

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

ENSNARED.

Deep in a vast primordial wood
My half-decaying cabin stood.
Its walls were mossy, and its floor
With stain and mold was darkened o'er.
Therein I dwelt, aloof from care,
Alone with fancies sweet and rare.

Long after dawn I lay in bed
And heard the woodpecker overhead
Beat on the roof his rattling call,
And heard the windwaves rise and fall,
Whistling from afar, worn keen and thin,
Faint memories of the world came in.

At noon, the wood was strangely still:
No fluttering wing, no tapping bill;
Shadow and sunshine side by side
Drooped in slim aisles and vistas wide;
Even the brook's voice, rich and full,
Seemed slowly lapsing to a lull.

When night came on, the owl came, too:
"Hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo-oo-oo!"
And soft, faint footfalls, here and there,
Betrayed the hesitating hare.
Whistling in the tree-tops, dark and deep,
The wind sighed as a child asleep.

Day-time, or night-time, all was well:
With light or dew God's blessings fell.
For easier dreams I had no room,
My heart was like a lily bloom,
And every song I sang was sweet
As the blue violets at my feet.

But at the last, all unaware,
Unlucky bird, I touched the snare,
And in the city's meshes wove,
My cabin never more I found.
Nor that sweet solitude where naught,
Save Nature, helped me when I wrought.
Maurice Thompson, in *Harper's Magazine*.

MADE OR MARRIED.

BY JESSIE FOOTEHILL.
Author of "One of Three," "Prohibition," "The
Waltzes," etc.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"I man, with a roundish face, and
hair just beginning to turn gray," as
he had said, stood looking at them.
She was a commonplace-looking man,
too benign in expression to be absolute-
ly vulgar, but certainly with no graces
of person or deportment to recommend
him. His face was round, his eyes had
a certain shrewdness in them, his
pursed-out under lip hinted at decision
of character. He was observing
Angela and Philip earnestly and gravely;
he must have seen the long devoted
gaze of the latter, and the formidable
will of the former (not being in
Philip's state of mind with regard to
Miss Fairfax, nothing remains to the
author but to describe that young lady's
looks and gestures in the language of
the other world), but the spectacle ap-
peared to call forth no expression,
either of amusement, contempt, or in-
telligence, to his face; only one of a
placid, but decided interest.

"That," said Philip, smiling a little.
"Oh, that is an odd, old fellow—rather
a miff, fancy—who once received an
invitation to one of these Saturday
evenings, and has attended them faith-
fully ever since. No one can tell what
he comes for, unless, as Miss Berghaus
declares, he is looking out for a wife
amongst her friends."

"On the contrary, he is a rich old
bachelor, in the cotton-breaking line, I
believe."

"How funny! and what is his name?"

"Fordyce. George Fordyce. Poor
old fellow! I often feel sorry for him,
but I really believe he is an awful
man."

"Ah!" said Angela, with a little
smile, as if she had heard quite as
much as she wanted to know about
Mr. Fordyce.

At that moment the man at the piano
began to play a set of quadrilles.
Philip, with a hasty apology to Miss
Fairfax, rushed away, in an eager
search for Thekla Berghaus. At last
he found her, and by dint of unseemly
haste contrived to forestall a second
young man who was also advancing
toward her.

"Miss Berghaus," said Philip, bend-
ing over her, "may I have the pleasure
of this dance with you?"

His face was flushed; his eyes were
eager; he looked very handsome, and
very anxious for the favor he asked.
Thekla looked at him, once, twice; then
said, in a matter-of-fact voice:

"Yes, I shall be very happy; a quad-
rille, is it not?"

She rose, took his offered arm, and
they went toward the ball-room, but
paused in the hall.

"Miss Berghaus, don't think me very
curious or inquisitive, but tell me, who
is Miss Fairfax? Have she and her
sister had great misfortunes, or some-
thing?"

Thekla looked at him again, and saw
the same eager look in his eyes—the
same flush and animation upon his face.
Was it the waning daylight that caused
a change, or did her own fresh cheek
fade a little?

She was leaning against the table in
the middle of the hall, and trifling with
a paper-cutter which lay upon it, as she
answered:

"I can easily tell you all about them.
Their father was a clergyman, Rev.
John Felix Fairfax, Vicar of Nenside,
where the beautiful old abbey is, you
know. Their mother was a lady of
title, who died many years ago. They
have been brought up very quietly, but
in great refinement, as you may see.

"Oh, thank you!" said Philip, fer-
vently, at which Thekla's lips tightened
a little, and she went on:

"And her talent has been very highly
cultivated. For some time after their
father's death they lived most uncom-
fortably and unhappily, first with one
relation and then another, till, at last,
an old friend of their father's got An-
gela the post of music governess at the
High School, and several private pupils
as well. If she will persevere she may
get on very well."

"What a change from her former
life!" murmured Philip, mournfully.

"Naturally," replied Thekla, in the
same matter-of-fact tone; "but she is
very fortunate in being so soon and so

advantageously provided for. And Ma-
belle, her sister, goes to school. She is
a sweet little creature; really a little
angel of brightness and gentleness, and
yet so clever and sprightly. I quite
dote upon her."

"But Miss Fairfax," began Philip.

"Yes, Miss Fairfax; what were you
going to say about her?"

"No doubt her sister is a charming
young girl, but she will never approach
Miss Fairfax in anything."

"Angela is a woman; Mabelle is a
girl. One can't compare them," was
all Thekla would say. "We have known
them for a long time. Papa used to go
and fish at Nenside, and that was how
we first knew them. I only found out
the other day that they were here, so
near us, and you, too."

"And with your usual goodness you
took compassion on them as you have
done on me and Grace," said Philip, a
light of unaffected admiration and can-
did good-will in his eyes as they rested
upon Thekla's face.

"Oh, nonsense. Do you think Grace
would really like to know her?"

"I am absolutely certain of it."

"Very good! She shall, then. Do
you know, Mr. Massey, that we have
been talking so long here in the hall
that the quadrille is over?"

"Impossible!" said Philip, looking
up, and too preoccupied to observe the
long searching look with which Thekla
favoured him.

Her face grew colder as the look grew
longer. It was with rather a hard little
smile that she listened as he muttered
an excuse about being engaged for the
next dance—Miss Fairfax—look for her
—and so left her.

Angela was still seated on the same
settee as before, and beside her Mr.
Fordyce, the man who had been look-
ing at them and whom they had been
talking about. Miss Fairfax was in the
act of bestowing one of her long, in-
explicable glances upon her companion,
when she caught sight of Philip ap-
proaching, and the glance continued to
travel upward until it met his, and re-
mained there inquiringly, as if she won-
dered what brought him to her again.

"Our dance, I believe, Miss Fairfax."

"I am sorry, Mr. Fordyce, as com-
pletely as if he had had no existence."

"Ours!" she repeated, with a start.
"Did I say I would dance? I must
have forgotten."

But she rose, took Philip's arm, and
was going, turning first to Mr.
Fordyce to ask, in a low, gentle voice,
for her fan, which he held in his hand.

He gave it to her; and perhaps a
sweet glance might have lit his glance
for the elderly Mr. Fordyce as well as
for Philip Massey. The latter led his
partner to the ball-room, where the
waltz was just beginning.

After it was over, Thekla, as good as
her word, took the opportunity of mak-
ing the Fairfaxes and Grace Massey ac-
quainted. Philip, standing by, anx-
iously watched the proceedings, particu-
larly the demeanor of his sister
Grace. Grace, as must have been ap-
parent already, was of a particularly
candid disposition, and Philip, observ-
ing her, and knowing her different ex-
pressions, felt a thrill of bitter disap-
pointment as he saw the cold, un-
responsive look which crossed her face as
Angela Fairfax, with one of her long-
est, most languishing glances, and her
most honeyed smile, spoke some words,
which Philip did not hear, and held out
her hand with what seemed to him an
exquisite, timid grace.

What could Grace mean? Philip did
not notice that, though Thekla spoke
pleasant words, her voice was hoarse;
that, though her lips smiled, her eyes
were blue as steel and cold as ice. He
was most interested in the demeanor of
his sister and Angela, and his eyes
traveled from the one face to the other,
and then settled finally upon that of
Angela again, and remained there till
he found a sigh breaking from his lips
unawares, while his heart beat, and he
thought—could think nothing else—
"How beautiful she is! how beautiful!"

The rest of the evening he spent in
watching Miss Fairfax—listening to her
while she sang. Whatever her native
talent or taste in the matter of music,
Angela Fairfax had been too well taught
to sing rubbish. Her voice was an ex-
ceptionally fine one, and vocal music,
like instrumental, has this peculiarity,
that, provided time and tune and the
conventional modulation of tone be
kept, an enthusiastic listener can always
find passion, expression, depth—all that
he feels in his own heart—in the sounds.

So it was with Philip that night.
While she sang he almost closed his
eyes, and listened in a kind of rapture.
When it was over he opened them again
and saw that she was surrounded by
quite a little knot of admirers, who
were pressing her to sing again. Her
eyes stole a glance in his direction and
seemed to ask, reproachfully: "Why
are you sitting outside, and holding
yourself aloof?"

When the evening was over, Angela
and her sister and Philip and his sister
walked home together, under the moon
and the lamps, through the prosaic
suburban streets of Irkford, which, for
one of the party, had been so common-
place before, but which now could
never be so again.

ten brass. Hot, hot everywhere! Hot
in the monstrous warehouses; hot in
the dim and dusty offices; hot in the
hard stone pavements of the squares and
in the narrow streets. Hottest of all,
perhaps, in the rows of thinly built
suburban houses, with their inadequate
blinds and flimsy walls and ill-fitting
windows.

In the parlor occupied by Angela and
Mabelle Fairfax they both sat this broil-
ing morning. The blinds were drawn
down to keep the sun out; the windows
were shut to keep the dust out; and yet
it was hot—stifling hot.

"How awful it is!" ejaculated Miss
Fairfax from the sofa upon which she
lay, languidly waving a fan up and
down—her face rendered more pallid
and marble-white than ever by the great
heat. Nature is much kinder in this
respect to some of her children than to
others, and, as usual, arbitrary and
capricious in her favors. For example,
excessive heat did not give Angela
Fairfax a red face, nor Philip Massey
either—it rendered them rather better
looking than before; but its effect upon
the countenance of Mr. Fordyce was in-
deed lamentable.

"How awful!" repeated Angela. "If
it is half as cold here in winter as it is
hot in summer, I shall die."

No answer from Mabelle, who sat at
the center-table, her rapid fingers deftly
manipulating a straw hat; and some
black gauze—an employment tending
to produce stickiness of the fingers in
that temperature, and who did not com-
plain of the heat, nor of anything else.
Her sweet face was paler than it had
been; her eyes somewhat dark and
heavy; while in her whole attitude
there was a drooping listlessness, telling
of weariness.

"When I think of the rectory, and
Nenside, and the gardens, this is intol-
erable, and I could scream!" pursued
Miss Fairfax, who had a way of empha-
sizing the last words of her remarks.

"No doubt it is pleasant at Nenside
now," her sister acquiesced.

"Pleasant! I should think so. Oh,
this is a miserable life that I lead! How
I hate and loathe it! Drudgery and
slavery all day and all the week—and
for what? A *patience*! That is—that
a Fairfax should ever come to such a
pass!"

"Dear Angela, people have been very
kind to me. I am sure we seem to have
lots of friends, and look how many
pupils you have already."

"Vulgar wretches!" Shop-keeper's
children, the Dissenters' children, and
—all kinds of horrid people's children."

"I can't say that I see so much vul-
garity in them."

"You are hopelessly devoted to what
is low and horrid."

"Indeed!" said Mabelle, raising her
head with flashing eyes, and a height-
ened color, and lips parted to utter some
comment upon this gracious remark.
Suddenly she closed her lips, pressing
them together, and bending again to
her work, maintained long silence, after
that one irrepressible "indeed!"

"At what time does this wonderful
entertainment begin?" was Angela's
next inquiry.

"Half-past ten they were to call for
us, and it is half-past nine now."

"Half-past ten. Imagine setting off
on a day like this to a picnic! A bank
holiday, too! All the town will turn
out, and we shall look exactly like a
party of cheap trippers. For my part,
I can't see the pleasure of such expedi-
tions."

"Why go, if you think it will tire you,
and that you won't enjoy it?"

"How ridiculous you are! Of course
I must go. What could I do here all day?
There will be two or three people in ad-
dition to our two selves. How sick peo-
ple do get of each other's society, to be
sure?"

"Thanks for the compliment."

"Well, you must own, Mabelle, you
are hardly society for me—you—"

"No, I suppose not. One may be
useful as a milliner without being ex-
actly company for one's customers."

"Oh, as if I meant that! What hor-
rid things you do say. You know what
I mean. You are a child."

"I thought children got on best to-
gether, said Mabelle, meekly, but with
an odd curl at the corner of her lip.

"What? At any rate there is one
human being to-day who will be more
entertaining than my *loved* pupils and
their deluged parents."

Mabelle made no answer, but her de-
licate eyebrows contracted, while An-
gela went on, in a more amiable tone, as
of one inviting question or comment:

"Poor Mr. Massey!"

To this also she received no reply, but
Mabelle's face was flushed, and she gave
an impatient jerk to the hat she was
trimming.

"He really must be a very good creat-
ure, despite his disagreeable sister,"
continued Angela, discussively.

"I wish you mean Grace, I don't think
she is at all disagreeable."

"Not to you, perhaps; if you had the
misfortune to be twenty-two years old,
and an object of admiration to her
brother, she might favor you, too, with
a share of her ill manners. Really, the
way in which these sisters are jealous
of their great clumsy brothers is too
ridiculous. They seem to think that
every woman who meets them will set
her cap at them. Thekla Berghaus is
just as ridiculous about Hermann, as if
I would look at a child like him!"

"The question is, whether a child
like him would look at you. He seems
to me to have no eyes for any one but
Grace Massey."

"Grace Massey!" exclaimed Angela,
with a deep flush. "Just fancy! it
is deep sea! It would be a splendid
thing for her; the Berghaus are so
rich."

"But they are both children yet," ob-
served Mabelle.

"So they are!" assented Angela,
again becoming silent for a space, until
she slowly raised herself from the
couch, saying: "It is time to dress, I
suppose."

"Dress for a visit to the country—to
spend the day in the woods?"

"I hope you will have that hat ready
in time; we have not so very long," re-
plied her sister. "I wonder," she ad-
ded, pausing thoughtfully, while her
beautiful eyes rested reflectively upon
the green table-cloth—"I wonder how
much a year people in Philip Massey's
position get, and what prospects they
have of preferment."

"What can it be to us—to you, I
mean?" said Mabelle, hastily.

"My love, it is a great deal to me, for
I am quite sure he is going to propose to
me (and how enraged his sister will
be!) And how could I possibly give
him any answer unless I knew some-
thing definite in that respect?"

"For shame, Angela!" said the girl,
raising an angry flushed face and flash-
ing eyes. "To hear you talk is enough
to make one—"

But Angela, with a slight, amused
laugh, had disappeared, and presently
Mabelle heard her moving about in the
room above, "dressing" for the expedi-
tion they were about to make.

"I have a good mind not to go," mut-
tered the younger girl, whose fingers,
despite her evident agitation, never
ceased their work.

Mabelle's fingers were deft in the ex-
treme in all such matters as this; those
of Miss Fairfax refused to bend to any
such servile employment.

"Really," she was wont to say, when
wishing to appear a very devoted sister,
"when one has a sister with such in-
genious fingers, it makes one idle."

"I have a good mind not to go. I
believe Angela will break my heart if
she behaves in this way. What is there
in our life to make her miserable or dis-
satisfied, or to be ashamed of? And to
flirt as she does with Philip Massey—if
she means to treat him as she treated
Harry Baldwin—oh, I shall never for-
get him! Angela wished the en-
gagement broken off! Philip Massey is
so true—he believes in her so implicitly,
I can not bear to see him deceived, but
I can not bear to stay at home and
imagine it all."

With that she put the last stitch into
her work, swept up her materials into
a basket, and then ran up-stairs with
the hat.

"Only ten minutes to get ready in!
Here is your hat, Angela," said she,
laying it down, and beginning to get
ready herself.

"Are you going in that horrid thick
serge frock and heavy hat?" ejaculated
Miss Fairfax, with more animation than
usual.

"I suppose I must, unless I decide to
go in nothing at all," said Mabelle,
a little dryly, and looking with a some-
what envious eye at her sister's dress of
cool white cambric, and fresh black
bows, which her clever little fingers had
chiefly made.

"Really Mabelle, you say things
sometimes which are absolutely coarse.
Oh, the hat looks not half bad, does it?
Altogether! *Qu'en dites vous, M. Massey?*"
and she made a reverence to her reflec-
tion in the looking-glass.

It was the only thing she did re-
vance—so Grace Massey has since been
known uncharitably to say; but girls
are given to judging from appearances.

Then Angela went down stairs, and
Mabelle succeeded in getting a view of
her own face, and of the effect pro-
duced by the horrid thick serge frock,
and heavy hat," both of which looked
decidedly unseasonable attire for a
picnic on a very hot day in August.

"I should not mind having a white
frock and a straw hat," sighed Mabelle;
"but what I have not got I can not
wear—that's certain. Where's my sun-
shade? Oh, here! Now, I suppose, I
may as well go down."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Difference.

There is a wide difference between
wanting to lead and wanting to be
ahead in the world's highway; but it is
a difference which is often lost sight of.
The man who wants to lead knows
where he would like to go, and why,
and he has a good reason for wanting
others to follow him in that direction.
But the man who wants to be ahead,
cares less for the direction he takes
than for his position in the column when
it is finally in motion. His chief con-
cern for others is, that they all be
hind him, and that they recognize his
leadership. The one man is willing to
start off all by himself, if need be, and
to be found fault with by everybody to
begin with, if only in some way or another
he can ultimately bring others to his
way of thinking and moving. He would
prefer that somebody else should be
ahead of him, and have all the credit
of leading, rather than that the move-
ment should fail in the direction of his
determination. But the other man
wants to wait until there is a general
agreement as to an advance movement,
and then, when the procession is
formed, he would like to be waited on
by a committee, and asked to take the
head of the column; for he prides him-
self on his modesty and his unready-
ness to occupy a foremost place unless it
is pressed upon him—although he won-
ders, sometimes, that his fitness for
leadership is not more generally recog-
nized. The man who wants to lead
more commonly succeeds in his pur-
pose than the man who wants to be
ahead; for the world is waiting for
leaders, and at least nine men out
of ten would rather follow than
lead. But by the time an advance
movement is fairly under way some one
has shown himself its leader, and then
those who are following him are not
likely to go outside and hunt up a man
to show off as its figure-head. The man
who wants to lead is likely to be more
earnest, and to be happier, than the
man who wants to be ahead; for his
mind is set on his life work, while the
other man is discontented, and prone
to grumble, because of the community's
failure to perceive his right to pre-
eminence. To which of these two
classes do you belong? Do you want to
lead? If so, whither? and why? If you
would lead, you must struggle for lead-
ership. If you are worthy to lead, you
will be willing to struggle. Do you
want to be asked to take a foremost
place in an advance movement which
you have not organized and led? If so,
that desire of yours proves your unfitness
for the place you crave; and you will
probably be measured at your true
worth.—S. S. Times.

ANGELA'S REASONS, FOR AND AGAINST.

When July comes to an end the col-
leges and schools of Irkford break up
for their holidays, and there ensues a
regular stampede of teachers and pupils
and parents to the lakes or the sea-side,
continent or country—"anywhere, any-
where out of the town"—away from its
dust, its smoke, its close and stifling
heat, from its rolling cars and omnibuses,
its dingy streets, out into the fields,
if possible, or to the fair seashore,
or amidst the cool and mighty lakes
and mountains.

When August has fairly set in Irkford
is wont to look empty; the squares are
deserted, the shops little troubled by
customers, whilst the young women
behind the counters droop and look limp
and white and bleached like every other
living thing in the unwholesome heat
of a town.

It was the beginning of August in this
particular year of which I am writing.
The day was Monday, and it was a
bank holiday. The heat in the town
was stifling; not a cloud was to be seen
in the dull blue sky, save the dun-col-
ored shroud of smoke which encircled
Irkford, and through which the sun
glared unwinkingly, like a ball of mol-

The South Sectional.

The war of the rebellion was fought
from beginning to end by a Republican
Executive, having for its support the
loyal men of the North and a patriotic
soldier. Not one distinctly Democratic
measure helped in the work of pre-
serving the integrity of the Union and
the supremacy of the Government. If
there be any credit in having an un-
derived country it is due wholly to the
heroic efforts of the Republican party.
Although, of course, there were many
earnestly loyal Democrats, but they
were compelled to go outside of their
party organization to give their patrio-
tic effective force. It was but natural
when the war was done that the bitter-
ness of the struggle should still rankle
in the breasts of the men and women
who paid such a fearful price for uni-
versal liberty and an undivided country.
There were many who cried for ven-
geance; many who wanted the leaders
of the rebellion hanged and their es-
tates sequestered. The Republican
party had it in its power to do these
things, and Jefferson Davis, the Presi-
dent of the Confederacy, in anticipation
that something of the kind would be
done, made a desperate attempt to es-
cape, while other officials fled to vari-
ous foreign countries, all evidently im-
pelled by the idea that somebody would
have to pay for the crime of rebellion
and civil war. Men like George W.
Julian and others, then prominent in
the Republican party, were loud and
persistent in their demands that hang-
ing and confiscation should begin at
once, and be continued until something
like adequate retribution be visited up-
on those active in rushing the country
into civil war.

The Republican party, then as now
anxious to bury all the animosities of
conflict in the interest of peace and se-
curity a united people, turned a deaf ear
to all these vindictive entreaties, and
not one man was hanged for treason,
nor was there any confiscation of es-
tates on account of overt acts of
disloyalty. The only men that went
into banishment went voluntarily, be-
cause they feared the consequences of
their treason or were unwilling to live
in a country made free despite their ef-
forts to divide it in the interest of hu-
man slavery. With a magnanimity un-
paralleled in such cases, the Govern-
ment rehabilitated the States lately in
rebellion, and three years after the
close of the war every State in the
Union participated in the Federal elec-
tion. As rapidly as was consistent with
the safety of the Government the dis-
qualification of voters on account of
treason was removed, and to-day there
is but one man in all the land who can
not vote because of his part in the re-
bellion, and his disability should be re-
moved, as it is a distinction above his
fellows in crime that he does not merit.

The South is solidly Democratic to-
day because the Republican party saw
fit to restore to the people of the South
all of their political rights, and for the
further reason that it has charitably
forborne to interfere in cases when
fraud and violence were boldly prac-
ticed by men shameless enough to boast
of their part in the infamous proceed-
ings. The soldiers of the rebellion are
in the halls of National legislation
through the liberality of the Republican
party. Nine-tenths of the Democratic
representatives from the South have to
take the "modified oath"; that is, they
confess that at one time at least they
were the sworn and voluntary ene-
mies of the Republic. If these things
are not evidences of the Republican
party's desire to bury sectional animosities,
they signify nothing. It is the Demo-
cratic party alone that will not let
sectional issues die. It is the Demo-
cratic party that is unwilling that the
majority should rule in the South. It
is the Democratic party that, by murder
and fraud, has solidified the South so
as to make it possible for a desperate mi-
nority to capture Federal control. It is
the Democratic party that denounces all
Southern Republicans as "knaves," and
that regards them as the lawful prey of
the fellows who carry the elections by
aid of lash and shot-gun. It is the Demo-
cratic party of this country that dares
not pronounce against the assassination
of reputable Republicans, murdered be-
cause they dared to vote in open elec-
tion. It is the Democratic party that
nominated Tilden and Hendricks, Han-
cock and English, that has no word of
condemnation for the infamous Demo-
cratic mass-meeting at Hazlehurst,
Miss., which passed resolutions warn-
ing the sons and brothers of a Republi-
can, assassinated by a Democrat, that
they could participate in politics only
on peril of their lives. It is the Demo-
cratic party that has deliberately
aligned one section of the Union against
the other and that will not consent to
fair elections in any Southern State.

Each of these charges is a fact that
can not be truthfully denied, yet even
to mention them is to invite the cry,
"bloody shirt." The Democratic party
is determined that these issues shall not
die. Only a fortnight ago one of the
Southern members, a boy of ten years
at the close of the war, took the "modi-
fied oath" when he entered upon his
duties as Congressman. When asked
why he did so he replied: "Our people
are better pleased if their representa-
tives refuse to take the 'iron-clad
oath.'" In face of all these things it is
folly to expect that sectional issues will
disappear. The South is not willing
that they should be lost sight of, and
the Democratic party of the North dare
not condemn the numberless monstrous
iniquities perpetrated by their fellow
partisans in the South. The people of
the South are not willing that their rep-
resentatives in Congress should swear
that they never bore arms against the
Union. The "bloody shirt" is flaunted
on every opportunity, and repeatedly
flapped in the face of men who were
never disloyal in their lives, and if they
dare resent the insult they are taunted
with being unwilling that "the war"
should be forgotten.

If it were a political insult only, this
could be condoned. If it were a wrong
only upon the Republican party, it
might be overlooked. But it is more
than this—it is a deliberate and persist-
ent attack upon the fundamental prin-
ciple of the Republic. When by threats
of violence, by defiant assassination,
and by systematic fraud, a determined
and desperate minority ride down a
less impudent majority, the integrity of
the Union is again as much in jeopardy
as it was in the early days of 1861, when
this same party, in the very same sec-

The Solid South.

While some courageous Democratic
papers deny that the election of Carlisle
was the result of the work of Southern
Congressmen, it is yet very generally
recognized and proven by many ex-
amples of minor importance but similar
tendency, that the Southern States will
try their best to continue as a solid
political factor, and that their success
in the election of a Speaker from among
their own people was a manifestation of
this policy. And the more this factor is
recognized, the more grows also the
feeling in the North that the time has
not yet come to place the Government
in the hands of anybody who would be
advanced by the old Confederacy di-
rectly, or whose actions would be se-
cretely controlled by it. The very fact
that the South is "solid" in all great
political contests proves that it con-
siders its own interests as paramount
and will use its strength in the first
line for their advancement. That in case
of a Democratic victory the South would
rule is a matter of the greatest cer-
tainty. The great Democratic flood
tide of last year brought 194 Democrats
into the House of Representatives, of
which one hundred came from the old
Confederate States, and ninety-four
from the North. But of the ninety-four
latter many came from strong Republi-
can districts, and were elected because
their Republican opponents were either
personally weak, or were defeated be-
cause the general clamor for a momentary
change did not meet their earnest
attention, and they succumbed in many
instances merely because they had too
much reliance on their own and their
party's strength. Of these ninety-four
Democrats it may then be safely as-
sumed that not more than sixty or six-
ty-five can ever be re-elected, while the
chances are that the number of Southern
Democrats will be increased to one hun-
dred and five. The probable proportion
of Southern Representatives to Northern
will therefore be nearly two to one.

In the Senate the South is even
stronger yet. The Democrats have not
yet the majority of this body, but they
lack only two votes. Should they gain
these, then the Democratic representa-
tion will consist of four-fifths Southern
and about one-fifth Northern men, if
Maryland, West Virginia and Missouri
are counted Southern States, as they
might as well be, considering the spirit
shown on all occasions by their rep-
resentatives in Congress. What power
would a Democratic President from the
North have under such circumstances,
should the Southern majority decide on
legislation favorable to its own inter-
ests? And would not such a President
by the very nature of things be under
certain obligations to the South which
would have furnished three-fourths of
the Electoral Votes necessary to his elec-
tion.

The reign of the Democratic party
under the present circumstances means
nothing but the reign of the South.
Even should the President, the Vice-
President and the Speaker of the House
be Northern Democrats, still the South-
ern Democrats, possessing the large ma-
jority of their party in the law-making
bodies, would make the politics of their
party and decide the course it shall fol-
low.—Burlington Hawkeye.

A Remarkable Canvass.

The Democrats are giving themselves
a good deal of needless trouble about
the prospects of a hot contest in the
Republican party over the Presidency.
The chances for a bitter contest are
just now all with the Democracy.
There are Pendleton and anti-Pendle-
ton men in Ohio, Butler and anti-But-
ler men in Massachusetts, Tilden and
anti-Tilden men in New York, and
radical differences of opinion on im-
portant questions among the Democratic
leaders at Washington. When the
Bourbons adjust their own differences
and escape from the embarrassments of
quarrels and feuds of long standing it
will be time enough for them to con-
cern themselves about the prospective
quarrels among Republicans.

In the meantime, the Republican
party is giving attention, as usual, to
the issues before the people, and is
grappling with such new questions as
come to the front. The indications are
that when the question of nominating
a candidate for President comes up in
order, it will be disposed of in a way to
give the Democrats a greater amount
of uneasiness than they now affect over
the prospect.

So far as the discussion of possible
candidates is concerned the Republicans
have the advantage of the Democrats in
the matter of courtesy. Very little is
being said of candidates, but that little
is in good spirit. Even the marked
changes in opinion of the hot partisans
of 1880 do not afford that amount of
amusement they would were not the ex-
pression of opinions clouded a little by
the suspicion that strategy was at the
bottom of the business.

The truth is that in its preliminary
stages the present canvass is one of the
most remarkable in the history of the
Republican party. If there are animosities
they have been adroitly hidden. If
there are pronounced preferences for
candidates they have not been ex-
pressed. If candidates themselves are
in training they are working in secret.
The spirit of the canvass is in marked
contrast to the white-hot work of 1880.
Then every man had from the beginning
his candidate, for whom he was ready
to do and say almost anything. There
was no hesitation in taking sides. There
was a sort of eagerness to get into the
hottest of the fight.

That all this is changed now means
that Republicans are thinking more of
a candidate for the party than of their
own individual preferences. But be-
cause they are doing this must it be as-
sumed that there is in the party an ele-
ment of weakness not present four years
ago? Common sense would say that
the very opposite was true.—Chicago
Inter Ocean.

ten brass. Hot, hot everywhere! Hot
in the monstrous warehouses; hot in
the dim and dusty offices; hot in the
hard stone pavements of the squares and
in the narrow streets. Hottest of all,
perhaps, in the rows of thinly built
suburban houses, with their inadequate
blinds and flimsy walls and ill-fitting
windows.

In the parlor occupied by Angela and
Mabelle Fairfax they both sat this broil-
ing morning. The blinds were drawn
down to keep the sun out; the windows
were shut to keep the dust out; and yet
it was hot—stifling hot.

"How awful it is!" ejaculated Miss
Fairfax from the sofa upon which she
lay, languidly waving a fan up and
down—her face rendered more pallid
and marble-white than ever by the great
heat. Nature is much kinder in this
respect to some of her children than to
others, and, as usual, arbitrary and
capricious in her favors. For example,
excessive heat did not give Angela
Fairfax a red face, nor Philip Massey
either—it rendered them rather better
looking than before; but its effect upon
the countenance of Mr. Fordyce was in-
deed lamentable.

"How awful!" repeated Angela. "If
it is half as cold here in winter as it is
hot in summer, I shall die."

No answer from Mabelle, who sat at
the center-table, her rapid fingers deftly
manipulating a straw hat; and some
black gauze—an employment tending
to produce stickiness of the fingers in
that temperature, and who did not com-
plain of the heat, nor of anything else.
Her sweet face was paler than it had
been; her eyes somewhat dark and
heavy; while in her whole attitude
there was a drooping listlessness, telling
of weariness.

"When I think of the rectory, and
Nenside, and the gardens, this is intol-
erable, and I could scream!" pursued
Miss Fairfax, who had a way of empha-
sizing the last words of her remarks.

"No doubt it is pleasant at Nenside
now," her sister acquiesced.

"Pleasant! I should think so. Oh,
this is a miserable life that I lead! How
I hate and loathe it! Drudgery and
slavery all day and all the week—and
for what? A *patience*! That is—that
a Fairfax should ever come to such a
pass!"

"Dear Angela, people have been very
kind to me. I am sure we seem to have
lots of friends, and look how many
pupils you have already."

"Vulgar wretches!" Shop-keeper's
children, the Dissenters' children, and
—all kinds of horrid people's children."

"I can't say that I see so much vul-
garity in them."

"You are hopelessly devoted to what
is low and horrid."

"Indeed!" said Mabelle, raising her
head with flashing eyes, and a height-
ened color, and lips parted to utter some
comment upon this gracious remark.
Suddenly she closed her lips, pressing
them together, and bending again to
her work, maintained long silence, after
that one irrepressible "indeed!"

"At what time does this wonderful
entertainment begin?" was Angela's
next inquiry.

"Half-past ten they were to call for
us, and it is half-past nine now."

"Half-past ten. Imagine setting off
on a day like this to a picnic! A bank
holiday, too! All the town will turn
out, and we shall look exactly like a
party of cheap trippers. For my part,
I can't see the pleasure of such expedi-
tions."

"Why go, if you think it will tire you,
and that you won't enjoy it?"

"How ridiculous you are! Of course
I must go. What could I do here all day?
There will be two or three people in ad-
dition to our two selves. How sick peo-
ple do get of each other's society, to be
sure?"

"Thanks for the compliment."

"Well, you must own, Mabelle, you
are hardly society for me—you—"

"No, I suppose not. One may be
useful as a milliner without being ex-
actly company for one's customers."

"Oh, as if I meant that! What hor-
rid things you do say. You know what
I mean. You are a child."

"I thought children got on best to-
gether, said Mabelle, meekly, but with
an odd curl at the corner of her lip.

"What? At any rate there is one
human being to-day who will be more
entertaining than my *loved* pupils and
their deluged parents."

Mabelle made no answer, but her de-
licate eyebrows contracted, while An-
gela went on, in a more amiable tone, as
of one inviting question or comment:

"Poor Mr. Massey!"

To this also she received no reply, but
Mabelle's face was flushed, and she gave
an impatient jerk to the hat she was