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Deceiving Englishmen.

From Philadelphia North American.

The *National Review*, of London, has discovered why it is that the American people so generally sympathize with their little sister republics of South Africa. It says:

The pro-Boer craze has unquestionably been imported into the United States by Irish Papists, who take their cue from Dublin and Rome, and by German Jews, who look to Berlin for their political orders.

The *National Review* is a sober magazine that circulates among the well-to-do classes. When such a publication supplies its readers with the kind of information quoted respecting American sentiment it is not surprising that the masses, who get their news and views from less respectable sources, should be grotesquely misled as to the state of public opinion in the United States.

When Americans have ceased to believe in the principles of the Declaration of Independence and have forgotten the history of their own country, they will look with approval at the attempt of a great monarchy to stamp out of existence two small republics, and not till then. "The pro-Boer craze" exists in the United States because England has turned her back upon all that is best in her traditions and is making war upon a free people who are fighting for what any Englishman would fight for in their place.

England is wrong, wrong beyond possibility of reasonable defense, in her treatment of the Transvaal republic. She had no more right to interfere with its internal affairs than she would have to interfere with ours. By persistence in an interference clearly denied to her by treaty, she disclosed the intention, which she now avows, to destroy the independence of the republic, and so forced this wicked war in the interest of exploiting mining millionaires.

Americans sympathize with the Boers because they hate tyranny, love liberty, and instinctively side with the weak who are right against the strong who are wrong. "Irish Papists" and "German Jews" and all other men who are animated by these just and generous sentiments, have an incomparable better standing in American esteem than Tories, whatever their nationality, who side with England in a war that shocks the moral sense of mankind.

Democratic chances continue to brighten. The Republicans grow more and more hopelessly divided as the days go by. By coming out boldly for imperialistic government of Porto Rico, they have stripped off the mask of "expansion" with which they concealed their true policy and the people can now choose with knowledge. There can be little doubt how they will decide when the issue is put plainly before them.

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Remember
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MAJOR'S LEATHER CEMENT.

The Question Before the People.

From Philadelphia City and State.

The action of the congress and of the president of the United States when armed interference with Spanish tyranny in the island of Cuba had been determined upon was honorable, just, and fully in harmony with the spirit of the American people and with their great traditions. The resolutions adopted by congress and signed by the president, April 19, 1898, were:

First, that the people of the island of Cuba are and of right ought to be free and independent.

This was our position regarding Cuba, concisely stated. It is just such a recognition of the inherent political rights of the Cubans as the theory of our constitution and our declaration under the circumstances required us to make. But who can explain to us why no such declaration was made touching the Filipinos when we undertook to break Spanish power in the Philippines? Making this declaration in regard to Cuba did not mean that we were obliged instantly to hand over the affairs of the island to the care of its people, but it did bind us to the acknowledgement of their right, ultimately to be enjoyed, of exercising that function if they so desired. All intermediate care exercised by us for them, whether military or civil in its nature, was but the preface to their enjoyment of the full right of sovereignity.

The failure of the president to make any similar declaration to the people of the Philippines or to suggest the same to congress is a striking discrepancy in policy that needs to be explained. The people of the Philippines had long struggled against Spain. They were encouraged by Admiral Dewey and by E. Spencer Pratt and other representatives of our government to renew that struggle, with both the expressed and implied assurance that they would receive the same generous treatment we had accorded the Cubans—the gift of political liberty. Even if we did not think it possible to let them have the possession of that gift instantly, we should have assured them of their right to have it ultimately.

But we did not do this. On the contrary, we bought from their oppressors the alleged right to rule them at a moment when they, encouraged by us and after having co-operated with us, had deprived the Spaniards of possession of their territory. At this very moment the Filipinos had their provisional government extending peacefully and successfully over the island of Luzon. Much stronger reasons existed in the nature of their case for our acknowledgment of their rights to liberty than in that of the Cubans. In Dewey's celebrated despatch to Washington, June 27, 1898, he states the fact that Aguinaldo and his leaders are forming a civil government, and in conclusion he says:

In my opinion these people are far superior in their intelligence and are more capable of self-government than the natives of Cuba, and I am familiar with both races.

These two statements, taken in their natural conjunction, show plainly what Admiral Dewey's opinion on this point was at that time. What is the fair explanation of this tremendous change in Mr. McKinley's attitude, a change which fair-minded men can scarcely credit until a close study of the facts has forced them to it—a change from the fullest recognition of those inherent political rights asserted by the Declaration to the most flagrant and merciless denial of them? With the voice of Washington and Lincoln he speaks to Cuba, but with the voice of Denby to the Filipinos.

In the Philippine case the Denby policy is the controlling one. We will take and keep these people if it pays us do so, just as the nations of Europe do; or if not, let them go to cutting their own throats or playing what pranks they please. So spoke Colonel Denby. Such is the situation. But the question is still open for the American people to decide: Shall we endorse the Denby policy, with its brutality, its violation of secret obligations and of American idea, and favor materialism? or shall we save our stained honor, saying to the Philippines what we said to Cuba—assuring these islands that they "are and of a right ought to be free and independent," under a reasonable, fostering, American protectorate.

President McKinley is disturbed by ex-President Harrison's declaration in regard to Porto Rico. He thinks that Harrison is getting ready to run for president again. McKinley seems unable to comprehend that a man may speak his honest mind without looking to the future to reward him for it. Everyone doesn't act solely from principles of expediency.

It is very appropriate that the British, who held up the Hague peace convention and prevented its declaration against dum-dum bullets, should now be protesting against the Boers using them.

MISS ELIZABETH

"So Miss Pyser's got to go to the poor farm," said Mrs. Green. "I'm surprised that's she's kep' out of it so long."

"Yes," said portly, pompous Mrs. Barker, wife of the chairman of the selectmen, "my husband told me this noon that she had applied to the town for help, and of course they can't support her in her own house."

"I said 'twas flying in the face of fate when she took those two children to bring up; one died and t'other ran away, and now she's all alone."

The vinegar-faced dame who had thus delivered herself settled to her work with a self-congratulatory look, as if she thanked the Lord that she was not as others were.

Mrs. Barker crossed her hands in stately idleness; it did not become the wife of the richest man in Bayville to sew at the fortnight circle; her presence was all-sufficient.

Miss Berry, who sat beside her, looked up from her seam. Her sallow face was a trifle pale.

"You don't mean to say that the Willowdale people are going to allow Elizabeth Pyser to go on the town after all the good she's done?" she asked.

"Why not?" returned Mrs. Barker. "It ain't their fault that she's wasted her money. She's shiftless—always givin' something to somebody; and meek—meek as Moses; you'd think she dasn't say her soul's her own; but she's deep!" And with a sigh of commiseration at the unworthiness of poor little Miss Pyser, she closed her mouth with a snap. She had never forgiven her for being Mr. Barker's first love, and she half suspected that he would be quite willing to exchange his energetic and short-tempered wife for the sweetheart of his youth. "But you musn't whisper that I told you this, for Mr. Barker says women never know enough to keep anything to themselves."

"I'm sure we never gossip here," said Mrs. Green.

"Where are you goin', Miss Berry? Ain't you goin' to stop to tea?"

"No, I guess I'd better be gettin home early to-night; Bessie'll be waiting for me."

"Now I'll bet Clarindy Berry's gone straight over to the millin'ry store to spread the news; so afraid she won't be the first to tell it. Thank Heaven, I know enough to keep things to myself!"

But Miss Berry was not going to the store nor to spread the news; she knew that it was unprecedented for her to leave the sewing meeting before tea time; but as she listened to the talk the days of her girlhood rose before her when she and Elizabeth Pyser were "chums," and told each other all their secrets; then came a foolish little quarrel, and they had not exchanged words for twenty years.

She walked straight down the street, turned the corner, and without giving herself time to change her mind, entered Miss Pyser's garden and went up the walk bordered with bouncing-bets, or "old maid's pinks." When, in answer to her knock, Miss Pyser opened the door, neither knew what to say, but straightway fell into each other's arms and began to cry.

The door closed on them. An hour after when Miss Berry left the house to go to her own home, there was a springiness in her step, and a smile playing about the corners of her thin lips, that betokened unusual excitement.

Her pretty niece, Bessie, was about to sit down to her lonely tea when Miss Berry made her appearance.

"Why, auntie! What brings you home so early?" she asked pleasantly.

"Oh, I couldn't stand the clatter of those old women. Now you needn't laugh, Bessie Berry; I know I'm no chicken myself; but if I'm as heartless as them I left behind, I hope I'll die before morning."

"Well, what's the matter? You seem to be excited."

"No, I ain't! I'm just as calm as you are. But I've been makin' calls this afternoon. I went to see Betty Pyser. I kep' questionin' her till she told me all about how she lost her money in the bank that failed over to Coveton; the man that owned the house, he let her stay in it out of pity; first she earned a little by sewin' but lately folks didn't seem to want any work done, and she just shut herself up there to starve. But human nature got the best of her, and she had to go to the town. She's always been hoping that that good-for-nothing Johnnie would come home, but she's about giv' him up now. I asked her how much of the furniture was hers, and kep' a hintin' and a hintin' till I found out everything that she could tell me; and I enjoyed every minute."

She paused, out of breath with excitement, and remained for some time in deep thought. Bessie, too, was silent. She divined what was passing in her aunt's mind.

"Say, Bessie," said Miss Berry at last, "do you think we could contrive to keep another? I can't bear the thought of having Elizabeth go to the poor farm. There's that back chamber with nothing in it, and she's got her own furniture——"

She looked appealingly at the girl, who did not immediately answer. To undertake the care of another meant additional sacrifices, more rigid economy. She sighed a little; life was hard enough for her already. Should she add to her burden? Would she be just to herself in doing so? Then she thought of the days when she and John Pyser were boy and girl lovers, and made wonderful plans of what they would do when they grew up. She had never lost faith in John; some day if he lived, she knew he would come back to them. A light sprang into her pretty blue eyes, and she met her aunt's look with a smile.

"Miss Elizabeth musn't go on the town, auntie. There's plenty of room for her here, and we'll drive over this very evening and bring her home."

After her guest had departed, Miss Elizabeth sank to the old lounge that had witnessed so many confidences, and the tears flowed down her thin cheeks. She thought she had hardened herself for what the morrow would bring; but now she was a forlorn old maid, crying because she must become the companion of Crazy Jane and Witless Will. How little she had dreamed of this in the days when she was young and pretty, and every one called her Bess. One there was who swore she was the apple of his eye; but he would not undertake the care of her orphaned nephew and niece and she would not desert them; so he left her for another. Now he was an important person in the town, a selectman; and she gave a little gasp, and hoped he would not be the one chosen to come for her to-morrow; she really didn't think she could bear that.

This was the last night in her own home, and she could not swallow the morsel of bread that formed her evening repast; something would rise in her throat and choke her every time she tried.

Hark! a wagon was rumbling up to the gate; could it be that the last night at home was to be denied her? A loud knock brought her trembling to the door. A burly teamster stood there, and by his side Miss Berry and Bessie; what could it mean?

"Betty, you are coming home with Bessie and me. Tell us what furniture to take, and let this man get it," said Miss Berry; and she drew the dumbfounded woman aside and in a few words explained matters.

Almost dazed Miss Elizabeth sank on the old lounge, while Miss Berry went from room to room selecting the articles needed. Then Bessie brought the bonnet and shawl that lay ready for to-morrow's journey, and together she and Miss Berry led her to her new home.

Could it be possible that the poor house was a thing of the past? She must be dreaming. By to-morrow, surely, she would wake up to the awful reality.

But it was no dream, and the next morning Miss Elizabeth awoke with the feeling that an awful catastrophe had been averted and the sword which had been hanging over her head for so long a time had been prevented from falling by the kind intervention of her old-time friend.

As Bessie had anticipated the coming of another into the little home circle meant more self denial for herself. New frocks and hats were out of the question; but she ripped and sponged and remade her winter dress, and her nimble fingers and good taste soon brought out of the ruins of last season's wardrobe a brand new outfit in which she looked as pretty as a pink.

As for the two old friends, they fairly worshiped the girl who was the joy as well as the sunlight of their home. So this happy family dwelt together in peace and harmony, independent of outsiders, until an event happened which broke up the home circle.

One day a stranger strode into the town father's office and asked in a voice that commanded instant attention—

"Where is Miss Elizabeth Pyser?"

The clerk answered that she had become somewhat reduced in circumstances, and had applied to the town for aid; and so—and so—

"And you sent her to the poorhouse! Was there no one in this God-forsaken hole to pay her back a little of the kindness she had always shown others?"

"Yes," the young man said. "Miss Berry took her in." And he told the stranger where to find her.

It was Miss Elizabeth's turn to be electrified when a prosperous looking man soon presented himself at Miss Berry's house and inquired if his Aunt Bess lived there.

"I am Elizabeth Pyser, sir," she inquired in response to his inquiries.

"Why, auntie, don't you remember Johnnie?" he exclaimed.

Miss Elizabeth had grown very white, and slipped into a lifeless heap on the floor; but joy never kills, and when she recovered it was realized that her troubls were over, for Johnnie was well-to-do and able to take care of her for the remainder of her days.

The old house was bought back and refurnished, and Johnnie and his aunt soon settled into the old life. She petted him to her heart's content, and he alternately fondled and teased her, just as he had done years before when he wore pinafores, and she had sent him to bed without any supper, and then carried him up sandwiches for fear he might be hungry.

And Bessie Berry also returned to the old routine, and was as busy and cheerful as ever though her aunt thought she seemed rather quieter than of yore, particularly when John Pyser came to see them, as he did more frequently as time rolled on.

"Aunt Bess," said John one day, in rather a shamefaced manner, "don't you think you should have some young person in the house to do the work?"

"O Johnnie!" cried the little woman in fear and trembling. "Don't I please you? I know I am getting old, but I thought you was used to my ways and we could get along. I don't want a girl botherin' round."

"Of course I'll do anything to make you happier, Johnnie, though I don't see how a servant can make home any pleasanter for you. As for me, I should just rust out and die if I didn't have something to do."

The dear old lady was almost in tears.

"Auntie, it isn't exactly a servant I want; it's—in fact—"

Johnnie really couldn't say the words; he hardly dared think them as yet; but he crossed the room to Aunt Bess and whispered in her ear.

"Oh, John," she cried delightedly, "how stupid of me! It's just the thing! And I never thought of it before!"

Miss Elizabeth was in a flutter of pleasure. She urged her nephew to go at once on his errand.

"I'll sit up till you come home. Won't it be like a story if Bessie becomes your wife?"

"Perhaps she won't have me, Aunt Bess."

"Pshaw! Go along! What's worth having is worth asking for. Have you? Of course she will! She's sensible, Bessie is."

And Miss Elizabeth looked with pride on the stalwart young man, who, although he was not handsome, had an honest manly face that a woman could trust.

Aunt Bess was right. And now the two families are one, and the "old maids" vie with each other in petting and spoiling their grown-up children, who in return for the kindness shown them in their youth, make their lives one long happy dream.—Masachusetts Ploughman.

Food of Poor Russians.

In some parts of Russia the only food for the people consists at present of acorns, leaves and the soft bark of trees.

HOTEL POSTAGE.

Account of a Large House Is One of the Uncertainties.

"The postage stamp account of any of the large hotels is something that can't be balanced with absolute accuracy," said an old-time clerk. "The sales show a profit, although the law forbids any one charging more than face value. The profit comes in on the change. A man wants stamps for a couple of letters, to illustrate, and is handed either a one-cent stamp or a copper penny in change for the nickel he is almost certain to deposit on the counter. 'Oh, I don't want to be bothered with that,' he says, in nine cases out of ten, and the house is ahead one cent. These stray pennies will amount up to 75 cents or $1 in the course of the day, and would constitute a nice little revenue from one week's end to the other were it not for the fact that they are offset by the necessity of paying short postage for careless guests. You would be surprised to know how many unstamped letters are dropped into the mail box in the corridor. The number is far greater proportionately than those found in the street boxes in the busiest section of the city. Why that should be so I don't know, and it is hard to form any theory in explanation, but the fact is as I state, and is true of all large hotels. There are also a great number of letters and packages on which the postage is insufficient, and such mail is invariably brought straight to the desk by the collector. We put on the necessary stamps, and I believe the practice is universal among upper class houses. If we didn't the mail would go direct to the dead letter office in Washington and the delay would be a matter of serious annoyance and perhaps loss to our guests. Of course, we can't make a charge for the stamps used in that way, because it would seem petty, don't you know, but all the same it mounts up. It just about balances the profits which I mentioned."—N. O. Times Democrat.

Found the Ring.

An interesting story comes from Provo regarding the age of miracles. For those who are not superstitious it is doubly entertaining. During a recent visit of President George Q. Cannon to the Southern town he was entertained at the home of L. Holbrook, manager of the Grand Central Mine. Mr. Holbrook's fifteen-year-old daughter Aura told President Cannon that she had dreamed three times that she had found a diamond ring, and in the third dream a man giving his name as Vaness, and address Dallas, Texas, had told her he lost a ring while going through Provo 10 years ago, and that she could find it under a certain rock, giving minute details as to the location of the same. President Cannon listened to the story with interest, and at its conclusion told the girl she should follow up her dream. Aura got on her wheel and rode away. In less than two minutes she returned, holding a diamond ring in her hand. She claims to have found it in the place described by her dreamland visitant.

It is interesting to know that Miss Aura has a fondness for diamond rings and has answered a great many advertisements of them.—Salt Lake Herald.

Stole Watch to Get Square.

"Great Scott! but that's a fine watch," came from the chorus. "Where did you get it?" "Stole it," answered its possessor calmly. "You don't believe me, do you?" he went on. "Well, I'll tell you how it happened. I was on a Western district which enjoyed the reputation of being the toughest one covered by the house. I had some time to kill and so went into one of the gambling joints. It isn't necessary to go into details as to what happened. As luck would have it, there were a half dozen others in the place besides myself, who might be considered as possible victims. When the time came the lights were put out suddenly and then we had "rough house" for about ten minutes. In the middle of it I felt somebody grab my watch, and reached out after him. I caught some one and felt that he was just putting a watch in his trousers pocket. I gave his wrist a hard wrench and got the timepiece. Then I broke away. When I got to the light I found the watch was this one. As I never heard from the owners, I have kept it to compensate for the loss of mine." After which the waiter hurried over in response to six different signals.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Turkey Five Feet High.

John McCormick, a farmer who resides across the river from here in Illinois, is the owner of a turkey gobbler which towers into the air five feet and weighs 65 pounds. It looks more like an ostrich than a turkey. Its legs at the feet are an inch and a half in diameter, while close to the body they are the same size of an ordinary man's arm at the elbow. The bird's wings measure seven feet from tip to tip.—Clinton, Ia., Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

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65c. $1.25

We are selling the very finest Trusses made at FACTORY PRICES, less than one-third the price charged by others, and we GUARANTEE TO FIT YOU PERFECTLY. Say whether you wish our 65c French Truss or our $1.25 New York Reversible Elastic Truss, illustrated above, cut this ad. out and send to us with OUR SPECIAL PRICE named, your Height, Weight, Age, how long you have been ruptured, whether rupture is large or small, also state number inches around the body on a line with the rupture, say whether rupture is on right or left side, and we will send either truss to you with the understanding, if it is not a perfect fit and equal to trusses that retail at three times our price, you can return it and we will return your money.

WRITE FOR FREE TRUSS CATALOGUE which shows our entire line of trusses, including the New $10.00 Lea Truss that sells almost anywhere else at $10.00, and which we sell for $2.75

Address SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co. CHICAGO

$1.98 BUYS A $3.50 SUIT

2,000 CELEBRATED "NEVERWEAROUT" DOUBLE SEAT AND KNEE. REGULAR $3.50 BOYS' TWO-PIECE KNEE PANTS SUITS AT $1.98.

A NEW SUIT FREE FOR ANY OF THESE SUITS WHICH DON'T GIVE SATISFACTORY WEAR.

SEND NO MONEY, cut this ad. out and send to us, state age of boy and say whether large or small forage and we will send you the suit by express, C. O. D. subject to examination. You can examine it at your express office and if found perfectly satisfactory and equal to suits sold in your town for $3.50, pay your express agent our Special Offer Price, $1.98, and express charges.

THESE KNEE PANT SUITS are for boys 4 to 15 years of age and are retailed everywhere at $3.50. Made with DOUBLE SEAT and KNEES, latest 1900 style as illustrated, made from a special heavy weight, wear-resisting, all-wool Stratton Cassimere, neat, handsome pattern, fine Italian lining, genuine Grosgrain interlining, padding, staying and reinforcing, silk and linen sewing, fine tailor-made throughout, a suit any boy or parent would be proud of.

FOR FREE CLOTH SAMPLES of Boys' Clothing for boys 4 to 19 YEARS, write for Sample Book No. 935, contains fashion plates, tape measure and full instructions how to order.

Men's Suits made to order from $5.00 up. Samples sent free on application. Address,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), Chicago, Ill.

(Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)