THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA

THE SCHOOL-MARM'S STORY.

A frosty chill was in the air—
How plainly I remember—
The bright autumnal fires had paled,
Save here and there an ember;
The sky looked hard, the hills were bare,
And there were tokens everywhere
That it had come—November.

I locked the time-worn school-house door,
The village seat of learning,
Across the smooth, well-trodden path
My homeward footsteps turning;
My heart a troubled question bore,
And in my mind, as oft before,
A vexing thought was burning.

"Why is it up hill all the way?"
Thus ran my meditations;
The lessons had gone wrong that day,
And I had lost my patience.
"Is there no way to soften care,
And make it easier to bear
Life's sorrows and vexations?"

Across my pathway, through the wood,
A fallen tree was lying;
On this there sat two little girls,
And one of them was crying.
I heard her sob: "And if I could,
I'd get my lessons awful good,
But what's the use of trying?"

And then the little hooded head
Sank on the other's shoulder,
The little weeper sought the arms
That opened to infold her.
Against the young heart, kind and true,
She nestled close, and neither knew
That I was a beholder.

And then I heard—ah! ne'er was known
Such judgment without malice,
Nor quainter council ever heard
In senate, house or palace!—
"I should have failed there, I am sure;
Don't be discouraged; try once more,
And I will help you, Alice."

"And I will help you." This is how
To soften care and grieving;
Life is made easier to bear
By helping and by giving.
Here was the answer I had sought,
And I, the teacher, being taught
The secret of true living.

If "I will help you" were the rule,
How changed beyond all measure
Life would become! Each heavy load
Would be a golden treasure;
Pain and vexation be forgot;
Hope would prevail in every lot,
And life be only pleasure.

—*Treasure Trove.*

MADE OR MARRED.

BY JESSIE FOTHERGILL,

Author of "One of Three," "Probation," "The Wellfields," Etc.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

He strode down the street with this object in view, and gradually gained on a figure he knew—the figure of one of the girls Grace had been talking about—the girl from next door, who went to the High School. To-day she was dressed in a long gray ulster cloak. Philip checked his pace. He found an unaccountable pleasure in walking behind her as she stepped quickly forward, her garments well raised from the ground, and displaying what seemed to Philip the very neatest and most compact pair of rough-weather boots he had ever seen, together with the merest suspicion of a dainty ankle, which matched the rest of her lissom figure. She was walking very rapidly, when a book slipped from under her arm and fell to the ground, while she unconsciously pursued her way, the sound of the fall being drowned by the rattle of a passing cart.

Philip stooped, picked up the book, and contemplated it with a strange sensation of pleasure. It was, indeed, more of a "find" than might have been expected, for it was one of her lesson books; and at a school where over three hundred girls daily assembled, it is natural and necessary that each one should have her name legibly inscribed on her property. What Philip saw, therefore, on picking up the book, was a small volume covered with shiny black calico or linen, on which was pasted a white label, with "Irkford High School for Girls" printed on it, and below, the following inscription: "Name, Mabelle Fairfax; number of form, upper fifth." This was normal. Above the white label was a vivid yellow one, on which was inscribed, in red letters, "Poison." It was such a label as chemists put upon little bottles containing dangerous drugs.

Philip Massey, walking quickly onward, soon mastered each and all of these details, and implanted the name Mabelle Fairfax, which was certainly easy enough to remember, firmly on his mind. Then, with a few long strides, he overtook the girl, and raising his hat, said:

"Pardon me, but you have just dropped this book."

"Oh," said she, coming to a full stop, and, in strictly feminine fashion, searching through the books she held, in order to make sure that the one he held out to her was not amongst them, "so I have! I am much obliged to you. I was in such a hurry this morning that I had no time to strap them up."

She held her hand out for it, but Philip, remarking: "It is quite wet and dirty with having fallen on the pavement," drew forth his handkerchief and wiped it.

"Oh," said Mabelle Fairfax, smiling, "what a pity to spoil your handkerchief."

"Not at all. If you are going to school——"

"Yes, I am."

"Perhaps you will allow me to carry your books for you; I am going as far as Carlton Road."

"You are very kind. I don't like to trouble you," said she; and Philip, smiling, took her bundle of books, and they walked side by side to Carlton Road.

"May I ask why you label your French Grammar 'Poison?'" he inquired

The girl laughed.

"It was not I who did it," said she, "but one of the other girls. Her French verbs seemed to afflict her very much, and she said they were worse than poison. I don't know where she got the labels, I'm sure, but she appears to revel in them very much—more than if she had mastered the verbs, without calling them poison."

She laughed again, and Philip noticed in her voice and speech the same refinement as that which had struck him in her sister; while in her manner there was a distinction, a polish and a perfect absence of affectation, a fresh girlishness, which were charming.

"Then you don't think so badly of French verbs yourself?" he said.

"I—no. I think the French they give us here is baby French. I can do all the lessons we have except the arithmetic."

"You find the arithmetic pretty stiff?"

"I find it impossible to bend it at all so as to suit my weak intellect. Those dreadful sums about express trains starting off at so many miles an hour, and other ones having to go after them and overtake them in a given time. Dreadful!"

Philip laughed!

"Those are simple enough. Perhaps you are not fond of arithmetic."

"I am utterly without the capacity to do it," said Mabelle, resignedly. "But Angela says I must study that more than anything else if I want to get my certificate, and I suppose I must manage that, whatever happens."

"Angela," repeated Philip, pronouncing the name lingeringly, for the sake of uttering it. Angela and Mabelle Fairfax. It was no Irkford name, any more than they (he was quite certain) were Irkford people.

"My sister, I mean. You are the gentleman who lives next door to us. And is that lady your sister—the one with the dark eyes, who is so handsome?"

"Yes, that is my sister—Grace," said Philip, secretly feeling extremely gratified that he and Grace had been objects of notice and speculation to at least one Miss Fairfax—possibly to the other, too.

"I thought she was. Sometimes she goes to college at the same time that I go to school. Oh!" continued Mabelle, as they caught sight of an omnibus, which Philip made no attempt to take, "how I should like to ride on the top of an omnibus!"

"Would you? You can not think it is a pleasant mode of conveyance."

"I suppose not. But I have never even been inside one." (This admission spoke volumes to Philip.) "Angela thinks they are dreadful, but she is obliged to go in them sometimes, when her pupils live quite out of town."

"Pupils?" echoed Philip, interrogatively.

"Yes. She teaches music to a great many girls at the High School, and she has other pupils out of town. It is when she goes to them that she has to ride in the omnibus."

"I see," said Philip, greatly desiring to ask several questions, but feeling, with instinctive delicacy, that to do so would be to take a mean advantage of her. She had betrayed the fact that they were poor. He would have given much to know if they had always been so.

"Is it your sister whom I have often heard playing and singing?" he inquired, venturing on that question as a safe one.

"Yes. Does she not play well, and sing, too? Only she says that giving lessons is enough to take all the music out of one. I don't know: I think if one has music in one, nothing will drive it out."

They had now got into Carlton Road, and just as Philip was wondering how many school-girls were in the habit of having such thoughts, and so expressing them, she turned to him, saying:

"Thank you for carrying my books, but I will not trouble you any longer."

He put them into her hand, feeling that though he was a stalwart young man of six-and-twenty, and she a little school-girl of some fifteen or sixteen years, he had received his dismissal in a most decided shape. Mabelle, with a gracious smile and a dignified yet cordial little bow, wished him good-morning and continued her way to school.

He watched her until she had disappeared within its gates, and then he hailed a hansom, and while he drove to town he sat staring at his wet umbrella, wondering and conjecturing mightily as to the past, present and future of his neighbors.

"Angela Fairfax!" he repeated to himself. "And she gave music lessons, and she has that little darling of a sister. What a sweet, bright, dignified little lady she is! Such a lady, too!" thought Philip, raising his eyebrows. "By George! She must be a contrast to some of her school-fellows!"

Lost in reflections upon this subject, he arrived at the office.

CHAPTER V.

ANGELA.

"There be angels, and some be of light, and some be of darkness."

"Come, Philip, aren't you ready?"

It was the voice of Grace which broke in upon his reverie one evening early in June, and suddenly rousing himself and looking up, he beheld his sister in a becoming gown of gray, with crimson knots scattered about it; she was drawing on a pair of gloves, and was evidently armed for conquest.

"Ready? What's the matter? Where are you going?" he asked, starting, as he closed the book over which he appeared to have been dreaming.

"What a memory you have! Or rather, what a memory you want! Have you forgotten that there is a sort of party at the Berghauses' this Saturday evening, and we promised a week ago to be there? There will be dancing, too; and I do love dancing. Therefore come, sir!"

Philip roused himself and got ready as rapidly as might be, less because he wished to go than because he would not disappoint the fresh and expectant Grace, whose appetite for dances and festivities of every description was still on the increase, and, as Philip saw, still very far from being surfeited. When he was ready they went out, found a cab at the corner of the street, and drove to Carlton Grove

The so-called "carpet-dances," or "Saturday dances," at that house were very pleasant affairs, and justly celebrated throughout the whole circle of the Berghauses' friends and acquaintance. "Carpet-dance" was a misnomer; no invitations were sent out, but it was a generally understood thing that on Saturday evenings throughout the year the house was open to all friends who chose to come to it: and if sufficient guests arrived there was dancing, not on a carpet, but in a large room built as a billiard-room, but which the Berghaus family had from time immemorial given up to the more social entertainment. Thekla Berghaus held strong views on the subject of billiards, which she considered very appropriate in a bachelor establishment, or in one where there were many men; but where the womankind predominated, to be eschewed, as unfair and tyrannical to them and their interests.

"It makes brothers horridly selfish," she was wont to say. "They go shutting themselves up with their claret and cigars, and are always asking what they call 'a fellow or two' to spend the evening; but it is to spend it with them behind the billiard-room doors, while we languish in the drawing-room with novels and fancy work."

Hermann, being of a peaceful disposition, had never quarreled with this arrangement, and assuredly the friends who came to those Saturday evenings were not disposed to do so.

Some twelve or fourteen guests were already assembled when Philip and his sister arrived, and the dancing had begun. Grace was quickly engaged, and was soon blissfully lost in the mazes of a waltz; while Philip stood by the door, seeing no other lady disengaged, and feeling, for some reason, averse to dancing.

Thekla Berghaus came up to him, looking "as fresh as morn, as fair as May," in her clear white dress, blue ribbons and shining hair.

"Miss Berghaus! I thought you were dancing."

"No, I have been settling the elders and some friends of their own age to a rubber. Besides," added Thekla, magnanimously, "I make it a rule, as the eldest girl, never to begin dancing the first thing. I think it is due to my guests to see them fairly started."

"Most laudable! But, as every lady but yourself is dancing already, don't you think you could give me just the end of this waltz?"

"No, Mr. Massey, I do not," said Thekla, composedly, as she sat down and pointed to a chair at her side. "You don't usually condescend, to act a part, but you are doing so when you ask me to dance with you now. You don't want to dance in the least."

"Ah, my dear Miss Berghaus, don't you think it would be rather terrible if every one at a dance——"

"Were to come forward with such quibbling objections as those I have just raised?" Of coure, it would be dreadful! But I always fancied that to you I could speak more plainly. I thought you did not like shams."

"I do not," said Philip, earnestly, "and I was only jesting when I spoke so. You have been such a good friend to me, Miss Berghaus, and you are so good to Grace——"

"Oh, nonsense! I like Grace so much; and as for being good to her it is not the right expression; she hardly requires people to be good to her. How handsome she looks to-night!"

The dance was over. Philip offered Thekla his arm, and suggested they should take a turn in the garden.

"Oh, with pleasure," said she, as they came out into the square hall. "By the way, Mr. Massey, two friends of mine are coming to-night with whom I want to make Grace acquainted, for they live next door to you, and they are—oh, there they are!"

She withdrew her hand from his arm, and went to meet two figures descending the stair-case. Philip stood below in the hall and watched. The figures were tall and slight, one dark and one fair. As they came down-stairs and stood speaking to Thekla, the young man almost rubbed his eyes in astonishment and doubt. Could it—was it—yes, that was most certainly the bright hair and sweet face of Mabelle Fairfax, and that other—his eyes flew quickly toward her—yes, he instantly recognized the strange and beautiful face: the pale, creamy-white complexion; the long, velvet soft, almond-shaped eyes, with their fringe of curved lashes; the low, white forehead, with the dusky hair rippling in natural waves across it. How beautiful she was! Instead of moving, he stood rooted in his place, watching them with a grave, earnest intentness. They did not appear to see him: Thekla was talking rapidly.

"So glad you have come! I began to think you were going to fail us, and I should have been so disappointed, because Miss Massey is here, and——"

Philip, still looking at the group of girls, encountered most distinctly at this moment a slow, seemingly casual glance from the beautiful eyes before spoken of. Heavens! he thought, what eyes they were! That look set his heart beating, and all he was conscious of was the eager hope that Thekla would remember that Grace had a brother and introduce him. Thekla did so at this moment.

"Miss Massey, you know, of whom I spoke to you; she lives next door to you, with her brother, and is a *great* friend of mine." (Three days' acquaintance with a congenial spirit sufficed to turn any of Thekla's favorites into a *great* friend.) "And I want you to know her. Meanwhile, let me introduce her brother."

The whole trio turned, and another of those slow, fascinating regards was bestowed upon Philip.

"Mr. Massey, Miss Fairfax, Miss Mabelle Fairfax, old friends of ours, who have just come to live in Irkford."

Philip bowed profoundly, slowly, prolonging the salutation in part because he suddenly felt himself tongue-tied. Mabelle said nothing, but her cheek dimpled, and there was a smile in her eyes. Miss Fairfax did speak, saying:

"I have seen both Mr. Massey and his sister go past our lodgings several times."

"Well, let us go and find his sister," said Thekla. "Shall we go into the drawing-room, or—oh, Mrs. Lee!"

She advanced to receive a batch of fresh arrivals, and Philip found himself alone with the Misses Fairfax.

"Have you lost any more books since I last saw you?" was the only thing Philip could think of as an opening remark.

"I, no!" said Mabelle, laughing. "It was Mr. Massey, Angela, who carried my books for me that day—don't you remember?"

"I think——" began Angela, when Louise, the youngest daughter of the house of Berghaus, came rushing up, and claimed Mabelle with much jubilation as her own. They vanished, and Thekla was still receiving new arrivals.

"Shall I take you into the drawing-room?" asked Philip, offering his arm to Miss Fairfax.

A smile, melancholy, but very sweet, crossed her face, as she said, raising her eyes in an appealing manner which led one to think "How beautiful! and how helpless:"

"Thanks, if you do not mind."

The answer, after the appealing look, might have struck a cavalier as somewhat tame, but Philip only saw the magic of her eyes, and heard the pathetic softness of her voice.

They went into the drawing-room, which was half full of people.

"Do you know any one here?" asked Philip.

"Not a creature, except the Berghauses. I am a perfect stranger in Irkford."

"And what do you think of it?" he inquired again.

They were seated now on a settee in a corner. Miss Fairfax shook her head, with the same melancholy, bewildering smile, and raised her eyes again slowly, as she said, with a sigh:

"I do not like it. I must try to get accustomed to it, as it will most likely be my home for the rest of my life, and I have heard that it is not wise to quarrel with one's bread and butter—or even with one's dry crusts," she added in an undertone.

"The rest of your life?" echoed Philip, immediately deciding that she was engaged to some fellow whose business was at Irkford.

Why had he not thought before of such an obvious possibility?

"Yes; the rest of my life. After misfortune such as I have gone through, the merest shelter seems like a palace, and one clings to it, and fears to lose it."

Philip looked at her with respectful sympathy on hearing these mystic words, his curiosity, his admiration and commiseration all on fire. He was quite unconscious that he was gazing at Miss Fairfax in a manner more intent and prolonged than is usually thought desirable upon a ten minutes' acquaintance. But how was it possible to help it, with the tones of that sweet and melancholy voice echoing in his ears—with that beautiful, pale face, those mysterious, dreamy eyes, and that pensive, low white forehead constantly turned toward him? Her voice, her looks, her very proximity exercised a strange, sudden, subtle fascination over him, more like intoxication—more like the effects of some potent drug—than like the gradual drawing into intimacy, friendship or love with some ordinary, mortal woman.

"Whatever may have happened in the past, I am sure you are not doomed to live in Irkford all your life," he said, though half an hour ago "doomed" would not have occurred to him as the most appropriate word with which to describe a residence in Irkford.

Again the strange, melancholy smile, slow shake of the head, and raising of the eyes.

"It does not bear talking about," said she. "Have they been dancing long?"

"Only one dance. I think. May I hope for the pleasure of a dance, Miss Fairfax, if you are not engaged?"

"I engaged! Who would be likely to engage me?"

"Any one who got the chance, I should suppose," said Philip, stoutly. "But may I? I hope you like dancing?"

"With pleasure. I used to be *passionately* fond of waltzing in days gone by," said Angela.

"Then may I have the next waltz?"

"With pleasure," repeated Miss Fairfax, with melancholy sweetness, as her eyes wandered through the room. "Do *you* know any of the people here?" she added.

"Yes; most of them, either personally or by name."

"Then tell me who is that man, with the roundish face, and hair just beginning to turn gray, who is standing at the other side of the room looking at us?"

Philip looked, not particularly anxious to observe any one or anything but herself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Adoration of Money.

The poor, honest man sees his richer brother courted and petted by everybody, while he is unnoticed. Therefore he resorts to low, petty means to obtain wealth. The wealth acquired, nobody cares how, every one suddenly remembers him and makes him the grandest of bows, while some, bolder, come up to him, press his hand in the warmest friendship and beg him to come and visit them—he really must not be so strange. I should not be surprised, should his wealth be great, that, according to Chinese custom, they claim cousinship with him simply because they were born in the same place. But should the reverse happen—to you, that is, you are rich to-day but suddenly lose all you possess—people seeing you in the street have only time to nod to you: business is so pressing they really have no time to stop and shake hands, still less to speak to you. This business grows so important that the next time they do not see you, their minds are so occupied. And, of course, after that you are entirely forgotten. But what can you expect of strangers when relatives turn their back upon you? I heard once a wealthy aunt, when asked why she did not visit her niece, who had a large family and was in middling circumstances, answer: "Well, you see, if I visit her we will become necessarily intimate, and if she were in need I could not do otherwise than help her. So I think it is best to stay away." There's a profound philosophy for you.

Do not think this falsity is alone applicable to women, but to men, also. And if such a trait lowers women in the estimation of the righteous, how much more despicable is it in the lords of creation. And the children brought up in this perfidious atmosphere, what kind of men will they make? What can we expect of the coming generation? For truly, as Joubert says, children have more need of models than of critics. But all are not hypocrites Many have this for their motto:

"No adulation: 'tis the death of virtue;
Who flatters is of all mankind the lowest,
Save he who courts the flattery."

Others still are too frank. And in closing I would recall to their minds what Tallyrand says: "There are many vices which do not deprive us of friends; there are many virtues which prevent us having any." Now, too much frankness is one of these virtues. —*San Francisco Examiner.*

—If your wife faints do not spoil her dress by dashing a pitcher of water over her. Loudly kiss the back of your hand. She will immediately revive and want to know whom you were kissing. Do not tell her and she will not faint any more.

THE HAND OF LINCOLN.

Look on this cast, and know the hand
That bore a Nation in its hold;
From this mute witness understand
What Lincoln was—how large of mold

The man who sped the woodman's team,
And deepest sunk the plowman's share,
And pushed the laden raft astream,
Of fate before him unaware.

This was the hand that knew to swing
The ax—since thus would Freedom train
Her son—and made the forest ring,
And drove the wedge, and toiled amain.

Firm hand, that loftier office took,
A conscious leader's will obeyed,
And, when men sought his word and look,
With steadfast might the gathering swayed.

No courier's toying with a sword,
No minstrel's, laid across a lute;
A chief's, uplifted to the Lord
When all the king's of earth were mute!

The hand of Anak, sinewed strong,
The fingers that on greatness clutch;
Yet, lo! the marks their lines along
Of one who strove and suffered much.

For here in mottled cord and vein
I trace the varying chart of years;
I know the troubled heart, the strain,
The weight of Atlas—and the tears.

Again I see the patient brow
That palm erewhile was wont to press;
And now 'tis furrowed deep, and now
Made smooth with hope and tenderness.

For something of a formless grace
This molded outline plays about;
A pitying flame, beyond our trace,
Breathes like a spirit, in and out—

The love that cast an aureole
Round one who, longer to endure,
Called mirth to ease his ceaseless dole,
Yet kept his nobler purpose sure.

Lo, as I gaze, the statured man,
Built up from yon large hand, appears:
A type that Nature wills to plan
But once in all a people's years.

What better than this voiceless cast
To tell of such a one as his,
Since through its living semblance passed
The thought that bade a race be free!

—*Edmund Clarence Stedman, in N. Y. Independent.*

With Its Mask Off.

It is said at Washington that Democratic eyes begin to open. "We have elected a Speaker," said one Southern Democrat, "but we have lost the Presidency." But that is a narrow view of the matter. Out of power for a time, the Democratic party had labored to make people forget its nature and purpose. In the election of a Speaker it was compelled to show something of itself. The real difficulty is that the party is offensive to a majority of the people, no matter which phase of itself it presents. Whatever it did was certain to remind men of much that the party would gladly have had forgotten. To prefer Randallism was to bring to mind a long career of hollow professions and false promises, of trickery and evasion on questions of vital importance. The choice of Mr. Carlisle disclosed the South in full control, with its sleepless sectionalism, its unchanged prejudices and beliefs, its Southern interests and hatreds. The party had a Southern face and a Northern mask, and the mask had long ceased to hide the utter insincerity of professions made to please Northern voters. To wear the mask again would have been disgusting; to take it off was offensive. But the party had to do one or the other.

Having chosen the more candid course, the Democratic party can gain nothing now by dallying. In every part of the country the election of Mr. Carlisle was hailed by those who want a radical reconstruction of the tariff. If the party does nothing, with him as Speaker, it will justify these people in declaring it incapable or insincere. It can hardly afford to offend them, as it has already offended the friends of the present tariff. Nor can it afford to give business men new reason for believing that it is not competent for the details of legislative duty. That reproach has cost the Democrats very much already: they can judge what chance they would have in commercial or manufacturing regions, if, after months of anxiety and apprehension, and consequent embarrassment of industries, they should prove unable to propose any practical modification of the tariff. If that is to be the end, it would have been infinitely wiser and safer for them to elect Mr. Randall and cork up the whole question for two years more. By electing Mr. Carlisle, they have declared their intention to do something; now it remains to see whether they have the capacity even to propose anything.

The same difficulty arises with regard to other questions. The Democrats have been berating Republicans incessantly because the interests of the people, it is alleged, have not been regarded in legislation about railroads, banks, currency, coinage and other matters. Mr. Carlisle has been elected because his opinions on those subjects have been made known by his acts and votes. If there has been any sincerity in these complaints of Democrats, they will now proceed to frame measures embodying their ideas. The Republicans will probably stop such measures, if by them regarded dangerous, in the Senate, and definite issues for the people to consider will thus be made. It may as well be said that this is just what the Republicans desire. They believe their course has been wise and right, and want the people to decide between them and those who accuse them of "monopoly," or favoritism, or subserviency to corporations, or disregard of popular interests. They challenge the Democratic party to show wherein it would have change. If it fails it will show that it is insincere or incapable. If its members of Congress have not the practical capacity to frame a measure, what will be the use of electing another Democratic House? If they have no beliefs or purposes which they dare to embody in practical measures before a Presidential election, what reason will the people have for trusting them?

It is the old story. To sit on the bank and snarl is much easier than to pull the boat up stream. But this country does not want to be governed by a party merely because it can snarl. It wants a party in power that can pull the boat. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

—A few weeks ago Frank Bosler, of Carlisle, Pa., aged fourteen years, smoked a pack of cigarettes in one day. He became ill, vomiting frequently, and has died from nicotine poisoning. —*Pittsburgh Post.*

—A coon club in New Hampshire, after having been organized ten years, has recently captured its first coon.—*Boston Post.*

Reason of the Solid South.

The Southern Democrats are getting impatient. Some of them can't wait. The smallest prospect of a restoration of the old Southern regime holds out to them the promise of rich rewards for their constancy these many years in keeping the South solidly together by means of fraud and violence. They have sacrificed in the meantime such proportion of the political loaves and fishes as they might have acquired by dividing into parties in the South as in the North. They have been lying in wait for bigger game. It is not the offices, and patronage, and the perquisites alone they demand. They want restitution. War was waged upon them. They lost their slaves. Their houses, and crops, and business were destroyed. They claim reimbursement for these losses. This is what they expect from Democratic victory, and they will be satisfied with nothing else.

If these statements were made *ex cathedra* they might furnish warrant for the charge of needlessly raising the "bloody shirt. The effort will be made again, as it has been made so often in the past, to gain sympathy on the ground of misrepresentation and persecution. But, as a matter of fact, the South itself furnishes the evidence of its intentions. It was but a few weeks ago that the project for going before the Court of Claims to demand payment for liberated slaves was started in Texas. Payment was to be demanded on the broad grounds that Texas slaves were protected by the articles of annexation. The idea spread like a contagion. In Georgia the doctrine is set up that slavery was never legally abolished, and that the masters are entitled to compensation for every negro emancipated. This has received the indorsement of a prominent member of the State Legislature of Georgia—who is also a candidate for Congress in the Eighth District—named H. H. Carlton, of Athens, Ga. That he is not a harebrained, reckless fellow, is sufficiently proved by the circumstance that the Augusta *Constitutionalist*, a journal of high standing, which is disposed to conceal rather than to ventilate the Bourbon radicalism of its section, lends its columns to Mr. Carlton to present his case. His proposition, in brief, is to bring about reconciliation between the North and South by setting aside the surplus revenues of the Government to pay for the emancipated slaves. He is going to run for Congress on this platform. In the course of the interview with this gentleman printed in the *Constitutionalist* occurs the following passage:

"It seems to me a most opportune time, for the Government Treasury is in a most healthy and plethoric condition. Let the restitution be made, and then reconciliation, true and genuine, will be speedy and complete!"

"You really, then, think there is a chance to get pay for our slaves?"

"O yes, I do. This returning sense of justice is inevitable if we continue as a Union, under the same Constitution and same Government. The people of the North will soon see it to be to their best interest, and to the best interest of the whole country, to consent to this act of justice on the part of the General Government. The Government is amply able to do so, and it is a just and legitimate direction to give to a portion of the large surplus now in the public Treasury. I have long thought this would ultimately be done, and have for several years advised our people to make and keep a register of their former slaves."

If the proposition were put forward by Uncle Remus, or Bill Arp, or the *Texas Siftings* man, or any of the professional humorists of the South, it might be enjoyed as a comical conceit. As a suggestion for disposing of the surplus revenues of the Government, the proposed payment for four or five millions of slaves set free as a war measure is very good. It is equally funny to contend that "the direct road to perfect reconciliation between the sections" is to saddle upon the taxpayers of the North a burden which would double the National debt in order to give a bountiful gratuity to the Rebel ex-slaveholders of the South as a reward for their attempt to destroy the Union. *This* idea is a great improvement upon "the old flag and an appropriation," considered purely as a humorous thought. But unfortunately it is intended *au serieux*. Mr. Carlton is just as much in earnest about it as the Texas lawyer. The suggestion is received seriously by every man at the South who formerly owned human flesh and has been unswerving in his allegiance to the Democratic party. To the Southern rebel mind it is the logical outcome of a Democratic President and Cabinet, a Democratic Congress, a Democratic Court of Claims and a reconstructed Democratic Supreme Court. What has been the use of making the long and stubborn Bourbon fight to keep the South "solid" if there is be no tangible reward for all this fidelity? There will be plenty of Carltons in Congress when the Government shall have passed completely into the control of the Democrats. Not a single rebel family in the South which ever owned slaves will be at a loss to produce their "register." Quick work can then be made of the Government surplus for many a long year. The difference of opinion between those who want to reduce the tariff taxes and those who want to repeal the internal revenue taxes will be buried. All the Southern members will unite upon the simpler and more expeditious method of wiping out the surplus by reimbursing the slave-owners and rewarding the Southern people for their patriotic but ineffectual efforts to destroy the Government.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—In Logan County, Ky., John Calvert set a steel-trap to catch a large owl that was frequenting his hennery. On going to look after his trap the next morning he was surprised to find it gone. A few nights afterward he was aroused from sleep by a noise on the house-top, and taking down his gun he crept out to see what was the origin of the noise. Outlined in the moonlight, he discovered a huge bird, which he promptly shot. Upon securing his game, he found it to be his enemy—the owl—with the missing trap clamped on to its leg.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—It seems that the idea of constructing the long-thought-of canal which is to connect the Baltic and the North Sea has at length assumed definite shape. Bismarck has reconsidered his former objections, and a bill for powers necessary to execute the works will be laid before the Reichstag during the coming session. The cost of making the cutting through Holstein is estimated at between $30,000,000 and $35,000,000.