

the governor approached, the lion showed his teeth. So did the governor. The lion looked foolish. He was beaten at his own game; he had never seen such a show of teeth, not even at a midnight meeting of lions.

"How are you going to do him up?" asked the guide. "With a speech or with your gun?"

"I think I'll try a speech on him," replied the governor. "That is what I used on the Tammany tiger."

"I don't think you better," said the guide; "bullets are more persuasive out here in the Rockies."

The lion was distressed, like others when there is a big majority against them, and he uttered a long, wild, weird wail, so weird and sad that the vice president declared he hadn't heard anything so sad and plaintive since Grover Cleveland wrote his article on the "Plight of the Democracy."

"Don't keep him waiting," said the guide; "if he has got to go get him off before he dies of a broken heart."

The colonel fired, and the mountain lion joined the red man. Then the jubilant hunter sat down to write another book, but the guide said it was time to go to the lodge and get supper. After supper the colonel told thrilling stories until midnight, and then the rest went to bed. But a strenuous man does not sleep away precious opportunities, and when the cook was getting the table ready for breakfast the next morning he found a pile of manuscript. There was another volume ready for the press. It will appear under the title, "How I Killed a Lion, or A Strenuous Day in the Rockies."

"We must have more spice in to-day's fun," said the rough rider, when they faced the woods again. "Let's hunt up a cinnamon bear. The bears didn't know that the colonel was in the woods, and were out of their holes. The dogs soon had their noses in the tracks of an old customer as big and tough as some of the bears that Joe Leiter ran against in his famous wheat deal. The old fellow was not long in realizing that he was in a corner and short on futures. A glance at the strenuous colonel made the chills run up and down his back.

"I hate bears," said the colonel, "there isn't a square foot of room for a bear in this country. It's all prosperity, but I should just like to have a heart to heart talk with this old fellow. I think I could bring him around."

"I wouldn't try it," said the guide. "Interviews with bears are very dangerous. I've seen fellows die of heart

failure after that kind of an experience. Use your gun."

The colonel hesitated, and the guide blazed away. So did the colonel. The bear passed to his ancestors, but nobody could tell whether it was the governor or the guide who killed him. The governor will probably settle the question in his third volume of thrilling adventures.

It was a monster bear. The reporter said that it measured 40 feet from the end of its nose to the tip of the right ear. Not having a surveyor's chain he did not measure the rest of the body. But it was bigger than any bear ever before seen in the Rocky mountains or on the Chicago board of trade.

When the news of these mighty feats of the new vice president reached Washington, there was a commotion in the United States senate. The more fractious members looked troubled, and some of them glanced uneasily toward the cloak rooms. Others were heard expressing the wish that they had not spent so much money on their election. However, none offered to resign. But they voted for a standing army of 100,000 men. They want to be sure of protection in case of too much strenuousness in their immediate vicinity. Senators see further ahead than wild cats and mountain lions.—Chicago Advance, of Jan. 24.

#### WHY WE SHOULD WITHDRAW OUR ARMY FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

An extract from the speech delivered in the United States senate, January 23, by Hon. Charles A. Towne, of Minnesota, speaking to the following resolution:

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled, That justice, the public welfare and the national honor demand the immediate cessation of hostilities in the Philippine islands upon terms recognizing the independence of the Philippine people and conserving and guaranteeing the interests of the United States.

These people are united in defense of an ineradicable belief in their sacred right to self-government. They are banded together against a policy of subjugation. Almost as one man they are answering the cry of "extermination or surrender" with another cry—a cry that has come echoing down through all our history, a cry which, to Americans of the olden faith, is as sacred still, even on the lips of the poor Filipino, as it was to our fathers when above a century ago, it ascended, trumpet tongued, from the soul of Patrick Henry—the cry of "liberty or death."

Mr. President, the resolution I have offered declares that this prayer for liberty ought to be granted. It is ad-

dressed to the reason, the conscience, the patriotism of this body. It predicates its demand, first, upon justice. I say that it is just to give independence to the Philippine people. It is just that we should give it to them, because, at least in intent and form, we took it from them after they had won it. It is just, because men deserve liberty who so love it as to be ready to die for it. It is just, because a nation is a moral personality holding its life from God, and to take the life of a nation is to commit an infinite homicide.

The resolution next invokes the public welfare. The recognition of Philippine independence would vastly lessen the burdens and sorrows of our people. It would cut off the prodigal waste of revenues raised by growing taxation. It would save thousands of lives. It would tend to stop the present headlong tendency toward the magnification of the executive. It would help to preserve the constitution. It would vindicate the declaration of independence.

It would restore the old ideals of the republic. It would permit us to turn out attention toward the solution of social and economic questions with which the ultimate happiness of the human family is concerned. It would give assurance of the final triumph of democratic institutions by demonstrating them to be able to resist the fatal allurements of empire, the rock on which every previous great experiment in self-government has finally been wrecked.

The resolution voices the sentiment of national honor. If we have wronged the Filipinos, we should hasten to make acknowledgment and reparation. Sir, I fail to see how any man, solicitous not only that his country should not suffer in fair repute, but also and especially that she should not deserve to do so, can review the history of our conduct toward the Philippine people without feeling an instant shame.

To take advantage of their confidence in our self-proclaimed championship of human liberty; to entertain designs against their freedom at the very time when they were aiding us, even with 5,000 of their lives, in our contest with Spain; to traffic in the character of liberator in order the more securely to plan and execute a treachery and a tyranny; to smile upon our allies and speak them fair and then turn our arms against them for the prize, won by our joined valor, which, though we might make of it a bauble to hang at the belt of a barbaric empire, was still to them "the immediate jewel of their souls."

Senators, is this act to stand as the deed of the great republic? Shall it be confirmed in fullness of knowledge and in cold and cynical deliberation? Is it ever too late to be just and honest? Can a wrong become respectable from sheer persistence in it? Is there a greater grace or a nobler strength in man or nation than to make generous atonement for an injury? "To treat at all," exclaims an eloquent administration senator [Mr. Beveridge] "is to admit that we are wrong." To be sure it is, Mr. President. I propose to treat because we are wrong. It is nobler to get right than to remain wrong. Let us get rid of the creed of weak men and puny nations who fear a loss of prestige from an act of reparation and of justice. Let us do now what we should have done two years ago. Thus only may we regain the unwisely forfeited affection of the Filipinos; thus only shall we receive the plaudits of all friends of freedom everywhere; thus only must we restore the ancient honor of the republic that never knew a stain till this.

Sir, the resolution proposes that the recognition of Philippine independence shall be upon conditions "conserving and guaranteeing the interests of the United States." There is no one, so far as I know, that wants this consideration omitted. No difficulty would be experienced in obtaining all needful cessions of naval and coaling stations, with rights of fortification, and ample guarantees for the protection of our commercial interests. The petition [a petition signed by more than 2,000 inhabitants of Manila, presented to congress by Senator Teller] declares that if the United States recognizes the independence of the Philippines—

They could offer her a part of the revenues of the Philippine state, according to the treaty which shall be stipulated, the protection in the country of the merchandise of the United States, and a moral and material guaranty for American capital all over the archipelago; finally, whatever may bring greater prosperity to America and progress to the country will, we doubt not, be taken into account in the treaty which shall be celebrated.

This undoubtedly expresses the feeling of all those whose views would be influential in such negotiations. Says Sixto Lopez:

Do you want means to secure protection to life and property? Then take whatever means are necessary. Do you want to secure rights in lieu of services rendered to us? You shall have all that you demand. Do you want to see a stable government established in the islands? So do we. Come and help us, or come and supervise while we establish it for ourselves. Do you want repayment in whole or in part for the \$20,000,000 too hastily paid to a de-

feated foe? Do you want trade concessions? Do you require a basis of operations in the far east? Do you want coaling stations or any conceivable thing which we are able to give or find? Come and take all these things.

Sir, what more can we demand? Is it not clear that the way of duty is equally the path of profit? Do we need to own people in order to trade with them? Is it not better to allow our customers to live, to have their good will, and to leave them the means of payment, than to kill the strongest of them, to earn the hatred of the survivors, and to impoverish all by desolating war?

Do we sincerely wish to be of service to these people? Are we honest when we profess a consuming ambition to civilize them? If so, how better shall we do it—by policing upon them 65,000 or 100,000 keepers of the peace, forcing a sullen unwillingness into slavish compliance with some of our customs, and subjecting them to the pressure of an arbitrary and exterior government, or by trading liberty to them for security for ourselves, awakening the play of their natural forces by winning their regard, appealing to their self-respect, and relying on their appreciation of mutual advantages; and by developing their capacity of self-government through unfettered practice in the stimulating atmosphere of independent responsibility.

A subjugated nation that has fought to be free is like a proud-spirited man broken by cruelty and bound with fetters; either morose and revengeful or listless and hopeless. Both must be given liberty to find either happiness or progress.

Mr. President, the alternative is to me an object of disturbing contemplation.

Persistence in our present course involves, I fear, a plain renunciation of the mission of this country, an adoption of the methods of the empire—the sure precursor of the downfall of free governments in every age of the world.

#### THE MAN THAT PAYS THE TAX.

For The Public.

When the cannon's thunder ceases,  
And the foe is overcome,  
And no more the army marches  
To the beating of the drum,  
Oh, the bond will not have perished  
In the fury of the strife;  
But the debt will have been funded  
Into everlasting life.

Soon the foe will yell for quarter,  
And the butchery will cease;  
Silent will become the mortar  
In the coming time of peace;  
And our armies will have conquered  
All the oriental blacks;

But the bond will cry: "No quarter,"  
To the man that pays the tax.

Oh, the fools that rivet shackles  
On the men of other lands!  
Oh, how blindly they are binding  
Their own children's children's hands,  
Who will fall beneath the burden  
Of the army on their backs!  
For the bond will give no quarter  
To the men that pay the tax.

Oh, the bond with magic fingers,  
Reaching down through coming years,  
Will appropriate the pennies  
That are wet with orphans' tears,  
And the children of the masses  
Yet will poor and poorer wax,  
For the bond will show no mercy  
To the man that pays the tax.

When the powder smoke has settled  
In the valley foul and dank,  
And the soldiers' damp graves molder  
Where their swords have ceased to clank,  
And the bold red-handed warrior  
Swings no more his battle-axe,  
Still the bond will press the hard  
On the man that pays the tax.

WILL SCOTT.

Johnstown, Pa. .

Edward of England wants to be called both emperor and king. He has drawn a full hand of titles, although he waited a long time for the lucky cards. Now he desires to be addressed as "Your imperial majesty." How would "Your royal flush" do as a substitute?—Kansas City Times.

The following was actually overheard on a street car yesterday:

"Who is this man Marshall they're making so much fuss about anyway?"

"Chief justice of the United States."

"Go way! Fuller is chief justice."

"Oh, Marshall isn't chief justice now. He's dead."

"When did he die? I didn't see anything about it in the papers."

"Oh, it was a good while ago, I guess. I don't know just when."

"Funny what fellows they pick out to make a fuss about, isn't it?"

And then they began talking about something else.—Chicago Evening Post of Feb. 5.

The Colonel—My good man, I congratulate you for slaughtering that Filipino scoundrel. Did he creep up behind you and attempt to assault you with a bolo?

Private Perialist—No, sir; he did something far more ignoble, sir. He refused to say that George Washington was the father of his country, sir.

G. T. E.

She—I know we have everything we raly nade, but there's manny a wan thot's better off.

He—Ye shud 'be satisfied. Iverybody thot has their health an' strin'th an' thot's able to kick about what doesn't suit thim shud be satisfied.—Puck.