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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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THE OLD HOUSE.

Cold and cheerless, bare and bleak,
The old house fronts the shabby street;
And the dull windows eastward gaze,
As their cobwebbed brows they raise,
Just as though they look to see
What had become of you and me
And all the other children.

The garden at the side—you know
Where mother's flowers used to grow—
Has run as wild as we'd have grown
If we had not her training known;
The vines she bent twine 'round each tree
As cling her prayers to you and me
And all the other children.

Over the eaves, wrinkled and bare,
The gray moss floats like tangled hair.
If we had meant these echoes flung
Down the low halls when we were young,
We'd never skerried off to bed—
You and I, through the gloom o'erhead,
With all the other children.

Good bye, old house. Thy tattered cloak
Infringed with moss and gray with smoke;
Within thy walls we used to see
A gaunt old wolf named poverty;
Yet then the rafters' dingy bats
A ladder stretched up to the stars
For us—an' all the children.

—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

THE CLAIM JUMPER.

"What's that over thar, Bill?" asked Joe Scaggs, pointing toward an object that had made its appearance on the prairie a mile to the south. Bill Barnum looked in the direction indicated.

"A house, or I'm a livin liar!" exclaimed Bill with emphasis. "An on Dick Barber's claim, too!" he continued, with a gesture of excitement.

"Do ye suppose he's goin ter jump Dick's claim?" asked Joe.

"I dunno," answered Bill. "I guess he's not stoppin' out thar fer his health. If he is, I'm thinkin' he'll soon go 'way on the same arrant, won't he, Joe?"

"You bet!" sanctioned Joe. "But the way ter find out is ter go over an' see, and while ye air cookin' supper I'ld ride over an interview the stranger."

With this he walked from the door of the half board, half dugout shanty, where the two had been standing, and approached a small barbed wire corral near by, where he mounted a powerful cayuse and galloped away across the stretch of wind swept prairie that separated him from the distant shanty on the prairie to the south.

A few moments' ride brought him to the front of a little dugout shanty that nestled in the side of a hill at the edge of a small ravine. Just around the slight elevation in the prairie stood a covered wagon, or "prairie schooner," as they are familiarly termed in the west.

A pair of sorrel mules, tied to the rear end of the wagon, were busily engaged in eating their evening meal of corn and dry grass out of the wagon box. A man came out of the shanty with a frying pan in his hand and held it over a fire in front of the dwelling.

"Hello, thar!" exclaimed Joe angrily. "What in the blazes air ye doin' hyar?"

The stranger turned and looked at the visitor a moment, and then said quietly, "Frying meat."

Joe's anger rose. "Oh, ye air, air ye? Waal, as ye seem ter be so smart, mebbe ye can tell me whose claim ye air spattin' on."

"I recon I ken; hit's mine."

"Hit is?"

"That's the way hit looks ter me."

"Look hyar, stranger!" said Joe Scaggs clinching his fist, "me an' my pardners over thar," jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of his own shanty, "air holdin' this yere claim fer Dick Barber, who's comin' out hyar in spring from Injiany, an' we'll jist give ye tell ter-morrow to git out o' this!"

"Tain't long enough time," said the stranger, deliberately turning over a 'liberal slice of "muddling" that smoked in the frying pan.

"How long do ye want?" questioned Joe, his wrath somewhat mollified by the stranger's evident intention of leaving.

"How long does a man have ter live on a claim before he ken git a deed fer hit?" was the reply of the stranger.

"Five year," replied Joe.

"Waal, then," continued the stranger, "make hit five years, and hit's a barg'in."

"You impudent skunk!" roared Joe, now thoroughly aroused by the stranger's cool manner, "fer a cent I'd wallup the ground with yer onery carcass."

"Yas, ye might undertake hit fer a cent, but ye'd never lay up any money, at hit," was the answer as he set the frying pan down and confronted Joe Scaggs.

Joe now moved his hand toward his pistol, but hesitated.

"Look hyar," said the stranger. "You order me ter leave this claim. Is hit yourn?"

"No, not exactly, mine, but we're holdin hit fer a friend, me an' my pardner air. We've got the two lyin' north o' this, an' we're holdin' this fer Dick Barber, an' we're goin' ter hold hit."

"All right," he answered, "I guess hit won't need much holdin'. Hit'll be hyar when yer friend comes—soo will I. If hit's yer claim, I'll get off, but yer can't hold hit for somebody else. I know the law.

"Yas, ye may know the law, but ye don't know our law. We've made a special law fer sich fellers as ye, an' we're goin' ter go by that, and don't ye forgit hit."

"Wall, when ye force me ter go, I'll go—not before."

Angry words rose to Joe's lips, but he hesitated. The cool, indifferent manner of the claim jumper puzzled him.

He was about to speak when the tramp of a horse's feet sounded in the grass behind him and Bill Barnum rode up, a Winchester rifle swung across his saddle.

"Thought mebbe ye'd have trouble," he explained, "and that I'd come over an' see ye out."

"Bill," said Joe, gaining courage at the arrival of re-enforcements, "he says he hain't a-goin' ter leave."

"Won't he?" Bill answered, bringing his Winchester down on the stranger. "Now, ye load up yer traps an' git."

"All right," he answered doggedly. "You've got ther advantage o' me. I'll go, but I'll git even with ye some time, see if I don't," and he began tumbling his effects together.

Bill and Joe watched him while he piled his traps into the wagon.

"Stranger," said Bill "we don't want ter be hard on yer, an' we don't mind payin' ye fer yer little shanty, seein' as ye can't take hit along."

"No, hit ain't worth nothin," was the answer. "I don't mind givin' a good neighbor a little thing like that."

"Wall, Bill," said Joe, "hit's gittin' late, an' we'd bitter be gittin' back ter the shanty an' lookin' after our supper."

"Supper!" exclaimed Bill. "Thar haint nothing fer supper, nor breckferts, either, unless that onery cuss gits back from Atticy ternight."

"Don's say that," answered Joe. "Hit makes me hungrier 'an a b'ar to hear ye speak like that. Hain't we got nothin' ter eat?"

No, nothin' but a few pieces o' hard bread an' a bit or two o' meat. That onery cuss, John Biggs, that we sent after grub to Atticy 'll git drunker 'an a biled owl and not come back till we go after him, like as not.

With this they turned their horses around and rode away in the direction of home, leaving the stranger standing in silence looking after them.

Ike Dover—for such was the stranger's name—turned and entered his shanty.

"Wall, hit means pull out, I reckon," he muttered, "but I'll jist stay hyar till mornin' anyhow."

The sun had gone down behind a bank of tawny, purple clouds, and an ashy pallor overspread the sky.

"Goin' ter have bad weather," observed Joe Scaggs as they rode through the fast gathering darkness.

Late that night Bill punched Joe in the ribs with his elbow, and said:

"Joe, hit's gittin' colder 'an ali git out. We've got ter git up an' find some more covers. Gee whiz! listen ter that wind!"

Bill got up and struck a light and put on his clothes.

The weather had suddenly grown intensely cold, and the wind was roaring across the prairie and sweeping through the dead grass with a sharp hissing sound

Bill opened the door and looked out.

A great gust of wind swept into the room, whirling a cloud of snowflakes with it and extinguishing the light.

"A blizzard!" exclaimed Bill, slamming the door and relighting the lamp.

Joe had also got up and was putting on his clothes.

"We must see ter the hosses," he said, drawing on his heavy boots. "They'll freeze ter death in that shed if they hain't blanketed.

He opened the door and went out, and in a few moments returned.

"The hosses air gone!" he exclaimed; "broke loose an' been driven away by the blizzard."

"One or us must go after 'em," exclaimed Bill. "Hit won't do to lose 'em. They'll die in this storm if they don't find shelter."

"Yes, an' you'd die a dozen times 'fore ye'd find 'em in this storm."

"Poor animals!" exclaimed Bill; "but hit can't be helped.

Bill kindled a fire in the little sheet iron stove in the corner.

The air was growing colder and colder every moment, and the circle of heat around the stove grew smaller and smaller with each surge of the wind as it shook the loose boards on the roof and sent the sleet and snow hissing through the crevices.

The two men drew their chairs near the stove, after replenishing the flame from a pile of coal in the corner of the room.

Morning came at last, gray and desolate, with blinding clouds of snow and sleet sweeping across the prairie. The storm showed no signs of abating, but was increasing in its fury.

"Joe," said Bill, breaking the silence, "nobody can't come from Atticy terday, an' the pervisions—thar's nothin' in the house ter eat."

Joe got up and looked out at the small window.

"Hit's as ye say, Bill; thar can't nobody come from Atticy terday"—And then, huskily, "Hit may be a week 'fore they can."

The two men looked at each other and each read the other's thoughts.

"Thar can't nobody git nowhar now, an' mebbe not fer a week. Bill, we air in a bad fix."

Bill made no reply, but filled a large black pipe, lit it, sat down by the fire and began puffing away in silence.

Joe brought more fuel from the corner and filled up the stove.

The day passed and night came down, and still the storm raged and the snow fell in blinding clouds.

It was at the close of the fifth day, and neither Bill nor Joe had tasted food for four days, and as they looked out across the desolate, snow covered plain their hearts sank within them.

"Bill," said Joe, huskily, "we can't hold out much longer. Hit'll be more 'an a week 'fore any one could git hyar or we could git away."

"Yas, and that will be too late," answered Bill, an ashy pallor spreading his thin face.

The next morning Joe arose, kindled the fire in the little stove and sat down in silence.

Bill did not get up, but remained in bed, a pinched look settling over his features. It was getting late in the afternoon when he called Joe to the bedside.

"Joe," he said, feebly, "I hain't got much longer ter stay with ye. This yere cold is freezin' my thin blood, an' i'm gittin' weaker an' weaker."

"Come, come, Bill!" said Joe, a great lump rising in his throat. "Cheer up; mebbe som'thin'll turn up, mebbe"——

"'Tain't no use, Joe. We've all got ter go some time. Tain't no use hopin' when thar hain't nothin' to expect."

Joe made no reply. Stooping down presently he drew a little box from under the bed and took out a small piece of dry, hard bread and laid it by the side of Bill.

"I saved hit fer ye, Bill," he said, turning away.

"No, no!" "hit's better fer one uv us ter go 'an both uv us. Mebbe, as ye say, somethin'll turn up, an"——

A muffled sound like footsteps in the snow came from the outside, and something like the sound of a human voice mingled with the hissing wind.

Joe listened, but the sound was not repeated. He opened the door and looked out.

A few feet from the threshold, half buried in the drifting snow, was the prostrate figure of a man, a large bundle of something at his side. A moment, and Joe was stooping over the prostrate figure. He shook him, but he did not speak. Then by a series of heroic efforts he dragged the unconscious man into the dugout. As he did so a bundle that was strapped about the shoulders of the unfortunate became detached and rolled over on the floor, displaying a small bag of flour and a chunk of bacon.

"Hit's John Biggs come back!" exclaimed Joe, "an' he's brought enough pervision ter carry us through, thank God! but, pore feller, he's almost done fer!"

He hurriedly stirred up the fire in the little stove, and then, turning to the unconscious man, he brushed the snow from his wan face.

"Bill," he said, starting with surprise "hit ain't John Biggs—hit's the claim jumper. He's saved our lives, Bill, and after we was goin' ter run him away."

"My God!" exclaimed Bill, struggling feebly out of the bed, new strength coming to his feeble frame. "We must save him, Joe, if he hain't already dead. We mustn't let him die."

The two men, shivering with cold and weak from hunger, worked as they never worked before. By their combined efforts they lifted the poor frozen squattered from the floor and laid him tenderly in their only bed.

He opened his eyes and muttered some thing in an incoherent manner. The two men bent over him and listened.

"Hit ain't much furder," he muttered. "I heard'em say they didin't have nothin' to eat over thar—an' Ike Dover, hit's yer dooty ter help 'em. No—no—they wur goin' ter run me off—hit can't be much furder—Oh, if I could only sleep a little—hit ain't cold now."

Joe took hold of his hands and held them in his own. They were frozen as hard as icicles! He looked at Bill and uttered a groan.

"He can't live, Bill," he said, chokingly.

Bill bent over the bed his face close to that of the dying man.

"Pardon," he said, his voice husky with emotion, "you've throw'd away yer life fer us that didn't deserve nothin' but yer hate. You've froze them pore hands fer us onery wolves that would 'a' driv ye 'way from yer claim. Oh, if ye could only liv ter tell me how mean an onery I've been ter ye"—Here Bill broke down and wept like a child.

Presently the dying man muttered, "Hit's all right—I see hit now—thar is the cabin, right ahead"— And with these words his spirit fled.

For a long time the only sound that broke the stillness of that desolate prairie home was the sobbing of the two men and the hissing of the winter wind.—Will Lisenbee in *Frank Leslie's.*

Personally-Conducted Tours and Their Crowth.

That the American people are becoming a race of travelers is evident from the complete and choice arrangement of pleasure tours which is set before them by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for the season of 1893. First comes a series to the Golden Gate, leaving New York, Philadelphia, and Harrisburg February 8th, March 2d and 29th, 1893. Tourists will travel by superbly-appointed special trains of Pullman, drawing-room, sleeping, dining, smoking, and observation cars, under the supervision of a Tourist Agent and Chaperon.

Then follows a series of five to Jacksonville—January 31st, February 14th and 28th, March 14th and 28th, 1893. The first four admit of two whole weeks in the sunny South, while tickets for the fifth tour are good to return by regular trains until May 30th, 1893. The round-trip rate is but $50 from New York and $48 from Philadelphia, and proportionately low rates from other stations.

A series to Washington, D. C., leave December 15th and 28th, 1892; January 12th, February 9th, March 23d, April 13th, and May 4th and 25th, 1893. Each tour covers a period of three days, and rate includes all necessary traveling expenses and board at the National Capital.

Last of all, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that it, during the month of August, 1893, the date to be definitely announced later, proposes running a distinct tour to the Yellowstone National Park. It will be conducted on the same general principles, and maintained at that high standard manifested on all the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's personally-conducted tours.

Carefully prepared itineraries as well as detailed information may be procured by addressing Mr. Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent.

The laws of health are taught in the schools; but not in a way to be of much practical benefit and are never illustrated by living examples, which in many cases might easily be done. If some scholar who had just contracted a cold was brought before the school so that all could hear the dry, loud cough and know its significance; see the thin white coating on the tongue and later, as the cold developed, see the profuse watery expectoration and thin watery discharge from the nose, not one of them would ever forget what the first symptoms of a cold were. The scholar should then be given Chamberlain's Cough Remedy freely, that all might see that even a severe cold could be cured in one or two days, or at least greatly mitigated, when properly treated as soon as the first symptoms appear. This remedy is famous for its cures of coughs, colds and croup. It is made especially for these diseases and is the most prompt and most reliable medicine known for the purpose. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale.

A Strange Case.

In the latter part of 1878 a young lady died near Cleveland of a disease that had greatly puzzled the attending physicians, the symptoms being similar to rheumatism of the heart. The post mortem revealed one of the most remarkable facts to the medical profession. A large burdock bur was found securely imbedded in the heart, directly against the posterior surface of the aorta. It was completely enveloped with cystic tissue, which had also covered all the large blood vessels leading to and from the heart. There is only one way of accounting for the presence of the bur. It had been breathed into the air passages when the woman was a child. The specimen was sent to the museum of the Bennett Medical college, Chicago. It has been inspected by all the leading physicians of that vicinity, and all unite in pronouncing it the most extraordinary case on record.—*Cor. St. Louis Republic.*

THE PSESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The President, in his message Tuesday, thus speaks of the prosperity of the country, and the reasons for it; at the same time comparing favorably the condition of our people with those of foreign countries:

"I have great satisfaction in being able to say that the general conditions affecting the commercial and industrial interests of the United States are in the highest degree favorable. A comparison of the existing conditions with those of the most favorable period in the history of the country will, I believe, show that so high a degree of prosperity and so general a diffusion of the comforts of life were never before enjoyed by our people."

The President then quotes a number of statistical reports to bear out this statement. After making use of great masses of figures, the President's conclusions as to the effect of the Tariff follow:

"There never has been a time in our history when work was so abundant or when wages were as high, whether measured by the currency in which they are paid or by their power to supply the necessaries and comforts of life. It is true that the market price of cotton and wheat has been low. It is one of the unfavorable incidents of agriculture that the farmer cannot produce upon orders. He must sow and reap. But while the fact I have stated is here as to the crops mentioned, the general average of prices has been such as to give to agriculture a fair participation in the general prosperity.

I have felt a most felicitous interest to preserve to our working people rates of wages that would not only give daily bread, but supply a comfortable margin for those home attractions and family comforts and enjoyments without which life is neither hopeful nor sweet. They are American citizens, a part of the great people for whom our Constitution and Government were framed and instituted, and it cannot be a perversion of that Constitution to so legislate as to preserve in their homes the comfort, independence, loyalty, and sense of interest in the Government which are essential to good citizenship in peace, and which will bring this stalwart throng as in 1861 to the defense of the flag when it is assailed. If any are discontented with their state here; if any believe that wages and prices, the returns for honest toil, are inadequate, they should not fail to remember that there is no other country in the world where the conditions that seem to them hard would not be accepted as highly prosperous.

The English agriculturalist would be glad to exchange the returns of his labor for those of the American farmer, and the Manchester workmen for those of their fellows at Fall River. I believe that the Protective system, which has now for something more than thirty years continuously prevailed in our legislation, has been a mighty instrument for the development of our national wealth.

It is not my purpose to review here the arguments in favor of a Protective Tariff.

The result of the recent election must be accepted as having introduced a new policy. We must assume that the present tariff, constructed upon the lines of Protection, is to be repealed, and that there is to be substituted for it a Tariff law constructed solely with reference to revenue only; that no duty is to be higher because the increase will keep open an American mill or keep up the wages of an American workman, but that in every case such a rate of duty is to be imposed as will bring to the Treasury of the United States the largest returns of revenue. The contest has not been between schedules, but between principles, and it would be offensive to suggest that the prevailing party will not carry into legislation the principles advocated by it and the pledges given to the people. The tariff bills passed by the House of Representatives at the last session were, as I suppose, even in the opinion of their promoters, inadequate, and justified only by the fact that the Senate and House of Representatives were not in accord and a general revision could not therefore be undertaken.

I recommend that the whole subject of Tariff revision be left to the incoming Congress. It is a matter of regret that this work must be delayed for at least three months, for the threat of great Tariff changes introduces so much uncertainty that an amount, not easily estimated, of business inaction and of diminished production will necessarily result. It is possible, also, that this uncertainty may result in decreased revenues from customs duties, for our merchants will make cautious orders for foreign goods in view of the prospect of tariff reductions and the uncertainty as to when they will take effect. Those who have advocated a protective tariff can well afford to have their disastrous forecasts of a change of policy disappointed.

If a system of customs duties can be framed that will set the idle wheels and looms of Europe in motion and crowd our ware-houses with foreign-made goods, and at the same time keep our own mills busy; that will give us an increased participation in the markets of the world of greater value than the home market we surrender; that will give increased work to foreign workmen upon products to be consumed by our people without diminishing the amount of work to be done here; that will enable the American manufacturer to pay to his workmen from fifty to one hundred per cent. more in wages than is paid in the foreign mill, and yet to compete in our market and reduce the cost of articles of wear and food without reducing the wages of those who produce them; that can be celebrated, after its effects have been realized, as its expectation has been in Europe as well as in American cities, the authors and promoters of it will be entitled to the highest praise.

We have had in our history several experiences in the contrasted effect of a Revenue and of a Protective Tariff; but this generation has not felt them, and the experience of one generation is not highly instructive to the next. The friends of the protective system, with undiminished confidence in the principles they have advocated, will await the results of the new experiment. The strained and too-often disturbed relations existing between the employes and the employers in our great manufacturing establishments have not been favorable to a calm consideration by the wage-earner of the effect upon wages of the Protective system. The fact that his wages were the highest paid in like callings in the world, and that a maintenance of this rate of wages in the absence of Protective duties upon the product of his labor was impossible, were obscured by the passion evoked by these contests. He may now be able to review the question in the light of his personal experience under the operation of tariff for revenue only. If that experience shall demonstrate the present rates of wages are thereby maintained or increased, either absolutely or in their purchasing power, and that the aggregate volume of work to be done in this country is increased or even maintained, so that there are more or as many day's work in a year, at as good or better wages for the American workman, as has been the case under the Protective system, everyone will rejoice.

A general process of wage reduction cannot be contemplated by any patriotic citizen without the gravest apprehension. It may be, indeed I believe it is, possible for the American manufacturer to compete successfully with his foreign rival in many branches of production without the defense of protective duties if the pay rolls are equalized, but the conflict that stands between the producer and that result and the distress of our working people when it is attained are not pleasant to contemplate. The Society of the Unemployed, now holding its frequent and threatening parades in the streets of foreign countries, should not be allowed to acquire an American domicile.

TRIBUTE TO THE OLD SOLDIER.

The report of the Commissioner of Pension, says the President, of which extended notice is given by the Secretary of the Interior in his report, will attract great attention. Judged by the aggregate amount of work done, the last year has been the greatest in the history of the office. I believe that the organization of the office is efficient, and that the work has been done with fidelity. The passage of what is known as the Disability bill has, as was foreseen, very largely increased the annual disbursements to the disabled veterans of the Civil War. The estimate for this fiscal year was $144,956,000. And that amount was appropriated. A deficiency amounting to $10,508,621 must be provided for at this session.

The estimate for pension for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894, is $165,000,000. The Commissioner of Pensions believes that if the present legislation and methods are maintained, and further additions to the pension laws are not made, the maximum expenditure for pensions will be reached June 30, 1894, and it will be at the highest point, $168,000,000 per annum. I adhere to the views expressed in previous messages, that the care of the disabled soldiers of the War of the Rebellion is a matter of national concern and duty. Perhaps no emotion cools sooner than that of gratitude, but I cannot believe that this process has yet reached a point with our people that would sustain the policy of remitting the care of disabled veterans to the inadequate provisions provided by local laws.

The parade on the 20th of September last upon the streets of the Capital of 30,000 of the surviving Union veterans of the War of the Rebellion was a most touching and thrilling episode, and the rich and gracious welcome extended to them by the District of Columbia, and the applause that greeted them in progress from tens of thousands of people from all of the States, did much to revive the glorious recollections, of the grand review, when these men and many thousand others, now in their graves were welcomed with grateful joy as victors in a struggle in which the National unity, honor, and wealth were all at issue.

O for an eye more clear to see,
A mind to grasp more earnestly,
For every good intent
Text to the sick and despairing
I bring thee a peerless cure.

Pan-Tina, the great remedy for Coughs, Colds and Consumption, 25 and 50 cents. Sold at G. W. Benford's drug store.

Democrats and the Senate.

From the N. Y. Press.

The Democratic leaders have formulated a scheme for securing absolute control of the United States Senate. From present indications the Populist Senators will hold the balance of power in that body when the Fifty-third Congress assembles. This does not suit the Democrats. The Populists can probably be depended upon to assist in carrying out the tariff smashing and wildcat money programme, but they are supposed to retain a lingering prejudice in favor of honest elections which makes them somewhat unreliable allies of the party whose power is sustained by wholesale stuffing of the ballot boxes and the systematic suppression of Republican votes.

The Democrats are anxious not only to destroy protection to American industry and overthrow the national banking system, but also to sweep away every vestige of the federal supervision of elections which makes Democratic cheating at the polls difficult and dangerous in States like New York. In order to secure full possession of the Senate and pass measures which will enable them to entrench themselves at Washington, the Democrats propose to admit New Mexico, Arizona and Utah as States. The fact that not one of these Territories is fit to exercise the privilege of Statehood and that the first two are dominated by an alien population whose language, traditions and habits are utterly un-American, and that Utah is controlled completely by the Mormon priesthood, does not interfere at all with the Democratic calculations.

New Mexico and Arizona with their ignorant Mexican and Indian population, and Utah with its thousands of stolid dupes under the dominion of the Mormon "elders," who regard polygamy as the most sacred tenet of their faith, can all be depended upon to vote the Democratic ticket. The admission of these Territories into the Union would degrade American citizenship and allow the curse of Mormon polygamy to flaunt its hideousness in the eyes of the whole world, under the protection of State laws; but it would give the Democratic party six more United States Senators, and that is ample reason in the eyes of the Democratic bosses for perpetrating the outrage.

The stock Democratic argument that the admission of Idaho, Wyoming, Montana, Washington and the Dakotas furnishes a precedent for opening the gates of the Union to the Mexicans and the Mormons, is altogether false. The population of these new States is thoroughly American. It is increasing by leaps and bounds. While the population of Arizona sluggishly grew from 40,440 in 1880 to 59,620 in 1890, and while that of New Mexico increased from 119,565 to 153,593 in the same time, the population of Idaho tr