

FROM A SOCIAL STANDPOINT.

A Southern Lady Discusses the Ostracism of Mr. Cable.

MADE OUT OF DIFFERENT CLAY.

She Thinks Providence Has Put an Externel Veto on the Mingling of the White and Black Race.

Mr. Cable and the Negro. LINCOLN, Neb., Dec. 27.—To the Editor of THE BEE: In the SUNDAY BEE I notice an editorial headed "Southern Prejudice," in which the writer criticises the Atlanta Constitution for predicting the social ostracism of Mr. Cable on account of his intimate association with the negro, and characterizes the people of the south, on mass, as "ignorant, narrow-minded, and intolerant." Being a native, and until recently a resident of that benighted region, and having had, therefore, better opportunities to gain a personal, practical knowledge of its systems and intellectual status than one who has probably never lived in the south and has formed his opinions only from the hearsay evidence of those inimical to its interests, I desire to present a few propositions and call his attention to a few of his inconsistencies.

In the first place, the writer in THE BEE appears in the new role of lexicographer, and treats us to a refreshing definition of the word "prejudice." He says that "prejudice is an index of a narrow, uneducated mind, incapable of looking at a question except from one standpoint, generally an intensely personal one."

That the people of the south are opposed to the social equality of the whites and blacks and will never recognize the claims of the latter to be admitted to private circles on such footing, no one will or wishes to deny. Opponents of social equality, however, use two entirely different words, and it is possible to oppose a thing on reasonable grounds and general principles as well as through self-interest, narrow-mindedness and ignorance.

It is not only the brightest minds of the south, those who have studied the question in all its aspects, who realize the true magnitude of the impending evil and are sounding the needed warning, it is presumably that class all having lived in the south and are thoroughly acquainted with the habits, tastes, disposition and capabilities of the race, are in a better position to observe, investigate and arrive at a proper understanding of the subject, than the speculative theorist of the north, who has as little practical knowledge of the negro, as he really exists, as a child has of the hippopotamus after looking at one through the cage bars of a traveling menagerie.

If there is prejudice at all on either side, facts and reason would go to prove that it is on the side of the enlightened north rather than of the ignorant south.

THE BEE says: "God made and can tolerate the colored race, but the editors of the Constitution cannot tolerate a white person who takes dinner with a negro." Yes, God made the negro and can tolerate him, and he can tolerate the chimpanzee and gorilla also, and can tolerate them. Not that I would insult our ebun brother by a comparison so offensive. I simply follow THE BEE's example and go a long way for an illustration. God made man, and he made it as it is, separate and distinct and altogether different from the white, just as he made one star to differ from another in glory, gems to differ in lustre, flowers to differ in form and intelligence, and so on ad infinitum. He has made different orders and grades of creation, in every kingdom, family and species; and in this he is wise, to guard against any possible mistake, in making the original clay, he took the precaution to give it a different hue so that there could be no possible danger of getting the parcels mixed. THE BEE acts upon this principle, and in its process was accidental and is trying to circumvent the designs of the Almighty.

The fact is, there is no question of toleration in it. Everything is right and proper in its place. The African is as much a distinct branch of the human race, as much a part of the great whole in the sum of created things, as the American, Aretic, Australian, Mongolian or Caucasian. He is doubtless a link in the chain of progressive evolution; is happy, useful and acceptable in his particular sphere. But nature has drawn a line of demarcation between the African and Caucasian races, and the social gulf that separates the two can never be bridged. It is a natural groove, that as a race, the former is in every respect the equal of the latter. When the north demonstrates this fact the south will lay aside its "ignorance, narrow-mindedness and intolerance," and be a willing convert to new faith.

THE BEE refers to the Constitution's criticism of Mr. Cable as "a tyrannous social prejudice," and claims that every individual is entitled to his likes and dislikes and to exercise his own pleasure in the choice of his associates. This is exactly what the people of the south think, but THE BEE is evidently not willing to allow them this privilege, since it would compel them to open their doors to an alien race, with whom they have nothing in common, and which threatens the very foundation stones of their social fabric. I fail to see how it is any more tyrannous for the Constitution to dictate the social relations of Mr. Cable, a public man and a representative southerner, than for the people of the north to dictate to the south in matters of a similar private and personal nature. If it is madness to exclude a man from a club, why is it not equally so to those excluding his birth and station, then the entire world in all lands and at all times, has been and is still in the straight jacket of a social lunacy, since it has been the custom and practice of all civilized people from time immemorial. And if it is madness, there is method in it. In the business world we see the world, and meet the world on a worldly footing; but in our social intercourse we want congeniality, intimacy and friendship. While the man who leaves a beaten path of recognized respectability for the highways and byways of doubtful associations, may be in himself every way

HISSTORIESWEREACH'SMITS

A Western Girl's Funny Experiences With Chancey Dewey.

THE LIMP MAN IN THE CORNER.

He Was Handy With His Knife and Henry Clay Admired Him—Edison Snubbed the Magnatas—Brown and Victoria.

Current Anecdotes. Chancey Dewey tells so many good stories on other people that there is general rejoicing when some one manages to have the laugh on him, and the clubmen are telling each other with much unctious the following little tale, says the Brooklyn Eagle: It is not perhaps a secret that our Chancey is, like Mrs. Gilpin, of a frugal mind, and is thrifty with his stories and jokes. After the press has once gotten hold of his good things he never uses them again, at least in that particular community; but no man can have a whole set of brand-new brilliants every day of his life, and a little discretion and a good memory will make one's store go a long way without being guilty of repetitions to the same audience. But the discretion of even Chancey is at fault at times, and the other night he suffered because of it. The daughter of a certain famous American who has hitherto made his home in the west has been visiting in New York and was one of the guests at a dinner of very distinguished men and women last week. She is a woman accustomed to the intellectual best of the men who go in to dinner with her, and on this occasion she regarded with some surprise the efforts of the man who had taken her in dinner to amuse her. He looked like a person of ability, but she gradually gained the impression that he was laboring under the delusion she was a wild westerner who was many years behind the times and had not heard any modern jests. When a this idea became firmly rooted in her mind she was at no further pains to conceal her difference to his efforts, and at last in despair his dinner companion remarked: "Miss A., we don't seem to get on. What is the matter? I wish you would tell me frankly." "I will," she said, laughing a little. "I am cross because you have been telling me Chancey Dewey's old stories all the evening. I don't know what you have heard all his stories over and over again, and I don't think I can stand them again." Her companion paused a moment, then shook all over with amusement and delight, and said: "Miss A., your frankness is simply enchanting, and I'll confess in my turn. I thought you were a very young girl, and from so far away in the west that you were not likely to have heard these old stories, but I was using old stock on you, but I see my error, and now I will tell you some stories of Chancey Dewey's that I am sure you've not heard." From that moment the western girl declares that such a stream of brilliant stories and anecdotes and witticisms poured forth that she never noticed what she was eating and was desperately grieved when the hostess gave the signal to rise and she was separated from her dinner companion. Going home a cab she said to her father: "Do you know the name of the man who took me to dinner? I didn't catch it, but I found him perfectly charming. My dear girl," said her father, "you don't know your own privileges. Of course you found him charming. That was Chancey Dewey." There was a dreadful silence from the young woman all the way home after that, but she told the whole story next morning at the breakfast table with much shamefacedness, and her family found it too good to keep.

A correspondent who recently visited Jeff Davis at his home at Beauvoir relates this: "Over on a table was a short, dusty sword that had been recently sent from Mexico, and attached to it was a card which said that the victor was General Davis made his famous charge at the battle of Buena Vista and turned the tide of victory in favor of the Americans."

"I touched the rusty old sword, and almost unconsciously Mr. Davis drifted into talking of the heroes of the Mexican war of Bowie, and Houston, and Crockett."

"Henry Clay once told me," said Mr. Davis with a smile, "of his first meeting with Bowie. It was in the early days, and Clay was traveling in a stage coach where the only other passengers were a pretty girl, a big, rough looking countryman and a limpy little fellow in a great coat. With the consciousness of his own great physique Clay said he was congratulating himself on not being the limpy little figure huddled up in the corner, when he became conscious that the pretty girl was engaging the rough countryman to smoke as it made her ill. The fellow replied with a savage oath that he had paid his fare and would smoke when he pleased. Mr. Clay said he was just trying to screw his courage up to the point of reconstrating with the countryman when the limpy little fellow undoubtably like magic and with a quick movement reached down his collar, brought up a knife and, as the countryman of the moment looked a yard long and with another cut-like movement seized the fellow by the throat."

"Throw that pipe out of the window or I'll—!" A comprehensive sweep of the murderous-looking blade finished the sentence and sent the pipe shattering on the ground. In another minute the knife had again disappeared down the capacious collar and the limpy figure had resumed its former respectable condition; "but the rest of the story," said Mr. Clay, "I spent in wishing I was none other than that Bowie with his famous knife."

"I can free this case from technicalities and get it properly swung to the jury, I'll give it," Abraham Lincoln used to say, when confident of the justice of the cause he represented. He was weak in defending a wrong case, for he was mentally and morally too honest to explain away the bad points of a cause by ingenious sophistry.

Instead of attempting to bolster up such a cause, he would say: "Oh, I have abandoned a case in open court, being convinced that it was unjust. A less fault-finding lawyer took Mr. Lincoln's place, and won the case."

Mr. Hornden, in his "Life of Lincoln," tells a story which exhibits his ability in getting a case he believed in "properly swung to the jury."

A pension agent named Wright secured for the widow of a revolutionary soldier a pension of \$100, which sum he retained one-half of his fee. The pensioner, a crippled old woman, hobbled into Lincoln's office and told her story. It stirred Lincoln up, he brought

SUIT AGAINST THE AGENT, AND ON THE DAY OF THE TRIAL HE SAID:

He did so. The old woman told her story to the jury: Lincoln, in his plea, drew a picture of the hardships of Valley Forge, describing the soldiers as creeping barefoot over the ice and marking their tracks by their bleeding feet. Then he contrasted the hardships of the soldiers, endured for their country, with the hardened action of the agent in fleecing the old woman of one-half of her pension.

HE WAS HANDY WITH HIS KNIFE AND HENRY CLAY ADMIRER HIM—EDISON SNUBBED THE MAGNATAS—BROWN AND VICTORIA.

He was merciless; the members of the jury were in tears, and the agent writhed in his seat under the castigation of Lincoln's denunciation. The agent received a verdict in her favor for the full amount, and Lincoln made no charge for his services.

His notes for the argument were unique: "No contract—No professional services—A reasonable man—Money retained by Def't not given by Pl't—Revolutionary War—Describe Valley Forge privations—Ice—Soldiers' bleeding feet—Pl't's husband—Soldier leaving for army—skin Def't—Close."

"Boys, he is here, comes a fool!" exclaimed a great theologian, ceasing to amuse himself by jumping over chairs and tables, as he saw a solemn, pedantic friend approaching. "You don't know the luxury of playing the fool," said Lord Chancellor Eldon, as he danced in his own drawing room to a tune of his own singing. "You are a father, Signor Ambassador, and so we will not risk your reputation in the V. of France, when the Spanish minister discovered him riding round the room on a stick with his son."

Dugald Stewart, the philosopher, was once coming by a street, trying to balance a peacock's feathers on his nose. His competitor in the contest of skill was Patrick Fraser Tytler, the historian.

Denn Swift used to amuse himself by holding his servants with cords, and driving them up and down stairs, and through the rooms of the denary. Faraday played marbles and ball with little boys, and took part in charades, playing once the learned pig. He was once playing with a young child, and he was playing with a niece and nephews, who were trying to blacken his face with a burnt cork. A servant announced that two members of the cabinet desired to see him on business, but they waited in the other room. Said Pitt, catching up a cushion and laboring the girl and boys. They got him down and were actually daubing his face, when he said, "Stop, this will not do. You must not keep these grandees waiting longer."

A basin of water and a towel were brought in and the great prime minister washed his face, hid the basin and turned to the cabinet. He said: "I must not let these grandees wait longer." Dr. Battie, an eminent London physician, used to amuse himself by gazing at the Punch and Judy show. He was such a successful mimic of "Punch" that he was invited to give a lecture on imitating that character.

The patient was suffering from a swelling in the throat, and the doctor, turning his wig, appeared at the bedside with the face and voice of "Punch." He said: "Let the doctor see you heartily that the swelling broke and a complete cure followed. Man is the only animal who can laugh; he, therefore, relishes a little nonsense."

James Etter, an old soldier, who for over twenty years has been one of the day watchmen to the Winder building, which is occupied by the bureau of the second auditor of the treasury, relates an anecdote which he heard when he had in 1863, says a Washington letter to the Pittsburg Dispatch. As he was alone in the building one sultry July Sunday morning a tall, clerical-looking man entered from Seventeenth street and inquired for the office of Mr. Barrow in his office. He replied that Barrow had not been there since the preceding day. The stranger thanked him and retired, but returned in an hour with a note, and was surprised to find that Barrow was in his office. He replied that Barrow had not been there since the preceding day. The stranger thanked him and retired, but returned in an hour with a note, and was surprised to find that Barrow was in his office.

"How are you succeeding, Mr. Hornblower in your work in the west? Mr. Hornblower—Magnificently. There's a great awakening at the close of every sermon. Friends—Are you happy? Spirit (through medium)—Perfectly. Friend—What has pleased you most since you left us? Spirit—The spirit has not yet departed. It is both sad and dejected."

Sam Johnson—Did you hear de parson say dat whoosever had stole his pumpkins would go to de bad place! Jim Webster—Heb! heb! heb! I glad I ain't stem nuffin but cabbagees. It was Elder Buzzell, says an exchange, who called on a worthy deacon to open a church conference, and was surprised when the good man began his petition with "O, thou great, insignificant God." "Omnipotent, brother, you mean omnipotent," he said, and the deacon, who was a great linguist, replied: "What's that you say?" The preacher repeated the correction, whereupon the deacon continued his prayer to a great length, and concluded as follows: "Finally, Lord bless our educated parson. Stuff him with religion, but don't let him break him of the habit of fault-finding. If possible, and at the seventh hour gather him with the saints in the kingdom."

At a recent Sunday school service the clergyman was illustrating the necessity of Christian profession in order properly to enjoy the blessing of providence in this world, and to make it apparent to the youthful mind he said: "For instance, I want to introduce water into my house. The pipes are broken, and I am in a great hurry, but I get no water. Can any of you tell me why I do not get any water?" He expected the children to see that a water pipe had not been made a connection with the main in the street. The boys looked perplexed. They could not see why the water should run to run his premises after a plumber, less plumber. "Can no one tell me what I have neglected?" reiterated the good man, "the cause of that wondrous faucet bowed down by the weight of the problem. I know," squeaked a little five-year-old. "You don't say!"

The wife of Count Tolstoy, the Russian novelist, is like the wives of many literary men, the busiest member of the family firm. She has sole charge of the sale and distribution of her husband's books, and is his amanuensis, revisor and translator. Besides, she is also a teacher, and has had education of their thirteen children, and last winter she was a member of the family firm. She has sole charge of the sale and distribution of her husband's books, and is his amanuensis, revisor and translator. Besides, she is also a teacher, and has had education of their thirteen children, and last winter she was a member of the family firm.

PLAINTEFF, ASKED MR. SWEENEY IF HIS HORSES WERE FRIGHTENED BY THE WHISTLE OF THE BOAT

"They were not, nor," he said. "But what kind of an orator have your horses, Mr. Sweeney?" said Mr. Nash.

"THEY HAVE GOOD EARS, NOR," HE ANSWERED.

"Did you hear the whistle yourself?" "I did, nor."

"But," said Judge Davis, turning to the innocent looking Irishman, "what kind of a cart or truck was it that you drove, Mike?" "A hand cart, nor."

"Ah," said the judge, turning apologetically to the disappointed Mr. Nash, "we have asked one question too many."

To interrupt Horace Greeley when he was in the throes of bringing forth an editorial—an editorial which has never been equalled in the journalism of America—an editor in chief was a slogan for his party, a thunderbolt for his foes—was a danger which no friend, no enemy, none but a fool, dared to encounter, said Chancey Dewey in a recent speech before the Boston Press club. I was once in an editorial banquet when the fool was there. To relieve your apprehensions, I was not the fool. He was one of those itinerant and persistent gentlemen with a subscription book. He kept presenting it while the old Horace was writing—as most of you remember, with his pen away up to his chin, like this (illustrating), and Horace had a habit, when anyone would interfere of kicking, and so he kicked at the subscription book. He said, "What do you mean, that you intruder in the middle of a sentence, turned round and said, raspingly, in that shrill voice of his: "What do you want? State it quick and state it in the fewest possible words."

"Well," said the subscription fiend, "I want a subscription, Mr. Greeley, to your thousands of my fellow human beings from me, and I want to sell."

Said Mr. Greeley: "I won't give you a d—cent. There don't half give you there now."

Speaking of the late Martin F. Tupper a London journalist says: "When it was my good fortune to become acquainted with Mr. Tupper I found him the most cordial friend. The storm of criticism which heaped upon him at that time had laid down upon his works never disturbed his equanimity or ruffled his temper; in looks he was a ruddy-faced, white-haired, handsome, man, hearty, courteous and enthusiastic. It is a great joy to his good nature. I may here repeat an anecdote which I have published elsewhere. It is to the effect that when I visited Mr. Tupper at Albany he showed me an immense volume, which were pasted all over with criticisms, favorable and unfavorable, of his works and all the parodies of his poems. Among the latter I saw with horror some which I had written, and with more horror a marginal note in Mr. Tupper's handwriting: 'I understand these to be by Edmund Yates; they are very smart.'"

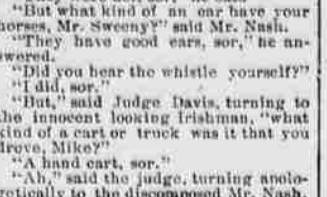
Mr. Browning used often to speak to friends of the only occasion on which he ever spoke to the queen. Some years ago the late dean of Westminster and Lady Augusta Stanley invited him, through me, to tea at the Deanery to meet the queen, and a small select party were present, Carlyle being one. The company, as was befitting in the presence of their sovereign, were respectfully silent, only joining in the conversation when addressed. The queen began to talk to Carlyle and expressed her opinions on some matter upon which they differed, and he, as usual, contradicted her and silenced her. Carlyle, however, left the Deanery without stopping at the door to speak to Mr. Browning and say good-by, remarking: "What an extraordinary man like that! Does he always talk like that? I never met him before." Mr. Browning, however, was able to assure her that it was his invariable custom.

When the bishop of Edin burgh was in this country he visited Bishop Williams of Connecticut, at Middletown, says the Youkers Statesman. Habited in the English Episcopal costume of knee-breeches and black silk stockings, he was invited from a train to the station by the two men had never met each other before.

"Tell me," asked Bishop Williams, after the first greetings, "how did you know me?" "Ah, by your face," replied his lordship of Edin burgh. "I have one of your photographs, you know. But tell me in return how you knew me?" "Oh, by your legs," replied Dr. Williams, glancing with an amused smile at the well-turned calves of his guest.

THE DOXOLOGY is all well enough in its way, but for Xmas day the proper prayer is the such: "Alone with God and her! lead pencil!" is the one opportunity a woman has to sharpen it without being told she don't know how to use it well. The signal officer of the infernal regions makes very little change in his predictions; his bulletins invariably read, "Warmth tomorrow, but not for long."

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DISEASES OF EYE AND EAR.

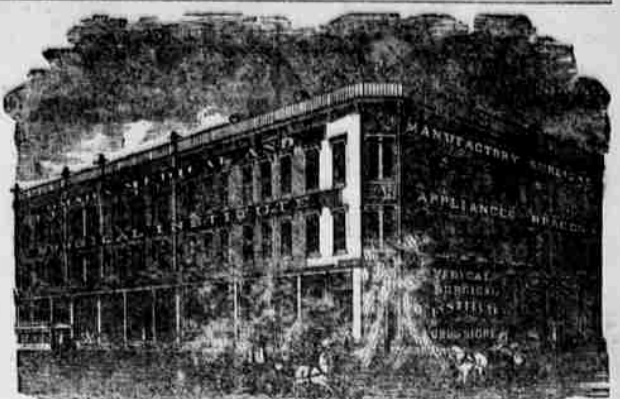
We have had wonderful success in this department in the past year, and have made many improvements in our facilities for treatment, operations, artificial eyes, etc. CASES TREATED BY LETTER. We have greatly improved our facilities and methods of treating cases by correspondence, and are having better success in this department than ever before.

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DISEASES OF EYE AND EAR.

We have had wonderful success in this department in the past year, and have made many improvements in our facilities for treatment, operations, artificial eyes, etc. CASES TREATED BY LETTER. We have greatly improved our facilities and methods of treating cases by correspondence, and are having better success in this department than ever before.

144 PAGE BOOK (Illustrated) SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS (UNPAID). CONTENTS: Part First—History, Success and Advantages of the Omaha Medical and Surgical Institute. Part Second—Chronic Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, Larynx, Pharynx, Trachea, Bronchus, Pleura, Pericardium, Esophagus, Stomach, Duodenum, Liver, Gall Bladder, Pancreas, Spleen, Lung, Heart, Kidney, Bladder, Prostate, Uterus, Vagina, Cervix, Ovary, Fallopian Tube, Testis, Epididymus, Penis, Scrotum, Urethra, Gleet, Gonorrhoea, Strabismus or Crossed Eyes, Myopia or Nearsightedness, Astigmatism or Blurred Vision, etc. Part Third—DISEASES OF WOMEN, Leucorrhoea, Dysmenorrhoea, Menstrual Disorders, Pains in the Back, Pelvic Inflammation, Displacements, Prolapsus, Uterus, etc. Part Fourth—DISEASES OF THE CHILDREN, Scrofula, Rickets, Spina Bifida, Hydrocephalus, etc. Part Fifth—DISEASES OF THE SKIN, Eczema, Psoriasis, Scabies, Ringworm, etc. Part Sixth—DISEASES OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Hysteria, Neuritis, etc. Part Seventh—DISEASES OF THE BLOOD, Chlorosis, Anemia, etc. Part Eighth—DISEASES OF THE URINARY ORGANS, Stricture, Hematuria, etc. Part Ninth—DISEASES OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS, Dyspepsia, Constipation, etc. Part Tenth—DISEASES OF THE RESPIRATORY ORGANS, Bronchitis, Emphysema, etc. Part Eleventh—DISEASES OF THE CIRCULATORY ORGANS, Hypertension, etc. Part Twelfth—DISEASES OF THE GENITAL ORGANS, Gonorrhoea, etc.