QUADRANGULAR DEBATE IN PHILADELPHIA.

QUESTION: "WHICH OFFERS THE BEST PRACTICAL POLITICAL MEANS FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WORKINGMEN OF THIS COUNTRY, THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY, THE PEOPLE'S PARTY, THE REPUBLICAN PARTY, OR THE CHURCH?"

HE PRESENTS AN ABLE AND COMPLETE STATEMENT OF THE DEMOCRATIC SIDE.

LET EVERY VOTER READ IT WITH A FAIR AND IMPARTIAL MIND.

James M. Lingle, Esq., president of the Chatham Literary Union, said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—On behalf of the Chatham Literary Union I congratulate you upon having here to-night two of America's greatest editors, and with thanking the Philadelphia papers for co-operating with the Chatham Literary Union, and also saying that great credit is due to Walliam C. O'Neil for his untiring efforts in the interest and for success of these meetings I will announce that Col. McClure will act as chairman and will introduce Col. Wattterson. (Applause.)

Col. McClure said. Ladies and gentlemen, I am very glad indeed to be with you this evening, not only because of the occasion, but because of the man that fits the occasion, and I am further gratified to find this free Temple, for it is the freest of all our temples, and yet within all the sacred lines of its purpose. I am glad to see this free temple thrown open for a Democratic mass meeting for one night. (Applause.) Not because I am much of a Democrat myself but because I like intelligent, progressive people, such as these church people, who wish to hear all sides and to hold fast to that which is good and I am specially gratified to find the wordly wisdom that is beginning to mingle with our progressive church people, I mean the worldly wisdom that makes churches better, not demoralizes them, but makes them better.

For religion after all belongs to the world, and every condition of man, and every calling of human effort, and the closer the church gets to the world maintaining all its sanctity of religion, the more good it accomplishes, the better Christian it makes, and the more Christians it creates. I am glad to make this Temple a model, as a church in that regard, and I profoundly regret for religion needs a foundation of social order, and public safety everywhere, I simply regret that we have not more churches as broad, and as apostolic as this one. I am sure that the cause of the church would progress much better if it were so. I am happy to have the oportunity to present to you a gentleman who needs no introduction even here, where perhaps there are but few who have never heard of him, a man whose name is known not only in his state, not only in every state in the Union, but whose fame is international, not only as an editor but as an orator. The man whom you will hear with profound satisfaction, a man who will give good reasons for his faith, a man who will offend none who seek the truth, however they may differ from him. I know of no man who equals him in the two great efforts of pen and forum, and I present to you Henry Watterson. (Applause.)

MR. WATTERSON'S ADDRESS.

HENRY WATTERSON.

Ladies and gentleman, in that particular chapter of Irish History which was was reserved for the consideration of snakes, the historian feeling the solecism as well as the brevity of Irish wit, informs us that there are no snakes in Ireland. and I am afraid that on this accasian I shall have to emulate that flight of Celtic imagination. I find myself heralded to speak from a Democratic standpoint upon a question as to which party offers the best practical means for the benefit of the workingmen of the country.

If I am to discharge the duty thus assigned to me with fidelity, I must begin by repudiating the text altogether, because the Democratic party recognizes no means which will especially benefit one class over another. (Applause.)

The bell tower and buttress of its faith, the source and resource of its strength are laid in the declaration. "Freedom for all, especial privilegs to none," (applause) which applied to practical affairs would deny to anybody that is styled "working men" associated together in a co-operative society. any means not open to every other association of a co-operative character, and to every individual citizen in the land.

But why, why in a country like ours should any body of men get together, call themselves working men, and claim as an exclusive property to themselves, something which is not shared by all their fellow citizens?

Why should any man claim for himself, and his life, the God given title of the working man? We are all working men. The patient, plodding scholar in his library surrounded by the luxuries and comfrots which his learning and labor have earned for him no less than the poor collier in the mines enveloped by darkness and squalor, yet if he be a true man having a little bird singing in his heart, the same song of hope and cheer which crowns the genious of Stevenson and Arkwright, and a long procession of inventors lowly born, to whom the greatest of the centuries owes its glorious achievements.

We are all working men, the banker, the merchant, the doctor, the lawyer, toiling day after day, and it may be well paid for their toil to minister to and to help the wants of time quite as much as the farmer and the farmer's boy, riding with a laugh to drive the team afield, and toiling with the land so rich that it needs but to be tickled with a hoe to laugh a harvest. Having something of an audacious fancy I have sometimes in moments of exuberance ventured upon a conceit that the Jupiter tonans, the American editor, seated upon his three-legged stool, clothed by awful majesty and mystery of his state, is a working man just as the poor lad in the city editor's room who braves the dangers of the midnight through the slums of the city, and the temtations of the town, yet carries with him a love of the work and hope of reward, fearing nothing except dishonor, and it may be blest by unseen hands from somewhere beyond the stars. Why even the office seeker at Washington begging for a tittle of that pie which, having got his slice, a cruel, hard hearted president would eliminate from the bill of fare, (laughter) even he is a working man and I can tell you a very hard working man, (applause) with a mighty tough job of work upon his hands, and were better and happier if he were breaking rock upon a turn pike in Dixie or spitting rails on a quarter section in the wild, wooly west. It is true as announced on the programme that I am a Democrat. (Lauanter) As Artemas Ward once said of the horse in his panorama, 'I can conceal it no longer," (laughter) that is to say, as good a Democrat as they have nowadays; (laughter) but I am also an American (applause) and I should like to accept the occasion and the subject onnounced for discussion with a little latitude, and instead of sticking close to the text, I should like to talk a little with you from the working men's standpoint, from the standpoint I mean of the universal working man, of some of the drifts and tendencies of American life as they relate to practical ways and means and to try to sum up the result if I can from a purely American standpoint.

No party can relieve any of us from the toil, the daily turmoil and toil by which each one of us lives and moves and has his being. Parties may claim to be able to do many things, but they cannot relieve individual men from their obligations and responsibilities involved with constant watchfulness which is equally the price of private character and popular liberty; so if you will allow me I would like to talk now a little as a patriot and not as a patisan, and when I have finished if you choose to call it a plea for the Democratic party, I shall not make any wry faces about it, or sue you for libel. (Laughter.)

Take—take the map of North America, and fix it in your mind's eye. Behold what an empire! Cæsar never looked upon the like. Napoleon in his wildest dreams conceived nothing so magnificent and vast. See how it takes up its line of travel with the north star, how it coasts along the frozen seas of Alaska and Labrador, how it sweeps around the capes of Newfounland, losing itself a moment in the mists, how it skips straight over her Majesty's dominion to deepen into the fine forests and granite hills of New Hampshire, with the inland oceans, those jewels, and and with great Niagara for its crown of diamonds How it journeys in vestibuled trains and palace coaches through the glorious north and the teeming south until dropping its rich fruitions into the gulf stream it fades at last into a vision of Paradise, under the southern amidst the silence and solitude of eternal summer. What a wealth is here to elevate the mind, to inspire the hear, to make us proud of our country and ourselves.

What historic memories crowd every foot of the way tracing the prowess of our land and race in the bones of heroes that reach to the borders of the iceland and the bones of heroes that have enriched the soil of the Montezumas making in peace and war in the triumphs of the field, and in the nobler achievements of the laboratory, and the workshop, the progress of a people who have already revolutionized the New World and put the old world to blush, and destined ultimately to draw to themselves all the resources of the earth and air and all the powers of man in his State of final and complete development.

Is there anything to mar the prospect? Is there anything to darken the scene and dim the light? Is there anything across the great highway of the future to obstruct our march of triumph to glory as a nation and a people?

Yes, I think that there is, and if I should be required to classify them I would put them into two geographical descriptions, Canada and Mexico. Yes, Canada and Mexico. Canada, Canada, the easy land of gentlemen who have more money than legal rights, or moral title to it; Mexico, the flowery home of gentlemen without money and without any virtue to speak of.

In the olden time a gentleman possessed of shady notions about meum and teum, or a gentleman who had made himself responsible for a funeral not wholly sanctioned by the law, found easy retreat on that side of the Rio Grande. You will rememeber that the attorney beard from the client the full particulars of an homicide he advised the survivor to fly, and the client was most indignant. "What, fly!" said he. "Aain'tl already in Texas?" The lone star has deepened into forty-four stars since then, so now the excursionist who would escape the blandishments of the court and the importunities of the sheriff, must put the Sierras between himself and the official civilties, or else go to Candada direct, which on account of its accessibility I suppose, seems to have been greatly of late in favor of those who have had to do with curious checks and have no time to wait for passports, so I say I use the terms Canada and Mexico as geographical expressions of a thought that irresistibly calls before us the bold embezzler and the genial defaulter, to say nothing about the obliging but absconding cashier of the savings bank and the dear, delightful custodian of the trust fund that is no more, but not as terms of offense or reproach against them, too friendly neighbors; but as in the case of Texas, they will one day rap at our outer gates for admission into our sisterhood of states. (Applause.)

I am going to talk a little about what seems to me the greatest of all the dangers that overhang our condition, operating upon the workingmen of all classes, rich as well as poor. I mean the intense love of money. An influence felt at Washington and Harrisburg, and I suppose occasionally in Philadelphia.

Now I am sure there is no one here tonight old enough to have invaded an apple orchard or robbed a watermelon patch, who has not many a time and oft reflected what a great thing is it to have plenty of money. All of us have turned that matter over in moments of reflection, dejection and embarrasment. Seeing in our day dreams a fairy ship coming over from India, building castles in the air. On the proceeds of the sale of the cargo, or in those deeper and more desponding dreams of the night, when sleep is wont to triumph overtoil and care, and the wheels of fancy going round and round the darkened chamber, have thrust us the lucky number in the phantom lottery. Who has not thought of the good he would do with it, of how he would minister here to the wants of the poor, and there to the needs of his friends? What spendthrift that has not paid his debts off from the usufruct of his vision? How many a child millionaire ever pressed about by want and sorrow and wretchedness, though relatively poor in money as I call things alas in life, except wealth, and it is relatively—what rich man encumbered by his possessions, yet unable to meet the demands of his conscience and his creditors, but has wished a thousand times over that money was a vision, and only a vision?

I say that money is relative, and it is very relative. The circumstances which ought to bring considerable comfort to those of us who do not happen to have a great deal of it. and the man who has ten million dollars cuts a very poor figure by the side of a man who has one hundred or one hundred and fifty millions, whilst the poor creature who has a measly million is regarded by these as a kind of a pauper. (Laughter.) The man who has a hundred thousand dollars' income and a hundred and fifty thousand dollars' of wants, is worse off than the man who has nothing and wants his dinner. (Laughter.)

There are men living in the great money centers who contrive by dint of the closest economy to eke out a scanty livelihood on fifty thousand dollars a year, but these men cannot imagine how it would be possible for anybody to get on. let us say np here in the northern part of Philapelphia, on less than twenty-five thousand dollars a year, whereas I have an impression if I should go out into this audience with a search warrent, I might be able to find a few of you who might make both ends meet on half that sum. But money is not only relative; it is full of illusions and delusions. From the poor creature who is sure he will get it somewhere, he don't exactly know how, and don't much care, and who goes into debt on the strength of his expectations, to the poor creature who has no hope in particular, but who is solvent, from the wan women in the attic waiting for the letter that never comes, to the brave and honest lad by the furnace, who believes that the hammer in his hand is a wizzard's wand as it often is, and who never means to let go until he has struck a fortune out of the earth; from the capitalists in the counting house to whom money is a means to solve the problem always presenting itself to those people. prince, peasant, philosopher, warrior, statesman, all of them have at one time been struck by that golden rod that has brought so much happiness and so much wretchedness into the world, and will continue to do so as long as the world endures. For money is the great material fact, the pivot about which all other facts revolve, the piston-rod which drives all else, whether we accept the teachings of the New Testament and regard the love of it as the root of all evil or the fact presented by socialism that money has to be got into the pockets, no man can afford to disregard it, or leave it out of his account.

Bacon calls it the baggage of virtue, but even he admits it is the one thing universally used, coveted and reviled. All men affect to hold it alike, all men secretly hanker after it. For my part, though not as a rule given to the Pharisaical mood, I am sometimes disposed to thank God that to me it has been at all times an instrument and not an end.

Now I never was happier in my life than when to avoid the humiliation of borrowing from an uncle whose poltics I did not approve (laughter) I went with my watch to an uncle who had no politics at all, and got the money; (laughter). But I never knew what it was to be thoroughly unhappy until I had acquired a considerable income, with its accumulation of want, and was brought into close personal intimacy with those charming friends of a man who had what they call credit in bank. Mr. Promissory Note, and Messrs. Renewal & Discount, etc., nevertheless it is a good thing to have plenty of money honestly obtained, and a still better thing if this money be honestly applied.

The camel's passege through the needle's eye may have been easier in those old days than a rich man's entrance into the kingdom of Heaven, particularly, if it happened to be a very small camel and a very large needle, but on the other hand there must have been many a rich man gone to heaven, for we have the record of many a good one here on earth, men who have served God and loved their fellow men, and given freely of their store to the needy and the poor. I should hate to think that money is a positive bar to salvation, and that it is a natural sin to seek and gain much of it, but it is undoubtedly true that the possession of money will harden and corrupt ten times to the one time it elevates and ennobles. The man who trades in money is apt to take on some of the brittleness of the metal composing it, and he gets in time to measure everything and everybody by that metallic standard; it is his business in life to rub two dollars together to make three of them, or perhaps four, five or six. Capital, we are told, is timid; that is because it has no heart in it, but has eyes and ears, and it makes up for its lack of courage by carefulness that rarely trusts except on good security, but never tires evcept when the debt is past and is always suspicious of the holder. How many a good fellow have I known turned into a bad fellow by the possession of money. How mony a generous fellow who has entered a bank all grace to come out all gold, and how few instances of the possession of money has enlarged the mind and amplified the soul. Our literature is full of illustrations, some of them humorous and some of them pathetic, showing the evils that wealth has brought to indiyiduals and family; but we need not these fictitious examples; we are constantly met in our own daily walks by instrances that point the moral and adorn the tale of great expectations coming to naught by actual realization and delightful visions of fancy turned to ashes and dead sea fruit in the hands of possession.

It is my belief that the world has been much misled by some of its best maxims, or rather let me say by the misinterpretation of its most accepted maxims.

For example, there is none of those that appears in so many languages and puts itself in such a variety of phrase as that which urges us to persevere in all thing. Perseverance, we are told, conquers all things. Then we are told that labor conquers all things. Then we are told that love conquers all things No perseverence will divert any man from the uses to which he was born. Labor wont change a clod into a painter or a poet; and love, full as it is of enjoyment and power, never made a silk purse out of a cow's ear, though sometimes very young people think so. (Laughter) Perseverence may be misdirected and so become vicious; labor may be misapplied, and so wasted; and love may make another hero—often a false victim to its own excesses. How often have we seen a man start out in life saying I will be rich; I will sacrafice everything to riches or I will be famous; I will sacrifice everything to fame, who has found before the journey was half over not only that none of the material things of life bring happiness, but that happiness itself shifts its foot from time to time, that failing utterly to please and satisfy us at five and forty which delighted us at five and twenty. Oftenest the sacrifices made, and failure, and even the wine cup of success is attained, how it fails to bring us what we expected. And I think it a lesson that the poorest workingman needs to learn very early in life.

An eminent public man once said to me in the presence of a great domestic bereavement, "I was elected to the senate of the United States when I was just turned thirty, but by an act of treason of a supposed friend I lost my seat some three years later, and from that day to this, for the last fifteen years, my one aim in life, and the whole aim and object of my existence has been to get that seat back again, and at last that wish has been fulfilled, and what does it matter after all?

I once heard president of the United States say: "I was a candidate for twenty years; regularly every four years my state sent a delegation to the national convention to urge my nominatin, and regularly every four years they came away beaten and disappointed: and at last when I had given it up, when it had no longer any power to influence or charm me; when all the friends I loved and wanted to reward were dead, and most of the enemies I hated and had marked for punishment were turned my friends, I was nominated and elected. And here I am, an old man, full of care and trouble, with scarce one joy on earth.

You all remember how at the very zenith of their eminence and fame, both Webster and Clay deplored the fact that they had ever entered public life at all. To the unthinking multitude they were in the possession of all that could lighten and brighten and accompany old age, "honor, obedience and troops of friends." But those things were nothing in their sight; each of them had fixed his heart upon one object—the White House—and failing of that each of them saw himself a beaten and broken old man defeated in the race of life, and cheated out of something which he had brought himself to believe honestly belonged to him.

A little while before the death of Mr George D. Prentiss he said to me, "If Mr. Clay had been elected president he would have been the wretchedest man that ever lived, because he would have been proven the biggest liar that ever lived." How was that, Mr. Prentiss? I asked. "Why, sir," said the old jouralis, "Mr. Clay was a candidate and aspirant for the presidency during quite thirty years; he was an ardent and an impulsive man, with a genius for making friends and he plastered the public service over three ply deep with promises came to maturity and were presented for payment and he realized the situation, it would have embitered his life and broken his heart."

I am so far sincere in feelling the reproof in this regard; true that I rather think a young fellow in love with a girl that is pretty hard to get at had better leave her alone, and seek him a wife somewhere else. (Applause). There must be away down in the femine intuition some potent intuition that stands in the way of the lover, but when as the saying is, "she marries him to get rid of him," he better look out for the future. And I am now talking chiefly to that branch of workingmen who have to work from the ground up. We are constantly fixing our hearts and hopes upon the possession of life, as money, or office, or an establishment, or a wife, and thinking of success—therefore success in life may be a failure—therefore a failure in life relatively, may be a success, and to know the truth in advance is to know that it is the very object from which they would start back in horror.

Success in life is happiness, and the sucdessful man, the happy man, is a man that believes his own wife the best woman in the world, (applause) that the vine-covered cottage he calls his own is the dearest spot on earth, (applause) and he would not swap his ragged, red-headed, frowzled brats for the dreessed and best looking kids that could be produced in his neighborhood. (Applause.) Essential as the material things of life are to happiness and comfort, they do not of themselves bring happiness and comfort. Millions of money wont save a sensitive man from the tortures of a sore toe, (laughter) and infinite fame wont save a proud man from the torments of a debt he is unable to pay. Happiness is a creation of the mind and the heart, and not of the stomach or pocket. and that brings me back to what I was saying awhile aga about Canada and Mexico, or rather let me say of some of our great neighbors and friends who have found those countries so attractive that they have gone to pay them indefinite visits.

Do you know for many of these men I have a sympathy which I cannot repress, and which I would not repress if I could. I do not believe every man who has come short in his accounts is necessarily a scoundrel. I don't believe every refugee must needs be a thief at heart; on the contrary, I believe that if the truth could be got at it would be found in many cases that down to the very hour of flight there was an honest effort and purpose to repair, done in the most sanguine expectation, or in a moment of despair. In cases of official delinquencies, how often that springs from the neglect of the official to keep his public and private accounts separate and distinct, and of a sudden he discovers a discrepancy and promises to make it good. A year passes, the gap is wider still, he takes the risk and of course then he makes the fatal plunge; down he goes into the vortex. Even under the ordinary cases of breaches of trust we encounter in our daily experience, how often they spring from good intentions to which the world applies with a very short name which is supposed to be paved. Indeed the gambling mania seems to be universal, and the gambler never expects to lose.

There is always before his mind's eye the mirage of that caiptal prize in the lottery of life, or that winning hand in the game of his choice and even among those who habitually play for money it has been observed that when they win they laugh, and swear when they lose, just as if it was not a certainty when they set down to the table—it must be one or the other, striking out from the result any possibility of surprise, one would suppose such persons ought to be more stoical but it is not so. Each sitting is to them as though their last, and no man expects to lose and when he does he is correspondingly angry. he only expects to win and what a fatal mistake does the man make who lays his hand upon that which he cannot honestly call his own.

I know something about that myself. (laughter) When I was a boy I was elected by my school mates one of the editors of a periodical of our literary society, and by successive reelections term after term the management of that ambitious serial came into my hands. I was editor, managing editor, secretary and treasurer, a very bad combination, whenever they are found. Well, one morning when I awoke to discover it was just at the moment when I was required to bring in my official report, it always happened so, and I found I lacked $4.50 of enough to balance my books. Well, I didn't have the money, I had spent it, and what was worse I had overdrawn my own private account. I was simply aghast, and I laid the whole night in alternate anguish and speculation, and rose in the morning haggard, and the result was I went directly to the guardian angel who had charge of my fiscal affairs and made a clean breast of it. "What is the amount of that defalcation?" says he, "Four dollars and fifty cents," I gasped. I shall never forget, I can see it at this moment, the queer, quizzical, half threatening expression that came over this lordly Hamlet when he handed me a check and said, "There my dear boy, there is five dollars, it is an ugly piece of business, but don't let it happen again." And it never has. (Applause)

Among those persons who appropriate money to their own use that don't belong to them, it seems to me that the worst is the man who has posed as a pillar of the church, or masqueraded as a model of commercial integrity. He not only robs those who have trusted him, but has added hypocracy to felony, and committed a great moral crime in that he breaks down the moral faith in human nature.

I recollect an old episode of this kind that happened a few years ago in a board of directors in a bank, in one of our great cities, where it was discovered that a member of the board had duplicated warehouse receipts to a considerable amount, borrowed of the bank on these collaterals. His friends raised the money, paid the note and the matter was hushed up. Not however, withou the earnest protest of two other members of the board, who thought, that it was right, that it was compounding a felony, that it was not fair to turn such a scamp a loose upon any religious community. However, their moral susceptibility finally yielded to entreaty and the money was raised and the notes were paid, and the matter ended. Six months later one of those protesting moralists fled to Mexico leaving behind him one hundred thousand dollars worth of duplicated warehouse receipts. His surviving partner in morality was shocked beyond description and went about wringing his hands, and denouncing the villiany right and left. Six months more passed and this gentleman's turn came around and he fled to Canada, leaving behind him half a million of money raised on bogus security. Now what do you suppose came to pass? Why, the original sinner, the man who had been saved from ruin through generosity of his friends, a prosperous merchant now actually served as the foreman of the grand jury that indicted the other two. (Applause and applause.)

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

OUR POSITION.

It may be well to define our position more definitely with regard to political parties. In our salutatory last fall we stated that this paper would be an independent nonpartisan journal. Upon this position we stand and shall continue to stand. By the terms "non-partisan" we don't mean to say we will not suppost or labor for any party. It is every man's duty (and a very sacred one too) to exercise the rigtht of franchise. But by the term "non-partisan" we mean to convey the meaning that the paper is not the organ of nor does it BELONG to any party. It will not sanction a wrong in the party it supports, but will condemn such even though it should have the effect to weaken the party, and we will not uphold everything a party does unless we are convinced that it is right. A party that cannot maintain a foundation upon TRUTH and HONESTY should be wiped out of existence. We are opposed to machine politics. We believe the people should rule instead of machine politicians. Our highest aim and purpose is to assist in reestablishing true democracy upon American soil. We believe that the Omaha platform embodies the essential principles of democracy and in them is found the only hope for a dying republic. They are practically the same demands as formulated by the Farmers' Alliance. Upon them all labor organizations are partically a unit, and against them the enemies of democracy are a unit. We believe that, when crystallized into law, these principles will loose the grip of corporrations and usury upon labor and alleviate the sufferings of the toiling millions, which were brought about by unjust and daibolical legislation against the many and in favor of the few. We further believe that the only practically and effective course for labor to pursue in order to bring about the reforms set forth in the labor platform is to support the only party that has as yet espoused our cause—the People's party. In supporting this party we do so simply as a method and not an object. As before stated our highest aim is the elevation and advancement of the interest of the yeomanry of this country which are the staff and support of the nation.—Our Home.

ANOTHER DEMOCRAT GOT THE RELIEF HE WAS HUNTING.

Another North Carolina man has got the "relief" promised by the present administration. W. W. Scott, editor of the Lenoir Topic, is the man. He has a position in the Treasury Department and already thinks "times are better."—Prog. Farmer.

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