

that ought to be stopped government. It is probably by appointing agents to influence these Americans remain under the stars we need in this country do not want any of our farmers to go away from

made by the late A. J. was one of \$1,000,000 who is a reporter on *Public Ledger*, the news- George W. Childs is pub- throwing up his position suddenly acquired wealth, continue to take assign- ditor in order that he n the elements of the selected for his life call- these are the great men and by such a policy of exel millions accumu-

ion at Washington will rank of an embassy. In President Cleveland will ambassador from this of St. Petersburg when Minister Andrew D. who was appointed by to succeed Mr. Charles adelphia, who resigned. ess be asked to raise the above that now paid ter, whose pay is \$17,500

has sailed for the Isle in the forthcoming re- t to waive all thought nsibility, and continue ea, where he would not ceived, but where he month than he now on this side of the surprise to the Em- at a nation may be-

anization proposed for Deposit and Savings n the bank are certain ssets will bring under On the other hand, if tion are wound up.

verge of a silver standard on a dishonest ratio which means a sixty cent dollar, and until this menace to the currency is removed confidence and credit can not be restored.

HELP THE UNFORTUNATES.

Some one has said that there is an element in every man which, under certain circumstances, will make a tramp of him, and in every tramp there is that which, if taken at the right time, will make a man of him. It is reported, on seemingly good authority, that thousands of laboring men, mechanics and others in Colorado are destitute. Many are leaving the State for the simple reason that they can not live where they are.

These men are in no way responsible for their present distress. The dear love of the Colorado silver capitalists for their workmen could not extend to supporting these men while they accomplished the dramatic coup of shutting down their mines in order to scare the country into a reckless financial system. Free silver or blood was the watch-word, and honest and industrious men were thrown out of work immediately and shipped East to complete the farce of "bankrupt Colorado."

The question is, what are the citizens of the Missouri valley to do for them? They are "tramps," if you please, but honest and hard-working "tramps" when they have a chance.

If crooks are among them Chief Speers knows what to do. But to the majority, let Missouri's hand, always quick when extended in hospitality, give these unfortunates that aid which honest men have a right to expect.

For if these men can not find employment and means of subsistence in this, the finest agricultural district in the world in which food products are understood to be cheaper than anywhere else in this country, where are they to turn?

Hundreds of comfortable homes with employment in our farming districts are open to the strangers. The scarcity of farm labor is so great in certain sections of the State that

commissioner's conduct taken from the *Barber County Index*:

"It seems Labor Commissioner Todd has, by some irregular means, obtained a letter written to Judge Horton, by a lady in Pennsylvania, and has put a very extreme construction to it. We know enough of Horton without drawing on the imagination; and were every surmise ever so true, it would be better to leave such smutty matter to the old party press that have so long enjoyed and reveled in a monopoly of just such things. Commissioner Todd's conduct is reprehensible to say the least, and his being a Populist, is no reason why he should be shielded from our honest indignation, but is a very good reason why we should censure him severely. By all means, let us be fair with our opponents, however unfair they may be with us. The people expect it of us, and we owe it to the people."

Morgan Caraway has sold the *Great Bend Register* to Colonel Joseph H. Borders. Borders is an old and experienced newspaper man and will doubtless continue to make of the *Register* one of the best papers in Western Kansas.

It would astonish Eastern drones, says the *Hays City Sentinel*, to count up for once the number of acres our farmers are planning to put into wheat this fall. The acreage ranges from 200 to 700 each. That looks mightily like indomitable steel-tempered grit and perseverance. It will surely win in due time.

The State Farmer's alliance is not to have a monopoly of the business of distributing seed wheat among needy farmers in Western Kansas. The railroads as usual will do their share. The much abused corporations are already at work, as is shown by the following from the *Jetmore Sunflower*:

A. W. Stilwell, traveling freight agent for the Santa Fe company, was in the city Tuesday evening investigating for the company in regard to the need of seed wheat in Hodgeman county. He requested us to say to the needy farmers that the Santa Fe company is ready and willing to do their part toward furnishing them with wheat for seeding purposes this fall.

The Practical Side of It. [New York Sun.]

Far under the foam,
'Neath the crystal dome,
How happy my home
Would be!

O, to go down,
Down,

Down,

Under the silver sea.

Nonsense, man! You would be drowned.

in health the woman's lips they'll never corpse. But Kansas City, if I would go have their lip

MISSOU

Mrs. H. F. E. Clinton, delivered subject of Eth Section 6 of World's fair, J favor.

King Chulala probably year whose persuasi on the polit stationed at his

According to ty farmers will scarcity of rain

"The old sayi twice in the sa day night," says lightning struck ney Gallagher's house was one o there with Mr. fore 1860. We u sured and that l place. The chie torn down by li

Uncle Sam mu morse when he his money are thinks of the S oral.

[Broc

Under the Pop ager of a business when the earliest strikers are the v right to bear arm thought of. The try, and have supply of labor been posing

hire men who will not do, be n the wretch is n may be hurt w The annihilation dilapidation of a Governor is the s views as freely are owned for P are are having road to halahajal

ors will lose whatever it costs to settlement under unfavorable conditions.

IS THERE MONEY ENOUGH?

The popular fallacies that is most pronounced at every period when credit is disturbed and credit curtailed, is that there is not money enough to transact the business of the na-

en estimated that from seventy-five per cent of the whole business of the country is necessarily transacted through the credit system. Modern commercial banks are transferring balances and exchanging bills, drafts and checks in a way to a great extent with the facility of transferring currency from one country to the other, and checks and drafts will probably cover seventy-five per cent of all the clearing business in a metropolitan city.

There is a shortage in the currency of the country and a five per cent of its present volume, if credit remained unimpaired, would cause the hardship or inconvenience and embarrassment of trade that is caused by a single week's lack of confidence and consequent curtailment of credit. The manufacturing houses in this city, which do a volume of business amounting to millions of dollars per annum, do not handle the year or find need of any more currency than is used in petty transactions and payment of laborers, and even that is transacted by the giving of checks and the laboring men kept bank balances in the same manner as their employ-

ment in the business of the banks of Kansas is shown by the Clearing house reports, which show a total of most \$2,000,000 per day. All this business is evidenced by simple entries, and their transfer from one bank to another, or from one bank to another by simple entries or slips of paper, and currency whatever being used to transact the transaction.

women are compelled to work in the fields in order that all the crops may be harvested. Take in these men and help them to tide over their present time of distress and poverty.

In the autumn, when, as it is expected, the Cherokee strip is thrown open for settlement, they can turn their steps to the new Southwest and there find a permanent home.

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

The United States owns a war vessel now nearly completed that has no equal in the world in speed or coal endurance. It is the Columbia, a stily named cruiser, that is not only the queen of the American navy, but the real mistress of the seas.

This splendid vessel will be a match in speed for the trans-Atlantic liners of the regular passenger fleets. It will be able to catch the fastest of them, while its means of destruction are unequalled on modern cruisers.

The speed to be developed by the Columbia will come from triple propellers, backed by 21,000 horse-power, in every respect the greatest of any of our new ships of war. The Columbia has coal capacity sufficient to maintain a speed of ten knots an hour, a low rate, for 103 days. This means 25,520 miles, or more than the distance around the world. It will be seen that such a provision as this makes the Columbia formidable for the purpose for which it is intended. It may go for three months without touching land, wiping out the commerce of the enemy, with the assurance that it can catch anything that floats and be caught by nothing.

The constructors of the Columbia built the vessel after the plans of an ordinary merchantman, leaving out all of the external features that at once brand a ship as a man-of-war. This is done in order that the vessel may approach a victim closely before the latter knows that an enemy is at hand. In a war with England, the Columbia could destroy all the British commerce on the Atlantic without danger of injury. There is not a vessel in the English navy that can steam as rapidly as the new American. In close quarters, the Columbia would run a great risk in fighting with some of the great men-of-war flying Victoria's flag, but there is little or no excuse for such a meeting. Concerning the Columbia, ex-Secretary Tracy, while at the head of the Navy department, said:

TALK OF THE TOWN.

"What are you going to that horse?" The spectacle of a graceful and neatly-dressed young woman calmly rearranging the head-gear of a worried horse is apt to excite remark even from the driver of a vegetable peddler's wagon.

"Aren't you ashamed to tie this horse's head up so cruelly?" The speaker was Miss Poliz, a young actress who plays the leading part in a theatrical company now in the city, and she stood on a Walnut street curb, deftly adjusting the horse's blinders and pulling a mosquito-net out of his eyes. Then she loosened the check rein, while a crowd looked on approvingly, and the horse gratefully rubbed its nose against her shoulder. Then she proceeded to give the driver some good advice about the care of his beast.

"Well, it's my horse," he said. The animal's released head bobbed up and down out of pure joy and the driver thought strange thoughts as he went on.

"This is a very bad town for horses," continued the young lady; "almost as bad as Pittsburg. Ever since I've been here I have noticed how tightly their heads are reined up and with what effort they ascend the steep hills. Their poor necks seem strained almost to bursting. It is a shame and ought to be stopped. Yes, I have read Black Beauty, and I think every teamster should have a copy."

"The accounts of the duel fought on Gus Macey's stock farm at Versailles, Ky., between Swift Hunter and Will Davis reminds me of an experience I once had with a member of the former's family," said a gentleman who recently hailed from the Blue Grass region. "The Hunters are clear straw, game as pebbles, and the nerve is not monopolized by the men, either."

"Back some ten or twelve years ago there was a Miss Daisy Hunter, a sister of Swift's—she is married now and lives in New York. She was a little bit of a thing, golden-haired and delicate. There was certainly nothing masculine about her; in fact, just the sort of a girl you would expect to scream or faint in the face of danger. Well, one evening I called for her to take a horseback ride. She owned as pretty a saddle-horse as you ever saw, but he was high-spirited and nervous. I rode an animal that used to run away with me about three times a week.

"This was one of his days. "We were riding quietly along the turnpike near the Kentucky river, when suddenly the brute bestrode saw, or imagined he saw, something terrifying at one side of the road. He jumped about three feet straight into the air and then darted away like lightning. Like lightning Miss Hunter's horse came after him. It was to him simply a race, but my horse was going like mad, badly frightened. I did not mind this greatly, for I felt secure of my own seat, but

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