

# THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

A. C. SOMMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA

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## Driven From Sea to Sea, Or, JUST A CAMPIN'.

BY C. C. POST.

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CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

Her father came out of his own gloomy mood at sight of his daughter's sorrow, and made several attempts at asking with the object of raising her spirits again, in which he seemed to succeed admirably, for by the time they arose from the table she was even gay than usual.

On the morning, when the parting came, she broke down and cried as if her heart would break; but then Jennie cried a great deal also, as did Mrs. Parsons and Johnny. Even Mr. Parsons felt the tears tearing down his cheeks, and wiped them away with the back of his hand.

Erastus drove them to the landing and piled them with them there. The old man had been unusually silent all of them, seemed absorbed in thought. He would kiss them both at parting. Erastus had been saying to himself many a time he should ever give Lucy. Annelise, he felt certain, would follow her to the city, and perhaps when she came back she would be engaged to him. She might even be married before she came back, and so save him the pain of being present at her wedding, for he believed she knew of his love for her, and that the knowledge had caused her to feel embarrassed in the presence of his rival and himself.

But now she would not object to his kissing her, as he had always done when she was going to leave them, but there were those who did believe them, and who looked upon the changed appearance of John Parsons as confirmation of them; for there was no denying that there was a change in him. Among his neighbors, the landing he had been noted for the hearty manner with which he greeted everybody, whether boy or man, and for a jovial expression of countenance that gave an instant impression of a prosperous and contented man, as well as the possessor of a kindly heart. But now his whole expression had changed, and he looked less like a man who knew, without appearing to see them, and looked at strangers without speaking, but in a manner which seemed to question them of their purpose of coming to the locality. All the jollity had left him, and his greetings, even to his best friends, had lost their hearty cordiality, and he inquired less frequently after their health and more often after they had any news from the mines, until even they began to wonder if there might not be something in the rumors which had reached their ears, and one day when he had seemed particularly downcast, a neighbor in reply to his usual inquiries for news from Gravel Hill, said:

"See here, Parsons, I know it isn't any of my business, but if I were you I believe I would go up to the mines and see Mr. Annelise. Young men are sometimes a little wild without being really bad at heart, and may be if you see him yourself, and talk to him without showing temper he'll do the square thing."

"The square thing" that John Parsons wanted done was to leave him and his in undisturbed possession of their home, with its vineyards and orchards, its plot of ground where the turkeys and chickens and ducks wandered and nested and raised their young; the rose bush over the cottage porch; the vegetable garden, and the field for partridge and grain stretching away on every side.

He thought of Mr. Annelise only in connection with the mine washings which would flood his ranch and destroy all that Martha and he had labored so hard to accumulate and leave them in their old age to begin all over again. And why, when he thought of it in this place, too, should be wrested from them? He would have no heart, no faith to go farther or do more. He should feel that God was out of the universe, that the sun had set in eternal night, if forced again to take his loved ones and flee into the wilderness.

Not a word of the neighbor's words reached his mind. Had it done so, had he known that the kindly words of his friend implied a stain upon the character of his daughter, he would have resented it in a manner to prevent its repetition, at least in his presence; but he saw only a suggestion that he should go personally to the mines, see with his own eyes how great the cause for alarm really was, take advantage of his acquaintance with Mr. Annelise in the work of securing information, and in case he found the danger imminent, to induce the young man to use his influence to avert it.

The neighbor's allusion to Annelise as "a little wild," or, as he did, supposed that the speaker intended to convey the thought that the company might not be inclined to give much weight to matters of business, to the advice of so young a man; regarding him as inexperienced, and consequently wild in his judgment. But the suggestion of visiting the mines and seeing for himself the whole situation struck him as a good one, and he resolved at once to go.

The next morning at breakfast he announced his intention of going to Gravel Hill. He made no mention of his purpose in going, and neither his wife nor Erastus had any need to ask; they understood without asking, and raised no objection, possibly they hoped he might learn something which would relieve his anxiety and bring back his old-time cheerfulness. Martha Parsons felt that the house was terribly gloomy of late. The girls absent, her husband depressed and downcast; the whole atmosphere of the household was changed, and for Johnny, who was too young to feel anxiety about anything pertaining to the future, the circle which gathered about their daily board would have been a silent one indeed.

Johnny was, as was natural, the pet of the family. Being the baby, and with a goodly number of years between himself and the next oldest, he had grown up a doubt in his mind as to who was head of the family, and entitled to have their orders obeyed.

Of a sunny temperament, he was seldom actually sad, but was full of life, active but sensitive, and easily hurt by a hard word or a refusal on the part of

### CHAPTER XIII. VISITING THE MINES.

Mr. Annelise's visits to their father's cottage ceased with the departure of Jennie and Lucy, and John Parsons was thus left without means of obtaining frequent or reliable information of the progress of work at the mines.

He was at the landing every day or two with produce for shipment, and always inquired of such as he met if they had any news from Gravel Hill, but received no information of a positive character such as he had been accustomed to obtain from Mr. Annelise. He had, in fact, questioned that young gentleman so often and so minutely that he felt as if he knew the mines, and all the details of the work of preparation for working them, as perfectly as if he had located them, and superintended the labor of the men himself; but now he only heard rumors, those of to-day being contradicted by those of to-morrow. Of late, too, he had frequently been answered impatiently, almost rudely, by those whom he was in the habit of questioning about the mines.

They had no special interest in the affairs of the mine company themselves, and could see no reason for his solicitude, and were growing weary of his constant and persistent inquiries.

It was known, of course, that the son of one of the largest stockholders had been somewhat intimate with his daughter, and there were found gossips who intimated that the old man's desire for information from the mines was really a desire for information of a certain young man who had made his headquarters there during the time he was not roaming over the country, flirting with such young girls as were foolish enough to permit it.

And then the moral vultures, from whom the mine company's affairs were not always free, fluttered their wings and indulged in another little flight of fancy.

"The pretense of a return to school was only a blind," they said. "Lucy's parents had found it necessary to send her from home for a time, and her elder sister accompanied her as a nurse and to prevent any suspicion of the true cause of her going."

No one who knew the family well gave any heed to these tales, but there were those who did believe them, and who looked upon the changed appearance of John Parsons as confirmation of them; for there was no denying that there was a change in him. Among his neighbors, the landing he had been noted for the hearty manner with which he greeted everybody, whether boy or man, and for a jovial expression of countenance that gave an instant impression of a prosperous and contented man, as well as the possessor of a kindly heart. But now his whole expression had changed, and he looked less like a man who knew, without appearing to see them, and looked at strangers without speaking, but in a manner which seemed to question them of their purpose of coming to the locality. All the jollity had left him, and his greetings, even to his best friends, had lost their hearty cordiality, and he inquired less frequently after their health and more often after they had any news from the mines, until even they began to wonder if there might not be something in the rumors which had reached their ears, and one day when he had seemed particularly downcast, a neighbor in reply to his usual inquiries for news from Gravel Hill, said:

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any one to accept any favor which he might fancy himself to be conferring. When not asleep or attending to his ducks and chickens he was constantly with his father, playing in the dirt, while John, Sen., tied up the grape vines, helping to carry away the limbs when the orchard was trimmed, siding in bringing in the fruit and vegetables when they were gathered, sitting astride his father's shoulders as he went to and from the barn, or by his side in the spring wagon as he drove about the place or to town.

Sometimes he would hitch Bode to a little wagon his father had made for him, and climbing into it, would drive about the place; but, to his sorrow, he had found that the dog was entirely too active for his own comfort; in fact, the last time he had tried to play horse in this way it came so near ending in a serious accident that it put a stop to all such experiments.

The dog had started off on a rapid run, and on making a sudden turn as he passed a little tree that stood in the yard, he had caught the end of the reins upon it in such a way as to badly twist the boy out and to badly wreck the wagon. Poor Johnny never saw his father so high as his head, while the old dog stood half turned around looking to take in the situation, and trying to get more troubled, if possible, than the child.

No sooner did his father say he was going to Gravel Hill than so many announced his intentions of accompanying him.

"I hardly think he had better go, do you, father?" said Mrs. Parsons; "it's a long ride over the hills, and you will be forced to start the dog, besides, which Johnny will be a bother to you in getting about to see the mines. I guess he had better stay at home with Erastus and me, and help us to take care of the ducks and chickens this time."

But Johnny persisted. He "wanted to see Gravel Hill," "wanted to see the mines," "wanted to see the country," and finally clinched his argument by asserting that his father would be lonesome without him. And so he had his way and went with his father.

The road over the "hills," which were really mountains, was rocky and often precipitous, but the horses were used to such a road, and with only Mr. Parsons and Johnny in the spring buggy, they made pretty good time, arriving at their destination just as the sun was sinking out of sight.

Stopping in front of the largest building in the town, Mr. Parsons gave the lines to Johnny to hold while he went in to inquire if he could obtain lodgings for the night. He was promised a bed for himself and boy in a room in which were a half-dozen other beds, and was shown where to get feed for his horses after he had taken them from the back-board and tied them to a rack in the rear of the boarding-house. No shelter for an animal had yet been built, and for the present they were little need of any, the weather being so mild.

At the time he had cared for his animals supper was ready, and father and son joined the score of men who gathered about the long table upon which was placed a substantial meal of bacon, potatoes, bread, beans and strong coffee.

The men were mostly miners in the employ of one or other of the placer companies having claims in the neighborhood, or were working on a small scale for themselves. Nearly all wore red flannel shirts, and most of them had their sleeves rolled up to the elbow, just as they came from their work; or, perhaps, in imitation of those of the miners, who wore a pair of heavy, worn-out, leather gloves, sleeves altogether except a few inches at the shoulder.

But if they lacked for wearing apparel, none were lacking in appetite, and the coarsely cooked food disappeared from before them in a way that would have astonished any cook not accustomed to provide provender for a lot of hungry miners.

Of these men John Parsons learned that the work of washing down the mountains had already begun. The water had been brought from a stream three miles distant and many feet above the placers which it was the intention to work, and conducted into an immense reservoir, which had been built on the bluffs above. From this reservoir strong pipes of heavy duck cloth, strengthened by bands of iron, conveyed it to a point below, from which it was directed against the hills which contained the gold.

This piping was six or eight inches in diameter, with bands of iron every few inches, and was laid in a trench, the top of a garden or fire hose, and from the immense pressure of the water above would throw a stream with sufficient force to cut a man or a horse in two instantly, and which ate into the side of the mountain as fire eats into a dry brush heap.

To obtain the gold—which was in fine particles scattered through the whole earth of the hills composing the placers—sluiceways, extending some distance down the gorge, had been built, through which all the earth and stones to be washed down were to be passed.

The bottom of this sluice was of planks, upon which was nailed a wedged, circular piece from the ends of logs, alternating with rows of slats also fastened across the bottom of the sluice, into the upper end of which was turned many pounds of quicksilver, which gradually made its way through the sluice, lodging in little pools between the pieces of the circular pieces of wood, or on the top side of the slats, and served to catch and hold the fine particles of gold as they sank to the bottom of the mass of earth pulverized by the action of the water and its own grinding motion.

Not one company only, but several, had taken claims, and were prepared for an assault upon the hills with these enormous pipes. All, however, took their water from the same reservoir, paying those who had built it by the thousand feet for the amount used.

John Parsons slept but little that night, and was up at the first noise which indicated any of the other occupants were astir.

Leaving Johnny asleep in the bed he went out and led his horses, and then came in and sat down in the bar-room to wait for breakfast. When he saw that the meal was nearly ready, he awakened Johnny, and after eating, started to look at the mines, which were a good half mile away, taking the boy with him.

The men who handled the pipes were on the ground as soon as he. The day previous they had exploded fifty kegs of powder in a tunnel which they had dug into the hillside, and had rent and torn the earth in every direction. They now turned their eyes to the long lines of hose upon the loose ground, and began washing away the earth with a rapidity which promised to soon reduce the hills to a level with the valleys.

### RUSSIAN CENSORSHIP.

How the Case Proves That Nothing of the Kind is Published.

The censorship for all publications is composed of two courts—the Censure Committee and the Press Department. In addition to these two there existed in this period a third division for "press censure" organized by the notorious Third Section, where the chief of the gendarmes reigned supreme. At present this Third Section has been transformed into a department of the State police, and consequently the whole censorship is confined to the Ministry of the Interior. There exists besides these an ecclesiastical censorship for all works touching upon religion, and one of the Ministry of Public Instruction, that deals with all books or periodicals intended for young people. Every publication, whether book or periodical, must undergo either "preliminary" or "subsequent" censorship. Those subjected to "preliminary" censorship are dealt with in manuscript, and the printed text must in no wise differ from this corrected manuscript, often cut down wholesale and more spoiled by the censor. With regard to publications exempted from this censorship, once printed they are presented to the Censure Committee, but the permission to set them in circulation is only granted after the expiration of seven days for books and of four days for periodicals, provided that during this period the censor has not entered any objection. This formality complied with, the book review passes on to a member of the Press Department, who exercises superior control. If all the censors think the publication of a book or periodical is damaging or disagreeable to the Government, the printed copies are sequestered, or, according to circumstances, other steps taken. In addition to the administrative measures, the censorship, through the medium of the procurer, can summon author or editor before the tribunal and the administration (the "head police") and can expel them from the capital or have them deported in order to place the authors of the peace.

The surveillance of the press is frequently happens that an author acquitted by the tribunal is deported by virtue of an order from the chief of the gendarmes. I could cite numbers of cases showing the relations between the administration and the men of letters. But I believe that one little adventure of the kind will be sufficient to give an idea of the manner in which the law is administered in Russia when the press is concerned. One M. Koukol Jasnopolsky was the proprietor of a printing office. One fine morning he received a visit from General Tshibkine, commissioned to examine all printing stocks in the capital. With the account books before him, and not in the least knowing how to set about discovering if the weight of the type corresponded with that in the books, he ordered all the different kinds of type to be mixed up together and weighed. The weight was exactly that stated. But the type broken in the process was useless and the proprietor of the office put to a considerable loss. The General then condemned the over-energetic General to pay several thousand rubles damages. Here the affair seemed at an end, but the administration, feeling outraged by the verdict of the tribunal—which, by the way, was never put into effect—gave an order to M. Koukol Jasnopolsky to be deported to Makarief, a little town in the Province of Nijni Novgorod. There he remained several years under police surveillance. —Isidor Goldsmith, in Nineteenth Century.

THE CONTRACTING PARTIES TO THE WEDDING I have referred to were Don Eugenio Yrisarri and Miss Barbara Perez, both of high social standing and of personal popularity. The relatives of the contracting parties and near friends constituted the procession proper, whilst the entire populace of Mexican and Spanish lineage joined in the general display of regard by attending the public service of the marriage. The solemnity preceding the ceremony is displaced by a joyous yet respectful and decorous happiness on the part of all. The bride's thoughts of separation from those dear to her are overcome by the general joy that springs from every heart, is reflected from each face and radiates from every eye. Indeed the poor people vie with each other in short prayers for the bride's welfare, as to which is the more pointed in its wish. The continuance of the ceremony after the formal reception is in conformity with a custom of ages, and that is the particular feature that arouses the curiosity of us foreigners.—Santa Fe Cor. Indiana Sentinel.

### A QUEER OPERATION.

How a New York Man Managed a Jack-screw in His Mouth.

A slender man of quiet and respectable appearance, sitting in a sixth avenue elevated train, last evening, drew from his inner coat pocket a narrow steel rod about six inches in length. The rod was flat and the width of an ordinary lead-pencil. At one end there was a small slot in it. So curious an implement and the preoccupied manner of the man attracted the attention of the other passengers in the car. A lady opposite accompanied by a little boy, glanced with a frown toward the conductor, who was intently watching the man, as the latter put the slotted end of the steel rod in his mouth. The man shut his teeth together and his face underwent a series of contortions as he worked his hand with a loose nut on the bolt. The lady became so agitated that she left her seat and took one nearer the door.

"You needn't be frightened, marm," said the conductor, "I guess that's only the circus man with the iron jaw."

"What is the matter with the matter with him?" asked the lady.

"I guess he is only tightening up his jaw, marm," replied the conductor, consolingly.

The man had now finished the operation, and he restored the steel rod to his pocket. Then he took out a memorandum-book and made some entries in it carefully, and having finished these entries, he remarked to his neighbor in the adjoining seat, as he closed the book:

"Science does remarkable things in these days." The neighbor nodded.

"Now, I don't suppose you would have the least idea that I had a jack-screw between two of my teeth."

"A jack-screw?" inquired his neighbor.

"Yes," returned the man, smiling. "I'm undergoing a dental operation. One of my teeth had been extracted, and one of those adjoining it began to grow over in the vacant space. It was a good tooth, and I didn't want it pulled. So the dentist couldn't get it back to its place, until one day an idea struck him and he said he'd put a jack-screw in there. So he made one. It is less than a quarter of an inch long, but it is on the same principle as the other jack-screws—just like those used in lifting up Cooper Institute, only on a small scale, you see."

"Is there no danger of its slipping out?"

"Oh, not at all, my dear sir. It is a very ingenious little contrivance. The whole thing is made of gold and the nut by which it is turned is next to the face; you saw me turn it just now? Well, I turn it once around every twenty-four hours, and a little nut is pushed about two hundred and fiftieth part of an inch. Then, you see, I make a memorandum of each turn. Generally I turn it twice a day, but only half-way round each time. I expect that it will take two or three weeks to straighten the tooth."

"Is it uncomfortable? No, not especially. A little unpleasant when I am turning it. Makes me grit my teeth some, but I soon get used to having it there. The only objection is that gold is a little too soft a metal where there is so much pressure brought to bear. You see the screw is a very slender wire and the thread on it is very delicate, though it feels as though the whole bit was a foot long, and as big as those used under a building. A day or two after I began to use it the thread snapped under the strain. Then I thought there was a dynamite cartridge in my mouth and the whole top of my head was coming off. But it did not hurt me. The dentist is going to make one of platinum, and this should give out. That is a harder metal. This is my station. Good night, and the man with the jack-screw between his teeth left the train.—N. Y. Tribune.

### THE OPIUM HABIT.

A Pathetic Story of One Young Man Who Was Addicted to It.

A pathetic story has lately come to my knowledge of a young man, an undergraduate in an Eastern college, who had become a victim of the hypodermic use of morphia. He went with his father, who was engaged in the lumbering interest, into the primeval forests of Maine, hoping that during a stay of months with the wood-choppers he would be able to fight out the battle of gradual abandonment successfully. Through a strange fatality, when the party had just arrived at their camping-place, and were transporting their goods across a stream, the case of morphia was broken by an apparent accident and its contents scattered into the water. None of the three comprehended the appalling magnitude of the calamity—there, as he was, two hundred miles from the nearest settlement! He survived the terrible ordeal, but no words could express, he has said, the tortures and agony through which he passed during the succeeding weeks. He was closely watched, else, at times, he would have drowned himself or beaten his brains out on the rocks. Months afterward he came back to the party a skeleton, worn and haggard, from his terrible contest. It was an experience to which he could never afterwards refer without the most painful emotions.

Not the least significant point in this terrible account is the fact that the young man always believed that his father had purposely brought about the catastrophe for the sake of bringing matters to a speedy end! Has the usual treatment of the disease by physicians in this day anything to offer that is much better than this man's summary method?—J. T. Morton, in Popular Science Monthly.

### THE LAWYERIAN PROPOSITION.

How the Administration of Mr. Cleveland Has Done Toward Settling the Decision of the Past.

Only a few days ago one of the most eminent lawyers at the American bar remarked in conversation "that there is not a conspicuously great man in Congress, and some are such fools that they would rather be abused than neglected." This judgment was based upon knowledge of the Forty-eighth Congress. It is certainly not true of the Forty-ninth, for among the members of that body must be numbered that great genius for affairs of state, the hon. Frank Lawler.

This Congressman elect, the pride and ornament of Chicago, proposed that the distribution of the patronage shall be along the lines of nationality. The Americans have two offices already, and ought to be satisfied. These two are the postmaster and the United States marshal. What there are left ought, he claims, to be distributed among the Germans, the Irish, the Scandinavians, the Bohemians, the Poles and the French. The order of enumeration is his. It is to be remembered that there are two collectorships, the sub-treasury, a pension agency, the appraisership and the attorneys yet to be filled, six in all, just the number of nationalities mentioned. This can not have been accidental. Evidently there was method in Mr. Lawler's sanity. So far as concerns natives of this country, Messrs. Judd and Marsh fill the quota.

"This here proposition," as the writer aptly terms it, might be open to some objection. The English, Scotch and Welsh might think they are as deserving of consideration as the Scandinavians, Poles and French, but it was necessary to draw the line somewhere. All Europe and Africa, with a good part of Asia, are represented in this cosmopolitan city. There are not offices enough to go around. Being an Irishman, Mr. Lawler could not be expected to provide for the odious people across the channel. Perhaps some other Irish constituents will please take up the cold shoulder he turned to England, Scotland and Wales. Not even a desire to promote harmony in the Democratic party could make him forget what was due from a true son of Erin.

"This here proposition" which every day it was submitted to the President, and to our Washington bureau, the Cabinet was devoting its session to a consideration of appointments in the Treasury Department, and four of the six remaining to be made in Chicago belong to that department. Our Frank may have been just in time to prevent an emergency. Perhaps some other American might have slipped in. The gravity of the situation and the importance of the results hanging upon it could not be more elegantly and forcibly expressed than they were in the letter itself, and lest it may have escaped the attention it deserves we quote it in its entirety, the concluding portion of the epistle, careful to give it verbatim et literatim:

"No friend of your administration unless he be a disorganizer of the best interests of your country, and a betrayer of the people, who may wish to serve some party, should be permitted to take the seat of Illinois can be counted upon to cast his vote for the entire Democratic ticket all here. Mr. President, however, that the honorable cabinet will consider this proposition favorably, I have the honor to remain very respectfully yours,

Frank Lawler, M. C.  
Second District Illinois,  
Chicago.

The modest way in which Mr. Lawler announces his membership of Congress and the district which he represents is in keeping with his inherent bashfulness, and not at all due to any literary defects. The truth is, that in a pre-eminent degree he is a man of letters. It is doubtful if any one ever occupied a seat in either branch of Congress who so well deserved this designation as he, for in the days when he was a statesman cadet he devoted all his industrial hours to letters. Such was his devotion thereto that the Government of the United States even took notice of it and put him upon the Federal payroll. That recognition abundantly justifies any seeming irregularity in literary composition. Future lexicographers, grammarians and rhetoricians may have to make some changes to keep abreast of the Lawyerian system, but that will only be another proof that the English language is progressive, and that not only "as she is, so shall she be," but "as she be, so shall she be."

REPUBLICAN OPINION.

The Republican Party Not Satisfied When It Charged That Cleveland's Election Would Place the Confederacy in the Saddle.

The Democratic and mugwump journals are frequently hard driven to make a point against their Republican opponents. The following is a sample case from the columns of that ardent mugwump organ, the New York Evening Post:

"The Cleveland Leader (Republican) believes that from present appearances, Mr. Cleveland's Administration is likely to bring about a dissolution of the hitherto Solid South. And yet the chief Republican campaigner was that the Confederacy would be 'in the saddle' if Cleveland was elected."

The Post evidently believes that it has convicted the Leader of gross inconsistency. The proposition is purely imaginary. The Republican party made no mistake when it charged that the election of Cleveland would once more place the "Confederates in the saddle." That prediction is being verified every day. The South with its large Democratic majorities, gained through dishonesty and fraud, is really the elector. Confederates are constantly selected to fill the most important positions, while Northern Democrats, who periled life and limb in defense of the Union, are treated with coldness and neglect. Men who fought against treason and rebellion and were rewarded by a grateful country with public office are thrust out and their places filled with those who did their duty to destroy the Government they are now anxious to serve for dollars and cents. Cleveland is a Northern man, and it is fair to ask how can these things be if the "Confederate is not in the saddle," if it is not voted and spurred to secure through the Administration a victory which it failed to win on the party field of battle? Now a few words to the Leader's suggestion that Cleveland's Administration is likely to bring about a disruption of the solid Democratic South. "In the article to which the Post alludes the Leader pointed out the almost universal desire of Southerners to hold office. The outrages, outrages and frauds practiced through a long series of years to keep the South under Democratic domination had in view a time when enough Northern States could be won over to give the Southern leaders the whip hand in controlling the National Government. Men

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How the Administration of Mr. Cleveland Has Done Toward Settling the Decision of the Past.

Only a few days ago one of the most eminent lawyers at the American bar remarked in conversation "that there is not a conspicuously great man in Congress, and some are such fools that they would rather be abused than neglected." This judgment was based upon knowledge of the Forty-eighth Congress. It is certainly not true of the Forty-ninth, for among the members of that body must be numbered that great genius for affairs of state, the hon. Frank Lawler.

This Congressman elect, the pride and ornament of Chicago, proposed that the distribution of the patronage shall be along the lines of nationality. The Americans have two offices already, and ought to be satisfied. These two are the postmaster and the United States marshal. What there are left ought, he claims, to be distributed among the Germans, the Irish, the Scandinavians, the Bohemians, the Poles and the French. The order of enumeration is his. It is to be remembered that there are two collectorships, the sub-treasury, a pension agency, the appraisership and the attorneys yet to be filled, six in all, just the number of nationalities mentioned. This can not have been accidental. Evidently there was method in Mr. Lawler's sanity. So far as concerns natives of this country, Messrs. Judd and Marsh fill the quota.

"This here proposition," as the writer aptly terms it, might be open to some objection. The English, Scotch and Welsh might think they are as deserving of consideration as the Scandinavians, Poles and French, but it was necessary to draw the line somewhere. All Europe and Africa, with a good part of Asia, are represented in this cosmopolitan city. There are not offices enough to go around. Being an Irishman, Mr. Lawler could not be expected to provide for the odious people across the channel. Perhaps some other Irish constituents will please take up the cold shoulder he turned to England, Scotland and Wales. Not even a desire to promote harmony in the Democratic party could make him forget what was due from a true son of Erin.

"This here proposition" which every day it was submitted to the President, and to our Washington bureau, the Cabinet was devoting its session to a consideration of appointments in the Treasury Department, and four of the six remaining to be made in Chicago belong to that department. Our Frank may have been just in time to prevent an emergency. Perhaps some other American might have slipped in. The gravity of the situation and the importance of the results hanging upon it could not be more elegantly and forcibly expressed than they were in the letter itself, and lest it may have escaped the attention it deserves we quote it in its entirety, the concluding portion of the epistle, careful to give it verbatim et literatim:

"No friend of your administration unless he be a disorganizer of the best interests of your country, and a betrayer of the people, who may wish to serve some party, should be permitted to take the seat of Illinois can be counted upon to cast his vote for the entire Democratic ticket all here. Mr. President, however, that the honorable cabinet will consider this proposition favorably, I have the honor to remain very respectfully yours,

Frank Lawler, M. C.  
Second District Illinois,  
Chicago.

The modest way in which Mr. Lawler announces his membership of Congress and the district which he represents is in keeping with his inherent bashfulness, and not at all due to any literary defects. The truth is, that in a pre-eminent degree he is a man of letters. It is doubtful if any one ever occupied a seat in either branch of Congress who so well deserved this designation as he, for in the days when he was a statesman cadet he devoted all his industrial hours to letters. Such was his devotion thereto that the Government of the United States even took notice of it and put him upon the Federal payroll. That recognition abundantly justifies any seeming irregularity in literary composition. Future lexicographers, grammarians and rhetoricians may have to make some changes to keep abreast of the Lawyerian system, but that will only be another proof that the English language is progressive, and that not only "as she is, so shall she be," but "as she be, so shall she be."

REPUBLICAN OPINION.

The Republican Party Not Satisfied When It Charged That Cleveland's Election Would Place the Confederacy in the Saddle.

The Democratic and mugwump journals are frequently hard driven to make a point against their Republican opponents. The following is a sample case from the columns of that ardent mugwump organ, the New York Evening Post:

"The Cleveland Leader (Republican) believes that from present appearances, Mr. Cleveland's Administration is likely to bring about a dissolution of the hitherto Solid South. And yet the chief Republican campaigner was that the Confederacy would be 'in the saddle' if Cleveland was elected."

The Post evidently believes that it has convicted the Leader of gross inconsistency. The proposition is purely imaginary. The Republican party made no mistake when it charged that the election of Cleveland would once more place the "Confederates in the saddle." That prediction is being verified every day. The South with its large Democratic majorities, gained through dishonesty and fraud, is really the elector. Confederates are constantly selected to fill the most important positions, while Northern Democrats, who periled life and limb in defense of the Union, are treated with coldness and neglect. Men who fought against treason and rebellion and were rewarded by a grateful country with public office are thrust out and their places filled with those who did their duty to destroy the Government they are now anxious to serve for dollars and cents. Cleveland is a Northern man, and it is fair to ask how can these things be if the "Confederate is not in the saddle," if it is not voted and spurred to secure through the Administration a victory which it failed to win on the party field of battle? Now a few words to the Leader's suggestion that Cleveland's Administration is likely to bring about a disruption of the solid Democratic South. "In the article to which the Post alludes the Leader pointed out the almost universal desire of Southerners to hold office. The outrages, outrages and frauds practiced through a long series of years to keep the South under Democratic domination had in view a time when enough Northern States could be won over to give the Southern leaders the whip hand in controlling the National Government. Men

like M. C. Butler, Hampton, Lamm, Jones, Bayard and Reagan lived for that, and