

Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. 17, 1899.

SONG OF THE AUTUMN WIND.

The wind is singing a mournful song In a wail, sad minor key, While a wailing sound like a spirit in pain, Comes ever anon to me— Comes ever anon through the song of the wind Like a shriek of old despair. Then follows a sound of myriad wings Borne past on the troubled air. Oh! the sky is cold and dreary, The withered leaves fall fast, The warm and glad summer days Are over now and past. The cry is from summer borne away By old Nature's stern command, And the song is the mad winter devil's song, Who come to possess the land— Who have come to dress it in ice and snow— To strip the leaves from the tree; As they skurry along they sing their mad song In a wild and minor key. Oh! the sky is cold and dreary, The withered leaves fall fast, The warm and glad summer days Are over now and past.

Robert T. Whitelan.

HIS MOTHER'S SON.

When Robert C. Howe was forty years old he put aside his mother, who loved him well, and married a young wife, Edith, who loved only herself. It was a terrible thing to fall in love for the first time when one is forty. By reason of being very industrious and very honest Howe had become a book-keeper at Sheppard's big store, his salary being eight hundred dollars a year, which was a considerable salary for a man with no more brains than Howe. Edith, too, had a certain social position in "the store," being in charge of the silk counter, and felt it. "But she is so shallow and so supremely selfish, my son," pleaded his mother, who knew. "She will ruin you, my dear." This seemed sacrilegious to Howe and horrified him. After he had told it all Mr. Edith, being a fool, the spite of her small nature was aroused, and she took the son from the mother, basing her action on the Scriptural grounds that a man should leave father and mother to cleave to his wife, Scripture authority being very comforting to a man like Howe. Shortly after his marriage, she stopped even his Sunday afternoon calls at his mother's little home. The mother cried a great deal and prayed much, and waited on in love, which is the habit of mothers and sons. It would have been a great mercy if she could have realized how little brains her son had; but this is not the habit of mothers with sons. Before they had been married a year Edith fretted herself ill and came close to fretting Howe ill. A doctor, who was of the breed that never takes circumstances into consideration in treating his patients, said her lungs might be affected soon and ordered her to Southern California. Then she turned on Howe, and his heart being ever bare before her, tore it into shreds by reproaching him with marrying her only to kill her. She said he was a sneak, instead of a man, to let his wife die for want of a few paltry dollars. The next day Howe stole a thousand dollars from the firm and sent Edith to Southern California.

Howe was not much of a thief, and the firm soon found him out. Being liquored at having thought him surely honest, they pushed the case hard. Howe made slight defence and received a sentence of five years. He also received a bitter, shocking letter from Edith, such a letter as no woman is ever justified in writing to any man when he is down, much less a wife to her husband. Howe was terribly hurt by it, but finally decided it was the shock to her nerves, and that her own noble self would soon turn him again. All his happiness with Edith had been in anticipation; so it fell natural to him to plan how happy he and Edith would be together when he was free once more. He received no other letters from her, but little baskets of dainties and books and many small comforts came quietly from time, all of which he ascribed to Edith's great love. During the second year of his imprisonment a flashy lawyer swaggered into the warden's office with papers in a divorce suit to serve on Howe. The warden, who understood laws, and had had him, understood the papers. So the warden read them to old Bill Smith in for life as an habitual criminal, and who, the warden knew, had many wives. "I don't remember this Edith woman," said Bill musingly, "but it's very probable, and I feel as if part of my burden had been rolled away, thanking you kindly, Mr. Warden." So when Howe was released before his term was up, on account of exceptional good conduct, he did not know that Edith was married to the flashy lawyer who made a specialty of securing divorces without publicity.

When it came time for Howe to venture forth timidly, the warden gave him a new suit of clothes, a ticket to the suburban town where he used to live, and a hearty grasp of the hand. So Howe started straight for Edith. He wandered about the town shyly till he met a small boy, of whom he asked where Mrs. Howe lived. "Old Mrs. Howe?" queried the lad. "She lives where she always lived, in the little white house on Vine street." "No, no," said Howe impatiently, "I mean young Mrs. Howe." "The boy thought for a time. 'Oh,' he said, 'I guess you mean the woman who used to be married to the bad man that was sent to prison. She lives right here.' He pointed to a house of the style called Queen Ann. It had stucco work under the eaves and bits of colored glass set in the plaster. Howe went in the gate and on to the veranda, where, looking through a window, he saw Edith alone. He went in without ringing and stretched out his arms to her. She looked at him, knew him, and drew back, while her face grew repulsive with the meanness of her nature. "You here?" she said shrilly. "You! You thief! You jail bird! You convict! Oh, how I hate you! How dare you come here? I wish my husband were here. He'd make you smart." "Why, Edith?" he gasped, backing out the door as she advanced to hit him with clenched hands. "Your husband! I am your husband!" "You! You!" she cried at him in shrill fury; "I'm married to a gentleman. I'll have you understand. Do you think I would long remain tied to convict 309. I was divorced from you years ago, thank heavens!" So he went out and stumbled down the steps and passed into the gathering darkness, his hand at his throat, where a great ache was. As he walked he saw only the face of the new Edith in all its repulsive brutality. The face that had always been so fair to him persisted in being hideous. He left the street and wandered down a

lane till he came to a stretch of sunken ground, where the townfolks dumped rubbish. Somehow the place suited him. He felt he was part of the garbage which society had thrown away. So he seated himself on a pile of ashes and rubbed his throat where the lump ached so intolerably. Pretty soon he began to cry, harder and harder, then softer and softer. Perhaps an hour passed, when he heard again the voice of the boy saying, "Old Mrs. Howe lives where she always lived, in the little white house on Vine street." So he arose and went to his mother.

He opened the door quietly and went into a brightly lighted kitchen, where a little old lady was cooking a fragrant soup. He stood silent before her, and bowed head and drooping shoulders and eyes red from crying. His face was pale with the prison pallor, and his hair was out close with the prison clip. The little old lady gave a glad cry and ran to him. She put her arms around him, drawing his face down to her own, and kissed him a score of times, mumbling inarticulate little words of joy. "My boy! my dear boy! my own Bob!" she said, crying with delight. "I knew you would come back to me. I knew the good God would send you back to me. Come over to the rocking-chair by the fire. It's cold, and you have not been used to the out-of-doors air in the—in that place. Let's your chair, don't you remember? I knew you would be free soon, but not just when; so I've always kept a bit of steak ready for you, and to-night, thank God, I can cook it."

"Oh, mother!" he whimpered, "oh, mother!" She ran over to him to kiss him again. "I know, Bob," she said cheerily, bustling around with the steak; "but it's all over now. You remember cousin John that has the saw mill out in Oregon. He understands all about, and you are to be his book-keeper, and no one will know out there, and you are rid of her. I've packed everything, all save your room, and we can start to-morrow—start for Oregon to start to forget it all." "Oh, mother!" said Howe again, but the lump in his throat was smaller. So she spread a snowy cloth on the table and laid before him a supper such as he had only dreamed of for many years. She passed him a steaming cup of coffee, and when he had taken it, he rose impulsively, passed around the table, and kissed his mother tenderly. And his mother—well, she felt a little happier than on the day, more than fifty years ago, when Bob's father had first kissed her. "These are my love-stories," said the Philosopher, "real stories of real people, the gristle of whose natures had become bone." The poet smiled disdainfully. "Jingoism, fanaticism, and the instinct which even the low forms of animal life exhibit in protecting their young," he said. "Yet you call them love-stories! What a dreary, commonplace world this would be if it were not for the poets and the beautiful women."—Lippincott Magazine.

Typhoid Bacilli.

Engineering News insists upon an abatement of the folly of letting people be made to believe statements that water analysis can show whether or not drinking water contains the germs that produce typhoid fever. If such belief were not a menace to the public health, it might be ignored. "The fact is," says the News, "that such public statements, coming from supposed authoritative sources, create a false sense of security, and in this way are likely to do real harm." Said Professor Percy F. Frankland before the section of physics, chemistry and biology of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain: "Indeed, the detection of specific pathogenic bacteria in drinking water is now known to be almost beyond the range of practical politics, and the search for such bacteria is, in general, only carried on in deference to the special request of the layman, the uninitiated, and the hopelessly ignorant, while it cannot be repeated often enough that any feeling of security which may be gathered from an unsuccessful search for pathogenic bacteria is wholly illusory and in the highest degree dangerous." Bacteriology is of great value when properly applied, but, like other dogmatics, it is likely to be abused by quacks. Professor Frankland says that by far the greatest service as rendered by bacteriology in water supply matters is in connection with filtration, where it forms a most certain and reliable test of the efficiency of any given plant, at once laying bare "the slightest irregularity or defect in the process."

John Paul Jones' Grave.

Has Been Located Under a House in Paris. Ambassador Porter reports the finding in Paris of the grave of John Paul Jones, the hero of the American Revolution. The discovery was made by a newspaper correspondent. Secretary of State Hay has sent for a detailed report. He will bring the matter before Congress at the earliest opportunity and urge that the hero's remains be borne to this country, with appropriate honor.

Ambassador Porter's search for the long-lost grave began three months ago. It was found under a small house at No. 1 Rue Edouard Martin, in the northeastern quarter, just back of the eastern railway station. The street formerly was a sluiceway, or open drain, that carried surface water to the canal St. Martin. When the house was built at No. 1 great care was taken to preserve the grave.

Ambassador Porter has learned that the exact date of John Paul Jones' death was July 18th, 1792. The body lay in state until September 12th, when it was borne to the cemetery for foreign Protestants, a great orator of that day, M. Warron, delivering an eulogy. The grave is distinctly marked.

When it is opened there should be revealed the hero's inscribed sword and the accoutrements of his rank as an admiral.

A Sheep-Guarding Bird.

The yakamik, a bird of the crane family, is used by the natives of Venezuela in place of a shepherd dog for guarding and herding their flocks. It is said that however far the yakamik may wander with the flocks, it never fails to find its way home at night, driving before it all the creatures intrusted to its care.

A. F. Page, who died recently at Raleigh, N. C., bequeathed to the Methodist Episcopal church of that city the Academy of Music (Raleigh's principal theatre), with the proviso that one-half the rental should go to his widow during her lifetime. The property is worth \$30,000.

—Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

At the Nitrate Ports of Chile.

The Camps Are Very Much Similar to Western Mining Towns.—The Same Mad Rush for Wealth. Commercial Facilities Poor.

The desert narrows as you go southward, the coast line becomes more rugged and bolder and the mountains come down to the sea. They rise like a wall, 2,000, 3,000, 4,000 and 5,000 feet abruptly from the water. Some of the peaks reach an elevation of 8,000 feet and they are all barren, sandy rocks or hard baked clay, without a vestige of verdure or a living thing. There is an occasional break in the chain, a canyon or quebrada, as they call it here, or a sloping "pampa" that rises gradually instead of abruptly from the coast.

At many of these places ports have been established on the beach for the convenience of commerce, and railroads have been built to bring the products of the interior to market. There are a few good harbors, but the most important ports are open and dangerous roadsteads where the surf rolls in with mighty force at all times and often is so violent that neither freight nor passengers can land.

It is an extraordinary fact and a commentary upon human selfishness that nearby these places are sheltered coves and harbors at which shipping might be economically and conveniently accommodated, but they have not been utilized because the owners of the surrounding property and riparian rights demanded such exorbitant prices, or some real estate syndicate was interested in another site.

About the worst place on the entire coast is Antofagasta. It is not only bad but dangerous, and yet within a few miles to the northward is one of the best and safest harbors on the coast, the bay of Mejillones, which was not made the terminus of the railway to the interior because the people who owned the land where Antofagasta now stands had a "pull" with the engineers. The word "pampa" conveys to us the idea of a grassy plain covered with waving horns and daisies, browsing cattle, birds and butterflies, that is what they call a pampa in the Argentine Republic and Uruguay, but over on this side of the continent the term is used to describe a high plateau entirely lifeless, with no vegetation, no water, nothing but a burning sun and burning sand, and a heat that fills the atmosphere with vibrations and mites. It is so hot that you can actually see the heat in the air. Probably the term was first applied as a joke, but it stuck to the object, and now all these awful deserts are labeled "pampas" on the map. But under the repulsive surface nature has stored untold mineral wealth.

APPEARANCE OF PORTS.

The nitrate ports along the coast look like western mining towns in the United States—wide streets, lined by long rows of one-story houses, Oregon lumber, usually roofed with galvanized iron. Many of them have a piazza on top, or a second roof to break the force of the sun, like the fly of a tent.

They are equally uncomfortable and unlovely, and the men who live in them have passed through privation and privation as the word is used in the Bible, and all their wealth. More has been done and dared for gold than for glory or the good of mankind, and the battles that have been fought with fortune on this coast have cost more lives and misery than any war against sin or wrong or in defense of justice and truth and liberty.

At nightfall a purple haze falls over the city like a curtain, but is deprived of all taste as such, and you feel that it is nothing but dust suspended in the atmosphere. There is a surprising number of large shops, filled with an assortment of wares that ought to meet the requirements of all races and ages and tastes. There seems to be, however, an excessive proportion of brandy and other strong drinks, and we are reminded of the skipper who sent the sailor ashore for supplies, and when the latter appeared with one loaf of bread and a dozen bottles of rum, the captain demanded, in an uproarious manner, what the thunder he expected to do with all that bread. The same inquiry suggests itself to my mind whenever I look into the window of a grocery shop in one of these nitrate towns.

Next in abundance is canned stuff—beef, bacon and tongue from Chicago, condensed milk from Switzerland, macaroni from Italy, sardines from Sardinia, anchovies from Sicily, sausages from Germany, asparagus, petit pois and wines from France, and jams from England, cheese from Holland, butter from Denmark, codfish from Norway and Sweden, oil and olives from Spain, tea from China and Japan, coffee from Brazil and Bolivia, caviar from Russia—thus the whole world panders to the appetite of the miners working in the nitrate desert, and they are willing to pay big prices for the gratification.

This unnatural climate develops unnatural tastes. A friend tells me of two miners who, after being flush, decided to indulge in a feast. They got a loaf of bread and two jars of pate de fois gras for their dinner, a bottle of brandy for their beverage and two cans of condensed milk which they ate raw with spoons for desert. This extraordinary banquet cost them \$11 each in Chile money.

CLIMATE EXCITES THIRST.

I have never seen liquor of all kinds consumed in such quantities as here, but apparently there is very little drunkenness. The dry atmosphere and the atom of sand that one is constantly inhaling excite an abnormal thirst, no doubt, and they say that the human system requires an unusual amount of stimulant to sustain the heat and fatigue of this climate. I am quite sure that this duty is not neglected, judging by the extraordinary excesses which are witnessed without comment daily and hourly at every club and hotel. Half a dozen cocktails before breakfast—one man at Iquique is said to require seventeen to start his machinery in motion—a bottle of Scotch or Irish whiskey at breakfast, another at lunch, wine and cordials at dinner, brandy and soda every now and then during the day, alternating with copious and frequent draughts of beer, and the same repeated all the evening, with a nightcap of whiskey and a bottle beside the bed in case of a restless night.

This is considered a moderate indulgence, and the way they mix things is amazing. I have seen a party of business men around a table at a club drink cocktails, brandy and soda, beer, champagne, sherry and vermouth at the same sitting during business hours and return to repeat the performance several times during the day. Iquique has the reputation of consuming more liquor per capita than any other place in the world.

ALL FOOD IS IMPORTED. As nothing is produced but metal in this region, everything to eat and drink and wear has to be brought from more favored regions. There isn't a thing but sand and rock and the minerals that lie under it are hundreds of miles from this port. Hence there is a very large commerce. All printed goods and plain cottens are of British manufacture, the woollens and other wearing apparel come from Germany, silks and fancy articles from France. Iron and steel in infinite forms come chiefly from England, sugar from Peru and Germany, candles from Holland, rice from China, through Hamburg or Liverpool, beef and flour from Chile, and better quality of knives, forks and spoons from England, the cheaper quality, which are more largely sold, from Germany, the bagging used in immense quantities for shipping nitrate and ores from Great Britain, the machinery and tools for nitrate workings, glassware and stationery from Germany, jewelry from Germany, Switzerland and France. The United States has not a tithe of the trade, for the mercantile business is monopolized by Europeans, who naturally buy their goods at home.

The heavy importers and exporters of nitrate and the bankers are mostly Englishmen. Italians keep the groceries and drinking shops, while the Germans are in all branches of trade and more numerous than any other nationality. Occasionally you find an American mine owner or a dentist. The population is cosmopolitan and represents every race on earth. In some of the towns the foreigners outnumber the natives. DIFFICULTIES OF COMMERCE. The enormous commerce is conducted under great difficulties. There are no harbors and no docks, and a surf that rolls half way around the world before it breaks into foam upon the beaches were these towns lie. Captain Marrow, of the steamer Lautero, says that Australia is their only breakerwater. The steamship anchor in a nasty Englishman. Italians keep the groceries and drinking shops, while the Germans are in all branches of trade and more numerous than any other nationality. Occasionally you find an American mine owner or a dentist.

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was said to be the largest sailing vessel in the world but one. She was a Frenchman, painted gray, with black squares upon her sides like the portholes that appear in the frigates that did the sea fighting a century ago.

She had six masts and spread several acres of canvas square rigged. She was fitted throughout with electric lights and steering gear, and her hatches were supplied with steam hoisting machinery which was capable of discharging sixty tons of freight an hour from each one of them.

They carry a cargo of 7000 tons of wheat or coal or nitrate, or anything else that can be packed closely. The freight charges upon these sailing vessels are remarkably low. The Norwegians particularly will bring a cargo of assorted merchandise from Hamburg or coal from Cardiff around the Horn for five shillings a ton, a rate less than a Chicago truckman would charge to haul it from a railway station to a warehouse.

There are several lines of steamers running regularly and no end of tramps looking for charters. Two lines give monthly sailings between the nitrate ports and New York, one under the management of W. R. Grace & Co., and the other under Flint, Eddy & Co.

RIVALRY BETWEEN STEAMERS. The Kosmos line of steamers handle a great deal of cargo on this coast, and furnish healthy opposition to the English and Chile mail steamers, which they will anticipate by arranging for regular sailings to and from San Francisco during the present month. The Pacific Steam Navigation company had arranged to run alternate steamers from San Francisco to Valparaiso by way of Panama and other ports on the west coast in January next, and as soon as the Kosmos people heard of it they decided to occupy the territory at once.

The first steamer is now on its way to San Francisco, and hereafter, I am told, there will be a vessel leave the city for Hamburg, calling at the most important ports of Central and South America, through the Straits of Magellan, touching at Buenos Ayres, Montevideo and Rio de Janeiro. They are fine steamers, built especially for cargo capacity, but can carry a few passengers. They take no mails, and are therefore, independent of the authority of the different countries along the route and can come and go as they please.

The other steamship companies complain that it is not profitable to carry the mails; that the compensation they receive for the service does not pay them for the delay and annoyance they are constantly subjected to, and for the three passes and reduced fares that they are required to give officials. They complain, too, that they cannot collect their money without great difficulty.

The German steamers suffer from none of these embarrassments, and as they do not cater to the passenger traffic, they are not so much annoyed by quarantine regulations. Thus, after these many years, the Pacific Mail company will be punished for its indifference to the claims of the public, and will be compelled to replace the old tubs that are now floating under its flag with new and comfortable modern steamers.

WILLIAM E. CURTIS. Has Had Troubles.

Remarkable History of the Rohland Family of Westmoreland.

Mrs. Maggie Henderson, of near West Newton, was brought to the local prison today on a commitment issued by Justice of the Peace H. A. Obley. Mrs. Henderson is charged with making threats of murder and arson. For several weeks the neighborhood in which she lives has been in a constant state of alarm on account of her threatening behavior. Justice Obley learned of her murderous intent at the hearing on Sunday morning, when she remarked: "There'll be another murder in the Rohland family."

A tale of tragedies is embodied in her declaration. The record of violent deaths in the Rohland family, of which she is a member, being a sister of Thomas Rohland, the wife murderer awaiting trial, is certainly without parallel in the history of Westmoreland county, if not in the entire nation. No less than thirteen of this family have met singular disasters. The branches of the original family to which the unfortunate belonged or were closely related and three brothers, Albert, George and William, and their three sisters, Mrs. Bandage, Mrs. Kyle and Mrs. Strebig. Here is the list: Albert Rohland, conductor on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, killed by the cars at Alpsville; his son, Emmett, killed by cars at Conneville; less than two weeks ago George Rohland was killed on the railroad at West Newton; daughter, Belle, murdered by one Neibert, who committed suicide at the same time; son, Thomas, murdered his wife and is now in jail; William Ohr, brother-in-law, hanged himself; William Rohland, died a natural death; his son, France, found dead in several feet of water in the foot of Port Royal shaft with a wound in his head; son-in-law James Hamilton, brakeman, killed by coming in contact with a beam while riding on his train through Jones & Laughlin's mills, Pittsburg; son-in-law, William Strebig, engineer, crushed in a smash-up; Mrs. Brundage's son, Mark, brakeman, killed by cars at Bessemer; another son, Edward, killed by cars at Grapeville; Mrs. Kyle's son, Norman, killed on the Pittsburg and Lake Erie railroad.

How Ladysmith Got Its Name.

There has been a great deal of joking about the odd name of the place where Sir William White's English troops have been doing battle. As a matter of fact, Ladysmith did get its name from a woman. This was the wife of Gen. Sir Harry Smith, whose marriage, by the way, was one of the romances of the Peninsula war. At that time two young British officers in a Spanish town, which had just been occupied by an English force, were surprised by a visit from two very young and beautiful Spanish girls of the better class. These fair callers begged protection in the alarming circumstances in which they had been placed by the occupation of the rougher soldiery. Their request was, of course, gallantly granted, and in a short time one of the officers, Cap't. Smith, found himself desperately in love. In due time he married the woman whom he had protected. The marriage proved a happy one.

In Some Places.

Shooting Tenant (just arrived for the grouse)—What a beautiful place to live, Dougald! Dougald—It's no a bad place to live. But what wad ye think o' havin' to travel 15 miles for a glass o' whisky? Shooting Tenant—But why don't you buy some and keep it? Dougald—Ah, now! But why don't you keep 1—Punch.

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The Future Unfolded.

She—Suppose I didn't dress as well as I do now, would you love me as much? He—Certainly, dear. Why, that is as much as to say that I won't care for you after we are married.

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Senator Hoar on the Philippine Situation.

He Scores the President and Demands such Action as Accords With our Declaration of Independence.

Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, has contributed an article on "Our Duty to the Philippines" to the Independent, which appeared Thursday. He begins with a review of the circumstances leading up to the war with Spain, of which he says:

"I think it might have been averted and that Cuba could have been liberated by peaceful means if the counsel of Grant and Fish had been followed, and if our public men in the Senate had recognized that they were a part of the diplomatic power of this country, and it was unbecoming in them to indulge in bitter and stinging invectives against Spain, whether such invectives were just or unjust. But I do not feel inclined to judge these utterances severely. Something, as Burke said, must be pardoned in the Spirit of Liberty, and these utterances, though, in my judgment, unfortunate, came from brave, humane and liberty-loving souls."

The Senator says that down to January 1st, 1898, the American people and the Republican party were committed to the doctrine that just governments rest upon the consent of the governed, and that every people has the right to dissolve at will the political connection that binds it to another people.

DIFFERENCE IN THE DEALING.

In dealing with Cuba, says the writer, we acted upon those principles, but the treaty of peace disclosed a different purpose as to the Philippines, the inhabitants of which were much nearer independence when the treaty of peace was signed than even had been the people of Cuba. "Their leader," he says, "was Senator Hoar, has been brought over to the islands in a United States ship, by the United States authorities, and was in arms at the head of his forces, with our full concurrence and co-operation. If the statement attributed to a high official in one of our departments, who is somewhat upon to sit in the Cabinet with the President, is correct, made, their leader had been offered by President McKinley the high office of Colonel in the regular army of the United States—an offer which itself is a sufficient refutation of all the charges against him. They had framed a provisional constitution, a model of its kind, establishing a dictatorship like those established by Bolivar in South America, to give peace to a republic as soon as the military condition should make it possible.

THOUGHTS ON LOOKING BACK.

"Looking back can any sane man doubt the wisdom of those who desired to amend the treaty and to deal with the Philippine Islands as we did with Cuba; to compel Spain to renounce her sovereignty, to keep off all foreign nations and to aid the island in establishing their own government according to their own desire?" The Senator refers to the epithet "traitor" and other harsh words applied to those who voted against the peace treaty, and asks:

"When the President said that forcible annexation, according to our mode of legal, would be criminal aggression, was he a copperhead? Was he disloyal to the flag? Was not a Republican? Was there ever an utterance so calculated to give courage to Aguinaldo and his people as that?"

As to our future attitude toward the Philippines, the Senator writes: "The time has come to make up your minds. If you are to declare that you do not mean to subjugate them or to enslave them, that you will act toward them on the principles and in the spirit of your own Declaration of Independence, the war can be ended in an hour. The refusal to make this declaration in the beginning of the war, and your refusal now to declare your counsel is what is alone responsible for its continuance.

THE QUESTION TO BE SETTLED.

"Now we have got to settle the question, which the President has repeatedly declared is for Congress and for the people, whether we will complete the subject of the Philippines, whether we will undertake to govern them, either as a republic, as they seem to desire, or as a limited monarchy like Japan, or whether they shall exist hereafter an absolute monarchy, after the fashion in which we are maintaining in power to-day the Sultan of Sulu, with his slaves and his harem."

Senator Hoar then writes that this great question has been discussed with a levity, with an intolerance, and with an appeal to low motives and to cheap passions rarely paralleled in political history. A notable exception, he says, is Governor Theodore Roosevelt, whose late address, in which he maintains that expansion is the way to peace, was "a thoughtful and able argument, worthy of serious consideration."

In conclusion the Senator says: "The American people, the brave and just people, who made the immortal declaration and who maintained it with life and fortune and sacred honor, who established our wonderful Constitution, to whose Monroe doctrine is due the freedom of the American Continent from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn, have not changed their minds. They have not changed their thinking of an eye under the temptation of any base motive or personal advantage, or under the excitement of war.

"They are subject, doubtless, as all masses of men are subject, however intelligent or however upright, to great waves of passion. But the sober second thought is to be trusted. Their deliberate action by which they are stirred and by which their judgment is now clouded are generous, noble and humane. Reason will resume its rightful sway, and the great republic will remain a republic still."

BRAVE EXPLORERS.—Like Stanley and Livingstone, found it harder to overcome malaria fever and Ague, and Typhoid disease germs than savage cannibals; but thousands have found that Electric Bitters is a wonderful cure for all m