THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

AN ENGINEER'S STORY.

The hour was ten, the night was dark,
The clock-tower was late,
And it then was in a railroad life
One thing I fervently hate,
'Tis finishing a run upline
An switchman or a freight.

The dear old engine shot ahead,
Though for the load she drew;
Regardless quite of sound and sight,
She shook herself and flew.
And spite of grades and curves and cuts,
I drove the darling through.

I thought I knew the tricks and ways
Of every, one horse road
That crossed the track, and small respect
To most such I showed;
But still I had to pick my ways, while
Our speed was scarcely slowed.

Just as we flew around the curve,
And darted through a cut,
I saw a sight that made me shiver
As all I live to shut
A freight train lay before us, like
A wagon in a rut.

Across the track its length was stretched,
And not a wheel was starred.
While down the grade my the machine
Went flying like a bird
I pulled the levers and worked the valves,
But could not speak a word.

I felt the heat, felt toward the freight
We rushed like a flash
With only a hope but that we might
Go through it without a smash
And I heard curses and saw
And we met the coming crash.

A second later a splitting noise,
Only which words can't describe
Almost my senses with fear, [illegible]
Or rather, I guess, for [illegible]
And I found myself in a heap
Beneath the wreck of the engine.

The crew, with oaths and panic, the train
Were soon out to see what
All damage we had done. I saw
Our fireman on the track
Half stunned by the shock, but the engine
My very, very best friend, pale

The buffers of the warrior car
We found was a wreck
But that was nothing, when I dropped,
And crawled down to see
That I might have a look again
At my old friend, the engine.

A little battered. Had received
Where I was standing then,
You might have sat on that it would hold
The pieces of bonnet or pan
The solid steel that trainman called:
Once a million only.

—*Pacific Founder's Magazine*

BOUND FOR SIBERIA.

Prison Wrecks at the Moscow Railway Station.

Horrors of Russian Prisons—Inmates Driven Mad by Solitude—A Strike Against Tyranny by Starvation—An Organized Fact.

In my last letter I described the condition of the political prisoners in the fortresses of St. Peter and St Paul. I shall now describe from the evidence of an eye-witness, as given in a late number of the *Narodnaya Vola Vestnik*, a revolutionary journal printed at Geneva for clandestine circulation in Russia, the arrival of some of the unfortunates in question at Moscow, on their way to the wilds of Siberia, there to spend the rest of their lives, for not one convict in ten thousand is allowed to return from that remote and inhospitable land. Probably this is too high a proportion. Only the few who have powerful friends at court and the security of whose penitence is attested by the police are called back. To win the favor of the police a prisoner or an exile must betray friends and several secrets, and to obtain a remission of sentence the case must be brought personally before the Czar, conditions which can rarely be fulfilled.

AT THE MOSCOW RAILWAY STATION.

The time is early morning, July 26, of the Czar 1882. A train from St. Petersburg has just entered the Moscow station, and the whisper passes from mouth to mouth that it brings a convoy of prisoners bound for Siberia, for news of its coming had by some means got bruited around, and several of the inhabitants have come thither in the hope of getting one last glimpse of a friend or a kinsman before he is lost to them forever. The officials do their utmost to transfer the convicts from the St. Petersburg train to the north train without attracting attention. But the attempt fails, for several of them are in such a state that they walk with difficulty, and have to be supported on either side, others are utterly helpless—they can not walk at all. Stretchers are sent for, but these proving too large to enter the cars, the invalids have to be carried from one train to another on men's backs. First among them is Ignatiff Voinschenkoff, sentenced to ten years' hard labor for the part he took in the Arsinsky affair, and fifteen in addition for attempting to escape. He has passed a year in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, and is now only just alive. His aspect is that of a corpse, his body is almost putrid with scurvy, and he writhes in continual convulsions. Next comes Alexander Pubileff. Although he does not suffer from scurvy, bad food and the nervous prostration begotten of solitary confinement have reduced him to such a condition that he has lost the use of his limbs and he faints at the slightest movement. After him Fomin—once an officer in the army, now under sentence of penal servitude for life—is brought out. He is utterly unconscious and seemingly dead, and it is only after various remedies have been applied that he is able, towards evening, to continue his journey.

VICTIMS OF RUSSIAN PRISONS.

Another, if possible, still more unfortunate, is Paul Velow, a young man hardly twenty-seven years old, tall of stature and once of powerful physique. Twelve months in the fortress have reduced him to a shadow of his former self. He is bent double, and one of his legs being paralyzed, he is unable to walk. He is, besides, terribly afflicted with scurvy, and his ghastly face is smeared with the blood which oozes continually from his mouth and gums. His destination and that of Tatiana Lebedevna is Kara, but it is hardly possible that either of them can reach that place alive. Tatina Lebedevna, like Fomin, is under sentence of hard labor for her natural life—a life, however, which in the nature of things can not last much longer; a few hours, or, at most, a few days. She is literally eaten up with scurvy. Her gums have disappeared and part of the jawbones are stripped of their flesh. Her face is that of a skeleton and her frail body is torn with a consumptive cough. Only this cough and her large, dark and still brilliant black eyes show that she yet lives. Such are the results of confinement in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, a prison in the center of Russian civilization, and on which the Czar, who is nothing if not religious, has continually his eye. What, then, must be the horrors perpetrated in other and remote prisons, for instance, in the fortress of Schlusselburg, situated on the shores of the Ladoga Sea and lately transformed into a vast political prison?

HOW REFORMERS ARE TREATED.

The lot of the reformers who were sentenced during the reign of Alexander II. is in no respect more tolerable than that of the revolutionists who are now in bonds. Those the term reformers advisedly, for they are men who sought to attain their ends in peaceable means—by writing and speaking. They neither took part in any revolutionary movement nor were their hands stained with one drop of blood. They were the predecessors of the party of action and the terrorists of the "Popular Will." But the Government, as if they desired to force everybody who is in any way dissatisfied with the existing state of things to join the revolutionary ranks, treats all alike, and deals the same measure to the mildest reformers as to the wildest terrorists. Many of the men sentenced for sedition in the last reign are confined in the prison of Novo Belgorod, and their life is depicted in the number of the *Vestnik* of which I have already mentioned. The system pursued in this prison is strictly cellular, the cells being almost the double of those of St. Peter and St. Paul. Little chimney-like passages, being not two and a half wide, furnished a wooden bed, a small table, a three-legged stool and a bucket and other decorations. In these holes, in which some offenders is devoted to the remainder of their lives. Here Pleshakoff and several others remained at the start, they were incarcerated for ten years. Their life, many fortunate, was kept only eight years. Pleshakoff, the author of the report of this infernal, as it is in this prisoner's history, we find a certain much space. I shall have occasion to quote from this report, but the following are the essential parts of it, as follows: This state how terrible are the effects of solitary confinement, how corrupting, how, in the absence of any sort of mental or mental occupation, and the prevailing attitude of the jailers render the lives of the victims only living torment, and produce a very epidemic of insanity.

MADMEN IN THEIR TOMBS.

The great clock of the prison has struck the hour of midnight and the inhabitants of the last corridor of the Belgorod Prison, overtaxed by a long day of sad thought and enforced idleness, are buried in heavy and vitiated slumber, all save one, who is pacing to and fro in his cell like a wild beast and uttering incoherent cries and multitudinous exclamations. A sound of rhythmical snoring in the corridor shows that the warden on duty is also indulging in slumber. One o'clock strikes, then two o'clock, and as the reverberation dies away, a terrific uproar is heard in Cell 4. The inmate is kicking with all his strength at the door and yelling at the top of his voice: "Open! open! you villains. I am the Emperor of Russia. Siberia has elected me her King and I have been recognized as Sovereign Lord of all the land. Open, you scoundrels! Open, I say!" The warden stops snoring, jumps from his seat and shouts for help. Three other warders answer his call, and the four men, entering No. 4, seize the wretched maniac, throw him on the ground, rope his arms and legs, fasten him to his wooden bed and leave him cursing and howling. For half a year this scene was repeated two or three times a week. In the end the warders of Belgorod, weary of the infliction, got Butchinsky, for so the man was called, transferred to the prison of Borisoglebsk, where after a month's detention he died.

Another unfortunate was Sokolovsky. He had a fixed idea that he had been pardoned, and was always asking to be released. When he went out for exercise he would refuse to re-enter his cell, yet despite his condition, was always punished for his disobedience by severe beatings.

In No. 3 is Donetsky, who is always ringing his bell and asking to see the Director, in order to inform him that he (Donetsky) is the center of the universe, and that all the troubles in the world arise from ignorance of this important fact.

Another lunatic confined in the prison of Novo Belgorod is Bogolubov, for stroking whom Vera Sassoulitch shot General Trepoff. His fancies that all the world is in a conspiracy to kill him; that the air he breathes as well as the food he eats, is poisoned. When the barber comes to shave him he resists, and before the operation can be performed he has to be throttled and held by the hair of the head.

Lastly, there is Plotnikov. He labors under religious mania, and is perpetually assaying for the chaplain, a friend of mine with whom his comrades, without exception, will have nothing whatever to do. He calls himself a great sinner, declares that everything water is existing by the will of God, and that it is consequently a sin even to relieve suffering or resist evil. All these men have gone mad from solitary confinement, and these instances are taken from one corridor alone.

ASKING FOR DEATH.

But perhaps the fate of the mad is more to be desired than that of those who are still sane and whose sufferings are so terrible that they welcome death as a happy release. During the short Dictatorship of Louis Melikoff a general officer was sent to inspect the Belgorod prison. Entering the cell of Prince Zinianoff he put the stereotyped question, "Have you any requests to make?" "I have one, and you can easily grant it," was the answer. "I ask as a favor that you will commute my sentence to punishment to death. To live as we live here is cruelty to mankind. I entreat you to sanction no suicide and have me condemned to instant death."

PRISONERS DRIVEN TO REBELLION.

Now for a Siberian prison—that of Kara. Not very long ago some of the prisoners escaped, and by way of hindering future attempts of the same sort and punishing those who remained for not betraying their comrades, the Cossack guard was let loose on them. They were dragged out of their cells in the night, rolled on the ground, beaten with the butt ends of muskets and searched for concealed weapons and tools. Then everything was taken from them—books, tables, stools and nearly all their clothing. Their friends who lived in the town were not allowed to see them, and as a further indignity they were informed that they would no longer enjoy immunity from corporal punishment. Among the political prisoners was a certain Zyplov, an ordinary criminal, who was further accused of having been in secret relations with political exiles living in Siberia. This man was one day called before the commandant of the prison and for some trifling infraction of rules ordered to be flogged in presence of the other prisoners. This was done to show to the latter what fate was in store for them, and as proof of his severity Zyplov was flogged a second time and a third. Now, on the continent of Europe, and above all in Russia, corporal punishment is regarded by educated people as the very worst of degradation. They resent it as the most deadly of insults. When Vera Sassoulitch shot Trepoff for striking Bogolubov she was acquitted by the jury on the ground that the blow inflicted on him, who, being bound, he was unable to resist, fully justified her in shooting his aggressor.

A STRIKE BY STARVATION.

Nearly all the Russian political prisoners belong to the class of nobles, a high sense of personal dignity and the threat of being publicly flogged stung those of Kara to madness. They resolved to strike. The commandant was informed that unless the threat of punishing them for any offense whatever with the stick was unconditionally withdrawn they would eat no more food. The commandant refused and the strike began. These men, though emaciated by long confinement and insufficient nourishment, had yet enough strength to will to lie down on their beds and refuse to eat. For nine days the strange contest lasted and they were all dead while the commandant found himself beaten and promised that, if they would only consent to live, he would undertake never to inflict corporal punishment on the prisoners under his charge. But their health, already impaired by confinement, was ruined and, just to the last, the commandant kept his word.

AN ORGANIZED FAST.

This is, so far as I know, not an isolated case of death by starvation in a Russian prison. The example was set in the person of Novo Belgorod in 1878, when one of the political prisoners was terribly flogged by a general named Dedenkin, and they were denied the privileges which were granted to the common malefactors—that of working in the workshops, of being together during work, of getting food from outside, of reading books permitted by the State censorship, and of commonly human treatment from jailers and warders. As a protest against their treatment and as a means of enforcing compliance with their demands they resolved to abstain from food. At first the Director made light of the matter—"Let them alone for a day or two," he said, "and they will eat fast enough." But when three days past and they still fasted he became alarmed, dismissed all the obnoxious jailers and entreated the strikers to break their fast. Not until all their demands were complied with, they said, and the fast went on three days longer. Then the Director, beside himself with fear, for what would Russia say, what would Europe say if a hundred prisoners should die of starvation? telegraphed for instructions to the Governor of Kharkoff. The Governor sent down a Commissioner with plenary powers, accompanied by the chief doctor of the province, who tried to force food into the prisoners' mouths, and sought by other means to defeat their designs, but all was in vain, and after a fast of ten days the authorities gave in to their demands. None but members of the Sclav race are capable of self-sacrifice so supernatural of endurance so heroic, as was displayed in these prisoners. Men of English blood would have made a combined attack on their jailers at all hazards, and died fighting rather than perish of hunger.

—*London Cor. San Francisco Chron.*

"IMANENJANA."

A Mania Like to Roller Skating that Seized the People of Madagascar.

In looking over a volume the other day that contained accounts of different manias that have taken hold of nations in past years, I came across the following, which I submit to the consideration of roller skaters and other interested parties.

In the month of February, 1863, the Europeans resident at Antananarivo, the capital of Madagascar, began to hear rumors of a new disease, which it was said had appeared in the west or southwest. The name given to it by the natives was "imanenjana," and the dancers were called "ramanjana," which probably comes from a root signifying to make tense. The name did not convey any idea of its nature, and the accounts given of it were so vague as to mystify rather than enlighten. After a time, however, it reached the capital, and in the month of March began to be common. At first parties of two or three were to be seen, accompanied by musicians and other attendants, dancing in the public places, and in a few weeks these had increased to hundreds, so that one could not go out of doors without meeting bands of these dancers. It spread rapidly, as by a sort of infection, even to the remote villages in the central province of Imerina, so that, having occasion to visit a distant part of the country in company with an Englishman, we found, even in remote hamlets and, more wonderful still, near solitary cottages, the sound of music, indicating that the mania had spread even there.

The rapidity of this spread was certainly remarkable, but not to be compared with what is related of the outbreak of the child pilgrimage of Erfort when on the 15th of July, 1237, one thousand children assembled as if by instinctive impulse without preconcert, and unknown to their parents.

The dancing was regulated very much by the music, which was the quickest possible. The patients were fond of carrying sugar-canes about with them. This held them in their hands or carried them over their shoulders while they danced. Frequently, too, they might be seen going through their singular evolutions with a bottle of water upon their heads, which they succeeded wonderfully in balancing. The drum was the favorite instrument of music, but others were used, and all were acceptable.

The disease was rarely fatal; still a few cases of death undoubtedly happened, and these only occurred, so far as the writer is aware, where the patient was restrained from joining in the dances. It would seem that these persons actually died from pent-up passion or excitement. The dancing, no doubt, was so far salutary. The music served to regulate and control the wild muscular movements that might otherwise have proved injurious. A most remarkable fact is, that the mere physical exercise, prodigious and long-continued as it is in this disease, seems perfectly harmless, and we know of no fatality connected therewith.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

THE MODEL FISHING-ROD.

A Study of Absorbing Interest to Disciples of Izaak Walton.

The rod should be of the best, whatever material it may be made from. Lancewood, greenheart, bethabara and many other woods are capable of being converted into an excellent fishing rod, provided the material is good of its kind, and it has been fashioned by the hands of a skilled workman. Bent and glued—or, as it is now more generally termed, split bamboo unquestionably stands first as a material in the general estimation of experts in this country. In the fly-casting tournaments held year after year at Central Park in New York it has gradually supplanted all other kinds of rod, and certainly in it strength, lightness, and that stiffness in the nature of perfect bends a fly-rod are found to a degree unequaled in any other known material.

These rods are made by gluing six strips of Calcutta bamboo together in such a way that a cross-section of the completed rod forms a hexagon. The rind of the bamboo is placed on the outside, and is untouched in the manufacture, and on it chiefly depend the virtues that the material possesses.

The variety of bamboo used for this purpose may be distinguished by the charred marks on its yellow epidermis, without which none seems to be imported into this country. Nothing in the least familiar with this species can have failed to remark these burns, always present, yet never alike. To the mile-bamboo rod-maker they are a perfect nuisance, forcing them to reject altogether many a cane otherwise excellent. Sometimes, surprised that so much labor and ingenuity, so far as it appears, go to waste, he speculates rationally as to why they are there.

Because, like a glorious sky, the charred, and, of course, there is no loss in the cane. Here is a few samples, as signed by those who said they knew all about it:

1. It is a religious ceremony.

2. They are placed over a large gunpowder and the house of heather be safe.

3. It is merely for purposes of ornamentation.

4. The bamboo grows in jungles in bed together with all manner of insects and venomous vermin, before they can be cut inside the jungle must be fired to destroy these creepers.

5. That the canes are roasted over a gridiron to burn off the leaves and sheeps is attached to them, as the most simple and approved thus way to get rid of them.

6. That it is done with a hot iron, each cane being treated separately, merely to stray ten them.

I have heard others, but these are quite sufficient for a liberal exercise of personal portraiture, my own being toward a combination of the reasons numbered 4 and 6.

Different specimens of every variety of rod material vary greatly in excellence, one sample being good and another utterly worthless. Therein the integrity of the rod maker, and regard for his reputation, are the only safeguard to the purchaser. Therefore it is cheaper in the end to buy from the maker himself or his recognized agent. If they have a reputation they will do their best to maintain it. Anonymous rods are like anonymous letters, they may be unexceptionable, but usually they are not. Above all things remember there are no bargains in fishing-tackle. If an article is cheap in price, it is almost invariably cheap in quality as well.

Comfort in use, efficiency in casting the fly, and power to control and land the fish after it is fastened, all will admit, are the desiderata in a fly-rod; strength to withstand the incidental strain, and elasticity to recover on the removal of the deflection caused thereby, being all cases presumed.

I needs no expert psychist to assure us that with two rods of equal weight, and respectively ten and twelve feet long, the former will occasion far less fatigue than the latter, since while the shorter arm of the lever is equal in both cases, the longer arm, which is to do the work, is greater than the latter. Nay, further, even though the shorter rod exceed in actual weight, still it may retain its superiority in this respect.

Killing power, and the ability to control the movements of the fish, depend not on the length, but on the power of stiffness, of the rod, and this, other things being equal, must be greater in a ten than in a twelve foot rod, since the lever go against the controlling power is less.—*H. P. Wells, in Harper's Magazine.*

LEARNED COBBLERS.

Some Shoemakers Who Have Made Their Mark in the World.

In the olden time the shoemaker's seat was a lonely one. He who sat on it was thrown upon his own resources—his loneliness made him think. The "cold cobbler" was often shrewd and intelligent, and even the parson respected his skill in argument. The list of illustrious shoemakers is such a long one that the "Sons of Crispin" have no cause to be ashamed of their gentle craft.

Some cobblers have taken vast strides. William Carey stopped mending shoes in order to become a missionary and translator of the Bible. William Gifford jumped from his shoemaker's stool into the editorial chair of the Quarterly Review. The German Cobbler, Hans Sachs, became "the night-eagle of the Reformation," and George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends, used to pound the lapstone as earnestly as he subsequently pounded "the world's people."

It is a long step from pegging the shoes of English coalheavers to managing one of the largest optical and clock works in Great Britain, but a shoemaker, the son of a cobbler, took that step. The founder of the Buckingham Street Works, York, where are manufactured theodolites, compasses, turret clocks, telescopes and other astronomical instruments, was Thomas Cooke, a cobbler.

His father, a shoemaker and very poor, managed to send Thomas to school for two years. He was then seated on the cobbler's stool, but he liked the sun, the sky and the open air and disliked shoemaking. Captain Cook's voyages gave him a longing for the sea, and he was eager to become a sailor. That he might be a good seaman and rise in the profession, he spent his spare time in studying navigation. When he was ready to ship before the mast, the tears of his mother persuaded him to give up the project.

He stayed at home and continued his studies. He learned mathematics from an old book purchased at a stall for a shilling. Then he borrowed books on geometry and optics, and mastered their contents.

At seventeen years of age he left the shoemaker's seat and supported himself by teaching farmers' sons. His success tempted him to open a village school. Being very fond of the study of optics, he determined to make a telescope. He was too poor to purchase lenses, so he made an object-glass out of a thick tumbler bottom. He ground the glass by hand, made a tube out of a plane and mounted the glass in it.

An astronomer saw the home-made telescope, and was so much pleased with the object-glass as to spread the news of Cooke's skill far and near. Orders came in for telescopes, and the village teacher set up a little shop, which his wife attended, for the sale of optical instruments. He made pumps, clocks, spectacles and telescopes in a little room back of the shop.

One day, he determined to attempt the construction of a reflecting telescope of six inches diameter. He cast the speculum, polished it by hand, and just as his hard labor was about to be rewarded, the brittle metal broke. He persevered, grinding the largest pieces, until he had a three-and-a-half inch speculum, which he worked into a good reflecting telescope.

Annoyed by the treacherous metal, he set to work to make an achromatic glass lens. His ignorance of the optical laws of refraction led to be overcome before he could give the right curves to the lens. He studied the mathematics of optics, and made an admirable telescope. Orders came in, and he invented special tools to execute his work. Becoming dissatisfied with the method of polishing lenses by hand, he invented a machine operated by steam, to polish object-glasses. His business increased to such an extent that he built the works in York, and when he died, it was found that he had left his mark on nearly every astronomical instrument.—*Popular Companion.*

INFECTIOUS MALADIES.

Experience Shows That Prevention Is Always Easier Than Cure.

Diphtheria is so infectious a malady that we can not be too familiar with its causes and prevention. Preventing is always easier than curing. We may do much toward preventing in various ways. Those persons, young or old, who have sore throats, offensive breath, and a feverish build, should be secluded from all other persons. The former may not have diphtheria, but they have so many of the early indications of it as to warrant proper caution in treatment. As soon as they are known to have this infectious malady, they should be promptly and thoroughly isolated from those who are well, especially the young, who are always more susceptible to infectious diseases than are adults. The health officers, even of rural and sparsely-settled districts, have duties to discharge in restricting the spreading of any disease that is apt to be severe and often fatal. They should be prompt in notifying all families that live near houses infected with such diseases. Scarlatina, small-pox, or diphtheria never do any good, but often a large amount of harm. No time, then, should be lost. The health officers of every village or town should consider what they ought to do in case any disease of an infectious character dares to show its colors. These officers should not "make haste slowly" to do their duty in the premises, but hasten at once to the discharge of their official duty in notifying all interested that an enemy to the health and life of their constituents is slyly approaching their happy homes—an enemy that may prefer infancy and childhood to youth and age.

Among the duties that are imperative when this enemy is supposed to be on his way, and whose germs are growing, is that of investigating the fact, under the guidance of some intelligent physician. By his advice exclude the sick, keep them in their homes, and forbid the sick, however mild, the disease may be, to visit others. We have seen children infected with the early indications of diphtheria, scarlatina and small pox, and yet were coming in contact with the well. No parents of common sense and discretion would allow any member of his family to transmit the germs of these severe maladies. But the truth is that these diseases are sly in their approach, and so some parents are so unsuspicious of their coming that they take the citadel before they alarm the inmates. We have seen many cases of diphtheria well developed at our first visit. It is wise for parents, when cases of this disease exist in the vicinity of their homes, to examine the throats of their children every day, so that they may nip poison at once, and expel it from their premises. At the outset diphtheria is limited to the mouth and throat, but, if neglected, its germs may be inhaled, enter the rapid courses of the blood, and extend to every section of the frame.

Not only should the health officials give notice of infected places, but should advise and insist that all persons who die of this infectious malady should be interred with no funeral ceremony more than is absolutely necessary to gratify the near relations. The caskets in which those who have died of diphtheria have been placed may be filled with some strong disinfecting powders, and diminish very much, if not entirely, the number of living germs that otherwise would vitiate the air. The health officers should know how to disinfect perfectly the rooms in which diphtheric patients have been sick and died. Such rooms should be cleared of all needless carpets, drapery, clothing, and all other materials that retain the poisonous elements of this malady.

The health officers should be well informed what to do with the poisonous secretions from the throat, mouth and nose. Mere secretions often transfer the malady, and so should be received in proper vessels contain a strong solution of the sulphate of iron, or, if received on cloths, should at once be buried at some distance from the house—three hundred feet or more. This direction applies equally well to the secretions from the kitchen and sitting-room. Even the washing of the skin may well be poured into some distant hole, from which they can never rise, or run into any well from which water for drinking is ever drawn.—*Western Rural.*

—Animals are capable of swimming great distances, although unable to rest while in the water. A dog recently swam thirteen miles in America to rejoin his master. A mule and a dog, washed overboard in the Bay of Biscay, have been known to make their way to shore. A dog swam ashore at the Cape of Good Hope with a letter in his mouth. As a certain ship was labouring heavily in the trough of the sea it was found needful in order to lighten the vessel, to throw some troop horses overboard. Upon finding themselves abandoned, they faced round and swam for miles after the vessel.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Mrs. Southworth's numerous grandchildren call her "Grandma Emma."

THE CABINET.

Republican Opinion of the New President's Advisers.

The Cabinet of President Cleveland had been so clearly prefigured that the public judgment upon it has already been pronounced. It stands precisely as it has been determined for some time, and the unbroken slate is proof of Mr Cleveland's firmness. The most strenuous efforts were made to modify it, a strong Democratic sentiment protested against the selection of two members from New York; the Democrats of the West demanded a better recognition, but the President has gone straight ahead and followed his own inclinations in other disregard of all these representations.

Taken all in all, it is a fair Cabinet. It does not compare in ability and statesmanship with the council that Lincoln called around him with Seward, Chase and Stanton. It is inferior to the Cabinet of Hayes, with Evarts and Sherman as its master spirits, but it holds creditable rank, and has its strong features as well as its weak points. With the noise of the President's own party it would have been more popular if he had continued such sturdy and positive Democratic favorites as Thurman and McDonald. Upon the country at large, regardless of partisanship it would have made a deeper and better impression if he had continued some men more identified with progressive and reform purposes. As it is, the politics of the Cabinet, as someone stated in New York, its public experience and training are located in the South, and it really represents the Tilden machine and the Southern federalism.

The members chosen from the South are good many embodied the highest ability and the best character of that section. Mr. Bayard who stands on the border line is not regarded by the shrewd observers as measuring up to his reputation, but he brings dignity, education and large knowledge of public affairs to the President's council, and will fill the position of Premier with credit. Mr Garland is a lawyer of the first rank, and his high professional qualifications for Attorney-General are recognized on all sides. The controversy upon his selection is the natural revulsion of the country against placing the administration of the reconstruction laws in the hands of a leader who was conspicuous in the rebellion. Mr Lamar is brilliant, eloquent and broad-minded, and represents the best spirit of the South, but the general belief is that he possesses no practical administrative capacity and no patience or inclination for the exacting demands of a great branch of Government. The rings which fester in the Interior Department will welcome his appointment not because they count him their friend, but because they will hope to plot and riot while he sleeps and dreams.

With this Cabinet the Treasury is the pivot both in its politics and in its administrative character, and for this place the President selects his confidential friend and adviser. Mr Manning follows without training a long line of trained and able statesmen he is known only as an adroit and skillful politician, he carries into the Cabinet the methods and aims of the Tilden junta, he has had none of the practical contact with governmental affairs which counts for so much in fitting for the wide sweep of a great department. But he has business capacity, good judgment and ready aptitude, and he will find a way of pushing both the political designs and the public measures of the Administration. Mr. Whitney is still less known to the country at large. He has been only a corporation counsel in New York, but he is fortunate in strong connections and is bright, quick-witted and energetic. Judge Endicott emerges from the eminent respectability of the Beacon street upper circle, and brings blue blood, culture, delicate health and unknown administrative quantity to the Council Board. Colonel Vilas rises on the shows theorist of one after-dinner speech and two Democratic orations and on a general notion that he is considerable of a man. He is an experiment, but a promising one.

The political mistake of the Cabinet is that by taking the three ablest members it leaves the Democratic side of the Senate barren, that it looks only to New York and the South, and that it has no regard for the great sweep of States outside. The broader public mistake is that it lifts up no high standard, and, except at one or two points, is experimental. It is, however, Mr Cleveland's own Cabinet, and with it he will stand or fall.—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE SPOILS.

A Party Condemned by Its Own Conspicuous Hypocrisy.

A Democratic journal complains that the Republican press jeers at the Democratic office-seekers, as though there were something discreditable in desiring to enter into the service of the Republic. This complaint is ill-timed and proceeds from the wrong source. Republicans believe that seeking to enter the service of the Republic, not merely for the sake of the spoils, but with an honest desire and fair qualifications to do good service, is an honorable ambition. Republicans believe that to hold a Government office, if its duties are honestly and ably discharged, is an honor. Under Republican administration the office-holders have been as compared with any Democratic period, an exceptionally able, honest and well-selected body of public servants. No other Government in the world has been so well served on the whole, and in no other country has the public business been so faithfully and honestly conducted. This statistics indisputably prove. Under Republican rule the great body of office-seekers based their claims and their hopes of success—or at least their success depended—upon possessing fair ability, a good character and the respect and confidence of their neighbors. If, notwithstanding these requirements, there were a few who proved unworthy, the number of such was small compared with similar lapses in other nations, and very small indeed compared with the lapses under former Democratic Administrations.

But, when a great horde of Democrats suddenly become office-seekers, it is just that they should be judged by the standard they themselves set up. The Democratic party has been for twenty-four years condemning office-seekers and office-holders as a "spoils system." They have applied to office-holders such epithets as "thieves," "rascals," "subsidiaries," "political beneficiaries," "machine men," "politicians" and many other opprobrious nick-names repugnant to high-minded men. They have denounced office-seekers and office-holders as disreputable, contemptible and evil. They coined the mean and malicious phrase "Turn the rascals out." They have blackguarded and slandered the hundred thousand office-holders of the Nation, from ten-dollar postmasters up to the cabinet ministers, as though the whole system and all its results were a greedy and low-lived scramble for plunder and place. Yet now, the moment a Democratic Administration is installed, a vast horde of these same libelous and abusive Democrats engage in a general and unprecedentedly hungry scramble for the offices. They want to become "rascals," "thieves," "subsidiaries," "spoilsmen," "beneficiaries," "machine men" and all the rest. Besides, a great proportion do not base as their chief hope and claims upon ability, good character, and the respect of their neighbors, but upon partisan political services—services in many instances discreditable if not corrupt.

Therefore, the Democratic party has no right to complain if it is judged by its own judgment, and compelled to swallow its own loathsome concoctions. Its scramble for the offices is discreditable, after its persistent pretense that office-seeking is abominable and office-holding disreputable.—*Detroit Post.*

THE PILGRIM DEMOCRACY.

Conditions Which Being Observed Will Redound to the Honor of the Administration.

Never before in the history of the Republic have the descendants of the Pilgrims defined the executive policy of the National Government under Democratic rule.

The sons of the Cavaliers, who settled the Old Dominion in 1607 and 1620, have controlled and shaped the policy of every Administration elected by the Democratic party until today. It is true that the Democratic Chief Magistrate of the Nation has not always been selected by this party from men in whose veins coursed the blood of the Cavaliers; nevertheless, they have never failed to dictate the National policy of every Democratic Administration up to date.

The result of Republican rule for the past twenty-four years has changed all this. It has made it possible, for the first time in our history, to elect a Democratic President of New England origin, who has the independence to surround himself with a Cabinet in no of the same origin, and although associated with them are the descendants of that proud, haughty and aristocratic lineage which formerly controlled the Democratic party, yet the power of public opinion generated by Republican thought and action has for all the adoption of a policy which, in its every line, recognizes the convictions and ideas of the sons of the Pilgrims. The inaugural address of President Cleveland has been favorably endorsed by the Republican press and the leaders of the Republican party.

As patriotic citizens their present fear is that President Cleveland will not be able to secure the cooperation of the masses of the Democratic party in good faith to enforce the promises which he made to the people in the solemn hour of his inauguration.

The inaugural ceremonies were rendered more impressive by the President taking his Constitutional oath of office in the presence of hundreds of thousands of people, representing every State and Territory in the Federal Union.

It is well, then, for the present and the future of the people that the press of the country use every suitable occasion to engrave deeply in the minds and memories of all the people the pledges of the Pilgrim Democrats on taking possession of the National Government.

In no factious spirit, but with an honest desire that the citizens of our country shall not be disappointed by a failure of the new Administration to fulfill its pledges, the *Republican* is induced to state succinctly its understanding of them.

1. That the President will see to it that the laws, the Constitution and its amendments are faithfully executed, and in doing so he will be guided by "a just and unstrained construction of the Constitution.

2. A foreign policy in accordance with the well understood traditions of our country, and a scrupulous avoidance of any departure therefrom.

3. "That our finances shall be established upon a sound and sensible basis as shall secure the safety and confidence of business interests and make the wage of labor sure and steady."

4. "That our system of revenue shall be so adjusted as to relieve the people from unnecessary taxation."

5. That our customs dues shall be so adjusted as will furnish revenue, and at the same time have due regard to the interests of capital invested and of workingmen employed in American industries. (This pledge, the *Republican* considers, places President Cleveland before the country as a friend of protection to American industry, and not in favor of a tariff for revenue only.)

6. In the administration of Government, equal and exact justice to all men.

7. Full protection of the freedmen in their rights, in the enjoyment of their privileges as citizens under the Constitution and its amendments.

8. That polygamy shall be repressed.

9. That the Civil-Service laws shall be enforced, and the Government administered upon business principle. That merit and competency shall be required instead of party subserviency, or the surrender of honest political belief.

10. That the public domain shall be protected from purloining schemes and unlawful occupation.

11. That the Indians shall be educated, and civilization be promoted, and that they shall be treated fairly and honestly as wards of the Government.

12. That the laws shall be rigidly enforced to prohibit the immigration of a servile class to compete with American labor.

If the future shall demonstrate that the majority of the Democratic party, as represented in Congress and in the several States of the Union, shall fail to give the freedmen free suffrage, or shall fail to favor a tariff adjusted to furnish revenue to the Government and protection to American industries, then the American people will not again trust Democrats with National power to enforce Republican principles.—*National Republican.*

—The editor of the Leary (Ga.) Courier thus relates his experience at a dinner party. A most excellent dinner was served us by Mrs. Cordray, who certainly understands and seems to have anticipated the tastes of the hungry editor. And right here, we hate to tell on ourself, but it is a fact, dinner being served from a revolving table, the first we had ever seen, and by the way a great convenience, the editor caught himself several times making a grab for a biscuit or something else as the table was turned. We hope we will be used to revolving tables next time.

—The magnitude of the cattle business at the West is illustrated by the fact that one single range in Wyoming comprises a million acres.