E RED CLOUD CHIEF.

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

D CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA

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riven From Sea to Sea;

Or, JUST A CAMPIN'.

BY C. C. POST.

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CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

She could still see a little distance rough the deepening gloom, and she bserved that the water had cut bits of alleys between the potato rows, and the stubble field below had the appearance of having become a lake. The rain, too, instead of decreasing as the night set in, was, if possible, falling faster than ever; and she could hear a faint roar coming up from the ravine, and knew that soon the water would be rushing through it in great volume, and with a force that would overwhelm any living thing caught in its path; and a half dozen such ravines crossed the road over which her husband must pass in coming from Phippsburg.

She shuddered as she listened, and turning away, went and sat down by Johnny's crib and tried to interest him by reading a little story from a child's paper. But the boy was too sick to care for hearing her read; he wanted his father, and kept asking when he would come, to which she could only reply that they might look for him any moment now, but that the rain might make him late, and they must be patient.

And so the hours wore on and the rain continued to fall, while every moment the weight at her heart grew heavier and more oppressive. Johnny slept fitfully, waking every few moments and always asking if father had not come yet," or if his mother "thought father would come home pretty soon now," until the sudden clap of thunder came, at which he was seized with an awful fright and screamed again and again with all the force of his weak lungs. Even his mother was startled into an involuntary exclamation by the suddenness of the concussion, and for an instant she thought the cottage had been caught in a land slide. She controlled herself at the sound of the child's cry, and bending down, lifted him tenderly in her arms, cuddling his poor wasted form to her breast as if he had been but a babe. It was only with difficulty that she checked his screams, and even then he was so fearful and nervous, and sobbed and begged so piteously for his father, that it was only by calling to her aid all the fortitude which she possessed, that Martha Parsons was herself enabled to keep from breaking down.

It was an hour before Johnny was sufficiently calm to be again laid in his crib. As soon as she could leave his side for a moment she went to the window and tried to peer out into the darkness. She had placed one of the lamps in the window some hours before, hoping that it might prove a beacon to guide her husband if he was still living, which she was almost ready to doubt, so utterly desolate all things seemed.

Pressing her face close to the glass she endeavored to penetrate the awful gloom that could only see for a few feet into the darkness. The rays of light from the lamps had power to penetrate no farther. It seemed to her, as she stood there, straining her eyes in a vain effort to see, that the darkness was a living thing, and that it devoured the rays of light bodily, or contended with them and slew them as they strove to make headway against the night. When the lamp burned low for an instant, and the light sent out through the window was less strong, she was almost sure she saw the darkness put out its hands and grasp the rays of light and strangle them.

Mingled with the steady swish of the falling rain, the roar of the water rushing through the ravine now came clear and distinct, and knowing it was all one's life was worth to attempt to cross it, she gave up all hope of seeing her husband that night, if ever again, and only prayed that he might be in a place of safety, and out of the reach of the elements that appeared as if about to swallow up the mountain.

It was a little past midnight, and Johnny had again dropped off into a light sleep, when from the direction of the gate opening into the inclosure came the sound of a horse neighing. The watcher within listened intently, and with new hope springing up in her breast. Was it possible, after all, that John had returned; that he had passed safely through the darkness and the floods and reached home at last? Yes, there was the sound of the horse walking past the window at the upper end of the house, where Mr. Parsons was in the habit of riding through to the stable.

"Poor dear, what an awful time he must have had coming through the storm," she said, softly, as she rose hurriedly and went to light the lantern. Opening the kitchen door she held the lantern in a way which she hoped would afford her husband some assistance in putting out his animal; if not, would at least help him in getting to the house. She heard the whinny with which the horse in the stable welcomed his returned mate, and expected every moment to hear the stable door open and close, and the footsteps of her husband as he made his way towards her.

After waiting several moments and hearing nothing further she began to be frightened and finally called softly:

"John! John!"

Getting no reply, she caught up an old garment of some kind, threw it about her shoulders, and holding the lantern above her head made her way through the rain to the stable. The horse which her husband had ridden stood at the door waiting to be let in, but she could see nothing of his rider. She listened a moment and then again called—low at first and then with all her might.

"John! O-oh John!"

The weary, drenched and mud-bespattered horse lifted his head and gave a low whinny, but no answer came to her call:

"John! O-o-oh John!"

She listened; but only the swish of the rain, falling in literal sheets, and the dull roar of the swollen waters in the ravine below, reached her ears. And now she noticed that the horse's bridle-rein was dragging. Had he thrown his master, or had John dismounted in order to better keep the road, and by some means permitted the animal to escape him?

She examined the bridle-rein and found it broken, and she felt certain that the horse had thrown her husband and afterwards stepped upon the rein and broken it.

Then John was dead. The father of her crippled boy, her companion for so many years, was drowned, it might be, in the angry waters that even now were pouring through the gorge with the roar of a demon. Or he was lying in the road, cold and stiff, with his lifeless eyes staring up into the blackened heavens, the pitiless rain beating upon his face.

Such were the thoughts that burned their way through the brain of Martha Parsons as she stood dumbly looking at the broken rein by the dim light of the lantern. The impatient pawing of the horse, demanding to be let under shelter, recalled her to a knowledge of her surroundings, and quite mechanically she opened the stable door. The horse entered, rubbed his nose against that of his fellow and began at once to eat from the bin in front of him. Mrs. Parsons followed him in, removed the saddle and bridle, and taking the lantern from the floor where she had set it, retraced her steps through the storm to the house.

Fortunately, Johnny had not wakened sufficiently to note her absence, and was unaware of the return of the horse without his father, and she could sit down and think what to do. What could she do? Over and over again she asked herself this question. It was two miles to the nearest neighbors, and between ran the gorge, in attempting to cross which, perhaps, John had lost his life. It was too dark to see more than a few feet ahead of one, even by the aid of a lantern, and if that were to go out, it would leave her in utter inability to return. Besides, there was the sick child, who would scream himself to death if he wakened and found himself alone in the house. And just then he did waken, and she went to him and gave him the water he asked for, and induced him to again close his eyes and sleep, doing it all without showing the terrible agony at her heart, or saying a word about the return of the horse without his rider.

When she thought Johnny asleep, she arose and went into the kitchen. She did not dare to remain in the room with the child lest he should suddenly open his eyes and see the agony which she felt she could no longer suppress. There was nothing she could do for her husband, living or dead, except to keep the lamp burning in the window as a beacon, in case, as was just possible, he had been thrown after crossing the gorge, and was now wandering about in the darkness.

But for Johnny she would have set out to follow the road back towards town, hoping to find some trace of her husband, but to do so and leave Johnny when there was so little chance of any good coming of it, was not to be seriously thought of. She must wait until daylight, and then—even then what could she do? If the rain should cease it would still be days and may be weeks before any one would be likely to visit the cottage. But this fact did not change matters. There was positively nothing she could do except to wait and keep the lamp in the window burning as brightly as possible.

For many moments she sat motionless, and then stole quietly to the side of her child, whom she found much as he had been for some hours past—sleeping uneasily and with considerable fever. As she was slipping from the sick room again, she heard a noise as if some one were fumbling at the kitchen door in a vain endeavor to find the latch. She listened with a feeling of returning hope, mingled with a horrible, superstitious dread, the latter born of her excited condition and the terrible dreariness of her surroundings. The sound continued until she could not be mistaken; it was some one trying to open the door, and who else could it be but her husband? With a feeling of faintness, as if she had suddenly been caught as she was about to drop into a horrible abyss, she ran toward to lift the latch. As she did so a form covered with mud, hatless and with a look of death upon his face and in his eyes, entered. For an instant she did not recognize the form as that of her husband, but when he staggered forward into the light and sank upon a chair, she saw that it was he, and in an instant she was at his side, striving to remove his storm soaked garments.

"Tell me where you are hurt, John; tell me what to do, quick," she said. "Are you wounded anywhere, or only terribly bruised by your fall? Tell me quick, so I can help you."

But he only stared at her and made no reply.

"John, John," she cried, now doubly alarmed, "what is it? where is it? tell me, dear. Is it your head that hurts?"

He looked at her so strangely that she thought he must have been crazed by a blow upon the head.

Slowly he raised his hand at last and drew it across his forehead.

"I d'know, Marty," he said, in a hesitating tone, "I reckon I d'know—exactly what is the matter."

He still sat gazing at her with that strange look in his eyes, as if he was not certain of where he was.

Mrs. Parsons hurriedly placed the tea-kettle back on the stove, where it instantly began to sing, and a moment later had a cup of tea prepared. Then she came and put her arm about her husband's neck, paying no attention to his filthy garments, while she held the cup to his lips.

"Drink this, dear," she said, "and then I'll get your wet clothes off and get you to bed, and you will feel better."

He took a sip of the tea and then, looking up at his wife as she bent over him, asked:

"Do you think they'll let us stay till mornin'?"

And Martha Parsons tried to keep her voice from trembling and make it sound cheerful as she answered: "Oh yes, dear, they said we could stay until morning."

She saw that he was out of his head and knew that the better way was to humor any fancy of his brain, and hoping that if she could get him to bed and apply hot draughts to his person, he might recover his mind in a few hours.

She finally succeeded in undressing him and getting him into bed, where he lay staring at her as she moved about, preparing her hot draughts and placing them upon his head and feet, and across his chest.

Johnny had awakened when his father came, and tried to call him, but being told by his mother that his father had fallen from his horse and was hurt, and that he must keep quiet, he had done so, though his eyes were big with fear, and with the fever, which had come up higher than ever.

Occasionally, as she worked over her husband, chafing his limbs and changing the cloths and vessels of hot water with which she had surrounded him, he would mutter something about "the mortgage," or "the mines," or about "Lucy and Erastus," and once she thought he spoke the names of Jennie and her husband, but she gathered nothing from what he said of the loss of their home, and supposed that his condition was the result of a fall from his horse, and of being so long exposed to the storm. His limbs were cold, and she feared he was going into a nervous chill, and worked with all her might to restore the circulation, but in spite of her efforts he continued to sink. His eyes would close for a few moments and then open again suddenly, but never with any sign of a clear perception of his condition or surroundings, but only to mutter something about "campin' out," and "the mines," and "the children," until just before day began to break, when he aroused from the lethargy into which he was fast sinking, made an effort to rise, fell back, stared about the room, and at Johnny's crib, and then with the wild look in his eyes and upon his face changing to one which showed that he recognized his surroundings, he again sank back upon his pillow and made a sign for his wife to come closer. As she bent over him he strove to speak, and finally said, brokenly:

"'Tain't—no—use, Marty. My—my—lead—is—is worked out, and our—our claim's been jumped agin."

He struggled for breath, his eye-balls turned upward and he choked, but seemed to rally his expiring energies for a farewell message, and added:

"I—I'm goin'—goin' over the range, to—to stake out a new claim, an' you an' Johnny an'—an' the rest will find—find me waitin' when you come."

A great shiver shook his frame, his breast heaved with a long-drawn sigh, and the spirit of John Parsons had gone ahead to prospect for a home for his loved ones in the other country, of which we know so little and hope so much.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ANOTHER FAREWELL.

Daylight came at last; came slowly, as if it were forced to contend with the unwilling darkness for mastery; and even then the clouds did not lift, or the rain cease its steady down-pour.

Martha Parsons never knew whence came the strength that enabled her to close the eyes of her dead husband, or to continue existence when she had done so. One was dead, but one yet lived, and living, needed her care. While that life continued she felt that her strength would continue also, and beyond that she neither thought nor cared. When his father's spirit took its flight, and afterwards while she was caring for the dead body—straightening out the limbs and folding the arms across the breast—Johnny lay in his cot and watched his mother without a word or a cry, but with a look half of awe and half of surprise, as if he had seen the flight of the spirit and understood why and whither it had gone. And when all was done and the cot in which he lay had been wheeled into the kitchen, where the fire burning in the stove, gave a little more cheerful look to the room, he still asked no questions and made no complaint.

His mother found herself wondering if Johnny knew that his father was dead, but could think of no way of ascertaining without herself imparting the information if he did not already possess it, and this she feared to do lest it should cause his spirit to follow that of his father.

"It only we could both go," were the words that kept swelling up in her heart, and seeking utterance at her lips. Then remembering what Lucy had written, that if possible her mother should come to them before her babe was born, that she might be with her in her hour of trial, she felt anew that she must live for the sake of her children. But what was she to do? How could she obtain help to bury the dead, or a physician for the sick child? The rain might continue for a week, and already communication was cut off with all who lived below, if not with those on the other side of the mountain, and she dared not leave Johnny to go for help, even if she could make her way through the floods. She did leave him for a few moments, long enough to go to the stable and throw feed to the animal. She did not milk the cows, did not dare leave the child long enough for that, but the horses she must feed, for she might need one to ride for help, and he must be strong to contend with the torrents which would have to be crossed if she did go.

About noon she made a cup of tea for herself and tried to eat, but found it almost impossible to do so, although she had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, and it was only by telling herself that she must eat in order to keep up her strength until help came that she was enabled to swallow anything. She dared not think how long it might be before help came, but, come it late or early, she must keep up until that time. She tried to think of some way of hoisting a signal of distress, as she had read of shipwrecked mariners doing at sea, but could not. She watched the one place in the road which could be seen from the kitchen window, but she saw no one pass. No one could pass the gorge, now a roaring, noisy torrent, with a depth and power that made fording it a matter of impossibility. And so the minutes and the hours dragged slowly by.

Night closed in early, owing to the darkened heavens, and she lit the lamps, placing one in the room with the dead, the other on a stand near the cot of the living, and sat down by the side of her child to watch him die. That he would die before the morning came she knew, and she wondered at her ability to act coolly, or to act at all.

All through the fore part of the night she sat watching every movement of the hands, every rise and fall of the chest, every trembling of the eyelids, utterly unconscious of any weariness in her own frame. She kept a fire burning in the stove, and every little while gave the dying child a few drops of some liquid preparation which she had made, as the only thing she could do to prolong life. The child slept almost continually now, and when he awoke, made no effort to speak, but the questioning look which had been there since his father's death had not left his eyes. As midnight approached she saw increasing evidences of approaching death, and knelt by the side of the cot with one arm under the pillow on which her child's head lay. His breathing was less regular now, and weaker, coming in little quivering sighs and affrighted sobs. He was awake, and had been for some moments. At last his eyes were open and he seemed to be looking at her, but when she asked him if "there was anything mother could do for her poor sick darling" he only smiled the faintest little smile possible, and made no effort to speak.

She remained kneeling for more than an hour, now raising now lowering his head a little as seemed to make it breathing easier, until just as the clock struck one, a look of surprise overspread his face, and slowly raising one arm, he placed it about his mother's neck, allowed it to rest there for an instant, then slowly removed it, lifted both hands as if to some one unseen by her, murmured faintly: "Take me up, papa!" sank back into his mother's arms, and was gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHERMAN'S TRIBUTE.

A Criticism, Review and Eulogy on the Life and Deeds of General Grant.

At the recent meeting at Chicago of the Army of the Tennessee General William Tecumseh Sherman delivered the following speech amid repeated cheers and other manifestations of applause:

COMRADES OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE: Again are we assembled in this goodly city of Chicago, pursuant to the resolution made at our last annual reunion of August 14-15, 1884, at Lake Minnetonka.

This is our eighteenth annual reunion, though twenty eventful years have transpired since the close of the war.

I will not repeat to you the trite expression that our ranks grow thinner, our hair whiter, and that the eyes which look up to me and which once kindled and flashed at the trumpet's sound now seem sad as though envying the fate of their fine young fellows whose gay and gallant spirits took their flight in the glorious days, the memories of which we have come together to celebrate.

Though in war death makes the battle-field the harvest yet in peace he insidiously invades the most sacred premises, taking here the innocent babe, there the gentle, loving wife, again the youth in lusty manhood, and the king on the throne. During our last vacation he has stricken from our list of mentions the very head and front, General Ulysses S. Grant, the same who in the cold winter of 1862-63 gathered together at Cairo, Ill., the fragments of an army, and led them up the Tennessee River—the creator and father of the Army of the Tennessee—took his final leave of earth at five o'clock on the morning of July 23, 1885, from Mount Macgregor, a spur of the Alleghanies in plain view of the historic battle-field of Saratoga.

He had finished his life's work, and had bequeathed to the world his example.

The lightning flash carried the sad tidings to all parts of the civilized earth, and I doubt whether since the beginning there ever arose so spontaneous a wave of grief to bear test many before high heaven that mankind had lost a kindred spirit and his countrymen a leader.

We, his first war comrades, concede to the family their superior rights, but claim the next place in the grand procession of mourners.

We were with him in his days of adversity, no less prosperity, and were as true to him as the needle to the pole.

We shared with him the trials and tribulations, as well as labors and battles, of Henry, Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Iuka and Vicksburg, when that transcendent and most valuable of all victories turned the universal gaze of our bewildered countrymen to the "new star" in the West, which plainly foretold the man who had dispelled the cloud which "lowered over our house," and was to lead us to the triumphant victories of 1865, and to the state-enduring prosperity of 1885.

Hundreds, yea thousands, of busy brains and pens are now trying to comprehend and describe this man who did so much in so short a time, to trace the mysterious causes of his most wonderful career, and to account for known results. They look to us who were his comrades in that critical epoch to aid them in their commendable work, and as your President I must on this occasion contribute a share. In the year 1839 I was a first classman in the United States Military Academy at West Point, a position of exaltation never reached since, though reasonably successful in life, and there appeared on the rolls of the hall, in "old North Barracks" a list of new cadets, among which was "U. S. Grant," "Uncle Sam Grant," "Sam Grant," and Sam Grant he is to-day, in the traditions of the old Fourth United States Infantry.

It afterward transpired that his name was actually Ulysses Hiram Grant, and the mistake had been made by General Homer, the member of Congress who nominated him as the cadet from his district.

Cadet Grant tried to correct this mistake at the beginning and end of his cadet life without success, and to history his name must ever be U. S. Grant. I remember his personal appearance at the time, but the gulf of separation between a First Classman and Fourth at West Point was, and still is, deeper and wider than between the General-in-Chief and a private soldier in the army, so that I hardly noticed him.

Great as were his after achievements, I shall never rate those of Henry and Donelson among the best. Yet by one of those accidents so common in war, he had incurred the displeasure of his superior, General Halleck, whom I then esteemed as the master mind, ruling and directing the several armies subject to his orders from his headquarters in St. Louis. So that when, in March, 1862, I was permitted to take the field from Paducah with a new division, I found General Grant at Fort Henry under orders from General Halleck to remain there and to turn over the command of his army, then flushed with victory under his immediate leadership, to General C. F. Smith, his next in rank. It so happened that General Smith had been Adjutant and Commandant when Grant and I were cadets at West Point, and he was universally esteemed as the model soldier of his day. He had also acquired large fame in the Utah expedition, and in the then recent capture of Fort Donelson. So that General Grant actually looked up to him as the older, if not the better soldier, though he was at that time the senior by brevet in rank. Not one word of complaint came from him; only a general expression of regret that he had been wrongfully and unjustly represented to General Halleck, and he advised me to give to General Smith my most loyal support.

General Smith conducted the expedition up the Tennessee River to Savannah, Eastport and Pittsburg Landing, gave all the orders and instructions up to within a few days of the battle of Shiloh, when his health, shattered by the merest accident, compelled him to relinquish the command again to General Grant, who quietly resumed it where Smith had left it. He accepted the situation, made few or no changes, and fought on the ground which had been selected by General Smith, the bloody battle of Shiloh.

During this fiercely contested battle he displaced the coolness, the personal courage, forethought and deliberation which afterward made him famous among men. Yet was he traduced, slandered and wronged, not only by the press universally, but by those who were in positions of authority over him.

You, however, who were at the battle front stood by him true and loyal always, and to his dying day he loved the Army of the Tennessee as also all others by reason of their loyalty to him in those the darkest days of his eventful life.

Nor was the end yet. After this great battle three great armies were assembled on that bloody field—Buell's, Pope's and Grant's—and General Halleck came in person from St. Louis to command the whole, with the declared purpose to assume the field offensive.

These armies were reorganized; Buell's army became the "center," Pope's the "left," and Grant's was broken up. One part under General George H. Thomas was styled the "right," while the other, under General McClernand, composed the "reserve." General Grant was absolutely left out in the cold, with a title, "second in command" unknown to American law or history.

All moved forth to Corinth, consuming the whole month of May, and during the month became cemented the personal friendship between us which lasted till the end.

Not word of complaint came from him, no criticism on the acts of his superiors or Government, yet the trembling eyelid, the silent tear and averted head told that his big heart was troubled.

He knew that every officer and soldier that had followed him with such noble courage and simple faith at Belmont, Henry, Donelson and Shiloh felt for him, respected him and understood the load of neglect, if not positive insult, he was carrying.

He knew and felt that he was in the way of the commanding General, as it were, a fifth wheel to a coach, with no real authority, no command, no positive right to order or even advise his former subordinates, but I am sure he knew that we understood and appreciated his entire situation.

Then occurred the most questionable strategy of the whole war. That magnificent army of near a hundred thousand of the best men on this continent, who could, if all united, have marched to Vicksburg or to Mobile, was deliberately scattered. General Buell, with the Army of the Cumberland which Thomas had reformed, was sent eastward toward Chattanooga, and the others were scattered defensively from Eastport to Memphis. General Grant was sent to command the District of Memphis, and General Halleck himself being summoned to Washington, cast about for a new commander for the Army of the Tennessee. He offered the post to a most worthy Quartermaster, who had too good sense to decline, and himself being compelled to leave the command of the West devolved on General Grant, not by selection, but by virtue of his superior commission.

Thereforward his career was ever onward and upward, and when on the 4th day of July, 1863, Vicksburg surrendered to him, and the mighty Mississippi went unvexed to the sea, the whole country arose and recognized in him the agent who was destined to guide and lead us all to final victory and triumph. These circumstances were all known to you at the time, were little appreciated, and were in truth the trials designed by Providence to test the ability, courage and endurance of him on whom a whole epoch in history was destined to hinge.

I will not yield to the temptation to trace the wonderful career of our comrade through his inter life, which in its phases surpasses any of which history, ancient or modern, records. Sorry Plutarch gives no parallel, nor does Sparta. To compare Grant with Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Napoleon or Wellington seems to me idle, for he was not similar to any one of them, and more than the period of time in which they existed resembled ours. No! Each epoch creates its own agents, and General Grant more nearly impersonated the American character of 1861-5 than any other living man. Therefore, he will stand as the typical hero of the great Civil War in America of the nineteenth century. Nevertheless we may continue to gather chaplets to strew on his grave as loving tokens of our remembrance. If the spirits of the dead have the privilege of contemplating their own tomb, then will General Grant's be content, for from the pedestal he can look upon the old revolutionary Forts Lee and Washington at his very feet, the beautiful Palisades just across the river, Tappan See and the Highlands above, the mighty city of New York with its busy harbor below, and Long Island Sound across the Peninsula. I am well aware that some of our comrades would have preferred Washington City as the burial place of our dead General, but let us examine the facts and precedents.

President Washington is buried at Mount Vernon, Jefferson at Monticello, the Adamses at Quincy, Jackson at the Hermitage, Harrison at North Bend, Polk at Nashville, Taylor at Louisville, Lincoln at Springfield, Garfield at Cleveland, and so also of the army. Scott is buried at West Point, Meade at Philadelphia, Thomas at Troy, McPherson at Clyde, while all of these, or nearly all, have statues or busts in the National Capital. So may it be with Grant. Each city, town and even hamlet may have whatever monument they are willing to erect, but it seems to me better that all should unite and build a strong solid, simple monument, characteristic of the man, over his grave "on the banks of the Hudson," and there, like Shakespeare, inscribe on it:

"Good friend, for Jesus sake forbeare
To digg the dust enclosed here;
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones."

Grant needs no monument to perpetuate the memory of his virtues—his weaknesses be buried with his bones. But if one or more monuments are to be erected to gratify the living, let them be like himself—strong, simple, durable, and in good taste. Better imitate his example: "Accept the situation, and be the best one possible." Yon the banks of the Hudson, where he now lies buried in peace, and at rest eternal.

A GROWING HOSTILITY.

Civil-Service Reform and the Attacks Made upon It by Democrats.

It is impossible to read the Democratic papers without noticing, day by day, a growing antipathy to the Civil-Service law. Recently this hostility has become more pronounced and widespread. The failure of the Democratic platforms adopted this year to indorse or countenance the law appears to have emboldened many that heretofore were discreetly silent or mild in their criticism. These expressions of State conventions are taken as indications of the dominant sentiment of the party and the necessity for concealing their honest opinion of an obnoxious law is no longer recognized by the Democratic organs.

The Democracy never had the slightest enthusiasm for the Civil-Service reform measure. They have viewed with too evident impatience every sign that the Administration was disposed to obey the law. They have ridiculed and intimation that the spirit as well as the letter of the statute should be observed. Those appointees of Mr. Cleveland, like Postmaster Jones, of Indianapolis, and Collector Troup, of New Haven, who have had the courage of their opinions and declared boldly their purpose to dismiss Republicans because they are Republicans and appoint Democrats because they are Democrats, have been the Democratic heroes of the hour. From a party animated by such a spirit no sincere enforcement of the law can be expected.

The tactics of the Democratic enemies of the reform now appear to be to arouse and solidify the party's hostility, and bring it to bear with so much force upon the President that he will be compelled to abandon his half-hearted efforts in favor of the law. One method to this end is to goad the Democrats into anger by asserting that the Civil-Service regulations put a stigma upon every Democrat, and by pointing to the Republicans holding offices which by right belong to their opponents. Another method is to bring the Civil-Service examinations into contempt by ridicule and by caricaturing the commission. These are shrewd means to accomplish the purpose in view, and so successful have they been that the sagacity of those who predicted that the President would be compelled to abandon the reform or antagonize his party has been proved already.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE BLOODY SHIRT.

A Party Which Is Waving It Literally, and Not as a Mere Figure of Speech.

The Democratic party, in the principal State of the South where a State election is to be held this fall, is waving the bloody shirt. Indeed, it is trying to carry the election by waving the bloody shirt. It is waving the bloody shirt literally, and not as a mere figure of speech. It is arming and drilling Democrats as cavalry for the purpose of making the shirt bloody, in case the election has to be carried by the use of rifles and revolvers. This is in Virginia, where Fitzhugh Lee, the Confederate cavalryman, is the Democratic nominee for Governor. In order to elect him companies of red-shirted cavalry are formed in every county to ride about the country, attend Democratic meetings, and with their arms and organization terrify and kuklux Republican voters. The Richmond correspondent of the New York *Herald* described the situation as follows:

Some of Fitzhugh Lee's friends propose that they make it a "red-shirt" cavalry campaign, similar to that of Hampton in South Carolina, in the palmy days of '76, when he rode through that State at the head of brigades of mounted "red shirts." The idea meets with general approval. Such processions marching over the highways and byways of the state, to the inspiring music of

"If you want to have a good time,
Join the cavalry, join the cavalry,"

will have a wholesome effect on the minds of the Virginia negroes. The spectacle will be imposing and will be rendered doubly effective when it is known that, slung to his belt, the requisite number of pistols for the makeup of an "Edgefield S. C. gentleman," which is numerous.

Since then this scheme has been put into practice. The "bloody-shirt cavalry" are organized and active. They carry arms and banners with mottoes intended to frighten the colored voters. Fitzhugh Lee himself rides a horse which wears the accoutrements used in the war by General Robert E. Lee. The Democratic orators talk of General Robert E. Lee and his followers reappearing, and "painting the gory battlefields of Virginia bloody red." Mr. Wise, the Republican candidate, has had his life threatened if he speaks in several places. But the Northern Democratic journals which, at the faintest Republican whisper about Southern armes against the ballot box, cry out lustily against "waving the bloody-shirt," have not a word to say against this actual bloody-shirt Democratic campaign in Virginia.—*Detroit Post.*

—A chart showing the distribution and position of the ice in the Atlantic Ocean during the early part of this year has been issued by the *Deutsche Seewarte*. The ice extended an unusual distance to the south and east, and several icebergs appear to have been found in the Gulf Stream. Such charts should be interesting to the students of drift deposits and glacial phenomena for their indication of the distribution of Arctic ice with its burden of rocky debris dumped at intervals upon the sea-bottom.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—About the best wolf story going is one told by the Peoche *Record*. It gives the particulars of a lame wolf that lay in the rabbit path with its mouth open, while the rabbits, thousand in number, ran down its throat until the wolf burst.

—The American Bar Association has discovered, after careful investigation and diligent research, that "the law's delay" is mainly the fault of the lawyers. We sorter suspected as much.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A New Jersey law prohibits the sale of cigarettes.

TEMPERANCE.

THE EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL.

Notes from an Address to the Students of Knox College by Prof. Albert Hurd.

The familiar phenomenon of blushing is produced by some emotion, either agreeable or other. V. A. S. Hill's Rhetorics, p. 47. The circulatory system, consisting of heart, arteries, veins and capillaries, is supplied with nerves from the sympathetic system. When these nerves are in their normal condition, they maintain a certain tension in the muscular walls of the arteries and veins. If from any cause the sympathetic nerve is paralyzed, the tension is removed from the blood-vessels which it supplies, and the result is an increased flow of blood in the arteries so that the small capillaries become gorged with blood. Such is the case when some sudden emotion takes possession of the mind, a hot flush is felt, the skin grows red. Sometimes these changes are confined to the cheeks only, or they extend to "the roots of the hair," or "all over."

Alcohol produces the same results. Very soon after alcohol is taken into the system it paralyzes the sympathetic nerve. The tension in the walls of the blood-vessels is lost, an increased flow of blood finds its way into the small capillaries which gives the skin of the face and neck especially, a flushed appearance. When alcohol is habitually taken, the elasticity of the muscular walls of the blood-vessels is, in a large measure, lost, so that after the immediate effects of the alcohol have passed away the blood-vessels fail to resume their normal size, and the flushed appearance of the face becomes permanent.

Now, the heart is a pump, filling the arteries which lead from it with blood. When the normal tension is removed from these arteries and they become enlarged, it takes more blood to fill them. So that, whereas, in a healthy state the arteries by their tensions are a check upon the action of the heart under the diseased condition produced by alcohol, that check is removed and the flabby walls of the arteries, crying for more blood, offer no resistance to the action of the heart. In a healthy person the heart beats seventy times per minute, or about 100,000 in a day. Careful experiments show that two ounces of alcohol, the amount a very moderate ale or whisky drinker takes daily, increase the heart beats 6,000 in twenty-four hours. So then the heart of a moderate drinker beats 106,000 times, instead of 100,000 times in a day. The force exerted by the heart in beating 6,000 times would lift a weight of seven tons to a height of one foot. Putting the result in another form, the heart is driven to do extra work equal to lifting 640 pounds one foot high each hour. Is it any wonder that a feeling of languor succeeds, or that reaction follows when the immediate effects of the alcohol have passed off?

The effect of alcohol upon albumen can readily be seen by dropping an egg into a glass of alcohol. It is immediately cooked. Albumen forms a large part of the tissues of the body. Alcohol hardens the albumen in the tissues, just as it hardens it in the egg. The very delicate walls of the air cells of the lungs are thus thickened and hardened. When the impure blood is brought to the lungs, to exchange its carbonic acid and other waste products for oxygen, it finds between it and the fresh air a thickened, hardened membrane through which the exchange can be made but slowly and imperfectly. The blood must return to the tissues of the body still filled with impurities. The corpuscles still charged with carbonic acid are enlarged, and thus the blood is made thick.

Alcohol has a strong affinity for water. It drinks up all the moisture of the body and causes inordinate thirst. Alcohol begets a strong appetite for itself, so that the thirst which it produces is generally slaked for the time being by more copious draughts from some drink containing alcohol, thus only augmenting the evil.

Alcohol is not assimilated by the body, but must be thrown off as waste matter. This is the opinion of many eminent physicians on both sides of the Atlantic. It is true that a few physicians of acknowledged authority maintain that a small amount of alcohol may be incorporated into the body. Yet in the amount of alcohol that a very moderate drinker takes daily, this can be but an exceedingly small per cent. Undoubtedly almost the entire amount of alcohol taken into the system remains a foreign element until it is thrown off by the excretory organs. Alcohol thus exists upon the excretory organs an undue amount of labor which they are not calculated to perform.

The effects of alcohol upon the brain are easily foreseen when we reflect that the brain is composed largely of albumen. It is not a matter of speculation, but of actual experiment. The brains of drunkards are upon examination found to be hardened. The delicate structure is destroyed. The mental effect produced by alcohol, leading on to the most dreadful of all diseases of the nerves, are well known.

The exhilarating effects of alcohol are only apparent. For a short time it produces, as we have seen, an increased activity of the circulatory organs, but a reaction follows. Under its continued use the tone of the system is lowered. Persons addicted to the use of alcoholic liquors are in more danger from epidemics than temperance people. The system that is charged by alcohol, so that the heart is overworked, in which the tissues of the air cells of the lungs are hardened so that the blood is not imperfectly purified in the lungs, is in no condition to repel the attacks of disease. This has been clearly shown in cases of epidemics. In one town in France cholera proved fatal to every drunkard there.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN was one day dining with a party of friends when one of them offered Mr. Lincoln some wine, and rather rudely tried to force it upon him. Mr. Lincoln gravely replied: "I have lived fifty years without the use of intoxicating liquors, and I do not think it worth while to change my habits now."—*N. Y. Herald.*

DR. L. H. WASHINGTON says that when pneumonia attacks the steady, square drinker, one who carries regularly his pint to a quart of whisky daily, the treatment comes exclusively under the domain of the undertaker, as the first case of recovery has yet to be reported.

LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE COLERIDGE said lately: "If we could make England sober, we would shut up nine-tenths of her prisons. Chief-Justice Davis declares that the liquor traffic is responsible for eighty per cent. of the crimes of the United States.

MANY W. C. T. Unions are being organized in Washington Territory.

A MEXI[illegible] FIESTA.

Singular Customs [illegible] the Middle and Lower Cl[illegible]

The *fiesta* is a N[illegible] institution in Mexico, a gala day of [illegible] the people never tire. Nearly every [illegible] town has from one to half a dozen [illegible] in a year, and the success of [illegible] to be in no wise dependent upo[illegible] of the town. The *fiesta* is [illegible] held in honor of some saint or the Virgin, though saints and salvation are the last things thought of when it is fairly under way. In the morning of the opening day the cathedral door may be thronged with kneeling thousands whose faces seem rapt and with blissful thoughts of the hereafter, but during the rest of the festal week the principal kneeling and the most interested faces may be seen at the cockpit and the monte blanket.

No festal day in the States has half the pleasures for the boys that the *fiesta* has for the full-grown Mexican. The pure white element takes little part in it, except to make money, and the upper class has almost nothing to do with it except to look on for a little while, but for the Indian, the half breed and the poorer whites it is nearly all that is worth living for, a thing that takes precedence of all else on earth. Hundreds of miles the Mexican often travels to it, sometimes with his whole family mounted upon donkeys, or in one of the picturesque carts used on the hacienda. For the *fiesta* the cheapest gamecocks are saved to raise money to gamble with the best pig or goat is sacrificed, and even the family rations, except peppers, may be curtailed. When he reaches town the Mexican camps anywhere in the street or on the sidewalk, as suits him best, and turns his donkey loose to feed on banana skins, orange peel or the numerous castaway scraps of manufactured sugar-cane, which here takes the place held by the peanut of the American circus. Some people who have something to sell erect bodies of thin cloth or brush, which serve also for saloons and restaurants, and in one of these the whole family lives, eats and sleeps, including the family dogs, which, of course, go along to the show. Some less fortunate or energetic spread their wares, bottles or provisions on the ground upon a bit of mat, and sleep at night curled up beside them.

Gambling is ever the principal part of the game. The cockfight, the bull-fight, the dance or the theater occupy but a small part of the day, and seem mere ripples on a continuous current of gaming. No matter what crowds may gather at the bull-ring, the cheery rattle of the roulette table never slackens, and around the monte game the eager faces still beam unceasingly. Long lines of booths surround the plaza, in which, as well as upon the ground, every conceivable device for betting is employed, from artifically made machines that cut music money down to an octagonal stick with alternate sides of red and green, over which little boys of five years old let their coppers on the color that will be upward when the stick stops rolling. Outside of these gambling booths are long lines of portable saloons, generally consisting of two or three bottles of *mescal* or *tequila*—strong liquors distilled from certain varieties of the Spanish bayonet, cactus or maguey, with two or three small glasses. These are sometimes mounted on a small stand, sometimes kept in a basket, and often spread upon the ground beside some gambling game whose owner can not afford a booth. The whole may be presided over by some darkeyed dame, with a sickly-looking infant slung in a shawl over her back.

Though the Mexicans are good musicians, they rarely show it upon such occasions unless the brass band plays on the plaza. But this will seldom be the case excepting in the larger cities, whereas the *fiesta* at its best can be seen only in the country towns. Here the dismal wail of that long suffering martyr, the violin, the shrieks and groans of a tortured clarionet and the tingle-bang tingle-tangle-tum of the guitar will be about the only sounds that break the soft murmur of melodious Spanish, or the gay laughter of the jolly beggars at the gaming tables.

Like an old-time English fair, the Mexican *fiesta* is the occasion when every one who has any thing to sell brings it forth. Around the plaza and for a hundred yards or more down the streets that lead to it are lines of mats spread upon the ground, heaped with all sorts of provisions, fruits, candies, pieces of sugar-cane, cakes and toys. Shoes, cotton cloth, pottery, tobacco, peppers, green corn and peanuts may all be for sale in the same heap, and the woman who occupies the next square of ground may deal in live chickens, combs, shoe-strings, *mescal*, silver filigree work and old cartridges, no two of which would fit the same weapon. Every one cooks, eats and sleeps beside the stock of goods, and the motley dresses, the motley wares, the curious dishes of food that are ever cooking, and the curious chaffering for wares and interchanges of compliments over a bargain of