

ness. Now a Samar-itan hearing of the unhappy condition of the Man and his attendants, sent oil and wine and food to him, even enough for him and for all his servants.

It came to pass on the morrow that the Man and his company were refreshed and strengthened by the contributions from the Samar-itan, and they resumed their journey. And when they had arrived near to the dwelling place of the Samar-itan, they approached humbly, as befitted men who had received succor. But suddenly they fell upon the servants of the Samar-itan and smote not a few of them. And when they had done this they put forth their hands and took the Samar-itan, and made him captive.

Then the Man cried with a strenuous voice and he said: "O, Samar-itan, when we were hungry you gave us food, and when we thirsted you gave us wine to drink. Great, therefore, will be your reward, and you will be repaid a hundred thousand fold. For the rest of your days you will live in peace, and all that you will desire to eat and drink will be furnished without cost."

Now which of these two men was neighbor to the other?

G. T. E.

THE FAT OX AND THE LUSTY YOUNG ASS.

"I say you!" bawled a fat Ox to a lusty young Ass, who was braying outside, "the like of that is not in good taste!"

"In whose good taste, my adipose censor?" inquired the Ass, not too respectfully.

"Why—h'm—ah, I mean it does not suit me. You ought to bellow."

"May I inquire how it happens to be any of your business whether I bellow or bray, or do both—or do neither?"

"I cannot tell you," answered the critic, shaking his head despondingly, "I do not at all understand it. I can only say that I have been accustomed to censure all discourse that differs from my own."

"Exactly," said the Ass, "you have sought to make an art of impertinence by mistaking prejudices for principles. In 'taste' you have invented a word incapable of definition, to denote an idea impossible of expression; and by employing in connection therewith the words 'good' and 'bad' you indicate a merely subjective process in terms of an objective quality. Such presumption

transcends the limit of the merely impudent, and passes into the boundless empyrean of pure cheek."

At the close of this remarkable harangue, the bovine critic was at a loss for language to express his disapproval. So he said the speech was in bad taste.—The Goose Quill.

THE TRUE DEMOCRATIC POLICY.

The contest is one between the many who desire justice and are interested only in good government, and the few who are entrenched behind special privileges and enjoy government favoritism. Some who were firm in 1896 have been won over and their places must be taken by stronger and more courageous men. Such an opportunity as is now presented for service to the party may not soon return. One honest, fearless Democrat in a precinct can defeat the reorganizers; two in a county can put the corporation element to rout; and half a dozen in a state convention can save the party from humiliating surrender.

The test can be made upon a resolution indorsing the Kansas City platform. Such a resolution ought to be introduced at every primary, for here is where the rank and file of the party speak and where the real opinion of the people must be ascertained. Such a resolution ought to be introduced into every county convention, and into every state convention.

The friends of the Kansas City platform must not be deceived by the pretended anxiety for harmony now manifested by the gold element. They did not want harmony when President Cleveland made up his cabinet from the minority of the Democratic party and ostracized every Democrat who would not surrender at the dictation of the financiers; they did not want harmony when they carried on their Palmer and Buckner campaign of fraud and deception in the interest of the Republican ticket; they did not want harmony when they went out in the fall of 1897 with the belief that they could substitute the Gold Democrat organization for the regular organization. They prate about harmony now that they are in a minority; they plead for recognition; but they are planning to fill every committee position with a reorganizer, and every office with a man who has been tried in the balance and been found wanting. When they had control of the national committee they drew the line against every Democrat who believed in bi-metallism, and they will do so again if they are intrusted with power.

There has been no change in those who were leaders of the administration force of 1896. Their sympathies are not with the people and they have been counted upon to oppose every necessary reform. The party under their leadership would not be a Democratic party, for it would compromise with the Republicans on every vital question. The pressing need at this time is for men who will fight on the people's side and who prefer defeat to disgrace.

The contest may be a long one, but the time will come when Republican policies will be repudiated and when Democratic principles will be vindicated. All that is required is that the party shall be honest and courageous. In times of adversity it can establish a character that will commend it to the people and its victory will be permanent. Those who are willing to suffer defeat with right principles will be called upon to administer the government and apply Democratic principles when Republican experiments fail, as fail they will.

Wanted—Men—honest men, industrious men and courageous men, patient men; democratic men!

Some of the greatest successes in life are deemed failures by the world at large.—Bryan's Commoner.

UNCLE SAM'S LETTER TO JOHN BULL.

HE LOOKS A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH AND TALKS OF TRUSTS.

Dear John: Been thinkin' it over; and I don't believe I'll set up any brass kings or emperors in America yet awhile. If Billy of Germany would send us another statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, like the French sent, I'd hesitate a little, as it's a close scratch to get fire enough to keep the light a burnin' in the one I've got, under Theodore's administration. I might set up the statue of Frederic under the light of the Goddess on Bedloe Island, so he'd get the benefit; or I can let Theodore set him up in the Philippines. He was a pretty hard old hickory nut, but it wouldn't be a goin' back on anything we've done in the Philippines to erect old Fred there right in sight of Taft's front door.

Say! I've got my missionary back; but this is the last! I'm done paying ransoms for stolen missionaries. If anybody needs missionaries bad enough to steal 'em, they ought to have 'em, and they get mine from now on. What's a missionary for, anyway? If they are missionaries only to the select circles they'd bet-