

Temple Graves Predicts Defeat of the Republicans.

A Ringing Review of the Situation Which Characterizes the President's Party as

A "SERF TO THE TRUSTS,"

And Hanna as the "Incarnate Spirit of Arrogant and Unscrupulous Politics"

Rochester, N. Y., March 25.—In the midst of much that justifies pessimism in forecast it is as refreshing as a west wind this protest of the whole country against the treatment of Porto Rico.

I have never seen anything to equal the scope of the protest or the extent of the revolution it has wrought in public sentiment.

For these four years gone, and up to six weeks ago, to mention the name of Mr. McKinley in a public audience in the Northern or Middle States was to create a whirlwind. Now it means silence—absolute silence everywhere—broken only by the lone voice of some blind and expectant patient who sees nothing but the office he hopes to get.

From a proud and happy position as a popular idol the president has fallen, for a time at least into desecration and distrust. Bryan has risen as high as his rival has fallen deep, and discounts the president in the favor of every popular audience that I have seen from Minnesota to Rhode Island.

When the State of Iowa, which, in the memory of living men, has never been anything but radically Republican and has for seven years followed the fortunes of McKinley with a devotion that was almost blind and servile—when Iowa boldly rises up in the might of a strong conviction and expresses, through her legislature, a free trade resolution that contains an almost passionate rebuke to the Porto Rican iniquity of its party, it is indeed a matter of amazement and alarm.

But when a conference of northern Methodist ministers—the most fanatical partisans that the president has in the country—holding session in the State of Pennsylvania, with its 230,000 Republican majority, deliberately and repeatedly hiss the name of McKinley, it is time to look for the falling of the stars or the collapse of the Republican party.

It may be that "the gods do not desire to destroy" the Republican party, but they have certainly completed the preliminary of "making it mad."

With the single exception of three colossal trusts, the whole green country, from Colorado to Maine, is up in arms against the Porto Rican infamy. Men who have been life long friends of the president like Koblentz, of Chicago, and a score of others in journalism and public life, have openly protested against the recent action.

Senator Beveridge of Indiana young eloquent, untrammelled and honest has been with difficulty, persuaded from making an impassioned speech in favor of justice to the little island. I wish with all my heart he had been let alone. He had here the opportunity which Garfield had in the national convention which made him president, and a ringing protest from the young Republican against the drift of his party to serfdom to the trusts would have thrilled the country and made the speaker immortal.

One of the most significant straws in the whirling tempest is the ease and grace with which the Democrats here in northern and western New York have reversed long standing majorities in municipal, the county elections, and swept the field clear for November.

All this is simply glorious to me—this evidence of a sentiment that is higher than party and better than partisanship, the inherent love of the people for what is right and just and honest and humane.

I think the hope of the country rests in just such a spirit as has moved this insurrection. I believe in churches. I believe in parties just as I believe in churches. It is impossible to carry principles forward without organization and co-operation, but somehow I always thank God when I see, in a crisis or national danger, men by the thousands rising up to declare that truth towers mountain high above all parties, and that, by comparison, parties are nothing and our country and right—everything.

Parties are resting very lightly on the great body of the people these days, and the organization that thinks it can command iniquity in the name of loyalty is going to realize the real calibre of a great and noble people.

Of course the plain idea of the trusts is that their money can buy back in November the confidence their selfishness has outraged in March. It is the same brutal estimate of the people on which Mark Hanna, incarnate spirit of arrogant and unscrupulous politics—has predicted his whole career.

When that man falls—as he surely will fall—to deans should be sung in the churches, and the day should be made a national holiday. No figure

more monstrous and baneful has obscured the political sky in this generation. I should blush for my country if I permitted myself to believe that the money of the trusts could buy another endorsement of this man at the ballot box.

In spite of all this fatal error, I am not willing to believe evil things of the president. I cordially like the man. I think he is misled and mistaken, but not untrue. He has done too much that is good and kind and wise and conservative to be condemned for a single sin. His original impulses and his original judgment are nearly always right. It is evident to any observant man that the evil forces which, holding the strong and noble cord of his gratitude for services past requital, have acquired a leadership in his administration, are leading and misleading him here. He has been made to believe that the great issue on which he has fought and won his political career is vitally at stake in this matter, and that to let go now is to imperil the structure that is woven with his convictions—with his fame and his position. He has been persuaded that to weaken in the front of this eleazar is to invite destruction, and that he must go forward resolutely and retrace his steps afterward by another way.

I will risk my whole judgment on the prophecy that he will spare no effort in the future to redeem the injustice of the present. I believe this and I believe still in the high character and good purpose of the president, and I believe, most of all, that, while this incident is fresh, the friends who really love William McKinley and are close enough to reach him should take hold of him, and even on the horns of the altar, divorce him by a surgical operation from the throned iniquity called Hanna, who has shadowed his administration and debilitated his place in history.

I think the recent stir has done more to weaken the cause of expansion than any other thing that has been said or done against it. I am an expansionist myself—an out and out, six days in the week, material, commercial, sentimental, missionary, Presbyterian expansionist, but I am not now and never will be an imperialist, and Porto Rico makes an "exemplary sufficiently horrible" to turn the country from the idea of committing the real policy of expansion to hands as ruthless and unjust as those which are driving the president and congress at the present time.

I do not see how public opinion can react—if it does react—in time to save the republican party.

It seems to me that all along the line the stars are brightening for the cause that Bryan will lead to victory in November.

The issues which he represents are so far above party, or spoils, or money, or expansion, that no true man can hesitate where to stand and where to fight.

I said it ten months ago, and I say it now, that the issue of this presidential year is a death grapple, fateful and fatal, between "the old fashioned" "power of the people" and the throned and bloated insolence of the colossal trusts.

It is a crisis in which men should go from their knees to the ballot box, and, if need be, from the ballot box to the battlefield.

John Temple Graves.

INSANE SOLDIERS.

Manila, April 1.—The U. S. transport Sherman sailed today with a battalion of the Fourteenth infantry, Capt. Richard T. Yeatman, Armand Leseigne and Wm. S. Biddle, Lieuts. Robert Field and Olive, 175 military prisoners and 25 insane men.

San Francisco, April 1.—The transport Sheridan arrived from Manila today. She reported typhoid fever aboard and was placed in quarantine, where she will probably remain for several days. The Sheridan brought from Manila 110 army prisoners, 86 sick, 11 insane and 32 discharged soldiers; 11 navy prisoners and 14 sick sailors.

The steamer China, which arrived from Hong Kong last night, was also quarantined. She reported the death of one of her Chinese passengers and the sickness of another aboard. The ship's doctor had not determined the nature of the disease.

Rock Hill, March 31.—Mr. Jno. C. Harrington who was attracted to this city through the agency of the Commercial club will leave Monday for the north for the purpose of closing up the deal by which Rock Hill will gain a new industry—a towel factory. Mr. Harrington has been in this business all his life and is a practical man. The goods which his mill will make here are known as union towels, being half cotton and half linen. The contract between Mr. Harrington and the club calls for the completion of a \$50,000 mill by Dec. 1, 1900. The mill is to employ not less than 100 hands at an average of \$1 per day.

Botha was Jouberts Choice.

Pretoria, Friday, March 30.—President Kruger said in public today that the last expressed desire of the late commandant, Gen. Joubert, was that he should be succeeded as commandant general by Louis Botha.

LOST BY THE LEES.

Their Beautiful Estate Which is Now National Cemetery.

When General Robert E. Lee, of Confederate fame, left his beautiful mansion at Arlington and hastened to Richmond to assume command of the troops of his native state at the outbreak of the civil war, he left one of the most beautiful and picturesque homes of the many for which the south is noted.

The house and land have been in possession of the government almost from the outbreak of the rebellion. It was when Lee resigned his commission in the Federal army and hastened to Richmond with his family that the Federal authorities, realizing that the war was on and that the national capital standing so close to the borders of one of the seceding states, would be a chief point of attack by the enemy, determined to gain a point of vantage by occupying the hills that border the Potomac on the Virginia shore. Then and there Arlington passed into the government's hands. It was used for hospital purposes during the war, and later, at the suggestion of Quartermaster General M. C. Meigs, made to President Lincoln, the magnificent southern estate was converted into a military cemetery.

HISTORIC HOME

One can see Arlington House from Washington. It has a history which is interesting. The house was built in 1802 by George Washington Parke Custis, son of John Parke Custis, whose widowed mother became Mrs. Martha Washington, wife of George Washington. When Colonel Custis died during the Revolutionary war Washington adopted the two children as his own and thenceforth they were members of the Washington household at Mt. Vernon. When Washington died, however, young Custis removed to the Arlington estate. There he lived like a southern gentleman, entertaining friends of prominence and of fame and enjoying distinction because of his close relation to the famous general who had adopted him as his son. It is said that among the distinguished men who were guests at Arlington was Lafayette, who, when he stood in the shadows of the Doric columns that form the front portico and gazed as far as the eye could see, pronounced the scene as one of the most beautiful he had ever looked upon. Visitors today to the historic spot say likewise.

FAITH IN SUCCESS.

Although the estate was held by the government from the time it first took possession at the outbreak of the war, the nation had no title to it until it was purchased for the paltry sum of \$26, 100, when it was sold for delinquent taxes. That was in 1864, before the end of the war, and the fact that it was purchased, lying in Virginia as it does, indicates the deep abiding faith that Lincoln and his followers had for the successful outcome of the war, for otherwise it is not possible that they would have purchased the site to be used as a national burial ground, in which were to be interred the remains of some 16,000 men who died to prevent the land wherein the estate lies from becoming a foreign territory. Years after the war was over, when the bitter feeling that it had engendered had died out somewhat, George Washington Custis Lee, heir to the estate under the Custis will, succeeded fully established his title to the property and a generous government adjusted a settlement by paying him the sum of \$150,000.

REGIMENTS OF HEADSTONES.

If one were to ask me what the most impressive feature of the national cemetery is, I would at once reply that it is the regiments of headstones, all similar in outline, bearing the name and regiment of the soldier sleeping beneath and arranged in battalion formation as if waiting for the command on the judgment day. Think of it, thousands upon thousands of these headstones rising only a foot and a half from the ground stand there to mark the graves of the fallen men. They reach in all directions as far as the eye can see.

It is a quiet spot, far removed from the city's roar. No rushing cars or hurrying feet disturb the slumbers of the dead. Only the towering giant oaks stand sentinels, and the wind makes a constant requiem through their branches. The deep, sacred impression once received is deepened as one turns from the long rows of tombstones and reads the solemn measure of Theodore O'Hara's elegy, "The Bivouac of the Dead." Stanzas of this sad poem are inscribed on bronze tablets, which are placed here and there throughout the grounds.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.

On fields of eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

Nor wreck, nor chance, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light,
That glides your glorious tomb.

—Baltimore American

Manila, March 31.—The Chinese general, Pana, who has been terrorizing and devastating the province of Panay, has surrendered at Legaspi, to Brig Gen. Kobbe, who is bringing him to Manila.

A British Convoy Captured.

Six Guns and Large Number of Men and Wagons Taken.

Bushman Kop, Saturday, March 31.—The British force commanded by Col Broadwood, consisting of the Tenth Hussars, household cavalry, two horse batteries and a force of mounted infantry under Col Pilcher, which had been garrisoning Thaba N'Chu, was obliged in consequence of the near approach of a large force of Boers to leave last night.

Col Broadwood marched to the Bloemfontein waterworks, south of the Modder river where he encamped at 4 o'clock this morning. At early dawn the camp was shelled by the enemy from a point nearby. Col Broadwood sent off a convoy with the batteries, while the rest of the force remained to act as a rear guard.

The convoy arrived at a deep spruit where the Boers were concealed and the entire body walked into ambush and were captured together with six guns.

The loss of life was not great since most of the British had walked into the trap before a shot was fired.

Gen Colville's division which left Bloemfontein early this morning arrived here at noon and he is now shelling the Boers.

London, April 2, 4.30 a. m.—Gen Buller's anxious inquiry whether British officers will ever learn the value of scouting comes back with enforced emphasis to the British public today on receipt of the tidings that a convoy with guns had walked deliberately into a Boer ambush within about 20 miles of Bloemfontein. Lord Roberts' own report of the affair, if yet received by the war office, has not been published and no account of the affair is available to the public except the dispatch from Bushman Kop. Nothing can be said, therefore, regarding the exact extent of the British misfortune.

Evidently Col Broadwood thought it necessary to retreat in haste from Thaba N'Chu as he marched all through Friday night, apparently followed by a considerable force of the enemy. The convoy and guns had to pass through a deep spruit which the Boers had occupied.

Six of twelve guns, comprising two batteries, all of the wagons, and it is feared many men, fell into the hands of the Boers, whose daring displayed so near Bloemfontein, shows that they are rapidly recovering heart after their recent reverses.

The hope is expressed here that Gen Colville will recover the convoy and guns but this is hardly likely in such a difficult country and it is probable that the next news will be that, after a stiff fight, Gen Colville has extricated Col Broadwood from his difficult position but failed to retrieve the disaster.

Severe criticisms are heard regarding the renewal of the old mistake of underrating the Boers and the absence of proper precaution. No doubt the affair will revive Boer hopes and inspire confidence among the enemy at a critical moment.

Great things are expected by the Boers of the new commander in chief, Gen Botha, who has made his reputation wholly during the present campaign. Foreign officers serving with the Boers have expressed surprise at his clever tactics.

The proof of continuing Boer activity in the Free State will compel greater circumpection on the part of the British and will probably delay the march of Lord Roberts northward.

Detailed accounts of the fight at Karee siding estimate the Boer forces variously from 3,000 to 5,000 men. Brabant's horse occupied Wepener last Thursday unopposed.

Lord Methuen has issued the following notification at Kimberley:

"I have received instructions that if any disturbance occurs west of the Vaal river my force is to return and punish the rebels immediately."

Greenwood, March 31.—The celebrated King case is at an end. The jury was out only about three hours and brought in a verdict of "guilty, with recommendation to mercy." This was the fourth trial, and much interest was taken in the case by the whole community. On the 30th day of August, 1898, Herman E. King shot and killed his brother-in-law, Taylor W. Mabry, at Hodges, because he said Mabry had robbed him of his wife. At three subsequent trials the jury failed to agree on a verdict, but at the fourth attempt the above verdict was rendered. The plea of monomania was set up by the defense.

According to the Dawson News town killers are divided into eight separate branches, as follows: First, those who go out of town to do their shopping and have their job printing done; second, those who are opposed to improvement; third, those who prefer a quiet town to one of push and enterprise; fourth, those who imagine they own the town; fifth, those who deride public spirited men; sixth, those who oppose every movement that does not originate with them; seventh, those who oppose every movement that does not appear to benefit them; eighth, those who seek to injure the credit or reputation of individuals.

Ladies' Home Journal, Strand, Cosmopolitan.
H. G. Osteen & Co.

AT THE TEMPLE GATES.

[An Easter solace by Sam W. Small.]
When the night gloom o'er the seal'd tomb of the Son of Man was rent,
And the sweet sight of the dawn light came through eastern shadows spent,
When the terror of their error wak'd the madmen from their sleep
And the grieving, but believing, women sought his grave to weep,

Then were given forth from heaven things we may not understand,
For the token seal was broken by an unseen spirit hand,
And the waiting and the hating soldiers saw the blaze that shone
From high heaven o'er the riven and rejected keeping stone!



Then the mystery and majesty of Christ, the Lord, was shown,
And the living power giving him the whole world for his throne,
For the Risen One from prison of the grave came forth a King
O'er the evil and the devil and the death law's dreadful sting!
And the fearful, coming tearful, saw the Angel, heard him say,
"He who slept here is not kept here; he hath gone his sovereign way!"
Sudden, glorious and victorious, came the fullness of their joy,
And their sadness leaped to gladness that no doubt could e'er alloy!

So the event of that moment to all people comes apace
In the stories and the glories of the messages of grace,
And the yearly anthem clearly sounds the resurrection psalm,
And the yielded soul is shielded in the Christ life's holy calm!

—Atlanta Constitution.

THE OLD SUIT AND THE NEW

AN EASTER FANTASY

The Old Suit—How d'ye do, Mr. Spickenspan? Let me welcome you to the clothespress.

The New Suit—I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Passe! Delightfully cozy quarters, these. I trust we shall get on together very nicely.

The Old Suit—Don't worry yourself about that, dear boy. We shan't get on together at all.

The New Suit—Why, I hope you—
The Old Suit—There, there, I beg of you, don't misunderstand me, for I rather like your looks. You are right up to date. But, as I said before, we shan't get on together.

The New Suit—And why not?
The Old Suit—Simply because our master can only wear one of us at a time, don't you see?

The New Suit—Oh! Ha, ha! Deucedly clever, doncherknow! I suppose that is what is called a joke, eh? You will have to coach me, old chap, for as yet I'm a bit unused to the ways of the world.

The Old Suit—Oh, you'll get on to all the wrinkles soon enough. It didn't take me very long to do so. You wouldn't think it to look at me now, but I was brought home here the day before last Easter looking like a dream, and now—

The New Suit—And now?

The Old Suit—Now, I've every symptom of a Welsh rabbit nightmare. Look at these shiny spots on my elbows. Ah, my boy, if you could realize how much it cost our master to make these elbows shine so resplendently! If you

but knew how many times he has said, "That's good!" as he dragged the cards toward him for his deal, rubbing disconsolately the while these sleeves against the green cloth! Excuse these weeps. Some of my recollections are very bitter ones.

The New Suit—Come, come, old chap! Don't take on so! Don't get so down in the knees about it!

The Old Suit—So you have noticed the drooping expression of my knees, have you? Ah, but the causes which led to their downfall were happier ones! Yes, my boy, the happiest moments of my life were moments my master spent upon his knees and mine! I can hear him yet. "Ah, fairest creation of sweetest loveliness, my heart, my fortune and my future are all yours!—yours! Will you be mine?" And I can see her turn the incandescent light of her beautiful eyes full upon him as she replied, "Take me, Cholly!" Oh, it is a glorious memory, shrouded though it may be by the fact that she eloped

with a fat, life sized rabbit, in warm tinted china, is intended to be placed on the breakfast table on Easter Sunday morning. Its ruby eyes have a wise, wary look. It is no surprise to find that the head and shoulders of the long eared Br'er Rabbit come off as a lid, to show your breakfast provision of boiled eggs within. The crouching position of the rabbit is well copied. It would scarcely startle you if bunny leaped up and clicked his heels together. Keep the dish for eggs, but when you make a Welsh rabbit for the family on the chafing dish, late at night, have the china bunny placed on the table.—Newark Call.

The Sweetest Thing on Earth.
I went to church on Easter morn,
And peace was in my heart;
I went to church to pray and sing
And do a Christian's part.

I heard the organ peal as if
"Twere all a dream; I heard
The preacher read his sermon, but
I can't recall a word.

I didn't sing a single note;
I knelt, but didn't pray;
The peace I had was gone, alas,
Before I came away!

I do not know the maiden's name
Nor what her thoughts may be;
All that I know is that she sat
Across the aisle from me.

I went to church on Easter morn
To raise my voice in praise—
Ah, why will women dress themselves
In such bewitching ways?

—Cleveland Leader.

In the Crimea the British left 60,000 corpses, which are interred in 120 cemeteries on ground occupied by the troops during that long and disastrous war.

The following week with a shoe drummer and never sent back the ring.

The New Suit—But surely you don't despair? You will see as much of the world as formerly, will you not?

The Old Suit—No; my happiest hours are over now. For a time to come you will do all the mingling necessary, just as I did when I was young and handsome.

The New Suit—But our master remembers you, doesn't he?

The Old Suit—Only when the tailor who made me reminds him of my existence. When we lose our beauty we are soon forgotten and neglected—nothing remains of us save an entry on the tailor's ledger and a moss covered and unreceipted bill.

The New Suit—I'm afraid you take a pessimistic view of everything, old chap.

The Old Suit—Pessimistic, my boy; pessimistic is the word. I've been pressed so often that all my original lines of beauty are lost. The creases and crow's feet of old age are over and about me. I'm a baggy kneed, wrinkled up old has been. I am being saved up for a rainy day—saved up for a rainy day, that's all.

The New Suit—Oh, but I say, old chap, you—

The Old Suit—There's no use talking, my boy; I am older than you, and I know from experience just what will happen. You will be trotted out in the bright sunshine and shown off before an admiring multitude; I will be trotted out when it's raining cats and dogs and soaked to my innermost linings with shrink producing liquids. You will be hung up carefully with all sorts of newfangled arrangements to support you; I will be hung up at my uncle's if my owner thinks he can get enough on me to make the trip worth while. You will be carefully groomed and brushed every day; I will be thrown down behind a trunk and left there to fret my life away, until some day a tramp will come along and I will go to join the army of the unwashed. Oh, it's the old, old story of the survival of the fittest! You are new and elegant, therefore the fittest. Twiggly you?

The New Suit—Then there are many happy days in store for me, you think?

The Old Suit—Oh, yes; lots of them. Pretty soon you will be taken out to see all the lovely girls our owner knows, and probably you will be permitted to put your arm around some of their waists, while I shall be left alone here in the darkness, with nothing to remind me of the good old days except an unpaid florist's bill in my inside pocket.

The New Suit—I'm jolly well sorry for you, old chap. I am—

The Old Suit—Don't mention it. Your day of sorrow will come soon enough. Your trousers will probably be the first to get the turnaround—mine were. By the way, are you American or English?

The New Suit—English, old chap.

The Old Suit—I thought your tone was a trifle resonant. And then those checks are formidable and foreign in appearance. We Americans run more to stripes. How's the prince?

The New Suit—Very well, I fancy. I shall keep my trousers turned up, for, doncherknow, he'll be reigning in London one of these days—ha! ha! Deucedly clever, isn't it, old chap? I saw it in Punch, and Punch says some beastly clever things. I remember another—
The Old Suit—Pardon me. I don't wish to be rude, but what did you cost?

The New Suit—I believe our owner promised to pay £10 14s. for me, and blow me if I'm not worth it, eh?

The Old Suit (aside)—Yes, you're like a singed cat—you're uglier than you look. (Aloud) Well, he promised to pay \$46 for me—\$6 down and the rest when convenient. My tailor got the \$6, but it hasn't been convenient yet. I hope your tailor has better luck. Of course, though, the copyright laws will protect him. Is s-s-s-s-h, here comes our owner. It is Easter morning, and he is going to take you out on the highways. Good luck to you, my boy. Put on a bold front, and don't scare the cable cars.

The New Suit—Goodby, old chap. Very glad to have met you. I'll see you later.

The Old Suit—About daylight probably. I know him better than you do. Look out for the bobbies, and don't get pinched.—New York Herald.

Br'er Rabbit in China.

A fat, life sized rabbit, in warm tinted china, is intended to be placed on the breakfast table on Easter Sunday morning. Its ruby eyes have a wise, wary look. It is no surprise to find that the head and shoulders of the long eared Br'er Rabbit come off as a lid, to show your breakfast provision of boiled eggs within. The crouching position of the rabbit is well copied. It would scarcely startle you if bunny leaped up and clicked his heels together. Keep the dish for eggs, but when you make a Welsh rabbit for the family on the chafing dish, late at night, have the china bunny placed on the table.—Newark Call.

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