THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA

QUEER.

I know a woman who hath bounteous share Of this world's wealth, and who is young and with not a care save to bedeck herself

In finest silks and satins every day.

For her is spread the daintiest of fare:
On her commands the deftest servants wait:
No sounds of childish rompings vex her ear
When, to receive her friends, she sits in

Goes she abroad, a carriage satin-lined Bears her where'er she chooses that should; And yet to neither friend nor kin gives she Aught to enhance their pleasure or their

Moths may destroy, and want of sunshine fade, Sho parts with nothing from her hoarded store:

On poverty she looks with scornful gaze, And ne'er to beggar is unbarred her door.

I know another: very poor is she, And though not old, her brow is marked with

care;
Eight children cluster round her, and 'tis hard
To find them food to cat and clothes to wear.
Sometimes the meal she serves is scant indeed;
Always her hours of sleep and rest are few:
She hath no help but little, willing hands,
That, though love guides them, can but little

And yet if poorer friend seek her, that friend With ontstretched hand and brightsome smile is met.

While with the best the cottage can afford
In kindly haste the humble board is set.

And from her door no beggar turns away
Without some help, if but a bit of bread:
And even homeless dogs about it throng
In simple trust that there they may be fed. Queer, Isn't it, dear?

-Harper's Weekly.

UNDER THE RUSSET LEAVES. One happy day, a man and a maid Together walked within a glade— The summer-time was past-The russet leaves, and nuts as brown. Had on the ground been showered down By autumn's chilling blast.

The south wind sang among the trees, The dead leaves fluitered in its breeze; The blue-bird, warbing low, Prepared to take his yearly flight To lands where summer still was bright, Beyond the fail of snow.

And joyfully this man and maid, While through the rustling leaves they strayed. Talked of the coming years-

Building a castle in the air, And peopling it with fancies fair, Leaving no room for fears. And playfully to her he said: nen next the leaves shall fall and When just one year has flown— We'll walk again here, as to-day:

And then, my darling, come what may, You'il be my wife—my own." The seasons pass-the year has flown. Alas! a man goes forth—alone— Along a pathway thickly strown With leaves, withered and dead. He crushes them beneath his feet, And thinks, like them, his hopes Have faded all, and fled.

The blue-birds sing above him still, And through the leatiess trees at will While he alone wanders to weep Where evermore she lies asleep, Under the russet leaves.

-Anna L. Lear, in Demorest's Monthly.

MADE OR MARRED. BY JESSIE FOTHERGILL.

CHAPTER XXI.-CONTINUED. "It seems to me," said Mabelle, "that all the master mariners who ever lived have been shipwrecked, and died, and got buried here.

Then into the church, where the light streamed softly in on the eastern side, I and the homely service was carried on, and the homely sermon preached afterward. The two girls sat on a bench in the background, near the door, with Hermann between them; and Mabelle. who was next the porch, could see the sea, in a shining silver expanse, spread beneath and before her, as far as the eye could reach.

There is something in the quiet beauty of a church service on a summer Sunday evening in a country place which is touching and pathetic, one hardly knows why. The three young hearts were perhaps overladen with happiness - with the joy of living and breathing amid so much beauty, and with great, bright hopes for the future, as young hearts will be. Be that as it may, a silence and gravity settled over them all, and Mabelle found her eyes dim with tears once or twice during the course of the simple, noble liturgy.

The sermon over, they all rose, and the last hymn was given out. Mabelle feit a strange little shiver as she opened the look, and read: "For those at sea." that hymn, for such an evening, with minder that "in the midst of life we uncontrollable tears running down her and more gentle friend. are in death?" or to recall the storms face. which had raged in days gone by-to prepare for those which must rage in bear it," she said again, within herself. Mabelle, as the solemn notes began, pect him to look at me in any other graves of those who had perished at sea "master mariners," simple seamen, mothers and children who had drowned together, and been found and picked up, clasped fast in each other's arms? The first verse had been sung; the last lines of it were sounding solemnly:

"Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in peril on the sea!" Suddenly there flashed subtly upon her mind the remembrance of Philip. Supposing he were in any peril by sea

"If it had not been for us," she thought: "if he had never met us he would have been safe at home in England now, at this very moment." And still the chant went on, and still she sang, with an eagerness and a fervor

which lent strength to her voice: "Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumuit cease,
And give for wild confusion, peac
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea!"

It was with a heart full to overflowing of a reasonless fear and excitement where." that, when the hymn was over, she

benediction was being given. they came. Hermann drew Grace's things I want to say to you. We are through his to help her up a steep talking about a picnic."

sky grew gray, and the stars began to

peep forth.
Although they had reached the top of the hill they still continued to walk, hand in hand, and arm in arm, along the upland road, and through the dewy fields, slowly and silently, as if they a smile of indifference. would have kept the precious moments

by them a little longer.
"Ah," at last said Grace, with a sigh, "close at home now! And here is her, looking out for us."

They approached the gate beside which, indeed, stood Mrs. Massey, her hand resting on the shoulder of a man who, leaning upon the gate, looked up to her. It was Grace who, suddenly snatching her hand from her lover's arm, made a bound forward, exclaiming in a stifled voice, between laughing

and crying: "Philip! Oh, Philip!" if rooted there by magic, while her heart | me tear it up." beat almost to suffocation. What a She stretched out her hand toward it, unfortunate wretch she was to be doomed thus to be here, poisoning Phil-

ip's meeting with his loved ones! There was a scene of wild, incoherent ing him away, that she might the better | the Opposition say the Government look at him and see how much he was do?" changed.

"Don't you think we are almost de ing about it before." trop here, Mabelle?" at this moment said Hermann, aside to her. He spoke look of utter consternation, and even you to stay.' fright, and Grace had made him partially acquainted with the facts of the case, so that he thought in his goodnatured soul: "Poor little thing! Denced uncomfortable for her, and I dare say she'd like to get out of it."

"Not you," replied Mabelle, in a rapid, distressed whisper; "but for me! Oh, Hermann, what am I to do? Help me to get out of the way! I can not intrude myself upon them again to-

night." She thought she perceived a chance of escape, and was going to slip by, be-tween Grace and Mrs. Massey; but Grace, in the midst of her transports, the consciousness of a burning face noticed this attempt at a flank movement, and caught Mabelle by the hand.

Fairfax. I don't expect you would have ed me in this way? known her, would you?"

age, and beheld-Philip Massey, indeed, | miserable if I did." but not the Philip Massey of old days, equality which had left no room for em- | make to Philip?" barrassment. This Philip Massey was quite different, and in contact with him she felt herself sink into the merest tained, so entirely a man, so utterly removed from boyhood and boyhood's follies, that she was startled, bewildered. Not a day had passed, since that fatal morning three years ago, on which love with Angela, but there was some- mind is made up." thing in the air which made her think: for Mr. Fordyce! Oh, dear!'

All this had passed through her mind as it were in parenthesis, and now she

heard Philip saying:
"This Mabelle Fairfax! Yes, should have recognized her anywhere.' He took her trembling, nerveless hand, spoke two or three words, asked her how she was, glanced with a sort of amused surprise at her evident embarrassment, at her blank face and hardly seen her, turned to Hermann Berghaus with such a hearty greeting, thought Mabelle, who, in effecting her escape, did not fail to see Philip's hand resting on Hermann's shoulder, the prolonged hand-clasp, the familiarly affec-What had made the clergyman choose tionate: "Well old fellow, I am right too." glad we are to be brothers after all." the sea outside, like a great, heaving She saw Grace come close up to them, theet of glass? was it simply as a re- and she stole away to her room with

"I can never stay here; I can not days to come, despite the exquisite "I can not bear him to look at me as if calmness of to-night? For, thought he did not see me, and yet I can't exwas not the churchyard full of the way, for I must be a very disagreeable spectacle for him."

CHAPTER XXII.

REPARATION REQUIRED. It was Tuesday afternoon, two days after Philip's sudden appearance at his father's house. Grace was wandering from one parlor to another, looking into them, shaking her head and then looking out again.

"Where can the child have hidden herself? She must be in her own ' speculated Miss Massey, as she took her way up the broad, shallow, oaken staircase, and, going along a white-washed passage, knocked at a

bed room door. "Come in!" cried Mabelle's voice, and Grace entered. Her visitor was seated at a table which stood in one of the windows. She had writing materials before her, and appeared to be

engaged in the composition of a letter. "What are you doing?" demanded Grace. "Why are you shut up here? I have been looking for you every-

"I am writing a letter, which I want dropped upon her knees, and covered to go by to-night's post when the boy up her face with her hands while the goes to the town," said Mabelle, looking rather embarrassed.

"Why, in the name of common sense, should Angela want to know the train a month beforehand?" "A month! Oh, but I must go the

mother beside the gate, and father with day after to-morrow," was the answer, in a would-be matter-of-course tone. . "Nonsense! You are to stay another

month." "Indeed, Grace, I can not. I have been away quite long enough as it is. I am sure they would not like me to remain so much longer."

"Who said they would?-but we should like you to do so, and that is the principal thing," retorted Grace, unscrupulously. "Now, don't be silly, "Let him alone! He'll take care not Mabelle stood on the instant, feeling Mabelle. It is utterly impossible for to risk his precious life. He is like his herself suddenly as cold as ice, fast as you to go. Give me that letter, and let immortal namesake, too fond of the

fearful, terrible contretemps! What an | but Mabelle's little fingers closed upon it like a vise, and there was anything but a yielding expression in her eyes. Grace, "that Mr. Fordyce told you to gladness going on by the gate. Grace, go away and enjoy yourself as long as wild with her joy, questioning, and hav- you liked, for you needed a change. ing no time to be answered; first hug- You wrote and told me so yourself. ging Philip to her heart, and then push- | Will you deny your own dispatches, as

"It is quite different now," said Ma-"You are changed! I am certain you belle, hastily. "And please do not have grown ever so much bigger and hinder me, Grace, or my letter will broader, and so brown. Oh, I am not be ready for Tom to take it down."

proud of you! I wish you had been at "I am sure I hope it won't, so far as I one would have stared at you! Oh, to stay and interrupt you. Why do you I can hardly believe it—it is too joy- wish to go? Why this sudden abhorrence of us and our society? You said noth-

Mabelle maintained an embarrassed silence, and Grace continued: "You gravity. kindly, for he had not failed to see her know perfectly well that we all wish

"Not all," escaped from Mabelle's lips involuntarily, and she bit them Grace was shaking me out of my chair with vexation, and, folding up her let- and telling me to go after you.' ter, said: "For several reasons, I must go on

Thursday, and you will be very unkind and very unfriendly if you try to prevent it. "Now I know," said Grace, tri-

away from Philip, you absurd little creature." " No, I don't want to run away from him," answered Mabelle, miserable in

which would not return to its normal "Where are you going?" she cried. "Do you mean to say that if Philip come here! Philip, this is Mabelle had not returned you would have treat-

"Treated you! How unkind you are, With which she, as it were, thrust Grace. It is absurd to pretend that he forward the terrified Mabelle, who can like me to be here, and whatever looked up with a kind of desperate cour- you say, I will not stay. I should be

"Upon my word! A compliment to whom she had always liked, with a feel- us and our hospitality! Pray what difing of sisterly regard and a sense of ference do you suppose it can possibly

"I can not imagine what reason you can have for raking up the past in this way when all I wish is to have it forchild. He was so grave and self-con- gotten. You can not forget that my sister treated your brother shamefully, and he can not have forgotten it, either. I have never for a day forgotten it. The very name of Fairfax must be abominable in his ears, and the sight of Mabelle had not thought of Philip and me must be hateful to him. It must the wrong her sister had done him, but she had always thought of him as some- at home again to be confronted by me at home again to be confronted by me thing quite different from this. She at every turn. It is an idea that I cancould not imagine this man madly in not bear, and I am going home; my

"And what if I told you that you "It would be dreadful to be in his way were quite mistaken: that Phil p had when he did not want one! I could not long ago got over that treatment of bear it, and I must get away as soon as him by your sister, and that he would I can. To think that Angela jilted him as soon see you here as any other

"You might tell me so, but you know very well that he would not. It is of no use to talk in that way.'

"Then you are quite decided?"

"Quite." "Then I shall have to be very cross with you. Of course I can't hold you here by ropes and cords, but you need not suppose that you can treat me in this way with impunity. I am of a wide-open eyes, and then, as if he had most revengeful temperament. Send your letter; oh, by all means, send your letter! There are ever so many more on the hall table waiting to go. Put yours with them, my dear, and let it go. But I shall punish you for your un-friendliness; yes, this very afternoon,

Miss Massey's eyes flashed as she rose, drawing herself up, and looking

leaving behind her a general impression of dark eyes flashing wrathfully, of a grows to a very large size, often heightned color, and a malign, disdain-

stamped it, and said to herself, in a re-

of something disagreeable by the very sight of me he would speak, I am sure. anything to please her. Is it likely he would own that he wished I would get

will have to be angry if she likes, but my letter must go." With this she found herself, to her own great surprise and displeasure, cry-ing: but, quickly drying her tears, took up her broad hat and her letter and went down stairs.

As Grace had said, there were several letters on the table, and Mabelle laid hers with the rest, and then took her way out of doors, through the garden, and across the fields to the cliff, there

"I really am an unlucky girl," she they went home they were much "Indeed! Well, make your letter as meditated. "Why was I here when he little intrusive thing to be in the way at

"'Bradshaw?"" echoed Grace, with He has evidently quite forgotten how sudden look of suspicion. "What do very kind he used once to be, but I have "To tell Angela by what train to expect me, of course," replied Mabelle, nervously, and unsuccessfully essaying a smile of indifference. flash s her great eyes upon me, she looks so exactly like him that I could

almost A rush past her of some moving body drew her attention to the form of Dr. Johnson, who, with an unseemly haste very rare with him, whirled by, arresting himself by a backward spring just in time to save himself from being dashed over the cliff to certain death, and then transferred his attentions to her as if in a paroxysm of affection.

"My dear Dr. Johnson!" she had begun, in the tone of one who would reason with an impetuous person, "be a

good things of the kitchen to prematurely cut himself off in his enjoyment of them," said a voice behind her—a voice which caused Mabelle to start vio-"I know it for a fact," continued of dismay as she beheld Philip, alone, except for Dr. Johnson, standing above her, and looking down from what seemed to Mabelle an immense height, for he stood upon a little knoll of grass, and she was sitting in the bottom of a small hollow between two ridges.

"Do I disturb you?" he asked, throwing away his cigar, and-was it possible?-seating himself beside her.

"N-no; I am not going to stay here long," answered Mabelle, inwardly wondering when adversity would cease church with us to-night. How every am concerned. You offer me a premium to persecute her; wondering, too, still more, what strange chance had sent Philip there.

"Not stay long! You have only just come, have you?" he asked, looking at her intently, and with imperturbable

"No-well-about-" "About three minutes," he interposed; "because I saw you go while

"Telling you to come after me?" e aculated Mabelle, on whose horrified mind the truth now burst in its entirety. Grace had, indeed, put her scheme of revenge into operation with the prompt-

itude and skill of a great General. umphantly. "I might have guessed before. It is because you want to run said Philip, tranquilly, while he rested his chin on one hand and stroked back the ears of Dr. Johnson with the other. a process which caused that intelligent animal to put forth his tongue farther than ever, and to grin a hideous grin of

ineffable satisfaction. "She said she had quarreled with you, and that you had been unkind-no, you had been 'very nasty,' that was the form of expression she used.'

"Oh, dear!" was all Mabelle could ejaculate. "She says you want to go away." he continued; and if he had taken no notice

of her before, Mabelle could no longer accuse him of maintaining that line of conduct. He was observing her innocently, and the fact did not intend to reassure her either in mind or manner. Mabelle had worried herself by brooding over the situation until she could

no longer see it in its proper light or roportions. Her conscience was morbidly sensitive, and Grace did not know. could not guess, the real agony she was inflicting upon the girl by her jesting piece of vengeance. "Yes-no. I don't want to go but

I am afraid I must.' "But why? Grace says that a few days ago you seemed pleased at the prospect of staying." said Philip, with a half smile in his eyes as he saw the uncontrollable flash rising to Mabelle's

face at his question. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Maples.

We have four species of the maple

indigenous to the States east of the Rocky Mountains that are well worthy of extended cultivation. The sugar or rock maple is a well-known tree in all the Northern States, succeeding best in lime-stone soils and those containing considerable potash, and is more abundant on high, dry ridges than in low, moist grounds. The wood is very hard, fine grained, and susceptible of a high polish: is extensively used for all kinds of inside work, and is every year becoming more scarce and valuable. It is a tree of the easiest cultivation, and may be raised from seed, or the young seedlings can be gathered in unlimited numbers in our Northern forests. Those who make a business of gathering these seedlings sell them for little more than rather superbly down upon her slighter the cost of pulling up and packing. The white or silver maple is more "Oh, Grace," began Mabelle, to plentiful west of the Alleghany Mountwhose eyes the tears had rushed, ains than east of them, and the young seedlings can be procured in the forests But Grace had swept out of the room, or from nurseries in any quantity, and or more in diameter. The wood is Mabelle finished addressing her letter, white, fine grained and light, and stamped it, and said to herself, in a rebeams and joists, but rather too soft to "It's of no use. I am a little fool, I endure much wear, as when employed suppose, since he never seems to notice for floors. It is one of the most rapme, even; but if he were not reminded idly growing of all our native trees, excepting, perhaps, the poplars and wil-lows. The wood, when seasoned, He is not hard-hearted; and he has a makes good fuel, but is not equal to the kind word for everybody but me. It is hard maple. The common red, or very fine for Grace to talk; he would say swamp maple, is another valuable species for low, wet lands; the wood is more firm than the white maple, and is away and leave them alone? Grace extensively used for cabinet work, wooden ware and similar purposes. It is very common in all low grounds throughout the Eastern States. The seeds of this and the white maple ripen early in summer, and if sown as soon as they fall will produce trees one to two feet high the first season. The largeleaved maple (Acer macrophillum) is a Western species, native of California, Oregon, and northward. It grows to a very great size. The wood resembles that of the sugar maple, and is equally that of the sugar maple, and is equally valuable for all purposes for which the latter is used. It has not been fully tested in the East, but will probably tested in the East, but will probably in the Southern members of Consistence of the control of the sugar maple, and is equally a purposes for which the no public sentiment in the South to sustain them they can be promptly punposes of their relative worth and ished. The Southern members of Consistence of the control of the contro prove hardy in all the Middle States, provided seed is obtained for raising the trees from the cooler regions of the to justice. If, on the other hand, the

To What End?

The test mony already taken before

ing form of government and the substirebellion was a complete rebellion, law. The Copiah County Rebellion aimed to defy by military means and by armed force the authority of the United States in several counties, to the end of defeating in those counties so much of the Reconstruction acts and of the amendments to the Constitution of the civil and political rights, and especially man had the same right to organize than Haman should he attempt it. be the best man for the emergency. Their crime was simply and baldly treason and rebellion age inst the author-

ity of the United States. It is quite immaterial that the authors of these crimes imagine that now that tier explorer had helped to make him Union no power can punish treason and not such services as signalized him in a rebellion in the United States. It is political way, and it was the East more equally as immaterial that the Govern- than the West that brought about his or of Mississippi neglects and refuses to candidacy. Lincoln was not nomeither preserve order or to call upon the | inated in 1860, nor again in 1864, on the President of the United States to do so. ground that he was a Western man, but The precedent set by the United States in spite of that fact, strictly speaking; in some thirteen cases in 1860, of sup- for in the first instance, at least, there pressing rebellion within a State with-out waiting for a requisition from the urged in behalf of an Eastern candi-Governor thereof, and, indeed, where date, as the situation then stood with in nearly every case the Governor and respect to party leaders. Grant was gislature formed part of the rebellion. must effectually set at rest the old no- stands, for reasons wholly apart from tion that the United States derives its the question of locality, and because he power to suppress armed insurrection had done more than any other man of in a State from the request of the Gov- his time to preserve the unity of the ernor of that State.

to suppress an insurrection within a even though the insurrection be not of influences that would have been just against the United States at all, but only aimed to subvert or resist the State authorities and State laws. Such a case was that of the Dorr insurrection in Rhode Island. It did not attack Federal authority, and in such cases it may, and even then possibly in some cases it might not be prudent or necessary to await the request of the Governor.

The Copiah County case, however, is obscured by no such question. The object of the insurrection was and is to defeat and overthrow the authority of the United States in those counties and largely throughout the State in the matter of colored men voting. In this Wheeler and his hundreds "of travelcolored men unless they promise to vote the Democratic ticket, and pouring their buck-shot into white Republicans of high character and universally loved, as it was assailed by Beauregard and his nineteen thousand troops firing on Fort Sumter. The state of insurrection in this case began when these illegal bodies began to organize; it continued as one uninterrupted act of the same insurrection, so as to take in every murder as an incident in the general crime. The fact that it is a continuous and locally controlling insurrection is proved by the fact that the whole populace bow to it, including the courts and the Grand Jury, who become accomplices in the insurrection by refusing to find bills or even to investigate. The armed insurrection will constitute a continuing erime until the authority of the Gov-ernment is restored and the participators brought to punishment.

The President's omission to do so by no means condones the right or lessens

to do so. One point the people of the South and the Southern Representatives in Con-gress may as well understand. There is a latent power in the people of the United States which will keep on growing in will and determination until Ras Wheeler and his Copiah County insurrectionists are not merely suppressed, but brought to complete and inexorable justice, not as murderers and assassins, nor as private criminals against the law; of Mississippi, but as insurrection-ists and rebels against the authority of the United States—the last to deserve hanging but the first to get it. Let the record be made up and the next campaign be fought, if need be, on the issue opinion of the South indorses or con-

The Party of Wisdom and Prudence

C TEACHER TO SELECT THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF THE PART

The idea is being industriously urged the investigating committee of the by certain newspapers and politicians United States Senate, establishes the —with the best intentions in the world fact that the death of J. P. Matthews, of we are bound to believe—that a West-Mississippi, was not an act of individual ern man should by all means be selectassassination, but an incident in the ed as the Republican candidate for course of an armed insurrection and President. So much is heard from day organized rebellion against the author- to day to that effect, indeed, that it is ity of the United States, extending not worth while to analyze the notion a litmerely throughout Copiah County, but | tle, and see what it really amounts to. into several of the surrounding coun- Is there any sound and practical reaties. It is not necessary in order that a son why a man from one section of the mob movement may have the character, | country should be preferred to a man in law, of armed insurrection and rebel- from another section as the nominee of lion that the people engaged in it shall a great party for the first office in the contemplate an overthrow of the existbe urged, even from a strict partisan tution of a new one, as the Southern point of view, in favor of ordering the rebels did in 1861-4. Shay's whisky course of the National Convention accourse of the National Convention according to a theory which would either though it contemplated only the defeat favor or disparage a particular man as of the enforcement of a single Revenue a candidate because of his place of residence? It seems to us that there can be but one answer, and that is that all such talk is absurd, ill-timed and unjustifiable.

In the first place, the record and the philosophy of the Republican party are distinctly unsectional. Republican doc-United States as gave the colored race trines and policies are not for any one class or locality, but for the whole peothe right to vote. For this purpose the ple and the entire country. The white insurrectionists adopted essen-strength and splendor of the party's tially the same military means as were character reside chiefly in the fact that adopted in 1860-4 by the rebellion led it has never sought to make discriminaby Jeff Davis. They organized forces tions of a merely geographical descripwhich publicly proclaimed defiance to tion, and has never recognized any dis-Federal law as their object, viz., that tinctions but those of patriotism and no man should be permitted to "or- justice. It is above all else a National ganize the blacks against the whites in party-the party of one flag and of Copiah County," meaning that no white equal rights and privileges. The plan man should be permitted to favor and upon which it has always chosen its co-operate with the blacks in the exer- standard-bearers has been the broad cise of the political rights given the and practical one of preferring the men latter by Federal law. They well knew | that seemed best adapted to win the that under existing Federal law every | victories and advance the welfare and usefulness of the organization, without blacks for party purposes as to organize any regard to where they happened to whites. Their crime was the same as live. Not one of the men nominated Calhoun's would have been had he in for the Presidency on the Republican 1833-4 organized an armed force to re- ticken has been chosen on account of sist the collection of Federal duties, an his identification with any given section act for which President Jackson de- of the country, but solely for the reaclared he would hang Calhoun higher son. in every case, that he appeared to

It will not be claimed, surely, that Fremont was nominated in 1856 because he was a Western rather than an Eastern man. His services as a fronthe States are reconstructed and in the prominent, to be sure, but they were chosen both times, as everybody und country and put down a sectional re-The Constitution of the United States bellion against right and law and liber-makes it indeed the duty of a President ty. Hayes and Garfield, though both from the West, were not selected on State on the request of its Governor, that account particularly, but by virtue

as operative had they resided in Con-

necticut or New Jersey, instead of

When each of these men was elected. in turn, he became the President of all the States, and of every section of the country, as any man must do who shall be elected next November. Nobody would expect or desire a President to use his power or his prerogatives, to further the interests of one locality at the expense of or in preference to those of another locality. A President who should manifest a disposition of that kind would be a recreant and a simpleton. By the same token, no candidate case the sovereignty of the United for the Presidency would dare declare a States is as directly assailed by Ras purpose, if elected, to administer the office as a Western man, or an Eastern ing clubs" and his "committees of man. What sense can there be, then, twenty-four from each Supervisor's in making such an issue on the nomidistrict," who ride around with bands nation? Is it not obviously improper of music, firing their cannon into and mischievous to urge a consideration negroes' houses, shooting and hanging of that sort either for or against any man as a L'esidential quantity? More especially, it strikes us, should Western aspirants refrain from the use of such an argument, for if there be anything in it at all, it is manifestly on the side of the East, since every man so far nominated for President by the Republican party has chanced to have his home in the West.

The part of wisdom and prudence, of

duty and common sense, is to select for a candidate the ablest, cleanest, strongest, most available man that can be found, let him live where he may. It is a great deal more important to choose a standard-bearer whose name and character shall guarantee his fitness for the position and inspire general confidence in the party's integrity of principle and purpose than it is to make sure that he belongs to a given section or has grown up amid certain social and industrial conditions. If Vermont or New York, Illinois or lowa, Colorado or Oregon, has that man, then he should be put in the field and worked for zealously and the duty of Congress to pass laws re-quiring him to do so. The failure of particular corner of the common counthe present Congress to pass such a law. try it has pleased him to honor with would not lessen the duty of the next his residence. That is the manner in which Republican candidates have been chosen and elected heretofore, and that is the course which should be pursued this year. The nomination of a President is much too serious a matter to be determined by appeals to sectional pride or prejudice; and any man who encourages or permits the raising of such an issue in his interest is clearly not the man that the occasion requires. All sections and all States are alike concerned in having a man placed in nomination who will stand not for locality, but for the doctrines and objects of the party, and for those personal capabilities and virtues which command respect and promote the party's chances of success. There are such men, both of bringing the Copiah County and in the West and in the East; and the Danville rebels to justice. If there is no public sentiment in the South to susthat should be determined solely on the in the West and in the East; and the basis of their relative worth and fitgress will themselves in that case co- tional feeling or discussion .- St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

hill, and Grace, as if to say to Mabelle:
"Yes; I shall have done in a moment.
The cold," clasped her friend's hand in you know, and that is why I have been the window, or a spider on the wall.

The gloaming was falling, the seem of the cold, and the cold in the way at the middle of the cold in the way at the seem of the cold in the seem of the cold in the seem of the cold in the way at the seem of the cold in the way at the seem of the cold in the cold in the seem of the cold in t