THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

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RED CLOUD - - - NEBRASKA

JUST RIGHT.

Just tall enough to be graceful;
Just dainty enough to be neat;
Just dress enough to be tasteful;
Just modest enough to be sweet.

Just tears enough to be tender;
Just sighs enough to be sad;
Tones soft enough to remember
Your heart through the cadence made glad.

A tongue that speaks without harming,
Yet mischief enough to tease;
Manners so modest and charming
That put you at once at your ease.

Just smiles enough to be happy;
Just would enough to be fay;
Bright as a moon [illegible],
All frankness and [illegible].

Generous, true and kind hearted;
[illegible] the angels above.
From [illegible] I never be parted,
For such is the woman I love.

—N. Y. Mail and Express.

THE ALABAMA.

Something About Her Most Famous Naval Conflicts.

Captain Semmes and His British Crew—How She Met the Kearsarge Which Her Men Had Sworn to "Lick"—"Chain Armor."

In a recent number of the Century the story of the cruise and combats of the confederate steamer Alabama is retold briefly and in an extremely interesting way. The contributors to the account are Dr. J. M. Browne, surgeon of the Kearsarge; Captain J. M. Kell, executive officer of the Alabama, and F. D. Haywood, one of the Alabama's crew. This looks at first like two on one side and one on the other, but Mr. Haywood seems more like an observer of the American domestic quarrel than like an advocate. His few pages, which are of unusual interest and apparently of no little historic value, let in a striking light upon the Alabama's cruise. Some poetical rubbish disappears and we see an English ship putting to sea from an English port, manned by an English crew, and afterward supplied with English guns and ammunition, the confederate addition to her being her flag, her officers and her instructions for warfare upon American merchantmen. Her career ended when she encountered the Kearsarge, with American guns and an American crew, and was sent to the bottom.

Mr. Haywood, who was dragged out of the water when the ship went down, by "a brave, Briton in petticoats and topboots," belonging to a French pilot boat that came to the rescue of the swimmers, says that what astonished him when he reached Cherbourg was to find Englishmen there plying him with questions designed to depreciate the Kearsarge's victory.

"One gray old tar, who had been Quartermaster in the royal navy, and was saved with me, said to the point: 'We was whipped because she was a better ship, better manned, had better guns, better served; that's about the size of it,' and he walked away. I have seen somewhere an account of the taking of the Hatteras that made it a daring achievement. To sneak up to an enemy under a false hail and pour in a broadside of metal much heavier than she could return, surely, no English sailor will see any thing to the national credit in this. The poor show we made with the Kearsarge, however, disposed of the glory we achieved in burning defenseless merchantmen."

When Haywood signed in Liverpool the articles that made him one of the crew of the "290," afterward the Alabama, the shipping master warned him against Yankee spies and assured him that Great Britain would soon declare war against the United States.

"Next day I went aboard, and liked the look of the vessel. Every thing to a practiced eye indicated the character of the ship. No platforms were laid, but the place for the pivot guns were plainly marked, her magazines were finished and shot-boxes were lying about.

At Terceira an English bark brought her guns and war material, and more men and the captain came by another vessel. Then, leaving Angra on a Sunday morning, the Britons for the first time saw the flag they were to fight under, and heard the first of Semmes' exhortations.

"He told us, among other things, that Providence would bless our endeavors to free the South from the Yankees, etc. A boatswain's mate behind me growled: 'Yaas, Providence likely to bless this yer crew!' During the night some one ornamented a bread bag with a terrible skull and crossbones, and managed to fasten it to one of the mizzen braces. In the morning the master-at-arms was hunting for the delinquent, but the men only laughed at him, and suggested that 'Chucks, the marine,' had been at his tricks. I had been looking over the crew, and made up my mind that, on the whole, I had never been on a ship with such a bad lot. They were all sailors from clew to earing—no haymakers among them—but they were mostly of that class, found in seaport towns all over the world, that ship for the 'run' (from port to port), and not for the voyage, and are always a tough, mutinous set. They did not seem to care for the ship's officers, and were determined to stand no 'man-o'-war dickey' from them."

The wonder is that Captain Semmes accomplished so much. Mr. Haywood acknowledges his "judgment and resolution," as shown by twenty-two months of success, and in First Lieutenant Kell he had a fine executive officer. Hazing and fighting were not uncommon, and Mr. Haywood owns to having nearly "battered the life out" of a shipmate who cut his hammock down as a joke. "I was duly reported," he says, "and lost my grog for ten days, but I was not dumped any more." Prisoners were always well treated, except that "the wanton destruction of the clothes and effects of captured sailors was simply disgraceful." The original songs of the crew were "mostly squibs on the Captain and his officers," but the last effort of the nautical muse expressed a general yearning, in its statement that "we're homeward bound, and soon shall land on English ground, but ere that English land we see, we first must lick the Kearsarge."

Of the fight with the Hatteras Mr. Haywood's opinion has already been given. She was "more like a Mississippi river steamer than a war vessel," and, in fact, was an armed Delaware river side-wheeler, which the Alabama quickly sank.

But when the Alabama met the Kearsarge there was a different sort of battle. The combat, the first ever fought between screw-propelled war vessels in the open seas, was a duel of ships evenly matched in size, 1,040 tons to 1,044 tons, but, repeating the familiar story of fifty years before, with the American vessel throwing a heavier weight of metal than the British from a smaller number of guns, with greater precision. The advantage in fertility of device was also with the Union ship. For example, over a year before Captain Winslow, at the suggestion of Lieutenant Commander Thornton, had the ship's sheet chain hung outside over her boilers. This protective device was equally open to the Alabama, but nobody thought of it. Again, Mr. Haywood thinks that Semmes was somewhat "flurried, and commenced firing too soon," when far away, in the hope to disable his antagonist by a broadside. Winslow reserved his fire, with the result thus described:

"The enemy circled around us and did not return our fire until within seven or eight hundred yards, and then she let us have it. The first shot that struck us made the ship reel and shake all over."

Like testimony to the gunnery and the seamanship of the Kearsarge is given by Captain Kell, although he ascribes to her "chain armor" the greater share in the result.

"The eleven-inch shells of the Kearsarge did fearful work, and her guns were served beautifully, being aimed with precision and deliberate in fire. She came into action magnificently. Having the speed of us, she took her own position and fought gallantly."

Captain Kell considers that the glory of the victory was tarnished by the Kearsarge's firing several shots after the Alabama's colors were struck; but this was due, as Surgeon Browne explains, to the renewal of firing from the Alabama, either through disobedience of Captain Semmes' orders or a failure to understand them.

The conclusion from all three accounts is that the Kearsarge outmanoeuvered and outfought the Alabama throughout. The fighting strength of the Kearsarge was stronger twice, as their thin covering of chain showed, and neither ship could possibly have been vital had the chains been wanting. The victory was due to the superiority of the American eleven-inch guns, served by cool and accurate gunners, under the able Thornton, who had trained them and worked the battery in the action. The Kearsarge fired only 173 shots to the Alabama's 370, but the former were the more effective. The Kearsarge used no guns in the exchange of broadsides, and the Alabama used seven. Out of the 163 men on the Kearsarge, only eleven were foreigners, while nearly all the Alabama's 149 men were British. It is one of the strange reflections on this great duel, fought in the presence of thousands of spectators who lined the heights of Cherbourg, that Winslow is perhaps less widely known to-day than Semmes, though the Yankee vessel in an hour's fight sank her renowned antagonist.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A DAZED CRANK.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Quizzical Reply to an Annihilationist.

It was suggested to Mr. Talmage that he get up a lecture on "cranks" and relate his experience with cranky people. He laughed and said that while his experience was wide and varied on the subject of "cranks," yet there was one story that always came to his mind when conversation turned on these peculiar people. He was once very busy writing in his room at a hotel and a card came up. He gave the bell-boy instructions that he could see nobody and dismissed him. A little while afterward the card came up a second time, and he told the bell-boy to tell that man to call on the next day, that he wouldn't see the angel Gabriel if he called to-day, and the bell-boy's eyes stuck out. In a few minutes the card came up a third time, and then Mr. Talmage went down-stairs to see who his persistent visitor was. A man stepped up to him and said:

"You are Mr. Talmage?"

"I am, sir."

"Well, sir, I am an evolutionist, and I want to discuss that question with you. I am also an annihilationist. I believe that when I die that will be the end of me."

"Thank God for that!" devoutly ejaculated Mr. Talmage, as he walked off and left the man perfectly dazed.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

An Enormous Check.

A ten-dollar-a-week Pine street clerk was boasting of the checks drawn for large sums of money which he had seen.

"Why, just to-day," he said, "a check passed through my hands drawn for $175,000."

A pale-faced young man with a pimple on his chin smiled a sad, retrospective smile, and said:

"I saw a bigger check than that last summer. A good deal bigger, to me."

"How much was it drawn for?"

"Dollar an' a quarter. It was a check for ice-cream."—*N. Y. Times.*

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

POOR POLLY.

Miss Polly was pretty and dainty and neat,
And would have been charming and cunning and sweet,
But—alack and alack!—for a very bad way
Of crying or sobbing or sulking all day.
She cried if 'twere cold, and she cried if 'twere hot—
She cried if 'twere stormy or if 'twere not—
She cried in the summer or winter or spring—
At every person and every thing—
At every hour and every season,
For any excuse or for any good reason;
[illegible] a reason was under the sun,
She'd cry all the harder because there was none.

One day she had cried for an hour or so
I would tell what about, but I really don't know.
Perhaps she was nervous, perhaps she was sad,
Some one may have said her behavior was bad;
Or that she had frowns and hair that was red.
Perhaps she was tired or her kitten was dead
Some may have been hurt [illegible] ask me to try
To tell why Miss Polly should whimper and cry.
She happened at last from the window to glance
And saw, whirling round by himself in a dance,
A grinning monkey—a queer little wight,
Who made all the little ones scream in delight.
He jumped and he capered now low and now high,
Till Polly forgot she was having a cry.
She laughed with the rest till the monkey was gone,
And then began thinking [illegible]
She put up her lips and she rubbed at her eyes—
She looked very mournful, she drew heavy sighs;
Then asked as she coaxed up a suitable pout:
"Oh—grandma—er—what was I crying about?"

—Youth's Companion.

A CONVERSATION.

Jack Has a Desperate Struggle with the English Language.

"What did you say?" asked Mr. Trusty, turning to look at his nephew, as Jack stood at the doorway.

"I said I didn't know, uncle," answered the boy.

"Oh, no, Jack, what you said was 'I d'n know,' and this is the way that you often say things. You must remember that it is the French words that go skating along in one grand sweep. We English-speaking nations walk without words one step at a time."

"Yes, I mean we ought to, uncle."

"Yes, that is exactly what I mean," laughed the other. "Seriously, Jack, don't slur and mispronounce your words. The other day I heard Nat Williams asking you something, and you answered him: 'I don't care out it.' Now, what you meant by 'catching out' you know best yourself."

"I meant I didn't care about it, whatever it was," cried the boy.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Trusty; "then why didn't you say so?"

"I did, or something that meant that. But I wanted to ask you something very particular this morning. May I go out camping with some of the fellows this week?"

"When do you want to go?"

"Sat'day."

"I don't know any such day."

Jack opened his eyes a moment, then he answered, demurely: "It's the last day of the week, you know. And then he corrected his slovenly way of saying the word. "And 'bout six more fellows are coming," he added.

"When did you say?"

"By and by—uncle, you're hard on me."

"Do you remember, Jack, the day that we went to inquire for my old cousin, how somebody came to the door, and we looked at her first and doubted whether she was a visitor or servant; she looked so very common, although she was almost too simply dressed for the latter? Then she spoke, and we knew at once she was a lady, not from what she said, because she only answered our questions, but from the way in which she said it. Her voice was trained, and she pronounced her words so well. Do you remember, as we went down the steps, I asked you what you thought of her, and you said that she was very polite? I could see that you felt the charm, although you could not quite tell what it was."

"But it's different," returned Jack. "I'm a boy, you know, and I don't want the fellars—fellows—to call me an old duffer or a muff."

"Oh, that's it! So you are obliged to say 'cab out' and 'Sat'day' and 'bimeby,' and things like these?"

Jack colored, and then he laughed. "I don't believe they'd notice anyway," he said. "Do I talk much like that?"

"A good deal. And when you come to making after-dinner speeches, you will wish that you hadn't this habit to break up."

"After-dinner speeches?" echoed Jack.

"It was only last week," pursued Mr. Trusty, "that I saw a boy throw down a newspaper with the assertion that some day he was going into public life."

"That was about election time," corrected the boy. "But, uncle, I don't cab—care about—that now. I want to know about the camping out."

"That's a week off, and this is now."

"Oh, no, not 's much 'za week off."

"Jack, what is 'much 'za'?"

"*As much as a*," returned the boy, with a sigh of despair.

"Ah, yes, now I understand. You are in a hurry to have the week go by, and so you hurried your words as if you would hurry the week."

"That's so," said Jack, laughing; "you know I always talk in a hurry when I'm not in a hurry."

"But then you usually are in a hurry."

"Well, uncle, it's such a busy world. One thing tumbles on top of another so, and that the reason, depend upon it."

"And then, you see," returned Mr. Trasty, smiling, "you always get on so much faster in this way—just as you have done to-day in finding out about the camping. Do you remember the old proverb: 'The longest way round is the shortest way home?' You thought the day that you tried the short cut through the bog that you would never forget it. Now, can't you see that this kind of talk is the short cut through the bog? It is a sort of thing that it is much easier to leap into than to flounder out of. Suppose you keep clear of it, Jack, how does that strike you?"

"I think 'twould—it would be a good plan," returned the boy; "only, the worst of it is, I don't always carry out my plans."

"Who does?" said Mr. Trusty. "But, if you will promise to do one thing, I think it will go far towards curing you."

"What, uncle?"

He stuck named a person whom his [illegible] that Jack had been reproved for. "Notice carefully whenever you hear him," said Mr. Trusty, "and if you like his way of speaking I give you leave to follow it."

"Into the bog?" questioned the boy.

"Yes, into the bog, if you like. But I warn you you get in as deep as he, so you will never get out. He never will."

"You better believe I don't mean to be like him," cried Jack. The other smiled a little. "But, uncle—"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Trusty, "the camping business. I don't think of any thing to prevent your going."—*Journal of Education.*

WHAT ONE BABY THINKS.

What It Can Do, and Its Opinion of Mothers—Not Half as Sweet as Sugar.

"I've been a baby all my life, but I expect to get over it some time. I used to be a little tot of a baby, and now I am very large one, indeed. I can do lots of things. I can pull over the work-basket, and tear up the morning paper, and play with the earth in the flower-pots. I can take hold of the table cloth, and pull it off the table. But I don't like to. That's a thing you only want to do once, because there are sort of heaps of things on the cloth, and I don't know when they come tumbling down on your head.

"I can walk a little, too, but my feet have a way of wobbling about, and getting all tripped up in each other, and then somebody [illegible] jumps up and gives me a sugar. They think I'm in the place the [illegible] ing, but it isn't enough a lump.

"Mothers are funny things to have. They'd be nicer if they didn't keep coming at you to wash your face, and always put you to bed just when you feel like having a big time with papa. They do these things because they think they know more than a baby does. I am willing to believe they do in some things, but they do make mistakes sometimes. For instance, mine kisses and kisses me till I'm all out of breath and says:

"Oh, teeny, weeny, tweeny, tweet, it's sug'! Oh, 's tweets 'n sugar!"

"One day I thought I'd try if that was so. I gave my thumb a good bite, but it wasn't 'most as sweet as sugar! I squealed like every thing, because it hurt, and because I was, of course, disappointed. I've nothing against thumbs, for they're very good in their way. They last. You can suck one half a day, and they're just as good as ever. If you suck sugar in a rag, it's all gone very soon, and then you're sticky, which wouldn't matter, only you're sure to get washed. But it's nonsense to talk about mothering as sweet as sugar.

"My sister Lily came here one day, and her mother made the same fuss. She isn't half as big as me, and she can't do any thing smart. Nobody could 'spect, 'tall, at such a little thing. I cried. Her mamma said to baby: 'Will you sit down with me on the floor, sunny wunny? Oh tweety, sweetest thing in 'e whole world?'

"Then she set it on the floor. Of course I wanted to find out about that. I crept up and took a good bite of its arm. It wasn't a bit sweeter than my thumb, but he squalled louder than I did. You ought to have seen how they grabbed him up and hugged him, and made a fuss over him. And pointed to the pretty little teeth-marks I made on his arm, and said: 'Ah-h-h—naughty naughty!'—to me.

"What do you think of that, now, for a way to treat a baby that wants to find out about things?"—*Youth's Companion.*

Companions.

A boy is known by the company he keeps. You are judged by your associates, for the very good reason that people usually select for their friends those who are in sympathy with themselves.

If suspicion in a school trouble of any sort falls upon a lad or a set of lads, you may be certain that they have been companions in mischief. Wrong-doing is much like a snow-ball rolling down hill; it gathers size and momentum as it goes. If a bad boy could always keep good company, few persons would credit him with badness. But a bad boy would be ill at ease among the good, and so you seldom find him in their society.

May your Aunt Marjorie caution that she is not one of those frowning people who never have patience with fun, and who consider high spirits and merriment out of place? Indeed, no. When there is a frolic going on, would be the [illegible] Under the head of bad boys, I include the [illegible] which makes a boy tell a lie rather than own that he has been in the wrong, the [illegible] which prompts him to play a cowardly joke, and the lack of principle which borrows and does not return.

These are diseases which are [illegible] that is, communicated by contact. We are very careful not to put ourselves in their way. The worst disease in the world which affects only the body is, however, to be preferred to a wrong condition of the soul, and the best way to keep out of that is to choose good companions and avoid bad ones.—*Aunt Marjorie Precept, in Harper's Young People.*

CABINET QUARREL.

The Secretary of the Treasury Selected by Tilden and Forced Upon the President.

The President is now anxious to have it appear that there has not been any friction between himself and Secretary Manning. To Colonel Lamont has been assigned the duty of relaying the denial. Lamont has connections with the correspondents who represent the Mugwump press, and to these he makes the statement that the President has had no misunderstanding with the Secretary. It was Lamont, by the way, who gave out the story that Secretary Manning had fallen and wrenched his foot, when the fact was he had an apoplectic attack.

I do not pretend to say what the extent of the strained relations between Cleveland and Manning. I do repeat, though, that from a gentleman who heard the heated discussion in the room adjoining the Cabinet chamber, I have it reiterated that there were high words which he plainly heard. The President was seemingly very angry, and Mr. Manning answered with some warmth.

Last night there dropped into the Associated Press a word [illegible] of [illegible] of the case. He says that Manning was not Mr. Cleveland's choice for Secretary of the Treasury. Indeed, he did not intend to put him in the Cabinet at all. It was Cleveland's original intention, according to this informant, to have made Whitney Secretary of the Treasury. But Mr. Tilden desired to prevent. To this Mr. Tilden secured the advice and hearty cooperation of Sam Randall. Tilden also secured financial influence to New York City against Whitney, which included some very wealthy bankers and prominent business men. About a week before he was inaugurated Cleveland yielded to these forces, and decided to give Manning the Treasury portfolio. Tilden and Randall then thought they had frozen Whitney entirely out of the Cabinet. When the President, however, told their friends that notwithstanding Manning was to go in he should also give Whitney one of them said: "Why Mr. President, you are not going to give New York two Cabinet places? What will people think?"

"I don't care what they think," said the President. "I think I am entitled to much should others of my own choosing. All the others have been forced upon me, and I am going to have Mr. Whitney."

It would thus appear that Whitney, rather than Manning, is the President's personal selection. It is hinted, moreover, that the President on more than one occasion has told more than a dozen people at different times that Mr. Manning was a member of his Cabinet simply because he was forced on him.

I take this somewhat. I know that Tilden is in close with Cleveland. He is disappointed with his administration course, and repudiated the appointment made in Tilden's recommendations in the matter of a coast defenses. "Mr. Tilden," as his informant, "recognizes Governor Hill for the Presidential nomination."

The President has not yet called on Secretary Manning, although his condition is reported much improved, so much so, indeed, that he is now able to sit up in a reclining chair. So far as can be learned, Mr. Manning has no idea of ever resuming again official relations as a Cabinet officer. As soon as he is able he will seek strength near the seaside and take relaxation until the time comes round for the next Presidential convention. He will not then be found wasting his strength for the present occupant of the White House.

To get back to the alleged quarrel between the President and Mr. Manning, it is considered significant, if nothing more, that Mr. Randall has had several conferences with the President since the Secretary was stricken. This gives color to the report that the President already has Mr. Manning's resignation, and is casting about for his successor.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A DISUNITED FAMILY.

The Futile Attempt of an Editor and Ex-Congressman to Bridge the Chasm Between the President and Democratic Leaders—Poor Speaker Carlisle.

Sometime ago ex-Congressman Dorsheimer, editor of the New York Star, who occupies confidential relations with President Cleveland and takes a deep interest in his personal success as the head of the Democratic party, came to Washington and tried to bring about more cordial relations between the President and the Democratic leaders in Congress. He had two or three interviews with Mr. Cleveland and told him that there was a great deal of dissatisfaction throughout the country at the coolness that existed between himself and the members of his party, and urged the President to adopt means to familiarize himself with the views of the Democratic leaders and place himself on friendly terms with them. He mentioned particularly Beck, Voorhees, Carlisle, Morrison, Randolph and others as important men to be cultivated. The President thanked Mr. Dorsheimer for the interest he took in the matter, but complained that the men he mentioned seldom came to the White House to see him.

"The reason for this," replied Mr. Dorsheimer, "is that you do not treat them cordially when they do come."

The President replied that Mr. Carlisle came up to the White House some time before to see him, but that because the President could not see him just at that moment Carlisle became indignant, left the place, and had not since called.

Mr. Dorsheimer went to see Mr. Carlisle in the capacity of a peace-maker, and was informed that one morning the President was engaged with a miscellaneous company of visitors when Mr. Carlisle asked the privilege of an immediate interview on a matter of importance, as it was necessary for him to be at the Capitol at twelve o'clock to call the House to order. The President took no notice of Mr. Carlisle's request, apparently thinking that it did not mean any difference whether the House was called to order at the usual time or not. Mr. Carlisle waited until twenty minutes of twelve, left the White House, drove as rapidly as possible to the Capitol, and arrived there just in time to open the proceedings of that day. He remarked that if the President had no more respect for the Speaker of the House than to place him on a par with the ordinary office-seeker that he (Carlisle) could not waste his time in calling upon him.

When Mr. Dorsheimer got things straightened out, as he supposed, between the President and the Democratic leaders, he induced the President to invite half a dozen of them to the White House to spend the evening for the purpose of holding an informal conference regarding the interests of the Democratic party and the world at large. The leaders in the Senate and House went to the Executive Mansion bubbling over with suggestions and advice to give the Executive, thinking that they had a chance to shape matters in proper form, but their disgust was very great and they have not attempted to conceal it upon finding that the political conference was only a social affair, that [illegible] social topics, [illegible] and the consumption of [illegible]—*Inter Ocean.*

WHO IS SECRETARY?

Doubts Expressed as to Whether Mr. Bayard or the English Minister Is at the Head of the Department of State.

The Cleveland Administration is peculiar in that many departments distinctly [illegible] management of the Department of State. From the beginning of Mr. Bayard's connection with the Secretaryship of the Department, its [illegible] have been [illegible] and [illegible]. [illegible] President [illegible] office in the diplomatic service of the country has been [illegible] to a degree [illegible] of the Secretary. His [illegible] upon almost every question that has arisen in the Department since March, 1885, has [illegible] for which the State Department has stood for a quarter of a century been so [illegible] and unwisely handled as [illegible].

But there is one [illegible] conspicuously [illegible] charge against the Bayard régime at the State Department [illegible] it has been [illegible] [illegible] evidence in [illegible] that Department [illegible] large number of questions [illegible] by the British Minister at Washington [illegible] the Bayard régime is the [illegible] and degradation of American [illegible] A [illegible] Whitney, of [illegible] Mr. [illegible] State Department [illegible] the purpose of [illegible] following facts:

[illegible]

James D. Porter, Assistant Secretary.

[illegible] Whitney [illegible] but [illegible] was [illegible] following letter:

[illegible]

James D. Porter, Assistant Secretary.

[illegible] Mr. Bayard [illegible] was [illegible] Sir Lionel Sackville West, the British Minister at Washington, who is evidently running the State Department of the United States [illegible] the Queen of England. [illegible] the State Department [illegible] the interest of the Dominion.

[illegible]—*Detroit Tribune.*

REPUBLICAN BRIEFS.

☞ The Democratic [illegible] Montana [illegible] Where will [illegible] "Where is he to be found?" Is Thurman [illegible] to lead a Democratic candidate?—*Toledo Blade.*

☞ Postmaster-General Vilas and [illegible] Commissioner Black are having a hard race to see who can ignore the Civil-Service law most this year. It is likely the government was here to be evenly divided between them.—*Philadelphia Press.*

☞ The distinctive mission of an unperverted Democracy is to preserve local self-government so far as is consistent with the common good, and to stay the constant tendency toward the absorption of its powers and responsibilities by the central authorities.—*N. Y. World.*

☞ Mr. Pulitzer has been one of the most useful men in the present Congress. Few have done so well as those who have done nothing. None deserve better of the country than those who have not occupied any of its time until it was wise to resign. A conductor of a great journal has enough to do to attend to it.—*Chicago Tribune.*

☞ The Washington gossips have it that if Secretary Manning retires from the Treasury Department Secretary Whitney will be transferred to that department. Then [illegible] transferred to the State Department [illegible] in the [illegible] President's lightning has struck several distinguished gentlemen, and where it has also missed several others as distinguished who had lightning rods up. If President Cleveland is [illegible] of Samuel J. Tilden he will promote [illegible] Mr. Whitney [illegible]

☞ [illegible] the Senate has passed a bill [illegible] Territory of Washington [illegible] The Democratic House has a notion that the [illegible] send two Republican Senators to Washington besides several Republican Representatives, and the Democratic leaders don't mean to allow any such advantage to their opponents. If there could be any means to make up their minds that Montana would be Democratic, they would perhaps let Washington in, provided Montana were admitted at the same time. It is all for party, no matter what injustice is done to the inhabitants of the Territories.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

FULL OF FUN.

—The patient men are almost always fat. They are people of wait, you know.

—Why is a good speller in a class of school children like a glass of champagne? Because they [illegible] go to the head.

—Fond Mother: "Are you better, my dear?" Little Ella: "I dunno; is the jelly all gone?" "Yes." "Well, I'm well enough to get up, then."

[illegible]

ITEMS OF INTEREST

—A [illegible] arrived in [illegible] Missouri, [illegible] the [illegible]

—A [illegible] appeared recently [illegible] reports [illegible] carried away [illegible] robbery [illegible]

—[illegible] one of the [illegible] Iowa College, [illegible] a device [illegible] cattle [illegible] railway

—[illegible] of Atlanta [illegible] She lives [illegible] Atlanta, and is particularly skillful [illegible] and healing [illegible] has no end of nerve.

—Fifty years ago David L. Davis was appointed a road-master on the Boston & Providence railroad. To-day, hale and hearty, though seventy-five years old, Mr. Davis performs well the duties that half a century have familiarized him with.—*Boston Journal.*

—A sigh of relief went through New York society when it was known that Mrs. E. D. Morgan's famous diamonds were not at the bottom of the ocean in the ill-fated steamer Oregon. It was pathetic hard on the mermaids, but Mrs. Morgan has a prudent head, and put her fifty thousand-dollar jewels in her pocket when the steamer went down.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—Fishing on horseback seems a singular process, but mounted fishermen may often be seen on the Belgian coast near Nieuport. The water is so shallow along the coast that no boat can be launched near the shore, and the fishermen have to ride out a considerable distance to throw their nets with any success. They look most picturesque in the moonlight.

—A lady in St. Louis discharged a female servant, and as she left the house she said: "I'll get a place before you get another girl, mum." The lady advertised but received no answer, and on making inquiries, through the medium of a friend, she found that she had been boycotted by an organized society of servants, and could expect no relief until she took back the discharged servant.—*St. Louis Post.*

—A Mrs. Jones, who died recently at Denbeighian, in the north of Wales, claimed before her death that she was the mother of Henry M. Stanley, the famous explorer. She stated that the story of the birth could be found in the records of a local surgery and that the surgeon who had charge of the establishment at the time subsequently found Stanley until the latter went to America. It is proposed to erect a monument over her grave, recording the fact that she was the mother of the famous explorer.—*Chicago Journal.*