RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD. - - NEBRASKA

DEAR LITTLE HANDS.

Dear little hands, I love them so!
And now they are lying under the snow—
Under the snow, so cold and white,
I can not see them, or touch them to-night.
They are quiet and still at last, ah me!
How busy and restless they used to be!
But now they can never reach up through the snow;
Dear little hands, I loved them so!

Dear little hands, I miss them so!
All through the day, wherever I go—
All through the night, how lonely it seems,
For no little hands wake me out of my dreams.
I miss them all through the weary hours,
I miss them as others miss sunshine and flowers;
Day time, or night time, wherever I go,
Dear little hands, I miss them so!

Dear little hands, they have gone from me now,
Never again will they rest on my brow—
Never again smooth my sorrowful face,
Never clasp me in a childish embrace.
And now my forehead grows wrinkled with care,
Thinking of little hands, once resting there;
But I know in a happier, Heavenlier clime,
Dear little hands, I will clasp you sometime.

Dear little hands, when the Master shall call,
I'll welcome the summons that comes to us all—
When my feet touch the waters so dark and so cold
And I catch my first glimpse of the City of Gold,
If I keep my eyes fixed on the Heavenly gate,
Over the tide where the winterless ones wait,
Shall I know you, I wonder, among the bright bands,
Will you beckon me over, oh! dear little hands?

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

CONQUERED AT LAST.

A School-Teacher Who Was Too Much for the Boys.

I think the worst set of boys I ever heard of were the Hickory Point boys. Teacher after teacher had endeavored to teach the district school there, only to be either whipped or badgered so that each was ready to give up before six months had passed. The boys fought or intimidated the male teachers, and annoyed the female teachers, until, unnerved and utterly broken down, they took their departure, shaking the dust of the Point from their feet. The day arrived when no teacher made application for the vacant school, and the Hickory Point parents were anxious and disturbed at the state of things.

"I dont know what we are going to do with them boys of ourn," Deacon Jones said to Deacon Savage. "They aint bad boys for work, nor for playing, but the moment they get on them school benches, with books in their hands, the very evil one seems to get inter 'em. All the Point boys pattern after them, and a very bad pattern it is, as you know, Brother Savage. They seem to be determined not to be in any school, and I'm worn out punishing Zach. It don't seem to do him any good."

"That is so, Brother Jones. I'm sorry for it, but it's so. Didn't I punish my Abe far whipping young Winter, and did that make him any better? No. Just think what he did to that last school-ma'am—that old maid, Miss Brown!"

Deacon Jones, if he was a deacon, had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and he laughed aloud. "I declare, I can't help it!" he said. "I laugh every time I think of how that poor woman came into my house, with her false front all singed so you could see bald spots underneath, and the hair behind crisped and smelling like burned feathers.

"Just look at me, Mr. Jones!" she cried. 'Just see the work of that miserable Abe Savage and your son! They came pretty nigh burning me up, sir. My back hair was all in a blaze before I knew that it was on fire. And they just laughed, instead of putting it out. I demand satisfaction, sir, for the outrage!'"

"Well, we did have to pay well for that frolic." Mr. Savage answered, dolefully. "But she was too high-tempered and excitable to be a school-teacher. Folks that are always flying into pieces can't manage boys, any way."

"We've had all kinds of teachers, Brother Savage. It isn't the teachers, but the wickedness of the boys themselves. Why, you know we've had good and bad-tempered teachers, young and old, mild and cross, and how long did any of them stay? I'm discouraged, and shall not try to get another teacher. Zach may go without an education, and I'll give [illegible] kind a plow. If he don't work, I'll whip him, and that's all I can do."

Most of the parents at the Point adopted this plan. The boys were set to work in the fields, the barns and the stables, and kept steadily at it. They were allowed no holidays and no recreations, and before six weeks had passed, they began to look back with regret to their detested school-days, and to wish them back again. Even their ringleaders did not hestitate to confess this.

"I don't have a moment for any kind of fun," Abe Savage grumbled. "Pa's always at my heels; and when he isn't there, ma's just like a watch-dog. It's 'Abe, do this,' or 'Abe, you do that,' until I fairly despise my own name. Why, even Sunday, if I walk down the road, I'm called back."

"They're treating us kind this way just to pay us for making it uncomfortable for the teachers," Zach said, gloomily. "I know it's that, though they don't say so. But I don't care. I'm not going back to school."

"I'd rather have the teachers," Abe said; "for if they keep this up, I'm going to run away. Now, if you hadn't treated Mr. Japp in the way you did, he'd have been here now; and if school *is* hateful, we did have Saturdays and holidays."

"I said no teacher should stay here that couldn't lick *me!*" Zach cried, frowning; "and I'm not going back on my word. No man shall scold and ferule me who isn't stronger than I am, if I can help it. You can show the white feather if you choose, but I reckon I can hold my own and drive 'em away, if all the boys do play cow and."

Zachariah Jones was the leader in the revolt of the boys against school authority. He was a stoutly-built, powerful lad, nearly eighteen years old, who ruled the scholars with a rod of iron. Hardly a boy dared to oppose him, for he was as ready with his fists as he was with his words.

Yet he had some rather generous impulses. He was a staunch friend, and if he whipped the weaker boys himself, he would allow no one else to touch them.

In strength and boldness Abe Savage nearly matched him, so there was an offensive and defensive alliance between the two. Zach was unprepared for Abe's defection, and was indignant at it.

"I never thought you'd be the one to give in," he said.

"Did I say I'd give in?" Abe answered, sharply. "I said I'd run away, and I reckon it will come to that at last."

"I'd as soon go to sea as anything else," returned Zach. "I don't believe a sailor has to work harder than I do. Let's go, Abe."

Now Abe could not even sail over the lake without being sea-sick, and that plan did not meet his approval. Besides, he was a prudent boy, and though he grumbled and threatened, had really no idea of running away, leaving his comfortable home and throwing himself upon the world.

"We haven't a cent of money now," he said, "and we'd better put off running away for awhile. The folks'll get tired of being so strict after awhile, I guess. Besides, a school-teacher may come, and ha'n't we better let him stay a spell?"

"If he can whip me, yes," Zach said. "If he can't—no! I ain't fond of study, anyhow, and if work gets too hard, I'll run away."

A few weeks after that there was a meeting of the school directors at Hickory Point. A young man with high recommendations, a college graduate, applied for the vacant position. The farmers of that neighborhood were wealthy enough to pay an excellent salary, so the school was only nominally a public one, each head of a family contributing to the fund.

Mr. Allan Winters, the young man who wished to become teacher at Hickory Point, was a thin, wiry-looking young fellow, with very small hands, bright black eyes, and a mouth entirely concealed by a heavy black mustache. If you could have looked beneath it, you would have seen that the lips were thin, and compressed and closed as if with an iron clamp.

His address was very pleasant, both quiet and courteous. He was at once engaged, though he noticed the directors looked at him in a pitying manner.

"We are willing and glad to give you the place, Mr. Winters," said Deacon Jones, "but the question is, how long will you be willing to keep it? I'll be frank, and tell you we've got a bad lot of boys at the Point. It will take a plucky man to conquer them, and you don't look very strong. I'm afraid it will be 'How do you do?' and 'Good-bye!' with you before two weeks have passed."

Mr. Winters' smile was an odd one, but he said, in a quiet voice: "Perhaps my looks deceive you. But I supposed brains were needed in a school more than muscle."

"You have not taught at the Point, young man," Mr. Savage said, shaking his head. "My boy is, I am sorry to say, one of the worst; but it's our duty to tell you that you have a hard row to hoe."

Mr. Winters laughed, and his bright eyes danced merrily. "I'm glad you warned me, though you mustn't think I'm a lamb led to the sacrifice. The truth is I heard of the character of your boys before I applied for the situation. I know all about them, and am prepared for peace or war, as they may choose."

"No weapons, young man," said Deacon Jones, nervously. "We can't have any doings of that sort in our school. If you conquer the boys—and you don't look as if you could—you must do it with the switch, or such agencies as nature has given you. You can make them obedient in that way if you can not in any other, and we will uphold you—but no weapons, sir."

"I understand," laughing. "You need not be afraid I shall use any other agencies than those nature has given me. I feel quite sure I am the very man for this school. At any rate I seem to be your forlorn hope, and if you can not keep me, you will not be likely to have any one else."

"I like your pluck, young man," said Deacon Jones, approvingly. "Yet," with a sigh, "one or two of the teachers had pluck as well as yourself. I wish you better luck, my young friend—better luck."

With his peculiar smile Mr. Winters made the final arrangements, and with the same smile, presented himself to his assembled scholars the following day.

"He's got no more strength than a cat," Zach whispered to Abe, contemptuously. "Just look at those woman's hands, will you? There won't be any fun licking him, or driving him away. I guess I'll let him have his own way for a day or two."

"Boys," said Mr. Winters, tapping his desk, "before we begin work, I wish to say a word or two. I have heard from good authority that you are the most lawless, unmanageable set of boys in the State. I am sorry you have such a reputation, and still more sorry to be obliged to believe that you deserve it. Now let me say here, at the start, that I am going to exact obedience from you in everything, even in trifles, and the first act of insubordination I shall punish. I would much rather deal kindly with you if you will allow me to do so, but if you prefer a different course, depend upon it I shall maintain discipline no matter who suffers.

"Whew! hear the bantam crow!" muttered astonished Zach, his eyes blazing with anger. "Talking to us as if we were niggers! I did intend to leave him a day or two in peace, but I reckon I shall have to bring him down from his high horse this very morning."

"Zach, this is better than working in the field," whispered Abe, anxiously. "Let him stay till the fodder is pulled; that's such hot, hateful work."

"Then he's got to whip me, that's all," was the uncompromising reply, and looking at the teacher's spare limbs, Abe felt that he could not do it easily. A spelling-class composed of the entire school was called up. Mr. Winters said quietly:

"Of course you have learned little or nothing, with the school in the condition it has been in. I'll begin with simple words—spell Elephant."

With a significant look down the class which was perfectly understood, Zach, who was at the head, spelled "E-l-e-f-a-n-t."

The word passed on, each boy transposing a letter in a most skillful manner. The "Point" boys were adepts at this game, and the observant teacher with his keen eyes fixed upon each scholar as the word came to him, saw that it was a trick that had evidently been played before. He retained his quiet, imperturbable demeanor and smiled, saying calmly:

"You are really greater dunces than I expected. Excuse my plain words, but before I've done with you, you will conclude you have seen the animal himself. Do you think you can manage to spell 'whip?'"

"Oh!" screamed the boy next to Zach, "he's pinchin' me, sir," pointing to the one below him.

"'Twa'n't me, teacher, it was him," pointing to his nearest neighbor.

"'Twa'n't me, it was him," each boy shouted in turn, indicating the one next him, and this said by every boy until it reached the bottom of the class, each boy screaming and shouting at the very top of his voice. In the midst of all the noise, Mr. Winters sat without moving a muscle. His bright eyes had rather an amused look as they passed from face to face. Then when the noise abated a little, he spoke in his same quiet, even tones.

"I think you have all been pinchers, so I'll punish the whole class." He quietly took off his coat, and then took up a large switch that was on his desk.

"You, Zach Jones, oblige me by stepping here."

Zach marched up with an insolent laugh and a defiant swagger. Mr. Winters raised the switch, his keen eyes fixed watchfully upon the boy. Before it descended, Zach aimed a blow at his face. He evaded it, and the next moment the young pugilist was seized in an iron grasp. When it relaxed, Zach, blinded by rage, struck out right and left; but what was his brute force against the trained skill of the most muscular athlete of Akron College? Three times Zach went down like a log. The fourth time, bruised and dizzy, he could not rise to his feet.

"Have you had enough?" Mr. Winters asked him, sternly; "are you willing to obey?"

"You're the best man," Zach said, faintly, "and I suppose I'm bound to give in."

"Yes, I suppose you are," said Mr. Winters. "If not now, you soon will be. Help him up, some of you, and let him go to the well and wash his face. Now, young gentlemen, I'll settle with you."

The awe-stricken boys looked at him, for once terrified into good behavior. There he stood, as cool and quiet as before the fight. He saw they were conquered. He punished each of them, but made the punishment as light as possible. They took it as demurely as if the school had been always under strict discipline. Zach, sitting mournfully at an open window with his head buzzing, and feeling strangely confused, pondered mournfully over deceitful appearances. Mr. Winters called him in and told him to remain after the school was dismissed.

"You forced me to resort to such harsh measures this morning; I was sorry to do so," he said; "but you know there was no help for it. I could not do anything else and remain teacher of this school, as I propose to do. The skill and strength I acquired in the gymnasium at college I am literally ashamed to use as a prize-fighter would use them. No gentleman would do it unless forced to in self-defense. This I have done to-day. Now let me talk to you into my confidence. I heard of this school—it offered a good remuneration—and I am a poor man and need the salary I can honorably get here. As soon as I saw you I knew what was before me, but I thought I saw, too, that after you had found that I had the muscle to command your respect you would be magnanimous enough to give me no more trouble. Indeed, I wish to be your friend if you will allow me to be. Will you?" and he held out his hand.

Zach took it frankly, for he liked the spirit of the teacher. "I am not mean enough, Mr. Winters," he said, "not to acknowledge when I'm whipped, and I don't bear ill-will. But what puzzles me is how you can give such hits with that little hand of yours. It took me so by surprise that I went right under."

Mr. Winters laughed and pulled up his sleeve. His arm, though not large was a bundle of iron muscles."

"It's exercise and practice, Zach," he said. "But let me say to you that cultivation of brute force alone is the meanest of ambitions. As I have already intimated, I should have preferred conquering this school by other and better means, but it is the last time I hope," he said, smiling, "that I shall have to use the knock-down argument."

Mr. Winter's victory was thorough. The Hickory Point school lost its bad reputation from that day. The scholars soon learned thoroughly to respect and love their teacher for his kindness of heart and for his gentlemanly qualities. There was good material in the school, and Mr. Winters made the most of it.—*Youths' Companion.*

A PAIR OF SHOES.

One of the Most Typical Products of Modern Industry.

A great naturalist said, "Show me a scale, I'll draw the fish." Had he been a shoemaker he might have said, "Show me a shoe, I'll tell the wearer." The sandal of the Arab, the tiny shoe of the high-bred woman of China, the wooden dancing-shoe of the Dutch, the high-heeled court slipper or the sensible walking shoes of the English and Americans, proclaim their nationality to the tyro. An amateur might not readily recognize the characteristics of different districts within a single nation, but the practiced designer must know that in the United States, for instance, your Northerner wants his shoe comfortable, neat and stylish; the Southerner asks for something fancy and handsome; the agricultural West demands solidity, fullness, and an article stout to break the land for a coming population.

"A pair of shoes" is one of the most typical products of modern industry. To make them the animal kingdom contributes from the herds roaming on Western plains or South American pampas, or from the barn-yards near at home; the vegetable, from dotted groves of hemlock and oak or from the great forests still left to us. Great textile manufactories supply cloth and thread; mines, furnaces and forges combine to furnish nail or wire. A hundred machines have been invented, one of which has changed the whole course of a great industry and produced large cities. Through scores of processes, the forty-four pieces of a pair of shoes require to bring them together the co-operation of fifty men, women and children; the division of labor is pursued to the utmost, demanding in turn for its successful maintenance the dispersion of product the world over; until, as a result, you, well-shod reader, can buy for three dollars what would have cost your forefather six.

As the reader buys a pair of shoes his next pair may at the same moment be doing the lasso of the "cowboy" on some far-away plain, or perhaps be in process of slaughter at Chicago. The perishable beef promptly reaches the market, and one day soon you dine from a fat, juicy roast, little thinking as you smack your lips after dinner that the fine, pliable skin which once protected the delicate morsel may at some time contribute to your outward comfort. Stranger things have happened. The skins or hides meantime are salted, and the buyer of salted hides sends part of them, say, to Peabody, Mass., to be tanned for upper leather, and the rest to central New York, to be tanned for sole-leather.—*H. M. Newhall, Harper's Magazine.*

LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD.

An Interesting Sketch of His Life in Indiana.

His Mother's Deep Religious Belief and the Son's Great Love for Her—Going Miles to Court to Hear a Famous Lawyer Speak—Removal to Illinois.

Being on a train one day last autumn on the railway leading from Jasper to Rockport, in Southwestern Indiana, a casual traveling acquaintance remarked that we would soon pass over Lincoln's farm. On seeking further information he informed me that it was the farm owned and occupied by Thomas Lincoln, the father of President Lincoln, and where the latter passed most of his youthful years: this arrested my attention and decided me to stop at Lincoln Station (which takes its name from the farm) and pass a few hours amid the scenes and surroundings which had been so familiar to the martyred President. The place is in Carmen Township, Spencer County. Lincoln Station is located in the center of the Lincoln homestead, and is now a village of a dozen buildings or so, having the usual concomitants of a store, blacksmith shop and saloon. Into this then wild and rough region, almost literally in the wilderness, Thomas Lincoln moved his family, composed of his wife and two children, named Abraham and Sarah, in 1818. He built his cabin on a knoll some fifteen rods from where the depot is now located. Young Lincoln at this time was in his eighth year, and for the next fourteen years this was to be his home. Here he was to pass through the formative period of his character. Here, in extreme poverty, in the hard and rough life he was leading in that wild scenery, coming in contact with nature in its crudest forms, without books or means of study, and therefore left more fully to the study of nature, without social advantages or schools, but under the teaching of a good Christian, devoted mother, the foundations of that character were laid which were to develop such remarkable practical common sense, such sound reasoning and judgment, and such adaptability and masterly skill in dealing with and shaping the great events with which his name was to be forever afterwards associated.

The cabin has been removed, and nothing remains to mark the spot where it stood but the partially-filled cellar, and a solitary cedar tree near by, planted by young Abraham.

I found an aged man in the vicinity who was Abe's playmate, and from him learned much that was interesting in regard to his early habits, his earnest desire to learn, and his passion for books which he was not able to obtain. He read everything he could find in all the region about; it may have been that this deprivation of books and the means of learning threw him upon his own resources and led him into those modes of thought, of quaint and apt illustration and logical reasoning so peculiar to him. He was about the only one in the vicinity who could read and write, he was noted for his kindness to every one, and his services were frequently drawn upon by the settlers to write their letters, a kindness he always cheerfully rendered. Said the old man: "Abe was allers much given to larnin'." Whenever the court was in session he was a frequent attendant, as often as he could be spared from the labors of the farm, and especially when a lawyer of the name of John A. Breckenridge was to appear in any case. Breckenridge was the foremost lawyer in all that region, and was widely famed as an advocate in criminal cases. Lincoln was then sure to be present. Doing his "chores" in the morning, he would walk to Boonville, the county seat of Warwick County, seventeen miles away, and then home again in time to do his "chores" at night, repeating this day after day. The lawyer came to know him. Years afterwards, when Lincoln was President, a venerable gentleman one day entered his office in the White House, and, standing before him, said: "Mr. President, you don't know me." Mr. Lincoln eyed him sharply for a moment, then quickly replied with a smile: "Yes, I do; you are John A. Breckenridge. I used to walk thirty-four miles a day to hear you plead law in Boonville; and listening to your speeches at the bar first inspired me with the determination to be a lawyer."

Lincoln always manifested the strongest affection for his mother, and ever strove to relieve her as much as was in his power, of the cares and burdens of their hard life. Although her lot was cast in that humble sphere, it is evident from all that I could learn, that she was a superior woman, possessing all the traits of a true and noble mother, and that she left an impression for good upon her young son which he never threw off.

Thomas Lincoln and wife were of strongly marked religious character, and were members of the Baptist faith. Whenever services were held in the log building a mile distant which passed for a church, they and their two children were there, but the wife and mother was not long to be with them. The fatal disease of consumption had fastened upon her, and her life was slowly wasting away. Day by day young Abraham sat by her bedside and read to her for hours such portions of the Bible as she desired to hear. During the intervals in reading she talked to him of goodness and truth, and urged him to walk in the ways thereof. She portrayed to him the beauties of the Christian faith, the hope of the Christian life, and the joys of the Heavenly kingdom to which she was going. The end was at hand, faithful watchers at the bedside of the dying woman felt the shadow creeping upon the walls—it was the shadow of death—the light of the lowly cabin went slowly out—the mother had rest. Abraham gave way to grief that could not be consoled. They laid her tenderly away in an opening in the timber an eighth of a mile from the house. No minister could be procured at the time to perform the last sad rites, but sympathizing friends offered up sincere prayers over the dead. This simple service did not seem to the father and son to be a sufficient tribute to the memory of the true and exemplary wife and mother whose loss they so sorely felt, so when springtime came the boy wrote to Elder Elkin, who lived near the family when they were in Kentucky, appealing to him to come and preach a funeral sermon over his mother's grave, adding that granting this request would be to him and his father and sister a lasting favor. The good man cheerfully complied with the request, though it involved a journey of over one hundred miles on horseback; and a lovely day the people came from all the country around and gathered about the grave, and the minister discoursed to them the virtues and estimable qualities of the departed, and commended her worthy example for the emulation of all. As the last prayer was said the whole audience fell on their knees on the ground around the grave, and this, the last scene in the burial of the mother, was ended. The grave is inclosed with a high iron fence, and at its head stands a beautiful white marble stone, on which is inscribed the following: "Nancy Hanks Lincoln, who died October 5, 1818, aged 35 years." Erected in 1879 by a friend of her martyred son." This friend, I was informed, is one of the Studebaker brothers, extensive wagon manufacturers at South Bend, Ind.

While standing by the solitary grave in the forest, the thought crowded itself upon my mind how little did she whose dust was lying there mingling with earth, realize when in life that she had brought into being one whose fame would yet resound through all Christendom as one of the great characters of modern history.

In the course of a couple of years there came to the cabin a new mother, of whom it must be said that tradition gives her the credit, in that neighborhood, of having been a most excellent stepmother. She lived to see her stepson President of the United States.

In 1830, becoming dissatisfied with that section of country and hearing favorable reports of the prairie lands of Illinois, the family decided to remove there. Mr. Lincoln sold his farm and the preparation was made for the change. Abraham visited all the neighbors and bade them an affectionate good-bye. When the morning of the day which had been selected for their departure arrived he was found sitting upon his mother's grave weeping, whither he had gone at an early hour in the morning; he said he could not bear the thought of leaving his mother behind. The few household goods and utensils were put on the farm wagon, the oxen yoked, and the family getting aboard, young Lincoln took his place by the side of the team and drove away. The old man to whom I have alluded said he well remembered when Abe started that morning barefooted, with his pants coming down only half way between his knees and his foot, and added: "Little did I think he'd ever be President of the United States." In that ungainly six-foot-four youth by the side of the ox-team went forth seeking a new home in the country to the west of them the future President, the illustrious leader, the immortal emancipator, one who first opened his eyes in the vale of humanity in a rude Kentucky cabin, and one whose life went out with all the Nations for mourners, and all Kings and Emperors rendering homage to his memory. What a contrast! May not any youth take courage and hope?—*Chi. Chicago Tribune.*

STATEMENT BY AUTHORITY.

The Connecticut Senator Makes Public His Interview with President Arthur During the Campaign.

Senator Hawley has furnished for publication the following statement.

"I have been several times interviewed, especially within a day, concerning the statements and discussions in the newspapers relating to the management of the Republican National Committee and the various references to the attitude of President Arthur in the late campaign; and an editorial in the "Tribune" of Saturday morning, I understand, calls upon me concerning a certain interview with him. I respond cheerfully, as he has certainly been misunderstood. At the head quarters of the Republican National Committee in New York early in August last I have no means of fixing the precise day—during a conversation between a member of the committee and myself something was said about the position of President Arthur and the desirability of obtaining some additional manifestation of sympathy and co-operation from him, both for the sake of its general effect and its local influence upon the President's personal friends and old political associates. In response to this I said I would suggest it. I said I was quite willing to speak to him about it at the first opportunity, and I did so soon afterwards at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he was then staying. He answered frankly and cordially. In some cases I can give his precise phrases, in all respects the true intent and spirit of what he said was exactly as follows:

"'Certainly, I am willing to do or say anything that reason and the proprieties of my position may permit. I participated in the organization of the Republican party, and have been an active, zealous and devoted republican ever since. If I ever voted a single ticket the Republican ticket I don't remember it. Those who are sometimes designated as my "friends," my associates in many vigorous campaigns, so far as I know, are all right. I hope that is true of every one of them, or, if it is not, that it will be so in the contest for the nomination. As for Blaine, his friends will take care of him, I take, and probably the result is true of some of my friends in relation to him. The differences before the convention have nothing to do with our duty now. Instantly upon the nomination of Mr. Blaine I telegraphed him to assurance of my cordial support, and I continue in that purpose. In my opinion the success of the Democratic party would be a very great misfortune to the country. I hope everybody knows there are my opinions. The only doubt, if point is as to whether it is of any use to state them. All this ought to be taken for granted. Remember, the French proverb, 'Les absents ont tort.' Manifest destiny is an open entry to justify my left right to speak to any field, what of it? Who said anything to the contrary?' But I am willing to leave this question of expediency to my friends.'

"To obviate any objection to the President's making the statement on his own behalf I remarked that I would be questioned as soon as I returned to Republican headquarters, and I might answer by repeating what is quoted above, and letting the press have it in the form of an interview, saying that the President authorized me to print it.

"'Certainly, replied the President. 'I have not the least objection in the world to your giving that to anybody, publicly or privately, now or at a later day, as representing my attitude.'

"I hastily wrote a brief statement in accordance with this idea, and the President said: 'That is entirely satisfactory.'

"I returned to the headquarters before long and reported the conversation to Mr. Jones, Chairman of the National Committee, with whom was either Mr. Elkins or Mr. Chaffee. The matter was discussed. It was acknowledged that there was force in what the President said about its expediency and his statement that it might look like self defense in advance, and it was agreed that the subject might as well be temporarily as it was, and that a moment might arrive in a week or two when a statement might be more appropriate and useful. I again went to the President's hotel. He was out, or busy, and I left for him a hasty, undated memorandum written on an envelope, of which the following is a true copy:

"'MR. PRESIDENT: I have had a pleasant conversation with Mr. Jones, and his views are as near your own as if you two had been conferring. I concur entirely, and shall say or do nothing about the matter. Possibly a form at hence there may be more value in something of the kind. Respectfully,

"'HAWLEY.'

"I went away, engaging actively in the campaign, and did nothing more in the business, though I met the President afterward during the naval exercises at Newport. Only a casual reference was made to the subject thereafter. The campaign is over. The Republicans are defeated. I respectfully submit criticism and recriminations are not profitable. The Republican National Committee worked with most admirable zeal and energy, and I doubt not that it had a deeply earnest desire to do exactly the right thing always. Considering the difficulties that developed themselves, the result was a splendid demonstration of the vitality of the Republican party. Soon after Arthur succeeded to the Presidency, referring to some newspaper speculation about his purposes, he said: 'One thing I do mean to do. I mean to make it possible for the Republican party to carry a Presidential elect on in 1884. I think he did that. 'Let us have peace.'

"J. R. HAWLEY."

—Jupiter has been the sunlight center of a family of worlds, similar to the solar system. The planet shows a cloud-like surface, beneath which the surface of the planet is hidden. Jupiter is one thousand two hundred and fifty times as large as the earth, but only weighs three hundred and ten times as much, and the center is filled with an intense, fiery heat.

—A Philadelphia man has a mania for smashing looking glasses, and has broken 250 in the last year and paid damages in full.—*Philadelphia Press.*

TEMPERANCE.

CAUSE FOR THANKFULNESS.

Could I have borne it, if often think,
If one of my sons had bowed to drink,
If one of my kings had laid his crown
At the feet of the mighty monster down;
If one of my darlings had sent his soul
For the pottage mess to a drunkard's bowl?
I thank Thee, dear Father, I do not know;
I thank Thee Thou hast not tried me so.

Could I have borne it, to see the light
Of the demon flash from the blear eyes bright,
Telling dark reason and will had flown,
And wine and wildness sat on their throne,
When the sweet, pure look had gone from the face,
And love's loyalty led in its place?
I thank Thee, dear Father, I do not know;
I thank Thee Thou hast not tried me so.

Could I have borne it, and live long years,
With sorrow for meat and drink of tears,
While the heart was dying of hunger and pain,
As it loved and longed and hoped in vain?
Oh! the dead that lives in this heightened day,
While the sunshine sweet is our grave's dark clay.
I thank Thee, dear Father, I do not know;
I thank Thee Thou hast not tried me so.

If the plants I have loved, my own dear boys,
My care and my pride, my dearest joys,
If on them had fallen the dew of death,
And they never had wakened at morning's breath,
Would the opening for me have brought the flowers,
Or the roses have bloomed in summer bowers?
I thank Thee, dear Father, I do not know;
I thank Thee Thou hast not tried me so.

How many must bear it, the very air
Is full of the smoke of drunkenness fair,
And the sound of wailing on every breeze,
While thousands are planting their willow trees.
If the fire that lives in the fruit of the vine
Had scorched and blackened this home of mine,
How I could have borne it I do not know;
I thank Thee Thou hast not tried me so.

How many must bear it, the mighty woe
That is making graves in the hillsides grow,
That is tolling the crape-hung bell
And shifting the mound on pauper's fee,
That is tripping the tallest flowers down
Where the hands the hopes of men doth crown?
If it had come to me and called for my dead
And had them to sleep in a hopeless bed!

Oh! it is better to praise than pray,
To be thankful than weep on this bright, glad day.
Help me to remember those who bear
An aching heart under garments fair;
Help me remember the tempted and tried;
Even, good angels be by their side.
Help me remember those who know
And thank Thee Thou hast not tried me so.

—Mary E. Dearborn, in Schoolfellow of Work.

D. R. LOCKE'S REFORMATION.

That Eminent Ex-Drunkard Tells How It Was Brought About.

Nasby has reformed. There is no longer the shadowest doubt about it. He was in Detroit yesterday, and was met by a former fellow-drunkard, who expressed amazement at the revolution that abstinence has wrought in the renowned humorist.

"I know it is almost incredible," said Nasby, "but it is a fact that I have not tasted alcohol in any form for eighteen months. I'm completely reformed."

"How did I happen to stop drinking? Business! About the time I stopped my business manager came to me one day and told me that twenty per cent. of the subscriptions of my weekly paper were to expire in a week and it was necessary for me to jump into the breach and prevent a permanent dropping out. I appreciated the seriousness of the situation and swore I would go to work in earnest. He said he must have two or three serial stories and the best Nasby letters that I could write, besides a lot of other plunder.

"I had been a hard drinker for thirty years and had lost my powers of intellectual and physical recuperation.

"Up to about forty years of age I had been able to go to bed religiously drunk every night and attend to business with reasonable industry every day. When this crisis came of which I speak I was swallowing more than forty drinks. I estimate the quantity in gross at two gallons of raw whisky every twenty-four hours.

"I couldn't work. Application was out of the question. I would lie in bed until eleven o'clock in the morning, and on awakening used to contemplate my boots half an hour at a time with not enough energy to pull them on. Habitually drank five or six whiskies before breakfast and then at breakfast would take another nip, with a couple of soft-boiled eggs—no appetite or ambition. When I tried to write I couldn't make it go, brain sluggish, body enfeebled, and final destruction near at hand.

"Well, sir, I swore to get out the work that was demanded of me, but I'd keep it off, nerveless, helpless and—no, not hopeless. The last day came around and still I had not produced a line. When I fully realized what a miserable victim I was. One morning while I lay in bed, staring as usual at my boots, I suddenly resolved that I would never drink another drop of alcohol. I dressed, went down to the office, told the business manager that I was ashamed of the manner in which I had failed to respond to his necessities and added that he probably would not see me in the office again for three days. Didn't say a word to him about my resolution on the whisky question.

"All that day I smoked incessantly, spending most of the time on the docks walking bareheaded with my face against the breeze. The weather was warm, and I was full of fever; but I held out and at eleven o'clock went to bed. Next morning to my great surprise I was able to eat a small piece of porter-house steak—hadn't touched it at breakfast before in twenty years. That was a hopeful incident. At noon I ate a fair lunch. That was better. At night I stowed away a well man's dinner. That was best of all; for when a drunkard can eat you may conclude that he is not lost. In three days coffee began to taste good and solid food had a flavor that was delicious. My recovery was quick."

"Did not your craving for liquor continue for some time?"

"I think not. It was a moral as well as a physical overturning in my case. That is, the better condition to which I had come so soon was a cause of more pleasure and exhilaration to me than any quantity of alcohol could make possible. I simply couldn't afford to put in peril that rationally happy condition."

"Do you never feel a desire to drink at this stage of the fight?"

"Possibly I do. At least and at most, along about four o'clock in the afternoon, I feel a deep depression—not for want of a nip so much as because I am tired with work. The natural impulse then is to stimulate, but I beat it down without great effort, and in a little while it passes.

"I am absolutely certain that if I were to take one drink I should take forty. Alcohol runs through my veins like quicksilver.

"No, I do not believe I shall ever resume. I inherited a cast-iron constitution—ought to live one hundred and thirty years in all, but I threw away thirty years by dissipation, and so I shall live to be only one hundred.

"Fun? Well, no. Can't say that a sober man has much of the sort of 'fun' that the drinker has; and it may be doubted whether many reformed drunkards ever enjoy mere physical existence after reformation with the same eager zest they knew in more convivial days. Why, when I used to go over to Chase's and get in four or five drinks I owned all that side of the street. On ten drinks I had quite a comfortable balance of ready money in hand. At the twenty stage of my drinks I owned the whole city of Toledo. Haven't been very wealthy lately from that point of view."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC ABROAD.

Brandy Drinking and Consequent Disease, Want and Misery Constantly Increasing in Switzerland.

The liquor traffic in the United States is an unmitigated evil against which every influence should be brought to bear, but when it is compared to what it is in some European countries, the Nation may well congratulate itself. In Great Britain drunkenness among all classes goes far beyond what it does here, and especially is a woman degraded that was. With us it is comparatively a rare thing to see one reeling along the streets, but it is a common sight in the large cities of that country. The evil is, however, fully recognized, and constant efforts are being made to suppress it, and to limit the traffic which makes it possible.

In Switzerland last summer a most curious thing occurred bearing upon this subject. An official inquiry was made into the liquor traffic and its results upon the people, prompted by numerous petitions sent up from the various communes for legislation against the evil. Statistics were given showing that more brandy was consumed per capita in Switzerland than in any other country in Europe, and that this was constantly increasing. Corresponding with this increase, it was also shown, was the growth of mental diseases, while want and misery among the people were spreading rapidly.

Strange to say, in the face of all the facts given, the Federal Council, wise and far-seeing as it has proved itself in many directions, absolutely refused even to recommend restrictive legislation. Worse than this, in its report to the Assembly, it boldly defends social drinking in the following words:

"The practice of the social drinking of spirituous liquors brings a cheerful temper into society, effaces the traces of daily labor, opens the heart to other impressions, and is intimately associated with the development of public life. The public house fosters intellectual activity, and is a remedy against misanthropy, egotism, vanity, narrowness of ideas and extravagance of imagination."

It is said that the report took the country by surprise, and it is not strange. There might have been reasons—although in the face of the terrible facts given it is difficult to imagine what they could be—why immediate legislation in that direction would not be thought wise, but to uphold the evil in such an unqualified manner is a matter for shocked astonishment. The only explanation is that a majority of the Council must have a money interest in the traffic which no consideration of public good will lead them to imperil. The statement that the public house is a remedy against misanthropy, etc., is such a manifest distortion of truth as to require no attempt at refutation anywhere. It is only a matter of surprise that the Council would permit such a report to be sent to the Assembly, and that so many months have been allowed to pass by since that time without anything farther being heard upon the subject.

The agitation in our country is such as to promise much for the future. The same money-getting influences must be fought against, but the public attention has been too thoroughly aroused to let the matter rest, even though such legislation as the repeal of the Scott law shows the power which has to be met and overcome.—*Toledo Blade.*

Let the Parlor Be Aroused.

Joseph Cook reached the heart of things in this appeal, in his lecture on "Lawlessness" "*Let the parlor be aroused.*" And not only in the sense of drawing a line between the good and the bad as to the visitors we admit to our hospitality, but let the homes be aroused to the danger "within our gates!" To the heart-breaking possibilities contained in the cut-glass decanter on the elegant side-board. To the wild beast lurking in the private cupboard of the cultured gentleman's "snuggery," where his friends drop in for a smoke and a chat, and a drink. To the growing sullenness and indefinable change that are creeping over the spirits of the once lighthearted and loving husband, together with the bloodshot eye and trembling hand. To the devastation that overhangs many a lofty home, crowded with all that art and beauty can bring, and threatens to make it pass away like "the unsubstantial fabric of a dream." Yes, "*let the parlor be aroused!*"—*Union Signal.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

THE Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America is the largest Temperance association in the United States.

THE average glass of whisky, for which ten or fifteen cents is paid, costs one-sixth of a cent at the distillery.

THERE are about 1,100 saloons in this city. They make an outrageous profit on what they sell, they are growing rich rapidly at the expense of the working classes chiefly, while the trudging tax-payer sustains the expenses which the community would not have to bear without them.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

ACCORDING to the *British Medical Journal* there was last year an enormous loss to the effective force of the army and navy from intemperance. In the army 1,400 cases of drunkenness were tried by court-martial, besides over 4,000 convictions from crimes springing from excessive drinking. During the year 15,904 soldiers, or 102 in every thousand, were invalided in their pay for drunkenness.

—A GENTLEMAN said at a recent meeting: "A friend of mine who is a large shipowner, lost one of his ships at sea. I went to sympathize with him, as the loss amounted to $40,000. When I spoke about it he replied: 'Never mind the loss; I can bear that and another $40,000 to that, without feeling it much; but (opening the drawing-room door and pointing to his wife lying on a sofa helplessly intoxicated), if I could remedy this I would give all I have in the world.'"

"WHAT makes these slums (of London) so horrible? I answer with certainty, and with the confidence of one who knows—*drink!* I tell the Nation with confidence founded on experience that there will be no remedy till you save these outcasts from the tyranny of drink. Leave the dr[illegible] build them palaces in [illegible] drink, and before the [illegible] palaces would be reeking [illegible] squalor, with infamy an[illegible]—*Deacon Farrar.*